

CONDEMNED ONES.

ABOVE thy child I saw thee bend,
Where in that silent room we sat apart.
I watched the involuntary tear descend;
The firelight was not all so dim, my
friend,
But I could read thy heart.

Yet when, in that familiar room,
I strove, so moveless in my place,
To look with comfort in thy face,
That child's young smile was all that I
could see
Ever between us in the thoughtful
gloom, —
Ever between thyself and me, —
With its bewildering grace.

Life is not what it might have been,
Nor are we what we would!
And we must meet with smiling mien,
And part in careless mood,
Knowing that each retains unseen,
In cells of sense subdued,
A little lurking secret of the blood —
A little serpent-secret rankling keen —
That makes the heart its food.

Yet is there much for grateful tears, if
sad ones,
And Hope's young orphans Memory
mothers yet;
So let them go, the sunny days we had
once,
Our night hath stars that will not ever
set.
And in our hearts are harps, albeit not
glad ones,
Yet not all unmelodious, through whose
strings
The night-winds murmur their familiar
things,
Unto a kindred sadness: the sea brings
The spirits of its solitude, with wings
Folden about the music of its lyre,
Thrilled with deep duals by sublime de-
sire,
Which never can attain, yet ever must
aspire,
And glorify regret.

What might have been, I know, is not:
What must be, must be borne:
But, ah! what hath been will not be
forgot,
Never, oh! never, in the years to follow!

Though all their summers light a waste
forlorn,
Yet shall there be (hid from the careless
swallow
And sheltered from the bleak wind in
the thorn)
In Memory's mournful but beloved hol-
low,
One dear green spot!

Hope, the high will of Heaven
To help us hath not given;
But more than unto most of consolation:
Since heart from heart may borrow
Healing for deep heart-sorrow,
And draw from yesterday, to soothe to-
morrow,
The sad, sweet divination
Of that unuttered sympathy, which is
Love's sorceress, and for Love's dear sake,
About us both such spells doth make,
As none can see, and none can break,
And none restrain; — a secret pain
Claspt to a secret bliss!

A tone, a touch,
A little look, may be so much!
Those moments brief, nor often,
When, leaning laden breast to breast,
Pale cheek to cheek, life, long repress,
May gush with tears that leave half blest
The want of bliss they soften.
The little glance across the crowd,
None else can read, wherein there lies
A life of love at once avowed —
The embrace of pining eyes. . . .
So little more had made earth heaven,
That hope to help us was not given!

THE STORM.

BOTH hollow and hill were as dumb as
death,
While the skies were silently changing
form;
And the dread forecast of the thunder-
storm
Made the crouched land hold in its
breath.

But the monstrous vapor as yet was un-
riven
That was breeding the thunder and
lightning and rain;
And the wind that was waiting to ruin
the plain
Was yet fast in some far hold of heaven.

So, in absolute absence of stir or strife,
The red land lay as still as a drifted
leaf:
The roar of the thunder had been a
relief,
To the calm of that death-brooding life.

At the wide-flung casement she stood
full height,
With her long rolling hair tumbled
all down her back;
And, against the black sky's super-
natural black,
Her white neck gleamed scornfully white.

I could catch not a gleam of her angered
eyes
(She was sullenly watching the slow
storm roll),
But I felt they were drawing down
into her soul
The thunder that darkened the skies.

And how could I feign, in that heartless
gloom,
To be carelessly reading that stupid
page?
What harm, if I flung it in anguish
and rage,
Her book, to the end of the room?

"And so, do we part thus forever?"
... I said,
"O, speak only one word, and I pardon the rest!"
She drew her white scarf tighter over
her breast,
But she never once turned round her
head.

"In this wicked old world is there
naught to disdain?
Or" — I groaned — "are those dark
eyes such deserts of blindness,
That, O Woman! your heart must
hoard all its unkindness,
For the man on whose breast it hath
lain?"

"Leave it nameless, the grave of the
grief that is past;
Be its sole sign the silence we keep
for its sake.
I have loved you — lie still in my
heart till it break:
As I loved, I must love to the last.

"Speak! the horrible silence is stifling
my soul."
She turned on me at once all the storm
in her eyes;
And I heard the low thunder aloof in
the skies,
Beginning to mutter and roll.

She turned — by the lightning revealed
in its glare,
And the tempest had clothed her with
terror: it clung
To the folds of her vaporous garments,
and hung
In the heaps of her heavy wild hair.

But one word broke the silence; but
one; and it fell
With the weight of a mountain upon
me. Next moment
The fierce levin flashed in my eyes.
From my comment
She was gone when I turned. Who can
tell

How I got to my home on the mountain?
I know
That the thunder was rolling, the
lightning still flashing,
The great bells were tolling, my very
brain crashing
In my head, a few hours ago:

Then all hushed. In the distance the
blue rain receded;
And the fragments of storm were
spread out on the hills;
Hard by, from my lattice, I heard the
far rills
Leaping down their rock-channels, wild-
weeded.

The round, red moon was yet low in the
air. . . .
O, I knew it, foresaw it, and felt it,
before
I heard her light hand on the latch of
the door!
When it opened at last, — she was there.

Childlike, and wistful, and sorrowful-
eyed,
With the rain on her hair, and the
rain on her cheek;
She knelt down, with her fair forehead
fallen and meek
In the light of the moon at my side.

And she called me by every caressing old name
 She of old had invented and chosen for me:
 She crouched at my feet, with her cheek on my knee,
 Like a wild thing grown suddenly tame.

In the world there are women enough, maids or mothers;
 Yet, in multiplied millions, I never should find
 The symbol of aught in her face, or her mind.

She has nothing in common with others.

And she loves me! This morning the earth, pressed beneath
 Her light foot, keeps the print. 'T was no vision last night,
 For the lily she dropped, as she went, is yet white
 With the dew on its delicate sheath!

THE VAMPYRE.

I FOUND a corpse, with golden hair,
 Of a maiden seven months dead.
 But the face, with the death in it, still was fair,
 And the lips with their love were red.
 Rose leaves on a snow-drift shed,
 Blood-drops by Adonis bled,
 Doubtless were not so red.

I combed her hair into curls of gold,
 And I kissed her lips till her lips were warm,
 And I bathed her body in moonlight cold,
 Till she grew to a living form:
 Till she stood up bold to a magic of old,
 And walked to a muttered charm—
 Life-like, without alarm.

And she walks by me, and she talks by me,
 Evermore, night and day;
 For she loves me so, that, wherever I go,
 She follows me all the way—
 This corpse—you would almost say
 There pined a soul in the clay.

Her eyes are so bright at the dead of night
 That they keep me awake with dread;
 And my life-blood fails in my veins, and pales

At the sight of her lips so red:
 For her face is as white as the pillow by night
 Where she kisses me on my bed:
 All her gold hair outspread—
 Neither alive nor dead.

I would that this woman's head
 Were less golden about the hair:
 I would her lips were less red,
 And her face less deadly fair.
 For this is the worst to bear—
 How came that redness there?

'T is my heart, be sure, she eats for her food;
 And it makes one's whole flesh creep
 To think that she drinks and drains my blood
 Unawares, when I am asleep.
 How else could those red lips keep
 Their redness so damson-deep?

There's a thought like a serpent, slips
 Ever into my heart and head,—
 There are plenty of women, alive and human,
 One might woo, if one wished, and wed—
 Women with hearts, and brains,—ay,
 and lips
 Not so very terribly red.

But to house with a corpse—and she so fair,
 With that dim, unearthly, golden hair,
 And those sad, serene, blue eyes,
 With their looks from who knows where,
 Which Death has made so wise,
 With the grave's own secret there—
 It is more than a man can bear!

It were better for me, ere I came nigh her,
 This corpse—ere I looked upon her,
 Had they burned my body in flame and fire
 With a sorcerer's dishonor.

For when the Devil hath made his lair,
 And lurks in the eyes of a fair young woman

(To grieve a man's soul with her golden hair,

And break his heart, if his heart be human),
 Would not a saint despair
 To be saved by fast or prayer
 From perdition made so fair?

CHANGE.

SHE is unkind, unkind!
 On the windy hill, to-day,
 I sat in the sound of the wind.
 I knew what the wind would say.
 It said . . . or seemed to my mind . . .
 "The flowers are falling away.
 The summer," . . . it said, . . . "will
 not stay,
 And Love will be left behind."

The swallows were swinging themselves
 In the leaden-gray air aloft;
 Flitting by tens and twelves,
 And returning oft and oft;
 Like the thousand thoughts in me,
 That went, and came, and went,
 Not letting me even be
 Alone with my discontent.

The hard-vest weary vane
 Rattled, and moaned and was still,
 In the convent over the plain,
 By the side of the windy hill.
 It was sad to hear it complain,
 So fretful, and weak, and shrill,
 Again, and again, and in vain,
 While the wind was changing his will.

I thought of our walks last summer
 By the convent-walls so green;
 Of the first kiss stolen from her,
 With no one near to be seen.
 I thought (as we wandered on,
 Each of us waiting to speak)
 How the daylight left us alone,
 And left his last light on her cheek.

The plain was as cold and gray
 (With its villas like glimmering shells)
 As some north-ocean bay.
 All dumb in the church were the bells.
 In the mist, half a league away,
 Lay the little white house where she dwells.

I thought of her face so bright,
 By the firelight bending low
 O'er her work so neat and white;
 Of her singing so soft and slow;
 Of her tender-toned "Good-night";
 But a very few nights ago.

O'er the convent doors, I could see
 A pale and sorrowful-eyed
 Madonna looking at me,
 As when Our Lord first died.

There was not a lizard or spider
 To be seen on the broken walls.
 The ruts, with the rain, had grown wider
 And blacker since last night's falls.
 O'er the universal dulness
 There broke not a single beam.
 I thought how my love at its fulness
 Had changed like a change in a dream.

The olives were shedding fast
 About me, to left and right,
 In the lap of the scornful blast
 Black berries and leaflets white.
 I thought of the many romances
 One wintry word can blight;
 Of the tender and timorous fancies
 By a cold look put to flight.

How many noble deeds
 Strangled perchance at their birth!
 The smoke of the burning weeds
 Came up with the steam of the earth,
 From the red, wet ledges of soil,
 And the sere vines, row over row,—
 And the vineyard-men at their toil,
 Who sang in the vineyard below.

Last Spring, while I thought of her here,
 I found a red rose on the hill.
 There it lies, withered and sere!
 Let him trust to a woman who will.

I thought how her words had grown colder,
 And her fair face colder still,
 From the hour whose silence had told her
 What has left me heart-broken and ill;
 And "Oh!" I thought, . . . "if I be-
 hold her
 Walking there with him under the hill!"

O'er the mist, from the mournful city
 The bleak lamps gleamed aghast,—
 "She has neither justice, nor pity,"
 I thought, . . . "all's over at last!"
 The cold eve came. One star
 Through a ragged gray gap forlorn
 Fell down from some region afar,
 And sickened as soon as born.
 I thought, "How long and how lone
 The years will seem to be,
 When the last of her looks is gone,
 And my heart is silent in me!"

One streak of scornful gold,
 In the cloudy and billow west,
 Burned with a light as cold
 As love in a much-wronged breast.

I thought of her face so fair;
Of her perfect bosom and arm;
Of her deep sweet eyes and hair;
Of her breath so pure and warm;
Of her foot so fine and fairy
Through the meadows where she would
pass;
Of the sweep of her skirts so airy
And fragrant over the grass.

I thought . . . "Can I live without her
Whatever she do, or say?"
I thought . . . "Can I dare to doubt her,
Now when I have given away
My whole self, body and spirit,
To keep, or to cast aside,
To dower or disinherit,—
To use as she may decide?"

The West was beginning to close
O'er the last light burning there.
I thought . . . "And when that goes,
The dark will be everywhere!"

Oh! well is it hidden from man
Whatever the Future may bring.
The bells in the church began
On a sudden to sound and swing.
The chimes on the gust were caught,
And rolled up the windy height.
I rose, and returned, and thought . . .
"I SHALL NOT SEE HER TO-NIGHT."

A CHAIN TO WEAR.

AWAY! away! The dream was vain.
We meet too soon, or meet too late:
Still wear, as best you may, the chain
Your own hands forged about your fate,
Who could not wait!

What! . . . you had given your life away
Before you found what most life
misses?
Forsworn the bridal dream, you say,
Of that ideal love, whose kisses
Are vain as this is!

Well, I have left upon your mouth
The seal I know must burn there yet;
My claim is set upon your youth;
My sign upon your soul is set:
Dare you forget?

And you'll haunt, I know, where music
plays,
Yet find a pain in music's tone;

You'll blush, of course, when others
praise
That beauty scarcely now your own.
What's done, is done!

For me, you say, the world is wide,—
Too wide to find the grave I seek!
Enough! whatever now betide,
No greater pang can blanch my cheek.
Hush! . . . do not speak.

SILENCE.

WORDS of fire, and words of scorn,
I have written. Let them go!
Words of love—heart-broken, torn,
With this strong and sudden woe.
All my scorn, she could not doubt,
Was but love turned inside out.

Silence, silence, still unstirred;
Long, unbroken, unexplained:
Not one word, one little word,
Even to show her touched or pained:
Silence, silence, all unbroken:
Not a sound, a sign, a token.

Well, let silence gather round
All this shattered life of mine.
Shall I break it by a sound?
Let it grow, and be divine—
Divine as that Prometheus kept
When for his sake the sea-nymphs
wept.

Let silence settle, still and deep;
As the mist, the thunder-cloud,
O'er the lonely blasted steep,
Which the red bolt hath not bowed,
Settle, to drench out the star,
And cancel the blue vales afar.

In this silence I will sheathe
The sharp edge and point of all!
Not a sigh my lips shall breathe;
Not a groan, what'er befall.
And let this sworded silence be
A fence 'twixt prying fools and me.

Let silence be about her name,
And o'er the things which once have
been:
Let silence cover up my shame,
And annul that face, once seen
In fatal hours, and all the light
Of those eyes extinguish quite.

In silence, I go forth alone
O'er the solemn mystery
Of the deeds which, to be done,
Yet undone in the future lie.
I peer in Time's high nests, and there
Espy the callow brood of Care,

The fledgeless nurslings of Regret,
With beaks forever stretched for food:
But why should I forecount as yet
The ravage of that vulture brood?
O'er all these things let silence stay,
And lie, like snow, along my way.

Let silence in this outraged heart
Abide, and seal these lips forever;
Let silence dwell with me apart
Beside the ever-babbling river
Of that loud life in towns, that runs
Blind to the changes of the suns.

Ah! from what most mournful star,
Wasting down on evening's edge,
Or what barren isle afar
Flung by on some bare ocean ledge,
Came the wicked hag to us,
That changed the fairy revel thus?

There were sounds from sweet guitars
Once, and lights from lamps of amber;
Both went up among the stars
From many a perfumed palace-cham-
ber:
Suddenly the place seemed dead;
Light and music both were fled.

Darkness in each perfume'd chamber;
Darkness, silence, in the stars;
Darkness on the lamps of amber;
Silence in the sweet guitars:
Darkness, silence, evermore
Guard empty chamber, moveless door.

NEWS.

NEWS, news, news, my gossiping
friends!
I have wonderful news to tell.
A lady, by me, her compliments sends;
And this is the news from Hell:

The Devil is dead. He died resigned,
Though somewhat oppress'd by cares;
But his wife, my friends, is a woman of
mind,
And looks after her lord's affairs.

I have just come back from that wonder-
ful place,
And kist hands with the Queen down
there;
But I cannot describe Her Majesty's face,
It has filled me so with despair.

The place is not what you might sup-
pose:
It is worse in some respects.
But all that I heard there, I must not
disclose,
For the lady that told me objects.

The laws of the land are not Salique,
But the King never dies, of course;
The new Queen is young, and pretty,
and *chic*,
There are women, I think, that are
worse.

But however that be, one thing I know,
And this I am free to tell;
The Devil, my friends, is a woman, just
now;
'T is a woman that reigns in Hell.

COUNT RINALDO RINALDI.

'T is a dark-purple, moonlighted mid-
night:
There is music about on the air.
And, where, through the water, fall
flashing
The oars of each gay gondolier,
The lamp-lighted ripples are dashing.
In the musical moonlighted air,
To the music, in merriment; washing,
And splashing, the black marble stair
That leads to the last garden-terrace,
Where many a gay cavalier
And many a lady yet loiter,
Round the Palace in festival there.

'T is a terrace all paven mosaic,—
Black marble, and green malachite;
Round an ancient Venetian Palace,
Where the windows with lampions are
bright.

'T is an evening of gala and festival,
Music, and passion, and light.
There is love in the nightingales' throats,
That sing in the garden so well:
There is love in the face of the moon:

There is love in the warm languid
glances
Of the dancers adown the dim dances :
There is love in the low languid notes
That rise into rapture, and swell,
From viol, and flute, and bassoon.

The tree that bends down o'er the water
So black, is a black cypress-tree.
And the statue, there, under the terrace,
Mnemosyne's statue must be.
There comes a black gondola slowly
To the Palace in festival there :
And the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Has mounted the black marble stair.

There was nothing but darkness, and
midnight,
And tempest, and storm, in the breast
Of the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi,
As his foot o'er the black marble
prest : —
The glimmering black marble stair
Where the weed in the green ooze is
clinging,
That leads to the garden so fair,
Where the nightingales softly are
singing, —
Where the minstrels new music are
stringing,
And the dancers for dancing prepare.

There rustles a robe of white satin :
There's a footstep falls light by the
stair :
There rustles a robe of white satin :
There's a gleaming of soft golden hair :
And the Lady Irene Ricasoli
Stands near the cypress-tree there, —
Near Mnemosyne's statue so fair, —
The Lady Irene Ricasoli,
With the light in her long golden
hair.

And the nightingales softly are singing
In the mellow and moonlighted air ;
And the minstrels their viols are string-
ing ;
And the dancers for dancing prepare.

"Siora," the Count said unto her,
"The shafts of ill-fortune pursue me ;
The old grief grows newer and newer,
The old pangs are never at rest ;
And the foes that have sworn to undo
me
Have left me no peace in my breast.

They have slandered, and wronged, and
maligned me :

Though they broke not my sword in
my hand,

They have broken my heart in my bosom
And sorrow my youth has unmanned.
But I love you, Irene, Irene,

With such love as the wretched alone
Can feel from the desert within them
Which only the wretched have known !

And the heart of Rinaldo Rinaldi
Dreads, Lady, no frown but your
own.

To others be all that you are, love —
A lady more lovely than most ;
To me — be a fountain, a star, love,
That lights to his haven the lost ;
A shrine that with tender devotion,
The mariner kneeling, doth deck
With the dank weeds yet dripping from
ocean,
And the last jewel saved from the
wreck.

"None heeds us, beloved Irene !
None will mark if we linger or fly.
Amid all the mad masks in yon revel,
There is not an ear or an eye, —
Not one, — that will gaze or will listen ;
And, save the small star in the sky
Which, to light us, so softly doth glisten,
There is none will pursue us, Irene.
O love me, O save me, I die !
I am thine, O be mine, O beloved !

"Fly with me, Irene, Irene !
The moon drops : the morning is near,
My gondola waits by the garden
And fleet is my own gondolier !"
What the Lady Irene Ricasoli,
By Mnemosyne's statue in stone,
Where she leaned, 'neath the black
cypress-tree,
To the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Replied then, it never was known,
And known, now, it never will be.

But the moon hath been melted in
morning :
And the lamps in the windows are
dead :
And the gay cavaliers from the terrace,
And the ladies they laughed with, are
fled ;
And the music is hushed in the viols :
And the minstrels, and dancers, are
gone ;

And the nightingales now in the garden,
From singing have ceased, one by one :
But the Count Rinaldo Rinaldi
Still stands, where he last stood, alone,
'Neath the black cypress-tree, near the
water,
By Mnemosyne's statue in stone.

O'er his spirit was silence and midnight,
In his breast was the calm of despair.
He took, with a smile, from a casket
A single soft curl of gold hair, —
A wavy warm curl of gold hair,
And into the black-bosomed water
He flung it athwart the black stair.
The skies they were changing above him ;
The dawn, it came cold on the air ;
He drew from his bosom a kerchief —
"Would," he sighed, "that her face
was less fair !
That her face was less hopelessly fair."
And folding the kerchief, he covered
The eyes of Mnemosyne there.

THE LAST MESSAGE.

FLING the lattice open,
And the music plain you'll hear ;
Lean out of the window,
And you'll see the lamplight clear.

There, you see the palace
Where the bridal is to-night.
You may shut the window.
Come here, to the light.

Take this portrait with you,
Look well before you go.
She can scarce be altered
Since a year ago.

Women's hearts change lightly,
(Truth both trite and olden !)
But blue eyes remain blue ;
Golden hair stays golden.

Once I knew two sisters :
One was dark and grave
As the tomb ; one radiant
And changeable as the wave.

Now away, friend, quickly !
Mix among the masks :
Say you are the bride's friend,
If the bridegroom asks.

If the bride have dark hair,
And an olive brow,
Give her this gold bracelet ; —
Come and let me know.

If the bride have bright hair,
And a brow of snow,
In the great canal there
Quick the portrait throw :

And you'll merely give her
This poor faded flower.
Thanks ! now leave your stylet
With me for an hour.

You're my friend : whatever
I ask you now to do,
If the case were altered,
I would do for you.

And you'll promise me, my mother
Shall never miss her son,
If anything should happen
Before the night is done.

VENICE.

THE sylphs and ondines,
And the sea-kings and queens,
Long ago, long ago, on the waves built a
city,
As lovely as seems
To some bard, in his dreams,
The soul of his latest love-ditty.
Long ago, long ago, — ah ! that was long
ago

Thick as gems on the chalices
Kings keep for treasure,
Were the temples and palaces
In this city of pleasure :
And the night broke out shining
With lamps and with festival,
O'er the squares, o'er the streets ;
And the soft sea went, pining
With love, through the musical,
Musical bridges, and marble re-
treats

Of this city of wonder, where dwelt the
ondines,
Long ago, and the sylphs, and the sea-
kings and queens,
— Ah ! that was long ago !
But the sylphs and ondines,
And the sea-kings and queens
Are fled under the waves :

And I glide, and I glide
Up the glimmering tide
Through a city of graves.
Here will I bury my heart,
Wrapt in the dream it dreamed;
One grave more to the many!
One grave as silent as any;
Sculptured about with art, —
For a palace this tomb once seemed.
Light lips have laughed there,
Bright eyes have beamed.
Revel and dance;
Lady and lover!
Pleasure hath quaffed there:
Beauty hath gleamed,
Love wooed Romance.
Now all is over!
And I glide, and I glide
Up the glimmering tide,
'Mid forms silently passing, as silent as
any,
Here, 'mid the waves,
In this city of graves
To bury my heart — one grave more to
the many!

ON THE SEA.

COME! breathe thou soft, or blow thou
bold,
Thy coming be it kind or cold,
Thou soul of the heedless ocean wind; —
Little I rede and little I reck,
Though the mast be snapt on the mizzen-
deck,
So thou blow her last kiss from my neck,
And her memory from my mind!

Comrades around the mast,
The welkin is o'er cast:
One watch is wellnigh past —
Out of sight of shore at last!

Fade fast, thou falling shore,
With that fair false face of yore,
And the love, and the life, now o'er!
What she sought, that let her have —
The praise of traitor and knave,
The simper of coward and slave,
And the worm that clings and stings —
The knowledge of nobler things.
But here shall the mighty sea
Make moan with my heart in me,
And her name be torn
By the winds in scorn,

In whose march we are moving free.
I am free, I am free, I am free!
Hark! how the wild waves roar!
Hark! how the wild winds rave!
Courage, true hearts and brave,
Whom Fate can afflict no more!

Comrades, the night is long.
I will sing you an ancient song
Of a tale that was told
In the days of old,
Of a Baron blithe and strong, —
High heart and bosom bold,
To strive for the right with wrong!

"Who left his castled home,
When the Cross was raised in Rome,
And swore on his sword
To fight for the Lord,
And the banners of Christendom.
To die or to overcome!

"In hauberk of mail, and helmet of steel,
And armor of proof from head to heel,
O, what is the wound which he shall
feel?

And where the foe that shall make him
reel?
True knight on whose crest the cross doth
shine!

They buckled his harness, brought him
his steed —
A stallion black of the land's best breed —
Belted his spurs, and bade him God-speed
'Mid the Paynim in Palestine.
But the wife that he loved, when she
poured him up
A last deep health in her golden cup,
Put poison into the wine.

"So he rode till the land he loved grew
dim,
And that poison began to work in him, —
A true knight chanting his Christian
hymn,

With the cross on his gallant crest.
Eastward, aye, from the waning west,
Toward the land where the bones of the
Saviour rest,
And the Battle of God is to win:
With his young wife's picture upon his
breast,
And her poisoned wine within.

"Alas! poor knight, poor knight!
He carries the foe he cannot fight
In his own true breast shut up.

He shall die or ever he fight for the Lord,
And his heart be broken before his sword.
He hath pledged his life
To a faithless wife,
In the wine of a poisoned cup!"

Comrade, thy hand in mine!
Pledge me in our last wine,
While all is dark on the brine.
My friend, I reck not now
If the wild night-wind should blow
Our bark beyond the poles: —
To drift through fire or snow,
Out of reach of all we know —
Cold heart, and narrow brow,
Smooth faces, sordid souls!
Lost, like some pale crew
From Ophir, in golden galleys,
On a witch's island! who
Wander the tamarisk alleys,
Where the heaven is blue,
And the ocean too,
That murmurs among the valleys.

"Perisht with all on board!"
So runs the vagrant fame —
Thy wife weds another lord,
My children forget my name,
While we count new stars by night.
Each wanders out of sight
Till the beard on his chin grows white
And scant grow the curls on his head.
One paces the placid hours
In dim enchanted bowers,
By a soft-eyed Panther led
To a magical milk-white bed
Of deep, pale poison-flowers.
With ruined gods one dwells,
In caverns among the fells,
Where, with desolate arms outspread,
A single tree stands dead,
Smitten by savage spells,
And striking a silent dread
From its black and blighted head
Through the horrible, hopeless, sultry
dells
Of Elephanta, the Red.

BOOK II.—IN FRANCE.

"PRENSUS IN ÆGÆO."

'T is toil must help us to forget.
In strife, they say, grief finds repose.
Well, there's the game! I throw the
stakes: —

A life of war, a world of foes,
A heart that triumphs while it breaks.
Some day I too, perchance, may lose
This shade which memory o'er me
throws,
And laugh as others laugh, (who
knows?)
But ah, 't will not be yet!

How many years since she and I
Walked that old terrace, hand-in-
hand!
Just one star in the rosy sky,
And silence on the summer land.
And she? . . .

I think I hear her sing
That song, — the last of all our songs.
How all comes back! — thing after thing,
The old life o'er me throngs!

But I must to the palace go;
The ambassador's to-morrow:
Here's little time for thought, I know,
And little more for sorrow.
Already in the *porte-cochère*
The carriage sounds . . . my hat and
gloves!
I hear my friend's foot on the stair, —
How joyously it moves!
He must have done some wicked thing
To make him tread so light:
Or is it only that the king
Admired his wife last night?
We talk of nations by the way,
And praise the Nuncio's manners,
And end with something fine to say
About the "allied banners."
'T is well to mix with all conditions
Of men in every station:
I sup to-morrow with musicians,
Upon the invitation
Of my clever friend, the journalist,
Who writes the reading plays
Which no one reads; a socialist
Most social in his ways.