

## RE-ISSUE OF ELIZA COOK'S POEMS.

—  
TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,

ON SEEING HER PLAY "BIANCA," IN MILMAN'S TRAGEDY  
OF "FAZIO."

I THOUGHT thee wondrous when thy soul portrayed  
The youth Verona bragged of; and the love  
Of glowing southern blood, by thee was made  
Entrancing as the breath of orange grove.

I felt the spirit of the great was thine:  
In the rapt Boy's devotion and despair,  
I knew thou wert a pilgrim at the shrine  
Where GOD's high ministers alone repair.

No rote-learned sighing filled thy dotting moans;  
Thy grief was heavy as thy joy was light;  
Passion and Poesy were in thy tones,  
And MIND flashed forth in its electric might.

I had seen many "fret and strut their hour;"  
But my brain never had become such slave  
To Fiction, as it did beneath thy power,  
Nor owned such homage as to thee it gave.

I did not think thou couldst arouse a throb  
Of deeper, stronger, beating in my heart  
I did not deem thou couldst awake the sob  
Of choking fulness and convulsive start.

But thy pale madness, and thy gasping woe,  
That breathed the torture of Bianca's pain;  
Oh! never would my bosom ask to know  
Such sad and bitter sympathy again!

When the wife's anguish sears thy hopeless cheek,  
Let crowds behold and laud thee as they will;  
But this poor breast, in shunning what *they* seek,  
May yield perchance a richer tribute still.

—  
THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal and diamond are precisely the same in chemical atoms; some secret process of crystallization alone constitutes the difference between them, and when subjected to powerful and concentrated heat, the gem is reduced to mere carbon.—  
*Philosophical Notes.*

THE greenwood paths were thick and long,  
The sunny noontide shed its glow;  
The lark was lazy in its song,  
The brook was languid in its flow;

And so I sat me down to rest,  
Where grass and trees were densely green,  
And found dear Nature's honest breast  
The same that it had ever been.

It nurtured, as it did of old,  
With Love and Hope and Faith and Prayer;  
And if the truth must needs be told,  
I've had my best of nursing there.

I sat me down—I pulled a flower,—  
I caught a moth—then let it fly  
And thus a very happy hour,  
Perchance it might be two, went by.

A fragment from a fuel stack,  
Brushed by a hasty Zephyr's wing,  
Fell, in its rayless garb of black,  
Beside my one dear jewelled ring.

I snatched no more the censor bell;  
I held no dappled moth again;  
I felt the dreamer's dreamy spell,  
And thus it bound my busy brain.

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There lies the charcoal, dull and dark,  
With noxious breath and staining touch;  
Here shines the gem whose flashing spark  
The world can never praise too much.

How worthless that—how precious this,  
How meanly poor—how nobly rich;  
Dust that a peasant would not miss,  
Crystal that claims a golden niche.

There lies the charcoal, dim and low—  
Here gleams the diamond, high in fame;  
While well the sons of Science know  
Their atom grains are both the same.

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!  
What varied workings from one cause!  
How great the Power and the Will  
That prompts such ends and guides such laws.

Do we not trace in human form  
The same eccentric, wondrous mould?  
The lustre-spirit purely warm,  
The beamless being, darkly cold?

Do we not find the heart that keeps  
A true immortal fire within?  
Do we not see the mind that leaps  
O'er all the pitfalls dug by Sin?

Do we not meet the wise, the kind,  
The good, the excellent of earth,  
The rare ones that appear designed  
To warrant Man's first Eden birth?

Oh! many a fair and priceless gem  
Is fashioned by the hidden hand,  
To stud Creation's diadem,  
And fling GOD's light upon the land.

And do we not look round and see  
The sordid, soulless things of clay,  
Sterile and stark as heart can be,  
Without one scintillating ray?

Bosoms that never yield a sigh,  
Save when some anguish falls on self—  
Hand that but seeks to sell and buy,  
Grown thin and hard in counting pelf?

Brains, pent in such a narrow space  
That Spirit has no room to stir;  
Wills, that where'er may be their place,  
Seem only fit to act and err?

We boast the demi-god sublime,  
We spurn the wretch of baneful mood—  
One linked divinely with "all time,"  
The other stamped with "reign of blood."



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