

"Were those not pleasant hours,  
Ere I was what I am?  
My garden of fresh flowers!  
My milk-white weanling lamb!  
My bright laburnum bowers!

"The orchard walls so trim!  
The redbreast in the thorn!  
The twilight soft and dim!  
The child's heart! eve and morn,  
So rich with thoughts of *him!*"

Hush! your weanling lamb is dead:  
Your garden trodden over.  
They have broken the farm shed:  
They have buried your first lover  
With the grass above his head.

Has the Past, then, so much power,  
You dare take not from the shelf  
That book with the dry flower,  
Lest it make you hang yourself  
For being yourself for an hour?

Why can't you let thought be  
For even a little while?  
There's nought in memory  
Can bring you back the smile  
Those lips have lost. Just see,

Here what a costly gem  
To-night in your hair you wore—  
Pearls on a diamond stem!  
When sweet things are no more,  
Better not think of them.

Are you saved by pangs that pained  
you,  
Is there comfort in all it cost you,  
Before the world had gained you,  
Before that God had lost you,  
Or your soul had quite disdained  
you?

For your soul (and this is worst  
To bear, as you well know)  
Has been watching you, from first,  
As sadly as God could do;  
And yourself yourself have curst.

Talk of the flames of Hell!  
We fuel ourselves, I conceive,  
The fire the Fiend lights. Well,

Believe or disbelieve,  
We know more than we tell!

Surely you need repose!  
To-morrow again—the Ball.  
And you must revive the rose  
In your cheek, to bloom for all.  
Not go? . . . why the whole world  
goes.

To bed! to bed! 'Tis sad  
To find that Fancy's wings  
Have lost the hues they had.  
In thinking of these things  
Some women have gone mad.

#### AU CAFE \* \* \*

A PARTY of friends, all light-hearted  
and gay,

At a certain French café, where  
everyone goes,  
Are met, in a well-curtained warm  
*cabinet*,  
Overlooking a street there, which  
every one knows.

The guests are, three ladies well  
known and admired:  
One adorns the *Lyrique*; one . . .  
I oft have beheld her  
At the *Vaudeville*, with raptures;  
the third lives retired  
"*Dans ses meubles*" . . . (we all  
know her house) . . . Rue de  
Helder.

Besides these is a fourth . . . a  
young Englishman, lately  
Presented the round of the clubs  
in the town.

A taciturn Anglican coldness se-  
dately  
Invests him: unthawed by Clar-  
isse, he sits down.

But little he speaks, and but rarely  
he shares

In the laughter around him; his  
smiles are but few;

There's a sneer in the look that his  
countenance wears

In repose; and fatigue in the eyes<sup>8</sup>  
weary blue.

The rest are three Frenchmen. Three  
Frenchmen (thank heaven!)  
Are but rarely morose, with Cham-  
pagne and Bordeaux:  
And their wit, and their laughter,  
suffices to leaven  
With mirth their mute guest's im-  
itation of snow.

The dinner is done: the Lafitte in  
its basket,  
The Champagne in its cooler, is  
passed in gay haste;  
Whatever you wish for, you have but  
to ask it:  
Here are coffee, cigars, and li-  
queurs to your taste.

And forth from the bottles the corks  
fly; and chilly,  
The bright wine, in bubbling and  
blushing, confounds  
Its warmth with the ice that it  
seethes round; and shrilly  
(Till stifled by kisses) the laughter  
resounds.

Strike, strike the piano, beat loud at  
the wall!  
Let wealthy old Lycus with jeal-  
ousy groan  
Next door, while fair Chloris responds  
to the call,  
Too fair to be supping with Lycus  
alone!\*

Clarisse, with a smile, has subsided,  
opprest,  
Half, perhaps, by Champagne . . .  
half, perhaps, by affection,—  
in the arms of the taciturn, cold,  
English guest,  
With, just rising athwart her im-  
perial complexion,

One tinge that young Evian himself  
have kist  
From the fairest of Mænads that  
danced in his troop;

\* "Audeat invidus  
Dementem strepitum Lycus  
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco."  
HORACE.

And her deep hair, unloosed from its  
sumptuous twist,  
Overshowering her throat and her  
bosom a-droop.

The soft snowy throat, and the  
round, dimpled chin,  
Upturned from the arm-fold where  
hangs the rich head!  
And the warm lips apart, while the  
white lips begin  
To close over the dark languid eyes,  
which they shade!

And next to Clarisse (with her wild  
hair all wet  
From the wine, in whose blush its  
faint fire-fly gold  
She was steeping just now), the blue-  
eyed Juliette  
Is murmuring her witty bad things  
to Arnold.

Cries Arnold to the dumb English  
guest . . . "*Mon ami*,  
What's the matter? . . . you can't  
sing . . . well, speak, then, at  
least:

More grave, had a man seen a ghost,  
could he be?  
*Mais quel drôle de farceur! . . .  
comme il a le vin triste!*"

And says Charles to Eugène (vainly  
seeking to borrow  
Ideas from a yawn . . . "At the  
club there are three of us  
With the Duke, and we play lans  
quenet till to-morrow:  
I am off on the spur . . . what  
say you? . . . will you be of  
us?"

"*Mon enfant, tu me boudes—tu me  
boudes, cheri.*"  
Sighs the soft Celestine on the  
breast of Eugène;  
"*Ah bah! ne me fais pas poser, mon  
amie.*"  
Laughs her lover, and lifts to his  
lips—the Champagne.

And loud from the bottles the corks  
fly ; and chilly  
The wine gurgles up to its fine  
crystal bounds.  
While Charles rolls his paper cigars  
round, how shrilly  
(Till kist out) the laughter of Juliette  
resounds !

Strike, strike the piano ! beat loud at  
the wall !  
Let wealthy old Lycus with jealousy  
groan  
Next door, while fair Chloris responds  
to the call,  
Too fair to be supping with Lycus  
alone.

There is Celestine singing, and Eugène  
is swearing.—  
In the midst of the laughter, the  
oaths, and the songs,  
Falls a knock at the door ; but  
there's nobody hearing :  
Each, uninterrupted, the revel  
prolongs.

Said I . . . "nobody hearing ?" one  
only ;—the guest,  
The morose English stranger, so  
dull to the charms  
Of Clarisse, and Juliette, Celestine,  
and the rest ;  
Who sits, cold as a stone, with a  
girl in his arms.

Once, twice, and three times, he has  
heard it repeated ;  
And louder, and fiercer, each time  
the sound falls.  
And his cheek is death pale, 'mid  
the others so heated ;  
There's a step at the door, too, his  
fancy recalls.

And he rises . . . (just so an automaton  
rises,—  
Some man of mechanics made  
up,—that must move  
In the way that the wheel moves  
within him ;—there lies his  
Sole path fixt before him, below  
and above).

He rises . . . and, scarcely a glance  
casting on her,  
Flings from him the beauty asleep  
on his shoulder ;  
Charles springs to his feet ; Eugène  
mutters of honor ;  
But there's that in the stranger  
that awes each beholder.

For the hue on his cheek, it is whiter  
than whiteness :  
The hair creeps on his head like a  
strange living thing.  
The lamp o'er the table has lost half  
its brightness ;  
Juliette cannot laugh ; Celestine  
cannot sing.

He has opened the door in a silence  
unbroken :  
And the gaze of all eyes where he  
stands is fixt wholly :  
Not a hand is there raised ; not a  
word is there spoken :  
He has opened the door ; . . . and  
there comes through it slowly

A woman, as pale as a dame on a  
tombstone,  
With desolate violet eyes, open  
wide ;  
Her look, as she turns it, turns all  
in the room stone :  
She sits down on the sofa, the  
stranger beside.

Her hair it is yellow, as moonlight  
on water  
Which stones in some eddy  
torment into waves ;  
Her lips are as red as new blood spilt  
in slaughter ;  
Her cheek like a ghost's seen by  
night o'er the graves.

Her place by the taciturn guest she  
has taken ;  
And the glass at her side she has  
filled with Champagne.  
As she bows o'er the board, all the  
revellers awaken.  
She has pledged her mute friend  
and she fills up again.

Clarisse has awaked ; and with  
shrieks leaves the table.  
Juliette wakes, and faints in the  
arms of Arnold.  
And Charles and Eugène, with what  
speed they are able,  
Are off to the club, where this tale  
shall be told.

Celestine for her brougham, on the  
stairs, was appealing,  
With hysterical sobs, to the surly  
*concierge*,  
When a ray through the doorway  
stole to her, revealing  
A sight that soon changed her appeal  
to "*La vierge*."

All the light-hearted friends from  
the chamber are fled :  
And the café itself has grown silent  
by this.  
From the dark street below, you can  
scarce hear a tread,  
Save the Gendarme's, who reigns  
there as gloomy as Dis.

The shadow of night is beginning to  
flit :  
Through the gray window shimmers  
the motionless town.  
The ghost and the stranger, together  
they sit  
Side by side at the table—the place  
is their own.

They nod and change glances, that  
pale man and woman ;  
For they both are well known to  
each other : and then  
Some ghosts have a look that's so  
horribly human,  
In the street you might meet them,  
and take them for men.

"Thou art changed, my beloved ! and  
the lines have grown stronger,  
And the curls have grown scanted,  
that meet on thy brow.  
Ah, faithless ! and dost thou remember  
no longer  
The hour of our passion, the words  
of thy vow ?

"Thy kiss, on my lips it is burning  
forever !  
I cannot sleep calm, for my bed is  
so cold.  
Embrace me ! close . . . closer . . . O  
let us part never,  
And let all be again as it once was  
of old !"

So she murmurs repiningly ever.  
Her breath  
Lifts his hair like a night-wind in  
winter. And he . . .  
"Thy hand, O Irene, is icy as death,  
But thy face is unchanged in its  
beauty to me."

"'Tis so cold, my beloved one, down  
there, and so drear."  
"Ah, thy sweet voice, Irene,  
sounds hollow and strange !"  
"'Tis the chills of the grave that  
have changed it, I fear :  
But the voice of my heart there's  
no chill that can change."

"Ha ! thy pale cheek is flushed with  
a heat like my own.  
Is it breath, is it flame, on thy  
lips that is burning ?  
Ha ! thy heart flutters wild, as of  
old, 'neath thy zone.  
And those cold eyes of thine fill  
with passionate yearning."

Thus, embracing each other, they  
bend and they waver,  
And, laughing and weeping,  
converse. The pale ghost,  
As the wine warms the grave-worm  
within her, grown braver,  
Fills her glass to the brim, and  
proposes a toast.

"Here's a health to the glow-worm,  
Death's sober lamplighter,  
That saves from the darkness below  
the gravestone  
The tomb's pallid pictures . . . the  
sadder the brighter ;  
Shapes of beauty each stony-eyed  
corpse there hath known :

"Mere rough sketches of life, where  
a glimpse goes for all,  
Which the Master keeps (all the  
rest let the world have!)  
But though only rough-scrawled on  
the blank charnel wall,  
Is their truth the less sharp, that  
'tis sheathed in the grave?"

"Here's to Love . . . the prime pas-  
sion . . . the harp that we  
sung to  
In the orient of youth, in the days  
pure of pain ;

The cup that we quaffed in : the  
stirrup we sprung to,  
So light, ere the journey was  
made—and in vain !

"O the life that we lived once ! the  
beauty so fair once !  
Let them go ! wherefore weep for  
what tears could not save ?

What old trick sets us aping the  
fools that we were once,  
And tickles our brains even under  
the grave ?

"There's a small stinging worm  
which the grave ever breeds  
From the folds of the shroud that  
around us is spread :

There's a little blind maggot that  
revels and feeds  
On the life of the living, the sleep  
of the dead.

"To our friends ! . . ." But the  
full flood of dawn through the  
pane,

Having slowly rolled down the  
huge street there unheard  
(While the great, new, blue sky, o'er  
the white Madeleine  
Was wide opening itself), from her  
lip washed the word ;

Washed her face faint and fainter ;  
while, dimmer and dimmer,  
In its seat, the pale form flickered  
out like a flame,

As broader, and brighter, and fuller,  
the glimmer  
Of day through the heat-clouded  
window became.

And the day mounts apace. Some  
one opens the door.  
In shuffles a waiter with sleepy  
red eyes :

He stares at the cushions flung loose  
on the floor,  
On the bottles, the glasses, the  
plates, with surprise.

Stranger still ! he sees seated a man  
at the table,  
With his head on his hands : in a  
slumber he seems,

So wild, and so strange, he no longer  
is able  
In silence to thrid through the  
path of his dreams.

For he moans, and he mutters : he  
moves and he motions :  
To the dream that he dreams o'er  
his wine-cup he pledges.

And his sighs sound, through sleep,  
like spent winds over ocean's  
Last verge, where the world hides  
its outermost edges.

The gas-lamp falls sick in the tube :  
and so, dying,

To the fumes of spilt wine, and  
cigars but half smoked,  
Adds the stench of its last gasp :  
chairs broken are lying

All about o'er the carpet stained,  
littered, and soaked.

A touch starts the sleeper. He  
wakes. It is day.  
And the beam that dispels all the  
phantoms of night

Through the rooms sends its kindly  
and comforting ray :

The streets are new-peopled : the  
morning is bright.

And the city's so fair ! and the dawn  
breaks so brightly !  
With gay flowers in the market,  
gay girls in the street.  
Whate'er the strange beings that  
visit us nightly,  
When Paris awakes, from her  
smile they retreat.

I myself have, at morning, beheld  
them departing ;  
Some in masks, and in dominos,  
footing it on ;  
Some like imps, some like fairies ;  
at cockcrow all starting,  
And speedily fitting from sight  
one by one.

And that wonderful night-flower,  
Memory, that, tearful,  
Unbosoms to darkness her heart  
full of dew,  
Folds her leaves round again, and  
from day shrinks up fearful  
In the cleft of her ruin, the shade  
of her yew.

This broad daylight life's strange  
enough : and wherever  
We wander, or walk ; in the club,  
in the streets ;

Not a straw on the ground is too  
trivial to sever  
Each man in the crowd from the  
others he meets.

Each walks with a spy or a jailer be-  
hind him  
(Some word he has spoken, some  
deed he has done) :

And the step, now and then, quick-  
ens, just to remind him,  
In the crowd, in the sun, that he  
is not alone.

But 'tis hard, when by lamplight,  
'mid laughter and songs too,  
Those return, . . . we have buried,  
and mourned for, and prayed  
for,

And done with . . . and, free of the  
grave it belongs to,  
Some ghost drinks your health in  
the wine you have paid for.

Wreath the rose, O Young Man ;  
pour the wine. What thou hast  
That enjoy all the days of thy  
youth. Spare thou naught.  
Yet beware ! . . . at the board sits a  
ghost—'tis the Past ;  
In thy heart lurks a weird necro-  
mancer—'tis Thought.

## THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
Those evenings in the bleak Decem-  
ber,  
Curtained warm from the snowy  
weather,  
When you and I played chess to-  
gether,  
Checkmated by each other's eyes ?  
Ah, still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er Queen and  
Knight.

Brave Pawns in valiant battle  
stand.  
The double Castles guard the wings :  
The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
Moves, sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch ; our glances  
meet,  
And falter ; falls your golden hair  
Against my cheek ; your bosom  
sweet

Is heaving. Down the field, your  
Queen  
Rides slow her soldiery all between,  
And checks me unawares.

Ah me ! the little battle's done,  
Disperst is all its chivalry ;  
Full many a move, since then, have  
we

'Mid Life's perplexing checkers  
made,  
And many a game with Fortune  
played,—

What is it we have won ?  
This, this at least—if this alone ;—  
That never, never, never more,  
As in those old still nights of yore  
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise),

Can you and I shut out the skies,  
Shut out the world, and wintry  
weather,  
And, eyes exchanging warmth with  
eyes,  
Play chess, as then we played, to-  
gether!

## SONG.

If Sorrow have taught me anything,  
She hath taught me to weep for  
you;  
And if Falsehood have left me a tear  
to shed  
For Truth, these tears are true.  
If the one star left by the morning  
Be dear to the dying night,  
If the late lone rose of October  
Be sweetest to scent and sight,  
If the last of the leaves in December  
Be dear to the desolate tree,  
Remember, beloved, O remember  
How dear is your beauty to me!

And more dear than the gold, is the  
silver  
Grief hath sown in that hair's  
young gold:  
And lovelier than youth is the lan-  
guage  
Of the thoughts that have made  
youth old;  
We must love, and unlove, and for-  
get, dear—  
Fashion and shatter the spell  
Of how many a love in a life, dear—  
Ere life learns to love once and  
love well.  
Then what matters it, yesterday's  
sorrow?  
Since I have outlived it—see!  
And what matter the cares of to-  
morrow,  
Since you, dear, will share them  
with me?

To love it is hard, and 'tis harder  
Perchance to be loved again:  
But you'll love me, I know, now I  
love you.—

What I seek I am patient to gain.  
To the tears I have shed, and regret  
not,

What matter a few more tears?  
Or a few days' waiting longer,  
To one that has waited for years?  
Hush! lay your head on my breast,  
there.

Not a word! . . . while I weep for  
your sake,  
Sleep, and forget me, and rest there:  
My heart will wait warm till you  
wake.

For—if Sorrow have taught me any-  
thing [you;  
She hath taught me to weep for  
And if Falsehood have left me a tear  
to shed  
For Truth, these tears are true!

## THE LAST REMONSTRANCE.

Yes! I am worse than thou didst  
once believe me.  
Worse than thou deem'st me now  
I cannot be—  
But say "the Fiend's no blacker,"  
. . . canst thou leave me?  
Where wilt thou flee?

Where wilt thou bear the relics of  
the days  
Squandered round this dethronéd  
love of thine?  
Hast thou the silver and the gold to  
raise  
A new God's shrine?

Thy cheek hath lost its roundness  
and its bloom:  
Who will forgive those signs where  
tears have fed  
On thy once lustrous eyes,—save *he*  
for whom  
Those tears were shed?

Know I not every grief whose course  
hath sown  
Lines on thy brow, and silver in  
thy hair?  
Will new love learn the language,  
mine alone  
Hath graven there?

Despite the blemisht beauty of thy  
brow,  
Thou wouldst be lovely, couldst  
thou love again;  
For Love renews the Beautiful: but  
thou  
Hast only pain.

How wilt thou bear from pity to im-  
plore  
What once those eyes from rapture  
could command?  
How wilt thou stretch—who wast a  
Queen of yore—  
A suppliant's hand?

Even were thy heart content from  
love to ask  
No more than needs to keep it  
from the chill,  
Hast thou the strength to recom-  
mence the task  
Of pardoning still?

Wilt thou to one, exacting all that I  
Have lost the right to ask for, still  
extend  
Forgiveness on forgiveness, with that  
sigh  
That dreads the end?

Ah, if thy heart can pardon yet, why  
yet  
Should not its latest pardon be for  
me?  
For who will bend, the boon he seeks  
to get,  
On lowlier knee?

Where wilt thou find the unworthier  
heart than mine,  
That it may be more grateful, or  
more lowly?  
To whom else, pardoning much, be-  
come divine  
By pardoning wholly?

Hath not thy forehead paled beneath  
my kiss?  
And through thy life have I not  
writ my name?  
Hath not my soul signed thine? . . .  
I gave thee bliss,  
If I gave shame:

The shame, but not the bliss.  
where'er thou goest,  
Will haunt thee yet: to me no  
shame thou hast:  
To me alone, what now thou art,  
thou knowest  
By what thou wast.

What other hand will help thy heart  
to swell  
To raptures mine first taught it  
how to feel?  
Or from the unchorded harp and va-  
cant shell  
New notes reveal?

Ah, by my dark and sullen nature  
nurst,  
And rocked by passion on this  
stormy heart,  
Be mine the last, as thou wert mine  
the first!  
We dare not part!

At best a fallen Angel to mankind,  
To me be still the seraph I have  
dared  
To show my hell to, and whose love  
resigned  
Its pain hath shared.

If, faring on together, I have fed  
Thy lips on poisons, they were  
sweet at least,  
Nor couldst thou thrive where ho-  
lier Love hath spread  
His simpler feast.

Change would be death. Could sev-  
erance from my side  
Bring thee repose, I would not  
bid thee stay.  
My love should meet, as calmly as  
my pride,  
That parting day.

It may not be: for thou couldst not  
forget me,—  
Not that my own is more than  
other natures,  
But that 'tis different: and thou  
wouldst regret me  
'Mid purer creatures.

Then, if love's first ideal now grows wan,  
And thou wilt love again,—again love me,  
For what I am :—no hero, but a man  
Still loving thee.

## SORCERY.

TO —.

You'RE a milk-white Panther :  
I'm a Genius of the air.  
You're a Princess once enchanted ;  
That is why you seem so fair.

For a crime untold, unwritten,  
That was done an age ago,  
I have lost my wings, and wander  
In the wilderness below.

In a dream too long indulged,  
In a Palace by the sea,  
You were changed to what you are  
By a muttered sorcery.

Your name came on my lips  
When I first looked in your eyes :  
At my feet you fawned, you knew me  
In despite of all disguise.

The black elephants of Delhi  
Are the wisest of their kind,  
And the libbards of Soumatra  
Are full of eyes behind :

But they guessed not, they divined not,  
They believed me of the earth,  
When I walked among them, mourning  
For the region of my birth.

Till I found you in the moonlight.  
Then at once I knew it all.  
You were sleeping in the sand here,  
But you wakened to my call.

I knew why in your slumber,  
You were moaning piteously :  
You heard a sound of harping  
From a Palace by the sea.

Through the wilderness together  
We must wander everywhere,  
Till we find the magic berry  
That shall make us what we were.

'Tis a berry sweet and bitter,  
I have heard ; there is but one ;  
On a tall tree, by a fountain,  
In the desert all alone.

When at last 'tis found and eaten,  
We shall both be what we were ;  
You, a Princess of the water,  
I, a Genius of the air.

See ! the Occident is flaring  
Far behind us in the skies,  
And our shadows float before us.  
Night is coming forth. Arise !

## ADIEU, MIGNONNE, MA BELLE.

ADIEU, Mignonne, ma belle . . .  
when you are gone,  
Vague thoughts of you will wander,  
searching love  
Through this dim heart : through  
this dim room, Mignonne,  
Vague fragrance from your hair  
and dress will move.

How will you think of this poor  
heart to-morrow,  
This poor fond heart with all its  
joy in you ?  
Which you were fain to lean on,  
once, in sorrow,  
Though now you bid it such a  
light adieu.

You'll sing perchance . . . "I passed  
a night of dreams  
Once, in an old inn's old worm-  
eaten bed,  
Passing on life's highway. How  
strange it seems,  
That never more I there shall lean  
my head !"

Adieu, Mignonne, adieu, Mignonne,  
ma belle !  
Ah, little witch, our greeting was  
so gay,  
Our love so painless, who'd have  
thought "Farewell"  
Could ever be so sad a word to  
say ?

I leave a thousand fond farewells  
with you :  
Some for your red wet lips, which  
were so sweet :

Some for your darling eyes, so dear,  
so blue :  
Some for your wicked, wanton  
little feet :

But for your little heart, not yet  
awake,—  
What can I leave your little heart,  
Mignonne ?

It seems so fast asleep, I fear to  
break  
The poor thing's slumber. Let it  
still sleep on !

## TO MIGNONNE.

At morning, from the sunlight  
I shall miss your sunny face,  
Leaning, laughing, on my shoulder  
With its careless infant grace ;  
And your hand there,

With its rosy, inside color,  
And the sparkle of its rings ;  
And your soul from this old chamber  
Missed in fifty little things,  
When I stand there.

And the roses in the garden  
Droop stupid all the day,—  
Red, thirsty mouths wide open,  
With not a word to say !  
Their last meaning

Is all faded, like a fragrance,  
From the languishing late flowers,  
With your feet, your slow white  
movements,  
And your face, in silent hours,  
O'er them leaning.

And, in long, cool summer evenings,  
I shall never see you, drest  
In those pale violet colors  
Which suit your sweet face best.  
Here's your glove, child,

Soiled and empty, as you left it,  
Yet your hand's warmth seems to  
stay  
In it still, as though this moment  
You had drawn your hand away ;  
Like your love, child,

Which still stays about my fancy.  
See this little, silken boot.—  
What a plaything ! was there ever  
Such a slight and slender foot ?  
Is it strange now

How that, when your lips are nearest  
To the lips they feed upon  
For a summer time, till bees sleep,  
On a sudden you are gone ?  
What new change now

Sets you sighing . . . eyes uplifted  
To the starry night above ?  
"God is great . . . the soul's im-  
mortal . . .

Must we die, though ! . . . Do you  
love ?  
One kiss more, then :

"Life might end now !" . . . And  
next moment  
With those wicked little feet,  
You have vanished,—like a Fairy  
From a fountain in the heat,  
And all's o'er, then.

Well, no matter ! . . . hearts are  
breaking  
Every day, but not for you,  
Little wanton, ever making  
Chains of rose, to break them  
through.  
I would mourn you,

But your red smile was too warm,  
Sweet,  
And your little heart too cold,  
And your blue eyes too blue merely,  
For a strong, sad man to scold,  
Weep, or scorn, you,

For that smile's soft, transient sunshine  
At my hearth, when it was chill,  
I shall never do your name wrong,  
But think kindly of you still ;  
And each moment

Of your pretty infant angers,  
(Who could help but smile at . . .  
when  
Those small feet would stamp our  
love out ?)  
Why, I pass them now, as then,  
Without comment.

Only, here, when I am searching  
For the book I cannot find,  
I must sometimes pass your boudoir,  
Howsoever disinclined ;  
And must meet there  
The gold bird-cage in the window,  
Where no bird is singing now ;  
The small sofa and the footstool,  
Where I miss . . . I know not  
how . . .  
Your young feet there,

Silken-soft in each quaint slipper ;  
And the jewelled writing-case,  
Where you never more will write  
now ;  
And the vision of your face,  
Just turned to me :—

I would save this, if I could, child,  
But that's all . . . September's  
here !  
I must write a book : read twenty :  
Learn a language . . . what's to  
fear ?  
Who grows gloomy  
Being free to work, as I am ?  
Yet these autumn nights are cold.  
How I wonder how you'll pass them !  
Ah, . . . could all be as of old !  
But 'tis best so.

All good things must go for better,  
As the primrose for the rose.  
Is love free ? why so is life, too !  
Holds the grave fast ? . . . I suppose  
Things must rest so.

## COMPENSATION.

WHEN the days are silent all  
Till the drear light falls ;  
And the nights pass with the pall  
Of Love's funerals ;  
When the heart is weighed with  
years ;

And the eyes too weak for tears ;  
And life like death appears ;  
Is it naught, O soul of mine,  
To hear i' the windy track  
A voice with a song divine  
Calling thy footsteps back  
To the land thou lovest best,  
Toward the Garden in the West  
Where thou hast once been blest ?

Is it naught, O aching brow,  
To feel in the dark hour,  
Which came, though called, so slow,  
And, though loathed, yet lingers  
slower,  
A hand upon thy pain,  
Lovingly laid again,  
Smoothing the ruffled brain ?

O love, my own and only !  
The seraphs shall not see  
By my looks that life was lonely ;  
But that 'twas blest by thee.  
If few lives have been more lone  
Few have more rapture known,  
Than mine and thine, my own !

When the lamp burns dim and dimmer ;  
And the curtain close is drawn ;  
And the twilight seems to glimmer  
With a supernatural dawn ;  
And the Genius at the door  
Turns the torch down to the floor,  
Till the world is seen no more ;

In the doubt, the dark, the fear,  
'Mid the spirits come to take thee,  
Shall mine to thine be near,  
And my kiss the first to wake  
thee.  
Meanwhile, in life's December,  
On the wind that strews the ember,  
Shall a voice still moan . . . "Remember !"

When the lamp burns dim and dimmer ;  
And the curtain close is drawn ;  
And the twilight seems to glimmer  
With a supernatural dawn ;  
And the Genius at the door  
Turns the torch down to the floor,  
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TRANSLATIONS FROM PETER  
RONCARD.

"VOICI LE BOIS QUE MA SAINCTE  
ANGELETTE."

HERE is the wood that freshened to  
her song ;  
See here, the flowers that keep her  
footprints yet ;  
Where, all alone, my saintly  
Angelette  
Went wandering, with her maiden  
thoughts, along.

Here is the little rivulet where she  
stopped ;  
And here the greenness of the  
grass shows where  
She lingered through it, searching  
here and there  
Those daisies dear, which in her  
breast she dropped.

Here did she sing, and here she  
wept, and here  
Her smile came back ; and here I  
seem to hear  
Those faint half-words with which  
my thoughts are rife ;  
Here did she sit ; here, childlike,  
did she dance,  
To some vague impulse of her own  
romance—  
Ah, Love, on all these thoughts,  
winds out my life !

"CACHE POUR CETTE NUICT."

HIDE, for a night, thy horn, good  
Moon ! Fair Fortune  
For this shall keep Endymion ever  
prest  
Deep-dreaming, amorous, on thine  
argent breast,  
Nor ever shall enchanter thee impor-  
tune.

Hateful to me the day ; most sweet  
the night !  
I fear the myriad meddling eyes of  
day ;

But courage comes with night.  
Close, close, I pray,  
Your curtains, dear dark skies, on  
my delight !

Thou too, thou Moon, thou too hast  
felt love's power !  
Pan, with a white fleece, won thee  
for an hour ;  
And you, sidereal Signs in yonder  
blue,

Favor the fire to which my heart is  
moved.  
Forget not, Signs, the greater part  
of you  
Was only set in heaven for having  
loved !

"PAGE, SUIV MOY."

FOLLOW, my Page, where the green  
grass embosoms  
The enamelled Season's freshest-  
fallen dew ;  
Then home, and my still house  
with handfuls strew  
Of frail-lived April's newliest nur-  
tured blossoms.

Take from the wall now, my song-  
tuned Lyre ;  
Here will I sit and charm out the  
sweet pain  
Of a dark eye whose light hath  
burned my brain,  
The unloving loveliness of my desire !

And here my ink, and here my  
papers, place :—  
A hundred leaves of white, whereon  
to trace  
A hundred words of desultory  
woe—  
Words which shall last, like graven  
diamonds, sure ;—  
That, some day hence, a future  
race may know  
And ponder on the pain which I  
endure.

## "LES ESPICES SONT A CERES."

CERES hath her harvest sweet :  
 Chlora's is the young green grass :  
 Woods for Fauns with cloven feet :  
 His green laurel Phœbus has :  
 Minerva has her Olive-tree :  
 And the Pine's for Cybele.

Sweet sounds are for Zephyr's wings :  
 Sweet fruit for Pomona's bosom :  
 For the Nymphs are crystal springs  
 And for Flora bud and blossom :  
 But sighs and tears, and sad ideas,  
 These alone are Cytherea's.

## "MA DOUCE JOUVENCE."

My sweet youth now is all done ;  
 The strength and the beauty are  
 gone.

The tooth now is black, and the  
 head now is white,  
 And the nerves now are loosed : in  
 the veins  
 Only water (not blood now) remains,  
 Where the pulse beat of old with  
 delight.

Adieu, O my lyre, O adieu,  
 You sweet women, my lost loves,  
 and you

Each dead passion ! . . . The end  
 creepeth nigher.

Not one pastime of youth has kept  
 pace

With my age. Naught remains in  
 their place

But the bed, and the cup, and the  
 fire.

My head is confused with low fears,  
 And sickness, and too many years ;  
 Some care in each corner I meet—  
 And, wherever I linger or go,

I turn back, and look after, to know  
 If the Death be still dogging my  
 feet :—

Dogging me down the dark stair,  
 Which windeth, I cannot tell where,  
 To some Pluto that opens forever  
 His cave to all comers—Alas !  
 How easily down it all pass,  
 And return from it—never, ah,  
 never !

## BOOK III.—IN ENGLAND.

## THE ALOE.

A STRANGER sent from burning  
 lands,  
 In realms where buzz and mutter  
 yet  
 Old gods, with hundred heads and  
 hands,  
 On jewelled thrones of jet,—  
 (Old gods as old as Time itself,)  
 And, in a hot and level calm,  
 Recline o'er many a sandy shelf  
 Dusk forms beneath the palm,—  
 To Lady Eve, who dwells beside  
 The river-meads, and oak-trees  
 tall,

Whose dewy shades encircle wide  
 Her old Baronial Hall,

An Indian plant with leaves like  
 horn,  
 And, all along its stubborn spine,  
 Mere humps, with angry spike and  
 thorn  
 Armed like the porcupine.

In midst of which one sullen bud  
 Surveyed the world, with head  
 aslant,  
 High-throned, and looking like the  
 god  
 Of this strange Indian plant,

A stubborn plant, from looking cross  
 It seemed no kindness could re-  
 trieve !

But for his sake whose gift it was  
 It pleased the Lady Eve.

She set it on the terraced walk,  
 Within her own fair garden-  
 ground ;

And every morn and eve its stalk  
 Was duly watered round.

And every eve and morn, the while  
 She tended this uncourteous thing,  
 I stood beside her,—watched her  
 smile,

And often heard her sing.

The roses I at times would twist  
 To deck her hair, she oft forgot ;  
 But never that dark aloe missed  
 The daily watering-pot.

She seemed so gay,—I felt so sad,—  
 Her laugh but made me frown the  
 more :

For each light word of hers I had  
 Some sharp reply in store.

Until she laughed . . . "This aloe  
 shows

A kindlier nature than your  
 own" . . .

Ah, Eve, you little dreamed what  
 foes

The plant and I had grown !

At last, one summer night, when all  
 The garden-flowers were dreaming  
 still,

And still the old Baronial Hall,  
 The oak-trees on the hill,

A loud and sudden sound there  
 stirred,

As when a thunder-cloud is torn ;  
 Such thunder-claps are only heard  
 When little gods are born.

The echo went from place to place,  
 And wakened every early sleeper.  
 Some said that poachers in the chase  
 Had slain a buck—or keeper.

Some hinted burglars at the door :  
 Some questioned if it had not  
 lightened :

While all the maids, as each one  
 swore,  
 From their seven wits were fright-  
 ened.

The peacocks screamed, and every  
 rook

Upon the elms at roost did caw :  
 Each inmate straight the house for-  
 sook :

They searched—and, last,—they  
 saw

That sullen bud to flower had burst  
 Upon the sharp-leaved aloe  
 there ;—

A wondrous flower, whose breath  
 disperst  
 Rich odors on the air.

A flower, colossal—dazzling white,  
 And fair as is a Sphinx's face,  
 Turned broadly to the moon by night  
 From some vast temple's base.

Yes, Eve ! your aloe paid the pains  
 With which its sullen growth you  
 nurst.

But ah ! my nature yet remains  
 As churlish as at first.

And yet, and yet—it might have  
 proved

Not all unworth your heart's ap-  
 proving.

Ah, had I only been beloved,—  
 (Beloved as I was loving !)

I might have been . . . how much,  
 how much,

I am not now, and shall not be !  
 One gentle look, one tender touch,  
 Had done so much for me !

I too, perchance, if kindly tended,  
 Had roused the napping genera-  
 tion,

With something novel, strange, and  
 splendid,

Deserving admiration :