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Poems

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

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SPERO.

FASHION,

A P O E M

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SEVENTEENTH CONVENTION

OF THE

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON FRATERNITY,

HELD AT NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1863 ;

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

ARTHUR MALACHI LEE.

NEW-YORK, 1864.

A. W. STEINHAUS, PRINTER, 496 NINTH AVENUE.

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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Delia Conklin

BY THE

AUTHOR.

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P O E M S.



F A S H I O N.



I.

Your ear to-night
My Lady bright,
And yours my gay gallant,
The while I sing, in humble strain,
Of that proud King, for whose domain
Your gentle bosoms pant!

II.

Though, once before, nor long ago,
I sang the song of Fashion and show,
Yet, as again they 've dubbed me "Poet",
 On the self-same road,
 With the self-same goad,
A second time (d. v.) I'll go it.

III.

O Muse look down!
Nay, never frown
Because you have to bend so low,
But 'stoop to conquer', like her in the play,
And win me praise, with—thanks for your pay,
 By gracing the strain
 I sound again
Of frivolous Folly's farcical flow!

IV.

I know they say
 'T will seldom pay,
As Milton long before me found,
This ringing twice the very self-same,
For repetitions are horribly tame,

Changes of rhyme,
Conceits, and time,
Chasing your shadow round and round.
But 'whom great Jove
Who nods above,
And all His fellow He's and She's,
Playing on mortals a wretched jest,
Wish to destroy'—you know the rest,
Or we 'll think you do,
Though it shouldn't be true,
And thus your scholarly vanity please.
So I drive my horse,
Though it prove a loss,
On the same race-course,
The "Fashion", perhaps you know it;
And if Pegasus stumble and go rather lame,
And you think his performance decidedly tame,
Showing a worse pace
Than in his first race,
And you lose the "spons" you 've rashly bet,
Don't blame the driver, and get in a pet,
For the fault 's your own,
As you should have known
Better than to choose
(Trusting he 'd refuse?)
A one-idea-ed "Poet".

V.

Great Fashion is owned
Le roi du monde.
That last is French, en passant I 'd say,
And I put it there that you might be proud
Of having a "pote"
Who could really quote,
And that, (don't start!) and that aloud
The silvery tones
Of the land that owns
The 'Nephew of his Uncle's' sway.

VI.

O'er a wide domain
Extends the reign
Of this Lord
Of gaud.
From the golden gates of the morn
To the dusky bars of night,
From the snow-shrouded poles forlorn
To the sun-robed tropics bright
His will holds sway.
And over land and deep,
With a very victor-sweep,
Streaming away

Like the new-born day,
Proudly and freely, His banner fair,
On the heaving breast of the wooing air,
With many a fold
Of crimson and gold,
Floats now as it floated of old.

VII.

That His Majesty's sway is wide
Can't really well be denied.
Does not the ancient saying read
'As well be out of the world indeed
As out of the Fashion?'
And he 'd be a rash 'un
Who 'd neglect its warning voice to heed.
Dare question its truth,
And you 'll find no ruth,
For le monde le dit,
So it surely can't be
With error at all allied.

VIII.

And the will of our Potentate
Is changeable too
As chameleon's hue ;

Or, a better simile to try,
 As are the whims of a spirited maid
 In the inter~~esse~~ termini
 (This last is Law Latin
 But it glided so pat in
 That I couldn't resist the chance to display
 How in Law and in Latin your "Poet" 's au fait)
 That stands between,
 Like a penance I ween,
 The murmur soft of the trembling "Yes!"
 That the lover's pulses stirs,
 As a vision of home and happiness
 The weary wanderer's,
 When' first he breathes his love
 To her and the stars above,
 And the final "Yes!" at the altar said,
 That will bless or blast—
 And which, is a cast
 At a costly price
 Of Fortune's dice—
 All of his life that is not past.
 But where 's my rhyme for "Potentate"
 In the first line of the verse?
 I forgot it till now, and now it 's so late,
 We 'll skip it so we 'll not have to wait,
 For I wish to be ~~very terse~~ ^{very terse}
 ; and also ~~to be~~ ^{to be}

Perhaps you smile,
 Because just now
 I took a long while
 To tell you how

King Fashion 's a monarch of changing will;
 And whisper that, if I wish to be brief,
 I 'd better begin, and "take in a reef"

As they do at sea in a gale.

But your simile 's poor
 For on a lee-shore

They always crowd on more sail.

The next time my critics I think you 'll keep still,
 For, as I speak for both,
 And to win am not loth,
 Your road will, as this time, be always up hill.

IX.

By Jove

Such pranks our monarch plays

On the devotees

Who bend their knees

At His shrine

Divine, ~~and the monarch's~~ ~~and the monarch's~~

And offer their prayer and praise, ~~and the monarch's~~ ~~and the monarch's~~

For He is Ruler and Priest combined ~~and the monarch's~~ ~~and the monarch's~~

And absolutely sways
The Heart and Soul, the Body and Mind
That, upon my word of honor,
To a mere "looker on in Vienna",
It seems as though
He tried to show
How far He could
Have the hardihood
To rove
In His false and frivolous ways.

X.

But I fear you 've found
I 've "run in the ground"
This olla podrida of home-spun metre,
Than Moore's not sweeter, than Pope's not neater.
And, though you seem pleased at the way I sing,
I know you wish some change I 'd ring.
Now, while it 's rather hard to show,
In these fine days of Chase and Co.,
When paper-money 's all the go,
A bit of ringing change you know,
Still, you command and point the way,
Hand, head, and heart shall you obey.
And the very next verse,
Like a well filled purse

In the specie-ous days of old
 (Which really seem,
 Though it may be a dream,
To me a deal more true
Than now-a-days, for we knew
Sight and sound of silver and gold ;
Ay ! and of better things far than these
Which may not be whispered now e'en to the trees,
Or softly sighed to the evening breeze,
Or lisped to the wave that breaks on the strand
Of what was erst fair Freedom's land,
Or murmured low to the hours that roll
In solemn sadness o'er the soul,
Or joyfully sung to the moments that fly
On mirth-laden wings to their homes in the sky—
 Which must rest unsought
 In Memory's cave,
 These spoils, blood-bought,
 Of the good and the brave—
These jewels of truth that our fathers won
At the point of the sword and the mouth of the gun—
This Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Pen
And all the Free Rights that belong to Free Men—
Lest remembrance of what was our birthright impel
To a loathing more scornful, a hatred more fell
Of the tricksters—but stop ! Lafayette frowns bold,
And Warren has room for more in its hold.

O! burning shame and satire strong,
That names so high amid the throng
Of those who struck for Liberty
Should symbol now base Tyranny.

But we 'll rescue our land from the spell,
Alas! Alas! and Alas!
That ever upon us it fell,
And restore,
Once more,

The "Union as it was."

For then was a 'Union of Lakes and of Lands,
A Union of Hearts and a Union of Hands.'

And fruitful Toil and smiling Peace
Yield double joy and rich increase
To Freedom's fair and friendly home
Where springs in pride her mighty dome
'Neath whose wide arch a glad host sings
"Hosanna! to the King of Kings

Who through the fire of manly strife
Hath brought a Nation into life,
And given them till time shall dim
Freedom to love and worship Him!"

Long ages pass, and grandly there
Floats Freedom's starry ensign fair;
And millions joy to see it fly
In triumph high 'neath every sky.
And tyrants tremble, and their slaves

Break off their chains, or find their graves,
To win from Liberty's fair hand
A sister-banner for their land.
Bright breaks each morn, fair smiles each day
And gladly on her pleasant way
Swift sails the gallant Ship of State
With hope, and pride, and joy elate,
Freedom her pilot, and the crew
All seeming honest, brave, and true.
For then was no demoniac hate
Between a State and Sister-State;
No cruel taunt, no gibe, no jeer
To soil the lip or wound the ear.
And then was no rebellion's stain
That only blood may cleanse again;
 Or purest love
 From God above
 In mercy to us given
 Rejoining bonds now riven
Till South and North, again as one,
Still form the land of Washington.
While parted friends and hearts grown cold
 Shall loying meet
 In concord sweet
 As they met and loved of old.
One thing we have for which to raise
Our voice to God in grateful praise.

A blessed light
That glorious beams
On us to-day,
And half redeems
The radiance bright
Now past away !

'T is that no more our fetters bind
A portion of the human kind ;
That in this land of liberty
There be no longer bond and free,
But Fréemen all, the black, the white,
Not different in our Father's sight.

Fashions change with the age,
Each year has its rage
And mayhap the last is the best,
But to me 't will still seem,
Though it may be a dream,
That our Fathers than we were more blest.)

Mais, revenons

A nos moutons,

The very next verse, and a number more,
As I remarked some time before,
When I paused the ancient days to deplore,
Like a well filled purse, since I must ring
Some change if I would longer sing,
Shall sound a dolor-ous strain,
Till you bid me stop, and seek a new track,

And come, like Rudolf in "Leah", back
To my early love again.

XI.

'T is sad that the Fashion of living
Is to fritter our life away
In a poor and painful striving
For the pleasures of a day.

In a low degrading worship,
To bend to the puerile sway
Of the false Gods of the worldling
At their shrines of gilded clay.

To wear the shining fetters,
Forgetting the iron beneath,
As though a thorn were less one
When hid in a rosy wreath.

To drain the cup of Pleasure
Again, and yet again,
Till its deadly dregs of poison
Shall harden heart and brain.

To seek, in the hollow praises
Of the sons and daughters of earth,
Life's chiefest good and glory,
Life's only weal and worth.

To loiter like idle children,
As we pass along life's path,
Though the day will soon be over,
And swift comes the night of wrath.

Or, like him whose warning story
We read in sacred lore,
Give up for a mess of pottage
Cur birthright evermore.

Or repeat the ancient fable
Of her who ran so well,
But stooped for the golden bauble,
And a prize to the spoiler fell.

To live as though the present
Were the only life to be,
When, far beyond Time's portals,
Spreads out Eternity.

XII.

But stop! I 'm growing solemn now,
And that will never do.
So give the glass another turn
And take a different view.

I had a dream the other night
When every thing was still ;
I dreamt—I saw a numerous band,
All climbing Fashion's hill ;
And at their head a handsome youth
And maiden passed along,
Fair types of all the various souls
Who marched amid the throng..

The shades of night were falling fast,
As Maid and Youth right onward passed,
And to their care a scroll was given
Which bore these golden letters seven,
“ Fashion ! ”

The air was chill with falling snow,
But thinly clad they onward go.
‘ Why nature's laws they thus defied ’,
I asked, and both at once replied,
“ Fashion ! ”

He walked as might a crippled man.
Her waist your hands could more than span.
I spoke of classic grace and strength,
“ Both good,” they said, “ but not”, at length,
“ Fashion ! ”

In many homes they saw content
And real joy and merriment;
And seemed they oft to wish to pause,
But turned away, and gave, as cause,
“Fashion!”

“Pause in your way”, an old man said,
“It leads to what ye well may dread.”
They paused a moment on the track,
Then, pushing on, cried, wildly back,
“Fashion!”

Between his lips like some bright star
Gleamed through the smoke-clouds a cigar.
Pale, sick, he grew, but still he smoked;
My questioning looks reply provoked,
“Fashion!”

The social glass was in his hand;
He staggered, reeled, could hardly stand,
But as he met m' inquiring eye,
He hiccupped out this strange reply,
“Fashion!”

And she, the beautiful, the fair,
The young, the gay, the debonnaire,
All her bright gifts and charms divine
Had laid upon that falsest shrine,
Fashion!

In careless ease and heedless joy
She played with life as some bright toy;
Nor ever thought, or cared to own,
That Death must at the last dethrone
Fashion!

But still He did; swift sped the race,
And at the goal His chill embrace.
While snatched He from their hands of ice
That mystic scroll with strange device—
“Fashion!”

XIII.

There 's a Fashion of Life that 's somewhat strange,
But we may see it wherever we range.
His soul by discontent possest
Man never is, but to be blest.
And so, the good that lies at hand,
He scorns, and roams throughout the land,
'Mid sorrow and trouble, defeat and pain
Seeking some distant good to gain.

It was a witching summer's night.
The Day's dead heat had passed,
And, with the Hours, at last,

Her robe with starry gems bedight,
Fair Evening came with gentle light,
While just within the window-bar
 A rival star,
 And nearer far,
She sat and talked on pleasant themes,
Life's frolic fancies, roseate dreams.

In joyous converse thus went by
 The Hours in hurried flight,
 While, far into the night,
I sat beneath that star-gemmed sky
And fondly gazed, no, not on high,
But just within the window-bar,
 Where, nearer far,
 A rival star
To those that gleam so far away,
She sat a gleam of heav'n astray.

The stars above had gone to rest,
 For darkness veiled the sky,
 And winds were raging high.
But, till the sun lit up the West
I leaned upon that gentle breast,
As, just within the window-bar,
 A rival star,
 And brighter far,

She sat, a dream of light and love,
More pure and true than the stars above.

'T is best, the teaching was most plain,
To pluck the flow'rs that grow
Close on our path below:
Nor lose the good we may obtain,
In striving distant good to gain.
~~But~~ look within our window-bar,
Where nearer far,
A rival star
Will give its light our life to grace,
If but that light we will embrace.

Then let us rear life's changing bow'r
In th' pure and steady light
Of the lesson of that night.
Content with joys that round us show'r.
So we shall learn to bless the hour
When just within the window-bar,
A rival star,
And fairer far,
She sat and talked on pleasant themes
Life's frolic fancies, roseate dreams

XIV.

'T is a strange, wild thing, this Life of ours,
With its fleeting years and its lingering hours;
Its quiet pulse, its feverish thrill,
Its warp of good, and its woof of ill;
Its weal and its woe, its love and its hate,
Its labors that weary, its pleasures that sate.
In the bloom of Youth, and the flush of Pride,
Swiftly across Life's sea we glide;
To-day we ride on the top-most wave,
To-morrow we sink in a yawning grave.
Life crowns with garlands our cup of joy,
Life mingles its gold with base alloy.
Nor Pleasure, nor Wealth, nor Love, nor Fame,
Will e'er on Earth remain the same.

'T is change and chance
Where'er we glance,
'T is chance and change
Where'er we range.

Some sunny ray
Gilds the darkest day,
And Light
For Night

E'er paves the way.
But 'neath the changing flow
Of the surface of Life's stream,

Where the false lights flare and gleam,
Is the constant undertow
Of unchanging Death.

Yet, out of breath,
Life's fitful race we run
As 't were the only one
When, beyond the setting sun,
In the West,
Brightest, best,
Glow the regions of the blest.
But 't is Fashion who commands,
So, with heart, and head, and hands,
Seek we ever,
Pausing never

In our strange and wild and vain pursuit,
Life's Mirage-Fountains and Dead-Sea-Fruit.

XV.

Pleasure woos the heart of Youth.
With joyous step, and beaming eye,
And dance, and song, and minstrelsy.
With flash of wine,
And smile that seems
As it sunnily beams
From its lovely shrine,
Almost divine,
Pleasure vows her love is truth.

He listens, he loves, he yields to the spell,
He follows the siren call,
And falls as Eve in Eden fell,
For the poorest lure
Of Life, be sure,
Though Fashion vow and declare
'T is Life's great good and care.
Is Pleasure's pitiful thrall.

XVI.

Wealth's golden smile will often woo
The heart of Youth and win it too.
But poor will seem,
Though Fashion smile,
And praise the while,
The yellow gleam
Of the hoarded pile,
When the heart is drear with age and fear,
And draweth near the pall and bier.

XVII.

But one I see whose fiery soul
Seeks higher walks, a nobler rôle.
Upon whose ear unnoticed fall
The low, sweet notes of Pleasure's call.

By whom the luring ring of Gold
Is heeded as—a tale twice told.
But Fashion, ruler in each mood,
‘Though baffled oft yet ne’er withstood’,
Sounds loud the call of earthly Fame
And high his heart beats for a Name.
For this he barter’s joy and peace,
For this his toils and pains increase;
For this he wearies heart and brain,
And checked, defeated, strives again,
That round his brow (at ninety-nine!)
Laurel or Cypress leaves may twine.
What if the Laurel wreath be won,
And Victory crown the race we run!
If Death, who soon will still the heart
That bore so well its earthly part,
Do not with amaranthine crown,
Replace the wreath we must lay down,
How poor, how brief reward we gain
For all our toil and all our pain!
But, if He do, then have ye won
A wreath, bright, glorious, as the sun,
And fadeless as the flow’rs that bloom
Away from earth beyond the tomb.

I knew a brave and gallant youth,
The soul of honor and of truth.

Upon his brow sat Genius throned;
And all His lofty presence owned.
In Learning's halls he proudly bore
Each honor as his own, and wore
His trophies with so meet a grace
That none might envy him their place.
For fairly won, and fairly worn,
They seemed to deck a conqueror born.
The sound of War rang through the North
And brave hearts to the fray went forth;
And he with them to do his part,
This noble, generous, trusty heart.
My prayers went with him; others too
Prayed God for this bold heart and true.
For souls so good, and wise, and proud,
Are missed from out the common crowd
Of men who dream their life away
As 't were an idle summer's day.
On War's red field right gallantly
He seized the star of victory.
 With eye of light,
 And arm of might,
And heart as true and tried as steel,
 A gallant knight,
 He breasts the fight,
Till back the beaten foemen reel.

And praises far and near were rung
As quick from rank to rank [he sprung.
But God still takes to His own heart
With whom we least can bear to part.
Heaven's loved die young, and so at last
A sudden shot, and—all was past.
Life's fitful fever o'er, he sleeps.
On Earth no more reward he reaps.
Pray God a crown of glory waits
Brave ELLIOTT at the heavenly gates!

XVIII.

But some hearts Wealth and Pleasure spurn,
Nor at the thought of Fame will burn.
What Fashion of earth shall win such soul
And bind it fast in its strong control?
'T is Love! of all earth's lures the best,
That bends such hearts to its behest;
And sways their life with a ruling strong,
Sometimes for right, sometimes for wrong.
And Love is the truest and fairest of all,
Pleasure, or Wealth, or Glory's thrall.
Yet Love sometimes is false as fair,
And hearts have oft times no place there.
Both hearts and hands are bought and sold,
Like stocks in market, for so much gold.

O! pity the husband, and pity the wife,
Who needs must live so false a life.
For the day will come, when the heart would greet
With joy one whom it may not meet.

And earthly Love, when true and pure,
Hath rocks to wreck, false lights to lure.
We love in the fullness of hope and pride,
And to-morrow grim Death has taken a bride.
Hearts that for years together ranged
'A single light word hath estranged'.
And the Demon of Self doth mantle it all,
From its cradle-couch to its funeral pall.

There is a Love so kind, so pure, so true,
That more of Heav'n than Earth doth it imbue.
Not oft in Fashion's halls hath it a place,
For there 't would hardly be esteemed a grace.
But in some humble home, where, worn with care,
A Mother sits and toils—its shrine is there.
Where for some wayward, reckless, heedless child
A Mother's heart has bled, her lips have smiled.
A Mother's Love!

Would that my muse might sing,
In sweetest changes tuneful verse may ring,
A Mother's Love!

A theme that might inspire
The dullard's brain with God-like Homer's fire ;
Fill his poor heart with hopeful visions fair
As Hope herself, and feelings rich and rare
As that same Love—naught else may hold compare—
Teach his rude fingers wake the spirits lyre
To strains that, upward mounting from the mire
Of Life's sad strife, and sadder striving throng,
Join Heaven and Earth in one exultant song ;
And touch, as Israel's leader erst the mount
Till from its rock-cell burst the grateful fount,
His soul's dark gloom till from that gloom should glow,
More fair, more pure, than oft the Earth may know,
A living light to guide his weary bark
Through gloomy days and nights with tempests dark,
While cheeks grow pale, and hearts all hope give o'er!
On! On through Life till Earth holds sway no more,
Right on through Death to the Eternal Shore!

But the purest things of Earth below
Have a taint of sin, and a touch of woe.
And a Mother's Love, pure, kind, and true,
Hath sometimes the trail of the serpent too.

XIX.

Glancing light
Glitters bright

Through a noble hall.
Flying feet,
Music sweet,
Weave a pleasant thrall.

Fashion fair
Lingers there,
All is bright and gay.
Beauty's glance,
Merry dance,
Charm the night away.

Manhood's form,
Bosoms warm,
Joyous gather there.
Pleasure's soul,
Mirth's control,
Quickly banish care.

Freezing stare
Greets you there
If you 're poor and low.
Fashion rules,
Gilded fools
There the brightest show

Hollow hearts
Play their parts
In this worldly school.

Noble souls
Fear controls,
Makes of Man a fool.

Fashion strong
Every wrong
You inflict below,
You 'll atone
At God's throne—
Right demands it so.

Shun the nets,
Fashion sets
Man's high soul to snare.
Folly's strife!
Noble life!
Which more bright and fair!

XX.

And now of Life we 've sailed the streams
Where Fashion's sun in glory beams;
And some where but a single ray
Shone forth to greet the dawning day.
The siren spell! The warning too!
Choose which ye will, the false or true!
Does Fashion's passionate strife gleam fair?
O! be not blinded by glitter and glare!

Remember the truest life of Man
Is to do the most, the best he can.
Not droop! Not heed the hollow show
Of seeming joy, but real woe!
But work, and strive, and watch and pray,
And do each duty every day!
Then He, who sits enthroned above
Will crown your Patience with His Love!

XXI.

Good Night, good Night,
My Lady bright,
And you, my gay gallant!
No more I 'll sing, in humble strain,
Of that proud King, for whose domain
Your gentle bosoms pant!

LOVE AND GOLD.

In the sunny spring of life, in the golden time of youth,
Met I first my only Love loved with boyhood's artless truth.

She was richer far than I, so my Pride would Love assail,
And the Flame of Love was made oft, by gusts of Pride
to fail.

Still we met on equal ground, she, the maiden, I, the boy,
And awhile her hands, for me, oped the pearly gates of Joy.

I remember, as if now, that fair eve when first we met,
And how all my being bent to the Love that lingers yet.

Like a very angel form moved she on that fateful night,
And her eyes, like sister stars, shone twin diamonds of
light.

I know not if then she knew how the current of my Life
With the ice of Poverty waged a never-ending strife.

But she smiled on me so sweet, not like Empress from
her throne,
But like maid on lover leal, that she made me all her own.

All her own through woe and weal, all her own till Life's
last breath
Breathe her name, Love's talisman, in the very front of
Death.

For my soul went out to her with a fierce and strong
excess,
Seldom man may know, but known or to blast him or to
bless.

With her winning grace she wove, round my heart, her
meshes fair
Till I lived but in her Love, but a very God dwelt there.

Sadsome fate that earthly bliss should the brightest ever
seem,
Like the sun at eventide, as it casts its parting gleam.

The kind note that first she sent! I am looking on it now,
But the flush of hope it brought long has faded from my
brow.

But one Life hath only room for one Love, be hearts like
mine,
And, though cast away, that Love ne'er deserts its early
shrine.

Days and months and years roll by—Wealth and Station
intervene,
And the maiden, passing on, seldom by the boy is seen
Still to his rapt being fails not a note in Mem'ry's chime,
And his boyish Love still glows warm as in the olden
time.

While the maiden's life, full fraught with the joyance of
to-day,
Seldom backward casts a thought to the joys now past
away.

Other scenes and hopes are hers, other loves her life
employ,
And the woman scarce recalls how the girl led on the boy.

Blithely speeds her ev'ry day, toils he on in ceaseless strife,
Loyal yet the manly heart, but—she is another's wife.

On the crowded pave I walk, in her carriage rolls she by,
And she bends her haughty head, but no glad smile lights
her eye.

Yet some times a softer glance, when she deems herself
unseen,
Tells my presence still reminds of the Love that might
have been.

And more oft the look of scorn, on the husband by her
side,
Speaks the loathing of the soul, that she scarcely cares
to hide.

Unto him that, with his Gold, the sole prize of life, I
sought.
With the wealth of my young heart, should be basely
sold and bought—

Unto him my Hate sprang out like the sword of warrior
bold,
Ne'er to know its sheath again till the tale of Death be told.

And that Hate finds ever food, in the shrinking of her
form,
As the old man's chilly lips press his darling's lips so
warm—

In the shudder that will come, as she sees a youthful
bride
Stand, in loving confidence, a young husband's form
beside—

In the tears that will flow forth, as some babe her fond
 arms press
To the heart whose mother-love never God with child
 will bless.—

In her chill indifference, or her lip-thanks false and cold,
When you try to win a smile with your lavishing of Gold.

Ah! old man you bought a wife, but methinks you
cheated were!
'T was a woman that was sold, and you have a statue
there!

And did I not hate thee so, it would even my heart move
Thus to see thy Gold in vain strive to buy a crumb of
Love.

Ah, my Hate be thou content! Comes at last thy crown
of bliss!
Friends have told him my Love-dream, and the old man
jealous is.

And he bends in woe and shame, as his vaunted life he
sees,
But a mocking failure stand, and in vain its victories—

All in vain the toil it cost him to heap his ingots high,
For bright jewels deck the earth that base Gold may
never buy.

But the woman! she who burnt, on the altar of her Pride,
All her Love when Love is all that makes Earth to Heav'n
allied,

Pity her, for though she stood faithful 'mid a faithless band,
Still the rose she cast away left its thorn to pierce her hand.

And—be sure all wrong works woe!—presses oft with
crushing weight,
Spite the gilded props beneath, all the Iron of her fate.

And the Lover! he who saw, from a joyous holyday
To a fearful night of storm, his young life thus speed away,

If within your souls you have aught of Pity give it now;
For, 'mid all Earth's heirs of woe, Sorrow's crown rests on
his brow.

Gold, thou bright and cheating Gold! Love has cause to
hate thee well,
For not oft may Love unharmed 'scape the blighting of
thy spell.

Love and Gold! ah, Gold and Love! met on Earth, and,
God forgive!
Hell below and Heav'n above, Gold doth oft the victor
live!

A T A L A N T A .

Lo ! the gladsome sunbeams streaming,
On the woods and waters gleaming,
Rose-tipt shafts, from Phoebus' quiver,
Glancing bright on hill and river,
Warm the sky above us flushing,
Soft the earth beneath us blushing,
Dew-drops gemming fruits and flowers,
Song-birds thrilling leafy bowers
With sweet matin-hymns of greeting :
Faithful morn from heav'n is fleeting
To the earth and Atalanta !

With her fair cheeks faintly glowing,
'Mid the perfumed breezes blowing
Sighs and vows and kisses to her
As with gentle touch they woo her,
And her snowy bosom heaving
'Neath the net the wind is weaving
Of her locks that loving cluster
Round her neck in golden lustre,
And her blue eyes, from their lashes,
Beaming bright as starlight-flashes,
Stands the peerless Atalanta!

Proudly stands the lovely maiden,
While, with budding spring-flow'rs laden,
Gifts for Atalanta's wearing,
Comes Hippómenes the daring:
Comes to woo and win and cherish,
Or to lose and losing perish.
Kneeling low, in manly beauty,
Vows he life and love and duty.
Vain she warns him; tells the trial:
Burning love brooks no denial.
Grants his prayer then Atalanta!

Where the shadow of the mountain
Softly shades the silver fountain,
And the tasseled grain is bending
To the zephyrs heav'n is sending,

Swifter than the eagle's flying,
Youth and maiden fiercely vying,
Faster than the arrow's rushing,
Youth and maiden hotly flushing,
Speed they onward, onward ever,
Halting in the mad race never,
In the race for Atalanta!

Through the yellow sunlight flashing,
By the foamy waters dashing,
Laughter from her red lips pealing,
Sadness o'er his pale brow stealing,
Boldly she, but he fast failing,
In her flying footsteps trailing,
As the shade, the brightness chasing,
Never meets it in the racing,
Straining, panting, leaping madly,
Course they till the goal breaks gladly
On the sight of Atalanta!

And the maid, with triumph glowing,
Fleeter to the goal is going,
When, across her pathway gleaming,
Than the bright light brighter seeming,
Like a star 'mid ether falling,
Rolls a golden spell enthralling.
And, the bauble her ensnaring,
Caught, like moth by candle-glaring,

Turns she from the victor's blessing,
And the youth, right onward pressing,
Wins the race and Atalanta!

Would ye know the mystic reaching
Of the ancient fable's teaching?
Learn the lesson sad, it tells us,
Of the nature that impels us?
Profit by the warning story,
Running your life-race for glory?
Note ye how, in very madness,
E'en in hour of triumph gladness,
Given ev'ry good and beauty,
By a bauble turned from duty,
Was the human Atalanta!

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Down by the river, over the hill,
In the vale beyond there stood a mill.

From early light till the sun was gone,
Merry the miller ground the corn.

The mill-race ran, in rapid flow,
Over the stones to the stream below,

With as soft a sound and sweet a tune
As nightingale sings to silver moon.

The spray-drops clung to the turning wheel,
Each fond embrace with a kiss to seal.

The grass grew green, the flowers sprang fair,
The birds sang sweet in the scented air ;

The sun shone forth with a golden light,
And all was lovely and all was bright.

But fairer than all, and good as fair,
Was the miller's daughter, Maud Adair.

Whose soft eyes rivaled the ocean's hue
In their dreamy depth of tender blue ;

The golden sheen of whose auburn hair
Shamed the glow of the sunset air.

Her voice was song, and Beauty and Grace
Were the maids that decked her form and face.

On a hill-slope, 'mid an ancient wood,
Aloft in stately grandeur stood

The Lord of the Manor's castle old,
Whose turrets glowed with a gleam of gold,

As Day shot forth his Parthian rays
On the moss-grown pile that met the gaze

As pure and bright as an angel's throne,
And seemed a poem wrought in stone.

Once as Day fled thus on the sight,
And Twilight heralded the Night,

A graceful youth, the noble heir
Of the castle old and acres fair,

Long absent from home came forth to view
His best-loved haunt when a child he grew ;

A pleasant bower by Nature wrought
Whose shelter Maud had also sought.

They met, and each the other knew
As childhood's playmate, kind and true.

Her wondrous beauty, on his eyes
Flashed like a gleam of Paradise.

Soft words of love he fondly breathed,
And her snowy brow with garlands wreathed.

The maiden listened and loved and fell
For 'loving not wisely but too well'.

And pitying angels heaved a sigh
As a star went out in virtue's sky.

The youth, though loving through good and ill,
Weakly fled at his father's will.

The maiden drooped and pined away,
And died with Spring in the sunny May.

Finding in death the sole relief
From the sorrow sad of shameful grief.

For the world 's a censor harsh and cold,
And, on broken hearts, a stone 's oft rolled.

Have ye scorned the maid? O scorn the youth
For the wrong he wrought to love and truth!

Ye pity her? O him pity more!
The wrong he wrought was a burden sore!

And oft you may see, in twilight gloom,
The youth kneel low by the maiden's tomb,

And hear him murmur, "Alas that I
Should drive my loved one thus to die!"

"Dear Maud, Forgive! too late, too late!
Vainly we war with the hand of Fate!"

And, grieving as only manhood may,
Wretched he treads life's weary way.

For the saddest woe that life may own
Is a wrong that life may not atone!

A M E M O R Y .

It was an evening fair in June.
The gentle stars sang all a-tune,
The air was sweet and cool, the trees
Just stirring in the zephyr-breeze ;
While from the city's stony street
Came up no sound of moving feet.

I stood and gazed on all around ;
Bright stars and sky, dark trees and ground.
When lo ! from out a silvery veil,
As on the sea oft looms a sail,
Sudden but slow, at evening's noon,
Shone forth the blithe and winsome moon.

It bathed in beauty stars and sky,
The trees, the ground, and all things nigh,
Till Heaven and Earth, in sweet accord,
Sent up, in praise to God the Lord,
A voiceless hymn, as grateful Night
Swept gently Nature's harp of Light.

So, oft in Life, the lesser joy
But serves as contrast to annoy,
Till one great gush of happiness
Will sadness soothe and sorrow bless.

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