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was feted and caressed, but wrote to his wife, "Don't forget the roses; don't forget the children's letters; don't forget to strew food for sparrows on my window. I shall return to you the same as I left you; let me find everything again just as it was."

His poetical reputation increased until he became a decided favorite with the public. Honors also were conferred upon him as a naturalist, which he enjoyed in his own guileless, conscientious way. In 1837, his wife died, and he survived her only fifteen months. His last lines were written for the benefit of a washerwoman, and produced one hundred and fifty dollars.

A thoroughly earnest, active, truthful man, Chamisso wins the affection of his readers so quietly that one does not know he is knocking at his heart until he has already entered.

MEMORY.

BEFORE me, in a silver bowl
Of still more silvery water, floats
A pure camelia, and my soul
Upon its perfumed radiance dotes.
It steals my senses, till it seems
The real is unreal and dim—
A lake of magic beauty gleams,
And in its breast a flower doth swim.

I see its silken roots downspread
As golden as a mermaid's hair,
Streaming in many a yellow thread
From shining shoulders wet and bare.
The crystal lake is deep and still,
The heaven is high and softly blue,
The shadows from a mighty hill
Mix with the sunset's amber hue.

Between the mountains wafted in
Come clouds of odors from the plains,
Mixed with the sweet, re-echoing din
Of pipes and shepherd's rustic strains.
O'er the waves a boat doth drift,
Aimless and idle as a weed—
The hills into the heavens might lift
And those within it take no heed!

They follow in the golden wake
Of rippling splendor; but their eyes
More light and glory give and take
Than in the whole broad sunset lies.
As in the lengthening shade they glide
A lily glimmers in their path,
Now rocking on the silver tide,
Now dipping to her vestal bath.

He stooped and plucked it from the sea,
He placed it in his love's white vest:
He said, "It grew to image thee.
Sweet! hide it in thy holier breast."

Oh, God!—recede, thou happy dream!
Trouble no more my passive soul!
'Tis but a white camelia's gleam
Breaking athwart a silver bowl.

DREAM LAND.*

Down a silent, tideless river,
Which we mortals have named Sleep,
Floats my soul all wrapt in slumber—
Floats adown its waters deep;
O, and on it drifteth slowly
With no sight, or shape around,
Through the silence and the darkness,
And the mystery profound.

As the thistle-down, wind-wafted,
Floateth without power or will,
So my soul floats o'er that river—
O'er its depths so dark and still;
Till like summer dawn there riseth
O'er the dark, a golden light,
And through shadowy-built portals,
She beholds that region bright.

Oh! the glory of the Dream-land!
Who the tale shall dare to tell,
Of the strange and mystic beauty
That within it e'er doth dwell?
Of the sights and sounds mysterious,
Of the shapes that through it glide,
With the old beloved faces,
Yet so strangely glorified?

Of its treasures, weird yet lovely.
Like the secrets of the sea;
Mortal eye may never fathom
All its beauteous mystery!
Far beyond our sunny Earthland,
Spreads this country fair, serene,
Through the clouds at sunset oft-times,
And in "golden vistas" seen;—

Through the clouds that, high and snow-tipt,
Hide its portals from our sight,
Save when souls are borne beyond them
On the thought-wings of the night.
Mist enveloped and surrounded,
Dim its valleys stretch away,
Dewy silence on its bosom
Now a mystic veil doth lay.

Slope afar the shadowy mountains,
And in dreamlight faint and fade,
While the darkling forest branches,
Never into song are swayed.
In that mystic land of shadows
Gleaming cities proudly rise,
From the plain and from the hill-side,
Looking to the dreamy skies.

Through their glittering palace highways,
Flows a stream of phantom life;
Lo! the forms of dead are living
Mingling in their busy strife.

* By Miss Caroline A. Hawley, Albany, New-York.
Awarded the Gold Medal by the Alumnae of the
Albany Female Academy.

And from out their tide flash faces
Mournful, and unearthly sweet,
Silent pass the mystic comers
Through the Dream-land cities fleet

But from that enchanted city
Now my soul doth onward glide,
Until bright before me spreadeth
Dream-land's loveliness and pride;
Mid the clouds, that clasp encircling,
Like a gem in setting rare,
Peaceful lies the stilly country,
With its vales and hill-tops fair.

Brighter than the earth is Dream-land,
For a spell is o'er it cast,
That within its sheen and shadow,
Blends the future and the past;
And each rill and forest streamlet,
That among its shades doth flow,
Murmurs with its gentle cadence
All sweet thoughts of long ago.

Often through that silent country,
In a mystic maze of dreams,
Have I wandered in its forests,
And beside its rushing streams;
Wandered in the Dream-land forests—
In their depths, with shadow grey,
Listened to the winds' wild music,
Watched the branches graceful sway;

Listened to the wind that ever
Haunts these wood aisles, deep and dim,
With its music, sweet as echoes
Of the angels' harp-swept hymn;
While the trees down darksome bending,
Whispered to my soul strange words,
Bright hopes flew into the future,
Like a flock of white-winged birds.

And the turmoil and the sorrow
Of earth, faded soft away,
And this life unto my spirit,
Seemed one fair dream-woven day.
Oh! the rushing streams of Dream-land!
Sunlight kissed, that ever glide,
Through that distant country, sweeping
With a foam-white, flashing tide.

Oft my dreaming soul hath marveled
At their course of mystery,
Flowing, falling through the silence
To an unknown shoreless sea;
O'er their rocky banks the branches
Listen to their wondrous song,
And the perfumed wings of blossoms
On their current float along;

With a glimpse of sun and shadow,
Purple sky, and drifting cloud,
Tree, and rock, and far, dark forests,
That their fleeting waters crowd.
But behold! the fairy country
Fadeth slowly on my sight—
Fade its glorious hill-side cities,
Darkling wood and streamlet bright.

Floating now o'er Sleep's mute river,
O'er that dark and tideless main,
I awake in dewy morning,
On the sunny Earth again.