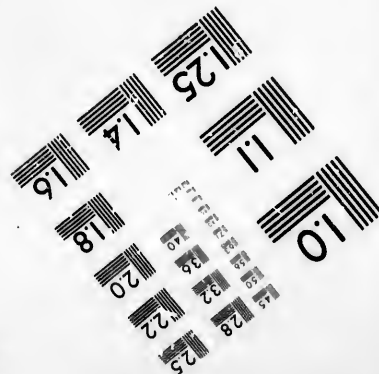
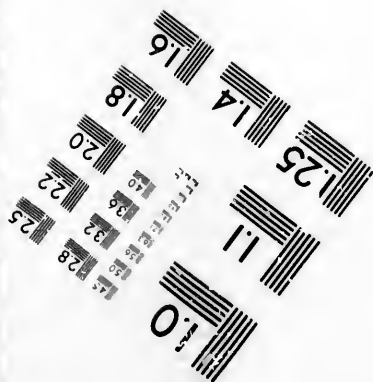
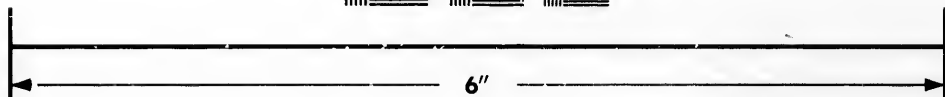
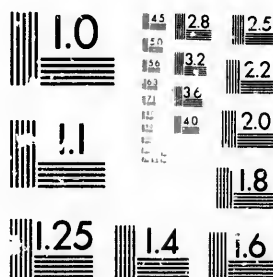
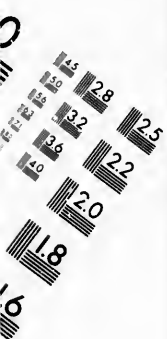


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N. Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques



**© 1981**



The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

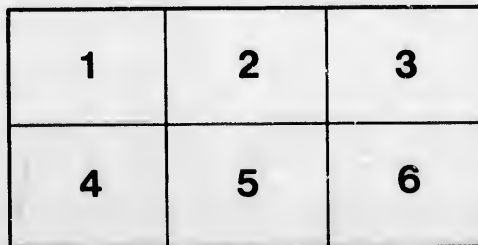
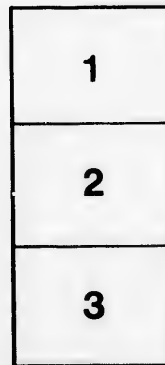
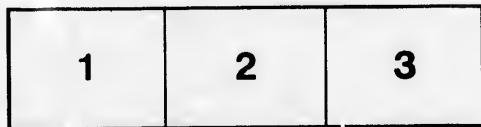
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



ALAN

# Venice

and  
Other Verse



ALAN SULLIVAN



PS 8537

44V45

256338 \*

Venice

and

Other Verse



The

Its

Go  
See

Swi

The

So s  
As i

And

Into

Wh  
The



## Venice.

---

The moon had tipped the housetops, and the wind  
Sighed out in music to Italian skies  
Its last faint evening breath, and black outlined  
I saw the giant Campanile rise,  
Go shouldering up to heaven, and a spell  
Seemed on the voiceless watery waste to dwell.

Swift as a thought and silent as a grave,  
With smooth black sides and thin keen iron prows,  
The gondolas swept on, a thin-lipped wave  
Of silver ribbon gleaming at their bows ;  
So swift and silent that their passage seemed  
As if men slumbering saw them when they dreamed.

And so we crossed the narrow shining street  
Where every block was mirrored, and we crept  
Into long lanes where never hurrying feet  
Awoke the sounding echoes as they slept ;  
Where moss-grown terrace and gray crumbling wall  
The glories of the vanished days recall :

And if you would see Venice as she is,  
Wander by night in silence and alone  
Among her towers and sculptured palaces,  
And read the story she has writ in stone ;  
Then, as you read, she will upon you cast  
The fascination of her wondrous past.

Muse on, and let the silent gondolier  
Wind at his will 'mid tortuous, twisting ways,  
And broad lagoons, with waters wide and clear,  
On whose unruffled breast the moonbeam plays ;  
And move not, speak not, for the mystery  
Of Venice there is with you on the sea.

Pass, if you will, beneath the five great domes  
Of old Saint Mark's; watch how the glittering height  
Soars in quick curves ; see how each sunbeam roams  
And fills the nave with soft pure amber light ;  
This is the heart of Venice, and the tomb  
Which folds her story in its sacred gloom.

So leave her sunlight, enter now her cells,  
By frowning black-browed ports and massy bars  
Where pestilence in foul dank vapor dwells,  
Far, far from sun and day, from moon and stars  
The only sound when whispering waters glide  
In on the bosom of a sluggish tide.

Then turn again into her solitudes,—

Things of to-day will faint and fade like smoke,—  
Drift through the darkened nooks where silence broods,

Let memory fall upon you like a cloak ;  
Venice will rise around you as of old,  
Decked out in marble, amethyst, and gold.

But that was years ago ; to-day, the notes

Of wild free song have left her silver streets ;

Her blazoned banner now no longer floats

In aureate folds, no more the sunrise greets ;

She lives but in a past, so strong and brave,

It serves alike for monument and grave.



## The Spirit of Sleep.

---

Alone on a shimmering molten tide,  
    With never a stir in the silent wood,  
For slumber was hovering far and wide  
    O'er the drowsy land and the voiceless flood.

Naught but the wash as my paddle dipped  
    In the foam-flecked pools I was gliding through  
And lines of hurrying ripples slipped  
    From the ivory bows of the White Canoe.

The hour was full of an infinite rest,  
    Of peace unfathomed, undreamt, unknown  
By those who have turned from their mother's breast  
    To teeming cities and streets of stone.

Then out from the shore where the wavelets broke  
    A spectral shape 'mid the shadows dark  
Swept silently on, and stroke by stroke  
    Drew up to my side in a spectral barque.

Her face was the face of an angel maid,  
    Her hair was black as the raven's wing,  
An holy calm on her forehead played,  
    Such calm as only the angels bring :

As snow on the crest of a hill is white,  
Her wonderful craft had a pallid gleam ;  
And so we two on that mystical night  
Shot on like forms in a waking dream ;

And never a word she spake to me,  
In their waxen lids her eyes were veiled,  
But the thrust of her blade was steady and free,  
As over the river we swiftly sailed.

So side by side, till a moonbeam shone  
Like a bar of silver athwart the bay,  
And the ghostly visitant paddled on  
To its verge, and faded like mist away.

I felt that the vision I saw was true  
By the face of the troubled swirling deep,  
And dreamt, as I lay in the White Canoe,  
Of my cruise with the " Spirit of Silent Sleep."



## The Sleeping Harp.

Sleep now, my Harp, forever now no song ;  
Minstrel, awake no more, back to the place  
Of everlasting silence, till ere long  
Cold time thy very memory will efface.

Far in the glades and dells I made thy home,  
Strung each resounding chord beneath a pine,  
Naught but free winds of heaven dared to roam  
And wake thy strong pure echoes, Harp of mine.

There came a hand, a small white hand, and crept  
Across thy strings, and wooed each throbbing tone  
Till one-by one the harmonies that slept  
Burst forth in strains of Love, and Love alone :—

Higher and fuller, till the very woods  
Caught up that rhythmic burden, and they bore  
The waves of melody which surged in floods  
Round thee, O Harp, to swell, alas, no more !

The small hand passed ; that all too sweet refrain  
Sank sobbing into silence, every string  
Lay trembling, mute, and slackened ; nor again  
Can aught that long lost thrill of music bring.

Sleep, no rude touch shall wake thee ; so forget  
Thy pulsing death song, and the wild sweet past  
Would God it had not been, and I—but yet  
God willed it, and to all comes sleep at last.

## To My Pipe.

---

Wake, slumberer, too long the cloudy shrine  
Of fair Nicotia forsaken sleeps,  
While her dull priest, O briar brown of mine,  
His fading red morocco cloister keeps.

Ah, now the incense rises; thus of yore  
Did bold Sir Walter stride his heaving poop  
In clouds of smoke, and scan the sea plains o'er  
For Spanish galley, merchantman, or sloop.

Ah, amber lips, were human lips as true,  
Did they but proffer solace such as this!  
Alas, alas, I turn again to woo  
But thee alone with a fond lover's kiss.

Perhaps, who knows but fate in olden days  
Bade all men love; if passion was not ripe,  
And man shunned maid, she changed her hidden ways  
And metamorphosed woman to a pipe?

And hence our strange proclivities; what touch  
Can so unseal the subtle springs of thought,  
Or marshal bygone days, or soothe so much  
The wild weird phantoms of a brain o'erwrought?

Up, up, they come! old faces, old desires,  
Dead love, dead longing, through the vaporous mist  
We see them gather round the bowl's dull fires—  
The lips which once as careless boys we kissed.



All this, and more, forsake me not, old friend.

What though they say 'tis poison, take no heed,  
Rank heresy will flourish to the end :—

I follow where the good brown briar may lead.



### Sonnet.

---

This, only this, to lie upon the lip

Of some bluff cliff, with you beside ; to feel

The kiss of heaven's own breath break loose and steal  
From sandy dunes ; to hear the green surge dip

In thunderous ruin ; follow some white-winged ship

Into the twilight ; mark the stars unseal

Their thin aerial lids, and circling wheel

Around their pole, above the new moon's tip.

World-weary, I turn once again to draw

Life from the fount of life, and to abide

On the warm breast of her who all men bore ;

Nor turn in vain, if once these old eyes saw

Peace brood upon the flood, or caught the tide

Of shining sea creep up the long low shore.



## Temptation.

---

The Spirit of Sleep had laid her hand  
On the face of the river ; it silent lay ;  
In the far-off west an aureate band  
Of cloudlets wept o'er the dying day,  
And the moon climbed up, as I paddled alone,  
Up the star-studded height to her azure throne.

The rapids were calling me soft and strong,  
Their myriad voices all whispered, " Come " :—  
To only one touch that mystical song  
May swell, and must to all else be dumb ;  
Yet of all the harmonies raised above  
We find the echo in one chord, Love :—

A sable shadow athwart the night  
Like the plume of a giant raven blew,  
Till faint as a dream came the silver light  
Of the moon in the clouds it was hastening through ;  
Then an evil thought fluttered into my heart  
And pierced my soul like a poisoned dart.

" Is it well that only you gained to lose,  
To sip at the wine as the wine cup fell,  
To baffle all other, and find the ruse  
Of a devilish manimon left naught but Hell ;  
To waste the music of life in vain  
While destiny answered in one note, ' Pain ' ?

Lo, here is a bourne where the weary flee,  
Unpierced, unfathomed, and sacred still ;  
As silent as only the grave can be,  
With its infinite secrets of woes and ill ;  
Turn, turn again to thy mother's breast,  
And find in her outstretched arms thy rest."

I looked at the river, 'twas not so grim,  
And the kiss of its ripples was not so cold ;  
Deep, deep in its bosom the weeds were dim,  
As down to its tryst with the sea it rolled,  
And I said, " It is well ; for, O River, with thee  
I will cross the bar to eternity."

All horror of death it had fled afar ;  
The waves said, " Welcome ; away ! away !"  
When out of the dusk one thrice blessed star  
Flung a beam of glory athwart the bay ;  
I looked in the hurrying treacherous tide  
And saw—the face of a suicide !

Oh, Thou, in the hollow of whose great hand  
The streams of multitude worlds do lie,  
Who rulest their storms with a magical wand,  
And chainest the thunderbolt to the sky,  
Lay the seal of Thy power on a mortal will,  
And say to its sorrow, " Peace, peace ; be still."

A. D. 147.

---

A word from the Infinite came,  
And breath was bestowed upon clay ;  
A spark from the Infinite flame  
Shone bright in his breast for a day ;  
In pursuit of the phantom of fame  
The brown locks were turned into gray.

A whisper came out of the void :—  
“ The shadows of even are nigh,  
Say, how has the time been employed ?  
Naught else now is left but to die,  
For of all that thou here hast enjoyed  
Account must be rendered on high.”

“ I have followed the voice in my heart,  
Till my glory has filled all the land,  
I worship truth, beauty, and art,  
And my captives are counted as sand,  
And earth to the uttermost part  
Has bowed to the weight of my hand.

“ A new faith came out of the East,  
That spake of a child and a star,  
And held that each shaveling priest  
Was more mighty than emperors are,  
That the power of Olympus had ceased,  
And peace cometh but from afar.

“ But I stamped on the insolent creed,  
And drave the swine into the earth,  
To abide with the dead, and to breed  
Where the dead might look down on their birth  
I planted so deeply their seed  
That in harvest time there will be dearth.

“ So now that the even is here,  
And I go to my infinite home,  
E'en Lethe can bring me no fear,  
For rest lieth over its foam,  
And a nation will write o'er my bier :  
' He lived for his nation and Rome.' ”

Inscrutable essence of Light,  
Oh, Fount of unchangeable truth !  
This heathen, though blinded in sight  
And bred in religion uncouth,  
Obeyed his conception of right,  
His inherited precepts of youth.

Are the sons of the night to be lost,  
And salvation be kept for the day,  
On the billows of ignorance tossed,  
With no Pilot to lead them the way,  
To show how the sea may be crossed,  
To teach them to trust and to pray ?

## A Mediterranean Night.

---

Across the olive slopes of hill and vale  
The long blue shadows creep,  
Heralds of twilight, now the loitering gale  
Brings in its bosom sleep.

And in the East one star, refulgent, white,  
That palpitates and glows  
Above a brimming sea; its argent light  
Deepening ere morn to rose.

And out, far out, with never voice nor stir,  
Illimitable lies  
A still dead flood, nor ship nor mariner  
On that vast mirror plies.

For all the stars are doubled, and the shore  
Dips to a sister strand,  
And cypress nods to cypress, leaning o'er  
Semblance of other land.

Naught but the wash as laughing waters fall  
From the gaunt, shaggy hills,  
Or a lone night bird's plaintive lingering call  
In some dusk thicket thrills.

And thus the blue vault o'er the dark world bends,  
Smiles on her land and main,  
Until this drowsy old earth wakes, and sends  
Those smiles to heaven again.

So every long, cool, balmy night repeats :  
“ He to whom nature’s nurse  
May lay his hand upon the heart that beats  
Within a Universe.”



### The Old Style of Proposal.

---

Not so very long ago,  
At the bottom of a lane,  
Where the shallow waters flash and flicker by,  
Near a stile antique and low,  
Walked a simple village swain  
And a maiden, not so simple, by her eye.

Oh, his thoughts were great and deep  
As he pondered, pacing there :  
“ Shall I risk it all, and ask her by the stile ? ”  
And the maid, though half asleep,  
Felt by something in the air  
She had better keep awake a little while.

So he pondered on and on,  
Till her patience nearly went,  
She wished she were the man and not the maid ;  
“ Oh, you stupid, silly John,  
I would jump at what you meant,  
If you only were to stammer in the shade.”

Then the stile's stiff, rusty bones  
Gave a shiver and a shake,  
A thrill of life ran through him like a flame,  
And in quaint, old-fashioned tones  
To the loitering pair he spake,  
Calling each astonished villager by name :

"Such a pretty pair c geese  
I have never, never seen ;  
Why this dallying on a question that's so plain ?  
John take Sue, and live in peace,  
With no bickering between  
Man and wife. Now go, nor bother me again."

That was all he said ; and soon,  
On that silent summer night,  
Sue looked up at John, and John looked down at Sue,  
Till the bashful, modest moon  
In a cloudlet hid her light,  
As along the leafy byway went the two.





## The Seeker After Peace.

---

“ Ah, where are the islands of infinite peace ?  
And where are the isles of the blest ? ”  
Said a Soul, as it longed for life's battle to cease,  
And sighed for the haven of rest ;  
“ Come ! come ! ” said the Sea, with his cavernous lips,  
“ I will bear thee across to thy home  
Far over my plains, where the white-winged ships  
Like sheep all unshepherded roam . ”

So away to the South to a coral-ringed isle,  
With the bosom of ocean like gold,  
Where the summer eternally verdant did smile,  
And the halcyon seasons unrolled ;  
Where life was aflame with its color and stir,  
With its purity, vigor, and glow ;  
But the smoke of an altar rose high in the air,—  
“ Not here,” said the Soul, “ I must go . ”

Then away to the North, till aflash through the spray  
An aurora gleamed vivid and white,  
Flooding glittering fields, where in terrible sway  
Ruled winter's immutable might ;  
Where mountainous high, to a star-studded sky,  
Great bergs shouldered up through the snow ;  
But a skeleton told of starvation hard by,—  
“ Not here,” said the Soul, “ I must go . ”

O'er country and continent, desert and field,  
In village, in city and town,  
The Soul went a-roaming, but nothing could yield  
The calm it would claim as its own ;  
Though earth promised fair, 'twas but dross in the end,  
Till the Soul did its wandering cease  
And returned to its God ; *then* the hand of a friend  
Wrote above : " Here one lieth in peace."



### Sweet Servitude.

---

A captive who his fetters burst,  
And stood inebriate at the first  
Long breath of liberty,  
Turned back from freedom to his cell,  
Content in bondage still to dwell.

And I, who smiled beneath my yoke  
Till Fate its dear dominion broke  
And set the prisoner free,  
Would turn from very Heaven above  
To kiss the chains I learned to love.

## Oceans Twain.

---

Still as very death I rested  
    On the wave,  
Watched the rollers verdant crested,  
    Like a grave,  
In whose bosom friend and foeman,  
Prince and peasant, knight and yeoman,  
    Lay the brave.

Earth was silent, earth was sleeping,  
    Day was o'er,  
Stars their lonely watch were keeping,  
    As of yore ;  
All seemed dead their vigil under,  
Save the dull and distant thunder  
    On the shore.

In the West the mist was clouding  
    All the sky,  
Where the sun his, glory shrouding,  
    Dipped to die ;  
And long arms of white came stealing  
From his tomb, the stars concealing,  
    Pale and high.

Closer, denser, folded round me,  
Till I thought  
God Himself could not have found me  
If He sought ;  
Or a crimson villain hiding  
In that fog might, there abiding,  
Care for naught.

Then across another ocean,  
Memory's sea,  
Blind black billows of emotion  
Came to me ;  
Long deep surges born of passion,  
Fated but to vainly dash on  
Destiny.

Mystic surge on surge, all falling  
On my brain,  
Till the bygone years recalling  
Back again  
I re-lived the life I wasted,  
Once more quaffed its joys, and tasted  
All its pain ;

And once more my love I buried,  
Sadly kissed  
Parting lips, and then the serried  
Ranks of mist  
Of Forgetfulness came rolling,  
An unconsciously consoling  
Eucharist.

Dead to life and dead to loving,  
All beside,  
Here, alone, my boat slow moving  
With the tide,  
To the Infinite from Finite,  
To the slumbrous, drowsy twilight  
Let me glide.



### Dynamite Bill.

---

“ Know Henderson? Yaas,—  
Right there by the drill,  
With the kink in his leg,  
Thet’s Dynamite Bill :  
What’s that you said ?  
You’re a jay of a bird  
Ef you ain’t never heard  
Of Dynamite Bill !

“ Jest five months ago.  
We wuz near through the cut  
Right close to the bridge,  
When the blame foreman put  
A durn little Swede  
To loadin’ up holes,  
And touchin’ off fuse  
With a chunk of hot coals.

“ Wall, the whistle had blowed,  
I off to the shack  
With Bill close behind,  
When we stopped to look back ;  
And right thar in the cut,  
Still as if he wuz dead,  
Lay the Swede, and the rock  
Next his face wuz all red.

“ Two fuse on his left,  
Beside whar he fell,  
Were spittin’ out fire  
Like black snakes of hell ;  
He had lit them, and turned  
To the next hole, and tripped  
On a boulder somehow,  
And was stunned whar he slipped.

“ I froze ez I stood ;  
Fur the poor little cuss  
Were the pet of the camp,  
And the devil’s own fuss  
Would be raised if the kid  
Got mixed up in a blast :  
Bill ripped out an oath,—  
His first and ’his last,—

“ Then ’fore I could stir  
Dropped his coat and lit out  
For the cut, with a whoop  
And a sort of a shout,  
Meant for God or the kid ;  
And the fuse wuz low down  
And soon thar would be  
More blood on that stone.

“ Right up whar he lay  
Sailed Bill, and he grabbed  
The Swede by the arms ;  
The next minute there stabbed.  
Two pillars of flame  
Up into the air,  
All over the kid  
And Bill Henderson there !

“ When the smoke hed all cleared  
I run to the place,  
And found them both heaped  
In mighty small space,—  
The kid? Wall, he had  
The inside of the track,  
For the dynamite blowed  
His consciousness back.

“ But Bill,—yes, his leg  
Were a purty long job,  
And outside of the fracture  
He’d one on the nob ;  
So that’s why we call him,—  
What’s that ? No, indeed ;  
Curse you and your money,  
Keep that for the Swede.”



## A Tale of the Drive.

---

Where the rapids madly swirl  
Down the height,  
And the flying billows hurl  
Shreds of white  
High in air, the woodsmen say,  
That a spectre haunts the day  
And the night.

If you ask a shanty man  
Does he know  
All the tale, his face of tan  
Dull will glow ;  
Half with pride and half with shame  
He will mutter but the name,  
“ Pierre Lozeau.”



Could the dripping alders speak,  
    Trembling there ;  
Could the cliffs their answer make,  
    Grim and bare ;  
Could the river racing by  
Whisper back, all would reply,  
    “ Gallant Pierre.”

Nigh four years ago this June,  
    Maybe five,  
Forty thousand logs were run  
    In our drive,—  
Logs two feet through at the butt,  
Till the rapids with our cut  
    Were alive.

But the crafty river sank,—  
    Narrow grew,  
Till, there, standing on the bank  
    Close to you,  
All across it long black teeth  
Of the sunken rocks beneath  
    Came in view.

Down the river came the logs,  
    Grinding there,  
Like a pack of angry dogs  
    At a bear,  
And the foaming billows tossed  
Them like matches that were lost  
    In the air.

At the bottom of the dip  
All a cram,  
Where a ledge's stony lip  
Made a dam,  
Sheer across from side to side  
Tightened by the sweeping tide,  
Formed the jam.

One long stick of Norway pine  
Held the key ;  
Breaking, it would break the line,  
Set them free ;  
But the stream's deep surges crashed  
All their weight, and vainly gnashed  
Hungriily.

Came our foreman, Jean Frechette,  
And the scud  
On his ruddy cheek was wet  
From the flood ;  
" Who will break the jam ? " he said,  
And from every cheek there fled  
Coward's blood.

Then strode forward Pierre Lozeau,  
Smiling, gay :  
" Monsieur Jean, here, I will go,  
If I may."  
So we watched him creeping out,  
Crimson kerchief at his throat,  
'Mid the spray.

Now upon the key he stands,  
Shone the flash  
Of the axe in his strong hands,  
Till a crash  
Snapped the log, his swinging stroke  
Gnawed the timber till it broke,—  
Went to smash.

Nothing but a glimpse of red  
Could we see ;  
When we found him he was dead,  
Smilingly :  
By that cross of tamarac,  
With the big pine at the back,  
There lies he.

Down in Lower Canada,—  
Far away,—  
His old mother, Ursula,  
Lives to-day ;  
And she soon will follow him  
To that other river's brim,  
So they say :

Every morning, noon, and night,  
Bowing low,  
All her beads does she recite,  
Reverent, slow  
Whispers to the lifted Host,  
One dear name she loves the most,—  
" Pierre Lozeau."

## Villa d'Este, Lago di Como.

---

A long green avenue that rose  
    Twixt lines of pillared cypress trees,  
Up to a grot where walls enclose  
    A marble sculptured Hercules,  
Who tense in poisoned anguish throws  
    Young Lycus to Euboean seas ;

And down where the straight vistas end,  
    A stretch of molten silver lake,  
Whose waves their voice to heaven send,  
    And from that heaven their shadows take ;  
For borrowed hues their music lend  
    When sunsets glow or mornings break.

And on its eastern side great hills  
    With vineyards clustering on their flanks,  
All seamed and scarred with tortuous rills  
    That twist between steep olive banks ;  
A giant armament that fills  
    Half heaven with marshalled ordered ranks.

To right, far in a deep cool glade  
    Of laurel, cedar, oak, and pine,  
Across broad flecks of sun and shade  
    The wild rose and the ivy twine,  
And down a long dim colonnade  
    Wanders Italian eglantine ;

To left, a mound of clustered green  
Climbs sharply from a narrow vale,  
With gray rocks thrusting up between  
Tall chestnut groves, whose blossoms pale  
Serve as a living odorous screen  
Where hides the shy sweet nightingale.

And over all a clear blue sky  
Where sunlit fields of glory sleep,  
And bands of snowy cloudlets fly  
Unshepherded like flocks of sheep;  
And borne on waves of song on high  
The tuneful larks their vigils keep.

All this I saw one afternoon  
At Villa d'Este, when the hours  
In golden minutes fled so soon,  
That ere I knew the verdant bowers  
Lay still beneath a full fair moon,  
And dew was trembling on the flowers.



“ The  
You  
Bef  
Clo  
But  
Bari  
Wit  
Too

All—

All t  
Perh  
Such  
Wha

Then  
And  
O'er

To ce

## Then and Now.

---

### PART I.

“ There, that will do, now leave it so ;  
You have wrought well and thoroughly, yet go  
Before I hate you—gently, make no stir  
Closing the gate, or you may waken her.”  
But as he went, that rugged laborer,  
Baring his red brow, to my sorrow, said,  
With half-averted eye, “ God help you, Sir,”  
Took up his spade and left me with my dead.

All—is this all—this narrow wave-like mound  
    Upon the frozen ground—  
All that is left of her, my very life ?  
Perhaps 'twere better never to have known  
Such short-lived joy, not to have called my own  
What I have lost so soon—my wife, my wife.

Then the red sun in molten glory set,  
And black night came and spread her dusky wings  
O'er the still earth, and birds and creeping things  
    Sank into silence deep ;  
    The whole world was asleep,  
    Save my numb brain,  
    Striving in vain  
To cease its being and its woes forget.

And I, who ne'er before had uttered prayer,  
Through bitter loneliness and stress of grief  
Poured out my sorrow and my unbelief.  
My cry ascended through the starlit air,  
Up, up, until it reached the throne

Where One alone

Lists to His pleading children; and I asked  
Only to follow where those dear white feet  
Had trod so late. Life was too sorely tasked  
For me to live; with her, all things were sweet.  
Now she had gone my heart had gone with her,  
And memory still,  
In spite of all my will,  
Thronged with sad thoughts the vacant atmosphere.

Home! Home! What mockery!  
I stumbled thither in the gloom of night,  
The flowers were gone lest they should vex my sight;  
But, ah, the fairest flower that ever blew—  
God's loveliest creation—vanished too!

Was it for this,  
Such momentary bliss,  
That clay was cursed with immortality?

Alone once more,—  
Haunted by wild imaginings, I heard  
Her footstep on the stair; her singing bird

Drooped in its gilded prison ; by my side  
I saw upon the floor  
A glove she wore,  
Still from the impress of her fingers swelling :

With reverence I lifted it, and, dwelling  
With smiles that were half tears  
Upon the sacred thing, my troubled fears  
Grew lighter, and the cord about my heart  
Was slackened by the sense of sympathy  
That seemed to lie between that glove and me.

Then gentle sleep touched sorrow leaden-eyed,  
Relaxed the tension of the weary brain :

In dream I walked again  
With her, my wife, her beauty glorified  
By some ethereal faculty ; she took  
Me forth into the wild,  
And, as a mother shows her little child,  
She showed me mountain, valley, river, brook,  
And all the wonders of this wondrous world,  
How evermore unswervingly it hurled  
Itself through myriads of other spheres,  
And, one by one, the little fateful years  
Dropped noiselessly into the sea  
Of limitless eternity ;



And turning to me said, " Husband of mine,  
For such thou art, mine to the very end,  
Thou see'st how far these marvellous things extend,  
And how the great hand of the power divine  
Doth govern all that is and is to be,  
And how the mighty heart beats in the earth  
That men call theirs, and no humanity  
Can be, unless 'tis ordered from its birth ;

    Yet know the soul of man,  
    And his life's fleeting span,  
Outweighs with God a giant universe ;  
So live as thou would'st die : I wait for thee,  
Thy guardian spirit, I ; be mindful, nurse  
All loftier aspirations patiently,  
For they shall bear thee up on angels' wings  
To meet me here and end thy wanderings."

#### PART II.

Long years have passed, and now upon my head  
The hoary crown of many a winter lies ;  
My hour has come to join the silent dead  
And her I loved so well. 'Neath other skies  
The blossom nurtured here shall bloom and spread  
Into the flower of grand realities.

For oftentimes I feel the soft caress  
Of shadowy hands adown my withered face,  
And ghostly lips with ghostly kisses press.  
This wrinkled brow, and spirit arms embrace  
This poor bent form, slow tottering to its doom ;  
If still she loves, what joy beyond the tomb !

Man that is born of woman has his day :  
First in the cradling arms ; then crescent strength  
Of budding childhood bids him seek his play  
'Mid children of a larger growth ; at length  
Incipient manhood rises, and in scorn  
Breaks those sweet fetters it too long has worn.

So, on and on, into the restless sea,  
Grasping at straws that mock but cannot save,  
At strife with self and all humanity,  
Sport of the wind, toy of the rising wave,  
Till on the shore of dim eternity  
Cast by the flood whose wrath he could not brave.

'Twas thus with me, but now these glazing eyes  
Have pierced the shadows of approaching night,  
Have rested on the hills of Paradise,  
And caught the vision of undreamt delight ;  
Blind to the earth, these sightless orbs may scan  
The glory that God keeps for dying man.

Listen, listen, voices calling,  
Through life's evening softly falling,  
Voices that I seem to know,  
Accents heard once long ago,  
Clearer, sweeter, purer far  
Than the tones of mortals are ;  
Hear ye not celestial lyres  
Harping to the Cherub choirs ?  
These the notes the shepherds heard  
When earth's atmosphere was stirred  
By angelic melody  
On the shores of Galilee.  
Now they slacken, fainter yet—  
Look! the sun has nearly set :  
Now he sinketh, watch and see  
All the deathless soul in me  
Put on Immortality.

Farewell, farewell ! Alas, these poor vain tears  
Make but the parting harder. 'Tis but sleep ;  
After the labors of a few short years  
We look for rest and sleep, so do not weep ;  
The barque that braves the tempest seeks at last  
Its haven home when all the gale has passed.

My wife ! My wife ! Her feet upon the strand  
Of that bright shore, her arms outstretched to me  
In loving welcome to that glorious land  
Where sorrow dies and there is no more sea ;  
Heart of my heart ! I come with thee to dwell,—  
The morning broadens ; earth, farewell ! farewell !

## Colosseo Romano.

---

Slowly, at last, the pale and radiant Queen  
Tipped the faint blue hills of the drowsy East,  
Treading her far aerial course between  
Clusters of stars; as some tall ghostly priest  
To his high altar turns, 'mid many a light  
And twinkling candle flame—so fell the night.

And as the murmured monotone of prayer  
Sinks into whispers to a Host on high,  
So the great city's hum spread on the air  
Fled out in music to the vaulted sky,  
A silence borne of darkness like a cloak  
Covered the earth, and naught but memory spoke.

Now long white shafts of silver glory fell  
On each gray arch and ruined parapet,  
Touched into life the crumbling citadel,  
Where echoing evening zephyrs lingered yet,  
And o'er that titan relic there was cast  
The brooding spirit of its mighty past.

Was it a dream? The galleries tenantless  
Seemed full of life and shapes and stirring things,  
Half human, half unreal; I could but guess  
At forms or figure; half-hushed whisperings  
Ran around the great ellipse, and a low moan  
Of anguish thrilled me from its heart of stone.

In the arena, stealthily and slow,  
    Stalked shapes of beasts, and all their jaws were  
The white stars shone on high, and down below [red,  
    The living Pagan and their Christian dead ;  
And laugh and song went on, while Roman eyes  
Feasted on brothers in their agonies.

Then into thin attenuated air  
    The shades dissolved, but yet white faces peered  
Into the night, still forms gave token where  
    Each grisly beast its giant outline reared ;  
Bright were the hopes which warranted the price  
Of such unutterable sacrifice !

So the dream passed ; now nigh two thousand years  
    Have writ their tale upon those massy walls,  
But still the memory of pangs and tears  
    Their woeful blood-stained origin recalls ;  
Not all in vain was life so madly spent,  
Their altar once, is now their monument.

The moss-grown dens are wrapped in ivy now,  
    Along their bars no iron footfall rings ;  
On the top wall, the Colosseum's brow,  
    The wild clear-throated Roman linnet sings ;  
And traced by hands Divine in stars o'erhead :  
" The living Christian and the Pagan dead."

## The Trapper's Death.

---

A glade in a forest of beech and oak,  
And a hurrying brook, which softly spoke  
In ripples and eddies of field and fen,  
And haunts unstained by the steps of men :  
A little way back from the water's edge  
A great pine clung to a rocky ledge,  
And flung its shadow athwart a cross  
Of rough-hewn wood, half covered in moss :  
Here in the peace of the deep woods' breast  
A worn old huntsman takes his rest,  
With naught but the wash of the wandering stream,  
And the sigh of the wind through the maples' crest,  
As the monotone of his endless dream.

Long, long ago, on an autumn morn,  
On such a day was this old world born,  
He woke, and felt with awaking start  
That an ice-cold hand had gripped his heart ;  
No need to ask what the warning meant,  
No need to shrink from the message sent,  
A grim smile grew on the grim, stern face ;  
"It has come," he said, " I must find a place  
In the dim cool woods where my lonely bed  
Will be safe from the stranger's hand or tread."

He rose, and took from their leathern sling  
His rifle and pouch, half wondering  
Was it habit or fate that he thus prepared  
To hunt for his death ; so forth he fared.  
Was it fancy or fact, as he reeled along,  
That the wind had tempered its morning song,  
Had hushed till its cadence was sad and slow,  
Could the wind be sorry to see him go ?  
Was it fancy or fact that the maples shed  
Their ruddiest leaves on his bent gray head ?  
That the Spirit of Life in the keen bright air  
Breathed a sigh for the doomed heart beating there ?

At last, at last, for the tired feet found  
A spot where the green turf clad the ground  
In robes of velvet, the branches threw  
Their strong thick arms 'gainst a sky of blue,  
And the sweet brook sang, as it hurried by,  
“ Ah, Life, dear Life, it is hard to die ! ”

The trapper sank to his mother earth,—  
No other he knew since his hour of birth,—  
For Nature had taken the man aside  
And showed him things to the world denied ;  
In his simple way in his path he trod,  
Lived up to his light ; left the rest to God.

But mark ;—in the bushes something stirred,  
It was not the wind, nor was it a bird ;  
They part, and down to the waters' side  
A four-year buck, with his stately stride,  
Stepped warily on, for a moment stayed  
To sniff at the breeze which gently played  
On the rivulet's face ; the golden sun  
Just touched on his neck and fetlocks dun ;  
He stood like a statue, motionless, mute,  
An incarnate spirit of swift pursuit.

A glance from the trapper :—his glazing eye  
Cleared bright in the socket, he knew not why ;  
Steady and sure came the fluttering breath,  
For the habits of life are strong in death,  
The thin hand felt for the trigger again,  
Unshaking and true as it once had been,  
And the withered old cheek for a moment fell  
On the long brown barrel he loved so well.  
Crack ! and a ball to its billet sped,  
The deer at the trapper's feet lay dead,  
And the trapper's soul to its Maker fled.



We found him thus when the night had passed,  
The stock of his rifle held hard and fast,  
The buck with a hole in his heart lay there ;  
We buried them both,—with a silent prayer  
That the Father of all, in His mercy, would  
Take the soul of the trapper wild and rude  
To the home of us all, and the cross we hewed,  
To plant at his head, and left him so,  
With the brooklet babbling sweet and low.



O  
Tu  
Lo  
Tur  
For  
An  
Mor  
Thar  
Are  
Moul  
Take  
Whos  
Thou  
Rolled  
That s

## Memory.

---

Oh, Memory ! sweet servitor of Time,  
Why stirrest thou among the slumbering graves ?  
Turn errant footsteps to a fairer clime  
Than that of buried love ; oblivious waves  
Long years have surged above it, chill and deep ;  
Turn, Memory, and let the dead love sleep.

For thou hast glimmerings every day more dim,  
Of life half shadowed by the lapse of years,  
An echo like the echo of an hymn  
In some far fane still strikes thy drowsy ears ;  
More than a reminiscence, and not less  
Than a sure pledge of coming happiness.

Are our souls wanderers ? Do they but rest  
A point of time within us, till the clay  
Moulders to dust ; then to some other breast  
Winging invisible their silent way,  
Take new abodes ? Oh, Soul, if thou couldst tell  
Whose was the heart wherein thou last didst dwell !

Thou hadst existence ere this gray old earth  
Rolled out of chaos ; knewest before our birth  
That somewhere was a wider, nobler sphere  
Than we inhabit here ;

Where we were nearer heaven, and the skies  
Came not between us and our Paradise ;  
Where speech was music, every word a song,  
And life was sweet, and love was true and long ;  
Where might was gentle, weakness was endued  
With very strength from its decrepitude ;  
When every sense was active, pure, and free,  
And fancy mounted through eternity.

Down to this dull earth, oh, my Soul, and find  
That it can forge no fetters for the mind ;  
We can bend circumstances to our will  
And make them serve us ; we are masters still  
Of more good than we wot of ; we must rise  
Superior to material things of clay,  
Forgetting most things, in the few be wise,  
And, since night cometh, take heed for the day.

Our lives are cramped through our own littleness,  
And too fast bound by custom and the stress  
Of what we deem necessity, we tread  
Where trod our sires, and, lo, our sires are dead !

To every life its object ; if we die,  
    With ends all unaccomplished, still we know  
The mark in heaven was not set too high,  
    But feeble purpose sped the shaft too low.

## Voyageur.

---

See, by yonder pine he stands,  
In his tasselled tuque of blue,  
With the paddle in his hand,  
Watching that far-off canoe,  
Mark his ruddy, sun-kissed face,  
One of a soon-vanished race :  
Voyageur.

All the strength of solitude  
Lurks within those steady eyes,  
Nurtured in a cradle rude,  
'Neath a canopy of skies.  
He has ever deeply quaffed  
Nature's clearest, sweetest draught :  
Voyageur.

See, upon his quiet brow  
Graven furrows deeply lie,  
Nature sets upon him now  
Signet of nobility,  
Drawn from waters, sky, and soil,  
All the dignity of toil :  
Voyageur.

She has taken him aside  
    To her teeming, throbbing breast,  
Led him safely, far and wide,  
    'Mid the deserts of the West,  
And at last revealed to him  
All her secrets faint and dim :  
    Voyageur.

He could tell of brimming lakes  
    Rimmed by purple mountain tips,  
Where alone an echo wakes  
    As his speeding paddle dips,  
Glassy pools and voiceless floods,  
Scion of the trackless woods :  
    Voyageur.

He could guide you like a flash  
    Down some rapids' ragged verge,  
Where the whirling eddies crash,  
    And the racing billows surge ;  
Nerves of iron, wrists of steel,  
Never yet did tremor feel :  
    Voyageur.

Leave him to his luring life,  
    To his peaceful starlit dreams,  
To existence without strife,  
    To his forest and his streams ;  
So a long farewell to thee,  
Simple manhood, wild and free :  
    Voyageur.

## God's Acre.

---

I passed a city of the silent dead,  
With all its lifted monuments, o'erhead  
    Stooped vaulted blue,  
Ragged with cloud wind-rifted all the sky,  
And, radiant Queen of midnight mystery,  
    The moon peered through.

Above was life ; beneath, the worn-out shell  
Of souls too fugitive on earth to dwell,  
    Born but for tears ;  
And daisies blossomed from the slumbering breast  
That once had pulsed with hope, but now at rest  
    For long, long years.

They were but pledges, that, when man has bowed  
And kissed the cup, his life in love bestowed  
    Will burst in bloom,  
And Immortality its measure find,  
In full development of soul and mind,  
    Beyond the tomb.

So, peace, heart, peace ; a breath, and it is done ;  
For who can say " I see to-morrow's sun "  
    Ere morning breaks ?  
Bide thy short hour ; the Guiding Hand will keep  
Its vigil over thee, till, after sleep,  
    Thy soul awakes.

## L' Envoi.

---

Take, friend, the lines, though phrase and rhyme  
Lack subtle turning, finer skill,  
Expression of a thought sublime,  
Record of deed sublimer still ;

If something of that pure deep tone  
The west wind whispers to a pine  
When all its tasselled top is blown  
Be woven in a song of mine ;

Or, if I catch the peace that sleeps  
In starry depths, or silver lake,  
When the white moon her vigil keeps,  
And all the Northern Lights awake ;

Or, if one kindly thought be stirred,  
One moment's rest be found from pain,  
If memory lingers on one word,  
It has not all been writ in vain.



d rhyme

;   
 pain,



