

[*The Spectator*]  
THE NEW COLUMBUS

BY R. H. LAW

Amid the booths and shows,  
Full in the naphtha-glare,  
Mad Christopher arose,  
The prophet of the fair.

Wild-eyed and beetle-browed,  
A figure gaunt and pale,  
Before the jeering crowd  
He told his wonder-tale.

'A traveler I have been  
To a world beyond your view,  
A world where grass is green  
And skies are often blue;

'A rainbow-colored land  
Where purple clouds I saw,  
Seashores of ruddy sand  
And yellow corn and straw.

'How steadfast were those hills!  
How firm the level plain!  
What movement in the rills!  
How plashed the thunder-rain!

'A river there I know  
That glitters in the light;  
All day its waters flow  
Nor rest they in the night.

'Small skylarks in that air  
Sing high on feathered wings;  
Even buttercups are there  
And daisies common things.

'There if you struck a bell  
It always gave a sound;  
And, if an apple fell,  
It fell upon the ground.

'Their moon it floated free,  
Their stars would seldom fall;  
How might such marvels be,  
Or things be there at all?

'Of men in cap and gown  
I asked the reason why;  
But, though they talked me down,  
They knew no more than I.'

Here ceased the madman's word,  
So loud their laughter grew;  
His tale was too absurd  
For them to hear it through.

ROMNEY MARSH

BY W. B. NICHOLS

Here once the moon her legendary tides  
Led in reiterate phalanx o'er the  
roods

Of marsh, where dragonish and finny  
broods

Wallowed, and glimmering mackerel  
lipped their sides;

Here now the sun abides, and grass  
abides,

And lambs browse on the soundless  
solitudes,

While, far-off, roaring through the  
year's four moods,

Old, excommunicate ocean rides and  
chides.

So from time's sea, and virgin to the  
stars,

Is here and there won by the spirit  
of man

A green eternal pasture — as when  
first

The cataclysmic heart of nature  
burst

Asunder in fire, and life's æonian wars  
Of aspiration toward a God began.

[*Coterie*]

MERLIN

BY T. W. EARP

Merlin the wise and good,  
The counselor of kings,  
Has gone out to the wood  
And in cracked voice sings;

Because a maid has caught him  
That had all the world's lore,  
And love's new learning taught him  
That never loved before.

He droops his old, thin hands  
To dabble in the pool,  
And laughs, and understands,  
And knows the world a fool.

