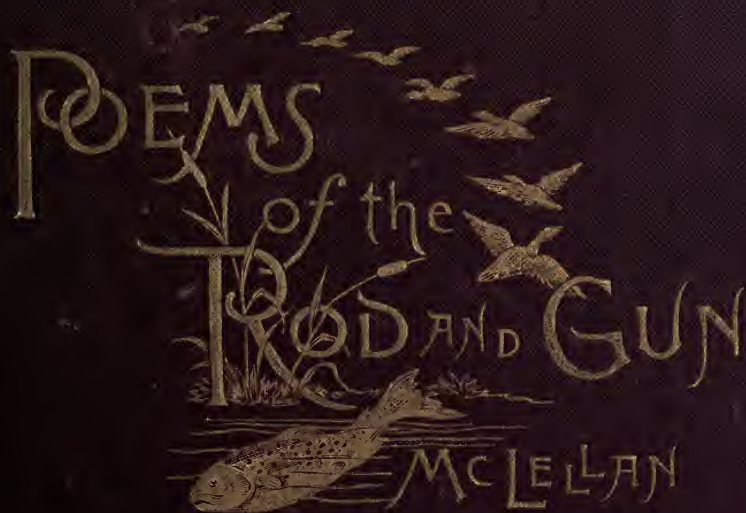
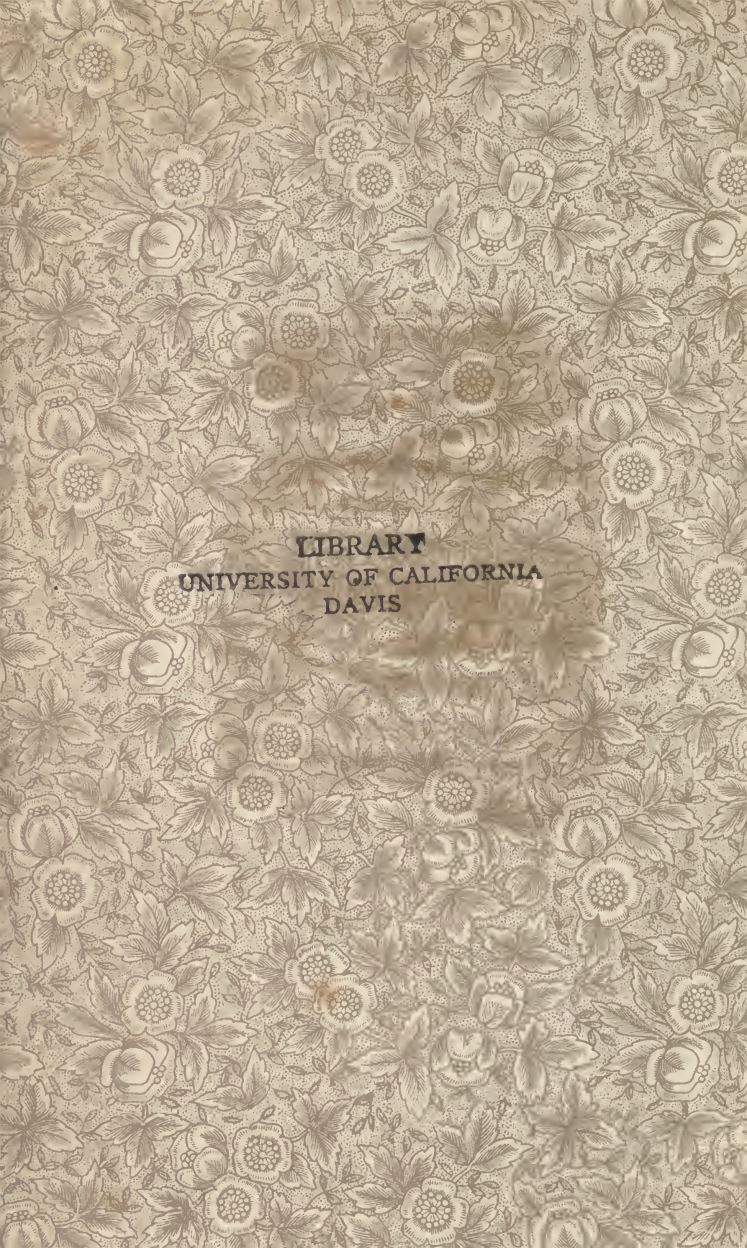


POEMS
of the
ROD AND GUN
MCLELLAN





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POEMS
OF
THE ROD AND GUN.

“THE SHOT AT THE START.”

The sun had tipt the horizon's edge,
 Launching in air a shaft of gold,
Across the stream, athwart the sedge,
 And where the rippling currents roll'd;
A boat was pushing from the shore,
 A fowler's heart beat high with glee,
Yet ere the boatman touch'd an oar,
 To reach a wooded island near,
An early flock, on rushing wing,
 Flew o'er the stream's pellucid face;
When sudden a report did ring,
 And ceas'd a wild-duck from the race.
The artist hath depicted well
The “Starting Shot,” and what befell.

ISAAC McLELLAN.





J. T. Sabir refect

A shot at the Start





POEMS

OF

THE ROD AND GUN;

OR,

SPORTS BY FLOOD AND FIELD.

BY ISAAC McLELLAN,

GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

EDITED,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

WILL WILDWOOD,

FIELD EDITOR OF "TURF, FIELD AND FARM;" AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF EMINENT SPORTSMEN," "THE GREENWOOD CLUB," ETC.



NEW YORK:

HENRY THORPE,

Secretary of

THE L. I. SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION, AND FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB

98 NASSAU STREET.

1886.

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NEW YORK.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS OF THIS COUNTRY
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

OUR widely-extended country, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, from the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, abounds with almost every variety of wild game of the choicest qualities. The ocean, the river, the lake, the brook, mountain, forest, prairie, and stubble field—all have their peculiar tenants; fish, fowl, and wild animal, ranging the wood, swimming the waters, beating the air. Almost without limit are the attractions of field and flood in our noble and far-spread land; and to describe their different varieties, their mode of life and capture, the scenery where they are found, has been the business of the naturalist, the novelist, and the sportsman; but the poet in a collected volume has hardly here contributed his part to the general store of knowledge. As the variety of the noble game and fish of our land and waters is greater and more attractive than that of any other country, with the exception perhaps of Africa, so nowhere are the sports of field and flood more universally followed than with us. The consideration of these facts, and the desire to contribute something to the treasury of the knowledge of our wild game, and to depict the pleasures to be enjoyed in their pursuit, led the writer to prepare this work; and if it may yield pleasure to any person, and more especially to brother-sportsmen, he will feel that he has his reward. To commence and complete the work has been with him a labor of love, for his participation in field-sports has not been small; and he can only regret that his ability to describe does not equal his power to enjoy the delightful pastimes of the gunner and the angler.

The author, in preparing a work that might perhaps be styled a book of natural history, has not confined his pen strictly to descriptions of birds, fish, and animals that are considered as game, but has included many others that have no claim to such title. In the present volume he has sought to reproduce, as far as pos-

sible, his collection of sporting poems, lost in a recent disastrous fire in New York—viz., the burning of the Potter Building, on Park Row, attended with grievous loss of life and property. Our original volume was then in the possession of Mr. F. E. POND (“Will Wildwood”), connected with the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and the loss of the editors of that excellent sporting journal was very great; and our own, though comparatively trifling, could not easily be repaired, as no second copies of many of the articles contained in that volume could possibly be obtained. But the kindness of friends, and especially of the editors of the *Turf, Field and Farm* and of *Forest and Stream*, has enabled the author partially to replace the loss, in using such duplicate copies as they have been able to supply to us. Since this volume was commenced, several years ago, a great number of sporting associations have been formed in the country, consisting of gentlemen of leisure, intelligence, and high repute, who are interested in field-sports and the preservation of fish and game, and to gain their brotherly favor would be honor indeed. So, what poems we have been able to save from the wreck we hope may find favor in their sight. There has always been a degree of friendly brotherly feeling among sportsmen, and this has encouraged us to offer this work to public notice, and, above all, to brother-sportsmen, to whom it is respectfully dedicated. If we meet with fraternal approval at their hands, we shall feel rewarded for the labor of many years in trying to produce something acceptable to lovers of the rod and gun.

And so we leave our work in the hands of the kind reader.

THE AUTHOR.

GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND, March 1, 1886.

A MEMOIR OF ISAAC McLELLAN.

BY WILL WILDWOOD.

“FOR half a century MR. McLELLAN has sung to animated nature in the forests and sequestered places,” says the accomplished sporting author and discriminating critic, MR. CHARLES HALLOCK, “and his voice has still the clarion ring of the bugle, albeit it is the bugle deep down the vale. His steps do not falter, and his faith grows brighter as the twilight lengthens. When the liquid poetry of ISAAC McLELLAN ceases to flow it will not be common clay that chokes the outlet. His presence in the world of sporting literature should be always recognized with that regard which years of honor earned should command.”

ISAAC McLELLAN, the poet-sportsman, was born at Portland, Maine—the birthplace likewise of his life-long friends, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW and N. P. WILLIS—in the year 1806. The parents of McLELLAN and WILLIS removed to Boston, and at the age of thirteen both youths were sent to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., to be fitted for college. From thence McLELLAN went to Bowdoin College, and WILLIS to Yale. During his college life ISAAC McLELLAN was in the next class to LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, CHEEVER, and other distinguished writers. His friendship with LONGFELLOW continued unchanged up to the time of the demise of the latter, revived and strengthened during absence by correspondence. After graduating he engaged in the practice of law for several years in Boston, and was then in almost daily intercourse with N. P. WILLIS, at that time editor of the Boston *Monthly Magazine*. Mr. McLELLAN in his writings remarks that of his intimate college friends, neither LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, nor WILLIS was a devotee of field-sports, and on their holidays, although they roamed the forest and followed

along the clear, limpid streams teeming with fish, they used neither rod nor gun for amusement. Another classmate, however, the brilliant SARGENT S. PRENTISS, was a devoted lover of shooting, and oft together on the Saturday afternoons would young McLELLAN and PRENTISS ramble through the woods in pursuit of game. When HENRY W. LONGFELLOW was established at Cambridge as Professor, the old intimacy of the two friends was renewed, both in Boston and at the home of the great poet in Cambridge.

During his editorial career in Boston, ISAAC McLELLAN was engaged as associate editor of the *Daily Patriot*—afterward incorporated with the *Daily Advertiser*—and soon after began the publication of a monthly magazine, which he finally consolidated with the *Weekly Pearl*, formerly published by ISAAC C. PRAY. About this time he contributed largely to WILLIS'S *Monthly Magazine*, the *New England Magazine*, the rare old *Knickerbocker*, and various other periodicals, both in poetry and prose, many of his poems attracting widespread attention and admiration. At different periods Mr. McLELLAN wrote three volumes of poems, which were published by Allen & Ticknor, Boston. These works were entitled, respectively, "The Fall of the Indian," "The Year," and "Mount Auburn." The poems were well received by the public, and one of the volumes received a very friendly notice from the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who quoted and highly commended a little gem, "The Trout Brook," the only poem on sporting topics in the three works.

While engaged in these literary pursuits, Mr. McLELLAN employed his leisure time in the sport of wild-fowl shooting upon the sea-coast, this being the principal pastime of many New England sportsmen. After making a tour of two years in Europe, he gave up the practice of law and his literary labors, withdrawing to the tranquil joys of rural life, where he might find ample use for gun and rod. His passionate love for field-sports, and more especially wild fowl shooting, inspired him to write in prose and verse on sporting subjects; and the delicacy of limning, the inspiring sentiment, and rare vigor of these poems bespoke at once the able writer and keen sportsman. WILLIS and other distinguished writers have given Mr. McLELLAN the credit of being in several respects the finest poet in America. GENIO C. SCOTT has remarked very truly that "McLELLAN is as a poet on field-sports

what Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS was as a song-writer—both unsurpassed in their way.” While in Europe he shot and fished in nearly all portions of the country, and thus added to his critical observation of American game and shooting a practical knowledge of the field-sports of the Continent.

Among the favorite shooting resorts which he was wont to frequent were Cohasset, Plymouth, and Marshfield, Mass., the latter being the rural home of that immortal orator and statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER. Through his courtesy, ISAAC McLELLAN passed two seasons at Marshfield, dwelling at one of the farm-houses belonging to Mr. WEBSTER. Here he had an opportunity of seeing the great sportsman almost daily, enjoying his usual labors and his rambles with rod or gun.

DANIEL WEBSTER passed many of his most delightful days shooting at Brant Rock, in his light gunning skiff, or trout-fishing in the clear streamlets of the vicinity. As an angler, no man, perhaps, was ever more ardent and enthusiastic, and it is doubtless in some degree due to the vivifying influences of this manly recreation that he was enabled, when necessary, to undergo such continued labor as that which fell to his lot in Washington. He was equally at home along the trout-streams, on the bay, or in the Senate chamber; the same dignified, courteous gentleman, whether in the field, on the farm, or on the forum.

Nearly thirty-five years ago Mr. McLELLAN removed to New York City, and there formed the acquaintance of the sporting celebrities of the day, who congregated at the old *Spirit* office, where WM. T. PORTER (“York’s Tall Son”) presided—one of the best-known, and, at that time, the most popular of all the editorial fraternity in Gotham. Here he frequently met with “FRANK FORESTER,” and the acquaintance formed from “tastes kindred and pursuits common” soon ripened into friendship, which existed to the time of the tragic death of the great sporting author. His sketches of H. W. HERBERT in prose attest a friendship and a sympathy which may well deserve notice, while his lines to the memory of his departed friend possess a pathos and sublimity, combined with symmetry and grace, rarely equalled. It was through the instrumentality of HERBERT, that Mr. McLELLAN secured a fine resort at Barnegat Bay for snipe and water-fowl shooting, and there enjoyed many days of glorious sport.

During several years he passed a part of each season on the

coast of Virginia and at Currituck Sound, N. C., where the water-fowl were then very abundant. In later years he has followed the sport of duck-shooting at the Shinnecock and Great South Bay, Long Island, where he has resided for some time, in close proximity to the finest resorts of wild-fowl.

While in Virginia he contributed a valuable sketch to his friend GENIO C. SCOTT'S "Fishing in American Waters," and the poetical gems in that standard work were also supplied by McLELLAN. He still contributes occasionally to the sporting journals of the day—the *Turf, Field and Farm, Forest and Stream, American Angler*, etc., besides the *Home Journal* and other periodicals of high literary merit, which frequently contain poetic gems from his pen. His ardor for field-sports has an intensity which age cannot quench, and his pen is still as vigorous in depicting those sports which he loves to describe as in earlier life. Many of his poems are descriptive of the larger game of Africa and Europe, and these, with his delineations of American game and shooting, consist of nearly two hundred pieces, which, if collected in book form, would make an attractive volume of a character at once unique and pleasing. Such a work would form an acceptable addition to any library, and especially to the libraries of sportsmen, the poems comprising a valuable fund of sporting lore.

The late WENDELL PHILLIPS held our bard in high estimation; and the various collectors of American poetry, such as Dr. Griswold, Dr. Cheevers, Mr. Kettell, and others, all give him an honorable place in their pages. If he has not always reached the upper realm of poesy, like his contemporaries, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, WHITTIER, and LOWELL, still he has been content to follow the quiet wood-paths by brookside and riverside; to pass under the shadows of woodlands, or to traverse the great grim deserts of our Far West in pursuit of the grizzly, the elk, and the buffalo, or, better still, to penetrate the Dark Continent of Africa—the home of Behemoth. If he has not strictly followed in the more popular paths of poetry, he has been well pleased to devote himself to rod and gun, seeking rather to please his brother-sportsmen than ambitiously striving for more general fame in the branches of his art; and we think that his brother shooters and anglers will none the less value his labors.

At the age of fourscore years the venerable sportsman-bard

stands practically alone in his favorite field of labor. In the peaceful evening of a well-rounded life he may be regarded as the honored patriarch and preceptor of a fraternity believing in the creed that "the groves are God's best temples"—a fraternity that frequents the greenwood and green fields of nature rather than the greenroom and the green table. That the precept and practice of our poet of the woods and waters are in harmony, may be safely assumed from the fact recorded in a recent letter to the writer, that during the whole course of his life he has never been seriously ill until within the past month, when he was confined to his room for a time by an attack of pneumonia. This remarkable exemption from the ills supposed to be the dire inheritance of all mortal flesh must be attributed not alone to the abstemious habits of the bard, but to his life-long devotion to outdoor sports. It may be reasonably hoped that many years of life and usefulness are yet in store for him, and that his rhythmic numbers may continue to flow on as smoothly

"As the liquid trill of the wayside brook,
Or the placid lake by the breeze forsook."

* * * * * *

Since writing the foregoing brief sketch—originally embodied in the "Memoirs of Eminent Sportsmen," published in the *Turf, Field and Farm*—the venerable poet-sportsman has acceded to the request of numerous friends and admirers desirous of seeing his poems in library form, and the present volume is the result. That it is a valuable addition to the literature of flood and field all lovers of the gun and rod will readily concede. To the enthusiastic devotee of field-sports it will be especially welcome. Within its pages will be found something suited to the fancy of every sportsman—to the adventurous woodsman of the "HARRY HUNTER" school, fond of "climbing to the misty mountain-top" in quest of large game; the wild-fowl shooter upon the breezy bay or inland lakes; the ardent lover of the chase, to whose ear the clamor of the hounds is sweetest music; to the crack-shot who finds the recreation of quail or grouse shooting, over well-trained dogs, the most enjoyable of all; or to the contemplative angler, revelling in the pastime so glowingly described by the elder IZAAK, of piscatorial fame; these poems will bring a flood of pleasant recollections and a diversified field of mental recreation.

The volume is something unique in the annals of American sporting literature, and deserves a niche in the sportsman's library with kindred English works—"The Chase," by SOMERVILLE, and WATT's "Remarks on Shooting." It is scarcely necessary to add that the task of the writer consists solely of the brief and fragmentary memoir. To essay a revision of the glowing lines that have made the poet-sportsman's name a household word would savor of an attempt to gild the refined gold. In conclusion, we cannot do better than to quote the following appreciative tribute, by "HARRY FENWOOD," whose lines of eulogy will, we believe, find an echo in the heart of the reader:

Sweet poet, ere I breathe thy name,
 May friendship unalloyed
 Be ever ours, though others claim
 That sacred virtue void.

Thy theme marks soft, virescent spring,
 Full summer's prink'd array,
 Mild autumn's calm, sere withering,
 And winter's gelid day;

The angler's cool, secluded bower,
 By far lone mountain stream—
 The weary hunter's evening hour
 Where camp-fire flickers gleam.

Thus sweet the lay when Nature tunes
 The poet's lyre for song.
 Each sylvan shade where he communes,
 Inspiring Muses throng.

McLELLAN, when thy muse no more
 Anew delights the ear,
 Thy laurels—green in days of yore—
 Shall bloom immortal here.

POEMS OF THE ROD AND GUN.

The opening piece, "Nature's Invitation," was the first poem, and the first reading-matter of any kind, printed in *Forest and Stream*.

NATURE'S INVITATION.

O'ER the fair face of Nature let us muse,
And dream by lapsing stream and drooping wood;
Tread the dark forests whose primeval ranks,
Since the Creation dawn have cast their shade;
Ponder by flowing stream and ocean tides,
And note the varied forms of life they hold;
Mark the wild game so dear to hunter's heart,
The swarming fowl that skim the salty deeps,
The birds that haunt the woodlands and the plains,
The fish that swim the seas, the lakes, the streams,
And tempt the thoughtful angler to their marge;
Glance at the life that fills our native woods,
And game of Asian plains, and Afric wilds.

When soft May breezes fan the early woods,
And with her magic wand the blue-ey'd Spring
Quickens the swelling blossoms and the buds,
Then forth the russet partridge leads her brood,
While on the fallen tree-trunk drums her mate;
The quail her young in tangled thicket hides,
The dun deer with their fawns the forests range,
The wild-geese platoons hasten far in air;
The wild-ducks from their Southern lagoons pass,
And soaring high their Northward journeyings take;
The dusky coot along the coast-line sweep;
The piping snipe and plover, that frequent
The sandy bars and beaches, wing their flight,
And all the grassy prairies of the West,

Teem with the speckled younglings of the grouse;
 And all the budding forests and the streams
 Are gay with beauty, joyous with young life.

Then swell the first bird melodies: the wren
 Chirrup and perches on the garden rail;
 The bluebird twitters on the lilac hedge,
 Or flits on azure wings from tree to tree;
 The golden robin on the apple-bough
 Hovers, where last year's withered nest had been;
 The darting swallows circle o'er the roof,
 The woodpeckers on trunk of gnarled trees
 Tap their quick drum-beats with their horny beaks,
 The crow caws hoarsely from the blasted pine,
 High in mid-air the sailing hawk is pois'd,
 While from the grove the purple pigeon-flocks
 Burst with loud flapping o'er the grain-sown fields.

Fair is the scene in Autumn, when the Frosts
 From palettes rich, with prodigal, free brush
 Color the nodding groves with brown and gold.
 Then silvery-skied, and purple-haz'd the dome
 Of heaven's deep vault, and fair the earth below.
 Far up where sunny uplands slope their sides,
 Shaggy with woods, prone to the brimming stream,
 Where bowering beech-trees shake their laden boughs,
 And oaks their varnished acorns high uplift,
 Where the broad butternut its gummy fruit
 In russet husks slow-ripens day by day,
 And where in crowded ranks the chestnut groves
 Wave out their broad-leav'd pennons to the air,
 And from their prickly burrs shake treasures down,
 There the quick chatterings of the squirrels sound.

The gentle valley with its belt of hills
 Crown'd to their tops with grand, primeval woods,
 Glows with all forms and hues that nature loves.
 Deep in its hollow, stretch meadows brightly green,
 Kept verdurous by the full o'erflowing stream;
 Yet the deep swamps and thickets that engird
 The river-reaches, are resplendent all,
 Their umbrage tinctur'd with imperial dyes.
 The maples tall with blood-red foliage burn,

The hickories clap their palms of burnish'd gold,
 The poplar thrusts its yellow spire in air,
 The russet oaks and purpled dogwoods blend
 Their colors with the alder's sable green,
 And scarlet sumachs; all contrasted rich
 With sombre evergreens, and willows pale.
 And when the winds autumnal, wailing, strip
 The frosted foliage, like a host they stand,
 With trailing banners and with drooping plumes.

Such be the scenes in wondrous forest-land
 Such be the scenes by sea and lake and stream
 That we would picture—wild romantic scenes,
 Dear to the hunter's and the angler's heart.

AFRICAN SCENERY, BIRDS, AND FRUITS.

ENCHANTING scenes o'er Afric's mystic land
 Since the creation's dawn have bloom'd and smil'd
 In lavish beauty, And the varied forms
 Of Nature, fresh from the Creator's hand,
 Here intermingle their transcendent pomp—
 Soft vale, and placid stream, and mountain range.

Here glows the flowery plain, or frowns the waste;
 Here flow majestic rivers to the sea,
 Or spread the mirror'd lakes their glassy plain—
 Vast lakes, whose marge by savage herds is trod,
 Whose waves are only cross'd by rude canoe,
 Or haunted by the screaming waterfowl.
 Here desert moors extend their arid waste,
 Here mountains soar in grandeur to the skies,
 Forests immense, illimitable, spread,
 Fair flowering groves and natural gardens bloom.

The wandering exile from far Northern shores
 Crossing those lakes, oft drops the idle oar
 To view the wondrous scene: far, far extends
 The reedy shore with endless meadows hemm'd
 Or fring'd with woods of tamarind and palm,
 The green mazouka with its clustering fruits,
 Or the dark mola with its oak-like crown.

Charm'd with this vision, Eden-like, his soul
 Drinks in th' entrancing splendors of the scene.
 Far spread the shores, now rough with beetling rocks,
 Now smooth with waving grass and rosy blooms.
 Far stretch the lakes undimpled in their sheet,
 While far in distance float the mountains blue.
 Here a white sand-beach spreads its shelly road,
 Backed by the cocoa-palm trees, and the huts
 Of villagers in green plantations hid.

Above some granite cliff the eagle swings,
 And fish-hawks clamor; and in groves around,
 Where the oil-palms their yellow nuts display,
 Cooes the green pigeon, chattering squirrels leap,
 The gay-hued parrots glance like living flames,
 And the red trogon tunes his thrilling lyre.

Around the shores the sacred ibis flits,
 The snowy pelicans their files extend,
 The stilted avoset that wades the shoals,
 The parva perch'd on floating lotus-leaves,
 The black geese and the gray-hued spoonbill tribes,
 And all the gorgeous fowl that haunt the wave;
 While in the thicket or encircling wood
 The guinea-fowl monotonous complains,
 The francolin calls ceaseless to his mate;
 From tree to tree the keen-ey'd buffalo-bird
 Twitters and sings, and kalas pour their songs.

Fair scenes along the Balaklai land
 Perennial bloom; green, flower-enamell'd lawns
 Slope to the brimming river's grassy edge;
 And pastures broad to th' horizon's verge
 Stretch boundless, sprinkled here and there with groves.
 Embosom'd 'mid plantations of the maize,
 The yam and manioc, nestling in the shade
 Of cashew and the fig, guavas brown,
 And green bananas, lie the villages,
 Wattled with bamboo, thatch'd with broad-leav'd palm.

Rich are the fruits of tree and shrub and root
 That prodigal Nature yields this savage land:
 The baobob casts its luscious treasures down,
 The tall mashouka drops its pear-like fruit,

Harsh with its rind, delicious with its seed;
 The rough pineapple and the tamarind sharp
 Shower their offerings, and the cocoa-palm
 Swings high its husked nuts, so honey-sweet;
 Mazoukas and molondos yield their gifts,
 And motsouri, and grateful mamosho;
 The maniko its sugary syrup pours,
 And chief the motsikiri, prince of trees,
 Hangs high in air its gay, imperial crown!

THE GLORY OF AUTUMN.

“What sport shall we have in brown October, when the sere underbrush is bare of leaves to mar the sportsman’s aim; when the cool, dewy earth sends up the odor of the game in fresh streams to the setter’s keen and sagacious nose; when the pure air braces the nerve and fans the brow invitingly!”

FRANK FORESTER.

THE generous autumn days are come,
 The merriest of the year,
 With dewy morns and rosy eyes,
 And harvest moonlight clear;
 The hoar-frost shineth thin and white
 O’er mountain and o’er plain;
 It gems the faded grass
 And the stubble of the grain.

What time the day-dawn flecks the east,
 A gauzy, filmy veil
 Floats o’er the crystal river,
 In the hollow of the vale.
 The bearded oats, the juicy wheat,
 Have all been gather’d in,
 The latest crispy husk of corn
 Is garner’d in the bin.

The apples of the orchard,
 Red with the sun’s caress,
 Enrich the farmers’ cellars
 Or feed the cider-press.

Now is the season's carnival,
The fête-time of the year,
When the blithe October breezes
Blow bracingly and clear.

When husking frolics in the barn,
Or the flooding broad moonlight,
Prolong with jocund dance and song
The watches of the night.
For all the toil of seed-time
And the harvest now are o'er,
Save where the flail resoundeth
On the busy threshing-floor.

Now when the genial breezes
Sweep through the fading wood,
Tossing the scarlet maples,
And the oak leaves many-hued;
Ere dawns the day o'er hill and lawn,
The sportsman takes his way
To upland moor, or woodland haunts,
Or open breezy bay.

The outlying deer are now afoot,
To browse the dew-wet grass,
Or pause to taste the crystal brook,
And lakelet clear as glass;
The brown quail in the cedar copse
Leads forth her hungry brood.
The partridge whirs through open glade,
Or through the hemlock wood.

Now o'er the salt and sedgy marsh,
Where bends the rustling reed,
The piper and the plover
On the briny shallows feed.
The black-duck and the widgeon
Are swimming in the bay,
The geese and brant in black platoons
Defile their long array.

It is the sportsman's festival,
 The year's most glorious time,
 When the dahlia and the aster
 Are in their golden prime,
 When the rainbow-painted forests
 Are resplendently aflame,
 When every healthful breath we draw
 Adds vigor to the frame.

The sweetest of our Northern bards
 Hath sung in mournful lay
 Of the dreary time of autumn—
 Of the "sad" October day.
 But methinks the changeful glories,
 The sport, the harvest cheer,
 Make the autumnal season
 The brightest of the year.

LONG ISLAND IN LATE OCTOBER.

OCTOBER'S flaming banners, of purple and of gold,
 O'er all the bowery woodland, are flauntingly unroll'd;
 From his o'er-brimming urn red Autumn pours his dyes
 O'er all thy realm, Long Island, from clouds that sail the skies.
 Thy woods of elm and chestnut, so emerald-green erewhile,
 Now glow with brightest blushes, suffus'd with Autumn's smile.
 The maples of the uplands are flush'd with royal red,
 And robes and garlands golden o'er the pasture-oaks are spread;
 The sumacs by the roadside now wear a scarlet crown,
 The bayberry bushes by the beach are clad in russet brown;
 The apple orchards, late despoil'd of all their ruddy globes,
 Tinct with the frost are all array'd in varicolor'd robes;
 And low in swamps and thickets of cedar and of pine
 The woodbines redden, and the lithe, high-clambering grape-vine.
 And there the village children come, the purpling grapes to glean,
 Whose clusters load the alders that o'er the streamlets lean.

The grass of summer uplands, where far the sheep-flock strays,
 The bush-grass of the meadows, where wading cattle graze,

So green erewhile, are wither'd now, and thro' their thin brown
leaves

The sorrowful breeze is sighing, like one in pain that grieves.
The bubbling brook, whose currents glide through banks of liv-
ing green,

So clear that in the crystal depths the spotted trout were seen,
Creeps brown and turbid now, all chok'd with foliage sere—
A clouded mirror now, erewhile transparent clear;
Nor more the angler comes with tapering rod to sweep
The brook or limpid pond where dark tree-shadows creep.

I stand high up a hillside, where, far as eye may reach,
Stretch out fair woods and fields, and the sandy yellow beach;
The harvest crops are garner'd, the fields lie brown and bare,
The thresher's flail in distant barns resounds upon the air;
I hear the cow-boy's call, the whistle of the bird,
And all the joyous sounds of rural life are heard.

I hear the piping quail and the gunner's weapon ring,
And see the startled coveys burst forth upon the wing;
I hear far overhead, in the upper realms of air,
The honking of wild geese, as onward swift they fare;
And in the salt bay meadows I see the fowler's boat,
I hear his gun, I see the smoke above his ambush float;
I see the platoons of the coot, the squadrons of the brant,
And hovering black-ducks, the shallow coves that haunt,
The shelldrake and the broad-bill, and all the feather'd flocks
Which haunt the open bays and wheel o'er ocean rocks.

Fair scenes, bright scenes, enchanting scenes! that fill
The heart with o'erflowing joy, and the life pulses thrill,
So fair in all your autumn pomp, in all your summer green,
When woods are bright, skies full of light, and waters smile se-
rene!

THE LION. (*Leo Africanus.*)

IN the Mahouna mountain, in the Haracta glen,
The summons of the Sheik is out,—Come forth, ye bear ded
men!

In African defiles, in jungle, in ravine,
Shadow'd by cork-tree forests and by the olives green,

The torrent-brook of Ouled is bare with torrid heat—
 Its gravelly bed is trampled by the lion's mighty feet.
 Come forth, ye Arab tribesmen, the hunter and the scout!
 The signal-fires are blazing o'er all the cliffs about;
 Put off the sandals from the feet, the bournous from the limb,
 For silent must your pathway be, thro' dell and desert grim.
 Stand fast together, side by side, with levell'd gun and lance;
 The foe lurks in the thickest shade, where never sunbeams glance.
 This slope upon the mountain-side leads precipitously down,—
 Leads down to where the brook pours out its waves of turbid
 brown;

It is the lion's pathway, and here he comes to drink,
 With bristling mane and tawny hide, along the grassy brink,
 See! all around the trees are torn, and seam'd and scarr'd the
 bark;

'Tis here his angry iron claws leave their terrific mark;
 Here, in the yellow sand, he wallow'd in the heat,
 And here upon the pebbles, the impress of his feet,
 Then let the bravest and the best, in compact order stand.
 The weak may hide where forests their spreading boughs expand.

Here in these desert places no other life may be,
 The wild boar and the jackal turn from the haunt and flee;
 The panther in the thicket feeds on jackal and the hare;
 This desert is the lion's home, the monarch's royal lair;
 From hence, when stars are out, he gallops to the plain,
 Beneath the herdsman's very beard the cattle spoil to gain.

Stand fast, it is the midnight; the earth is hid in gloom;
 No howls of wolves, no low of ox across the silence boom;
 No flash of watch-fire, and no light from distant shepherd's tent
 To scare the prowling monster, in lurid gleams are sent.
 Stand fast! There is a sound! Is it the rising breeze
 That murmureth complainingly far thro' the bending trees?
 It is the lion's trample, and see, in single file
 The tawny beasts! And as they come they lash their flanks the
 while:

Their luminous bright eyes are of a fiery red;
 They snuff the tainted air, they stride with heavy tread.

Now firm your arm and true your aim, for life is on the cast,
 Nor break your ranks to flee, for that moment were your last;
 Full on the shaggy head discharge the leaden hail;

Alas! it glances harmless, as from a coat of mail.
 One roar, one hollow roar! as from a thunderous sky;
 The raging beast is on them now—they tremble and they fly.
 He snaps the bone, he tears the flesh, and many a victim dies,
 Ere, pierc'd with balls, upon the earth the bleeding monarch lies!

BISON-HUNTING IN THE FAR WEST.

FAR, where the glittering snowy thrones
 Of the Rocky Mountains uplift their cones—
 In the grassy plains and valleys around,
 One endless pasture of flowery ground—
 The tawny herds of the bison rove,
 Or browse in the shade of the oaken grove;
 Or pause at the brimming river's brink,
 Intent the gelid nectar to drink.

Endless and countless—rank on rank,
 With the warrior bulls on either flank,
 The browsing herd sweeps o'er the plain
 That skirts the granite mountain-chain.
 Now idly loitering as they pass,
 To crop the tender and dewy grass;
 Now clattering swift in mad affright,
 As panic-stricken they take their flight,
 When the taint of danger infects the gale,
 And they snuff the Indian, hot on their trail.

The savage armeth with lance and bow—
 The Blackfoot warrior—the tribe of the Crow.
 He vaults to the back of his desert horse,
 Away from his camp he takes his course;
 With whooping slogan, with rattling rein,
 His snorting steed he goads o'er the plain;
 With swinging lariat and brandish'd spear,
 Rioting in the mad career.

It is a glorious sight to see
 The lawless rider, the courser free.
 Like yelling fiends the tribes are out,
 With flourish'd lances, with frantic shout!
 Each plume of feathers, each scalp-lock tress,

Streams in the breeze of the wilderness;
While fast and far, in desperate race,
Speeds on the bison, speeds on the chase.
No gaping ravine may check their way,
No chasm where the grizzly bear may lay;
No boiling torrent, no swampy pool,
No turbulent river, fordless and cool;
But on like an avalanche, on they speed—
The reckless rider, the uncurb'd steed—
O'er leagues of prairie they fleetly sweep,
Down craggy gulches they headlong leap,
Breasting the river's arrowy tide,
The spoil and the spoiler side by side.

When the quarry, hard press'd, doth panting fail,
When the toiling limbs may no more avail,
The painted demons around them wheel,
They draw the bow and they ply the steel;
Through brain and marrow they hurl the lance,
Like bolts of lightning their arrows glance;
And soon the verdurous pasture is spread
With bleeding carcasses of the dead.

Ofttimes these tribes of the desert way
Enfold, in league-wide circles, their prey:
They urge them on, with war-whoop and yell,
To a cliff that beetleth o'er the dell:
And there, o'er the precipice grim and steep,
They force the fugitive herds to leap.
But oft some veteran of the herd
Turns in his track, to fury stirr'd;
He leaves his flying ten thousand mates;
The shock of the headlong hunt he awaits;
He paws the earth with his angry hoof,
He warns the foe that they keep aloof;
He lashes his flanks with his tufted tail,
His brawny haunches glisten like mail.
He shakes his matted front and his mane,
He roars till the desert trembles again;
With sharpen'd horn, and brow like a targe,
He threatens with death whoever may charge;
And, dying, he tramples and gores to dust
His wild assailant and foe accurst.

WINTER SPORTS.

SLOW sinks the golden sun behind the woods,
The shivering woods of winter. The red flush,
That blooms along the cloud-land world above,
Tinting the floating clouds with hues of rose,
Rests on the naked woods, and gilds their tops.
The chestnut groves, that fringe the upland slopes,
And willows light that skirt the frozen stream,
Black alders springing from the oozy marsh,
And the lithe silver poplars, slim and tall,
Touch'd by the slanting beam, are fair to see.

Deep lies the snow in many a drifted heap
O'er turfy mounds beneath the lifeless woods;
Their rugged boles are sprinkled with the flakes,
Or crusted o'er with adamantine ice,
That like a silver armor clasps them round;
Each leafless twig and sapless spray is gemm'd
With jewels crystalline, that shift and shine
And twinkle as the murmuring breeze sweeps by.
'Tis like some grotto in enchanted land,
Where tricky elves and fairies hold their court,
And in their frolic merriment adorn
The haunted precincts with ice jewelry,
Twining their wreaths of pearl and amethyst
And crystal garlands to bedeck the haunt.

Mute lies the shining river in its bed,
And mute the glistening lake outspreads its sheet.
The foamy waterfall of summer-time
That down the mossy rocks its torrent pour'd,
Freshening the drooping ferns and rosy blooms,
Now grim in icy death, rests motionless.
The white cascade that turn'd the miller's wheel
And with its churning foam made endless din,
Fix'd by the frost's enchantment, moves no more.

The white, untrampled fields immense extend
Their crested slopes to th' horizon's edge,
Trodden by no cropping herd or browsing flock,
Lifeless save when the woodman's weary team,

Laden with forest spoil, plough thro' the waste.
 The piping quail no longer skims the space,
 Nor comes the limping hare or prowling fox,
 For all have vanish'd into hemlock woods.

But down the country road, with hedges lin'd,
 The farmer opes the way with cumbrous sledge;
 And there the merry sleighs, with jingling bells,
 And prancing team, and song and laughter loud,
 Cheer with their jocund life the barren scene.
 Though shapeless drifts beset the cottage home,
 And white on roof and gable rests the snow,
 Yet youthful faces beam around the hearth,
 And merry jests prolong the winter night,
 And viol's tinkle, and the dancer's feet.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN A CANADIAN WINTER.

(*Alces Americanus.*)

WHEN the winter snow-fall lies heavy and deep
 In rounded hillock and drifted heap,
 And the frosty flakes like diamonds shine
 On the boughs of the hemlock and plummy pine;
 Then forth to the northern wilderness
 The hardy trappers and hunters press.

The snow lieth deep, the snow lies white,
 It fills the hollows, it tops the height;
 The frozen river, the ice-bound lakes,
 Are cover'd o'er by the sparkling flakes:
 The brook lies mute, and choked in its bed;
 You cannot trace where its channels led;
 The cedar branch is bent to the ground,
 The spruce with a weighty burden is crown'd;
 Afar spreads a silent and crystal waste,
 Where the features of nature are all effac'd.

But the valiant hunter hath heart of steel;
 He buckles the snow-shoes firm to his heel;
 His Indian blanket and buckskin dress
 Suit well with the rugged wilderness;
 A leathern girdle surrounds his waist.

Wherein his axe and wood-knife are plac'd:
Then forth, at the crimson dawning of day,
With his heavy rifle he takes his way.

The snow lies hard, for the keen, cold night
Hath form'd a crust both solid and bright:
So the hunter strides on with steadfast tread
Wherever the icy deserts may spread;
Knowing well the great moose and the cariboo,
With their clattering hoofs, must wallow through;
Although they be fleet as bird on the wing,
When o'er the firm turf of the forest they spring,
Yet when helpless they sink in the yielding snow,
They're an easy prey to their resolute foe.

The great northern stag, with antlers so broad,
With hoofs that can fence or assault like a sword,
Is a terrible foe; so, hunter, beware,
Nor rashly the dangerous champion dare:
His many-tin'd antlers are like spikes of the oak,
As sharp as a dagger, as fatal their stroke:
Those prongs they would toss both hunter and hound,
Their stab would impale them like worms of the ground,
First drive the ounce-bullet through skull and through brain,
Till he paint with his gore the snow of the plain;
Then draw the keen edge of your blade o'er his throat,
And sound the death-slogan with shrill bugle-note.

In the far-away northernmost wilds of Maine,
Where the murmuring pines all the year complain,
In the unknown Aroostook's lonesome world,
Or where the waters of Moosehead are curl'd,
The stalwart wood-cutter pitches his camp,
In his cabin of logs trims his winter lamp;
And oft when the moose-herd hath form'd its "yard,"
And trampled the snows like a pavement hard,
The woodman forsakes his sled and his team,
And his harvest of logs by the frozen stream;
And, arm'd with his axe and his rifle, he goes
To slaughter the moose blocked in by the snows;
And many a savory banquet doth cheer
The fireside joys of his wintry year,
With the haunch of the moose and the dappled deer.

THE WILD SWAN. (*Cygnus Americanus*.)

AH, whence dost thou come, O bird of wide-spread wing?
 From what remotest shore dost thou wondrous tidings bring?
 'Mid the Northland's Arctic ice, what woes hast thou beheld,
 Where the gales o'er shipwreck'd crews their savage requiem
 knell'd.

In thy century of life, o'er the drifting, whelming snows,
 Hath the shadow of thy pinions swept o'er the grinding floes,
 Where by the Pfeffer River, or King William's Islet plain,
 The bones of Franklin's men in ghostly rest have lain!

Perchance the flitting shade of thy hovering wings did fall
 On that desolate, gray cairn where repose the dust of Hall;
 Perchance by Lena's flood, in bleak Siberian land,
 Thou saw'st the lost De Long and all his dying band!

O'er Baffin's Bay, o'er Bellot's Strait, perchance hath been thy
 flight,

Or over shores of Labrador in tempest and in night,
 Where the Indian lurk'd in ambush, with rifle and with spear,
 Or Esquimau in light canoe, to stop thy swift career.

Mayhap o'er Rocky Mounts, o'er the bleak Sierra's space,
 High up in empty air, hath been thy tireless race:
 Thou hast hover'd o'er Pike's Peak, whose granitic boulders rise
 In majesty supreme—cliffs soaring to the skies!

O'er Yosemite's green vale, where Capitan's white cone
 O'er mountain range and mighty woods uprears its royal throne,
 Hath been thy flight, and thou hast paus'd where Merced's waters
 pour:

One sheeted ghost of snowy foam, along its garden shore.

For there the wild-fowl swarm,—the swan, the duck, the crane,
 The pelican and gray geese, that browse the grassy plain,
 Where range the bear and puma, the antelope and deer;
 Far o'er that sportsmen's paradise, hath been thy free career.

Thy flocks we've watch'd at Barnegat, and Currituck's great
 Sound,

A league-long line of gleamy plumes, like snows o'er winter
 ground;

Now, whither dost thou tend? Perchance to Southern clime,
 Where calm lagoons are girdled in with orange and the lime.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CANADA GEESE

(Anser Americanus.)

HONK! honk! on stormy wings they cleave the upper air,
 On gusty breeze, above the seas, their onward cohorts fare;
 They come from frosty solitudes, where broods the Arctic night,
 Where deserts grim, spread vast and dim, in the auroral light.

The Esquimaux, with bended bow, fast paddling his cañoe,
 Their flocks hath chas'd o'er icy waste of waters heavenly blue;
 On frozen shore of Labrador the Indian's steel hath sped,
 But vain the shaft, and vain the craft, and vain the fowler's lead.

In twinkling gleam of cold moonbeam, their dusky files I trace,
 In wedge-like throng, in column long, they speed the tireless race;
 O'er craggy mountain-sides, and over torrent tides,
 The shadow of each column, in swift procession glides.

O'er the far-resounding surge, in the dim horizon's verge,
 I see their dark battalions on winnowing pinions urge;
 O'er Lake Superior's sheet their clanging pinions beat,
 Where Western plain and golden grain spread sumptuous pas-
 tures sweet.

The bleak November cloud casts down its snowy shroud,
 And the throbbings and the sobbings of the winds are swelling loud;
 The snowdrift hides the grass, and the lakes are crystal glass,
 So warn'd, the geese-flock legions to gentler regions pass,—
 To the balmy Southern clime, where the orange and the lime,
 With blossom'd fruits, perennial shoots, are ever in their prime;
 To paradise ambrosial, to banks of spic'd perfume,
 Where forests wide and river-side are prodigal with bloom.

THE FALL MIGRATION OF THE BRANT.

(Anser Bernicla.)

FAST on the northern breeze,
 Beyond the rosy cloud-lands of the morn,
 I see yon wedge-line columns o'er the seas
 In swift procession borne.

Now o'er some headland gray,
 Now o'er the sloping beach with sands of gold,
 Now o'er thick forests that engird the bay,
 Your passage I behold.

Far up the savage shore
 Of Baffin's Bay, deep hid in darksome swamps,
 Or fast by shores of rugged Labrador,
 Where smoke the Indian camps,

Your spring-time home hath been,
 And there your callow fledgelings you have fed
 Where rank weeds grow, and wave the grasses green,
 Afar from human tread.

To a soft Southern clime,
 To Florida's low, marshy coast,
 Or isles of Mexic Gulf, in flight sublime
 Speeds on your sable host.

And there in bays afar,
 Or by some sluggish river, dark and deep,
 Where red flamingoes line the sandy bar
 And the tall herons sweep,

Your winter home shall be,
 Where groves of palm shall shade their plummy crest,
 And odorous gales distil from shrub and tree,—
 A paradise of rest!

ELEPHANT-HUNTING. (*Elephas Africanus.*)

LONG journeying over Afric's waste,
 Fair, flowery scenes bloom'd round our way;
 Now thro' wild gardens, Eden-like,
 And tree-embower'd, our pathway lay;
 Where unknown flowers and nameless plants
 With flaunting colors pleas'd the eye,
 And placid lakes and streams immense
 Glisten'd and smil'd beneath the sky.

The baobob its towering mass
 Of foliage flutter'd overhead,
 The moshano its pomp of leaves
 With grace arboreal o'er us spread;
 The tall palmyra, queen of trees,
 Like minaret rais'd its spires around,
 Which elephants delight to sway,
 And shake its ripe seeds to the ground;
 The mimosa, with sweet-gum buds,
 The stately giraffes love to crop;
 The banyans, each o'er acres spread,
 Whose trailing shoots they earthward drop,—
 All these, and others numberless,
 Wide o'er the verdurous pastures spring,
 Laden with fruits, where sweet birds sing,
 And blossoms smile, and wild vines cling.

Here vast, innumerable flocks and herds
 Of Afric forests rove and range;
 From grove to grove, from pool to pool,
 Their endless feeding-places change;
 Feed on the dry, serrated grass
 That only in the desert grows;
 The camel-thorn, with prickly-hedge,
 The cactus, that with crimson glows;
 Feed on the juicy lotus plant,
 On bulb and tubers of the ground,
 And on the sweet aquatic shrubs
 By marshy pool and streamlets found.

The lion by the herdsman's kraal
 Prowls all the night with hollow roar,
 And near the skulking jackals stalk,
 And carrion-vultures o'er him soar;
 In fastness of the deepest wood,
 In mid-day heats, the elephant,
 Brushing the flies with flapping ear,
 Stands motionless in secret haunt;
 But when the evening shades o'erspread
 He seeks some hollow with its pool,

Some watercourse, retired and lone,
Far wading in its currents cool,
And there with spouting trunk doth lave
His dusky shoulders with the wave.

The elephant—the forest lord,—
Mightiest of all the multitude
Of vast gregarious flocks that roam
O'er nature's pasture-plain and wood,
Feareth no challenge, save, perchance,
The lion's hoarse and hollow roar,
Or the loud halloo when the tribes
Of Caffres o'er the desert pour.

Ranging the waste, he snaps the trees
As on his ponderous route he heaves,
Or crops with a fastidious taste
The tender buds and spicy leaves;
He plucks the sweet fruit from the branch;
With ivory tusk he digs the ground,
Feeding on tubers, bulbous roots,
That in the forest-land are found,
Or finds his most delicious spoil
Where melons ripen o'er the soil.

A hunter from the Northern land
Goes forth to dare in fierce career
The great game, arm'd with deadlier steel
Than Bechuanan's simple spear,
And dauntless rides forth to the field,
Follow'd by tribes with bow and shield,
Day after day, with hound and horse
And troops of native spears to aid,
He follows the unsparing chase,
In bloody, devastating raid.
Night after night, in densest shade,
He watches by some darksome pool
The haunt of forest animals,
Seeking their nightly fountains cool.

Hid in his screen of bough and leaf,
 He watches through the starlit night,
 Hard by the water's plashy brink,
 Scarce seen in the uncertain light.
 At first, the sleeping night is still,
 No murmur stirs the calm profound,
 'The palm-trees droop their drowsy crowns,
 The song-birds utter forth no sound;
 The guinea-fowl's discordant note
 No longer on the air doth float;
 All silent in his leafy nest
 The cooing pigeon takes his rest.

But yet the hunter sees the sign
 Of great game all around the spot:
 The spoor of roaming elephant
 O'erspreads the solitary grot;
 And well he knows the monster huge
 Must come the cooling lymph to taste,
 Coming from weary miles of wood
 To seek his fountain of the waste,
 As whales o'er seas remotest roam
 From pole to pole, from shore to shore,
 So elephants a continent
 In restless wanderings explore.

The gravel by his trunk is stirr'd,
 The trees about are snapt and torn,
 The hunter sees the frequent dint
 Of rhinoceros's horn.
 Soon comes the giant Borelé,
 With ivory horn and snorting roar;
 Soon comes the towering elephant,
 To bend the darkling fountain o'er;
 And quick the volleying rifles dart
 The leaden bolt to brain and heart!

DEER-HUNTING IN MAINE. (*Cervus*,)

IN the evergreen forests and swamps of Maine,
 When the maples are red with the autumn stain,
 By the Lake of Moosehead, or far in the hills,
 Where the source of Penobscot trickles in rills,
 The hardy hunters and frontiersmen,
 In woody fastness, in hemlock glen,
 And the "loggers" that toil with axe and with team
 To fell the pines that rise by the stream,
 Oft leave their labors, to follow the chase,
 To ambush the deer in their lurking-place;
 Or to hunt the antler'd moose, when the heat
 Shall drive the herds to some cool retreat,
 To river margin or lakelet cool,
 Or cedar thicket that girdles the pool.

When the summer is rife with insect pests,
 When the teasing black-fly the air infests,
 The browsing moose and the feeding deer
 Fly from those torments to waters clear,
 And wading far out thro' shallow and bay
 Secure from their wing'd tormentors stray,
 To browse on the lotus and floating leaves
 Of the lily, where blue the water heaves.
 'Tis there the fleet-footed cariboo laves
 His tawny hide in the gelid waves;
 'Tis there the woodmen, in swift canoe,
 With heavy rifle the chase pursue.

Far away, where the Adirondacks grand
 With their rock-crown'd peaks in grandeur stand,
 Where the wild Tahawus, the Onkorlah,
 Pile up their ramparts lonely and far,
 Casting great shadows from ledge and from wood
 On boiling river and limpid flood,
 The hunter comes with weapon and hound
 To mark the trail in the forest ground,
 To follow with keen-nos'd, yelping pack
 The cloven foot-prints that betray the track,
 His skilful eye discerneth the way

The noble hart hath pass'd that day;
 By the bark on the birch-tree fray'd and worn
 He notes the bruise of the sharp-prong'd horn,
 By the dint in the rivulet's sandy brink
 He knows that the hind stopp'd there to drink;
 Not a broken twig, not a leaf displac'd,
 Not a moss-tuft from fallen cedar eras'd,
 Not a dew-drop dash'd from the brushwood green
 May escape the hunter's vigilance keen;
 He notes the herbage but lately cropp'd
 The trampled flowers with dews bedropp'd,
 The cove where they wallow'd, the dense retreat
 Where they couch'd in the mid-day's sultry heat.

No toil may daunt him—ere dawn of day
 Hath dappled the morn, thick-shadow'd and gray,
 He is arm'd for the chase; thro' monstrous stems
 Of the timber grove the river that hems,
 Thro' briery swamps, thro' alder brakes,
 Thro' upland pine-tracts his way he takes;
 He warily creeps to the brow of the hill,
 Or brink of the dell, all lonesome and still;
 Thro' wilds where the soft forest soil hath the print
 Of the fugitive hoof in many a dint,
 Till at last he driveth thro' bone and thro' brain
 Of the bounding stag the leaden rain!

Far in the South, the stout cavalier
 On galloping courser rides down the deer,
 Far soundeth his hulloo and bugle horn
 From the broad plantation, at break of morn;
 Thro' bush and thro' brier, thro' tangled glade,
 Like a charging troop sweeps the cavalcade,
 And many a noble buck of ten-tines
 Is brought to bay ere the day declines.

Where Blooming-grove Park its broad domain
 Extends o'er craggy hillside and plain,
 The hunter lies in the hemlock woods,
 Where the turbid stream pours out its floods,
 And awaits the flying deer when the hounds
 Pursue their track through the forest grounds,
 And oft in the bosky coverts the stag,

In his headlong leap over hillock and crag,
 Some rival meets in the forest way,
 Disputing with jealous fury his sway.
 Ah! then with a menacing front they stand,
 Sublime in stature, supremely grand!
 Each champion paws the earth in his ire;
 Their eyes are aflame with lurid fire;
 Their branching antlers in air are toss'd,
 And then, like duellist sword-blades, are cross'd,
 They start, they retreat, they charge again;
 They thrust till each point has a bloody stain,
 Till, fast interlock'd, tine grasp'd with tine,
 They fall at the root of some giant pine;
 And, panting and bleeding, their eyes aglare,
 They helpless perish with famine there!

ORIENTAL HUNTING-GROUNDS AND SCENERY.

'TIS a grand scene! The sunset's mellow brush
 Tints with a rosy glow the sparkling snows,
 Shining o'er frozen torrents, gorgeous lakes,
 That gleam as if with diamonds inlaid.
 Far to the South, Bengal's untrodden wilds
 Glow like an emerald; while Admere's waste
 Spreads its vast solitude of drifted sands.
 Farther away, the sacred Ganges winds
 Thro' green savannas and embowering groves,
 Until it mingles with the Bengal tides.

Behold! far down the northern slope,
 Beneath the realm of snow, the mighty woods
 Rustle their foliage of eternal green.
 The teak-tree, the brown chestnut, and the oak,
 Kiss'd by the sunset, glow like golden crowns;
 While the black hemlock and the plummy pine
 Thrust up their spear-like points and pennon'd shafts,
 Like hosts embattled. Far beyond, the plains
 Of verduous Thibet flaunt in living bloom.

How grand this southern slope, whose terraces
 Of granite skirt the dark abyss!

These cliffs o'erhang no pastoral valleys,
 Wave with no foliage, nor are imag'd back
 In no clear mirror of pellucid lake.
 See, how like mosques and minarets they cleave
 With their sharp pinnacles the empty air;
 While the dark faces of the rocks dip down,
 Forming wild chasm—fathomless ravine—
 Along whose pebbled road the torrents pour.

And now a picture of serener bloom
 Breaks on my vision; oranges in groves,
 Citrons and yellow lemons glow like gold—
 The ripe pomegranate drops its juicy fruit;
 Red cherries hang their clusters o'er the trees,
 Luxuriant mangoes swing their golden globes—
 While strawberries stain with crimson all the ground.
 Green, fruitful vines their branches interlace,
 And loftiest trees with flowery festoons drape;
 Peacocks display their gorgeous plumes around,
 And birds of paradise their mottled hues.

How clear this fountain! in whose depths
 The blue and gold-hued fishes glide;
 So clear, I count the pink-ray'd shells
 That pave the shallows of the tide.
 How gay the 'broidering flowers that fringe
 Its edge, with hues of every tinge,
 As if some fairy hand had sown
 The spot with jewels from her zone:
 And held a crystal cup to dip
 The ice-cold water to the lip.
 Would the fair genius of the place
 Might beam on me her radiant face!

TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA WITH ELEPHANTS.

(*Tigris regalis.*)

WE cross'd a brawling mountain torrent, far
 From our Indian camp. The red, angry glare
 Of crimson sunset shimmer'd through the clouds

Of dust that fill'd the air with their dull, coppery hues,
Presaging the near coming of a storm.

We pass'd the border-forest's gloomy belt,
Behind which, tier on tier, the mighty range
Of the majestic Himalayas tower'd in air,
Till their snow-clad summits seem'd to pierce the sky;
Had pass'd thro' villages in dense mango groves—
Past temples, shadow'd by great tamarind-trees;
Past crowded hamlets fill'd with din and dust;
Past the low country, covered with green crops;
Past patches of rice stubble, with dense grass between,
Whence rose the partridge, plover, and the quail,
And florican and pea-fowl, in dense flocks;
Past groves of feathery bamboo and the palm,
And plummy plaintains that conceal the huts,
'Midst aloe-hedges festoon'd with gay vines.

There were few song-birds flitting thro' the gloom
Of wood arcades, to make them musical.
The songless horn-bill darts from tree to tree;
The big woodpecker taps the hollow log,
With gorgeous plumage glistening in the sun;
Flights of green parrots scream above your head;
The golden oriole and the bulbul make
Their feeble chirrup, while at times resounds
The melancholy hoot of blinking owl,
Or golden pigeon's soft and murmurous coo.

There, on the borders of the jungle wild,
The hunters pause ere they invade its depths.
'Twas a dark, deep, impenetrable swamp,
Thick with tall reeds and wild vines interlac'd—
Homes of the savage creatures of the waste—
The tiger's haunt, fierce monarch of the woods!
Here rang'd the brown hog-deer in browsing herds,
The wild pig and the boar, with gnashing tusks;
Here tramp'd the black rhinoceros on his way,
And wallow'd the big buffaloes at will;
The jackals rais'd at night their fearful howl,
While overhead great flocks of vultures soar'd.

And here the hunting elephants are rang'd
In line continuous, ready for the charge;

Each bears a howdah on his towering back,
 Whereon the hunter with his rifle sits,
 To stop the royal game with fatal aim.
 Soon the long line advances thro' the wood,
 Trampling the bending branches and the reeds,
 While loud the native beaters sound their drums,
 And kindle into flames the jungle grass,—
 Kindle acacia shrubs and thorny bush.
 So they press on, a wall of flame behind,
 While fast before them flies the frantic game.

At length a tiger bounds away in fright,
 And fast the goaded elephant pursues.
 As fast he tears thro' tangled jungles green,
 Like great ship surging thro' the ocean tides.
 The Mahouts rain their blows upon his head,
 The spearmen prick him with their lances keen;
 While on thro' bush and brake, thro' thorny scrub,
 Through stream, and down precipitous ravine,
 The headlong chase is urg'd, till, brought to bay,
 The tiger falls beneath th' unerring shot.

LION OF SOUTH AFRICA. (*Leo Africanus.*)

SLOW pass'd the sultry days in Afric wilds,
 Slow wan'd the moonlit nights, slow flash'd the dawns,
 And still the lion came not with his heavy tread
 And roar, to fright the desert space.
 There was a hunter of Algerian fame,
 Gerard, the lion-killer, stout of heart
 And strong of limb, who, with his Arab guides,
 Waited and watch'd upon a granite ledge
 The lion's coming, wearily delay'd.

He hears the roar increasing in its swell,
 The trampling step that crushes leaves and twigs,
 And crash of bending trees cast rude aside,
 And knows his shaggy foe hath left his lair,
 And comes with lashing tail and tossing mane,
 To quell who dares to meet him face to face.
 He hears his stride, his roar, his breathing hard

Now twenty paces distant, now fifteen,
And the stout hunter's quickly throbbing heart
With Hope's intoxication wild doth beat.
He hears the latest step, he sees a head
Enormous from the foliage dense emerge,
As forth with grace commanding steps the beast,
In open glade, half-seen and half conceal'd.
Seeing the hunter, his great flaming eyes
Dilated, gaze astonish'd on his foe,
While from his jaws immense he churns the foam.

The hunter for one instant holds his aim,
Then fires, and straightway peals a savage roar
Of agony, that stuns and frights the midnight wood!
He sees one paw, one mighty shoulder then,
Go down, and dark dishevell'd mane,
Then all the monstrous body sinks to earth,
A lifeless mass, outstretch'd and grim in death.

Soon the glad news thro' all the douars spread,
And signal-guns awaken'd all the plain.
And Arabs throng'd exultant o'er the hills.
The lion-king was borne in triumph down
By eager multitudes, while bonfires blaz'd
And guns were fir'd and warlike music made,
And women clapp'd their hands and war-songs sang,
While men in long procession march'd around;
And royal wake and revels high were held
For lion of the Archon laid in state!

With the next day-dawn he o'erlook'd the plain,
Outstretch'd for leagues far in the desert's heart,
All seam'd with rocky gulch and sandy shelves,
And sprinkled with thick clumps of olive groves,
And palms and stately cork trees, fair to see.
He gaz'd on villages and cattle farms,
Embower'd in woods, and saw from day to day
The herds pass forth in lengthen'd files to feed,
And, home returning, folded for the night;
But yet the lion came not. There would come
The wild hogs rooting in the forest glades,
The prowling jackals and the timid hare
That gambol'd safe in fastnesses of hills,

Stags with their kingly crowns and stately tread,
 And beasts of prey, and tapirs with white tusks,
 But o'er the ridg'd plateau no lion came.

The hunter found in many an open glade
 The grassy couch the tawny beast had press'd,
 And whence he stalk'd when evening shadows fell
 To prowl for prey around the cattle pens.
 There, all the roots and stones he had displac'd
 To smooth his bed, and thick the ground was spread
 With tree-bark scrap'd in play by sharpen'd claws.

At last the triumph! The soft twilight eve
 Had faded, and night's dusky shadows crept
 O'er glimmering plains and up the craggy cliffs,
 Blackening the vistas of the cork-tree woods;
 And silence reign'd supreme in all the camps.
 The ambush'd hunter listening heard afar
 A hollow murmur! Was it but the sound
 Of gusty breezes sobbing thro' the leaves,
 Or voice of brawling torrents down the rocks?
 Was it the wolf's long howl, or wild bear's snarl?
 No; 'twas the lion's muffled roar in dark ravine
 That yawns below, heard fitfully as he comes;
 And as he came, the Arab tribesmen quail'd,
 Azid and Ombar pale as sheeted ghosts;
 Yet firm as rock the Gallic hero stands,
 Grasping his rifle with courageous hands,
 And quick the savage monster bites the dust.

HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR SEA-COW. (*Hippos Potamos.*)

'T WAS a fair river, fring'd with drooping reeds
 And grasses rank that belted in its marge
 A stream whose oozy shore was trampled thick
 With spoor of buffalo and elephant,
 And numberless strange roamers of the wild;
 And here the ambush'd hunter views unseen
 The clumsy hippopotami disport,
 Swimming in sluggish play across the stream,

Or plunging like great whales in boiling deeps.

At length one mightier than the rest rolls up
His ebon flanks, and lifts its shapeless head;
Then swift the whistling bullet finds its mark,
Crashing its way through adamantine bone.
The wounded monster plung'd beneath the tide,
Then with a floundering splash emerg'd again,
Blowing like porpoise, spouting frothy gore,
Swimming in circles round and round the stream,
Now on the surface, and now diving deep,
Lashing with tail and with enormous limbs,
Till came convulsive the sharp pang of death.

Then came rejoicing Balaklai tribes,
From mud-built kraal, and wattled native hut,
In long lines winding through the mazy groves,
To feast and fatten on abundant spoil.
Famish'd, they cast their skin karosses down,
And shield and battle-club and assagai,
To cleave the flesh from bone and ivory tusk,
To build great bonfires and prolong their feasts.

Where the Leambye its perennial floods
Pours darkling thro' the overarching woods,
Dense woods with mosses and gray lichens drap'd,
Woods with ochilla-weed engarlanded,
Lurks the great sea-cow, black and vast of bulk,
An evil demon hideous to behold,
It ploughs those watery wastes, or sluggish sleeps
In sun-dried mud-flats, or in ambush lurks.

Amid the bending rushes of the shore,
Ofttimes in moonlit nights, when dance and drum
Have ceas'd in native huts their festive sounds,
And youth and maiden hasten to their bath
In the deep river, the insatiate brutes
Dart forth with gnashing jaws to seize the prey.

In heats of noon they haunt the open stream,
And in the river shallows love to stalk,
With flanks submerg'd, and only their black snouts
Thrust from the water; then they sudden plunge
And roll in clumsy gambols to and fro,
Or dive to munch the grass that grows below.

When night draws near the forest hunter goes,
 Arm'd to entrap them. Nightly turns the herd
 From the dark river to the open plain,
 Where springs the juicy grass they love to crop.
 Thither, in path direct, thro' tangled thorns,
 O'er rock and fallen trees they bend their way,
 Returning ere the dawn to lake and stream,
 Where, hid in thickets of impervious shade,
 The daring hunter lurks to meet his game.

Ofttimes those savage brutes in frenzied rage,
 With bellowings like the volleying thunder-peal
 Mingle in bloody duel on the wave.
 Then fierce the combat; with their eyes aflame
 They seize with jaw, they stab with pointed tusk,
 Advance, retreat, till boils the ensanguin'd wave,
 And the calm night re-echoes with their groans,
 Till sinks the vanquish'd, gor'd and torn with wounds.

WATCHING FOR ELEPHANTS AT NIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FOR days the hunter over open plains
 Fring'd by dense clumps of dwarfish forest-trees,
 Where aromatic shrubs and grasses grew;
 Had follow'd the red lion's heavy track
 And the great elephant's majestic trail,
 The spotted leopard and hyena gaunt,
 And hippopotamus in sluggish pool,
 The fleeing ostrich and the brindled gnu,
 The nimble spring-bok and black antelope,
 Pallah and zebra, and the tall giraffe,
 And now he ceas'd the marsh and pitch'd the camp.

The panting ox from heavy yoke was loos'd,
 The weary horse was tether'd on the plain,
 The native tribesmen rais'd the sheltering tent,
 And lit the evening fires for social feasts,
 And all were glad in this secluded spot
 To seek repose, or watch for prowling game.
 'Twas a wild ravine, parting the bare cliffs

With gulf impassable, where play'd a fount
Gushing from cavern'd rocks and pebbled slopes,
And pouring thro' the shades a crystal stream,
That made the lonely glen enchanted ground.

Sometimes the vigils of the night began
At twilight hour, when sank the royal sun
Superb, to rest; when palm-trees droop'd in sleep,
And motionless the sandal-forests slept,
And came the hovering, gayly plumag'd flocks.
Brown partridges and mottled guinea-fowl,
The purple pigeon and the turtle-dove,
And the gay, green parrots, chattering in the grove,
To taste the limpid waters of the stream,
And fold in perfect peace their downy wings.
Then came the game, when midnight's dusky shape,
Like weird enchantress, wav'd her ebon wand,
And steep'd the drowsy air in wizard glooms;
And oft the hunters watch'd, when thunders rav'd,
And flash'd the blue, swift lightnings in the sky,
Illuminating wide the desert space,
And peopling all the arcades of the grove
With glimmering, spectral lights and phantom shades.

Here came the elephant, the forest lord;
Mightiest of all the vast gregarious herds
That range o'er nature's pasture-plains and woods.
He fears no challenge, save perchance at night
The tawny lion's hollow-mutter'd roar
Or savage hulloo, where the swarming tribes
Of Bechuanas come with rattling spear.

Ranging the tangled wild, he snaps the trees
As on with ponderous bulk he ploughs his way,
Pausing at times with nice fastidious taste
To crop the juicy buds or spicy leaves;
He plucks the ripe fruits from the drooping bough,
He digs with ivory tusk the turfy ground,
Feeding on tubers sweet and bulbous root,
That in the fertile soil luxuriant grow,
Or in the grassy pastures stops to taste
The rinded melons, ripening in the heats.

Here in the dark ravine, by sluggish pool,

The hunter watches from the dusk till dawn,
 Ambush'd in reeds and circled in with shades,
 Trusting in valiant heart and rifled tube.
 Waiting, he hears the heavy trampling step
 Splash thro' the mire and snap the rotting branch—
 Hears the shrill trumpeting advancing near,
 And drops of water, spurted from the trunk;
 Discerns at last, like vast, gigantic shade,
 The swaying elephant loom dim and large,
 With flapping ears and high uplifted trunk,—
 And then the blinding flash and ringing steel
 Oft in the mid-day heats, in depth of woods,
 Hunting with gallant horse and yelping pack
 And shouting tribes, the forest roaming game,
 He came where up-plough'd ground and broken boughs
 Proclaim'd their spoor; and here he found the herd
 Of big bull-elephants, a host at bay.
 Then rose the shout of men, the yell of hound,
 Whistled the spear and rang the volleying gun,
 While panic-struck the herds charge frantic on,
 Level the snapping tree-trunks in their course,
 And fill with shrilly trumpeting the air,
 Speeding with tails aloft and swinging tusks;
 While here and there a bleeding victim reels
 And staggering halts, then crashes to the ground.

RHINOCEROS-HUNTING.

FOR days the hunter march'd o'er wooded hills
 And mountain ranges, frowning like great forts
 With buttress'd wall and granite parapet ;
 And oft had met amid those savage scenes
 Fair, blooming valleys sown with scarlet flowers
 And shrubs delicious with their honey'd sweets,
 Shady with thickets of the sandal-wood,
 And delicate acacias, on whose tops
 The camelopards tall delight to brouse;
 There oft had met the bounding antelope,
 And shaggy buffaloes, whose headlong charge

And muffled roar like earthquake shook the ground.
 At last, emerging from the mountain base,
 He saw far stretching to th' horizon's verge,
 A rolling plain of limitless extent,
 And here, beside a stream, he pitch'd his camp.

Dark iguanas, perch'd on pendent branch,
 Sleep in the sunshine in the noon-day heats,
 Or plunge in wave, alarm'd by dipping oar;
 And there the armor-plated crocodiles
 Bask on the black mud-islands in repose,
 Or lash with iron tails the slothful pool;
 There serpents venomous and twisting snakes
 Hang from the branches or infest the swamps;
 And there the musky hippopotami,
 Frightful with rounded head and gnashing tusk,
 Wallow at will, and fright with snorting roar.

The summer suns of centuries had seen
 Those countless herds in woods primeval roam,
 Wide over grassy plains and shrubby slopes;
 Herds that had scorn'd the rude barbarian hordes,
 Who came with shaft and slender spear to slay,
 But fled from lion's roar, and borele's horn,
 Or the mad charge of trampling elephant.

By this clear watercourse with jungles fring'd,
 Border'd by yellow sands that bore impress
 Of lion's spoor, and elephant's great foot,
 And hoof of buffalo or tall giraffe,
 And trail of all the wanderers of the waste,
 The hunters watch'd. Sometimes would come a troop
 Of black-fac'd baboons chattering in the wood,
 Zebras and blue hartebeests would caper round,
 Herds of doe-pallahs slow would canter by,
 Led by some princely buck of stately head;
 And borelé, the black rhinoceros,
 Would come with brandish'd horn and angry roar;
 The shrill-voic'd jackals their sad coronachs
 Would raise, and gaunt hyenas howl;
 There frequent came, fast crashing thro' the wood,
 The bulky buffalo, whose massive horn
 Form'd shield, like rugged oak, to guard his brow;

And with surpassing dignity there came
The camelopards, of colossal height,
Stalking with lengthen'd stride and soaring head;
All these strange creatures of the wilderness
Came to the hunter's stream for sport or drink,
Soon with their dripping blood the wave to stain.

So, night by night, near dark, secluded pool,
Or in the blaze of noon, o'er boundless plains
Sown with bush-grass and aromatic herb,
Or in some thorny grove or ancient wood,
The hunter met and slew borelé grim.
Not without perils! Once, in tangled swamp,
The black rhinoceros had turn'd to bay,
Wounded and maddened; high he toss'd his horn
And red his wicked eye with murder gleam'd,
Snorting with wrath and trampling fierce the ground;
Then with a headlong charge he frenzied came,
While horse and rider fled with panic speed,
The horrid, horny snout in hot pursuit!

And well that day the gallant desert barb
Maintain'd the matchless fame of Arab blood;
No need for jambock-lash or gory spear,
When life and liberty were all before,
And gashing tusk and iron hoof behind!
Ah! then no mortal weapon might avail,
Nought but a speed miraculous to save!
E'en the vast elephant, supreme in strength,
Would wheel his dusky flanks and flee amain,
And crested lion of the Afric waste
Would droop his shaggy mane and slink away!

Watching the waters on one moonlit night,
A black rhinoceros came down to drink,
Or wade and wallow in the gelid wave,
And there the hunter's rifle laid him low.
Serene was night with moonlight's silver flood,
And bright the isles that stud the glassy stream;
No breeze to stir the aloe's thorny tops,
To rustle the tall palms that lined the brink,
Or toss th' acacia leaves that swoon'd in sleep.
The parrots green no longer mock'd the ear,

And monkeys brown that sprang along the trees
And chatter'd all day long, were hush'd in rest.

But sudden change came o'er the tranquil scene,
When six great lions stalk'd from out the wood,
Follow'd by jackals and hyenas grim,
Who scented from afar the slaughter'd beast.
The lions peacefully the banquet shar'd,
Tearing the carcass with their dripping claws;
But fierce the meaner beasts would snarl and fight,
And for each morsel red contend around,
And fill with fiendish laugh and scream and howl
The dim and drowsy solitudes of night;
Nor ceas'd the clamor till the reddening East
Flush'd the whole air with roses of the morn,

AFRICAN GAME—THE GEMSBOK.

MOST beautiful those roving tribes,
The antelopes, the bounding deer,
The wild deer of the Afric land,
So fleet, so graceful in career.

The blessbok and the springbok swift,
The oryx, steinbok, and hartbeest,
The quagga, pallah, and the gnu,
That o'er the boundless pastures feast,
Have since Creation's dawning rang'd
Those grassy pastures, green and vast;
And countless summers have beheld
Those wild herds speeding far and fast.

Free denizens of wood and glade,
Of prairie broad, of flowery plain,
The savage tribes may scarce molest;
Their spears and arrows are in vain.
They range the mountain foot, they plunge
In hidden gorge, in ravine dim,
They speed across the craggy slopes,
Along the bending grass they skim.
By fountains in the desert's heart
Where leans the palm-tree o'er the wave,

They come consuming thirst to quench,
Their panting flanks to dip and lave.

The blessbok, noblest of the herds,
Loveliest with all the rainbow dyes,
Purple and violet and brown,
Like mingled glories of the skies,
Is e'er so shy, so fleet of foot,
That vain is hunter's hot pursuit.

The black wild-beest, a bolder race,
Fly not with all the flying crew,
But wheel in mazy circles round,
Tempting the hunter to pursue;
In evolutions intricate,
Like dragoons skirmishing in war,
They circling caper round the hunt,
Now swooping near, now scatter'd far.
While hunters charge one herd in front
Another gathers in the way,—
Fierce cossacks of the desert space,
Now menacing, now brought to bay.

THE GORILLA. (*Nyena.*)

HIGH beats the hunter's heart when all the night,
Hid in some copse at edge of wood,
He watches the dim plain for wandering game.
Still sleeps the forest, save when swells the voice
Of prowling lion, or hyena's howl,
Or cracks the twig beneath some trampling hoof.
Soft falls the moonlight, filtering thro' the roof
Of the dense-matted foliage—soft it gilds,
With shimmering glory, all the desert space,
Shining on island-groves and grassy slopes.

From time to time, like drifting shadows, pass
In lengthen'd line the browsing buffalo;
The eland, gnu, and the black antelope
Glide past; the bulky elephant,
Swaying his tushes, crushes thro' the glade;
The black rhinoceros stalks unwieldy by,

Seeking sequester'd marsh or deep lagoon.

Tumultuous beats the hunter's throbbing heart
 When thrills the forest with Gorilla's roar,
 And thus one gallant forester* recites
 How first he slew the king of Afric land:

For days with his swart savages he track'd
 The labyrinthine, unknown wilderness,
 Seeking Gorilla; track'd him o'er rough hills,
 'Through mountainous defile and rocky gulch,
 Where mossy boulders chok'd the rugged way.
 They clamber'd granite cone and steepy cliff,
 Clinging to swinging vine and drooping bough:
 They skirted ravines, where the pouring fall
 For ages long had thunder'd all unheard;
 They cross'd dank swamps and morasses.
 Where reptiles venomous assail'd the way.

At last! a savage bark, a hollow roar,
 Muttering like rolling thunder, shook the air,
 And with their weird reverberations woke
 The sleeping echoes, warning that the lord
 Of the wide wilderness held there his reign.
 On came the monster, uttering fiendish cries,
 Those quick and bark-like shrieks so full of rage,
 So like demoniac yell of insane man.
 In the dim light his Satyr-features fierce,
 His devilish eyes of baleful, gloomy gray,
 And grinding teeth, might well proclaim a form
 Sent from infernal shades to walk the earth.

On, step by step, he came! with brawny fist
 He smote his hairy breast in frantic rage,
 Until it rang like hollow drum of war.
 A frightful sound! Again, again his roar
 Peal'd fiercely from his cavernous, deep chest,
 As on he came. His eyes flash'd lurid fire;
 The short black hair upon his forehead rose,
 Twitching convulsive, while each grinning fang
 Churn'd the white froth, and gnash'd with hellish rage.

Straight on he came, quick-beating at his breast

* Mons. Du Chaillu.

Still with redoubled roar and frenzied eye,
 Till rang the shot; then with appalling shriek
 So human, yet so brutal in its sound,
 The monster reel'd and stiffen'd on the sod!
 Stark, grim, and bloody, terrible in death,
 Gorilla dies! And long the hunter views
 With wonder and with awe those muscles vast,
 Knotted in swelling bunches, the vast limbs
 That might the tawny lioness o'ermatch.
 And the strong hands, whose claw-like hooks might rend
 Man's puny body, as with banded steel.

GIRAFFE-HUNTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA. (*Giraffa.*)

IN far 'Mid-Africa, where woods
 Illimitable weave their gloom,
 Where the palmyra lifts its crown
 Of verdure and its flowery plume,
 Mimosas yield their honey'd food,
 And mopan and mowana wood
 Mingle their interlacing screen,
 And chief, the acacias, tender-leav'd,
 Flutter their pennoncelles of green—
 There fleet and far, secure in shade,
 The giant camelopards rove;
 Stupendous monarchs of the glade,
 The stateliest denizens of the grove.

Oft they forsake their woody haunt
 For open lawn and grassy slope,
 Vast level plains, the water-shed
 Of streams, where flocks of antelope
 Rival in speed the giraffe herd,
 Each fleeter than the skimming bird.
 An English hunter thus relates
 How first the noble game he knew,
 Leading his savage cavalcade
 Of Hottentots, a motley crew.

When first the apparition grand
Of the tall beast before him rose,
He deem'd it spiky, wither'd branch
Of palm that in the desert grows;
But soon the object, gliding fast
Above the topmóst shrubbery,
Like spiring shaft of plummy pine,
Told that the long-sought prey was nigh.

He spurr'd in chase; before him sped,
With clumsy gait but matchless speed,
The giraffe, with its black tail curv'd,
Outstripping the pursuing steed,
He flew—he sail'd, like gliding ship,
Swift by the gale o'er surges roll'd.
With swanlike neck and sloping side,
That in the sunbeam gleam'd like gold.
Stretching away with mighty stride
O'er treacherous swamp and rotten soil,
Where grass and tangled vines conceal'd
The gaping fissures with their coil,
Headlong and frantic thro' the wood
Thunder pursuer and pursued.

Twice was the towering form conceal'd
By bark of intervening trees,
And twice from out the labyrinth
The toiling, lumbering game he sees;
Now tilting over eminence,
Topping the ridge with gallant stride;
Now plung'd in hollows of the plain,
Whose dipping slopes the quarry hide.

At length, a shallow stream is reach'd.
Whose sands its spider-legs delay,
And here the foaming steed hath brought
His rider even with the prey;
Then the big rifle is uprais'd
Against the dappled creature's side.
A shot—a groan—and headlong falls
The giraffe, red with slaughter dy'd.

CARIBOU-HUNTING. (*Tarangus zangifer.*)

WHEN hot the sultry heats intense
 Bake the dry soil, the brooklets parch,
 In brakes impervious of the pine,
 The cedar-thicket, and the larch,
 The mighty caribou's retreat,
 Seeking a shelter from the heat.
 To these dim-wooded fastnesses
 The hunter goes afoot to chase,
 Without the help of horse or hound,
 The giants of the Cervine race.

Tormented by the insect-swarms,
 The black-flies, the green woodland's pest,
 The caribous seek lonely pond
 And forest lakelet for their rest.
 There wading far out in the wave,
 With nose dipt even with the tide,
 Secure from his infesting foes,
 He wallowing bathes his reeking hide,
 Feeding luxurious on the leaves
 Of lotus on the stream that heaves.

And here, ere dappled is the east,
 The hunter lurks upon its path,
 Watchful to catch its trampling tread,
 Fast by its early forest-bath.
 Watchful he notes the crackling twig,
 The faintest rustling of the hedge;
 Then drops with his unerring aim
 The quarry at the water's edge.

When far the winter snows lie deep,
 And woods are heavy with their freight,
 And shapeless drift and brittle crust
 No longer will sustain their weight,
 Troops of swift-footed caribou
 Form for their homes their "winter yard"—
 Trampling with hoof the heaping snows,
 As threshing-floor compact and hard;
 Shelter'd by hemlock, fir, and pine,

That droop around their plumes of green,
 They crop their juicy canopy,—
 The shoots that form their leafy screen.

Mounted on snow-shoes, with their food
 And blankets on light sledges pack'd,
 The hunters of the wild stag cross
 The snow's immeasurable tract.

For leagues they travel—pleasant task
 Is theirs to form the camp at night;
 To stack the arms; to fell a pine
 For shelter, soaring to vast height;
 To heap the fresh untrodden snow
 To windward like a rampart wall;
 To feed the camp-fire till it flames
 Like furnace o'er the hemlocks tall;
 To spread the couch with fragrant tips
 Of spicy cedar, sweet for rest.

Then, when some Indian guide hath ta'en,
 Thro' frozen lake, of trout a score,
 Some hunter hath brought in a brace
 Of the ruff'd grouse, to swell the store.
 The bubbling pan and roasting-spit
 Invite them to the welcome board,
 Where high the savory meat is pil'd,
 And fast the generous cup is pour'd;
 Then pipe is smok'd and tale is told,
 And each one, wrapp'd in blanket's fold,
 Sleeps sound beneath the winter sky,
 Till dappled morning greets the eye.

With day-dawn is the hunt resum'd,
 Until the browsing "yard" is found;
 Then quick unharness'd is the sled,
 The snow-shoe from each foot unbound ;
 Then each and all with throbbing heart,
 Grasping the rifle, cautious creep,
 Thursting the tangling twigs apart
 To where the yarded victims sleep.

A noble sight! Gigantic bulls
 Flapping their huge ears they behold;
 Licking their glossy hides, like kine

In rural farmer's cattle fold;
 While cows on tender fir-tops browse,
 Or lazy here and there repose,
 Chewing the cud, unmindful all
 Of cruel death and lurking foes.
 Then comes the conflict—rifles flash,
 And all is wild, tumultuous fright;
 The wounded, bellowing madly, dash
 Thro' the dense wood in headlong flight!
 While many a forest monarch lies
 Bleeding and struggling till he dies,
 Encrimsoning with spouting gore
 The forest's white unspotted floor.

THE HUNTER IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE hunter roam'd far in the broad Afric land.
 Where the pallahs and gnus are gather'd in band,
 And the oryx and springboks and sable hartbeest
 Over green boundless pastures collect to the feast:
 Where herds of wild elephants crash thro' the woods,
 And the black rhinoceros wallows in floods,
 Where the lion and leopard devastate the plain,
 And hyenas and jackals feed on their slain;
 Where the stately giraffe and swift antelope
 Sweep the vales at the base of the grand mountain-slope.
 How fair are those woodlands, those pastures of green,
 Where the interlac'd boughs weave an emerald screen,
 So deep in their gloom that scarce may the light
 Pierce the roof of the grove with pencilings bright!
 There boundless the iron-wood forests extend
 And the lofty acacias gracefully bend,
 And mimosas and willows and fragrant white-thorn,
 Whose rich yellow blossoms the woodlands adorn.
 Where gay blooming flowers embroider the grass,
 And birds of rare plumes and sweet melodies pass.
 In the belt of the woods, with their green colonnades.
 The fern and the passion-flower brighten'd the glades.

O! noble the game of this African land—
 The lion, the leopard, the elephant grand,
 The wild-boar and buffaloes sweeping the plain,
 Their measureless pastures, their endless domain.

The hunter takes rifle, then summons his men,
 Bechuanas and Bushmen, from mountain and glen;
 Tall, stalwart, and lithe as leopards in flight,
 Some true as the steel, some trembling with fright.
 He bids them take knife and sharp assegai
 When the herd of wild elephants threaten the way.
 Bull-elephants, arm'd with tusches so strong
 That trample and crush as they thunder along,
 So majestic in stature, colossal in height,
 It is peril and death to meet them in fight.

In these vales and ravines and forests of green
 The foot-paths of elephants thickly are seen,
 Where for ages untold these monsters have trod,
 And whose white, bleaching bones still sprinkle the sod.
 'Mid jungles of speckboom their relics are found,
 Where mimosa thickets o'ershadow the ground;
 Where the yellow-wood, cedar, and iron-wood grow,
 Crown'd with vine wreaths perennial, a wonderful show.

'Tis Tao, the lion, is monarch of all!
 Whose roarings terrific the Bushmen appal!
 When you meet him alone in the forests, beware;
 Beware when at night he stalks forth from his lair.
 How majestic in death!—the eyeballs of fire,
 The great rounded head, so frightful in ire,
 The vast massive arms, the black shaggy mane.
 The sharp crooked claws, blood-red with the slain;
 The powerful jaws, the symmetry line,
 In beauty so perfect in every line;
 And you feel that the noblest of prizes is won
 When he lies grim in death, the spoil of your gun.

Ah! hear him at night when all nature is still
 And darkness and silence hold forest and hill;
 Hear his low, growling moan, his full, solemn roar,
 Now muffled, now hoarse, like the surge on the shore;
 Hear the roar of two troops that meet at the brink
 Of the forest-shut fountain its crystal to drink.

Hear the roar of defiance, so fierce, so intense
 That it deafens and daunts the terrified sense;
 'Then say that no thunder that rolls in the sky
 Hath a tone so sublime as this menacing cry!

GRIZZLY-BEAR HUNTING. (*Ursus horribilis.*)

'MID scenes magnificently grand
 In forest-ground and mountain-land,
 Savage and solitary lord
 Of dark ravine and pastures broad,
 The grizzly bear, beyond the dome
 Of Rocky Mountains, holds its home.

Far o'er that world of icy peaks,
 Of herbless crag and precipice,
 Where scarce a stunted shrub may throw
 Its pennon o'er the void abyss,
 Higher than vulture wing sweeps the woods,
 Or eagle from his eyrie soars,
 The she-bear rears her tawny brood,
 Pacing the ledges' granite floors.

More fierce than tiger of Bengal
 Or lion of the Afric coast;
 For one will fly the step of man,
 Cowering, in tangled coverts lost;
 The other slink away at shout
 Of savage chief and rabble rout.
 But this grand monarch hath no dread
 Of mortal art or human power;
 For, arm'd with claws of crooked steel,
 And fangs like tushes of the boar,
 It faces with terrific growls
 Whatever life invades its den—
 Whether a single foe that prowls
 Around, or multitudes of men.

Yet some brave hunters of the wild,
 Alone and single-handed, dare
 To seek him in his darkling den,
 Defy him in his cavern lair,
 Arm'd only with his rifle true,
 Valiant of heart and firm of nerve,
 He tracks him through defiles sublime
 To where the cave-mouth opes its curve,
 Well knowing that the brute doth dwell
 All winter in that secret cell.

Stern, then, he strips him for the fight,
 Careful prepares his pitch torchlight;
 Looks to his weapon, sure its load
 Is certain on his dreadful road
 (For life and limb are on the cast;
 One failure, and it is his last);
 Then creeps as into yawning grave,
 Down the dark pathway of the cave.
 With steady progress on he goes,
 The red torch flashing out its glare;
 He sees each dripping rock and crag;
 And the black outline of the bear.

The brute, arous'd from drowsy rest,
 Toward the flaming beacon stalks,
 Sniffing, amaz'd, the tainted air
 As onward to his fate he walks;
 Speed true, good ball! for if it fail,
 No human valor might avail!

The brute so close hath near'd the flame,
 His breath may fan the hunter's cheek.
 But not a tremor shakes his frame,
 No pallid damps a tremor speak;
 But, sure the aim, the deadly ball
 Rends its swift way through eye and brain;
 The hero in that dismal hall
 Rejoices o'er the monster slain.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

THESE mountain-girdled plains of steep decline,
 Seam'd here and there with precipices steep,
 Descend in narrow belts of jungle to the stream.
 Amid those rugged grass-lands lie the elk,
 'Mid arid ravines and the forest-shades,
 And here in fastnesses of wood and rock
 The mighty elephant hath found a home.

There thro' those awful gorges torrents roar,
 And bellowing cataracts plunge amain,
 Prone thro' the narrow chasms of the cliffs.
 One plunge! then, without ledge to break the fall,
 It downward shoots,—at first like crystal glass,
 Then like a broken cataract of snow;
 Then all is seething foam and clouds of mist!

In Afric lands the elephant delights
 In level downs where grows his chosen food,
 The juicy mimosas, but in Ceylon realms
 He seeks the sides of jungle-mantled mounts,
 Threading the rugged alleys of the rocks.
 There, amid jungle-flowers or soft morass,
 Deep lakes, or muddy tanks or shallow pools,
 With cautious stride he tramples on his way.

Noble these scenes of nature! With great woods
 Thro' which the boiling river ploughs its way,
 Forests whose interlacing boughs extend
 Above, and cast dark shadows o'er the wave;
 Waves brighten'd by the gleam of darting fish.
 These great beasts of the wild at night forsake
 The jungles, and thro' forests pass to drink
 And bathe in stream, then seek their haunts at dawn.

The hunters with their native beater-scouts
 Were out at day-dawn, tramping thro' the plains
 And streams, then halted in an opening of the woods,
 Awaiting breathless th' approaching herds.
 No pen or tongue that grand scene may describe,—
 The trumpeting and roaring of the herd,
 Mingled with shrill screams of remoter herds;

The snap of stems and branches of the trees,
 The rushing sound of tree-tops, as if storms
 Were howling thro' them as the herd press on.
 The forest edge was fac'd with network dense
 Of trailing creepers, forming a vast screen,
 That cloth'd the wood as ivies clasp a wall.
 Behind their leafy veil the great herds came,
 The forests trembling with the mighty charge.
 The verdant curtain parted with their rush;
 The jungle-ropes and snaky stems were torn
 From the tall tree-tops, strewing all the ground.
 Then one great mass of elephantine heads,
 Swinging their dusky trunks with screams of rage,
 Burst thro' the foliage, while sharp rifle-shots
 With carnage redden'd all that forest-glade.

AUTUMNAL SPORTS.

THE woods are color'd with prisms dyes,
 The clouds are flush'd in the autumn skies,
 The leaf of the elm is crisp and brown,
 The oak-trees wear their golden crown,
 The maple groves with scarlet glow,
 The willows twinkle, a splendid show;
 The sumac thickets, intensely red,
 Their leaves o'er the roadside borders shed;
 But deep in woods the dusky glades
 Of evergreen firs and cypress shades
 Give safe retreat and a welcome lair
 To prowling wolf and to growling bear;
 And here in the copse, or 'mid river-reeds,
 The dappled deer-herd-runway leads;
 The antler'd stag and the tawny doe
 Here crop the grass by the river-flow.
 So here in ambush the hunter lies
 To drop the fugitive as he flies.

The woodmen come from logging-camp,
 The trappers come with stealthy tramp,

The hunter comes from city square
 To follow the woodland thoroughfare;
 They come with rifle, horse and hound
 To hunt the deer in the forest-ground.

Now far where stretches the russet plain,
 That erewhile glow'd with autumn grain,
 In stubble-fields where lurk the quail,
 Or away on frighten'd pinions sail,
 The gunner with his pointer hies
 To stop the quarry as it flies;
 And far over western prairie's space,
 Where the grouse-flocks have their feeding-place,
 'Mid corn-stacks or the wither'd grass,
 Unwearied ever the shooters pass.

And where the river flows swift and deep,
 Belting the woodlands in their sweep,
 The fowlers by the reedy bank
 Where grow the rushes tall and rank,
 And leaves the ambush'd forms conceal,
 Lie for the wood-duck and the teal.

Far where the broad blue bays extend
 Their billows to the horizon end,
 And where the honking geese and brant
 Assemble in their chosen haunt,
 Where canvas-back and redheads feed
 At banquet of the wild rice seed,
 The fowlers in their drifting boat
 Spread havoc as they onward float.

Far where Atlantic surges pour
 Their crested breakers to the shore,
 The fowlers urge the hot pursuit
 Of screaming loon and dusky coot.

Fair, fading season, beauteous with the hues
 That nature from her sumptuous palette drops!
 I love to watch the colors that suffuse
 Thy tufted groves, the glowing forest tops;
 Thou lead'st the joyous sportsman by the hand
 Thro' all the wonders of enchanted land.
 The angler, too, finds ever new delight
 Where creeps the brook, where runs the river bright;

For nature, ever in benignant mood,
Spreads charms resistless over field and flood.

But nobler game is there to seek
Where soaring mountains lift the peak,
Or where dark forests, measureless,
O'er black ravines or summits press,
Where the o'ertumbling waterfall
Forever hoarsely sounds its call.
For there the red deer bounding goes,
The antler'd stag and tawny roes,
The brindled moose and elk of might,
The caribou with clattering flight:
For all those creatures there that bask
May well reward the hunter's task.

THE OSTRICH. (*Struchio camelus.*)

THE mounted tribesmen gather far,
From wattled hut and herdsman's kraal,
To follow over grassy plain
The noble ostrich on his trail.
Some mount the wild, impatient steed,
And some afoot essay the chase,
With slender spear and poison'd shaft,
All ambush'd in some lonely place.

Fast by some fount, like diamond gem
Dropp'd in the desert's fenceless bound,
Amid the water-reeds they lie,
Outstretch'd upon the marshy ground,
Knowing the ostrich there will come,
Hard press'd by hunter and by steed,
To seek the water-courses lone
For drink and shelter in their need.

Far, far the spurring horsemen ride,
With savage whoop and ringing shout.
Far, far the panic-stricken flock
Flies onward in tumultuous rout;
Their black bill and their slender neck
Before them point the unerring way,

Their nervous legs and flapping wings
 Ply ceaseless o'er the grassy vley,
 And long and weary must the chase
 Be lengthen'd o'er the desert space.

The savage far and wide will ride
 To win the precious fleeing prize,
 Gazing before him at those plumes
 That captivate his greedy eyes;
 For Sheik is shorn of half his pomp
 If grac'd not with his feather'd crown,
 The waving ostrich-plumes that twine
 His brow with their imperial down.

And oh! what sweet young maiden brows
 With golden curl or raven tress,
 In other lands beyond the seas,
 Those ostrich wonders shall caress!
 In royal courts, in palaces,
 Where queens and nobles grace the ball,
 And lucent pearls and diamonds shine
 Resplendent in the sumptuous hall;
 How will the blazing lights illumine
 That floating, foamlike Afric plume,
 So purely white, so peerless fair,
 Drifting like snow-flake in the air!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPORTS. (*Capra.*)

'MID airy summits of the Rocky Mounts,
 'Mid craggy ridges inaccessible
 To hunter's foot or daring trapper's tread,
 Far in the worlds of everlasting snows,
 Leaps from rock to rock, from cliff to cliff,
 The short-horn'd, fleecy mountain-goat,
 Roams at free-will the desert solitudes.

Well may this wild, swift-footed creature hold
 His refuge and his home amid the wastes,
 Haply secure from lurking Indian's shaft
 Or rifle of the hunter of the deer;
 For, in those savage realms, 'tis perilous

For step of hunter to invade the waste,
To scale the jutting cliffs, to plunge
In dark ravines and gulches of the hills,
To cross untrampled hillocks of the snows,
Where, 'neath the brittle crust, some hidden chasm
May plunge th' unwary foot in endless death.

And here the wild flocks rove; they crop the grass,—
The short, sweet grasses of the mountain-slopes,
Kept ever verdant by dissolving drifts;
And there, in cavern'd arch or grotto dim,
They drink the crystal brook, and rest at night.
Though ever watchful, perch'd on some bleak cliff,
Where only the bald-eagle sweeps his vans,
With no low bush or stunted tree to yield
A covert to the hunter, yet unseen
The stalking trapper scales the stony height,
And daring soldier from the frontier fort
Climbs the steep cliff, and creeps from rock to rock,
And from some grassy rampart fires the shot.

There, too, among the valleys far below,
That with their flowery slopes and hanging woods
And winding rivers fringe the mountain base,
The prong-horn'd, slender antelope is found;
A wondrous creature, fleet as flight of bird,
He sweeps the boundless pastures with a speed
That mocks the fastest horse, the swiftest hound,
And yet he falls a victim to the arts
And arms of the all-conquering hunter.
The Indian and the trapper seek his haunts;
And soldier who has dar'd the dangerous march,
And all the perils of the wilderness,
Follows, with patient toil, his devious tracks.

There, too, that dreaded monarch of the wild,
The fierce, despotic, sanguinary bear—
The mighty grizzly bear—has made his haunt;
So fierce in aspect, so immense in size,
Cruel in rage, majestic in his tread,—
He rules, the undisputed lord of all,
The wild king of the waste, defying man!
The Indian fears him, and to lay him low

Is his grand triumph and his life-long boast;
 Yet the white hunter meets him face to face,
 And with th' unerring rifle wins the fight.

FOREST AND STREAM.

WIDE and far the woods extend,
 Leaf-laden branches graceful bend;
 The old oaks, like great tents, outspread
 Their verdant canopies o'erhead;
 The fir, the hemlock, and the pine
 Their interlacing shoots entwine;
 The cypress of the swampy glade
 Enweaves a dark impervious shade;
 The slender willows stoop to lave
 Their tassels in the rushing wave;
 The chestnuts cast their treasures down,
 Their opening burrs, their nuts of brown;
 And thick the clusters of the grape
 With purple wealth the alders drape,
 And on the forest kings unfold;
 Their draperies of green and gold.

Each river, each transparent stream,
 Amid the woodland vistas gleam;
 They toss with foam where rocks impede
 The arrowy swiftness of their speed;
 They glide with smooth, unruffled sweep
 Where flow their currents dusk and deep,
 And fathomless abysses hide
 The sand and shells that pave the tide.

Now deep in forest glooms the deer
 Bound in exultant, swift career;
 They leave the covert of the glade
 When earliest rosy dawns invade;
 They pause to nibble the sweet grass,
 In bosky dale, in mountain-pass;
 They stop to drink the sparkling fount
 That trickles from the rocky mount,

Or lie at noontide to repose
 Where tall the fern luxuriant grows;
 But when the yelpings of the hound
 Athwart the sleeping shades resound,
 And when the hunter's whooping cheer
 And winding horn rise near and clear,
 Quick from their sheltering haunts they spring,
 And fly like fleet birds on the wing,

Forest and Stream! I love to trace
 Your inmost depths, your watery race;
 I love your dense, primeval shade,
 O forest monarch! to invade.
 I love, O grand, majestic Stream!
 To wander where your ripples gleam,
 To plunge beneath your ice-cold breast;
 To seek the wild-fowl that infest
 Your wooded shores; to spread the sail
 In gusty breeze or howling gale;
 To take the springing trout that skim
 Your face, or in abysses swim;
 In storm, in calm, in shade, in shine,
 My heart, my steps to thee incline.
 No haunts of earth so fair I deem,
 As Forest-side and banks of Stream!

WILD TURKEY. (*Meleagris gallopavo.*)

THE purpling twilight's melting blue
 Is fading with its transient hue;
 The red cloud that erewhile' did float
 The heavenly vault like painted boat,
 Now with a denser shadow creeps
 Across the darkening upper deeps.
 The glow that late the river's tide
 With its encrimson'd blushes dyed,
 Hath vanish'd, and the rushing flood,
 Flows gloomy past the bordering wood;
 Now to their roosts wild turkeys stray,
 And ambush'd hunters seek their prey.

This wandering, shy, secluded bird,
 This roamer of the forest-ground,
 Thro' all the Western wilderness,
 In dense, embowering haunt is found.
 In all the groves that shade the shores
 Of Mississippi's swelling flood,
 And where the grand Missouri pours,
 Thro' every dim and tangled wood,
 In multitudes immense they roam
 Afar from human step and home.

So shy that scarce the hunter's gun
 May harm them, bursting on the wing;
 So fleet that scarce pursuing steed
 Its rider within shot may bring;
 But only may he lie in wait,
 Like bandit watching for his game,
 And lure the victims to their fate—
 The whistling ball, the rifle-flame.

Seek them where gloomy shadows fall
 Beneath the forests grim and tall,
 In the deep alder-brakes, or where
 The dark pines lift their spears in air,
 And there where slow a streamlet creeps,
 Or swift through bushy ravine sweeps,
 Hid in the ferns that droop around,
 Your call deceptive, cautious sound;
 Soon will you hear the answering note
 From the embowering thickets float,
 Soon will you see the noble game.
 Step forth—then steady be your aim!

All stratagems, all cunning wiles,
 The settlers fail not to employ;
 For when the springing maize-field smiles,
 Their flocks the tender ears destroy;
 Then trench is dug, and train is led
 Of sprinkled corn along the trail,
 And where the treacherous feast is spread
 The flock is swept with volleying hail.

PLOVER. (*Charadrius marmoratus.*)

NOW is the Autumn's royal prime,
 When woods are ting'd with Autumn's brush,
 When hickory groves are bright with gold,
 And maples wear a blood-red flush;
 The poplars bear a yellow crown,
 The oaks their robes of russet brown;
 The dogwoods their dull purple screen,
 Mix'd with the alder's sable green,
 And where the sparkling rivulet twines
 The greenery of the willow shines.

The silver fretwork of the frost
 Gleams in the early morning light;
 Balmy and brisk the air is tost
 Over salt marsh and upland height;
 Now, shrilly sounds the plovers' cry
 As circling down the breeze they fly.

Where the salt meadows wide and far
 Sweep seaward to the sandy bar;
 Where pebbled inlet of the bay
 Is riotous with the billow's play,—
 There thick the black-breast plovers soar,
 Where minute shell-fish line the shore;
 There greedily their banquets share,
 There hover o'er the fowler's snare.

But where thy rolling downs outspread,
 O wild Montauk! their grassy plain;
 And where the Shinneck hills o'erlook
 The vast expanses of the main;
 There, where the insect-swarms abound,
 The golden-plover flocks are found.
 Oft have I stood, ere dawning day
 Flash'd on the ocean rim its flame,
 With ready gun and throbbing pulse,
 To watch the great flocks as they came.

First a mere speck across the sky,
 A cloudy shadow, drifting near,
 But soon a musical, soft cry,
 And soon a myriad wings appear!
 They hover down the dusky air,
 Like rushing winds they whirl and swoop,
 Now sweeping low, now circling high,
 Then earthward to their banquet stoop.

O brother sportsman! has the earth
 Such thrilling charm to match with this—
 A moment with such rapture fill'd,
 An hour of such unbounded bliss?

QUAIL. (*Ortyx Virginianus*.)

MORN with a roseate bloom hath fleck'd
 The eastern sky with spangled gold;
 The red October sun displays,
 O'er purple hills and lonely bays,
 And wood paths where the dun deer strays,
 His flag of ruddy gold.
 The gauzy mists, that all night threw
 Their veil athwart the pure lake's breast,
 In wreaths ascend heaven's dome of blue,
 Or twine around each mountain crest
 The silvery crowns of dew.

Sweet now at morn and eve the quail
 Repeats his plaintive, whistling note,
 And softly fall the answering cries
 That over wood and corn-field float.
 Now, sportsmen, with your gun and dog,
 Forth in the early morning pass,
 While yet the air is rich with blooms,
 And wet with pearly dews the grass;
 For now the beviae are abroad
 To seek in stubble-fields their feed,
 Or where the bushy covert drops
 Its juicy wreath, its ripen'd seed.

Seek, then, where grassy tussocks bend
By sheltering hedge or thorny glade;
But best where sweet buckwheat was reap'd,
Or where the oats in swaths were laid.
Be cautious, silent in your tread,
For close, unseen, the coveys lie,
And when arous'd, on hurrying wing,
Straight to some briery hedge they fly,
Where, hid in thick impervious swale,
The hunter's skill may nought avail.

Be cool and steady when they rise,
Let no weak tremors shake thy nerve,
For swift and steady is their flight,
Their speedy wings may never swerve;
Sure be the eye, the finger true,
For never swifter victim flew.

First seek in open stubble-field,
Or where in grassy clumps they lie,
For then, alarm'd, in scatter'd flocks
To safer, denser coverts fly;
Then, singly rising from their lair,
"They leave their little lives in air."

Go forth—all nature welcomes thee!
Now is a sweet, fresh autumn morn;
The blood-red sun shines thro' the haze
That veil'd the coming of the dawn.
The silver fretwork of the frost
Still glitters white on grass and fern;
The air is balmy in its breath,
The woods with autumn colorings burn.
The painter's palette may not catch
The scarlet o'er the maples spread,
Vie with the russet of the oaks,
Or purple o'er the dogwoods shed.
All nature, with benignant hand,
Beckons thee forth with magic wand.

COOT-SHOOTING. (*Fulica atra.*)

WHEN late October's frosty breath
 Blows over color'd woodlands gay;
 From the remotest Labrador,
 From Baffin's and from Hudson's Bay,
 The streaming' migratory flocks
 Of sable coot their journey urge,
 Following the coast-line's devious sweep
 To Florida's remotest verge.

Since earliest spring-time they have sought
 The utmost northern isle and shoal;
 Their chosen haunt and breeding-ground,
 In latitudes beneath the Pole.
 The wild-geese and the brent-geese there
 In swamps impervious build their nest
 (So Northern fishermen declare),
 Where none may reach them to molest.
 But the shy coot-tribes o'er the sands
 And reeds of rocky islands throng;
 There frame the nest and rear the young,
 And linger all the summer long.

Off every jutting reef and point
 Thrust seaward from New England's shore,
 The wild-fowl shooters spread the sail
 And vex the waters with the oar.
 There, anchor'd in a curving line,
 Two score of tossing boats extend,
 Each fowler prompt with uprais'd gun
 To thin the flocks, where'er they tend.
 The old-wife, swiftest on the wing,
 The sheldrake pied, and speckled loon,
 Join in the ocean voyaging,
 And flank each migrating platoon;
 Nor cease their sea-flights till the breeze
 Of summer climates warms the seas.

In Massachusetts Bay, and far
 Where Cape Cod spreads its yellow sand,
 By every creek and cape of Maine,
 River and estuary grand,
 In Vineyard and Long Island Sound,
 And by its southern ocean shore,
 Their countless myriads are found,
 Winging as far as billows pour.
 By Jersey coast and Delaware Bay,
 From Cape Charles to York River tides,
 The black coot plies his dusky wing,
 And o'er the tossing ocean glides.

By Gardiner's and by Shelter Isle,
 Far out on sandy bar and shoal,
 These swarming water-fowl disport
 Wherever salty billows roll.
 And where Peconic spreads its sheet,
 Engirdled by its hills of green,
 The coot and whistlers find a haunt
 In shelter'd reach and cove serene.

WOLF. (*Canis occidentalis*.)

IN winter, when the snows lie deep
 In shapeless hillock, drifted heap;
 When thick the hollow vales they fill,
 And woods are trackless on the hill,
 The wild wolves, famish'd, grim and gaunt,
 Forsake their rocky mountain-haunt,
 When frozen Nature's hand denies
 The food in summer it supplies.
 Forc'd from their coverts, far they prowl
 With gnashing teeth and dismal howl,
 And, hid all day in darksome den,
 At night roam round the haunts of men.
 By cattle-fold or shelter'd shed
 Where bleating sheep are hous'd and fed,

When all the farmer's household sleeps,
 And watch-dog to the fireside creeps,
 These fierce marauders gather round;
 They scent the air, they sniff the ground,
 Then with a famish'd onset break
 Thro' wattled hedge and sheepfold stake,
 Rending with their demoniac crew
 The fleecy dam, the bleating ewe.

The farmer at the break of day
 Looks on the ravage with dismay,—
 The precious flock, complete no more;
 The snowy sheep-yard, red with gore!
 From farm to farm-house spreads the tale,
 From upland hut to peopled vale;
 All arm, the "wolf-drive" to prepare,
 A hunt that all for leagues must share.
 Some from the dusty rafters take
 Their rusty guns of ancient make;
 And some, late soldiers of the war,
 The rifles that have slain so far;
 The small boys birding-pieces wield,
 Impatient for the hunting-field.

Forth then exultingly they pour
 For circuit of ten leagues or more;
 Their captains on their coursers borne,
 Arm'd with the trumpet and the horn;
 All wading o'er the snow-heap'd ground,
 All to some common centre bound,
 Marching with blast of horns and shout,
 To drive the hunted wolves in rout.

Unharm'd the red deer boundeth by;
 Scathless the wild-cats from the bough
 Gaze on the rushing crowd below;
 The coon from hollow of the tree
 Looks down, amaz'd the coil to see.
 'Tis known in tangled-hazel swamp
 The wolves have made their winter camp;
 And here, vociferous and loud,
 Concentrates th' avenging crowd,

Engirdling as with iron ring
 The wolves that to their covert cling.
 At summons of the leader press
 Thro' briery, vine-strung wilderness,
 A chosen band, with horn and cry
 To fright the victims till they fly;
 Who, mad with terror, seek to gain
 Some outlet of escape in vain;
 For everywhere a foeman stands
 To slaughter them with bloody hands;
 And soon is soak'd the spotless snow
 With crimson blood from wounds that flow.

ROD AND GUN.

THE spring-time is here with gleam and glow,
 And softer the vernal breezes blow,
 The pallid ice-field extends no more
 O'er the broad river-reach its crystal floor;
 All the open bay is breezy and white,
 All its dancing billows quiver with light.
 Then come, then come, brethren of gun and rod,
 When the earliest violets sow the sod,
 For the brooks are alive with springing trout—
 Alive in wilful and wanton rout.
 O come, then, brothers of rod and gun,
 Where the wild-fowl gather and waters run.
 Behold, by the Bay-shore's sedgy banks
 The wild-geese squadrons deploy their ranks;
 In wedge-like columns, in crowded files,
 They sweep o'er the bay, over sandy isles;
 Over leafless woods, over spreading bay,
 On clanging pinions they urge their way;
 Now high over sailing clouds they pass,
 Now prone they stoop to the yellow grass,
 Till with hollow honkings they settle low,
 And fold their wings where the currents flow.
 Then haste, then, brothers that love the gun,
 Where the brant-flocks gather at peep of sun;

Ere the first light crimsons the rolling deep,
 The dark flocks shoreward circling sweep;
 They wheel by jutting headland and cape,
 For the feeding-shallows their way they shape,
 And the fowler, hid by the weedy shore,
 Thins out their ranks as they hover o'er.

Soon will a tenderer glow suffuse
 The drifting clouds with rosier hues;
 Soon will a tremulous verdure creep
 Over upland pasture and woody steep;
 Soon will the glory of summer pervade
 The ocean-border, the forest shade;
 And the angler his precious spoil may take—
 The salmon, the trout—by shore and lake;
 And when the colors autumnal shall stain
 The sumptuous foliage of wood and plain,
 The smokes of the frequent gun shall arise
 Where in stubble-fields the covey lies,
 Or where in the dusky forest the deer
 Urge far and fleetly their grand career.

THE ANTIQUARY'S ARMORY.

WEAPONS OF WAR AND CHASE.

THEY hang on the carven oaken wall
 Of picturesque, ancestral hall,
 Armors in ancient battles worn,
 Banners and pennons shred and torn;
 Cuirass and helmet, gorget bright,
 Dinted and pierc'd in stormy fight,
 Breastplate and morion, casques of proof,
 Hanging from rafter and groined roof.
 Burnish'd shields that have turn'd aside
 Bullet and arrow in battletide;
 Swords double-handed, claymore blade,
 By Scottish hands in forays sway'd—
 Weapons of every age and race
 In this old gallery find a place.

Stiletto, dagger, and poniard keen,
 Toledo rapier, Highland skene,
 Banners that stream'd from castle crag,
 Trafalgar Nelson's blazon'd flag,
 Standards at Moscow's gate that flew,
 Or wav'd in the flames of Waterloo,
 Banners of Cressy and Poitiers,
 Star-flags that wav'd on Bunker's height,
 Or Marston Moor in the vanish'd years,
 Flags of the old Saratoga fight,
 Blood-red ensigns of Lundy Lane,
 Of Orleans, borne o'er the British slain;
 Flags of the grand, chivalric joust,
 Where spears were shiver'd and lances lost:
 Flags of Gettysburg's stricken field,
 Or where the cannon of Shiloh peal'd;
 And many another tatter'd fold,
 Scorch'd in the fires, in slaughter roll'd.

There were weapons of Indian strife,
 Red tomahawk and scalping-knife;
 Buckler of skin and wampum crest,
 War-club and sling of the savage West,
 Shafts of a prehistoric race,
 Fashion'd for ravage or the chase;
 Knife of the Norseman, keen to slay,
 Pawnee arrows of lawless fray,
 Spears of the ruthless Carib band,
 Light assegais of Afric land,
 Deerhorn naliget, tipt with steel
 Of Arctic hunter of the seal;
 A Feejee paddle and war-canoe
 Once mann'd by a Cannibal Island crew.

All these mementoes of peace and war,
 From frozen pole to the tropics far,
 Shine out as the sunbeam filters clear
 O'er kandjar, creese, and spur and spear;
 They rest in peace from hunt and fight,
 The dust of years gathers on them white;
 They crumble in Time's corroding rust,
 The hands that fashion'd them lie in dust.

These weapons remind of other years,
 When swept the Saxon with plump of spears,
 Of pulk of Cossacks in wild hurrah,
 Storming around Napoleon's war;
 Of Indian tribesmen o'er grassy plain,
 The plunging chargers, the tossing mane,
 The swinging lariat, levell'd lance,
 The massacre, the great war dance,
 And of many another stirring scene—
 When these old weapons were bright and keen.

FIRE-HUNTING DEER.

THE summer days were in their prime,
 The wood-paths dim with sombre shade;
 The song-birds trill'd their mellow chime,
 Gay flow'rets blossom'd in the glade;
 Uncut, unclear'd, the virgin woods
 Of oak and maple fring'd the shore;
 While the umbrageous evergreen,
 Darkling, in towering height lean'd o'er
 Woods, where the raccoon, lynx, and bear,
 And dun wolves, made their secret lair.

Up the calm river, as the shades
 Of glimmering eve began to creep,
 The hunters, in the birch canoe,
 With setting-pole and paddle-sweep,
 Eager by torchlight to ensnare
 The deer, when darkness shrouds the air.

Battling the rapids of the stream,
 Fair shone the scene in twilight dim;
 The feeding ducks burst on the wing,
 Or 'mid the sheltering rushes swim;
 The heron flaps his dusky plumes,
 The raccoon climbs the nearest tree,
 The pied kingfishers startled flee,
 The musk-rat hastes across the tide,
 The woodpeckers like arrows dart;
 While high o'erhead, on pinions wide,
 Eagles the realms of ether part.

But when the hovering shades grow deep
 The fire-flies flash athwart the gloom,
 The whippoorwills make sad lament,
 The frogs in lonely marshes boom;
 And now the jack-light on the prow
 Illumes the wave with bar of light;
 The hunter's heart is throbbing now,
 Himself unseen behind the smokes,
 While the stout oarsman plies his strokes.

Gazing, two dusky forms they see,
 Standing knee-deep within the tide;
 And now with hoofs they dash the wave
 To fright the insects from their side;
 Now, from the sweet aquatic grass
 Whereon they feed, they raise the head,
 To watch with curious gaze the flame
 Athwart the inky river shed;
 Then when the red reflected light
 Gleams on their glassy eye-balls clear,
 The volleying gun disturbs the night,
 And dies with gasping moan the deer.

WILD-CAT. (*Felis catus.*)

A MID the wildernesses vast
 That gird the Mississippi's shores,
 'Mid woods whose shadows dense are cast
 Where the Red River sluggish pours,
 The wild-cat makes his lonely camp,
 His dark, impregnable abode,
 Hid in the dusk, unwholesome swamp
 Where human foot hath seldom trod.
 In dense retreat, in hollow tree,
 Or natural cave it rears its brood,
 And hunts the forest's recesses
 To feed their gaping mouths with food.
 In silence of the darkling night,
 Or when the new day has its birth,
 It goes abroad with step as light
 As fall of thistle-down to earth,

No bird may build its airy nest
 Beyond the wild-cat's plundering quest,
 For swift and easy as a bird
 It mounts, and scarce a leaf is stirr'd.
 It runs, it flies, it springs, it leaps,
 As graceful as the antelope,
 Yet cruel as the tiger grim
 In Indian swamp or mountain slope.

The hare, the 'possum, and the coon,
 It waylays in the forest-glade;
 'Gainst poultry-yard and sheepfold pen
 Its ravaging inroads are made;
 So with all arts the human race
 Assails it in the pitiless chase.

At day-dawn forth the hunters go
 With rifle and with yelping hound;
 They run the red fox to his den,
 They track the "cat" in forest ground;
 They drive him to some dense retreat
 Where high o'erhead the branches meet;
 Close to some rough and gnarled limb
 The frenzied creature hides and clings.
 With foamy jaws and hair erect,
 Fierce glances from his eyes he flings,
 But deadly aim and rifle-ball
 Soon humble him in headlong fall.
 But if tenacious life remains,
 He meets the baffled, fierce attack,
 Then swift thro' wood and briery bush
 He flies, the dog-pack yelling at his back;
 He scales some tree-top, or doth plunge
 In some deep fissure of the ground,
 And then the death-fight is renew'd
 'Twixt the marauder and the hound,
 And many a ghastly wound doth show
 Before the quarry is laid low.

PANTHER IN LOUISIANA. (*Felis pardus.*)

THE flushing dawn had scarcely tipt
The morning clouds with flecks of gold,
Flush'd the dusk waters of the stream
That thro' the broad savannas roll'd,
When from a wide plantation near
A hunter with his ranging pack
Went forth the wild-cat or the deer
To follow in the forest-track.

Thro' orange-groves of spic'd perfume,
Thro' canebrakes dense and cypress woods,
That darken'd each remote lagoon,
Or bayou hid in solitudes,
Known only to the woodland game,
Wild animals that rang'd the waste,
The hunter with the lash and spur
Press'd forward in impetuous haste.

Far-ranging in their circuits wide,
Now struggling thro' a hedge of thorn,
Now scouring o'er some plashy marsh,
Snuffing the scent on breezes borne,
The pack with bayings load the gale;
At length, hot-footed on the trail,
Soon in some forest-gloom the hound
Proclaims some noble game is found.
A panther of vast size and strength
Is up—for deafening is their howl,
Frighting from lair the mottled deer
And all the fluttering forest-fowl.
With hair erect and eyeballs strain'd,
With well-strung nerves and flying foot,
They madden on the fresh scent gain'd,
All clamoring in the hot pursuit.
Their yelp thro' swamp and forest rings
Re-echoing thro' the sombre shade,
Then o'er the lake its music flings,
Fainting and failing down the glade.
Soon a chang'd clangor, shrill and sharp,
Tells that the game is brought to bay,

And the keen hunter joyously
 Rides in to mingle in the fray;
 Quick tethering to a branch the steed,
 He mounts a fall'n tree's mouldering heap,
 Looks to his rifle, then aloft
 O'er all the woods his glances sweep.
 He sees his prey, a panther huge,
 Perch'd on a chestnut's soaring spire,
 Lashing his sides with swinging tail,
 His eyeballs blazing, fierce with fire.
 One instant—and the hissing ball
 Tumbles the beast in fatal fall.
 With snapping jaws and gory fangs,
 Like fiends the mad packs tear and rend,
 They crush the bone, they clutch the throat,
 And soon the bloody contest ends.

POLAR BEAR. (*Ursus maritimus*.)

A MID the vast, eternal ice,
 The crystal plain, the drifting floe,
 Dark chasm, awful precipice,
 Buried for ages deep in snow,
 The polar white bear, grim and gaunt,
 Chooseth his solitary haunt.

In cavern with its icy wall,
 With adamantine floor outspread,
 Where freeze the raindrops as they fall,
 Stalactites glisten overhead
 Like pearly spar in grottoes dim
 That with a prisms lustre swim,
 This monarch of the desert drear
 Dwells thro' the dark, inclement year.

Little of breathing life, I ween,
 Across the frozen waste is seen,
 Only the screaming auk and gull
 In restless flocks the breezes fan,
 And eider-duck and wailing loon,
 Or the white-plumag'd ptarmigan.

Man seldom wanders o'er the plain
 To trespass on thy savage reign;
 Only the fur-clad Esquimau,
 Bearing his bone-lance or the bow,
 Or crossing with his skin canoe
 Some open water cold and blue,
 May venture to dispute thy sway
 And dare thee in the frozen way.

THE SAND-HILL CRANE AND OTHER WILD FOWL OF MEXICO.

HERE in this genial Mexic land,
 Where soft is breeze and bright the skies,
 Gay summer in December time,
 The sportsman finds his paradise.
 Here rustling corn-fields wide extend,
 Fair cotton fields of snowy white,
 With shallow pools o'er which the fowl
 Circle and sweep in mazy flight.

From every reedy pond and swamp
 The hovering multitudes upspring,
 In long lines streaming down the air,
 As o'er the flooded fields they wing;
 Mallards and widgeon, redheads, teal,
 In wedge-shap'd masses skim the reed,
 Far-spinning o'er the ripen'd corn,
 Or settling in moist lands to feed.

Gray brant in clamorous columns sweep,
 Or, pitching, from the skies descend;
 The bronze curlews in long, black ranks
 On even stroke of pinions tend.
 The jacksnipes swarm in boggy ground,
 Hawks preen their wings in mesquite bush,
 The winnowing dove-flocks dense abound,
 Buzzards sail fast beneath the moon,
 And pelicans from far lagoon.

The sand-hill crane hath winter home
 In this serene, delicious clime;

Great flocks are ever in the air,
 As high the azure vault they climb.
 Where fields are open they are seen,
 Cluster'd in dignified array,
 Watching your step, with outstretch'd neck,
 Or on the wing—a cloud of gray.

Fairest of all this feather'd tribe
 Is great white crane, the whooping crane,
 The wariest fowl of earth or air
 That haunt the pool or sweep the plain.
 Sometimes in zenith you behold
 Their floating forms like specks of down,
 In circles long, in spiral lines,
 Sending their bugle-clamors down;
 Sometimes, commix'd with duskier cranes,
 You see them pass in phalanx slow,
 Keeping time-stroke with flapping wing,
 Their plumage shining like the snow.

On every hand, duck, crane, and brant
 Flutter and swing in devious flight,
 On soaring plumes, in shining ranks,
 Circling, or stooping to alight;
 Their beat of wings is like the roar
 Of surges on the rocky shore.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT. (*Capra montana*.)

ON Rocky Mountain cliff and ridge,
 Along the shelving Western slopes,
 Or in green valleys at their base,
 Where range the graceful antelopes,
 The wild goat gallops o'er the space,
 Cropping the juicy grass at will,
 Or tasting the cold mountain rill.

So wild and wary, fleet of foot
 Surpassing speed of hound or horse,
 That scarce the skill and arms of man
 Avail to check their headlong course.

Where the Columbia River turns

Its North Fork, near the water's head,
 Their gather'd numbers love to graze,
 Far over the gray summits spread.

And ofttimes to that solitude
 Come trapper and frontiersmen rude;
 And then for days the cliffs resound
 With gun-report and hunters' cheer,
 The baying of the eager hound,
 The gallop down recesses drear.
 There, then, o'er granite ridge and peak,
 O'er gorge and gulch and mossy rock,
 The hunters clamber, climb, and cling,
 Pursuing the wild mountain flock,
 And at the day-close, spent with toil,
 Return o'erladen with the spoil.

THE SCENERY AND GAME OF WYOMING TERRITORY.

TWILIGHT silently, softly falls,
 Touching valley and grove with misty wand,
 Kissing the sky good-night at the west;
 From far-off peaks of the mountain-land.
 All nature slumbers in perfect rest,
 Sweet sleep the earth enfolds.
 Night lures to soft Elysian dreams,
 And far and wide dominion holds;
 No sound invades save distant wail
 Of coyote from the upland steep,
 Or gentle tinkle of a brook
 In rocky butte or cañon deep.

And here in this Sweet-Water vale,
 How pleasant the passing years should flow;
 A vale engirdled by Rocky Peak,
 A grand, majestic show!
 Far off the Big Horn Mountains swell,
 Where gallant Custer fought and fell,
 Where buffalo-grass and wild grease-wood
 Have redden'd oft with human blood.

Here on these measureless green plains,
 The wild deer stretch away at speed.
 The prong-horn'd antelopes abound,
 The lordly elk herds range and feed;
 But, ah, the buffalo that swept
 These wastes a score of years ago,
 These grazing-grounds of pastures vast,
 Have vanish'd like last year's snow!
 No more the whooping Indian spurs
 In frantic gallop on their trail;
 No more the hunter-troops pursue
 The fleeing herds in gulch and vale;
 No more their bellowing onsets sound,
 As in fierce combat they engage;
 No more with hoof they spurn the ground,
 Tossing their iron horns in rage.

So here for ages was the scene,
 The battle-ground of savage strife,
 Long ere the emigrants had come
 To brave the battle-axe and knife.
 Here o'er these grassy meads they swept,
 Hunting the bison and the deer;
 Rejoicing in the war and chase,
 In forays of their fierce career,
 With war-club, arrow-shaft, and spear.

INDIAN HUNTERS.

LO! as I strive the red man's fate to sing,
 A sigh pathetic sweeps the minstrel's string;
 Fain would he twine one mournful wreath to grace
 The urn that holds the ashes of their race.
 From sea to sea, from Mexic Gulf to Lake,
 Free as the winds the wilderness that shake,
 Shining with arms majestic, sternly grand,
 He mov'd, the guardian sovereign of the land.
 No gilded court, no jewell'd crown, had he,
 Nor silken slaves to bend the servile knee;

No sumptuous board, enrich'd with precious plate,
Nor palace gorgeous with imperial state;
No grand cathedral, where vain man adores,
Through whose stain'd panes light's color'd torrent pours.
Not such his state; the woods his only home,
The hills his shrine, God's azure skies his dome,
In whose blue depths celestial spirits seem
To bless the kneeling savage by his stream.

Rough was his garb; the hunter's dangerous toil
Clad his brown limbs with wild beasts' shaggy spoil;
The forest-game a frugal repast gave,
His simple drink the streamlet's crystal wave;
His home a cabin form'd of limb and bough,
His bark the light canoe with bended prow.
Content with these, life tranquil sped away,
A pleasant dream, with blissful visions gay.
He lov'd the realm so brightly spread around,
Rich with broad pastures, with wild wood-lands crown'd;
He loved his tribe, his children, and his bride,
Nor ask'd for greater joys than these supplied.

When Twilight soft its roseate glories shed,
And Eve her purple drapery cast around,
And up the sky the Moon of harvest led
Her train of stars, on their bright journey bound,
Curl'd the blue smoke from many a cabin hearth;
The evening air with childish prattle rang,
While aged chieftains mingled in the mirth,
And lit the pipe, or martial measures sang.
Then loud his hollow drum the warrior smote,
And reedy pipes with shrilly music sound,
And bead-strong conch, and horn of startling note,
And jingling bells to youthful ankles bound.
Forth stepp'd each forest-damsel o'er the turf,
Her forehead grac'd with many a wild-wood flower,
And milk-white shells pluck'd from the chafing surf,
And the blithe dance prolong'd the festal hour.

THE ELK, OR WAPITI. (*Cervus Canadensis.*)

FAR from the cultivated realm
 Where human labor fells the wood,
 Cleaves the rich glebe and tills the soil,
 Incessant toiling for its food,
 The great Elk of the wilderness,
 Boon nature's noblest, fleetest child,
 Since the Creation hath possess'd
 And rang'd, untamable, the waste,
 Cropt the sweet grasses of the wild,
 In savage freedom roam'd and rac'd.

The Indian mounted on fleet steed,
 The steed that needs not bit or spur,
 The Blackfoot and the fierce Sioux,
 Unclad save with the robe of fur,
 Far o'er the prairies' flowery plain,
 Far as the Rocky Mountain base,
 For ages have pursued the herd,—
 The elk-herd, madden'd with the chase.
 But seldom white man face to face
 Hath met this wild, majestic game,
 Save soldier of the garrison
 With rifle of unerring aim.

Shy and secluded, far he seeks
 In great green woods his food and rest,
 Browsing on tender twigs and buds,
 Or grasses spread o'er nature's breast.
 Though blest with matchless strength and speed,
 He shuns th' intrusive step with fear;
 Though swifter than the antelope,
 Fleeter than nimble forest deer,
 When danger threatens, and the taint
 Of coming foe infects the air,
 With head erect and ears thrown back,
 And eyeballs fix'd in glassy stare,
 He eyes th' intruder, bounds a step
 As if to try his strength for flight,
 Then, startled with a mad affright,

His great horns thrown across his back,
 His taper nose projecting far,
 With mighty leaps he clears the ground
 And vanishes like shooting star.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUFFALO. (*Bison Americanus.*)

WHERE vast and far the rustling grass burns with its russet
 stain,
 O'er prairies lone, beyond the throne, of Rocky Mountain chain,
 The lowing herds, the league-long herds, of bisons roam the wild,
 By streams serene, by meadows green, and where great cliffs are
 pil'd;

By willowy nook of crystal brook, along each ice-cold brink,
 The wallowing crowd, with bellowings loud, the gelid nectar
 drink;
 The juicy seeds, the tufted meads, delight their browsing ranks,
 Where scarlet flowers and tangled bowers, drape all the bloomy
 banks.

In sluggish ease, beneath the trees, they pass the idle days,
 While gleams the flood and glows the wood in early autumn's
 haze;
 But when the breath of wintry death from pallid Northland blows,
 And drift from out celestial domes the flaky, fluttering snows,

Then wide across those prairie-worlds, by hillock, crag, and lake,
 Their armies vast, defiling past, their long migrations take;
 In lengthen'd line, those savage kine, impetuously pour,
 As torrent swift, with wrack and drift, sweeps by a sullen shore.

The hoar-frost white spreads wasteful blight o'er smiling
 nature's face,
 And thin and dry the grasses sigh, wide o'er the pasture's space;
 So, over hill, through pool and rill, the crowding squadrons flow,
 With heavy tramp, like routed camp, when storm'd by raging
 foe.

On either flank, with clang and clank, each patriarchal sire,
 With lashing tail and coat of mail and eyeball's flaming fire,
 With forehead large, like iron targe, and horn like steely lance;
 With flowing manes, like hurricanes lead on the grand advance.

But hark ! a yell! those fiends of hell, the Indian tribes, are out
 The desert steed of matchless breed is galloping on their route;
 With brandish'd spear, in fierce career, the impish riders wheel,
 The bow is strung, the lance is flung—the cruel, crashing steel.

The pistol rings, the bullet sings, demoniac whoopings swell;
 Those Arabs of the prairies exult with shriek and yell.
 Vain all the flight, vain all the fight, the vengeful charges vain;
 The bulls are down and corses brown incarnadine the plain.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANTS AND SQUATTERS.

YEARS since, far in the prairie-land,
 The bold frontiersmen press'd their venturous way,—
 A hardy, brave, indomitable band,
 Treading the wastes and wildernesses gray.
 The good French Father from Canadian wild
 Came with symbolic cross, in coarse black gown,
 To preach to Nature's rude, untutor'd child
 Christ's martyrdom and crown !

The *voyageurs* from Northern waters came,
 Singing gay songs as blithe they plied the oar;
 The squatter kindled in the woods his flame,
 The trapper would the otter-streams explore;
 And there, in woods magnificently grand,
 The hunter came, with rifle in his hand,
 To chase the elk, the buffalo, and deer,
 And gaunt wolf howling in his wild career.

From fort to lonely, solitary fort—
 Thousands of miles they floated down the stream,
 Startling the panther in his lone resort—
 Where howl of wolf and catamount's shrill scream
 Fill'd the dark swamps and thickets all the day,
 And thrill'd the silent hours when night was gray.

The seasons pass'd,—the tender, budding Spring,
The ripen'd Summer with its flowery bloom;
Autumn with his red offering,
Winter that brought his frosty seal of doom;
And all was wondrous, beauteous to their eyes,
Impressive majesty and golden skies !

Then came the hardy emigrants of old
From rough New England's rock-engirdled coast,
And where Ohio's crystal waves are roll'd,
Where Pennsylvanian woods by winds are toss'd;
From fair Kentucky, with her hills of green,
From broad plantations o'er Virginian soil—
All came, this land so glorious, so serene,
To people and redeem with manful toil.

The Indians in their native haunts beheld
These fresh invaders with regardful eye;
They wist not then their final doom was knell'd
That the poor red men from their homes must fly!
One bond of brotherhood did seem to bind
These divers races in one social chain.
The red men welcom'd with a greeting kind
The coming stranger to his broad domain;
They pour'd the cup, they shar'd the hunter's tent,
They smok'd the pipe and told the tales of war;
In marriage-rites united they were blent.
In war, in chase, they fought, they roam'd afar;
A common bond of fellowship did hold
The Indian warrior and those hunters bold.

But soon a new race o'er the prairie-plain
Came softly, one by one, with axe and spade;
Crept o'er the wild the farmer's white-topp'd wain,
And soon fair Nature's bloom began to fade,
As the sharp plough cleav'd smoothly through the sod,
And golden corn-fields rustled o'er the clod:
The old woods groan'd and bow'd the lofty head,
And cultivated glebes were wide outspread,

The Indian then, the skin-clad trapper too,
 And stalwart hunter with his rifle true,
 Forsook their ancient haunts by stream and wood,
 And pass'd away elsewhere to seek their food;
 Slow and regretful vanish'd all away,
 To find new homes beyond the setting day !

FRONTIER HUNTERS.

FAR in the distant West,
 By the majestic stream and flowery plain,
 Where endless prairies stretch their wide domain,
 He sits him down to rest.

Far from the utmost East—
 Far from his childhood's roof, his early home—
 The wanderer's foot hath hither come to roam,
 Where Nature spreads her feast.

The wilderness around
 Spreads its dense screen—its thick primeval shades—
 Where the brown deer thro' all the green arcades
 In countless herds abound.

The winds of autumn shake
 The ripen'd nuts from trees,—a generous hoard;
 The wild plums yield their offerings to his board
 From every bosky brake.

The mast-fed, growling bear
 Falls, to his rifle true, a welcome prey;
 He slays the huge elk in the forest way,
 And the small timid hare.

Wild berries, rich and red,
 Crimson the ground with their delicious store,
 Or from thick bushes their sweet treasures pour,
 While grapes hang overhead.

He builds his cabin rude
On some fair knoll that overlooks the stream,
And claims the soil as far as eye may beam,
The valley, plain, and wood.

An empire he doth hold
Vast as the Old-World kings with sceptre sway—
A natural garden, stretching leagues away,
Enchanting to behold.

He loves this noble land,
Its glowing beauty, and its vigorous life,
Its genial skies, its elemental strife,
So lovely, yet so grand !

Its loneliness he loves,
And he sole lord and monarch over all ;
He trembles lest the settler's axe may fall
On his far-spreading groves !

He dreads to see those files
Of earnest men, with hungry looks severe,
Come with their white-topt trains to people here
His quiet forest aisles.

He dreads the emigrant,
Coming with plough, and spade, and toiling team—
Greedy invaders of his wood and stream—
Each well-beloved haunt.

But still their armies come !
Then, sad at heart, the red man's route he takes ;
Over fresh plains and solitary lakes
Still westward he doth roam !

In some unpeopled glen,
Far in the untrod woods or savage waste,
His new-found home, his hut of logs is plac'd,
Remote from haunts of men !

THE CHAMOIS FLOCKS OF SWITZERLAND.

(Rupicapra Tragus.)

HIGH rise the mountains round,
 Peak pil'd o'er peak,
 Across whose frozen summits
 The winds blow fierce and bleak;
 Like sheeted ghosts they hover,
 Like wizard seers of old,
 With silver locks and streaming beards
 And robes of snowy fold.
 Majestic over all, the brow
 Of Mont Blanc casts a frown,
 Crown'd with a regal diadem,—
 A jewell'd, icy crown.
 He soars in solemn majesty
 The monarch of the scene,
 While round the clouds of heaven
 Pause, on his breast to lean.

Along his airy summit
 And round his dazzling head
 No human voice may whisper,
 No daring foot may tread;
 For many a frightful precipice
 Yawns o'er the great abyss,
 Where he would find a sepulchre
 Whose step the way should miss;
 Where scarce the daring hunter
 Who tracks the chamois' flock,
 Nor yet the toiling mountaineer,
 May scale the dizzy rock.

And here, amid those lofty crags,
 The timid chamois feed and roam,
 Their food the aromatic herb,
 The pastures of the hills their home.

Silent they move, save when a taint
 Of wolf or man infects the air;
 For then a hissing whistle bids
 The browsing flocks beware,
 For then the monarchs of the herd
 With shrilly warnings beat
 The earth, and run from rock to rock,
 Then fly in swift retreat.

In summer heats they seek the shade,
 The cool, dim shade of rock and cave,
 Where white the crystal icebergs cling
 And streams the verdant grasses lave,
 And when the savage winter reigns
 To darkest wilds they go,
 Feeding on tree-bud and the shrub,
 Upturning with their hoofs the snow
 Then hunters in those lonely wastes
 With light step stalk the prey;
 But, ah, beware of hoof and horn
 When game is brought to bay!

SEA BRANT. (*Anas Bernicla.*)

'MID barriers of eternal ice,
 'Mid desolated climes unknown,
 Within the Arctic Circle's ring,
 Where Winter plants his frosty throne,
 The brant-geese all the summer long,
 Feeding, innumerably throng.
 But when the waning season warns
 The frozen regions to forsake,
 Those winged pilgrims o'er the seas
 Their long aerial journeys make;
 Wafted all day thro' realms of space,
 At nightfall resting from the race.
 At stations of the Hudson Bay
 The Indian and the hunters rear

Their ambush of the wattled reeds,
 Far o'er the salty meadows drear,
 And, simulating wild-geese cries,
 They slay the victim as he flies.

In all the bays that line the coast
 Honking, their feeding crowds resort;
 Moveless, save rous'd by passing boat
 Or by the gunner's sharp report.
 When tides are out and flats are bare
 The eel-grass from its roots they tear;
 Then, when the swelling tides arise,
 Swimming, they feast upon the prize.
 When winds grow frosty and the breath
 Of Winter all the air congeals,
 The brant-flock, soaring high in air,
 In spiral circuit whirls and wheels,
 Then, darting seaward on their tour,
 Seek softer skies and sunnier shore.

HUNTER'S CAMP AT NIGHT.

IN the thick darkness of the midnight woods,
 I sit alone within my hemlock camp,
 Silent and thoughtful. All about me rise
 The dark, columnar giants of the wild,—
 Funereal hemlock and majestic pine,
 The gnarled oak-tree and the quivering birch.
 And how profound the hush! when evening threw
 Its glimmering shades across these forest aisles
 The mingled voices of the living world
 Died out, and birds and creatures of the wild were still,
 The woodpecker its drum-like tappings ceas'd,
 The partridge sought her nest; the pied bluejay
 Ceas'd its harsh clamor, and the pigeon wild
 Folded its azure pinions and was still.
 As shades fell deep in tangled copse and glade,
 The cawing crow-flocks settled from their flight,
 The high-flying hawks descended from the air,
 And silence all around me wove its spell.

The tall black trunks of the great forest kings
 That hedg'd me round seem'd all instinct with life;
 Seem'd to my fever'd fancy like the forms
 Of the barbaric warriors who once trod
 These lonely wilds, majestic, stern, and grave,—
 Those feather'd forest chieftains, grim, severe,
 Painted for war and terrible with arms,
 With quiver, shield, and club, and lofty spear.
 Then thro' the thickening glooms would seem to shine
 The eyeballs of wild creatures, wolf and bear,
 And great imperial stag with branching horns;
 But when I snatch'd my rifle they would seem
 To disappear, and melt away from sight.

Then sudden from the dry dead leaves around
 I rais'd a camp-fire that illum'd the woods,
 And caus'd how strange a change! The sombre shades
 Vanish'd away, and the rough boles of trees
 Thro' all their drooping foliage shone and smil'd
 In the blithe, cheerful radiance of my fire;
 So all the phantom spectres fled away.

As in my hemlock camp I sank to rest,
 I felt secure in such companionship
 Of those red flames that seem'd to guard my couch,
 And all the shapes that fancy conjur'd forth
 Vanish'd like dreams—and rest and sleep were sweet.

MEXICAN HUNTING-GROUNDS AND SCENERY:

HIGH on a bare volcanic cliff
 Above the drifting clouds I stand,
 And gaze o'er many a shining league
 Of the flowery Mexic land;
 Beneath me ancient forests lie,
 Their green tops rippled by the breeze;
 Their massive foliage heaves and rolls
 Like tumbling billows of the seas;
 So thick they weave their leafy screen
 That scarce a broken sunbeam falls
 Thro' their green arches to illum

The sombre shadows of their halls;
 And many a gay, resplendent vine
 Like glittering serpent climbs their tops;
 The cactus twines its color'd crowns,
 The aloe its gay garland drops;
 And radiant birds with spangled wings
 Dart through the forest openings.

And here the browsing deer-herds roam;
 Now scouring the extended plain,
 Now lost in arbor of the wild,
 Now trampling by the surging main;
 And through the thick umbrageous depths
 The shy wild-turkey leads its brood,
 And swarms of chattering monkeys sweep
 Along the summits of the wood.

High soaring in the empty air
 Vast cones volcanic rise like clouds,
 Each with its vapory flag of smoke
 That ever the tall height enshrouds.
 The Indian, ages long ago,
 Or ere the Spaniard trod the shore,
 With awe beheld those mystic flames
 And hearken'd to the crater's roar;
 Deeming the goblins of the mine,
 With incantations weird and dark
 Mingling their orgies in the gloom
 Of midnight, lit each lurid spark.

Far down, amid the valleys green,
 Soft scenes o'erspread the smiling land,
 Flowers of bright hues and fragrant smell
 Are sown broadcast by nature's hand;
 All the gay colors that entwine
 The rainbow, here celestial shine,—
 Each radiant with a matchless bloom,
 Each aromatic with perfume.

Afar I hear the tinkling bell
 Of the slow caravan ascend,
 And voices of the muleteers
 In soft, harmonious cadence blend;
 Far-off o'er Guatemala's plain,

O'er peasant huts I see the smokes,
 And from each little chapel hear
 The evening bell's soft-chiming strokes.
 And, glistening in the setting sun,
 The distant city glitters bright;
 Belfry and cupola sublime
 Irradiant with the streaming light.

CANVAS-BACK AND RED-HEADS.

Canvas-back (*Anas valisneriana*). Red-head—Pochard (*Anas ferina*).

IN sharp November, from afar,
 From Northern river, stream, and lake,
 The flocks of noble canvas-back
 Their migratory journeys make;
 The frosty morning finds them spread
 Along the flats of Barnegat,
 Where grows the Valisneria root,
 The duck-grass with its russet thread;
 But chief where Chesapeake receives
 From Susquehanna brackish tides.
 By calm Potomac and the James,
 Feeding at will from morn till eve,
 'Mid those aquatic pastures green,
 The ribbon'd grass and bulbous root,
 Where slant the reedy edges lean.

By thousands there the wild-fowl come
 To taste the rich, delicious fare:
 The red-head and the canvas-back,
 The widgeon, with his plumage rare;
 The ruddy duck, the buffel-head,
 The broad-bill and Canadian goose,
 Loving o'er placid shoal or cove
 Their flapping pinions to unloose.

Through all the day, dispers'd around,
 They swim and circle o'er the bay;

At eve, in congregated flocks,
 To mouths of creeks they take their way;
 While some a wakeful vigil keep,
 Others at anchor float asleep.

When winter early sharp sets in,
 And frozen is the river's face,
 To its salt confluence with the bay
 The flocks seek out their feeding-place.
 And where across the ice a pool
 Of open water they discern,
 The hungry flocks their flight suspend
 And toward the friendly pasture turn;
 And there the lurking gunner waits
 (Amid the ice-blocks hid from sight),
 With heavy gun and deadly aim
 To thin the numbers that alight.

THE DUSKY DUCK. (*Anas obscura.*)

SEPTEMBER nights have scarcely felt
 The first cool breath of autumn time,
 Ere high the black duck pinions fan
 Our shore-line, in their flight sublime.

At first these swift fowl skim the cloud,
 And high in lessening circles sweep;
 Then slow to lonely bays descend,
 Glad to repose their wings in sleep.

And so for passing weeks they haunt
 The inland marsh and muddy creek,
 Where in the shallows or the grass,
 Their pastime or their food they seek.

Most shy, at midday they disport
 In ocean surf or ample bay;
 But when the evening shades pervade
 And fades the twilight of the day,

Then with a soaring flight they rise
 And seek some lonely marsh remote,
 Some salt-pool in the meadow scoop'd;
 And here their quacking numbers float,
 And here the watchful fowler lies
 In ambush for the dusky prize.

THE EAGLE. (*Haliaetus lucocephalus*.)

MONARCH of the realms supernal,
 Ranger of the land and sea,
 Symbol of the Grand Republic,
 Who so noble and so free?
 Thine the boundless fields of ether,
 Heaven's unfathom'd depths are thine;
 Far beyond our human vision,
 On thy vans the sunbeams shine.

Borne on iron-nerved pinion,
 Forth from Pole to Pole you sweep,
 O'er sea-islands, craggy mountains,
 O'er the blue and trackless deep.
 Now thy winnowing plumes o'ershadow
 Northern cliff and iceberg grim,
 Now o'er Southern, soft savannas,
 Thy unflagging pinions skim.

Him who feeds the hungry raven
 And the sea-bird of the rock
 Tempers the inclement breezes
 To the shorn and bleating flock—
 Leads thee o'er the waste of ocean,
 Guides o'er savage wild and wood,
 And from Nature's bounteous storehouse
 Feeds thy callow, clamorous brood.

O'er the mountains of Caucasus,
 Over Apennine and Alp,
 Over Rocky Mounts, Cordilleras,
 O'er the Andes' herbless scalp;

Far above their snowy summits,
 Where no living thing abides,
 HE that notes the falling sparrows
 Leads thee, watches thee, and guides.

Thou wingest where a tropic sky
 Bendeth its celestial dome,
 Where sparkling waters greet the eye,
 And gentlest breezes fan the foam;
 Where spicy breath from groves of palm,
 Laden with aromatic balm,
 Blows ever, mingled with perfume
 Of golden fruit and honey'd bloom.

Green shores adorn'd with tropic wood,
 Gay grottoes, island solitudes;
 Savannas where palmettoes screen
 The Indian's hut with living green;
 A land like visionary dreams,
 Delicious with its groves and streams,—
 Realms such as these behold thy sweep,
 Careering in the upper deep.

THE LITTLE BEACH SANDERLING.

(*Calidris arenaria.*)

BY the beach border, where the breeze
 Comes freighted from the briny seas,
 By sandy bar and weedy rock,
 I frequent meet thy roving flock;
 Now hovering o'er the bending sedge,
 Now gather'd at the ocean edge;
 Probing the sands for shrimps and shells,
 Or worms marine in hidden cells,
 A restless and inconstant band,
 Forever flitting o'er the sand.
 Sandpiper!—haunting every shore
 Where'er the waves of ocean roar;

Old voyagers that roam the deep
Tell that your dusky pinions sweep
O'er the remotest islands set
In ocean's emerald coronet.
Far where Siberian coasts extend,
Far where Australian borders trend,
Far up the icy Labrador,
Far where the Mexic billows pour,
Are seen thy pinions, roving bird !
Thy melancholy note is heard.

Years since—a wanderer—my way
Through Syria's desert regions lay;
Around me, far and wide the waste
Of desert limitless was trac'd;
Far off, the blue Judean hills
Threw up their purple pinnacles;
Far off, the Lebanon,
With all its stately cedars, shone;
And close at hand, with trampling feet,
The sea the yellow beach did beat.
And, pacing slow that distant strand,
My thoughts return'd to native land,
Sought like a bird the distant home
O'er twice a thousand leagues of foam;
When sudden the familiar cry
Of the small beach bird whistled by.
It was thy well-known pilgrim flock
That flits by native reef and rock,
And like a blessing did it cheer
My heart, and warble in my ear.

When Autumn lays his sultry hand
O'er all the glimmering, ribb'd sea-sand,
Then all the lengthen'd sea-coast rings
With voices, and is bright with wings;
Then every shell-strewn bay and cape
Each sunken reef the sea-weeds drape.
Each jutting headland, and each bar
Where the surf tumbles fast and far,
Is winnow'd by the pinions gray
Of sea-birds sporting o'er the spray.

The willet and the shrill curlew,
 The teal with his gay wings of blue,
 The golden plover and the gull,
 Are there, in tempest and in lull;
 But none so dear to eye and ear
 As thy soft plumes and pipings clear.

SQUIRRELS. (*Squirelus.*)

WHEN soft May breezes fan th' awaking woods,
 And with her fairy wand the blue-ey'd Spring
 Touches the swelling blossoms and the buds,
 Waving with warm caresses twig and spray,
 So dead and wither'd in their winter trance,
 Then from his secret hole in mossy wall
 Or hollow tree the striped squirrel peeps.
 Then comes the saucy chipmunk from his den
 To seek his food; he trips across the road,
 He skims the stony wall or wayside rail,
 Or, perch'd erect upon some swinging bough,
 Loud chatters to his mate in endless talk.
 High up each tree he clammers, now aloft
 Swinging on tapering branch that tops the wood,
 And now darts down the rough and gnarled boles,
 Or skips across the sward from tree to tree,
 Then oft the gunner comes with dire intent,
 Or idle schoolboy in his holiday.

As fades the year and falls the shivering leaf
 Forth come the village maidens to the wood,
 To gather the blue grapes that load the vine
 And dropping nuts that strew the forest floor.
 Then frequent on the naked boughs is seen
 The nimble squirrels. Now erect he sits
 With plummy, bushy tail and uprais'd paws,
 Seeking the nutty spoil; anon he leaps
 From branch to branch, the gunner's easy prey.

Far in the West, where Illinois' great stream
 Flows thro' the prairies islanded with groves,
 The sleek black squirrels build their lofty nests,

And the fox-squirrel, noblest of his race,
 Feeds on the bounteous mast that strews the ground;
 At edge of corn-field, on some pasture-oak
 Or towering chestnut, he delights to build,
 And fills his granary with ivory nuts
 And golden wheat and juicy Indian-corn.

RABBIT. (*Lepus Americanus.*)

'TIS a fair haunt, a lovely scene
 With vale and stream and woods between!
 Yonder across the upland hill
 The snowy sheep-flocks browse at will,
 The cattle thro' the meadows sweep
 Where springs the clover, fetlock deep,
 The scented fields in swaths are laid
 By the swart mower with his blade,
 While up the winding dusty road
 Creaks the big hay-team with its load;
 While mingled notes of toil and play
 Rejoice the night and charm the day.

The craggy woodpaths all around,
 And thickets, with the hare abound;
 Beneath some tussock close and warm
 It makes its leafy-shelter'd form,
 Or 'neath a hollow tree or heap
 Of stone-wall where the ivies creep,
 And there when yelping dogs pursue
 It, skulking, hideth, lost to view.
 Secure from hound and hunter's greed,
 At night it ventures forth to feed,
 Nibbling the buds and grasses sweet
 That cluster round its home-retreat,
 Or feeds on berries that afford
 A honey'd, an ambrosial hoard.

When e'er the evening shades pervade
 The tangled copse and dusky glade,
 The voices of the solemn night
 Harmonious swell as fades the light.

The cawing crows, slow winging home,
 Sound hoarsely in the falling gloom;
 The cooing of the blue wood-dove
 With plaintive wail pervades the grove;
 The russet thrush its soul of song
 Pours out melodious sweet and long;
 The fern-owls through the shadows wheel,
 The white moths from their coverts steal;
 The rabbit then, when all is still,
 Limp from his warren on the hill
 To crop the clover of the ground,
 Fearless of gun and cruel hound.

Then thro' the long moonlighted night
 It gambols in the ghostly light,
 Brushing the dews from shrub and grass
 As round in circling wheels they pass,
 Printing the turf as if a band
 Of fays had come from fairy-land.

RUFFED GROUSE—PARTRIDGE. (*Tetrao umbellus.*)

WHERE greenwood shadows shift and swim,
 As in cathedral arches dim,
 Casting a weird and solemn shade
 Thro' the primeval forest-glade,
 While here and there a sunny beam
 Thro' canopy and vault doth stream,
 Illuminating with its glow
 The checker'd turf that spreads below,—
 There the shy partridge loves to brood,
 Deep in the shelter of the wood.

High soars a patriarchal oak,
 Its umbrage scath'd by lightning-stroke,
 Upon whose topmost bough doth dwell
 An eagle, monarch of the dell,
 O'erlooking from his eyrie grand
 The wide expanse of forest land;
 Now rising high in air to sweep
 In circling rings the upper deep,

Now pois'd and balanc'd in mid-space,
As resting from his airy chase;
Now sweeping downward on its way
As pirate bark swoops on its prey.

Yonder a chestnut grove is seen
Waving its royal flags of green;
A lovely spot, a cool retreat,
Where shade and silence love to meet,
But in the mellow autumn-time
(When brisk October breezes chime,
When fruits are ripe, and leaves are red),
Vocal with music, loud with tread,
For there the village children haste
The chestnuts, brown and crisp, to taste,
And there the partridge loves to bring
Her young when evening folds its wing.

In rocky regions, where the pine
And spruce and hemlock interwine,
Forming an overhanging roof
Against the rain and sunbeam proof,
So dense that scarce a ray may pour
Across the dark and russet floor,
There doth the speckled partridge come
In dim recess to make a home,
To sound the drum or forth to lead
The young, on berries ripe to feed,
Prompt on affrighted wing to break
When foes the tangled thickets shake.

They love the lofty, breezy height,
The hillside with its sunshine bright,
The long, mountainous range of hills
Where bubble forth the crystal rills,
Where oak and laurel interwine,
And shakes its plummy crest the pine;
And there they love to lurk and feed
On fallen mast and dropping seed;
And there the red luxurious fare
Of melting strawberries they share,
The partridge-berries' scarlet fruit,
The blue-berry's o'erladen shoot,

And spicy bud and purple grape,
Where vines the sunny hillside drape.

When bleak November hoar-frosts creep
Along the mountain-ranges steep,
They speed before the rising gale
To seek some warm, sequester'd vale,
And there where stood the harvest sheaves
They feed at will in morn and eves,
Gleaning the grains so honey-sweet
Of oat and barley, and buckwheat,
Secure by day in tussocks green,
At night in sombre evergreen.

PINNATED GROUSE. (*Tetrao Cupido.*)

WHEN winter o'er the prairie throws
Its mantle of the drifted snows,
The grouse-packs o'er the landscape white
In the collected flock unite.

On rail and naked woods they brood,
Denied the prairie's generous food:
So then the fowler seeks in vain
To harass them with leaden rain.
But when the budding Spring returns,
To scatter from her brimming urns
Her quickening light, her rosy hues,
Her softly falling showers and dews;
When twig and branch in living bloom
Their vernal loveliness resume,
And soft buds on each tender spray
Blossom, and leaves their palms display.
Then the great grouse-flocks separate,
Each pairing with some chosen mate.

When August and September days
Flush the broad prairies with their blaze,
The young broods, now matur'd, expand
Their wings and flutter o'er the land,
Feeding in corn-fields and in grain,
At mid-day hidden o'er the plain,—
Then sudden smoke and pealing gun,
Tell that the sportsman's joy's begun.

WILD PIGEON. (*Columba livia.*)

THE autumn day is fleck'd with gold,
 As slow the twilight sun declines;
 The western cloud's encrimson'd fold
 With a surpassing beauty shines;
 And as the deep'ning shadows creep
 Athwart the glimmering landscape's breast,
 And o'er the purpling mountains sweep,
 The drowsy breezes sink to rest.
 The roe buck to his dingle goes,
 Where thick the wood its covert throws;
 The red stag that had paus'd to drink
 Beside the rivulet's plashy brink,
 Exhausted flings his dappled side
 Along the clear, pellucid tide.

'Tis then the pigeous seek the wood
 To roost, a swarming multitude.

Deep in Wisconsin wilderness,
 Or forests vast of Michigan,
 The bending boughs their bosoms press,
 The air their clanging pinions fan.
 So great their numbers, hunters say
 They bend the bough and break the spray,
 And when their frighten'd myriads rise,
 'Tis like the thunder of the skies.

Years since in forests of the East
 They gather'd to the harvest feast;
 They swarm'd by river and by shore,
 In vast flocks flew the pastures o'er;
 They swept innumerable the plain,
 Gleaning the corn-seed and the grain;
 Then, winging to some grove their flight,
 Sought roosting-places for the night.

When emigration to the West
 In eager emulation press'd,
 And axe and plough and farmer's toil
 Open'd the treasures of new soil;

And million acres of the wheat
 Ripen'd in summer's fervid heat,
 And bearded rye and yellow corn
 Shook their bright tresses in the morn;
 Then to those fields and pastures new
 These emigrants on pinions flew.

When June with rose-red cheeks aglow
 O'er banks wild strawberries doth strew;
 When August on the sunny hills
 With sweets the luscious blueberry fills,
 And o'er the heated pasture pours
 The blackberries in honey'd stores,
 And ripens on the swinging vine
 The grapes, like amethysts that shine,—
 Then to this ripe, abundant fare,
 So sweet, the pigeon-flocks repair,
 Sharing the never-cloying feast
 Our Maker offers to the guest.

SEA-GULL.

SEA-BIRD, skimmer of the waves,
 Whither doth thy journey tend?
 Is it to some southern shore,
 Where the meadow-rushes bend,
 Where the orange-blossoms blow,
 Where the aloe and the palm
 Flourish, and magnolias glow,
 Filling all the air with balm?

Rather is thy pilgrim wing
 Fleeting to some northern bar,
 Where the rocky reef juts out,
 And the sand-beach stretches far?
 There in hot and silvery sand
 All thy pearly eggs to lay,
 There to teach thy little brood
 O'er the tumbling surf to play.

Haply sailing o'er the brine,
 Painted 'gainst a lurid sky,
 On the gray horizon's verge
 Thou dost even now descry
 Some lone bark with shatter'd mast,
 Bulwarks swept, and ragged sail,
 Fighting with the ocean-blast,
 Lost in shipwreck and in gale.

Restless, roving, lonely bird,
 Wanderer of the pathless seas,
 Now where tropic woods are stirr'd,
 Now where floating icebergs freeze;
 Seldom doth the solid shore
 See thy wings expand no more.

THE DEATH OF THE LAST ENGLISH SPARROW.

(*Passer domesticus.*)

THE song-birds rejoice in valley and wood,
 For the sparrows have gone, that pestilent brood;
 The meadow-lark warbles his pæans of praise,
 Robin-redbreast is sweet with his jubilant lays.

The blue-birds that perch on the old garden gate
 And the little brown wrens now with joy are elate,
 The blackbirds with musical chatter declare,
 As their hovering pinions circle in air,

That the fierce, fighting sparrows no longer molest,
 To sting with their bills or harrow the nest;
 And no longer in orchard or green forest glade
 Will the haunts of the innocent warblers invade.

The cat-birds that lurk where the thickets are dim,
 The martins that round the barn gables now skim;
 The swallows that feed on the insects of air,
 The humming-birds brilliant as emeralds rare;

The oriole splendid with purple and gold,
The bright little yellow-birds, fair to behold;
The gay bobolink, whose minstrelsy flows
Like the bubbling brook thro' the meadow that goes;

The brown thrush, that hermit of deep solitudes,
The lone chickadee that chirps in the woods;—
All these native harpists, a musical band,
Rejoice that the sparrow is dead in the land!

These foreign invaders all scorn'd a fat slug,—
Scorn'd army worm, Hessian-fly, forest-moth, bug;
Would not feast on the insects that poison the fruit,
That strip the green leaves which garland the shoot.

But stain'd are their bills with the blood of the grape
Whose clusters of nectar the trellises drape;
They feed on the strawberries, luscious and red,
And on all of the sweets of the garden are fed;

On the round ruddy globes of the peach-tree, that fills
With fragrance the air as the honey distils;
On the brown juicy pears that burst as they fall,
On the sweet purple plums that droop o'er the wall;

On the cherries ambrosial, whose clustering gems
Clasp and crown the light twigs with rare diadems.
But now since the sparrows have met with their doom,
The harvests may flourish, the gardens may bloom.

Yes! now the broad acres of ripening grain
May brighten in sunshine and freshen in rain;
The fruits of the orchard their treasures may store,
The song-birds may warble as ever of yore,
For the sparrows will rob and molest never more.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN BARNEGAT BAY.

NOVEMBER with its rosy light,
 November with its frosty night,
 November that hath stript the woods
 Far up in Northern solitudes, —
 November, sharp November's here,
 With its clear, crystal atmosphere.

The breeze is fresh upon the bay,
 The white caps o'er the billows play;
 The east wind bloweth from the seas
 A brisk, invigorating breeze.
 From distant shore, remotest rock,
 Comes down the migratory flock.
 From Baffin's Bay, from Labrador,
 From Canada, those legions pour,
 From where the stormy waters break
 Along the vast Superior Lake,
 From Winnepeg and Lake of Woods,
 From Saginaw's transparent floods,
 From Hudson Bay's remotest isles,
 From where the Manitoba smiles,
 They come, the winged armies come,
 To seek in gentler climes a home.

Hark! hark! When evening's dusky gloom
 Prevails, and twinkling stars illumine,
 And new moon curv'd like Indian bow,
 Sails up the skies serene and slow,
 Then fast upon the breeze of night,
 Loud honking, come the wild-geese flight,
 Slow circling o'er the sleeping bay
 In lengthen'd file or close array;
 They hover ere they sink to rest,
 Wing-weary, on the water's breast.

On muddy flat by marshy sedge,
 In shallows at the channel-edge,
 The wild-ducks from the North and East
 Innumerable gather to the feast.
 Oh! far and fast their flight hath been,
 From distant stream and marshes green,

Where since the springtime's earliest days
They've linger'd, their young broods to raise,
And now the gusty north winds pour
Their winnowing pinions to our shore.

The shy black-duck voracious feeds
On the long duck-grass with its seeds,
And, as he plumes his dusky wing,
Suspicious glances round doth fling,—
He scents his foeman in the air.
A flashing oar-blade's sudden glare,
A crackling reed, a bending grass,
Alarm them, and away they pass.
With one quick spring they upward dart,
And like an arrow-flight depart.

The whistling widgeon, from their flight
Afar, in countless flocks alight.
They skim the flats, they skirt the shore,
They shyly view the landscape o'er,
Ere on the feeding-grounds they stoop
In broken file or muster'd group;
And when the day is dark with rain,
And shrill the piping winds complain,
Their restless flocks flit to and fro,—
Now soaring high, now pitching low.

The canvas-backs from northern coast,
And red-heads, an unnumber'd host,
In watery pastures to repose
Hasten, their flagging wings to close.
The gray duck and the dipper come,
The brant-geese from the ocean-foam,
The brilliant mallard, and the teal
With eye of light and wing of steel,
All gather in the autumn day
To haunt the waters of the bay.

Hid in the sedge-grass of the shore,
The fowlers their thick ranks explore,
They anchor their decoys and wait,
Impatient, yet with joy elate;
They pour the volleying shot like rain,
And joyful number up the slain.

MY PARKER GUN.

WHEN the dew is on the grass, and the corn-leaves, thin and
 white,
 Are rustling, are tinkling, in October's dawning light;
 When the filmy mists from river, from thicket, and from wood
 In silvery wreaths are rising over meadow, over flood,
 Then I follow hard the quail, the speckled, piping quail,—
 Thro' stubble of the oat-field, thro' wheat-field of the vale,
 With my trusty Parker gun.

When the wind is on the bay, and November breezes play
 O'er the marshes, o'er the shallows, o'er the sandbars and the
 spray;
 When the wild-geese flocks are passing and the hovering brant
 are massing,
 And the bluebills and black-duck are multitudes surpassing—
 When the canvas-backs, the red-heads, the mallards, and the teal
 In great flocks are circling, as o'er the wave they wheel,
 Then I seize my Parker gun.

When the midday August heats, in shady swamp retreats,
 O'er alders of the rivulet with sultry fervor beat;
 When thro' the bowery shades scarce a sunbeam bright pervades,
 And the startled woodcock breaks thro' the thick-entangled glades,
 Then my Parker gun resounds.

When September breezes pass o'er the waving, billowy grass;
 O'er the herbage of the prairies, o'er the far-extended plain;
 When the speckled grouse-flocks spring on the upward soaring
 wing,
 O'er the uplands, o'er the woodlands, and the stubbles of the grain,
 Re-echoes then my gun.

When the summer breezes play, o'er the twinkling open bay,
 O'er the shallows, o'er the coves, o'er the sand-spits of the shore,
 When the snipe-flocks are speeding, and the jack-curlews are
 feeding,
 And yellow-shanks and brant-birds in airy circles soar,
 Then I ply my Parker gun.

And when the green-back plover, over plains of Montauk
 hover,
 And gray-backs and black-breasts are speeding on their way,
 Then I set my wood decoys, and the volleying flame destroys
 The frighten'd flock, the bleeding flock, that o'er my covert
 sways,
 When I raise my Parker gun.

And ah! what joy I take, where the ocean billows break
 O'er the islets, o'er the bars of the green Virginian land,
 When the crispy yellow sedge at the water's rippling edge
 Is alive with duck and snipe, and I eager grasp in hand
 My beloved Parker gun!

WOOD-DUCK. (*Anas sponsa*.)

IN May-time, when the lilac-plumes
 Droop from the branch their purple blooms;
 When chestnuts clap their leafy hands,
 And every bud with joy expands;
 When in the moist, sequester'd nooks
 Of woods is heard the call of brooks,
 The wood-duck builds its downy nest,
 Secure from prowling schoolboy's quest.

The swampy, shallow creeks they haunt,
 Where thick woods o'er the waters slant,
 Whose interlacing branches make
 A dusky evening in the brake;
 And there their little nests are made
 In hollow mossy log decay'd,
 Or where the woodpecker had bored
 The crumbling bark to hide his hoard,
 Fast by the stream whose ripples beat
 The tree-roots of their close retreat.

Most beauteous of all the race
 That skim the wave or soar in space,
 With plumage fairer than the rays
 The bird-of-paradise displays,

A mottled purple gloss'd with green,
 All colors in the rainbow seen;
 No tropic bird of Indian skies
 May rival thy imperial dyes.

Least wary of all fowl that wing
 O'er salty bay or inland spring,
 They haunt the pond whose reedy shore
 Extendeth by the farmer's door,
 Or rivulet whose waters trill
 Their melodies below the mill;
 And here the ambush'd gunner lies
 To gather in his lovely prize.

Fair are thy haunts, O bird that glows
 With hues of violet and rose,—
 By lakelet, by transparent stream,
 Fair as the landscape of a dream,
 Fair with the drooping groves that throw
 Their shadows o'er the current's flow;
 Fair with the bordering slopes that lave
 Their grasses in the crystal wave,—
 The crystal wave reflecting back
 The sky-cloud drifting on its track,
 Where morn and eve enfold their wing
 Celestial, and the bluebirds sing.

SUMMER WOODCOCK-SHOOTING. (*Scolopax minor.*)

THE July noonday swoons with heat,
 Yet pleasant is the wood's retreat,
 For there the drooping branches spread
 A checker'd umbrage overhead.

Where scarce the sun-spears, quivering bright,
 May pierce the foliage with their light,
 Ah! there so shadowy sleeps the wood
 Where hermit woodcock seek their food,

(Piercing with bill the oozy edge
 Of stream where bends the water-sedge),
 That well the gunner may invade
 The cool recesses of the shade,

The alders there weave densest screen,
The willows lift their shields of green;
The woodbine twines its glossy crown,
The grapevine drops its garlands down.

There coppice thick and thicket dense,
That hem the brook with thorny fence,
Unite their verdurous shades to greet,
In woodcock haunts, the sportsman's feet.

Turn, gunner, then from harvest vale,
From wheat-fields haunted by the quail,
For not yet may the gun molest
The bevvies of the quail in nest.

Spare thou those russet-plumag'd flocks,
Till ripen'd corn is heap'd in shocks,
And all the sumptuous golden grain
Is garner'd from the harvest plain.

For then, in sharp October days,
The quail-flock through the stubble strays;
And pealing shot and smoking gun
Will boast of ample triumphs won.

But rather seek the plashy swale,
Low in the moist and boggy vale,
Or pass thro' bushy swamps that hide
With briery hedge the brooklet side.

These shy, secluded birds all day
In cool, thick-shaded haunts delay;
But when the woods at eve are dim
To open feeding-grounds they skim.

They bore for larvæ in the soil,
Or marsh-worms, with a greedy toil;
Loving in springtime to arise
In spiral circles to the skies;
But ever 'tis a welcome mark
In open glade or woodland dark.

THE DEER PASS.

(Suggested by a Painting by Landseer.)

THERE hangs a noble picture on my wall,
 A matchless landscape of the Scottish land,
 A Landseer poem of the mountain-range!
 A stream, now crystal-clear, now halcyon-calm,
 Leaps madly, rushing down the ravines dark,
 'Mid boulders of the splinter'd granite rock,
 Foaming and flashing on its stormy way.

In foreground of the picture stands a group
 Of the red deer that haunt the Scottish hills;
 A stately stag, with branching antlers crown'd,
 With ears erect, as looking for his foes,
 And round him flocks of browsing brindled does,
 And their shy fawns of graceful, slender limb;
 With their small heads erect, as if they caught
 Some taint of danger poisoning all the air.

These stand on ample plateau of the cliffs,
 Where sight may all the dim horizon scan,
 The verdant valleys and the heathery downs,
 The gray old castles and baronial halls,
 And plains with farms and villas overspread,
 So that no daring mountaineer might climb
 The rugged fastnesses and 'scape their view;
 Nor unseen might the chieftain of these hills,
 With all his tartan'd, kilted clansmen come
 With rifle and with hound to work them harm.

Beneath that foremost group, a darkling tarn,[!]
 A rock-girt pool of inky water spreads,
 O'er which no clump of gloomy fir-trees rise,
 But only the lush ferns, by autumn touch'd,
 And moss and heath embroider the low marge.
 In rear, a winding road of beaten track
 Runs up the hills, where, scatter'd, cropping herds
 Wander at will; here half hid 'mid the crags,
 Here full in view, reclin'd upon the turf.

In the far distance, soaring high in air,
 The beetling summits of the mountains sweep,

Half hid, half seen amid the floating clouds
 And misty vapors of the empty air.
 'Tis a grand scene, majestic and sublime!
 Worthy the painter's brush, the poet's pen;
 A vast assemblage of high-soaring peaks,
 Granitic slopes, and dark defiles and dells,
 And falling torrents, glistening in the light;
 Roam'd by the graceful deer-herds of the wilds.

WATCHING FOR DEER.

OUT in the woodlands all alone,
 Out in the forests dim and drear,
 I lay with rifle at my side,
 In earnest watching for the deer.
 I seem'd like sentinel of the war
 On distant outpost for vigil plac'd,
 Guarding the dangerous picket-ground,
 As to and fro on my beat I pac'd.
 How intent I mark'd the hostile camp,
 The flash of steel in the order'd line,
 The gallop of horsemen on the march,
 The gleam where the big brass cannon shine!

E'en so, through the long arcades of woods,
 Through the column'd ranks of giant trees,
 Through tangled thicket of bramble and weed,
 My glance every moving object sees.
 I see the rabbit leap through the glade,
 The squirrel clamber the gnarled oak,
 The speckled partridge lead forth her brood,
 The eagle sail o'er with pinion-stroke;
 But still no form of the dappled doe,
 No branching antler of noble stag,
 Were seen in the vast expanse of woods,
 O'er grassy slope or rocky crag,
 All still and solemn as lonely grave;
 No rustling stir of the leaves in air;
 All nature seem'd in a drowsy swoon,—
 No life-throb, no pulsation there!

The sluggish river that wander'd by
Slipt noiseless, voiceless, on its way;
No ripple of laughter in its course,
No prattle of merriment gay;
It seem'd as if alone in the world,
Aloof from human kind I stood,
With naught above but the silent skies,
Naught around but the lonesome wood.

Then methought a feeble and fitful sound
Came wafted along the fields of air,
A whisper-like moan of the distant surf,
Or sigh through the grass of uplands bare.
Is it the cry of the hunting pack?
Is it the clamorous yelp of the hounds?
Yes, for I see them in far-off glade,
I see them burst through brier and vine;
I see them dash through the shallow stream,
Now group'd together, now rang'd in line.
Fast through the forest, fast they speed,
Fast by the herbless and treeless waste;
Onward, remorseless as cruel death,
Onward they press in tireless haste.
And there at their head, at brief advance,
I see a stately stag in career,—
A stag that bounds, that struggles for life,
The proud, the hunted, the frantic deer.
Nearer, yet nearer the quarry comes,
Panting, exhausted, well-nigh spent;
And ere my levell'd and deadly tube
Its leaden message had surely sent,
The poor, tir'd creature's dying sigh
Was heard, and the hound's exultant cry.

REINDEER. (*Cervus tarandus.*)

FAR spread thy bleak, inclement solitudes,
 O Lapland! girdled in by icy seas,
 And fring'd by icebergs and the crystal floes,—
 Floes all adrift in flow and ebb of tides,
 Grinding o'er rocks and sands that skirt the shore.

In lapland realms run mountainous defiles,
 Peak, pinnacle, and cliff, and gulches grand—
 A bleak and barren, desolate expanse,
 Seam'd with black ridges, with white torrents swept,
 And in the winter-times untrod by man.

Here dwell the herdsmen all the summer-time,
 Here rear their log-built cottages and huts,
 And make their homes along the mountain-slopes,
 And lead a social and a cheerful life;
 But when the winter threatens, they migrate,
 With all their flocks and herds, to milder climes.

Herding their thousand reindeer in the plains,
 More frightful far are all these dreary wastes,
 Than those wild mountain-slopes and rugged crags,
 For here stretch savage roads and barren plains,
 Trees without fruit, and pastures verdureless!
 Far as the eye may reach can naught be seen
 But sterile fields; no landscapes flowery,
 No springing grass, no harvests of the grain.
 Here the white mosses o'er the acres spread,—
 Moss white as snow and ghastly to behold.
 Yet bounteous nature yields this precious food,—
 The sole, poor food the reindeer herds may crop.
 Thick, dark around the gloomy forests bend,
 Shrouded with blacken'd moss in hideous gloom;
 Dark, trailing mosses, like funereal flags
 That droop their festoons in cathedral aisles.

All summer long the gadfly and the gnat
 Torment the herds that browse the mossy plain;
 But when the winter kills those insect pests,
 And herdsmen fill the valleys with their herds,

His pallid moss, so grievous to the sight,
 Seems to the Laplander a treasure rich,
 His only harvest, for it feeds his flocks,
 And is to him the choicest boon of earth.
 While it o'erspreads his endless dreary moor
 He envies not the verdure and the bloom
 Of southern landscapes with their fruitful wealth.
 Clad in his deerskin garb, he drives his herds,
 Fearless and careless, o'er the desert space,
 Asking no fare luxurious, but content
 With the pure milk and smoke-dried flesh they yield.

Ah, who so happy as the Laplander!
 When the glaz'd snow is crusted with clear ice,
 And far and fast for many a lengthen'd league,
 Warm in his sledge, he urges on his team.
 Swift as a courser in the race-course field,
 Swift as a war-horse in the shock of arms,
 The flying reindeer skims along the plain,
 And skirts the gloomy wood in matchless speed.

HAUNTS OF THE ASIATIC LEOPARD AND PAN-
 THER. (*Felis Leopardus*.)

IN India's realm, where nature's affluent hand
 Pours from her urn rich treasures o'er the land,
 The dark-hued Indian drowsily reclines
 By shadow'd stream, beneath luxuriant vines;
 Doom'd to light toil where thick the honey'd fruit
 Invites his taste from many a burden'd shoot;
 Where the banana and the orange pour
 Around his way their free and bounteous store;
 Where the rough cactus yields its juicy pear,
 And ripe pineapples perfume all the air.

'Tis a fair land, where plants of matchless dyes
 Paint all the soil, as rainbows flush the skies;
 A solemn land, where forests rise sublime,
 In whose green depths soft fall the steps of Time!
 Enchanted land, whose mountain summits glow
 With the white lustre of eternal snow;

A realm in whose grand wilderness abound
The great wild creatures of the forest-ground.

How fair those groves, how clear the bubbling streams
In Asiatic realms where Ganges gleams,
And thro' savannas murmuringly glides,
Until it mingles with the Bengal tides!
Behold! far down the mountain solitudes,
Beneath the line of snow, the bending woods,
Kiss'd by the sunbeam, all their colors blend,
While far away the verdurous plains extend.
Enchanting pictures of commingled bloom
Burst on the vision—spice-wood lends perfume,
Citron and orange glisten on the shoot,
The brown pomegranate drops its lucious fruit,
Luxuriant vines swing high the purpling grape,
And loftiest trees with graceful festoons drape,
'Tis a fair scene where Peace drops down to rest,
Folds, like a bird, her pinions o'er her breast;
Where all the glimmering shades at hour of eve
Their filmy veils and vapors interweave.

There the strip'd tiger has his chosen home,
And there the tawny, savage panthers roam,—
Panthers more fierce than tigers gaunt and grim,
Or leopards perilous to life and limb,
More valorous in charges, more fierce to meet
Than all the prowlers of the wood's retreat.
While over all the Central India's space
The panther lurks for man, the leopard race
Stealthy and noiseless creep thro' rocky pass
And lie conceal'd in tangle of the grass;
Then, springing agile from some branching spray,
They strike the victim and secure the prey.
There where the jungle-swamps the lagoons drape
They seize the monkey tribes, the gibbering ape.
The sand-grouse first seek out that forest lake,
There speckled pea-fowl haste their thirst to slake,
There spotted deer and antelope and bear
Gather at midnight in that darkling lair,
And soon the leopard and the panther brood
Share the gorg'd feast and revel in the blood.

THE HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

IN the dusk and hush of the woods,
 Far away from the haunts of men,
 Now o'er the steep mountain-slopes,
 Now deep in some darkling glen,
 I rove, and I pitch my camp,
 Alone in the wilderness,
 Where ne'er human voices may curse,
 Or human lips may bless.

My home is a wide, humble place
 Without façade or column or dome,
 No sumptuous hall to invite,
 No marble palatial home;
 No gilded and groin'd lofty roof,
 No walls resplendent with art;
 No sculptures, no paintings renown'd,
 So dear to the proud human heart.

My home is at base of a rock,
 With the wild vines and mosses o'ergrown,
 O'er which an imperial oak
 Its shelter majestic hath thrown.
 A pure, merry brook runneth by,
 It prattles and talks to me long;
 It gives me cool nectar to taste,
 And it charms with perpetual song.
 Sweet twigs of the cedar my couch,
 My roof is of willow and reed,
 And the bark of the birch-tree my wall,
 And no better protection I need.

I am free as the breezes of air,
 I roam o'er the mountains at will,
 In the depths of the forest I plunge
 And scale the bald cliffs of the hill.

I follow the tracks of the deer,
 The panther I seek in his lair,
 And I dare in his cavernous haunt
 The tusks and the claws of the bear.
 My iron-tooth'd snap-traps I set
 For the beaver, the otter, and mink,
 By the shore of the forest-fring'd lake,
 Or fast by the rivulet's brink.
 I know not a sorrow or care,
 Remorse or regret or despair;
 I rejoice in the vigor of health,
 And pine not for honors or wealth.

REVISITING IN FANCY THE GROUSE-SHOOTING
 PLAINS OF ILLINOIS AFTER THIRTY YEARS'
 ABSENCE.

O'ER prairies green of Illinois,
 O'er pastures measureless, I tread;
 A flowery garden all around,
 An azure firmament o'erhead;
 No tufted grove, no woodland wide
 Within the circuit of the plain,
 Only a billowy, grassy slope,
 Like rolling hillocks of the main.
 These are the same fair scenes I knew
 More than a score of years ago;
 These the same grassy meadows spread,
 These the same flowers that used to blow;
 But all how changed!—the pastoral scene,
 These peopled spaces all seem new,
 For farm and villa crowd the waste,
 And cities flash upon the view.
 The songbirds sing in orchard tree,
 The blackbirds swell their tuneful trill,
 The meadow lark delights the plain,
 The bluebird chants on wooded hill;
 But ah! the speckled grouse forsake
 The stubble-field, the corn-field's edge;
 No more the mottled flocks abound

O'er open waste, by wayside hedge;
 I may not rouse them, as of old,
 Across the broad and boundless plain,
 Feeding where harvest wheat-fields spread,
 Where wav'd the golden shocks of grain.

Where stretch'd in olden days gone by
 The prairie's limitless expanse;
 Where swept, o'er flowery meads, the breeze,
 Rejoicing in the sunbeam's glance,
 I see new villages extend,
 Villa and town, and rural grange,
 The fresh turf broken by the plough,
 The old-time landscape new and strange;
 The peaceful coverts of the game.
 Of grouse, of woodcock, of the quail,
 Invaded, where the poacher's net
 And ploughboy's lawless guns prevail.

The emigrants from foreign lands
 Have here with white-topp'd wagons come,
 Forsaking the ancestral roof
 To find on virgin soil a home;
 And here like swarming bees they pour,
 They fell the wood, they sow the plain,
 And the wild forest deer and grouse
 Affrighted flee from their domain.

Well I recall those blissful days,
 The joyous days long since I pass'd,—
 The crimson morns, the dewy eyes,
 Too sweet, too glorious to last,—
 When by Fox River's crystal tide
 I sought the duck, I slew the quail;
 When by Rock River's grassy edge,
 O'er prairie plain, o'er verdurous vale,
 I follow'd the brown quarry's flight,
 Seeking in upland and in dale
 The sportsman's pastime and delight.

Then few and far the villages
 Sprinkled along the rushing tide,
 Batavia and Geneva's street,
 And Elgin, now watchmaker's pride;

And by thy green, romantic shore,
 O swift Rock River, well I knew
 The little hamlet, Oregon,
 And youthful Dixon, fair to view;
 But now they tell that peopled town
 And crowded cities line the shore,
 And art and luxuries abound
 Where solitude had reign'd before;
 Yet, ah! this flow of busy life
 Hath swept the shore and scour'd the plain,
 And the wild game hath fled away
 From prairie-land and harvest-grain.

LAKE TAHOE, COLORADO.

THE day is done, the sunset fires grow pale
 Behind the lone Sierras, but the light still glows
 In pine-clad promontory, wooded cape;
 The nearest mountain peaks grow rosy-red,
 And red the far-off heights where snow-drifts rest
 Rich tints of orange stain this lovely lake,
 Where it lies still and solemn by its shores
 Under the shadow of its stately pines.

The sunset has pass'd through each state of bloom
 Through every pomp and rioting of hue,
 Through all the ecstasy of rich coloring,
 Into a dreamy rest, till over all
 Succeeds the deep solemnity of night;
 And when the moon wheels up the heavenly dome,
 Silence prevails, save when the wild-beast cries
 Awake the slumber of the woods around.

When all these jewell'd peaks grow wan and cold
 The flickering blaze of the red forest-fires
 Glitters and flashes on the craggy rifts
 Where miners toil and smelting-flames gleam out
 Each granite slope, each chasm and ravine,
 Flames redly out, as if a swarthy smith
 Beat his great anvil by the smithy forge.
 Grim, greedy men have come into these hills

To seek the hidden treasures of the earth,
 To search in sandy placers and in gulch
 For gold inlaid in crevices of rock,
 Hid since creation's day; they sift the soil,
 The precious yellow metal to secure;
 And in the quarried shaft to find the ore.
 And yet this lovely lake lies placid still
 As when, years since, the Indian pitch'd his lodge
 And the lone trapper roam'd the wilderness,
 Ere came for gold the mining multitudes.

A fair land this, of flowery vale and slope,
 With all the ecstasy of hue inlaid;
 Deep fairy dells where gelid streamlets run,
 Far-spreading plains where grassy pastures wave,
 Brows'd by the cropping elk and bounding deer;
 A land enrich'd with winding rivers bright,
 Gemm'd with fair lakes of crystal purity.
 Here blows the fresh elixir air of life,
 Through branching wood and forest recesses;
 Here bend the silvery birch and spiring fir,
 The quivering aspen and the cotton-wood,
 The regal pine, with yellow lichens clasp'd
 Through which the crested jay and pigeons dart,
 And the red dragon-flies like arrows glance.
 A solemn land, with mountain-ridges seam'd;
 With cañons dim with pines and cold with snows,
 Now dark with shadows, and now bright with light,
 Now kiss'd by brook, now swept by waterfall;
 Where on this earth such paradise of green,
 And where such grand, majestic mountain-range?

HUNTING THE GREAT ELK IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

AN open forest stretches far and wide,
 In whose dim lanes and vistas could be seen
 A verdurous plain with all its billowy slopes;
 While from its utmost verge the blue hills rose,
 And far in distance rang'd granitic mounts,
 Seeming to float in air above the clouds.

Here on expanses of the table-lands
 The hunter mov'd—no hut or human dwelling near;
 No circling boundaries save mountain-tops,
 No fences save the trunks of fallen trees,
 No paths save those of elephant and elk;
 And here a river runs in whose deep pools
 And tortuous course the Great Elk makes his stand;
 Here, too, the hunter, arm'd with spear and knife,
 Comes far afoot for leopard, elk, and boar,—
 Comes with his foxhound and his bloodhound pack,
 Comes all afoot, for o'er these boggy plains
 No horse may pass, to penetrate the swamps,
 The jungle-thickets, with their tangled brakes
 Sown with lianas and the cactus-thorn.

Thro' these green glades, beneath the drooping trees,
 So like a princely park, the wild game rove;
 Rove o'er wide downs, with densest jungles sown,
 Rove thro' tall lemon-grass, their favorite haunts.
 Here spotted-deer, the mouse-deer and the red,
 The brindled leopard and the bristly boar;
 The snipe, the partridge, and the gay pea-fowl,
 Hold their wild homes, but noblest of the game
 The big elk challenges the yelping hound
 And dares the hunter in the desperate chase.

The hunter, arm'd with boar-spear and the knife,
 Goes forth at early morning with his pack
 To seek the elk; he tireless tramps o'er hills,
 Thro' valleys and the thick-entangled woods,
 Unleashing hounds and listening for their cries.
 At last he hears them! No, 'twas but a bird;
 Again! No, 'tis but a torrent's hollow roar!
 Again! Yes, 'tis the chorus of the hounds
 As they surround a great buck elk at bay,—
 At bay in pool form'd by the river's flow.
 Now with a plunge he charges at the pack,
 And with sharp forefeet strikes them 'neath the wave;
 They rising quick hear their brave master's shout,
 Who springs into the stream and cheers them on.
 Again, again, the elk-charge! Ah! beware,
 Ye daring hunters, gallant men, fierce hounds!

Now down the river swims the dauntless elk,
 Gallops o'er shallows, swims the deepest pools,
 Dashes down rapids, leaps obstructing rocks,
 While rage the hounds and roars the torrent-tide.
 And still the fearless hunter cheers them on.
 Again the elk at bay! a noble sight!
 With wide-spread nostrils and with bristling mane,
 Eyes all aflame, he long defies his foes;
 At length the hounds prevail—the master's knife
 Descends amain and the brave creature dies.

OCTOBER.

IT is October, and the glory of the year
 Is in the skies and on the woods extended far and near;
 It glows in burnish'd clouds, it flushes all the air;
 It lies in hollow vales, in uplands brown and bare.

The tufted groves have lost their bright midsummer green,
 And now a softer russet-flush creeps o'er the woodland scene;
 O'er distant purple hills there floats a gauzy veil,
 A silver vapor hovers o'er the river in the vale.

The orchard trees all glisten with globes of yellow gold,
 That bend the bough and strew the earth with opulence untold;
 The ripen'd corn-fields shake their pennons thin and white,
 And to a feast, the chestnuts, the village school invite.

The gossamer spider-web is strung from tree to tree,
 And up the air the thistle-down floats like a ship at sea;
 The asters and the dahlias like flames in gardens glow,
 And by the roadside wild flowers display a royal show.

Dim seen, the cautious angler glides on from brook to brook,
 Now by the open meadow, now in some bushy nook.
 And now across the mill-pond, with water-plants o'ergrown,
 I see his floating boat, and where his lines are thrown.

And o'er the salty marsh the gun's report I hear,
 And see the snipe and curlews stop in their swift career;
 While o'er the open bays I see the wild-ducks wheel,
 The red-neck and the widgeon, the whistler and the teal.

O glorious days of autumn! with all your pomp of skies,
 Your harvests and your fruits, your flowers of matchless dyes
 How dear to manly sportsman your ripe, imperial time,
 Your sports by "stream and forest," in Nature's royal prime

RIFLE-PRACTICE.

IT is a thousand yards away!
 Sight well your piece, as if there lay
 In ambush close a sharpshooter
 Lurking beneath a forest fir;
 A picket-guard, a scout, a spy,
 With levell'd tube and practised eye,
 With steady nerve and vision true,
 Intent to send a ball at you.

Shoot quick, yet careful be your aim,
 Your target is no forest game;
 But a tried soldier, train'd to war,
 And skill'd to slay his foe afar.
 See! in the shimmering sunbeam
 An evanescent rifle gleam!
 Be sure its sudden flame will leap,
 Be sure its whistling ball will sweep;
 Then shoot, but with deliberate art,
 Or soon the death may reach your heart.

Sight well your piece, as if there lay
 A deer five hundred yards away,—
 A noble stag with antler crown'd,
 Scornful of steed or yelping hound,
 For oft his hoofs have led the chase
 Triumphant in the headlong race.
 Steadfast and stately see him stand,
 With head erect, in stature grand,

Pawing the turf in angry rage,
 Tossing his horn, a battle-gage!
 Threatening your body to impale
 If nerve should shake or ball should fail;
 Imagine that your target-aim
 Is levell'd at such mighty game.

Sight well your piece, as if a bear,
 Growling and grim, were in his lair
 His eyeballs glaring on his prey
 And you but twenty yards away;
 See the great, crooked iron claw,
 The churning foam of grizzly jaw!
 See how the eyes flash lurid flame.
 Imagine then such monster game
 Confronts you; and if tremors shake
 Your nerves, remember life's at stake.

Sight well your piece, as if a plain,
 A prairie, stretch'd its vast domain,
 Where far and wide as eye may glance
 Rolls out a limitless expanse.
 No friendly woods their glooms extend
 To the horizon's azure end;
 Naught but the billowy slopes display
 Their grassy hillocks round the way;
 No yawning chasm or gulch to yield
 A refuge in that dreary field;
 While there, in fancy, you behold
 A tawny bison, grim and old,
 With savage eye and lashing tail
 That beats his flanks as with a flail,
 Raging to toss with horn in air
 The foe that would his fury dare.
 Ah! steady then be hand and aim;
 For death or life you stake the game!

Hold firm your piece! In fancy stand
 Far off in Asiatic land,
 In tangles of pineapple rove,
 Palmetto jungle, bamboo grove,
 Where wave the frills of pallid fern
 And orchids with gay colors burn,

Where cocoanuts their crowns upthrow,
 Areca-palms their fronds of snow,
 And there in that weird forest hall,
 Confront the tiger of Bengal,—
 The royal tiger, strip'd and grim,
 With blazing eye and crouching limb:
 Then quick the aim and sure the shot,
 Or you shall perish on the spot!

WHEN THIS OLD GUN WAS NEW.

WHEN this old gun was new
 'Twas in life's youthful time,
 When flowing locks were golden-brown
 That now are white with time.
 When skies were bright and meadows green,
 Days all too short for play,
 And precious was each moment
 Of the weekly holiday!

Ah, then when first the flush of dawn
 Lit up the eastern sky,
 How joyous from the garden gate
 Out to the fields to fly!
 Sometime with little slender rod
 With line of silken strand,
 We'd seek the winding river's marge,
 A gay, exultant band.

Sometime we'd seek the old mill-pond,
 Down where the trees leaned o'er,
 Where water-lilies were afloat,
 And cat-tails lin'd the shore,
 To cast for chub, or perch, or trout,
 Or pike, or yellow bream,
 And fill our wicker baskets
 With treasures of the stream.

But greater yet the joy to lift
 This old gun from the wall
 And pass forth where the piny woods
 Rose shadowy and tall.
 For there the blue wood-pigeons flew,
 There on wild berries fed,
 And when this little gun outspoke
 How many were the dead!

'Twas but a simple flint-lock thing,
 Long ere the cap and cone,
 But still its powers seem'd marvellous,
 And the gun was all our own.
 How precious seem'd our powder store,
 Precious as sands of gold,
 Our shot-bag was a treasury
 Of leaden wealth untold!

Since then full many years have sped,
 We've hunted far and near,
 But never was such sporting joy
 As in that earliest year.
 A costlier weapon we have swung,
 The smart breechloader borne,
 But none so dear-belov'd as this,
 The child-gun, bruis'd and worn!

FALCONRY. (*Falco.*)

RED banners stream out from castle-wall,
 The cavaliers gather in lordly hall;
 They are gay with plumes and apparel bright,
 With gilded baldrick, and doublet white,
 Ever ready for tourney or border fray,
 For falcon flight or stag at bay.
 'Twas a grand old hall where pennoncelles wave
 From oaken ceiling and crypt and nave;
 Where ancient statues with lance and brand
 In armor complete in niches stand.

Tripping lightly down from each spacious stair
Come matrons graceful and maidens fair,
Fair damsels—a rosy and sparkling band,
With gauntlet and jewell'd whip in hand,
In flowing riding-robcs array'd
To fly the falcon in forest glade.

Sirloin and venison-haunch on the board
Are deftly carv'd and the red wine pour'd;
Beakers of claret, flagons of beer,
Are quaff'd in response to toast and cheer.
Then forth down the granite steps they pass
To the court-yard esplanade of grass.
Ostler and groom from manger and stall
Lead forth the thoroughbred charges tall.
The cavaliers quick to their saddles spring,
With jingle of spur and bridle-ring;
Fair maidens are rais'd with knightly care
To their palfreys, equipt in housings rare.
Then the rough gamekeeper and dainty page
Bring forth the falcons from perch and cage,
The strong-wing'd merlins to sweep the wood,
Equipt with jesses and bell and hood.
Then forth down the bowery vale they ride
To marshy mere, to river-side,
For there, amid sedges and tufted reed,
The long-limb'd herons secluded feed.

The buzzard, the goshawk, and the kite
Are but mean assassins in their flight;
But the shapely falcon of noble fame
Is the royal hunter of forest game.
On, on they ride; resound horn and hound,
While beaters explore the coverts round;
The falcons from hood and jesses are freed,
When partridge and quail spring up at speed;
But loud resound cheerings when herons rise
From oozy marsh to ascend the skies.

With frighten'd cry he expands his wings,
With outstretch'd neck from his ambush springs,—
Springs upward in soaring and steady flight
Until lost in the skies to human sight.

But frantic and cruel the falcon still
 Pursues the fugitive, eager to kill.
 He follows the prey, he soars on high,
 Like an arrow he cleaves the upper sky,
 Then swings with a downward swoop on his prey,
 And the heron falls dead in the forest way.

MY DOGS SANCHO AND NEPTUNE.

YOU know, my dear Sancho, the shooting is o'er,
 That the gun o'er the meadows may thunder no more;
 You know with regret the "close season" is here
 And the end of the fun is the end of the year.
 That in hedge-row and wheat-field, in stubble and weed,
 The coveys of quail unmolested may feed;
 That in intricate swamps, where rivulets run,
 The woodcock have vanish'd and silent the gun;
 That far in the forest's sequester'd retreat
 The wings of the partridge securely may beat.
 So, farewell to the sports of woodland and field,
 The last shot is fir'd, the last volley peal'd.

Old Neptune! brave child of bleak Newfoundland!
 Your joys are all over at bayside and strand.
 The snipe have all fled from meadow and marsh,
 Where the honk of the geese rose discordantly harsh;
 The brant and the duck in phalanx no more
 Stretch across the broad bay or enliven the shore,
 Nor entice your old master, with boat and decoy,
 To follow the sport with passionate joy,
 While you with a dash and a splash and a swim
 Would plunge for the fowl and bear them to him.

I sit by my fireside's flickering blaze
 And muse o'er the past with its glorious days;
 I think of the morns of October so bright,
 When flush'd the gray skies with the bloom of the light,
 When all the gay woods are color'd with dyes,
 All the foliage illum'd with the glow of the skies;
 When joyous, light-hearted, I'd pass from the gate
 To range o'er the billowy uplands elate,

To plunge in the woodland's dim, glimmering shade,
 Where the whir of the partridge was heard in the glade,
 Or pass thro' the dry stubble-fields of the grain,
 Where the shocks of the wheat so lately had lain;
 Where the quail were at feed, or hid in the hedge
 In tussocks of weed or hillocks of sedge,
 While Sancho crept on with eyes all aflame,
 Alert for the faintest first scent of the game.

And now by my hearth, in sluggish repose,
 Half-watching the flame o'er the ember that glows
 Lie Neptune and Sancho, both idly at rest,
 In comfort luxurious, so perfectly blest!
 Half-awake, half-asleep, they blink as the blaze
 In their slumberous sense so fitfully plays;
 And methinks, as I gaze in their eyes, I can trace
 The thoughts and the musings that wrinkle their face.
 They are thinking, mayhap, of their triumphs again,
 Of the autumn foray, or the summer campaign—
 Of the coveys they rous'd, of the flocks they pursued
 By the hedge, in the field, or at edge of the wood;
 And I know that when drowsy with sleep ye recline,
 What exquisite dreamings and visions are thine;
 For you whine and you yelp, and your paws seem to move
 As if in pursuit of the game of the grove.

THE OPEN SEASON FOR QUAIL-SHOOTING.

IT is October morning, the golden, glorious prime
 Of the autumnal season, the sportsman's royal time;
 And now the hoar-frost jewels, all glittering and white,
 Shine o'er the grassy meadows and o'er the upland height;
 And far as eye may wander a filmy vapory veil
 Floats o'er the brimming river that windeth down the vale.

I gaze o'er woods and orchards, resplendent with the hues
 With which the lavish autumn the drooping leaves suffuse,
 Where ivies and the woodbines and garlands of the vine
 Are redden'd and embrown'd, with vermilion splendors shine.

And where the oaten harvests and fields of wheat were spread,
 All bare the russet stubble is crisp beneath the tread,
 And yellow corn-stacks like the tents of armies spread around,
 While in the busy granaries the beating flails resound.

Now by the blue-lake borders, and by the river's edge,
 Where swing the cat-tail clusters, where leans the rustling sedge,
 I see the black-duck squadrons, the wood-duck and the teal;
 I see the ambush'd fowler, I hear his volleying peal.

And as I skirt the thicket edge, or through the stubble pass,
 I see the bevier of the quail spring from the faded grass;
 In every weedy tussock, in every swale, they hide;
 And as they sail o'er hedges, in winnowings far and wide,
 The sportsman's heart exulteth with promise of the joy
 When first the "open season" his gun and dog employ.

For not until November its earliest dawn shall bring
 May shot be fir'd in coppices where quail burst on the wing;
 For then from morn tiil evening the echoes shall repeat
 The gun's report in open field or in the green retreat.

Till then the speckled flocks may feed and fly at will,
 May range the sumptuous stubbles, may sweep o'er plain and
 hill;
 When comes that day relentless, ah then, poor flocks, beware!
 Swift be your flight or ye may leave your "little lives in air."

HUNTER'S SONG.

Air—"The Bright, Rosy Morning," etc.

THE red of the dawn o'er the sky pours its flood,
 It brightens the upland, it flushes the wood;
 The hound and the bugle to the chase call away,—
 While love cheers the night, boys, let sports charm the day!
 Let us quaff the rich wine of life while we may!

Chorus—While love cheers the night, boys, let sports charm
 the day!

From hut on the mountain, from hall in the plain,
 Come, urge the fleet courser with lash and with rein;
 The herds of wild deer through the woods speed away,—
 While love cheers the night, boys, let sports charm the day!
 Let us quaff the red wine of life while we may!

Chorus—While love cheers the night, boys, let sports charm
 the day!

Far, fast o'er the wilds, in the madness of fear,
 Flies the wolf, flies the bear, in their frenzied career,
 And swift as the lightning flies the hoof of the deer.
 While love cheers the night, boys, let sports charm the day!
 Let us quaff the bright wine of life while we may!

Chorus—While love cheers the night, boys, let sports charm
 the day!

EL CONQUISTADOR.

“Half-way down, while picking our way through an old windfall, Ignotus kicked something which rattled. Stooping to see what it was, he picked up a jagged, rusty knife and a bleached human skull. Nothing else could we find though we searched carefully. Of what tragedy these were the sole mementoes we could only conjecture. Was it red man or white, hunter, warrior, miner, or prospector, who had perished miserably in this gloomy thicket? What was the manner of his taking off—by wasting disease, by famine, by ravening wild beast, or by his brother man? Was it, indeed, a man's skull at all, and not, perhaps, a woman's?”—*Forest and Stream*, May 19.

TWO hunters toiling up a cliff
 Of the blue Colorado range,
 Paus'd for a moment to survey
 The landscape, wild and strange;
 Far off, a chain of mountains dim
 Along the horizon crept,
 While groves and valleys soft below
 In tranquil beauty slept.

Near by El Conquistador rose,
Its steep sides dark with tufted woods,
Its peaks wind-swept and lightning-scarr'd,
All seam'd and rent with torrent floods.
And here a little mountain vale
Its natural garden fair outspread;
Fair with its grass, its trees, its bloom,
And the bright, blue heavens o'erhead.

And here the careless foot upturn'd
A skull, a jagged, rusty knife.
Were these the sole memorials
Of some foul, murtherous strife—
Sole relics of a tragedy
That stain'd these grasses green;
These mouldering bones that here have lain
For years, unknown, unseen?
Was it the red man or the white,
Hunter or miner, Indian brave,
That perish'd in this lonely spot,
Dead, and denied a grave?

Or, haply, 'twas some tender maid,
Some Indian squaw, some emigrant,
Sailing across Atlantic seas,
To die in this sequester'd haunt.
But who this mystery may solve,
The story of these bones unfold!
Ah, never! till the last Great Day,
When all earth's secrets shall be told.

Ah, many who seek this Western clime
Were outlaw'd men from foreign shore;
Men steep'd to the very lips in crime,
With heart of iron and hand of gore.
They blast the rock, they dig the mine,
They sift the sands where nuggets shine,
And ever in savage midnight fray
Are prompt with the bloody blade to slay.

NAW-KAW, A CHIEF OF THE WINNEBAGO TRIBE
OF INDIANS.

O NAW-KAW! on my wall thy portrait stands;
And as upon thy stalwart form I gaze,
Upon thy brawny arms and nervous hands,
I seem to wander back to other days,
When thou, a hunter bold, didst roam the plains;
Forth on thy frantic horse would headlong ride,
To chase the flying buffalo amain,
Or, warrior fierce, wouldst lead in savage pride,
Thy merciless tribe, triumphant o'er the slain.

Above thy head a dusky plume is plac'd,
Thy left hand holds a big-horn's snowy fleece,
Thy right hand with a feather'd pipe is grac'd,
A pipe of war or calumet of peace.
A red-deer robe is o'er thy shoulder thrown,
And glittering medals shine upon thy breast;
But knife or hatchet, or the club of bone,
Thou bearest not, nor war-sign eagle crest,
For haply in thy garb of peace thou now art drest.

Years since this painting came from artist's hand
That now conspicuous adorns my room.
Great chief! since then have vanish'd from the land
Full many of thy tribesmen to their doom!
This new year, Eighty-six, beholds thy game
Thinn'd out o'er valley and o'er mountain-chain;
The steam-horse came with all its iron train,
The greedy emigrants and miners came,
And soon the game and tribesmen melted from the plain!

O'er the broad land the Indian's reign is o'er,
His gay crown trampled in the very dust;
Nor more is seen the flashing of his oar,
The battle-spear is tarnish'd with the rust;
No more his wigwam sends its curling smoke,
But his proud neck hath worn the servile yoke;
Tribe after tribe have vanish'd and have died,
And dull oblivion o'er them waves its pinions wide!

THE ALBATROSS AND PENGUIN.

(Diomedea exulans.)

FAR off in southern seas by myriads throng
 Those feather'd tyrants of the surging tide,
 Following the fish-shoals in their devious way,
 Following the smaller wild fowl o'er the deep.

Far off Magellan's stormy strait they swarm,
 Far off the rocky rampart of Cape Horn
 They hovering seek their prey, and build their nests
 Along the rugged precipice of isles.

Then it is well in contemplative mood
 To take a stand upon some jutting cliff
 And view the rugged eyrie where they build,
 Amid the granite cavities of rocks.

There they may rest, secure from harm of man,
 With the broad seas around to yield them food.

Beneath them beats the all-surrounding main,
 Beyond spreads out old ocean's free domain;
 Above, the skies cerulean spread a dome.
 To pace the shore when the salt tides are out,
 To view the color'd shells that pave the beach,
 Or glean the dulse and sea-kelp of the rocks;
 To sit on rocks when flows the rising tide,
 Attentive to all sounds that fill the air;
 To view the snowy flocks as high they rise,—
 All this exalts the mind to happiest mood.

The giant albatross of southern seas,
 The cruel king of all aquatic tribes,
 Hovers aloft or plunges in the deep,
 Eager to tear with beak and crooked claw,
 The shining fish that skim the surface wave,
 Or seize the lesser sea-fowl on the wing.

Afar from human haunt, remote from land,
 They float, they drift in worlds of upper air,
 Seeming to slumber without flap of wing,
 And dropping seldom to the lonely shore,
 Save when they come to breed and build their nests.

They roam, they rob, they never feel fatigue,—
 By night, by day, forever on the wing,
 Forever prowling, ever at their feasts.

One only friend have they of all the tribe—
 The clumsy penguin; they together seek
 Some desolate bleak island of the sea,
 And there construct their nest and rear their young.
 The pelican, the cormorant and gull,
 And solan goose, avoid the dangerous spot,
 Where, like a vast encampment in set lines,
 Like tented field, these armies of great birds,
 The albatross and penguin, have their home.
 Yet now those lonely haunts that once they sought,
 Unknown to humankind for countless years,
 Are quite forsaken, and more desert shores
 They seek, secure from human harm.

ENGLISH SKYLARK IN AUSTRALIA.

(*Alauda arvensis.*)

“The light-feathered minstrel began, as it were, to tune its pipes. The savage-looking miners gathered round the cage that moment to listen. Then the same sun that had warmed its little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amid breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, outburst in that distant land his English song.”

IN the Australian land, hard by the farmer's door,
 Spread idly on the grass were miners half a score:
 In the acacia's shadow, perch'd in its gilded cage,
 A small brown English lark their earnest thoughts engage.

They were a rough and rugged crew, of almost savage mien,
 Of swarthy cheek and bearded lip, as e'er on earth were seen;
 Their bare and brawny arms were scorch'd by foreign sun,
 As if in blazing smith-forge their daily toils were done.

They were exiled convicts, and doom'd to felon toil,
 Banish'd from merry England, their fathers' native soil;
 In gulch and stony gully they'd found the wondrous gold,
 Had fought with nature till they tore the treasures from her
 hold.

The little feather'd minstrel began to tune his throat;
 The surly diggers gather'd round—they would not lose a note:
 At first a faint chirp; but ere long, as ancient memories came,
 The cadences of other years burst from its little frame.

The same sun that had warm'd at home the bird's melodious
 strain

Came glowing on his heart to thaw the frozen fount again:
 With breathless lip, with glistening eye, press'd round that eager
 throng,

To hear in this remotest land the old familiar song.

It swell'd his little throat, it gush'd from him amain;
 And every time the minstrel check'd the song's enchanting strain,
 Of its fair theme to think—the meadow and the stream,
 The clover blooms, the daisies, the springtime's golden beam,—
 Oh! oft from many a bosom rough, and many a wicked heart,
 A soft sigh told how fervently they listen'd to his art.

He sang again; again he sang with all his tuneful soul,
 Of the gentle summer showers, of the clouds in heaven that roll:
 From adamant bosoms then sprang the kindly tear,
 That fell on rough embrown'd cheeks in drops like crystal clear.

These men so full of oaths and ire, cupidity and crime,
 Had been white-headed boys in vanish'd childhood's time;
 Long they had stroll'd the dewy fields, had stemm'd the river's tide,
 With brothers and with sisters rejoicing at their side;
 There they had seen the skylark rise and soar aloft in air,
 Singing the self-same mellow song that was vibrating there.

Their little playmates in the sod had slept this many a day,
 While they had grown to stalwart men, remorseless, prompt to
 slay;

And yet no liquid note is chang'd of this immortal strain;
 While hearing it, long years of vice from minds withdraw their
 stain—

The past with all its early scenes, smiles in the song-shine clear—
 The faded lights, the fleeting joys, come back from each lost year.

As the little feather'd minstrel still bubbled in its flow,
 Each one recall'd the cottage, the aged mother's woe,
 The clover and the curfew, the playmates that ne'er grew
 To be like them so wicked, but died when life was new;
 And their souls were touch'd and soften'd, as if with Heaven's
 own dew!

SPARE THE SWALLOWS. (*Hirundo urbica.*)

“The milliners now demand the breasts and wings of swallows for decorating ladies’ hats. To supply the call thousands of these birds are killed by agents of the millinery taxidermists. The birds that nest under the eaves or fly in at the diamond-shaped swallow-hole ought not to be sacrificed to this new whim of woman. Spare the swallows.”—*Forest and Stream*, Sept. 13.

SPARE these little children of the happy air,
 The blue-wing’d, sharp-beak’d, harmless swallows spare!
 When the pink petals of the peach unfold,
 When the shy violets blossom in the mould,
 When buttercups display their urns of gold,
 And birds enchant the air with songs of spring,
 And vines in woods their verdant garlands fling,—
 Then hearts and homes are throbbing with delight
 As the spring swallows gather in their flight,
 Rehearsing their sweet carols as they fly;
 Now sweeping low, anon careering high,
 Swift as a pointed arrow from the bow,
 At every rosy dawn, at sunset’s glow.

Around the old barn gables, moss’d and gray,
 They circle swift in wild, ecstatic play;
 The insect pests that hover in the breeze,
 Whose larvæ taint the grain, the budding trees,
 These nimble guardians of the air assail,
 And save the ripening harvests of the vale.

Where sweeps th’ unruffled lake its sheet of blue,
 The restless swallows their forays pursue,
 They skim its azure plain, they skirt the pool,
 They dip the wing, the beak in eddies cool;
 Nor leave the keen pursuit of insect prey
 Till fades the glimmering twilight of the day.

And where the river-borders, slant and steep,
 O’erhang the currents flowing dim and deep,
 The blithe bank-swallows build their airy home,
 The crumbling sands their storehouse and their dome.

And here in myriads from each hermit cave
 They dart forth into space, they skim the wave.
 But when the autumn glory of the woods
 Fades in its pomp thro' all the solitudes,
 Then like a whirling cloud they take their flight
 For brighter climes, and vanish from the sight.

Ah, pity 'tis these plenteous wing'd guests,
 That please our hearts and rid life of its pests,
 That charm the blithesome air with chirpings sweet,
 And fill with merry sound each calm retreat,
 Should die that Youth should win another grace
 To nod above the witchery of her face!
 Ah! she forgets that to enhance her bloom,
 A sweet bird dies to yield its purple plume.

THE WHIPPOORWILL. (*Caprimulgus vociferus.*)

“If there is one bird we love above all others, it is the whip-poorwill. Even in our boyhood we loved this bird with all our heart; and in these latter days, when we seldom or never hear its voice, our affection seems to be more intense than ever, and for the strange reason that it recalls long-departed joys.”—
 CHARLES LANMAN.

WHEN the glory of sunset fades in the skies
 As the shadows of evening descend o'er the hill,
 And vapors from forest and valley arise,
 Then murmur thy notes, O sweet whippoorwill!

I hear in the thicket the rustle of wings,
 In the dusk of the foliage discover thy shape,
 Scarce seen where the ivy its canopy flings,
 Scarce seen where the grape-vines the trellises drape.

All hush'd is the air, for the robin hath peal'd
 His last mellow note at the close of the day,
 And the meadow-lark's song is silent o'er field,
 And silent the blackbird's melodious lay.

As I roam the broad uplands with setter and gun,
 Intent on the quail as they spring from the ground,
 I note not the shadows at set of the sun
 Till the gush of thy minstrelsy warbles around.

When I float in my boat o'er the lakelet serene,
 Intent on the splash of the trout and the bass,
 I note not how evening hath darken'd the scene
 Till faint thro' the dusk thy symphonies pass.

Sweet, gentle, and low, thy charming refrain
 Is heard in all places from prairie to sea,
 'Mid the South orange-groves and the pine woods of Maine,
 From Gulf of St. Lawrence to far Tennessee.

How dear to the heart thy tender cadence!
 When heard in the peach-tree that shadows our door,
 When perch'd on the rail or the brown garden fence,
 Thy tremulous anthems at intervals pour.

O sweet evening bird, we welcome thy call,
 That fills every heart with emotions of joy,
 Reminds of our home in hamlet or hall,
 Reminds us of childhood and bliss of the boy!

THE KINGFISHER. (*Alcedo Ispida.*)

WHERE the river winds through its green retreat,
 Smiling, rejoicing on its way,
 Whose ripples and rifles ever beat
 The old tree-roots and boulders gray;
 Where o'er the sedges' shallows and sands,
 The cat-tail tufts and river reeds,
 At whose edge the patient angler stands,
 The kingfisher flies and feeds.
 Perch'd on a bending, wither'd spray
 That leans o'er the water's flow,
 He watches intently for the prey
 That swims in the stream below.

Patiently, motionless, long he sits,
 Like sentry on the castle height;
 Unharm'd the insect by him flits,
 The bee and the butterfly bright,

For his dainty food is the finny race,
The minnows below that swim,
The silver shiners, the roach and dace,
The trout o'er the surface that skim.

Lovely and spangled with all the dyes
That melt in the sunset skies,
Wings bright as the peacock's plumes,
Or hummingbird's mottled blooms,
With long bill like that of water-crane,
And crown of dusky greenish stain,
No lovelier robber infests the streams,
Where water runs or fish-school gleams.
Where'er sea-beaches far expand,
By shingle-banks and stretch of sand;
Where'er o'erleaning woodlands shade
The clear brook twinkling thro' the glade,
O bird rapacious! is thy haunt,
On trees that o'er the currents slant.

Pois'd in mid-air like osprey white
That o'er sea borders takes its flight,
It balances its spotted wings,
Then downward like an arrow springs,
Impaling with its pointed bill
The shiny fish of pond and rill.
The silent angler, as he glides
Along the river's rushing tides,
Hears oft thy sharp, discordant cry,
As your gay pinions flutter by;
But ne'er molests thy sudden dash,
Thy downward plunge, like sunbeam flash.
But the boy gunner's cruel eyes
Mark thy bright plumage for his prize,
In ambush takes his deadly aim,
And slays thee, his resplendent game!

THE LITTLE CHICKADEE WARBLER OF THE WINTER WOODS. (*Parus atricapillus*.)

THE brown chickadee still chirps on the tree,
 Though it yields scanty wealth of larvæ and bee,
 Though its branches are stripp'd of blossom and leaf,
 And shrill blows the wind with a murmur of grief.

Though orchards are bleak and woodlands are bare,
 And the breath of the winter hath frozen the air,
 Though the brook in the meadow is shrunken and low,
 For the blight of the ice hath fetter'd its flow;

Though the river is white with the icicle gleam,
 And the foliage all wither'd on banks of the stream,
 Yet this blithe little bird remains with us still,
 'To flit o'er the valley and skim o'er the hill.

Ah, sweet little warbler, why linger so long;
 Why cheer our bleak forests with musical song,
 While far in the South spread tropical groves,
 And perfum'd the breeze perennial roves?

There lie scenes that are fill'd with midsummer light,
 Where flower-spread fields are cheerful and bright,
 Where the roses and lilies bloom all through the year,
 And gardens are bath'd in a rare atmosphere.

There the scented magnolia sheds its perfume,
 And its spiring pyramid whitens with bloom,
 And the insects that live in the grass and the air
 Invite ye a sumptuous banquet to share.

But the chickadee does not care to migrate,
 She is chirping and carolling early and late;
 Her sweet little chatter saluteth the day,
 And trilleth till twilight fades into gray.

The chickadee hath plumage of brown,
 And wears on its head a black little crown.
 Its song is not querulous, but fluty the note
 That in liquid cadences flows from its throat.

'Mid the foliage of summer it lurks in the woods,
 Where it calls to its mate in the green solitudes,
 But in winter it comes to our orchards to share
 The larvæ and seeds, its delicate fare.

Clad in soft downy plumage, the chickadee
 Fears no cold in its nest in the hollow of tree:
 And it comes to the garden to pick up the seed
 The dear little children cast out for its feed.

As you walk in the grove on a calm winter day,
 You may hear his sweet call from hedgerow and spray,
 And with him the nut-hatch and creepers abide,
 And downy woodpeckers, all painted and pied.

As you pass, all is still save their tremulous chime,
 Or leap of the squirrels as the branches they climb,
 The dropping of nuts, or flight of the quail,
 Or whirl of the partridge in tussock or swale.

O sweet little warbler, may nothing molest
 The six snowy eggs that repose in your nest!
 For the symphonies gentle your fledgelings repeat
 Make the life of boon nature in winter's retreat.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A SCENE sublime is here disclos'd—
 Mountain and vale, with streams between;
 A verdurous garden, far outspread,
 With drooping woods of living green;
 And the Sierras' snow-clad crest,
 With all their plummy pine-trees drest.
 The tourist, lost in wonder, looks
 O'er mountain-ranges white and vast,
 Crown'd with the everlasting snows,
 Swept by the fierce, tempestuous blast.

Here rises high in empty air
 El Capitan, thy royal cone,
 Thy bases girt with mighty woods,
 Thy summit, a majestic throne;
 Deep in the hollow vale below
 The rolling Merced pours its tide,
 Reflecting in its mirror'd face
 Great shadows of the mountain side.

And here behold earth's grandest fall,
 The great fall of the Yosemite,
 Pouring adown three thousand feet
 Its cataract of torrents white.
 One sheeted ghost of snowy foam,
 From cliff to granite cliff it leaps;
 Now a bright rainbow arch of light,
 Now a wild river prone it sweeps.

List to the thunder of its voice,
 Look to the lightnings of its flash;
 List how the solid earth doth groan,
 Look to its dazzling arrowy dash!
 Where in this rounded world may be
 Such matchless, grand sublimity!

How noble these great lakes outspread
 In this remote enchanted land!
 Vast Buena-Vista, Tulare, Kern,
 Outstretching their expanses grand.
 And here in league-long bay and cove
 The wild fowl swarm—the swan, the crane,
 The mallard, pelican, and teal,
 And geese that browse the grassy plain.
 And here wild creatures roam at will,—
 The bear, the puma, and the deer,
 The wild-cat with its snarling whelps,
 The antelope, of swift career.
 No grander sportsman's paradise
 Is spread beneath the bending skies!

Here mariposa groves extend,
 And calavera, king of all
 The mightiest forest trees of earth,
 Dark-foliaged, spires supremely tall!
 For ages have their tops sublime
 Wrestled with storm and hurricane,
 Baffled the rage of snows and hail
 Assaulting their great brows in vain;
 Far be the day when they shall bend
 Their necks to ignominious end!
 And ever as the ages flow,
 May this fair Eden of our land,
 Unchang'd in wondrous grandeur show
 The works of its Creator's hand.

THE GREAT ANTARCTIC WALL OF ICE.

HERE rose a vast ice-barrier, looming high
 Its solid wall of adamantine ice,
 Like a grand city with pale granite wrought.
 Here seem'd to rise a great cathedral dome,
 A monkish minster of the olden time,
 With its dim campanile of sacred bells,
 Its painted windows glittering in the light,
 Its doors with arabesques and roses crown'd,
 And flying buttresses and groined roofs,
 Its water-spouts with grotesque gargoyles wrought,
 O'erspread with images of martyr'd saints,
 With long processions bearing high the Host.
 Beyond these icy bergs, old scientists
 Have a tradition that the open sea,
 The great Antarctic Ocean, spreads its space;
 That here dwell nations of mermen and maids,
 Krakens with power to drag down mighty ships,
 Sea-serpents of immeasurable length.
 And there, they say, the Southern Ice-king dwells,
 Thron'd in his royal palace; here drives out
 The frost-fiends to their labor on the bergs,
 Compell'd to store up treasures of the snows.

Here, too, extend vast fields of giant kelp,
 Green pastures of the ocean measureless;
 Here mackerel shoals and herring countless swim;
 Here ivory-tusk'd walrus far disport,
 And grim sea-lions. Here the albatross
 Spreads its broad wing, and penguins skim the waves;
 Here wounded whales to these lagoons resort,
 Where sword-fish or the thresher ne'er pursue;
 Secure from whaler's lance and sharp harpoon,
 Feeding at will amid Medusa banks.

O bleak Cape Horn! the voyagers name thee well
 "The Cape of Storms;" a bare, inclement rock,
 Lifting aloft its rugged shaft of stone
 Above the foamy surges of the sea.
 Well may the seamen bound for India's strand,
 Or sailing far to Afric's palmy shore,
 Crossing the broad Atlantic, or the calm
 Long billows of Pacific seas,
 Tremble to round the stormy Cape of Horn!
 For here assail the sleety hail and snow,
 And here fore'er careers the raging gale!

THE SAGUENAY RIVER, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

"Three centuries ago Jacques Cartier, the bold investigator, sent a boat's crew to explore the penetralia of this mighty river, and they were never heard of afterward. What wonder, then, that for subsequent decades of years it should have been invested with a weird and supernatural character!"—CHARLES HALLOCK'S *Fishing Tourist*.

HERE in the wild Canadian land
 The Saguenay pours out its tide—
 A dark, tumultuous, savage stream,
 Whose boiling, raging currents glide
 With matchless speed and sullen roar
 Downward to ocean's rock-bound shore.

With eddying whirl, with sudden shoot
 Its fathomless abysses sweep;

Now o'er a hidden shoal or bar,
 Now o'er granitic ledges deep;
 So, ever with a pallid haste
 The seaboy speeds across its waste.

Dark tales, weird tales of wreck,
 Of woful horrors, men relate,
 Of its immeasurable depths,
 Of great ships hurried to their fate,
 Of dangerous rocks where, tempest-tost,
 Brave men were in vast whirlpools lost!

So with stern awe the seamen pass
 Within th' iron-bound headland's sweep
 That guards the portals of the stream,
 A granite gateway to the deep.
 Across its tides are shimmering mists,
 Huge, spectral phantoms, gray and grim,
 That hang like shadows o'er the cliffs,
 And over gulch and gorges swim.

Fierce, gushing winds expand their wings,
 Cold as the blasts of Arctic shores;
 They shake the solid granite walls,
 And the lone pine that o'er them soars;
 The place is like some funeral vault,
 For all is barren, wild and bleak;
 The inky waters duskier still
 With shadows of the soaring peak.

On either hand two rugged capes—
 Grim Trinity, Eternity—
 In savage grandeur seem to frown
 On sailing ship and weltering sea;
 Little of verdurous life may cast
 A smiling bloom across their side
 Nor birch nor fir may drape the cliff,
 Or cascade plunge its foamy tide,
 For all is awful solitude
 Boon Nature in her fiercest mood!

BRIEF SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC LAND.

THE dog-sledge season now hath pass'd away,
 The reindeer team from harness is releas'd,
 And merry June, the Arctic summer, comes.
 The wandering Chookcheese and Korans leave
 Their earth-built cabins at the mountain foot,
 To dwell by surges where the salmon leap.

When vanish the last snows from vale and mount,
 Boon Nature the hot Arctic summer brings;
 And as the genial sunshine earth pervades,
 The snowdrifts melt, the icy rivers thaw;
 Brown patches show along the warm hillsides,
 And earth with flowers and grasses softly smiles.
 There is no spring, but hot midsummer reigns,
 Chasing away stern winter's ruffian months;
 There is no wet, long lingering time of spring,
 No slow unfolding of the buds and leaves—
 But Summer waves his wand, and all is bloom.
 Quick vegetation bursts the icy bonds,
 And with one sweep reanimates the world.
 Nature comes dancing with her beaming face,
 And with a lavish hand pours forth her wealth.

Wax-like petals of the blueberries show;
 Primroses, buttercups, and cowslips bloom,
 And brighten all the mossy stretches of the plain.
 The birches, alders, willows, tremulous flush
 With all the greenery of swelling leaves,
 The river banks grow green with waving grass;
 The warm, still air of day is fill'd with sounds,
 The trumpet-like refrain of geese and swans,
 Who pierce with wedge-like phalanxes the air,
 Winging on stormy pinions to the north.

Innumerable ducks of unknown name
 Swarm in each little pool that studs the plain,
 While fish-hawks, gulls, and broad-wing'd eagles scream
 And hover by the foamy river-mouths,
 And all the rocky coast-line is alive
 With myriads of the red-beak'd puffin-tribes.

Over the land innumerable fly
 The circling swallows, ravens, and the crow;
 But only one poor bird, the sparrow, sings.
 There is no longer night, but only day.
 The fading day melts gradually into night,
 And the brief twilight blossoms soon with light.
 At noon of night, one by the window sits,
 Inhales the scent of flowers on night winds borne,
 Listens to murmurs of the surge afar,
 Traces the progress of the hidden sun
 By the full flood of rosy light which streams
 In the north skies behind the purple mounts.
 It is broad daylight, and yet nature sleeps,
 And a weird calm pervades the heavens and earth.

FROST PICTURES ON WINDOW-PANE OF "TURF,
 FIELD, AND FARM."*

I TRACE the silver fretwork of the frost upon my pane,
 The crystallizing pearl-drops of the snowflake and the rain;
 And I know it is but vapor, condensed upon the glass,
 Yet how lifelike are its scenes that before my vision pass!
 I seem to see grand mountains, rising white amid the sky,
 The Alps, the Andes, soaring majestically high;
 I trace their airy summits, each peak and snowy cone,
 Their caves and dark ravines, where never sunbeams shone.
 I see the falling torrents and the glaziers' frozen sea,
 The larch, the pine-tree forests, the sombre cypress-tree—
 Works of no mortal painter, wrought by no human hand,
 Trac'd by the fairy Frost-queen with her imperial wand.

I seem to see a race-course, the grand-stand's crowded height;
 The flutter of gay ribbons, of flags and banners bright;
 The brave steeds and their riders, impatient for the race,
 Each speeding like an arrow to take the foremost place.
 And methinks I hear the shoutings, like thunders of the surf—
 It is the frantic plaudits at some triumph of the TURF!

Again the picture changes: I see a landscape wide,
 A fox-hunt, a deer-hunt, where fast the huntsmen ride.
 I see along the woodside the coveys as they rise,

* A great Sportsman's Journal.

And quick the quail-flock flutters, and swift the partridge flies.
 I see the flash, I see blue smokes above the thicket float;
 I see them on the river, ascend from fowler's boat;
 I seem to hear the guns that o'er the marshes peal'd,
 And echoings of reports in every stubble FIELD.

And now the frost discloses a lovely summer scene,
 The waving grain, the bending woods, with shining streams be-
 tween.

I see the gray old homestead o'erhung with elm and oak,
 I hear the plough-boy's whistle, the flail's resounding stroke.
 And all this scene of beauty, that every sense may charm,
 Spread on the frosted casement, is some secluded FARM.

One other scene—a home-scene, a fireside scene of joy—
 A blazing hearth, a flaming lamp, sire, mother, girl, and boy.
 The father reads a printed sheet, the evening hour to charm,
 It is the sportsman's journal—the TURF, the FIELD and FARM.

PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING.

(*Tetrao Cupido.*)

NOW far the warm September days
 Flush o'er the prairies with their blaze,—
 September, with its memories
 Of healthful breeze and genial skies;
 For now is nature in her prime,
 The glorious September time,
 When torrid heats of summer glare
 Are temper'd in the liberal air,
 And in its latest days there blows
 The first breath of the northern snows.
 The year yet wears its robe of green,
 Nor fading, yellow leaf is seen;
 The orchards have not cast aside
 Their emerald dress of summer pride,
 The wayside flowers of hedge and lane
 Are tinted by no frosty stain;
 Yet all the harvest fields lie bare
 Where late the golden wheat-shocks were,

And oat and rye are gather'd in
 To fill the granaries' crowded bin;
 So there the greedy grouse-flocks feed,
 Luxurious, on the juicy seed.

In yellow stubble-fields they hide,
 Scarce by the gunner's eye descried,
 Till the keen scent of pointer true
 Detects those coveys hid from view,
 And then on clashing, startled wing
 They rise, and frighten'd, upward spring;
 But quick the pealing shot is heard,
 And bleeding, lifeless, drops the bird.

Years since I roam'd thy broad domain,
 O Illinois, thy grassy plain,
 Roam'd in September's perfect day
 Thro' endless pastures far away.
 Though vanish'd long hath many a year
 Since then I trod those stubbles sere,
 Since by Fox River's pleasant shore,
 Or where Rock River's currents pour,
 I wander'd, watchful for the sight
 Of teal and wood-duck in their flight;
 But ah! the blissful joy to tread
 Where'er my devious footsteps led!
 To seek the grouse-packs in their lair
 And end their little lives in air;
 In weedy coverts to arouse
 The shy, the strong-wing'd speckled grouse;
 To seek them out at blush of morn,
 Ere they forsook the ripen'd corn,
 To seek in coverts of the swale
 The russet bebies of the quail,
 To seek in boggy marsh and swamp
 The woodcock's solitary camp.

When winter snows lie white and deep
 In many a drifted, shapeless heap,
 Those prairie fowl, no longer found
 In fields, their autumn feeding-ground,
 In shivering, gather'd legions seek
 The tree-top branches, bare and bleak,

Or cluster in long rows where wide
 The fence-rails welcome rest supplied;
 And there, close hidden, in his blind,
 The fowler ample spoil would find.

Though years have whiten'd with their snow,
 —Time's blossoms—wither'd cheek and brow,
 Yet still in memory's magic glass
 Those blissful scenes unfading pass,
 Nor may they fade, as fades the past,
 Till life is render'd up at last.

SCENE IN KAMSCHATKA.

IT was mid-day, and yet the setting sun
 Glow'd like a red ball at the horizon's edge,
 And a dim twilight on the landscape fell.
 As on we journeyed a white ptarmigan
 Would rise at times and whirl away in flight;
 A magpie through the pines on muffled wings
 Would pass, or yellow fox flit by;
 An eagle high in firmament would soar,
 But naught of other life or sound prevail'd.

Far off, a belt of timber by a stream
 Waver'd and trembled in its outlines faint,
 And the white, ghostly mountains far away
 Were upthrown in a myriad airy shapes,
 Which melted quickly like dissolving views.
 Each feature of this Arctic scene was strange,
 And as we gaz'd the red sun seem'd to rest
 On a white peak, then sudden fell the night.

White, cold, and silent, the great waste outspread,
 Like a vast ocean frozen in its sweep,
 Faint-lighted by the crescent of the moon,
 And by the blue streamers of Auroral Light,
 That flash'd and flicker'd in the southern skies.
 E'en when the sun arose, fiery and round,
 In haze of frozen vapor in the south,
 It gave no light or warmth to cheer the waste;
 With its red glare it only seem'd to drown

Th' Aurora's streamers, blue and tremulous;
 While the white radiance of the moon and stars
 Ting'd like a stormy sunset the bleak snows,
 And lit a mirage, floating up the air.

The Aurora touch'd the barren, dreary steppes,
 And quick it seem'd a tropical, blue lake,
 Upon whose distant shores rose walls and domes
 And slender minarets of Orient climes;
 But soon the splendid pageant pass'd from sight,
 And the bright mirage melted into air.

When at nightfall the camp-fires rais'd their flames,
 And all luxurious sought the bearskin couch,
 How pleasant was the talk of native land!
 While our stout Koraks, picturesquely group'd
 Around the blaze, sang wild, barbaric songs,
 And told their tales of hardships o'er the steppes.

How weird the scene! the steppes one crystal sea,
 Far stretching until lost in gloom of night;
 While overhead the constellations bright
 Of Orion and Pleiades shone out,—
 Celestial clocks to mark the waning hours.
 Then quick th' Auroral panorama grand
 Faded and vanish'd, until naught but mist
 Far in the north horizon show'd the place
 Where Arctic spirits draw their gleaming swords
 To wave them nightly o'er Siberian wastes.

A VISION OF THE PAST.

(In Christmas number of the New York *Spirit of the Times*.)

IN the darkness of my room, at the dusky noon of night,
 I sat and mus'd o'er other years that were supremely bright.
 No flame of lamp, no blaze of fire, to cheer the midnight gloom;
 No spark of star, no beam of moon, the darkness to illumine.
 Yet as adown Time's corridors, I turned a wistful eye
 All shades of darkness vanish'd from landscape and from sky.

I saw as in a gallery, the portraits on the wall;
 The features and the forms I knew, and each I could recall;
 As memory's magic wand I wav'd, the ghosts of other days,
 The apparitions of the past, were present to my gaze.

Like landscape paintings I beheld each old familiar scene
Where we had trod the meadows or track'd the woodlands
green.

We climb'd the breezy upland, we plung'd in bosky dell,
In summer groves, or where the leaves of russet Autumn fell.

In hemlock solitudes where roam'd the wild deer-herds of
Maine,

Where stately stag and tawny doe held undisputed reign;
Where drum-beat of the partridge and woodcock's lonely cry
Were heard in piny forests, or where the brook swept by.

And where the Adirondacks their wastes immense extend,
Where blue the mountain summits with the horizon blend,
And sparkling stream and crystal lake like gems the vales inlay,
There, well equipp'd with rod and gun, we lov'd to take our way.

And where sequester'd prairies of Illinois outspread,
Those measureless green pastures where thick the grouse-flocks
fed,

Where myriads of wild pigeons and coveys of brown quail
Fill'd grove and plain, there oft we lov'd to follow on the trail.

We saw again in fancy, old ocean's reefs and bar,
Each shelly cove and sandspit, outstretching gray and far,
Where oft we lay in little boat at ambush for the flight
Of dusky brant or honking goose, from daydawn till the night.

And oft where reedy marshes and league-long meadows spread,
And plover-call and curlew-cry were resonant o'erhead
There oft amid those screaming flocks, to deal out death we
came,

And home return'd with sumptuous spoil of migratory game.

And when the winter days had come, and sports of field were
o'er,

And gun and rod and dog dismiss'd, we sought our homes once
more;

We lov'd to sit by fireside, there to enjoy again,
In genial talk, the thrilling sports of wood and wave and plain.

Cale Loring, of old Boston, the prince of fowlers rare,
Can I forget our royal sport, our hunts beyond compare?
Forget our "Cypress," "Acorn," in these recording rhymes,
Well known in thy old sanctum, O *Spirit of the Times*.

Tall son of York! kind Porter! who might forget thy name?
What memories fond do brighten at mention of thy fame!
So genial in thy presence, so cultur'd in thy mind,
Giant in size and strength, as woman soft and kind.

Nor may such names as Roosevelt, Ned Buntline, Clarke, and
Scott,
Sibley and Picton, Foster, Wilkes, and Anthon be forgot;
All brethren of the rod and gun—and, chiefest among all,
Frank Forester! What scenes those names recall!

Dear Herbert! who so brilliant, so versatile as thou?
Whether in smiling mood or with a clouded brow,
So earnest in the field where flew the birds of air,
Or where the trout and salmon flash'd in the summer glare.

These portraits of old faces, these pictures of the Past,
Glow ever in my mind, to fade they will be last;
But, alas! the heavy shadow of the grave has clos'd fore'er
O'er many that we cherish'd, so precious and so dear,

FISH.

SALMON OF LABRADOR. (*Salmo salar.*)

BY the wild Canadian shore,
By the sandy Labrador,
By the rocky Mingan Isles,
And where Anticosti smiles,
Numberless the salmon shoals
Gather where the salt tide rolls.

Rivers, streams of crystal clearness,
Pour through that far-reaching strand,
From thy river-mouth, St. Lawrence,
To the coast of Newfoundland,
Far as where the Belle-Isle strait
Opens to the seas its gate.

Cold, those rivers, as the fountains
From the wilderness that flow,
Cold as waters of the mountains
Gelid with the ice and snow.
There amid the salt abysses,
Or the river's spring-fresh tide,
Gleaming, flashing, leaping, diving,
Shoals of lordly salmon glide.

Where the river of St. John
Mingles with the ocean surf,
Brown with weedy rocks and sand-drifts,
Green with bordering velvet turf,
There the angler with his tackle,
When the July suns ride high,
From the dawning to the sunset
Goes to angle with the fly.

Near thy alder-skirted border,
 Where the Rattling Run doth twine,
 He erects his hut of branches,
 Branch of hemlock and of pine;
 Floors it with the cedar saplings
 Fragrant, soft as couch of kings;
 There enjoys the forest pleasures
 And the sleep that labor brings.

Morning with its dewy freshness,
 With its rosy, smiling skies;
 Calls him to the brimming river,
 River of transparent crystal,
 Where in ripple and in eddy,
 Or in pool, to cast his flies.

AUTUMNAL FISHING.

THE river runs with turbid flow,
 The weed-chok'd rivulet creepeth slow;
 For all the hanging woods, that fringe
 Their margins, blush with autumn's tinge,
 And every breeze that murmurs past
 Doth from the fading branches cast
 A painted leaf of gold or red
 Athwart the limpid surface shed.
 Patient the wandering angler heaves
 His lures amid those floating leaves,
 Till spinning line and humming reel
 Soon fill with spotted trout the creel.

Unwearied now the anglers take
 Their pilgrimage to Greenwood Lake,
 They float along its lovely shores,
 Scarce dipping the suspended oars;
 They skim across its azure face
 Forgetful of the finny race,
 For, lost in admiration, they
 Linger the fair scene to survey,
 Forget the black bass to ensnare
 While gazing on a scene so fair.

And now, along the surging deep,
 Where loud the salty breakers sweep,
 The fishers on some jutting cape,
 Where sea-kelp the black boulders drape,
 Swing the long rod, and cast the line
 Across the eddies of the brine;
 And ofttimes turn the wistful eye
 The gorgeous woodlands to descry;
 To view the panorama grand
 Of foamy sea and fairy land,
 Those bending skies of heavenly blue,
 Earth rich with every matchless hue.

O roseate skies, O cloudlets pure,
 That sail the upper depths of air;
 O earth, with all thy garniture
 Of royal groves and woodlands rare;
 O breezy bays, and lakes serene,
 Soon will the winter's icy breath
 Blight all the glories of the scene
 And seal the fading year in death.

THE SALMON OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

FAIR up the wild New Brunswick coast,
 Cool crystal streams outpour
 From turfy bank and mossy rock,
 To chafe the ocean shore;
 From hidden, ice-cold springs they come,
 Far up the forest-land,
 Where silent tarn and lonely pool
 Their watery fields expand.

Fairest of all, the swift St. Croix
 Rolls on its mighty stream,—
 Fair with its clear, pellucid deeps,
 Fair with its sparkling gleam;
 Thro' meadows fring'd with willows,
 Thro' forest-worlds of pine,
 It pours its gelid waters
 To mingle with the brine.

With fume and splash tumultuous
It dashes on its way,
Past black, basaltic ledges,
Past boulders, moss'd and gray;
Now dark it sleeps in shadow,
'Mid overhanging woods,
And now reflects the heaven
From its transparent floods.

And here in some secluded cove
Or recess of the strand,
The salmon drops its pearly eggs
Amid the pure white sand;
And here the infant fish disport,
Beyond the reach of tides,
Each little school resplendent
With gleamy, silvery sides.

When melting snows, at winter's close,
Make cold the river's flow,
Then nature teaches that they turn
To warmer tides below.
Well-grown in size and strength, they pass
Along the budding shore,
The salt, warm depths of ocean
To welcome and explore.

They pass by banks where hazels
Their catkins soft display;
Where willow-palms their velvet tufts
Hang out from sprig and spray;
Where purple violets ope their eyes,
Or flocks of wild-ducks lead
Their yellow broods of ducklings
From out the sheltering reed.

So down unto the sea they pass,
Down torrents swift and sheer,
Past labyrinth of stake-nets,
Past rocky wall and weir;

Past huts where smokes of woodmen
 Float, cloud-like, in the air,
 Past shores where fishers' camp-fires
 Along the salt tides glare.

They reach at last the sea, which far
 Is spangled where they play;
 They roam the abyss of ocean,
 Where none may trace their way;
 Yet, still they turn, year after year,
 With an unerring aim,
 To haunt the noble rivers
 And brooklets whence they came.

BROOK TROUT. (*Salmo fontinalis*.)

HERE where the willowy thickets lave
 Their drooping tassels beneath the wave,
 There lies a deep and darken'd pool
 Whose waters are crystal-clear and cool;
 It is fed by many a gurgling fount
 That trickles from upland pasture and mount,
 And where the tree-shadows fall dense and dim,
 The glittering trout securely swim.

It is a weird and mysterious spot,
 A ravine hollow'd for fairy grot;
 Where mossy boulders and branches that lean
 O'er the dark abyss are kept ever green;
 For the gushing spout of a waterfall,
 That leaps o'er the sloping granite wall,
 With its refreshing foam and its spray
 Keeps herbage and foliage forever gay.

'Twould seem as though fairy fingers had flung
 Their prodigal wreaths, o'er the branches hung;
 The delicate woodbine tendrils swing,
 The glossy-leaved ivies closely cling;
 The grape-vine clambers from shoot to shoot,
 Waving its purple clusters of fruit;
 The tree honeysuckle sheds perfume,
 The laurel is lavish with rosy bloom.

And here, where the eddies, so pearly-white,
Sink away into gloom or wheel into light;
Where the trunk of decaying pine-tree doth throw
Its leaning bridge o'er the current's flow,
The patient angler, with rod and line,
May cast his flies and his tackle so fine,
And soon his basket a treasure will hold
Of azure fishes o'erspangled with gold.

'Tis a wild, wizard place, for the shadows that rest
O'er the cavernous grot, o'er the rivulet's breast,
Seem ever so weird and so mystical there
That men say 'tis haunt of the spirits of air—
That strange goblin shapes, grotesque and immense,
Are disclos'd to the passer-by's terrified sense,
And ne'er will the ghost-frighted school-child invade
With footsteps intrusive the gloom of the shade.

In the meadows below, neither thicket nor bush
Cast their shadowy screen o'er the rivulet's gush,
But boiling o'er pebbles, and bright in the sun,
The frolicsome waters all twinkle and run;
And there, when the cloud-shadows darken the day,
The skill of the angler will triumph with prey,
And his creel overflow with glittering prize,—
With trout all enamell'd and radiant with dyes.

ON READING G. C. SCOTT'S "FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS," IN WINTER.

MUSING o'er these fair pages, I forget
These falling snows and the white, crystal ice
That freeze all nature in this wintry day,
But taste in fancy the refreshing airs
Of spring-time with its roses and its blooms.
— What though the twisting brook lies mute and still,
The frozen water-wheel revolves no more,
In adamant death the river rests,
And grinding ice-floes chafe the dreary coast?
Still in these pages I recall once more

The voice of waters, and explore again
The flowing brook and grassy-margin'd stream.

I seem to see along the wither'd woods,
O'er willow thicket and o'er alder copse,
O'er the brown herbage of the upland field,
And down the dipping hollows of the vale,
A soft bright verdure, tremulous and green,
Creeping and rustling o'er the landscape's face.
The brook, releas'd from iron bondage, leaps
And laughs and runs exultingly away;
The river gleams and ripples into light,
Singing, with all its waters as it flows
Past sandy coves and under branching groves.

Again the spring-trout, with his spotted side,
Flashes o'er sandy shoal and purple deeps;
Again the spangled salmon of the sea
Cleaves the salt surf and leaps the crystal fall;
Again the bass, with silver scales emboss'd,
Gleams in the combing breakers of the shore.

Celestial fancy with her fairy wand
Enchants each wintry landscape till it smiles;
Far off, immense, each Northern lake expands
The vast extent of all its watery world,—
Its dark abysses, its transparent coves,
Its tranquil bays, its forest-girdled edge,
And all the blissful haunts the angler loves.

O thoughtful angler! loving well the toil
To tread the tangled brook or river-marge,
To wield the tapering rod o'er ocean tides,
Or breezy gulf, or inland lakes immense,
We thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught—
This added treasure to the angler's lore.

Fair smile the skies, and soft may breezes blow
(The soft south breeze—to angler's heart so dear),
And green may blossoming groves their garlands show,
And woodland choristers fresh tune their harps,
When thou dost follow in the coming year
The gentle angler's meditative art,

CHANNEL-BASS FISHING IN FLORIDA.

“*Scienops ocellata*—called red drum on the Virginia coast; spotted bass, or spot, in South Carolina; red bass or channel bass in Georgia and Florida; redfish in New Orleans.”—S. C. CLARKE, in “*Fishing off the East Atlantic Coast.*”

FAIR semic-tropic land, where gentle breezes blow
 And flowers perennial in wild gardens grow;
 In this bleak northern realm I dreamful muse
 Of the rose colors that thy skies suffuse.
 Fain would forget that here the frosty air
 Inclement sweeps o'er hills and meadows bare;
 Here spear-point icicles depend from wall,
 Frost pictures dim the casements of the hall;
 The river mute in pulseless slumber sleeps,
 A ghastly pallor o'er its surface creeps.
 The crystal waterfall, that erewhile tost
 Its volum'd sheet, is now enchain'd with frost;
 A filmy veil is drawn across the sky,
 Thick down the air the gem-like snowflakes fly;
 The fields, the uplands stretch a frozen waste,
 And all the summer landscape is effac'd.

But bright, O Florida, the waning year
 Smiles o'er thy waters and thy cloud-lands clear;
 The fowler comes thy swarming flocks to thin,
 The angler comes the luring spoon to spin,
 To take by sandy beach or marshy grass
 The tarpum, grouper, or the channel bass.

The noble bass, with scales intensely dyed,
 At bay and inlet drift in with the tide;
 A roving fish, deep channels it explores,
 Mudflats and oyster-beds and shelly shores;
 Where slimy wreck lies buried in the deeps
 It finds its chosen haunt, its harvest reaps;
 A fish omnivorous, it seeks its prey
 Wherever mollusks hide or mullets play;
 A fish voracious, it is brave in bite,
 Persistent, strong, 'tis valorous in fight;

As gamy fish the red bass has no peer,
No rival champion in the currents clear.

Warm-weather fish, in summer's sunny time
They swarm the shores of genial southern clime;
There, off the sand-flat, anchor'd in his boat .
The angler sees them fearless round him float;
They circle near in heedless leap and play,
And fall to trolling-line an easy prey.
But when the north winds smite Floridian coast,
By beach, by island vanishes their host;
In the deep holes, dark recesses of tide,
Sulking in castle, they delight to hide.

In soft May season, when the seas are warm,
Around the sandy beach they love to swarm;
The angler then thro' crested surf may press
And cast his mullet bait with sure success,—
Cast it in sloughs, inside the surf that flow,
And gain a prize with every vigorous throw.

THE YELLOW PERCH. (*Perca flavescens.*)

LIGHT laughs the morn of June; soft bends the sky,
One boundless sea of azure, save where fleck'd
By sailing cloud, slow fitting o'er its space.
It's the school-child's holiday. He hears
Far off the call to field and wood and brook;
He hears the hollow splash of waterfall,
The murmur of the river's full-brimm'd tide,
The songs of birds, the rustle of the leaves,
And all the joyous sounds of rural life.

With rod in hand he seeks the winding brook,
In dim secluded hollow of the wood,
Or treads the weedy, willow-girdled marge
Of lonely inland waters, or the shore
Of mountain brook, unshadow'd by a tree,
Where brawls the crystal tide o'er sands and stones.

Leaning on mossy rock, at edge of pond,
Screen'd by the shadow of some drooping tree,
The golden hours slip by. Around him swim

His prey,— the spangled perch, so rough with scales,
Gorgeous with olive back and russet zones
That gird them round, and sparkling yellow sides.

When far advanc'd the summer, the shy perch
Forsakes the dim and amber-tinted deeps,
To seek the clear and colder tides at edge
Of whirling eddies and of ripples swift,
And there pursues the minnows as they glide.
When the green water-weeds mature in growth,
Hid in their friendly shade he loves to lurk.
He loves the grassy bottoms, but when first
The nipping black-frost cuts the fading weeds,
And wither'd are the submerg'd water-plants,
Those yellow shoals to river-deeps retire.

Wide o'er the world the red-perch finds a home
In varied climates. In the grandest streams
Whose currents gladden European realms,
Far up beyond the influence of tides,
And in the tiniest rivulet that creeps
And trickles down the Alpine mountain slopes,
They still abound in legions infinite.

The school-child loves them well. No sluggish pond
Where clangs and toils the churning water-wheel,
No darksome pool beneath the leaning dam,
No brimming river and no crystal brook
Where range the gorgeous perch, are unexplor'd.

They love the open sparkling stream that sweeps
By grassy meadow and by daisied field;
But when the blazing heats of midsummer
Burn fervid o'er the surface of the Wane,
They seek for haunt the checker'd leafy screen
By the o'er-leaning willow branches made;
But when the rosy twilight fades apace,
And evening drops her purple curtains 'round,
The swarming school swims joyous forth again,
To seek the open stream's wide-spread expanse.

A FAR-WESTERN RIVER.

IT was a lovely stream, deep in the forest's heart,
A stream from human habitation far apart,
Like jewel by some careless hand dropt down,
In green oasis to the world unknown.
No homes of man, save here and there display'd
A mossy log-hut by the hunters made,
By rough frontiersmen rais'd, a robust race
That follow'd here the wild beasts of the chase.
Trappers and scouts, who had no heart to know
The beauties of the stream, its ebb and flow,
In vain for them the waves would murmur song,
In vain the wood-arcades the sound prolong.
O woods magnificent, how grand ye are,
Lifting your stately columns high in air,
O'ershadowing the stream with banners green,
Upholding your broad shields, an ample screen!
The water-fowl here come the gelid fount to drink,
Wild antelopes disport along the grassy brink,
Great buffaloes dash by, and song-birds of the wood
With madrigals salute the list'ning solitude.
In winter, when the brooks are voiceless all,
And scarce a tinkle hath the waterfall;
When crystal ice ensheathes thee with its mail,
Then lonely art thou—lifeless, cold, and pale.
Ah, all the summer silences and sound!
Delicious are they in this peace profound,
Where all calamities, despairs of life,
Have never vex'd your haunts with baleful strife.
Thy virgin waves have never heard the tread
Of angler loitering by thy sandy bed;
Have never seen the gay delusive fly
Dropt in the ripples where thy fishes lie.
Here through the ages they have sportful play'd.
In calm lagoon, or 'neath the white cascade;
There spangled trout like Indian shafts have flash'd,
Thro' deeps transparent dusky bass have dash'd.

Soon white-topt wains of emigrants shall come,
 Mill-wheels shall clank and factory-spindles hum,
 Along thy shore the busy crowds shall pour,
 And Nature's peaceful reign pervade no more.
 Fashions and forms of civil life will reign,
 Woodsmen and traders thron'g the lonely plain;
 Loud, gainful life o'er all the realm prevail,
 And Solitude depart from stream and vale!

THE BROOK-TROUT'S COMMENTS UPON DELMONICO'S DREAM.

NOTE.—At a dinner given in the winter of 1867-8, at Delmonico's establishment in New York, to General Sheridan and other distinguished officers, a dish of brook-trout "out of season" was set before the guests, who all declined to partake of the prohibited dainty. The late lamented poet, Sergeant Miles O'Reilly, who was one of the number, published a sportive poem soon afterwards, in which he describes the worthy host as being haunted in his dreams by the reproachful spirit of the doomed trout, and which suggested these verses. It is fair to say that Delmonico, who was a true sportsman, was not responsible for the presence of the unseasonable fish, as he was then absent from the country.

CRISP, juicy, brown as autumn leaf,
 The murder'd beauty grac'd the board,
 Its life of pleasure come to grief,
 Its blood untimely pour'd:
 Stark on its silver dish it lies,
 While sparkling glasses round it shine,
 Vases of flowers entwine their dyes,
 And flames the ruby wine.

Delmonico, of world-wide fames,
 Hath spread the board to tempt the guest;
 Phil Sheridan is there, and names
 Of bravest and of best!
 But none of all the jocund band
 Gather'd that festive board about,
 Will touch with sacrilegious hand
 That poor "unseason'd trout."

Outstretch'd upon its costly bier,
 The murder'd victim thus doth seem
 To murmur low in fancy's ear
 Its sad lamenting theme;
 Reproaching with a piteous strain
 Delmonico, the sumptuous host,
 And the mean poacher that hath slain—
 And thus outspake the ghost:

“ Ah! Del., no marvel you confess,
 In dreams of night I blight thy sleep,
 That on thy drowsy soul I press,
 And o'er thy slumbers sweep;
 No wonder that tormenting dreams
 Of vengeful sportsmen haunt thy rest,
 In visions of depleted streams,
 Where poachers dark molest!

“ Ah! lovely was the life I led
 In crystal streams of azure deeps,
 Where rippling o'er its golden bed
 The river-current sweeps;
 There weeping-willows droop their plumes,
 The twinkling birch its pomp displays;
 The air is fragrant with perfumes,
 All flush'd with sunny rays.

“ Disporting in the gelid tide,
 Enchanted sped each fleeting year,
 Far-floating with my spangled bride
 In watery career.
 I lov'd each curv'd and yellow bay,
 The sandy bar, the pebbled cove,
 The shallows where the lilies lay
 And trees their shadows wove.

“ And fair the brook in winter-time,
 When mute and frozen in its bed
 It sleeps beneath the frosty rime
 All motionless and dead.

For there I fear'd nor seine nor net,
 Nor poacher's steel nor angler's line;
 Secure in waters, could forget
 The snares for me and mine.

“ Though dead, I pardon for the sake
 That thou hast said that never more
 Shall guest “ unseason'd trout” partake
 Within thy social door.
 My poor ghost shall not haunt again;
 May sleep with gentle balms descend,
 And dreams Elysian steep thy brain;—
 Be thou the poor trout's friend!”

ON SEEING AN AQUARIUM IN A BOOKSTORE
 WINDOW.

HERE in your cell of glass,
 Fast by the thronging avenue, ye keep
 Your home, O finny natives of the deep!
 That all may see who pass.

The sunshine of the day
 Gleams thro' the pictur'd windows in your home,
 And the soft twilight gilds your crystal dome
 With many a checkered ray.

The school-child stops to look,
 And views your playful sports with wondering eyes,
 Charm'd with your glittering scales and mottled dycs,
 Bright troutlings of the brook!

He enters at the door
 To seek some book, so dear to heart of boy,
 But drops the pictur'd page—the pretty toy—
 Thy wonders to explore.

He marvels how the bright,
 The spotted trout, that loves the meadow'd stream,
 The gold-fish, shining like a prisms beam,
 The minnow, silver-white,

Should swim harmonious there,
 With the salt minnows, eels, and crabs that creep,
 And all the grotesque creatures of the deep,
 And the same dwelling share.

He feels that God above,
 Who order'd in His wise and heavenly plan
 That all the varied brotherhood of man
 Should live in peace and love, ♪

Hath so ordain'd the rule
 That all the lesser tribes of land and sea—
 The fish, the fowl—though diverse, should agree
 In nature's common school.

Will e'er that day have birth
 When the meek lamb shall with the lion rest,
 The kid find shelter in the tiger's breast,
 And love pervade the earth?

When all this earth that tread—
 The birds of air, the beasts that range the wild—
 Shall gentle be as new-born helpless child,
 And blood no more be shed!

EEL-SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT. (*Anguilla.*)

THE skies are dark; the moon is hid
 Behind the dusky cloud of night;
 A bank of drift-fog from the surge
 Hangs heavy on the sea-shore height;
 No hovering breeze uplifts its wing
 Aside the misty gloom to fling.

But see! a star along the wave
 Moves slow and devious, to and fro;
 Now like a blazing camp-fire flares,
 Now, flickering, trembles faint and low.
 Anon it steady glows and burns,
 As hither thro' the gloom it turns.

'Tis the eel-spearer's pitchy torch
 That like a lightship's lantern flings
 Its ruddy, quivering bar of light,
 As in the rigging high it swings.
 Nearer and nearer, thro' the dusk,
 The smoky flambeau slow doth float,
 And now the gnome-like fisherman
 Shows dimly in his drifting boat.

Standing with trident spear uprais'd,
 All shadowy on his task intent,
 He shows like goblin of the mine
 On some weird, fiendish orgie bent.
 He pauses, for the shooting flame
 Reveals the slippery prey below;
 With sudden plunge he thrusts the spear,
 Then draws it upward to the glow;
 And see! the captives twist and coil,
 Dark victims of his midnight toil.

WHEN THIS OLD ROD WAS NEW.

WHEN this old rod was new,
 'Twas in the vanish'd time,
 When step was light and eye was bright,
 And youth was in its prime.
 Oh! bright were then the skies
 In the glory of the dawn,
 When the dews that gemm'd the grass
 Shone in the rosy morn.

Then oped the garden gate,
 And down the bowery lane,
 Hedg'd in with elm and chestnut,
 My hasty path was ta'en;
 And to the brawling brooks
 That thro' the meadows twine
 I hurried fast, with heart elate,
 With the new rod and line.

When this old rod was new,
Full oft by the mill-dam edge,
Where the water-lilies grew
And the cat-tails and the sedge,
I stood on the bank, and threw
My line for the perch and bream,
In the cool, transparent stream,
When this old rod was new.

And up where the mountain brook
Pour'd swift over stone and sand,
Over yellow sand and crystal stone
I've stood with this rod in hand.
Then, where the dark eddies whirl'd,
In the shadow of pine and yew,
I cast my silken tackle
When this old rod was new.

I knew that under the bank,
Where deep was the pool scoop'd out,
Where the black tree-roots were hidden,
There lurk'd the spotted trout.
Then cautious and muffled my step,
And skilful the cast that I threw,
And glorious the captive prizes
When this old rod was new.

And oft on the ocean border,
Where the salt sea-surges beat,
On weedy and slippery boulder,
Have I stood my daring feet;
And there from profound abysses
The bass from their caves I drew,
Rejoicing in my triumphs
When this old rod was new.

And now that the silver circlet
Of Time on my head is laid,
And years with their wintry blossoms
My furrow'd brow invade,

I still by the brook and the seaside,
 Those early sports renew,
 And find the pastime as pleasant
 As when this old rod was new.

THE BOY ANGLER.

UNDER the bridge that spans the stream—
 Stream that gurgles and prattles away,
 Stream that flashes with many a gleam—
 The boy would pass the holiday.
 I wonder if ever in all the earth
 A happier heart warm'd human breast;
 If ever such perfect, such rapturous mirth,
 Was known as in that Eden blest!
 I wonder if ever a gorgeous king,
 In midst of all his jewell'd court,
 Royal with sceptre and crown and ring,
 Had ever such rich, ecstatic sport.

The bridge was ancient with log and beam,
 And over it droop'd the willow-trees,
 Dipping their catkins in the stream,
 Asylum for fluttering birds and bees;
 And here in this dim, secluded cave
 The boy would come to muse o'er the wave.

He mus'd, for he lov'd all beautiful sights,
 All sounds delicious that charm'd the place;
 The insects gay, small water-sprites,
 That skimm'd and circled in mazy race;
 The water-ouzel flitting there,
 The blue kingfisher, perch'd on spray,
 Then dropping quick from leafy lair,
 Shrill screaming as he seiz'd his prey.

And here the poor barefooted boy,
 With tatter'd jerkin and hat of straw,
 Enjoy'd the bliss, the speechless joy,
 The angler's rapture, without a flaw.

He watch'd the minnow's quivering fin,
 And silvery perch go swimming by,
 The sunfish darting out and in,
 The pickerel snap at the gaudy fly;
 The little shiner, like diamond spark,
 Shoot through the waters deep and dark,
 And the trout, like glancing Indian shaft,
 Defying even his cunning craft.

It was a pleasure to note the frog
 That sat open-mouth'd on weedy log;
 To note the turtles, 'all speckled o'er,
 Bask on the slippery rocks of the shore;
 The muskrats paddling in sluggish play,
 And mink and the otter on their way.

It was pleasant when hot midsummer days
 Scorch'd earth and air with fervid blaze,
 When the very atmosphere seem'd to swoon
 With the drowsy influence of the noon,
 To sit in his hermit cell and share
 The voices of nature in the air;
 The chirp of the cricket in the grass,
 The snap of the grasshoppers as they pass,
 The anthems of song-birds in the hedge,
 The whistle of snipe across the sedge,
 And all the entrancing symphonies
 Of breeze and of wave, of birds and bees—
 All paintings of nature's matchless art,
 All music of nature that thrills the heart.

THE PORPOISE.

IN all the tides of ocean in the seas
 That chafe around the utmost Northern coast,
 Where toppling cliffs from icy pinnacles
 Plunge in the surf, and icebergs roll and toss,
 And crystal floes of adamantine ice
 Drift on their way—there art thou frequent found.

The fur-clad Esquimau, in skin canoc,
 Plying his paddle in inclement seas,
 Follows thy schools; and the swart Laplander
 With his bone lance pursues thee to the death.

And in serener latitudes, where smooth
 The smiling main scarce ruffles its expanse,
 Round Indian isles that gem the purple deeps,
 Where spicy forests breathe ambrosial balms
 And palm-trees dip their tassels in the wave,—
 There, too, thy gambolling multitudes abound.

The Patagonian, on his rocky cape
 Gazing o'er ocean, views ye as ye pass,
 And the big ship that through Magellan's Strait
 Beats 'gainst the baffling winds, beholds thy course.
 Far in Pacific tides, the passing fleet
 Bound for remotest India, meets thy shoals,
 Tumbling and plunging past the foamy prow;
 And oft the seaman on the vessel's deck
 Transfixes thee with lance or sharp harpoon.

In the salt bays and estuaries wide,
 Far as the broad Atlantic beats the coast,
 From coral reefs of Florida to the rocks
 Of utmost North, thy roving schools abound.

THE ANGLER'S CHANT.

AH, the shriek of the reel, the trout-fisher's reel!
 No sound is so sweet to the ear;
 The hum of the line, the buzz of the wheel!
 Where the crystalline brook runs so clear.

Here's a shade on the stream where the willows bend down,
 Where the waters sleep drowsy and dim,
 And there where the ripples whirl amber and brown
 The lords of the rivulets swim.

Then fling the light tackle with delicate cast,
 Let your fly like a cobweb alight,
 A dash and a splash, and the victim is fast,
 While your reel sings a song of delight.

See, yonder a green-moss'd boulder enchecks
 The stress of the turbulent tides,
 And there amid bubbles and foam-bell flecks
 The gold-spotted brook-trout hides.

The sweet breezes blow, the morning sun shines,
 The white clouds drift slow down the sky;
 'Tis a day that is perfect for sport with the lines,
 For artistic cast of the fly.

Ah, haste to the shore, brother angler, to-day,
 On the weedy gray rock take your place,
 Where the surf, at its base, makes glorious race,
 And, like rainbows, glitters the spray!

Cast your eye o'er the blue expanses of sea;
 How lovely, how grand is the scene!
 The great rolling waves, now dusky, now green,
 Forever rejoicing and free,

See the flash of the bluefish over the main,
 The gleam of the bright striped bass!
 Then the braided line fling, let the reel hum its strain,
 And so the gay moments shall pass.

BUNKER-FISHING. (*Alosa menhaden.*)

ON ocean waters, sound, and bay,
 The twinkling Maytime sunbeams play,
 And white with foam the billows shine
 Where the moss-bunkers lash the brine.
 Above them flocks of seagulls swing;
 Beneath, the hungry bluefish spring,
 And, deadlier still, the surf-men strain
 The oar, and run the meshing seine.

Where sweeps the broad and breezy bay
 Engirt by shores with woodlands gay,
 In shoals innumerable as sands
 That sparkle in the wrinkled strands,

The bunkers gather on the flood,
 Roaming the ocean-paths for food;
 And here the fisher-boats invade,
 Deep with the shining burden weighed.

Off by the low New Jersey shore,
 Off where Long Island surges roar,
 Off where the Narragansett Bay
 Its tribute to the sea doth pay,
 Off Massachusetts' Bay profound,
 Off Maine shores with their pine woods crown'd,
 Off where the billows chafe and fret
 O'er rocks along New Brunswick set,
 The fish innumerable pass
 O'er tumbling seas, or seas of glass.

The watchman's eye from sandy mound,
 Or eyrie in some tall tree found,
 Surveys the broad extended main,
 Views of the fishy shoal to gain;
 And when the welcome prize draws near
 In acres, o'er the waters clear,
 He hoists his signal to the breeze,
 That all may hasten to the seas.

Then rush the crews from shop and field,
 Leave plough in glebe the oar to wield;
 The surf-boat down the beach is drawn,
 The oar is seiz'd with arm of brawn,
 The boat is launch'd where breakers pour,
 While guides the helmsman with the oar.

Then hard and emulous the toil,
 Rivals all anxious for the spoil;
 The ablest boat, the manliest crew,
 Tug hard with muscle and with thew,
 And victor in the race surrounds
 The leaping fish with snaring bounds;
 Then laden is the boat, till more
 May not be added to the store.

They pull for shore, and soon the soil
 Is opulent with scaly spoil;
 In glittering heaps the shiny hoard
 O'er all the yellow sand is pour'd;

And not the wealth of Indian mines,
 Dug deep where never sunbeam shines,
 So fair, so gorgeous to behold
 As this rich spoil of blue and gold.

SMELT-FISHING. (*Osmerus eperlanus*.)

THOUGH keen the blast sweeps free and wide,
 With blood half frozen in his vein,
 The fisher, o'er the icy tide,
 Heeds neither pelting hail nor rain.
 With eye intent upon his task
 He toileth all the winter day,
 And soon the clear transparent ice
 Is glittering with silver prey.

And in the autumn's latest time,
 When first the streams run icy-cold;
 In Indian summer's ruddy prime,
 When maple leaves are touch'd with gold,
 And all the dim and smoky air
 Tempers the sunshine's steady glare,—
 Then up the salty tides that flow
 And ebb along the river-shore,
 With silken line and tapering rod
 He loves the waters to explore,
 And take the sheeny smelt that gleam
 Athwart the ripples of the stream.
 Then oft to city wharf and pier
 The youthful angler makes resort,
 Rejoicing in the pastime dear,
 Charm'd with the well-rewarded sport.

In winter days the frozen bays
 Are whiten'd with the fisher's tent,
 Like scene of war, when white and far
 Outspreads the pitch'd encampment.
 Then blithely rings the skater's steel,
 As round in circling sweep he flies,
 Tending his lines, and prompt to snatch
 From air-hole his resplendent prize.

BLACK-BASS-FISHING IN WESTERN STREAMS.

IN Western rivers dark and deep
 That flow thro' open prairie land,
 Past sandy bluff and wooded steep,
 Thro' solemn forests lone and grand,
 The dusky black bass float and swim,
 Or o'er the placid surface skim.

In shallows of the river-reach
 Where rock and pebbles chafe the tide,
 Where o'er white gravel and the sand
 The rushing waters foam and glide,
 There oft the angler with his fly
 Takes the black rovers where they lie.

But often in the middle deeps
 Where fathomless the water sleeps,
 Or where some stony dam or pier,
 Obstructs the currents' swift career,
 There oft the struggling, finny spoil
 Rewards the angler's patient toil.

THE STURGEON. (*Acipenser sturio.*)

WHERE the broad Hudson graceful sweeps
 Along its fair, romantic shores;
 Where past its western, wooded bluffs
 And frowning Palisades it pours;
 And upward where the narrowing stream
 Is girdled by the embracing bank;
 Far upward where the tufted woods
 Umbrageous gather, rank on rank,
 And downward where its outlet yields
 Its generous tribute to the deep,
 The white-scal'd sturgeons glide or leap;
 A hard-sought prize to net or spear,
 Wherever they urge their free career.

Up the wide Sound, and far as trend
 The rocks that hem New England's coast;
 Up the Maine rivers, broad and deep,
 Where boiling tides are ever tost,
 The silver-spangled sturgeon roam
 In the fresh tides or salty foam.

And often gazing o'er the main
 Where the Atlantic billows break;
 O'er that illimitable plain
 I see them their mad gambols make;
 Now swiftly shooting o'er the surge,
 Now leaping upward, each its length,
 In course eccentric on they urge
 With matchless speed, surpassing strength.
 The billows brighten where they leap,
 The spray flies upward, white and high,
 Then sudden to abysses deep
 They settle, lost to human eye.

Far, far along thy dangerous edge,
 O Maine, with reefs and rocks beset,
 Lin'd with the seaweed and the sedge,
 Where ceaseless the salt surges fret,
 I've seen the gleaming sturgeon play
 Along old Ocean's endless way.
 And where thy rivers pour their tide,
 Penobscot, Androscoggin wide,
 I've seen far up the drooping woods
 The sturgeon flashing in the floods.

Ah me! how pleasant to recall
 Those college days, so distant wide,
 When you and I, dear Longfellow,
 Wander'd in converse, side by side;
 Wander'd 'neath Brunswick's piny woods,
 Or by the Androscoggin's floods;
 Now pausing by the way to note
 The pigeon flocks above us float,
 Or catch the sudden flash and leap
 Of the great sturgeons o'er the deep!

Though Time has long inscrib'd thy name
 High on the scroll of poet's fame,
 Yet well I know thy memory strays
 Far back to scenes of vanish'd days,—
 To Brunswick woods and waters blue,
 When we were young and life was new.
 Though Time has sprinkled on our brows
 His white, inevitable snows,
 Still in our hearts the life-tides pour
 As warm, as loving as of yore.

PICKEREL-FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

(*Esox lucius.*)

WIDE o'er the lake's transparent plain
 An adamantine floor is laid,
 A pure and crystalline domain
 By unseen frosty fingers made;
 So firm, a marching host might pass
 With ponderous guns the bridge of glass;
 And here the ice-boats skim or beat
 Swifter than yachter's sailing fleet,
 And, pois'd upon the gleamy steel,
 The flying skaters whirl and wheel.

The eeler comes with trident spear
 To thrust with keen and barbed grain;
 The pickerel-fishers gather near,
 To hew with axe the crystal plain,
 And there with baited lines all day,
 On circling skates they watch for prey.
 A hundred flapping tents arise
 To screen them from the blast that blows,
 And the white lake with canopies
 Like warlike vast encampment shows.

It is a fair, secluded spot
 Hid in dense woods of evergreen,
 A frozen lake of lucent glass
 Fring'd with its sombre forest screen;

The larch, the hemlock, and the pine
And spicy cedars hem it round,
In whose thick, interlacing shades
The speckled partridges abound.
In summer 'tis a sparkling lake
With golden sands and purple deeps,
Where skims the yellow pickerel,
Or through profoundest waters sweeps.

But when the winter days are come
And Christmas carols thrill the air,
And snows besiege the farmer's home,
And pallid woods stretch bleak and bare,
And spreads a solid icy floor
Across the lake from shore to shore,
Then joyous troops delight to wheel
And whirl upon the glancing steel,
To build great bonfires to illumine
The scene when falls the evening gloom,
From dawn till midnight hour to make
Wild frolic o'er the crackling lake,
To hew deep chasms in the clear,
Pure ice for passage of the spear,
Or set the fish-lines to ensnare
The lurking pickerel from his lair.

A jocund and a youthful crowd
Assemble there with laughter loud;
Bright golden locks o'er brows of snow,
Cheeks with the roses' scarlet glow,
And darker tresses flowing down
Like torrents from the mountain's crown;
Eyes gleaming like the diamond spark,
Or star-beam flashing thro' the dark;
These gather all in mad delight,
To see the finny treasures bright
That flash and glitter as they leap
From dim abysses of the deep.

O riotous, glad winter-time,
With brow of snow and locks of rime,
With sifting drift on garden-rail,
With woods resplendent with the hail,

With shapeless snow-heaps o'er the ground,
 And roofs with pearl tiaras crown'd,
 And house-eaves thick with jewels set,
 Bright as the polish'd bayonet;
 With wreaths the old walls to adorn,
 Where youth and beauty dance till morn;
 With silver tinkle of the bells
 O'er country roads, thro' sylvan dells;
 With skater's shout and singer's strain
 Far o'er the wide, rejoicing plain;—
 Ah! with all these no festival
 So gay in summer's gilded hall!

BLACKFISH. (*Tautoga Americana.*)

WHEREVER by extended shore
 The rough rocks sow the salty deep,
 Wherever kelp and seaweed cling
 And crab and starfish crawl and creep,
 The blackfish find a lurking-place,
 Deep in the waters at their base.

Where sunken ledges pave the floor
 Of ocean with granitic blocks,
 Where the projecting reef throws out
 Its bulwark of the craggy rocks,
 The anglers for the blackfish stand
 On summit of the sea-wash'd crag,
 And with the slender fishing-wand
 The blackfish from their caverns drag.

Where'er a hapless bark hath met
 Its fate along the dangerous shore,
 And with its broken ribs and keel
 Lies rotting on the ocean floor,
 There where the clinging shell and weed
 Gather, and barnacles abound,
 The blackfish seeking out their feed
 In numbers by the hook are found.

THE SHARK. (*Carcharias glaucus.*)

THE seaboy sailing o'er the main,
 Far-gazing o'er the watery plain,
 Sees oft the black fin of the shark
 Pursuing his careering bark.
 Quick thro' the ship the joyful news
 Like wildfire runs from stem to stern;
 From bulwark high, from sloping mast,
 Leeward all eager glances turn.
 The master seeks the massive hook
 With iron chain and hempen line,
 And soon the baited snare is out
 Far trailing o'er the seething brine.

The greedy monster with a plunge
 Rushes to seize the tempting bait,
 And, rolling on his dusky back,
 Gorges the hook and finds his fate.
 Away in madden'd haste he flies,
 Lashing the wave with forked tail,
 But 'gainst a score of tugging hands
 His desperate strength may naught avail.
 Soon bleeding on the deck, a prize,
 The ruthless ocean tyrant dies.
 'Tis said in Indian seas remote,
 Off the white reef of Bengal Bay,
 Cruises the great man-eater shark,
 Hungry and keen for human prey.
 There Indian damsels dread to plunge
 In combing surf and curling wave,
 Fearing that terror of sharp teeth,
 That jaw remorseless as the grave.
 But brave the manly diver dares
 With sharpen'd creese to meet his foe,
 And, plung'd beneath the lurking fiend,
 Stabs till the tides with slaughter flow.
 So the swart diver for the pearl,
 Taught from his youth to search the deeps,
 With keen blade meets him in the surf,
 And slays him wheresoe'er he sweeps.

HAKE. (*Phycis furgatus.*)

O'ER sandy bar and rocky floor
 That pave the bottom of the deep,
 Where kelp and dulse and seaweeds flaunt
 Their garlands where the currents sweep;
 Where rove the haddock and the cod,
 The sheepshead and the silvery bass,
 The dark hake schools rejoice to feed
 In pastures of the salty grass.

The fisher in his rocking boat
 From reef to reef pursues his prey,
 Now in abysses dark and deep,
 And now in shoaling cove and bay,
 But best the sport when night her veil
 Of shadows o'er the ocean spreads,
 And the red moon along the seas
 Her glimmering effulgence sheds.

Then when the drowsy breezes fold
 Their wings and swoon away in sleep,
 When not a ruffling ripple curls
 The motionless undimpled deep;
 When drops the moon her golden bridge
 Of light athwart the level main,
 And heavenly constellations burn,
 Stars flood the night with twinkling rain,—
 'Tis then the fisher's toilsome trade
 Is with abounding spoil repaid.

SPECKLED BASS AT LAKE PEPIN, MINN.

IT is a fair, pellucid lake,
 With towering bluffs encompass'd round,
 Heavy with woods of fir and pine,
 With gloomy cedar forests crown'd;
 And here in some secluded haunt,
 Afar from human care and vice,
 The lover of the woods and streams
 Seeks out an earthly paradise.

Sweet falls the summer sunshine here,
The morning with its dewy flush;
The breezeless, calm, unclouded noon,
The glimmering twilight with its hush.
Spring here its earliest violet drops,
Summer its rosy garland weaves,
Brown Autumn comes with purple grapes,
Winter thro' all the woodland grieves,
Yet ever in this pastoral vale
Content and endless peace prevail.

The tenants of the crystal deeps
The watery pastures rove at will,
Gleaming with gold, and ray'd and strip'd
With all the colors that distil
Thro' the curv'd rainbow, hung on high,
A painted arch across the sky,
And here the trout-schools, and the pike
With jaw immense and mottled side,
Swim free and far, and muscalonge
Cleaving like Indian shaft the tide.

Most lovely of all finny tribes
That haunt the pool or skim the foam,
The speckled bass, in armor bright
Like mail-clad knight, delights to roam;
Studded with gorgeous spots of brown,
With scales of azure, gold, and green;
With opal stripe and lucent bars,
No fish more beautiful is seen.

Where far the sandy point juts out
They churn the waters till they boil.
Swift-darting to and fro, they urge
Their sports, and mingle in turmoil.
But when the evening shades pervade
And dim in shadow rests the lake,
In deepest caverns of the pool
Their cool secluded homes they make;
Yet even there the angler's fly,
Or mimic minnow deftly spun,
Will tempt them from the azure deeps,
Decoy them, 'till the prize is won.

THE KINGFISH. (*Menticirrus nebulosus*.)

“The kingfish, or whiting as it is called along the Southern coast, is the gamiest fish for its size known to the angler.”—
L. O. VANDOREN, in “*Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast*.”

OFF where the slender light-house lifts,
Like sheeted ghost, above the surge,
Casting its warning flames at night
Far to the dim horizon's verge
Round sunken reef and hidden rock
Where shells and sands inlay the floor
Of ocean, there the kingfish glide
And the sea's secret worlds explore.

Resplendent with their russet head,
Their silvery and azure sides,
They dart like meteoric showers
Across the salt tumultuous tides.
There anchor'd, when the tides are low
And first the young flood bubbling flows,
The fisher far the spinning line
Deep down with trustful ardor throws.

Seek them when roars the tumbling surf
Along the inlets of the shore,
When swift between the sandy banks
The tides thro' deepen'd channels pour.
Go where Fire Island opes its gate
To let the boisterous waters in,
Or where the surf at Barnegat
Thunders in hoarse, incessant din,
And there within the Inlet-jaws
When deep and darksome flows the tide,
Feeding in schools innumerable
The greedy kingfish gleam and glide.

The old colonial times
Nam'd this of all the fish the king;
The noblest, gamiest of the tribes
O'er ocean wandering.

It glows with evanescent tints
 Of silvery hue and shades of gray,
 With sides of bluish white, and fins
 O'er which all rainbow glories play.
 He is an eager fish to bite
 At sand-worm or at shedder crab;
 And when death-stung by barbed stab,
 Heroic, stubborn, full of fight,
 Quick to the bottom depths he flies,
 Then dashes left and right,
 Nor yields submissive till he dies.

At every wharf and pier and ledge
 The anglers haste for perfect sport;
 Along the Battery's grassy edge
 And by the ancient fort,
 Up the North River and the East,
 Manhattan gather'd to the feast.
 A century since those times hath past,
 And when the British standard fell
 From fortress wall and frigate mast,
 Those noble fish all fled as well,
 And few remain by stream and bay
 The angler's efforts to repay.
 Yet far along the Jersey shore,
 Off Sandy Hook, Long Island Sound,
 And where the Southern surges pour,
 The king-fish still abound.

At inlet of the Barnegat,
 Off Long Branch' sunny cliff and cove,
 O'er hidden bar and muddy flat,
 Their swarming myriads pour;
 And far adown the Southern coast
 Where Chesapeake bays expand,
 And where Cape Hatteras tides are tost,
 And Florida's green strand,
 They skim the wave, they plunge the deep,
 And through the great Gulf onward sweep,

PORGEE. (*Pagrus argyrops*.)

IN all the tides that sweep the coast
 By Labrador's remotest shores,
 Far down to where the Chesapeake
 Its affluent flood to ocean pours,
 The porgees, bright with silvery scales,
 In numberless great schools abound,
 At river-mouth, in open bay,
 In estuary and in sound.

Where foams the flood-tide swift and clear
 O'er sands and shoals of ocean's bed,
 Their flashing, shifting multitudes,
 Quick darting to and fro, are spread;
 Where whirls and wheeling eddies spin
 O'er weedy rock and hidden ledge,
 Their pearly legions mustering fill
 With swarming life the channel-edge.

Rough ocean coasts and open seas,
 Where cruise piratic blue-fish foes,
 They soon forsake for cove and bay,
 And where the shallow river flows.
 Yet there the fisher still pursues;
 And anchor'd yacht and dory boat,
 And pier and wharf with anglers lin'd,
 Thin out their schools where'er they float.

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

I WANDER daily by thy shore,
 Thy rocky shore, Long Island Sound,
 And in my little boat explore
 The secrets of thy depths profound.
 I trace the great brown rocks far down,
 O'er which the salt tides ebb and flow,
 Encrusted with their rugged shells,
 Rocks where the ribbon'd seaweeds grow;

And there the glancing fish I view,
 The weakfish and the dusky bass:
 The bergalls and the blackfish schools,
 And silvery porgees as they pass.

Fast-anchor'd in my swinging boat,
 The welcome nibble to await,
 I feel the sheepshead at the line,
 The sea-bass tugging at the bait;
 And as I gaze across the wave
 I see the shining sturgeon leap,
 Springing in air with sudden flash,
 Then splashing, plunging to the deep;
 I see the porpoise schools sweep by,
 In sportive gambollings at their play,
 Puffing and snorting as they rise,
 Wheeling and tumbling on their way;
 And never wearied is my gaze
 As o'er the blue expanse it roams,
 Viewing the endless billows roll,
 White-crested with the yeasty foams.

SPANISH MACKEREL. (*Scomberomorus maculatum*.)

WHEN fields are green and woods of June
 Are vocal with the song-bird's tune,
 When willows lithe, a lovely group,
 Full foliaged o'er the meadows droop;
 When hazels their soft catkins ope
 By rivulet edge and grassy slope,
 Then swift those rovers of the deep
 O'er all the Northern surges leap.

Far off the billows of Montauk,
 Above them hovering gull and hawk;
 Far off the isles of Orient
 Where the Sound's billowy waves are spent,
 And by the rough New England shore
 Where the vex'd tides incessant roar,
 Their gleaming schools flash far and wide,
 Disporting in the flowing tide.

Most beautiful in shape and hue
 Of all that swim the waters blue,
 Fairer than plumage of the bird
 Or fur of the wild forest herd,
 Remorseless are they as the grave
 To all the tenants of the wave;
 No speed, no cunning may avail
 When these marauders may assail.

But yet a cruel fate prepares
 For them its fierce destructive snares;
 The fishers with their swarming boats
 Spread out their mesh-seines and their floats;
 The yacht sweeps round them with the sail,
 Or stoops the sea-hawk in the gale,
 While flashing squid and trailing line
 Drag them reluctant from the brine.

COMMON PICKEREL. (*Esox reticulatus*.)

SEPTEMBER woods are fresh and green,
 September woods are bright,
 September's early morning glows
 With its encrimsoning light;
 O'er upland slopes a dewy haze
 In vapory beauty clings,
 Soft as the film that fancy's veil
 O'er earthly vision flings.
 Serene afar the purple cones
 Of the Green Mountain stand,
 Like arm'd and stalwart sentinels
 Guarding a sleeping land;
 Serene and smooth Champlain's blue lake
 Spreads out its dimpled sheet,
 Washing its wood-engirdled shore,
 Bathing the mountain feet.

In shallow cove, near grassy bank,
 The pickerel-weeds grow green and rank;
 In hazel-girded, crescent bays
 Sprinkled with isles, an endless maze,

The yellow-tinted pickerel
 Lie hidden, motionless and still;
 The dorsal fin, the forked tail
 Scarce stir the waters, clear as air,
 But jaws are open to assail
 And glassy eyes all murderous stare.
 But when the small fry of the lake,
 The minnow and the shiner bright,
 Across the limpid surface break,
 Shooting like pearly sparks of light,
 Then, as an Indian tiger grim
 Rends antler'd stag in jungles dim,
 So doth the water-tyrant slay
 The helpless, unresisting prey.

SEA-BASS. (*Centropristes nigricanus*.)

WIDE off Long Island's yellow beach,
 Where fisher's plummet scarce may reach,
 Deep-sunken in the depths of brine,
 Where sea-weeds all the rocks entwine,
 Where kelp its beaded ribbon flings,
 And the black mussel closely clings,
 And sea-dulse their long tresses flaunt,
 There the dark sea-bass makes his haunt.
 And where the Sound outspreads its plain
 Extended to the tossing main,
 Off Orient Point and green Plum Isle,
 Where the Gut currents chafing boil,
 Where Gardiner's Island and Gull-rocks
 Breast and repel the ocean shocks,
 There goes the fisher with his boat
 Above the sunken ledge to float,
 Skilful to take with baited line
 The sable sea-bass of the brine.

I love to stand on rocks that throw
 Deep shadows on the tides below,
 And note the varied life that sweeps
 The salt abysses of the deeps;

The sword-fish and the spouting whale,
 The porpoise tumbling in the gale,
 The dolphin and the grampus dark,
 The sharp-finn'd, man-devouring shark,
 The blue-fish leaping as they pass,
 The strip'd and pearl-enamell'd bass;
 The crab, the shrimp, the mussel-shell,
 The sea-egg with its thorny cell,
 The moss to slippery rock that clings,
 The dulse, the sea-weed with its rings,
 Its emerald garlands drifting wide,
 Rising and falling with the tide,—
 All these, the wealth of waters blue,
 Are ever wondrous, ever new.

THE SEAL AT LABRADOR.

(*Calocephalus vitulinus.*)

ATHWART the river's brimming flood,
 Behold the tumbling seals at play!
 Now diving in the seething deeps
 Now dashing o'er the boiling spray;
 Their round black heads now rise, now sink,
 Still watchful of the rifle's aim,
 Still mindful of the birch canoe
 And Indian lurking for his game.

Perch'd on some brown, weed-tangled rock
 They bask luxurious in the sun,
 Watching the salmon's flashing leap,
 As thro' the surging tides they run;
 And here they teach their young the art
 To swim, to dive, to clutch the prey,
 The art the salmon to o'ertake,
 The salmon of the watery way.

The finny tribes, with bright scales lin'd,
 Painted beyond the limner's art,
 In meteoric brightness flash,
 With lightning speed the waters part;
 Yet swifter, with rapacious jaws,

The plunging seals their victims snare.
 Then bear them to some darkling pool,
 With their swart cubs the spoil to share.
 Stout sealing vessel! that doth spread
 In stormy seas the venturous sail,
 Battling with walrus and with seal,
 And grappling with the mighty whale,
 I love o'er frozen realms remote
 To follow thee where'er you float.

SHEEPSHEAD. (*Sparus ovis.*)

WHERE inlet of the Barnegat
 Opes to the tumbling surf its gate
 When the young-flood tide washes in
 Limpet and crab, a welcome bait;
 Then where the affluent current pours
 The deepest o'er its muddy floors,
 The greedy sheepshead hidden lie,
 To seize whatever may float by.
 And there in little boat that swings
 At anchor in the flowing tides,
 The angler line and plummet flings,
 And takes the robber when he wills.
 Patient and motionless he waits,
 Unmindful of all meaner prize;
 His hand upon the humming line,
 Fix'd on his task his eager eyes;
 The flashing blue-fish may rush by,
 The pig-like porpoise tumble near,
 The dusky shark may lash the foam,
 And sturgeon from the wave leap clear.
 He heeds not—but awaits the jerk
 Of sheep's-head, deep below that lurk.
 Far down the Bay, where salter tides
 And stronger, fiercer current pours,
 Where Absecum its inlet opes
 Between its shelving, sandy shores,—

There, too, the fishermen resort,
 For pleasant pastime, noble sport,
 And pluck triumphant from the deeps
 The treasure that old ocean keeps.

WHITE-FISH OF THE NORTHERN LAKES.

(*Coregonus albus.*)

ROAMING afar o'er Erie Lake
 The white-fish its fair surface break;
 In countless myriads they explore
 The windings of the shelving shore.
 Now seek some green sequester'd cove,
 Now off some beetling headland rove,
 Now lurk where emptying rivers bear
 The generous food the fish may share,
 Seeking the bounteous gifts brought down
 From distant woods and pastures brown.

Anon they seek the middle deeps
 Where fathomless the water sleeps,
 Perchance to fly from fierce pursuit
 Of the great trout that o'er it shoot,
 Or from the muscanonge's chase,
 The greedy tyrants of their race.

The fisher stakes his net and weir,
 The persecuted shoals to snare;
 The seiner runs his net around
 Where'er the glittering scales abound:
 They drag them to the neighboring shore.
 Where sands are brighten'd with their store.
 Yet, spite of foe and net and seine,
 Unnumber'd myriads still remain;
 So countless and prolific they,
 Scarce may their gleamy millions fail,
 Swarming in lake, and cove, and bay,
 In sleepy calm and howling gale.

THE SWORD-FISH. (*Xiphias gladius.*)

OFF where Nantucket's sandy isle
 Juts seaward with the reef and bar,
 And where the Martha Vineyard rocks
 Baffle the surges fierce and far,
 The hardy fishers launch the boat
 With courage that no perils daunt,
 To grapple with the dangerous foe,
 The sword-fish, in his ocean haunt.

Skilful are they with sharp harpoon,
 Skilful to wield the deadly lance;
 For ofttimes have they o'er the seas,
 Where waves tumultuously dance,
 Pursued in open boat the whale,
 Though typhoon threaten'd with the gale.

Sailing the billows leagues from shore
 With glass th' horizon's rim they sweep,
 And where the foamy surges pour
 They know the sword-fish play and leap;
 Steady the helmsman guides the way,
 High on the prow the spearman stands
 With arm uprais'd and prompt to throw
 The harpoon, quivering in his hands.
 And when the heedless fish are near,
 So near they brush the vessel's side,
 He flings the prong'd death-dealing spear,
 Its very shaft with crimson dyed.

Now comes the danger, for the prey,
 Madden'd with pain, may strike the boat,
 Thro' plank may thrust its bony way,
 So the poor craft may scarcely float.
 An oaken cask, with frantic haste,
 The spearman casts into the main,
 And so the wounded creatures waste
 On its tough sides their strength in vain,
 Till sick, exhausted with the strife,
 They end the struggle with their life.

HAULING OF THE SEINE.

AS PRACTISED ON THE EASTERN COAST OF LONG ISLAND.

THE sea is like a mirror—scarce a crest
 Of the white froth-foam gleams across its breast;
 And like an infant's bosom, fast asleep,
 Scarce sinks, scarce swells the smooth breast of the deep,—
 So smooth that scarce the shell-embroider'd sand
 Is ruffled by the waves that kiss the strand;
 So smooth, that scarce the green sea-weed that grows
 In shallow cove its ribbons may unclose;
 So smooth that scarce the salty kelps may shake
 Their beaded garlands where no ripples break.

Now good the time to lift the close-mesh'd seine,
 Outspread along the sandy sea-beach plain,
 Men coil it careful in the surf-boat's stern,
 Cork-line and lead-line all complete in turn.

Now haste, bold fishers, for a gleaming line
 Of flashing fins doth sweep across the brine;
 And shows where bright the treasures of the deep,
 Swimming and skimming, in gay frolics leap.

Now run your shapely shallows to the edge
 Where meet the shore-waves and the yellow sedge;
 Spring to your seats, ply hard the bending oar
 Till the flat keel recedeth from the shore,
 While the skill'd helmsman with long sweep doth steer
 Straight on the fish school, with exulting cheer.

Now the twin boats approach the unwary school;
 Pull well together, men, be cautious, cool;
 Let each boat take its seine-end, to surround
 With circling sweep the school, in hush profound;
 Then, when the drifting corks united meet,
 And myriad flashing tails the surface beat,
 Draw well together, till collected shine
 In one live mass the treasures of the brine.

Then with your hand-seines fill each ample boat
 Till with the sumptuous spoil it scarce may float;

Then to the shore with manful oar-strokes toil
 Till all the sandy beach is spread with spoil,
 Till all the level beach with glistening prey
 Twinkles and flashes in the blaze of day,
 Till well the fisher's hard and manly trade
 With opulent reward is rich repaid.

THE BROOKSIDE AND THE HILLSIDE.

IT was a leafy haunt where oft I came
 To track the wilful twistings of a brook
 That ran thro' grove and mead; now creeping slow
 And sluggish, half asleep amid its shores,
 Now slipping with an endless prattle down
 Its sloping floor of pebbles and white sands.

The stream beneath a bridge had made a pool
 Of dusky water, fring'd with sedge and reeds,
 Where water-lilies their white vases oped
 Each with a gem of gold within its heart.
 On the slant bank the wild rosebushes grew,
 All their pink petals to the view disclos'd,
 Their images reflected in the wave.
 Here flew the bright kingfishers, blue and gold,
 Following in flight the windings of the stream;
 And here a bird with snow-white, downy breast,
 The water-ouzel, dipping its black bill,
 Perch'd on a mossy stone, or skimm'd the wave.

It was a fairy scene to charm the eye!
 Down the swift stream, amid the shadows dusk,
 The gnat-swarms hover'd, and the minnows bright
 Twinkled and glisten'd in the sweeping tide,
 And leap'd the trout where insects sought the wave.
 The sweetest song-birds from each bending twig
 And coppice pour'd their souls in liquid strains;
 The heavens above were sunshine, and the earth
 Rejoic'd in full fruition of the day;
 Delicious were the bird-hymns, and most sweet
 The trickling murmur of the running brook.

We left the brookside, pass'd the bowering lanes,
 And on the brow of hillock saw beneath
 The open plains with rural farms o'erspread,
 And dotted thick with roofs of cottages.
 And here were seen the yellow sands, the cove,
 The rounded rocks with clinging sea-weeds drap'd,
 The white-capp'd waves, the brown sails on the bay,
 The drying nets o'er white sea-sands outspread.

There was a drowsy hum of bees in air,
 Flitting from bank to bank, from bush to bush,
 To sip the honey'd nectar of the flowers;
 Now darting thro' the honeysuckle shoots,
 Now o'er the meadows, white with clover-blooms;
 While on their purple plumes the humming-birds
 Like winged flowerets darted down the air;
 And all was blissful calm and slumberous peace,
 And trills of bird and murmur of the brook.

Where the white sunshine thro' green branches peeps,
 And the blue sky thro' tufted tree-tops shows,
 And leaves that curtain the path-openings
 Of forest sanctuaries are astir,
 Then pleasant 'tis beneath that verdant arch
 To enter and explore the depth of woods.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

○ GRAND Columbia, River of the West;
 O noble stream, for ages flowing on
 Thro' shores unknown to civilized man!
 Thy rough head-waters rise 'mid rocky mounts,
 Where torrents of the melting snow down pour
 From crag and cliff and rugged mountain peak,
 Winding thro' desert plains and savage wastes;
 Where springs no rustling grass or leafy shrub,
 And yet anon it runs its joyous way,
 Thro' pleasant valleys and soft, flowery plains,
 'Mid bending groves and prairies measureless.
 Far o'er those plains the Indian horseman rides,
 Lashing his steed in desperate pursuit

Of the wild buffalo and bounding deer,
Or the fleet antelope that scours the plain.

Free is the hunter of the plains and mounts,
A gallant rider, tall, athletic, brave;
His only food the great game of the wilds;
Ready for feast or battle; prompt to meet
A hostile tribe with war-club and with spear.
But the poor dwellers at Columbia's mouth—
The seashore Chinooks—are a peaceful race,
Idling inert their sluggish lives away,
Their food the salmon-shoals or herbs and roots.

There at the river's mouth spread shallow bays,
With rocky shores all fring'd with marshy isles,
Where droop the willow groves and poplar woods.
Ofttimes those rocky cliffs give place to plains
Where wave majestic groves of pluming pines.
Far up the great Columbian valley spreads,
'Twixt ridges parallel of soaring mounts,
And thro' its heart a bounteous river flows,
Slow wandering, from regions unexplor'd.

Far up Columbia's upper stream sweet airs,
Soft, temperate breezes, blow with gentle sweep;
While vigorous winters, sultry summer heats,
Across the eastern ridge of rocky mounts
Prevail, where snows eternal crown the peaks.
Yet o'er the western valleys and the plains
Serener clime is found, and nightly dews
And humid fogs make verdant all the realm.

THE BOYS AND THE BERGALLS.

UNSCRUPULOUS fishes are they!

How they nibble—purloining the bait,
Secure it ere blackfish may bite,

So eager and quick for the prey!

It is the boy-anglers' delight

To lean o'er the wharf or the pier,

While they broil in the blaze of the sun,

Dropping lines while the salt tides run clear.

They envy no anglers equipt
With the costliest tackle and reel,
With the fine jointed rod, silver-tipt,
With landing-net, fly-hook, and creel—
The anglers abounding in wealth,
Who may travel for sport far and wide,
And cast on the Labrador coast
For salmon that swarm in the tide.

Oft where the clear rivulet pours
Through meadow or rocky ravine,
The anglers may seek for the trout
That lurk in the waters serene ;
And yet these poor children receive
Purer bliss than those anglers enjoy ;
No regret and no envy disturbs
The simple pastimes of the boy.
And, methinks, the pleasures supreme,
When their hearts with success are elate,
Are more true, more ecstatic, than joys
Of the wealthy, the proud, and the great.

When the holiday season arrives,
And the school-bells may summon no more,
See them issue from alley and street
And haste to the banks of the shore !
Their victims are poor, it is true—
The sea-perch, the puny bergall,
All rough with the scales and the spines,
Yet how great is the glory of all !

'Mid the green, slimy spiles of the pier,
Where the shells and the barnacles cling,
Now, hopeful, the plummet they drop ;
Now, eager, the fish-line they fling.
How welcome each dusky brown prize!
What treasures they draw from the tide!
How triumphant their march to their homes,
Each bearing his burden with pride !

SCHOODIC LAKES, MAINE.

[The Schoodics are the home of the land-locked salmon. If it is that this peculiar species of delicious and gamy fish exists in other waters, it is, nevertheless, identified always with the charming Schoodic Lakes and the St. Croix River.—CHARLES HALLOCK'S *Fishing Tourist*.]

AH, let us blissful float on this pellucid stream,
 Idling the hours of summer-time away!
 Let us forget the fashions of the world—
 Its cares, its fretful griefs, anxieties,
 Ambition, pride, and selfish, low desires;
 The greedy struggles of the rich for wealth,
 The slavish toil of poverty for bread,
 The arrogance of power, the hard fate
 Of men in smoky crib and cabins rude,
 And all the sordid passions of mankind.

On, in our birch canoe, we listless float,
 Now in the sunshine, now in shadows lost,
 Where great Spruce Mountain casts its inky shade,
 And the dim depths seem fathomless.
 There is depressing sadness in this gloom
 That overspreads these waters, and we ply
 The oar, to float in heaven's own light again.
 Plying the paddle, soon the light canoe
 Speeds like an arrow, like a flitting bird,
 With scarce a murmuring ripple at the stern.

Pausing awhile, entranc'd, we downward gaze
 Deep in the wave; we see the floating cloud
 And the pure, blue, ethereal skies above
 Reflected, picturing a new heaven below.
 From a cliff-summit an o'erhanging tree
 Leans o'er, its great inverted form to see,
 To see its branching tops sink prone beneath.
 A red squirrel, running down a pendent bough,
 Doth seem to rise from bottom of the lake,
 And as the gazer on the mirror looks
 He sees exact his image reproduc'd.

The flapping crows, the circling hawks that pass,
 See with amaze their figures in the wave.
 Aloft, majestic on a dead tree-top,
 An eagle sits as wondering at the scene;
 A soaring fish-hawk skims athwart the wave,
 Then dips his dropping wing to seize his prey.
 A wild-duck, startled from the cove, sweeps by;
 Zigzag a kingfisher flies, shrill-screaming, past;
 From up the lake come hoarse cries of a crane,
 And melancholy wail of lonely loon.

All these the boatman notes with dreamy sense,
 And then anon he takes his tapering rod
 And casts his feather'd lures with skilful hand;
 He takes the lordly salmon and the trout
 That in the watery abysses float.

The fleeting day is all too brief for him,
 So fill'd with pleasing sights and pleasant sound;
 So, when the evening shades steal gradual round
 He turns reluctant to his bowery camp.

REMINISCENCES.

EARLY FISHING SCENES UNDER THE OLD "ROPE-WALK," AT
 FOOT OF BOSTON COMMON, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE PUBLIC
 GARDEN AND BY BLOCKS OF ELEGANT MANSIONS.

YES, 'tis the haunt of early years,
 The joyous holiday resort,
 Where, in the happy afternoon,
 We came for childish sport;
 The scenes, the joys of vanish'd time
 On memory's tablet glow,
 The ecstasies of youthful life,
 The bliss of long ago !

'Twas here the ancient structure stretch'd,
 The brown old timbers stood,
 The weather-beaten platform too,
 That spann'd the rising flood;
 And here our rosy little band,

When tides did ebb or flow,
 Would cluster like a swarm of bees
 Rang'd in a crowded row.

Our slender, homely fish-rods then
 Would line the friendly pier,
 And oh, what gleeful shouts arose,
 What gay, light-hearted cheer,
 As each one jerk'd the shiny prize,
 The ribb'd, the struggling prey,
 That filled our wicker creels with wealth,
 Our hearts with joy that day!

I gaze around—but all so strange !
 Sure some enchanter's wand
 Hath chang'd the scenes where waters flowed,
 And now are solid land !
 There where the little angler lean'd,
 The swimmer stemm'd the tide,
 The "Public Garden" I behold,
 And mansions far and wide.

Yet yonder, as in days of yore,
 The "Common" spreads its space,
 There waved the "Great Elm" o'er the pond
 So oft our trysting-place ;
 And still the green and grassy slopes
 Their billowy hillocks spread,
 Where oft we chas'd the bounding ball
 Or "coasted" with the sled.

I see the "State House" lift its dome,
 The "Park Street's" soaring spire,
 And little children run the race
 As if they ne'er would tire.
 But these are not the groups I knew
 In glimmering years of old ;
 Their names are writ on tablets,
 Their forms rest in the mould.

THE GOLD-FISH AND THE SILVER-FISH.

BY a little crystal brook
Winding thro' a woody nook,
Where the rippled current dashes
'Neath the elm-trees and the ashes,
Oft I ramble to explore
The green borders of the shore.

There a beach of gleamy sand
Fringes the rare fairy-land,—
Sand as white as virgin snow,
With the color'd shells aglow ;
There the drooping branches meet
In that Eden-like retreat,
There the climbing grape-vine weaves
Garlands with its emerald leaves.
There the water-lilies float,
Drifting each a crystal boat,
Murmuring honey-bees glance by,
And the gorgeous butterfly.
All the scenes beyond compare,
All the sweetest sounds of air,
Glorify this blissful spot,
With enchantments fill the grot.

In the shadow, in the gleam
Of the pure transparent stream,
See, the yellow gold-fish glide,
Sporting with the amber tide,
Skimming near the riv'let's face,
Wheeling, darting in the race,
Now like nuggets of red ore
Sparkling o'er the sandy floor ;
Lovely ever as the dyes
Mingled in the opal skies.
See, too, silver-fishes skim
As with fluttering fins they swim,
Pearly-white as quivering light
Of the moonbeams of the night.

In a parlor's gilded room,
 Rich with roses and perfume,
 Where the porcelain vases shine
 Ruby-red, as fill'd with wine;
 Where the sculptur'd marbles stand
 Statuesque on every hand;
 Where the velvet couches show,
 Where the silken curtains flow;
 Where the works of masters old
 Fascinate in frames of gold;
 See in prisms globes of glass
 Now the circling fishes pass,—
 'Tis that gold and silver school
 Captives from the fairy pool,
 Kidnapp'd from the forest dell,
 Prison'd in the glassy cell.

THE HILLSIDE RIVULET.

AN Eden haunt, a charming fairy grot,
 The angler's home in Nature's fairest spot!
 Where peace, like some wing-wearied bird, drops down,
 Folds her white pinions o'er her breast of brown.

The evening sky is fleck'd with gold,
 As slow the setting sun declines;
 The western cloud's transparent fold
 With a surpassing radiance shines.

And as the deepening shadows sweep
 Athwart the glimmering landscape's breast,
 And o'er the purpled mountains creep,
 The soft air, drowsy, sinks to rest.

How clear this brooklet in whose depths
 The gold and silvery fishes glide!
 So clear, I count the pink-hued shells
 That pave the cool, transparent tide.

How gay the 'broidering flowers that fringe
 Its edge with lines of varied tinge,
 As if some Fairy's hand had sown
 The place with jewels from her zone!
 There shines a crystal shell to dip
 The gelid waters to the lip;
 Would that the Genius of the place
 Might beam on me her radiant face!

A mimic waterfall pours out
 Its clear libation in the cool
 Granitic basin it hath made—
 A sparkling tribute to the pool.

A willow droops its leaves o'erhead,
 Wild gorse and heather clothe its side,
 Where ivies and brown lichens cling,
 And fern and foxglove line the tide,
 And grape-vines their light garlands fling.
 The rivulet stops to kiss each flower,
 Lily and moss, and bending grass,
 Touching each one with soft caress,
 Ere forth forever it shall pass.
 'Tis here the musing angler comes
 To choose his flies and cast his line,
 Casting where dark the shadows rest,
 Casting where rippling eddies shine.

THE OLD MILL BY THE RIVER.

HERE in the years when life was bright
 With dewy mornings and sunset light,
 In the pleasant season of leafy June,
 In each idle, holiday afternoon
 I lov'd to wander with willow wand—
 I lov'd on the river border to stand
 And take the trout or the yellow bream
 That leap'd, that glanc'd athwart the stream.
 With broken window, with hingeless door,
 Thro' which the slanting sunbeams pour;

With leaning gable, and settling wall,
 O'er which the draperied ivies fall;
 With rafter moldy, worm-eaten beam,
 O'er which the silken cobwebs stream,
 Fast by the river-banks serene
 The old forsaken mill is seen.

Its roof shows many a chasm and rent,
 Its creaking vane is crack'd and bent,
 In and out the swallows fly,
 Under the eaves their dwellings lie.
 The leather-wing'd bats, when day is dim,
 Thro' vacant rooms and granaries skim;
 Its shingles that ages ago were new,
 Splendid with painters' lavish hue,
 Are faded now and swing in the gale,
 Scarce held by the loosen'd rusty nail;
 The clapboards rattle and clank amain
 In gusts of the snow-fall and the rain,
 For the dust of many a lapsing year
 Hath writ its wasteful chronicle here.

The dam o'er which the waters pour
 Is settling and crumbling by the shore;
 The slippery logs and mossy stone
 Yield to the current one by one;
 And swift thro' many a rent abyss
 The spouting rivulets foam and hiss,
 And soon must the crazy fabric decay,
 And the torrent sweep uncheck'd away.
 The water-wheel so black and vast,
 With beam like a battle-vessel's mast
 That once would churn with mighty sweep
 The boiling waters so dark and deep,
 Lies now a wreck in humbled pride,
 Trembling with each assault of the tide.

Under the crumbling, blacken'd wheel
 The crystal bubbles circle and reel;
 Over and under the eddies boil
 Round molder'd timber and rotting post;
 In many a circling ripple they coil
 In sudden plunge, in wild turmoil,
 Now seen an instant, then quickly lost.

MY OLD FISHING-BOAT.

MY old boat rests on the shore,
 By the river's sedgy brink,
 Where the meadow grass bends o'er,
 And the cattle come to drink;
 'Tis a rusty, batter'd boat,
 Boat without mast or sail,
 And it never again may float,
 In dead calm or in gale;
 For its timbers and ribs are rent,
 Shiver'd and crack'd and bent,
 And the paint has faded away,
 From its sides this many a-day;
 Sides gaping in every seam,
 Wide open to the stream.

And yet a brave boat wast thou!
 When I launch'd you long ago,
 When thy shapely, sharpen'd prow,
 Cleaved the waters like a plow;
 Gay then each painted side,
 With umber and green and white,
 My triumph and my pride,
 My glory, my heart's delight!
 Was ever a joy in the past,
 Like mine when first arose,
 The flag at the head of the mast,
 A pennon of purple and rose;
 When first thy snowy sail,
 I gave to the riotous breeze,
 And steer'd from this river-vale,
 Straight out to the open seas!

Ah, many the splendid school
 Of fish, in these river-deeps,
 That haunt each darksome pool,
 Or flash where the current sweeps;

Have I follow'd where e'er they float,
 And gather'd into this boat;
 And along the salty tides
 Of the sea, I have track'd their way,
 Till their glittering, scaly sides,
 In my little shallop lay.

FISHING FOR ALBICORE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE whale-ship speeds upon her foamy way,
 And all around the measureless ocean spreads
 Its vast expanse of the white-crested waves.
 No whales in sight, no spouting jets to call
 Our listless crew to man the idle boat;
 So all collect on spar and bulwark-side
 To view a scene that animates the deep.

 In air above the giant albatross
 Swings in great wings; the blue cape-pigeons skim
 The azure plain; the circling frigate-bird
 Plies its long pinions, hungry for the prey;
 The little pilot-fish leap at the prow,
 And vast shoals of the flying-fish arise,
 And flit in air pursued by foes below
 And greedy birds that hover in the air.

 The glittering dolphin, its remorseless foe,
 Follows the frighten'd shoal till they emerge
 In air, with vibratory fin and wavering flight;
 Then swift the dolphin, like a streak of flame,
 Darts thro' the brine, and snaps them as they fall.
 Their deadliest foe, the savage albacore,
 That fierce sea-tiger, preys upon their shoals.

 The slaughter of the albacore, when herded thick
 Around the ship, by sword-fish foes pursued,
 Yields to the seaman most enchanting sport.
 When blows the breeze the sailor takes his perch
 Upon the swinging mizzen-boom astern,
 His tackle a three-stranded line, his lure
 A clumsy hook, on whose long shank revolves
 A pearl-shell plate, with wings of fluttering cloth,

That well may simulate a flying-fish.
 He casts his line far o'er the seething brine,
 He skips the shining lure from wave to wave,
 And with oar-harden'd grasp awaits the rise.

The glittering albicore are thick around,
 Till one more hungry, with a splendid spring,
 A dash, a splash, a leap, secures the bait.
 Ah, what a rise is this! The rushing ship
 Cuts thro' the deep with "bone of foam" in teeth,
 The angler swaying on the unsteady spar;
 The fish, with thrice the strength of salmon, leaps,
 Struggles, and glances through the salt abyss,
 And then, exhausted, yields his bleeding life,
 And lies on deck a blue and silvery mass.
 Such the grand sport of ocean, that doth shame
 The puny pastimes of the lake and stream.

THE WHALE. (*Cetacea.*)

SAILING across the lonely seas,
 Sailing across the Okotsh Sound,
 The tempest-beaten ship roll'd on,
 On distant voyagings bound.
 For months the ship had swept the deep;
 Long since had faded the lamps of home,
 Long since the headlands had grown dim,
 The lighthouse vanish'd o'er the foam;
 For seasons 'neath the Southern Cross,
 Through seas Antarctic they'd been borne,
 Far down Magellan's stormy Strait,
 And stony barriers of Cape Horn.
 And now the Northern tides they sought,
 Where glaciers lin'd the barren shore,
 Where icebergs lift their crystal peaks,
 And frosty tides chafe evermore.

They sail'd, sail'd on, day after day,
 And yet no "spout" arous'd the crews;
 The "lookout" in the "crow's-nest" gave
 No warning cry—no joyful news.

For months no flash of mighty "flukes,"
 No lashing of the forked tail,
 Were seen across the watery space,—
 No joyful gambols of the whale.
 The captain restless paced the deck,
 The crew in forecastle would sleep;
 The furnace fires were all unlit,
 And life was dreary o'er the deep;
 Only the porpoise school would rise,
 The great shark flash across the main,
 The dolphin whirl athwart the bow,
 The sword-fish-cleave the billowy plain.

But sudden, from the black mast-head,
 A welcome salutation rose:
 "Sharp on the starboard beam she spouts,"
 "Broad on the larboard bow she blows!"
 And instant on that idle deck
 Was shout of men and tramp of feet;
 Harpoon and lance from rack were torn,
 And eyes would flash and hearts would beat.
 "Down with the boats!" the captain spoke;
 "Down boats! and tumble in, my men!"
 And quick the sturdy oars were out,
 The oarsmen straining to the stroke;
 With steady pull they manful swept,
 Harpooner poising at the prow,
 The helmsman cheering at the stern,
 The sharp stem cleaving like a plow.

Right soon beside that dusky bulk,
 The huge leviathan of the deep,
 That little weather-beaten boat
 In swift, heroic charge did sweep.
 Then harpoon, with gigantic strength,
 Prone on that living wall was cast;
 "Stern all!" the cry; "Back oars, my men!"
 And backing oars made frantic haste.

Then with a plunge (while spots of blood
 Redden'd the wave) sank down the whale,
 Cleaving the billows with his head,
 Lashing the foam with flourish'd tail.
 Then swift across the whale-boat's prow
 Whistled the smoking, flying line;
 While thousand fathoms deep the prey
 Dropt in abysses of the brine,
 But quick the monstrous bulk arose,
 Like balloon springing up in air;
 And quick the deadly lance was thrust,
 And the great prize roll'd helpless there.

THE DOLPHIN. (*Coryphæna Hippuris.*)

SWIFTEST and most rapacious of the tribes
 That swim the seas, art thou, marauder fierce;
 Thou and the porpoise and the grampus huge,
 Cruel and swift as sharks pursue their prey,
 The pilchard, herring, and the bunker-shoals
 Forever and forever in the tides.

When smooth are seas, with scarce a crest of foam,
 Your schools in vast collected herds are seen
 Leaping the waters, all in mad pursuit
 Of mackerel and salmon o'er the deep.
 Like packs of hungry hounds that hunt the hare
 They gather round and swim from bay to bay,
 Encircling with their fatal ring the prey.
 There their vast numbers darken all the wave,
 Rising ofttimes to breathe the upper air,
 But when a tempest roughens the blue deep,
 They roll and tumble in their antic sport,
 For then no fish may tempt, for in the depths
 Their frighten'd prey seek refuges unseen.

In ancient years the poets sang in verse,
 Their fabled legends of the dolphin tribe,
 Reciting their true love for humankind.
 They sang that in all terrors of the main,
 When the poor seamen were in shipwreck toss'd,
 The loving dolphins to their rescue came,

And bore the drowning victims safe to shore;
 And came to rescue when a hapless crew
 Were cast by ruthless pirates in the deep;
 And ever when a youthful swimmer sank
 In the death gasp, the dolphin gave him help,
 Bearing him up and bringing safe to shore.

Those painters and great sculptors of old time
 Drew his lithe form in carv'd fantastic shape,
 Bent like a bow, o'erleaping the salt wave.
 Those poets fabled that in dying throes
 The dolphin utters a sad, piteous moan
 Like that of human being as he dies.

But in these later years, the mariners
 Dread the dark omen that their presence gives,
 For when they see their sports, their gambollings,
 They quick interpret them as signs of storm.
 Warnings of shipwreck and impending death!

CARP AND TENCH—ON THE TABLE. (*Cyprinus carpo.*)

AH, those were jolly days of old,
 When feudal earl and baron bold,
 And princely guest of high degree,
 Vassal and serf and henchman free,
 Assembled at the chieftain's call
 To banquet in baronial hall!
 The tocsin-sound from battlement
 O'er hill and dale and wood was sent;
 The banner'd turret call'd to arms,
 The castle bell rang out alarms,
 That all should gather at the board
 Ere they should brandish spear and sword.

The liveried servitors would place
 The boar-head slaughter'd in the chase,
 Set venison-haunch on silver plate,
 Bring great sirloin in pomp of state,
 Bear flagons of the frothy ale,
 Bring creamy mead-bowls to regale,

Bring blood-red juices of the vine,
 The ripe, the old, the rosy wine;
 But chief of all, on mighty dish,
 Was plac'd the carp, the prince of fish.

Right well did dainty churchmen know
 To rear fat beeves, rare fruits to grow,
 To breed in convent moat and trench
 The bulky carp, the luscious tench;
 To fill their ponds with pike and dace,
 And all the wealth of finny race.
 At matin hour, at vesper chime,
 And at the mid-day feasting time,
 How pleasant at the festive board,
 Where capons smok'd and wine was pour'd,
 The brown-bak'd dish of carp to share,
 The epicure's delicious fare;

Good trenchermen, I ween, were they,
 Ready to gormandize or pray,
 To patter prayer or tell the bead,
 Or riot in luxurious feed.

A stalwart race, those monks of old,
 Of wondrous bulk, of mighty mould.

When sumptuous board was duly spread,
 The portly abbot at its head,
 Boasting for guest the mitred priest,
 Or learned prelate at the feast,
 Would grandly bid, in accents sharp,
 The serving-men bring in the carp.

Ah, hooded monk and cowed friar,
 Carousing by the blazing fire,
 And feeding on all viands rare,
 A delicate, delicious fare;
 Draining the cup of brimming ale,
 Your thirsty palates to regale,—
 How grand your state in priestly stall,
 In peasant's hut, or noble's hall!
 Ah, little of such joys remain
 For you, in England's modern reign!

THE LITTLE SUNFISH OF THE BROOK.

I REMEMBER those gay dawns when life was fresh and new,
 The rising mist above the vale, the skies of heavenly blue,
 The old embowering groves kiss'd by the new-born day,
 The dew-wet twinkling grass, the wayside wild-flowers gay.

I remember the footpath that to the brooklet led,
 The hazel-copse that o'er the lane a leafy arbor spread;
 The meadows rolling far their billowy waves of green,
 The upland pasture-lands, the valleys so serene,
 And dearest spot, the little brook that runs so wild a race,
 Its pebbles white, its yellow sand, its merry, dimpled face.

And here my little hazel rod was swinging above the brook,
 The line was cast in rippling whirl or in the shaded nook;
 For here the spangled sun-fish were tenants of the pool,
 Now darting singly in their play, now swarming in a school.

It may be that the angler, equipped with tackle fine,
 With silver reel and bamboo rod, and woven-silken line,
 Who takes the springing trout and sea bass by the score;
 Or brings to gaff the salmon, along the ocean shore,
 Hath joy ineffable, and vast success to boast,
 At Adirondack lakes, or Labrador's pale coast.

But never may his victories, at brook or salty tide,
 Yield joy like that of boyhood, such glory and such pride,
 Such transports as enchant him, beside the woodland stream,
 His spoil the little sunfish, his pride the yellow bream.

Ah, never was such glory, such ecstasy of bliss,
 Or such delirious rapture, such triumphant spoil as this!
 When all the grass was spangled, with finny leaping gems,
 Gems strung like precious rubies, on supple willow stems.

They say, my little friend, that the ripple of the stream,
 With thy vermilion beauty, may no longer gleam.
 That the golden yellow sides, that shine like sunset glow,
 Or the colors intermingled in the showery rainbow,
 May never more be seen where the crystal waters glide,
 The clear, pellucid waters that o'er the shallows slide.

They say thou art a pirate, a brigand that doth slay
 The eggs and young of choicer fish that in the waters play;
 I know not if such charges for outlawry be true,
 But none the less my sympathies shall ever be with you.

THE HERRING AND PILCHARD. (*Clupea Pilchardus*.)

COUNTLESS your squadrons, numberless as the stars,
 That sow with light the spaces of the skies,
 Countless as sands that pave the ocean beach,
 Ye migratory wanderers of the seas!
 Your native homes lie in the Arctic North,
 Where icy currents chafe the rocky coasts
 In waters inaccessible, so fring'd with ice.
 And here secure from man and finny foes,
 The fin-fish and the chacalot, ye roam,
 And here mid pastures of the insect food,
 Ye feed till your great legions fill the seas,
 And then like swarming bees ye thence migrate.

Then your vast colonies from Northern realms,
 Depart to seek the southern billows of the main,
 Ah! then what fate awaits ye, what fierce foes!
 Fin-fish and grampus, porpoise and the shark
 Make ye their easy prey; while hungry flocks
 Of sea-fowl hover o'er your devious track.
 As on your great shoals pass, insatiate foes,
 Tigers of ocean tides surround your schools,
 Until they separate like frightened sheep;
 Some passing thick by European coasts,
 Some crossing the Atlantic till they swarm
 Around thy continent, America,
 To seek in Chesapeake their last retreat;
 So thick they move the ocean seems alive,
 And black with their exhaustless multitudes;
 Yet here the porpoise and the shark pursue,
 Reddening the currents, while the fowl devour.

Soon by the Shetland Isles in April time,
 They come, but not till June their swarming hosts
 Collect, still ravag'd by the gull and hawk.
 They pass in files distinct, long leagues in length,
 Now lost in deep abysses of the sea,
 Now rising to the surface, to reflect
 Their twinkling, splendid colorings,

Like fields bespangled with the flowers of gold,
 They spread along the stormy Norway shores,
 By German coasts, and northern reefs of France.
 And thence with shoals depleted they return,
 To seek their native haunts in Arctic seas.

THE DIVIDED STREAM.

ON this green, grassy valley-slope
 The river stream divides;
 It is the first departing point
 Where the pellucid tides,
 So long commingled in one stream,
 Flow in two channels swift and deep,
 Each destined, in its shade or gleam,
 In different route to sweep.

And distant far shall be each course
 Until they reach the sea;
 One passing thro' green valleys,
 In shades of forest tree;
 'Mid garden blooms and orchards,
 Cornfield, and sylvan home,—
 A placid stream, where finny tribes
 Sparkle, and leap, and roam.

The other stream seeks barren lands,
 And sterile pastures grim,
 Pours in white torrents over rocks,
 Plunges in caverns dim;
 No life along its border stirs,
 No angler's step is there,—
 For spotted trout and leaping pike
 Are absent everywhere.

So, friend beloved, *we* separate,
 No more on earth to meet,
 One guided by a happy fate,
 Where life is calm and sweet;
 The other in rough tempests hurl'd,
 'Mid madding tumults of the world.

RIVAL PLEASURES OF SEA-WATER AND FRESH-WATER FISHING.

O H, how pleasant to stand at the water-side
 When the soft south wind blows o'er the tide!
 At bend of river where willows droop
 Their trailing branches, a lovely group!
 With belt of trees on either bank,
 Where sedge and osiers grow green and rank;
 Broad meadows sloping to each brink
 Where browsing cattle stoop to drink,
 The air all musical with the breeze,
 The song of birds, the hum of bees,
 With the lulling sound the ripples make
 As over the shallow reef they break,
 The muffled voice of the waterfall
 Where it pours o'er the mill-dam's stony wall;
 Ah, these are sights and sounds that fill
 The angler's bosom with a thrill;
 As he casts his line, what perfect bliss!
 Earth hath no paradise like this.

Then, too, to him what rare delight
 To follow the trout-brook in its flight,
 Now rippling, eddying on its way,
 Gleaming, rejoicing in light of day,
 Where it runs thro' the pasture's open space
 Gliding at will in gleeful race;
 Now stealing into the densest shade
 By the o'erleaning alders made,
 Now wheeling around some sunken root,
 With arrowy speed and sudden shoot,
 And here is the angler's joy supreme,
 Enriched with the treasures of the stream!
 And yet the fisher's steps explore
 With equal joy the salt sea shore,
 Skims in his yacht the breezy bay,
 Where schools of the leaping bluefish play;

Stemming the boiling tides with prow
 That cleaves the billows like the plow;
 And here he casts the humming line
 To snatch the weakfish from the brine.

Off where the tumbling billows roar,
 Afar from ledge or bar of shore,
 He drops his anchor, casts his bait,
 The snap, the nibble to await;
 And soon the flapping spoil is won,
 The sea bass blue, the blackfish dun,
 And thinks no joys may rival these
 The angling pastimes of the seas.

Yes, bliss ecstatic will fill the heart
 Of angler in all his varied art,
 Whether he tracks the woodland brooks
 With silken tackle and feather'd hooks,
 Seeking in depths of pond or lake
 The tenants of those haunts to take,
 Or dropping in the sea his line
 To lure the fish-schools of the brine;
 Finding forever joy in woods,
 Forever joy in ocean floods.

THE CREVALLE FISH OF FLORIDA.

[Illustrated in *The Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast.*]

WHERE thy streams, Florida, wander in their wilful route,
 Rippled with eddies, and with riffles bright
 The angler follows the erratic way,
 Taking supreme delight.
 All nature with enchantments thrills his mind,
 Woods, waters, meads and wildernesses green,
 All rarest flowers their garlands intertwine
 In that Elysian scene.

Anglers of north thro' ice-cold waters wade,
Struggling their way thro' brier, swamp and weed,
Thick bushes vexing with entangling grasp,
His pleasures to impede,
While ropes of vines and overhanging boughs
Arrest his rod and snap his line in twain,
While gusty breezes, with their Arctic breath,
Benumb the heart and brain.

Here in thy sunny realm, O Florida,
The open streams allure the angler's tread,
Open save where the orange opes its bloom,
Or water-oaks droop overhead,
And sweet magnolias spread;
Here by the grassy brink of river shore,
Or by the sandy beach that hems the sea,
Inhaling draughts of purest atmosphere
He wanders glad and free.
Here off the shores the tarpums love to bask,
Or skim the surges in their wilful sweep.
Grouper and jew-fish, pompano, spot and drum,
Rare tenants of the deep.

And where gay flowers enamel all the shore
The swift crevalle swim in flashing school,
Fast by Mosquito Inlet, Indian Stream,
Where flow the currents cool.
The mullet and menhaden they pursue,
Strewing the sands with wealth of captive prey,
Where the brown pelicans may fill their pouch
And sea-birds join the fray.

Swift speed crevalle o'er that watery plain,
Swift over Indian River's broad expanse,
Swift where the ripples boil with finny hosts,
Bright glittering they glance;
And where the angler's spoon is o'er them cast
How fierce, how vigorous the fight for life!
Now in the deeps they plunge, now leap in air,
'Till ends th' unequal strife.

THE LAST CAST.

A PILE of gold—a precious hoard—
 Gleams on the green cloth of the board;
 A wealth that might buy house and land,
 Gain every luxury at command.
 A gambler with delirious haste
 His final, fateful card doth cast,
 And wins the treasure at the last.

A boat across the ocean blue
 Is drifting with a shipwreck'd crew.
 O'erloaded, it must meet its fate,
 Unless reliev'd of human weight.
 So dice are thrown for blank or prize,
 And he that casts the least throw, dies.
 The loser his last chance hath thrown,
 And is cast overboard to drown.

A hunter over Afric's space
 Meets a grim lion, face to face:
 With frantic haste he speeds the ball—
 Aim true, or death must sure befall;
 The aim is true—the monster dies,
 The latest bullet wins the prize.

An angler by a mountain brook
 Ties on his final feathered hook.
 A big trout, rich with spotted sides,
 The dimpled rivulet divides,
 The open season ends to-day,
 This his last chance for finny prey;
 Breathless he makes his anxious cast,
 Secures his rich prize and his last.

A fisher on Superior's Lake
 With but one bait the spoil to take;
 A noble bass of wondrous size
 Dashes to seize the luring prize.
 That creature of the rainbow fins
 Is captive, and the last cast wins.

The waves run cold, the seas frown bleak,
 The fish-tribes sunnier pastures seek;

The seiners gather at the main
 To run the long-extended seine;
 One only glittering school is there
 To tempt the meshes of the snare;
 With toil of arm and tug of oar,
 The last cast heaps with wealth the shore.

THE BLACK DRUM. (*Pogonias chromis*.)

“The drum is the largest fish caught with hook and line that visits the Eastern coast.”—*Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast*.

FAR down in the South, where big cotton trees
 And fragrant magnolias nod their green crests,
 And with scents aromatic perfume the air,
 In fair Florida, where in wood colonnades
 The song-birds their melodies, flute-like, unite,
 Is an Eden of light, eternal in bloom,
 There hasten, dear angler, their transports to taste!
 ’Tis a realm of enchantment, luxuriant with life,
 So fair with its woods, the rivers, the meads,
 Where birds, green as leaves and scarlet as flowers,
 Enameled like gems, fly swift overhead;
 Where the great crowns of cocoa-nuts tower in air
 And bananas display their low-drooping flags,
 Where each orchid and leaf and frill of the fern
 Bright glitter, and fire-flies blaze thro’ the shades,
 And the frondage, snow-white, of areca palm-trees,
 Like fountains gleam out in the light of the moon.

And there in the salty lagoons and the bays,
 Or where the sea-surges break white on the shore,
 The angler for bronze-tinted drum casts the line
 And triumphs at will by strength, tackle and skill;
 He is happy his fingerlings, troutings to leave,
 And gather in South a mightier prize.

At the influx of tide, drums drift in from sea
 In search of crustacea, the mollusks of sand.
 From Florida borders to far up the coast,
 At inlets of Jersey, at Cuttyhunk rocks;

And in Chesapeake Bay their numbers prevail,
 Where anglers and spearmen are earnest to take
 The black-drum, the red-drum, wherever they roam.
 Their murmurs, their drumming, are heard in the deeps,
 Like the dull, muffled roll of the bandsman's reveille.
 Is it then a drum-warning to worlds of the sea,
 Or a musical welcome to haste to the feast?

Ah, firm be your arm when a forty-pound drum
 Has snapt at your bait in the flow of the tide;
 He is full of the rush and the vigor of life,
 With muscles inured to the combat with seas;
 O angler, take heed lest he rush to the roots
 Of the mangroves below, where his castle he holds.

FLORIDA SCENES AND SPORTS.

“Nowhere in our broad country can the angler find greater variety of game, or more or better sport than on the coasts of Florida.”—S. C. CLARKE, in *“The Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast.”*

HERE in my Northern home I love to muse,
 Fair Florida, on all thy sumptuous scenes;
 In fancy tread savannas that engird,
 With flowery circles, thy embowering woods;
 Walk 'neath a vaulted roof of smilax wreaths,
 Thro' dense lianas that entangle feet,
 To pluck th' hydrangea's rosy-tinted tufts,
 The dahlias, asters, and the starry flox.
 The fairest plants that in our garden grow,
 Spontaneous here from Nature's urn they pour,
 Water'd by dews, by tropic sunbeams warm'd.

Here is the sportsman's paradise, the realm
 Of fowler's triumphs and the angler's joy,
 Where screaming wild-fowl o'er the marshes speed,
 Or swarm by sea-beach or the salt lagoon,
 Where in the currents by the mangrove-isles
 Swim gamey fishes, dear to angler's heart.

Here wolf and wild-cat and the prowling bear
 The thick fastnesses of the waste invade,

In coppice dense the stately turkey stalks,
 The russet quail o'er open stubbles flies,
 And by the sandy beach or lonely marsh
 The curlews whistle, golden plover call,
 And every salt lagoon and bend of stream
 Re-echoes quack of duck, or honk of goose,
 Or hoarse, discordant clamor of the swan,
 While by the shores the red flamingoes move,
 Or silent stand like sentinels on guard.

Ah! gentle angler, how profuse the spoil
 That fills the river deeps, the channel tides!
 Haste with thy tackle and the pliant rod,
 To cast thy luring fly, thy mullet bait.
 Thick by the mangrove-isles the black drum bask,
 Thick by the grassy shore cavalle swim,
 Thick 'neath the glossy leaves of water-oak
 The channel-bass, the tarpum and the spot
 Flash thro' the tides, or sportive leap in air.

The naturalist here walks in thoughtful mood,
 His heart responsive throbbing with the joy;
 The angler with ineffable delight
 Beholds each form and hue of nature's gifts,
 Insect and bird, and floral offerings.
 He stops to hear the insects' murmurous hum,
 Or watch some basking reptile as he clings
 To the tree-bark, a lizard many-hued;
 He notes wing'd creatures hovering o'er the flower,
 Quivering and balanc'd, winnowing their wings,
 Like color'd flowerets blossomed on the stalk,
 While flowers themselves like living insects seem.

He sees the gay-hued snakes like ribbons twine,
 Coil'd in green nooks, and serpents beautiful,
 That glittering slide and vanish from the sight;
 Brown squirrels frisk and peep among the boughs,
 While cooing doves and distant parrot cries
 Fill with soft sounds the spaces of the air.
 Such the fair scenes the sportsman-tourist views,
 That thrill with glad surprise the angler's heart.

THE MANGROVE SNAPPER.

A FAR o'er Florida's fair, flowery lands
 Wanders the angler; now by verdurous brink
 Of river by the drooping forests fring'd,
 All sown with lovely isles of emerald green.
 He tracks the stream to its far fountain-heads,
 Where, but a slender brook, o'er purple stones
 It tumbles, rippling on its jocund way;
 Then with a fuller tide, thro' tangled swamps
 It foams with spray, like breakers on a bar.

Anon he journeys over rolling plains,
 Enamell'd thick with bright convolvuli,
 Lilies and plants of most surpassing bloom,
 A sumptuous garden sown by Nature's hand.
 Anon he roams by Halifax's banks,
 Where foam and toss thro' woods the rushing stream
 A fair stream border'd with savannas vast,
 Where the free breezes blow thro' russet grass,
 Stirring the long, white plumes of Spanish moss,
 And scarlet tufts of the wild calabash,
 Until those zephyrs sleep in drowsy calm.

In Indian River, or by Spruce Creek shore,
 Anchor'd in boat he casts his tackle fine
 To take the snapper in its secret haunts.
 Far be his cast beyond his rocking boat,
 Far o'er deep channels near the hidden snags,
 To lure this shyest, craftiest of fish;
 Strong be the tackle, for the saw-like teeth
 Will cut your silk-worm gut like razor edge,
 And firm the hand the snapper to beguile
 From submerg'd roots, else hook and fish are lost,
 For swift it rushes for its secret hole,
 And fights and struggles hard while life remains.

'Tis a fair fish, with colors amber-brown,
 Illum'd with brilliant tints of golden hue,
 Arm'd with sharp spines upon the dorsal fin,
 And wide mouth garnish'd with destructive teeth,

Eyes large and bright, with iris golden-hued,
 Eyes keen for nightly feed and darksome days.
 It is no hermit fish, to swim alone,
 The solitary tenant of the stream,
 But in vast numbers they collect their ranks,
 And throng the deep recesses of the stream;
 And there the fishers come with meshing seine;
 And with the cast-net capture all the school.

THE RED GROUPER OF FLORIDA. (*Epinephelus morio*).

“The rod-fisher loses half the number of groupers that he hooks. I think I have never been able to kill on a rod a grouper over five pounds in weight. I have hooked many larger ones, but they always got the better of me.”—S. C. CLARKE, in *The Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast*.

FAIR, smiling Florida, though gun of mine
 Hath ne'er resounded in your drooping woods,
 Though rod of mine hath ne'er made hopeful cast
 To take thy grouper or thy channel bass,
 Yet still I love to muse and dream of thee,
 And picture in my mind thy lovely scenes,
 In fancy walk beneath primeval shades,
 Low island groves that seem to float the waves,
 White Cedar trees with buttresses grotesque,
 Whose tops aerial hold the eagle nests,
 'Neath grand magnolias with their flowery crowns,
 And silvery columns of the papaw fig.
 Here the wax myrtles shake their glossy leaves,
 The kalmias and azaleas, interlaced
 With purple passion-flowers, in gay festoons,
 And lithe clitonas in dim alcoves group'd;
 There in deep vales spread coppices of pine,
 Dim woodland paths, blue with the violet blooms,
 And moist brook borders, glossy with the fern;
 Where skies are soft above in tint and tone,
 From clearest amber-flush to heavenly blue.

In salt lagoon, in reaches of the stream
 Mosquito Inlet, Indian River tides,

The angler casts his line or drops his spoon
 For shy cavalle or the channel bass,
 For giant tarpum or the noble drum,
 Or by the mangrove islands, in whose creeks
 And deep abysses lurk the grouper schools.
 'Tis a big fish with spines on dorsal fin,
 Mottled like tortoise-shell, with blended hues,
 A fish voracious, that doth make its haunt
 Amid the sunken roots of mangrove trees,
 And thither when the hook is fix'd in jaw
 He runs for shelter to his castle-hold.
 Firm be the hand to check his downward plunge,
 For 'tis a trial between man and fish,
 'Twixt braided tackle and resisting strength,
 And oft the grouper wins the desperate fight!

THE TARPUM OF FLORIDA. (*Megalops thrissoides.*)

○ SILVER-SIDED fish—the king
 Of all that swim the southern sea,
 The skilful angler's vaunted art
 Too oft is triumph'd o'er by thee,
 For naught avails his deadliest hook,
 His trolling spoon, his braided line,
 His manly strength, his Conroy rod,
 To drag thee vanquish'd from the brine!

Off rocky reef and sandy cape,
 Of Florida's low-lying coast,
 These silver kings the surges haunt,
 A brilliant, dashing, leaping host.
 To take the salmon is an ode,
 An idyl brook trout to beguile,
 But tragic poem 'tis to kill
 The tarpum of the southern isle.

At Homosassa's river head,
 At Indian River, by the main,
 The spearmen in their shallows lie,
 To stab thee with the barbed grain.

In shallow reaches of the stream
Where thick submerged grasses grow
They gather, but the hostile boat
Drives them where deeper currents flow;
Then with impetuous rush they speed,
They skim the waves, they leap in air,
Their silvery sides are swift and bright
As the chain-lightning glare.

By the calm shores, where orange fruits
And brown bananas shade the tide,
And flowers embroider with their bloom
The grassy meads at water side,
These gorgeous fish, with ivory scales,
Matchless in strength, supreme in speed,
In salt lagoon or curving bay,
Rapacious, on their victims feed.

O, brother anglers, who have won
Your trophies on the northern coast,
Kill'd salmon of the Labrador,
Or striped bass, your noblest boast,
Haste hither to Floridian tides,
Haste with your choicest rod and reel
To match the tarpum with your skill,
A champion worthy of your steel.

THE BONITO. (*Sarda Pelamys*.)

IN all the warmer waters of the world,
The skip-jacks' swarming shoals are seen,
Where the Sardinian Islands rest
In Mediterranean tides serene,
And where the tumbling billows pour,
Along America's southern shore;
While dense by rocky northern coast,
Wanders the countless host.

Their form symmetric, their sharp fins,
 Proclaim their wondrous, matchless speed;
 While their white row of vicious teeth,
 Are terrors wheresoe'er they feed.
 Like birds of passage, they pursue
 O'er thousand leagues of sea their way,
 Revisiting each well-known shore
 Where their great schools were wont to play.
 What power directs them thro' the seas,
 Impels their myriad hosts to roam,
 Prompts to forsake for years a shore,
 Then leads them to their ancient home?
 We ask the question all in vain,
 For skill'd philosophy may not explain.

In August season, where the seas
 Are brightened by the finny host,
 When the menhaden shoals abound
 And weakfish haunt the coast,
 Then come the leaping bluefish schools,
 The Spanish mackerel, keen for food,
 The porpoise, the bonito swift,
 Relentless robbers of the flood.

The ocean angler in his yacht,
 Hovers about like bird of prey,
 Guides the true helm and trims the sail,
 And thro' them ploughs a foamy way;
 Then casts his glittering trolling bait,
 And lures bonito to his fate.

Up thy vast stretch, Long Island Sound,
 Bonitos flash in sportive play;
 They cluster in the sunken reef,
 They gather in the salty bay,
 They seize menhaden as they fly,
 They persecute all lesser fry,
 And in their turn fall helpless prize,
 To the black shark a sacrifice.

THE FLYING FISH. (*Exocætus volitans.*)

IN Indian Ocean, or in seas
 That dash their billows upon tropic isles,
 Where the perennial, soft summer time
 Around the shelly beaches smiles,
 The myriad tenants of the surges sweep,
 Haunting the salty deep.

There the fierce cachalot and shark,
 And fiercer yet dorado of the seas,
 Gorgeous, enamell'd rich with silver scales,
 Unite in ocean voyages.
 Dorado, ruthless pirate of the wave,
 Wages its war with all the finny race,
 Now fleeing from its more gigantic foes,
 Now seeking weaker victims in its chase.

And chief the little flying-fish its prey
 Swimming in glittering schools across the main;
 Then swift in race, pursuers and pursued
 Cut the blue surface of the watery plain.
 Dorado, swift as Indian shaft, pursues,
 The flying fish with equal swiftness flee,
 'Till wearied out by their relentless foe
 They leap the waves and flutter o'er the sea,
 Skimming the wave, like birds, they speed their way,
 Then drop, wing-weary, helpless in the spray;
 Dorado still pursues—again, again they rise,
 Only to sink at last, a helpless prey.

Still other foes these winged victims meet
 When skimming the blue wave in panic fright;
 The albatross and tropic-bird pursue,
 And with strong talons seize them in their flight.
 For them no refuge in the sea remains,
 No sure escape when fluttering in the air,
 The cruel fish below, the savage bird above,
 Prey on their shoals and find delicious fare.
 The hunted hare may oft escape its foes,
 But the poor flying-fish no refuge knows.

THE POMPANO OF FLORIDA. (*Trachynotus carolinus*.)

“The pompano is to a gourmand worth a journey to the Gulf Coast.”—S. C. CLARKE in *Fishes of the Atlantic Coast*.

SWEET Southern airs and flowery blooms
 Of the magnolia's rare perfumes,
 The breath of rose, the violet's scent,
 In one commingled sweetness blent,
 Delight me as I muse of thee,
 Fair Florida, far down the sea.

Musing, I seem to tread thy glades,
 The vistas of thy wood-arcades,
 Where golden globes of oranges
 Enrich perennial-flowering trees;
 And the pineapple's ruddy cone
 Gleams in the thorny thicket's zone.

I seem to track the rivulet's course
 Far up its tangled journey's source,
 To follow it o'er grassy meads,
 Amid the jungles and the reeds,
 To meet it where it joins its tide
 To spreading bay or river wide,
 And take the grouper, trout or bass
 From ripples crystal-clear as glass.

But chief the triumph of my line
 To take pompano from the brine,
 The richest prize the angler knows
 Where ocean rolls or river flows.
 A fish with frosted silver deck'd,
 With blue, resplendent colors fleck'd,
 Flavor'd more richly than all schools
 That haunt the shallows and the pools.

A bottom-fish, its sumptuous fare
 Crustacea and the mollusk rare,
 Rich food that makes the sheepshead fish
 To epicure a matchless dish!
 Salmon of sea and trout of brook,
 Fair captive of the angler's hook,
 No daintier delicacies boast
 Than the pompano of the coast.

ANGLING.

THE rosy morning blushes in the skies,
 Illuminating with its beam the glooms,
 It bids the angler from his couch arise
 And taste the dewy landscape's soft perfumes.

The sun peeps gayly o'er the eastern hill,
 His level shafts shoot brightly down the air;
 They glance athwart the ripples of the rill,
 They gleam across the uplands bleak and bare.

They glisten o'er the foliage and the grass,
 They touch the dews, and diamond sparks are shown
 O'er all the scene, gems clear as crystal glass
 Shine out like jewels in a princess' zone.

Let the dull sluggard rest in slothful dream;
 For him the dawning hath no charm to please,
 Nor song of bird, nor murmur of the stream,
 Or gentle rustle of o'erleaning trees.

But the blithe angler hastens down the way,
 His heart tumultuous with a throbbing joy,
 For him all Nature hath a music gay
 A soft enchantment free from all alloy.

He seeks the merry brook or brimming lake,
 Rejoic'd along their grassy banks to roam,
 He sees with rapture where the brook trout break
 Or whirl where rise the bubbles of the foam.

Beneath some mossy log that spans the brook
 He knows some greedy monster lurking hides;
 He swings the slender rod, he casts the hook,
 And quick the gasping victim shows its sides.

Or haply where the salt tides of the bay
 Tumultuous thro' the rocky inlet pours,
 He takes the squeteague or his bluefish prey,
 Or bulky sheepshead by the shelly shores.

benefit of nature

Or in his little skiff, far off the land,
 Anchor'd o'er sunken rock or sandy shoal,
 He takes the sea bass with his pliant wand,
 Or the blue mackerel where the billows roll.

Ah! who may tell the pleasant thoughts that fill
 His mind, entranced by Nature's happiest mood,
 When all of earth and air are peaceful still;
 No jarring sound to break the solitude?

Come forth, pale student, from thy wasting toil,
 Come forth from warehouse and from heated street,
 Come forth to joys where frothing billows boil,
 Or where the woodland shades o'er rivers meet.

THE BLUEFISH. (*Pomatomus Saltatrix.*)

IT is a brave, a royal sport,
 Trolling for bluefish o'er the seas;
 Fair skies and soaring gulls above,
 A steady blowing breeze;
 A shapely yacht whose foaming prow
 The billowy plain divides,
 That like a gallant courser speeds
 Far, free o'er ocean tides.

First from West India seas they came,
 Haunting the Cuban coast,
 Cruel as Spanish buccaneers,
 A fierce, rapacious host.
 But now by Northern seaboard shores
 Their murderous way they take,
 From Mexic Gulf to Labrador,
 Wherever billows break.
 The weaker tenants of the main
 Flee from their rage in vain,
 The vast menhaden multitudes
 They massacre o'er the flood;
 With lashing tail, with snapping teeth
 They stain the tides with blood.

Rakish are they, like pirate craft,
 All matchless to assail,
 With graceful, shapely, rounded sides
 And the sharp, forked tail;
 And when the angler's hook is fixed
 They fight, they struggling bleed,
 Now leaping high, now plunging deep,
 Darting with lightning speed.

And yet these sea marauders,
 These tyrants of the main,
 By fiercer, mightier ruffians
 Are hunted, conquered, slain;
 The tumbling porpoise hunts them,
 Dorado fierce pursues,
 And when the shark assaileth,
 Blood-stains the waves suffuse.

THE HADDOCK FISHERS. (*Morrhua Æglifinus.*)

The haddock is a more tasty fish than the codfish and is usually smoked before being brought to market.—VAN DORNE in *Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast.*

OFF the grand bank of Newfoundland
 Amid the drifting fogs and rain,
 Now weltering in the drowsy calm,
 Now tossing in mad hurricane.
 Amid the sleety snows and hail,
 Wrestling with billow and with gale,
 The humble fishing schooner rides,
 The sport, the plaything of the tides.

Hold fast, good anchor, fathoms down,
 Cable and hawser steadfast hold,
 Or helpless else the drifting wreck
 Beneath the surges shall be roll'd.
 Never again the gallant crew
 To home, to native land may sail,
 Where weeping wife and wailing child
 For years the absent shall bewail.

Off Cape Cod's level, sandy shore
The fisher's ply their toilful work,
The cod and halibut their prey,
The haddocks in the deeps that lurk.
Chief in the winter—stormy time—
They sweep the seas, they drop the kedge,
Then cast their little dories out,
To anchor over bar and ledge;
And oft, too oft, these frailest boats
'Mid shifting fogs and mists are lost;
Whelm'd neath some ocean steamer's prow,
Or 'gainst a floating iceberg tost.
The great ship hurries on its way,
It hears no agonizing cry;
The grinding floes, the wallowing bergs
O'erwhelm them as they thunder by.

Ah! mariners, sailing the salt seas,
In hurricane, in typhoon-gale,
While raves the wild, remorseless breeze
Thro' straining shroud and close-reef'd sail,
How oft will ye that day recall,
That calm, sweet day, so pure, so bright,
That saw your vessel seaward turn,
Departing for its ocean flight;
Recall the old gray roof of home,
The simple church with steeple crown'd,
The fields, the orchards and the grove,
The bowery village that surround;
And chief that dear, beloved group
Assembled on the grassy shore,
Waving a last and long farewell
To those who may return no more.

THE STRIPED BASS. (*Roccus Lineatus*.)

The taking of the striped bass is what the salt-water fisherman claims the right of terming the high-water mark of all angling.
—VAN DORNE in *The Fishes of the East Atlantic Coast*.

IN all the world no stretch of coast
So teems with fish-life as our own;
From tepid tides of Florida
To where the northern shores are strown
With boulder grim and jagged rock,
A rampart to the billows' shock,
Where icy currents sweep the Banks
Or wash the shores of Labrador,
These finny myriads swarm the seas
And feed by every shore,
And noblest, bravest of the race
The striped bass holds foremost place.

'Tis perfect in its valorous strength
In the Sound's swiftly pouring tides,
In Hell Gate mill-race, or mid reefs
That hem Long Island's ocean side;
Off gray Montauk, Block Island bluffs,
By Martha's Vineyard's rocky shore,
Or where at Cuttyhunk, Pasque Isle,
The tumbling torrents roar.

There in great deeps of ocean floods
Where narrow, rock-strewn channels sweep,
The strip'd bass hold their paradise,
Unrivall'd roamers of the deep.
There the surf-fisher casts the bait,
There the scaled warrior meets his fate,
Where matchless skill and tackle fine
Conquer those heroes of the brine.
Strong be the line and firm the hand
To drag such champion to the strand.

Pois'd on the rock's extremest verge
The angler like a sentry shows,
Swings the lithe rod and whirls the bait
Seaward where frothy billow flows;

Then comes the strike—the splendid fish,
 Full of the rush and dash of waves,
 His muscles trained by many a shock
 And battle in deep ocean-caves,
 Makes fiercer fight while life remain
 Than bravest ranger of the main.

SPANISH MACKEREL.

LOVELIEST of all the tribes that swim
 The ocean's salty tides,
 The Spanish mackerel sweeps the seas,
 And like a meteor glides;
 It speeds far off the harbor-bar,
 Where tides are cool and deep,
 Shunning the shoals that skirt the shore,
 Where the swift bluefish leap.

The tenants of the brook and lake
 In glories ne'er compare
 With these gay rovers of the main,
 Painted with colorings rare.
 Pompano bright with yellow gold,
 Strip'd bass of snowy sheen,
 The drumfish blazing with its red,
 Bonito splash'd with blue and green,
 No rivals have in inland stream,
 No peers with such bright gleam.

Symmetric with its rounded form.
 Model of speed and grace,
 No fairer seafish skims the wave
 Or swifter darts in race.
 Its sides are azure as the skies,
 Beneath melt tender blues,
 While golden spots of virgin gold
 The shapely forms suffuse.

It is a nomad of the deep,
A pilgrim, migratory host,
In Mediterranean tides first seen,
Now known on every coast.
Off Carolina's reefs they sweep,
Off Barnegat's sand bar;
In Sound and Gulf of Northern shore,
They gather fast and far;
And yachtsmen o'er the billows blue
Their plunging multitudes pursue.

When sounds the gong of grand hotel,
And spread is sumptuous board
Rich with the spoils of sea and land,
Where wit and wine profuse are pour'd,
Where smokes the lordly, crisp sirloin,
Brown haunch of venison too,
The canvasback of Chesapeake,
Salmon from surges blue,
The gourmand finds no daintier dish
Than this delicious mackerel fish.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We insert in conclusion a few pieces, selected from a large number of miscellaneous poems sufficient to fill another volume of equal size to this work.

LONGFELLOW.

DEAR Longfellow, true sorrow fills my heart
That thou, my life-long friend, hast pass'd away,
That in this mortal life thou hast no part,
All dumb the poet's song, the lyrist's lay!

And, lingering still I conjure up each scene
When we were young, and all of life was new,
When in the shades of Brunswick woodlands green
Or college-walks, I wander'd long with you.

'Twas in those haunts that first the flaming dart
Of poesy divine sank deep into thy heart.
Then first was swept thy sweet, immortal lyre,
And the young minstrel's hand first struck the wire.

That summer day serene I call to mind,
When we our tributes to the dead Past paid,
Numbering those gone, those who remain'd behind,
While at our feet thy happy children play'd.

Poet of nature! who so lov'd to paint,
Earth's fairest scenes—the wind-swept hill, the plain,
Heroic virtue and angelic saint,
Arcadian haunts and Indian's wild domain.

The flowing river, the majestic woods,
The purpling skies: the lake's cerulean space,
The tossing seas, the pouring forest-floods—
Ah! who may seek thy absence to replace!

With reverential step we place thy dust
 In Nature's fairest scene, where trees may weave
 Their garlands o'er thee, and sweet songs may burst
 From choiring birds at day-dawn and at eve.

Far, wide for thee, there shall be sad lament
 In humble hut and in palatial dome;
 Thro' Old World, and thro' New, there shall be sent
 A sorrowful wail from every earthly home.

NOTE.—Our friendship with Longfellow commenced in our early college life and continued uninterrupted until the sad day of his death. His class in Bowdoin College preceded that of our own by one year, and was famous in including Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cheever, and other distinguished scholars in its number. We have often met in friendly intercourse with him since our college days, and exchanged letters with him frequently; our latest letter from him being dated some three weeks before his death. In passing a week or two with us in Boston, he read to us the MS. sheets of his just-published work, viz., "Outre-Mer," and we assisted in finding a publisher for the volume.

WILD HORSE OF THE PRAIRIES.

FOR other scenes their lights expand,
 Out in the savage western land,
 Where wildernesses lone and grand,
 Their awful glooms extend;
 Far where the Rocky Mounts upthrow
 Their pinnacles of rock and snow,
 White cones, whereon the sunset's glow,
 Its roseate hues doth blend.
 Around them, woods primeval press,
 Around them, pastures measureless,
 Waved by the idle wind's caress,
 Reach th' horizon's edge.
 In dark ravine and gulch the bear
 And tiger-cat have made their lair,
 The bison range the meadows there,
 To browse the bending sedge.

O'er open plain, in leafy dell,
 In hollow vale, on upland swell,
 The wild steeds of the prairies dwell,
 Free as the mountain wind;
 No iron bit or curb have they,
 No galling spur, no trappings gay,
 No rider to control their way,
 Their untam'd limbs to bind.
 Free as the eagle cleaves through space,
 They curvet or they join in race,
 Fleeter than wild beasts of the chase,
 A vast unnumbered throng;
 They crop the dewy grass at will,
 In ice-cold waters drink their fill,
 Scour the wild plain or sweep the hill,
 Unscarr'd by whip or thong.
 Yet comes at times a yelling crew,
 The savage with his wild halloo,
 The painted Blackfoot or Sioux,
 All greedy for the spoil;
 It were a thrilling sight to see
 Those lawless riders fierce and free,
 Each swinging with a madden'd glee,
 The lariat's twisting coil.
 On, on the frantic horsemen sweep,
 On, on the snorting wild steeds leap,
 Down flowery slope, o'er wooded steep,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Then far th' unerring noose is thrown,
 The stately bay or lusty roan
 Fall captive, panting, with a groan,
 All vanquish'd and subdued.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

A NOBLE sight is this, I ween,
Fair panorama of the sea,
The ocean white with crested foam
To windward and to lee;
Bright shines the day on Staten Isle,
On woods of emerald green,
On stately dome and villa roof,
With field and lawn between.
Long Island stretches east away,
Engirdled with the brine;
On sandy bar and weedy rock
The glorious sunbeams shine.

Full many a score of stately yachts
Wide o'er the sea are spread,
Careening like white-plumag'd birds,
On rushing pinions sped.
Vast steamers bound for foreign land,
Their smoky banners raise;
The flag of every nation
Its blazon'd field displays.
The sounds of martial music
From many a deck arise,
Loud shouts of acclamation
Swell grandly to the skies;
From fortress wall and green parade
Ring out the cannonade.

Off Sandy Hook two stately yachts
The broad arena sweep,
While meteor flag and flag of stars
To each tall masthead leap;
Each emulous to win the prize
For speed in ocean race;
To claim the palm of victory
O'er ocean's rolling space.

See how they matchless ride the seas,
 Like rush of desert steed,
 Graceful as swan on limpid lake,
 Swift as the eagle's speed.
 A cloud of canvas each displays
 From deck to topmast head,
 Jib, mainsail, spinnaker,
 In ample folds outspread.

Onward, right onward see them fly,
 Cleaving the tumbling surge;
 A score of miles away the goal
 To which the champions urge.
 The mark is reach'd, and homeward now
 On free wind turns each dashing prow.
 So ends the race, the first great race,
 Where Puritan holds foremost place;
 But nobly in the watery way
 Genesta bore her flag that day!

Once more these yachts the challenge fling,
 Again on rushing wings they swing;
 From Scotland Lightship swift they bear,
 Each yacht a pyramid of snow,
 The white sails blossoming high in air,
 Balloon jibs all aglow!
 Yielding to pressure of the breeze,
 Thro' the salt ocean sleet they dash,
 Plunging thro' maelstrom of green waves,
 Through whirling foam they flash,
 'Tis battle of the flight and chase,
 Pursuer and pursued;
 The centreboard, the cutter race,
 Fought out o'er ocean flood.
 Ah, Puritan hath won the prize!
 And cheers exultant rend the skies.

ENGLISH RACES AND AMERICAN TRIUMPHS.

REJOICE for triumphs on the turf,
 For victories o'er the ocean surf
 Far as the waves are tost!
 Our shapely yachts have spread the sail,
 Have dared the tumults of the gale,
 The peltings of the snow and hail
 To anchor by the British coast.
 Our Sappho, Dauntless, and the brave,
 Swift Fleetwing, on the stormy wave,
 By Albion's cliffs and headlands bold,
 Have shown their matchless speed, while far
 Aloft, upon the topmast spar,
 Stream'd out the starry fold!

Along those shores, one summer day,
 How bright the white-wing'd fleet's display,
 When England's yachtsmen dar'd the world
 To meet them with the sails unfurl'd
 In national sea race.
 Ah! then, America, how grand
 Thy triumphs in that foreign land!
 Taking the victor's place.

Now, a more brilliant crown we claim,
 Won in historic fields of fame;
 Won on the English turf renown'd;
 Won where French steeds by kings were crown'd;
 At Epsom and Newmarket won
 From the best steeds that ever run;
 Won where the Queen's cup was the prize;
 Blue Ribbon, dear to English eyes;
 Dear o'er all English ground!

For years untold the British steed,
 Of choicest blood, of rarest breed,
 Nurtur'd by prince and peer,
 At Ascot, Derby's famous field,
 Had caus'd all foreign rivals yield—
 Yield in the race-career.

And now from realms beyond the sea;
 From thy vast plains, America!
 From prairies broad, from pastures green,
 The steeds of Lorillard and Keene
 Meet on the British field.
 The English nobles as they lead
 Forth from the stall the prancing steed,
 Fear never prize to yield.
 Ah! little dream they that at last
 Their miracles, so matchless fast,
 Shall yield the palm when Iroquois
 Shall lead the van in racing war,
 And glorious Foxall and Parole
 Shall foremost reach the victor's goal,
 And win the prize and wear the crown
 Of grand, illustrious renown.

Look to your laurels! ye that sweep
 With stately yacht the ocean deep,
 Lest a new Madge shall bear away
 The Conqueror's Cup we hold to-day.

THE RACES AT THE FASHION COURSE.

FORTH in the broad arena's space,
 All harness'd for the Champion race—
 With eye of fire, with arching neck,
 Impatient of the rider's check;
 Beating with iron hoofs the ground;
 With swelling chest, and sinewy limb,
 Shapely as greyhound's and as slim—
 Frantic and fired with shout and cheer,
 The brave horse chafes for the career!
 He is of royal stock and strain—
 Of race illustrious on the plain;
 For centuries, his sires renown'd,
 In many a laurell'd field were crown'd—
 When in the tourney's guarded space
 Kings strove in combat or in race—

When Saxon earl and Norman king,
With levell'd lance and broad-sword swing,
Arm'd to the teeth, strove in the ring.

For ages o'er Arabian wild,
Nurtur'd like warrior's petted child,
He shar'd the Arab's tent and bed,
The Bedouin's goat-milk and the bread—
Bearing the swarthy Sheik afar,
In robber forays, or in war;
Foremost to bleed where brandish'd lance
And scimetars in conflict glance.

In many a long and weary day,
When o'er the desert's waste of gray,
By palm groves or Saharas wan,
As toil'd the motley caravan;
When all the tribes of Palestine
And Egypt, march'd in lengthen'd line,
Bound for fam'd Mecca's holy shrine—
Then, far beyond the camel's train,
Or dromedaries of the plain,
Thy blooded sires the way would lead,
Pre-eminent in strength and speed;
And when the deadly simoon came,
With choking blast and breath of flame,
O'erwhelming with the blinding sand
The death-doom'd loiterer of the band,
Then swifter than sirocco's breath—
Swifter than Azrael's wings of death—
Thy fleet-limb'd fathers safely bore
Their riders the broad deserts o'er!

The signal sounds! Each glorious steed
Launch'd with the dazzling lightning speed,
Starts forth to win the conqueror's meed.
Patchen and Flora—matchless pair—
Contend, while plaudits rend the air.

E'en like the Indian arrow's flight
From bended bow of peerless might,
When feather'd shaft is sped by hand
Of stateliest warrior of the band,

Swifter than shaft or bolt they glide
 In hot contention side by side—
 A miracle of speed, that well
 Might task the wide world to excel.
 The race is o'er. 'Tis hard to yield
 The palm to either in the field,
 For each a marvellous race has run,
 And each the victor's prize has won.
 Not yet may either champion reign
 Supreme upon the racer's plain.

THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

Captain DeLong and his heroic comrades died like Christian heroes, and their sufferings and heroism will ever cast a ray of glory over the dark and desolate pages of the Arctic exploration.

THE little shipwrecked band, long tempest-tost,
 Stood shivering, hopeless, on the inclement coast,
 The frozen sea was white with drifted floes,
 The Arctic winter round them whirled its snows,
 A glittering plain of adamantine ice,
 Crowned here and there with iceberg precipice;
 O'erhead a sky where angry tempests haste,
 And all around the illimitable waste!
 Such the drear spot in far Siberian land—
 A lifeless, lone, inhospitable strand—
 No bending woods to cheer the desert space,
 No friendly, sheltering roof the eye might trace,
 No voice of human life or human toil,
 No jocund carols where men till the soil;
 But all is desolate and dark and drear,
 A hopeless solitude, a place of fear.
 And here assembl'd on that savage shore
 These shipwrecked men their wretched fate deplore;
 Perished with cold, and ghastly, grim and pale,
 They shrink and feebly shiver in the gale.
 Alas! poor, lost Jeannette! so fair to see,
 Built to defy the rage of stormiest sea.

Ah! little dreamed they that this northern blast
Might rend the solid sides and rive the mast.
Ah then, with icy gyves and fetters bound,
And mighty ice floes clasped the vessel round,
It groaned, it trembled, as with throes of pain,
Then sank from sight forever in the main!
Were ne'er in village church of native land,
Were ne'er in famed cathedral, dim and grand,
Such heartfelt offerings as these rough men pay,
To their Creator on that fatal day.
Ah! there was little hope of happy life,
Of glad return to kindred, home and wife;
Ah! little hope for such delights as these
To cheer these victims of relentless seas.
All human help, all mortal aid seemed vain
To warm the life-blood in each frozen vein.
Famished with want, they still will conjure up
The precious food, the generous flowing cup,
And seemed to taste in fancy's dream once more
The sumptuous feasting they had known of yore.
Alas! for them no more the fond caress,
All the sweet joys of human tenderness,
The fireside bliss, the dear, domestic group,
The lamp-lit room, the festal, youthful troop,
The village square, the city's crowded street,
The cordial greetings from the friends you meet.
Here on the shores of Lena's frozen flood,
DeLong's sad crew with hearts despairing stood;
Then rose the chief, and with a drooping head
And swimming eyes the Sacred Service read;
Then hands were clasp'd, the farewell words they speak,
For two must go for helpful aid to seek.
They went, and rescue came, alas! too late,
The little starving band had met their fate!

GAYETIES OF NIGHT IN THE CITY.

IT is eight o'clock of night, and the pallid frosty light
Of the winter moon streams down on each thoroughfare and
square,

And the mantle of the snow, on roof and portico,
Is gleaming, far and wide, in the gaslight's steady glare.

The streets are all ablaze, in the avenue's thronging ways,
And Broadway, with its lights, is dazzling to behold,
So the people stay their tread, to behold the wonders spread
In the windows, with their treasures of silks and gems and
gold.

See how the human tide pours through the portals wide,
Where theatre and music-hall, with tempting shows invite;
See how they endless pour thro' the hospitable door
Of grand saloon and great hotel, one flood of blazing light.

The city clock strikes ten, and now the tides of men
Are ebbing, ebbing fast, with fainter, fainter flow,
But up a noble Square, there is flash and dazzling glare,
Where grind of wheel and hoof of steel disturb the winter
snow.

A stately mansion, broad and high, illumines the dusky sky
With spouting jets and blazing lamps and windows all aflame,
For the grand ancestral hall is brilliant with the ball,
With the glitter of gay dresses of damsel and of dame.

The corridors and parlors are bright as in the day,
With chandelier and lustre, and wax-lights red and white,
Like grotto of the fairy-land when some enchanter's wand
Fills all the crystal caverns with illumination bright.

Around the gilded walls the streaming radiance falls
On statues and on paintings, all miracles of art,
The banquet hall is gay with bewildering display,
And the rosy bloom of flowers pervades its every part.

What loveliness, what grace, what charms of form and face
 Entrance the sense, as o'er the floor the whirling dancers fly!
 A sweet blonde here with golden hair and brow as lily fair,
 And there a gay brunette with eyes like stars of sky.

Rare music with its chime, its melodies sublime
 Enchants the air, delights the ear, and speeds the dancers' feet;
 The swift waltz swifter grows, and the polka faster flows
 And the mazes of the Lancers are evermore more fleet.

So the rosy moments haste where youth and beauty taste
 The intoxicating draughts in pleasure's cup that swim,
 Until the streak of dawn, until the flush of morn
 Steal in to quench the lights and make the pageant dim.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

THE year is well-nigh ended, the leaf is sere and brown;
 The elm casts down its coronal, the oak its faded crown;
 Bleak thro' the leafless copse-wood, bleak o'er naked hill,
 The sharp December breezes blow desolate and shrill.

Like birds of varied plumage those leaves fly round and round,
 Now whirl'd in dancing eddies, now settling to the ground;
 The road is hard like iron, the frozen stream like steel,
 And scarce doth show the impress of the gliding skater's heel.

It is the time of Christmas, the merry Christmas time!
 Hark! how the bells are pealing the jocund Christmas chime;
 The church-walls wave with the branches of the hemlock and
 the pine,

The Christmas-tree is burden'd with gifts that on it shine.

Merry it is in city, merry in village street,
 Merry where lonely farm-house sleeps in its calm retreat,
 For now is merry Christmas, and Christmas fires are lit,
 And close around the fireside the Christmas revellers sit.

Long in the costly mansion, where wealth luxurious dwells
 The singer's tuneful music, delighteth with its swells;
 And many a blazing lustre and lamp of fretted gold,
 Shines o'er the velvet couches, and drapery's damask fold;
 While swift the dancer's footstep the graceful measure treads,
 And pleasure crowns with garlands fair forms and lovely heads.

TO THE COMET OF 1882.

WHITHER, O wanderer of the upper space,
 Dost thou, thro' regions of the empty air
 Still urge perpetual thy trackless race,
 Dost ever and forever onward fare?

We see thy flaming meteor at night,
 When darkness first is touch'd with daylight glow,
 When constellations pale their fading light,
 And morn's first beams the firmament o'erflow.

Thro' all the lonely watches of night's gloom,
 Unseen, perhaps, by mortal eye, the way
 Thro' million leagues of space thy sparks illumine,
 Thy fiery banners their great folds display.

The moon shines out when twilight hues grow dim.
 She fills her golden horn with light, and then
 Fadeth away, and is obscured again,
 Thro' all her curved rim.

But thou dost never pale thy flame,
 But steadily throughout the lapse of time
 Dost keep unswerving thy grand march sublime,
 Forever still the same.

The planets in their orbits disappear,
 The twinkling stars haste on their cloudy path,
 The round red sun an endless journey hath,
 But mid them all thou travellest, year by year.

But soon will telescopic science fail
 Thy fleeting, fading presence to discern;
 To catch in midnight glooms, or daybreak pale,
 The place where all thy glimmering vapors burn.

Yet ages hence, when all these living men
 Have pass'd from memory in oblivion's dust,
 Thy flaming torch will reappear again,
 Thy bright effulgence on the world will burst.

“SPRITE HALL.”

AN ENGLISH SCENE.

ON mouldering battlement and wall
 The sparkles of the moonlight fall;
 On leaning tower, and crumbling arch
 Assail'd and storm'd by ages' march,—
 On shatter'd belfry, through whose bars
 Twinkle and wink the heavenly stars,—
 On drawbridge sinking in the stream,
 Portcullis with its chain and beam,—
 On castle-ditch and fosse and moat,—
 The solemn lights of evening float.

It is a weird, forsaken place—
 The relic of some vanish'd race,
 On whom disaster, grief and death
 Have sigh'd with desolating breath,
 Humbled the lofty head in woe,
 Genius and beauty levell'd low,
 And laid the last heir in the gloom
 Of the decay'd ancestral tomb.

So as the dusty years have fled,
 And o'er the proud oblivion spread,
 While the old masters of this spot
 Have vanish'd in the dust, forgot,
 So have the years with wasting power
 Swept here o'er princely dome and tower,
 Tumbling each turret to the ground
 A shapeless, grass-o'ermantled mound;
 On groined roof and cornice gay
 Hung out a weedy banner gray,
 And with the color'd mosses strown
 The hearthstone and the threshold-stone.

Pale moonlight through the ruin shines,
 Through ivies and the gadding vines,
 And through each broken casement pours
 Its checker'd light across the floors.

Its solemn broken gleam doth fall
 Within the vast baronial hall,
 Where long ago its noble lord
 In grandeur feasted at the board;
 Its panels of the polish'd oak,
 Its mighty rafters dark with smoke,
 Are mildew'd now with canker'd mould,
 Wreath'd with the creeper's twisting fold;
 And in each crypt and crevice there
 Wave weed and grass and wild-flowers fair.

In the old time, from roof and beam
 The great war-banners proud would stream,
 Flags rent in many a battle-toil,
 Or trophies of the vanquish'd spoil,
 Flags by those stout old barons borne,
 Their silken folds all glorious torn,
 Have moldered;—on those rafters brave
 But wild-briers and the nettles wave!

The Hall-gate with its iron rail
 O'ercrowned with urns of marble pale,
 On broken hinge doth idly swing
 In every breeze that stirs its wing,
 And may no more wide open stand
 To welcome in the coming band.

The garden, once so trim and fair,
 With flowery border, gay parterre,
 Neglected hath no bloom to show
 Where once the crimson rose would blow,
 But year by year doth cast the seed
 Of noxious thistle, tangled weed.
 —Decay and solitude have made
 Their home in this forsaken shade!

ALL'S WELL.

IN their forest camp at night,
 Aweary with their toil, the hunters slept,
 And winds that thro' the piny branches crept
 Seemed to whisper in their sweep:

“Sleep, drowsy dreamers, sleep;
 Your watch-fires fright away the beasts of chase,
 All harmless round your midnight camp they pace;
 The breezes whisper and the running streams,
 All, all is well; then peaceful be your dreams.”

In the soldiers' camp at night
 The outlying pickets make their watchful round;
 The sentry's rifle glitters in starlight;
 Intent he listens for each warning sound,
 Intent he paces by the shadowy wood,
 Intent he gazes o'er the misty plain,
 Where sleeps the army with its warlike train,
 But hears no sound the silence to dispel,
 Then give the cheerful countersign—“All's well!”

In sick room of the fever'd maid, at night
 The nurse keeps vigil by the sleeper's bed;
 All dark the place, save for the flickering light
 By feeble, swinging watch-lamp shed;
 The anxious watcher sees a rosy glow
 Flush the sick maiden's cheek of snow;
 Angel of sleep hath cast its healthful spell,
 And so she grateful whispers—“All is well!”

In storm-tost sea at night,
 The sea-boy climbs the mast,
 And his gaze, from that dizzy, reeling height,
 O'er the plunging sea is cast;
 He sees no perilous reef or bar,
 He sees the lighthouse' friendly star,
 He hails the deck, glad news to tell,
 “No danger—all is well!”

In the City Square at night
 The watchman paces on his lonely beat,
 He sees no conflagration-flame,
 No robber on the street;

And as the great Cathedral bell
 Tolls out the midnight's solemn time
 He mingles with its measur'd chime
 The cry that "All is well!"
 By the angler's camp at night,
 Sleep sheds its drowsy influence down;
 There is no murmur in the foliage light
 In the oak-tree's leafy crown;
 Yet a faint whisper o'er the sleepers stirs—
 Is it an angel's spell?—
 Cast through the branches of the firs,
 Assuring "All is well."

BURNING OF THE OLD (CONDEMNED) LINE-OF-BAT-
 TLE SHIP OHIO, AT GREENPORT, May 19th, '64.

NO spar, no mast, no rigging left!
 Of all her panoply bereft,
 A helpless wreck this ship of fame,
 Lies here, a holocaust of flame!
 Dismantled ship and mournful wreck!
 No bristling cannon line thy deck;
 All thy grand armament of war,
 That erewhile thunder'd loud and far,
 Have vanish'd from each vacant port
 Once menacing like guarded fort;
 But ah! these murky smokes that rise,
 These lurid flames that scorch the skies,
 Are not war's powder-smokes and flame,
 But rise from thy consuming frame!
 They curl above thee like a cloud,
 Enwrap thee as with sable shroud;
 Soon will thy oaken ribs consume,
 The fabric perish in its doom.
 Thy peopled decks are empty now,
 No seamen cluster on thy prow,
 No sentries, statue-like, keep stand,
 With loaded musket grasp'd in hand,

No swarming crews the masts ascend,
 To furl, or reef, or sails to bend,
 No midshipmen, a mirthful race,
 Nor proud lieutenants there to pace,
 Moving in epauletted pride,
 With burnish'd sabre at the side;
 No admiral in trappings gay;
 —Hull and his chiefs have pass'd away!
 Old ship! methinks thro' fog and haze
 Forth on the cloudy seas I gaze,
 And view in panorama grand
 Thy first proud parting from the land.
 Sailing, I see thy prow explore
 A foreign coast, an alien shore,
 Far as the surfs of ocean roar,
 Far as the breeze may blow;
 In fancy's glass, all dusk and dim,
 A floating world, I see thee swim,
 I catch thy seaward prow
 I seem to view where groves of palm
 Perfume with aromatic balm
 And spicy breath, the drowsy gales
 That fan thy snowy, rounded sails!
 That vision fades! now I discern
 Wide o'er thy mighty prow and stern
 The blood-red banner of the fire
 Careering high, careering higher;
 See fiery billows, cloudy smoke,
 Triumphant o'er thy heart of oak!
 I hear thy timbers rend and crash,
 As if devoured by lightning-flash;
 I hear thy solid timbers groan,
 By that red deluge overthrown;
 Harsh sounds, sad tolling like a knell!
 —Farewell, old ship of war, farewell!

NOTE.—This grand old vessel was once the flagship of brave old Commodore Isaac Hull, famous in the war of 1812 for his victory in the renowned Constitution, "Old Ironsides," over the British frigate Guerrière. He was the nephew of our grand-sire Gen. Wm. Hull, the cousin of our mother, and the friend of our childhood.

FRANK FORESTER MEMORIAL ODE.

[Extract from an ode written by request for the proposed ceremonies in laying the corner-stone of a monument to be erected at Greenwood Lake in honor of Frank Forester.]

WHAT matter that thy mortal dust
 Be not in grand cathedral laid,
 Entomb'd with all the wise and just,
 In ceremonial parade?
 It is the memory of the dead
 That claims the solemn rites we pay
 Not the poor ashes moldering
 Where'er on earth they lay.
 We raise the monumental shaft,
 We build the great memorial shrine,
 To show the depths profound of love
 For lives that thro' all ages shine;
 And on the spotless tablet's face
 'Grave lines that Time may ne'er efface,
 And though poor Herbert sleeps not here,
 This votive cenotaph shall bear
 The tribute of affection's tear,
 The record of his genius rare,
 Though Shakespeare's, Milton's mortal dust
 May rest in England's stateliest dome,
 They still have shrines in many a land,
 In every human heart a home.

Here in this lovely spot we stand,
 Brethren, to honor Herbert's name,
 To decorate with wreaths the shaft
 That bears the tribute to his fame.
 We gaze abroad—it is the same,
 The selfsame scene he lov'd to view,
 The broad, extending woods of green,
 The same soft skies of heavenly blue.

He lov'd to breath this spicy air
 When diamond dews begemm'd the grass,
 Airs blowing thro' umbrageous groves,
 Fill'd with fresh odors as they pass.

Circumspice! Gaze around!

Where'er on earth may Nature spread
 A more enchanting, smiling scene—
 Green vales beneath—bright skies o'erhead?
 No marvel he enamor'd found
 Peace in this fair enchanted ground.
 Pass o'er the Bellvale Mountain edge,
 Pause on Point Peter's smooth plateau,
 Surmounted by the jutting ledge,
 Then view the landscape stretch'd below;
 Gaze down the vale of Sugarloaf,
 Gaze over Warwick woodlands wide,
 Waving with all their tufted groves,
 Like rolling billows of the tide.

Broad-spreading valleys charm the eye,
 Vales dropped like emeralds of green,
 Hedg'd round with great engirdling woods—
 A grand, perennial screen!
 Lo! here and there are lakelets fair
 Like diamonds dropped by fairy spell,
 And winding rivulets twinkling bright,
 And bosky hedge and bushy dell.

Gaze forth where Herbert lov'd to gaze,
 Far to the horizon's purple edge,
 Here swimming in a gauzy haze,
 There bright with splinter'd cliff and ledge,
 It is a vision beautiful,
 A dream of wonder and delight,
 Where ridge on ridge of mountain peaks
 Gleam out, then fade away from sight.

Beneath sleeps Greenwood's placid lake,
 Woods, meadows, pasture, stream and plain,
 White villages like sea-bird wings,
 Broad corn-fields and expanse of grain;
 Fair scenes so dear to poet's heart,
 Dear to the painter's glorious art!

Gaze and admire! Far-off to right
 Swell highland Hudson's azure hills;
 Fam'd Anthony uplifts his bluff,
 Channel'd and seamed with dashing rills.
 Across yon rocky-cradled vale
 Soars Shawangunk's mountainous ridge;
 High, high in air those summits sail,
 The Kaatskill's forest bridge!
 "And ne'er in life," wrote Herbert's pen,
 "Have I such lovely landscape view'd;"
 The pure lake cradled in the glen,
 Reflecting the o'erhanging wood.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

AS a life-weary pilgrim sinks to his last repose,
 The old year, pale and pulseless, swoons o'er the drifting
 snows;
 He's gone to join the ages, in the past years laid away,
 To sleep in time's mausoleum, until the judgment day.

When he wav'd his-fairy spring wand, the airs grew balmy sweet,
 There op'd the blue-ey'd violets, in every dusk retreat,
 Then snow-white bloom of orchards, and floral offerings rare,
 Illumin'd all the landscape, and perfum'd all the air.

His magic wand touch'd tree and shrub, touch'd arbor, sprig and
 spray,
 And quick, suffusing smiles of green would o'er the tendrils
 play,
 They blush'd with joy, as all their buds their folded lips un-
 clos'd,
 And their virgin pearly leaves, and petals red disclos'd.

Then all the painted butterflies enjoy'd their little hour,
They flew like winged blossoms, from floweret to flower,
In honeysuckles dipt the bees, to sip from hidden wells
The sweet, ambrosial nectar, and bear it to their cells.

We saw thee in thy summer prime, in all thy bravery drest,
Thy woods in wealth of foliage, by gentle airs caress'd,
Thy limped lakes reflecting the colors of the skies,
And all the dales and mountains made gay with flowery dyes.

Ah, pleasant the wide landscape, in your bright summer prime,
The clear, swift, shaded brooks, with their unceasing chime,
Where droop'd the birch and alder, the willow's tresses green,
And oakes and elms on upland slopes, a pastoral, fair scene.

Thy luminous day-skies, the moonlit shades of night,
When sweetest sounds of nature are a blessing and delight;
When chants and hymns of bird life, of blackbird and of thrush
Entrance with soothing melodies the universal hush.

We welcom'd thee in autumn, o'er all the harvest plain,
Thy forehead thick enwreath'd with chaplets of the grain,
When the orchards drop the fruit, and purple grapes hang sweet,
And the sportsman's shots are ringing in field and wood retreat.

And in this winter season, when icicles like gems,
Adorn each twig and bush with twinkling diadems,
We welcome the New Year, for o'er the falling snow,
The sounds of merry laughter and jocund carols flow.

To all who love the transports of forest and the stream,
To hunt the deer, to take the fish that in the waters gleam,
To seek the duck and partridge, the woodcock and the quail,
We send a New Year's greeting, we say to them "All hail!"

May the New Year rejoice you, with all delights of life,
Prosperities, endearments, of home and child and wife,
May the lights of love and friendship, burn ever pure and clear,
No household glooms, no shades of death, to darken o'er the
year.









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