

THE POET'S LOVE FOR LIVELINESS.

("Moi, quelque soit le monde.")

{XV., May 11, 1830.}

For me, whate'er my life and lot may show,
Years blank with gloom or cheered by mem'ry's glow,
Turmoil or peace; never be it mine, I pray,
To be a dweller of the peopled earth,
Save 'neath a roof alive with children's mirth
Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more
Those scenes my footsteps tottered in before,
An infant follower in Napoleon's train:
Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,
And both Castiles, and mated Aragon;
Ne'er be it mine, O Spain!

To pass thy plains with cities scant between,
Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,
Thy palaces, of Moor's or Roman's time;
Or the swift makings of thy Guadalquiver,
Save in those gilded cars, where bells forever
Ring their melodious chime.

Fraser's Magazine

INFANTILE INFLUENCE.

("Lorsque l'enfant parait.")

{XIX., May 11, 1830.}

The child comes toddling in, and young and old
With smiling eyes its smiling eyes behold,
 And artless, babyish joy;
A playful welcome greets it through the room,
The saddest brow unfolds its wrinkled gloom,
 To greet the happy boy.

If June with flowers has spangled all the ground,
Or winter bleak the flickering hearth around
 Draws close the circling seat;
The child still sheds a never-failing light;
We call; Mamma with mingled joy and fright
 Watches its tottering feet.

Perhaps at eve as round the fire we draw,
We speak of heaven, or poetry, or law,
 Or politics, or prayer;
The child comes in, 'tis now all smiles and play,

Farewell to grave discourse and poet's lay,
Philosophy and care.

When fancy wakes, but sense in heaviest sleep
Lies steeped, and like the sobs of them that weep
The dark stream sinks and swells,
The dawn, like Pharos gleaming o'er the sea,
Bursts forth, and sudden wakes the minstrelsy
Of birds and chiming bells;

Thou art my dawn; my soul is as the field,
Where sweetest flowers their balmy perfumes yield
When breathed upon by thee,
Of forest, where thy voice like zephyr plays,
And morn pours out its flood of golden rays,
When thy sweet smile I see.

Oh, sweetest eyes, like founts of liquid blue;
And little hands that evil never knew,
Pure as the new-formed snow;
Thy feet are still unstained by this world's mire,
Thy golden locks like aureole of fire
Circle thy cherub brow!

Dove of our ark, thine angel spirit flies
On azure wings forth from thy beaming eyes.

Though weak thine infant feet,
What strange amaze this new and strange world gives
To thy sweet virgin soul, that spotless lives
In virgin body sweet.

Oh, gentle face, radiant with happy smile,
And eager prattling tongue that knows no guile,
Quick changing tears and bliss;
Thy soul expands to catch this new world's light,
Thy mazed eyes to drink each wondrous sight,
Thy lips to taste the kiss.

Oh, God! bless me and mine, and these I love,
And e'en my foes that still triumphant prove
Victors by force or guile;
A flowerless summer may we never see,
Or nest of bird bereft, or hive of bee,
Or home of infant's smile.

HENRY HIGHTON, M.A.

THE WATCHING ANGEL.

("Dans l'alcôve sombre.")

{XX., November, 1831.}

In the dusky nook,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed:
Softly he reposes,
And his lid of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairyland,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;
Suns are flaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In each charming hand.

Oh, enchanting vision!
Lo, a rill upsprings,
And from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,

While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold;
Roses pied and lilies
Every path enfold;
Lakes delicious sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
Through the wavelets creeping
Up to reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead weeds that sweep
O'er the dol'rous deep,
Thou art borne in sleep.
What is all to thee?

Thou canst slumber by the way;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Naught from study, naught from care;
The cold hand of sorrow
On thy brow unwrinkled yet,

Where young truth and candor sit,
Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
That sad word, "To-morrow!"

Innocent! thou sleepest—
See the angelic band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned;
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, unalarmed,
With their tears have warmed
This unconscious hand.

Still they, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies,
Hark, he sees them weeping,
"Gabriel!" he cries;
"Hush!" the angel says,
On his lip he lays
One finger, one displays
His native skies.

Foreign Quarterly Review

SUNSET.

("Le soleil s'est couché")

{XXXV. vi., April, 1829.}

The sun set this evening in masses of cloud,
The storm comes to-morrow, then calm be the night,
Then the Dawn in her chariot refulgent and proud,
Then more nights, and still days, steps of Time in his flight.
The days shall pass rapid as swifts on the wing.
O'er the face of the hills, o'er the face of the seas,
O'er streamlets of silver, and forests that ring
With a dirge for the dead, chanted low by the breeze;
The face of the waters, the brow of the mounts
Deep scarred but not shrivelled, and woods tufted green,
Their youth shall renew; and the rocks to the founts
Shall yield what these yielded to ocean their queen.
But day by day bending still lower my head,
Still chilled in the sunlight, soon I shall have cast,
At height of the banquet, my lot with the dead,
Unmissed by creation aye joyous and vast.

TORU DUTT.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

("Ma fille, va prier!")

{XXXVII., June, 1830.}

I.

Come, child, to prayer; the busy day is done,
A golden star gleams through the dusk of night;
The hills are trembling in the rising mist,
The rumbling wain looms dim upon the sight;
All things wend home to rest; the roadside trees
Shake off their dust, stirred by the evening breeze.

The sparkling stars gush forth in sudden blaze,
As twilight open flings the doors of night;
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The rippling waves are tipped with silver light;
The bush, the path—all blend in one dull gray;
The doubtful traveller gropes his anxious way.

Oh, day! with toil, with wrong, with hatred rife;
Oh, blessed night! with sober calmness sweet,
The sad winds moaning through the ruined tower,
The age-worn hind, the sheep's sad broken bleat—

All nature groans opprest with toil and care,
And wearied craves for rest, and love, and prayer.

At eve the babes with angels converse hold,
While we to our strange pleasures wend our way,
Each with its little face upraised to heaven,
With folded hands, barefoot kneels down to pray,
At selfsame hour with selfsame words they call
On God, the common Father of them all.

And then they sleep, and golden dreams anon,
Born as the busy day's last murmurs die,
In swarms tumultuous flitting through the gloom
Their breathing lips and golden locks descry.
And as the bees o'er bright flowers joyous roam,
Around their curtained cradles clustering come.

Oh, prayer of childhood! simple, innocent;
Oh, infant slumbers! peaceful, pure, and light;
Oh, happy worship! ever gay with smiles,
Meet prelude to the harmonies of night;
As birds beneath the wing enfold their head,
Nestled in prayer the infant seeks its bed.

HENRY HIGHTON, M.A.

II.

To prayer, my child! and O, be thy first prayer
For her who, many nights, with anxious care,
 Rocked thy first cradle; who took thy infant soul
From heaven and gave it to the world; then rife
 With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
And left for thy young lips the honeyed bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me!
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee;—
 She has a guileless heart, brow placid still;
Pity she has for all, envy for none;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives on;
 And she endures, nor knows who does the ill.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has ne'er
Touched e'en the outer rind of vice; no snare
 With smiling show has lured her steps aside:
On her the past has left no staining mark;
Nor knows she aught of those bad thoughts which, dark
 Like shade on waters, o'er the spirit glide.

She knows not—nor mayest thou—the miseries

In which our spirits mingle: vanities,
Remorse, soul-gnawing cares, Pleasure's false show:
Passions which float upon the heart like foam,
Bitter remembrances which o'er us come,
And Shame's red spot spread sudden o'er the brow.

I know life better! when thou'rt older grown
I'll tell thee—it is needful to be known—
Of the pursuit of wealth—art, power; the cost.
That it is folly, nothingness: that shame
For glory is oft thrown us in the game
Of Fortune; chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change. Although of everything
The cause and end be clear, yet wildering
We roam through life (of vice and error full).
We wander as we go; we feel the load
Of doubt; and to the briars upon the road
Man leaves his virtue, as the sheep its wool.

Then go, go pray for me! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear:—
"Lord, Lord, our Father! God, my prayer attend;
Pardon! Thou art good! Pardon—Thou art great!"
Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate!
Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

There's nothing here below which does not find
Its tendency. O'er plains the rivers wind,
And reach the sea; the bee, by instinct driven,
Finds out the honeyed flowers; the eagle flies
To seek the sun; the vulture where death lies;
The swallow to the spring; the prayer to Heaven!

And when thy voice is raised to God for me,
I'm like the slave whom in the vale we see
Seated to rest, his heavy load laid by;
I feel refreshed—the load of faults and woe
Which, groaning, I drag with me as I go,
Thy wingèd prayer bears off rejoicingly!

Pray for thy father! that his dreams be bright
With visitings of angel forms of light,
And his soul burn as incense flaming wide,
Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
So that his heart be like that holy place,
An altar pavement each eve purified!

C., *Tait's Magazine*

LES CHANTS DU CRÉPUSCULE.—1849.

PRELUDE TO "THE SONGS OF TWILIGHT."

("De quel non te nommer?")

{PRELUDE, a, Oct. 20, 1835.}

How shall I note thee, line of troubled years,
Which mark existence in our little span?
One constant twilight in the heaven appears—
One constant twilight in the mind of man!

Creed, hope, anticipation and despair,
Are but a mingling, as of day and night;
The globe, surrounded by deceptive air,
Is all enveloped in the same half-light.

And voice is deadened by the evening breeze,
The shepherd's song, or maiden's in her bower,
Mix with the rustling of the neighboring trees,
Within whose foliage is lulled the power.

Yet all unites! The winding path that leads
Thro' fields where verdure meets the trav'ler's eye.
The river's margin, blurred with wavy reeds,
The muffled anthem, echoing to the sky!

The ivy smothering the armèd tower;
The dying wind that mocks the pilot's ear;
The lordly equipage at midnight hour,
Draws into danger in a fog the peer;

The votaries of Satan or of Jove;
The wretched mendicant absorbed in woe;
The din of multitudes that onward move;
The voice of conscience in the heart below;

The waves, which Thou, O Lord, alone canst still;
Th' elastic air; the streamlet on its way;
And all that man projects, or sovereigns will;
Or things inanimate might seem to say;

The strain of gondolier slow streaming by;
The lively barks that o'er the waters bound;
The trees that shake their foliage to the sky;
The wailing voice that fills the cots around;

And man, who studies with an aching heart—
For now, when smiles are rarely deemed sincere,
In vain the sceptic bids his doubts depart—
Those doubts at length will arguments appear!

Hence, reader, know the subject of my song—
A mystic age, resembling twilight gloom,
Wherein we smile at birth, or bear along,
With noiseless steps, a victim to the tomb!

G.W.M. REYNOLDS

THE LAND OF FABLE.

("L'Orient! qu'y voyez-vous, poëtes?")

{PRELUDE, b.}

Now, vot'ries of the Muses, turn your eyes,
Unto the East, and say what there appears!
"Alas!" the voice of Poesy replies,
"Mystic's that light between the hemispheres!"

"Yes, dread's the mystic light in yonder heaven—
Dull is the gleam behind the distant hill;

Like feeble flashes in the welkin driven,
When the far thunder seems as it were still!

"But who can tell if that uncertain glare
Be Phoebus' self, adorned with glowing vest;
Or, if illusions, pregnant in the air,
Have drawn our glances to the radiant west?

"Haply the sunset has deceived the sight—
Perchance 'tis evening, while we look for morning;
Bewildered in the mazes of twilight,
That lucid sunset may *appear* a dawning!"

G.W.M. REYNOLDS

THE THREE GLORIOUS DAYS.

("Frères, vous avez vos journées.")

{I., July, 1830.}

Youth of France, sons of the bold,
Your oak-leaf victor-wreaths behold!
Our civic-laurels—honored dead!
So bright your triumphs in life's morn,

Your maiden-standards hacked and torn,
On Austerlitz might lustre shed.

All that your fathers did re-done—
A people's rights all nobly won—
Ye tore them living from the shroud!
Three glorious days bright July's gift,
The Bastiles off our hearts ye lift!
Oh! of such deeds be ever proud!

Of patriot sires ye lineage claim,
Their souls shone in your eye of flame;
Commencing the great work was theirs;
On you the task to finish laid
Your fruitful mother, France, who bade
Flow in one day a hundred years.

E'en chilly Albion admires,
The grand example Europe fires;
America shall clap her hands,
When swiftly o'er the Atlantic wave,
Fame sounds the news of how the brave,
In three bright days, have burst their bands!

With tyrant dead your fathers traced
A circle wide, with battles graced;

Victorious garland, red and vast!
Which blooming out from home did go
To Cadiz, Cairo, Rome, Moscow,
From Jemappes to Montmirail passed!

Of warlike Lyceums^{1} ye are
The favored sons; there, deeds of war
Formed e'en your plays, while o'er you shook
The battle-flags in air aloft!
Passing your lines, Napoleon oft
Electrified you with a look!

Eagle of France! whose vivid wing
Did in a hundred places fling
A bloody feather, till one night
The arrow whelmed thee 'neath the wave!
Look up—rejoice—for now thy brave
And worthy eaglets dare the light.

ELIZABETH COLLINS.

{Footnote 1: The pupils of the Polytechnic Military School distinguished themselves by their patriotic zeal and military skill, through all the troubles.}

TRIBUTE TO THE VANQUISHED.

("Laissez-moi pleurer sur cette race.")

{l. v.}

Oh! let me weep that race whose day is past,
By exile given, by exile claimed once more,
Thrice swept away upon that fatal blast.
Whate'er its blame, escort we to our shore
These relics of the monarchy of yore;
And to th' outmarching oriflamme be paid
War's honors by the flag on Fleurus' field displayed!

Fraser's Magazine

ANGEL OR DEMON.

("Tu domines notre âge; ange ou démon, qu'importe!")

{l. vii.}

Angel or demon! thou,—whether of light
The minister, or darkness—still dost sway

This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight
Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
The eye that from thy presence fain would stray,
Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow thrown
Rests on all pictures of the living day,
And on the threshold of our time alone,
Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
The subject-lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
To Portici from fair Parthenope,
Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
Wooed by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,
A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way.

Him, whether Paestum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
Listening, he while away the evening hour;
Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone and deep,
Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep

The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posillippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleased shade,
Ever he sees, throughout that circuit wide,
From shaded nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
From sea, and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore!

Fraser's Magazine

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

("Quand longtemps a grondé la bouche du Vésuve.")

{l. vii.}

When huge Vesuvius in its torment long,
Threatening has growled its cavernous jaws among,
When its hot lava, like the bubbling wine,
Foaming doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine,
Then is alarm in Naples.

With dismay,
Wanton and wild her weeping thousands pour,
Convulsive grasp the ground, its rage to stay,
Implore the angry Mount—in vain implore!
For lo! a column tow'ring more and more,
Of smoke and ashes from the burning crest
Shoots like a vulture's neck reared from its airy nest.

Sudden a flash, and from th' enormous den
Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth amain,
Bounding in frantic ecstasy. Ah! then
Farewell to Grecian fount and Tuscan fane!
Sails in the bay imbibe the purpling stain,
The while the lava in profusion wide
Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks untied.

It comes—it comes! that lava deep and rich,
That dower which fertilizes fields and fills
New moles upon the waters, bay and beach.
Broad sea and clustered isles, one terror thrills
As roll the red inexorable rills;
While Naples trembles in her palaces,
More helpless than the leaves when tempests shake the trees.

Prodigious chaos, streets in ashes lost,

Dwellings devoured and vomited again.
Roof against neighbor-roof, bewildered, tossed.
The waters boiling and the burning plain;
While clang the giant steeples as they reel,
Unprompted, their own tocsin peal.

Yet 'mid the wreck of cities, and the pride
Of the green valleys and the isles laid low,
The crash of walls, the tumult waste and wide,
O'er sea and land; 'mid all this work of woe,
Vesuvius still, though close its crater-glow,
Forgetful spares—Heaven wills that it should spare,
The lonely cell where kneels an aged priest in prayer.

Fraser's Magazine.

MARRIAGE AND FEASTS.

("La salle est magnifique.")

{IV. Aug. 23, 1839.}

The hall is gay with limpid lustre bright—
The feast to pampered palate gives delight—
The sated guests pick at the spicy food,

And drink profusely, for the cheer is good;
And at that table—where the wise are few—
Both sexes and all ages meet the view;
The sturdy warrior with a thoughtful face—
The am'rous youth, the maid replete with grace,
The prattling infant, and the hoary hair
Of second childhood's proselytes—are there;—
And the most gaudy in that spacious hall,
Are e'er the young, or oldest of them all
Helmet and banner, ornament and crest,
The lion rampant, and the jewelled vest,
The silver star that glitters fair and white,
The arms that tell of many a nation's might—
Heraldic blazonry, ancestral pride,
And all mankind invents for pomp beside,
The wingèd leopard, and the eagle wild—
All these encircle woman, chief and child;
Shine on the carpet burying their feet,
Adorn the dishes that contain their meat;
And hang upon the drapery, which around
Falls from the lofty ceiling to the ground,
Till on the floor its waving fringe is spread,
As the bird's wing may sweep the roses' bed.—

Thus is the banquet ruled by Noise and Light,
Since Light and Noise are foremost on the site.

The chamber echoes to the joy of them
Who throng around, each with his diadem—
Each seated on proud throne—but, lesson vain!
Each sceptre holds its master with a chain!
Thus hope of flight were futile from that hall,
Where chiefest guest was most enslaved of all!
The godlike-making draught that fires the soul
The Love—sweet poison-honey—past control,
(Formed of the sexual breath—an idle name,
Offspring of Fancy and a nervous frame)—
Pleasure, mad daughter of the darksome Night,
Whose languid eye flames when is fading light—
The gallant chases where a man is borne
By stalwart charger, to the sounding horn—
The sheeny silk, the bed of leaves of rose,
Made more to soothe the sight than court repose;
The mighty palaces that raise the sneer
Of jealous mendicants and wretches near—
The spacious parks, from which horizon blue
Arches o'er alabaster statues new;
Where Superstition still her walk will take,
Unto soft music stealing o'er the lake—
The innocent modesty by gems undone—
The qualms of judges by small brib'ry won—
The dread of children, trembling while they play—

The bliss of monarchs, potent in their sway—
The note of war struck by the culverin,
That snakes its brazen neck through battle din—
The military millipede
That tramples out the guilty seed—
The capital all pleasure and delight—
And all that like a town or army chokes
The gazer with foul dust or sulphur smokes.
The budget, prize for which ten thousand bait
A subtle hook, that ever, as they wait
Catches a weed, and drags them to their fate,
While gleamingly its golden scales still spread—
Such were the meats by which these guests were fed.

A hundred slaves for lazy master cared,
And served each one with what was e'er prepared
By him, who in a sombre vault below,
Peppered the royal pig with peoples' woe,
And grimly glad went laboring till late—
The morose alchemist we know as Fate!
That ev'ry guest might learn to suit his taste,
Behind had Conscience, real or mock'ry, placed;
Conscience a guide who every evil spies,
But royal nurses early pluck out both his eyes!

Oh! at the table there be all the great,

Whose lives are bubbles that best joys inflate!
Superb, magnificent of revels—doubt
That sagest lose their heads in such a rout!
In the long laughter, ceaseless roaming round,
Joy, mirth and glee give out a maelström's sound;
And the astonished gazer casts his care,
Where ev'ry eyeball glistens in the flare.

But oh! while yet the singing Hebes pour
Forgetfulness of those without the door—
At very hour when all are most in joy,
And the hid orchestra annuls annoy,
Woe—woe! with jollity a-top the heights,
With further tapers adding to the lights,
And gleaming 'tween the curtains on the street,
Where poor folks stare—hark to the heavy feet!
Some one smites roundly on the gilded grate,
Some one below will be admitted straight,
Some one, though not invited, who'll not wait!
Close not the door! Your orders are vain breath—
That stranger enters to be known as Death—
Or merely Exile—clothed in alien guise—
Death drags away—with *his* prey Exile flies!

Death is that sight. He promenades the hall,
And casts a gloomy shadow on them all,

'Neath which they bend like willows soft,
Ere seizing one—the dumbest monarch oft,
And bears him to eternal heat and drouth,
While still the toothsome morsel's in his mouth.

G.W.M. REYNOLDS.

THE MORROW OF GRANDEUR.

("Non, l'avenir n'est à personne!")

{V. ii., August, 1832.}

Sire, beware, the future's range
Is of God alone the power,
Naught below but augurs change,
E'en with ev'ry passing hour.
Future! mighty mystery!
All the earthly goods that be,
Fortune, glory, war's renown,
King or kaiser's sparkling crown,
Victory! with her burning wings,
Proud ambition's covetings,—
These may our grasp no more detain
Than the free bird who doth alight

Upon our roof, and takes its flight
High into air again.

Nor smile, nor tear, nor haughtiest lord's command,
Avails t' unclasp the cold and closèd hand.

Thy voice to disentrall,
Dumb phantom, shadow ever at our side!
Veiled spectre, journeying with us stride for stride,
Whom men "To-morrow" call.

Oh, to-morrow! who may dare
Its realities to scan?

God to-morrow brings to bear
What to-day is sown by man.
'Tis the lightning in its shroud,
'Tis the star-concealing cloud,
Traitor, 'tis his purpose showing,
Engine, lofty tow'rs o'erthrowing,
Wand'ring star, its region changing,
"Lady of kingdoms," ever ranging.

To-morrow! 'Tis the rude display
Of the throne's framework, blank and cold,
That, rich with velvet, bright with gold,
Dazzles the eye to-day.

To-morrow! 'tis the foaming war-horse falling;

To-morrow! thy victorious march appalling,
'Tis the red fires from Moscow's tow'rs that wave;
'Tis thine Old Guard strewing the Belgian plain;
'Tis the lone island in th' Atlantic main:
To-morrow! 'tis the grave!

Into capitals subdued
Thou mayst ride with gallant rein,
Cut the knots of civil feud
With the trenchant steel in twain;
With thine edicts barricade
Haughty Thames' o'er-freighted trade;
Fickle Victory's self enthrall,
Captive to thy trumpet call;
Burst the stoutest gates asunder;
Leave the names of brightest wonder,
Pale and dim, behind thee far;
And to exhaustless armies yield
Thy glancing spur,—o'er Europe's field
A glory-guiding star.

God guards duration, if lends space to thee,
Thou mayst o'er-range mundane immensity,
Rise high as human head can rise sublime,
Snatch Europe from the stamp of Charlemagne,
Asia from Mahomet; but never gain

Power o'er the Morrow from the Lord of Time!

Fraser's Magazine.

THE EAGLET MOURNED.

("Encore si ce banni n'eût rien aimé sur terre.")

{V, iv., August, 1832.}

Too hard Napoleon's fate! if, lone,
No being he had loved, no single one,
Less dark that doom had been.

But with the heart of might doth ever dwell
The heart of love! and in his island cell
Two things there were—I ween.

Two things—a portrait and a map there were—
Here hung the pictured world, an infant there:
That framed his genius, this enshrined his love.
And as at eve he glanced round th' alcove,
Where jailers watched his very thoughts to spy,
What mused he *then*—what dream of years gone by
Stirred 'neath that discrowned brow, and fired that glistening eye?

'Twas not the steps of that heroic tale
That from Arcola marched to Montmirail
 On Glory's red degrees;
Nor Cairo-pashas' steel-devouring steeds,
Nor the tall shadows of the Pyramids—
 Ah! 'Twas not always these;

'Twas not the bursting shell, the iron sleet,
The whirlwind rush of battle 'neath his feet,
 Through twice ten years ago,
When at his beck, upon that sea of steel
Were launched the rustling banners—there to reel
 Like masts when tempests blow.

'Twas not Madrid, nor Kremlin of the Czar,
Nor Pharos on Old Egypt's coast afar,
Nor shrill *réveillé's* camp-awakening sound,
Nor bivouac couch'd its starry fires around,
Crested dragoons, grim, veteran grenadiers,
Nor the red lancers 'mid their wood of spears
Blazing like baleful poppies 'mong the golden ears.

No—'twas an infant's image, fresh and fair,
With rosy mouth half oped, as slumbering there.
 It lay beneath the smile,
Of her whose breast, soft-bending o'er its sleep,

Lingering upon that little lip doth keep

One pendent drop the while.

Then, his sad head upon his hands inclined,

He wept; that father-heart all unconfined,

Outpoured in love alone.

My blessing on thy clay-cold head, poor child.

Sole being for whose sake his thoughts, beguiled,

Forgot the world's lost throne.

Fraser's Magazine

INVOCATION.

{V, vi., August, 1832.}

Say, Lord! for Thou alone canst tell

Where lurks the good invisible

Amid the depths of discord's sea—

That seem, alas! so dark to me!

Oppressive to a mighty state,

Contentions, feuds, the people's hate—

But who dare question that which fate

Has ordered to have been?

Haply the earthquake may unfold

The resting-place of purest gold,
And haply surges up have rolled
The pearls that were unseen!

G.W.M. REYNOLDS.

OUTSIDE THE BALL-ROOM.

("Ainsi l'Hôtel de Ville illumine.")

{VI., May, 1833.}

Behold the ball-room flashing on the sight,
From step to cornice one grand glare of light;
The noise of mirth and revelry resounds,
Like fairy melody on haunted grounds.
But who demands this profuse, wanton glee,
These shouts prolonged and wild festivity—
Not sure our city—web, more woe than bliss,
In any hour, requiring aught but this!

Deaf is the ear of all that jewelled crowd
To sorrow's sob, although its call be loud.
Better than waste long nights in idle show,
To help the indigent and raise the low—

To train the wicked to forsake his way,
And find th' industrious work from day to day!
Better to charity those hours afford,
Which now are wasted at the festal board!

And ye, O high-born beauties! in whose soul
Virtue resides, and Vice has no control;
Ye whom prosperity forbids to sin,
So fair without—so chaste, so pure within—
Whose honor Want ne'er threatened to betray,
Whose eyes are joyous, and whose heart is gay;
Around whose modesty a hundred arms,
Aided by pride, protect a thousand charms;
For you this ball is pregnant with delight;
As glitt'ring planets cheer the gloomy night:—
But, O, ye wist not, while your souls are glad,
How millions wander, homeless, sick and sad!
Hazard has placed you in a happy sphere,
And like your own to you all lots appear;
For blinded by the sun of bliss your eyes
Can see no dark horizon to the skies.

Such is the chance of life! Each gallant thane,
Prince, peer, and noble, follow in your train;—
They praise your loveliness, and in your ear
They whisper pleasing things, but insincere;

Thus, as the moths enamoured of the light,
Ye seek these realms of revelry each night.
But as ye travel thither, did ye know
What wretches walk the streets through which you go.
Sisters, whose gewgaws glitter in the glare
Of your great lustre, all expectant there,
Watching the passing crowd with avid eye,
Till one their love, or lust, or shame may buy;
Or, with commingling jealousy and rage,
They mark the progress of your equipage;
And their deceitful life essays the while
To mask their woe beneath a sickly smile!

G.W.M. REYNOLDS.

PRAYER FOR FRANCE.

("O Dieu, si vous avez la France.")

{VII., August, 1832.}

O God! if France be still thy guardian care,
Oh! spare these mercenary combats, spare!
The thrones that now are reared but to be broke;
The rights we render, and anon revoke;

The muddy stream of laws, ideas, needs,
Flooding our social life as it proceeds;
Opposing tribunes, even when seeming one—
Soft, yielding plaster put in place of stone;
Wave chasing wave in endless ebb and flow;
War, darker still and deeper in its woe;
One party fall'n, successor scarce preludes,
Than, straight, new views their furious feuds;
The great man's pressure on the poor for gold,
Rumors uncertain, conflicts, crimes untold;
Dark systems hatched in secret and in fear,
Telling of hate and strife to every ear,
That even to midnight sleep no peace is given,
For murd'rous cannon through our streets are driven.

J.S. MACRAE.

TO CANARIS, THE GREEK PATRIOT.

("Canaris! nous t'avons oublié.")

{VIII., October, 1832.}

O Canaris! O Canaris! the poet's song
Has blameful left untold thy deeds too long!

But when the tragic actor's part is done,
When clamor ceases, and the fights are won,
When heroes realize what Fate decreed,
When chieftains mark no more which thousands bleed;
When they have shone, as clouded or as bright,
As fitful meteor in the heaven at night,
And when the sycophant no more proclaims
To gaping crowds the glory of their names,—
'Tis then the mem'ries of warriors die,
And fall—alas!—into obscurity,
Until the poet, in whose verse alone
Exists a world—can make their actions known,
And in eternal epic measures, show
They are not yet forgotten here below.
And yet by us neglected! glory gloomed,
Thy name seems sealed apart, entombed,
Although our shouts to pigmies rise—no cries
To mark thy presence echo to the skies;
Farewell to Grecian heroes—silent is the lute,
And sets your sun without one Memnon bruit?

There was a time men gave no peace
To cheers for Athens, Bozzaris, Leonidas, and Greece!
And Canaris' more-worshipped name was found
On ev'ry lip, in ev'ry heart around.
But now is changed the scene! On hist'ry's page

Are writ o'er thine deeds of another age,
And thine are not remembered.—Greece, farewell!
The world no more thine heroes' deeds will tell.

Not that this matters to a man like thee!
To whom is left the dark blue open sea,
Thy gallant bark, that o'er the water flies,
And the bright planet guiding in clear skies;
All these remain, with accident and strife,
Hope, and the pleasures of a roving life,
Boon Nature's fairest prospects—land and main—
The noisy starting, glad return again;
The pride of freeman on a bounding deck
Which mocks at dangers and despises wreck,
And e'en if lightning-pinions cleave the sea,
'Tis all replete with joyousness to thee!

Yes, these remain! blue sky and ocean blue,
Thine eagles with one sweep beyond the view—
The sun in golden beauty ever pure,
The distance where rich warmth doth eye endure—
Thy language so mellifluously bland,
Mixed with sweet idioms from Italia's strand,
As Baya's streams to Samos' waters glide
And with them mingle in one placid tide.

Yes, these remain, and, Canaris! thy arms—
The sculptured sabre, faithful in alarms—
The broidered garb, the yataghan, the vest
Expressive of thy rank, to thee still rest!
And when thy vessel o'er the foaming sound
Is proud past storied coasts to blithely bound,
At once the point of beauty may restore
Smiles to thy lip, and smoothe thy brow once more.

G.W.M. REYNOLDS.

POLAND.

("Seule au pied de la tour.")

{IX., September, 1833.}

Alone, beneath the tower whence thunder forth
The mandates of the Tyrant of the North,
Poland's sad genius kneels, absorbed in tears,
Bound, vanquished, pallid with her fears—
Alas! the crucifix is all that's left
To her, of freedom and her sons bereft;
And on her royal robe foul marks are seen
Where Russian hectors' scornful feet have been.

Anon she hears the clank of murd'rous arms,—
The swordsmen come once more to spread alarms!
And while she weeps against the prison walls,
And waves her bleeding arm until it falls,
To France she hopeless turns her glazing eyes,
And sues her sister's succor ere she dies.

G.W.M. REYNOLDS.

INSULT NOT THE FALLEN.

("Oh! n'insultez jamais une femme qui tombe.")

{XIV., Sept. 6, 1835.}

I tell you, hush! no word of sneering scorn—
True, fallen; but God knows how deep her sorrow.
Poor girl! too many like her only born
To love one day—to sin—and die the morrow.
What know you of her struggles or her grief?
Or what wild storms of want and woe and pain
Tore down her soul from honor? As a leaf
From autumn branches, or a drop of rain
That hung in frailest splendor from a bough—
Bright, glistening in the sunlight of God's day—

So had she clung to virtue once. But now—
See Heaven's clear pearl polluted with earth's clay!
The sin is yours—with your accursed gold—
Man's wealth is master—woman's soul the slave!
Some purest water still the mire may hold.
Is there no hope for her—no power to save?
Yea, once again to draw up from the clay
The fallen raindrop, till it shine above,
Or save a fallen soul, needs but one ray
Of Heaven's sunshine, or of human love.

W.C.K. WILDE.

MORNING.

("L'aurore s'allume.")

{XX. a, December, 1834.}

Morning glances hither,
Now the shade is past;
Dream and fog fly thither
Where Night goes at last;
Open eyes and roses
As the darkness closes;

And the sound that grows is
Nature walking fast.

Murmuring all and singing,
Hark! the news is stirred,
Roof and creepers clinging,
Smoke and nest of bird;
Winds to oak-trees bear it,
Streams and fountains hear it,
Every breath and spirit
As a voice is heard.

All takes up its story,
Child resumes his play,
Hearth its ruddy glory,
Lute its lifted lay.
Wild or out of senses,
Through the world immense is
Sound as each commences
Schemes of yesterday.

W.M. HARDINGE.

SONG OF LOVE.

("S'il est un charmant gazon.")

{XXII, Feb. 18, 1834.}

If there be a velvet sward
By dewdrops pearly drest,
Where through all seasons fairies guard
Flowers by bees carest,
Where one may gather, day and night,
Roses, honeysuckle, lily white,
I fain would make of it a site
For thy foot to rest.

If there be a loving heart
Where Honor rules the breast,
Loyal and true in every part,
That changes ne'er molest,
Eager to run its noble race,
Intent to do some work of grace,
I fain would make of it a place
For thy brow to rest.

And if there be of love a dream
Rose-scented as the west,
Which shows, each time it comes, a gleam,—
A something sweet and blest,—

A dream of which heaven is the pole,
A dream that mingles soul and soul,
I fain of it would make the goal
Where thy mind should rest.

TORU DUTT.

SWEET CHARMER.{1}

("L'aube naît et ta porte est close.")

{XXIII., February, 18—.}

Though heaven's gate of light uncloses,
Thou stirr'st not—thou'rt laid to rest,
Waking are thy sister roses,
One only dreamest on thy breast.

Hear me, sweet dreamer!

Tell me all thy fears,

Trembling in song,

But to break in tears.

Lo! to greet thee, spirits pressing,
Soft music brings the gentle dove,
And fair light falleth like a blessing,

While my poor heart can bring thee only love.
Worship thee, angels love thee, sweet woman?
Yes; for that love perfects my soul.
None the less of heaven that my heart is human,
Blent in one exquisite, harmonious whole.

H.B. FARNIE.

{Footnote 1: Set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.}

MORE STRONG THAN TIME.

("Puisque j'ai mis ma lèvre à ta coupe.")

{XXV., Jan. 1, 1835.}

Since I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet,
Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,
Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade;

Since it was given to me to hear one happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries,
Since I have seen you weep, and since I have seen you smile,
Your lips upon my lips, and your gaze upon my eyes;

Since I have known upon my forehead glance and gleam,
A ray, a single ray, of your star, veiled always,
Since I have felt the fall upon my lifetime's stream,
Of one rose-petal plucked from the roses of your days;

I now am bold to say to the swift-changing hours,
Pass—pass upon your way, for I grow never old.
Flee to the dark abysm with all your fading flowers,
One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.

Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet.
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my love forget.

A. LANG.

ROSES AND BUTTERFLIES.

("Roses et Papillons.")

{XXVII., Dec. 7, 1834.}

The grave receives us all:

Ye butterflies and roses gay and sweet
Why do ye linger, say?
Will ye not dwell together as is meet?
Somewhere high in the air
Would thy wing seek a home 'mid sunny skies,
In mead or mossy dell—
If there thy odors longest, sweetest rise.

Have where ye will your dwelling,
Or breath or tint whose praise we sing;
Butterfly shining bright,
Full-blown or bursting rosebud, flow'r or wing.
Dwell together ye fair,
'Tis a boon to the loveliest given;
Perchance ye then may choose your home
On the earth or in heaven.

W.C. WESTBROOK

A SIMILE.

("Soyez comme l'oiseau.")

{XXXIII. vi.}

Thou art like the bird
That alights and sings
Though the frail spray bends—

For he knows he has wings.

FANNY KEMBLE (BUTLER)

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

("À toi, toujours à toi.")

{XXXIX., 1823}

To thee, all time to thee,
My lyre a voice shall be!
Above all earthly fashion,
Above mere mundane rage,
Your mind made it my passion
To write for noblest stage.

Whoe'er you be, send blessings to her—she
Was sister of my soul immortal, free!
My pride, my hope, my shelter, my resource,
When green hoped not to gray to run its course;
She was enthronèd Virtue under heaven's dome,
My idol in the shrine of curtained home.

LES VOIX INTÉRIEURES.—1840.

THE BLINDED BOURBONS.

("Qui leur eût dit l'austère destineé?")

{ll. v., November, 1836.}

Who *then*, to them{1} had told the Future's story?

Or said that France, low bowed before their glory,

One day would mindful be

Of them and of their mournful fate no more,

Than of the wrecks its waters have swept o'er

The unremembering sea?

That their old Tuileries should see the fall

Of blazons from its high heraldic hall,

Dismantled, crumbling, prone;{2}

Or that, o'er yon dark Louvre's architrave{3}

A Corsican, as yet unborn, should grave

An eagle, then unknown?

That gay St. Cloud another lord awaited,
Or that in scenes Le Nôtre's art created
 For princely sport and ease,
Crimean steeds, trampling the velvet glade,
Should browse the bark beneath the stately shade
 Of the great Louis' trees?

Fraser's Magazine.

{Footnote 1: The young princes, afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X.}

{Footnote 2: The Tuileries, several times stormed by mobs, was so irreparably injured by the Communists that, in 1882, the Paris Town Council decided that the ruins should be cleared away.}

{Footnote 3: After the Eagle and the Bee superseded the Lily-flowers, the Third Napoleon's initial "N" flourished for two decades, but has been excised or plastered over, the words "National Property" or "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" being cut in the stone profusely.}

TO ALBERT DÜRER.

("Dans les vieilles forêts.")

{X., April 20, 1837.}

Through ancient forests—where like flowing tide
The rising sap shoots vigor far and wide,
Mounting the column of the alder dark
And silv'ring o'er the birch's shining bark—
Hast thou not often, Albert Dürer, strayed
Pond'ring, awe-stricken—through the half-lit glade,
Pallid and trembling—glancing not behind
From mystic fear that did thy senses bind,
Yet made thee hasten with unsteady pace?
Oh, Master grave! whose musings lone we trace
Throughout thy works we look on reverently.
Amidst the gloomy umbrage thy mind's eye
Saw clearly, 'mong the shadows soft yet deep,
The web-toed faun, and Pan the green-eyed peep,
Who deck'd with flowers the cave where thou might'st rest,
Leaf-laden dryads, too, in verdure drest.
A strange weird world such forest was to thee,
Where mingled truth and dreams in mystery;
There leaned old ruminating pines, and there
The giant elms, whose boughs deformed and bare
A hundred rough and crooked elbows made;
And in this sombre group the wind had swayed,
Nor life—nor death—but life in death seemed found.
The cresses drink—the water flows—and round
Upon the slopes the mountain rowans meet,

And 'neath the brushwood plant their gnarled feet,
Intwining slowly where the creepers twine.
There, too, the lakes as mirrors brightly shine,
And show the swan-necked flowers, each line by line.
Chimeras roused take stranger shapes for thee,
The glittering scales of mailèd throat we see,
And claws tight pressed on huge old knotted tree;
While from a cavern dim the bright eyes glare.
Oh, vegetation! Spirit! Do we dare
Question of matter, and of forces found
'Neath a rude skin-in living verdure bound.
Oh, Master—I, like thee, have wandered oft
Where mighty trees made arches high aloft,
But ever with a consciousness of strife,
A surging struggle of the inner life.
Ever the trembling of the grass I say,
And the boughs rocking as the breezes play,
Have stirred deep thoughts in a bewild'ring way.
Oh, God! alone Great Witness of all deeds,
Of thoughts and acts, and all our human needs,
God only knows how often in such scenes
Of savage beauty under leafy screens,
I've felt the mighty oaks had spirit dower—
Like me knew mirth and sorrow—sentient power,
And whisp'ring each to each in twilight dim,
Had hearts that beat—and owned a soul from Him!

MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND

TO HIS MUSE.

("Puisqu'ici-bas tout âme.")

{XL, May 19, 1836.}

Since everything below,
Doth, in this mortal state,
Its tone, its fragrance, or its glow
Communicate;

Since all that lives and moves
Upon the earth, bestows
On what it seeks and what it loves
Its thorn or rose;

Since April to the trees
Gives a bewitching sound,
And sombre night to grief gives ease,
And peace profound;

Since day-spring on the flower
A fresh'ning drop confers,
And the fresh air on branch and bower
Its choristers;

Since the dark wave bestows
A soft caress, imprest
On the green bank to which it goes
Seeking its rest;

I give thee at this hour,
Thus fondly bent o'er thee,
The best of all the things in dow'r
That in me be.

Receive, -poor gift, 'tis true,
Which grief, not joy, endears,—
My thoughts, that like a shower of dew,
Reach thee in tears.

My vows untold receive,
All pure before thee laid;
Receive of all the days I live
The light or shade!

My hours with rapture fill'd,

Which no suspicion wrongs;
And all the blandishments distill'd
From all my songs.

My spirit, whose essay
Flies fearless, wild, and free,
And hath, and seeks, to guide its way
No star but thee.

No pensive, dreamy Muse,
Who, though all else should smile,
Oft as thou weep'st, with thee would choose,
To weep the while.

Oh, sweetest mine! this gift
Receive;—'tis throe alone;—
My heart, of which there's nothing left
When Love is gone!

Fraser's Magazine.

THE COW.

("Devant la blanche ferme.")

{XV., May, 1837.}

Before the farm where, o'er the porch, festoon
Wild creepers red, and gaffer sits at noon,
Whilst strutting fowl display their varied crests,
And the old watchdog slumberously rests,
They half-attentive to the clarion of their king,
Resplendent in the sunshine op'ning wing—
There stood a cow, with neck-bell jingling light,
Superb, enormous, dappled red and white—
Soft, gentle, patient as a hind unto its young,
Letting the children swarm until they hung
Around her, under—rustics with their teeth
Whiter than marble their ripe lips beneath,
And bushy hair fresh and more brown
Than mossy walls at old gates of a town,
Calling to one another with loud cries
For younger imps to be in at the prize;
Stealing without concern but tremulous with fear
They glance around lest Doll the maid appear;—
Their jolly lips—that haply cause some pain,
And all those busy fingers, pressing now and 'gain,
The teeming udders whose small, thousand pores
Gush out the nectar 'mid their laughing roars,
While she, good mother, gives and gives in heaps,
And never moves. Anon there creeps

A vague soft shiver o'er the hide unmarred,
As sharp they pull, she seems of stone most hard.
Dreamy of large eye, seeks she no release,
And shrinks not while there's one still to appease.
Thus Nature—refuge 'gainst the slings of fate!
Mother of all, indulgent as she's great!
Lets us, the hungered of each age and rank,
Shadow and milk seek in the eternal flank;
Mystic and carnal, foolish, wise, repair,
The souls retiring and those that dare,
Sages with halos, poets laurel-crowned,
All creep beneath or cluster close around,
And with unending greed and joyous cries,
From sources full, draw need's supplies,
Quench hearty thirst, obtain what must eftsoon
Form blood and mind, in freest boon,
Respire at length thy sacred flaming light,
From all that greets our ears, touch, scent or sight—
Brown leaves, blue mountains, yellow gleams, green sod—
Thou undistracted still dost dream of God.

TORU DUTT.

MOTHERS.

("Regardez: les enfants.")

{XX., June, 1884.}

See all the children gathered there,
Their mother near; so young, so fair,
An eider sister she might be,
And yet she hears, amid their games,
The shaking of their unknown names
In the dark urn of destiny.

She wakes their smiles, she soothes their cares,
On that pure heart so like to theirs,
Her spirit with such life is rife
That in its golden rays we see,
Touched into graceful poesy,
The dull cold commonplace of life.

Still following, watching, whether burn
The Christmas log in winter stern,
While merry plays go round;
Or streamlets laugh to breeze of May
That shakes the leaf to break away—
A shadow falling to the ground.

If some poor man with hungry eyes

Her baby's coral bauble spies,
She marks his look with famine wild,
For Christ's dear sake she makes with joy
An alms-gift of the silver toy—
A smiling angel of the child.

Dublin University Magazine

TO SOME BIRDS FLOWN AWAY.

("Enfants! Oh! revenez!")

{XXII, April, 1837}

Children, come back—come back, I say—
You whom my folly chased away
A moment since, from this my room,
With bristling wrath and words of doom!
What had you done, you bandits small,
With lips as red as roses all?
What crime?—what wild and hapless deed?
What porcelain vase by you was split
To thousand pieces? Did you need
For pastime, as you handled it,
Some Gothic missal to enrich

With your designs fantastical?
Or did your tearing fingers fall
On some old picture? Which, oh, which
Your dreadful fault? Not one of these;
Only when left yourselves to please
This morning but a moment here
'Mid papers tinted by my mind
You took some embryo verses near—
Half formed, but fully well designed
To open out. Your hearts desire
Was but to throw them on the fire,
Then watch the tinder, for the sight
Of shining sparks that twinkle bright
As little boats that sail at night,
Or like the window lights that spring
From out the dark at evening.

'Twas all, and you were well content.
Fine loss was this for anger's vent—
A strophe ill made midst your play,
Sweet sound that chased the words away
In stormy flight. An ode quite new,
With rhymes inflated—stanzas, too,
That panted, moving lazily,
And heavy Alexandrine lines
That seemed to jostle bodily,

Like children full of play designs
That spring at once from schoolroom's form.
Instead of all this angry storm,
Another might have thanked you well
For saving prey from that grim cell,
That hollowed den 'neath journals great,
Where editors who poets flout
With their demoniac laughter shout.
And I have scolded you! What fate
For charming dwarfs who never meant
To anger Hercules! And I
Have frightened you!—My chair I sent
Back to the wall, and then let fly
A shower of words the envious use—
"Get out," I said, with hard abuse,
"Leave me alone—alone I say."
Poor man alone! Ah, well-a-day,
What fine result—what triumph rare!
As one turns from the coffin'd dead
So left you me:—I could but stare
Upon the door through which you fled—
I proud and grave—but punished quite.
And what care you for this my plight!—
You have recovered liberty,
Fresh air and lovely scenery,
The spacious park and wished-for grass;

The running stream, where you can throw
A blade to watch what comes to pass;
Blue sky, and all the spring can show;
Nature, serenely fair to see;
The book of birds and spirits free,
God's poem, worth much more than mine,
Where flowers for perfect stanzas shine—
Flowers that a child may pluck in play,
No harsh voice frightening it away.
And I'm alone—all pleasure o'er—
Alone with pedant called "Ennui,"
For since the morning at my door
Ennui has waited patiently.
That docto-r-London born, you mark,
One Sunday in December dark,
Poor little ones—he loved you not,
And waited till the chance he got
To enter as you passed away,
And in the very corner where
You played with frolic laughter gay,
He sighs and yawns with weary air.

What can I do? Shall I read books,
Or write more verse—or turn fond looks
Upon enamels blue, sea-green,
And white—on insects rare as seen

Upon my Dresden china ware?
Or shall I touch the globe, and care
To make the heavens turn upon
Its axis? No, not one—not one
Of all these things care I to do;
All wearies me—I think of you.
In truth with you my sunshine fled,
And gayety with your light tread—
Glad noise that set me dreaming still.
'Twas my delight to watch your will,
And mark you point with finger-tips
To help your spelling out a word;
To see the pearls between your lips
When I your joyous laughter heard;
Your honest brows that looked so true,
And said "Oh, yes!" to each intent;
Your great bright eyes, that loved to view
With admiration innocent
My fine old Sèvres; the eager thought
That every kind of knowledge sought;
The elbow push with "Come and see!"

Oh, certes! spirits, sylphs, there be,
And fays the wind blows often here;
The gnomes that squat the ceiling near,
In corners made by old books dim;

The long-backed dwarfs, those goblins grim
That seem at home 'mong vases rare,
And chat to them with friendly air—
Oh, how the joyous demon throng
Must all have laughed with laughter long
To see you on my rough drafts fall,
My bald hexameters, and all
The mournful, miserable band,
And drag them with relentless hand
From out their box, with true delight
To set them each and all a-light,
And then with clapping hands to lean
Above the stove and watch the scene,
How to the mass deformed there came
A soul that showed itself in flame!

Bright tricky children—oh, I pray
Come back and sing and dance away,
And chatter too—sometimes you may,
A giddy group, a big book seize—
Or sometimes, if it so you please,
With nimble step you'll run to me
And push the arm that holds the pen,
Till on my finished verse will be
A stroke that's like a steeple when
Seen suddenly upon a plain.

My soul longs for your breath again
To warm it. Oh, return—come here
With laugh and babble—and no fear
When with your shadow you obscure
The book I read, for I am sure,
Oh, madcaps terrible and dear,
That you were right and I was wrong.
But who has ne'er with scolding tongue
Blamed out of season. Pardon me!
You must forgive—for sad are we.

The young should not be hard and cold
And unforgiving to the old.
Children each morn your souls ope out
Like windows to the shining day,
Oh, miracle that comes about,
The miracle that children gay
Have happiness and goodness too,
Caressed by destiny are you,
Charming you are, if you but play.
But we with living overwrought,
And full of grave and sombre thought,
Are snappish oft: dear little men,
We have ill-tempered days, and then,
Are quite unjust and full of care;
It rained this morning and the air

Was chill; but clouds that dimm'd the sky
Have passed. Things spited me, and why?
But now my heart repents. Behold
What 'twas that made me cross, and scold!
All by-and-by you'll understand,
When brows are mark'd by Time's stern hand;
Then you will comprehend, be sure,
When older—that's to say, less pure.

The fault I freely own was mine.
But oh, for pardon now I pine!
Enough my punishment to meet,
You must forgive, I do entreat
With clasped hands praying—oh, come back,
Make peace, and you shall nothing lack.
See now my pencils—paper—here,
And pointless compasses, and dear
Old lacquer-work; and stoneware clear
Through glass protecting; all man's toys
So coveted by girls and boys.
Great China monsters—bodies much
Like cucumbers—you all shall touch.
I yield up all! my picture rare
Found beneath antique rubbish heap,
My great and tapestried oak chair
I will from you no longer keep.

You shall about my table climb,
And dance, or drag, without a cry
From me as if it were a crime.
Even I'll look on patiently
If you your jagged toys all throw
Upon my carved bench, till it show
The wood is torn; and freely too,
I'll leave in your own hands to view,
My pictured Bible—oft desired—
But which to touch your fear inspired—
With God in emperor's robes attired.

Then if to see my verses burn,
Should seem to you a pleasant turn,
Take them to freely tear away
Or burn. But, oh! not so I'd say,
If this were Méry's room to-day.
That noble poet! Happy town,
Marseilles the Greek, that him doth own!
Daughter of Homer, fair to see,
Of Virgil's son the mother she.
To you I'd say, Hold, children all,
Let but your eyes on his work fall;
These papers are the sacred nest
In which his crooning fancies rest;
To-morrow winged to Heaven they'll soar,

For new-born verse imprisoned still
In manuscript may suffer sore
At your small hands and childish will,
Without a thought of bad intent,
Of cruelty quite innocent.
You wound their feet, and bruise their wings,
And make them suffer those ill things
That children's play to young birds brings.

But mine! no matter what you do,
My poetry is all in you;
You are my inspiration bright
That gives my verse its purest light.
Children whose life is made of hope,
Whose joy, within its mystic scope,
Owes all to ignorance of ill,
You have not suffered, and you still
Know not what gloomy thoughts weigh down
The poet-writer weary grown.
What warmth is shed by your sweet smile!
How much he needs to gaze awhile
Upon your shining placid brow,
When his own brow its ache doth know;
With what delight he loves to hear
Your frolic play 'neath tree that's near,
Your joyous voices mixing well

With his own song's all-mournful swell!
Come back then, children! come to me,
If you wish not that I should be
As lonely now that you're afar
As fisherman of Etrétat,
Who listless on his elbow leans
Through all the weary winter scenes,
As tired of thought—as on Time flies—
And watching only rainy skies!

MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.
