

Northern Travel (1858) and *Travels in Greece and Russia* (1859). He was a very successful lecturer on his travelling experiences, and on the outbreak of the Civil War warmly advocated the national cause. This led to his being sent in 1862-63 as secretary of legation to St Petersburg. Much of his time after 1863 was spent in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1870 he lectured on German literature at Cornell University. In 1876 he was again at work on the *Tribune* of which he was a part proprietor; in 1877 he was nominated United States ambassador in Berlin, but entering on his duties in May 1878, only lived to fulfil them till towards the end of the same year. Over and above his own books of travel, he edited a library of travels, and with Ripley a handbook of literature and fine arts; and he did much miscellaneous literary work, editing and translating from German and other tongues. His ambitions were to be remembered as a poet, and he ranks well to the front in the second rank of American poets. His early models were Byron and Shelley; Tennyson's influence is obvious in some of his work, and Goethe's is still more marked. His *Oriental Poems* are perhaps his most spontaneous and characteristic work; but some of his Pennsylvanian ballads also show him at his best, tender and simple rather than sonorous and rhetorical as much of his work is. His *Faust* is the book by which he is best known in England, and is one of the most successful of all the attempts yet made to approach an adequate English rendering of Goethe's masterpiece. His poetic works included *Rhymes of Travel* 1848; *Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs* 1851; *Poems of the Orient* 1854; *Poems of Home and Travel* 1855; *The Poet's Journal* (1862); *Poems* 1865; *The Masque of the Gods* (1872); *Lore* 1873; a Tennysonian narrative poem; *The Prophet, a Tragedy* 1874; *Home Pastorals* (1875); *The National Ode*, which he was chosen to deliver at the Centennial Exhibition 1876; *Prince Deukalion*, a lyrical drama (1878), perhaps too directly modelled after *Faust*; and his exceptionally admirable translation of *Faust* (1870-71). He also wrote several novels, the best *Hannah Thurston* (1863) and *The Story of Kennett* (1866). His *Life and Letters* were edited by his second wife, daughter of an Erfurt astronomer, and Horace E. Sautter.

A Bedouin Love-Song.

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!



BAYARD TAYLOR.

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

From 'The Pines'

Ancient Pines,
Ye bear no record of the years of man.
Spring is your sole historian, Spring that paints
These savage shores with hues of Paradise;
That decks your branches with a fresher green,
And through your lonely far canals pours
Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye
That wander down to lakes and widening seas
Of blossom and of fragrance, laughing Spring,
That with her wanton blood retells her veins.