

DREAM.

“Mine eyes are closed; but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight.” — *Paradise Lost*.

WHERE am I? Leaves and blossoms glittering,
Ancient shades and lofty trees
I have seen you, — when, — I know not.
How familiar is this breeze,
Bearing coolness, fragrance bearing
From that darkly wooded grot,
With the tinkling sound of water! —
O! I know thee, lovely spot!
Has my youth returned, or has it
Never left me, save in dreams? —
Matters not; since, warmly glowing,
Now, my heart is in its beams.
Now another dim foreboding
Draws me toward yon old gray wall,
Climbing o'er, I see a garden —
Yes! I'll soon discover all.

Something, yet but half-remembered,
 Will not let me here remain;
 Onward! Onward toward those loved ones,
 My impatience grows a pain.
 What a dreary time I've wasted!
 How could I forget their love?
 From my native Eden flying
 Over Earth's cold mountains rove? —
 In the twilight richly mingled
 With the moonlight's purer ray,
 Rise grey turrets veiled in misty
 Colors both of night and day.
 From the Gothic portal rush the
 Blended floods of light and sound,
 Up the marble steps I hasten,
 Cross the terrace with a bound.
 Now an ancient Hall I enter,
 And at once an hundred eyes
 Turn with friendly gaze of welcome,
 And each voice this greeting cries, —
 "Long expected! Welcome! Welcome!"
 But no formal salutation
 Brought these graceful, lordly figures
 From their earnest occupation.
 Some were seated others standing,
 Grouped together, or apart;
 But One Interest seemed to fasten
 In its chain each mind and heart.
 From an unseen harp the surges
 Rushed in long unbroken swell;
 Every form was bathed in radiance,
 Whence it came I could not tell.
 As I look, some ancient story
 Rises in my memory — No!
 'T is my own past life that rises;
 As the vapors backward go
 I see plainly; — often, often
 Have I met you, friendly Powers!
 By your superhuman beauty
 And your wondrous love, the hours
 Of my infancy were nurtured,
 And my childish mind was taught
 Lessons of unearthly wisdom
 From the purer regions brought.

Gracefully a girl steps forward
 From behind a silver screen:
 "One thou hast forgotten, Brother,
 Her our sister and our Queen;
 Follow quickly." Quick I follow,
 Laughingly she flies before,
 Passing sculptured arch and portal,
 High saloon and marble floor,

Galleries with stately plants,
 Pouring streams of perfume round,
 Terraces, where noble statues
 Stand amid the flowery ground.

My guide has gone. I stand alone,
 Solemnly the stars sweep by;
 Hush! light footsteps strike my ear,
She has come. The faithful eye
 Knows the form, the look, the motion
 Stamp'd upon the inmost heart;
 Dearest, loveliest, thus I clasp thee,
 One warm kiss. But then we part,
 For with timid haste she glides
 Softly from my arms' embrace,
 Full of love and maiden terror
 Gazing upward in my face.
 Those blue eyes, lid-shaded, trust me,
 But the mouth is trembling still,
 Blood-drops of a priceless value
 The soft neck and bosom fill.
 Now together we are seated,
 Her small hands repose in mine,
 While a million stars above us,
 Blessing-showering, smile and shine.
 Not by words our love is spoken,
 Yet each feeling, every thought
 By quick glance, and gentle pressure,
 In electric chain is brought.
 All things outward words may carry,
 But the inmost heart is known
 Only as the ringing harp-string
 Wakes its slumbering brother-tone. —
 Years pass by — and side by side
 Still remain the lovers seated,
 Years on years — or but a moment.
 Not by periods time is meted
 To the souls which statue-like,
 Are moulded by a single thought;
 Passionless to all things outward,
 Time and space to them are nought.