

"LES ESPICES SONT A CERES."

CERES hath her harvest sweet :
 Chloris 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 :

For all the while there grew, and
grew
A germ,—a bud, within my bos-
som :
No flower, fair Eve !—for, thanks to
you,
It never came to blossom.

“MEDIO DE FONTE LEFO-
RUM SURGIT AMARI ALI-
QUID.”

LUCRETIVS.

WE walked about at Hampton
Court,
Alone in sunny weather,
And talked—half earnest, and half
sport,
Linked arm in arm together.

I pressed her hand upon the steps.
Its warmest light the sky lent.
She sought the shade : I sought her
lips :
We kissed : and then were silent.

Clare thought, no doubt, of many
things,
Besides the kiss I stole there ;—
The sun, in sunny founts in rings,
The bliss of soul with soul there,

The bonnet, fresh from France, she
wore,
My praise of how she wore it,
The arms above the carven door,
The orange-trees before it ;—

But I could only think, as, mute
I watched her happy smile there,
With rising pain, of this curst boot,
That pinched me all the while
there.

THE DEATH OF KING HACON.

It was Odin that whispered in Vin-
golf,
“Go forth to the heath by the
sea ;
Find Hacon before the moon rises,
And bid him to supper with me,”

They go forth to choose from the
Princes
Of Yngvon, and summons from
fight
A man who must perish in battle,
And sup where the gods sup to-
night.

Leaning over her brazen spear, Gon-
dula.
Thus bespake her companions,
“The feast
Of the gods shall, in Vingolf, this
evening,
O ye Daughters of War, be in-
creast.

“For Odin hath beckoned unto me,
For Odin hath whispered me forth,
To bid to his supper King Hacon
With the half of the hosts of the
North.”

Their horses gleamed white through
the vapor :
In the moonlight their corselets
did shine :
As they wavered and whispered to-
gether,
And fashioned their solemn de-
sign.

Hacon heard them discoursing—
“Why hast thou
Thus disposed of the battle so
soon ?
O, were we not worthy of conquest ?
Lo ! we die by the rise of the
moon.”

“It is not the moon that is rising,
But the glory which penetrates
death,
When heroes to Odin are summoned :
Rise, Hacon, and stand on the
heath !

“It is we,” she replied, “that have
given
To thy pasture the flower of the
fight,
It is we, it is we that have scattered
Thine enemies yonder in flight.”

“Come now, let us push on our
horses
Over yonder green worlds in the
east,
Where the great gods are gathered
together,
And the tables are piled for the
feast.

“Betimes to give notice to Odin,
Who waits in his sovran abodes,
That the King to his palace is com-
ing
This evening to visit the gods.”

Odin rose when he heard it, and
with him
Rose the gods, every god to his
feet.
He beckoned Hermoder and Brago,
They came to him, each from his
seat.

“Go forth, O my sons, to King Ha-
con,
And meet him and greet him from
all,
A King that we know by his valor
Is coming to-night to our hall.”

Then faintly King Hacon ap-
proaches,
Arriving from battle, and sore
With the wounds that yet bleed
through his armor
Bedabbled and dripping with gore.

His visage is pallid and awful
With the awe and the pallor of
death,
Like the moon that at midnight arises
Where the battle lies strewn on the
heath.

To him spake Hermoder and Brago,
“We meet thee and greet thee
from all,
To the gods thou art known by thy
valor,
And they bid thee a guest to their
hall.

“Come hither, come hither, King
Hacon,
And join those eight brothers of
thine,
Who already, awaiting thy coming,
With the gods in Walhala recline.

“And loosen, O Hacon, thy corselet,
For thy wounds are yet ghastly to
see.
Go pour ale in the circle of heroes,
And drink, for the gods drink to
thee.”

But he answered, the hero, “I never
Will part with the armor I wear.
Shall a warrior stand before Odin
Unshamed, without helmet and
spear ?”

Black Fenris, the wolf, the destroyer,
Shall arise and break loose from his
chain
Before that a hero like Hacon
Shall stand in the battle again.

“CARPE DIEM.”

HORACE.

TO-MORROW is a day too far
To trust, whate'er the day be.
We know, a little, what we are,
But who knows what he may be ?

The oak that on the mountain grows
A goodly ship may be,
Next year ; but it is as well (who
knows ?)
May be a gallows-tree.

'Tis God made man, no doubt,—not
Chance :
He made us, great and small ;
But, being made, 'tis Circumstance
That finishes us all.

The Author of this world's great plan
The same results will draw
From human life, however man
May keep, or break, His law

The Artist to his Art doth look ;
And Art's great laws exact
That those portrayed in Nature's
Book,
Should freely move and ac-

The moral of the work unchanged
Endures eternally,
How'er by human wills arranged
The work's details may be.

"Give us this day our daily br
The morrow shall take heed
Unto itself." The Master said
No more. No more we need.

To-morrow cannot make or mar
To-day, what'er the day be :
Nor can the men which now we are
Foresee the men we may be.

THE FOUNT OF TRUTH.

It was the place by legends told.
I read the tale when yet a child.
The castle on the mountain hold,
The woodland in the wild.

The wrecks of unremembered days
Were heaped around. It was the
hour
When bold men fear, and timorous
fays
Grow bold, and know their power.

The month was in the downward
year.
The breath of Autumn chilled the
sky :
And useless leaves, too early sere,
Muttered and eddied by.

It seemed that I was wending back
Among the ruins of my youth,
Along a wild night-haunted track
To seek the Fount of Truth.

The Fount of Truth,—that wondrous
fount !
Its solemn sound I seem to hear
Wind-borne adown the clouded
mount,
Desolate, cold, and clear.

By clews long lost, and found again
I know not how, my course was
led
Through lands remote from
men,
As life is from the dead.

Yet up that wild road, here and
there,
Large awful footprints did I meet:
Footprints of gods perchance they
were,
Prints—not of human feet.

The mandrake underneath my foot
Gave forth a shriek of angry pain.
I heard the roar of some wild brute
Prowling the windy plain.

I reached the gate. I blew with
power
A blast upon the darkness wide.
"Who art thou?" from the gloomy
tower
The sullen warder cried.

"A Pilgrim to the Fount of Truth."
He laughed a laugh of scornful
spleen.

"Art thou not from the Land of
Youth?
Report where thou hast been."

"The Land of Youth! an alien
race
There, in my old dominions,
reign ;
And, with them, one in whose false
face
I will not gaze again.

"From to and fro the world I come,
Where I have fared as exiles fare,
Mocked by the memories of home
And homeless everywhere.

"The snake that slid through
Paradise
Yet on my pathway slides and
slips :
The apple plucked in Eden twice
Is yet upon my lips.

"I can report the world is still
Where it hath been since it began:
And Wisdom, with bewildered will,
Is still the same sick man,

"Whom yet the self-same visions
fool,
The self-same nightmares haunt
and scare.
Folly still breeds the Public Fool,
Knowledge increaseth care :

"Joy hath his tears, and Grief her
smile ;
And still both tears and smiles de-
ceive.
And in the Valley of the Nile
I hear—and I believe—

"The Fiend and Michael, as of
yore,
Yet wago the ancient war : but
how
This strife will end at last, is more
Than our new sages know."

I heard the gato behind me close.
It closed with a reluctant wall.
Roused by the sound from her re-
pose
Started the Porteress pale :

In pity, or in scorn . . . "Forbear,
Madam," she cried, . . . "thy
search for Truth.
The curl is in thy careless hair
Return to Love and Youth.

"What lured thee here, through dark,
and doubt,
The many-perilled prize to
win?"—
"The dearth" . . . I said . . . "of
all without,
The thirst of all within.

"Age comes not with the wrinkled
brow
But earlier, with the ravaged heart,
Full oft hath fallen the winter snow
Since Love from me did part.

"Long in dry places, void of cheer,
Long have I roamed. These
features scan :
If magic lore be thine, look here,
Behold the Talisman!"

I crossed the court. The blood-
hound bayed
Behind me from the outer wall.
The drowsy grooms my call obeyed
And lit the haunted hall.

They brought me horse, and lance,
and helm,
They bound the buckler on my
breast,
Spread the weird chart of that wild
realm,
And armed me for the quest.

Uprose the Giant of the Keep.
"Rash fool, ride on!" . . . I
heard him say,
"The night is late, the heights are
steep,
And Truth is far away!"

And . . . "Far away!" . . . the
echoes fell
Behind as from that grisly hold
I turned. No tongue of man may
tell
What mine must leave untold.

The Fount of Truth,—that wondrous
fount !
Far off I heard its waters play.
But ere I scaled the solemn mount,
Dawn broke. The trivial day

To its accustomed course flowed
back,
And all the glamour faded round.
Is it forever lost,—that track ?
Or—was it never found ?

MIDGES.

SHE is talking æsthetics, the dear
clever creature !
Upon Man, and his functions, she
speaks with a smile.

Her ideas are divine upon Art, upon
Nature,
The sublime, the Heroic, and Mr.
Carlyle.

I no more am found worthy to join
in the talk, now ;
So I follow with my surreptitious
cigar ;
While she leads our poetical friend
up the walk, now,
Who quotes Wordsworth and
praises her "*Thoughts on a
Star.*"

Meanwhile, there is dancing in
yonder green bower
A swarm of young midges. They
dance high and low.
'Tis a sweet little species that lives
but one hour,
And the eldest was born half an
hour ago.

One impulsive young midge I hear
ardently pouring
In the ears of a shy little wanton
in gauze, [adoring :
His eternal devotion ; his ceaseless
Which shall last till the Universe
breaks from its laws :

His passion is not, he declares, the
mere fever
Of a rapturous moment. It knows
no control :
It will burn in his breast through
existence forever,
Immutably fixed in the deeps of
the soul !

She wavers : she flutters : . . . male
midges are fickle :
Dare she trust him her future ? . . .
she asks with a sigh :
He implores, . . . and a tear is be-
ginning to trickle :
She is weak : they embrace, and
. . . the lovers pass by.

While they pass me, down here on a
rose leaf has lighted
A pale midge, his feelers all droop-
ing and torn :

His existence is withered ; its future
is blighted :
His hopes are betrayed : and his
breast is forlorn.

By the midge his heart trusted his
heart is deceived, now,
In the virtue of midges no more he
believes :
From love in its falsehood, once
wildly believed, now
He will bury his desolate life in
the leaves.

His friends would console him . . .
the noblest and sagest
Of midges have held that a midge
lives again.
In Eternity, they say, the strife thou
now wagest
With sorrow shall cease . . . but
their words are in vain !

Can Eternity bring back the seconds
now wasted
In hopeless desire ? or restore to
his breast
The belief he has lost, with the bliss
he once tasted,
Embracing the midge that his
being loved best ?

His friends would console him . . .
life yet is before him ;
Many hundred long seconds he
still has to live :
In the state yet a mighty career
spreads before him :
Let him seek in the great world of
action to strive !

There is Fame ! there's Ambition !
and, grander than either,
There is Freedom ! . . . the pro-
gress and march of the
race ! . . .

But to Freedom his breast beats no
longer, and neither
Ambition nor action her loss can
replace.

If the time had been spent in ac-
quiring æsthetics
I have squandered in learning this
language of midges,
There might, for my friend in her
peripatetics,
Have been now *two* asses to help
o'er the bridges.

As it is, . . . I'll report her the
whole conversation.
It would have been longer ; but,
somehow or other
(In the midst of that misanthrope's
long lamentation),
A midge in my right eye became a
young mother.

Since my friend is so clever, I'll ask
her to tell me
Why the least living thing (a mere
midge in the egg !)
Can make a man's tears flow, as now
it befell me . . .
O you dear clever woman, explain
it, I beg !

THE LAST TIME THAT I MET LADY RUTH.

THERE are some things hard to
understand.
O help me, my God, to trust in
thee !
But I never shall forget her soft
white hand,
And her eyes when she looked at
me.

It is hard to pray the very same
prayer
Which once at our mother's knee
we prayed—
When, where we trusted our whole
heart, there
Our trust hath been betrayed.

I swear that the milk-white muslin
so light
On her virgin breast, where it lay
demure,

Seemed to be toucht to a purer
white
By the touch of a breast so pure.

I deemed her the one thing un-
defiled
By the air we breathe, in a world
of sin :
The truest, the tenderest, purest
child
A man ever trusted in !

When she blamed me (she, with her
fair child's face !)
That never with her to the Church
I went
To partake of the Gospel of truth
and grace,
And the Christian sacrament,

And I said I would go for her own
sweet sake,
Though it was but herself I should
worship there,
How that happy child's face strove
to take
On its dimples a serious air !

I remember the chair she would set
for me,
By the flowers when all the house
was gone
To drive in the Park, and I and she
Were left to be happy alone.

There she leaned her head on my
knees, my Ruth,
With the primrose loose in her
half-closed hands :
And I told her tales of my wander-
ing youth
In the far fair foreign lands.—

The last time I met her was here in
town,
At a fancy ball at the Duchess of
D.,
On the stairs, where her husband
was handing her down.
—There we met, and she talked
to me.

She, with powder in hair, and patch
on chin,
And I, in the garb of a pilgrim
Priest,
And between us both, without and
within,
A hundred years at least !

We talked of the House, and the late
long rains,
And the crush at the French Am-
bassador's ball,
And . . . well, I have not blown
out my brains.
You see I can laugh. That is all.

MATRIMONIAL COUNSELS.

You are going to marry my pretty
relation,
My dove-like young cousin, so soft
in the eyes,
You are entering on life's settled
dissimulation,
And, if you'd be happy, in season
be wise.

Take my counsel. The more that,
in church, you are tempted
To yawn at the sermon, the more
you'll attend.
The more you'd from milliner's bills
be exempted,
The more on your wife's little
wishes you'll spend.

You'll be sure, every Christmas, to
send to the rector
A dozen of wine, and a hamper or
two.
The more your wife plagues you,
the more you'll respect her,
She'll be pleasing your friend, if
she's not plaguing you.

For women of course, like ourselves,
need emotion ;
And happy the husband, whose
failings afford
To the wife of his heart, such good
cause for commotion
That she seeks no excitement, save
plaguing her lord.

Above all, you'll be careful that
nothing offends, too,
Your wife's lady's maid, though
she give herself airs.
With the friend of a friend it is well
to be friends too,
And especially so, when that
friend lives up stairs.

Under no provocation you'll ever
avow yourself
A little put out, when you're kept
at the door,
And you never, I scarcely need say,
will allow yourself
To call your wife's mother a vulgar
old bore.

However she dresses, you'll never
suggest to her
That her taste, as to colors, could
scarcely be worse,
Of the rooms in your house, you will
give up the best to her,
And you never will ask for the
carriage, of course.

If, at times with a doubt on the soul
and her future,
Revelation and reason, existence
should trouble you,
You'll be always on guard to keep
carefully mute your
Ideas on the subject, and read
Dr. W.

Bring a shawl with you, home, when
you come from the club, sir,
Or a ring, least your wife, when
you meet her, should pout ;
And don't fly in a rage and behave
like a cub, sir,
If you find that the fire, like your-
self, has gone out.

In eleven good instances out of a
dozen,
'Tis the husband's a cur, when the
wife is a cat.
She is meekness itself, my soft-eyed
little cousin,
But a wife has her rights, and I'd
have you know that.

Keep my counsel. Life's struggles
are brief to be borne, friend.
In Heaven there's no marriage nor
giving in marriage.
When Death comes, think how
truly your widow will mourn,
friend,
And your worth not the best of
your friends will disparage !

SEE-SAW.

SHE was a harlot, and I was a thief :
But we loved each other beyond
belief :
She lived in the garret, and I in the
kitchen,
And love was all that we both were
rich in.

When they sent her at last to the
hospital,
Both day and night my tears did fall ;
They fell so fast that, to dry their
grief,
I borrowed my neighbor's handker-
chief.

The world, which, as it is brutally
taught,
Still judges the act in lieu of the
thought,
Found my hand in my neighbor's
pocket,
And clapped me, at once, under chain
and locket.

When they asked me about it, I told
them plain,
Love it was that had turned my
brain :
How should I heed where my hand
had been,
When my heart was dreaming of
Celestine ?

Twelve friends were so struck by my
woful air,
That they sent me abroad for change
of air :

And, to prove me the kindness of
their intent,
They sent me at charge of the Gov-
ernment.

When I came back again,—whom,
think you, I meet
But Celestine, here, in Regent
Street ?
In a carriage adorned with a coronet,
And a dress, all flounces, and lace,
and jet :

For her carriage drew up to the
bookseller's door,
Where they publish those nice little
books for the poor :
I took off my hat : and my face she
knew,
And gave me—a sermon by Mr. Bel-
lew.

But she gave me (God bless her !)
along with the book,
Such a sweet sort of smile, such a
heavenly look,
That, as long as I live, I shall never
forget
Celestine, in her coach with the earl's
coronet.

There's a game that men play at in
great London-town ;
Whereby some must go up, sir, and
some must go down :
And, since the mud sticks to your
coat if you fall,
Why, the strongest among us keep
close to the wall.

But some day, soon or late, in my
shoes I shall stand,
More exalted than any great Duke
in the land ;
A clean shirt on my back, and a rose
in my coat,
And a collar conferred by the Queen
round my throat.

And I know that my Celestine will
not forget
To be there, in her coach with my
lord's coronet :

She will smile to me then, as she
smiled to me now :
I shall nod to her gayly, and make
her my bow ;—

Before I rejoin all those famous old
thieves
Whose deeds have immortalized
Rome, sir, and Greece :
Whose names are inscribed upon
History's leaves,
Like my own on the books of the
City Police :—

Alexander, and Cæsar, and other
great robbers,
Who once tried to pocket the whole
universe :
Not to speak of our own parliament-
ary jobbers,
With their hands, bless them all, in
the popular purse !

BABYLON

ENOUGH of simpering and grimace !
Enough of damning one's soul for
nothing !
Enough of Vacuity trimmed with
lace !
And Poverty proud of her purple
clothing !
In Babylon, when'er there's a wind
(Whether it blow rain, or whether
it blow sand),
The weathercocks change their
mighty mind ;
And the weathercocks are forty
thousand.
Forty thousand weathercocks,
Each well-minded to keep his
place,
Turning about in the great and
small ways !
Each knows, whatever the weather's
shocks,
That the wind will never blow in
his face ;
And in Babylon the wind blows
always.

I cannot tell how it may strike you,
But it strikes me now, for the first
and last time,
That there may be better things to do,
Than watching the weathercocks
for pastime.
And I wish I were out of Babylon,
Out of sight of column and steeple,
Out of fashion and form, for one,
And out of the midst of this
double-faced people.
Enough of catgut ! Enough of the
sight
Of the dolls it sets dancing all the
night !
For there is a notion come to me,
As here, in Babylon, I am lying,
That far away, over the sea,
And under another moon and
star,
Braver, more beautiful beings are
dying
(Dying, not dancing, dying, dying !)
To a music nobler far.

Full well I know that, before it came
To inhabit this feeble, faltering
frame,
My soul was weary ; and, ever
since then,
It has seemed to me, in the stir
and bustle
Of this eager world of women and
men,
That my life was tired before it
began,
That even the child had fatigued the
man,
And brain and heart have done
their part
To wear out sinew and muscle.
Yet, sometimes, a wish has come to
me,
To wander, wander, I know not
where,
Out of the sight of all that I see,
Out of the hearing of all that I
hear ;
Where only the tawny, bold, wild
beast
Roams his realms ; and find, at least,

The strength which even the beast
finds there,
A joy, though but a savage joy ;—
Were it only to find the food I
need,
The scent to track, and the force to
destroy,
And the very appetite to feed ;
The bliss of the sense without the
thought,
And the freedom, for once in my
life, from aught
That fills my life with care.

And never this thought hath so
wildly crost
My mind, with its wildering,
strange temptation,
As just when I was enjoying the
most
The blessings of what is called
Civilization :—
The glossy boot which tightens the
foot ;
The club at which my friend was
black-balled
(I am sorry, of course, but one
must be exclusive) ;
The yellow kid glove whose shape I
approve,
And the journal in which I am
kindly called
Whatever's not libellous—only
abusive :
The ball to which I am careful to go,
Where the folks are so cool, and
the rooms are so hot ;
The opera, which shows one what
music—is not ;
And the simper from Lady . . . but
why should you know ?

Yet, I am a part of the things I de-
spise,
Since my life is bound by their
common span :
And each idler I meet, in square
or in street,
Hath within him what all that's
without him belies,—
The miraculous, infinite heart of
man,

With its countless capabilities !
The sleekest guest at the general
feast,
That at every sip, as he sups, says
grace,
Hath in him a touch of the untamed
beast ;
And change of nature is change of
place.
The judge on the bench, and the
scamp at the dock,
Have, in each of them, much that
is common to both ;
Each is part of the parent stock,
And their difference comes of their
different cloth.

'Twixt the Seven Dials and Exeter
Hall
The gulf that is fixed is not so
wide :
And the fool that, last year, at Her
Majesty's Ball,
Sickened me so with his simper of
pride,
Is the hero now heard of, the first on
the wall,
With the bayonet-wound in his
side.

O, for the times which were (if any
Time be heroic) heroic indeed !
When the men were few,
And the deeds to do
Were mighty, and many,
And each man in his hand held
a noble deed.
Now the deeds are few,
And the men are many,
And each man has, at most, but
a noble need.

Blind fool ! . . . I know that all acted
time
By that which succeeds it, is ever
received
As calmer, completer, and more sub-
lime,
Only because it is finished : be-
cause
We only behold the thing it
achieved :

We behold not the thing that it was.
 For, while it stands whole and immutable,
 In the marble of memory—we, who have seen
 But the statue before us,—how can we tell
 What the men that have hewn at the block may have been?
 Their passion is merged in its passionlessness;
 Their strife in its stillness closed forever:
 Their change upon change in its changelessness;
 In its final achievement, their feverish endeavor:
 Who knows how sculptor on sculptor starved
 With the thought in the head by the hand uncarved?
 And he that spread out in its ample repose
 That grand, indifferent, godlike How vainly his own may have ached,
 'Twixt the laurel above and the wrinkle below?
 So again to Babylon I come back.
 Where this fettered giant of Human Nature
 Cramped in limb, and constrained in stature,
 In the torture-chamber of Vanity lies;
 Helpless and weak, and compelled to speak
 The things he must despise.
 You stars, so still in the midnight blue,
 Which over these huddling roofs I view,
 Out of reach of this Babylonian riot,—
 We so restless, and you so quiet,
 What is difference 'twixt us and you?
 You each may have pined with a pain divine.
 For aught I know,

As wildly as this weak heart of mine,
 In an Age ago:
 For whence should you have that stern repose,
 Which, here, dwells but on the brows of those
 Who have lived, and survived life's fever,
 Had you never known the ravage and fire
 Of that inexpressible Desire,
 Which wastes and calcines whatever is less
 In the soul, than the soul's deep consciousness
 Of a life that shall last forever?
 Doubtless, doubtless, again and again,
 Many a mouth has starved for bread
 In a city whose wharves are choked with corn
 And many a heart hath perished dead
 From being too utterly forlorn,
 In a city whose streets are choked with men.
 Yet the bread is there, could one find it out:
 And there is a heart for a heart, no doubt,
 Wherever a human heart may beat;
 And room for courage, and truth, and love,
 To move, wherever a man may move,
 In the thickest crowded street.
 O Lord of the soul of man, whose will
 Made earth for man, and man for heaven,
 Help all thy creatures to fulfil
 The hopes to each one given!
 So fair thou madest, and so complete,
 The little daisies at our feet;
 So sound, and so robust in heart,
 The patient beasts, that bear their part
 In this world's labor, never asking
 The reason of its ceaseless tasking;

Hest thou made man, though more in kind,
 By reason of his soul and mind,
 Yet less in unison with life,
 By reason of an inward strife,
 Than these, thy simpler creatures, are,
 Submitted to his use and care?
 For these, indeed, appear to live
 To the full verge of their own power,
 Nor ever need that time should give
 To life one space beyond the hour.
 They do not pine for what is not;
 Nor quarrel with the things which are;
 Their yesterdays are all forgot;
 Their morrows are not feared from far:
 They do not weep, and wail, and moan,
 For what is past, or what's to be,
 Or what's not yet, and may be never;
 They do not their own lives disown,
 Nor haggle with eternity
 For some unknown Forever.

Ah yet,—in this must I believe
 That man is nobler than the rest:—
 That, looking in on his own breast,
 He measures thus his strength and size
 With supernatural destinies,
 Whose shades o'er all his being fall;
 And, in that dread comparison
 'Twixt what is deemed and what is done,
 He can, at intervals, perceive
 How weak he is, and small.

Therefore, he knows himself a child,
 Set in this rudimental star,
 To learn the alphabet of Being;
 By straws dismayed, by toys beguiled,
 Yet conscious of a home afar;
 With all these things here but ill agreeing,
 Because he trusts, in manhood's prime,
 To walk in some celestial clime;
 Sit in his Father's house; and be
 The inmate of Eternity.

BOOK IV.—IN SWITZERLAND.

THE HEART AND NATURE.

The lake is calm; and, calm, the skies
 In yonder silent sunset glow,
 Where, o'er the woodland, homeward flies
 The solitary crow;
 The woodman to his hut is gone;
 The wood-dove in the elm is still;
 The last sheep drinks, and wanders on
 To graze at will.
 Nor aught the pensive prospect breaks,
 Save where my slow feet stir the

Or where the trout to diamonds breaks
 The lake's pale glass.
 No moan the cushat makes, to heave
 A leaflet round her windless nest;
 The air is silent in the eve;
 The world's at rest.
 All bright below; all calm above;
 No sense of pain, no sign of wrong
 Save in thy heart of hopeless love,
 Poor child of Song!
 Why must the soul through Nature rove,
 At variance with her general plan?