

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?

A stranger to the Power, whose love
Soothes all save Man?

Why lack the strength of meaner
creatures?

The wandering sheep, the grazing
kine,
Are surer of their simple natures
Than I of mine.

For all their wants the poorest land
Affords supply; they browse and
breed;
I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,
What most I need.

O God, that in this human heart
Hath made Belief so hard to grow,
And set the doubt, the pang, the
smart
In all we know—

Why hast thou, too, in solemn jest
At this tormented thinking-power,
Inscribed, in flame on yonder West,
In hues on every flower,

Through all the vast unthinking
sphere
Of mere material Force without,
Rebuke so vehement and severe
To the least doubt?

And robbed the world and hung the
night,
With silent, stern, and solemn
forms;
And strown with sounds of awe and
might,
The seas and storms,—

All lacking power to impart
To man the secret he assails,
But armed to crush him, if his heart
Once doubts or fails!

To make him feel the same forlorn
Despair the Fiend hath felt ere
now,
In gazing at the stern sweet scorn
On Michael's brow.

A QUIET MOMENT.

STAY with me, Lady, while you
may!

For life's so sad,—this hour's so
sweet;

Ah, Lady,—life too long will stay;
Too soon this hour will fleet.

How fair this mountain's purple
bust,

Alone in high and glimmering air!
And see, . . . those village spires,
upthrust
From yon dark plain,—how fair!

How sweet yon lone and lovely scene,
And yonder dropping fiery ball,
And eve's sweet spirit, that steals,
unseen,
With darkness over all!

This blessed hour is yours, and
eve's;
And this is why it seems so sweet
To lie, as husht as fallen leaves
In autumn, at your feet;

And watch, awhile released from
care,
The twilight in yon quiet skies,
The twilight in your quiet hair,
The twilight in your eyes:

Till in my soul the twilight stays,
—Eve's twilight, since the dawn's
is o'er!

And life's too well-known worthless
days
Become unknown once more.

Your face is no uncommon face;
Like it, I have seen many a one,
And may again, before my race
Of care be wholly run.

But not the less, those earnest
brows,

And the pure oval cheek can
charm;—

Those eyes of tender deep repose:
That breast, the heart keeps warm

Because a sense of goodness sleeps
In every sober, soft, brown tress,
That o'er those brows, uncared for,
keeps
Its shadowy quietness:

Because that lip's soft silence shows,
Though passion it hath never
known,
That well, to kiss one kiss, it
knows—
—A woman's holiest one!

Yours is the charm of calm good
sense,
Of wholesome views of earth and
heaven,
Of pity, touched with reverence,
To all things freely given.

Your face no sleepless midnight fills,
For all its serious sweet endeavor;
It plants no pang, no rapture thrills,
But ah!—it pleases ever!

Not yours is Cleopatra's eye,
And Juliet's tears you never knew:
Never will amorous Antony
Kiss kingdoms out for you!

Never for you will Romeo's love,
From deeps of moonlit musing,
break
To poetry about the glove
Whose touch may press your
cheek.

But ah, in one,—no Antony
Nor Romeo now, nor like to
these,—
(Whom neither Cleopatra's eye,
Nor Juliet's tears, could please)

How well they lull the lurking care
Which else within the mind en-
dures,—

That soft white hand, that soft dark
hair,
And that soft voice of yours!

So, while you stand, a fragile form,
With that close shawl around you
drawn,

And eve's last ardors fading warm
Adown the mountain lawn,

'Tis sweet, although we part to-mor-
row,
And ne'er, the same, shall meet
again,
Awhile, from old habitual sorrow
To cease; to cease from pain;

To feel that, ages past, the soul
Hath lived—and ages hence will
live;
And taste, in hours like this, the
whole
Of all the years can give.

Then, Lady, yet one moment stay,
While your sweet face makes all
things sweet,
For ah, the charm will pass away
Before again we meet!

NÆNLAË.

Soft, soft be thy sleep in the land of
the West,
Fated maiden!
Fair lie the flowers, love, and light,
on thy breast
Passion-laden,

In the place where thou art, by the
storm-beaten strand
Of the moaning Atlantic,
While, alone with my sorrow, I roam
through thy land,

The beloved, the romantic!
And thy faults, child, sleep where in
those dark eyes Death closes
All their doings and undoings;
For who counts the thorns on last
year's perisht roses?

Smile, dead rose, in thy ruins!
With thy beauty, its frailty is over.
No token

Of all which thou wast!
Not so much as the stem whence the
blossom was broken
Hath been spared by the frost.
With thy lips, and thine eyes, and
thy long golden tresses,
Cold . . . and so young too!
All lost, like the sweetness which
died with our kisses,

On the lips we once clung to.
Be it so ! O too loved, and too lovely,
to linger
Where Age in its bareness
Creeps slowly, and Time with his
terrible finger
Effaces all fairness.
Thy being was but beauty, thy life
only rapture,
And, ere both were over,
Or yet one delight had escaped from
thy capture,
Death came,—thy last lover,
And found thee, . . . no care on thy
brow, in thy tresses
No silver—all gold there !
On thy lips, when he kissed them,
their last human kisses
Had scarcely grown cold there.
Thine was only earth's joy, not its
sorrow, its sinning,
Its friends that are foes too.
O, fair was thy life in its lovely begin-
ning,
And fair in its close too !
But I ? . . . since we parted, both
mournful and many
Life's changes have been to me :
And of all the love-garlands Youth
wove me, not any
Remain that are green to me.
O, where are the nights, with thy
touch and thy breath in them,
Faint with heart-beating ?
The fragrance, the darkness, the life
and the death in them,
—Parting and meeting ?
All the world ours in that hour ! . . .
O, the silence,
The moonlight, and, far in it,
O, the one nightingale singing a mile
hence ! [it !
The oped window—one star in
Sole witness of stolen sweet mo-
ments, unguest of
By the world in its primness :—
Just one smile to adore by the star-
light : the rest of
Thy soul in the dimness !
If I glide through the door of thy
chamber, and sit there,

The old, faint, uncertain
Fragrance, that followed thee, surely
will flit there,—
O'er the chairs,—in the cur-
tain :—
But thou ? . . . O thou missed, and
thou mourned one ! O never,
Nevermore, shall we rove
Through chamber, or garden, or by
the dark river
Soft lamps burn above !
O dead, child, dead, dead—all the
shrunken romance
Of the dream life begun with !
But thou, love, canst alter no more—
smile or glance ;
Thy last change is done with.
As a moon that is sunken, a sunset
that's o'er,
So thy face keeps the semblance
Of the last look of love, the last grace
that it wore,
In my mourning remembrance.
As a strain from the last of thy songs,
when we parted,
Whose echoes thrill yet,
Through the long dreamless nights
of sad years, lonely-hearted,
With their haunting regret,—
Though nerveless the hand now, and
shattered the lute too,
Once vocal for me,
There floats through life's ruins,
when all's dark and mute too,
The music of thee !
Beauty, how brief ! Life, how long !
. . . well, love's done now !
Down the path fate arranged for
me
I tread faster, because I must tread
it alone now.
—This is all that is changed for
me.
My heart must have broken, ere I
broke the fetter
Thyself didst undo, love.
—Ah, there's many a purer, and
many a better,
But more loved, . . . O, how few,
love !

BOOK V.—IN HOLLAND.

AUTUMN.

So now, then, Summer's over—by
degrees.
Hark ! 'tis the wind in yon red
region grieves.
Who says the world grows bet-
ter, growing old ?
See ! what poor trumpery on those
pauper trees,
That cannot keep, for all their fine
gold leaves,
Their last bird from the cold.
This is Dame Nature, puckered,
pinched, and sour,
Of all the charms her poets
praised, bereft,
Scowling and scolding (only hear
her, there !)
Like that old spiteful Queen, in her
last hour,
Whom Spenser, Shakespeare, sung
to . . . nothing left
But wrinkles and red hair !

LEAFLESS HOURS.

THE pale sun, through the spectral
wood,
Gleams sparely, where I pass :
My footstep, silent as my mood,
Falls in the silent grass.
Only my shadow points before me,
Where I am moving now :
Only sad memories murmur o'er me
From every leafless bough :
And out of the nest of last year's
Redbreast
Is stolen the very snow.

ON MY TWENTY-FOURTH
YEAR.

THE night's in November : the
winds are at strife :
The snow's on the hill, and the ice
on the mere :

The world to its winter is turned
and my life
To its twenty-fourth year.
The swallows are flown to the south
long ago :
The roses are fallen : the wood-
land is sere.
Hope's flown with the swallows :
Love's rose will not grow
In my twenty-fourth year.
The snow on the threshold : the cold
at the heart :
But the fagot to warm, and the
wine-cup to cheer :
God's help to look up to : and cour-
age to start
On my twenty-fourth year.
And 'tis well that the month of the
roses is o'er !
The last, which I plucked for
Neræa to wear,
She gave her new lover. A man
should do more
With his twenty-fourth year
Than mourn for a woman, because
she's unkind,
Or pine for a woman, because she
is fair.
Ah, I loved you, Neræa ! But now
. . . never mind,
'Tis my twenty-fourth year !
What a thing ! to have done with
the follies of Youth,
Ere Age brings ITS follies ! . . .
though many a tear
It should cost, to see Love fly away,
and find Truth
In one's twenty-fourth year.
The Past's golden valleys are drained.
I must plant
On the Future's rough upland new
harvests, I fear.