

onstrated by our records of a year ago, all we want now is the development of that material and that means work !

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*THE PROLOGUE.*

TO  
COLUMBIA'S CENTURY.

[An Unfinished Dramatic Poem.]

BY THORND.

*Liberty.*

Through unrecorded ages earth in beauty lay  
Enwrapped in light that won from night the primal day.  
That time was I, newborn, akin to heav'n and light,  
At sport amidst the throned and crowned in ether bright.  
I played with winds and meteors and wildest storms,  
And drew on lurid skies the lightning's blinding forms ;  
Or gave to setting suns their gold'n and purple bars  
And rode with night the glorious circle of the stars,  
Their spherul music heard, their ordered motion saw,  
And still attuned my being to eternal law.

Two visions, past and yet to be, arise to sight,  
One fades away, and one is touched with coming light,  
Dim cent'ries lie between that day and this fair dawn,  
As night's obscuring dark o'er half the world is drawn.

When came the lord of earth, her olden solitude  
Grew populous, anon, with nations fierce and rude,  
Wild passions blazed in war above all nature's strife,  
And might was all the shield and all the law of life.

I left great Jove's throned court of the immortals all,  
Forsook my native skies and high Olympus' hall,  
That I might flash in eyes but used to battle stroke  
And break from necks of cong'ror's slaves the galling yoke;  
Savage tribes, unknown or dimly seen, o'er earth to roam,  
Till Valor should to Freedom give with man a home,  
And they who first my form divinely fair did see,  
First built my shrines, their suit first offered unto me—  
Their homes, their lands, from mount'n crest to ocean shore  
The might of early gods and hearts of heroes bore.

Oh early home, the first of lands in splendor named  
For gifts of heav'n, for Freedom, Song' and Beauty famed,  
From far and exiled long, yet I do ever yearn  
To thee, and all my proudest thoughts to thee return.  
The sea, with waves like lovers' lips insatiate  
Which clinging kisses do but make more passionate,  
Swells to thy shores and circles thee in strong gray arms  
Like love desirous Youth enfolding Beauty's charms.  
Thy mountain summits grand are lords of light  
That wear eve's flaming robes and starry crown of night.  
And catch, at dawn, from crimson skies each shining trace  
Of color sun begotten in the depths of space.  
Yet chief of all the glories in thy large renown  
I gave to thee, what time thou gav'st to none a crown.  
But when thy sons, degenerate, the sceptre gave  
To kings, and each abjectly bowed a slave,  
Forgetful of his own large lordship in the State,  
Unheeded then, I left thee to impending fate.

O'er unsailed seas was then my flight, to lands unknown  
To tyrants and to song. Here long I dwelt alone,  
And questioned Time, and turned his starry horoscope  
To satisfy with lore of worlds my deathless hope  
When centuries were full a nation should arise  
The joy of earth, so strong, so free, so just, so wise.  
Fulfillment comes. The hour is set. The dawn appears,  
Columbia's born, to live with earth's unmeasured years.  
Ithaca, '78.

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*A GARDEN IN DREAMLAND.*

Visions of dreams appear and pass in less time than it takes to tell them. Many curious and absurd circumstances occupy peculiarly prominent places in these visions. The following of very recent origin illustrate how plants have been woven into mythology, poetry, and fairytales.

A plant sprang up over the grave of a once beautiful girl who had been cruelly murdered by her envious companion ; the latter through all kinds of weather sat on the grave repenting for her unprofitable sin. The plant was thrifty and robust but without flowers. Large flakes of snow fluttering over the plant expanded into the most gorgeous blossoms as soon as they touched the foliage. The mourner repeatedly extended her withering hand to pluck the tantalizing beauty, but as often the flowers would vanish upon the approach of the wicked fingers.

Another runs thus: A young musician who had won the applause of the world by his inimitable power to sway the feelings of a multitude of hearers with his sweet music, sought his themes and inspiration in the songs of birds and insects. Late one evening while roaming alone in a strange forest his thoughtless steps lead him to a winding ravine in which stood a very odd tree. Extremely long pendant hairs from all parts of the tree almost concealed the upright branches and danced on the gentle breeze that coursed through this narrow sinuous vale. When the musician reached a spot where the wind from the tree fell upon him his body was paralyzed, and yet from him proceeds an endless stream of words in description and praise of the delicate and refined harmony issuing from that tree. Such melody was