

TO READERS.

A VOICE, a heart, a free, unfettered pen,
 My life in its own shape not rudely tasked,
 If I could journey o'er my path again,
 No entertainment could be better asked,
 Not wealth, not fame, nor gentlemen to see,
 Rather would I consort with liberty.

That which I must not buy, I do demand,
 My way to worship God, my company,
 The service of my own decisive hand,
 The love that by its life is deeply free,
 Flattered by those I live with, — O not so,
 If I have dropped the seed, then may it grow.

Yet I would perish rather, and be dead
 Within this mortal mind than lose my right
 Upon a nobler fruitage to be fed,
 And spring where blooms more excellent delight,
 To man, shall time remain the sacred thing,
 Shall poets for reward demand to sing?

Bring to my lays thy heart, if it be thine,
 Read what is written and no meaning see,
 Think that I am a barren, useless vine,
 There is no bond agreed 'twixt thee and me,
 That thou shouldst read the meaning clearly writ,
 Yet thou and I may both be part of it.

O Reader, if my heart could say,
 How in my blood thy nature runs,
 Which manifesteth no decay,
 The torch that lights a thousand suns,
 How thou and I, are freely lent,
 A little of such element.

If I could say, what landscape says,
 And human pictures say far more,
 If I could twine our sunny days,
 With the rich colors, on the floor
 Of daily love, how thou and I,
 Might be refreshed with charity.

For pleasant is the softening smile
 Of winter sunset o'er the snow,
 And blessed is this spherical isle
 That through the cold, vast void must go,
 The current of the stream is sweet,
 Where many waters closely meet.

C.

THE DEATH OF SHELLEY.

FAIR was the morn, — a little bark bent
 Like a gull o'er the waters blue,
 And the mariners sang in their merriment,
 For Shelley the faithful and true,
 Shelley was bound on his voyage o'er the sea,
 And wherever he sailed the heart beat free.

And a dark cloud flew, and the white waves hurled
 The crests in their wrath, at the angry wind,
 The little bark with its sails unfurled,
 While the dreadful tempest gathered behind, —
 With the book of Plato pressed to his heart,
 Came to the beach Shelley's mortal part,

Then a pyre they kindled by ocean side,
 Poets were they who Shelley did burn,
 The beautiful flame to Heaven applied,
 The ashes were pressed in the marble urn,
 In Rome shall those ashes long remain,
 And from Shelley's verse spring golden grain.

C.