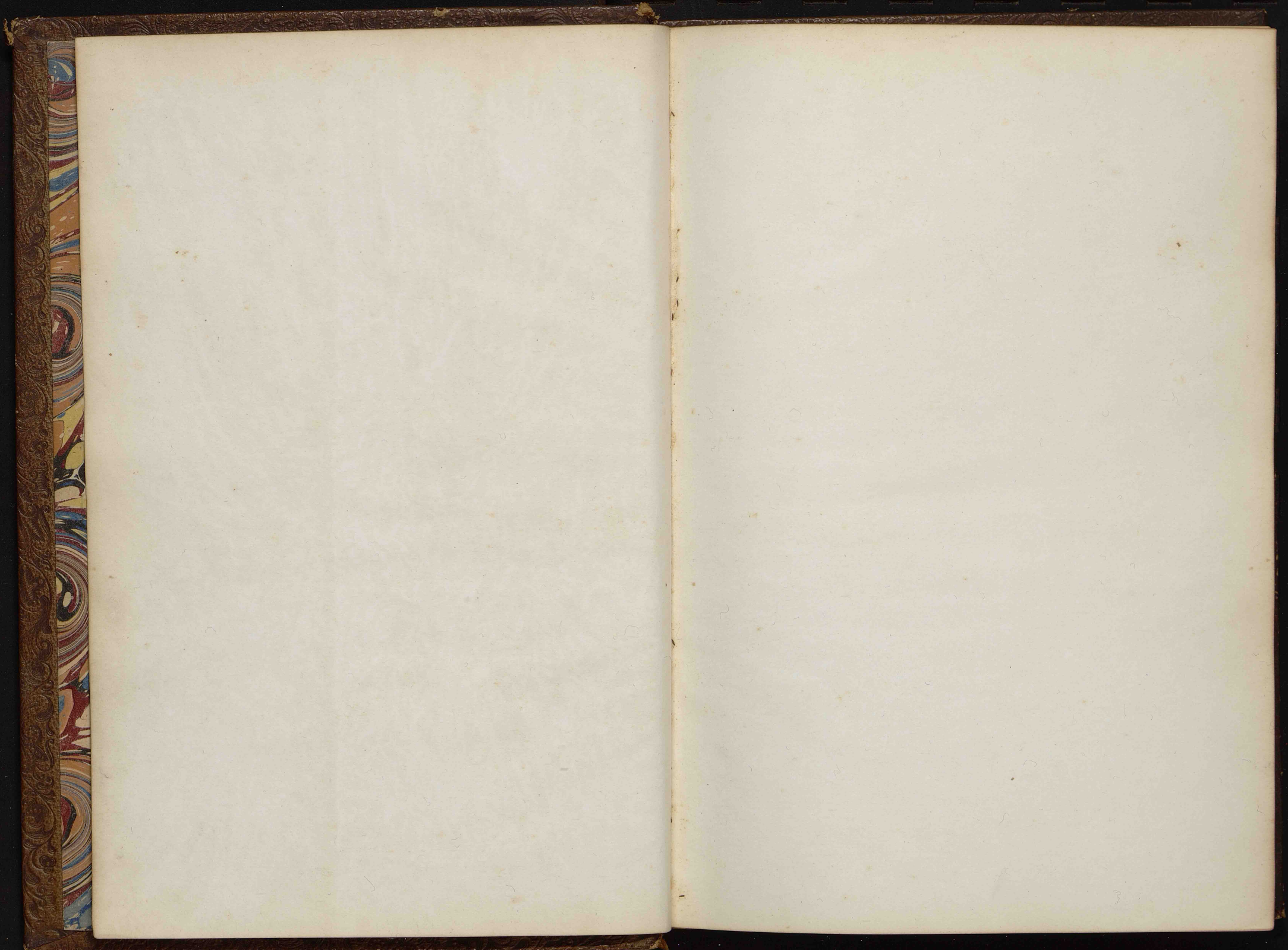


ELIZA L. SPROAT





Poetry & Prose.

Sterling.

I looked upon a plain of green,
That some one called the land of Prose,
Where many living things were seen
In movement or repose.

I looked upon the stately hill
That well was named the mount of Song;
Where golden shadows dwelt at will,
The woods & streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise,
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities

Oct. 28th 84

Life.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as did a natural flower —
A self-reviving thing of power.

That every thought, & every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, & future need.

Esteeming sorrow, — whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy —
Far better than a barren joy.

Oct. 29th 54 Milnes

I Envy not, in any mood,
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within his cage,
That never knew the summer wood:

I Envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

No, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
No any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whatever befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved & lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Keats

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
 Out into the West as the sun went down;
 Each thought of the woman that loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town.
 For men must work, & women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, & many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
 And dimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
 And they looked at the squall, & they looked at the shower,
 And the rack it came rolling up, ragged & brown;
 But men must work, & women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, & waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the evening gleam as the sun went down,
 And the women are watching & wringing their hands
 For those that will never come back to the town;
 For men must work, & women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
 And good bye to the bar & its moaning.
 Kingsley

The wether groze quite warrum. And the sweat
holes tricklen from my head & neck & arums
and body clean down to my feet & wet
is every stick of cloze, which spikes my charrums.

i ses to jane, jane the wethers mighty hot
& she sez, Reuben thats a sartin fact.
& jane side like a biler cofy job
and her sole seemed in hard pane basket.

sez i jane spoke a mad K q broot beast
shood run at you & ope his mouth & put
his pizen teeth upon you savdgedly, at least
6 inches just above yer little foot!

jane sez, you wood beat him Reuben that i no;
sez i, i wood whip him if i had to foller
him clean # to the rio grand in mexico
ide beat him with a club & make him hollow.

jane lookt at me so swete, i lookt at jane,
and we both felt considerably nonplussed
we both was happy enough to go insane
& we set there & for a short time, busse d.

To set this Age to music, the great work
 Before the poet now - I do believe
 When it is fully sung, its great Complaint,
 Its hope, its yearning, sold to Earth & heaven,
 Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
 That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
 Of the diviner morrow, which even then
 Is hurrying up the world's great side with light.
 Father! If I should live to see that morn,
 Let me go upward, like a lark, to sing
 One song in the dawning!

Alex. Smith

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets poets; & the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love & power, - under-makers.
... True fiction hath in it a higher end
Than fact; it is the possible compared
With what is merely positive, & gives
To the conceptive soul an inner world,
A higher, ampler, heaven than that wherein
The nations sun themselves.

Festus

The high & holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God. As may they ever be!

It shews the strength of wish we have to be great.

Festus.

This is to be a mortal + immortal!
 To live within a circle, - + to be ^{around}
 That dark point where the shades of all things
 Meet, mix, + deepen. All things unto me
 Show their dark sides! Somewhere there must be ^{light}
 Oh! I feel like a seed in the cold earth;
 Quickening at heart, + pining for the air!
 Bailey (Festus)

Who never doubted, never half believed;
 Where doubt here truth is - 'tis her shadow.
 Bailey

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs, the most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

... The value of a thought cannot be told,
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
 Like many men's.....

I can conceive a time when the world shall be
 Much better visibly, & when, as far
 As social life & its relations tend,
 Men, morals, manners shall be lifted up
 To a pure height we know not of nor dream.
 Bailey

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false & friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

She has two eyes, so soft & brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance & looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not -
She is fooling thee.

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware, Beware!
Trust her not -
She is fooling thee.

The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.
 Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady star—
 Star of her heart, & heir to all her light.
 Whereon she looks so proudly mild & calm,
 As though she were the mother of that star,
 And knew he was a chief sun in his sphere,
 But by her side, in the great strife of light
 To shine to God, he had literally failed,
 And hid his arrows & his bow of beams.
 Bailey

Kindness is wisdom: there is none in life
But needs it & may learn

Could we but think with the intensity
We love with, we might do great things.
Bailey

The man who sees
 Irreverence in that name, must have been used
 To take that name in vain, & the same man
 Would see obscenity in pure white statues,
 Call all things by their names. Hell, call thou hell;
 Archangel, call archangel, & God, God.

Bailey



There are feelings so serene & sweet,
 Coming & going with a musical lightness,
 That they can make amends for their passingness,
 And balance God's condition to decay.
 As you light fleecy cloudlet floating along,
 Like golden down from some high angel's wing,
 Breaks but relieves & beautifies the blue.
 I cannot but think that some senseless things
 Are happy. Often & often have I watched
 A gossamer line sighing itself along
 The air, as it seemed, & so thin, thin & bright,
 Looking as woven in a loom of light,
 That I have envied it.


Bailey



Peace hath more might than war; high brows are ^{Calm.}
Great thoughts are still as stars; & truths, like suns,
Stir not; though many systems tend around them.

.....
Pain overgot gives peace as death doth Heaven.

Bailey



The beautiful are never desolate;
 But some one always loves them - God or man.
 If man abandons them, God himself takes them.
 And thus it was. She whom I once loved died.
 The lightning loathes its cloud - the soul its clay.

She said she wished to die, & so she died:
 For, cloudlike, she poured out her love, which was
 Her life, & to freshen this parched heart.

Bailey



Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, & bird, & beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great & small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made & loveth all.

Coleridge

Lucifer.) Dost thou remember, Adam, when the curse
 Took us in Eden? On a mountain peak
 Half shrouded in primal woods, & glittering
 In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour
 A lion couched - part raised upon his paws,
 With his calm, massive face turned full on thine,
 And his mane listening. When the ended curse
 Left silence in the world, - right suddenly
 He sprang up rampant, & stood straight & stiff
 As if the new reality of death
 Were dashed against his eyes, - & roared so fierce,
 (Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat
 Fearing a passage through the wrath & fear) -
 And roared so wild, & smote from all the hills
 Such fast, keen echoes crumbling down the coles,
 Precipitately, - that the forest beasts,
 One after one, did mutter a response
 In savage & in sorrowful complaints
 Which trailed along the gorges. Then, at once
 He fell back, & rolled crashing from the heights,
 Hid by the dark-orbed pines.

E. Barrett
 (Drama of Exile)

For his eyes alone smile constantly; his lips have serious sweetness,
 And his front is calm - the dimple rarely ripples on his cheek:
 But her deep blue eyes smile constantly, as if they had by fitness
 Won the secret of a happy dream, she does not care to speak.

In her utmost lightness there is truth - & often she speaks lightly;
 And she has a grace in being gay, which even mournful souls approve:
 For the root of some grave earnest thought is undistracted so rightly,
 As to justify the foliage & the waving flowers above.

There, the cheeks of calm expression, there the lips of silent passion,
 Curved like an archer's bow to send the bitter arrows out.

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a front of constancies -
 Oh, a bride of cordial mouth, where the untired smile of youth
 Did light outward its own sighs.

E. Barrett Browning

Sublime significance of mouth,
 Dilated nostril full of youth,
 And forehead royal with the truth.

..... Nightingale so singeth -
 Oh, she leans on thorny tree,
 And her poet-soul she flingeth
 Over pain to victory!

..... I have lost the dream of Doing,
 And that other dream of Done -
 The first spring in the pursuing,
 The first pride in the Begun,
 First recoil from incompleteness, in the face of what is won.

For God placed me like a dial
 In the open ground, with power;
 And my heart had for its trial
 All the sun & all the shower.

E. B. B.



"Yes!" I answered you last night: "No!" this morning, Sir, I say:
Colors seen by candle light will not look the same by day.

When the wits played their best, lamps above, & laughs below -
Love me sounded like a jest, fit for yes or fit for No.

Call me false, or call me free - now, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both - time to dance is not to woo:
Moon light makes fickle both - scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life & death, with a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words, pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true - ever true as wives of you -
And her eyes, once said to you shall be eyes for evermore.
E. B. B.

The self-poised God may dwell alone
 With inward glorying;
 But God's chief angel waiteth for
 A brother's voice, to sing.
 And a lonely creature of singular nature -
 It is an awful thing.
 E. B. B.



Those who rail at poetry & refinement
as superfluous ingredients in every-day hap-
piness, little know what main props
they seek to undermine. These will abide
when even principles waver. Manly delicacy
is as necessary in family life as manly rec-
titude; & womanly tact as womanly
virtue. There is as much happiness wrecked
from the absence of one as of the other.

The bread of life is love; the
salt of life is work; the sweetness
of life piety; the water of life
faith.

Mrs. Jameson.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up;
The truth that flies the flowing can
Will haunt the vacant cup:
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.
Tennyson

As through the land at eve we went,
 And plucked the ripened ears,
 We fell out, my wife & I,
 O we fell out, I know not why,
 And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave
 We kissed again with tears.

Jennyson

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin & clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff & scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die on your rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
 Tennyson.

Maud.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
 When twilight was falling,
 Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
 They were crying & calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
 And I, who else? was with her,
 Gathering woodland lilies,
 Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang
 Ringing through the valleys,
 Maud is here, here, here,
 In among the lilies.

I kissed her slender hand,
 She took the kiss sedately;
 Maud is not seventeen,
 But she is tall & stately.

Look, a horse at the door,
 And little King Charles is snarling,
 Go back, young lord, across the moor,
 You are not her darling.

(Tennyson)

I

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown;
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone:
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
 On a bed of daffodil sky;
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, & to die.

III

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine stored
 To the dancers dancing in June.
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay.
 When will she dance & leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance & play.'

Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand & loud on the stone,
 The last wheel echoes away.

V.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear,
 She is coming, my life, my fate;
 The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;
 And the white rose weeps, 'She is late.'
 The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;
 The lily whispers, 'I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
There is ever so airy a dread,
My heart would hear her & beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear his & beat
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start & tremble under his feet,
And blossom in purple & red.
Fennyson

The lost Mistress

All's over, then - does truth sound bitter
As one at first believes?
Hark, 'tis the ~~sparrows~~ sparrow's goodnight twitter
About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,
I noticed that, to-day;
One day more bursts them open fully
- You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest?
May I take your hand in mine?
More friends are we, - well, friends the merest
Keep much that I'll resign.

For each glance of that eye so bright & black,
Though I keep with heart's endeavor, -
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,
Though it stays in my soul for ever! -

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,
Or only a thought stronger;
I will hold your hand but as long as all may
Or so very little longer!
Robert Browning

Early in autumn, at first winter wa^{ing}tern
 When the stag had to break with his foot, of a morning,
 A drinking-hole out of the fresh tender ice
 That covered the pond till the sun, in a trice,
 Loosening it, let out a ripple of gold,
 And another + another, and faster + faster,
 Till, dimpling to blindness, the wide water rolled.
 Flight of the Duchess - Prowning

Commend me to Gypsy glassmakers + potters:
 Glasses they'll blow you, crystal-clear,
 Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
 As if in pure water you dropped + let die
 A bruised black-blooded mulberry;
 And that other sort, their crowning pride
 With long white threads distinct inside,
 Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots which dangle
 Loose such a length + never tangle,
 Where the bold sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
 And the cup-lily couches with all her white daughters.
 Such are the works they put their hand to,
 And the uses they turn + twist iron + sand to.
 Flight of the Duchess "

Meeting at Night

The grey sea & the long black land;
 And the yellow half-moon large & low;
 And the startled little waves that leap
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
 And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch,
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys & fears,
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!
 Browning

Parting at Morning.

Round the Cape of a sudden came the sea,
 And the sun looked over the mountains rim
 - And straight was a path of gold for him,
 And the need of a world of men for me.
 Browning

Apriete in Paracelsus.

First: I would carve in stone, or cast in brass,
 The forms of earth: No ancient hunter, raised
 Up to the gods by his renown; no nymph
 Supposed the sweet soul of a woodland tree,
 Or sapphirine spirit of a twilight star,
 Should be too hard for me; no shepherd-king,
 Regal with his white locks; no youth who stands
 Silent & very calm amid the throng,
 His right hand ever hid beneath his robe
 Until the tyrant pass; no law-giver;
 No swan-soft woman, rubbed with lucid oils,
 Given by a god for love of her - too hard!
 Each passion sprung from man, conceived by man,
 Would I express & clothe it in its right form,
 Or blend with others struggling in one form,
 Or show repressed by an ungainly form.
 For, if you marvelled at some mighty spirit
 With a fit frame to execute his will -
 Ah, even unconsciously to work his will -
 You should be moved no less beside some strong,
 Rare spirit, fettered to a stubborn body,
 Endeavouring to subdue it, & inform it
 With its own splendor.

Browning

Aprile in Paracelsus.

.... And, at the word, I would contrive & paint
 Woods, valleys, rocks, & plains, dells, sands, & wastes,
 Lakes which, when moon breaks on their quivering bed,
 Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun;
 And ocean isles so small, the dog-fish tracking
 A dead whale, who should find them, would swim thence
 Around them, & fare onward.....

..... And this performed, in turn,
 When those who looked on, pined to hear the hopes,
 And fears, & hates, & loves which moved the crowd,
 I would throw down the pencil as the chisel,
 And I would speak: no thought which ever stirred
 A human breast should be untold; no passions,
 No soft emotions, from the turbulent stir
 Within a heart fed with desires like mine—
 To the last comfort, shutting the tired lids
 Of him who slumps the sultry noon away
 Beneath the tent tree by the way-side well:
 And this in language as the need should be,
 Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,
 Now piled up in a grand array of words.....
 Common life, its wants
 And ways, would I set forth in beauteous hues:

The lowest kind should not possess a hope,
A fear, but I'd be by him, saying better
Than he, his own heart's language.....

..... This done, to perfect & consummate all,
Even as a luminous haze links star to star,
I would supply all chasms with music, breathing
Mysterious notions of the soul, no way
To be defined save in strange melodies.
Last, having thus revealed all I could love,
And having received all love bestowed on it,
I would die: so preserving through my course
God full on me, as I was full on men.
And He would grant my prayer, - "I have gone through
"All loveliness of life; make more for me,
"If not for me - or take me to Thyself,
"Eternal, infinite Love!"

Browning

"In the appendix to the second part of Layard's Nineveh there is a letter from a Turkish badi, so thoroughly Oriental in its spirit" &c — "The traveler had astonished the weak mind of his Mussulman friend, by applying to him for some statistical information regarding the city & province in which he had dwelt so long as a man of authority. The Turk replies with this dignified & affectionate rebuke: — Greg's Social Judgment's.

My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver!

The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Altho' I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us, and we welcomed: go in peace.

Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy & content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understanding? God forbid!

Listen, oh my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves to Him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold this star, spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail cometh and goeth in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will direct and guide it.

But thou wilt say to me, Stand aside

oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double stomach, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

Oh my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakir.)
Imaum Ali Tade.

