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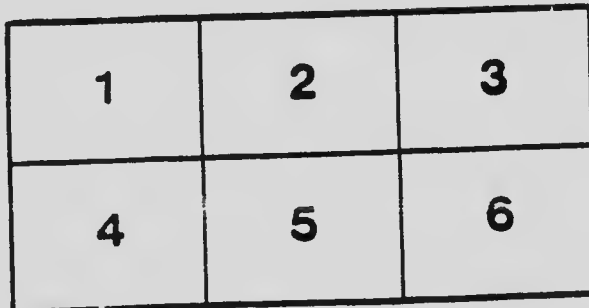
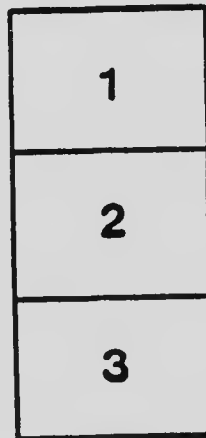
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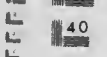
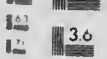
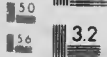
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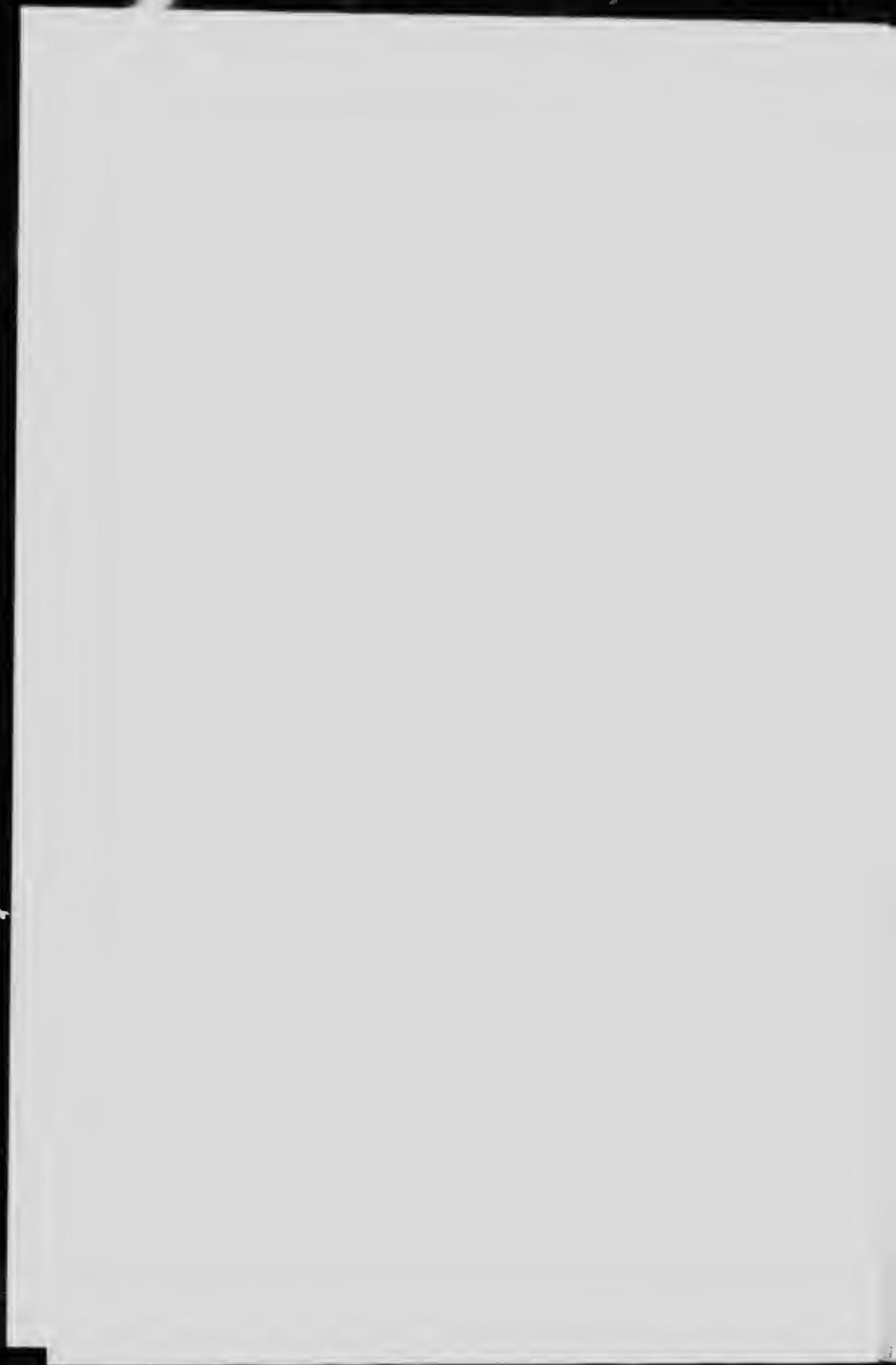
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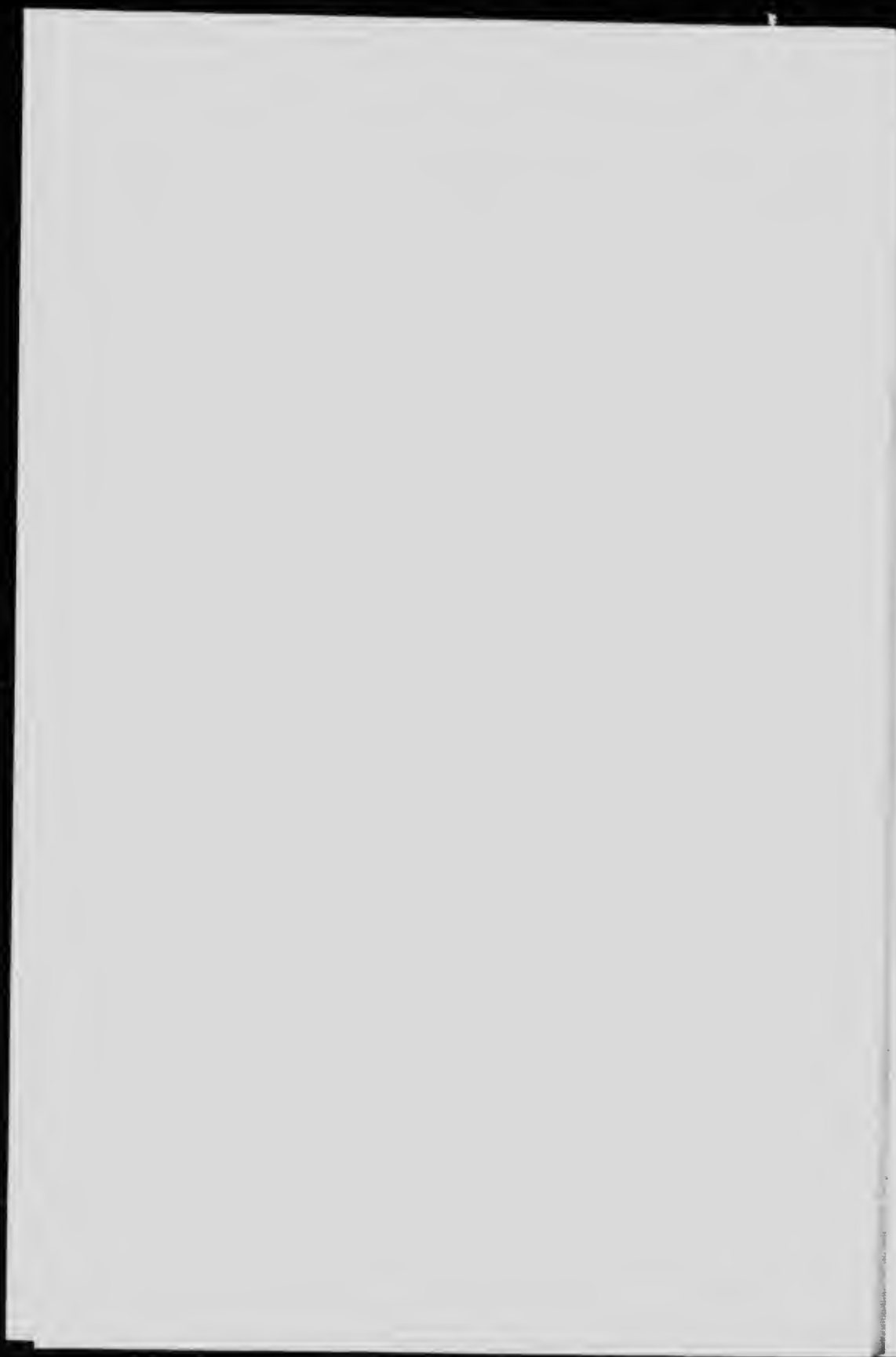












LYRICS AND POEMS



Lyrics and Poems



BY

A. R. MICHIE

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1912

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LYRICS AND POEMS

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

—*Horace, Book III., Ode ii.*

THE rising tide was flowing from the main,
And fitfully the rain
With doleful dirge came down and smote the land;
A mass of laboring cloud o'erhead—
Like sable pall that shrouds the dead—
A dreary mantle threw; summer was dying
That saw,—where her offsprings were lying
E'en now in purpled garb,—the North his icy wings
expand.

Scarce to his bederèd banks St. Lawrence
Rear'd his dull head, but now and ever—
As wakened by the eddying torrents—
Lapt at the crags, with emerald weeds o'erhung,
Where still the fading creeper clung
In mournful masses, twined so lovingly
In that last fond embrace Death's fingers could not
sever.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

Along the deep where Britain's frigates lay,
Like wrathful beasts at bay,
And now, close-cabined from the chilling flaw,—
Beset with cares that sway'd 'twixt home and war—
The young commander sat
Engrossed in melancholy chat
Amid his valiant crew,—
With ò m forebodings of the coming day,—
The twilight o'er the deepening blue
Rough shadows indistinctly threw,
Where towering haughtily and high,
The sullen vessels, dark and huge—
Anchored from strife and tumult at Cap Rouge,—
Flapt their dull sails against a threatening sky.

Night was descending, and above,
The hazy moon, wan creeping forth,
A pale and misty network wove
Upon the water's surface and the earth;
Her vapory curtain parted, ere a shower,
The sombre light illumed the dying hour,
Tinging that soft valance about her bed,
Which her cloud-hidden feet with eager tread
O'erleapt, and weeping, shed forlornest love.

Half through the hours of weary night,
When all, it seemed, save night's lone bird, were
sleeping,

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

Dreaming of homes and loves, in slumbers light,
In some fair realm: a guard his watch was keeping;
While night's noon came and like a spectre pass'd
With the brief breeze that smote each murmuring mast;
Calm silence,—save that, rounding many a ledge,
The distant cataract rumbled o'er its edge.
But hark! from out the stillness sounds are heard,
Ere yet gray morn his watery weeds doth gird;
And o'er the bulwarks deep, a shadowy throng
That noise of clattering footsteps still prolong.

Is it a convoy with supplies?
Our midnight fleet of merchandise,
That dark, like apparitions, glides,
And o'er the water rides,
As smooth before the tide they sweep,
Noiseless as prow and oars could be
Past Samos and Sillery,
Toward the bastioned steep?

Nay, 'tis not, yet dawn shall tell,
When in yon sky, so passive now,
Lowers, frowning o'er the horizon's brow
A death-smoke, sulphurous, dense and fell,
Bearing to thee the tale too well—
The sons of Albion once again
Have striven for conquest's bays, and have not striven
in vain.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

The misted stars through their dunn veil,
That saw them rock and rampart scale,
Strained their wondering eyes:
'Twas sure no time to sleep or be
Lost in loose frivolity
Behind the curtains of the skies.
But view the mad confusion brought
To fireless camp and fortress, where
Slumbering squadrons, lost to care,
At ease reclined, nor little thought
Their reckless foe would venture there.

To Beanport's lines the fiery tidings spread:
To the far country-side they sped:
From posts that Charles' course could see
Was hurried forth the artillery:
The ruined barrack, galled by shot and shell,
Poured out its force before the citadel;
The hasty meal each soldier swift dispatched,
And the long musket from its corner snatched;
While still the loud confusion grew.
And hoarse and harsh "To arms!" the bugle blew.
The woodsman round his humble shed
Fond farewells brief distributed
To those that mourned, yet wanly smiled,
And turn'd to join the concourse wild,
The peasant poor forsook his withered vines
To swell with eager step the gathering lines;

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

Where the live drum's continuous rattle
Emboldened breathless men to battle,
Far-brought from Gaspé's quiet shores or the Lauren-
tian pines.

Now banners floating proud and free—
The "rampant lion," the "fleurs de lis"—
Defied the opposing notes of war,
The scorn of empires that they bore,
And signals of hostility.
There, full-displayed the throng amid,
In grandeur's pride and dignity,
The Royal Standard, rais'd on high,
The morning breezes chid:
As from the staff projecting wide
The bending clouds it flapt beside,
And big with spreading wings of rouge and gold
Twixt powers of air its ample length unrolled,
As teemed that higher atmosphere
With spirit armies far and near
In strife sublime on that fair plain:
And vanquished legions of the sky by conquering foes
lay slain.

Such fancies through the general's mind might move,
As the huge fabric waved above,
High o'er that red array,
Which now was deep bewrapt in smoke,
As firmly the command he spoke,

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

And urged the black and deadly thunder,—
The fire of battle-fury under,
Till he,—the foe's ranks rent asunder,—
Among the dying lay.

Borne to Fame in Victory's arms,
That held her green immortal palms,
His day of desolation done,
His final crown of triumph won,
He fell, bright Glory's smile beneath,
Closing the death-enchanted eyes,
'Mid loud buzzes and conquerors' cries,
There by attending Destinies
Crowned, with the hero's wreath.

THE WAVES

I HEARD last night the breakers at the beach
On their bars and barriers beat,
Like ten thousand tramping feet,
While the surge against its dread opponent drave:
And many a hapless craft, gall'd by the briny beach,
Sank to its cradle in the swelling wave,—
Beat, beat, beat, with measures short and fleet,
Lulling the weary listener with its conclamation sweet.

From stormy coasts came those impetuous waves,
From sea-girt isles and foreign shores afar;
They swept aloft the mariners' lone graves,
Formed in the deep, below the watery war,—
Beat, 'eat, beat, how they turn and tumble still,
Ever wrathful, loudly calling, surging upward, gently
falling,—
Upon the sand and shingles crawling,—
To the moaning of the night-wind on the hill.

And mute I lay and listened, absorbed in vainest
dreams,
To the coil of their mad motion, creating many a notion
Of the nether world below those waters chill;

THE WAVES

And heard the sea-news answer with vituperative
screams

The deep denunciations of the swill.

Beat, beat, beat, all foes retreat before

The cavalries of ocean with disorder, with commo-
tion,—

Rulers of the main from shore to shore.

Darkness did deepen as that hour of night

Men term the witching hour, in stealth drew nigh:

From north and west had faded the dim light,

And still was heard the sea-birds' tireless cry;

For each chasm is their nest,

On the crested heights they rest,

Deerying to the god of winds on high;

While beat, beat, beat, accompanies their calls,

Till the brain's bewildered, weary of the conflict long
and dreary,

Full of mystic sounds and eerie,

As the billow swells and falls.

I cried on the unfathomable sea,

“Thou restless tide, where was thy life begun?

Wast thou born among the mountains?

Was thy rise in crystal fountains?

In thy fallings and surmountings what hast thou gain'd
for thee?

Thou wanderest like a being mid the chaos of the world,

THE WAVES

Thou comest and thou goest 'neath the variable sun,
What gain accrues to thee, O gay and giddy one,
In the dreamy, sheeny moonlight so impearl'd?"
But, beat, beat, o'er the vast aquatic sheet,
Was all I heard the toiling waves' monotony repeat,
As with each vociferous bound came the same continual
 sound
Of the surf and whirling eddies as they flung their
 spray around
In their reckless, mad collision,
In their subsequent division,
While wave on wave the land did lave
With musieal allision;
Till the stars' uncertain fires above in fainter brillianee
 shone,
Till dawn had ope'd its drowsy eyes, and the shade of
 night had gone.

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

Suggested by the famous picture of Vassili
Vrestchagin

BEHOLD 't' straggl'g vanguard!—warriors strong;
So lately rear'd, return from vainest strife:
No bugle sounds the military song
Which stirs the valiant soldier's heart to life;
A foe more dire than human rage runs rife
Through the vast ranks, that ceaseless doth devour
With wolfish greed, of Gaul's fair realms the flower.

The chieftain's voice, the gunner's tube is still'd;
From squadrons dread no death-smoke clouds the air;
Hush'd is war's bray, the cannon's greed is fill'd
With carnage now and reap'd its harvest fair:
The young dragoon has uttered his last prayer,
And sinks unmurmuring to his final rest,
His sins at length repented and confess'd.

Within the veins of the gay grenadier
Life's warm and crimson tide no more shall bound;

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

That frigid down, shroud, sepulchre and bier
Shall be, now close encompassing around
Comrade, steed, vehicle in mass profound;
There can no more the battle-storm distress:
The warrior dreams beneath that cold caress.

No mortal foemen did the camps assail,
No Cossack hordes, far-scatter'd through the gloom:
On his gun-carriage mute lies the gunner pale,
Stark on the iron shaft, his place of doom,
Which oft for him had formed a rest at home,
Ere across Niemen's stream that march had made,
With cloud-like hosts to crush and cannonade.

Silent's the unchamp'd bit betwixt the jaws
Of the still bridled charger, who had borne
So oft his rider on past fields of Mars:
Unburnish'd is the frost-encrusted mourne;
To other scenes the warrior now has gone,
His pallid corse stretch'd to the wintry wind:
On him Death laid his stealthy hand and kind.

From the far summits of a mountain range,
Scenting the prey, full many a vulture flies,
Circling aloft that trail of ruin strange,
To vain ambition's lust a sacrifice—
A gleam voracious in their fearless eyes,

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

Gathering in vaster flocks where'er the slain
By foe's or famine's merciless hands are lain.

And falls in deepening fold the annual snow,
Piling up heap on heap, a mantle making,
Till Spring's warm breath with Lydian sound shall
 blow,
Calling the earth from dreams to new awaking;
From laden'd boughs the north winds now are shaking
Ethereal blossoms, touch'd with liquid light,
Sparkling like starlets on a cloudless night.

But earth's fair pageant those couch'd forms see not,
Those ornaments of pearl no eyes admire,
In the still sleep where conflicts are forgot,
Where rankling thoughts and enmities expire:
No eloud domestic frowns twixt son and sire;
The trivial care—woe's deepest grief—love—scorn
With autumn's wither'd leaves are dead and gone.

High in the turret of an ancient fane,
At far St. Petersburg, the bells are pealing:
Their silvery chimes rise over rock and plain,
Thoughts of an empire in her joy revealing:
Yet for the dead those distant tones seem stealing:
They ring a requiem on that host below:
The soldier and his lord 'neath far-enfolding snow.

THE VISION OF KING HADDING

THE mantling night had closed around
Fair Hledra's walls; bright over Heaven
The moon in modest vestments gown'd
Distilled her mystic fire: no sound
From wave or wind o'er earth was given;
The old Norse king in pensive mood
Had lain him down within his tent,—
Deep was the midnight solitude,
And deep his slumbers as he went
Again through countless wars and woes,
Encountering all his Gothic foes,—
The hostile hordes of former days,
He well had fought in thousand frays,—
And more false fancy could invent.
Sad was his soul, yet in those dreams
To pass thro' life anew he seems;
Youth with fresh ardor once again,
And love, inspire his valiant reign:
Yet ever in the midst of all
Delights, a shade like prophecy would fall,
To gloom each glory like a pall:
He heard the tramp of foemen nigh,
The tumult's roar, the battle cry,

THE VISION OF KING HADDING

His own and all his country's good
Menaced, and bathed in their own blood
Loved followers,—by these thoughts opprest
He turned discomforted in rest.
When, lo! had sight and reason lied?
Before the tent's drawn entrance there,—
Like threads of light her flowing hair,—
His lost queen-wife beradiant stood,
Returned from those dominions where
Deep bliss awaits the great and good,—
Fair Regenhild, in semblance still
The same as that enchanting bride—
Same as the worship'd wife who died,
He woo'd and won through every ill.
Amazèd from the couch he raised
His limbs, and on the apparition gazed,
Which met his look with those pure eyes,
Fraught with divinest love; upon
Her face celestial glory shone,
Foreign to things of earthly guise.
Dazed thus with the spectral sight,
Scarce yet convinced he saw aright,
Hark! on the tranquil night arose,
(Waking as 'twere to life the stones),
A silvery harp's harmonious tones,
Which, fill'd with many a pleasing close,
And varying cadence touch bestows,
Wrought echoes sweet and tremulous.

THE VISION OF KING HADDING

The king was raptured to behold
That form, bathed in the moonlight cold,
Whose sprinkling beams about, above,
A shroud of silver broidery wove,
As amorons of those vapory weeds,
They intermingled: "Spirit, speak!"—
His voice upon the stillness died,
While echo whispering, "Speak," replied
The flush of fervor tinged each cheek,
As visions of immortal meads,
Where winds breathe sweet and streams pellucid flow,
Came wandering to his spirit now.
The presence, when the music ceased,
And those last concords were released,
Spoke in language soft and low:
"Monarch beloved, most worthy sire
Of our fair offspring twain, who still
To follow inclinations ill
Are prone, and lean to base desire,
Hearken thou to the things which I
To thee this night shall prophesy;
Thy daughter with deceitful wile,
Unfilial, sunk in deepest guile,
Even Ufhild, has designed a deed
Of foul intent on thine, her father's head.
To-morrow ere the westering sun
Declineth may the thing be done:
Crime yet unborn lies in its lair;

THE VISION OF KING HADDING

Its sign shall be the o'erflowing mead,
Take to the vision's voice then heed,
And while with mirth thou minglest there,
Of craft and falsehood's smile beware;
Arm well thyself with blade and mail,
Of which thou surely wilt have need;
Nor love nor reasoning can avail,
Thy weapon must alone protect thy life;
Farewell—farewell—”

The sweet voice ceased, the dream was gone,
As vanish mists at break of morn,
As clouds from their fine nebulous state
Dissolve in rain when overfed;
As dews ere noon evaporate,
So had the shape ethereal fled.
The king in silence was alone
Once more, only the night-wind soft
Crept round about with plaintive moan,
Or fann'd the fringes of his bed,—
Only the midnight stars aloft
In deep eternal mystery shone.

THE HARP OF DAVID

WHEN Jesse's son upon the harp did play,
In spirit grave or gay,
And drew from the exhaustless springs
Of music, thro' the tremulous strings,
The ancient strains that Jubal in his day
Was wont to thrill the savage sons of clay,
The royal halls were fill'd with wonder,
And clouds of evil swept asunder,
As potent winds divide the sea;
While fingering light and skilfully,
A lofty tone to sound he gave,
And with sweet concords wove
(Of fields of blood or labyrinths of love)
Sublime creations honoring the chivalrous and brave.

He play'd with fervor deep and strong,
Accompanied with song,
The lays in wild Judea he learn'd of heavenly birth,
When o'er the moor-driven sheep
His wilderness-watch to keep,
Fill'd the enamour'd air around with songs and sacred
mirth.

THE HARP OF DAVID

And now to the imperial palace rais'd,
In trembling tones aloft
Issues the anthem soft,
While princes stand enraptur'd and amaz'd,
Bound in that supernatural chain,
As stealing numbers sink and soar,
Breathing of martial deeds about the seats of war—
Pharaoh's confounded legions lost, the hosts of Midian
slain.

Or the prophetic wires in dolorous strain
Of Achish's battle-triumph ring,
When, bow'd and bleeding, Israel's king,
Condemn'd by Fate's chill hand
To yield the sceptre of command,
Shall lifeless lie on Mount Gilboa's plain ;
Of Hebron's flowery vales and placid lakes,
Or the fresh, vine-clad groves of Canaan's shore :
Of fragrant forests the mild wind which shakes
On Lebanon's lone top that wave forevermore,
The bard immortal swells the theme with power un-
heard before.

And from the boundless wilds of night,
Adorn'd with her bright gems :
Whose golden harps, to glory lent,
Make glad the heavenly firmament,

THE HARP OF DAVID

To the sun's pure transcendent light,
Restoring Nature in his flight:
That hides in radiant fire those jewels for diadems;
From Libya, herbless, parched and dry,
Whose sterile wastes in endless torments lie
Within the burning zone, he sweetly roves
To smiling Gilead's fruitful groves,
Where joys of every order greet the eye:
From Moab's fertile pasture lands
To Idumæa's desert sands,
The drear Cimmerian haunts of earth and hell
To empyrean reigns of light hear the proud symphony
swell!

And in succession mutely moving,
The audience behold
Long lines of reverend patriarchs of old,
Shrin'd in the sanctity of holy life,
Serene 'mid crime and schism rife:
Loved not nor revered of men, yet still in pity
loving.

Now ocean claims a tribute from his song,
When his disturbèd deep,
With endless roar and surging leap,
Shook the foundations of his boundaries strong,
And madly foaming tore
His firmly-settled adamantine shore;

THE HARP OF DAVID

In whose untam'd procellous waves
Leviathan, prodigious, laves
His mammoth bulk 'neath hostile seas,
Which not o'erawe his mighty soul
By their combin'd ferocities,
As they with everlasting roll
Rage round the encircled world and dash from pole to
pole.

Charm'd by the varied numbers smoothly flowing
The kingly countenance,
With hope at once,
Returning zeal and resolution glowing,
Grows brighter, and as silently he hears
The gloom of jealous passion disappears,
As mists of night before the breezes blowing;
Glory on ascending wings
Soars as from the mystic strings,
By the minstrel's cunning unconfin'd:
With aspiration pure anew
The stricken sovereign to endue:
Smooth the deep furrows from his brow and renovate
his mind.

Oh, then, for the musician young and fair
A festival prepare!
Forth bring the laurel wreath—a crown allow!
Let mirth in dance reel round
Unto the pipe's shrill sound:

THE HARP OF DAVID

Entwine young amaranth in garland for his brow ;
Conjoin the viol and lute's complaint
With tabret's tap without restraint :
Let the melodious psaltery, loud and free,
Mingle the choir among
With smooth and silver tongue,
And swell with dulcimer the melody ;
For his illustrious name must never die
Who can by music's voice compel the evil shades to fly.

THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD

REMOTE 'neath a funereal sky,
Obscured with frowning canopy,—
Unknown, untrod by living being,—
As though with Nature disagreeing,—
It had escaped the Immortal eye,
An isle,— a desolated isle,—
Walled with many a rocky pile,—
Its grim and ghostly peaks doth raise:
And dead to Time's recordless days,
In slumbers unawaking lie
About their breasts the airs which petrify.

A mystic calm, unvexed by motion,
Broods ever on the unruffled ocean,
Reflecting o'er its livid plane
Dense mists of undescending rain,—
Its own dull image baek again.
A vagueness, awesome and profound,
From immemorial time, around
Has fallen on rock, age-sculptured cave,
On dismal chasm, on tideless wave:
As tho', imbued and deep ingrained

THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD

By Mystery's hand, with Death was stained:
And Death, the immortal tyrant, reigned,
From countless ages, ere light had kist
The lands and dwellers of the mist,—
Isles of perennial darkness, known
To wanderers of the deep alone;
Whose venturous barques, thro' hostile seas
Had view'd the far-off Hebrides.

No light here cheers the herbless waste,
No deep's green bosom is enchased
With sleep-drowsed woods and fern-like leaves
That tone from Luna's light receives:
No zephyrs curl fair waves, to alarm
The hush—the meditative calm.
A spectral shape eternally
Mourns o'er the visionary sea,
That no intruding form might stain
The glaze of that inviolable plain,
Whose face ne'er felt warm sunbeams leap,
Like gems on its Lethean deep—
Pacificaly lulled asleep.

Valley of shadows! sablest urn!
Where souls released from life return,
Who in that sea without a wave—
That sea of gloom, float noiseless to the grave—
To caverns lustreless and foul,

THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD

Where Chaos and Confusion howl,—
Night-raven, vampire and the owl—
Through the weird hollow breaking spells
Of that dark Phlegethon of Hells:
Home of the helpless, wandering pale,—
Wraiths of lost hopes, dim shapes that wail,
And all Gehenna's regions haunt,
Ghastly in hideous woe, and gaunt,
But the shrill echoes filling this
Ne'er rise up past its dread abyss,
Ne'er wake the never-ending dream
Of this unvoiced,—this Stygian stream:
Nor fright forboding ill which flings
Black doom from off sepulchral wings,
Nor moves (the nebulous mists amid)
Each mournful-pointing pyramid,
Which in the rayless solitude is hid.
But a sense, strange to mirth or
Marks all,—a long suspense of life
Stagnation over shore and sea,
Whose names are dread "Mortality."

THE HURRICANE

THOU force formidable, in whose dread wake
Vessels are swept by the surrounding waves
To dire destruction; and to nameless graves
Swart mariners, in a moment of ill-fate
Go down, to view no more the waters make
Their ebullition; thy tumultuous wrath,—
Extreme bewilderment of wave and wind
Striving for conquest,—who can e'er abate?
Wreckage on wreckage strews thy Titan path,
Spars and gigantean hulls, far driven hence
By the conflicting elements,
Now leagued, now drawn in fury blind
One on the other, billows hurling hate
In deadliest throes, at all which gave them birth
Impetuously surge and shake the earth
In the convulsions of insatiate rage,
Lashing the fretful fluid underneath,
Or curling in huge concave, till their tops,
Driven in white spume with many a briny wreath,
Fall sprinkling the green deep in saline drops.

The heralds of the storm in round career
Circle the wrecks among with shrillest cries:

THE HURRICANE

Now ride again the foam, now rising, veer
As an inconstant breeze, in cessacies,
And in the tumult of spasmodic flight,
Shake the light sea loose from their plumage white.

The thunder of the surge triumphant, heard
Even to the mountain's scalps, where scattered mists
Those penetrating spires of crystal gird,
Calls Echo from the chasms where she exists,
Who responds fainter to those titful groans
In melancholy sighs and hollow monologues,
As if long grief her spirit yet to goad
Contin'd her, still lamenting such abode.

The monster beings that people the vast deep,
Enscenced in coral caves and dim recesses,
Roofed all with tangles of marinal weeds,
Amid the abysses of their caverns keep,
Crawling beneath the intermingling cresses
Which mat those unilluminated meads,
Where the gray gleam of day ne'er penetrates;
Yet in whose deep, whose unexplored domains
Vitalic forces are:
The power that sways, life still disseminates,
Scattering the universal spawn afar,—
And scaled creations glide the aquatic plains.
There rove the sword-fish swift and pirate shark,
Marauding victors of the predal kind,

THE HURRICANE

In deep tenebrious wastes of Empires dark,
Where osiers-wave and sinuous sea-vines wind
Lustrous stems round columns fern-enshrin'd,
Encircling natural frieze and architrave,
And rude arch submarine, and wrinkled fame,
Nereid-erected in the halcyon wave,
Drap'd in the green embroidery of the main.
They dream not in the smoothness of that life,
Of havoc's rage nor elemental strife,
Where wrangling waters and collected airs,
Embattled far above,
Know not the tranquil territory of theirs,
Bathed in rich realms of Love.

THANKSGIVING EVE

'Twas autumn; over tructur'd wood and wild
The hand of Death in nature wide was seen:
Amid the copse the last pale flow'rets smil'd,
Smil'd as their wasted faces thrust between
The purpled leaves, late turn'd from summer's green:
Robb'd of their waving wealth of yellow grain —
The annual harvest reap'd and garner'd clean —
Was every croft and every stubble plain:
Old age of Nature's pride had surely come again.

Chill was the air and sombre the gray sky,
A hovering mist hung o'er morass and lea,
Observing the fair landscape low and high,
More dense and dismal where it met the sea.
Becaln'd and tideless in tranquility;
The fowl of waters had forsook the spume
Of the hush'd deep and crowded to the quay,
Protection seeking there from winds by whom
The humid fogs seem'd driven, that darken'd more the
gloom.

The silent sadness and the tone of death,
Influencing the atmosphere of things,

THANKSGIVING EVE

Had fallen on all; with close and noxious breath
All space was fill'd: on melancholy wings
A spirit of ill made voiceless utterings,
As sweeping thro' the gathered shades it brought
Memories of fleeting joys that sorrow brings;
And deeply interwoven and inwrought
In Nature's self there clung one all-pervading thought.

That was life's dread decay, e'en as when fall
The scrod leaves, their being's infirmity;
The transientness and vanity of all
Created things, where'er on earth they be,
Shadow'd by clouds as with a canopy;
Whose brightest hours the influence of that law
Must feel, still weak to shake their glory free:
For in the midst of earthly bloom I saw
Death's hungry form, the fangs sanguine with human
gore.

Long had I lain in silent meditation,
Heavy with melancholy, for I seem'd
As one unpurpos'd in a wide creation,
Far differing from the ethereal one I dream'd:
When sudden on my drooping soul there stream'd
A light, like that which gilds a dying day,
Long shadow'd by the densest clouds; it gleam'd,
A still undying, a celestial ray:
I rose from out my place and wander'd slow away,

THANKSGIVING EVE

Lost in a reverie, pondering o'er those deep
Unfathomable principles which form
The inmost soul of life, that hiding, keep
The varied and innumerable swarm
Of problems still unsolved, whose mysteries charm
Our minds to dwell on Fancy's teachings fond,
I stray'd, yet musing o'er with feelings warm,
Secrets that wake not till that angel wand
Strikes o'er this cloud-pavilion'd globe from realms be-
yond.

Often as these conflicting feelings came
And vanish'd, thro' my soul a wild emotion
Pass'd, like a hurricane of wind and flame,
Which sweeps in torrid clime o'er land and ocean;
A passion 'twas touch'd with a deep devotion,
A tender grief which drown'd my eyes in tears
With pity, that balm of the heart's corrosion:
Seeing thro' a long train of troubled years
Multitudes toiling on amid a sea of cares.

From wooded walks strewn all with yellow leaves—
A shroud for the dead flowers, by Nature sent,
Carpeting the paths in which some mortal weaves
Oft many a love-maze, Fancy doth invent.
I pass'd to the broad streets that men frequent:
And as the weather damp chill'd flesh and bones,
My garments fasten'd close about, and went

THANKSGIVING EVE

More briskly o'er the pavement of set stones—
The flints beneath my tread gave out metallic tones.

Bright with adornment fair and drapery
Were the town windows deck'd; rich halls gave forth
A gladsome gleam, where light festivity
Rose in the mingled sounds of song and mirth:
Thanksgiving Eve it was, and over earth,
With feast and laughter gay and hymn of praise,
Pleasure encircled many a cheerfu' hearth,
Whose brilliance flicker'd on the hower'd displays,
And on the wall without threw red the reflected blaze.

'Mid gathering crowds my winding way I threaded,
A sense of joy arisen at my heart,
And now back for the moss-roof'd cottage headed,
With dying leaves and spreading vines engirt;
When chancing as by accident to dart
A casual glance towards my right, I saw,
In utmost want, a form that made me start—
A girl crouch'd shivering 'gainst a hostel door,
Whose wraps about her drew to shield her from the flaw.

And pausing, deeply smitten by sight so drear,
Observed she clasp'd an infant to her breast
In a most fond embrace: I stepp'd more near,
To closer view her misery, and request
Of her of this sad state: e'en as she press'd

THANKSGIVING EVE

The young life to her bosom, I espied
Its tiny arms outreaching in unrest:
Upon its cheeks lay still the tears undried,
And all the while to check the baby grief she tried.

The enfolding fog wreathed round and thus obscured
The luckless figure, as if pityingly,
Even it, cold, damp and cheerless, half deplored
The scene it wish'd no human eyes to see:
But hid with vapory veil the indignity
A bitter world had flung on one so young:
Affording more than kindred mortals free:
Veil'd so the dense night shades and mists among,
Wonder she press'd the child and to it closer clung.

Like the symbolical pelican she seem'd,
Emblem of love divine and tenderest care,
Wounding its own fair breast, whence downward
stream:
The flowing life for Famine and Despair—
To check the dark destroyer lurking there;
Her cheeks, her brow, a weary want display'd,
And often was her snowy bosom bare
To the drear wind, which e'er a moaning made,
As tho' it mourn'd for one so piteously array'd.

Such was the sight that met my gaze, and woke
A sympathy within me; and I drew

THANKSGIVING EVE

An outer vestment off, to form a cloak :
And, " Pardon, madam, this approach to you,"
The garment round her shivering shoulders threw,
As it had been a mantle : to her eyes
At once there shone a ray of hope anew—
A sudden gleam, a gladness of surprise,
Which, voiceless, spoke more loud than lingual replies.

And from the pocket of my coat, confining
A curious purse, where reposed coins of gold
I took, and offer'd her : as though divining
My mind's intent, she hasten'd to enfold
About her more the threadbare wraps and old ;
Refusing strangely this most urgent thing,
Which possess'd charms to house her from the cold.
The gelid wind search'd round with icy sting :
She wanly smil'd and took the alms, low murmuring.

For in amazement, " Take this welcome gift,"
Said I : " 'Twill give protection, go and dine !
Seek shelter from these gales !" Then did she lift
In mute appeal her lovely face to mine,
Where still the gems of youth assay'd to shine ;
And anon pour'd with pathos in my ear
Tales fraught with woe, which voiced each grievous
sign,
Traced on the delicate features year by year,
And dimm'd those velvet eyes long salt with many a
tear.

THANKSGIVING EVE

There glow'd the glory of a wondrous dream,
Such as those only show who see and feel
The foliage fading o'er life's scanty stream,
And on its face eternal winter steal,
Life's vital flow and sparkle to congeal;
A mark no mortal fingers could efface,
No skill of earthly execution heal:
And mingling with the natural charm and grace
Of beauty's self, its course of secret ruin trace.

Within my arms holding the infant then,
I ope'd the door whose step had form'd her seat;
Within, the rooms with women fair and men
Were gay, all there enjoying the full heat:
There shone the ware of Plenty, for kings meet:
Meanwhile the hostess her to comfort led:
But ere departing to the cheerless street
I asked, "What is thy name? and are you wed?"
She dropp'd her eyes, "My name is Eve," was all she
said.

The involving night now casting over all
Its ebon shade, the deep fog deeper on,
That hung o'er marsh and meadow like a pall—
I, chill'd therewith, and anxious to be gone,
Hasted for home, and by a path well worn,
At length amid the tangles of a wood—
By nipping frosts of half its foliage shorn—

THANKSGIVING EVE

Before the ivy-mantled portal stood
Which graced a dwelling snug as elms could e'er
seclude.

How light was pass'd that form of desolation!
Cast by the might of tempest on life's strand
From the world's wreckage, e'en for lamentation
Too far past woe's last stage, save from the sand—
The desert of a bleak and loveless land,—
To stay the fall of some unbidden tear,
Bowing beneath the cold and ruthless hand
Of Fate, that from life's birth had hovered near,
Blighting the flowers around her heart had held most
dear.

Thus was I, when two dreary days had pass'd,
With frosts and bitter winds and wintry skies,
Dark frowning, while those breaths seem'd each a blast
From Evil's caverns, smitten with surprise
And wonder, when I saw, as one who lies
In breathless sleep, where cares and sufferings gray
Have wiped their stamp from off unweeping eyes,
And dreams of mystery's shaping only play,
Where on her couch in still and icy death she lay.

And fair exceeding was she in that death:
How beauteous show the features of one dead!

THANKSGIVING EVE

Her light hair twin'd in many a tangled wreath
About her marble bosom, brow and head,
Like leaves of autumn which the stray winds shed;
And as if fingers of loved souls were sealing,
With films all fine, those orbs with light scarce fle',
And spirit sounds on waken'd ears were stealing,
A smile upon the lips spoke her last earthly feeling.

So lived in desolation's lap, so died,
Among strange forms, unmourn'd by rich or poor,
A wither'd flower, whose gilded leaves had dried
With early frosts, and perished ere the thaw:
But thro' the flaming portal of that door
Whose lock for her revolved, that open'd free,
In holy pomp a feast unrival'd saw,
Where music rose thro' many a golden key,
And smiles of welcome lured to that high jubilee.

A VISION

I HAD a vision of the realms above,—
The children of the earth to know their fates
Assembled were within the jasper gates;
And some, admitted to the meads of Love,
Absolved from sins, might dwell forevermore
Along the pastures of a fruitful shore,
Where waters, breaking softly on its sands,
Enrapturing and eternal music made;
And some were banished to perpetual shade
For their misdeeds and bound in fiery bands,
That they might suffer for foul crimes below
Apollyon's pains and purgatorial woe.
Now gazing wistfully, as near I stood,
On white-robed saints and the angelic throng,
Which swarmed without that countless multitude,
And heard the swelling of triumphant song,
I saw, brought forth the burning lines along,
One whose ill life was marr'd with grievous stains,
And sins in plenty his whole course had hemmed:
"No power," thought I, "can save him from the pains
Of yonder torment, he will be condemned."
Low-bow'd he stands, the trial then begins,
Extorting long confessions, sins on sins;

A VISION

Till now his judgment's course seemed almost o'er,
And he must soon receive that sentence, "Nevermore."
When suddenly, as from the spirit press,
Or close environs of that brilliant place,
Appeared a form with pale and wrinkled face,
Deep-lined with earthly care and wretchedness;
'Twas of a woman; round she cast her eyes,
That lighted on his features in surprise:
Then o'er her own a gleam of joy o'erspread
To thus behold a face glad memories speak,
And hands that wiped damp sorrow from the cheek
Which felt Privation's touch, and who had fed.
Then staring in amaze, white clouds I saw
Rise densely round about and come between;
While a voice spake, "Because thou once hast seen
And soothed the sufferings of this being poor,
So shall thy needy soul have aid as well,
Rise! live! for thou deliveredst art from Hell."

THE LOVERS

WARM was the summer air, so sweetly full
Of unpolluted odors; from the heavens
The earliest star, on vale and glittering pool,
Gazed down and smil'd on fairest of all evens.

The late bee journey'd to her flower'd abode,
Laden'd with Nature's sweetness; on the wind,
That trembled to soft murmurs was a load
Oppressive, such as loves the musing mind.

Close elung the slender vine about its stay,
As tho' in fear lest some molest its love;
All silently light dews the virgin may
Immersed from their cool vaporous founts above.

The sun had fallen to his wonted bed
In ocean's lap, and all the waves around,
At his departure, deeply flushing red,
Wrinkled its surface with a whispering sound.

In a concealed retreat, unseen by any,
A villa, long erected, nestled fair;
Inhabited it was not now by many;
The sun's rays barely found an entrance there.

THE LOVERS

A shaded bower midst flowers promiscuous springing,
O'ergrown with weeds and woodbine sheltering,
 breathed
Fresh life to plants and vines about it clinging:
A haunt of insects, round with ivy wreathed.

It rose deep-arboled by broad leafy trees,
The shadowy ash its limbs o'erspreading threw,
At one point only crept the winnowing breeze,
Fanning love-wings the tinted blooms to woo.

The hyacinth's brilliantly enamelled face
Of marble whiteness, drooped in sorrow's guise:
There honeysuckle like an emerald lace
Climbed the low archways with unnumbered eyes.

The full-flowered musk diffused its incense sweet,
Making the warm air heavy, till it seemed
Press'd by the magic tread of faery feet,
Of which a tranced poet might have dreamed.

The lily drooping low her suppliant head,
Fell mid her leaves asleep—a charmed slumber,
By the night-vapor's canopy o'erspread,
And kiss'd by dews whose loads the flowers encumber.

Where creepers intertwined themselves and weaved
A network of fine tracery, covering all
With fondly massed embraces, till they leaved
The topmost turrets old and moss-grown wall,

THE LOVERS

Two lovers still were seated, while the last
Dying reflections of bright sunbeams gone
Tinged the light tresses, like sweet thoughts unpass'd,
Of one fair image those had smiled upon.

Their eyes were turned to that illumined sky,
Chased with the chequered tints of pink and gold
And orange, touched with many a varying dye,
In the serene face of Heaven together roll'd.

Far in the silent darkness of that night
Their voices fell along the winding ways,
While stars, which wrought aloft a wild delight,
Shed on the world below their mystic rays.

How sweet is love when two young beings meet
To read that old yet story ever new,
Told in each tender look, each motion sweet,
Speaking more clear than words could ever do!

That scene has faded long as dreams will fade
With dawn's approach; the bower is lone and still,
With grass untrodden each grown walk o'erlaid,
Where the birds flit and congregate at will.

About the dreary hall chill winds make moan,
Like ghosts awakened out of sleep, and blow
The dead leaves of past summer, red and brown,
With gusts spasmodic, sadly to and fro.

THE LOVERS

The youthful lover, long since torn apart
From his fair bride, by fate's decree, to war,
Had left her sobbing with an aching heart,
And saw, alas! her faery form no more.

Where the copse throws its fragrance with mild breath
Over a fruitful olive grove, he lies
'Neath the chill sod with many a one in death:
The light of love extinguished from his eyes.

And far remote, marked by a lettered stone,
Rests she, where winds æolian music play:
In slumber undisturbed—this tells alone
Two beings lived and loved and passed away.

STANZAS TO A LARK

Thou sweet soloist!
How free o'er the mist,
Charmed by the twilight, thou risest to Heaven
Like a soul borne to rest
Upon Seraph's pure breast,
Cleaving the vapors of even.

Pink in the light
Is thy plumage bright,
Gem of the morning and glory of eve!
Beguiling thy way
With a jubilant lay:
Where didst thy tuition receive?

Like a planet above,
Breathing anthems of love
Thou flood'st the green land with a musical shower,
Seeming lightly to deem
Our dull earth a sad dream,
As thou mount'st the soft steps to thy bower.

STANZAS TO A LARK

O'er the mountain's white brim,
Light of heart as of limb,
Reviewing alone those palaces fair,
From thine amorous mate
So far separate,
In new regions thou ramblest there.

On winnowing wing,
To a world thou dost spring
Far outreaching the joys of this desolate earth;
From penury free,
Thou scorn'st poverty;
There never was cloud to thy mirth.

The tone of thy voice
Hearing still, I rejoice
That thy kingdom is not too remote for the sound:
Tell me all that is spread
O'er this world of the dead,
If e'er thou return'st to the ground.

Of one thing I complain,
In this realm of pain,
Where thoughts breed but anguish, and pleasures have
tears,
There is naught in this clay
That can bear me away
To those regions of radiant spheres.

STANZAS TO A LARK

In thy faery nest
There is sunshine and rest,
Light suspended in air from a journeying cloud;
Whence thou pourest such glee
By thy melody,
Now soft, now triumphantly loud.

Heaven's infinite dome
Is thy genial home,
Warm love and devotion surroundeth thee there;
Thoughts intensely divine,
Sweet soul! must be thine,
As thou treadest the redolent air.

Thou communest with those
Spirits blest in repose,
The sighs of the mourner are wasted on thee,
Overladen with song,
Flowing full to thy tongue,
Too joyous to hearke. to me.

But one parting word,
Melodious bird!
Or ere thou hast vanished those downy waves on,
Give me hope that once I
That ethereal sky
May inherit, where now thou art gone.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY

WHAT doth a prison make?
A structure grim whose massive bars
And forgèd lock create a cage
Wherein the tortured spends his rage,
Close-quartered from sun, moon and stars,
Where heart and members ache?

Or a deserted isle?
Forsook by all save but the sea,
Whose waves on the lone sands express
Some soul's drear life of emptiness,
To whose bare regions he may be
Confin'd, to grieve the while?

Existence in the tomb?
Down in earth's dark perfidious bowels,
Where, withering in his dungeon lot,
Which hope's brief beams irradiate not,
(Inhabited by sorrow's ghouls),
Some wretch endures his doom?

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY

Ah, no, while Fancy dares—
Tho' far remote from love and mirth,—
Vivid upon the memory trace
The light of thy angelic face,
It power affords of heavenly birth,
To conquer human cares.

Then since my bliss to save
Thou hast the art, of keys possess
To this strange lock: may thy fair hand
Apply the charm,—by thy command
I'll 'neath the spell of love's unrest
Remain thy willing slave.

THE BELLS OF EDINBURGH ON A SABBATH EVE

THE shadows o'er Dun-Edin's walls were stealing,
Athwart fair grounds the stately statues spread
Their lengthened copies, on the earth revealing
Dark figures of the dead.

From one profoundly venerable pile,
Aloft the structures gray it frown'd upon,
The bells were ringing from their spire the while
The long diapason.

Or softly sweet, filling the dreamy air
With chords entwined, melodious music making,
Or falling in confusion like despair,
Regretful thoughts awaking.

Ever the concords roll'd, in that fair medley,
Round hoary towers that mocked a thousand years;—
Time could not crush, with hammer sure and deadly,
Those architectural tiers.

BELLS OF EDINBURGH ON A SABBATH EVE

The long green slopes by amorous vines half-shaded,
The jasmine and anemone and the pink,
The tender formèd lily, still unfaded,
Heard the tones swell and sink,

Like an Elysian melody forever,
From sylphid tongues, floating through vales of
light,—
Like choir-sung hymns, which souls with sweet endeavor
Pour on the wings of night.

And through my soul those chimes and chansons
ringing,
Far-travelling, as a bird, o'er fate's rough sea,
On visionary pinions still are bringing
Their peals of euphony.

LINES TO A LITTLE CHILD

FAIR visitor from spirit land,
Fashion'd by archangelic hand!
In faery regions hast thou grown—
Mysterious climes to none made known,
And treasur'd secrets there,
In the storied weft of skies,
Where spread thy sylvan Paradise,
Read'st, in that strange empyreal air;
Small wonder, from such arbors brought,
Thou oft art tearful in thy lot
Of earthly mould, this haunt of sin,
Contrasted with the palmy spot
Thou used to ramble in.

There oft by fancy's dreams o'erfed,
Fields of ether wouldst thou tread,
Wandering in a maze of flowers,
Encircling unsubstantial bowers;
While in crystalline light array'd
The sunlit hours about them ever play'd;
Amid that heaven of high delight,
Thou, where the Nymphs and Naiads dwell,
Prank'd with reeds and asphodel,

LINES TO A LITTLE CHILD

Sat'st, when the bird of lays would roll
Love's accents from his quivering soul,
Till joys and griefs unite.
There, far outreaching thought, which seems
The El Dorado of *our* dreams,
Fine domes, apparent but to eyes
Born to the atmosphere of skies,
Aerial spires, transparent fanes
Tower aloft Elysian plains,
With softest verdure overgrown :
Whose rocks, with mantling moss array'd,
Cast down light spiritual shade
On fern and flower beneath, and emerald stone.
But call'd to this material sphere,
And things too oft perplexing here,
It needed but one fond farewell—
Anguish indescribable—
And all forgotten, save to shed a tear.
Yet, cast upon a world of woe,
Thou brought'st to us on earth below
Rays of that sunshine, glimpses of those bowers,
And transient visions of thy realm of flowers.

LINES

ABOVE thy grave, Montgomery, I stood :
There blows sweet lilac, and the eglantine
Perfumeth the warm air ; grasses, grave-nodding,
Fringe the green-mantled tomb—unwearied guardsmen
Breaking the rude wind's turbulent career,
On whose ambrosial wings in balmy May
Flora sweet scents of spiced confection breathes,
To call the bright buds forth, laid cold below
In their dark charnel when the North proclaimed
His stubborn empire to the shrinking zone.
Silent I watched the teeming earth, of life
And light and happiness so full, as though
Thou wast contained in such receptacle
As holds man's carnal cumbrance : all was still,
Since Death himself his silent vigil kept—
A tireless guardian. Though oft fancy deemed
The soft earth heaved as if beneath there breathed
A sleeper, 'twas but fantasy of love ;
Thy earthly temple, now of life bereft,
Rare virtues, gifts unnumbered, elegance,
Lie close enwrapt in cold obscurity ;
This marble column pointing white and cold,
Mocks fruitless meditation on thy soul

LINES

Which dwells long since from earth's remembrance
 moved
Afar, within celestial sanctuary,
Where forms unchanged in an eternal youth
Wear still unfading bloom, when this gray mark
Of thy last sleep is lichened o'er with years,
And all beneath turned to its kindred dust.
When first I did behold that fresh-flowered mound
Some burning tears I shed alone—unseen,
Which would not stay within their briny bounds,
But burst the feeble barriers of mine eyes;
And falling, light bedewed the fruitful soil,
Pregnant with vine and musk and honeyed bells.
But tears shall dim my eyes for thee no more,
For thou art where the sufferer o'er his woes
From sorrowing ceases; and the voices loud
Of multitudes angelic hymns prolong,
Through those empyreal regions which resound;
With fair coronal thou dost bear the strain,
And heavenly discourse hold through all futurity.

A TRANSLATION

"Exegi monumentum aëre perennius regalique situ
pyramidum altius. . . .

—*Horace, Ode XXX., Lib. iii.*

I HAVE completed (gods be praised)
A monument that stands alone,
More high than pyramid of stone
By kingly mandate reared, and raised

A column of immortal mould—
Of bronze that fadeless brilliance wears,
Despite Aquilo's rage, and years,
And keeps its surface pure like gold.

My glory from Time's hand shall save,—
That deathless part not doom'd to die,
Cold Libitina's touch shall fly,
And shun the goddess of the grave.

Fame shall increase with praises, while
To Capitolium sublime
High priest and virgins silent climb—
The Vestal virgins wanting guile.

A TRANSLATION

This ever shall be sung of me,
Where Aufidus' fierce torrents roar,
And Daunus rules his country poor—
To all the land's posterity;

Of humble state, in subtle ways,
With tone and measure pure and strong,
He blent the sweet Aeolian song
Of beauty, with Italian lays.

Behold me now with honor crowned
At Delphi's famous temple fair;
And by thy grace, about my hair,
Melpomene! shall bays be bound.

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR THEE

My spirit longs for thee:
Through the drear and noiseless night,
Like orbs of heaven I see
Thine eyes' sublimity,
Still mildly shedding their unsullied light.

In my nocturnal dreams,
When souls about me weave
Bright webs with fancy's beams,
My charmed spirit seems
With thee once more on some fair summer eve.

Love pure and firm was mine
When by old ocean's side
We've watched, with thoughts divine,—
In the long roll of the brine—
The swift oncoming tide.

Or when, mid forest dim,
Stretched o'er with shadowy cloak,
And waved scarce each green limb,
Low-toned, the evening hymn
Along their branches woke.

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR THEE

No joys where thou art not
Are joys: they cease to be
Charged with love's fire, or aught
Of charms; they have forgot
Their fled felicity.

I scarce can hope to gain
That sphere where now thou art,
Free from the goading pain
Of body and of brain,—
Enshrined within thy heart.

Yet may my spirit roam,—
When freed by Nature's law,—
O'er Heaven's inviolate dome,
And find its final home
On the bounds of thy fairer shore.

TO —————

THROUGH all the unrest of life and noise
That fills my lot, I hear thy voice;
With soft melodious sound it calls,
Like tones from distant waterfalls;
In woe it charms my soul from care,
And woos to thy sweet bosom there,
(Where sounds of the mad world retreat),
To hear thy heart's harmonious beat.
How, when the dread of evil days
Throws o'er my path portentous rays;
How could my soul sustain the load,
Scanned it not far thy bright abode?
The torments of despair are past,
The shadows fled that round were cast
Whene'er my spirit I recline
On that pure seraph breast of thine:
And hear once more—as I shall hear—
Words sympathetic in my ear;
Encouraging, inspiring, kind;
A balm, an unction to the mind:
Those sounds divine which almost make
A wish for suffering for their sake—
The pain that purest love might wake;

TO _____

The pride to tame, the will control,
That med'cine to the earth-sick soul.
I found thee mid dissension wise,
Untainted by infecting vice,
Which marked the worldly—loving still,
E'en amid censure, friends of ill,
I found thee thus; I leave thee here
With recollections brightening, dear,
Of sweetness wholesome, without taint,
The beauties of a grace and saint
Diffusing round my headway blind
The essence of her own pure mind.

ISABEL

YE hills that don such garments green,
Such floral garlands wear,
On your fair heights how oft I've been
To breathe the evening air.

How oft I've watched those mists like rain
Descending from the sky,
As long I pondered o'er in vain
Why things of earth should die!

No more your flowers with joy I'll press,
Nor those gay summits tread,
That speak not now of happiness,
For Isabel is dead.

To earth your faces turn; lament,
Ye violets! while the skies,
That fill your purpled leaves with scent,
With tear-drops dim your eyes.

ISABEL

Here first we met, here did we part,
In this secluded dell;
Here I, too, felt the fiery dart
That struck fair Isabel.

Here winnowing winds soft odors brought,
And divine Philomel
Her songs of vanished pleasures wrought,
More sweet than tongue can tell.

She faded young and pure, and where
Winds sigh from off the lea,
Was laid below the lindens there
Beside the surging sea.

Whene'er past pleasures I review,
And muse on scenes most sweet,
Instinctively I turn to you,
Where we were wont to meet.

Your streamlets, versed in poet's lore,
Still murmur many a lay—
Songs like the sacred songs of yore,
Sung in a happier day.

ISABEL

Oft sunk in quietude intense,
When eve's clear vesper shone,
We lingered in the forest dense,
Till twilight's gleams had gone;

And the moon from her meridian height,
Showing the vapors damp
Against that soft reflex of light,
Had lit her golden lamp.

'Neath that pure radiance I had dreamed
My raptured life away,
That, smooth and undisturbed, had seemed
As one delightful day.

Sad shall I hear these songs of mirth,
Until with her shall be
Laid coldly in the breast of earth,
Hard by the surging sea.

TO A YOUNG LADY OF EDINBURGH,
SCOTLAND

FAIR flower of Dun-Edin, I'm dying for thee,
As the pale Autumn leaf that turns sere on the tree:
One glance of thy face, should it e'en prove the last,
This love-thirst might slake though the pain be not past.
Thine image in visions, pure beam of an hour!
Comes constant before me with infinite power:
Though I saw thy bright smile but a moment, it fell
On the tide of my mind there forever to dwell;
Which, pregnant with fair apparitions, doth raise
Obligations that urge these poor verses to praise.
I know not the path the dim destiny leads,
Where Life in life's vortex conveys thee, and speeds,—
Forever billowed in thy fragrant bark,
Now gleaming in the sun, now wrapt in the dark:
But a nimbus of amber rays thy beautiful brow,
There, love sits serene in a heavenly glow.
I sigh for the music that flow'd from thy lips;
The light of those features no art can eclipse:
For nor artist's frail brush nor sculptor's vain style,
No bard's feeble pen can portray thy sweet smile.
The world's greatest masters of mystical lore
The source of such charms long in vain will explore:

TO A YOUNG LADY OF EDINBURGH

The cause of the magic which lives in thine eyes,—
Brilliant orbs which do emulate those in the skies ;
At them do I gaze in perpetual pain,
Half believing them thine o'er the far-furrow'd main.
Too well do I know I may never behold
Again the rare grace which can never grow old ;
Thou art lost in the mazes of intricate ways,
As a sunbeam that, flickering a moment, light plays
On a lake's surface calm, with the slumocring blue,
Till a jealous cloud hides it forever from view :
And naught but a memory clings in this cell,
Where secrets untold, wrapt in mystery, dwell ;
Yet when Time of his length hath the measure unroll'd,
His deeds all complete, to Eternity told,—
To mingle I hope with thy spirit divine,
And enfold thy blest presence, sweet Eugenia, in mine.

EVENING ON THE WATER

'Tis night, upon the lonely deep
Reflected stars like diamonds gleam,
The resting waves are all asleep
Beneath the moon's chill beam.

Darkling across their boundless floor
Heaven's cloudy travellers wend their way:
As if the silence to explore,
Light zephyrs gently play.

The shadows of the giant pines
Athwart the glassy surface lie:
The coney unmolested dines
Her habitation by.

How calm the illuminated night!
O'er umbered forests, deep and dense,
The liquid rays of lunar light
Are breathing eloquence.

EVENING ON THE WATER

" Baker " looms white against the skies,
Crown'd with cold Boreas' icy cap:
The mist of early summer lies
In his capacious lap.

The slumber that the water takes
Each ripple soothes to rest,
And list to the soft sigh it makes,
With heaving of its breast!

Day's gorgeous lights long since have died,
Which lavished frenzy's mildest love,
Glow only in Saturnian pride
The lesser orbs above.

At intervals the speckled trout
Springs sudden at its elfin prey,
Spreading light circles oft about
The surface of the bay.

The gull toward the shore retires,
Still in a calm and blest repose
Beneath the planetary fires
The silvered skies disclose.

EVENING ON THE WATER

Above, the wingèd insects, in
The tumult of their wings,
Create a faint, melodious din,
With endless murmurings.

Now from the mountain's utmost top
Steal down the silken starry beams
With steadiest motion, drop by drop
On Ocean's faery dreams.

The long, far-linked montanic chain
Basks in the orb's love-light for miles:
Forever here I, too, would fain
Linger among these isles.

WHEN BY THY BEDSIDE LAST I SAT

WHEN by thy bedside last I sat,
And took thy hand in mine,
Sweet Leila, little thought I that
No more life's joys were thine;
I felt thy weakened pulses slow
Course thy warm life-blood to and fro,
As wan thou didst recline:
And heard the sounds to me so dear
I ne'er on earth again shall hear.

About the pillow's texture white
Thy tresses fair were flung,
Like threads of interwoven light
The embroidered work among;
How could the sight my soul but steep
In agony to see thee weep,
So beautiful and young;
And watch those charms dissolving, seem
But phantoms of a lovely dream?

WHEN BY THY BEDSIDE LAST I SAT

Thy voice's ring, like music's breath,
In feebleness had flown,
The fast approaching spectre, Death,
Claimed first that for his own,
As though he thought those angel strains
Should charm the chaos of his reigns,
That filled those caverns lone,
And far diffuse that rapturous flow,
Lent but to our dark world below.

As mellower flow'd light's evening streams
O'er fern-drest cave and dell,
The dying splendors of its beams
Soft on the drapery fell,
And wrought, where'er the ray could fall,
Fantastic tracery on the wall,
Thou might'st have seen as well ;
How like his slow-declining way
Thy soul forsook her beauteous clay!

Oft have I mused on that last eve,
Ah! often thought of thee
As one who round his loved may weave
A fadeless imagery,
When severed far from friends and home
By leagues of earth and ocean's foam,
He yearns once more to be,—
By care and providential grace,
Encircled by each loved embrace.

WHEN BY THY BEDSIDE LAST I SAT

Now I've but one memorial left
To keep thy memory green,
Of all thy smiles, thy love bereft,
That token still is seen ;
A finger white that points the sky,
And marking where thine ashes lie,
Beneath their floral screen,
Denotes with attitude like love
Thy soul's fair dwelling-place above.

T

**BY MOUNTAIN WAVES ON HIGH
THAT REAR**

By mountain waves on high that rear
Their heads from out the sea,
Long has my heart, with all that's dear,
Been separate from thee.

On alien soil I wandered far,
Gorgeous enough and grand:
Inspired by no sweet councillor,
Nor led by loving hand.

The light of heaven seemed to fade,
All things of joy that grew
Were darkened by the dismal shade
Which passed my spirit through.

And I sought for a profound retreat,
The solitary shore,
Or where the wood's deep voices greet
The soul, in silent awe.

BY MOUNTAIN WAVES ON HIGH THAT REAR

Thine image came before my eyes,
And a spasm of pain and fear,
Convulsing, in its strength did rise
And pierce me as a spear.

And I saw the waters dash between
My sinking heart and thee:
No wonder I have darksome been,
And in despondency.

Years have elapsed to my sad mind
Since last I gazed on home,
That still have left remorse behind,
And promise ill to come.

How oft revert my thoughts to thee,
Best planetary light!
In all sweet fancy's dreams I see
Thy presence ever bright.

Though absence on my mind may bring
Its transitory cloud,
The brighter round thyself shall fling
A still more hallowing shroud.

AR

A REMEMBRANCE

HAD I but dreamed in those departed days
When we conversed together in the wood,
Or mused in silence by the wandering ways
Of yon harmonious stream, that ever could
I stand in speechless sorrow o'er the place
That wraps thy moveless members in embrace
More cold than death, relentless as the stone
Which marks thy couch of unawaking rest,
Oh, then I had not, hopeless and alone,
Mourned with a grief incessant in my breast :
Too unexpected for my soul to bear,—
And stifled back this unavailing tear.

But when I gaze upon the freshening world,
Sending forth early flowers, where once we trod
In friendship close, and mark Spring's timely birth :
My tears bedew the reawakening sod.
A friend wast thou, like whom, on earth below
'Tis seldom given to mortal man to know :

A REMEMBRANCE

But thy pure springs are quenched, thy fountains fair
All dry; and when beneath the broad ash tree
I stray, as tho' to find thee prostrate there,
And naught but light, incongruous blitheness see,
Sadly I turn from all that gladsome wave
Of festive branches to thy silent grave.

Thou hearest not my sighs, yet if I might,
I would not call thee back to rove again
The wind-kist orchard on a star-lit night,
To suffer still the agonizing pain
That paled those features so divinely fair,
Now smoothed and smiling in thy coffin there,
O'er which the tangled creeper, far above,
Clambers in deepening masses, undisturbed.
Here I, like that, tho' parted from thy love,
Nurse its remembrance with a force uncurbed:
Borne to a nobler exercise,—to wear
Its deathless ardor in celestial air.

RODRIQUE OF LORRAINE

THE wedding was over, the dancers were gone,
All the guests had departed, the banquet was done,
And the bride, fairy-like, near her knight down had
lain—

The heir of Guy Bertrand, Rodrique of Lorraine.

The day had been anxious, the revelry long,
With sumptuous feast and with jubilant song:
And wearied of all the excess of the board,
She reclined there and smiled on her valiant lord.

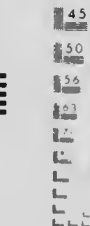
On her finger most slender of delicate hue,
Shone the ring with its love-stamp, "Thy lover is true":
A sense of sweet joy filled her innocent breast,
As soft on the divan the cushions she pressed.

Gray twilight had vanished, and darkness come on,
Unlit by the light of the vigilant moon:
The stars in their orbits had hid in the sky,
And the ominous wind made continual sigh.



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RODRIQUE OF LORRAINE

From aloft by its gold chain a censer was swung,
On the tapestries trophies armorial hung:
And arrayed in the drapery of velvet and lace,
Old family relics of war and the chase.

The young knight seemed not her caresses to heed,
Was unwontedly serious, reticent indeed:
Dull thoughts passed confused through his wandering
 brain:
And joy for the present he only could feign.

For draughts of old wine, pledging gaily each guest,
With good wishes to nobles and healths to the rest,
He late had imbibed, who at stirrup or ball
Was admired by the many and envied by all.

Now before the betrothed at the altar did stand
Many suitors had sought for Aglaia's fair hand,
And rivals in league had declared to their shame
No heir of Guy Bertrand her person should claim.

For the old knight had won the proud castle by fraud,
A rebel, at best, to his king and liege-lord:
And favors undue him for homage ill-paid,
And dark crimes in the land his name odious had made.

RODRIQUE OF LORRAINE

Retiring at length thus her spirit to steep
In the health-giving charms of insensible sleep,
Naught she knew of the bumpers, like Circe's, too free
Had glowed for the knight at the morning levee.

The hall now was in stillness, like tomb of the dead,
Save the regular breathing and soft from each bed
Of those who, engaged in the place to abide,
Attended and wrought for the beautiful bride.

Rodrique, be it known, for courtesy free
Was long famed: he was chivalrous eke as could be;
And nor Norman nor Breton, how so nimble of limb,
Could equal in valor and readiness him.

'Twas thus, after morn, with shafts beaming bright,
Had dispersed with fresh radiance the shadows of night,
A matter for wonder, a sight to be feared,
When the knight pale and altered in visage appeared.

His features o'ercast were with anguish and care,
While signs of dark omen and treachery were there,
A hunger had seized on the countenance lean,
And small trace of the former gay knight could be seen.

RODRIQUE OF LORRAINE

He scowled on attendants, he chafed at the fare,
Each eyeball was restless, and tangled his hair:
In whatsoe'er chamber he entered rose strife,
Nor love showed he now nor respect to his wife.

This malady strange, all anxious to learn,
Was discussed much at feast, court and ball-room in
turn.
But naught in the babble of gossips was gained:
The knight and his madness a mystery remained.

He walked not abroad scarce the cast of a stone,
But mused in sad silence or wandered alone:
While the country-side whispered, "The fair wife per-
force
Must leave him: she will not endure him, of course."

Now it chanced at this crisis young Dunstan became
Enamoured full deep of the beautiful dame,
And often was seen in the place of the knight
Paying courtship and wooing as far as he might.

He caressed the fair lady, kissed her lily-white hand,
If wearied he soothed, if o'ercome with heat fanned,
And e'er with endearments and brought relief
And calm to her spirit so stricken with grief.

RODRIQUE OF LORRAINE

Thus one June eve he sate near the balcony's rail,
In dalliance fond, by the moon's lustre pale
Breathing words of devotion, looking oceans of love,
And vowing his soul by the powers above.

As ardent he urged for a smile from her lips—
Thus consenting by gesture his joys to eclipse—
At the stairway a footstep, behind the dim light
Of the taper, was heard, and to view stepped the knight.

The fire of mad hatred which glowed in each eye
Flashed defiance: on his brow, as the chaos of sky,
When lightning from thunder-clouds strikes o'er the
earth,
Brewed black tempests, all ready at once to burst forth.

To lose time must mean death—young Dunstan sprang
up,
Dashing free from his grasp the libidinous cup:
From its goblet the wine splashing red to the floor,
Balustrades stained and base of the pillar, like gore.

The cry of Aglaia, though piercing, was vain:
The culprit he grasped with a fury insane,
And careless of danger or death, with his foe
O'er the parapet leaped to destruction below.

RODRIQUE OF LORRAINE

Then ere fell in a swoon the unfortunate bride,
"They have perished beneath on the flag-stones," she
cried:

While the wind seemed to answer her only, again,
" 'Tis the heir of Guy Bertrand, Rodrique of Lorraine."

A LOST LOVE

THE twinkling stars, the falling dew
No rapture have for me this night,
Sleepless and sad I think of you
Until the morning light.

I've suffered long the torturing hour,
Till pain and grief no more can harm:
Thy secret haunts, thy empty bower
E'en yet can cheer and charm.

All the resorts that thou didst grace,
The flowering field, the pebbly shore,
I've learned in agony to trace
And tread them o'er and o'er.

And now outwearied with a fate
That sinks my spirit in despair,
I wander to thy garden gate,
Fraught with Virginia fair.

A LOST LOVE

There Nature's hand and Art's combine
With bliss the sweets of life to fill,
And yet there lacks one touch divine—
Thy form is wanting still.

My life's cup mingles gall and grief,
To pour on each young joy, new-born,
And Hope that promised sweet relief
Fled with the eye of morn.

**ON THE ATROCIOUS MASSACRE OF
THE ARABS BY THE ITALIANS,
NOVEMBER, 1911**

Thou, to whom vengeance just and right belong,
Who mark'st the anguish of the needy's cry
From Thine immortal seat of judgment high,
Visit, All-Wise! the causes of this wrong
In Thy hot wrath, and strengthen more the strong
T' avenge Tripoli's helpless, where they lie
Murder'd 'neath the pure aspect of Thy sky—
Maids, women, children of the beleaguered throng!
The devilish depth of base Caneva's work
Exceeds e'en Nero's, Caracalla's greed
For human blood, on Arab or the Turk.
O'er the parch'd wilderness for worms to feed
Their corpses strew who so devour their kind,—
To be a sport for every passing wind.

SONNET

I saw the morn night's sombre shadows glean,
With implements of light, enjewelled with dews:
The roses waken their vermilion hues,
And the gay lark her early pinions preen.
From his bright orient chamber could be seen
Fair Phoebus riding forth, his burning shoes
Gilding the purple peaks, of wealth profuse,
Till all was bathed in his luxurious sheen.
Raptured I view'd the wide extravagance,
And thought of thee amid arboreal bowers,
Enjoying nature's healthful ailments,
Reclining in a labyrinth of flowers;
And dream'd I wert thou but seated at my side
'Twere fairer far than all Arcadia's pride.

THE RUIN

WITHIN the precincts of this ancient place
Past kings have worship'd; statesmen rose and sank
Around these walls, honored with feast and praise,
Or all deprived of rich estate and rank;
What now avails those bell-less towers o'er ruins dank
That once they could the lofty peans raise,
When the long aisles resounded with spur's clank,—
While roll'd the organ's full angelic lays;
Th' enfolding ivy doth the walls invade,
Hiding the grievous wreck Time's hand hath made
The listening peasant hears those glad peals no more,
Nor stately noble, 'neath the ample roof,
Seeks intermission from life's weary war,
Secure from clamorous tongue and trampling hoof

THE CATHEDRAL

SOLEMNLY stands the gray cathedral,
Above whose mantling garniture of leaves
Its aged and massive masonry it heaves:
Strives the broad ash those friezes to enthrall,
That lend a grace and dignity to all;
The great bell from its belfry forth gives
Deep intonations which the land receives,—
Rebounding tones, struck from the smitten wall;
Within reigns hallowed stillness: far aloft
Worship the holy cherubim, their eyes
Turned to the heavens: now with murmurs soft
The blown reeds wake, then swelling to the skies,
The organ rolls its long-drawn harmony,
Till transept, aisle and dome are fill'd with holy glee.

OCEAN

Lo! how the seething waters leap amain,
As from their bounds, exulting to be free,
Making the while continual melody:
Ascending dare the clouds and in a rain
Of matchless beauty, to their depths again
Dash foaming in impulsive energy.
O thou tempestuous force! would that, like thee
I could express the passions of my brain
With such astounding eloquence: the shore,
Rocky and obdurate, before thy spray
Falls melting, torn by the incessant war
Of thy wild waters, mingling as they play.
Well may my spirit, bound in clay, repine,
Placed by that elemental power of thine.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

A Tale from Boccaccio rendered into verse

When Gaul's sway o'er the Roman states, at last
To German sovereignty and power had past,
Continual strife betwixt the nations rose,
And each to each became the bitterest foes;
Hence the stout Gallic king, his present reign
To strengthen more, and win back this domain,
With aid from allies which had served before,
Raised a vast army and prepared for war.
In absence tho', of his supreme command
He wished for one as governor o'er the land,
And soon, to doubt not nor to hesitate,
The worthy Gaultier chose to rule the state,
Whose sentient wit and shrewd sagacity
Proclaimed no mortal fitter was than he:
Graceful in person, courteous, born to please,
And studious, tho' he loved with study ease;
Of high patrician ancestry he came—
Gaultier, Count d'Angiers, his title and his name.
Thus to war's seat the monarch soon had gone,
And, close accompanied by his princely son,
Proceeded forward in his urgent cause,
Leaving the Count to execute the laws;

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

With vigilance he well maintain'd his trust,
And with the queen affairs of state discuss'd
That—thro' the land his competency seen—
He proved a councillor wise as could have been.
And yet, alas! a grievous ill did haunt
His path, to overthrow the righteous Count.
The king had scarce in regal pomp and pride
Departed, than d'Angiers' good lady died:
And he, now left a widower in his prime,
With two small children to demand his time,
In this bereavement found enough to do,
With cares of state upon his shoulders, too.
But so ofttimes is Fortune; for awhile
She sheds her bright, her transitory smile
The cheerless caverns of our being o'er,
To leave our darkness deeper than before.

In the king's house, his kindred folk among,
There lived a certain lady, fair and young:
Of the said heir the gay and beauteous spouse,
Whose nympean bloom lent freshness to the house:
She, languishing in absence of the prince,
At length did signs of weariness evince,
And tho' with her young lord was kindly wed,
Yet now the sweets of nuptial life were fled:
Therefore love's ardent eyes she cast with joy
Upon the unconscious Count and Viceroy,
Arguing within her mind, if he prefer
Life matrimonial, why not then with her.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

To whom the charms of youth and grace were given,
And all those comely gifts bestowed by Heaven?
Desiring with so passionate zeal this end,
She sent one day asking him to attend,
As to disclose some novel enterprise,
And so affect she wished his sage advice.
Unconscious of the guilty plot he came,
And wondering stood before the entrancing dame;
Who, so to show the purpose of her mind,
Upon a velvet divan lay reclin'd.
Unwittingly, supposing she were faint,
The symptoms pray'd of her of the complaint,
And these she gave, beginning with the eyes
Charged with warm tears, while swell'd her breast
with sighs;
"My lord," she spake with faint and quivering voice,
"My lord, thou art my solitary choice;
What wrong is there in this my sweet desire?
Why should I hide from thee my amorous fire?
My husband gone, I surely am bereft
Of life's delights, and thou too, lone art left:
To linger and delay indeed is waste
Of precious time," with that in sudden haste
She flung her lily arms about his neck
To prove her love, and kist his crimsoning cheek.
Startled and stung, aside, as from a lance
He stept, to check her shameful, bold advance,
Censuring most sternly her illicit act,—
But his unbending virtue wanted tact:

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

His quick reproof, so hastily exprest,
Repell'd her love, but fill'd with ire her breast,
And mad with disappointed hope and rage,
(So unbecoming to her sex and age)
Her tresses she dishevel'd, and her dress
So tattered as to almost dispossess,
And that the unfeeling Count her wrath might know,
Loud cried in seeming agonies of woe,
" Help! help! the vicious Count would seal my fate,
Amélie, haste ye, ere it be too late!"
The Count, perplexed to know first what to do—
His reasoning failing and his courage too—
Anon decided, e'en tho' in the right,
The only hope of safety lay in flight:
Since on the evidence so plain perceived,
Her story and not his might be believed.
Thus, lingering to deliberate not in doubt,
Whether he should remain and brave it out—
Have his untainted honor weighed against
The treachery of a lecherous dame incensed,
Or flee the land, he took the latter course,
With all awaked precipitance's force:
Which at the time seemed good, but ofttimes brought
remorse.

He fled and with his children left a home
Of peaceful splendor and delight to roam—
Roam the rude world in charity so chill,
To avoid the thunder-cloud of pending ill.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

Having his courser saddled with all haste,
Each tender offspring at the pillion placed;
And naught adjusting in his late abode,
Was soon enough for Calais on the road;
Where well disguis'd beyond plain recognition,
He sought to make the best of his condition
So changed. But let us briefly, for a while,
Leave to his cares the wandering self-exile,
Reflecting on the tyranny of fate—
What happened to the lady to relate.

Her cries for succor echoed thro' the hall,
Which swiftly brought the household, one and all—
Friends, relatives, each squire and wondering spouse,
Maids, menials, valets of the regal house:
To quiet horror, which the piercing cry
Evoked, and learn from whence it came, and why.
All gather round and hear the news with awe,
Cluster'd half in and half outside the door;
Incredulous at first—tho' wavering too—
They deem so sad a tale could scarce be true;
But overwon at length by her defence
Of chastity, in terms of eloquence,
Believe anon the story of the dame
Too true,—that Count d'Angiers *must* be to blame.
Determined such behaviour base should meet
Its due reward, they hastened to the street;
And to the culprit's hall, with threatenings loud,
Close-followed by a wild, indignant crowd,

GATLTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

The mansion gain'd, doors, windows—all were tried,
To find out if the Count were not inside:
Faees peer'd at each lattice low and high,
And every key-hole seem'd to have an eye;
But vain all fond attempts, they shortly found
The object of their search was not around;
Of all his living issue ne'er a trace,
Tho' furnishings unchanged were still in place.

With chagrin just at such a churlish thing,
The kinsmen of the prince reported to the king
What sad mischance had overta'en the wife
Of his most doughty son, now in war's strife—
And how the Count had fled the country for his life.
The king in grief and disappointment heard
The evil tidings, and his doom declared:
He pass'd a dreadful sentence on his head,
And offered for him sums alive or dead:
A mandate sent he throughout all that elime,
And ordered banishment as penalty for the crime.
The unhappy fugitive from comfort chas'd,
Across the seas to Britain hied in haste:
And landing with his sole remaining joy—
His progeny—a maiden and a boy,
Besought him where, beneath heaven's azure dome,
He might procure for each a least a home.

The lad, nine summers born, one day was seen
By a rich lord, as on his bowling green

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

He sported with some more lads his own age,
Who took him in, at length, to be his page.
Exceeding pleas'd, the good man ponder'd how
To give the girl to careful guardians now ;
Haply upon some chapel's steps one day
A lady spied her as she pass'd that way—
Wife to a wealthy councillor of state,
Who wished the child to rear and educate.
The count, appearing as a beggar poor,
Consented willingly, and gave her o'er,
Where, richly clothed and comfortably rear'd,
For her his care left nothing to be fear'd.
Thus of both children so agreeably freed,
The parent next for Wales set out with speed,
Where for some years, as round for bread he cast,
Thro' all life's strange vicissitudes he pass'd :
While ties and loves on time's unfailing wings,
Changed with the mutability of things ;
Till woes and anxious cares that did appear
More dimm'd the past with each revolving year.

It is essential here, I ween, to tell
Of Violante his child, and what befel
Her in that stately home where pride and sense
Were blended well with love and opulence ;
She dwelt at peace and fast her beauty grew,
Graceful in manner, sweet and gentle, too,
So that her virtues all did far outshine
Most other maids sprung from as noble line :

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

And all who marked her growth from day to day
Much marvel'd at the sweetness of her way.

Now in this house, to misery unallied,
There lived one only son, his parent's pride:
Senior of Violante three years was he,
Bright, handsome, jovial as a boy could be;
In happiness their childish years were spent,
Brought up and nurtured there in sweet content:
Till stepping from those fields of infancy,
On adult's serious threshold now they stood,
Each other's every virtue to each known—
To every failing long accustomed grown.
Thus beauty's sparkle brought to youth's quick mind
Deep admiration with a fury blind;
He saw her matchless form, by Nature's hand
Carved delicately, like a rose expand
To fulness, and perfection's artless grace
Mark'd in each line and lineament of face,
And loved her with a force no power away could chase.
Yet since he knew, because of birth obscure,
To link a name like *his* to one so poor
Would to his parents' hearts sore grief impart,
He loved, but hid the passion in his heart,
Which, eating at his soul from day to day,
Brought gloom, and he began to pine away;
A wasting sickness, brooding o'er this woe,
Drew from his strength and shortly laid him low,

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

Despair and disappointment ever nigh,
Tormenting him, it seem'd that he must die.
Physicians, skilled in drugs (but more in fees)
Were call'd to search the cause of the disease;
Cure for complaint so dire, on such vague ground
Was hard indeed to find, and none was found;
Some thought a fever in the blood did lurk,
And some, consumption's self must be at work
With its dread touch; but all to no avail
Draughts were prescribed,—the youth waned, lean and
pale.

Desperate at thought of so severe a loss
As seem'd to loom, and as a last resource—
Still blind to what the illness was about—
One famous in the art to find it out
Was brought: and being to the chamber taken,
Sate by the couch until the lad should waken,
Marking the sunken eyes, the pallid brow,
Blanched cheeks that wore no fire of ardor now:
Which Love had been with gifts so lavish to endow.
As he beside the bedstead took his place,
Felt the frail pulse and diagnos'd his case,
A footstep light without the door was heard—
It open'd soft and Violante appear'd:
Her flowing tresses in the light did stream,
As moved she like a fairy in a dream,
Brilliant in beauty, and the ruddy glow
Of eve allur'd to bathe her breast of snow.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

As gliding to a table small, or stand,
Placed there some necessaries, near at hand,
Which having set,— her duties to resume,
Immediately turned back and left the room.
This trivial act, perform'd with neatness still,
Had pass'd unheeded by the man of skill,
But that (as Fate ordain'd and Fortune plann'd)
Holding the while his patient's wrist in hand,
Counting the beats, he noticed as she pass'd
Athwart the floor, his throbbing pulse beat fast:
A tremor through the prostrate body went,
With growing signs of fervent temperament;
But as, on her departure, closed the door,
And she was gone, the pulses dropt once more
To the dull time to which they beat before.
“Ah,” thought the man, observing the quick change,
“’Tis love hath power the system to derange,”
And making seem some article to lack,
Walked briskly to the door and called her back:
Bidding her stand beside the bed and hold
The patient's hand, so slender grown and cold.
Obedient to the wondrous man of skill
She forward came to execute his will;
And now his mind of every doubt was free
As to the cause of the calamity.

No sooner had his palm her fingers touch'd,
Than nervously the coverlet he clutch'd.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

The fev'rous glow again lights up the eyes,
Again the pulses rage, again he sighs :
Wildest of passions rock his love-bound breast,
Like storm-tost oceans in a mad unrest.
Meanwhile th' expert observed the signs augment,
Saw how the crimson color came and went
In those wan cheeks : and by these symptoms plain,
Resolv'd his visit had not been in vain.
He then to give his charge the needful cure,
Dismiss'd the maid and closed the chamber door ;
When having ended all that he could do,
The lady call'd, relating all he knew ;
Save that he hid, for fear of rousing blame,
The beauteous cause of all—the maiden's name.

Surpris'd, yet pleased, so seeming slight a thing
As love should be the source of suffering,
The joyful mother, glad of this relief,
Besought her son disburden of its grief
His mind, which all too long had been conceal'd,
And further urged the name might be reveal'd.
The youth, now feeling he so much had lost,
Hiding from those who might have helped him most,
The secret love his heart did so enthrall,
He nothing hid, but frankly told her all ;
Yet when he mentioned *Violante's* sweet name,
He doubted still and felt resistless shame
Creep o'er his soul : but soon, his mind to ease,

GAULTIER, COUNT, D'ANGIERS

She bade him from all dark forboding cease,
And promised he should dwell with Violaute in peace.

Thus comforted and with bright hopes in view,
His wonted health and strength returned anew:
Joy speedily the sad and suffering soul
Revived—anon the ailing one was whole.
And yet before the sunlight of his day
Dun clouds arose and mists obscur'd the way;
Class prejudice still clung within this home—
The pride of rank is hard to overcome;
'Twas thought too, when once more his health should
gain

This boyish fancy brief would not remain;
So, cheering him in his mind's settled bent,
Yet sought they not its wish'd accomplishment;
With propositions and proposals sweet,
Oft vain they urged, vain prest him to retreat,
Propounding plans immoral (truth to tell)
In lieu of marriage, which might serve as well—
The youth repulsed them all, and in fresh illness fell.

How oft has pride and wealth become the tool—
Base slave of crime, and vices of the fool!
Her rich protectress interview'd the girl,—
Unconscious she was 'fit to match with earl,
Or stateliest noble through the isle's expanse,
Her name linked with the lordliest names of France;

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

She with protection false, to one so young,
Attempted to seduce her into wrong,
And flattering talked or argued with her long.
With virtuous pride, her mind from evil free,
Refus'd she to descend to such impurity.
" My kindred, e'en tho' poor," quoth she, " disdain'd
To do unworthy deed, but kept unstain'd
Their sole possessions left, ne'er touch'd by shame,
Pure honor, and a bright untarnish'd name."

Perceiving thus they both were quite averse
To wrong, and that his state was growing worse,
His sire declar'd 'twere better far to have
Him wed to this poor girl than in the grave:
And Violante was willing that her life
Be spent with the young lord, and be his wife;
Therefore consent once given, without delay
Love's vows were made and named the marriage day:
The nuptial rites at length perform'd and done,
This joyous pair grew (now in union)
Deeper in love, as happiness increas'd,
While cares were over for the time at least.
As sweet and swift months flew, and years came on,
Children into the peaceful home were born:
As blooms that deck in tropic clime the year,
So, round the home, like flowers do they appear;
To parents and to friends a blessing and a cheer.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

Now after weary travelling, and gray-haired,
The Count, to learn how both his children fared,
Return'd from Wales, and found his son in health
And happiness and rais'd to rank and wealth;
Well pleas'd, he to the statesman's house next went,
Learned Violante was married and content;
So, in his beggar's guise,—garb unarranged,
And worn, and he with time and travel changed,
To her abode repair'd, and found her there
In healthful bloom amid her lightsome care;
And she, ne'er guessing 'twas her sire, a seat
Before him placed and brought him food to eat;
Kindly at heart, she would not turn away
The humble wanderer who for bread might pray;
While ever sure in gentlest ways to please,
The children gazed, or climbed upon his knees.
Glad beyond measure he should live to see
His issue spring to such prosperity,
The good man's care to heartfelt joy gave place,
And tears of gratitude cours'd down his face;
And thus it came to pass he stay'd there many days.

Now after France had ended, with renown,
Her wars, and treated with the German Crown,
In satisfactory terms to either side—
By sad mischance the royal sovereign died:
As all must die, be they or rich or poor,
Since death imperious waits at each man's door.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

He died, and being with the forgotten dead,
The prince, his valorous son, ruled in his stead,
Who shortly after being come to reign,
Thirsted for blood, and went to war again,
While now entangled in this latter feud,—
For his own gain, or for his eountry's good,
His wife—that guilty fair whose sin drave out
Our Count, so hunted by the rabble rout—
Died also; but ere yet this life was spun,
And she had flown to that mysterious one,
From earth conceal'd—with many a long-drawn sigh
Confess'd her faults to one who stood near by,—
Rouen's Archbishop,—kind of soul was he,
Long-fam'd for truth and high integrity;
And among other items on the list
Of her transgressional catalogue, she miss'd
Not the relation of that sad affair
Regarding d'Angiers' Count, e'en Gaultier:
This also to her nearest friends, 'tis said
She told, who sat attendant round her bed:
Giving them sundry facts—how she had lied,
And wish'd her passions hadn't drown'd her pride—
And uttered doubtless, many other things beside.

In any ease, the matter got about,
And shortly reached the Count's sharp ears, no doubt;
The king, in league with England's king, howe'er,
Had asked for troops to aid in his affair;

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

Many were sent, and as the event befel,
Pierrot, Count d'Angiers' son, embark'd as well;
Over the bright battalions general now,
With martial genius written on his brow;
Also the Count's young son-in-law did go,
Commission'd by the sovereign, with Pierrot;
And so all opportunely there they met
On Gallic soil—the Count, too—but as yet
(Who pursuivant as to the latter came)
Unrecognized, and still conceal'd in name.
The king, once learning of the injustice wrought
The guiltless man, sincerely for him sought;
And a request wide published thereupon,
That who knew aught of him should make the matter
 known,
A pardon freely granted, if he should
Be yet alive, was plainly understood;
Griev'd at the wrong, he went to much expense
To find him out, and search'd with diligence.

The armies now were gathering in vast bands
To one fixt point, from the adjacent lands,
And busy couriers, speeding up and down,
Added to the excitement of the town;
Never before, fair Freedom to defend,
Had so immense an armèd force conven'd:
While the Count, aiding ever with a will,
Display'd superior military skill,
In discipline a power had shown at camp or drill.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

Now the king's proclamation having heard,
No longer that the act might be deferr'd;
The Count arranged to bring together both
The men, that he might show to them the truth;
This having done, he joined their hands and cried:
"Kinsmen ye are, and long have been allied."
Surprise to much rejoicing then gave place,
As young Pierrot beheld his father's face,
Careworn and changed with passing time 'tis true,
But still the face in boyhood's days he knew;
Through his whole soul a filial reverence pass'd,
As in his arms he held his father fast;
And wonder grew within his mind, surpris'd
He had not long before him recognized.

So, closely reunited, with their clues
Of the lost Count, they brought the king their news,
Who, betwixt sorrow at a fate so rough,
And joy at meeting was perplex'd enough;
With presents he express'd his royal will
The Count be recompens'd for all past ill;
While clasping the old man, so sad and poor,
Within his arms, he kiss'd him o'er and o'er:
There vowing ne'er to doubt his honor more.
When hostile foes at length to some submission
Were forc'd, the Count was rais'd to a position
High in the land, and wealthier than of yore,
Was in old age as honored as before.

GAULTIER, COUNT D'ANGIERS

Rich in the justness of high Heaven's decrees,
He saw his children's children dwell in peace:
Till in the ripeness of full years, he pass'd
From life, in veneration, at the last.
Thus is it shown, 'gainst man's devices, still
A power involves the good, and bears them thro'
all ill.

A REGRET

Ou, why, more marvellously fair
Than aught on earth below,
Than aught inhabiting the air
In all we feign or know,
Why, woman! though beyond compare,
Art thou so girt with woe?

In snares more cunningly devised
Than Daedalus that held—
That Crete owned, that Minos prized,
Which all such traps excelled—
Has my unguarded will been seized,
And to its wreck impelled.

To danger's deeps my bark is driven,
Far 'mid the tempest's might,
Because one loose to love was given,
To sate a mad delight:
And there from the calm shores of Heaven
Is foundering lone in night.

