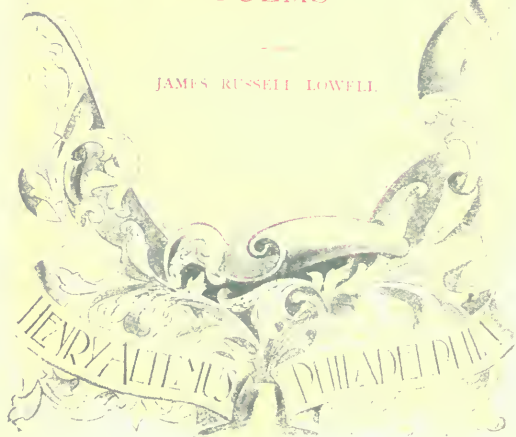



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POEMS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.





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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

POEMS



JAMES  
RUSSELL  
LOWELL.

PHILADELPHIA  
HENRY ALTEMUS





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# P O E M S.

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## APPLEDORE.

How looks Appledore in a storm?

I have seen it when its crags seemed **frantic**,  
Butting against the maddened Atlantic,  
When surge after surge would heap **enormous**  
Cliffs of Emerald topped with snow,  
That lifted and lifted and then let go  
A great white avalanche of thunder,  
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire  
Monadnock might have trembled under;  
And the island, whose rock-roots pierce  
below  
To where they are warmed with the central  
fire,  
You could feel its granite fibres racked,  
As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and  
thrill  
Right at the breast of the swooping hill,  
And to rise again, snorting a cataract  
Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,  
While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and  
deep,

And the next vast breaker curled its edge,  
Gathering itself for a mighty leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs and  
breakers,

You would never dream of in smooth  
weather,

That toss and gore the sea for acres,

Bellowing and gnashing and snarling to-  
gether ;

Look northward, where Duck Island lies,

And over its crown you will see arise,

Against a background of slaty skies,

A row of pillars still and white

That glimmer and then are out of sight,

As if the moon should suddenly kiss,

While you crossed the gusty desert by night,

The long colonnades of Persepolis,

And then as sudden a darkness should follow

To gulp the whole scene at a single swallow,

The city's ghost, the drear, brown waste,

And the string of camels, clumsy-paced :—

Look southward for White Island light,

The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the  
tide ;

There is first a half-mile of tumult and fight,

Of dash and roar and tumble and fright,

And surging bewilderment wild and wide,

Where the breakers struggle left and right,

Then a mile or more of rushing sea,

And then the light-house slim and lone ;

And whenever the whole weight of ocean is  
thrown

Full and fair on White Island head,  
A great mist-jotun you will see  
Lifting himself up silently  
High and huge o'er the light-house top,  
With hands of wavering spray outspread,  
Groping after the little tower,  
That seems to shrink, and shorten and  
    cower,  
Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,  
And silently and fruitlessly  
He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched you stand,  
Awaken-once more to the rush and roar  
And on the rock-point tighten your hand,  
As you turn and see a valley deep,  
That was not there a moment before,  
Suck rattling down between you and a heap  
Of toppling billow, whose instant fall  
Must sink the whole island once for all—  
Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas  
Feeling their way to you more and more;  
If they once should clutch you high as the  
    knees  
They would whirl you down like a sprig of  
    kelp,  
Beyond all reach of hope or help:—  
And such in a storm is Appledore.

## TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the  
way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, up-  
hold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to  
me  
Than all the prouder Summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters  
now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me



Are in the heart and heed not space or time :  
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee  
Feels a more Summer-like, warm ravishment  
    In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows in the grass,  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
    Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue  
    That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth  
    move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked  
    with thee ;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
    Who from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
    With news from Heaven, which he did bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were happy  
    peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities  
Which make up half the nobleness of life,  
    Those cheap delights the wise

Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;  
 Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,  
 Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may  
     give

The morsel that may keep alive  
 A starving heart, and teach it to behold  
 Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

Thy winged seeds, whereof the winds take care,  
 Are like the words of poet and of sage

Which through the free heaven fare,  
 And, now unheeded, in another age  
 Take root, and to the gladdened future bear  
 That witness which the present would not  
     heed,

Bringing forth many a thought and deed,  
 And, planted safely in the eternal sky,  
 Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full  
 Than all thy common brethren of the ground,

Wherein, were we not dull,  
 Some words of highest wisdom might be found;  
 Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull  
 Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make  
     A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache.

And ope Heaven's portals, which are near us  
     still,

Yea, nearer ever than the gates of Ill.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art! ▶  
     Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret  
show,

Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

But let me read thy lesson right or no,  
Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure;  
Old I shall never grow  
While thou each year dost come to keep me pure  
With legends of my childhood; ah, we owe  
Well more than half life's holiness to these  
Nature's first lowly influences,  
At thought of which the heart's glad doors  
burst ope,  
In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope.

### DARA.

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand  
Wilted by harem-heats, and all the land  
Was hovered over by those vulture ills  
That snuff decaying empire from afar,  
Then, with a nature balanced as a star,  
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He, who had governed fleecy subjects well,  
Made his own village, by the self-same spell,  
Secure and peaceful as a guarded fold,

Till, gathering strength by slow and wise  
degrees,  
Under his sway, to neighbor villages  
Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now, when it fortune'd that a king more wise  
Endued the realm with brain and hands and  
eyes,  
He sought on every side men brave and just,  
And having heard the mountain-shepherd's  
praise,  
How he rendered the mould of elder days,  
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,  
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride  
Than in his crook before : but Envy finds  
More soil in cities than on mountains bare.  
And the frank sun of spirits clear and rare  
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish  
minds.

Soon it was whispered at the royal ear  
That, though wise Dara's province year by year,  
Like a great sponge, drew wealth and plenty  
up,  
Yet when he squeezed it at the king's behest,  
Some golden drops, more rich than all the rest,  
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said that wheresoe'er he went  
A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,  
Went guarded, and no other eye had seen

What was therein, save only Dara's own,  
Yet, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known  
To glow and lighten with heapt jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight,  
Where, as was fit, outside his city's gate  
That viceroy met him with a stately train;  
And there, with archers circled, close at hand,  
A camel with the chest was seen to stand;  
The king grew red, for thus the guilt was  
plain.

"Open me now," he cried, "yon treasure-  
chest!"  
'Twas done, and only a worn shepherd's vest  
Was found within; some blushed and hung  
the head,  
Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof  
He stood, and "O, my lord, behold the proof  
That I was worthy of my trust!" he said.

For ruling men, lo! all the charm I had;  
My soul, in those coarse vestments ever clad,  
Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,  
Still on these plains could breathe her mount-  
ain air,  
And Fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,  
Which bend men from the truth, and make  
them reel.

"To govern wisely I had shown small skill  
Were I not lord of simple Dara still;  
That sceptre kept, I cannot lose my way!"

Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and  
     bright  
 And thrilled the trembling lids; before 'twas  
     night  
 Two added provinces blessed Dara's sway.

TO J. F. H.

NINE years have slipped like-hour-glass sand  
 From life's fast-emptying globe away,  
 Since last, dear friend, I clasped your hand,  
 And lingered on the impoverished land,  
     Watching the steamer down the bay.

I held the keepsake which you gave,  
     Until the dim smoke-pennon curled  
 O'er the vague rim 'tween sky and wave,  
 And closed the distance like a grave,  
     Leaving me to the outer world;

The old worn world of hurry and heat,  
     The young, fresh world of thought and scope;  
 While you, where silent surges fleet  
 Tow'rd far sky beaches still and swept,  
     Sunk wavering down the ocean-slope.

Come back our ancient walks to tread,  
     Old haunts of lost or scattered friends,  
 Amid the Muses' factories red,  
 Where song, and smoke, and laughter sped  
     The nights to proctor-hunted ends.

Our old familiars are not laid,  
Though snapped our wands and sunk our  
books,  
They beckon, not to be gainsaid,  
Where, round broad meads which mowers  
wade,  
Smooth Charles his steel-blue siekle crooks ;

Where, as the cloudbergs eastward blow,  
From glow to gloom the hillside shifts  
Its lakes of rye that surge and flow,  
Its plumps of orchard-trees arow,  
Its snowy white-weeds summer drifts.

Or let us to Nantasket, there  
To wander idly as we list,  
Whether, on rocky hilloeks bare,  
Sharp cedar-points, like breakers, tear  
The trailing fringes of gray mist.

Or whether, under skies clear-blown,  
The heightening surfs with foamy din,  
Their breeze-caught forelocks backward blown  
Against old Neptune's yellow zone,  
Curl slow, and plunge forever in.

For years thrice three, wise Horace said,  
A poem rare let silence bind ;  
And love may ripen in the shade,  
Like ours, for nine long seasons laid  
In crypts and arches of the mind.

That right Falernian friendship old  
Will we, to grace our feast, call up,  
And freely pour the juice of gold,  
That keeps life's pulses warm and bold,  
Till Death shall break the empty cup.

### PROMETHEUS.

ONE after one the stars have risen and set,  
Sparkling upon the hoarfrost on my chain :  
The Bear that prowled all night about the fold  
Of the North-Star, hath shrunk into his den,  
Scared by the blithesome footsteps of the  
Dawn,  
Whose blushing smile floods all the Orient ;  
And now bright Lucifer grows less and less,  
Into the heaven's blue quiet deep withdrawn.  
Sunless and starless all, the desert sky  
Arches above me, empty as this heart  
For ages hath been empty of all joy  
Except to brood upon its silent hope,  
As o'er its hope of day the sky doth now.  
All night have I heard voices : deeper yet  
The deep, low breathing of the silence grew,  
While all about, muffled in awe, there stood  
Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt at heart,  
But, when I turned to front them, far along  
Only a shudder through the midnight ran,  
And the dense stillness wailed me closer round,  
But still I heard them wander up and down  
That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings



Did mingle with them, whether of those hags  
Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,  
Or of yet direr torments, if such be,  
I could but guess; and then toward me came  
A shape as of a woman: very pale  
It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,  
And mine moved not, but only stared on them.  
Their moveless awe went through my brain  
like ice;

A skeleton hand seemed clatching at my heart,  
And a sharp chill, as if a dank night fog  
Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:  
And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,  
A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips  
Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I  
thought

Some doom was close upon me, and I looked  
And saw the red moon through the heavy mist,  
Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,  
Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead  
And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds  
merged

Into the rising surges of the pines,  
Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt  
loins

Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,  
Sent up a murmur in the morning-wind,  
Sad as the wail that from the populous earth  
All day and night to high Olympus soars,  
Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O Jove.

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn  
From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.

And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph,  
Jove!

They are wrung from me but by the agonies  
Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall  
From clouds in travail of the lightning, when  
The great wave of the storm, high-curved and  
black,

Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.  
Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type  
Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?  
True Power was never born of brutish  
Strength,

Nor sweet Truth suckled at the shaggy dugs  
Of that old she-wolf. Are thy thunderbolts,  
That scare the darkness for a space, so strong  
As the prevailing patience of meek Light,  
Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,  
Wins it to be a portion of herself?

Why art thou made a god of, thou, who hast  
The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,  
That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear  
Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?  
Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold  
What kind of doom it is whose omen flits  
Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves  
The fearful shadow of the kite. What need  
To know that truth whose knowledge cannot  
save?

Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;  
When thine is finished, thou art known **no**  
more:

There is a higher purity than thou,  
**And higher purity is greater strength;**

Thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart  
Trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.  
Let man but hope, and thou art straightway  
    chilled  
With thought of that drear silence and deep  
    night  
Which, like a dream, shall swallow thee and  
    thine:  
Let man but will, and thou art god no more;  
More capable of ruin than the gold  
And ivory that image thee on earth.  
He who hurled down the monstrous Titan-  
    brood  
Blinded with lightnings, with rough thunders  
    stunned,  
Is weaker than a simple human thought.  
My slender voice can shake thee, as the breeze,  
That seems but apt to stir a maiden's hair,  
Sways huge Oceanus from pole to pole:  
For I am still Prometheus, and foreknow  
In my wise heart the end and doom of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser grown  
By years of solitude—that holds apart  
The past and future, giving the soul room  
To search into itself—and long commune  
With this eternal silence—more a god  
In my long-suffering and strength to meet  
With equal front the direst shafts of fate,  
Than thou in thy faint-hearted despotism,  
Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath.  
Yes, I am that Prometheus who brought  
    down

The light to man which thou in selfish fear  
Had'st to thyself usurped—his by sole right,  
For Man hath right to all save Tyranny—  
And which shall free him yet from thy frail  
    throne.

Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,  
Begotten by the slaves they trample on,  
Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,  
And see that Tyranny is always weakness,  
Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,  
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove  
    chain

Which their own blindness feigned for ada-  
    mant.

Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the  
    Right

To the firm centre lays its moveless base.  
The tyrant trembles if the air but stirs  
The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,  
And crouches, when the thought of some great  
    spirit,

With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,  
Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,  
Rushes, and bends them to its own strong  
    will.

So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth  
And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove.  
And, would'st thou know of my supreme re-  
    venge.

Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,  
Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are,  
Listen! and tell me if this bitter peak,  
This never-gluttled vulture, and these chains

Shrink not before it ; for it shall befit  
 A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-heart.  
 Men, when their death is on them, seem to  
     stand

On a precipitous crag that overhangs  
 The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,  
 As in a glass, the features dim and huge  
 Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,  
 Of what have been. Death ever fronts the  
     wise,

Not fearfully, but with clear promises  
 Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,  
 Their out-look widens, and they see beyond  
 The horizon of the Present and the Past,  
 Even to the very source and end of things.  
 Such an I now : immortal woe hath made  
 My heart a seer, and my soul a judge  
 Between the substance and the shadow of  
     Truth.

The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,  
 By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure  
 Of such as I am, this is my revenge,  
 Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch  
 Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.  
 The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,  
 Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee—  
 The songs of maidens pressing with white feet  
 The vintage on thine altars poured no more—  
 The murmurous bliss of lovers, underneath  
 Dim grape-vine bowers, whose rosy bunches  
     press  
 Not half so closely their warm cheeks, un-  
     scared

By thoughts of thy brute lusts—the hive-like  
hum

Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt  
Toil

Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own  
By its own labor, lightened with glad hymns  
To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts  
Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea,  
Even the spirit of free love and peace,  
Duty's sure recompense through life and  
death—

These are such harvests as all master-spirits  
Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less  
Because the sheaves are bound by hands not  
theirs :

These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal  
They stab fallen tyrants, this their high re-  
venge :

For their best part of life on earth is when,  
Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,  
Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have  
become

Part of the necessary air men breathe ;  
When, like the moon, herself behind a cloud,  
They shed down light before us on life's sea,  
That cheers us to steer onward still in hope.  
Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er  
Their holy sepulchres, the chainless sea  
In tempest or wide calm repeats their  
thoughts,

The lightning and the thunder, all free things,  
Have legends of them for the ears of men.

All other glories are as falling stars,

But universal Nature watches theirs;  
Such strength is won by love of human kind.

Not that I feel that hunger after fame,  
Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with;  
But that the memory of noble deeds  
Cries shame upon the idle and the vile,  
And keeps the heart of Man for ever up  
To the heroic level of old time.  
To be forgot at first is little pain  
To a heart conscious of such high intent  
As must be deathless on the lips of men;  
But, having been a name, to sink and be  
A something which the world can do without,  
Which, having been or not, would never  
change

The lightest pulse of fate—this is indeed  
A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,  
And this thy heart shall empty to the dregs.  
Oblivion is lonelier than this peak—  
Behold thy destiny! Thou think'st it much  
That I should brave thee, miserable god!  
But I have braved a mightier than thou,  
Even the temptings of this soaring heart  
Which might have made me, scarcely less  
than thou,

A god among my brethren weak and blind  
Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing,  
To be down-trodden into darkness soon.  
But now I am above thee, for thou art  
The bungling workmanship of fear, the block  
That scarce the swart Barbarian; but I  
Am what myself have made, a nature wise

With finding in itself the types of all,—  
With watching from the dim verge of the  
time

What things to be are visible in the gleams  
Thrown forward on them from the luminous  
past—

Wise with the history of its own frail heart,  
With reverence and sorrow, and with love  
Broad as the world for freedom and for man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble, except  
Love,

By whom and for whose glory ye shall cease:  
And, when thou art but a dim moaning heard  
From out the pitiless glooms of Chaos, I  
Shall be a power and a memory,

A name to scare all tyrants with, a light  
Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice  
Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight  
By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong,  
Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake  
Huge echoes that from age to age live on  
In kindred spirits, giving them a sense  
Of boundless power from boundless suffering  
wrung.

And many a glazing eye shall smile to see  
The memory of my triumph (for to meet  
Wrong with endurance, and to overcome  
The present with a heart that looks beyond,  
*Are* triumph), like a prophet eagle, perch  
Upon the sacred banner of the right.  
Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no  
seed,



And feeds the green earth with its swift  
decay,

Leaving it richer for the growth of truth ;  
But Good, once put in action or in thought,  
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed  
down

The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak god,

Shalt fade and be forgotten ; but this soul,  
Fresh-living still in the serene abyss,  
In every heaving shall partake, that grows  
From heart to heart among the sons of men—  
As the ominous hum before the earthquake  
runs

Far through the Ægean from roused isle to  
isle—

Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,  
And mighty rents in many a cavernous error  
That darkens the free light to man :—This  
heart

Unscarred by the grim vulture, as the truth  
Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks and  
claws

Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it, shall  
In all the throbbing exultations share  
That wait on freedom's triumphs, and in all  
The glorious agonies of martyr-spirits—  
Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged  
clouds

That veil the future, showing them the end—  
Pain's thorny crown for constancy and truth,  
Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.

This is a thought, that, like the fabled laurel,

Makes my faith thunder-proof, and thy dread  
bolts

Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow

On the hoar brows of aged Caucasus :

But, O thought far more blissful, they can rend  
This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a star!

Unleash thy crouching thunders now, O Jove!  
Free this high heart which, a poor captive  
long,

Doth knock to be let forth, this heart which  
still,

In its invincible manhood, overtops

Thy puny godship as this mountain doth

The pines that moss its roots. O even now,

While from my peak of suffering I look down,

Beholding with a far-spread gush of hope

The sunrise of that Beauty in whose face,

Shone all around with love, no man shall look

But straightway like a god he is uplift

Unto the throne long empty for his sake,

And clearly oft foreshadowed in wide dreams

By his free inward nature, which nor thou,

Nor any anarch after thee, can bind

From working its great doom—now, now set  
free

This essence, not to die, but to become

Part of that awful Presence which doth haunt

The palaces of tyrants, to scare off,

With its grim eyes and fearful whisperings

And hideous sense of utter loneliness,

All hope of safety, all desire of peace,

All but the loathed forefeeling of blank death—

Part of that spirit which doth ever brood  
 In patient calm on the unpillered nest  
 Of man's deep heart, till mighty thoughts grow  
 fledged  
 To sail with darkening shadow o'er the world,  
 Until they swoop, and their pale quarry make  
 Of some o'erbloated wrong—that spirit which  
 Scatters great hopes in the seed-field of man,  
 Like acorns among grain, to grow and be  
 A roof for freedom in all coming time.

But no, this cannot be; for ages yet,  
 In solitude unbroken, shall I hear  
 The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,  
 And Euxine answer with a muffled roar,  
 On either side storming the giant walls  
 Of Caucasus with leagues of climbing foam,  
 (Less, from my height, than flakes of downy  
 snow),

That draw back baffled but to hurl again,  
 Snatched up in wrath and horrible turmoil,  
 Mountain on mountain, as the Titans erst,  
 My brethren, scaling the high seat of Jove,  
 Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders broad,  
 In vain emprise. The moon will come and go  
 With her monotonous vicissitude;  
 Once beautiful, when I was free to walk  
 Among my fellows and to interchange  
 The influence benign of loving eyes,  
 But now by aged use grown wearisome;—  
 False thought! most false! for how could I  
 endure  
 These crawling centuries of lonely woe

Unshamed by weak complaining, but for thee,  
Loneliest, save me, of all created things,  
Mild-eyed Astartè, my best comforter,  
With thy pale smile of sad benignity?  
Year after year will pass away and seem

To me, in mine eternal agony,  
But as the shadows of dumb summer-clouds,  
Which I have watched so often darkening o'er  
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-wide at first,  
But, with still swiftness, lessening on and on  
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where  
The grey horizon fades into the sky,  
Far, far to northward. Yes, for ages yet  
Must I lie here upon my altar huge,  
A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,  
As it hath been, his portion; endless doom,  
While the immortal with the mortal linked  
Dreams of its wings and pines for what it  
dreams

With upward yearn unceasing. Better so:  
For wisdom is meek sorrow's patient child,  
And empire over self, and all the deep  
Strong charities that make men seem like  
gods;  
And love, that makes them be gods, from her  
breasts  
Sucks in the milk that makes mankind one  
blood.

Good never comes unmixed, or so it seems,  
Having two faces, as some images  
Are carved, of foolish gods; one face is ill,  
But one heart lies beneath, and that is good,  
As are all hearts, when we explore their depths.

Therefore, great heart, bear up! thou art but  
 type  
 Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain  
 Would win men back to strength and peace  
 through love:  
 Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart  
 Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong  
 With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left,  
 And faith, which is but hope grown wise, and  
 love,  
 And patience which at last shall overcome.

Cambridge, Mass., June, 1843.

### ROSALINE.

THOU look'd'st on me all yesternight,  
 Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was bright  
 As when we murmured our trothplight  
 Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline!  
 Thy hair was braided on thy head  
 As on the day we two were wed,  
 Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert dead--  
 But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline!

The deathwatch tickt behind the wall,  
 The blackness rustled like a pall,  
 The moaning wind did rise and fall  
 Among the bleak pines, Rosaline!  
 My heart beat thickly in mine ears:

The lids may shut out fleshly fears,  
But still the spirit sees and hears,  
Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline!

A wildness rushing suddenly,  
A knowing some ill shape is nigh,  
A wish for death, a fear to die—  
Is not this vengeance, Rosaline!  
A loneliness that is not lone,  
A love quite withered up and gone,  
A strong soul trampled from its throne—  
What would'st thou further, Rosaline!

'Tis lone such moonless nights as these,  
Strange sounds are out upon the breeze,  
And the leaves shiver in the trees,  
And then thou comest, Rosaline!  
I seem to hear the mourners go,  
With long black garments trailing slow,  
And plumes anodding to and fro,  
As once I heard them, Rosaline!

Thy shroud it is of snowy white,  
And, in the middle of the night,  
Thou standest moveless and upright,  
Gazing upon me, Rosaline!  
There is no sorrow in thine eyes,  
But evermore that meek surprise—  
Oh, God! her gentle spirit tries  
To deem me guiltless, Rosaline!

Above thy grave the Robin sings,  
And swarms of bright and happy things

Flit all about with sunlit wings—  
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!  
The violets on the hillock toss,  
The gravestone is o'ergrown with moss,  
For nature feels not any loss—  
But I am cheerless, Rosaline!

Ah! why wert thou so lowly bred?  
Why was my pride galled on to wed  
Her who brought lands and gold instead  
Of thy heart's treasure, Rosaline!  
Why did I fear to let thee stay  
To look on me and pass away  
Forgivingly, as in its May,  
A broken flower, Rosaline!

I thought not, when my dagger strook,  
Of thy blue eyes; I could not brook  
The past all pleading in one look  
Of utter sorrow, Rosaline!  
I did not know when thou wert dead:  
A blackbird whistling overhead  
Thrilled through my brain; I would have fled  
But dared not leave thee, Rosaline!

A low, low moan, a light twig stirred  
By the upspringing of a bird,  
A drip of blood—were all I heard—  
Then deathly stillness, Rosaline!  
The sun rolled down, and very soon,  
Like a great fire, the awful moon  
Rose, stained with blood, and then a swoon  
Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline!

The stars came out; and, one by one,  
Each angel from his silver throne  
Looked down and saw what I had done:  
I dared not hide me, Rosaline!  
I crouched; I feared thy corpse would cry  
Against me to God's quiet sky,  
I thought I saw the blue lips try  
To utter something, Rosaline!

I waited with a maddened grin  
To hear that voice all icy thin  
Slide forth and tell my deadly sin  
To hell and Heaven, Rosaline!  
But no voice came, and then it seemed  
That if the very corpse had screamed  
The sound like sunshine glad had streamed  
Through that dark stillness, Rosaline!

Dreams of old quiet glimmered by,  
And faces loved in infancy  
Came and looked on me mournfully,  
Till my heart melted, Rosaline!  
I saw my mother's dying bed,  
I heard her bless me, and I shed  
Cool tears—but lo! the ghastly dead  
Stared me to madness, Rosaline!

And then amid the silent night  
I screamed with horrible delight,  
And in my brain an awful light  
Did seem to crackle, Rosaline!  
It is my curse! sweet mem'ries fall  
From me like snow—and only all



Of that one night, like cold worms crawl  
My doomed heart over, Rosaline!

Thine eyes are shut: they nevermore  
Will leap thy gentle words before  
To tell the secret o'er and o'er  
Thou could'st not smother, Rosaline!  
Thine eyes are shut: they will not shine  
With happy tears, or, through the vine  
That hid thy easement, beam on mine  
Sunfull with gladness, Rosaline!

Thy voice I nevermore shall hear,  
Which in old times did seem so dear,  
That, ere it trembled in mine ear,  
My quick heart heard it, Rosaline!  
Would I might die! I were as well,  
Ay, better, at my home in Hell,  
To set for aye a burning spell  
'Twixt me and memory, Rosaline!

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine eyes,  
Wherein such blessed memories,  
Such pitying forgiveness lies,  
Than hate more bitter, Rosaline!  
Woe 's me! I know that love so high  
As thine, true soul, could never die,  
And with mean clay in church-yard lie—  
Would God it were so, Rosaline!

## SONNET.

IF some small savor creep into my rhyme  
Of the old poets, if some words I use,  
Neglected long, which have the lusty thews  
Of that gold-haired and earnest-hearted time,  
Whose loving joy and sorrow all sublime  
Have given our tongue its starry eminence,—  
It is not pride, God knows, but reverence  
Which hath grown in me since my childhood's  
prime ;  
Wherein I feel that my poor lyre is strung  
With soul-strings like to theirs, and that I have  
No right to muse their holy graves among,  
If I can be a custom-fettered slave,  
And, in mine own true spirit, am not brave  
To speak what rusheth upward to my tongue.

## A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

WE see but half the causes of our deeds,  
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,  
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world  
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us  
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.  
From one stage of our being to the next  
We pass unconscious o'er a slender bridge,

The momentary work of unseen hands,  
Which crumbles down behind us; looking  
back,  
We see the other shore, the gulf between,  
And, marvelling how we won to where we  
stand,  
Content ourselves to call the builder Chance.  
We trace the wisdom to the apple's fall,  
Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with all  
The hoarded thoughtfulness of earnest years,  
And waiting but one ray of sunlight more  
To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray?  
We call our sorrows destiny, but ought  
Rather to name our high successes so.  
Only the instincts of great souls are Fate,  
And have predestined sway: all other things,  
Except by leave of us, could never be.  
For Destiny is but the breath of God  
Still moving in us, the last fragment left  
Of our unfallen nature, waking oft  
Within our thought to beckon us beyond  
The narrow circle of the seen and known,  
And always tending to a noble end,  
As all things must that overrule the soul,  
And for a space unseat the helmsman, Will.  
The fate of England and of freedom once  
Seemed wavering in the heart of one plain  
man:  
One step of his, and the great dial-hand  
That marks the destined progress of the world  
In the eternal round from wisdom on

To higher wisdom, had been made to pause  
A hundred years. That step he did not take—  
He knew not why, nor we, but only God—  
And lived to make his simple oaken chair  
More terrible and grandly beautiful,  
More full of majesty, than any throne,  
Before or after, of a British king.

Upon the pier stood two stern-visaged men,  
Looking to where a little craft lay moored,  
Swayed by the lazy current of the Thames,  
Which weltered by in muddy listlessness.  
Grave men they were, and battlings of fierce  
thought  
Had scared away all softness from their brows,  
And ploughed rough furrows there before their  
time.  
Care, not of self, but of the common weal,  
Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left in-  
stead  
A look of patient power and iron will,  
And something fiercer, too, that gave broad  
hint  
Of the plain weapons girded at their sides.  
The younger had an aspect of command—  
Not such as trickles down, a slender stream,  
In the shrunk channel of a great descent—  
But such as lies entowered in heart and head,  
And an arm prompt to do the 'hests of both.  
His was a brow where gold were out of place,  
And yet it seemed right worthy of a crown  
(Though he despised such), were it only made  
Of iron, or some serviceable stuff

That would have matched his sinewy brown  
face.

The elder, although such he hardly seemed  
(Care makes so little of some five short years),  
Bore a clear, honest face, where scholarship  
Had mildened somewhat of its rougher strength,  
To sober courage, such as best befits  
The unsullied temper of a well-taught mind.  
Yet left it so as one could plainly guess  
The pent volcano smouldering underneath.  
He spoke: the other, hearing, kept his gaze  
Still fixed, as on some problem in the sky.

“O, CROMWELL, we are fallen on evil times!  
There was a day when England had wide  
room

For honest men as well as foolish kings;  
But now the uneasy stomach of the time  
Turns squeamish at them both. Therefore let  
us

Seek out that savage clime where men as yet  
Are free: there sleeps the vessel on the tide,  
Her languid sails but drooping for the wind:  
All things are fitly cared for, and the Lord  
Will watch as kindly o'er the Exodus  
Of us His servants now, as in old time.  
We have no cloud or fire, and haply we  
May not pass dryshod through the ocean-  
stream:

But, saved or lost, all things are in His hand.”  
So spake he, and meantime the other stood  
With wide, grey eyes still reading the blank  
air,

As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw  
 Some mystic sentence written by a hand  
 Such as of old did scare the Assyrian king,  
 Girt with his satraps in the blazing feast.

“HAMPDEN, a moment since, my purpose was  
 To fly with thee—for I will call it flight,  
 Nor flatter it with any smoother name—  
 But something in me bids me not to go;  
 And I am one, thou knowest, who, unscared  
 By what the weak deem omens, yet give heed  
 And reverence due to whatsoe'er my soul  
 Whispers of warning to the inner ear.

Why should we fly? Nay, why not rather  
 stay

And rear again our Zion's crumbled walls,  
 Not as of old the walls of Thebes were built  
 By minstrel twanging, but, if need should be,  
 With the more potent music of our swords?  
 Think'st thou that score of men beyond the sea  
 Claim more God's care than all of England  
 here?

No: when He moves His arm, it is to aid  
 Whole peoples, heedless if a few be crushed,  
 As some are ever when the destiny  
 Of man takes one stride onward nearer home.  
 Believe it, 'tis the mass of men He loves,  
 And where there is most sorrow and most  
 want,

Where the high heart of man is trodden down  
 The most, 'tis not because He hides His face  
 From them in wrath, as purblind teachers  
 prate.

Not so: there most is He, for there is He  
 Most needed. Men who seek for Fate abroad  
 Are not so near His heart as they who dare  
 Frankly to face her where she faces them,  
 On their own threshold, where their souls are  
 strong

To grapple with and throw her, as I once,  
 Being yet a boy, did throw this puny king,  
 Who now has grown so dotard as to deem  
 That he can wrestle with an angry realm,  
 And throw the brawned Antæus of men's rights.  
 No, Hampden; they have half-way conquered  
 Fate

Who go half-way to meet her—as will I.  
 Freedom hath yet a work for me to do;  
 So speaks that inward voice which never yet  
 Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on  
 To noble deeds for country and mankind.

“What should we do in that small colony  
 Of pinched fanatics, who would rather choose  
 Freedom to clip an inch more from their hair  
 Than the great chance of setting England free?  
 Not there amid the stormy wilderness  
 Should we learn wisdom; or, if learned, what  
 room

To put it into act—else worse than naught?  
 We learn our souls more, tossing for an hour  
 Upon this huge and ever vexed sea  
 Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck  
 Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,  
 Than in a cycle of New England sloth,  
 Broke only by some petty Indian war,

Or quarrel for a letter, more or less,  
In some hard word, which, spelt in either way,  
Not their most learned clerks can understand.  
New times demand new measures and new  
men ;

The world advances, and in time outgrows  
The laws that in our father's day were best ;  
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme  
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,  
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.  
We cannot bring Utopia at once ;  
But better almost be at work in sin  
Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.  
No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him ; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil !  
The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,  
Until occasion tells him what to do ;  
And he who waits to have his task marked  
out,

Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.  
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.  
Reason and Government, like two broad  
seas,

Yearn for each other with outstretched arms  
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,  
And roll their white surf higher every day.  
The field lies wide before us, where to reap  
The easy harvest of a deathless name,  
Though with no better sickles than our swords.  
My soul is not a palace of the past,



Where outworn creeds, like Rome's grey senate,  
quake,

Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,  
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.  
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;  
Then let it come : I have no dread of what  
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.  
Nor think I that God's world would fall apart  
Because we tear a parchment more or less.  
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,  
With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;  
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect  
The promise of the future, not the past.  
I do not fear to follow out the truth,  
Albeit along the precipice's edge.

Let us speak plain : there is more force in  
names

Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep  
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk  
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.  
Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain  
That only freedom comes by grace of God,  
And all that comes not by His grace must fall ;  
For men in earnest have no time to waste  
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

“ I will have one more grapple with the man  
Charles Stuart : whom the boy o'ercame,  
The man stands not in awe of. I perchance  
Am one raised up by the Almighty arm  
To witness some great truth to all the world.  
Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar lot,  
And mould the world unto the scheme of God,

Have a foreconsciousness of their high doom,  
 As men are known to shiver at the heart,  
 When the cold shadow of some coming ill  
 Creeps slowly o'er their spirits unawares :  
 Hath God less power of prophecy than Ill ?  
 How else could men whom God hath called to  
     sway  
 Earth's rudder, and to steer the barque of  
     Truth,  
 Beating against the wind toward her port,  
 Bear all the mean and buzzing grievances,  
 The petty martydoms wherewith Sin strives  
 To weary out the tethered hope of Faith,  
 The sneers, the unrecognizing look of friends,  
 Who worship the dead corpse of old king  
     Custom,  
 Where it doth lie in state within the Church,  
 Striving to cover up the mighty ocean  
 With a man's palm, and making even the truth  
 Lie for them, holding up the glass reversed,  
 To make the hope of man seem further off ?  
 My God ! when I read o'er the bitter lives  
 Of men whose eager hearts were quite too  
     great  
 To beat beneath the cramped mode of the day,  
 And see them mocked at by the world they love,  
 Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths  
 Of that reform which their hard toil will make  
 The common birthright of the age to come—  
 When I see this, spite of my faith in God,  
 I marvel how their hearts bear up so long ;  
 Nor could they, but for this same prophecy,  
 This inward feeling of the glorious end.

“Deem me not fond ; but in my warmer youth,  
Ere my heart's bloom was soiled and brushed  
away,

I had great dreams of mighty things to come ;  
Of conquest ; whether by the sword or pen,  
I knew not ; but some conquest I would have,  
Or else swift death : now, wiser grown in  
years,

I find youth's dreams are but the flutterings  
Of those strong wings whereon the soul shall  
soar

In after time to win a starry throne ;  
And therefore cherish them, for they were lots  
Which I, a boy, cast in the helm of Fate.

Nor will I draw them, since a man's right hand,  
A right hand guided by an earnest soul,  
With a true instinct, takes the golden prize  
From out a thousand blanks. What men call  
luck,

Is the prerogative of valiant souls,  
The fealty life pays its rightful kings.  
The helm is shaking now, and I will stay  
To pluck my lot forth ; it were sin to flee ! ”

So they two turned together ; one to die  
Fighting for freedom on the bloody field ;  
The other, far more happy, to become  
A name earth wears for ever next her heart ;  
One of the few that have a right to rank  
With the true Makers ; for his spirit wrought  
Order from Chaos ; proved that right divine  
Dwelt only in the excellence of Truth ;  
And far within old Darkness' hostile lines

Advanced and pitched the shining tents of  
Light.

Nor shall the grateful Muse forget to tell,  
That—not the least among his many claims  
To deathless honor—he was MILTON's friend,  
A man not second among those who lived  
To show us that the poet's lyre demands  
An arm of tougher sinew than the sword.

### A SONG.

Violet! sweet violet!  
Thine eyes are full of tears;  
    Are they wet  
    Even yet  
With the thought of other years,  
Or with gladness are they full,  
For the night so beautiful,  
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,  
Of my merry youth,  
    And I see,  
    Tearfully,  
    All the fair and sunny past,  
All its openness and truth,  
Ever fresh and green in thee  
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love  
Grown colored like the sky above,

On which thou lookest ever,—  
 Can it know  
 All the woe  
 Of hope for what returneth never,  
 All the sorrow and the longing  
 To these hearts of ours belonging!

Out on it! no foolish pining  
 For the sky  
 Dims thine eye,  
 Or for the stars so calmly shining;  
 Like thee let this soul of mine  
 Take hue from that wherefor I long,  
 Self-stayed and high, serene and strong  
 Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.

Violet! dear violet!  
 Thy blue eyes are only wet  
 With joy and love of him who sent thee,  
 And for the fulfilling sense  
 Of that glad obedience  
 Which made thee all which Nature meant thee!

### THE MOON.

My soul was like the sea  
 Before the moon was made;  
 Moaning in vague immensity,  
 Of its own strength afraid,  
 Unrestful and unstead.  
 Through every rift it foamed in vain  
 About its earthly prison,

Seeking some unknown thing in pain  
And sinking restless back again,

For yet no moon had risen :  
Its only voice a vast dumb moan  
Of utterless anguish speaking,  
It lay unhelpfully alone  
And lived but in an aimless seeking.

So was my soul : but when 't was full  
Of unrest to o'erloading,  
A voice of something beautiful  
Whispered a dim foreboding,  
And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,  
It had not more of joy than woe:  
And, as the sea doth oft lie still,  
Making his waters meet,  
As if by an unconscious will,  
For the moon's silver feet,  
Like some serene, unwinking eye  
That waits a certain destiny,  
So lay my soul within mine eyes  
When thou its sovereign moon didst rise.

And now, howe'er its waves above  
May toss and seem uneasyful,  
One strong, eternal law of love  
With guidance sure and peaceful,  
As calm and natural as breath  
Moves its great deeps through **Life and Death.**

## THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?  
Is it where he by chance is born?  
Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn  
In such pent borders to be spanned?  
Oh yes, his fatherland must be  
As the blue heavens wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,  
Where God is God and man is man?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this?  
Oh yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heavens wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more pure and fair,  
There is the true man's birthplace grand!  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother!  
That spot of earth is thine and mine;  
There is the true man's birthplace grand!  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

## A PARABLE.

Worn and footsore was the Prophet  
When he reached the holy hill ;  
"God has left the earth," he murmured,  
"Here his presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,  
Wilt thou talk with me no more ?  
Have I not as truly loved thee  
As thy chosen ones of yore ?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,  
Lo, an humble heart is mine ;  
By thy mercy I beseech thee,  
Grant thy servant but a sign !"

Bowing then his head, he listened  
For an answer to his prayer ;  
No loud burst of thunder followed,  
Not a murmur stirred the air :

But the tuft of moss before him  
Opened while he waited yet,  
And from out the rock's hard bosom  
Sprang a tender violet.

"God ! I thank thee," said the Prophet,  
"Hard of heart and blind was I,



Looking to the holy mountain  
For the gift of prophecy.

“Still thou speakest with thy children  
Freely as in Eld sublime,  
Humbleness and love and patience  
Give dominion over Time.

“Had I trusted in my nature,  
And had faith in lowly things,  
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,  
And set free my spirit's wings.

“But I looked for signs and wonders  
That o'er men should give me sway;  
Thirsting to be more than mortal,  
I was even less than clay.

“Ere I entered on my journey,  
As I girt my loins to start,  
Ran to me my little daughter,  
The beloved of my heart ;

“In her hand she held a flower,  
Like to this as like may be,  
Which beside my very threshold  
She had plucked and brought to me.”

## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

DEATH never came so nigh to me before,  
Nor showed me his mild face: Oft I had  
mused

Of calm and peace and deep forgetfulness,  
Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart at  
rest,

And slumber sound beneath a flowery turf,  
Of faults forgotten, and an inner place  
Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends ;

But these were idle fancies satisfied

With the mere husk of this great Mystery,  
And dwelling in the outward shows of things.

Heaven is not mounted to on wings of dreams,  
Nor doth the unthankful happiness of youth  
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to  
bloom,

With earth's warm patch of sunshine well  
content :

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up  
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,  
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God  
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and  
cold,

When he is sent to summon those we love,  
But all God's angels come to us disguised ;

Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,  
One after other lift their frowning masks,  
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,  
All radiant with the glory and the calm  
Of having looked upon the smile of God.  
With every anguish of our earthly past  
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was  
meant

When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with  
clay.

Life is the jailor, Death the angel sent  
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.  
He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest—  
Only the fallen spirit knocks at that—  
But to benigner regions beckons us,  
To destinies of more rewarded toil.

In the lushed chamber, sitting by the dead,  
It grates on us to hear the flood of life  
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.  
The bee hums on; around the blossomed vine  
Whirrs the light humming-bird; the cricket  
chirps;

The locust's shriil alarm stings the ear;  
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from farm  
to farm,

His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,  
Answer, till far away the joyance dies;  
We never knew before how God had filled  
The summer air with happy living sounds;  
All round us seems an overplus of life,  
And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.  
It is most strange, when the great Miracle

Hath for our sakes been done ; when we have  
     had  
 Our inwardest experience of God,  
 When with his presence still the room ex-  
     pands,  
 And is awed after him, that naught is changed,  
 That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,  
 And the mad world still dances heedless on  
 After its butterflies, and gives no sigh.  
 'Tis hard at first to see it all aright ;  
 In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back  
 Her scattered troop ; yet, through the clouded  
     glass  
 Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look  
 Undazzled on the kindness of God's face ;  
 Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines  
     through.

How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy  
     child's !  
 He bends above *thy* cradle now, or holds  
 His warning finger out to be thy guide ;  
 Thou art the nursling now ; he watches thee  
 Slow learning, one by one, the secret things  
 Which are to him used sights of every day ;  
 He smiles to see thy wondering glances on  
 The grass and pebbles of the spirit world,  
 To thee miraculous ; and he will teach  
 Thy knees their due observances of prayer.

Children are God's apostles, day by day,  
 Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and  
     peace ;

Nor hath thy babe his mission left undone.  
To me, at least, his going hence hath given  
Serener thoughts and nearer to the skies,  
And opened a new fountain in my heart  
For thee, my friend, and all: and oh, if Death  
More near approaches, meditates, and clasps  
Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,  
God, strengthen thou my faith, that I may see  
That 'tis thine angel who, with loving haste,  
Unto the service of the inner shrine  
Doth waken thy beloved with a kiss!

Cambridge, Mass., Sept 21, 1844.

#### AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

HE spoke of Burns; men rude and rough  
Pressed round to hear the praise of one  
Whose breast was made of manly, simple stuff,  
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned  
And heard, with eager hearts and ears,  
His birdlike songs whom glory never weaned  
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,  
Sunlike o'er faces brown and hard,  
As if in him who read they felt and saw  
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong,  
And slavish tyranny to see,

A sight to make our faith more pure and strong  
In high Humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence,  
Promptings their former life above,  
And something of a finer reverence  
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,  
Freely among his children all,  
And always hearts are lying open wide  
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but sows some seeds  
Of a more true and open life,  
Which burst unlooked for into high-souled  
deeds  
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours  
Some wild germs of a higher birth,  
Which in the poet's tropic heart bears flowers  
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie  
These promises of wider bliss,  
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,  
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic  
In life or death since time began,  
Is native in the simple heart of all,  
The angel heart of man.

And thou among the untaught poor  
Great deeds and feelings find a home  
Which casts in shadow all the golden lore  
Of classic Greece or Rome.

Oh! mighty brother-soul of man,  
Where'er thou art, in low or high,  
Thy skyey arches with exulting span  
O'er-roof infinity.

All thoughts that mould the age begin  
Deep down within the primitive soul,  
And, from the many, slowly upward wing  
To One who grasps the whole.

In his broad breast, the feeling deep  
Which struggled on the many's tongue,  
Swells to a tide of Thought whose surges  
leap  
O'er the weak throne of wrong.

Never did poesy appear  
So full of Heav'n to me as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride and  
fear,  
To lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
High souls like those far stars that come in  
sight  
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak  
One simple word which now and then  
Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line  
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,  
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine  
In the unlearned heart.

Boston, April, 1842.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURGII.

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared upward  
to the skies,  
Like some huge piece of nature's make, the  
growth of centuries ;  
You could not deem its crowding spires a work  
of human art,  
They seemed to struggle lightward so from a  
sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks in crystal  
or in oak  
Than, through the pious builder's hand, in that  
gray pile she spoke ;  
And as from acorn springs the oak, so, freely  
and alone,  
Sprang from his heart this hymn to God, sung  
in obedient stone.



It seemed a wondrous freak of chance, so  
perfect, yet so rough,  
A whim of Nature crystallized slowly in  
granite tough ;  
The thick spires yearned toward the sky in  
quaint harmonious lines,  
And in broad sunlight basked and slept, like a  
grove of blasted pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay claim with  
better right  
To all the adorning sympathies of shadow and  
of light ;  
And, in that forest petrified, as forester there  
dwells  
Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole lord of  
all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire roared  
onward, red as blood,  
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed beneath the  
eddying flood ;  
For miles away, the fiery spray poured down  
its deadly rain,  
And back and forth the billows drew, and  
paused, and broke again.

From square to square, with tiger leaps, still  
on and on it came ;  
The air to leeward trembled with the pantings  
of the flame,

And church and palace, which even now stood  
    whelmed but to the knee,  
Lift their black roofs like breakers lone amid  
    the rushing sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and watched  
    with quiet look ;  
His soul had trusted God too long to be at last  
    forsook :  
He could not fear, for surely God a pathway  
    would unfold  
Through this red sea, for faithful hearts, as  
    once he did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or on his  
    good saint call,  
Before the sacrilegious flood o'erleaped the  
    churchyard wall,  
And, ere a *pater* half was said, 'mid smoke and  
    crackling glare,  
His island tower scarce juts its head above the  
    wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his heart stood  
    up sublime ;  
His first thought was for God above, his next  
    was for his chime ;  
"Sing now, and make your voices heard in  
    hymns of praise," cried he,  
"As did the Israelites of old, safe-walking  
    through the sea !

"Through this red sea our God hath made  
 our pathway safe to shore;  
 Our promised land stands full in sight; shout  
 now as ne'er before."  
 And, as the tower came crashing down, the  
 bells, in clear accord,  
 Pealed forth the grand old German hymn—  
 "All good souls praise the Lord!"

## SONNETS.

## I.

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,  
 With the majestic beating of his heart,  
 The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part  
 Each sea-wide gulf and little weed receiveth—  
 So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,  
 Life from the universal Heart doth flow,  
 Whereby some conquest of the eternal wo  
 By instinct of God's nature he achieveth:  
 A fuller pulse of this all-powerful Beauty  
 Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth tide,  
 And he more keenly feels the glorious duty  
 Of serving Truth despised and crucified—  
 Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to rest  
 And feel God flow forever through his breast.

## II.

Once hardly in a cycle blossometh  
 A flower-like soul ripe with the seeds of song,  
 A spirit foreordained to cope with wrong,

Whose divine thoughts are natural as breath,  
 Who the old Darkness thickly scattereth  
     With starry words which shoot prevailing  
     light  
 Into the deeps, and wither with the blight  
 Of serene Truth the coward heart of Death :  
 Wo if such spirit sell his birthright high.  
     And mock with lies the longing soul of  
     man !  
 Yet one age longer must true Culture lie,  
     Soothing her bitter fetters as she can,  
 Until new messages of love outstart  
 At the next beating of the infinite Heart.

## III.

The love of all things springs from love of  
     one ;  
     Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,  
     And over it with fuller glory flows  
 The sky-like spirit of God ; a hope begun  
 In doubt and darkness, 'neath a fairer sun  
     Cometh to fruition, if it be of Truth ;  
     And to the law of meekness, faith, and ruth,  
 By inward sympathy shall all be won :  
 This thou shouldst know, who from the painted  
     feature  
     Of shifting Fashion, couldst thy brethren  
     turn  
 Unto the love of ever youthful nature,  
     And of a beauty fadeless and eterne ;  
 And always 'tis the saddest sight to see  
 An old man faithless in Humanity.

## IV.

A poet cannot strive for despotism ;  
His harp falls shattered ; for it still must be  
The instinct of great spirits to be free,  
And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism.  
He who has deepest searched the wide abysm  
Of that life-giving Soul which men call fate,  
Knows that to put more faith in lies and  
hate  
Than truth and love, is the worst atheism :  
Upward the soul forever turns her eyes ;  
The next hour always shames the hour be-  
fore ;  
One beauty at its highest prophesies  
That by whose side it shall seem mean and  
poor ;  
No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,  
But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

## V.

Therefore think not the Past is wise alone,  
For Yesterday knows nothing of the Best,  
And thou shalt love it only as the nest  
Whence glory-winged things to Heaven have  
flown.  
To the great Soul alone are all things known,  
Present and future are to her as past,  
While she in glorious madness doth forecast  
That perfect bud which seems a flower full-  
blown  
To each new Prophet, and yet always opes  
Fuller and fuller with each day and hour,

Heartening the soul with odor of fresh hopes,  
And longings high and gushings of wide  
power,  
Yet never is or shall be fully blown  
Save in the forethought of the Eternal One.

## VI.

Far 'yond this narrow parapet of Time,  
With eyes uplift, the poet's soul should look  
Into the Endless Promise, nor should brook  
One prying doubt to shake his faith sublime;  
To him the earth is ever in her prime  
And dewiness of morning; he can see  
Good lying hid, from all eternity,  
Within the teeming womb of sin and crime;  
His soul shall not be cramped by any bar—  
His nobleness should be so God-like high  
That his least deed is perfect as a star,  
His common look majestic as the sky,  
And all o'erflooded with a light from far,  
Undimmed by clouds of weak mortality.

Boston April 2, 1842,

## THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT.

## PART I.

*Showing how he built his house and his wife moved  
into it.*

My worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,  
From business snug withdrawn,  
Was much contented with a lot  
Which would contain a Tudor cot  
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,  
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf  
To give his taste expansion,  
And, since no man, retired with pelf,  
The building mania can shun,  
Knott, being middle-aged himself,  
Resolved to build (unhappy elf!)  
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel;  
"I want," said he, "a—you know what,  
(You are a builder, I am Knott,)  
A thing complete from chimney-pot  
Down to the very groundsels;  
Here's a half-acre of good land;  
Just have it nicely mapped and planned

And make your workmen drive on ;  
 Meadow there is, and upland too,  
 And I should like a water-view,  
 D' you think you could contrive one ?  
 (Perhaps the pump and trough would do,  
 If painted a judicious blue ?)  
 The woodland I 've attended to : "  
 (He meant three pines stuck up askew,  
 Two dead ones and a live one.)  
 " A pocket-full of rocks 'twould take  
 To build a house of free-stone,  
 But then it is not hard to make  
 What now-a-days is *the* stone ;  
 The cunning painter in a trice  
 Your house's outside petrifies,  
 And people think it very gneiss  
 Without inquiring deeper :  
*My* money never shall be thrown  
 Away on such a deal of stone,  
 When stone of deal is cheaper."

And so the greenest of antiques  
 Was reared for Knott to dwell in ;  
 The architect worked hard for weeks  
 In venting all his private peaks  
 Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks  
 Had satisfied Fluellen,  
 Whatever anybody had  
 Out of the common, good or bad,  
 Knott had it all worked well in,  
 A donjon-keep, where clothes might **dry**,  
 A porter's lodge that was a sty,  
 A campanile slim and high,



Too small to hang a bell in ;  
 All up and down and here and there,  
 With Lord-knows-whats of round and square  
 Stuck on at random everywhere,  
 It was a house to make one stare,  
     All corners and all gables ;  
 Like dogs let loose upon a bear,  
 Ten emulous styles, *staboyed* with care,  
 The whole among them seemed to tear,  
 And all the oddities to spare  
     Were set upon the stables.

Knott was delighted with a pile  
     Approved by fashion's leaders ;  
 (Only he made the builder smile  
 By asking every little while,  
 Why that was called the Twodoor style  
     Which certainly had three doors ?)  
 Yet better for this neckless man  
 If he had put a downright ban  
     Upon the thing *in limine* ;  
 For, though to quit affairs his plan,  
 Ere many days, poor Knott began  
 Perforce accepting draughts, that ran  
     All ways—except up chimney ;  
 The house, though painted stone to mock,  
 With nice white lines round every block,  
     Some trepidation stood in,  
 When tempests, (with petrific shock,  
 So to speak) made it really rock,  
     Though not a whit less wooden ;  
 And painted stone, howe'er well done,  
 Will not take in the prodigal sun

Whose beams are never quite at one  
 With our terrestrial lumber ;  
 So the wood shrank around the knots,  
 And gaped in disconcerting spots,  
 And there were lots of dots and rots  
 And crummies without number,  
 Wherethrough, as you may well presume,  
 The wind, like water through a flume,  
 Came rushing in ecstasie,  
 Leaving, in all three floors no room  
 That was not a rheumatic ;  
 And, what with points and squares and rounds  
 Grown shaky on their poises,  
 The house at night was full of pounds,  
 Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratchings, raps—till  
 —“ Zounds ! ”  
 Cried Knott, “ this goes beyond all bounds,  
 I do not deal in tongues and sounds,  
 Nor have I let my house and grounds  
 To a family of Noyeses ! ”

But though Knott's house was full of airs,  
*He* had but one—a daughter ;  
 And, as he owned much stocks and shares,  
 Many who wished to render theirs  
 Such vain, unsatisfying cares,  
 And needed wives to sew their tears,  
 In matrimony sought her ;  
 They vowed her gold they wanted not,  
 Their faith would never falter,  
 They longed to tie this single Knott  
 In the Hymeneal halter ;  
 So daily at the door they rang,

Cards for the belle delivering,  
Or in the choir at her they sang,  
Achieving such a rapturous twang  
As set her nerves a-shivering.

Now Knott had quite made up his mind  
That Colonel Jones should have her;  
No beauty he, but oft we find  
Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind,  
So hoped his Jenny 'd be resigned  
And make no more palaver;  
Glanced at the fact that love was blind,  
That girls were ratherish inclined  
To pet their little crosses,  
Then nosologically defined  
The rate at which the system pined  
In those unfortunates who dined  
Upon that metaphoric kind  
Of dish—their own proboscis.

But she with many tears and moans,  
Besought him not to mock her,  
Said 'twas too much for flesh and bones,  
To marry mortgages and loans,  
That father's hearts were stocks and stones  
And that she'd go, when Mrs. Jones,  
To Davy Jones's locker;  
Then gave her head a little toss  
That said as plain as ever was,  
If men are always at a loss  
Mere womankind to bridle—  
To try the thing on woman cross,  
Were fifty times as idle;

For she a strict resolve had made  
 And registered in private,  
 That either she would die a maid,  
 Or else be Mrs. Dr. Slade,  
 If woman could contrive it ;  
 And, though the wedding-day was set,  
 Jenny was more so, rather,  
 Declaring, in a pretty pet,  
 That, howsoe'er they spread their net,  
 She would out Jennyral them yet,  
 The colonel and her father.

Just at this time the Public's eyes  
 Were keenly on the watch, a stir  
 Beginning slowly to arise  
 About those questions and replies,  
 Those raps that unwrapped mysteries  
 So rapidly at Rochester.  
 And, Knott, already nervous grown  
 By lying much awake alone,  
 And listening, sometimes to a moan,  
 And sometimes to a clatter,  
 Whene'er the wind at night would rouse  
 The ginger-bread-work on his house,  
 Or when some hasty-tempered mouse,  
 Behind the plastering, made a towse  
 About a family matter,  
 Began to wonder if his wife,  
 A paralytic half her life,  
 Which made it more surprising,  
 Might not, to rule him from her urn,  
 Have taken a peripatetic turn  
 For want of exorcising.

This thought, once nestled in his head,  
 Ere long contagious grew, and spread  
 Infecting all his mind with dread,  
 Until at last he lay in bed  
 And heard his wife, with well-known tread,  
 Entering the kitchen through the shed,  
 (Or was't his fancy mocking?)  
 Opening the pantry, cutting bread,  
 And then (she'd been some ten years dead)  
 Closets and drawers unlocking;  
 Or, in his room, (his breath grew thick)  
 He heard the long familiar click  
 Of slender needles flying quick,  
 As if she knit a stocking;—  
 For whom?—he prayed that years might  
 fit

With pains rheumatic shooting,  
 Before those ghostly things she knit  
 Upon his unfleshed sole might fit,  
 He did not fancy it a bit,  
 To stand upon that footing;  
 At other times, his frightened hairs  
 Above the bed-clothes trudging,  
 He heard her, full of household cares,  
 (No dream entrapped in supper's snares,  
 The foal of horrible nightmares,  
 But broad awake, as he declares.)  
 Go bustling up and down the stairs,  
 Or setting back last evening's chairs,  
 Or with the poker thrusting  
 The raked-up sea-coal's hardened crust—  
 And—what! impossible! it must!  
 He knew she had returned to dust,

And yet could scarce his senses trust,  
Hearing her as she poked and fussed  
About the parlor, dusting!

Night after night he strove to sleep  
And take his ease in spite of it ;  
But still his flesh would chill and creep,  
And, though two night-lamps he might keep,  
He could not so make light of it.

At last, quite desperate, he goes  
And tells his neighbors all his woes,  
Which did but their amount enhance ;  
They made such mockery of his fears,  
That soon his days were of all jeers,  
His nights of the rueful countenance ;  
“ I thought most folks,” one neighbor said,  
“ Gave up the ghost when they were dead,”  
Another gravely shook his head,

Adding, “ from all we hear, it 's  
Quite plain poor Knott is going mad—  
For how can he at once be sad

And think he 's full of spirits ? ”  
A third declared he knew a knife  
Would cut this Knott much quicker,  
“ The surest way to end all strife,  
And lay the spirit of a wife,

Is just to take and lick her ! ”  
A temperance man caught up the word,  
“ Ah, yes,” he groaned, I 've always heard

Our poor friend always slanted  
Tow'rd taking liquor overmuch ;  
I fear these spirits may be Dutch,  
(A sort of gins, or something such.)

With which his house is haunted;  
 I see the thing as clear as light—  
 If Knott would give up getting tight,  
     Naught farther would be wanted:”  
 So all his neighbors stood aloof  
 And, that the spirits 'neath his roof  
 Were not entirely up to proof,  
     Unanimously granted.

Knott knew that cocks and sprites were foes,  
 And so bought up, Heaven only knows  
 How many, though he wanted crows  
 To give ghosts cause, as I suppose,  
     To think that day was breaking;  
 Moreover, what he called his park,  
 He turned into a kind of ark,  
 For dogs, because a little bark  
 Is a good tonic in the dark,  
     If one is given to waking;  
 But things went on from bad to worse,  
 His curs were nothing but a curse,  
     And, what was still more shocking,  
 Foul ghosts of living fowl made scoff  
 And would not think of going off  
     In spite of all his cocking.

Shanghais, Bucks-counties, Dominiques,  
 Malays (that didn't lay for weeks),  
     Polanders, Bantams, Dorkings,  
 Waiving the cost, no trifling ill.  
 (Since each brought in his little bill)  
 By day or night were never still,  
 But every thought of rest would kill

With cacklings and with quorkings;  
 Henry the Eighth of wives got free  
 By a way he had of axing;  
 But poor Knott's Tudor henery  
 Was not so fortunate, and he  
 Still found his trouble waxing;  
 As for the dogs, the rows they made,  
 And how they howled, snarled, barked, and  
 bayed,

Beyond all human knowledge is;  
 All night, as wide awake as gnats,  
 The terriers rumpused after rats,  
 Or, just for practice, taught their brats  
 To worry cast-off shoes and hats,  
 The bull-dogs settled private spats,  
 All chased imaginary cats,  
 Or raved behind the fence's slats  
 At real ones, or, from their mats,  
 With friends miles off, held pleasant chats,  
 Or, like some folks in white cravats,  
 Contemptuous of sharps and flats,  
 Sat up and sang dogsologies.

## PART II.

*Showing what is meant by a flow of Spirits.*

At first the ghosts were somewhat shy,  
 Coming when none but Knott was nigh,  
 And people said 'twas all their eye,  
 (Or rather his) a flam, the sly  
 Digestion's machination;  
 Some recommended a wet sheet,  
 Some a nice broth of pounded peat,



Some a cold flat-iron to the feet,  
 Some a decoction of lamb's-bleat;  
 Some a southwesterly grain of wheat;  
 Meat was by some pronouneed unneet,  
 Others thought fish most indiscreet,  
 And that 't was worse than all to eat  
 Of vegetables, sour or sweet,  
 (Except, perhaps, the skin of beet.)

In such a concatenation:

One quack his button gently plucks  
 And murmurs "biliary ducks!"

Says Knott, "I never ate one;"

But all, though brimming full of wrath,  
 Homeo, Allo, Hydropath,  
 Concurred in this—that t'other's path  
 To death's door was the straight one.

But, spite of medical advice,  
 The ghosts came thicker, and a spice

Of mischief grew apparent;

Nor did they only come at night,  
 But seemed to fancy broad daylight,  
 Till Knott, in horror and affright,

His unoffending hair rent;

Whene'er, with handkerchief on lap,

He made his elbow-chair a trap

To catch an after-dinner nap,

The spirits, always on the tap,

Would make a sudden *rap, rap, rap,*

The half-spun cord of life to snap,

(And what is life without its nap

But threadbareness and mere mishap?)

As 't were with a percussion cap

The trouble's climax capping ;  
 It seemed a party dried and grim  
 Of mummies had come to visit him,  
 Each getting off from every limb  
 Its multitudinous wrapping ;  
 Scratchings sometimes the walls ran round,  
 The merest penny-weights of sound ;  
 Sometimes 't was only by the pound  
 They carried on their dealing,  
 A thumping 'neath the parlor floor  
 Thump—bump—thump—bumping o'er and  
     o'er,  
 As if the vegetables in store,  
 (Quiet and orderly before.)  
 Were all together pealing ;  
 You would have thought the thing was done  
 By the Spirit of some son of a gun,  
 And that a forty-two-pounder,  
 Or that the ghost which made such sounds  
 Could be none other than John Pounds,  
 Of Ragged Schools the founder.

Through three gradations of affright,  
 The awful noises reached their height ;  
 At first they knocked nocturnally,  
 Then, for some reason, changing quite,  
 (As mourners, after six months' flight,  
 Turn suddenly from dark to light.)  
 Began to knock diurnally,  
 And last, combining all their stocks,  
 (Scotland was ne'er so full of Knox.)  
 Into one Chaos, (father of Nox.)  
*Nocte pluit*—they showered knocks,

And knocked, knocked, knocked eternally;  
 Ever upon the go, like buoys,  
 (Wooden sea-urchins,) all Knott's joys,  
 They turned to trouble and a noise  
 That preyed on him internally.

Soon they grew wider in their scope;  
 Whenever Knott a door would ope,  
 It would ope not, or else elope  
 And fly back (curbless as a trope  
 Once started down a stanza's slope  
 By a bard that gave it too much rope—)

Like a clap of thunder slamming;  
 And, when kind Jenny brought his hat,  
 (She always, when he walked, did that,  
 Just as upon his head it sat,  
 Submitting to his settling pat—  
 Some unseen hand would jam it flat,  
 Or give it such a furious bat

That eyes and nose went cramming  
 Up out of sight, and consequently,  
 As when in life it paddled free,

His beaver caused much damning;  
 If these things seem o'erstrained to be,  
 Read the account of Doctor Dee,  
 'Tis in our college library;  
 Read Wesley's circumstantial plea,  
 And Mrs. Crow, more like a bee,  
 Sucking the nightshade's honied fee,  
 And Stilling's Pneumatology;  
 Consult Scott, Glanvil, grave Wie-  
 rus, and both Mathers; further, see

Webster, Casaubon, James First's treatise,  
a right royal Q. E. D.

Writ with the moon in perigee,

Bodin de Demonomanie——

(Accent that last line gingerly)

All full of learning as the sea

Of fishes, and all disagree,

Save in *Sathanas apage!*

Or, what will surely put a flea

In unbelieving ears—with glee,

Out of a paper (sent to me

By some friend who forgot to P . . .

A . . . Y . . .—I use cryptography

Lest I his vengeful pen should dree—

His P . . . O . . . S . . . T . . . A . . . G . . . E . . .)

Things to the same effect I cut,

About the tantrums of a ghost,

Not more than three weeks since, at most,

Near Stratford, in Connecticut.

[Heavens! what a sentence that is!

I throw it in, though, gratis,

And, taking breath, anew

Catch up my legend's clew.]

Knott's Upas daily spread its roots,

Sent up on all sides livelier shoots,

And bore more pestilential fruits ;

The ghosts behaved like downright brutes,

They snipped holes in his Sunday suits,

Practiced all night on octave flutes,

Put peas (not peace) into his boots,

Whereof grew corns in season,

They scotched his sheets, and, what was worse,

Stuck his silk night-cap full of burs,

Till he, in language plain and terse,  
 (But much unlike a Bible verse.)  
 Swore he should lose his reason.

Of course such doings, far and wide,  
 With rumors filled the country-side,  
 And, (as it is our nation's pride,  
 To think a Truth 's not verified  
 Till with majorities allied,)  
 Parties sprung up, affirmed, denied,  
 And candidates with questions plied,  
 Who like the circus-riders, tried  
 At once both hobbies to bestride,  
 And each with his opponent vied  
 In being inexplicit.  
 Earnest inquirers multiplied ;  
 Folks, whose tenth cousins lately died,  
 Wrote letters long, and Knott replied ;  
 All who could either walk or ride,  
 Gathered to wonder or deride,  
 And paid the house a visit ;  
 Horses were at his pine-trees tied,  
 Mourners in every corner sighed,  
 Widows brought children there that cried,  
 Swarms of lean Seekers, eager-eyed,  
 (People Knott never could abide,)  
 Into each hole and cranny pried  
 With strings of questions cut and dried  
 From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,  
 For the wise spirits to decide—  
 As, for example, is it  
 True that the damned are fried or boiled ?  
 Was the Earth's axis greased or oiled ?

Who cleaned the moon when it was soiled ?  
 How heal diseased potatoes ?  
 Did spirits have the sense of smell ?  
 Where would departed spinsters dwell ?  
 If the late Zenas Smith were well ?  
 If Earth were solid or a shell ?  
 Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell ?  
*Did* the bull toll Cock-Robin's knell ?  
 What remedy would bugs expel ?  
 If Paine's invention were a sell ?  
 Did spirits by Webster's system spell ?  
 Was it a sin to be a belle ?  
 Did dancing sentence folks to hell ?  
 If so, then where most torture fell—  
 On little toes or great toes ?  
 If life's true seat were in the brain ?  
 Did Ensign mean to marry Jane ?  
 By whom, in fact, was Morgan slain ?  
 Could matter ever suffer pain ?  
 What would take out a cherry-stain ?  
 Who picked the pocket of Seth Crane,  
 Of Waldo precinct, State of Maine ?  
 Was Sir John Franklin sought in vain ?  
 Did primitive Christians ever train ?  
 What was the family-name of Cain ?  
 Them spoons, were they by Betty ta'en ?  
 Would earth-worm poultice cure a sprain ?  
 Was Socrates so dreadful plain ?  
 What teamster guided Charles's wain ?  
 Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane ?  
 And could his will in force remain ?  
 If not, what counsel to retain ?  
 Did Le Sage steal Gil Blas from Spain ?

Was Junius writ by Thomas Paine?  
 Were ducks discomforted by rain?  
*How* did Britannia rule the main?  
 Was Jonas coming back again?  
 Was vital truth upon the wane?  
 Did ghosts, to scare folks, drag a chain?  
 Who was our Huldah's chosen swain?  
 Did none have teeth pulled without payin',  
     Ere ether was invented?  
 Whether mankind would not agree,  
 If the universe were tuned in C?  
 What was it ailed Lucindy's knee?  
 Whether folks eat folks in Feejee?  
 Whether *his* name would end with T?  
 If Saturn's rings were two or three?  
 And what bump in Phrenology  
     They truely represented?  
 These problems dark, wherein they groped,  
 Wherewith man's reason vainly coped,  
 Now that the spirit-world was oped,  
 In all humility they hoped  
     Would be resolved *instantly* ;  
 Each of the miscellaneous rout  
 Brought his, or her, own little doubt,  
 And wished to pump the spirits out,  
 Through his, or her, own private spout,  
     Into his, or her, decanter.

## PART III.

*Wherein it is shown that the most ardent Spirits are more ornamental than useful.*

Many a speculating wight  
 Came by express-trains, day and night,  
 To see if Knott would "sell his right,"  
 Meaning to make the ghosts a sight—  
 What they called a "meenaygerie;"  
 One threatened, if he would not "trade,"  
 His run of custom to invade,  
 (He could not these sharp folks persuade  
 That he was not, in some way, paid,)

And stamp him as a plagiarist,  
 By coming down, at one fell swoop,  
 With **THE ORIGINAL KNOCKING TROUPE,**

Come recently from Hades,  
 Who (for a quarter-dollar heard)  
 Would ne'er rap out a hasty word  
 Whence any blame might be incurred

From the most fastidious ladies;  
 The late lamented Jesse Soule  
 To stir the ghosts up with a pole  
 And be director of the whole,

Who was engaged the rather  
 For the rare merits he 'd combine, )  
 Having been in the spirit line,  
 Which trade he only did resign  
 With general applause, to shine,  
 Awful in mail of cotton fine.

As ghost of Hamlet's father!  
 Another a fair plan reveals  
 Never yet hit on, which, he feels,



To Knott's religious sense appeals—  
 "We'll have your house set up on wheels,  
     A speculation pious;  
 For music we can shortly find  
 A barrel-organ that will grind  
 Psalm-tunes (an instrument designed  
 For the New England tour) refined  
 From secular drosses, and inclined  
 To an unworldly turn (combined  
     With no sectarian bias;)

Then, traveling by stages slow,  
 Under the style of Knott & Co.,  
 I would accompany the show  
 As moral lecturer, the foe  
 Of Rationalism; you could throw  
 The rappings in, and make them go  
 Strict Puritan principles, you know,  
 (How *do* you make 'em? with your toe?)  
 And the receipts which thence might flow,  
     We could divide between us;  
 Still more attractions to combine,  
 Beside these services of mine,  
 I will throw in a very fine  
 (It would do nicely for a sign)  
     Original Titian's Venus."

Another offered handsome fees  
 If Knott would get Demosthenes.  
 (Nay, his mere knuckles, for more ease.)  
 To rap a few short sentences:  
 Or if, for want of proper keys,  
     His Greek might make confusion,  
 Then, just to get a rap from Burke,  
 To recommend a little work

## On Public Elocution.

(*Nonnulla hic desunt  
Meliora quae sunt.*)

Meanwhile the spirits made replies  
To all the reverent *whats* and *whys*,  
Resolving doubts of every size,  
And giving seekers grave and wise,  
Who came to know their destinies,  
    A rap-turous reception ;  
When unbelievers void of grace  
Came to investigate the place,  
(Creatures of Sadducistic race,  
With groveling intellects and base)  
They could not find the slightest trace  
    To indicate deception ;  
Indeed, it is declared by some  
That spirits (of this sort) are glum,  
Almost, or wholly, deaf and dumb,  
And (out of self-respect) quite mum  
To sceptic natures cold and numb,  
Who of *this* kind of Kingdom Come,  
    Have not a just conception ;  
True, there were people who demurred  
That, though the raps no doubt were heard  
    Both under them and o'er them,  
Yet, somehow, when a search they made,  
They found Miss Jenny sore afraid,  
Or Jenny's lover, Doctor Slade,  
Equally awe-struck and dismayed,  
Or Deborah, the chamber-maid,  
Whose terrors, not to be gainsaid,  
In laughs hysteric were displayed,

Was always there before them;  
 This had its due effect with some  
 Who straight departed, muttering, **Hum!**  
 Transparent hoax! and Gammon!  
 But these were few; believing souls  
 Came, day by day, in larger shoals,  
 As, the ancients to the windy holes  
 'Neath Delphi's tripod brought their **doles,**  
 Or to the shrine of Ammon.  
 The spirits seemed exceeding tame,  
 Call whom you fancied and he came;  
 The shades august of eldest fame  
 You summoned with an awful ease;  
 As grosser spirits gurgled out  
 From chair and table with a spout,  
 In Auerbach's cellar once, to flout  
 The senses of the rabble rout,  
 Where'er the gimlet twirled about  
 Of cunning Mephistophiles—  
 So did these spirits seem in store,  
 Behind the wainscot or the door,  
 Ready to thrill the being's core  
 Of every enterprising bore  
 With their astounding glamour;  
 Whatever ghost one wished to hear,  
 By strange coincidence, was near  
 To make the past or future clear,  
 (Sometimes in shocking grammar,)  
 By raps and taps, now there, now here—  
 It seemed as if the spirit queer  
 Of some departed auctioneer  
 Were doomed to practice by the year  
 With the spirit of his hammer;

Whate'er you asked was answered, yet  
 One could not very deeply get  
 Into the obliging spirits' debt,  
 Because they used the alphabet  
     In all communications,  
 And new revealings (though sublime)  
 Rapped out, one letter at a time,  
     With boggles, hesitations,  
 Stoppings, beginnings o'er again,  
 And getting matters into train,  
 Could hardly overload the brain  
     With too excessive rations,  
 Since just to ask *if two and two*  
*Really make four?* or, *How d' ye do?*  
 And get the fit replies thereto  
 In the tramundane rat-tat-too,  
     Might ask a whole day's patience.

'T was strange (mongst other things) to find  
 In what odd sets the ghosts combined,  
     Happy forthwith to thump any  
 Piece of intelligence inspired,  
 The truth whereof had been inquired  
     By some one of the company;  
 For instance, Fielding, Mirabeau,  
 Orator Henley, Cicero,  
 Paley, John Zisca, Marivanx,  
 Melancthon, Robertson, Junot,  
 Scaliger, Chesterfield, Rousseau,  
 Hakluyt, Boccaccio, South, De Foe,  
 Diaz, Josephus, Richard Roe,  
 Odin, Arminius, Charles *le gros*,  
 Tiresias, the late James Crow,

Casabianca, Grose, Prideaux,  
 Old Grimes, Young Norval, Swift, Brissot,  
 Maimonides, the Chevalier D'O,  
 Socrates, Fenelon, Job, Stow,  
 The inventor of *Elixir pro*,  
 Euripides, Spinoza, Poe,  
 Confucius, Hiram Smith, and Fo,  
 Came (as it seemed, somewhat *de trop*)  
 With a disembodied Esquimaux,  
 To say that it was so and so,  
     With Franklin's Expedition ;  
 One testified to ice and snow,  
 One that the mercury was low,  
 One that his progress was quite slow,  
 One that he much desired to go,  
 One that the cook had frozen his toe,  
 (Dissented from by Dandolo,  
 Wordsworth, Cynaegirus, Boileau,  
 La Hontan and Sir Thomas Roe.)  
 One saw twelve white bears in a row,  
 One saw eleven and a crow,  
 With other things we could not know  
 (Of great statistic value, though)  
     By our mere mortal vision,  
 Sometimes the spirits made mistakes,  
 And seemed to play at ducks and drakes,  
 With bold inquiry's heaviest stakes  
     In science or in mystery ;  
 They knew so little (and that wrong)  
 Yet rapped it out so bold and strong,  
 One would have said the entire throng  
     Had been Professors of History ;  
 What made it odder was, that those

Who, you would naturally suppose,  
 Could solve a question, if they chose,  
 As easily as count their toes

Were just the ones that blundered;  
 One day, Ulysses happening down,  
 A reader of Sir Thomas Browne

And who (with him) had wondered  
 What song it was the Sirens sang,  
 Asked the shrewd Ithacan—*bang! bang!*  
 With this response the chamber rang,

“I guess it was Old Hundred.”  
 And Franklin, being asked to name  
 The reason why the lightning came,  
 Replied, “Because it thundered.”

On one sole point the ghosts agreed,  
 One fearful point, than which, indeed,

Nothing could seem absurder;  
 Poor Colonel Jones they all abused,  
 And finally downright accused

The poor old man of murder;  
 'Twas thus; by dreadful raps was shown  
 Some spirit's longing to make known  
 A bloody fact, which he alone

Was privy to, (such ghosts more prone  
 In Earth's affairs to meddle are;)

*Who are you?* with awe-stricken looks,  
 All ask: his airy knuckles he crooks,  
 And raps, “I *was* Eliab Snooks,

That used to be a pedler;  
 Some on ye still are on my books!”  
 Whereat, to inconspicuous nooks,  
 (More fearing this than common spooks,)

Shrank each indebted meddler;  
 Further the vengeful ghost declared  
 That while his earthly life was spared,  
 About the country he had fared,  
 A duly licensed follower  
 Of that much-wandering trade that wins  
 Slow profit from the sale of tins,  
 And various kinds of hollow-ware:  
 That Colonel Jones enticed him in  
 Pretending that he wanted tin,  
 There slew him with a rolling-pin,  
 Hid him in a potato bin,  
 And (the same night) him ferried  
 Across Great Pond to t'other shore,  
 And there on land of Widow Moore,  
 Just where you turn to Larkin's store,  
 Under a rock him buried;  
 Some friends (who happened to be by)  
 He called upon to testify  
 That what he said was not a lie,  
 And that he did not stir this  
 Foul matter out of any spite  
 But from a simple love of right;—  
 Which statement the Nine Worthies,  
 Rabbi Akiba, Charlemagne,  
 Seth, Colley Cibber, General Wayne,  
 Cambyses, Tasso, Tubal-Cain,  
 The owner of a castle in Spain,  
 Jehangire, and the Widow of Nain,  
 (The friends aforesaid) made more plain  
 And by loud raps attested;  
 To the same purport testified  
 Plato, John Wilkes, and Colonel Pride

Who knew said Snooks before he died,  
 Had in his wares invested,  
 Thought him entitled to belief  
 And freely could concur, in brief  
 In every thing the rest did.

Eliab this occasion seized,  
 (Distinctly here the Spirit sneezed)  
 To say that he should ne'er be eased  
 Till Jenny married whom she pleased,  
 Free from all checks and urgin's  
 (This spirit dropped his final g's.)  
 And that, unless Knott quickly sees  
 This done, the spirits to appease,  
 They would come back his life to tease  
 As thick as mites in ancient cheese,  
 And let his house on an endless lease  
 To the ghosts (terrific rappers these  
 And veritable Eumenides.)  
 Of the Eleven Thousand Virgins!

Knott was perplexed and shook his head,  
 He did not wish his child to wed  
 With a suspected murderer,  
 (For, true or false, the rumor spread,)  
 But as for this riled life he led,  
 "It would not answer," so he said,  
 "To have it go no furdurer."

At last, scarce knowing what it meant,  
 Reluctantly he gave consent  
 That Jenny, since 't was evident  
 That she *would* follow her own bent,



Should make her own election;  
 For that appeared the only way  
 These frightful noises to allay  
 Which had already turned him gray  
 And plunged him in dejection.

Accordingly, this artless maid  
 Her father's ordinance obeyed,  
 And, all in whitest crape arrayed,  
 (Miss Pulsifer the dresses made  
 And wishes here the fact displayed  
 That she still carries on the trade,  
 The third door south from Bagg's Arcade,)  
 A very faint "I do" essayed  
 And gave her hand to Hiram Slade,  
 From which time forth, the ghosts were laid;  
 And ne'er gave trouble after;  
 But the Selectmen, be it known,  
 Dug underneath the aforesaid stone,  
 Where the poor pedler's corpse was thrown,  
 And found there-under a jaw-bone,  
 Though, when the crowner sat thereon,  
 He nothing hatched, except alone  
 Successive broods of laughter;  
 It was a frail and dingy thing,  
 In which a grinder or two did cling,  
 In color like molasses,  
 Which surgeons, called from far and wide,  
 Upon the horror to decide,  
 Having put on their glasses,  
 Reported thus—"To judge by looks,  
 These bones, by some queer hooks or crooks,  
*May* have belonged to Mr. Snooks,

But, as men deepest read in books  
 Are perfectly aware, bones,  
 If buried, fifty years or so,  
 Lose their identity and grow  
 From human bones to bare bones."

Still, if to Jaalam you go down,  
 You'll find two parties in the town,  
 One headed by Benaiah Brown,  
 And one by Perez Tinkham ;  
 The first believe the ghosts all through.  
 And vow that they shall never rue  
 The happy chance by which they knew  
 That people in Jupiter are blue,  
 And very fond of Irish stew,  
 Two curious facts when Prince Lee Boo  
 Rapped clearly to a chosen few—  
 Whereas the others think 'em  
 A trick got up by Doctor Slade  
 With Deborah the chamber-maid  
 And that sly cretur Jenny,  
 That all the revelations wise,  
 At which the Brownites made big eyes,  
 Might have been given by Jared Keyes,  
 A natural fool and nimmy.  
 And, last week, didn't Eliab Snooks,  
 Come back with never better looks,  
 As sharp as new bought mackerel hooks,  
 And bright as a new pin, eh ?  
 Good Parson Wilbur, too, avers  
 (Though to be mixed in parish stirs  
 Is worse than handling chestnut-burs)  
 That no case to his mind occurs

Where spirits ever did converse  
 Save in a kind of guttural Erse,  
 (So say the best authorities ;) )  
 And that a charge by raps conveyed,  
 Should be most scrupulously weighed  
 And searched into before it is  
 Made public, since it may give pain  
 That cannot soon be cured again,  
 And one word may infix a stain  
 Which ten cannot gloss over,  
 Though speaking for his private part,  
 He is rejoiced with all his heart  
 Miss Knott missed not her lover

December, 1850.

### HAKON'S LAY.

THEN Thorstein looked at Hakon, where he sate,  
 Mute as a cloud amid the stormy hall,  
 And said: "O, Skald, sing now an olden song,  
 Such as our fathers heard who led great lives;  
 And, as the bravest on a shield is borne  
 Along the waving host that shouts him king,  
 So rode their thrones upon the thronging seas!"

Then the old man arose, white-haired he stood,  
 White-bearded, and with eyes that looked afar  
 From their still region of perpetual snow,  
 Over the little smokes and stirs of men:  
 His head was bowed with gathered flakes of  
 years,

As winter bends the sea-foreboding pine  
 But something triumphed in his brow and eye,  
 Which whoso saw it, could not see and crouch:  
 Loud rang the emptied beakers as he mused,  
 Brooding his eyried thoughts; then, as an eagle  
 Circles smooth-winged above the wind-vexed  
     woods,  
 So wheeled his soul into the air of song  
 High o'er the stormy hall; and thus he sang:

“ The fletcher for his arrow-shaft picks out  
 Wood closest-grained, long-seasoned, straight  
     as light;  
 And, from a quiver full of such as these,  
 The wary bow-man, matched against his peers,  
 Long doubting, singles yet once more the best.  
 Who is it that can make such shafts as Fate?  
 What archer of his arrows is so choice,  
 Or hits the white so surely? They are men,  
 The chosen of her quiver; nor for her  
 Will every reed suffice, or cross-grained stick  
 At random from life's vulgar fagot plucked:  
 Such answer household ends; but she will have  
 Souls straight and clear, of toughest fibre, sound  
 Down to the heart of heart; from these she  
     strips  
 All needless stuff, all sapwood, hardens them,  
 From circumstance untoward feathers plucks  
 Crumpled and cheap, and barbs with iron will:  
 The hour that passes is her quiver-boy;  
 When she draws bow, 'tis not across the wind,  
 Nor 'gainst the sun, her haste-snatched arrow  
     sings,

For sun and wind have plighted faith to her :  
Ere men have heard the sinew twang, behold,  
In the butt's heart her trembling messenger !

“The song is old and simple that I sing :  
Good were the days of yore, when men were  
tried

By ring of shields, as now by ring of gold ;  
But, while the gods are left, and hearts of men,  
And the free ocean, still the days are good ;  
Through the broad Earth roams Opportunity  
And knocks at every door of hut or hall,  
Until she finds the brave soul that she wants.”

He ceased, and instantly the frothy tide  
Of interrupted wassail roared along ;  
But Leif, the son of Eric, sate apart  
Musing, and, with his eyes upon the fire,  
Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon as seen ;  
But then with that resolve his heart was bent,  
Which, like a humming shaft, through many  
a strife

Of day and night across the unventured seas,  
Shot the brave prow to cut on Vinland sands  
The first rune in the Saga of the West.

## TO THE FUTURE.

O, LAND of Promise! from what Pisgah's  
height  
Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers?  
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,  
Thy nestled homes and sun-illuminated towers  
Gazing upon the sunset's high-heaped gold,  
Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,  
Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold  
Still brightening abysses,  
And blazing precipices,  
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven,  
Sometimes a glimpse is given,  
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more un-  
stinted blisses.

O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf  
Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;  
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf  
And lure out blossoms; to thy bosom leaps,  
As to a mother's, the o'er wearied heart.  
Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,  
The hurrying feet, the curses without  
number.  
And, circled with the glow Elysian,  
Of thine exulting vision,  
Out of its very cares woos charms for peace  
and slumber.

To thee the Earth lifts up her fettered hands  
And cries for vengeance; with a pitying  
smile  
Thou blessest her, and she forgets her bands,  
And her old wo-worn face a little while  
Grows young and noble; unto thee the Op-  
pressor  
Looks, and is dumb with awe;  
The eternal law  
Which makes the crime its own blindfold  
redresser,  
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,  
And he can see the grim-eyed Doom  
From out the trembling gloom  
Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace  
goading.

What promises hast thou for Poet's eyes,  
Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong!  
To all their hopes what over-joyed replies!  
What undreamed ecstasies for blissful song!  
Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawling  
clangor  
Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor;  
The humble glares not on the high with anger;  
Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for  
more;  
In vain strives Self the godlike sense to  
smother.  
From the soul's deeps  
It throbs and leaps:  
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long-  
lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires  
Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free;  
To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,  
And grief and hunger climb about his knee  
Welcome as children; thou upholdest  
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted;  
The Prophet cries to thee when hearts are  
coldest,  
And, gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,  
Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,  
And stretch its happy arms and leap up dis-  
enchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving kindly  
The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee  
Fierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith  
blindly  
Their own souls they were scarring; con-  
querors see  
With horror in their hands the accursed spear  
That tore the meek One's side on Calvary,  
And from their trophies shrink with ghastly  
fear;  
Thou, too, art the Forgiver,  
The beauty of man's soul to man revealing;  
The arrows from thy quiver  
Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for  
healing,

O, whither, whither, glory-winged dreams,  
From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye  
bear me?  
Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,



This agony of hopeless contrast spare me!  
 Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my night!  
 He is a coward who would borrow  
 A charm against the present sorrow  
 From the vague Future's promise of delight:  
 As life's alarms nearer roll,  
 The ancestral buckler calls,  
 Self-clanging, from the walls  
 In the high temple of the soul;  
 Where are most sorrows, there the poet's  
 sphere is,  
 To feed the soul with patience,  
 To heal its desolations  
 With words of unshorn truth, with love that  
 never wearies.

### OUT OF DOORS.

'Tis good to be abroad in the sun,  
 His gifts abide when day is done;  
 Each thing in nature from his cup  
 Gathers a several virtue up;  
 The grace within its being's reach  
 Becomes the nutriment of each,  
 And the same life imbibed by all  
 Makes each most individual:  
 Here the twig-bending peaches seek  
 The glow that mantles in their cheek—  
 Hence comes the Indian-Summer bloom  
 That hazes round the basking plum,  
 And, from the same impartial light,  
 The grass sucks green, the lily white.

Like these the soul, for sunshine made,  
Grows wan and græile in the shade,  
Her faculties, which God decreed  
Various as Summer's dædal breed,  
With one sad color are imbued,  
Shut from the sun that tints their blood;  
The shadow of the poet's roof  
Deadens the dyes of warp and woof;  
Whate'er of ancient song remains  
Has fresh air flowing in its veins,  
For Greece and eldest Ind knew well  
That out of doors, with world-wide swell  
Arches the student's lawful cell.

Away, unfruitful lore of books,  
For whose vain idiom we reject  
The spirit's mother-dialect,  
Aliens among the birds and brooks,  
Dull to interpret or believe  
What gospels lost the woods retrieve,  
Or what the eaves-dropping violet  
Reports from God, who walketh yet  
His garden in the hush of eve!  
Away, ye pedants city-bred,  
Unwise of heart, too wise of head,  
Who handcuff Art with *thus* and *so*,  
And in each other's footprints tread,  
Like those who walk through drifted snow;

Who, from deep study of brick walls,  
Conjecture of the water-falls,  
By six square feet of smoke-stained sky  
Compute those deeps that overlie

The still tarn's heaven-anointed eye,  
And, in your earthen crucible,  
With chemie tests essay to spell  
How nature works in field and dell!  
Seek we where Shakspeare buried gold?  
Such hands no charmed witch-hazel hold;  
To beach and rock repeats the sea  
The mystic *Open Sesame* ;  
Old Greylock's voices not in vain  
Comment on Milton's mountain strain,  
And cunningly the various wind  
Spenser's locked music can unbind.

#### A REVERIE.

IN the twilight deep and silent  
Comes thy spirit unto mine,  
When the moonlight and the starlight  
Over cliff and woodland shine,  
And the quiver of the river  
Seems a thrill of joy benign.

Then I rise and wander slowly  
To the headland by the sea,  
When the evening star throbs setting  
Through the cloudy cedar tree,  
And from under, mellow thunder  
Of the surf comes fitfully.

Then within my soul I feel thee  
Like a gleam of other years,

Visions of my childhood murmur  
Their old madness in my ears,  
Till the pleasance of thy presenee  
Cools my heart with blissful tears.

All the wondrous dreams of boyhood—  
All youth's fiery thirst of praise—  
All the surer hopes of manhood  
Blossoming in sadder days—  
Joys that bound me, griefs that crowned me  
With a better wreath than bays—

All the longings after freedom—  
The vague love of human kind,  
Wandering far and near at random  
Like a winged seed in the wind—  
The dim yearnings and fierce burnings  
Of an undirected mind—

All of these, oh best beloved,  
Happiest present dreams and past,  
In thy love find safe fulfillment,  
Ripened into truths at last ;  
Faith and beauty, hope and duty,  
To one centre gather fast.

How my nature, like an ocean,  
At the breath of thine awakes,  
Leaps its shores in mad exulting  
And in foamy thunder breaks,  
Then downsinking, lieth shrinking  
At the tumult that it makes !

Blazing Hesperus hath sunken  
Low within the pale-blue west,  
And with golden splendor crowneth  
The horizon's piny crest ;  
Thoughtful quiet stills the riot  
Of wild longing in my breast.

Home I loiter through the moonlight,  
Underneath the quivering trees,  
Which, as if a spirit stirred them,  
Sway and bend, till by degrees  
The far surge's murmur merges  
In the rustle of the breeze.

### IN SADNESS.

THERE is not in this life of ours  
One bliss unmixed with fears,  
The hope that wakes our deepest powers  
A face of sadness wears,  
And the dew that showers our dearest flowers  
Is the bitter dew of tears.

Fame waiteth long, and lingereth  
Through weary nights and morns—  
And evermore the shadow Death  
With mocking finger scorns  
That underneath the laurel wreath  
Should be a wreath of thorns.

The laurel leaves are cool and green,  
But the thorns are hot and sharp,

Lean Hunger grins and stares between  
The poet and his harp,  
Though of Love's sunny sheen his woof **have**  
    been  
Grim want thrusts in the warp.

And if beyond this darksome cline  
Some fair star Hope may see,  
That keeps unjarred the blissful chime  
Of its golden infaney—  
Where the harvest-time of faith sublime  
Not always is to be—

Yet would the true soul rather choose  
Its home where sorrow is,  
Than in a stated peace to lose  
Its life's supremest bliss—  
The rainbow lines that bend profuse  
O'er cloudy spheres like this—

The want, the sorrow and the pain,  
That are Love's right to cure—  
The sunshine bursting after rain—  
The gladness inseeure  
That makes us fain strong hearts to **gain**,  
To do and to endure.

High natures must be thunder-searred  
With many a searing wrong;  
From mother Sorrow's breasts the bard  
Sucks gifts of deepest song,  
Nor all unmarred with struggles hard  
Wax the Soul's sinews strong.

Dear Patience, too, is born of wo,  
Patience that opes the gate  
Wherethrough the soul of man must go  
Up to each nobler state,  
Whose voice's flow so meek and low  
Smooths the bent brows of Fate.

Though Fame be slow, yet Death is swift,  
And, o'er the spirit's eyes,  
Life after life doth change and shift  
With larger destinies:  
As on we drift, some wider rift  
Shows us serenest skies.

And though naught falleth to us here  
But gains the world counts loss,  
Though all we hope of wisdom clear  
When climbed to seems but dross,  
Yet all, though ne'er Christ's faith they wear,  
At least may share his cross.

### FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! as the bee round the blossom  
Doth murmur drowsily,  
So murmureth round my bosom  
The memory of thee;  
Lingering, it seems to go,  
When the wind more full doth flow,  
Waving the flower to and fro,  
But still returneth, Marian!

My hope no longer burneth,  
Which did so fiercely burn,  
My joy to sorrow turneth,  
Although loath, loath to turn—  
I would forget—  
And yet—and yet  
My heart to thee still yearneth, **Marian!**  
Fair as a single star thou shinest,  
And white as lilies are  
The slender hands wherewith thou twinest  
Thy heavy auburn hair;  
Thou art to me  
A memory  
Of all that is divinest:  
Thou art so fair and tall,  
Thy looks so queenly are,  
Thy very shadow on the wall,  
Thy step upon the stair,  
The thought that thou art nigh,  
The chance look of thine eye  
Are more to me than all, **Marian,**  
And will be till I die!

As the last quiver of a bell  
Doth fade into the air,  
With a subsiding swell  
That dies we know not where,  
So my hope melted and was gone:  
I raised mine eyes to bless the star  
That shared its light with me so far  
Below its silver throne,  
And gloom and chilling vacancy  
Were all was left to me,



In the dark, bleak, night I was alone!  
Alone in the blessed Earth, Marian,  
For what were all to me—  
Its love, and light, and mirth, Marian,  
If I were not with thee?

My heart will not forget thee  
More than the moaning brine  
Forgets the moon when she is set.  
The gush when first I met thee  
That thrilled my brain like wine,  
Doth thrill as madly yet;  
My heart cannot forget thee,  
Though it may droop and pine,  
Too deeply it had set thee  
In every love of mine;  
No new moon ever cometh,  
No flower ever bloometh,  
No twilight ever gloometh  
But I'm more only thine.  
Oh look not on me, Marian,  
Thine eyes are wild and deep,  
And they have won me, Marian,  
From peacefulness and sleep;  
The sunlight doth not sun me,  
The meek moonshine doth shun me,  
All sweetest voices stun me—  
There is no rest  
Within my breast  
And I can only weep, Marian!

As a landbird far at sea  
Doth wander through the sleet

And drooping downward wearily  
Finds no rest for her feet,  
So wandereth my memory  
O'er the years when we did meet :  
I used to say that everything  
Partook a share of thee,  
That not a little bird could sing,  
Or green leaf flutter on a tree,  
That nothing could be beautiful  
Save part of thee were there,  
That from thy soul so clear and full  
All bright and blessed things did cull  
The charm to make them fair ;  
And now I know  
That it was so,  
Thy spirit through the earth doth flow  
And face me wheresoe'er I go—  
What right hath perfectness to give  
Such weary weight of wo  
Unto the soul which cannot live  
On anything more low ?  
Oh leave me, leave me, Marian,  
There's no fair thing I see  
But doth deceive me, Marian,  
Into sad dreams of thee !  
A cold snake gnaws my heart  
And crushes round my brain,  
And I should glory but to part  
So bitterly again,  
Feeling the slow tears start  
And fall in fiery rain :  
There's a wide ring round the moon,  
The ghost-like clouds glide by,

And I hear the sad winds croon  
A dirge to the lowering sky ;  
There's nothing soft or mild  
In the pale moon's sickly light,  
But all looks strange and wild  
Through the dim, foreboding night :  
I think thou must be dead  
In some dark and lonely place,  
With candles at thy head,  
And a pall above thee spread  
To hide thy dead, cold face ;  
But I can see thee underneath  
So pale, and still, and fair,  
Thine eyes closed smoothly and a wreath  
Of flowers in thy hair ;  
I never saw thy face so clear  
When thou wast with the living,  
As now beneath the pall, so drear,  
And stiff, and unforgiving ;  
I cannot flee thee, Marian,  
I cannot turn away.  
Mine eyes must see thee, Marian,  
Through salt tears night and day.

## A DIRGE.

POET! lonely is thy bed,  
And the turf is overhead—  
Cold earth is thy cover ;  
But thy heart hath found release,  
And it slumbers full of peace

'Neath the rustle of green trees  
And the warm hum of the bees,  
    'Mid the drowsy clover ;  
Through thy chamber, still as death,  
A smooth gurgle wandereth,  
As the blue stream murmureth  
    To the blue sky over.

Three paces from the silver strand,  
Gently in the fine, white sand,  
With a lily in thy hand,  
    Pale as snow, they laid thee ;  
In no coarse earth wast thou hid,  
And no gloomy coffin-lid  
Darkly overweighed thee.  
Silently as snow-flakes drift,  
The smooth sand did sift and sift  
    O'er the bed they made thee ;  
All sweet birds did come and sing  
At thy sunny burying—  
    Choristers unbidden,  
And, beloved of sun and dew.  
Meek forget-me-nots upgrew  
Where thine eyes so large and blue  
    'Neath the turf were hidden.

Where thy stainless clay doth lie,  
Blue and open is the sky,  
And the white clouds wander by,  
Dreams of summer silently  
    Darkening the river ;  
Thou hearest the clear water run ;  
And the ripples every one,

Scattering the golden sun,  
 Though thy silence quiver ;  
 Vines trail down upon the stream,  
 Into its smooth and glassy dream  
 A green stillness spreading,  
 And the shiner, perch, and bream  
 Through the shadowed waters gleam  
 'Gainst the current heading.

White as snow, thy winding sheet  
 Shelters thee from head to feet,  
 Save thy pale face only ;  
 Thy face is turned toward the skies,  
 The lids lie meekly o'er thine eyes,  
 And the low-voiced pine-tree sighs  
 O'er thy bed so lonely.  
 All thy life thou lov'dst its shade :  
 Underneath it thou art laid,  
 In an endless shelter ;  
 Thou hearest it forever sigh  
 As the wind's vague longings die  
 In its branches dim and high—  
 Thou hear'st the waters gliding by  
 Slumberously welter.

Thou wast full of love and truth,  
 Of forgivingness and ruth—  
 Thy great heart with hope and youth )  
 Tided to o'erflowing.  
 Thou didst dwell in mysteries,  
 And there lingered on thine eyes  
 Shadows of serener skies,  
 Awfully wild memories,

That were like foreknowing ;  
Through the earth thou would'st have gone,  
Lighted from within alone,  
Seeds from flowers in Heaven grown  
    With a free hand sowing.

Thou didst remember well and long  
Some fragments of thine angel-song,  
And strive, through want and wo and wrong  
    To win the world unto it ;  
Thy sin it was to see and hear  
Beyond To-day's dim hemisphere—  
Beyond all mists of hope and fear,  
Into a life more true and clear,  
    And dearly thou didst rue it ;  
Light of the new world thou hadst won,  
O'erflooded by a purer sun—  
Slowly Fate's ship came drifting on,  
And through the dark, save thou, not one  
    Caught of the land a token.  
Thou stood'st upon the farthest prow,  
Something within thy soul said " Now ! "  
And leaping forth with eager brow,  
    Thou fell'st on shore heart-broken.

Long time thy brethren stood in fear ;  
Only the breakers far and near,  
White with their anger, they could hear ;  
The sounds of land, which thy quick ear  
    Caught long ago, they heard not.  
And, when at last they reached the strand,  
They found thee lying on the sand  
With some wild flowers in thy hand,

But thy cold bosom stirred not ;  
They listened, but they heard no sound  
Save from the glad life all around  
    A low, contented murmur.  
The long grass flowed adown the hill.  
A hum rose from a hidden rill,  
But thy glad heart, that knew no ill  
But too much love, lay dead and still—  
The only thing that sent a chill  
    Into the heart of summer.

Thou didst not seek the poet's wreath  
    But too soon didst win it ;  
Without 'twas green, but underneath  
Were scorn and loneliness and death,  
Gnawing the brain with burning teeth,  
    And making mock within it.  
Thou, who wast full of nobleness,  
Whose very life-blood 'twas to bless,  
    Whose soul's one law was giving,  
Must bandy words with wickedness,  
Haggle with hunger and distress,  
To win that death which worldliness  
    Calls bitterly a living.

“Thou sow'st no gold, and shalt not reap !”  
Muttered earth, turning in her sleep ;  
“Come home to the Eternal Deep !”  
Murmured a voice, and a wide sweep  
Of wings through thy soul's hush did creep,  
    As of thy doom o'erflying ;  
It seem'd that thy strong heart would leap  
Out of thy breast, and thou didst weep,

But not with fear of dying ;  
Men could not fathom thy deep fears,  
They could not understand thy tears,  
The hoarded agony of years  
Of bitter self-denying.  
So once, when high above the spheres  
Thy spirit sought its starry peers,  
It came not back to face the jeers  
Of brothers who denied it ;  
Star-crowned, thou dost possess the deeps  
Of God, and thy white body sleeps  
Where the lone pine forever keeps  
Patient watch beside it.

Poet! underneath the turf,  
Soft thou sleepest, free from morrow,  
Thou hast struggled through the surf  
Of wild thoughts and want and sorrow.  
Now, beneath the moaning pine,  
Full of rest, thy body lieth,  
While far up is clear sunshine,  
Underneath a sky divine,  
Her loosed wings thy spirit trieth  
Oft she strove to spread them here  
But they were too white and clear  
For our dingy atmosphere.

Thy body findeth ample room  
In its still and grassy tomb  
By the silent river ;  
But thy spirit found the earth  
Narrow for the mighty birth  
Which it dreamed of ever ;



Thou wast guilty of a rhyme  
 Learned in a benigner clime,  
 And of that more grievous crime,  
 An ideal too sublime  
 For the low-hung sky of Time.

The calm spot where thy body lies  
 Gladdens thy soul in Paradise,  
 It is so still and holy ;  
 Thy body sleeps serenely there,  
 And well for it thy soul may care,  
 It was so beautiful and fair,  
 Lily white so wholly.

From so pure and sweet a frame  
 Thy spirit parted as it came,  
 Gentle as a maiden ;  
 Now it lieth full of rest—  
 Sods are lighter on its breast  
 Than the great, prophetic guest  
 Wherewith it was laden.

## FANCIES ABOUT A ROSEBUD,

PRESSED IN AN OLD COPY OF SPENSER.

Who prest you here ? The Past can tell,  
 When summer skies were bright above,  
 And some full heart did leap and swell  
 Beneath the white new moon of love.

Some Poet, haply, when the world  
    Showed like a calm sea, grand and blue,  
Ere its cold, inky waves had curled  
    O'er the numb heart once warm and true;

When, with his soul brimful of morn,  
    He looked beyond the vale of Time,  
Nor saw therein the dullard scorn  
    That made his heavenliness a crime

When, musing o'er the Poets' olden,  
    His soul did like a sun upstart  
To shoot its arrows, clear and golden,  
    Through slavery's cold and darksome heart.

Alas! too soon the veil is lifted  
    That hangs between the soul and pain,  
Too soon the morning-red hath drifted  
    Into dull cloud, or fallen in rain!

Or were you prest by one who must  
    Bleak memories of love gone by,  
Whose heart, like a star fallen, burst  
    In dark and erring vacancy?

To him you still were fresh and green  
    As when you grew upon the stalk,  
And many a breezy summer scene  
    Came back—and many a moonlit walk;

And there would be a hum of bees,  
    A smell of childhood in the air,  
And old, fresh feelings cooled the breeze  
    That, like loved fingers, stirred his hair!

Then would you suddenly be blasted  
By the keen wind of one dark thought,  
One nameless woe, that had outlasted  
The sudden blow whereby 'twas brought.

Or were you pressed here by two lovers  
Who seemed to read these verses rare,  
But found between the antique covers  
What Spenser could not prison there :

Songs which his glorious soul had heard,  
But his dull pen could never write,  
Which flew, like some gold-winged bird,  
Through the blue heaven out of sight?

My heart is with them as they sit,  
I see the rosebud in her breast,  
I see her small hand taking it  
From out its odorous, snowy nest ;

I hear him swear that he will keep it,  
In memory of that blessed day,  
To smile on it or over-weep it  
When she and spring are far away.

Ah me! I needs must droop my head,  
And brush away a happy tear,  
For they are gone, and, dry and dead,  
The rosebud lies before me here.

Yet is it in no stranger's hand,  
For I will guard it tenderly,  
And it shall be a magic wand  
To bring mine own true love to me.

My heart runs o'er with sweet surmises,  
 The while my fancy weaves her rhyme,  
 Kind hopes and musical surprises  
 Throng round me from the olden time.

I do not care to know who prest you :  
 Enough for me to feel and know  
 That some heart's love and longing blest you,  
 Knitting to-day with long-ago.

### NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1844.

#### A FRAGMENT.

THE night is calm and beautiful ; the snow  
 Sparkles beneath the clear and frosty moon  
 And the cold stars, as if it took delight  
 In its own silent whiteness ; the hushed earth  
 Sleeps in the soft arms of the embracing blue,  
 Secure as if angelic squadrons yet  
 Encamped about her, and each watching star  
 Gained double brightness from the flashing  
 arms  
 Of winged and unsleeping sentinels.  
 Upward the calm of infinite silence deepens,  
 The sea that flows between high heaven and  
 earth,  
 Musing by whose smooth brink we sometimes  
 find  
 A stray leaf floated from those happier shores.  
 And hope, perchance not vainly, that some  
 flower,

Which we had watered with our holiest tears,  
Pale blooms, and yet our scanty garden's best,  
O'er the same ocean piloted by love,  
May find a haven at the feet of God,  
And be not wholly worthless in his sight.

O, high dependence on a higher Power,  
Sole stay for all these restless faculties  
That wander, Ishmael-like, the desert bare  
Wherein our human knowledge hath its home,  
Shifting their light-framed tents from day to  
day,  
With each new-found oasis, wearied soon,  
And only certain of uncertainty !  
O, mighty humbleness that feels with awe,  
Yet with a vast exulting feels, no less,  
That this huge Minster of the Universe,  
Whose smallest oratories are glorious worlds,  
With painted oriels of dawn and sunset ;  
Whose carved ornaments are systems grand,  
Orion kneeling in his starry niche,  
The Lyre whose strings give music audible  
To holy ears, and countless splendors more,  
Crowned by the blazing Cross high-hung o'er  
all ;  
Whose organ music is the solemn stops  
Of endless Change breathed through by endless  
Good ;  
Whose choristers are all the morning stars ;  
Whose altar is the sacred human heart  
Whereon Love's candles burn unquenchably,  
Trimmed day and night by gentle-handed  
Peace ;

With all its arches and its pinnacles  
That stretch forever and forever up,  
Is founded on the silent heart of God,  
Silent, yet pulsing forth exhaustless life  
Through the least veins of all created things.

Fit musings these for the departing year;  
And God be thanked for such a crystal night  
As fills the spirit with good store of thoughts,  
That, like a cheering fire of walnut, crackle  
Upon the hearthstone of the heart, and cast  
A mild home-glow o'er all Humanity!  
Yes, though the poisoned shafts of evil doubts  
Assail the skyey panoply of Faith.

Though the great hopes which we have had  
for man,  
Foes in disguise, because they based belief  
On man's endeavor, not on God's decree—  
Though these proud-visaged hopes, once turned  
to fly,

Hurl backward many a deadly Parthian dart  
That rankles in the soul and makes it sick  
With vain regret, nigh verging on despair—  
Yet, in such calm and earnest hours as this,  
We well can feel how every living heart  
That sleeps to-night in palace or in cot,  
Or unroofed hovel, or which need hath known  
Of other homestead than the arching sky,  
Is circled watchfully with seraph fires;  
How our own erring will it is that hangs  
The flaming sword o'er Eden's unclosed gate,  
Which gives free entrance to the lure in heart,  
And with its guarding walls doth fence the  
meek.

Sleep then, O Earth, in thy blue-vaulted cradle,  
Bent over always by thy mother Heaven!  
We all are tall enough to reach God's hand,  
And angels are no taller; looking back  
Upon the smooth wake of a year o'erpast,  
We see the black clouds furling, one by one,  
From the advancing majesty of Truth,  
And something won for Freedom, whose least  
gain

Is as a firm and rock-built citadel  
Wherefrom to launch fresh battle on her foes;  
Or, leaning from the time's extremest prow,  
If we gaze forward through the blending spray,  
And dimly see how much of ill remains,  
How many fetters to be sawn asunder  
By the slow toil of individual zeal,  
Or haply rusted by salt tears in twain,  
We feel, with something of a sadder heart,  
Yet bracing up our bruised mail the while,  
And fronting the old foe with fresher spirit,  
How great it is to breathe with human breath,  
To be but poor foot-soldiers in the ranks  
Of our old exiled king, Humanity;  
Encamping after every hard-won field  
Nearer and nearer Heaven's happy plains.

Many great souls have gone to rest, and sleep  
Under this armor, free and full of peace:  
If these have left the earth, yet Truth remains,  
Endurance, too, the crowning faculty  
Of noble minds, and Love, invincible  
By any weapons: and these hem us round  
With silence such that all the groaning clank

Of this mad engine men have made of earth  
Dulls not some ears for catching purer tones,  
That wander from the dim surrounding vast,  
Or far more clear melodious prophecies,  
The natural music of the heart of man,  
Which by kind Sorrow's ministry hath learned  
That the true sceptre of all power is love  
And humbleness the palace-gate of truth.  
What man with soul so blind as sees not here  
The first faint tremble of Hope's morning-  
star,  
Foretelling how the God-forged shafts of  
dawn,  
Fitted already on their golden string,  
Shall soon leap earthward with exulting flight  
To thrud the dark heart of that evil faith  
Whose trust is in the clumsy arms of Force,  
The ozier hauberk of a ruder age?  
Freedom! thou other name for happy Truth,  
Thou warrior-maid, whose steel-clad feet were  
never  
Out of the stirrup, nor thy lance uncouched,  
Nor thy fierce eye enticed from its watch,  
Thou hast learned now, by hero-blood in vain  
Poured to enrich the soil which tyrants reap;  
By wasted lives of prophets, and of those  
Who, by the promise in their souls upheld,  
Into the red arms of a fiery death  
Went blithely as the golden-girdled bee  
Sinks in the sleepy poppy's cup of flame;  
By the long woes of nations set at war,  
That so the swollen torrent of their wrath  
May find a vent, else sweeping off like straws



The thousand cobweb threads, grown cable-  
huge  
By time's long gathered dust, but cobwebs  
still,  
Which bind the Many that the Few may gain  
Leisure to wither by the drought of ease  
What heavenly germs in their own souls were  
sown ;—  
By all these searching lessons thou hast  
learned  
To throw aside thy blood-stained helm and  
spear  
And with thy bare brow daunt the enemy's  
front,  
Knowing that God will make the lily stalk,  
In the soft grasp of naked Gentleness,  
Stronger than iron spear to shatter through  
The sevenfold toughness of Wrong's idle shield.

## A MYSTICAL BALLAD.

## I.

THE sunset scarce had dimmed away  
Into the twilight's doubtful gray ;  
One long cloud o'er the horizon lay,  
'Neath which, a streak of bluish white,  
Wavered between the day and night ;  
Over the pine trees on the hill  
The trembly evening-star did thrill  
And the new moon, with slender rim,  
Through the elm arches gleaming dim,  
Filled memory's chalice to the brim.

## II.

On such an eve the heart doth grow  
Full of surmise, and scarce can know  
If it be now or long ago,  
Or if indeed it doth exist ;—  
A wonderful enchanted mist  
From the new moon doth wander out,  
Wrapping all things in mystic doubt,  
So that this world doth seem untrue,  
And all our fancies to take hue  
From some life ages since gone through.

## III.

The maiden sat and heard the flow  
Of the west wind so soft and low  
The leaves scarce quivered to and fro ;  
Unbound, her heavy golden hair  
Rippled across her bosom bare,  
Which gleamed with thrilling snowy white  
Far through the magical moonlight :  
The breeze rose with a rustling swell,  
And from afar there came the smell  
Of a long-forgotten lily-bell.

## IV.

The dim moon rested on the hill,  
But silent, without thought or will,  
Where sat the dreamy maiden still ;  
And now the moon's tip, like a star,  
Drew down below the horizon's bar :  
To her black noon the night hath grown,  
Yet still the maiden sits alone,

Pale as a corpse beneath a stream  
And her white bosom still doth gleam  
Through the deep midnight like a dream.

## V.

Cloudless the morning came and fair,  
And lavishly the sun doth share  
His gold among her golden hair,  
Kindling it all, till slowly so  
A glory round her head doth glow;  
A withered flower is in her hand,  
That grew in some far distant land,  
And, silently transfiguréd,  
With wide calm eyes, and undrooped head,  
They found the stranger-maiden dead.

## VI.

A youth, that morn, 'neath other skies,  
Felt sudden tears burn in his eyes,  
And his heart throng with memories;  
All things without him seemed to win  
Strange brotherhood with things within,  
And he forever felt that he  
Walked in the midst of mystery,  
And thenceforth, why, he could not tell.  
His heart would curdle at the smell  
Of his once-cherished lily-bell.

## VII.

Something from him had passed away;  
Some shifting trembles of clear day,  
Through starry crannies in his clay,

Grew bright and steadfast, more and more,  
Where all had been dull earth before ;  
And, through these chinks, like him of old,  
His spirit converse high did hold  
With clearer loves and wider powers,  
That brought him dewy fruits and flowers  
From far Elysian groves and bowers.

## VIII.

Just on the farther bound of sense,  
Unproved by outward evidence,  
But known by a deep influence  
Which through our grosser clay doth shine  
With light unwaning and divine,  
Beyond where highest thought can fly  
Stretcheth the world of Mystery—  
And they not greatly overween  
Who deem that nothing true hath been  
Save the unspeakable Unseen.

## IX.

One step beyond life's work-day things,  
One more beat of the soul's broad wings,  
One deeper sorrow sometimes brings  
The spirit into that great Vast  
Where neither future is nor past ;  
None knoweth how he entered there,  
But, waking, finds his spirit where  
He thought an angel could not soar,  
And, what he called false dreams before,  
The very air about his door.

## x.

These outward seemings are but shows  
Whereby the body sees and knows ;  
Far down beneath, forever flows  
A stream of subtlest sympathies  
That make our spirits strangely wise  
In awe, and fearful bodings dim  
Which, from the sense's outer rim,  
Stretch forth beyond our thought and sight,  
Fine arteries of circling light,  
Pulsed outward from the Infinite.

## OPENING POEM TO

## A YEAR'S LIFE.

HOPE first the youthful Poet leads,  
And he is glad to follow her ;  
Kind is she, and to all his needs  
With a free hand doth minister.

But, when sweet Hope at last hath fled,  
Cometh her sister, Memory ;  
She wreaths Hope's garlands round her head,  
And strives to seem as fair as she.

Then Hope comes back, and by the hand  
She leads a child most fair to see,  
Who with a joyous face doth stand  
Uniting Hope and Memory.

So brighter grew the Earth around,  
And bluer grew the sky above :  
The Poet now his guide hath found,  
And follows in the steps of Love.

## DEDICATION

TO VOLUME OF POEMS ENTITLED

A YEAR'S LIFE.

**T**HE gentle Una I have loved,  
The snowy maiden, pure and mild  
Since ever by her side I roved,  
Through ventures strange, a wondering **child,**  
In fantasy a Red Cross Knight,  
Burning for her dear sake to fight.

If there be one who can, like her,  
Make sunshine in life's shady places,  
One in whose holy bosom stir  
As many gentle household graces—  
And such I think there needs must be—  
**Will she accept this book from me?**

## TIIRENODIA.

GONE, gone from us! and shall we see  
Those sybil-leaves of destiny,  
Those calm eyes, nevermore?  
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and bright,  
Wherein the fortunes of the man  
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,  
In characters a child might scan?  
So bright, and gone forth utterly?  
O stern word—Nevermore!

The stars of those two gentle eyes  
Will shine no more on earth;  
Quenched are the hopes that had their birth,  
As we watched them slowly rise,  
Stars of a mother's fate;  
And she would read them o'er and o'er,  
Pondering, as she sate,  
Over their dear astrology,  
Which she had conned and conned before,  
Deeming she needs must read aright  
What was writ so passing bright.  
And yet, alas! she knew not why,  
Her voice would falter in its song,  
And tears would slide from out her eye,  
Silent, as they were doing wrong.  
Her heart was like a wind-flower, bent  
Even to breaking with the balmy dew,

Turning its heavenly nourishment  
(That filled with tears its eyes of blue,  
Like a sweet suppliant that weeps in prayer,  
Making her innocency show more fair,  
Albeit unwitting of the ornament,)  
Into a load too great for it to bear:  
O stern word—Nevermore!

The tongue, that scarce had learned to claim  
An entrance to a mother's heart  
By that dear talisman, a mother's name,  
Sleeps all forgetful of its art!  
I loved to see the infant soul  
(How mighty in the weakness  
Of its untutored meekness!)  
Peep timidly from out its nest,  
His lips, the while,  
Fluttering with half-fledged words,  
Or hushing to a smile  
That more than words expressed,  
When his glad mother on him stole  
And snatched him to her breast!  
O, thoughts were brooding in those eyes,  
That would have soared like strong-winged  
birds  
Far, far into the skies,  
Gladdening the earth with song  
And gushing harmonies,  
Had he but tarried with us long!  
O stern word—Nevermore!

How peacefully they rest,  
Crossfolded there



Upon his little breast,  
 Those small, white hands that ne'er were **still**  
     before,  
 But ever sported with his mother's hair,  
 Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!  
 Her heart no more will beat  
 To feel the touch of that soft palm,  
 That ever seemed a new surprise  
 Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes  
 To bless him with their holy calm—  
 Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes **as**  
     sweet.

How quiet are the hands  
 That wove those pleasant bands!  
 But that they do not rise and sink  
 With his calm breathing, I should **think**  
 That he were dropped asleep:  
 Alas! too deep, too deep  
 Is this his slumber!  
 Time scarce can number  
 The years ere he will wake again--  
 O, may we see his eyelids open then!  
 O stern word—Nevermore!

As the airy gossamere,  
 Floating in the sunlight clear,  
 Where'er it toucheth clinging **tightly**  
 Round glossy leaf or stump **unsightly**,  
 So from his spirit wandered out  
 Tendrils spreading all about,  
 Knitting all things to its **thrall**  
 With a perfect love of all:  
 O stern word—Nevermore!

He did but float a little way  
Adown the stream of time,  
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,  
Or listening to their fairy chime ;  
His slender sail  
Ne'er felt the gale ;  
He did but float a little way,  
And, putting to the shore  
While yet 't was early day,  
Went calmly on his way,  
To dwell with us no more !  
No jarring did he feel,  
No grating on his vessel's keel ;  
A strip of silver sand  
Mingled the waters with the land  
Where he was seen no more :  
O stern word—Nevermore !

Full short his journey was ; no dust  
Of earth unto his sandals clave ;  
The weary weight that old men must,  
He bore not to the grave.  
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way  
And wandered hither, so his stay  
With us was short, and 't was most meet  
That he should be no delver in Earth's clod,  
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet  
To stand before his God ;  
O blest word—Evermore !

## THE SERENADE.

GENTLE, Lady, be thy sleeping,  
Peaceful may thy dreamings be,  
While around thy soul is sweeping,  
Dreamy-winged, our melody ;  
Chant we, Brothers, sad and slow,  
Let our song be soft and low  
As the voice of other years,  
Let our hearts within us melt,  
To gentleness, as if we felt  
The dropping of our mother's tears.

Lady ! now our song is bringing  
Back again thy childhood's hours—  
Hearest thou the humbee singing  
Drowsily among the flowers ?  
Sleepily, sleepily  
In the noontide swayeth he,  
Half rested on the slender stalks  
That edge those well-known garden walks ;  
Hearest thou the fitful whirring  
Of the humbird's viewless wings—  
Feel'st not round thy heart the stirring  
Of childhood's half-forgotten things ?

Seest thou the dear old dwelling  
With the woodbine round the door ?  
Brothers, soft ! her breast is swelling

With the busy thoughts of yore;  
 Lowly sing ye, sing ye mildly,  
 Rouse her spirit not so wildly,  
 Lest she sleep not any more.  
 'Tis the pleasant summertide,  
 Open stands the window wide—  
 Whose voices, Lady, art thou drinking?  
 Who sings that best beloved tune  
 In a clear note, rising, sinking,  
 Like a thrush's song in June?  
 Whose laugh is that which rings so clear  
 And joyous in thine eager ear?

Lower, Brothers, yet more low  
 Weave the song in mazy twines;  
 She heareth now the west wind blow  
 At evening through the clump of pines;  
 O! mournful is their tone,  
 As of a crazèd thing  
 Who, to herself alone,  
 Is ever murmuring,  
 Through the night and through the day,  
 For something that hath past away.  
 Often, Lady, hast thou listened,  
 Often have thy blue eyes glistened,  
 When the summer evening breeze  
 Moaned sadly through those lonely trees,  
 Or with the fierce wind from the north  
 Wrung their mournful music forth.  
 Ever the river floweth  
 In an unbroken stream,  
 Ever the west wind bloweth,  
 Murmuring as he goeth,

And mingling with her dream:  
 Onward still the river sweepeth  
 With a sound of long-agone;  
 Lowly, Brothers, lo! she weepeth,  
 She is now no more alone;  
 Long-loved forms and long-loved faces  
 Round about her pillow throng,  
 Through her memory's desert places  
 Flow the waters of our song.  
 Lady! if thy life be holy  
 As when thou wert yet a child,  
 Though our song be melancholy,  
 It will stir no anguish wild;  
 For the soul that hath lived well,  
 For the soul that child-like is,  
 There is quiet in the spell  
 That brings back early memories.

## SONG.

## I.

LIFT up the curtains of thine eyes  
 And let their light out-shine!  
 Let me adore the mysteries  
 Of those mild orbs of thine,  
 Which ever queenly ealm do roll,  
 Attunèd to an ordered soul!

## II.

Open thy lips yet once again  
 And, while thy soul doth hush

With awe, pour forth that holy strain  
 Which seemeth me to gush.  
 A fount of music, running o'er  
 From thy deep spirit's inmost core!

D

The melody that dwells in thee  
 Begets in me as well  
 A spiritual harmony,  
 A mild and blessed spell ;  
 Far, far above earth's atmosphere  
 Rise, whene'er thy voice I hear.

### THE DEPARTED.

Not they alone are the departed,  
 Who have laid them down to sleep  
 In the grave narrow and lonely,  
 Not for them only do I vigils keep,  
 Not for them only am I heavy-hearted,  
 Not for them only !

Many, many, there are many  
 Who no more are with me here,  
 As cherished, as beloved as any  
 Whom I have seen upon the bier.  
 I weep to think of those old faces,  
 To see them in their grief of mirth ;  
 I weep—for there are empty places  
 Around my heart's once crowded hearth ;  
 The cold ground doth not cover them,  
 The grass hath not grown over them,

Yet are they gone from me on earth ;—  
O ! how more bitter is this weeping,  
Than for those lost ones who are sleeping  
Where sun will shine and flowers blow,  
Where gentle winds will whisper low,  
And the stars have them in their keeping!  
Wherefore from me who loved you so  
O ! wherefore did ye go ?  
I have shed full many a tear,  
I have wrestled oft in prayer—  
But ye do not come again ;  
How could anything so dear,  
How could anything so fair,  
Vanish like the summer rain ?  
No, no, it cannot be,  
But ye are still with me !

And yet, O ! where art thou,  
Childhood, with sunny brow  
And floating hair ?  
Where art thou hiding now ?  
I have sought thee everywhere,  
All among the shrubs and flowers  
Of those garden-walks of ours—  
Thou art not there !  
When the shadow of Night's wings  
Hath darkened all the Earth,  
I listen for thy gambolings  
Beside the cheerful hearth—  
Thou art not there !  
I listen to the far-off bell,  
I murmur o'er the little songs  
Which thou didst love so well,

Pleasant memories come in throngs  
And mine eyes are blurred with tears,  
But no glimpse of thee appears :  
Lonely am I in the Winter, lonely in the  
    Spring,  
Summer and Harvest bring no trace of thee—  
Oh! whither, whither art thou wandering,  
Thou who didst once so cleave to me?

And Love is gone;—  
I have seen him come,  
I have seen him, too, depart,  
Leaving desolate his home,  
His bright home in my heart.  
I am alone!  
Cold, cold is his hearth-stone,  
Wide open stands the door;  
The frolic and the gentle one  
Shall I see no more, no more?  
At the fount the bowl is broken,  
I shall drink it not again,  
All my longing prayers are spoken,  
And felt, ah, woe is me, in vain!  
Oh, childish hopes and childish fancies,  
Whither have ye fled away?  
I long for you in mournful trances,  
I long for you by night and day;  
Beautiful thoughts that once were mine,  
Might I but win you back once more,  
Might ye about my being twine  
And cluster as ye did of yore!  
O! do not let me pray in vain—  
How good and happy I should be,



How free from every shade of pain,  
If ye would come again to me!  
O, come again! come, come again!  
Hath the sun forgot its brightness,  
Have the stars forgot to shine,  
That they bring not their wonted lightness  
To this weary heart of mine?  
'Tis not the sun that shone on thee,  
Happy childhood, long ago—  
Not the same stars silently  
Looking on the same bright snow—  
Not the same that Love and I  
Together watched in days gone by!  
No, not the same, alas for me!

Would God that those who early went  
To the house dark and low,  
For whom our mourning heads were bent,  
For whom our steps were slow;  
O, would that these alone had left us,  
That Fate of these alone had reft us,  
Would God indeed that it were so!  
Many leaves too soon must wither,  
Many flowers too soon must die,  
Many bright ones wandering hither,  
We know not whence, we know not why,  
Like the leaves and like the flowers,  
Vanish, ere the summer hours,  
That brought them to us, have gone by.

O for the hopes and for the feelings,  
Childhood, that I shared with thee—  
The high resolves, the bright revealings

Of the soul's might, which thou gav'st me,  
 Gentle Love, woe worth the day,  
 Woe worth the hour when thou wert born,  
 Woe worth the day thou fled'st away—  
 A shade across the wind-waved corn—  
 A dewdrop falling from the leaves  
 Chance-shaken in a summer's morn!  
 Woe, woe is me! my sick heart grieves,  
 Companionless and anguish-worn!  
 I know it well, our manly years  
 Must be baptized in bitter tears;  
 Full many fountains must run dry  
 That youth has dreamed for long hours by,  
 Choked by convention's siroc blast  
 Or drifting sands of many cares;  
 Slowly they leave us all at last,  
 And cease their flowing unawares.

### THE BOBOLINK.

ANACREON of the meadow,  
 Drunk with the joy of spring!  
 Beneath the tall pine's voiceful shadow  
 I lie and drink thy jargonings;  
 My soul is full with melodies,  
 One drop would overflow it,  
 And send the tears into mine eyes—  
 But what car'st thou to know it?  
 Thy heart is free as mountain air,  
 And of thy lays thou hast no care,  
 Scattering them gaily everywhere,  
 Happy, unconscious poet!

Upon a tuft of meadow grass,  
 While thy loved-one tends the nest,  
 Thou swayest as the breezes pass,  
 Unburthening thine o'erfull breast  
 Of the crowded songs that fill it,  
 Just as joy may choose to will it.  
 Lord of thy love and liberty,  
 The blithest bird of merry May,  
 Thou turnest thy bright eyes on me,  
 That say as plain as eye can say—  
 "Here sit we, here in the summer weather,  
 I and my modest mate together;  
 Whatever your wise thoughts may be,  
 Under that gloomy old pine tree,  
 We do not value them a feather."

Now, leaving earth and me behind,  
 Thou beatest up against the wind,  
 Or, floating slowly down before it,  
 Above thy grass-hid nest thou flutterest  
 And thy bridal love-song utterest,  
 Raining showers of music o'er it,  
 Weary never, still thou trillest,  
 Spring-gladsome lays,  
 As of moss-rimmed water-brooks  
 Murmuring through pebbly nooks  
 In quiet summer days.  
 My heart with happiness thou fillest,  
 I seem again to be a boy  
 Watching thee, gay, blithesome lover,  
 O'er the bending grass-tops hover,  
 Quivering thy wings for joy.  
 There 's something in the apple blossom,

The greening grass and bobolink's song,  
That wakes again within my bosom  
Feelings which have slumbered long.  
As long, long years ago I wandered,  
I seem to wander even yet,  
The hours the idle school-boy squandered,  
The man would die ere he 'd forget.  
O hours that frosty eld deemed wasted,  
Nodding his gray head toward my books,  
I dearer prize the lore I tasted  
With you, among the trees and brooks,  
Than all that I have gained since then  
From learned books or study-withered men!  
Nature, thy soul was one with mine,  
And, as a sister by a younger brother  
Is loved, each flowing to the other,  
Such love from me was thine.  
Or wert thou not more like a loving mother  
With sympathy and loving power to heal,  
Against whose heart my throbbing heart I 'd  
    lay  
And moan my childish sorrows all away,  
Till calm and holiness would o'er me steal?  
Was not the golden sunset a dear friend?  
Found I no kindness in the silent moon,  
And the green trees, whose tops did sway and  
    bend,  
Low singing evermore their pleasant tune?  
Felt I no heart in dim and solemn woods—  
No loved-one's voice in lonely solitudes?  
Yes, yes! unhoodwinked then my spirit's  
    eyes,  
Blind leaders had not *taught me to be wise.*

Dear hours! which now again I over-live,  
 Hearing and seeing with ears and eyes  
 Of childhood, ye were bees, that to the hive  
 Of my young heart came laden with rich prize,  
 Gathered in fields and woods and sunny dells.

to be

My spirit's food in days more wintery  
 Yea, yet again ye come! ye come!  
 And, like a child once more at home  
 After long sojourning in alien climes,  
 I lie upon my mother's breast,  
 Feeling the blessedness of rest,  
 And dwelling in the light of other times

O ye whose living is not *Life*,  
 Whose dying is but death,  
 Song, empty toil and petty strife,  
 Rounded with loss of breath!  
 Go, look on Nature's countenance,  
 Drink in the blessing of her glance;  
 Look on the sunset, hear the wind,  
 The cataract, the awful thunder;  
 Go, worship by the sea;  
 Then, and then only, shall ye find,  
 With ever-growing wonder,  
 Man is not all in all to ye;  
 Go with a meek and humble soul,  
 Then shall the scales of self unroll  
 From off your eyes—the weary packs  
 Drop from your heavy-laden backs;  
 And ye shall see,  
 With reverent and hopeful eyes,  
 Glowing with new-born energies,  
 How great a thing it is to BE!

## FORGETFULNESS.

THERE 's a haven of sure rest  
From the loud world's bewildering stress:  
As a bird dreaming on her nest,  
As dew hid in a rose's breast,  
As Hesper in the glowing West;  
    So the heart sleeps  
    In thy calm deeps,  
Serene Forgetfulness!

No sorrow in that place may be,  
The noise of life grows less and less:  
As moss far down within the sea,  
As, in white lily caves, a bee,  
As life in a hazy reverie;  
    So the heart's wave  
    In thy dim cave,  
Hushes, Forgetfulness!

Duty and care fade far away,  
What toil may be we cannot guess:  
As a ship anchored in the bay,  
As a cloud at summer-noon astray,  
As water-blooms in a breezeless day;  
    So, 'neath thine eyes,  
    The full heart lies,  
And dreams, Forgetfulness!

## SONG.

## I.

WHAT reck I of the stars, when I  
May gaze into thine eyes,  
O'er which the brown hair flowingly  
Is parted maidenwise  
From thy pale forehead, calm and bright,  
Over thy cheeks so rosy white?

## II.

What care I for the red moon-rise?  
Far liefer would I sit  
And watch the joy within thine eyes  
Gush up at sight of it;  
Thyself my queenly moon shall be,  
Ruling my heart's deep tides for me!

## III.

What heed I if the sky be blue?  
So are thy holy eyes,  
And bright with shadows ever new  
Of changeful sympathies,  
Which in thy soul's unruffled deep  
Rest evermore, but never sleep.

## THE POET.

HE who hath felt Life's mystery  
Press on him like thick night,  
Whose soul hath known no history  
But struggling after light ;—  
He who hath seen dim shapes arise  
In the soundless depths of soul,  
Which gaze on him with meaning eyes  
Full of the mighty whole,  
Yet will no word of healing speak,  
Although he pray night-long,  
“O, help me, save me! I am weak,  
And ye are wondrous strong!”—  
Who, in the midnight dark and deep,  
Hath felt a voice of might  
Come echoing through the halls of sleep  
From the lone heart of Night,  
And, starting from his restless bed,  
Hath watched and wept to know  
What meant that oracle of dread  
That stirred his being so ;  
He who hath felt how strong and great  
This Godlike soul of man,  
And looked full in the eyes of Fate,  
Since Life and Thought began ;  
The armor of whose moveless trust  
Knoweth no spot of weakness,



Who hath trod fear into the dust  
 Beneath the feet of meekness ;—  
 He who hath calmly borne his cross,  
 Knowing himself the king  
 Of time, nor counted it a loss  
 To learn by suffering ;—  
 And who hath worshipped woman still  
 With a pure soul and lowly,  
 Nor ever hath in deed or will  
 Profaned her temple holy—  
 He is the Poet, him unto  
 The gift of song is given,  
 Whose life is lofty, strong, and true,  
 Who never fell from Heaven ;  
 He is the Poet, from his lips  
 To live forevermore,  
 Majestical as full-sailed ships,  
 The words of Wisdom pour.

### FLOWERS.

"HAIL be thou, holie hearbe,  
 Growing on the ground,  
 All in the mount Calvary  
 First wert thou found ;  
 Thou art good for manie a sore,  
 Thou healest manie a wound,  
 In the name of sweete Jesus  
 I take thee from the ground."

—*Ancient Charm-verse.*

## I.

When, from a pleasant ramble, home  
Fresh-stored with quiet thoughts, I come,  
I pluck some wayside flower  
And press it in the choicest nook  
Of a much-loved and oft-read book ;  
And, when upon its leaves I look  
In a less happy hour,  
Dear memory bears me far away  
Unto her fairy bower,  
And on her breast my head I lay,  
While, in a motherly, sweet strain,  
She sings me gently back again  
To by-gone feelings, until they  
Seem children born of yesterday.

## II.

Yes, many a story of past hours  
I read in these dear withered flowers  
And once again I seem to be  
Lying beneath the old oak tree,  
And looking up into the sky,  
Through thick leaves rifted fitfully,  
Lulled by the rustling of the vine,  
Or the faint low of far-off kine ;  
And once again I seem  
To watch the whirling bubbles flee,  
Through shade and gleam alternately,  
Down the vine-bowered stream :  
Or 'neath the odorous linden trees,  
When summer twilight lingers long,  
To hear the flowing of the breeze

And unseen insects' slumberous song,  
 That mingle into one and seem  
 Like dim murmurs of a dream ;  
 Fair faces, too, I seem to see,  
 Smiling from pleasant eyes at me,  
 And voices sweet I hear,  
 That, like remembered melody,  
 Flow through my spirit's ear.

## III.

A poem every flower is,  
 And every leaf a line,  
 And with delicious memories  
 They fill this heart of mine :  
 No living blossoms are so clear.  
 As these dead relics treasured here ;  
 One tells of love, of friendship one,  
 Love's quiet after-sunset time,  
 When the all-dazzling light is gone,  
 And, with the soul's low vesper-chime,  
 O'er half its heaven doth out-flow  
 A holy calm and steady glow.  
 Some are gay feast-song, some are dirges,  
 In some a joy with sorrow merges ;  
 One sings the shadowed woods, and one the roar  
 Of ocean's everlasting surges,  
 Tumbling upon the beach's hard-beat floor,  
 Or sliding backward from the shore  
 To meet the landward waves and slowly plunge  
     once more.  
 O flowers of grace, I bless ye all  
 By the dear faces ye recall !

## IV.

Upon the banks of Life's deep streams  
 Full many a flower groweth,  
 Which with a wondrous fragrance teems,  
 And in the silent water gleams,  
 And trembles as the water floweth,  
 Many a one the wave uptearth,  
 Washing ever the roots away,  
 And far upon its bosom beareth,  
 To bloom no more in Youth's glad **May**;  
 As farther on the river runs,  
 Flowing more deep and strong,  
 Only a few pale, scattered ones  
 Are seen the dreary banks along;  
 And where those flowers do not grow,  
 The river floweth dark and chill,  
 Its voice is sad, and with its flow  
 Mingles ever a sense of ill;  
 Then, Poet, thou who gather dost  
 Of Life's best flowers the brightest,  
 O, take good heed they be not lost  
 While with the angry flood thou fightest!

## V.

In the cool grottoes of the soul,  
 Whence flows thought's crystal river,  
 Whence songs of joy forever roll  
 To Him who is the Giver—  
 There store thou them, where fresh **and**  
     green  
 Their leaves and blossoms may be seen,  
 A spring of joy that faileth never;

There store thou them, and they shall be  
A blessing and a peace to thee,  
And in their youth and purity  
Thou shalt be young forever!  
Then, with their fragrance rich and rare,  
Thy living shall be rife,  
Strength shall be thine thy cross to bear,  
And they shall be a chaplet fair,  
Breathing a pure and holy air,  
To crown thy holy life.

## VI.

O Poet! above all men blest,  
Take heed that thus thou store them;  
Love, Hope, and Faith shall ever rest,  
Sweet birds (upon how sweet a nest!)  
Watchfully brooding o'er them.  
And from those flowers of Paradise  
Scatter thou many a blessed seed,  
Wherefrom an offspring may arise  
To cheer the hearts and light the eyes  
Of after-voyagers in their need.  
They shall not fall on stony ground,  
But, yielding all their hundred-fold,  
Shall shed a peacefulness around,  
Whose strengthening joy may not be told,  
So shall thy name be blest of all,  
And thy remembrance never die;  
For of that seed shall surely fall  
In the fair garden of Eternity.  
Exult then in the nobleness  
Of this thy work so holy,  
Yet be not thou one jot the less

Humble and meek and lowly,  
But let thine exultation be  
The reverence of a bended knee,  
And by thy life a poem write,  
Built strongly day by day—  
And on the rock of Truth and Right  
Its deep foundations lay

## VII.

It is thy DUTY! Guard it well!  
For unto thee hath much been given,  
And thou canst make this life a Hell,  
Or Jacob's-ladder up to Heaven.  
Let not thy baptism in Life's wave  
Make thee like him whom Homer sings—  
A sleeper in a living grave,  
Callous and hard to outward things;  
But open all thy soul and sense  
To every blessèd influence  
That from the heart of Nature springs:  
Then shall thy Life-flowers be to thee,  
When thy best years are told,  
As much as these have been to me—  
Yea, more, a thousand-fold!

## THE LOVER.

## I.

Go ROAM the world from East to West,  
Search every land beneath the sky,  
You cannot find a man so blest,  
A king so powerful as I,  
Though you should seek eternally.

## II.

For I a gentle lover be,  
Sitting at my loved-one's side;  
She giveth her whole soul to me  
Without a wish or thought of pride,  
And she shall be my cherished bride.

## III.

No show of gaudiness hath she,  
She doth not flash with jewels rare;  
In beautiful simplicity  
She weareth leafy garlands fair,  
Or modest flowers in her hair.

## IV.

Sometimes she dons a robe of green,  
Sometimes a robe of snowy white,  
But, in whatever garb she's seen,  
It seems most beautiful and right,  
And is the loveliest to my sight.

## V.

Not I her lover am alone,  
 Yet unto all she doth suffice,  
 None jealous is, and every one  
 Reads love and truth within her eyes,  
 And deemeth her his own dear prize.

## VI.

And so thou art, Eternal Nature!  
 Yes, bride of Heaven, so thou art;  
 Thou wholly lovest every creature,  
 Giving to each no stinted part,  
 But filling every peaceful heart.

## TO E. W. G.

“DEAR Child! dear happy Girl! if thou appear  
 Heedless—untouched with awe or serious  
 thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;  
 And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.”

— *Wordsworth.*

As through a strip of sunny light  
 A white dove flashes swiftly on,  
 So suddenly before my sight  
 Thou gleamed'st a moment and wert gone;  
 And yet I long shall bear in mind  
 The pleasant thoughts thou left'st behind.



Thou mad'st me happy with thine eyes,  
And happy with thine open smile,  
And, as I write, sweet memories  
Come thronging round me all the while;  
Thou mad'st me happy with thine eyes—  
And gentle feelings long forgot  
Looked up and oped their eyes,  
Like violets when they see a spot  
Of summer in the skies.

Around thy playful lips did glitter  
Heat-lightnings of a girlish scorn;  
Harmless they were, for nothing bitter  
In thy dear heart was ever born—  
That merry heart that could not lie  
Within its warm nest quietly,  
But ever from each full, dark eye  
Was looking kindly night and morn.

There was an archness in thine eyes,  
Born of the gentlest mockeries,  
And thy light laughter rang as clear  
As water-drops I loved to hear  
In days of boyhood, as they fell  
Tinkling far down the dim, still well;  
And with its sound come back once more  
The feelings of my early years,  
And half aloud I murmured o'er—  
“Sure I have heard that sound before,  
It is so pleasant in mine ears.”

Whenever thou didst look on me  
I thought of merry birds,

And something of spring's melody  
Came to me in thy words ;  
Thy thoughts did dance and bound along  
Like happy children in their play,  
Whose hearts run over into song  
For gladness of the summer's day ;  
And mine grew dizzy with the sight,  
Still feeling lighter and more light,  
Till, joining hands, they whirled away,  
As blithe and merrily as they.

I bound a larch-twigg round with flowers,  
Which thou didst twine among thy hair,  
And gladsome were the few, short hours  
When I was with thee there ;  
So now that thou art far away,  
Safe-nestled in thy warmer clime,  
In memory of a happier day  
I twine this simple wreath of rhyme.

Dost mind how she, whom thou dost **love**  
More than in light words may be said,  
A coronal of amaranth wove  
About thy duly-sobered head,  
Which kept itself a moment still  
That she might have her gentle will?  
Thy childlike grace and purity  
O keep forevermore,  
And as thou art, still strive to be,  
That on the farther shore  
Of Time's dark waters ye may meet,  
And she may twine around thy brow  
A wreath of those bright flowers that **grow**  
Where blessed angels set their feet!

## ISABEL.

As THE leaf upon the tree,  
Fluttering, gleaming constantly,  
Such a lightsome thing was she,  
My gay and gentle Isabel!  
Her heart was fed with love-springs sweet,  
And in her face you 'd see it beat  
To hear the sound of welcome feet—  
And were not mine so, Isabel?

She knew it not, but she was fair,  
And like a moonbeam was her hair,  
That falls where flowing ripples are  
In summer evenings, Isabel!  
Her heart and tongue were scarce apart,  
Unwittingly her lips would part,  
And love came gushing from her heart,  
The woman's heart of Isabel.

So pure her flesh-garb, and like dew,  
That in her features glimmered through  
Each working of her spirit true,  
In wondrous beauty, Isabel!  
A sunbeam struggling through thick leaves,  
A reaper's song 'mid yellow sheaves,  
Less gladsome were;—my spirit grieves  
To think of thee, mild Isabel!

I know not when I loved the first;  
Not loving, I had been accurst,  
Yet, having loved, my heart will burst,  
Longing for thee, dear Isabel!  
With silent tears my cheeks are wet  
I would be calm, I would forget,  
But thy blue eyes gaze on me yet,  
When stars have risen, Isabel.

The winds mourn for thee, Isabel,  
The flowers expect thee in the dell,  
Thy gentle spirit loved them well,  
And I for thy sake, Isabel!  
The sunsets seem less lovely now  
Than when, leaf checkered, on thy brow  
They fell as lovingly as thou  
Lingered'st till moon-rise, Isabel!

At dead of night I seem to see  
Thy fair, pale features constantly  
Upturned in silent prayer for me,  
O'er moveless clasped hands, Isabel!  
I call thee, thou dost not reply;  
The stars gleam coldly on thine eye,  
As like a dream thou flittest by,  
And leav'st me weeping, Isabel!

## MUSIC.

## I.

I SEEM to lie with drooping eyes,  
Dreaming sweet dreams,  
Half longings and half memories,  
In woods where streams  
With trembling shades and whirling gleams,  
Many and bright,  
In song and light,  
Are ever, ever flowing ;  
While the wind, if we list to the rustling grass,  
Which numbers his footsteps as they pass,  
Seems scarcely to be blowing ;  
And the far-heard voice of Spring,  
From sunny slopes comes wandering,  
Calling the violets from the sleep,  
That bound them under the snow-drifts deep,  
To open their childlike, asking eyes  
On the new summer's paradise,  
And mingled with the gurgling waters—  
As the dreamy witchery  
Of Acheloüs' silver-voiced daughters  
Rose and fell with the heaving sea,  
Whose great heart swelled with ecstasy—  
The song of many a floating bird,  
Winding through the rifted trees,  
Is dreamily half-heard—  
A sister stream of melodies

Rippled by the flutterings  
Of rapture-quivered wings.

## II.

And now beside a cataract  
I lie, and through my soul,  
From over me and under,  
The never-ceasing thunder  
Arousingly doth roll;  
Through the darkness all compact,  
Through the trackless sea of gloom,  
Sad and deep I hear it boom;  
At intervals the cloud is cracked  
And a livid flesh doth hiss  
Downward from its floating home,  
Lighting up the precipice  
And the never-resting foam  
With a dim and ghastly glare,  
Which, for a heart-beat, in the air,  
Shows the sweeping shrouds  
Of the midnight clouds  
And their wildly-scattered hair.

## III.

Now listening to a woman's tone,  
In a wood I sit alone—  
Alone because our souls are one;—  
All around my heart it flows,  
Lulling me in deep repose;  
I fear to speak, I fear to move,  
Lest I should break the spell I love—  
Low and gentle, calm and clear,  
Into my inmost soul it goes,

As if my brother dear,  
Who is no longer here,  
Had bended from the sky  
And murmured in my ear  
A strain of that high harmony,  
Which they may sing alone  
Who worship round the throne.

## IV.

Now in a fairy boat,  
On the bright waves of song,  
Full merrily I float,  
Merrily float along;  
My helm is veered, I care not how,  
My white sail bellies over me,  
And bright as gold the ripples be  
That plash beneath the bow;  
Before, behind,  
They feel the wind,  
And they are dancing joyously—  
While, faintly heard, along the far-off shore  
The surf goes plunging with a lingering roar;  
Or anchored in a shadowy cove,  
Entranced with harmonies,  
Slowly I sink and rise  
As the slow waves of music move.

## V.

Now softly dashing,  
Bubbling, plashing,  
Mazy, dreamy,  
Faint and streamy,

Ripples into ripples melt,  
Not so strongly heard as felt ;  
Now rapid and quick,  
While the heart beats thick,  
The music's silver wavelets crowd,  
Distinct and clear, but never loud ;  
And now all solemnly and slow,  
In mild, deep tones they warble low,  
Like the glad song of angels, when  
They sang good will and peace to men ;  
Now faintly heard and far,  
As if the spirit's ears  
Had caught the anthem of a star  
    Chanting with his brother-spheres  
In the midnight dark and deep,  
When the body is asleep  
And wondrous shadows pour in streams  
From the twofold gate of dreams ;  
Now onward roll the billows, swelling  
With a tempest-sound of might,  
As of voices doom foretelling  
    To the silent ear of Night ;  
And now a mingled ecstasy  
    Of all sweet sounds it is :—  
    O ! who may tell the agony  
    Of rapture such as this ?

## VI.

I have drunk of the drink of immortals,  
I have drunk of the life-giving wine.  
And now I may pass the bright portals  
That open into a realm divine !



I have drunk it through mine ears  
In the eestasy of song,  
When mine eyes would fill with tears  
That its life were not more long ;  
I have drunk it through mine eyes  
In beauty's every shape,  
And now around my soul it lies,  
No juice of earthly grape !  
Wings ! wings are given to me,  
I can flutter, I can rise,  
Like a new life gushing through me  
Sweep the heavenly harmonies !

## SONG.

O ! I must look on that sweet face once more  
before I die ;  
God grant that it may lighten up with joy  
when I draw nigh ;  
God grant that she may look on me as kindly  
as she seems  
In the long night, the restless night, i' the  
sunny land of dreams !

I hoped, I thought, she loved me once, and  
yet, I know not why,  
There is a coldness in her speech, and a cold-  
ness in her eye.  
Something that in another's look would not  
seem cold to me,  
And yet like ice I feel it chill the heart of  
memory.

She does not come to greet me so frankly as  
she did,  
And in her utmost openness I feel there's some-  
thing hid ;  
She almost seems to shun me, as if she thought  
that I  
Might win her gentle heart again to feelings  
long gone by.

I sought the first spring-buds for her, the  
fairest and the best,  
And she wore them for their loveliness upon  
her spotless breast,  
The blood-root and the violet, the frail anem-  
one,  
She wore them, and alas ! I deemed it was for  
love of me !

As flowers in a darksome place stretch forward  
to the light,  
So to the memory of her I turn by day and  
night ;  
As flowers in a darksome place grow thin and  
pale and wan,  
So is it with my darkened heart, now that her  
light is gone.

The thousand little things that love doth  
treasure up for aye,  
And brood upon with moistened eyes when  
she that's loved's away ;

The word, the look, the smile, the blush, the  
ribbon that she wore,  
Each day they grow more dear to me, and pain  
me more and more.

My face I cover with my hands, and bitterly  
I weep,  
That the quick-gathering sands of life should  
choke a love so deep,  
And that the stream, so pure and bright, must  
turn it from its track,  
Or to the heart-springs, whence it rose, roll  
its full waters back!

As calm as doth the lily float close by the  
lakelet's brim,  
So calm and spotless, down time's stream, her  
peaceful days did swim,  
And I had longed, and dreamed, and prayed,  
that closely by her side,  
Down to a haven still and sure, my happy life  
might glide.

But now, alas! those golden days of youth  
and hope are o'er,  
And I must dream those dreams of joy, those  
guiltless dreams no more;  
Yet there is something in my heart that whis-  
pers ceaselessly,  
"Would God that I might see that face once  
more before I die!"

## IANTHE.

## I.

**T**HERE is a light within her eyes,  
Like gleams of wandering fire-flies ;  
From light to shade it leaps and moves  
Whenever in her soul arise  
The holy shapes of things she loves ;  
Fitful it shines and changes ever,  
Like star-lit ripples on a river,  
Or summer sunshine on the eaves  
Of silver-trembling poplar leaves,  
Where the lingering dewdrops quiver.  
I may not tell the blessedness  
Her mild eyes send to mine,  
The sunset-tinted haziness  
Of their mysterious shine,  
The dim and holy mournfulness  
Of their mellow light divine ;  
The shadow of the lashes lie  
Over them so lovingly,  
That they seem to melt away  
In a doubtful twilight-gray,  
While I watch the stars arise  
In the evening of her eyes.  
I love it, yet I almost dread  
To think what it foreshadoweth ;  
And, when I muse how I have read  
That such strange light betokened death—

Instead of fire-fly gleams, I see  
Wild corpse-lights gliding waveringly.

## II.

With wayward thoughts her eyes are  
bright,  
Like shiftings of the northern-light,  
Hither, thither, swiftly glance they,  
In a mazy twining dance they,  
Like ripply lights the sunshine weaves,  
Thrown backward from a shaken nook,  
Below some tumbling water-brook,  
On the o'erarching platan-leaves,  
All through her glowing face they flit,  
And rest in their deep dwelling-place,  
Those fathomless blue eyes of hers,  
Till, from her burning soul re-lit,  
While her upheaving bosom stirs,  
They stream again across her face  
And with such hope and glory fill it,  
Death could not have the heart to chill it.  
Yet when their wild light fades again,  
I feel a sudden sense of pain,  
As if, while yet her eyes were gleaming,  
And like a shower of sun-lit rain  
Bright fancies from her face were streaming,  
Her trembling soul might flit away  
As swift and suddenly as they.

## III.

A wild, inspired earnestness  
Her inmost being fills,

And eager self-forgetfulness,  
That speaks not what it wills,  
But what unto her soul is given,  
A living oracle from Heaven,  
Which scarcely in her breast is born  
When on her trembling lips it thrills,  
And, like a burst of golden skies  
Through storm-clouds on a sudden torn,  
Like a glory of the morn,  
Beams marvellously from her eyes.  
And then, like a Spring-swollen river,  
**Roll** the deep waves of her full-hearted  
thought  
Crested with sun-lit spray,  
Her wild lips curve and quiver,  
**And** my rapt soul, on the strong tide up-  
caught  
Unwittingly is borne away,  
Lulled by a dreamful music ever,  
Far—through the solemn twilight-gray  
**Of** hoary woods—through valleys green  
Which the trailing vine embowers,  
**And** where the purple-clustered grapes are  
seen  
**Deep-glowing** through rich clumps of waving  
flowers—  
Now over foaming rapids swept  
And with maddening rapture shook—  
**Now** gliding where the water-plants **have**  
slept  
For ages in a moss rimmed nook—  
Enwoven by a wild-eyed band  
Of earth-forgetting dreams,

I float to a delicious land  
 By a sunset heaven spanned,  
 And musical with streams ;—  
 Around, the calm, majestic forms  
 And god-like eyes of early Greece I see,  
 Or listen, till my spirit warms,  
 To songs of courtly chivalry,  
 Or weep, unmindful if my tears be seen,  
 For the meek, suffering love of poor **Undine.**

## IV.

Her thoughts are never memories,  
 But ever changeful, ever new,  
 Fresh and beautiful as dew  
 That in a dell at noontide lies,  
 Or, at the close of summer day,  
 The pleasant breath of new-mown **hay:**  
 Swiftly they come and pass  
 As golden birds across the sun,  
 As light-gleams on tall meadow-grass  
 Which the wind just breathes upon.  
 And when she speaks, her eyes I see  
**Down-gushing** through their silken lattices,  
 Like stars that quiver tremblingly  
 Through leafy branches of the trees,  
 And her pale cheeks do flush and glow  
 With speaking flashes bright and rare  
 As crimson North-lights on new-fallen **snow,**  
 From out the veiling of her hair—  
 Her careless hair that scatters down  
 On either side her eyes,  
**A waterfall** leaf-tinged with brown  
 And lit with the sunrise.

## v.

When first I saw her, not of earth,  
But heavenly both in grief and mirth,  
I thought her; she did seem  
As fair and full of mystery,  
As bodiless, as forms we see  
In the remembering of a dream;  
A moonlit mist, a strange, dim light,  
Circled her spirit from my sight;—  
Each day more beautiful she grew,  
    More earthly, every day,  
Yet that mysterious, moony hue  
    Faded not all away;  
She has a sister's sympathy  
With all the wanderers of the sky,  
But most I've seen her bosom stir  
    When moonlight round her fell,  
For the mild moon it loveth her,  
    She loveth it as well,  
And of their love perchance this grace  
Was born into her wondrous face.  
I cannot tell how it may be,  
For both, methinks, can scarce be true,  
Still, as she earthly grew to me,  
She grew more heavenly too;  
    She seems one born in Heaven  
    With earthly feelings,  
For, while unto her soul are given  
    More pure revealings  
    Of holiest love and truth,  
Yet is the mildness of her eyes  
Made up of quickest sympathies,  
    Of kindness and ruth;



So, though some shade of awe doth stir  
Our souls for one so far above us,  
We feel secure that she will love us,  
And cannot keep from loving her.  
She is a poem, which to me  
In speech and look is written bright,  
And to her life's rich harmony  
Doth ever sing itself aright;  
Dear, glorious creature!  
With eyes so dewy bright,  
    And tenderest feeling  
    Itself revealing  
In every look and feature,  
Welcome as a homestead light  
**To** one long-wandering in a clouded night;  
O, lovelier for her woman's weakness,  
    Which yet is strongly mailed  
In armor of courageous meekness  
    And faith that never failed!

## VI.

Early and late, at her soul's gate,  
Sits Chastity in warderwise,  
No thoughts unchallenged, small or great,  
Go thence into her eyes;  
Nor may a low, unworthy thought  
Beyond that virgin warder win,  
Nor one, whose password is not "ought,"  
May go without or enter in.  
I call her, seeing those pure eyes,  
The Eve of a new Paradise,  
Which she by gentie word and deed,

And look no less, doth still create  
 About her, for her great thoughts breed  
 A calm that lifts us from our fallen state,  
**And** makes us while with her both good and  
     great—  
 Nor is their memory wanting in our need :  
 With stronger loving, every hour,  
 Turneth my heart to this frail flower,  
 Which, thoughtless of the world, hath  
     grown  
 To beauty and meek gentleness,  
 Here in a fair world of its own—  
 By woman's instinct trained alone—  
 A lily fair which God did bless,  
 And which from Nature's heart did draw  
**Love, wisdom, peace, and Heaven's perfect law.**

### LOVE'S ALTAR.

1.

**I** BUILT an altar in my soul,  
**I** builded it to one alone ;  
 And ever silently I stole,  
 In happy days of long-agone,  
 To make rich offerings to that **ONE.**

ii.

'Twas garlanded with purest thought,  
 And crowned with fancy's flowers bright,  
 With choicest gems 'twas all inwrought  
 Of truth and feeling ; in my sight  
 It seemed a spot of cloudless light.

## III.

Yet when I made my offering there,  
Like Cain's, the incense would not rise ;  
Back on my heart down-sank the prayer,  
And altar-stone and sacrifice  
Grew hateful in my tear-dimmed eyes.

## IV.

O'er-grown with age's mosses green,  
The little altar firmly stands ;  
It is not, as it once hath been,  
A selfish shrine ;—these time-taught hands  
Bring incense now from many lands.

## V.

Knowledge doth only widen love ;  
The stream, that lone and narrow rose,  
Doth, deepening ever, onward move,  
And with an even current flows  
Calmer and calmer to the close.

## VI.

The love, that in those early days  
Girt round my spirit like a wall,  
Hath faded like a morning haze,  
And flames, unpent by self's mean thrall,  
Rise clearly to the perfect ALL.

## MY LOVE.

## I.

NOT as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear ;  
Her glorious fancies come from far  
Beneath the silver evening-star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

## II.

Great feelings hath she of her own  
Which lesser souls may never know ;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

## III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair,  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

## IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise,  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

## V.

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

## VI.

Blessing she is : God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

## VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto  
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

## VIII.

On Nature she doth muse and brood  
With such a still and love-clear eye—  
She is so gentle and so good—  
The very flowers in the wood  
Do bless her with their sympathy.

## IX.

She is a woman : one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,

Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

## X.

And youth in her a home will find,  
Where he may dwell eternally;  
Her soul is not of that weak kind  
Which better love the life behind  
Than that which is, or is to be.

## XI.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow aright.

## XII.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

## WITH A PRESSED FLOWER.

THIS little flower from afar  
Hath come from other lands to thine;  
For, once, its white and drooping star  
Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German maid  
Hath plucked one from the self-same stalk,  
And numbered over, half afraid,  
Its petals in her evening walk.

“He loves me, loves me not,” she cries;  
“He loves me more than earth or Heaven,”  
And then glad tears have filled her eyes  
To find the number was uneven.

So, Love, my heart doth wander forth  
To farthest lands beyond the sea,  
And search the fairest spots of earth  
To find sweet flowers of thought for thee

A type this tiny blossom is  
Of what my heart doth every day,  
Seeking for pleasant fantasies  
To brood upon when thou 'rt away.

And thou must count its petals well,  
Because it is a gift from me;  
And the last one of all shall tell  
Something I've often told to thee.

But here at home, where we were born,  
Thou wilt find flowers just as true,  
Down bending every summer morn  
With freshness of New England dew.

For Nature, ever right in love,  
Hath given them the same sweet tongue,  
Whether with German skies above,  
Or here our granite rocks among.

## IMPARTIALITY.

## I.

I CANNOT say a scene is fair  
Because it is beloved of thee,  
But I shall love to linger there,  
For sake of thy dear memory;  
I would not be so coldly just  
As to love only what I must.

## II.

I cannot say a thought is good  
Because thou foundest joy in it;  
Each soul must choose its proper food  
Which Nature hath decreed most fit;  
But I shall ever deem it so  
Because it made thy heart o'erflow.

## III.

I love thee for that thou art fair;  
And that thy spirit joys in aught  
Createth a new beauty there,  
With thine own dearest image fraught  
And love, for others' sake that springs,  
Gives half their charm to lovely things.



## BELLEROPHON.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, JOHN F. HEATH.

## I.

I FEEL the bandages unroll  
That bound my inward seeing;  
Freed are the bright wings of my soul,  
Types of my godlike being:  
High thoughts are swelling in my heart  
And rushing through my brain;  
May I never more lose part  
In my soul's realm again!  
All things fair, where'er they be,  
In earth or air, in sky or sea,  
I have loved them all, and taken  
All within my throbbing breast;  
No more my spirit can be shaken  
From its calm and kingly rest!  
Love hath shed its light around me,  
Love hath pierced the shades that bound  
me;  
Mine eyes are opened, I can see  
The universe's mystery,  
The mighty heart and core  
Of After and Before  
I see, and I am weak no more!

## II.

Upward! upward evermore,  
To Heaven's open gate I soar!  
Little thoughts are far behind me,  
Which, when custom weaves together,  
All the nobler man can tether—  
Cobwebs now no more can bind me!  
Now fold thy wings a little while,  
My tranced soul, and lie  
At rest on this Calypso-isle  
That floats in mellow sky,  
A thousand isles with gentle motion  
Rock upon the sunset ocean;  
A thousand isles of thousand hues,  
How bright! how beautiful! how rare!  
Into my spirit they infuse  
A purer, a diviner air;  
The earth is growing dimmer,  
And now the last faint glimmer  
Hath faded from the hill;  
But in my higher atmosphere  
The sunlight streameth red and clear,  
Fringing the islets still;—  
Love lifts us to the sunlight,  
Though the whole world be dark;  
Love, wide Love, is the *one* light,  
All else is but a fading spark;  
Love is the nectar which doth fill  
Our soul's cup even to overflowing,  
And, warming heart, and thought, and will,  
Doth lie within us mildly glowing,  
From its own centre raying out  
Beauty and Truth on all without.

## III.

Each on his golden throne,  
Full royally, alone,  
I see the stars above me,  
With sceptre and with diadem ;  
Mildly they look down and love me,  
For I have ever yet loved them,  
I see their ever-sleepless eyes  
Watching the growth of destinies ;  
Calm, sedate,  
The eyes of Fate.  
They wink not, nor do roll,  
But search the depths of soul—  
And in those mighty depths they see  
The germs of all Futurity,  
Waiting but the fitting time  
To burst and ripen into prime,  
As in the womb of mother Earth  
The seeds of plants and forests lie  
Age upon age and never die—  
So in the souls of all men wait,  
Undyingly the seeds of Fate ;  
Chance breaks the clod and forth they spring,  
Filling blind men with wondering.  
Eternal stars ! with holy awe,  
As if a present God I saw,  
I look into those mighty eyes  
And see great destinies arise,  
As in those of mortal men  
Feelings glow and fade again !  
All things below, all things above,  
Are open to the eyes of Love.

## IV.

Of Knowledge Love is master-key,  
 Knowledge of Beauty ; passing dear  
 Is each to each, and mutually  
 Each one doth make the other clear ;  
 Beauty is Love, and what we love  
 Straightway is beautiful,  
 So is the circle round and full,  
 And so dear Love doth live and **move**  
 And have his being,  
 Finding his proper food  
 By sure inseeing,  
 In all things pure and good,  
 Which he at will doth cull,  
 Like a joyous butterfly  
 Hiving in the sunny bowers  
 Of the soul's fairest flowers,  
 Or, between the earth and sky,  
 Wandering at liberty  
 For happy, happy hours !

## V.

The thoughts of Love are Poesy,  
 As this fair earth and all we see  
 Are the thoughts of Deity—  
 And Love is ours by our birthright !  
 He hath cleared mine inward sight ;  
 Glorious shapes with glorious eyes  
 Round about my spirit glance,  
 Shedding a mild and golden light  
 On the shadowy face of Night ;  
 To unearthly melodies,

Hand in hand, they weave their dance,  
 While a deep, ambrosial lustre  
 From their rounded limbs doth shine,  
 Through many a rich and golden cluster  
 Of streaming hair divine.

In our gross and earthly hours  
 We cannot see the Love-given powers  
 Which ever round the soul await  
 To do its sovereign will,  
 When, in its moments calm and still,  
 It re-assumes its royal state,  
 Nor longer sits with eyes downcast,  
 A beggar, dreaming of the past,  
 At its own palace-gate.

## VI.

I too am a Maker and a Poet ;  
 Through my whole soul I feel it and know it ;  
 My veins are fired with ecstasy !

All-mother Earth  
 Did ne'er give birth  
 To one who shall be matched with me ;  
 The lustre of my coronal  
 Shall cast a dimness over all.—  
 Alas ! alas ! what have I spoken ?  
 My strong, my eagle wings are broken,  
 And back again to earth I fall !

## SOMETHING NATURAL.

## I.

WHEN first I saw thy soul-deep eyes,  
My heart yearned to thee instantly,  
Strange longing in my soul did rise;  
I cannot tell the reason why,  
But I must love thee till I die.

## II.

The sight of thee hath well-nigh grown  
As needful to me as the light;  
I am unrestful when alone,  
And my heart doth not beat aright  
Except it dwell within thy sight.

## III.

And yet—and yet—O selfish love!  
I am not happy even with thee;  
I see thee in thy brightness move,  
And cannot well contented be,  
Save thou should'st shine alone for me.

## IV.

We should love beauty even as flowers—  
For all, 'tis said, they bud and blow,  
They are the world's as well as ours—  
But thou—alas! God made thee grow  
So fair, I cannot love thee so!

## THE SYRENS.

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,  
 The sea is restless and uneasy ;  
 Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,  
 Wandering thou knowest not whither ;—  
 Our little isle is green and breezy,  
 Come and rest thee ! O come hither,  
 Come to this peaceful home of ours,  
       Where evermore

The low west-wind creeps panting up the shore  
 To be at rest among the flowers ;  
 Full of rest, the green moss lifts,  
       As the dark waves of the sea  
 Draw in and out of rocky rifts  
       Calling solemnly to thee,  
 With voices deep and hollow—  
       To the shore  
       Follow ! O follow !  
**To** be at rest for evermore !  
       For evermore !

Look how the gray old Ocean  
 From the depths of his heart rejoices,  
 Heaving with a gentle motion,  
 When he hears our restful voices :  
 List how he sings in an undertone,  
 Chiming with our melody ;  
**And** all sweet sounds of earth and air

Melt into one low voice alone,  
 That murmurs over the weary sea—  
 And seems to sing from everywhere—  
 “Here mayest thou harbour peacefully,  
 Here mayest thou rest from the aching oar  
 Turn thy curvèd prow ashore,  
 And in our green isle rest for evermore!

For evermore !

And Echo half wakes in the wooded hill,  
 And, to her heart so calm and deep,  
 Murmurs over in her sleep,  
 Doubtfully pausing and murmuring still,  
 “Evermore !”

Thus, on Life's weary sea .  
 Heareth the marinere  
 Voices sweet, from far and near,  
 Ever singing low and clear,  
 Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,  
 Than to be toiling late and soon?  
 In the dreary night to see  
 Nothing but the blood-red moon  
 Go up and down into the sea;  
 Or, in the loneliness of day,  
 To see the still seas only,  
 Solcnnly lift their faces gray,  
 Making it yet more lonely?  
 Is it not better, than to hear  
 Only the sliding of the wave  
 Beneath the plank, and feel so near  
 A cold and lonely grave,  
 A restless grave, where thou shalt lie



Even in death unquietly ?  
 Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark,  
     Lean over the side and see  
 The leaden eye of the side-long shark  
     Upturned patiently,  
     Ever waiting there for thee :  
 Look down and see those shapeless forms,  
     Which ever keep their dreamless sleep  
     Far down within the gloomy deep,  
 And only stir themselves in storms,  
 Rising like islands from beneath,  
 And snorting through the angry spray,  
 As the frail vessel perisheth  
 In the whirls of their unwieldy play ;  
     Look down ! Look down !  
 Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,  
 That waves its arms so lank and brown,  
     Beckoning for thee !  
 Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark  
     Into the cold depth of the sea !  
     Look down ! Look down !  
     Thus, on Life's lonely sea,  
     Heareth the marinere  
     Voices sad, from far and near,  
     Ever singing full of fear,  
     Ever singing drearily.

Here all is pleasant as a dream ;  
 The mind scarce shaketh down the dew,  
 The green grass floweth like a stream  
     Into the ocean's blue :  
     Listen ! O listen !  
 Here is a gush of many streams,

A song of many birds,  
And every wish and longing seems  
Lulled to a numbered flow of words—

Listen! O listen!

Here ever hum the golden bees  
Underneath full-blossomed trees,  
At once with glowing fruit and flower  
crowned ;—

The sand is so smooth, the yellow sand,  
That thy keel will not grate, as it touches the  
land ;

All around, with a slumberous sound,  
The singing waves slide up the strand,  
And there, where the smooth wet pebbles be,  
The waters gurgle longingly,  
As if they fain would seek the shore,  
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,  
To be at rest for evermore—

For evermore.

Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,  
Heareth the marinere  
Voices sweet, far and near,  
Ever singing in his ear,  
"Here is rest and peace for thee!"

Nantasket, July, 1840.

## A FEELING.

THE flowers and the grass to me  
Are eloquent reproachfully ;  
For would they wave so pleasantly  
Or look so fresh and fair,  
If a man, cunning, hollow, mean,  
Or one in anywise unclean,  
Were looking on them there ?

No ; he hath grown so foolish-wise  
He cannot see with childhood's eyes ;  
He hath forgot that purity  
And lowliness which are the key  
Of Nature's mysteries ;  
No ; he hath wandered off so long  
From his own place of birth,  
That he hath lost his mother-tongue,  
And, like one come from far-off lands,  
Forgetting and forgot, he stands  
Beside his mother's hearth.

## THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world am I,  
From place to place I wander by;—  
Fill up my pilgrim's srip for me,  
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,  
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,  
Old oak, give me—  
That the world's blasts may round me blow,  
And I yield gently to and fro,  
While my stout-hearted trunk below  
And firm-set roots unmovèd be.

Some of thy stern, myielding might,  
Enduring still through day and night  
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight—  
That I may keep at bay  
The changeful April sky of chance  
And the strong tide of circumstance—  
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,  
Some of thy never-dying green,  
Put in this srip of mine—  
That grief may fall like snowflakes light,  
And deck me in a robe of white,  
Ready to be an angel bright—  
O sweetly-mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,  
Of thy sparkling, light content,  
Give me my cheerful brook—  
That I may still be full of glee  
And gladsomeness, where'er I be,  
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me  
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good  
To me, since I 've been in the wood;  
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;  
But good-bye, kind friends, every one,  
I 've far to go ere set of sun;  
Of all good things I would have part,  
The day was high ere I could start,  
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget  
To beg of thee, dear violet!  
Some of thy modesty,  
That flowers here as well, unseen,  
As if before the world thou 'dst been,  
O give, to strengthen me.

### SERENADE.

From the close-shut windows gleams no spark,  
The night is chilly, the night is dark,  
The poplars shiver, the pine-trees moan,  
My hair by the autumn breeze is blown,  
Under thy window I sing alone,  
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The darkness is pressing coldly around,  
 The windows shake with a lonely sound,  
 The stars are hid and the night is drear,  
 The heart of silence throbs in thine ear,  
 In thy chamber thou sittest alone,  
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The world is happy, the world is wide,  
 Kind hearts are beating on every side;  
 Ah, why should we lie so curled  
 Alone in the shell of this great world?  
 Why should we any more be alone?  
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

O! 'tis a bitter and dreary word,  
 The saddest by man's ear ever heard;  
 We each are young, we each have a heart,  
 Why stand we ever coldly apart?  
 Must we forever, then, be alone?  
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

### IRENE.

HERS is a spirit deep and crystal-clear;  
 Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,  
 Free without boldness, meek without a fear,  
 Quicker to look than speak its sympathies;  
 Far down into her large and patient eyes  
 I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite.  
 As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still night,  
 I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with Love's holy light,  
 That from the shade of self she walketh free ;  
 The garden of her soul still keepeth she  
 An Eden where the snake did never enter ;  
 She hath a natural, wise sincerity,  
 A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her  
 A dignity as moveless as the centre ;  
 So that no influence of earth can stir  
 Her steadfast courage, or can take away  
 The holy peacefulness, which, night and day,  
 Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

Most gentle is she ; her large charity  
 (An all unwitting, childlike gift in her)  
 Not freer is to give than meek to bear ;  
 And, though herself not unacquaint with care,  
 Hath in her heart wide room for all that be—  
 Her heart that hath no secrets of its own,  
 But open is as egbauntine full-blown,  
 Cloudless forever is her brow serene,  
 Speaking calm hope and trust within her,  
 whence

Welleth a noiseless spring of patience  
 That keepeth all her life so fresh, so green  
 And full of holiness, that every look,  
 The greatness of her woman's soul revealing,  
 Unto me bringeth blessing, and a feeling  
 As when I read in God's own holy book.

A graciousness in giving that doth make  
 The smallst gift greatest, and a sense most  
 meek  
 Of worthiness, that doth not fear to take

From others, but which always fears to speak  
 Its thanks in utterance, for the giver's sake ;—  
 The deep religion of a thankful heart,  
 Which rests instinctively with Heaven's law  
 With a full peace, that never can depart  
 From its own steadfastness ;—a holy awe  
 For holy things, not those which men call holy,  
 But such as are revealèd to the eyes  
 Of a true woman's soul bent down and lowly  
 Before the face of daily mysteries ;—  
 A love that blossoms soon, but ripens slowly  
 To the full goldenness of fruitful prime,  
 Enduring with a firmness that defies  
 All shallow tricks of circumstance and time,  
 By a sure insight knowing where to cling,  
 And where it clingeth never withering—  
 These are Irene's dowry—which no fate  
 Can shake from their serene, deep-builed  
 state.

In-seeing sympathy is hers, which chasteneth  
 No less loveth, scorning to be bound  
 With fear of blame, and yet which ever hast-  
 eneth  
 To pour the balm of kind looks on the wound.  
 If they be wounds which such sweet teaching  
 makes,  
 Giving itself a pang for others' sakes ;  
 No want of faith, that chills with side-long eye,  
 Hath she ; no jealousy, no Levite pride  
 That passeth by upon the other side ;  
 For in her soul there never dwelt a lie,  
 Right from the hand of God her spirit came



Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten whence  
It came, nor wandered far from thence,  
But laboreth to keep her still the same,  
Near to her place of birth, that she may not  
Soil her white raiment with an earthly spot.

Yet sets she not her soul so steadily  
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,  
But her whole thought would almost seem to be  
How to make glad one lowly human hearth;  
For with a gentle courage she doth strive  
In thought and word and feeling so to live  
As to make earth next Heaven; and her heart  
Herein doth show its most exceeding worth,  
That, bearing in our frailty her just part,  
She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,  
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,  
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood  
With lofty strength of patient womanhood:  
For this I love her great soul more than all,  
That, being bound, like us, with earthly thrall,  
She walks so bright and Heaven-wise therein—  
Too wise, too meek, too womanly to sin.

Exceeding pleasant to mine eyes is she;  
Like a lone star through riven storm-clouds seen  
By sailors, tempest-tost upon the sea,  
Telling of rest and peaceful havens nigh,  
Unto my soul her star-like soul hath been,  
Her sight as full of hope and calm to me;—  
For she unto herself hath builded high  
A home serene, wherein to lay her head,  
Earth's noblest thing—a Woman perfected.

## THE LOST CHILD.

## I.

I WANDERED down the sunny glade  
And ever mused, my love, of thee;  
My thoughts, like little children, played,  
As gaily and as guilelessly.

## II.

If any chanced to go astray,  
Moaning in fear of coming harms,  
Hope brought the wanderer back alway,  
Safe nestled in her snowy arms.

## III.

From that soft nest the happy one  
Looked up at me and calmly smiled;  
Its hair shone golden in the sun,  
And made it seem a heavenly child.

## IV.

Dear Hope's blue eyes smiled mildly down,  
And blest it with a love so deep,  
That, like a nurseling of her own,  
It clasped her neck and fell asleep.

## THE CHURCH.

## I.

**I LOVE** the rites of England's church;  
I love to hear and see  
The priest and people reading slow  
The solemn Litany;  
I love to hear the glorious swell  
Of chanted psalm and prayer,  
And the deep organ's bursting heart,  
Throb through the shivering air.

## II.

**Chants, that a thousand years have heard,**  
I love to hear again,  
For visions of the olden time  
Are wakened by the strain;  
With gorgeous hues the window-glass  
Seems suddenly to glow  
And rich and red the streams of light  
Down through the chancel flow.

## III.

And then I murmur, "Surely God  
Delighteth here to dwell;  
This is the temple of his Son  
Whom he doth love so well;"  
But, when I hear the creed which saith,  
This church alone is His,

I feel within my soul that He  
Hath purer shrines than this.

## IV.

For his is not the builded church,  
Nor organ-shaken dome ;  
In every thing that lovely is  
He loves and hath his home ;  
And most in soul that loveth well  
All things which he hath made,  
Knowing no creed but simple faith  
That may not be gainsaid.

## V.

His church is universal Love,  
And whoso dwells therein  
Shall need no customary sacrifice  
To wash away his sin ;  
And music in its aisles shall swell,  
Of lives upright and true,  
Sweet as dreamed sounds of angel-harps  
Down-quivering through the blue.

## VI.

They shall not ask a litany,  
The souls that worship there,  
But every look shall be a hymn,  
And every word a prayer ;  
Their service shall be written bright  
In calm and holy eyes,  
And every day from fragrant hearts  
Fit incense shall arise.

## THE UNLOVELY.

THE pretty things that others wear  
Look strange and out of place on me,  
I never seem dressed tastefully,  
Because I am not fair ;  
And, when I would most pleasing seem,  
And deck myself with joyful care,  
I find it is an idle dream,  
Because I am not fair.

If I put roses in my hair,  
They bloom as if in mockery ;  
Nature denies her sympathy,  
Because I am not fair ;  
Alas ! I have a warm, true heart,  
But when I show it people stare ;  
I must forever dwell apart,  
Because I am not fair.

I am least happy being where  
The hearts of others are most light,  
And strive to keep me out of sight,  
Because I am not fair ;  
The glad ones often give a glance,  
As I am sitting lonely there,  
That asks me why I do not dance—  
Because I am not fair.

And if to smile on them I dare,  
For that my heart with love runs o'er,  
They say: "What *is* she laughing for?"—  
Because I am not fair;  
Love scorned or misinterpreted—  
It is the hardest thing to bear;  
I often wish that I were dead,  
Because I am not fair.

In joy or grief I must not share,  
For neither smiles nor tears on me  
Will ever look becomingly,  
Because I am not fair;  
Whole days I sit alone and cry,  
And in my grave I wish I were—  
Yet none will weep me if I die,  
Because I am not fair.

My grave will be so lone and bare,  
I fear to think of those dark hours,  
For none will plant it o'er with flowers,  
Because I am not fair;  
They will not in the summer come  
And speak kind words above me there;  
To me the grave will be no home,  
Because I am not fair.

## LOVE-SONG.

NEARER to thy mother-heart,  
Simple Nature, press me,  
Let me know thee as thou art,  
Fill my soul and bless me!  
I have loved thee long and well,  
I have loved thee heartily;  
Shall I never with thee dwell,  
Never be at one with thee?

Inward, inward to thy heart,  
Kindly Nature, take me,  
Lovely even as thou art,  
Full of loving make me!  
Thou knowest naught of dead-cold forms,  
Knowest naught of littleness,  
Lifeful Truth thy being warms,  
Majesty and earnestness.

Homeward, homeward to thy heart,  
Dearest Nature, call me;  
Let no halfness, no mean part,  
Any longer thrall me!  
I will be thy lover true,  
Will be a faithful soul,  
Then circle me, then look me through,  
Fill me with the mighty Whole.

## SONG.

ALL things are sad:—  
I go and ask of Memory,  
That she tells sweet tales to me  
To make me glad;  
And she takes me by the hand,  
Leadeth to old places,  
Showeth the old faces  
In her hazy mirage-land;  
O, her voice is sweet and low,  
And her eyes are fresh to mine  
As the dew  
Gleaming through  
The half-unfolded Eglantine,  
Long ago, long ago!  
But I feel that I am only  
Yet more sad, and yet more lonely!

Then I turn to blue-eyed Hope,  
And beg of her that she will open  
Her golden gates for me;  
She is fair and full of grace,  
But she hath the form and face  
Of her mother Memory;  
Clear as air her glad voice ringeth,  
Joyous are the songs she singeth,  
Yet I hear them mournfully;—  
They are songs her mother taught her,  
Crooning to her infant daughter,



As she lay upon her knee.  
Many little ones she bore me,  
Woe is me! in by-gone hours,  
Who danced along and sang before me,  
Scattering my way with flowers;

One by one

They are gone,

And their silent graves are seen,  
Shining fresh with mosses green,  
Where the rising sunbeams slope  
O'er the dewy land of Hope.

But, when sweet Memory faileth,  
And Hope looks strange and cold;  
When youth no more availeth,  
And Grief grows over bold;—  
When softest winds are dreary,  
And summer sunlight weary,  
And sweetest things uncheery

We know not why:—

When the crown of our desires  
Weighs upon the brow and tires,

And we would die,

Die for, ah! we know not what,  
Something we seem to have forgot,  
Something we had, and now have not;—

When the present is a weight

And the future seems our foe,

And with shrinking eyes we wait,

As one who dreads a sudden blow

In the dark, he knows not whence;—

When Love at last his bright eye closes,

And the bloom upon his face,

That lends him such a living grace,

Is a shadow from the roses  
 Wherewith we have decked his bier,  
 Because he once was passing dear;—  
 When we feel a leaden sense  
 Of nothingness and impotence,  
     Till we grow mad—  
 Then the body saith,  
 “There’s but one true faith  
     All things are sad!”

### A LOVE-DREAM.

PLEASANT thoughts come wandering,  
 When thou art far, from thee to me;  
 On their silver wings they bring  
 A very peaceful ecstasy,  
 A feeling of eternal spring;  
 So that Winter half forgets  
 Everything but that thou art,  
 And, in his bewildered heart,  
 Dreameth of the violets,  
 Or those bluer flowers that ope,  
 Flowers of steadfast love and hope,  
 Watered by the living wells,  
**Of memories dear, and dearer prophecies.**  
 When young spring forever dwells  
 In the sunshine of thine eyes.

**I have most holy dreams of thee,  
     All night I have such dreams;**

And, when I awake, reality  
No whit the darker seems ;  
Through the twin gates of Hope and **Memory**  
They pour in crystal streams  
From out an angel's calmèd eyes,  
Who, from twilight till sunrise,  
Far away in the upper deep,  
Poised upon his shining wings,  
Over us his watch doth keep,  
And, as he watcheth, ever sings.

Through the still night I hear him sing,  
Down-looking on our sleep ;  
I hear his clear, clear harp-strings ring,  
And, as the golden notes take wing,  
Gently downward hovering,  
For very joy I weep ;  
He singeth songs of holy Love,  
That quiver through the depths afar,  
Where the blessèd spirits are,  
And lingeringly from above  
Shower till the morning star  
His silver shield hath buckled on  
And sentinels the dawn alone,  
Quivering his gleamy spear  
Through the dusky atmosphere.

Almost, my love, I fear the morn,  
When that blessèd voice shall cease,  
Lest it should leave me quite forlorn,  
Stript of my snowy robe of peace ;  
And yet the bright reality

Is fairer than all dreams can be,  
For, through my spirit, all day long,  
Ring echoes of that angel-song  
In melodious thoughts of thee ;  
And well I know it cannot die  
Till eternal morn shall break,  
For, through life's slumber, thou and I  
Will keep it for each other's sake,  
And it shall not be silent when we wake.

## FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

## I.

OUR fathers fought for Liberty,  
They struggled long and well,  
History of their deeds can tell—  
But did they leave us free ?

## II.

Are we free from vanity,  
Free from pride, and free from self,  
Free from love of power and self,  
From everything that 's beggarly ?

## III.

Are we free from stubborn will,  
From low hate and malice small,  
From opinion's tyrant thrall ?  
Are none of us our own slaves still ?

## IV.

Are we free to speak our thought,  
 To be happy, and be poor,  
 Free to enter Heaven's door,  
 To live and labor as we ought?

## V.

Are we then made free at last  
 From the fear of what men say,  
 Free to reverence To-day,  
 Free from the slavery of the Past?

## VI.

Our fathers fought for liberty,  
 They struggled long and well,  
 History of their deeds can tell—  
 But *ourselves* must set us free.

## SPHINX.

## I.

WHY mourn we for the golden prime  
 When our young souls *were* kingly, strong, and  
                   true?

The soul is greater than all time,  
 It changes not, but yet is ever new.

## II.

But that the soul *is* noble, we  
 Could never know what nobleness had been;  
 Be what ye dream! and earth shall see  
 A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen.

## III.

The flower pines not to be fair,  
It never asketh to be sweet and dear,  
But gives itself to sun and air,  
And so is fresh and full from year to year.

## IV.

Nothing in Nature weeps its lot,  
Nothing, save man, abides in memory,  
Forgetful that the Past is what  
Ourselves may choose the coming time to be.

## V.

All things are circular; the Past  
Was given us to make the Future great;  
And the void Future shall at last  
Be the strong rudder of an after fate.

## VI.

We sit beside the Sphinx of Life,  
We gaze into its void, unanswering eyes,  
And spend ourselves in idle strife  
To read the riddle of their mysteries.

## VII.

Arise! be earnest and be strong!  
The Sphinx's eyes shall suddenly grow clear,  
And speak as plain to thee ere long,  
As the dear maiden's who holds thee most dear.

## VIII.

The meaning of all things in *us*—  
Yea, in the lives we give our souls—doth lie;

Make, then, their meaning glorious  
By such a life as need not fear to die!

## IX.

There is no heart-beat in the day,  
Which bears a record of the smallest deed,  
But holds within its faith always  
That which in doubt we vainly strive to read.

## X.

One seed contains another seed,  
And that a third, and so for evermore;  
And promise of as great a deed  
Lies folded in the deed that went before.

## XI.

So ask not fitting space or time,  
Yet could not dream of things which could not  
be;  
Each day shall make the next sublime,  
And Time be swallowed in Eternity.

## XII.

God bless the Present! it is ALL;  
It has been Future, and it shall be Past;  
Awake and live! thy strength recall,  
And in one trinity unite them fast.

## XIII.

Action and Life—lo! here the key  
Of all on earth that seemeth dark and wrong;  
Win this—and, with it, freely ye  
May enter that bright realm for which ye long.

## XIV.

Then all these bitter questionings  
Shall with a full and blessed answer meet ;  
Past worlds, whereof the Poet sings,  
Shall be the earth beneath his snow-white feet.

## "GOE, LITTLE BOOKE!"

Go LITTLE book! the world is wide,  
There's room and verge enough for thee ;  
For thou hast learned that only pride  
Lacketh fit opportunity,  
Which comes unbid to modesty.

Go! win thy way with gentleness :  
I send thee forth, my first-born child,  
Quite, quite alone, to face the stress  
Of fickle skies and pathways wild,  
Where few can keep them undefiled.

Thou camest from a poet's heart,  
A warm, still home, and full of rest ;  
Far from the pleasant eyes thou art  
Of those who know and love thee best,  
And by whose hearthstones thou wert blest.

Go! knock thou softly at the door  
Where any gentle spirits bin,  
Tell them thy tender feet are sore,  
Wandering so far from all thy kin,  
And ask if thou may enter in.

Beg thou a cup-full from the spring  
Of Charity, in Christ's dear name ;



Few will deny so small a thing,  
Nor ask unkindly if thou came  
Of one whose life might do thee shame.

We all are prone to go astray,  
Our hopes are bright, our lives are dim;  
But thou art pure, and if they say,  
"We know thy father, and our whim  
He pleases not,"—plead thou for him.

For many are by whom all truth,  
That speaks not in their mother-tongue,  
Is stoned to death with hands unruth,  
Or hath its patient spirit wrung  
Cold words and colder looks among.

Yet fear not! for skies are fair  
To all whose souls are fair within;  
Thou wilt find shelter everywhere  
With those to whom a different skin  
Is not a damning proof of sin.

But, if all others are unkind,  
There's *one* heart whither thou canst **fly**  
For shelter from the biting wind;  
And, in that home of purity,  
It were no bitter thing to die.

## SONNETS.

## I.

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

I PRAY thee call not this society;  
 I asked for bread, thou givest me a stone;  
 I am an hungered, and I find not one  
 To give me meat, to joy or grieve with me;  
 I find not here what I went out to see—  
 Souls of true men, of women who can move  
 The deeper, better part of us to love,  
 Souls that can hold with mine communion  
 free.  
 Alas! must then these hopes, these longings  
 high,  
 This yearning of the soul for brotherhood,  
 And all that makes us pure, and wise, and  
 good,  
 Come broken-hearted, home again to die?  
 No, Hope is left, and prays with bended head,  
 "Give us this day, O God, our daily bread!"

## II.

GREAT human nature, whither art thou fled?  
 Are these things creeping forth and back  
 agen,  
 These hollow formalists and echoes, men?

Art thou entombed with the mighty dead?  
In God's name, no! not yet hath all been said,  
Or done, or longed for, that is truly great;  
These pitiful dried crusts will never sate  
Natures for which pure Truth is daily bread;  
We were not meant to plod along the earth,  
Strange to ourselves and to our fellows  
    strange;  
We were not meant to struggle from our birth,  
To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways  
    range;  
Act! with stern truth, large faith, and loving  
    will!  
Up and be doing! God is with us still.

## III.

## TO A FRIEND.

ONE strip of bark may feed the broken tree,  
Giving to some few limbs a sickly green;  
And one light shower on the hills, I ween,  
May keep the spring from drying utterly.  
Thus seemeth it with these our hearts to be;  
Hope is the strip of bark, the shower of rain,  
And so they are not wholly crushed with pain.  
But live and linger on, for sadder sight to see,  
Much do they err, who tell us that the heart  
May not be broken: what, then, can we call  
A broken heart, if this may not be so,  
This death in life when, shrouded in its pall,  
Shunning and shunned, it dwelleth all apart,  
Its power, its love, its sympathy laid low?

## IV.

SO MAY it be, but let it not be so,  
 O, let it not be so with thee, my friend;  
 Be of good courage, bear up to the end,  
 And on thine after way rejoicing go!  
 We all must suffer, if we aught would know;  
 Life is a teacher stern, and wisdom's crown  
 Is oft a crown of thorns, whence, trickling down,  
 Blood, mixed with tears, blinding her eyes doth  
     flow;  
 But Time, a gentle nurse, shall wipe away  
 This bloody sweat, and thou shalt find on earth,  
 That woman is not all in all to Love,  
 But, living by a new and second birth,  
 Thy soul shall see all things below, above,  
 Grow bright and brighter to the perfect day.

## V.

O CHILD of Nature! O most meek and free,  
 Most gentle spirit of true nobleness!  
 Thou doest not a worthy deed the less  
 Because the world may not its greatness see;  
 What were a thousand trimmings to thee,  
 Who, in thyself, art as a perfect sphere  
 Wrapt in a bright and natural atmosphere  
 Of mighty-souledness and majesty?  
 Thy soul is not too high for lowly things,  
 Feels not its strength seeing its brother weak,  
 Not for itself unto itself is dear,  
 But for that it may guide the wanderings  
 Of fellow-men, and to their spirits speak  
 The lofty faith of heart that knows no fear.

## VI.

“For this true nobleness I seek in vain,  
 In woman and in man I find it not,  
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,  
 My life-springs are dried up with burning  
 pain.”—

Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,  
 Look *inward* through the depths of thine own  
 soul;

How is it with thee? Art thou sound and  
 whole?

Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?

BE NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies

In other men, sleeping but never dead,

Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;

Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,

Then will pure light around thy path be shed,

And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

## VII.

TO———

DEEM it no Sodom-fruit of vanity,

Or fickle fantasy of unripe youth

Which ever takes the fairest shows for truth,

That I should wish my verse beloved of thee:

'Tis love's deep thirst which may not quenched  
 be.

There is a gulf of longing and unrest,

A wild love-craving not to be repress,

Whereto, in all our hearts, as to the sea,

The streams of feeling do forever flow.

Therefore it is that thy well-meted praise

Falleth so shower-like and fresh on me,  
Filling those springs which else had sunk full  
    low,  
Lost in the dreary desert-sands of woe,  
Or parched by passion's fierce and withering  
    blaze.

## VIII.

MIGHT I but be beloved, and, O most fair  
And perfect-ordered soul, beloved of thee,  
How should I feel a cloud of earthly care,  
If thy blue eyes were ever clear to me?  
O woman's love! O flower most bright and  
    rare!

That blossom'st brightest in extremest need,  
Woe, woe is me! that thy so precious seed  
Is ever sown by Fancy's changeful air,  
And grows sometimes in poor and barren hearts,  
Who can be little even in the light  
Of thy meek holiness—while souls more great  
Are left to wander in a starless night,  
Praying unheard—and yet the hardest parts  
Befit those best who best can cope with fate.

## IX.

WHY should we ever weary of this life?  
Our souls should widen ever, not contract,  
Grow stronger, and not harder, in the strife,  
Filling each moment with a noble act;  
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,  
Doing our duty to our fellow-men,  
And striving rather to exalt our race  
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen

We shall erect our names a dwelling-place  
 Which not all ages shall cast down agen ;  
 Offspring of Time shall then be born each hour,  
 Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,  
 To live forever in youth's perfect flower,  
 And guide her future children Heavenward.

## X.

## GREEN MOUNTAINS.

YE mountains, that far off lift up your heads,  
 Seen dimly through their canopies of blue,  
 The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds  
 Distance-created beauty over you ;  
 I am not well content with this far view ;  
 How may I know what foot of loved-one treads  
 Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent  
     beds ?  
 We should love all things better, if we knew  
 What claims the meanest have upon our hearts :  
 Perchance even now some eye, that would be  
     bright  
 To meet my own, looks on your mist-robed  
     forms ;  
 Perchance your grandeur a deep joy imparts  
 To souls that have encircled mine with light—  
 O brother-heart, with thee my spirit warms !

## XI.

MY friend, adown Life's valley, hand in hand,  
 With grateful change of grave and merry  
     speech  
 Or song, our hearts unlocking each to each,

We'll journey onward to the silent land;  
 And when stern Death shall loose that loving  
     band,  
 Taking in his cold hand a hand of ours,  
 The one shall strew the other's grave with  
     flowers,  
 Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned.  
 My friend and brother! if thou goest first,  
 Wilt thou no more re-visit me below?  
 Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly  
 And swells, not dreaming why, as it would  
     burst  
 With joy unspeakable—my soul shall know  
 That thou, unseen, art bending over me.

## XII.

VERSE cannot say how beautiful thou art,  
 How glorious the calmness of thine eyes,  
 Full of unconquerable energies,  
 Telling that thou hast acted well thy part.  
 No doubt or fear thy steady faith can start,  
 No thought of evil dare come nigh to thee,  
 Who hast the courage meek of purity,  
 The self-stayed greatness of a loving heart,  
 Strong with serene, enduring fortitude;  
 Where'er thou art, that seems thy fitting place,  
 For not of forms, but Nature, art thou child;  
 And lowest things put on a noble grace  
 When touched by ye, O patient, Ruth-like,  
     mild  
 And spotless hands of earnest womanhood.



## XIII.

THE soul would fain its loving kindness tell,  
But custom hangs like lead upon the tongue;  
The heart is brimful, hollow crowds among,  
When it finds one whose life and thought are  
    well;

Up to the eyes its gushing love doth swell,  
The angel cometh and the waters move,  
Yet is it fearful still to say "I love,"  
And words come grating as a jangled bell.  
O might we only speak but what we feel,  
Might the tongue pay but what the heart doth  
    owe,  
Not Heaven's great thunder, when, deep peal  
    on peal,  
It shakes the earth, could rouse our spirits so,  
Or to the soul such majesty reveal,  
As two short words half-spoken faint and low!

## XIV.

I saw a gate: a harsh voice spake and said,  
"This is the gate of Life;" above was writ,  
"Leave hope behind, all ye who enter it;"  
Then shrank my heart within itself for dread;  
But, softer than the summer rain is shed,  
Words dropt upon my soul, and they did say,  
"Fear nothing, Faith shall save thee, watch  
    and pray!"  
So, without fear I lifted up my head,  
And lo! that writing was not, one fair word  
Was carven in its stead, and it was "Love."

Then rained once more those sweet tones from  
 above  
 With healing on their wings: I humbly heard,  
 "I am the Life, ask and it shall be given!  
 I am the way, by me ye enter Heaven!"

## XV.

I WOULD not have this perfect love of ours  
 Grow from a single root, a single stem,  
 Bearing no goodly fruit, but only flowers  
 That idly hide Life's iron diadem:  
 It should grow alway like that Eastern tree  
 Whose limbs take root and spread forth con-  
 stantly;  
 That love for one, from which there doth not  
 spring  
 Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.  
 Not in another world, as poets prate,  
 Dwell we apart, above the tide of things,  
 High floating o'er earth's clouds on faery wings;  
 But our pure love doth ever elevate  
 Into a holy bond of brotherhood  
 All earthly things, making them pure and good.

## XVI.

To THE dark, narrow house where loved ones  
 go,  
 Whence no steps outward turn, whose silent  
 door  
 None but the sexton knocks at any more,  
 Are they not sometimes with us yet below?  
 The longings of the soul would tell us so;

Although, so pure and fine their being's essence,  
 Our bodily eyes are witless of their presence,  
 Yet not within the tomb their spirits glow,  
 Like wizard lamps pent up, but whensoever  
 With great thoughts worthy of their high be-  
 hests

Our souls are filled, those bright ones with us  
 be,

As, in the patriarch's tent, his angel guests;—  
 O let us live so worthily, that never  
 We may be far from that blest company.

## XVII.

I FAİN would give to thee the loveliest things,  
 For lovely things belong to thee of right,  
 And thou hast been as peaceful to my sight,  
 As the still thoughts that summer twilight  
 brings ;

Beneath the shadow of thine angel wings  
 O let me live! O let me rest in thee,  
 Growing to thee more and more utterly,  
 Upbearing and upborn, till outward things  
 Are only as they share in thee a part!  
 Look kindly on me, let thy holy eyes  
 Bless me from the deep fulness of thy heart;  
 So shall my soul in its right strength arise,  
 And nevermore shall pine and shrink and start,  
 Safe-sheltered in thy full souled sympathies.

## XVIII.

When I had mused of Love, and in my soul  
 There was one chamber where I dared not look,  
 So much its dark and dreary voidness shook

My spirit, feeling that I was not whole :  
 All my deep longings flowed toward one goal  
 For long, long years, but were not answerèd,  
 Till Hope was drooping, Faith well-nigh stone-  
     dead,  
 And I was still a blind, earth-delving mole ;  
 Yet did I know that God was wise and good,  
 And would fulfill my being late or soon ;  
 Nor was such thought in vain, for, seeing thee,  
 Great Love rose up, as, o'er a black pine wood,  
 Round, bright, and clear, upstarteth the full  
     moon,  
 Filling my soul with glory utterly.

## XIX.

SAYEST thou, most beautiful, that thou wilt  
     wear  
 Flowers and leafy crowns when thou art old,  
 And that thy heart shall never grow so cold  
 But they shall love to wreath thy silvered hair  
 And into age's snows the hope of spring-tide  
     bear ?  
 O, in thy childlike wisdom's moveless hold  
 Dwell ever ! still the blessings manifold  
 Of purity, of peace, and untaught care  
 For other's hearts, around thy pathway shed,  
 And thou shalt have a crown of deathless  
     flowers  
 To glorify and guard thy blessed head  
 And give their freshness to thy life's last hours ;  
 And, when the Bridegroom calleth, they shall be  
 A wedding-garment white as snow for thee.

## XX.

POET! who sittest in thy pleasant room,  
 Warming thy heart with idle thoughts of love,  
 And of a holy life that leads above,  
 Striving to keep life's spring-flower still in  
 bloom,  
 And lingering to sniff their fresh perfume—  
 O, there were other duties meant for thee,  
 Than to sit down in peacefulness and Be!  
 O, there are brother-hearts that dwell in gloom,  
 Souls loathsome, foul, and black with daily sin,  
 So crusted o'er with baseness, that no ray  
 Of heaven's blessed light may enter in!  
 Come down, then, to the hot and dusty way,  
 And lead them back to hope and peace again—  
 For, save in Act, thy Love is all in vain.

## XXI.

“NO MORE BUT SO?”

NO MORE but so? Only with uncold looks,  
 And with a hand not laggard to clasp mine,  
 Think'st thou to pay what debt of love is thine?  
 No more but so? Like gushing water-brooks,  
 Freshening and making green the dimmest  
 nooks  
 Of thy friend's soul thy kindness should flow;  
 But, if 't is bounded by not saying “no,”  
 I can find more of friendship in my books,  
 All lifeless though they be, and more, far more  
 In every simplest moss, or flower, or tree;  
 Open to me thy heart of hearts' deep core,  
 Or never say that I am dear to thee;

Call me not Friend, if thou keep close the door  
That leads into thine inmost sympathy.

## XXII.

## TO A VOICE HEARD IN MOUNT AUBURN.

LIKE the low warblings of a leaf-hid bird,  
Thy voice came to me through the screening  
trees,  
Singing the simplest, long-known melodies ;  
I had no glimpse of thee, and yet I heard  
And blest thee for each clearly-earolled word ;  
I longed to thank thee, and my heart would  
frame  
Mary or Ruth, some sisterly, sweet name  
For thee, yet could I not my lips have stirred ;  
I knew that thou wert lovely, that thine eyes  
Were blue and downcast, and methought large  
tears,  
Unknown to thee, up to their lids must rise  
With half-sad memories of other years,  
As to thyself alone thou sangest o'er  
Words that to childhood seemed to say "No  
More !"

## XXIII.

## ON READING SPENSER AGAIN.

DEAR, gentle Spenser ! thou my soul dost lead,  
A little child again, through Fairy land,  
By many a bower and stream of golden sand,  
And many a sunny plain whose light doth breed  
A sunshine in my happy heart, and feed  
My fancy with sweet visions ; I become

A knight, and with my charmed arms would  
 roam  
 To seek for fame in many a wondrous deed  
 Of high emprise—for I have seen the light  
 Of Una's angel's face, the golden hair  
 And backward eyes of startled Florimel;  
 And, for their holy sake, I would outdare  
 A host of cruel Paynims in the fight,  
 Or Archimage and all the powers of Hell.

## XXIV.

LIGHT of mine eyes! with thy so trusting look,  
 And thy sweet smile of charity and love,  
 That from a treasure well uplaid above,  
 And from a hope in Christ its blessing took;  
 Light of my heart! which, when it could not  
 brook  
 The coldness of another's sympathy,  
 Finds ever a deep peace and stay in thee,  
 Warm as the sunshine of a mossy nook;  
 Light of my soul! who, by thy saintliness  
 And faith that acts itself in daily life,  
 Canst raise me above weakness, and canst  
 bless  
 The hardest thralldom of my earthly strife—  
 I dare not say how much thou art to me  
 'Even to myself—and O, far less to thee!

## XXV.

SILENT as one who treads on new-fallen snow,  
 Love came upon me ere I was aware;  
 Not light of heart, for there was troublous  
 care

Upon his eyelids, drooping them full low,  
 As with sad memory of a heal'd woe;  
 The cold rain shivered in his golden hair,  
 As if an outcast lot had been his share,  
 And he seemed doubtful whither he should go:  
 Then he fell on my neck, and, in my breast  
 Hiding his face, awhile sobbed bitterly,  
 As half in grief to be so long distress,  
 And half in joy at his security—  
 At last, uplooking from his place of rest,  
 His eyes shone blessedness and hope on me.

## XXVI.

A GENTLENESS that grows of steady faith;  
 A joy that sheds its sunshine everywhere;  
 A humble strength and readiness to bear  
 Those burthens which strict duty ever lay'th  
 Upon our souls;—which unto sorrow saith,  
 “Here is no soil for thee to strike thy roots,  
 Here only grow those sweet and precious  
     fruits;  
 Which ripen for the soul that well obey'th  
 A patience which the world can neither give  
 Nor take away; a courage strong and high,  
 That dares in simple usefulness to live,  
 And without one sad look behind to die  
 When that day comes;—these tell me that our  
     love  
 Is building for itself a home above.

## XXVII.

WHEN the glad soul is full to overflow,  
 Unto the tongue all power it denies,



And only trusts its secret to the eyes ;  
 For, by an inborn wisdom it doth know  
 There is no other eloquence but so ;  
 And, when the tongue's weak utterance doth  
     suffice,  
 Prisoned within the body's cell it lies,  
 Remembering in tears its exiled woe :  
 That word which all mankind so long to hear  
 Which bears the spirit back to whence it came,  
 Maketh this sullen clay as crystal clear,  
 And will not be enclouded in a name ;  
 It is a truth which we can feel and see,  
 But is as boundless as Eternity.

## XXVIII.

## TO THE EVENING-STAR.

WHEN we have once said lowly " Evening-  
     Star ! "  
 Words give no more—for, in thy silver pride,  
 Thou shinest as nought else can shine beside :  
 The thick smoke, coiling round the sooty bar  
 Forever, and the customary lamp-light mar  
 The stillness of my thought—seeing things  
     glide  
 So samely :—then I ope my windows wide,  
 And gaze in peace to where thou shin'st afar,  
 The wind that comes across the faint-white  
     snow  
 So freshly, and the river dimly seen,  
 Seem like new things that never had been so.  
 Before ; and thou art bright as thou hast been  
 Since thy white rays put sweetness in the eyes  
 Of the first souls that loved in Paradise

## XXIX.

## READING.

As one who on some well-known landscape  
 looks,  
 Be it alone, or with some dear friend nigh,  
 Each day beholdeth fresh variety,  
 New harmonies of hills, and trees, and brooks—  
 So is it with the worthiest choice of books,  
 And oftenest read: if thou no meaning spy,  
 Deem there is meaning wanting in thine eyes;  
 We are so lured from judgment by the crooks  
 And winding ways of covert fantasy,  
 Or turned unwittingly down beaten tracks  
 Of our foregone conclusions, that we see,  
 In our own want, the writer's misdeemed lacks:  
 It is with true books as with Nature, each  
 New day of living doth new insight teach.

## XXX.

## TO —, AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

BLUE as thine eyes the river gently flows  
 Between his banks, which, far as eye can see,  
 Are whiter than aught else on earth may be,  
 Save inmost thoughts that in thy soul repose;  
 The trees, all crystallized by the melted snows,  
 Sparkle with gems and silver, such as we  
 In childhood saw 'mong groves of Faërie,  
 And the dear skies are sunny-blue as those;  
 Still as thy heart, when next mine own it lies  
 In love's full safety, is the bracing air;  
 The earth is all enwrapt with draperies

Snow-white as that pure love might choose to wear—

O for one moment's look into thine eyes,  
To share the joy such scene would kindle there :

## SONNETS ON NAMES.

### I.

#### EDITH.

A LILY with its frail cup filled with dew,  
Down-bending modestly, snow-white and pale,  
Shedding faint fragrance round its native vale,  
Minds me of thee, sweet Edith, mild and true,  
And of thy eyes so innocent and blue,  
Thy heart is fearful as a startled hare,  
Yet hath in it a fortitude to bear  
For Love's sake, and a gentle faith which grew  
Of Love : need of a stay whereon to lean,  
Felt in thyself, hath taught thee to uphold  
And comfort others, and to give, unseen,  
The kindness thy still love cannot withhold :  
Maiden, I would my sister thou hadst been,  
That round thee I my guarding arms might  
fold.

### II.

#### ROSE.

My ever-lightsome, ever-laughing Rose,  
Who always speakest first and thinkest last,  
Thy full voice is as clear as bugle-blast ;  
Right from the ear down to the heart it goes  
And says, " I'm beautiful ! as who but knows ? "

Thy name reminds me of old romping days,  
 Of kisses stolen in dark passage-ways,  
 Or in the parlor, if the mother-nose  
 Gave sign of drowsy watch. I wonder where  
 Are gone thy tokens, given with a glance  
 So full of everlasting love till morrow,  
 Or a day's endless grieving for the dance  
 Last night denied, backed with a lock of hair,  
 That spake of broken hearts and deadly sorrow.

## III.

## MARY.

DARK hair, dark eyes—not too dark to be deep  
 And full of feeling, yet enough to glow  
 With fire when angered; feelings never slow,  
 But which seem rather watching to forthleap  
 From her full breast; a gently-flowing sweep  
 Of words in common talk, a torrent-rush,  
 Whenever through her soul swift feelings gush,  
 A heart less ready to be gay than weep,  
 Yet cheerful ever; a calm matron-smile,  
 That bids God bless you; a chaste simpleness,  
 With somewhat, too, of “proper pride,” in  
 dress;—  
 This portrait to my mind's eye came, the while  
 I thought of thee, the well-grown woman Mary,  
 Whilome a gold-haired laughing little fairy.

## IV.

## CAROLINE.

A STAINLESS sobers o'er her pretty face,  
 Which something but ill-hidden in her eyes,

And a quaint look about her lips denies ;  
A lingering love of girlhood you can trace  
In her checked laugh and half-restrainèd pace  
And, when she bears herself most womanly,  
It seems as if a watchful mother's eye  
Kept down with sobering glance her childish  
    grace :

Yet oftentimes her nature gushes free  
As water long held back by little hands,  
Within a pump, and let forth suddenly,  
Until, her task remembering, she stands  
A moment silent, smiling doubtfully,  
Then laughs aloud and scorns her hated bands.

## V.

## ANNE.

THERE is a pensiveness in quiet Anne,  
A mournful drooping of the full gray eye,  
As if she had shook hands with misery,  
And known some care since her short life began :  
Her cheek is seriously pale, nigh wan,  
And, though of cheerfulness there is no lack,  
You feel as if she must be dressed in black ;  
Yet is she not of those who, all they can,  
Strive to be gay, and striving, seem most sad  
Hers is not grief, but silent soberness ;  
You would be startled if you saw her glad,  
And startled if you saw her weep, no less ;  
She walks through life, as, on the Sabbath  
    day,  
She decorously glides to church to pray.









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