

**THE LAND BY THE
SUNSET SEA:
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The Land by the Sunset Sea: And Other Poems by Hannah B. Gage

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HANNAH B. GAGE

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AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

“HANNAH B. GAGE.”



SAN FRANCISCO:

PHILIP I. FIGEL, PUBLISHER,

1884.

PS 1729
G26
L3
1884
1885

TO THE MANY KIND FRIENDS WHO HAVE ENCOURAGED MY EARLIEST EFFORTS THIS VOLUME OF MY COLLECTED POEMS IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



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PROEM.

Dear Reader:—

'Tis the usual thing in prefaces, to shiver
In dread suspense, before the world, the young heart all
 aquiver
With dire fears of this or that, of what the world will
 mutter,
Of what the wisest men will say, or what the critics utter—
It is the usual thing, I say, to kneel, in mortal terror,
And supplicate the reading minds to pardon every error.
Excuse me, reader mine, if I prefer to upright stand,
Or fail to bend the suppliant's knee to any in the land.
If I present these waifs of mine, without a shake or shud-
 der,
And launch my shallop on the deep, without an oar or
 rudder.
I've known full many writers who have sent their crafts
 adrifting
Adown the "rapid river," while their eyes are humbly
 lifting
Unto grim Talus, striding round that dreaded isle of story
Where dwells the fearful Minotaur—the critics grim and
 hoary,

But did their pleadings ever make the heavy club fall
lighter,
Or soothe his anger e'er a jot, or make their records whiter?
No! no! if Fame is to be ours, it comes all uninvited
And all our coaxing is in vain—for often, when most
slighted,
We suddenly awake to find the dame has made us noted
Though we have never suppliant been, nor made our-
selves devoted.
And so I cut adrift my craft, and send it o'er the main,
Contented, if, in time, it should the hoped for landing gain.
Good by, my little shallop, you must your own battle wage.
Farewell, my reader, I am yours,

Most truly,

HANNAH GAGE.