

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.

But I am sick of all the din
That's made, in praising Verdi,
Who only know a violin
Is not a hurdy-gurdy.

Here oft, while on a nerveless hand
An aching brow reclining,
Through this tall window where I stand,
I see the great town shining.
Hard by, the restless Boulevard roars,
Heard all the night through, even in
dreaming:
While from its hundred open doors
The many-headed Life is streaming.
Upon the world's wide thoroughfares
My lot is cast. So be it!
Each on his back his burthen bears,
And feels, though he may not see it.
My life is not more hard than theirs
Who toil on either side:
They cry for quiet in their prayers,
And it is still denied.

But sometimes, when I stand alone,
Life pauses, — now and then:
And in the distance dies the moan
Of miserable men.
As in a dream (how strange!) I seem
To be lapsing, slowly, slowly,
From noise and strife, to a stiller life,
Where all is hushed and holy.

Ah, love! our way's in a stranger land.
We may not rest together.
For an Angel takes me by the hand,
And leads me . . . whither? whither?

À L'ENTRESOL.

ONE circle of all its golden hours
The fitting hand of the Time-piece
there,
In its close white bower of china flowers,
Hath rounded unaware:

While the firelight, flung from the flicker-
ing wall
On the large and limpid mirror behind,
Hath reddened and darkened down o'er
all,
As the fire itself declined.

Something of pleasure and something of
pain
There lived in that sinking light.
What is it?

Faces I never shall look at again,
In places you never will visit,

Revealed themselves in each faltering
ember,
While, under a palely wavering flame,
Half of the years life aches to remember
Reappeared, and died as they came.

To its dark Forever an hour hath gone
Since either you or I have spoken:
Each of 'us might have been sitting
alone
In a silence so unbroken.

I never shall know what made me look
up
(In this cushioned chair so soft and
deep,
By the table where, over the empty cup,
I was leaning, half asleep)

To catch a gleam on the picture up
there
Of the saint in the wilderness under
the oak;
And a light on the brow of the bronze
Voltaire,
Like the ghost of a cynical joke.

To mark, in each violet velvet fold
Of the curtains that fall 'twixt room
and room,
The dip and dance of the manifold
Shadows of rosy gloom.

O'er the Rembrandt there — the Caracci
here —
Flutter warmly the ruddy and waver-
ing hues;
And St. Anthony over his book has a
leer
At the little French beauty by Greuze.

There, — the Leda, weighed over her
white swan's back,
By the weight of her passionate kiss,
ere it falls;
O'er the ebony cabinet, glittering black
Through its ivory cups and balls:

Your scissors and thimble, and work
laid away,
With its silks, in the scented rose-
wood box;
The journals, that tell truth every day,
And that novel of Paul de Kock's:

The flowers in the vase, with their bells
shut close
In a dream of the far green fields
where they grew;
The cards of the visiting people and
shows
In that bowl with the sea-green hue.

Your shawl, with a queenly droop of its
own,
Hanging over the arm of the crimson
chair:
And, last, — yourself, as silent as stone,
In a glow of the firelight there!

I thought you were reading all this time.
And was it some wonderful page of
your book
Telling of love, with its glory and crime,
That has left you that sorrowful look?

For a tear from those dark, deep, humid
orbs
'Neath their lashes, so long, and soft,
and sleek,
All the light in your lustrous eyes ab-
sorbs,
As it trembles over your cheek.

Were you thinking how we, sitting side
by side,
Might be dreaming miles and miles
apart?
Or if lips could meet over a gulf so wide
As separates heart from heart?

Ah, well! when time is flown, how it
fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell.
Leave the dead moments to bury their
dead.
Let us kiss and break the spell!

Come, arm in arm, to the window here;
Draw by the thick curtain, and see
how, to-night,
In the clear and frosty atmosphere,
The lamps are burning bright.

All night, and forever, in yon great town,
The heaving Boulevard flares and roars;
And the streaming Life flows up and
down
From its hundred open doors.

It is scarcely so cold, but I and you,
With never a friend to find us out,

May stare at the shops for a moment
or two,
And wander awhile about.

For when in the crowd we have taken
our place,
(— Just two more lives to the mighty
street there!)
Knowing no single form or face
Of the men and women we meet
there, —

Knowing, and known of, none in the
whole
Of that crowd all round, but our two
selves only,
We shall grow nearer, soul to soul,
Until we feel less lonely.

Here are your bonnet and gloves, dear.
There, —
How stately you look in that long
rich shawl!
Put back your beautiful golden hair,
That never a curl may fall.

Stand in the firelight . . . so, . . . as you
were, —
O my heart, how fearfully like her
she seemed!
Hide me up from my own despair,
And the ghost of a dream I dreamed!

TERRA INCOGNITA.

How sweet it is to sit beside her,
When the hour brings nought that's
better!
All day in my thoughts to hide her,
And, with fancies free from fetter,
Half remember, half forget her.
Just to find her out by times
In my mind, among sweet fancies
Laid away:
In the fall of mournful rhymes;
In a dream of distant climes;
In the sights a lonely man sees
At the dropping of the day;
Grave or gay.
As a maiden sometimes locks
With old letters, whose contents
Tears have faded,
In an old worm-eaten box,
Some sweet packet of faint scents,
Silken-braided;
And forgets it:

Careless, so I hide
 In my life her love, —
 Fancies on each side,
 Memories heaped above : —
 There it lies, unspied :
 Nothing frets it.
 On a sudden, when
 Deed, or word, or glance,
 Brings me back again
 To the old romance,
 With what rapture then, —
 When, in its completeness,
 Once my heart hath found it,
 By each sense detected,
 Steals on me the sweetness
 Of the air around it,
 Where it lies neglected !
 Shall I break the charm of this
 In a single minute ?
 For some chance with fuller bliss
 Proffered in it ?
 Secrets unsealed by a kiss,
 Could I win it !
 'T is so sweet to linger near her,
 Idly so !
 Never reckoning, while I hear her
 Whispering low,
 If each whisper will make clearer
 Bliss or woe ;
 Never roused to hope or fear her
 Yes or No !
 What if, seeking something more
 Than before,
 All that's given I displace —
 Calm and grace —
 Nothing ever can restore,
 As of yore,
 That old quiet face !
 Quiet skies in quiet lakes,
 No wind wakes,
 All their beauty double :
 But a single pebble breaks
 Lake and sky to trouble ;
 Then dissolves the foam it makes
 In a bubble.
 With the pebble in my hand,
 Here, upon the brink, I stand ;
 Meanwhile, standing on the brink,
 Let me think !
 Not for her sake, but for mine,
 Let those eyes unquestioned shine,
 Half divine :
 Let no hand disturb the rare
 Smoothness of that lustrous hair
 Anywhere :
 Let that white breast never break
 Its calm motion — sleep or wake —

For my sake.

Not for her sake, but for mine,
 All I might have, I resign.
 Should I glow
 To the hue — the fragrance fine —
 The mere first sight of the wine,
 If I drained the goblet low ?
 Who can know ?
 With her beauty like the snow,
 Let her go ! Shall I repine
 That no idle breath of mine
 Melts it ? No ! 'T is better so.
 All the same, as she came,
 With her beauty like the snow,
 Cold, unspotted, let her go !

A REMEMBRANCE.

'T was eve and May when last, through
 tears,
 Thine eyes sought mine, thy hand my
 hand.
 The night came down her silent spheres,
 And up the silent land.

In silence, too, my thoughts were furled,
 Like ring-doves in the dreaming grove.
 Who would not lightly lose the world
 To keep such love ?

But many Mays, with all their flowers,
 Are faded since that blissful time —
 The last of all my happy hours
 I' the golden clime !

By hands not thine these wreaths were
 curled
 That hide the care my brows above :
 And I have almost gained the world,
 But lost that love.

As though for some serene dead brow,
 These wreaths for me I let them twine.
 I hear the voice of praise, and know
 It is not thine.

How many long and lonely days
 I strove with life thy love to gain !
 I know my work was worth thy praise ;
 But all was vain.

Vain Passion's fire, vain Music's art !
 For who from thorns grape-bunches
 gathers ?

What depth is in the shallow heart ?
 What weight in feathers ?

As drops the blossom, ere the growth
 Of fruit, on some autumnal tree,
 I drop from my changed life, its youth
 And joy in thee :

And look beyond, and o'er thee, — right
 To some sublimer end than lies
 Within the compass of the sight
 Of thy cold eyes.

With thine my soul hath ceased its strife.
 Thy part is filled ; thy work is done ;
 Thy falsehood buried in my life,
 And known to none.

Yet still will golden memories frame
 Thy broken image in my heart,
 And love for what thou wast shut blame
 From what thou art.
 In Life's long galleries, haunting-eyed,
 Thy pictured face no change shall show ;
 Like some dead Queen's who lived and died
 An age ago !

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

THE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
 Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
 As she sits in the air of her loveliness
 With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
 Which o'er it the screen in her soft
 hand flings :
 Through the gloom glows her hair in its
 odorous braid :
 In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans, — the slow smile half shut
 up in her eyes
 Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes
 beneath ;
 Through her crimson lips, stirred by her
 faint replies,
 Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white
 teeth.

As she leans, — where your eye, by her
 beauty subdued,
 Droops — from under warm fringes of
 broidery white
 The slightest of feet — silken-slippered,
 protrude,
 For one moment, then slip out of
 sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the
 news,
 The faint scent of her hair, the ap-
 proach of her cheek,
 The vague warmth of her breath, all my
 senses suffuse
 With HERSELF : and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained, luxurious
 light
 Of that room, with its porcelain, and
 pictures, and flowers,
 When the dark day's half done, and the
 snow flutters white,
 Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold, — 'neath the low
 leaden sky !
 Down the bald, empty street, like a
 ghost, the gendarme
 Stalks surly : a distant carriage hums
 by : —
 All within is so bright and so warm !

Here we talk of the schemes and the
 scandals of court,
 How the courtesan pushes : the char-
 latan thrives :
 We put horns on the heads of our friends,
 just for sport :
 Put intrigues in the heads of their
 wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely
 thrilled mine,
 That at dinner I scarcely remark what
 they say, —
 Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt
 in my wine,
 Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon : — then's the
 time to behold her,
 With her fair face half hid, like a ripe
 peeping rose,
 'Neath that veil, — o'er the velvets and
 furs which enfold her,
 Leaning back with a queenly repose, —

As she glides up the sunlight ! . . . You'd
 say she was made
 To loll back in a carriage, all day, with
 a smile,
 And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the
 shade
 Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a
 while.

Could we find out her heart through
that velvet and lace !
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress ?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face ;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found
in the world —
(—Live with sorrow and sin, —live with pain and with passion, —)
Who could live with a doll, though its locks should be curled,
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion ?

'Tis so fair ! . . . would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood ?
Will it cry if I hurt it ? or scold if I kiss ?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood ?
. . . Is it worth while to guess at all this ?

THE NOVEL.

"HERE, I have a book at last —
Sure," I thought, "to make you weep !"
But a careless glance you cast
O'er its pages, half asleep.

'T is a novel, — a romance,
(What you will) of youth, of home,
And of brilliant days in France,
And long moonlit nights in Rome.

'T is a tale of tears and sins,
Of love's glory and its gloom ;
In a ball-room it begins,
And it ends beside a tomb ;

There's a little heroine too,
Whom each chapter leaves more pale ;
And her eyes are dark and blue
Like the violet of the vale ;

And her hand is frail and fair ;
Could you but have seen it lie
O'er the convent death-bed, where
Wept the nuns to watch her die,

You, I think, had wept as well ;
For the patience in her face
(Where the dying sunbeam fell)
Had such strange heart-breaking grace.

There's a lover, eager, bold,
Knocking at the convent gate :
But that little hand grows cold,
And the lover knocks too late.

There's a high-born lady stands
At a golden mirror, pale ;
Something makes her jewelled hands
Tremble, as she hears the tale

Which her maid (while weaving roses
For the ball, through her dark hair)
Mixed with other news, discloses.
O, to-night she will look fair !

There's an old man, feeble-handed,
Counting gold . . . "My son shall wed
With the Princess, as I planned it,
Now that little girl is dead."

There's a young man, sullen, husht,
By remorse and grief unmanned,
With a withered primrose crusht
In his hot and feverish hand.

There's a broken-hearted woman,
Haggard, desolate, and wild,
Says . . . "The world hath grown inhuman !
Bury me beside my child."

And the little god of this world
Hears them, laughing in his sleeve.
He is master still in his world,
There's another, we believe.

Of this history every part
You have seen, yet did not heed it ;
For 't is written in my heart,
And you have not learned to read it.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there ; —
And she looked like a queen in a book,
that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* :
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow :
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me" ?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betrothed and I ;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had ;
So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was !
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress-trees, together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather :

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
And her warm white neck in its golden chain
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again :

And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast :
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower !)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest :
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife ;
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
And I thought . . . "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her !"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold !
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage ; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast !

I was here : and she was there :
And the glittering horseshoe curved between : —
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien.

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short from the Future back to the Past)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole
to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at
her side,
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be ex-
prest,
Had brought her back from the grave
again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved
me then!
And the very first word that her sweet
lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and hand-
some still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that
pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things
are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it
above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women
and men,
There's a moment when all would go
smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine-flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

PROGRESS.

WHEN Liberty lives loud on every lip,
But Freedom moans,
Trampled by Nations whose faint foot-
falls slip
Round bloody thrones;
When, here and there, in dungeon and in
thrall,
Or exile pale,
Like torches dying at a funeral,
Brave natures fail;
When Truth, the armed archangel,
stretches wide
God's tromp in vain,
And the world, drowsing, turns upon its
side
To drowse again;
O Man, whose course hath called itself
sublime
Since it began,
What art thou in such dying age of time,
As man to man?

When Love's last wrong hath been for-
gotten coldly,
As First Love's face:
And, like a rat that comes to wanton
boldly
In some lone place,
Once festal, — in the realm of light and
laughter
Grim Doubt appears;
Whilst weird suggestions from Death's
vague Hereafter,
O'er ruined years,
Creep, dark and darker, with new dread
to mutter
Through Life's long shade,
Yet make no more in the chill breast the
flutter
Which once they made:
Whether it be, — that all doth at the
grave
Round to its term,
That nothing lives in that last darkness,
save
The little worm,
Or whether the tired spirit prolong its
course
Through realms unseen, —
Secure, that unknown world cannot be
worse
Than this hath been;
Then when through Thought's gold
chain, so frail and slender,
No link will meet;

When all the broken harps of Language
render
No sound that's sweet;
When, like torn books, sad days weigh
down each other
I' the dusty shelf;
O Man, what art thou, O my friend, my
brother,
Even to thyself?

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the
wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were drip-
ping yet;
And the moon looked forth, as though
in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man
I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young Priest with the
Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young Priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond
control;
For his lip grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of
yore:
I said "the staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait
lies,
Which next to her heart she used to
wear —
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have
kept.

For each ruby there, my heart hath bled:
For each pearl, my eyes have wept."

And I said — "the thing is precious to
me:
They will bury her soon in the church-
yard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for
fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet.
There, stark she lay on her carven bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my
breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart,

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life, with
love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I
swear,
And I could feel it move.

'T was the hand of a man, that was mov-
ing slow
O'er the heart of the dead, — from the
other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my
brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I
loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . .
The man
Looked first at me, and then at the
dead.

"There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me;

"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered . . . "let us see."

"Enough!" I returned, "let the dead decide:
And whose soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We opened it, by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged: the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced
young Priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

ASTARTE.

WHEN the latest strife is lost, and all is done with,
Ere we slumber in the spirit and the brain,
We drowse back, in dreams, to days that life begun with,
And their tender light returns to us again.

I have cast away the tangle and the torment
Of the cords that bound my life up in a mesh:

And the pulse begins to throb that long lay dormant
'Neath their pressure; and the old wounds bleed afresh.

I am touched again with shades of early sadness,
Like the summer-cloud's light shadow in my hair:
I am thrilled again with breaths of boyish gladness,
Like the scent of some last primrose on the air.

And again she comes, with all her silent graces,
The lost woman of my youth, yet unpossessed:
And her cold face so unlike the other faces
Of the women whose dead lips I since have prest.

The motion and the fragrance of her garments
Seem about me, all the day long, in the room:
And her face, with its bewildering old endearments
Comes at night, between the curtains, in the gloom.

When vain dreams are stirred with sighing, near the morning,
To my own her phantom lips I feel approach:
And her smile, at eve, breaks o'er me without warning
From its speechless, pale, perpetual reproach.

When Life's dawning glimmer yet had all the tint there
Of the orient, in the freshness of the grass,
(Ah, what feet since then have trodden out the print there!)
Did her soft, her silent footsteps fall, and pass.

They fell lightly, as the dew falls, 'mid ungathered
Meadow-flowers; and lightly lingered with the dew.
But the dew is gone, the grass is dried and withered,
And the traces of those steps have faded too.

Other footsteps fall about me,—faint, uncertain,
In the shadow of the world, as it recedes:

Other forms peer through the half-uplifted curtain
Of that mystery which hangs behind the creeds.

What is gone, is gone forever. And new fashions
May replace old forms which nothing can restore:
But I turn from sighing back departed passions
With that pining at the bosom as of yore.

I remember to have murmured, morn and even,
"Though the Earth dispart these Earthlies, face from face,
Yet the Heavenlies shall surely join in Heaven,
For the spirit hath no bonds in time or space.

"Where it listeth, there it bloweth; all existence
Is its region; and it houseth, where it will.

I shall feel her through immeasurable distance,
And grow nearer and be gathered to her still.

"If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,
Brows, and breast, and lips, and language of sweet strains,
I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,
And that portion of myself which she retains."

But my being is confused with new experience,
And changed to something other than it was;
And the Future with the Past is set at variance;
And Life falters with the burthens which it has.

Earth's old sins press fast behind me, weakly wailing:
Faint before me fleets the good I have not done:

And my search for her may still be un-availing
'Mid the spirits that are passed beyond the sun.

AT HOME DURING THE BALL.

'T is hard upon the dawn, and yet
She comes not from the Ball.
The night is cold, and bleak, and wet,
And the snow lies over all.

I praised her with her diamonds on:—
And, as she went, she smiled.
And yet I sighed, when she was gone,
Above our sleeping child.

And all night long, as soft and slow
As falls the falling rain,
The thoughts of days gone long ago
Have filled my heart again.

Once more I hear the Rhine rush down,
(I hear it in my mind!)
Once more, about the sleeping town,
The lamps wink in the wind.

The narrow, silent street I pass:
The house stands o'er the river:
A light is at the casement-glass,
That leads my soul forever.

I feel my way along the gloom,
Stair after stair, I push the door:
I find no change within the room,
And all things as of yore.

One little room was all we had
For June and for December.
The world is wide, but O how sad
It seems, when I remember!

The cage with the canary-bird
Hangs in the window still:
The small red rose-tree is not stirred
Upon the window-sill.

Wide open her piano stands;
—That song I made to ease
A passing pain while her soft hands
Went faintly o'er the keys!

The fire within the stove burns down;
The light is dying fast.
How dear is all it shines upon,
That firelight of the Past!

No sound! the drowsy Dutch-clock ticks.
O, how should I forget
The slender ebon crucifix,
That by her bed is set?