courting the ideal of greatness; greatness itself alone can make them great. 
Oscillating between the substance and the shadow, true to neither, he is no longer heart-whole. Royalism,—Popularity? The World,—the Spirit? Which seems to bid higher? The day of unsoiled enthusiasm is past; prudence now usurps the throne of love. Fears of the assassin, guilty tremors, shake that iron frame. Alarmed, he hurries from place to place; restless, the load of public business augments upon him; in a few weeks the least courtly of ambassadors cuts short all argument and doubt.
Rest, therefore, may these two-hundred year old bones in their antiquated tomb; for neither can the bones build new men, nor the grave new houses. We need the new Cromwell. We will rather be the new, than recount the rights and wrongs of the old. What have we to do with them? Let us attend to the existing. The wrongs he temporarily redressed have not yet passed away; the rights he claimed are not yet conceded. Old England is still corrupt; New England is still the land of hope. The waters still lie between; and if thought is changed, it is perhaps only that emigration is prevented, not by royal order in council, but by the decree of want.

THE POET.

No narrow field the poet has,
The world before him spreading,
But he must write his honest thought,
No critic's cold eye dreading.

His range is over everything,
The air, the sea, the earth, the mind,
And with his verse murmurs sing,
And joyous notes float down the wind.

TREES
In groves,
Kine in droves,
In ocean sport the finny herds,
Wedgelike cleave the air the birds,
To northern lakes fly windborne ducks,
Browse the mountain sheep in flocks,
Men consort in camp and town,
But the poet dwells alone.

God, who gave to him the lyre,
Of all the mottals the desire,
For all men's behoof,
Strictly charged him, 'Sit aloof;'
Annexed a warning, poets say,
To the bright premium,—
When twin together play,
The harp shall be dumb.
Many may come,
But one shall sing;
Two touch the string,
The harp is dumb.
Though there come a million,
Wise Saadi dwells alone.

Yet Saadi loved the race of men,—
No churl immured in cave or den,—
In bower and hall
He wants them all,
Nor can dispense
With Persia for his audience,
They must give ear,
Grow red with joy, and white with fear;
Yet he has no companion,
He wanteth them all,
Good Saadi dwells alone.

Be thou ware where Saadi dwells,
Wisdom of the gods is he;
Entertain it reverently.

Gladly round that golden lamp
Sylvan deities encamp,
And simple maids and noble youth
Are welcome to the man of truth.

Most welcome they, who need him most,
They feed the spring which they exhaust
For greater need
Draws better deed:
But, critic, spare thy 'vanity,
Nor show thy pompous parts,
To vex with odious subtlety
The cheerer of men's hearts.

Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say
Endless dirges to decay,
Who never in the blaze of light
Lose the shudder of midnight,
Who at overflowing noon
Hear wolves barking at the moon,
In the bower of dulness sweet,
Hear the far Avengeur's feet,
And shake before those awful Powers,
Who in their pride forgive not ours.

Thus the sad-eyed Fakirs preach;
Bard, when thee would Allah teach
And lift thee to his holy mount,
He sends thee from his bitter fount
Wormwood: saying, Go thy ways.
Drink not the Malaga of praise,
But do the deed thy fellows hate,
And compromise thy peaceful state.

Smiteth the white breasts which thee fed,
Stuffs sharp thorns beneath the head
Of them thou shouldst have comforted.
For out of wo and out of crime
Draws the heart a love sublime.'

Yet and yet it seemeth not to me
That the high gods love tragedy,
For Saadi sat in the sun,
And thanks was his contrition,
For haircloth and for bloody whips
Had active hands and smiling lips,
And yet his runes he rightly read,
And to his folk his message sped.

Sunshine in his heart transferred
Lighted each transparent word.
And well could honoring Persia learn
What Saadi wished to say:
For Saadi's nightly stars did burn
Brighter than Dschami's day.

Whispered the muse in Saadi's cot;
O gentle Saadi, listen not,
Tempted by thy praise of wit.
Or by thirst and appetite,
For the talents not thine own,
To sons of contradiction.

Never, son of eastern morning,
Follow falsehood, follow scorn;
Denounce who will, who will deny
Ere one man my hill shall climb,
Who can turn the golden rhyme;
Let them manage how they may.

Let the great world bustle on
With war and trade, with camp and town;
A thousand men shall dig and eat;
At forge and furnace thousands sweat;
And thousands sail the purple sea;
And give or take the stroke of war;
Or crowd the market and bazaar;
Or pile the hillstoscale the sky,
Let theist, athiest, pantheist,
Define and wrangle how they list,
Fierce conservers, fierce destroyers,—
But thou joy-giver and enjoyer,
Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme.

Seek the living among the dead,
Man in man is imprisoned,
Barefooted Dervish is not poor,
If fate unlock his bosom’s door,
So that what his eye hath seen,
His tongue can paint as bright, as keen;
And what his tender heart hath felt,
With equal fire thy heart shall melt.
Now his memory is a den,
A sealed tomb from gods and men,
Whose rich secrets not transpire;
Speech should be like air and fire;
But to speak when he assays,
His voice is bestial and base;
Himself he heareth hiss and hoot,
And crimson shame him maketh mute;
Terror and Beauty on their wing,
In his every syllable
Lurketh nature veritable;
And though he speak in midnight dark,
In heaven, no star; on earth, no spark;
Yet before the listener’s eye
Swims the world in ecstasy,
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,
Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
And life pulsates in rock or tree.
Saadi! so far thy words shall reach;
Suns rise and set in Saadi’s speech.
And thus to Saadi said the muse;
Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing; Fortune seeketh thee.
Nor mount, nor dive; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep.
Wish not to fill the isles with eyes
To fetch thee birds of paradise;
On thine orchard’s edge belong
All the brags of plume and song;
Wise Ali’s sunbright sayings pass
For proverbs in the market-place;
Through mountains bored by regal art,
Toil whistles as he drives his cart.
Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find,
Behold, he watches at the door,
Behold his shadow on the floor.
Open innumerable doors
The heaven where unveiled Allah pours,
The flood of truth, the flood of good,
The Seraph’s and the Cherub’s food,
Those doors are men; the Pariah hind
Admits thee to the perfect Mind.
Seek not beyond thy cottage wall
Redeemers that can yield thee all.
While thou sittest at thy door
On the desert’s yellow floor,
Listening to the grayhaired crones,
Foolish gossips, ancient drones,
Saadi! see, they rise in stature
To the height of mighty Nature,
And the secret stands revealed,
Fraudulent Time in vain concealed,
That blessed gods in servile masks
Plied for thee thy household tasks.