



POEMS
OF
S.H.M. BYERS

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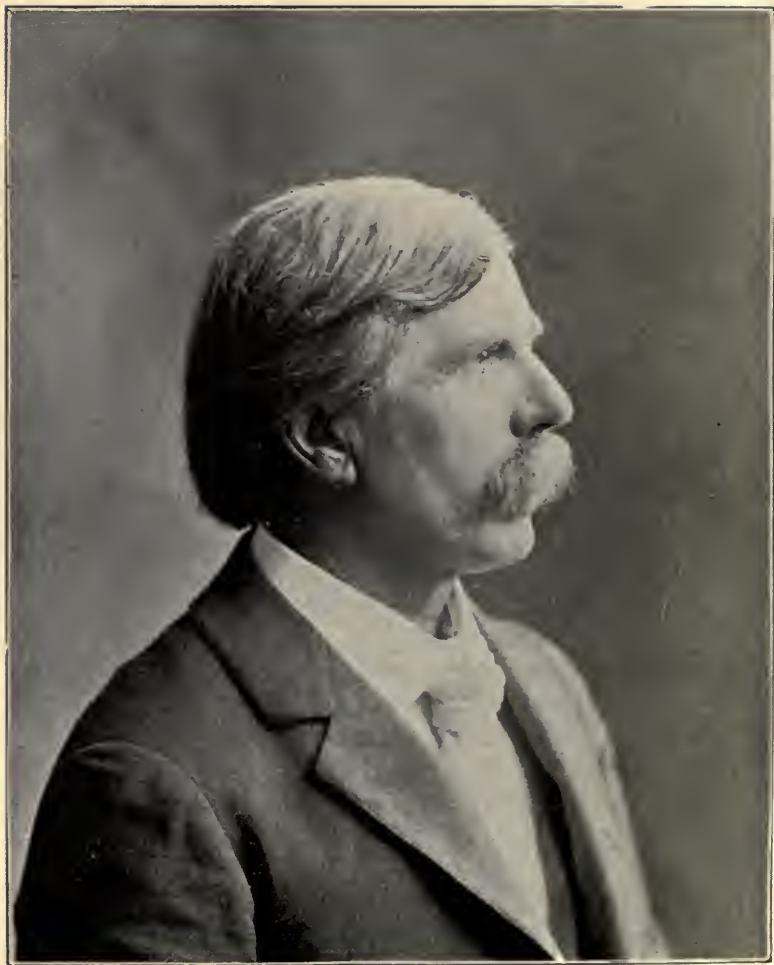
Yours most truly
S. H. M. Rivers.



POEMS OF S. H. M. BYERS



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



S. H. W. Byers.

POEMS OF S. H. M. BYERS

Selected

Including also
"THE HAPPY ISLES"
"THE MARCH TO THE SEA"
And other Poems



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The Neale Publishing Company
1914

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TO MARGARET

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ST. HELENS

SAID A SONG-BIRD.

SAID a song-bird once to me,
"Listen to my roundelay ;
Man nor maid shall hinder me—
I shall sing my song to-day."

Said a song-bird once to me,
"I have sung my song to-day ;
Hadst thou listened, it may be
I have said what thou wouldst say."

I have only said and sung
Things that in thy heart have dwelt ;
Though thy harp was never strung,
Thou hast felt what I have felt.

All are poets in their time—
God's whole world is harmony :
Lo ! in one majestic rhyme
Sweep the rivers to the sea.

SAID A SONG-BIRD.

All are poets when they feel
Nature's rhythms rise and fall ;
Nature's heart-beats are the seal
Maketh poets of us all.

If, perchance, these songs of mine
Waken some responsive strain,
Silent though the countersign,
I shall not have sung in vain.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

ONCE on a time, in beauteous Paradise,
Two angels wandered at the even-tide,
Beneath a splendor of celestial skies,
With banks of violets on every side.
And to their ears, came ever far and wide,
Soft notes of flutes, voluptuous melodies,
That mortals, hearing, had in rapture died.
So soft they came, the murmuring of the seas
Was stilled, to listen to their ecstasies.

And while they wandered, all their senses
filled
With the sweet thought to be forever young,
All things a joy, and every longing stilled,
With not a heart by any sorrow wrung,
And life a song to be forever sung, —
A thought came o'er them like a sacred spell,
Of loved and left, far other scenes among,

Where no dear heart might ever go, to tell
How sweet is death, and how all things are
well.

Then one did ask what loveliest thing there
was,

That was most fair of anything on earth,
Of lovely flower, or eglantine, or rose,
Or tree, or thing of most surpassing worth,
And beauteous even from its very birth, —
Be it of groves, or seas, of human kind, or
skies,
Or songs of winds, of sadness, or of mirth, —
What loveliest thing of all that ever dies,
Were fittest first to be in Paradise.

One said a nightingale, and one the gleam
Of summer sunset by some constant sea, —
And one, sweet apple-blooms that fall and
seem

Wind-kissed, and lulled into an ecstasy
Of odorous death, if such a thing there be.
And others said, for many hastened near,
The loveliest thing in all the world to see,

Surpassing all, to heaven and earth most dear,
By angels welcomed, is a sorrowing tear.

One said the fragrance of a summer rose,
And one the melody of flutes at eve,
Or else the music of a brook that flows,
Murmuring farewell, and yet doth never
leave, —

And some said moonlight nights that wear,
In every soul sweet phantasies so deep
That mortals may of immortality conceive,
Nor longer wish their little lives to keep
From that sweet death which some of them
call sleep.

But one there came, of others all the first,
And laid his hand upon a little child,
And quick there seemed a radiance to burst
About his face, ineffable and mild.

“*This* is the loveliest,” he said, and smiled.
“Surpassing this, or lovelier, there is none, —
Rose-leaf of beauty, mortal undefiled.
The pearly gates no soul hath ever won,
That was not like unto this little one.”

Then children came, and laid sweet baskets
down,
Rose-leaf and violet, and every flower of
worth,
And odorous herbs, and many a wreath and
crown,
While in their midst stood one of mortal
birth,
Herself more fair than any flower of earth.
Oh ! beauteous one, — oh ! face more perfect
grown,
Though all unchanged, more beautiful thou
art, —
E'en in thy angelhood, we still had known
Our heart-sweet lost — our loved, our very
own.

Was it a vision that I saw her there,
Her face all gleaming in the light of His,
The sunlight shining on her sweet, brown
hair,
That ever had been my delight to kiss,
In the old days, when seeing her was bliss?
It must have been — and if such things there
be.

In fleeting visions of an hour like this,
What an Elysium the soul must see
In the sweet joys of an eternity !

'T is but a year — but little more, since she
And I were laughing by this beauteous lake ;
There is the path, and there the little tree
I used to bend close to the ground, and make
A springing seat — 't was easy for her sake.
There, too, the grove, of Nidelbad the pearl,
The beechen trees no winds could ever break,
The cedars, bending like some plumèd earl
To her I loved, the little, laughing girl.

There are the Alps — there they will ever
be, —

A thousand years will make no change in
them,

Though rivers fail, and all the mighty sea,
Still they will wear their gracious diadem,
Storm and the clouds their snowy mantles
hem,

And they will shine as they have shone of
old —

Their tops aflame, as on some evening, when
We watched the sun their palaces unfold, —
The sapphire roofs — the colonnades of gold.

And Zürich lake! thy waters ever will
Be dearer far than other scenes to me,
For I have wandered by thy shores until
My very being seemed akin to thee.
Each bank I knew, and every brook and
tree,

Each vine-clad hill, and every hamlet fair,
And more I loved thee every day, that she
Was born to us amid a scene so rare, —
My heart will be forever turning there.

Forever turning to that beauteous scene,
Where she and I, the happy years ago,
Looked on the hills and the blue lake be-
tween,

The blushing mountains in the dim beyond,
The ice-built palaces, and rocks whereon
A thousand years the frost-king travelleth,
Where the red sun, at evening and at dawn,

Spreads all in gold, as with a fairy's breath.
We looked and dreamed, but never dreamed
of death.

And it is done! One morn, the little bird
That waited ever at her window-pane
For some dear crumb, or for some dearer
word,
Plumed its sweet breast, and waited there in
vain.

Sweet heart! dear soul! she without any
stain,
Too pure for earth, born of far fairer skies,
Thoughtless of death, of darkness, or of pain,
Looking on us as if with other eyes,
Let go our hands and passed to Paradise.

With gentle hands, and gentle prayers, we
laid
Her body where the violets do blow;
And if sometimes they should be thought to
fade,
With our warm tears we 'll water them, and so
For love of her, they will forever grow.

And many days, with broken hearts, we said,
“Could one return, or could we only know
She liveth yet, whom we have thus called
 dead,
Our souls in this might still be comforted.”

And days and nights, we waited for a sign,
Praying and hoping she might linger there,
That word or look might lessen death's re-
 pine,
One single word might lighten our despair —
Might make the yoke more possible to bear.
We sought of silence — there was answer
 none,
We sought of moonlight, and of earth and
 air, —
There was no answer. Would she never come
One moment back, and strike all doubting
 dumb?

And longing thus, as once I wept alone,
With heart bowed down, and face all wet
 with tears,
I felt her presence — felt my very own, —

And in that moment was the bliss of years.
Gone were my doubts, and gone were all my
fears.

No dream was it — no phantasy could be
So like to her — the very thought endear
It was no dream, that vision sweet — I see
Her dear form yet, and feel her kissing me.

One moment only, and one sweet embrace —
I felt her warm arms resting on my breast —
Her soft, warm cheek I felt against my face.
A thousand times I'd put that head to rest,
Those little hands a thousand times caressed.
Dear eyes, sweet eyes! I know their tender
gleam,

How oft their look some sorrowing heart hath
blessed —

Dearer this night, than they did ever seem,
Dear one I love, I know it was no dream.

'T was but a moment, but that moment was
Rich in significance of things that are.
As some faint light behind the hill-top shows
The coming moon and her attendant star,

So with new eyes I saw, and from afar
Heard sweetest tones, and in the rosy West
Where they had left the golden gates ajar,
That she might come to give my spirit rest,
I looked and saw the Islands of the Blest.

Or dream, or waking, I may never know,
Alike the joy, no words may ever tell, —
I saw the isles where roses ever blow,
I saw the shores where bright seas ever
swell —

It was the land where the blest spirits dwell.
I saw fair barks, by angels piloted
O'er roseate seas that only rose and fell
To notes of flutes, that thus were hallowèd,
While silver moons shed soft light overhead.

I saw the gardens of the happy Blest, —
The lotus-blooms, and golden asphodel,
And flowering shrubs angelic hands had
dressed,
Red-berried ash, and the sweet mountain bell.
And thornless rose that doth forever smell,
And lilies fair, and waters all in tune

With odorous winds that came like fairy spell
Out of the night, to cool the parchèd noon,
And make the year a never-ending June.

I saw the fields that are forever green,
And purple hills that melt into the sea,
The thousand brooks that sing their way
 between,

One and a part of His great minstrelsy.
Not far away that happy sea may be,
Not far those sails by rapturous breezes bent,
With mortal eyes, at times, we almost see,
So near they are to our own firmament —
The Blessed Isles, where all men are content.

Gone is the vision of that blessed hour,
Like to some dream that with the morn is
 flown.

I saw the Isles, and every tree and flower
Melt and grow dim, as when a cloud is blown
Across a moon that had that moment shone.
But as that moon and all her star-lit train,
Will still shine on, when the dark cloud is
 gone,

So will the clouds that hide my vision wane,
And I shall see the Blessed Isles again.

Shall ever think how very thin the veil
That floats at times betwixt myself and her,
Like mist of morn, or like some dewy sail, —
Ethereal cloud — so vapor-like, as 't were
A touch of wind, a gentle breath, might stir
Its shining folds — and I again should see,
Spread out like gold, as in my vision fair,
The Happy Isles, the far-off shining sea,
And her I loved, waiting to welcome me.

So I shall walk as now the earth along,
Dearer to me for one that has been here,
Nor shall the way seem very dark or long
To those Blest Isles whose confines do ap-
pear.

And if, sometimes, in fancy I should hear
A dear, soft voice, or some light footstep's
tread,

I shall be sure that she is very near,
And, thinking so, be gently comforted,
And live and love, as by her spirit led.

And many times my hand in hers will be,
And we will walk by pleasant ways alone,
And I shall look into her face, and see
The dearest eyes that ever yet have shone —
And cheeks more sweet than any roses
blown.

And when, sometimes, light song and pleas-
antry

Fill every heart but mine, to silence grown,
They will not know that, at that moment, she
Sits by my side and keeps me company.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

OUR camp-fires shone bright on the mount-
ains,

That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe ;
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted " Boys, up and be ready !
For Sherman will march to the sea ! "

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men ;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would
greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!

We marched on our perilous way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca -
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the rebel flag falls.
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who sleep by each river and tree,
But we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

O! proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
To-day fair Savannah is ours."

Then sang we a song for our chieftain.

 That echoed o'er river and lea,

And the stars in our banner shone brighter,

 When Sherman marched down to the sea.

THE BALLAD OF COLUMBUS.

It was fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
The close of the New Year's day,
When the armies of Catholic Ferdinand,
The flower of all the Spanish land,
At the siege of Granada lay.

Ten thousand foot and ten thousand horse
And ten thousand men with bows
Were on the left, and as many more
Had stormed close up to the city's door,
Where the Darro River flows.

And the king held levee, for on that day
Great news had come to court—
How on the morrow the town would yield,
And the flag of Spain, with the yellow field,
Would float from the Moorish fort.

There were princely nobles and high grandees
That night in the royal tent;

And the beautiful queen with the golden hair
And shining armor and sword was there—
On the king's right arm she leant.

It was nine, and the old Alhambra bells
Tolled out on the moonlit air ;
And over the battlements far there came
The murmuring sound of Allah's name,
And the Moorish troops at prayer.

“Hark!” said the king, as he heard the
sound,

“Hark, hark ! to yon bell's refrain—
Five hundred years it has called the Moor ;
This night, and 'twill call him nevermore—
To-morrow 'twill ring for Spain !”

Then spake a guest at the king's right hand :

“To-morrow the end will be ;
Hast thou not said, when the war is done
And the Christ flag floats o'er the Moslem
one,
Thou wouldst keep thy promise to me ?

“Thou wouldst give me ships, and wouldst
give me men

Who would dare to follow me?

Help thou this night with thy royal hand,
And I'll make thee king of a new-found land
And king of a new-found sea.

“For the world is round, and a ship may sail
Straight on with the setting sun,
Beyond Atlantis a thousand miles,
Beyond the peaks of the golden isles,
To the Ophir of Solomon.

‘So I'll find new roads to the golden isles,
To the gardens that bloom alway,
To the treasure-quarries of Ispahan,
The sunlit hills of the mighty Khan,
And the wonders of far Cathay.

“And gold I'll bring from the islands fair,
And riches of palm and fir
Thou shalt have, my king; and the lords of
Spain
Shall march with the Christ flag once again,
And rescue the Sepulchre.”

But the nobles smiled and the prelates
sneered,

With many a scornful fling ;
“ Had not the wisest already said
It was but the scheme of an empty head,
And no fit thing for a king ?

“ And were it true that the world is round,
And not like an endless plain,
Were our good king's vessels the seas to ride
Adown the slope of the world's great side,
How would they get up again ?

“ And the land of the fabled antipodes
Was a wonderful land to see,
Where people stand with their heads on the
ground,
And their feet in the air, while the world
spins round ”—
And they all laughed merrily.

But the king laughed not, though he scarce
believed

The things that his ears had heard :

And he thought full long of the promise fair,
And he knew that the day and the hour were
there,

If a king were to keep his word.

So he said, "For a while, for a little while,
Let it bide, for the cost is great ;"

But the guest replied : "Nay, seven years
I have waited on with my hopes and fears ;
And soon it will be too late."

Then spake the queen, "Be it done for me.
Here are jewels for woe or weal ;"

And she took the gems from her shining hair,
And the priceless pearls she was wont to
wear,

And she said, "For my own Castile."

* * * * *

There were three ships sailing from Palos
town,

Ere the noon of a summer's day,
And the people looked at the ships and said,
"God pity their souls, for they all are dead ;"
But the ships went down the bay.

And an east wind blew, and the convent bells
Rang out in sweet accord,
And the master stood on the deck and cried,
“ We sail in the name of the Crucified,
With the flag of Christ our Lord !”

They were ten days out when a storm wind
blew—

Ten days from the coast of Spain—
And the sailors shrived each other and said,
“ God help us now, or we all are dead !
We shall never see land again.”

They were twelve days out when an ocean
rock

Burst forth in a sea of fire,
As if each peak and each lava cliff
Of the red-hot sides of Teneriffe,
Were a sea-king's funeral pyre.

And the sailors crossed themselves and said,
“ Alas, for the day we swore
To follow a reckless adventurer—
Though it be at last to the Sepulchre—
In search of an unknown shore.”

And they spoke of the terror that lay between,

Of the hurricanes born of hell,
Of the sunless seas that forever roar,
Where the moon had perished long years
before,

When an evil spirit fell.

And ever the winds blew west, blew west,
And the ships blew over the main.
“They are cursed winds,” the mariners said,
“That blow us forever ahead—ahead ;
They will never blow back to Spain.”

But the master cited the Holy Writ ;
And he told of a vision fair,
How a shining angel would show the way
To the Indus isles and the sweet Cathay,
And he “knew they were almost there.”

But a sea-calm came, and the ships stood still,
And the sails drooped idle and low,
And a seaweed covered the vasty deep
As darkness covers a world in sleep,
And they feared for the rocks below.

It was twelve that night when a breeze
 sprang fresh,
 As if from a land close by,
And the sailors whispered each other and said,
“God only knows what next is ahead—
 Or if to-morrow we die.”

It was two by the clock on the ship next
 morn,
 And breathless the sailors stand,
With eyes strained into the starless night,
When, lo! there's a cry of “A light, a light!”
 And a shout of “The land, the land!”

There were weeping eyes, there were press-
 ing hands,
 Till the dawn of that blessed day ;
When the admiral, followed by all his train,
With the flag of Christ and the flag of Spain,
 Rode proudly up the bay.

In robes of scarlet and princely gold,
 On the New World's land they kneel ;

In the name of Christ, whom all adore,
They christened the island San Salvador,
For the crown of their own Castile.

And the simple islanders gazed in awe
On the "gods from another sphere;"
And they brought them gifts of the Yuca
bread,
And golden trinkets, and parrots red,
And showed them the islands near.

They told of the lords of a golden house,
Of the mountains of Cibao,
The cavern where once the moon was born,
The hills that waken the sun at morn,
And the isles where the spices grow.

From isle to island the ships flew on,
Like white birds on the main,
Till the master said, "With my flags unfurled,
I have opened the gates of another world—
I will carry the news to Spain."

It was seven months since at Palos town,
Ere the noon of that summer's day,

The good ships sailed, with their flags unfurled,

In search of another and far-off world—

And again they are in the bay.

Twelve months have passed, and the king again

Holds levee with all his train,

And Columbus sits at the king's right hand,

And, whether on sea or upon the land,

Is the greatest man in Spain.

And the queen has honored him most of all—

She has taken him by the hand :

“Don Christopher thou shalt be called
alway;”

And a golden cross on his heart there lay,

And over his breast a band.

And ships she gave, and a thousand men,

With nobles and knights in train ;

And again the convent bells they rung,

And the praise of his name was on every
tongue,

As he sailed for the West again—

To the hundred islands and far away
 In the heats of the torrid zone,
To gardens as fair as Hesperides,
To spice-grown forests, and scented seas
 Where no sails had ever blown ;

And up and down by the New World's coast,
 And over the western main,
With but the arms of his own true word,
He lifted the flag of the blessed Lord
 And the flag of the land of Spain.

And he gave them all to the king and queen,
 And riches of things untold ;
And never a ship that crossed the sea
But brought them tokens from fruit and
 tree,
 And gems from the land of gold.

Three times he had sailed to his new-found
 world,
 Five times he had crossed the main,
When, walking once by the sea, he heard,
By secret letter or secret word,
 Of a murderous plot in Spain—

How that envious persons about the court
Had poisoned the mind of the king
By many a letter of false report,
By base suspicion of evil sort,
And words with a traitorous sting.

And the king, half eager to hear the worst,
For he never had been a friend,
Believed it all, and he rued the hour
He gave to the master rank and power,
And resolved it should have an end.

So with cold pretence of the truth to hear,
And with heart that was false as base,
A ship was hurried across the main,
With Bobadilla, false knight of Spain,
To take the admiral's place.

O that kings should ever unkingly be !
O that men should ever forget !
For that fatal hour the false knight came,
To the king's disgrace and the great world's
shame,
The star of Columbus set.

They took the queen's cross from off his
breast,

And chains they gave him instead ;
And iron gyves on his wrists they put,
Vile fetters framed for each hand and foot—
“ 'Twere better they left him dead.”

For he who was first of the new-found world,
And bravest upon the main,
Who had found the isles of the fabled gold,
And the far-off lands that his faith foretold,
Was dragged like a felon to Spain.

But the whole world heard the clank of his
chains,

When he landed in Cadiz bay ;
And fearing the taunt and the curse and scoff,
The false king hurried to take them off,
At the pier where the old ship lay.

But little it helped, or the king's false smile,
As he sat in his robes of state ;
For wrong is wrong, if in hut or hall,
And the right were as well not done at all,
If done, alas ! too late.

And little it helped if, here and there,
The mantle of favor stole
Across his shoulders, to hide the stain
Of a broken heart or a broken chain—
They had burned too deep in his soul.

So the years crept by, and the cold neglect
Of kings, that will come the while ;
Forever and ever 'tis still the same—
Short-lived's the glory of him whose fame
Depends on a prince's smile.

And long he thought, could he see the queen,
Could he speak with her face to face,
She would know the truth and would be again
What once she was, ere his hopes were slain ;
And he sighed in his lonely place.

And on a day when he seemed forgot,
And darker the fates, and grim,
A letter came, 'twas the queen's command,
"Come straight to court," in her own fair hand,
And she would be true to him.

But alas for man, and alas for queen,
And alas for hopes so sped !

He had only come to the castle gate,
When the warder said, "It is late—too late,
For the queen, she is lying dead."

And the king forgot what the fair, good queen
With her dying lips had said ;
And he who had given a world to Spain
Had never a roof for himself again,
And he wished that he, too, were dead.

Slow tolled the bells of old Seville town,
At noon of a summer's day ;
For up in a chamber of yonder inn,
Close by the street, with its noise and din,
The heart of the New World lay.

Perhaps the king, on his throne close by,
No thought to the tolling gave ;
But over a world, far up and down,
They heard the bells of Seville town,
And they stood by an open grave.

And the Seville bells, they are ringing still,
Through the centuries far and dim ;
And though it is but the common lot
Of men to die, and to be forgot,
They will ring forever of him.

THE FIRST KISS.

CAN you tell me what a kiss is,
Lady mine ?
Stands there writ among the pages
Of the poets and the sages
Any sign ?

What a kiss is, sweet, then listen
Once to me :
When the fairies first made lovers,
Such as you and I and others—
In their glee,

They forgot to make a sign-word
And a seal—
Something that should be a token
Of a something still unspoken,
That we feel.

Till one day a man and maiden,
Sweet as morn,
Touched their lips just so, together,
And out there, among the heather,
It was born.

Oh! the fairies laughed and cried so,
 In the morn,
Just to think, in two lips meeting,
And in two eyes fondly greeting,
 It was born.

And they laughed, and said together,
 We will make
Out of human lips a treasure,
Loved and deep beyond all measure,
 For their sake.

And with fairy wands they touched them,
 And the thrill
Of the two first lips together,
On that sweet morn in the heather,
 Liveth still.

And from that morn unto this morn
 Of our bliss,
There hath never been a lover
But the sign-word could discover
 In a kiss.

PHILIP.

AH! many and many a year ago it was —
And yet, but yesterday it might have been,
So little changed are fields and olive rows,
And Prato's hills, and orchards gold and
 green,
And hearts of men and women too, I ween.
Some things there are that never do grow old,
Or, growing old, age is not felt nor seen ;
As faces of the ones we love — they hold
A truce with time, — and lovers' tales, though
 oft retold.

Ah! many a year within a cloister's walls,
A friar-painter brooded all the day ;
For even prayer sometimes a little palls
On honest hearts who count their beads alway,
And most with those who work, as well as
 pray.
And so with Philip, young and fair, and one
Whom cities honored ; and men loved to say

That Friar Philip painted Christ as none
In all his far-famed Italy had ever done.

Still was he not content, for he would trace
The Holy Virgin, with a face so fair,
Men should not say, "How sweet it is, what
 grace,

What depth of color and what beauty rare,
And still, no face of any *woman* there."
He would have flesh, and human blood and
 bone;

Christ was a woman's son, the priests declare:
It was a maid, on whom the starlight shone
That night, that sweetest night, God's world
 has ever known.

"If I could find in all fair Italy,
One face to help me to my face divine,
It should be riches, joy enough, for me,
Alas! there is not any face so fine
As this I see, this virgin face of mine.
If Heaven were gracious — no — it cannot
 be,
That which my soul for ever doth enshrine,

Which even in sleep comes tenderly to me,
I cannot paint because no form or body can I
see."

One day, blessed day, within St. Margaret,
A sisters' cloister of old Prato town,
The pious abbess thought to pay some debt
To some dead saint or other, of renown,
And prayed that Philip might himself come
down

And paint a virgin, with a mother's face,
And Christ, the child, her glory and her crown,
A picture fitted for such holy place, —
Thus would the sisters find some special last-
ing grace.

Long up and down the archèd room he went,
With folded hands, and eyes bent down alway;
His unused easel on the altar leant,
The unstained pallet on the marble lay,
His thoughts, with her, had wandered far
away.

"Cursed fate" — he cried — "but, no, I do
forget —

I will not curse, and yet I cannot pray.”
Thus murmured ever till his dark eyes met
The nearing, list'ning abbess of St. Margaret.

“What is it, Philip? list — I heard you here;
He is more gracious than your words allow —
The sweetest face of Italy is near,
I hear her singing in the vespers now —
A month ago, she took our novice vow.
It is not seeming, and perhaps not meant,
And holy fathers they would frown, I trow,
To see a novice to a brother lent,
E'en were 't to paint a picture of the sacra-
ment.

“But you I know and your good heart ah, well,
Take her till prayers, and paint her as you
can,

Above that altar, that we long may tell
We have a picture by the famous man;
It is not every convent here in Prato can.
Bar well the door, and let the censer swing,
It adds a glamour to this room — a spell,
Perhaps 't will aid in your imagining,
It is like her, so fair, so beautiful a thing.”

Herself she crossed, and left him at the noon—
The great drops stand in Philip's dark, deep
eyes ;

It is too much to be so blest so soon,
But he who falters at this moment, dies.
He laughs anon, and then anon he sighs.
The curtains part — along the altar stair
A rustling gown, to where his pallet lies —
His prayed-for virgin — see, she waits him
there.

Even in his dreams she was not half so fair.

Abashed, and blushing like a rose she stood,
Her dark eyes resting on the marble floor ;
“ Was this not Philip, whom the sisterhood
Had praised a thousand, thousand times,
before,

Till she herself was ready to adore ? ”

He took her hand and gently led to where
The sunbeams bent, embracing, from a stained
door,

Casting their shadows on an oaken chair,
High-backed and carved, that was standing
there.

High-backed and carvèd and of form antique,
And half way covered with a cloth of gold,
So bright, the very sunbeams even seemed
to seek

Some new warmth lurking in its secret fold —
As if when *she* were there, even marble could
be cold —

She was herself so warm, and beautiful, and
rare, —

Not half her beauty had the abbess told.

Heaven! 'tis no wonder Philip can but
stare,

How could mere mortal paint a face so fair?

Her novice kerchief she has laid aside,
And loosed the girdle from her simple gown,
And her sweet bodice she has half untied,
And half the abandon of her hair is down,
Her hair, so soft, and beautiful, and brown.
He looked and sighed as in a soothèd bliss,
Saw his ideal — of all maids, the crown,
The throat, the bosom, fit for cherub's kiss,
Alas! he was not living who could paint like
this.

He was not living who could paint a sigh,
Or the soft heaving of a loving breast,
Nor the warm lustre of a woman's eye
When he she loves is ling'ring to be prest —
Could one so paint, he were divinely blest.
He tried and tried, then laid the pallet
down, —

The chapel bells were calling her to prayer,
Her beads she took, and, folding her sweet
gown,
She left him longing like a spirit there,
In sad, yet sweet and beautiful despair.

But on that night, when olive-covered hills
Lay sweet and silvered with a summer moon,
When all was silence, save the whippoorwills
Who tired not chanting in the sad old roon
To the grim watchdog that had waked too
soon,
Soft whisp'ring lips half touched a maiden's
ear :

“ Arise, arise, it is the long night's noon,
And here are kisses for thee, sweet, and here.”
And softly rose she without shame or fear.

And softly stepped she on the oaken stair,
And softly stepped she in that chapel old,
The silver censer still was swinging there,
As if a moonbeam did its weight uphold,
It was so light, and beautiful of mould.
It was not mockery that she did kneel,
Though round her waist she felt an arm
 enfold,
Beneath that censer it was good to feel
The old time blessing guilt could not conceal.

And out through fields, and olive groves
 they went,
Through cypress alleys, and by forests green,
And purpled vines, with luscious fruits all
 bent,
And high stone walls, with narrow lanes
 between, —
And over all the moonlight's mellow sheen.
Still on they wandered till the coming day
Changed into purple the enchanted scene;
And when the sisters met that morn, to
 pray,
They did not dream how far she was away.

Oh woe! oh woe! the sisters cried that
morn,

And woe! swift neighbors, as they mounted
steed ;

And all the hills re-echo to the horn,

And horses' hoofs, as quickly on they speed

By brook, and bridge, and olive grove and
mead.

In vain, in vain, not one of them may tell

Where he hath hid her in this hour of need

If in some cave of mountain, or some secre
dell—

Little, but little, recks he, that they ride so
well.

Vain was demand, and vain was bishop's
frown,

Vain as swift mounting, and the swifter
chase—

But once, when Philip came to Prato town,

Men saw him painting, in the market-place,

The immortal picture of his lady's face—

A face so fair— a sorrow without pain,

An angel's look, and yet a woman's grace—

As if a rose upon a frost had lain,
And blushed to see itself a rose again.

Long dead is he who painted there that day,
And she whose face did so his soul inspire,
And all those sisters, aye, long dead are they ;
And other hands now light that altar-fire,
And that sweet censer 's like a broken lyre.
But through the ages, still men love to trace
An art new born to Philip, king and sire,
And lives like song the beauty of that face
That Philip Lippi painted in the market-place.

MARGERIE BROWN.

MARGERIE BROWN is ever so fair,

There is none like her, not one in the town.
Brown are her soft eyes, and browner her hair,
Queenly her footstep, and queenly her air—
No, there's no other like Margery Brown.

Margery Brown is not young as she seems,
Fair as she is from her foot to her crown,
Lips archly bent, cheeks with dimples and
gleams,
Eyes full of summer and beautiful dreams—
She is just sixty—sweet Margery Brown.

Years ago, many, sweet Margery Brown
Loved as a woman can only know how;
That was the year of the plague in the town,
And people all wondered that Margery
Brown

Kept her sweet dimples and beautiful brow.

“I am still beautiful,” Margery said,
Bowing her face to the form they laid down.

“He will come back when the poppies are red.
See! how he smiles, tho’ he’s lying there dead;”
And the neighbors all pitied mad Margery
Brown.

Years did not reckon with Margery more ;
Time brought no dimness to eyes that
were brown—
Fountains of youth kept her beauty in store.
“I am yet young,” she still said, “as before,”
And fair as an angel was Margery Brown.

Margery lives in a world of her own.
What to her if the sun goes down ?
Night hath stars that never have shone,
And she has hopes none other has known.
And they keep her young, sweet Margery
Brown.

She forgets that the years pass by,
Margery fair, with the quaint-cut gown,
Lips of roses and sunlit eye,
Cheeks where blushes and dimples vie ;
But all hearts love her—sweet Margery
Brown.

NEWS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ALL the night the President sat,
Waiting the telegraph's click, click, click ;
Waiting the news that should tell him that
Grant had crossed at the little creek ;
Waiting to hear that before the light
Sherman's troops were beyond the bridge;
That over the river, from left to right,
All was ready to charge the Ridge.

Chickamauga was lost ; our dead
Lay in heaps on the sodden plain ;
What if the rebel, with lifted head,
Strike, as he struck, to our hearts again !
Over the North, as a pall of night,
Sorrow hung, and the summons came :
" Win a victory—win us a fight ;
Wipe away from our flag the shame."

All the night, in his room alone—
All the night till the dawn was by,

And over the broad Potomac shone
Red the sun in the eastern sky—
Watched the President, grave and sad—
Came no tick on the mystic line ;
What if the daring rebel had
Tapped the wire and read the sign—

Sign of battle, or sign of gloom ?
Hark ! the lightning's messenger !
No ! Silence only is in the room—
Silence only, and breath of prayer.
Listen ! Yes, 'tis the tick, tick, tick—
“ Clear the lines ” are the first words sent.
“ Up to Washington, men, be quick !
Grant will talk with the President.”

Click, click, click, went the instrument—
“ Sherman's army has crossed the stream ; ”
Nearer the table the grave face leant,
Lips half parted and eyes a gleam.
“ Hooker's soldiers but yesterday
Stormed up Lookout in mist and rain ;
They are holding the dangerous way,
They will fight at our right again.

“On the left is our storming line,
Sherman’s legions are bending on ;”
Click, click, click: “On the Ridge there shine
Rows of cannon since early dawn—
Rows of cannon and men in gray,
Shining columns of burnished steel ;
They are holding our men at bay,
They are waiting the cannon’s peal.

“Look ! our soldiers have climbed the Ridge ;
Sherman’s gallants have stormed the line
Forty cannon are at the bridge—
Brave these soldiers of his and mine !”
Click, click, click : “The centre moves,
Thomas, Sheridan, all abreast,
Bayonets fixed—in troops and droves
Charging clear to the mountain’s crest.

“Battle’s thunder from left to right,
Belching cannon and musket’s crash.”
Click, click, click : “Lo ! on every height
Flames of sulphur and lightnings flash.”
Closer still to the breathing wire
Bends the face of the President—

Does he hear it, the battle's fire,
Half-way over a continent?

Does he hear it, the bugle's call,
Sounding "Forward," the whole long line?
Sees he blue-coat and gray-coat fall?

Hears he cannon and splintering pine?
Click, click, click: "And a thousand men
Climb the works on the highest hill—
Wait! they are driving us back again!
No! our banner is waving still!

"See! we're storming the whole long line,
Waiting never a leader's cry;
Over the rocks and splintering pine—
We will capture the Ridge or die!
Hand to hand on the very crest"—

Click, click, click—"with the naked steel;
Only a moment, and, east to west,
Flags are falling and columns reel.

"Shouts and cheers on the Ridge are heard—
Shouts and cheers till the skies are rent;
Back to the river, they've got the word—
Won is the battle, our President!"

Quick as thought, and the answer flies —
 “ Bless our soldiers ! God bless each one ! ”
And up to the loyal Northern skies
 Hymns ascend for the battle won.

Kind, good President—brave, strong men,
 Sounds of battle you'll hear no more—
Calls of bugle to charge again,
 Crash of muskets or cannon's roar.
But, while Mountain and Ridge shall stand,
 They are one with your deathless fame ;
Men shall tell to a rescued land
 How the news to the White House came.

THE REVEILLE.

FOR the one last reveille

They are waiting as they fell—
Arm to arm, and knee to knee ;

They are sleeping—it is well—
Till the one last reveille.

They are sleeping—let them rest—

In the sod they died to save ;
Fame shall write above their breast,

“They are mine, though in the grave,”
And their spirits shall have rest.

Feet of loved ones shall come near

When the May is in her bloom,
And with garlands every year

Deck their unforgotten tomb,
For, though dead, they are so dear.

When, with fife and muffled drum,

And with steady step, and slow,

They shall hear their comrades come,
They will hear the step and know—
They will hear them when they come.

They will smell the fragrance sweet
Of the blossoms that you bring ;
They will hear the treading feet ;
They will hear the songs you sing ;
They will hear the drummers beat.

They will hear the jubilee,
And the bells that ring release—
They will fold their arms and be
All at rest in hope and peace,
While they wait the reveille.

LOOK UP

I

Did you ever think for a moment
That black as the cloud may be
The sun shines bright above it,
If only your eyes could see?

II

That over the mist and the rain-cloud
There's bending a sky of blue,
If only your soul could feel it,
If only your spirit knew?

III

Did ever you think in your trouble
When all of the world went wrong,
That close, if you only knew it,
There's beauty, and love, and song?

IV

That out of the cloud misfortune,
And out of the cloud dismay,
There's a path that leads right upward,
If only you'd walk that way?

V

Just try it—go out to Nature,
And walk in the shining sun,
And walk where flowers are blooming,
And walk where the rivers run.

VI

And there, with your soul uplifted,
Forgetting of care and grief,
You'll find the cure of the ages,
The healer that brings relief.

VII

For a spirit has touched the sunshine,
And an angel has walked abroad,
And the balm of the air you're breathing
Is the balm of the breath of God!

THE GUARD ON THE VOLGA.

WHAT is it you're watching, good soldier,
In the forest so dark and lone?
I have heard of no Turkish cannon,
And our Czar is at peace at home.
Why stand on the Volga River,
When the night is so cold and drear?
My Christ! must a soldier shiver,
When never a foeman is near?

Hark! peasant, across there, an army
Lies hid in the brushwood and moss,
And the sergeant said: "Watch by the ferry,
And see that no picket shall cross."
I charged the red ditches at Plevna,
And knew the foes' sabres by sight.
It was fierce! it was death! but I never
Knew fear in my life till to-night.

By Heavens! I tremble. What is it?
What is it, this army so near?

Why don't the drums beat to the rescue?

Why is not our Skobelev here?

Are hordes of the desert upon us,

Are China's fierce legions at war,

And we but one guard on the Volga?

God save our good land and the Czar!

A fiercer foe, far, than the Tartar, —

And armies of China are small

When counted beside the battalions

That muster to conquer them all.

'T is the Pestilence marching in silence,

That hides in the brushwood and moss;

But the sergeant said: "Stick to the ferry,

And see that no picket shall cross."

Great God! Do they think that a picket

Can stop what the Heavens command?

That bullets may wrestle with angels,

To keep the Plague out of the land?

Oh! soldier, I'm but a poor peasant,

Yet know that God has but one way.

Trust sabre, nor rifle, nor picket,

But kneel by the Volga and pray.

And peasant and soldier together
 Knelt down in the forest alone,
And prayed that that night on the Volga
 The hand of the Lord should be shown.
And though the Plague lurks on the border,
 And hides 'mid the brushwood and moss,
God's angels keep watch o'er the ferry,
 And see that no picket shall cross.

THE SEA.

A CHARM there is about the dang'rous sea
That draws man to its rugged arms, as draws
The polar star the compass to the North.
Let him but taste the briny ocean once, —
Friends, home, nor gold, can stay his wild
 desire

To breast again its waves, to breathe its air,
To brave its tempests, and to share its calm.
To him, the deep, with all its heartless wreck
And ruin, is a thing to love. Its storms
Are playthings to his daring heart. He
 sleeps

Amid its foaming rage, as sleeps a child
Upon some mossy bank, nor dreams of harm
To happen, ere his day has come.

To be

Upon its billowy breast, sweetheart and wife,
Mother and child, are left to weep and wait
Through weary days, weeks, months, and
 years ; and when

At last the longed-for sailor comes, 't is but
To snatch one kiss of love, a wife's embrace,
A mother's tear — then yield himself again
To that strange spell which binds him to the
sea.

Again he tramps the vessel's deck ; climbs
high

Among its shrouds and sails, and feels again
The white sea-foam leap up to greet him with
Its rude embrace. His heart is strangely full,
And all he has he gives to his best love,
The sea — his youth, his manhood, and at last
Himself ; then sweetly sleeps the long strange
sleep

Of Death in the old Ocean's arms.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN !

THERE are no words in our cold English
tongue

Where hope and joy are kin alike to pain ;
“Farewell,” we say, and the sad heart is
wrung :

Only farewell—there is no “wiedersehen;”

As wish expressed, no joyous hope, that
when,—

The voyage ended o'er the dang'rous main,
The desert crossed, the trial done,—that then
We, who have parted thus, may meet again.

Not so farewell the German sailor cries,
Not so good-by, sad sweetheart unto swain.
I go to come—he is not dead who dies ;
Good-by, sweet love,—but, till we meet
again.

“Auf wiedersehen”—a hundred thoughts in
one—

The double joy that recompenses pain :
There is a rising as a setting sun ;
Good-by, sweet love, good-by—“auf wie-
dersehen.”

“Auf wiedersehen”—good-by, but not for
aye ;
Thou still shalt be my one sweet song’s
refrain.

Though thou dost go, thus ever shalt thou
stay,—
Good-by, sweet love, good-by—“auf wie-
dersehen.”

“Auf wiedersehen”—good-by, good-by, and
when
Hope hath, in trust, the wicked absence
slain,

I will be with you every hour ; till then
Good-by, sweet love, good-by—“auf wie-
dersehen.”

THE TRAMP OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

LIST, comrades, I hear the old bugle ;
It's sounding the same reveille
That wakened the armies of Sherman
One morn by the swift Tennessee.
A thousand old memories crowd on me ;
My tired feet are marching along,
Keeping steps with the notes of yon bugle,
Or the words of some old army song.

I see Hooker's lines climbing Lookout,
The storming of Sherman's brave men,
The "Ridge," and the Centre, and Thomas,
The flag floating up there again ;
And Grant standing there like a statue,
Unmoved till the battle is done ;
And the words of great Lincoln, I hear them—
"God bless you, brave men, every one."

And the fields fiercely fought for Atlanta,
Once more to my vision they rise—

A hundred long days, each a battle,
And nights full of dread and surprise.
Each mountain and hill grows historic ;
Each stream from some battle is red ;
Each field is swift mown with war's sickle ;
Each hillock's some grave of our dead.

I see the flag float o'er Atlanta—
The tattered old flag that we bore
At Shiloh and Vicksburg and Corinth,
And a score of red battles before.
With a cheer on the ramparts we raise it,
A cheer, and a sigh for our men
Who sleep in the woods over yonder,
Who'll never see battle again.

* * * * *

Again the old bugle is sounding ·
There's a tramping of thousands of men ;
The mountains repeat the wild music ;
The forests re-echo again.
And around every camp-fire's the story
Of fame and of glory to be,
And a shout of blue-coated battalions,
For Sherman will march to the sea.

And look! the great columns are moving
To music of bugle and drum;
Their blood-colored flags pointing south-
ward,
Like tempests the blue columns come,
While millions stand breathlessly waiting
The boom of a far signal-gun,
For the blaze of that cannon shall tell them
How bravely Savannah was won.

Oh! where are the men who took Lookout,
Or stormed up the "Ridge" on that day?
Who held the hot lines at the "Tunnel,"
Or drove the fierce foeman to bay?
Oh! where are the legions of Sherman?
God bless them, wherever they be,
Who fought with him all that war-summer,
Or marched with him down to the sea.

Where, where are the heroes who wakened
That morn by the swift Tennessee,
When the bugles of Sherman said "For-
ward,"
Or sounded their loud reveille?

Where, where are the men of Resaca,
Of Dallas, of Kenesaw—where?
Fame writ their names up in her temple,
And Freedom stands guarding them there.

Oh patriots! oh comrades! we know you;
Your hands are still touching our own;
The flag that we saved there together—
No star from its glory has flown.
Again we touch elbows; your spirits
Are with us to-night in this room;
There's Logan, I know by his bearing,
McPherson I see by his plume.

There's Sheridan riding his charger,
And Thomas, so brave and serene,
And Hooker, and Grant, the great captain,
His eye resting still on the scene;
And spirits of blue-coated soldiers
Are wheeling from column to line;
They see the great chief and salute him,
And give him the new countersign.

Fill up again, comrades, your glasses;
Let's drink to these spirits, and be

Once more the old army of Sherman,
That stood by the blue Tennessee.
Let's keep the old camp-fires a-burning,
The songs and the memories bright,
Till the bugle shall sound by yon river—
All hail! and forever—good-night!

THE BALLAD OF QUINTIN MASSY.

WHO goes to the city of Antwerp, that famous old Flemish town,
Will see, in the square of the Münster, a fountain of great renown.

It stands by the grand Cathedral, the church with the wondrous chimes,
And the maidens go there for water, as they went in the olden times ;

And they meet and talk of their lovers, till their pitchers are running o'er,
And wonder if Flemish lovers will be what they were, once more, —

Will be what they were when Quintin, as famous in art as in love,
Wrought out from the heated iron the Roland that stands above.

As gallant a youth was Quintin as any in Antwerp town,

And never a better blacksmith made bellows
go up and down ;

And never a Flanders lover had maiden more
richly fair,

Than the daughter of proud Franz Floris,
renowned of the painters there.

But the haughty, the proud Franz Floris
looked up from his easel, and said :

“The world it has got but one Floris, with
only one child to wed.

And he who will woo and win her, must first
be a painter, and paint

This fairest of faces in Flanders, — knight-
errant, or king, or saint.

I note that you are a blacksmith, and a
clever one, too, they say —

There are many fair girls in Antwerp would
marry you any day.

But the daughter of old Franz Floris can
never give heart nor hand

To one who is not the equal of any in all the
land.”

“Now, good Franz Floris, listen — I’ll tell
you what I will do —

There is not in the whole of Flanders a
painter so great as you ;

But if, within five short summers, I paint on
a canvas clear,

A picture better than any of all you have
painted here, —

Do you promise upon your honor, do you
promise your own good name,

That she shall be mine forever? be one in
my love — my fame?”

Loud laughed the great Franz Floris: “Too
modest, young man, by far.

Art is not won like a maiden, nor maidens
as some things are.

I grant that to be a blacksmith, to hammer
a nail or a ring,

Is an easy task for a young man, but *art*
is another thing.

And whether my daughter is willing to wait
five summers for you ?

There are enough of Antwerp's gallants who
wait but my leave to woo."

"I'll wait!" cried Floris' daughter; "I'll
wait, good Quintin, nor wed;
Five summers will find me faithful, or else
they will find me dead."

So he buckled his sword about him, and with
pilgrim's staff in hand,
He wandered along fair rivers, he journeyed
through many a land;

And an image was ever before him: "Could
I paint what my soul doth see,
There is not a painter in Flanders, who would
not be envying me."

So out from the fields of Holland, and over
cold fields of snow,
By many an Alpine torrent, by many a gorge
below,

The feet of the pilgrim wandered, far into
that favored clime,
Where art is a child of nature, and nature
a thing sublime.

Then he tarried and sought a master, in
color, and form, and line,

And watched the summer sunsets go out in
a sea of wine.

And the days went by, and the summers
in splendor their cycles ran,

And the smith became a scholar, and the
scholar the fullgrown man.

Five years to a day had vanished, five years
and a month had flown,

And the autumn had brought no message to
her who was left alone.

“He is dead,” she cried, “my lover, for faith-
less he could not be ;”

“He is dead,” the false winds whispered,
“he is dead, but not for thee.”

One day, when the great Franz Floris stood
leaning on Quintin’s well,

A pedler unloosed his bundle, with curious
things to sell :

“For the love of God, buy something ! I
have nothing to eat or wear !

I am told you are fond of pictures, and here
I have one that's rare :

It has neither frame nor stretcher — but the
colors remain as clear ” —

“What is that? good heaven!” cried Floris,
“'t is my child that is painted here.

Who — where is the master painter? how
much is the price you seek?

There is not a man in Flanders can paint such
a brow and cheek.”

“Thank God!” the stranger answered,
“thank God that you think it true,
For that picture is Quintin Massy's, who
claims your daughter of you.”

“If you are Quintin Massy, and if this is
the work of your hand,
There is not such another painter in all of
this Flemish land.

There's not such another painter, but I've
news that is sad for you,
And if you are Quintin Massy, you'll know
what I say is true: —

Five summers my child had waited, five
summers their autumns wed,
And the winter brought no message, and the
poor child thought thee dead.

‘He is dead,’ she cried, ‘my lover, for faith-
less he could not be;’

‘He is dead,’ the false winds whispered, ‘he
is dead, but not for thee.’

This morning, this very morning, when the
cloister bells strike nine,
There will be another sister at the cloister
of Isoline;

When the bell strikes nine and a quarter,
she will kneel for the one last vow, —

’Tis a mile from here, good Quintin, and the
bells are ringing now.”

“Horse — horse!” cries Quintin Massy, and
his cloak is cast afar,

And he rides with sword and buckler, as a
soldier would ride to war.

The bell strikes five already — the bell strikes
six — and eight,

But Quintin's sword has rattled the bars of
the cloister gate.

"Who comes?" cries the angered abbess,
"who storms at the cloister door?
I tell you that Floris' daughter is a child of
the world no more.

For the solemn mass is chanting, and she
kneels at the altar rail,
And pious nuns attend her, and bring her
the sisters' veil."

"Stop, stop your prayers," cries Quintin,
"for I swear by Antwerp town,
You'll bring me Floris' daughter, or I'll
burn your cloister down."

And the pale, poor nuns grew whiter, as
white as the bands they wore,
And they led a maiden fainting, and veiled,
to the cloister door.

"It is done!" cried Quintin Massy, "the
picture I saw, is done!
And as you are Floris' daughter, so I am
to be his son."

And the chimes of the famous Münster rang
out in a joyous tune,
As the bride and her blacksmith painter rode
by on that afternoon.

BABY HELÉNE.

SHE was only a child of the May-day,
That came when the sweet blossoms fell,
But rarer than any fair lady
Of whom the old poets may tell.
Then the days brought us everything sweeter
Of sunshine and love in their train,
But better than all and completer,
Was Baby Heléne.

With a kiss and a smile she came to us,
The sunshine of God in her hair,
Ah! never a sweet wind that blew us
A blossom so tender and rare.
We sang a new May-song together,
New-found and of jubilant strain,
Ah! our hearts they were light as a feather,
With Baby Heléne.

Would she stay with us, love us? We bid her
Unloosen the notes of her song —

And tell where the sweet angels hid her,
And why had we waited so long.
Would they sorrow in Heaven to miss her?
Would they wait for her, weary to pain?
Would they anger to see us but kiss her,
Our Baby Heléne?

And all the day long, like new lovers,
Like words that are ever in tune,
Like songs the fresh May-wind discovers,
Like birds that are mating in June, —
Together we loved and we wandered,
Forgetting of sorrow or pain,
Forgetting the sweets that we squandered,
With Baby Heléne.

Oh! lips running over to kisses,
Red cheeks kissed to brown by the sun,
Shall we ever again know what bliss is,
When the song and the kisses are done?
Oh! baby, brown-haired, on thy tresses
The hands of the angels had lain,
And joy laughed new-born in caresses
Of Baby Heléne.

Years went — seven years with their story
More bright than Aladdin's of old,
To love and be loved was our glory,
Our hearts were our castles of gold.
But broken our castles, and falling,
Hope crushed — true hearts bleeding and
slain,
God's angels in Heaven were calling
Our Baby Heléne.

Dim-eyed, and heart-broken, we waited
The sounds of invisible things,
While the soul of our soul was remated,
Borne off on invisible wings.
In the far-away, purple and golden,
Went up an ineffable strain,
And the far-away gates were unfolden
To Baby Heléne.

One moment, God's earth and its brightness
Seemed darkened and turned into dross,
And the manifold stars and their lightness
Were dimmed and as nothing to us.
For the bowl that was golden was broken,
The hearts that were one heart, were twain.

And the last words of love had been spoken
By Baby Heléne.

Ah! seven years gone as the dream goes,
Oh! baby-love, lost to our ken, —
Will the brooklet still flow where the stream
flows?

Will the lilies still blossom as then?
Will the sweet tongues of birds be unloosed
to

The songs of our love and its pain?
Will the violets bloom as they used to
For Baby Heléne?

Oh! baby-love, heart-sweet, the sunlight
That fell on the way that you went,
Shall be to our feet as the one light,
The lamp the sweet angels have lent.
And the nights and the days shall be lighter,
And the ways that were dark ways be plain,
And the stars where thou art shall be brighter
For Baby Heléne.

THE DWARF OF MYTILENE.

THERE dwelt in Mytilene once,
By the Ægæan sea,
A little wrinkled, dwarfish man,
No uglier could there be ;
But a very prince of ferrymen,
And stout of limb was he.

No man had ever vainly dared,
No woman feared to go,
To any island in that sea,
Whatever winds might blow,
If only Phaon's boat were there,
And Phaon's self, to row.

For men have seen him when the waves
Grew loud and thick apace,
When wild winds blew from Asia's sides,
And storms came down from Thrace,
Sail out as if to dare their rage,
And fight them face to face.

And yet a life of woe was his,
On land or stormy main ;
No bright eyes ever on him smiled,
No sweet voice called his name ;
In sun, or shade, or storm, or calm,
His days were all the same.

Proud maidens of the Lesbian Isle,
Proud men of high degree,
Curled their cold lips, and passed him by,
As one unfit to be ;
And children shouted, "See, he comes,
The old man of the sea."

One day in the sweet summer-time,
There came across the hills
The kindly lowing of the herds,
The songs of many rills,
And the old man leaned him on his oar,
And thought upon his ills.

He thought of those proud Lesbian dames,
And those proud-hearted men —
He cursed his bitterness of fate,
He cursed the gods, and then

Wished that the sun that saw him born
Had never shone again.

He dropped his oar, he crossed his arms,
When o'er the sands apace
A step drew near. He turned and saw
A fair young woman's face —
No maiden was there like to her
In all the Lesbian race.

“O, who art thou, thou queenly maid?
From whence now may'st thou be?”

“I am the Queen of Love,” she said:

“Wilt bear me o'er the sea?
For yonder, on that island fair,
Adonis waits for me.”

O, never yet had ferryman
A passenger so fair, —
O, never had the sun shone on
So strangely matched a pair,
As wrinkled Phaon at the oars,
And Venus smiling there.

The boat went up, the boat went down,
Forward and forward still,

While Phaon stood behind the oars,
And worked with mighty will.
And Mytilene's lights grew dim,
On every tower and hill.

The land was reached, the harbor passed,
The goddess sprang on shore.
"What shall I pay, good ferryman,
Since thou hast brought me o'er?"
And Phaon, bowing, answered her,
"Thy smiles, and nothing more."

"A woman's smiles," the goddess said,
"May come or go at will,
They slay as often as they bless,
Nor pity when they kill.
But thou shalt have a richer fate,
A dowry better still."

She touched the girdle at her side,—
Transformed, the old man stood,
The fairest mortal ever seen
On the Ægæan flood—
A dwarf, in one sweet moment made
The equal of a god.

THE PIONEERS.

Touch memory's veil; who lived then can forget
The hardier lives of yonder pioneers?
The old log house—I see it standing yet,
Back from the road where the new home ap-
pears.

Ah! that log house, with its plain puncheon floor,
Its clapboard roof, and papered window screen,
Could it but speak and tell the tales once more
Of the old days that it and they have seen!

The simple fire-place, built of sticks and clay,
The unbolted door, on wooden hinges swung;
“*Come in,*” was writ on every heart that day,
The welcoming latch string to the stranger
hung.

Then all were neighbors, whether far or near,
And all were friends, no matter rich or poor;
Misfortune claimed the rudest settler's tear,
Distress and loss were yet of pity sure.

And joys were shared by everyone the same;
To fair or feast each soul was bid to come;

No child but heard the welcomed stranger's name,
No hearth so small but by it there was room.

Then things were great that pass unheeded now—
The weekly mail, the school house in the wood,
The threshing days, the new-bought prairie plow,
The old-time clock that by the window stood.

The spelling school, where old as well as young,
Stood round the wall to spell each other down;
The singing master, the old songs he sung,
And singing, taught the names of state and town.

The circuit preacher on his monthly ride,
With simple ways, such as the Master taught:
Nor scrip he bore, nor gold, nor aught beside;
They welcomed him for the glad news he brought.

The meeting-house—the first green grave behind—
Ah! that first grave in yonder settlement;
The sweet-briar bush bends o'er it in the wind;
The plain board tells the year, the day she went.

Brown-haired and sweet and like a flower she
grew
Till her soft eyes with love's dear lamps were
lit;

Breathe not her name, enough, they loved who
knew,

One heart string broke—her epitaph is writ.

* * * * *

'Those far-off times,—who saw will not recall
The old-time weddings of that merrier day,—
'The feast, the dance, the wedding-infair,—all
So strangely different from our modern way.

No perfumed notes announced the happy time;
From home to home the joyous news was sent;
The singing birds made merrier wedding chime
As friend and neighbor to the cabin went.

And many a youth across the prairies rode,
Whole heart, and free, into the odorous air,
Nor dreamed that Cupid watched yon rude abode,
That fate and love were waiting for him there.

Like a wild rose that over night had bloomed,
With eyes like skies where swallows love to
swim,

She came, he saw, and all things were illumed,—
A simple rose, that waited there for him.

* * * * *

The guests have come; the marriage will begin,
The preacher's word in kindly mood is said;
The bride is kissed by all her kith and kin,
The table waits, the wedding feast is spread—

Quick flies the meal, the cabin floor is cleared ;
The violin, in yonder corner, hear,
Old Jerry Church has stroked his bow and
beard—
Old Jerry Church to all the county dear.

And all the night he tells the dances through ;
“Choose partners, all!” he lifts his bow and
calls—
Out on the grass, close by the chimney walls,
The table stands, the big decanter, too.

And all the night the merry dance goes on—
Eyes melt, hearts break, just as in marble hall ;
O love, O love, whatever times are gone,
Thou still hast been the master of them all.

Let none deride these simple marriage ways,
Love sat with them by every wedding vow,
And courts were not, in those old-fashioned days,
For marriage scandal, as we see them now.

But not their weddings gave them joy alone—
The quilting bees, with rude and simple cheer—
The husking corn, where many a bright eye
shone—
The kiss to him who found the lucky ear ;
For them the grouse boomed at the early dawn,
The antlered elk roamed o'er the enflowered
plain ;

In the tall grass the red deer hid its fawn ;
They knew the spot where the gray wolf had
lain.

At times they heard the bison's mighty roar,
As in vast herds they battled long and far,
Or watched them thundering the broad prairies
o'er
When terror-struck, like flying hosts of war.

Nature for them endowed with magic hand
A scene as fair as Araby, the blest—
Tired of the old, she touched with magic wand,
There sprang to life the *prairies of the West*.

Not desert sands, and leagues of burning plains,
Far and encircling to some ocean's brim—
But billowy waves of blossom-covered mains
Swept in great seas to the horizon's rim.

And farther, farther, past the setting sun,
Rolled grassy waves, now purple and now
green ;
Touched by the wind they bend, and bow, and
run—
It is the land that only God has seen.

A thousand years it blossomed just as now ;
A thousand years the harvest moons had set,
And suns arose, nor scythe, nor any plow,
Nor human hands, had ever touched it yet.

And other scenes, and fierce, the pioneer
Sees from his cabin, standing there alone,
When autumn's frost turns the green prairies
sear,
And these same billows into flames are blown.

Night comes: he sees with anxious heart the
sky—
Far, far away, a strange and reddening hue;
Long bars of light on the horizon lie,
Red streaks of flame the black clouds bursting
through.

Some roaming hunter, doubtless, made his bed
In the tall grass, or by some cooling stream,
Lit his lone fire, nor, careless, saw it spread
Until too late, the whole night is agleam!

In bounds and darts the lighted grasses go;
Leaps to its start the dreaded *prairie fire*,
In long, long lines the burning billows glow,
Roars the night wind, the flames are leaping
higher.

Like battle steeds th' extending lines rush on,
Black grows the night, save where their banners
are.
One sweep, one roar, and flowers and grass are
gone;
The moon goes out; there is not any star.

Wild, fierce, devouring, o'er the waste they come,
The very ground burns 'neath them as they
pass,
As if the world were hurrying to its doom,
And earth and sky had turned to molten brass.

Nor battle scene, nor wild Niagara's roar,
Nor seething Ætna with its lava hiss,
Nor ocean, thrashing on its rocky shore,
So threatening seemed, yet beautiful, as this.

Alarmed, alone, by yonder little farm,
The settler guards like midnight sentinel;
Fights flame with flame, keeps house and stacks
from harm,
And gives God thanks when all has ended well.

LOVE AND SEPTEMBER

O! tell me, have you seen her,
This brown-haired love of mine?
They call her sweet September,
And she is all divine.
A painter is my lady,
And, O, such heavenly skill!
One little touch of her white hand
Can color all the hill.

I saw her yester-morning
Pass down along the lane;
The woodbine turned its leaves to red
To see her face again.
The wild crab-apples on the trees
Felt warmer pulses stir;
The orchard and the forest leaves
Went blushing all for her.

She crossed the new-mown meadows,
Her pallet in her hand,
And colors of the rainbow fell
Upon the happy land.
She touched the sumac with her breath,
To scarlet red it turned;
And all the hedge-rows by the lane
With gold and scarlet burned.

The purpling grapes in clusters
 Upon the am'rous vine
She pressed and gave new promise
 Of a more luscious wine.
And by the lazy stream she walked,
 And past the dusty mills ;
She left a mist upon the fields,
 A purple on the hills.

I would that you had seen her
 As through the woods she went,
A touch, a trifle mortal,
 But more of heaven lent.
The happy breezes kissed her
 Where smiles and dimples lay,
The winds and sunshine kissed her—
 O would that I were they.

ON A FAIR DEAD GIRL.

How beautiful to die as does the rose,
Sweet fragrance casting on the am'rous air !
What if too lovely seemed life's way to close,
When death still leaves us with a scene so
fair.

Like to the rose thy life was one sweet
bloom,

Till Fate undid thee from the fair young
stem ;

It is not fit, this silent pall and plume,
These weeping maidens, and these sorrowing
men.

Thou hadst fair youth, and life's sweet things
the best,

Knew naught of Sorrow, or its lonely consort
Pain ;

Thou hadst the joys of life—leave us the
rest,

Who well have known how much of life is
vain.

Thy cup, half finished, flushed with joyous
wine,

The sad dregs at its bottom thou didst never
reach ;

Thy night of revels had no morn's repine,
No aching heart, no long-regretted speech.

Thou didst not live the ignomy to own
Of beauty faded, or of roses fled ;

Thy cheeks, they paled not, ere the buds
were blown,

Thou wert not fairer when thou lived, than
dead.

Death is no victor thus — we will not weep !
Thou walk'st in other paths of beauty now,
more strange ;

It is not Death we call this thing, but Sleep ;
No parting this, but Beauty's secret change.

MY WHITE ROSE AND RED.

So you've come from the South, have you,
darlings?

And slept snug as mice all the way?
And was n't it cold on the mountains,
For rosebud, and myrtle, and bay?
And *she* packed you up so together,
And blessed you, and kissed you, and said,
"Keep sweet as my memory for him is,
My darlings, my white rose and red."
And what did she tell you at parting?

Some message for me, I know well;
Some praise of our boy, there, God bless him!

Some words of our sweet little Nell.
And the dear tiny hands of the children,
Have they touched your petals so fair?
O, rosebuds, you're happy if Helen
But kissed you one moment, when there!
This white rose shall bloom in the study,
This red one I'll wear on my breast,

O, I wonder if she will be thinking
How often your petals are pressed?
Did she tell you how long we've been
married?

Ten years — 't is another year, soon, —
And though we've had snow in December,
We've always had roses in June.

How far it is here from San Remo,
The gem of the beautiful sea!

But you've come with your petals all fra-
grant

With incense, from her unto me.

How strange it all is; and her letter —

This much and this only it said:

“The children are well here, and happy,
And my love's like the white rose and
red.”

I'll write her no letter to-morrow,

But something I'll send her instead —

Two rose leaves, — she'll guess at their
meaning,

One each from the white rose and red.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

“It is six,” the swallows twittered, “and
you’re very late in rising,
If you really think of rising on this lovely
morn at all;
For the great red sun is peeping over wood
and hill and meadow,
And the unmilked cows are lowing in the
dimly lighted stall.”

O, ye robins and ye swallows, thought I,
throwing back the lattice,
Ye are noisy, joyous fellows, and you
waken when you will;
Then I saw a dainty letter, bound in ribbon-
grass and clover,
That the swallows had left swinging by
the narrow window-sill.

O, the dainty, dainty letter, on an orange
leaf, or lemon,

Signed, "Your friend, the Queen of Roses,"
writ in characters of dew,

"You're invited to the garden, there's a good
time there at seven,

And a place beside the apple-tree has been
reserved for you.

"There'll be matings there, and marriages,
of every flower and blossom:

Cross the brook behind the arbor, and
come early, if you can."

O, my thoughts, they all went bounding,
and my heart leaped in my bosom,

"And how sweetly she composes," I re-
flected as I ran.

There she sat, the Queen of Roses, with her
virgins all about her,

While the lilacs and the apple-blooms
seemed waiting her command.

O how lovely, O how gracious, she did smile
on each new-comer!

O how sweet she kissed the lilies as she
took them by the hand!

Never had I seen her fairer than she was this
happy morning,
Never knew her breath delicious, half so
boundless, half so rare ;
Oh ! she seemed a thing of heaven, with the
dew upon her bosom,
And I wished I were some daffodil, that I
might kiss it there.

All at once the grass rows parted, and the
sweetest notes were sounded, —
There was music, there was odor, there was
loving, in the air ;
And a hundred joyous gallants, robed in
holiday apparel,
Danced beneath the lilac-bushes with a
hundred maidens fair.

There were tulips, proud and yellow, with
their great green spears beside them ;
There were lilies grandly bowing to the
Rose Queen as they came ;
There were daffodils so stately, scenting all
the air of heaven,
Joyous buds, and sleepy poppies, with
their banners all aflame.

There were pansies robed in purple, marching
 o'er the apple-blossoms,
 And the foxgloves with their pages tripped
 coquettishly along ;
 And the violets and the daisies, in their
 bonnets blue and yellow,
 Joined the marching and parading of th'
 innumerable throng.

All at once the dandelion blew three notes
 upon his trumpet :

“Choose ye partners for the dancing, gal-
 lant knights and ladies fair !”

And the honeysuckle curtsied to the young
 sweet-breathed clematis,
 And remarked upon the sweetness of the
 blossoms in her hair.

“We're the tallest,” said the tuberose to the
 iris standing nearest,

“And suppose that now, for instance, I
 should offer you my heart ?”

“O, how sudden !” cried the sly thing ;
 “I'm really quite embarrassed, —

Unexpected, but pray do it, just to give
 the rest a start.”

Then a daisy kissed a pansy, with its jacket
brown and yellow,

And a crocus led a thistle to a seat beside
the rose ;

And the Maybells grouped together, close
beside the lady-slipper,

And commented on her beauty, and the
splendor of her clothes.

“O, a market this for beauty !” said a
jasmine, gently clinging

To the strong arm of an orange, as a glance
on him she threw ;

“Why, you scarcely would believe it, but
I’ve had this very morning

Twenty offers, and declined them just to
promenade with you.”

So, in groupings, or in couples, led each
knight some gentle lady,

Led some fair companion blushing, past
the windows fresh and green,

And the Sweet Rose gave her blessing, and
a kiss at times, it may be,

To the fairest brides and sweetest mortals
eye hath ever seen.

Then again the grass it parted, and the
sunshine it grew brighter,
Till it seemed as if the curtains of high
heaven were withdrawn,
And each flower and bud and blossom pressed
some fair one to its bosom,
As the bannered train danced gayly 'twixt
the windows on the lawn.

O, the muskrose was so stately! and so
stately was the Queen Rose!
And how sweetly smiled she on me, as she
whispered in my ear:
“Come again! you know you're welcome!
come again, dear, for, it may be
That our baby buds and blossoms will be
christened here next year.”

ROOM FOR THE ANGELS.

FAR away by the Indus River,
Where the mornings are gold and red,
The mourners walk together,
And bury their silent dead,
In couples and in silence,—
But ever a place ahead
Is left unfilled and honored,
As that where the angels tread.

'T is a fancy, old as their river,
That, whenever they bury their dead,
The noise of wings is near them,
And light forms marching ahead,—
So ever before the mourners,
And close to the pall and plume,
'T is a beautiful heathen custom
To make for the angels room.

I've thought if some, not heathen,
Would make, in their worldly care,
Just room in their hearts for angels,
They would sometimes find them there.
If but in some nook or corner,
Filled up with the smallest things,
'T were a joy to be sometimes hearing
The rustle of angels' wings.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, WHY, TAKE IT.

THERE 's a jolly Saxon proverb,
That is pretty much like this —
A man is half in heaven,
When he has a woman's kiss.
But there 's danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it ;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this,
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss :
There 's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it,
Have a motto that is winning —
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Any booby wear a crown ;

But a man must win a woman,
If he 'd have her for his own. —
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it ;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest smiling by ?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky ?
O, I tell you there 's a magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it,
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and take it.

THE MOWING.

THE clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in red splendor is glowing ;
There is dew on the grass, and a song in the air,
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait,
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing ?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor
slept ?
'T is to-day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing, —
If she wait at the lane, I'm to know all is
well,
And there 'll be a good time at the
mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing ;
Oh! I care not to live, and I rather would
die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair,
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud — she is waiting me
there,
And there'll be a good time at the
mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going ;
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of
brown hair —
And we had a good time at the mowing.

JAMIE'S COMING O'ER THE MOOR.

JAMIE's coming o'er the moor,
Heaven smile, and good betide him!
I am rich and Jamie's poor,
But I love no one beside him.

Jamie, Jamie, all the day, —
I am thinking only of him;
June would not be June always,
If I did not see and love him.

Twelve sweet months ago we met.
Twelve sweet moons have been the token,
Break, my heart, or else forget
Jamie yet no word hath spoken.

List! 't is Jamie's voice I hear,
One sweet voice of all the many.
I shall have no longer fear, —
Jamie cries, "I love you, Jeannie!"

Jamie comes across the moor,
Heaven smile, and love betide him ;
Neither I nor Jamie 's poor,
When I love no one beside him.

MAID AND BUTTERFLY.

(From the German.)

A MAIDEN idly wandered
Through wood and cool retreat,
And as she stopped to gather
A nosegay from the heather,
A butterfly passed by her,
And kissed her lips so sweet.

“O! pardon,” said the rover,
“O! pardon, maiden fair,
I sought amid the flowers
The honey that is ours,
And took your red lips blooming
For roses growing there.”

“For this time said the maiden,
Forgiveness — it is by ;
But I must beg to mention,
And press to your attention,
These roses are not blooming,
For *every* butterfly.”

O, HOW SHALL I SING TO MY
FAIR ONE?

O, how shall I sing to my fair one?

O, how tune my harp to the best?

Sweet south-winds, ye breathed on the rarest;

Ye knew not your treasure, O West,

Wake, wake, ye red roses, half sleeping —

Know ye that a fairer is there?

O primroses, primroses weeping!

Hast seen her — my own one, so fair?

O morning, rejoice in my gladness!

And breathe on my song but a tone:

She will hear — she will hear it — and answer,

And think the sweet music my own.

O sunlight, that gladdens the hillside,

O rainbows, that die in the sea —

Thou lendest the robes of thy beauty,

But think not thou 'rt fairer than she.

O seas! be ye glad in my gladness!
And hills, let me never in vain
Call out to thy heart for an echo,
Some sound that resembles her name.
Stars brightly shine, bright on my treasure,
And tell what ye dare not conceal —
O winds, help my harp to some measure,
To words that shall speak what I feel.

UNDER THE ROSE.

SHE is not dead we love,
She still is here ;
Cross her white hands above
Heart true and dear.
With her new senses born,
All things are fair ;
Brighter the stars at morn,
Sweeter the air.

Bloom, rose, yellow rose,
White rose, for her ;
Scent every air that blows,
Sweet balm and fir.
Song-birds, singing still,
Sing the old song ;
Thrush, lark, and whippoorwill,
Sweet notes prolong.

Shine, mornings, sweet and fair—
Shine as ye shone ;

She breathes your scented air,
 Though she be gone.
She sees the roses born
 With her new eyes ;
She sees the light of morn
 Burst in the skies.

Speak, friends, in love of her—
 Speak, she is near ;
What though no cloud may stir ?
 Still she will hear ;
Speak as ye spake before,
 Kindly and true ;
There's but an open door
 'Twixt her and you.

What though her body rest
 Under the sod ?
He knoweth what is best—
 Trust her to God.
Under the roses there,
 White rose and red,
She breathes the sweeter air ;
 She is not dead.

She is not dead we love,
 She still is here ;
Cross her white hands above
 Heart true and dear.
Pray, friends, that when for you
 Life, too, shall close,
You seem as kind and true,
 Under the rose.

O MAIDEN, SO SLENDER AND FAIR.

O MAIDEN, so slender and fair,
And straight as the reeds by the sea :
The rose in thy beautiful hair
Is more than a rose unto me.

Last night, when the stars were aglow,
We walked on the terrace, and then
You whispered this night I should know
If I were most blessèd of men.

How queenly you look, and how rare !
My heart is ill-trained, and I can
But look at that rose in your hair,
And curse every daughter of man.

Walk down the bright aisles of the hall,
So tall and so stately, — perchance
Your eyes may not meet mine at all,
But I shall see you in the dance.

And if, when he touches your hand,
My dagger shall leap from my side,
Ah! better the rage of the damned
Than the wrath of a lover denied.

Oh! never you dreamed I was near,
To-day, when you met at the train —
'T was little, I grant, I could hear,
But that little 's undoing my brain.

I saw him reach over and break
This very same rose that you wear, —
“To-night, at the ball, for my sake,”
Were the words that he uttered, I swear.

What? waited to see would he kiss
The lips I had dreamed would be mine, —
Enough! there is murder in this!
And the rose in your hair is the sign.

Yes, maiden, walk down the bright aisle,
'T is gay here and light as the moon,
His eyes will keep time with your smile,
And his feet with the flute and bassoon.

By Heaven! they 're coming this way;

And dares she to smile on me still?

Your brother! — what is it you say?

Your brother — just back from Brazil!

Your pardon! this room has no air —

Come, walk on the terrace and then —

Ah! sweet is that rose in your hair,

And I'm the most blessèd of men.

IN LIBBY.

I HEAR the music of the bells
 Float out upon the summer air —
Now, like the sea their chorus swells,
 Now, faintly, as the breath of prayer ;
Yet lingering still as if to bless
 My heart within its loneliness.

The tide comes up from out the bay,
 The sails ride to and fro ;
I stand and watch them all the day,
 Out on the stream below ;
But bending sail, nor flowing sea,
 Brings one sweet word of joy to me.

MY VIOLET.

SHE is not here, my violet,
My Maybell sweet, my mignonette,
And so my eyes are often wet, —
She is not here, my violet.

But over there, where ever swells
Each bud and bloom in heavenly dells,
Like nightingale she sings and tells
Our love to the sweet asphodels.

And where the sweet stars ever shine
On jasper seas and hills divine,
I'll know her by love's constant sign,
And see her still and call her mine.

I hear her to the blossoms hum :
“ In the bright days, he, too, will come ; ”
And so with eager lips, half dumb,
I only wait that I may come.

It little matters where I be
For a few years, on lake or lea,
For through the gates ajar I see
My brown-haired maid still waiting me.

And sometime when the stars are set,
And sweet Maybells with dews are wet,
I'll close my eyes and go and get
My brown-haired love, my violet.

THERE IS A MAIDEN WHOM I
KNOW.

THERE is a maiden whom I know,
Some sweet six summers old or so ;
And to my chair she climbs to throw
Her soft arms round me lovingly.

There is no maiden in the town
With lips so red, or hair so brown,
Or cheeks so like the thistle's down,
Nor one who is so loving me.

Her eyes — bright eyes — I know I dare
To say they are more sweetly rare
Than any others ever were —
And shine on me so lovingly.

Bright eyes, brown hair, and red lips say
A thousand sweet things every day,
But most, in her dear childish way,
How very much she 's loving me.

Perhaps *you* know some little miss,
So very sweet and like to this,
Whom every day *you* fondly kiss
And press to you so lovingly?

It little matters what her name —
If Helen, Kate, or Maud, or Mame,
Sweet child — dear one — 't is all the same,
Press her and kiss her lovingly.

A SONNET OF LOVE.

Who am I? Master of the human soul,
Whom never any mortal yet defied,
Youth nor old age, bridegroom nor bride.
Born of the gods, all beauty is my dole;
Lips smile, eyes meet; that instant I control
Soul, heart and being. There, beside
Him I have conquered, I abide;—
His hell or paradise, I am the whole.
He doth not will it whom my arrow stings
To sudden joy, or still more sudden pain;
Spite of himself, Love's sweet or bitter things
Evade he cannot,—and, one smile to gain,
Beyond the grave he'd follow on swift wings,
For I am that which death hath never slain.

THE BEAUTY ROSE.

I SAW a rose beside the garden lawn,
A Beauty Rose on its enchanted throne;
With odorous breath it welcomed in the dawn,
While on its breast the night's sweet jewels
shone.

Last night the moon held it in soft embrace,
And, loverlike, now hides beyond yon hill.
O Beauty Rose, the blushes on thy face
Were born of love, and make thee lovelier still.

Oh! that such blush should perish soon, I said,
And then the Beauty Rose made me reply:
"Think thou on this: the moon that seems to
fade
Shines on as bright within some other sky.
We change and live; make thou no heart-repine.
No rose were sweet were it forever thine."

I HEAR THE SEA.

WHEN night has let her curtain down
And darkness shuts the world from me,
In yonder little fisher town
I lie and listen to the sea.

My windows open to the strand,
I hear the sounding waters roll;
They beat the rocks, they wash the sand,
Their breakers cross the lighthouse mole.

And all the night, against the shore,
I hear their beat, but have no fear,
'Tis not alone the ocean's roar,
It is the voice of God I hear.

Forever thus, O sounding sea!
The years perpetual come and go;
Across life's bar they call to me,
As constant as the ocean's flow.

And so it is in yonder town,
When darkness falls across the lea,
Where fisher folk go up and down,
I lie and listen to the sea.

THE SONG OF IOWA.

Air: "My Maryland."

You ask what land I love the best,
Iowa, 'tis Iowa,
The fairest State of all the West,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
From yonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's waters gleam,
O! fair it is as poet's dream,
Iowa, in Iowa.

See yonder fields of tasseled corn,
Iowa, in Iowa,
Where plenty fills her golden horn,
Iowa, in Iowa.
See how her wondrous prairies shine
To yonder sunset's purpling line,
O! happy land, O! land of mine,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

And she has maids whose laughing eyes,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
To him who loves were Paradise,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
O! happiest fate that e'er was known,
Such eyes to shine for one alone,

To call such beauty all his own,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

Go read the story of thy past,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
Iowa, O! Iowa.

So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

REGRET.

Welcome, robin, you have come!
Look, the violets bloom anew,
And I hear the pheasants drum—
Bird and blossom welcome you.

Happy robin, many a day
We had missed you on the lawn,
When the skies were cold and gray,
When the forest leaves were gone.

Robin, robin, since you left
Many a change has crossed us here—
Wood and field of flowers bereft,
Sad the winter seemed and drear.

I, too, happy bird, have known
Change and sorrow, pain and grief;
Not for me the flowers have blown—
Not for me the coming leaf.

Seek'st thou, robin, still a hand,
Or a voice thou once didst hear?
One that sweetly used to stand
Calling, loving thee, last year?

Robin, robin, she is dead!
She that was so kind and true;
Violets at her feet and head—
She will hear no song from you.

'Neath yon little mound so near,
In her still and narrow bed,
She who loved you so last year,
She is lying cold and dead.

Still, sweet robin, every spring,
When the violets deck the land,
Sing the song you used to sing—
You and I will understand.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

So the guest of honor's left us, and the bard
of humor's dead!

Ah, the good things that he left us! and the
kind things that he said!

Is it true his chair is empty, is it true the
voice is still

That could fill our hearts with rapture or bring
tear-drops at its will?

Left us when the lights were burning, and the
toasts were just begun,

When all eyes were turned upon him, as the
sunflower to the sun!

What though eighty years he'd waited—or the
rest *had* gone ahead!

His "last leaf" had never faded, all his roses
still were red!

And the odor of his lilies, filled they not the
blessed room?

And the garden of his fancy, was it not this
day abloom?

He whose words were like to music that had
thrilled us oft and long,

Who had warmed us with the wine of thought,
the red grape of his song;

Will he never, never smile again whose smile
made strangers kin;

He whose verse was like the foaming wine
that newly is poured in?

Will he never touch the harp again that made
us all so glad?

One single touch upon its chords had made us
light or sad!

Is it true he has departed? Let us fill the cup
to him—

To the poet over yonder—where the stars are
never dim;

To the bard who saw God's sunshine from the
heights to which he grew,

And who held the rifting clouds apart that we
might see it too.

No, we will not stand lamenting; keep the lights
up as they were!

He who loved us still is with us; take the crape
from off his chair;

He is only resting yonder till his harp is newly
strung

In the new dawn that is lighting, to the new
song that is sung.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

BEAUTIFUL death—that is what it is;
And that very day I had told you so
When you stooped to give me a one last kiss
And your eyes filled up. Oh! you did not
know
How sweet and sudden a dream was mine,—
Without a pain, or a pang, at the last,
One single sip of the nectared wine,
And out of the there to the here I passed.

Still for a little the clouds were cleft,
And there behind me, I still could see
The flowers, the room, and the friends I left,
And the beautiful body God gave to me.
And just a moment I waved my hand
From the rosy heights of the newer dawn,
To tell you, dear—did you understand—
That I was not dead, but was living on.

Now there is nothing of pain or pride;
Rapturous beings are everywhere,
And the dear, dear dead who have never died,
They are just the same as they were back
there.

The very mountains and lakes you see,
O! all that gladdens your mortal eyes
Are brighter a thousand fold to me,
For I see them, dearest, in Paradise.

In the scented grove, when the night is near,
And the pine trees murmur a low, sweet song,
It is I that speak—do you sometimes hear?
That you stand so still, and you stand so long?
What do I tell you? O, this, no more;
Beautiful Death, it is sweet, so sweet,
Not the death that we thought before,
But the miracle death, that is life complete.

Out on the lawn when the rose is red,
And its breath an odorous ecstasy,
It is not the rose—it is I instead—
When you kiss the rose you are kissing me.
O, I often speak in the voice of things
That move your soul, and you know not
why,
In the evening flute, and the sound of strings,
And the radiant isles of a summer sky.

When the nightingale on the hedgerow sings
Till the very trees in the woods rejoice,
And a nameless rapture around you clings,
It is I who speak in the sweet bird's voice.
Oh, could you hear me, oh, could you know,
Oh, could you breathe of this joyous land,
You would long for the Beautiful Death, and go
So glad, so glad—could you understand.

DAYBREAK AT APPOMATTOX.

In the woods of Appomattox
Lay the grand Union army,
With the gray coats not a dozen miles away—
All night we'd been fighting, with guns and
sabres smiting,
And the cannon still were booming at the day
There was Sheridan, the rider,
With his black-mouthed cannon,
And his twenty thousand troopers so bold,
The blue-coated riders, with carbines and with
Snyders,
And Custer, with his locks of shining gold.
From their cities we had chased them,
Till their hosts all were flying.
Would they turn on us? We heard the warning
drum—
At dawn of the morning we heard the drum-
mer's warning,
And we knew that the fatal hour had come.
Would they yield, then, to our forces,
All the fifty thousand rebels?
"No!" they answered to our challenge with a
yell,

And quick came the battle, the muskets' deadly
rattle,
O! it sounded like the very fiends of hell!
Then uprose our blue battalions
From the ground that they lay on,
And we thundered in their faces storms of
lead;
The batteries assembled, and the whole earth
trembled,
Till rebellion lay there gasping with the dead.
All at once they stopped their firing,
All at once there was silence,
Then we saw a white flag flutter to the pine,
And we knew by the token their armies all
were broken,
For the little flag that fluttered was the sign.
Then from out the forest slowly
Rode their white-haired leader,
Past our blue lines, and batteries dark and grim;
We all stood solemn as he rode down the
column,
For the lost cause was passing there in him.
With his sword of gold bejeweled,
And his coat gold embroidered,
Down the column riding, haughty and alone,
Like a proud prince he bore him, though he
saw our flag before him,
Saw the stars and stripes that 's spite of treason
shone.

“Here’s my sword; lo! all is finished,”
And he stood before our captain,
In his simple blouse of plain old army blue;
“It is dead, all we sought for, the cause is
lost we fought for,
Fort and gun and man and horse belong to
you.”

Then our great commander answered,
In his plain and simple language,
“Keep the sword that you have carried, Robert
Lee,
And the good steeds that bore you; behold,
I will restore you,
Horse and rider all are from this moment free.”

Then across the hills the sunlight
Swept afresh upon the army,
And the war-clouds quickly melted all away,
And we heard the bells ringing, and the people
all singing
For the peace that dawned on Appomattox day.
And the world looked on in wonder
At the reconciliation,
At the day-dawn that closed the cannon’s mouth,
When Grant and Lee together buried hate there
forever,
And there was no longer any North or South.

THE LARKS OF WAVELAND.

Sweet lark whose liquid notes I heard
Across the lanes and meadows ring,
I had not thought that flute or bird
Such joy to any heart could bring.

Spell bound I listened to the strain,
Forgetting all the earth but thee
And that dear song whose one refrain
That hour was heaven itself for me.

The fragrant meadow grasses lay
In windrows scattered all along,
And wild rose blossoms seemed to say
They too were gladdened by the song.

There from the topmost willow bough
Adown the lane there came a tide
Of song so sweet it seemed, somehow,
The gates of heaven had opened wide.

And I had listened *but* to thee,
When, from the hedge-row, sudden came
Still other bursts of melody;
It was thy mate that called thy name.

From tree to hedge-row music fell,
Love answering Love with rapturous sign;
Oh, it must be a joy to tell
One's love in language such as thine.

Beyond the evening's scented air,
Through sunset islands of the skies,
The happy cloudlets seemed to bear
The music back to Paradise.

What though I wander far and wide,
To lands of birds with lovelier wing,
Still in my dreams at eventide
I'll hear the larks of Waveland sing.

VICKSBURG

PART I

(Recited by the author at the dedication of the Iowa monuments on the Vicksburg battlefield.)

RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

Would you like to know how the thing was done,
How the Vicksburg batteries all were run,
Four miles of sulphur, and roar of gun—
That Grant's great army far below
Might cross the river, and fight the foe?

Not a single boat had he anywhere,
Nor barge, nor raft, that could dare to try
The mighty stream that was rolling by.
And between his troops and our fleet up there
Were the Vicksburg batteries everywhere—
Four miles of cannon and breastworks strong
Stretching the whole dread way along.

There was not a hill, nor a hollow then
But had its guns and its hundred men
To guard the river, and once, they say.

A Federal gunboat tried to go
From the fleet above to the troops below—
But it hailed and rained and thundered so
Of cannon, and grapeshot all the way,
That the captain said to his dying day—
Whenever the talk on Vicksburg fell—
“He traveled that night four miles of hell.”
Now this is the thing we had to try,
We who were soldiers, not sailors, mark,
To run three Federal steamboats by
The river batteries in the dark.

’Twas in Sixty-three, and an April night,
Soft and cloudy, and half in sight
Was the edge of the moon, just going down.
Into the canebrakes dark and brown,
As if it did not care to know
What thing might happen that night below.

Out on the river three steamers ride,
Moored on the breast of the sweeping tide.
Lashed to the side of each steamer lay
River barges with bales of hay,
And bales of cotton that soldiers knew
Never a cannon had yet shot through.
In the half-lit hold of each waiting ship
Not a sound is heard from human lip,
Yet a dozen soldiers there grimly stand—
And they know the work they have in hand
Theirs, when bellows the cannonade,
And holes in the sides of the ship are made,

With boards, and cotton, and gunny sack
To keep the rush of the waters back;
Theirs, no matter if all should drown,
To keep the vessels from going down—
For all Grant's army will hold its breath
Till the forts are passed or they meet their
 death.

'Tis ten o'clock by the watch and more—
Sudden, a lantern swings on shore—
'Tis the signal—"Start—lift anchor, men."
And a hundred hearts beat quicker then,
And six great gunboats pass ahead—
They will give the batteries lead for lead.

Ten and a half—the moment nears,
No sound of sail, or spars—
The listening pilot almost hears
The music of the stars.

"Lift anchor, men—the silent few
Down the dark river glide—
God help them now, as swift into
The lane of death they ride.
They round the bend, some river guard
Has heard the waters plash,
And through the darkness heavenward
There is a lightning's flash.
A sudden boom across our path,
A sullen sound is flung—
And we have waked the lion's wrath,
 And stirred the lion's young.

It was only a gun on the hills we heard,
One shot only, and then was dumb,
To send to the lower batteries word,
The foe, the terrible foe had come.
And just as the echo had died away,
There was such a flash of lightning came,
The midnight seemed to be turned to day,
And the river shone as if all on flame.
And indeed it was, for on either side,
Barns and houses and bonfires burned,
And soon in the conflagration wide,
They saw our ships, and a mighty roar—
Bellowed after us in our flight—
There wasn't a nook on the whole east shore
But had a battery there that night.
Thunder and lightning, and boom on boom;
Oh! it was terrible in the chase;
Never again till the crack of doom
Will the Mississippi see such a race.
For our gunboats answered them all along—
Spite of the wounds on their sloping mail,
And spite of the current swift and strong
They let them feel of their iron hail.
Two hours the terrible storm goes on
With one of our boats in flames,
And one of our barges burned and gone.
Another, the river claims.

And the hull of one of our boats they broke,
But we, in the hold below,
We heard the thunder and felt the stroke,
And checked the water's flow.

And once we climbed to the deck o'erhead
From out the infernal place,
Where we hardly heard what each other said
Or looked in each other's face.

Only a moment! Lord, what a sight!
The bravest would hold his breath—
For it seemed as if the river that night
Were in the throes of death.
Crash follows crash, worst follows worst,
Thunder on thunder dire,
As if some meteor had burst
And set the world on fire.

* * * * *

Two hours—the dangerous deed is done;
Just as the dawn is by
The heroic vessels, every one,
Below the batteries lie.
A shout, a cheer, a wild huzzah,
Quick to the heavens flew
When Grant and Sherman's soldiers saw
The boats come rounding to.

PART II.

WHERE ARE THEY ALL TODAY?

Who calls it forty years ago?
To me 'twas yesterday
We ran the batteries of the foe
And anchored in the bay.
A thousand cheers our bosoms stirred,
My comrades wept, they say,
When Grant but spoke a kindly word;
Where are they all today?

Red shone the dawn, and there in line
The glorious army stood,
And ere the midnight stars shall shine
Is ferried o'er the flood.
Where yesternight the foemen kept
Their bivouacs by the way,
Now thirty thousand bluecoats slept;
Where are they all today?

By different roads our columns led,
Where e'er we tracked a foe,
And, listening to our midnight tread,
They waited for the blow.
By day, by night, we marched and fought
In many a bloody fray,
And many a grave was left forgot—
Where are they all today?

Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson fell,
Great was the southern ire—
At Champion Hills a taste of hell
They gave us with their fire.
Two hours, I saw my comrades fall—
Begrimed in death they lay,
The sulphurous smoke their funeral pall—
Where are they all today?

Two hours of fire and tempest, then
The foemen yield the place—
McPherson and McClernand's men
Are dangerous foes to face.
They yield, for Logan's on their flank
Who never lost the fray,
Whose sword to foeman never sank—
Where's Logan's sword today?

And Hovey's pounding on their left,
And Crocker's hurrying by,
Fierce the assault, their line is cleft,
What can they do but fly?
Beneath the soft magnolia trees
There the five thousand lay,
Hands touching hands, knees touching knees,
Where are they all today?

Yet wait, we struggle for the bridge
 Behind the flying foe,
There from the low and wooded ridge
 The flags of Lawler go.
A shout, a cheer, men may not dream
 Of such a charge again;
But where are they who held the stream,
 And where are Lawler's men?

That very day with flags unfurled
 We circled Vicksburg town,
And forty days and nights we hurled
 Death's missiles up and down.
By heaven! it was a sight, at last,
 The host of Blue and Gray,
The cannon's roar, the muskets' blast,
 Where are they all today?

Filled with the pride of victories by
 To storm the works we willed,
Two times the awful thing we try,
 Our dead their ditches filled.
Two times they hurled us back, our men
 Writhing and wounded lay;
Brave souls who charged on Vicksburg then,
 Where are they all today?

Where are the Hawkeye boys who fell
In that dread holocaust,
When cannon burst like blasts of hell
And all the day was lost?
One flag, a little moment shone
Above the men in gray.
'Twas theirs, 'twas theirs—though all alone.
Where is that flag today?

That very hour our circling lines
The wondrous siege began,
And burrowed pits and saps and mines
Around the city ran.
Like tigers fighting for their young
The maddened men at bay
Across our road their bravest flung—
Where are they all today?

To caves and hollows of the hills
Their wives and children flew,
Enduring all war's hideous ills,
They were heroic too.
Courageous souls, war's thunder tone
And lightnings 'round them play,
And bursting shells like meteors shone—
Where are they all today?

The roses on the garden walls
A thousand odors fling,
The blackbird to the throstle calls
And still our bullets sing.
The little children, scared at first,
Along the commons play,
While Porter's shells around them burst—
Where are they all today?

The laurel and magnolias bloom
In colors white and gay,
Yet Grant and Sherman's cannon boom,
'Tis Grant and Sherman's way.
By saps and mines we near the town,
Defend it as they may,
Their flags will soon be falling down—
Where are their flags today?

One morning thirty thousand men
Laid down their arms and wept,
Because they ne'er would see again
The hills their valor kept.
Our scanty bread with them we shared,
As bravest soldiers may,
They cheered us, who but now had dared,
Where are they all today?

The forts are ours, the mighty stream
Unvexed flows to the main,
A thousand miles our banners gleam,
We've cut the South in twain.
Where are the victors, where the foe—
Where are the Blue and Gray,
The hero souls of years ago—
Where are they all today?

Build to our own the marble bust
Where the great river laves
Yon hill that holds their honored dust—
Their twenty thousand graves.
The years go on, the living still,
If Blue coat, or if Gray,
May ask the mounds on yonder hill,
Where are they all today?

ROSE AND ASHES

These were the roses, red and white,
I sent to her in the long ago;
Like them, Love changed, in a little night,
And she sent them back, and their ribboned
bow.

These are the roses, white and red,
I sent to her in the long ago;
Dead, and ashes; she, too, is dead,
Ashes all, and as white as snow.

Letters, promises—false or fair—
Likewise ashes, and all forgot;
No one living will know or care
If she loved me, or loved me not.

Sweet the kisses she gave to me,
Every sigh that her bosom stirred;
Blind was I, and I could not see,
Deaf was I, and I never heard.

Loved or no; it is all one now,
Meetings, kisses, are all forgot—

Cheeks of roses and smooth, young brow,
Loved she little, or loved she not.

Rose, and ashes, and all, is dead,
Rose, and promise, and loves that were,
Yet I know that her name is wed
To the songs that I wrote for her.

Other lovers my songs will see,
Whether I will it, or will it no—
She will live, but alas! for me,
Rose and ashes of long ago.

THE BELLS OF SAN DIEGO

I hear the bells, the mission bells
Of San Diego town ;
Across the bay the echo swells,
And over the hills so brown,
And into the valley and canyons deep,
When the sun is going down.

I think I hear the friars still,
The saintly priests of Spain,
Come down the valley and round the hill,
From the mission walls again ;
And I hear them chant as they used to chant,
To the mission bells' refrain.

I see the palm tree's stately head
Beside the mission wall,
The bending stream by mountains fed,
The canyon deep, the waterfall,
And hill, and palm, and valley fair,
And God's own mountains watching all.

And San Miguel lifts high his dome
Far over rock and tree,
The wild deer and the eagle's home,
The mountains at his knee,
While Loma bathes his rocky breast
Deep in the western sea.

I see the ships, the Spanish ships,
Ride in the western bay,
Where safe at last from wind and gale,
The pride of sea kings lay.
And the friars see them, and think of home,
As they cross themselves and pray.

And far along the valley's sweep
I hear the vesper chime,
And out of canyons dark and deep
Comes back the mystic rhyme;
And not a soul but prayeth there
For it is a holy time.

Gone are the halls where long ago
There dwelt that brotherhood,
And bare brown walls and arches low
Mark where the mission stood,
And the moping owl makes there his home,
Where he feedeth his hungry brood.

Miguel still lifts his lofty head
Above the mountains gray,
And Loma Point still makes his bed
Far in the western bay;
But the times are changed, and the days are dead,
And the friars—where are they?

Changed, changed is all save yonder sea,
And yonder mountains brown,
The breakers' deep-toned symphony
When the tide is going down,
And the voices of the mission bells
Of San Diego town.

THE SEA ANEMONE

I

Would you put a rose to shame?
Would you see a color more rare,
A beauty too great to name,
A blush that is still more fair?

II

Then go where the sea tide goes,
Where the sea anemone is,
A rose that is more than a rose,
A kiss that is more than a kiss.

III

A flower that has a soul,
A tremulous, living thing,
Of beauty and light the whole,
A crimson imagining.

IV

Touch not, it will shrink and fade;
But look all rapturously,
For the fairest flower yet made
Is the sea anemone.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY.

"Pile on the turf," the farmer said,
 "And let the embers glow,
The poor man's house is quickly warmed,
 Whatever winds may blow.
And thou, O stranger, by our hearth
 Accept our humble cheer,
For down the lanes the north wind blows,
 The night is cold and drear.

"And down the Baden hills there comes
 The sound of breaking storm.
The Danube holds no cheer to-night,
 Within its icy form.
'Tis twenty miles to yonder town
 And thou art old and gray,
And thy tired limbs have done their own
 With many leagues to-day.

"So sup with us and let the storm
 Blow fierce, blow high or low,
There shall be good times by our hearth
 Whatever winds may blow."
So gathering round the frugal board—
 "Let us give thanks," he said,
"To God who ruleth on the storm,
 Who gives the hungry bread."

The good wife sat with folded hands,
The sons with heads bowed low,
"Give us this day our daily bread,
Whatever winds may blow,
And here's to thee, thou stranger guest,
Fill us one cup the more,
There must be joy when strangers sit
Within our humble door."

Then bending to his harpsichord,
"My children, join with me,
And let us play this stormy night,
Beethoven's Symphony."
And quickly from its treasured place
Came flute and mandolin—
The daughter tuned her loved guitar,
The sons, the violin.

And soon the strains of melody
Filled all the humble room,
And sweet-toned voices answered back,
From out the gathering gloom;
And tones, deep souled with joy or pain,
Grew visible with form,
Deepening at times to other tones
Heard in the sounding storm.

And sweeter, sweeter grew the strain,
Like angels of delight,
Till heaven itself grew very near
To those who played that night;
While strange and still, the guest looked on
And wondered much to see,
A father sob and strong men weep
At their own minstrelsy.

“And are there tones on earth,” he cried,
“To move men’s hearts like this?
Or was it heavenly music lent
To fill their souls with bliss?
I, too, love music, but alas!
I hear no minstrel strain.
My ears hear not; nor laugh, nor song,
May glad my heart again.

“Give me the notes, that I may read
The tones of pathos deep;
He is immortal who can write
The strains that make you weep.”
He looked but once, his eyes grew dim
And quick his pulses beat,
As with a sob he tremblingly
Let fall the written sheet.

“And weep'st thou too, thou stranger guest,”

The wondering peasant said—

“And hast not heard the master's tones,

The notes that we have played?”

There was a pause—the stranger's face

Grew sweet in every line,

“*I am Beethoven,*” said the guest,

“*The symphony is mine.*”

SERENADE

Now is the happy Christmas morn
When all the world is glad and free;
Since kindness this day was born,
Sweet love, dear heart, be kind to me.

Were I the prince of fairies, dear,
I'd know the way your heart to win,
I'd sing a song so sweet you'd hear,
And ope the gates and let me in.

Hark, hark, the bells! The Christmas tide
Comes dancing in with love and song,
On viewless wings it seems to ride,
To music's strains it sweeps along.

Were I those bells, to yonder sky
Such rapturous music I would fling,
That only dreaming it was I,
You'd love, and bid me sing and sing.

Now is the time when roses red
Bloom under skies of lovelier hue;
On balmiest winds their leaves are fed—
Sweet girl, they'd bloom in snow for you.

Were I, dear maid, the beauty rose
Upon your breast this Christmas day,
I'd lie so close, so very close
I'd hear the words your heart would say.

To-night will be the Christmas dance,
Mazurka, polka, waltz, and all,
And you, dear one, will be perchance,
The veriest queen of all the ball.

But let them dance, they will not know
In that same room I'm dancing too;
To flute and viol, swift or slow,
'Tis I, who dance all night with you.

ALFRED TENNYSON

On his fair island of the sea
He tuned his lyre, and by the shore,
There rose such bursts of harmony
As England never heard before.

Men had not known our English tongue
Could sweep so soft through song and tale,
In notes such as an Orpheus sung,
With voice like England's nightingale.

Beside the sounding sea he walked,
It swelled to music when he came—
The glist'ning waves together talked,
The very sand-hills knew his name.

Poet of beauty. Maidens knew
How sweetly deep his words could thrill,
Though tenderer than a rose they grew,
His verse but made them tenderer still.

He touched sweet ghosts of long ago,
Through far-off vistas, joys and tears;
He kissed their hands, he loved them so,
They smiled across a thousand years.

King Arthur, Launcelot, Elaine,
He brought them back, he gave them breath;
And Guinevere, and all her train—
For them there is no longer death.

Wrapt in the glory of his song,
His leaves of laurel on their brow,
On Fame's glad wings they sweep along,
They are the whole world's children now.

Himself a ghost, not dead, for lo!
He walks with Shakespeare, side by side!
Like some bright star that still may glow,
When night into the day has died.

The sweet enchantment of his verse,
Like burning Sappho's wondrous rhyme,
Like songs that birds at dawn rehearse,
He gave us till the end of time.

THE FOOTSTEP IN THE SNOW

The snow had fallen half the night,
And covered all the street,
And all the roads, and all the lanes
Were like a winding sheet.

The sun came out, I walked alone,
Nor anything did see,
Save one light foot-print in the snow,
That lay ahead of me.

The daintiest foot it must have been,
For where it lightly fell
It warmed the white snow where it went,
It warmed my heart as well.

Across the snow I followed it,
Evasive as the wind,
Along the lane, or down the street,
I followed on behind.

She never knew a lover came
Who had not seen her face,
Who only guessed her young and fair
By that sweet footstep's trace.

Once, and another rudely crossed
The snow where she had been—
I halted, heart distressed, then caught
Her own footstep again.

Fairer in fancy grew the face,
The phantom I pursued,
And in my heart was only thought
Of her I fondly wooed.

But all at once a cruel wind
Swept where the foot-prints were,
And foot-prints in my heart at last
Is all there is of her.

O maiden! whereso'er thou art,
One lover still is true,
We did not meet, we did not part,
And yet I love but you.

And when the lanes are freshly white,
I through them idly go,
And hope by some sweet fate to find
Your footstep in the snow.

IN BURNS' LAND.

Beside the banks of Bonny Doon
Alone I walked at early morn;
I heard the river's rambling tune,
The blackbird whistling on the thorn;
I heard the cadenced song of one
Who walked these banks as I do now—
His ploughman's harp behind him flung,
And Scotland's heather on his brow.

“Thou spirit of the Bard,” I cried,
“Who made these scenes forever dear,
Walk thou this morning by my side,
Let me but know thy presence near;
Let me but touch thy mantle's hem;
Inspired, I too, with harp in hand,
Like yon sweet bird on flowering stem,
Would be with Burns, in Burns' land.

“Come back one happy hour again;
The hare-bells stir to hear thy name;
The linnet sings the old-time strain;
The hawthorn blooms are still the same.
Still flows the bonny Doon along,
And still the loved and winding Ayr,
Made ever sacred by thy song;
And Nith and Annan still are fair.

“The lark, inspired with newer song,
Soars upward from his dewy bed;
The thrush and all his woodland throng,
The purple morn have worshipped :
And Scotland’s daisy, for thy sake,
Forever blooms by bank and brae ;
And Scotland’s heather, broom and brake,
Have grown immortal with thy lay.

“Across the moors and down the glen
Come Highland laddies as of old ;
And snooded lassies walk as then—
The same old tale is being told.
In yon same field the ploughman turns
The daisy down, yet wet with dew ;
By hedge and stone, and weed and ferns,
He sings and ploughs and thinks of you.

“And bonny ‘Jean,’ thy bonnie Jean,
In every Scottish heart has room—
While song shall last, and love remain ;
While brooks shall flow, and flowers bloom.
And Highland Mary is not dead.
Immortal grown in that new birth,
In yon bright skies her soul is wed
To one she dearly loved on earth.

“Then come one happy hour again,
Thou poet of the human heart;
Thy Scotland guards thy poet fame,
Where'er in yon fair realm thou art;
Not Scotland only—near or far,
By cottage hearth or purpled throne,
Where true hearts beat or lovers are,
Mankind will claim thee as its own!”

THE CROWING OF THE COCK

I

The cock crows loud from yonder barn
His midnight bugle call;
Though darkness hangs o'er field and tarn,
And silence over all.
He watches for the setting star,
The daybreak coming on,
And trumpet-throated, near and far,
He welcomes in the dawn.

II

O bird of joy, no saddened note
From thee has ever sprung;
No ringdove's moan is in thy throat,
Thy heart is ever young.
Brave to the death, and if, perchance,
The battle, long and grim,
Fall to thy own victorious lance,
Thou singst a battle hymn.

III

Proud of thy splendor, warrior bird,
And of thy clarion tone;
No Orient breezes ever stirred
A radiance like thine own.
No other voice but sometimes sings
A note at sorrow's call;
Thou singst the song the morning brings,
Or singest not at all.

IV

Like thee, I, too, would joyous be,
Like daylight's coming on,
And call to heaven and earth and sea
The gladness of the dawn.
Though but a single note were mine,
If it with music rang,
I'd fill my cup with pleasure's wine—
The happiest bard that sang.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

I have built me some castles in Spain,
On the shores of an emerald sea,
Where the waves beat a mystical strain.
Will you come to my castles with me?

There are turrets all fretted in gold,
And fountains that glint in the sun,
And gardens with perfumes untold,
And nightingales sing in each one.

There are roses of wonderful hue,
And odorous lilies unfurl,
There are skies of ethereal blue,
And grottoes of marble and pearl.

There are odors of orange and vine,
There are notes of a ravishing tune,
And the sound of the lute is divine
In the light of a rapturous moon.

It is not far away to the clime
Where the dreams of my castles appear!
And dearer than land of the lime
Is the voice of the one that is near!

There are eyes that are dear to behold,
There are lips where my kisses have lain,
There is one that my arms shall enfold,
And these are my castles in Spain.

ODE TO EMERSON

It was so long since Goethe wrote,
And longer since the Greek days were,
That Nature sought a fresher note,
And found a new interpreter.

Not where the yellow Tiber stirred
To old-time tales the gods had writ,
But by the western seas he heard
The one great voice, and echoed it.

And we who listened to his words
And gazed upon the face serene,
Thought only of the songs of birds,
And wondered what it all could mean.

So deep a chord we could not reach,
His Alpine heights we could not climb;
From far-off stars it seemed, the speech
A hundred years ahead of time.

He led us to his high plateau,
To cliffs where eagles fear their death,
And dizzier heights; we looked below—
We only looked, and held our breath.

But time has lifted us above
The falseness that we used to preach;
All creeds are dead—all creeds but love:
This is the height he helped us reach.

This is the height, though in the clouds
His face by breezes far was fanned,
His heart still lingered in the crowds,
His feet were on the level land.

He peopled woods and shores again,
Not with the gods that Homer saw—
A higher beauty crossed his ken,
The beauty born of love and law.

He heard angelic voices speak
In aisles of pines, in forests dim,
And not one little flower so weak
But had a tale to tell to him.

Seer, poet, friend, still shines the light
You planted on its mountain place,
Torch of the nations, day or night,
Uplifter of the human race.

PHARAOH IN EGYPT

A pilgrim to the mighty Nile
By deeds of great Sesostris led—
I stood and looked a little while
Upon the face of Egypt's dead.

Dragged from their tombs in desert sands,
Kings of the old, the mighty day,
Robbed of their cerements and bands,
In Cairo's vast museum lay.

And thou, Sesostris, all the years
Thou hast not heard how nations fall—
Nor wept at seas of human tears,
In thy own Egypt most of all.

Above her hundred Theban gates,
Her eyes expectant to the skies,
As patient as the Sphinx she waits
The truth that sleeps but never dies.

A thousand years her glory shone—
May not that glory shine again?
Time that has kept her sculptured stone
Bears in her womb the fates of men.

Serene thy face, oh king, as t'were
An age were but a little while:
Thou wast a God, yet listen, there
Thy sons are slaves beside the Nile.

Wake, waken once, Sesostris, wake—
Shades of the dead might overawe
A foe that makes thy children break
The stones for kings they never saw.

Or, must we perish, let it be
One blow we strike ere all be past,
To make us worthy to be free,
Though that one blow should be our last.

ON THE BEACH

I

We sat beside the sounding sea—
'Twas twenty years ago—
I doubt not you've forgotten me,
In life's great ebb and flow.

II

Yet look, the beach is just the same—
The waves come in as blue,
And you—you have forgot my name—
The ocean is more true.

III

Do you recall one summer night?
A bright star shone above—
That star you said would change its light
Ere you would change your love.

IV

But look—last night it shone again,
And cast a wondrous spell—
Ah me, to think what might have been
Had you kept faith as well.

V

There was a song you used to sing,
I half forget the air,

A little, sad, heart-breaking thing,
Of one as false as fair.

VI

Sometimes I hear it in my sleep,
A dreaming discontent,
Then sudden waking, start and weep
To think 'twas you it meant.

VII

Again I walk along the strand
Just as I walked with you;
The waves still wash the yellow sand,
Because the waves are true.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICA"

Who moulds in bronze some hero's face,
Or carves a marble bust,
May see his idol lose its grace,
His marble turn to dust.

For time corrodes the bronze he casts;
The Parian marble turns
To darker hues, or but outlasts
The ashes in its urns.

The image on the canvas made
No lease with time has got;
A hundred years—the colors fade,
And all that was, is not.

The arch, the spire, the lofty dome,
All crumble to decay,
And all that's left of mighty Rome
Is stone, and mire, and clay.

No work e'er done by mortal hands
Outlasts Time's wasting flood;
The lion walks on golden sands
Where Homer's cities stood.

Roofless the walls of Pæstum stand—
They only speak to tell
How by far seas and desert land,
The works of ages fell.

But Homer, breathing on his lyre,
Three thousand years ago,
Lit with his torch the immortal fire
Whose flames forever glow.

And Ajax' name, and Helen's face,
For ages will live on,
When only ruins mark the place
Where stood the Parthenon.

The Lesbian Temples all are gone,
But songs that Sappho sung
Live like the seas that beat upon
The rock from which she sprung.

So time will keep the glorious Hymn—
The patriot's burning lay,
What though the singer's eyes be dim,
Or cold the poet's clay!

FROM THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA

I send you, dear one, roses red,
From this fair island of the sea,
And though their petals may be dead,
They still will waken thoughts of me.

To-morrow, and the ship will sail,
I know not where 'twill bear me to,
But this I know, if calm or gale,
My thoughts, dear one, will be of you.

An hour ago I walked alone
Where break the billows on the sand,
A feeling came—you must have known—
As in a dream I touched your hand.

From emerald isles these roses came,
From emerald seas of far away,
I kiss them and they breathe your name,
A thousand things to you they'll say.

Good-bye, the ship to-morrow sails,
Good-bye, for islands just as fair,
Where roses born in other vales
Will sweetly whisper "she is there."

HER PRESENCE

"Whence come thy blushes," to the rose I said,
"Thou sweet enchantress of the garden,
speak!"

The rose a moment grew more sweetly red—
"Last night I stole them from thy lady's
cheek."

"And that dear perfume that my senses thrills,
That dewy odor, faint yet ever nigh,
Rose of the rose, that only heaven distills?"
"That, too, is hers; she kissed me, passing
by."

The peeping violet in yonder dell
I questioned, wondering what it would say,
"This heavenly blue, whence comes it? Will'st
thou tell?"
"From her blue eyes I borrowed it one day."

I kissed the lily, as a lover might,
And bade it tell, what love already guessed,
"What made thy petals all so snowy white?"
"Last night I slept upon thy sweetheart's
breast."

A song-bird sang in yonder cedar tree—

“Whence that dear music to my soul?” I cried,
“’Tis hers, ’tis hers,” it sweetly answered me,
“I heard her sing it at the eventide.”

What matters then though she be far away,
Yon blushing rose her beauty will retrace,
And bird and flower shall show me every day
Her blessed presence in this very place.

ON PASSING SAN REMO

Go slow, go slow, ship of the sea,
Along San Remo's shore,
A little moment I would be
By Helen's side once more.
There are the orange groves, the hill—
Where she was wont to play—
The roses all are blooming still,
She was as sweet as they.

The little dell where violets grew,
Oh, I could ne'er forget,
And though the violets were so blue
Her eyes were bluer yet.
I look again, the glass is dim—
Oh, heart, oh, blinding tears,
Beyond the little harbor's rim
Lie dead the happy years.

Speak but one word, give me a sign,
A touch, a kiss, a hand,
There could not be a heart like mine
On any sea or land.
Through all the years since thou art gone
Have I not called to thee?
And I will still call on, and on,
By land and shore and sea.

And I have crossed the wandering main
One moment to be near
The violet beds and hills again,
And think that thou art here.
Now swift across the emerald green,
Sweet ship, go on thy way,
For one dear moment I have seen
My little girl to-day.

THE TURTLE DOVE

Once I could sing a happy roundelay,
With her apart.
A hunter shot my mate one day—
It broke my heart.

And now, alone, in some sweet blossomed lane,
Where once we were,
I moan a little song of pain—
And all for her.

Sometimes I think that in the air around
She hears me, sad.
My voice to her was such a happy sound—
Then, I am glad.

LARRY AND I.

Larry and I are the first ones awake,
'Ere a chirp of the robin is heard on the lawn;
For myself, I am up for the very dear sake
Of seeing the glory that comes with the dawn.

Larry, he carries the papers around,
In the gray of the morning, to rich and to
poor;
But little they dream in their slumbers profound,
The weight of the message he leaves at their
door.

He and I only, abroad on the streets
When the lingering moon is just hiding from
view,
And the little brown owl in the hollow repeats—
"The morning was made just for Larry and
you."

Sudden there's streaking of rose in the sky—
There is gold on the windows of hovel and
hall;
The steeds of the Sun-god are hurrying by,
And Larry and I are alone with it all.

Sudden there's waking in meadows and grove,
Throstles and thrushes in musical glee;
The world has its songs and its singers to love,
But the song of the throstle's for Larry and
me.

Waken, O waken! The light's on the hills,
Would'st taste of the cup of celestial wine—
The breath of the morning—would'st know how
it thrills?
Come, drink from this sup, then, of Larry's
and mine!

THE CALL OF THE WOODS

Once more the Autumn in her robes of gold
Comes o'er the hills in festival attire;
Dead is the rose—but look; the forests hold
A newer beauty for the heart's desire.

Now are the days of gorgeous colorings;
The Master Painter touched the world last
night,
And every hour some added glory brings,
Till all the scene's a ravishing delight.

The scarlet vines along the hedge-rows creep;
The sumac bushes turn to fiery red;
The far-off hills their misty silence keep,
And like a dream's the blue sky overhead.

There are the fields so lately harvested,
And lanes hemmed in with plumed golden rod;
And look! The woods, to every color wed,
Seem all emblazoned by the hand of God.

A thousand flags from every tree shall swing—
A thousand hues on every banner show,
Enthroned beauty stamped on everything;
The Master Painter knew to make it so.

And music, too, melodious and low,
Like to the notes of some far elfin's horn,
Or soft sea-music when the tide's aflow—
It is the wind among the rustling corn.

When scenes like these in soft September wait,
Lay down they work a little and rejoice;
Take thou a glimpse through Heaven's half-open
gate—
And, hast thou ears, thou'lt hear the Master's
voice.

WHEN LEONORA PLAYS

'Tis said when violins are played
That other strings, alike in tune,
By some soft mystery are made
To also wake, and tremble soon.

I do not know the secret, quite,
For Nature has such curious ways,
I only know I have delight
Whenever Leonora plays.

Perhaps my heart strings all are set
Accordant with yon violin.
Oh! stroke of fortune, thus I let
The mystery of the music in.

I listen, while I close my eyes,
And troops of fairies come and go.
I wonder if in Paradise
They speak the language of the bow?

Ours is a little day, at best,
Some wearing myrtle, some the bays,
But, oh! what heart would not have rest,
Whenever Leonora plays.

IN PURPLE SEAS.

We are like hulls of ships that ride
In purple seas and know not why,
Nor see the pilot hands that guide,
Nor masts, nor sails, nor any sky.

There in the twilight of the deep,
Where far and dim the shadows fall,
Their little round of life they keep,
And vaguely ask if this be all.

So we in seas of purple ride,
In web-like mists around us spun,
Nor know what dream-like curtains hide
The splendor of some setting sun.

Close to us sweep mysterious things,
The secrets of the earth and sky;
They touch us with their radiant wings,
We almost hear them passing by.

But through the amber-lighted air,
Our little senses cannot reach;
Tho' soft, low voices whisper there,
We hear, but do not know their speech.

Sometime with other eyes than these,
Lo, we shall see the veil withdrawn,
And drifting from the purple seas
Our night shall melt into the dawn.

LA MARGUERITE.

He made an air ship, fair and trim,
Just like a bird, and when complete,
It seemed so beautiful to him
He called it "La belle Marguerite."

* * * * *

"Now for a midnight ride," he said,
And cheering thousands wished him fair,
And as the sun went to its bed,
His shallop leaped into the air.

He sailed among the stars of night
Like some strange meteor of the sky,
Beyond the eagle's utmost flight,
Beyond the ken of human eye.

Still up, and on, and on he climbs,
And then the crescent moon appears,
All is so still he hears betimes
The fabled music of the spheres

No cloud obscures the perfect glow
Of moon and starlight over him,
While in the shadows, down below,
He sees the world's inverted rim.

He sees a city's lights and towers,
All silent as the moon o'er head,
Save one great bell that tolls the hours
As 't were some city of the dead.

All night his star-born shallop flies,
Amazed the very stars look on,
Till once, a darkness fills the skies,
And light and moon and stars are gone.

A little while—the cloud is by;
A soft'ning twilight's in the air,
A glowing gladness fills the sky,
The world's in daylight everywhere.

For he has left the night's abode,
And towards the morning hurries on,
And swifter than Apollo rode
The golden horses of the sun.

Into the happy dawn he goes,
On all the world a splendor lies,
A mantle, as of gold and rose,
A dream as if from Paradise.

What thrill of joyance must be his!
Alone on ether seas to ride!
Who would not days of pleasure miss
For just one moment by his side?

A thousand miles; the flight is done,
Through starry night and rosy skies;
Last night he left the setting sun,
Now he beholds it slowly rise.

A moment and he leaves behind
The stars with all their banners furled.
And on the stair-way of the wind
Comes back into the waiting world.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

The morning belongs to God,
And the bird's first carols, too,
When the breath of the rose is abroad
And the lily is wet with dew.

When the stars of the night go out,
And the gates of the East unfold,
'Til the glad hills seem to shout
In purple and rose and gold.

When a something is in the air
Exalting—we know not why—
And beauty is everywhere
In the dawn that is drawing nigh

Oh, then is the blessed hour,
Oh, sleeper arise—arise,
When blossom and tree and flower
Are likest to Paradise.

Wouldst know of a joy supreme,
Then come when the day is born,
And the night like a dying dream
Melts into the crimson morn.

Oh, haste to the glowing dawn,
To rose and lily ablown,
For the glory is coming on,
And the Master is with His own.

THE INVISIBLE NUN

Three nuns there were on a ship at sea,
And each was very fair;
But one was fairer than all the rest,
And she had golden hair.

Sweet nuns they were, and their rosaries
They counted every day;
They held their beads in their lily hands,
I would that I were they.

They were "but three," the ship-folks said,
Yet four there were, I swear;
For the fairest one I counted twice,
Because she was so fair.

I counted twice—for two she was,
Plain as the stars above;
For half of her was a sweet nun's face,
And half was a face for Love.

And ever when on the deck they came,
And low their voices fell,
The ship-folks bowed to the sisters three,
I bowed to a fourth as well.

And they are gone, with their rosaries,
Gone are the sisters three—
But half of her with the golden hair
Will stay forever with me.

AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

Well, well, and you say it's tomorrow,
A riddle, as I am alive
I'd guessed you along about sixty,
And here you are seventy-five.

No riddle, no magic about it,
The road was so easy and plain,
'Twas living just closer to nature,
I loved her in sunshine or rain.

Out doors was the world of my fancy,
The breath of the morning was mine—
Her cup running over with beauty
I drank of celestial wine.

For I had the woods and the river,
And I had the blue of the sky—
The soul, you know, too, must be nourished,
The rose without water will die.

Oh! yes, and I had the changing
That comes with the night and the morn,
To all who are born here of woman,
For I had the rose and the thorn.

But never a day was so darkened
Yet, somewhere, there still was a light,
No cloud is so black but above it
The sun is still shining and bright.

I took the world just as I found it,
God made it, and said it was good,
Perhaps I had made it some better
But I was not asked if I could.

For lucre, I cared not a whistle,
The wealth of a sweet summer's day
Has more of the good of God's riches
Than all of the mines of Cathay.

The best that God has cometh gratis,
The splendor of morning is free,
He asketh no price for the beauty
Of moonlight and starlight and sea.

The linnet up yonder is singing,
And yonder the sky is aglow,
And yonder the trees of St. Helen's
Still look on the river below.

No, no, there's no magic about it,
Or easy the riddle is sung,
Who keepeth a kinship with Nature
Today and forever is young.

THE FIGHT OFF FLAMBORO HEAD.

*Boom, boom, boom! 'Twas a hundred years ago
Two ships sailed in the North Sea
When the sun was lying low.
One carried the flag of England,
The Serapis—forty-four—
And one was the Bonhomme Richard,
Paul Jones' man-of-war.*

Steady the wind blew northward,
And steady the two ships sailed,
Beyond the Flamboro lighthouse,
When the British Captain hailed:
"What ship is that? Give answer!"
For a moment it was so still
You might have heard a lamb's bleat
Far off on Flamboro hill.

Then, sudden the Bonhomme Richard
A cannon's answer sent,
Across the sea to Flamboro Head
The echoing answer went.
And into the night the cannon roared,
And the sun went down all red,
Still into the night the cannon roared,
And the moon rose overhead.

Then out of the smoke and thunder
The arrogant Briton yelled,
"Do you give up your ship—surrender?
A moment his fire is held.
"No!" came from the Bonhomme Richard,
"No!" answered the bold sea-knight,
"May God have mercy on you,
I have only commenced to fight!"

A half an hour—'tis finished,
The British flag goes down,
Three hundred are dead and dying
In sight of Flamboro town.
The Bonhomme Richard, sinking,
Goes down with her dead below,
But the flag of the Bonhomme Richard
Floats over the fallen foe.

*Boom, boom, boom! 'Twas a hundred years ago
Two ships sailed in the North Sea
When the sun was lying low.
One carried the flag of England,
The Serapis—forty-four—
And one was the Bonhomme Richard,
Paul Jones' man-of-war.*

BEYOND THE GATES.

We often wondered, she and I,
What thing might lie behind the wall,
Whose gate stands open when we die,
Then sudden, shuts beyond recall.

We longed and looked, and dear ones past
As if on wings in viewless air,
No path they left, nor shadow cast,
They sailed and sailed, we knew not where.

Sometimes when twilight gathered round,
Each spake to each when lamps were low,
And never yet God's answer found;
We only said, We do not know.

Then came a promise each to each,
Our thoughts still on the gate divine,
Beyond the wall, if one has speech,
Who enters first shall give a sign.

One summer day she left my side,
A struggle and the angels won;
And that sad gate that stood so wide,
I heard it close and all was done.

And then I waited for the sign;
If love could pierce the mighty wall,
Then she would speak, this lost of mine;
I listened, but no word at all;

Till once, with Nature all in tune,
I walked beneath the myriad stars;
The breath of night was on the June,
And God seemed letting down the bars.

And all at once I seemed to hear
Celestial music in the sky,
And her sweet voice, so soft and clear;
And then I knew, *we do not die.*

NOTES.

Sherman's March to the Sea.

This song, which has the honor of giving its name to the most picturesque campaign of the War, "The March to the Sea," and was characterized by General Sherman himself as the shortest complete history of the same, was written one chilly morning in a little wedge tent at the rebel prison camp of Columbia, S. C., where Adjutant Byers had the hard fate to be quartered, with some hundreds of fellow-prisoners. Meagre reports of Sherman's leaving Atlanta had come through a daily rebel paper, which a kindly disposed negro stuffed into the loaf of bread furnished to a mess of the Union prisoners who were fortunate enough to have a little money to pay for it. Through its troubled lines the eager ears and eyes of the starved men read hope and coming freedom.

Another prisoner, Lieutenant Rockwell, heard the poem and under the floor of the hospital building, where a number of musical prisoners quartered themselves on mother earth, wrote the music. It was first sung by the prison glee club, led by Major Isett, where, intermingled with the strains of "Dixie" and kindred airs, to adapt it to rebel hearers, it was heard with applause. By the fortune of war, the entry of General Sherman's victorious army into Columbia released Adjutant Byers from a fifteen months' captivity. General Sherman gave him a temporary position on his staff, and, later, sent him as the bearer of the first despatches North to General Grant and President Lincoln, announcing the victorious progress of his army through the Carolinas.

NOTES.

On reaching the North, Adjutant Byers was astonished to hear that his verses had preceded him, and had become popular as a song all over the country. The song assumes the march to have commenced at Chattanooga, not Atlanta, and it is now well known that Sherman's hard-fought Atlanta campaign was by him intended as the first step for the ocean.

The Ballad of Columbus.

The fates seem to have conspired in making the life of Columbus romantic as well as great. There is not an incident mentioned in the ballad that does not find its authority in sober history. From the sudden eruption of the volcano on Teneriffe to the death scene in a little unknown Seville inn, each step of the voyager's life was as if done in a drama.

The dearest wish of Columbus had been to secure great sums of money in the New World, to be used in equipping an army for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

Margery Brown.

The London *Lancet* relates how a young girl, losing her lover, became insane, and lost all calculation of time. She never knew that she was growing older, and, believing herself always young, remained so in appearance, and at seventy was as blooming as a girl of twenty. Her case was a psychological marvel, cited to prove the influence of the mind over the body.

News at the White House.

During the battle of Chattanooga President Lincoln sat alone at a telegraph instrument listening to the great news as it was wired up to Washington. The assault, in which the writer took part, commenced as soon as Sherman's troops had crossed the Tennessee River at Chickamauga Creek.

NOTES.

The Guard on the Volga.

Some years since, when the terrible plague was devastating parts of Asia, the Russians established a line of pickets along the Volga River to intercept travel, and thus check the march of the disease into their country.

The Tramp of Sherman's Army.

Recited at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee in Cincinnati, September 26, 1889. General Sherman presided. All the then living generals of the great Army of the Tennessee were on the stage, and participated. The toasts for the occasion were printed on beautiful satin maps representing Sherman's greatest campaign, and their sentiments consisted of extracts and parts of verses from the Lyric of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

It was General Sherman's last public appearance as President of the Society that comprised nearly all the officers who had marched and fought with him from Chattanooga to the ocean.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA

"A campaign, the like of which has not been read of in past history."—U. S. Grant.





THE TRUMPETER

Frontispiece Part II

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

PART I.

PRELUDE.

1.

O READER, listen, if it is thy will
To know of things that half forgot-
ten are—

Heroic deeds that may thy bosom thrill,
And hear a tale of heroes in the war.

2.

Think that you hear a bugle sounding yet,
And see a camp within a forest fair,
White rows of tents amidst the green aisles
set,
And silent sentries slowly walking there.

3.

See once again the bivouacs in the wood,
And soldiers sleeping where the shadows
fall,
The oaks and pines, that centuries have
stood,
And glorious moonlight shining over all.

4.

And smouldering fires whose ashes have
grown cold,
And stacks of muskets standing there in
line,
And banners drooping, with their stars of
gold,
Beneath the moonlight and the silent pine.

5.

For things like these a thousand times were
seen,
Blue coat, or gray, their camps were still
the same,
And oft a river only rolled between,
That saw them foemen when the morning
came.

6.

Then gleamed their blades, and shone their
fronts of steel,
The fearful sounds the leaders' voices
drown ;
The guns flash out, the black-mouthed can-
nons peal,
As if the forests all were crashing down.

7.

And brave they fought, whichever side they
stood,
And met death there, not trembling nor
with fear,
For blue or gray, now struggling in that wood,
Each struck for something that his heart
held dear.

8.

And when again the night around them fell,
And in their camps all peacefully they lay,
The glorious moon, with its enchanting spell,
Still shone alike on blue coat and on gray.

* * * * *

THE SILENT CITY.

ATLANTA.

I.

IT WAS a time not very far away,
For men still live who knew that city
 well,
And though their beards be turning into
 gray,
Their eyes rekindle when again they tell
How on a time they saw a city, fair,
Where no one lived, yet armies marshalled
 there.

II.

Grass grew at will in every empty street,
And roses bloomed on every garden wall,
And sweetbriar climbed with dear and
 noiseless feet ;
One almost thought to hear the blossoms
 fall,
Or the bright moonlight, as it shone apace,
It was so silent in that wondrous place.

III.

Closed every door and every latticed shade,
Where once fair maids on lovers had looked
 down,
In the dear days ere hope began to fade,—
In the dear days ere all had silent grown ;
Ere cruel war upon the city burst,
To leave its children wanderers and accurst !

IV.

The old town clock there in its steeple
 high,
Still tolled the hours upon the starlit air,
And faint one heard the hungry watch-
 dog's cry
Chained to his post,—he was forgotten there ;
And days had gone, and nights in silence
 passed,
Since all the people from the town were
 cast.*

V.

Calm sat the city in its solitude,
No sound of wheels or footsteps now was
 heard.

* Note 1.

In the white moonlight tower and steeple
stood,
The summer wind the rose-leaves scarcely
stirred ;
Only the notes of some far bugle's call
Disturbed the silence that was over all.

VI.

Long summer days the hostile armies
strove
For mast'ry of this city, now so bare,
And many a field and many a far-off grove
Told of the death that soldiers met with there ;
A hundred days of conflict and of blood,
A hundred days, so long the city stood ;

VII.

Till, on a time when thousands had been
slain,
And graves were thick in every wood and
dell,
And death reaped men as harvesters their
grain,
The day was lost, and then the city fell :
The city fell—and through its every gate
The people went, and left it desolate.

VIII.

And they who conquered camped about
its walls,
And left it standing empty and alone—
Its silent streets and its deserted halls,
Its roses blooming, but its people gone.
One had not known, it was so still and fair.
That war and death had ever entered there.

IX.

Then came a calm, and while the victors
lay
In their white tents, amidst the forest green,
They told the tales of their long, danger-
ous way,
Of many a march, the battles they had seen,
Before they reached this city of delight,
For so it seemed in the soft summer night.

X.

One told how once on Lookout's height
they fought,
Wrapped in the clouds, and hid from all be-
low ;

How every step with danger had been
fraught,
Each cliff a fort, and every tree a foe ;
How on they climbed, along the mountain
dread,
And no soul asked what still might be
ahead.

XI.

Till at high noon an awful darkness fell
Of mist, and fog, and smoke—a battle
shroud—
And who his nearest comrade none could
tell,
Nor see the flames of cannon in the cloud,—
When, suddenly, a rift broke in the west ;
They saw, and cheered, and charged the
mountain's crest.

XII.

Another told of Missionary Ridge,
And Sherman's army by the Tennessee,
That starless night, and never any bridge,
The army floating there so noiselessly ;
The muffled oar, the silence, and the tide,
And death, grim, waiting on the other side.

XIII.

The awful charge, the storming at the
Left,
The hundred guns that flamed across their
path,
The battle roaring in the mountain's cleft,
The smoking rocks, the red-hot cannon's
wrath,
Till down the hill there came the exulting
cry,
"The Ridge is ours ; they fly, the foemen
fly!"

XIV.

And round the camp-fires there was talk
of him
Who led our Left to victory on that day,
Who, spite of foes, and wounds, and valor
grim,
Still kept his heart like some sweet child's at
play ;
Not war his choice, nor conflict's dreadful
din,—
His love for others took the whole world in.

XV.

At every camp-fire he was called the Good,
By every soldier he was called the Brave,
The kind, true knight, whom every com-
rade would
Have followed, faithful even to the grave ;
The glorious hero, warrior of the West,—
Mighty his sword, but peace he loved the
best.

XVI.

Of him they told how, with prophetic eye,
From Lookout's heights he saw Atlanta rise,
And knew that there his battle-path must
lie,
Or else in vain were all his victories.
And farther, deeper still, his vision went,
Of armies marching o'er a continent.

XVII.

The drums now beat ; " Lights out ! "
the sergeants call ;
Sounds the tattoo in all the forest round ;
And soon 'tis silent in the bivouacs all,
The camp-fires, dying, smoulder to the
ground.

Above the camp the stars their silence
keep,
And in the moonlight all the soldiers sleep.

XVIII.

The soldiers sleep, and in their visions feel
Once more the thrill of that first battle day,
When down the lines they saw the flashing
steel,
And heard the guns, and saw the men in
gray ;
The smoke, the heat, the furious battle-cry,
The squadrons charging where the wound-
ed lie.

XIX.

Again in sleep Resaca's hills they see,
And Kenesaw, with all its heaps of slain,
The batteries, hid by many a rock and
tree,
In their fierce dreams they see them all
again ;
And Dallas Woods, where quick a thou-
sand fell,
And that dread field men called "The
Hole of Hell."

XX.

Still in their dreams Atlanta's cannon roar,
 Round that fierce scene where brave Mc-
 Pherson fell,
 And Peach-tree creek, and Ezra church ;
 once more
 The siege, the charge ; they hear the awful
 yell,
 Till, waking, lo ! it is the dawn they see—
 Their dream of war the morning's reveille.*

XXI.

Then through the camps a rider hurries by,
 " Great news—great news ! " to all the lis-
 t'ning host,
 Of some great thing they are about to try,
 Some wondrous march,—Atlanta to the
 coast ;
 And round about the very forest ring,
 The bugles echo, and the soldiers sing.

* * * * *

* In the armies, North and South, this word was pronounced as if written rev''-a-lêé'.

SOLDIERS' SONG.

“**F**ALL in, fall in, good news has come,”
The joyous soldiers sing;
And down the lines and up the lines
The glorious tidings ring.

“Sherman, hurrah! we'll go with him
Wherever it may be,
Through Carolina's cotton fields,
Or Georgia to the Sea.

“Let every blue-coat soldier-boy
Put on his knapsack well,
There'll be no knowing where we'll go,
Nor coming back to tell.

Up boys, hurrah! the order reads,
'The troops shall forage free,
And flanking parties will go out
When marching to the Sea.'

“What if some soldier boys should fall?
Well, there's no use to sigh,
The grave at last will cover all,
We have but once to die.

Sherman, hurrah ! we'll go with him
 Wherever it may be,
 Through Carolina's cotton fields,
 Or Georgia to the Sea.

“ A thousand miles we've marched before,
 And battled half the way,

What matters then how many more
 Be added on to-day ?

Look boys, hurrah ! 'tis Sherman comes
 Along the lines, and we

Will cheer the General as we go
 Through Georgia to the Sea.”

* * * * *

XXII.

FINISHED the song, and every heart
 beats high,
 And horse and foot are gath'ring far and
 near ;

Polished each blade, and every gun they try,
 The army trains in long white lines appear.

“ March in light order,” is the one com-
 mand,

“ The soldiers all will forage from the
 land.”

XXIII.

Burned every bridge between them and
the North,
Destroyed all roads, and fordless every
stream ;
Now many a one sends his last greetings
forth,
To some far home, now fading like a dream.
Not in their arms alone they trust, but cast
Themselves on God, who leadeth all at last.

XXIV.

Like sailors turning to an unknown sea
Where no ship's keel has ever gone before,
Not knowing where, if any land there be,
Or what may greet them on that distant
shore ;
So seems it now, and only this they know—
Their hearts are strong, and their great
leader true.

XXV.

“ Now cut the wires,” the leader said,
“ but note
One message first to him we leave behind.”*

* GENERAL THOMAS.

And kneeling down upon the ground, he
 wrote,
 "We march at dawn,—the Sea we hope to
 find."

He turned his face, and through war's
 vistas came

A light of glory shining round his name.

* * * * *

XXVI.

Far, far away, Atlanta's children weep,
 Yet see, nor dream, what fearful fate has
 done ;

The weary wanderers of the city sleep,
 Nor hear their foes nor any signal gun,
 Nor any sound upon the midnight wind
 To tell of all that they have left behind.

XXVII.

Little they dream of how war's dreadful
 needs
 Have doomed their city to some sudden fall,
 Or how themselves have sown the awful
 seeds
 They soon shall reap in war's red carnival.

They sleep, they dream, they see their
homes so fair,
The quiet moonlight and the roses there.

XXVIII.

They dream of days when all was sweet
and still,
And blessed peace her dear wings cast
around,
When blossoms bloomed by every tarn
and hill,
And violets kissed the sweetly scented ground ;
Of their own homes, ere the invader came,
In sleep they smile, and call Atlanta's
name.

XXIX.

But lo ! already smoking columns rise
In conflagration o'er that fated town,
Illumed the woods, and reddened half the
skies ;
In every street the storm comes sweeping
down,
And bursting bombs hurl their destruction
dire,—
Atlanta's doom ; *the city is on fire.*

XXX.

Atlanta's doom ! A hundred years shall tell
The tale anew of that terrific morn,
How tower and dome and walls together
fell,
Or in fierce flames were to destruction borne ;
How in one night all that had been so fair
Perished and left but ruins standing there.

XXXI.

And round that place where that fair town
had stood,
Ten thousand graves told what the cost
had been ;
No fallow field, no hill, no pleasant wood,
But there some mangled soldier's grave was
seen.
There blue and gray—their fearful con-
flicts done—
Together slept, nor asked which side had
won.

XXXII.

Once more the sun illumes the horizon,
Once more the bugles sound the call, "Fall
in."

On yonder heights they hear the signal
gun,
The hour has come; the great march will
begin.
And from their camps the steady columns
wind,
In long blue lines,—Atlanta's left behind.*

XXXIII.

Their faces South along the unknown way,
With measured tread the bronzed veterans go.
No gorgeous pomp, no glorious array,
But plain, strong men, and feared by every
foe.
Sublime they sing, and glorious anon,
Of old John Brown, whose soul was
marching on.

XXXIV.

For many miles the serried column spread,
On many roads their daring horsemen flew,
A sight it was, most beautiful, yet dread,
War's wasting besom sweeping Georgia
through,

* Note 2.

Destroying all that in its pathway lay,
And threatening towns a hundred miles
away.

XXXV.

A thousand men the railroads overturn,
The red-hot rails round neighboring trees
are bent,

All that a foeman e'er may use they burn ;
Flames marked each road where'er the army
went.

Thus through the land the tramping
soldiers wind,
Rich fields in front, a howling waste
behind.

XXXVI.

Thus too each morrow with the risen sun
They march again to bugle note and song,
Or listen, thrilling, to some foeman's gun,
Far forward where the vanguard troopers
throng ;

There at some ford hard held by men in
gray,

The daring troopers give their lives away.

* * * * *

DORIS.

'TIS morn and the horsemen ride
Far on at the army's van,
And Doris is at my side,
We are galloping man for man.
"Doris, brother, slow—
Halt," is the cry ahead—
"Look where the colonels go!"
Never a word he said.

My Doris's horse is brown,
And my good steed is gray,
We've ridden them up and down
On many a battle day.
"Look, Doris, see!
Something is wrong, I know."
Smiling he looked at me,
Looked where the colonels go.

The bridge is burned, and the ford
Is filled with the men in gray,
And under the trees a horde
Of rebels that block our way.

“Charge, cavalry, charge !”

See how the sabres gleam,
Slowly out of the wood,
Quickly down to the stream.

And full in our faces flash,
As into the creek we ride,
The glare of the musket's crash,
A gun from the other side.

“Charge, cavalry, there !

Charge on that blazing gun !”
There's a shout on the morning air,
The ford and the creek are won !

A shout on the morning air,
Till the forests resound again ;
We have taken the crossing fair,
And lost but a dozen men.

Doris ? comrades ?—God !—

Doris ? It cannot be—
Yonder upon the sod,
And never a word to me !

I buried him in the sand,
And tarried behind a day,

Till the army should come to hand
 To the place where my Doris lay.
 "Cheer, soldiers, cheer,"
 That's what the General said ;
 How little they seemed to care
 That Doris was lying dead !

My Doris's horse is brown,
 And my good steed is gray,
 But I shall take his instead of my own,
 And now I am on my way.
 "Charge, cavalry, charge !"
 Little it is to me,
 Whether I live or whether I die,
 Or whether I reach the sea.

* * * * *

XXXVII.

LONG in the North the people sit and
 wait,
 In doubt and fear what yet the end may be,
 If time or tide, heroic deeds, or fate,
 Shall bring that army safely to the sea.
 "They all are lost," so rumor darkly said,
 "In the deep forest, and their leaders
 dead."

XXXVIII.

And here and there some soldiers had
gone down,
Captured or killed if straggling from the
line,
For fiercer now the hearts of men had
grown,
And war had scarcely any pitying sign ;
Life is not much, that men to it should
cling,
And death to some seemed but a little
thing.

* * * * *

XXXIX.

Rich was that land in everything that
grew
On tree or vine, or nurtured in the ground ;
Its kindly sun, its sky's ethereal blue,
Its softening rains blessed all the fields
around.
From field and vine the frightened owners
fled,
From groaning barns with golden ears and
red.

XL.

But distant far the rich fields often were,
 And, that the army might not want for
 bread,

Each twentieth man was made a forager,
 And so it was the marching host were fed.

On left and right, wherever farms might
 be,
 They roved the lands as privateers the sea.

XLI.

Grotesque their garb as ever one could
 find,

To camp they rode fantastically grand,

In hats and coats the planters left behind,
 Mounted on steeds such as might come to
 hand ;

Or else in some rich farmer's new coupé,
 Its silken cushions piled with hams and
 hay.

XLII.

And so they went, these foragers, and far,
 And each a law unto himself became,

Audacious men as ever went to war,
 Or found in fight an easy road to fame.

And many a time in their own reckless
way,
They met with death in some far-off
foray.*

* * * * *

* Note 3.

FORAGER'S SONG.

1.

THE bugles I hear and the camp is astir,
The sun rises clear on the pine and
the fir;
Away let us ride, past the vanguard and
camp,
Ere the farmer shall hide all his corn in the
swamp.

2.

Already the hills are in purple and gold,
The dawn, how it thrills all the wood and
the wold!
No flag and no drum—ah! little they know
How sudden we come, or the roads that we go.

3.

Let soldiers who will plod along on their way,
But give us the spice of a far-off foray:
A brush in some lane with their five to our
one,
And a barn full of grain when the scrim-
mage is done.

4.

Then forward, hurrah ! there'll be fun on
the farm,
When the cocks and the dogs shall have
raised the alarm ;
When the darkies shall cry to each gay cava-
lier,
“ We's glad, Mr. Sherman, to see you is here.”

5.

Then here's to the bummer who longest can
ride,
A sheep on his shoulder, his gun at his side ;
And to every brave fellow who goes on before
To forage good food for the grand army
corps.

6.

Then up, while the hills are in purple and
gold,
While the dew's on the grass, and the sheep
are in fold ;
Let others who will watch along on their
way,
But give us the morn, and a far-off foray.

* * * * *

XLIII.

SO day by day the army moved along,
Flanked left and right by these bold
foragers ;

'Tis now a cheer, or now an army song,
Or bugle's note the soldier's bosom stirs,
And catching step to that wild music's
strain,
They bend their faces to the distant main.

XLIV.

Through field and wood the blue-coat
soldiers stride,
The battery wagons fill the road between,
Far in advance the troopers gaily ride,
The long white trains fill up the varied
scene ;
Like grown-up boys on some wild pleasure
bent,
With swinging step the fearless soldiers
went.

XLV.

A sight it was ! that sea of army blue,
The sloping guns of the swift tramping
host,

Winding its way the fields and forests
through,
As winds some river slowly to the coast.
The snow-white trains, the batteries grim,
and then,*
The steady tramp of sixty thousand men.

XLVI.

Yet they were far within a stranger's land,
A foeman brave was round them everywhere,
And ambuscades and swamps on every
hand,
And bridgeless streams, and foemen waiting
there ;
Still feared they not the dangers of the
way,
But trusted him who led them day by day.

XLVII.

And if, perchance, they saw him down
the lines,
To the blue skies there went the wild huzza,—
Amazed the rocks and the tall, silent
pines,
That never heard such music till that day ;

* Note 4.

And far away still other columns hear,
And wave their flags and join the mighty
cheer.

XLVIII.

By many a road the swinging lines went
on,
By many a farm, through many a hamlet
rude,
Where every soul save some poor slave
was gone,
The village green turned to a solitude :
Or if some, fearless, kept the lonesome
place,
Scorn marked each brow, contempt looked
from each face.

XLIX.

But once unto a city fair they neared,
With shaded streets like to some wooded
glen,
And in its midst a great white house ap-
peared,
Within whose walls sat solemn whiskered
men,

Who great laws made, and proclamations
gave,
And ever cried, "Be brave, be brave, be
brave."

L.

Fearless they seemed as solemnly they
sate,
Like men who dared at duty's post to die,
But lo! one shot outside the city's gate,
They took their hats and were the first to
fly;
On horse, on foot, chief magistrate and all,
Disgraceful fled, and left an empty hall.

LI.

And in their stead some blue-coats sat
them down,
And merry made of all things grave or gay,
And laws they passed declaring that that
town
Should, *nolens volens*, with the Union stay.
And many days within that town, 'twas
said,
Men laughed at how their Legislature fled.

LII.

And round the camp-fires many an evening,
The soldiers too talked of those solemn men,
Or else told tales, or one a song would sing,
When all would join him in the glad refrain.

And so it was that every camp-fire had
Its tale to tell, its song to make them glad.

LIII.

And once, as closer round a fire they drew,
A poet comrade gave his fancy flight ;
Stories he told of lovers, false and true,
And tales of war—then would have said
“ Good-night.”
“ Not yet,” they cry ; “ enough of love
and sport ;
“ Still tell of Corse, and how he held the
fort.”

* * * * *

WITH CORSE AT ALLATOONA.*

IT was less than two thousand we num-
bered,

In the fort sitting up on the hill;
That night not a soldier that slumbered;
We watched by the starlight until
Daybreak showed us all of their forces;
About us their gray columns ran,
To left and to right they were round us,
Five thousand if there was a man.

“Surrender your fort,” bawled the rebel;
“Five minutes I give, or you’re dead.”
“Not a man,” answered Corse, in his treble,
“Perhaps you can *take* us instead!”
Then pealed forth their cannon infernal;
We fought them outside of the pass,
Two hours, the time seemed eternal;
The dead lay in lines on the grass.

* Note 5.

But who cared for dead or for dying?
The fort we were there to defend,
And across from yon far mountain flying,
Came a message, "Hold on to the end;
Hold on to the fort." It was Sherman,
Who signalled from Kenesaw's height,
Far over the heads of our foemen,
"Hold on—I am coming to-night."

Quick fluttered our flag to the signal,
We answered him back with a will,
And fired on the gray-coated rebels
That charged up the slope of the hill.
"Load double," cried Corse, "every cannon;
Who cares for their ten to our one?"
We looked at the swift-coming rebels,
And answered their yell with a gun.

With the grape from our fort in their faces,
They rush to the ramparts, but stop;
Ah! few of the gray-columned army
That day left alive at the top.
On the parapets, too, lie our wounded,
Each porthole a grave for the dead;
No room for our cannon, the corpses
Fill up the embrasures instead.

Again through the cannon's red weather

They charge up the hill and the pass,
Their dead and our dead lie together

Out there on the slope in the grass.

A crash from our rifles—they falter;

A gleam from our steel—it is by.

“Recall, and retreat,” sound their bugles;

We cheer from the fort as they fly.

Once more and the signal is flying—

“How many the wounded and dead?”

“Six hundred,” says Corse, “with the
dying,”

The blood streaming down from his head.

“But what of that? Look! the old banner

Shines out there as peaceful and still

As if there had not been a battle

This morning up here on the hill.”

* * * * *

LIV.

“TELL on, tell on,” the eager listeners
cried,

As each new tale of love or war was done,

And half they cheered at Sheridan's great
ride,

And laughed or wept as each new yarn was
 spun ;
 Then all at once they wrangled, near and far,
 As to what thing had brought about the
 war.

LV.

One said the politicians ; others said
 'Twas cotton, else the niggers did it all ;
 Or abolitionists ; had they been dead
 There never had been any war at all.
 Then one spake up, who by the fire had
 lain,
 “ *This is God's war, to me 'tis very plain.*”

LVI.

“ You all have heard, but listen, hear once
 more,
 Of that old Shepherd of New England's sod,
 Whose hero-blood lies at the Nation's door
 Because he feared the everlasting God.
 Curst was the land for that black deed,
 abhorred,
 For they had slain an angel of the Lord.”

* * * * *

THE BALLAD OF JOHN BROWN.

BY old North Elba's hill-girt town
A shepherd, dressed in homely brown,
Beside his flocks one morning stood
Amidst the rough field's solitude,
And wanting aught of else to do,
His Bible from his pocket drew,
And read some pages, till he saw
How straight and simple is the law.

“Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you.” He stood
A little while when he had read,
Then closed the book, and prayed, and said,
“I have not done this thing at all.”
He glanced beyond the pasture wall,
And saw two bondsmen hurrying by,
Who had escaped from slavery.
Far from the South they fled one day,
And good men helped them on their way.
And now the shepherd thought of this,
How far and long he'd been amiss,

How in the land he called his own
A monstrous evil had upgrown
Till millions of his kinsmen stood,
Bound hand and soul in servitude,
And he had lifted heart nor hand
To cleanse the foul blot from the land.

He knelt and made to God a vow,
That if some day, or if somehow,
The shepherd of North Elba could
Become God's instrument for good,
To drive the curse from out the land,
He would give all his years, and stand
First in the ranks of those who make
Their bed with death for Freedom's sake.
That moment round about him shone
A light unearthly and unknown,
But fair, supernal, as some star,
That shines where only angels are.
And then a low voice seemed to say,
"Thou art my servant from this day."

.

Years passed, and he who heard the Lord
Became an angel of the sword.

Wherever wrong, oppression, dwelt,
There his right hand was quickly felt.
Stern, as became his pride and name,
That hither with the Mayflower came,
Yet little children loved to stand
Beside his knee or press his hand ;
But hated, wronged, despised was he,
As was that One of Galilee,
And no man dared to give him bread,
Lest vengeance fall upon his head.

Only a prophet here and there
With soul to soar, and hand to dare,
Saw in the old man's shining sword,
The secret purpose of the Lord.
Like some strong knight of olden time
Whom bards have sung in many a rhyme,
Alone he fought against the wrong,
Nor asked which side was the more strong,
For well he knew one in the right
Could chase a thousand in the fight.

.

Years passed, but never once forgot
The bondsman's tears, the bondsman's lot.
Nor that fair morning in the field

Where his great vow to God was sealed.
And many a sad slave's eyes grew dim,
At thought of freedom and of him.
And many a bondsman's feet were led
To lands where slavery never spread.
Yet, wronged himself, despised and poor,
He trod the wine-press o'er and o'er :
Though full of bitterness the cup,
To the last dregs he drank it up.
Burned were his barns, his corn, his wheat,
His murdered sons lay at his feet ;
To misery his life seemed wed,
A price was placed upon his head ;
Yet yielded not his heart of steel,
Nor questioned he of woe or weal.
" Who perils naught in God's great strife
He is not worthy of his life.
To live with wrong were mortal crime ;
Who fears is born out of his time.
So one more blow the curse I'll give ;
What if I die or if I live ?
Years are not of our life the sum,
Nor dies one till his time is come.
Nor matters it, so if at last
The curse of bondage shall be passed."

He struck. 'Twas proud Virginia felt
The blow the shepherd's strong arm dealt.
Where the Potomac winds its way
From the blue mountains to the bay,
A little village smiling waits
The stranger at its outer gates ;
Immortal grown since that first blow
That laid at last the monster low.
One autumn Sabbath in the night
He set the whole town in a fright ;
With but a handful of brave men
He scared the lion to his den ;
But ere the noontide of that day,
Dead half his comrades round him lay,
And ere night's shadows had grown dim,
A thousand soldiers marched on him.
But spite of numbers, wounds, and blood,
Like some chased tiger there he stood,
And fired his rifle till, the last
Poor chance of hope or rescue past,
He fell amidst his children dead,
Hurling his curse on slavery's head.
And no fierce foeman where he fought,
And no cold court where he was brought,
No frowning judge, nor lawyer's scorn,

Nor pain of body, bleeding, torn,
Could make him one small moment yield,
Whose life to freedom had been sealed.

Writhing upon his cot of hay,
Unconquered the old hero lay,
Though pitiless around him stood
His captors thirsting for his blood.
Unmoved he heard the judge's cry,
"Away with him, and let him die."
Unmoved and tearless saw them come
To lead him to his fearful doom ;
The scaffold saw, but not afraid,
He walked as if an angel stayed
Close by his side and bade him hear,
Above the rabble's shout and jeer,
Beyond the scaffold, dark and grim,
The far-off bells that tolled for him ;
Adown the drifting years to look,
And see all chains, all shackles broke ;
And farther, through the drifting cloud,
Beyond the coffin and the shroud,
With his glad eyes the gates behold,
The Master's face, the crown of gold,

And in the pearls encircling it
 These words, for his own glory writ :
 "As unto them ye did, so ye
 Have likewise done it unto Me."

* * * * *

LVII.

"**T**HAT is my story," said the soldier,
 "and
 That's why I think the conflict is of God.
 They did not see the everlasting Hand,
 They heeded not, so passed beneath the rod.
 They mocked His face, nor saw the holy
 light,
 And that is why we all are here to-night."

.

LVIII.

A white-haired slave who to the camp had
 come,
 Sat near the fire and heard the story through ;
 Silent he sat like one who might be dumb,
 But while they talked his eyes still larger
 grew,

For now, confirmed, as if by holy Word,
The things of which he had but dimly
heard.

LIX.

And when the moon her glory had put
on,
And silvered o'er the bivouac and the pines,
With step as light as some poor frightened
fawn
He crept away beyond the Union lines.
From farm to farm his hurrying footsteps
flew
To tell the slaves the mighty things he
knew.

LX.

How down the roads a glorious army went,
“A million men, each with a shining sword,
Their camp-fires lighting all the firmament
As might have shone the camp-fires of the
Lord.”

How in the woods he heard their trum-
pets blow,
“Like to the horns that threw down
Jericho.”

LXI.

Down sank the moon and still he hurried
by,
Forever shouting, "Lo! the Jubilee."
The foeman heard the weird and far-off
cry,
And wondered much what this strange voice
could be.
The bondsmen too, they hear and under-
stand,
As if it were an angel in the land.

LXII.

No sleep that night for twenty miles
around,
From cabin homes to cabin homes they flee,
And far away the glorious tidings sound
As spread the waves of some disturbèd sea,
And chanting songs fill all the midnight air,
And sobs and sighs and thankfulness and
prayer.

LXIII.

And old men heard who had not hoped to
live
To hail in tears the coming of this day,

Though here and there some flying slave
would give
A tale of that great army on its way ;
Or tell of him whose death, the bonds-
men's loss,
“ Had made the scaffold glorious like the
cross.”

LXIV.

Up to the house, the white house on the
lawn,
From their rude cabins all the bondsmen
hie ;
Gone is the mistress, and the master, gone ;
And tasks and whips, and gone is slavery ;
And ere the dawn illumines field and dell,
The slaves will sing their long and last
farewell.

* * * * *

LAST NIGHT I HEARD THE WHIP-
POORWILL.

LAST night I heard the whippoorwill,
Good-bye ;

I think I hear his sweet voice still,
Good-bye, plantation.

An angel brought some good news round,
Good-bye ;

Oh, don't you hear the joyful sound ?
Good-bye, plantation.

Oh ! if you never prayed before,
Good-bye ;

Just now you's bound to pray the more,
Good-bye, plantation.

I think I hear the angels sing,
Good-bye ;

Oh, don't you hear the angel's wing,
Good-bye, plantation.

Oh, make your garments clean and white,
Good-bye ;

Great news has come to you this night,
 Good-bye, plantation.
 Oh, Massa Linkum, make us free,
 Good-bye ;
 Oh, let us hail the jubilee,
 Good-bye, plantation.

* * * * *

LXV.

STILL in that forest round their bivouac
 fires,
 The soldiers gossip far into the night ;
 Some of adventure ; some, their heart's
 desires ;
 To far-off homes some send their fancy's flight ;
 Some, of their leaders talk ; but most
 they bend
 Their thoughts on Lincoln—him, the peo-
 ple's friend.

LXVI.

They see him toiling in the wilderness,
 In simple garb, with hardened hands, but sure.
 Hard school of toil, but blessèd none the
 less,
 Where he may learn the lessons of the poor !

Well Nature knew the soul she had to teach,
And gave it wings immortal heights to
reach.

LXVII.

They see him stand in joy or toil the same,
And fearing not life's battles or its scars ;
The ladder see by which he climbed to
fame,—
To them it seemed to lean against the stars,—
And on its rounds, writ in his deathless
hand,
“ *There shall no more be bondage in this
land.*”

PART II.

1.

'TIS morn ; the bugles in the camp
Sound loud the reveille,
And far their notes through wood and swamp
Re-echo merrily.

2.

And from their leafy beds the men
Rise up like wakened deer,
And round the bivouac fires again
Make good their morning cheer.

3.

Once more the clarion note is heard :
“ Fall in ! ” goes down the line,
The camp is left to wind and bird,
And to the murmuring pine.

* * * * *

LXVIII.

A GAIN the fir trees that an hour ago,
Stood like lone ghosts above the
bivouac fires,
Illumined now with the sun's rising glow,
Lift up their heads like tall cathedral spires ;
And far along, in many a blue-coat line,
The columns tramp, the sloping rifles shine.

LXIX.

At times through some grand forest they
would pass,
Whose lofty aisles were marvels to behold,
Whose floors of moss and of bright yellow
grass,
Like fairyland, new wonders did unfold ;
And there abreast the marching columns
come
With flying flags, and bugle-notes, and
drum.

LXX.

And then one sings, " My Country, 'tis of
thee ; "
A thousand voices join the glad refrain ;

Fit forest song, fit hymn to liberty !
The woods resound, they are the soldier's
fane ;
Forgot is war, 'tis Freedom's song they
sing ;
The bugles sound and all the dim aisles
ring.

LXXI.

So marched they on, and here and there
there came
Great groups of slaves, of young folks and of
old,
Children and wives, the poor, the halt, the
lame,
To see the sights of which they had been told.
Still spread the tale with wondering accord
Of old John Brown, "The servant of the
Lord."

LXXII.

And dusky bondsmen at the roadside knelt
And gave God thanks that they had seen
this day.
No heart not flint but at that scene had
felt
Pity and shame for all that sad array :

Pity, that help had come so late to hand,
 And shame, that slavery e'er had cursed
 the land.

LXXIII.

And now again their hallelujahs rise,
 Like to that chant of Miriam by the sea ;
 The Lord has heard the lowly and his cries,
 His armies come to set the bondsmen free ;
 And every soldier in that mighty line
 Seems in their eyes a being half divine.

LXXIV.

It was a scene such as the world looks on
 But here and there in the dim centuries—
 The armed host, that tramped its way at
 dawn,
 The lines of bondsmen weeping on their
 knees,
 And praying but to touch the garment's
 hem
 Of men who brought such glorious news
 to them.*

LXXV.

Nights passed, and days, and every road-
 side had

* Note 6.

Its groups of slaves now bound for liberty ;
Nor any faces were there wholly sad,
So glad were they at thoughts of being free ;
Poor simple souls, their cup with joy was
lined
At leaving all they ever knew behind.

LXXVI.

At times the scene was picturesque and
fair,
The ebon faces shining in their joy,
The half-clad forms of men and women
there,
The half-brown maids, with faces soft and
coy,
And wistful children, naked and forlorn,
Too young to know they were in bondage
born.

LXXVII.

And old, old men with faces like the night,
And locks like snow, that hemmed their
dark eyes in ;
With teeth like ivory, so smooth and white,
And beards like flakes fresh from the cotton
gin.

None knew their age, nor counted they
their years,
Nor scars, nor blows, their sorrows nor
their tears.

LXXVIII.

Red-turbaned matrons ling'ring round the
scene,
Their gay bandanas over breast and head ;
The yellow grass, no longer fresh and
green,
The autumn leaves now turning gold and
red.
December days already were at hand,
The Indian-summer of the Southern land.

LXXIX.

Now many a night, around the soldiers'
fires,
In the dim light was seen the bondsman's
face,
Women and maids, young men and gray-
haired sires,
While tales they told of their down-trodden
race ;

And songs they sung, for music still was
his ;
Wrongs had not robbed the poor slaves'
power of this.

LXXX.

In his worst hours, in all his years of
wrong,
Rude song had been his only hope and stay ;
Nor day so dark but that some simple
song
Could make it light, and drive his tears away.
Simple of heart as was his music's strain,
The gentlest race that ever wore a chain.

LXXXI.

And dance he could, in his fantastic way,
And patted Juba round the fires at night—
Hoe-downs, and jigs, and many a caper-
ing play ;
The soldiers shouted in their wild delight.
The flick'ring flames danced on the
bivouacs round
As if they too had pleasure in the sound.

LXXXII.

And cocks crew loud that had some battle
won,
For this, too, was a soldiers' camp-fire sport,
And woe that cock, who when his fight
was done,
Had no great news of victory to report !
Into the stew-pan straight his body came,
Unknown to glory and unknown to fame.

LXXXIII.

But, lo ! for him, though common barn-
yard fowl,
Who had wrenched victory from some better
blood,
To him the cheers ; up rose the mighty
howl
As if some Cæsar down the columns rode ;
Glorious his fate, he lived, the soldiers'
pride,
As on some knapsack he would proudly
ride.

LXXXIV.

Still round the camp the slaves like gypsies
clung,

And lived on what their busy hands could
find
Of plenteous waste, or what the soldiers
flung
To them of bread, or food of any kind ;
Content if they could only surely be
Flying away from their sad slavery.

LXXXV.

For there was no one in that dusky throng
Who did not see in their escaping thus
A resurrection from the grave of wrong,
And to their people God's new exodus ;
So that no hardship seemed too great to
stand,
If but at last they reached their promised
land.

LXXXVI.

Nor dared they halt, for oft behind them
rode
Men fierce of heart, enraged to see them fly
From their hard masters, who in cruel
mode
Might capture all or slay them utterly ;
And little choice was there for any one,
To die like this or live as they had done.

LXXXVII.

Nor midst the troops was every man their
friend ;
At sight of wrong men were not always
moved ;
Some had in heart no sympathy to lend,
And some the curse of slavery approved,
And little recked if sorrow might befall,
Or woful chance should put them back in
thrall.

LXXXVIII.

Thus on a time, beside a rapid stream,
A column slept—it was the early dawn ;
And at their rear a thousand bondsmen
dream
Of sweetest days now swiftly coming on ;
But ere the sun lit full the forest fair
The column marched and left them sleep-
ing there.

LXXXIX.

And then, as if by cruel war's mischance,
The bridge is cut ere they have crossed the
stream ;
They see the rapid water's cold expanse,

And far away the blue-coats' rifles' gleam.

“Horror!” they cry, to sudden death
consigned,

“The bridge is gone, and we are left
behind!”

XC.

Broad was the stream, most pitiful the cry
Of that black throng quick-gathered on the
shore;

They see their hopes in one dread instant
fly,

Before them toil and slavery once more;

Dreading the foes, that close behind them
ride,

Wildly they wail, and plunge into the tide.

XCI.

Old men and young, the weaklings and
the strong,

Unthinking rushed into the rolling stream;

Like some wild herd the panic-stricken
throng

Went to its fate as in some horrid dream,

Preferring death in the cold river's waves

To going back as bondsmen and as slaves.

XCII.

Still some are saved ; the soldiers, kinder
 than
The cruel fate that willed the fearful thing,
 Spring to the stream and do whate'er they
 can,
And many a poor soul from the river bring.
 Yet all that day, adown that stream, 'twas
 said,
Men saw naught else than bodies of the
 dead.*

* Note 7.

PART III.

BALLAD.

1.

THE good old times were bravest times,
Alas that they are by !
'Twas then the land's best citizens
Were not afraid to die.

2.

Then Country meant to small or great
A something to defend ;
And nothing was too dear to give,
No blood too good to spend.

3.

And no one asked if any time
Or often he must fight,
Or what the cause—'twas one to him,
His country must be right.

4.

Thus was it e'er Atlanta fell,
And foes were put to rout ;
When the great land was in despair,
And clouds hung all about.

5.

A message came to Sherman's men—
In cold and rags they stood,
And many names of battle-plains
Were written with their blood.

6.

“ Oh ! by your hero past,” it said,
“ And by each honored brow,
Vain is the blood already spilt
If you should leave us now.”

7.

Then spake a colonel of the line :
“ Now, men, do as you may ;
Three bloody years you've battled through,
Your time is up to-day.

8.

“ Three bloody years of heat or cold,
Of toil and marching far ;
A hundred battles you have fought,
And each man has his scar.

9.

“ If 'tis your will, this moment ends
Your dangers in the strife ;
Say but the word and you go home
To sweetheart or to wife.

10.

“ But if that one or all should still
His land's behest obey,
Let him step forward as the sign
He stands by it to-day.”

11.

‘
Calm stood each soldier in the line
And thought the matter o'er ;
Thought of his sweetheart, or of wife,
But thought of country more.

12.

Ten paces out the colonel placed
 The torn and tattered rag.
 "Who wills it, when the drum shall beat,
 Steps to the dear old flag."

13.

"Eyes right ;" they looked. "Eyes front ;"
 they turned ;
 Each other's face they scan :
 One tap of drum—with steady step
 Came forward *every man*.*

* * * * *

* Note 8.

XCIH.

HEAVENS! such it was that made
our armies great,
And such it was that made our Country
strong—
A love of land, surpassing home; the state
Was men's first sweetheart four years long.
And faithful they, who standing in that line,
Stepped to the flag at the grim drummer's
sign.

XCIV.

And these were they now marching to the
sea,
With their dead comrades in their graves
behind;
Little they recked what at the front might
be,
So that their banners floated to the wind;
For well they knew, so long as Sherman led,
All would be well, whatever lay ahead.

.

XCV.

One time they camped beside a rolling
stream,
Their kinsmen foes upon the other side,
In the green woods they saw their white
tents gleam
And heard the war-songs o'er the glistening
tide.
And in the night they heard their sen-
tinel
Cry, "Twelve o'clock, midnight, and all
is well."

* * * * *

AT THE RIVER.

BESIDE the stream our bivouac lay,
And by the other side
The rebels camped, so close that they
 Could see us o'er the tide.
And twice a day across the way
They heard our bands of music play.

Green grew the grass along the shore,
 Kissed by the morning dew ;
Like a sweet dream the silent stream,
 Coursed its deep channel through ;
While overhead the pine-trees said
Low words as if they worshippèd.

The soft winds lifted the sweet mist,
 In happiness elate,
And knew not if the flags they kissed
 Were flags of love or hate.
With sweetest thrall God's dear winds fall
In benediction over all.

And suddenly the band began
Some sweet and loyal strain ;
From the green woods the soldiers ran
To hear the glad refrain.

From shore to shore, the waters o'er,
The gladsome winds the music bore.

A truce to war that moment fell
On blue coat and on gray ;
Entrancing music's heavenly spell
On the broad river lay.

Nor sabre's gleam, nor bullet's scream,
Disturbed the silent-flowing stream.

Now sweeter still the music plays
" My country, 'tis of thee."

The blue-coat boys their voices raise,
And sing it fervently.

Sad hearts and sore, on yonder shore,
The rebels love that song no more.

Then Yankee Doodle fills the air,
And slogans fierce of war ;
And " Old John Brown," the soldiers there
Take up the chorus far ;
And far and near the blue-coats cheer
The loyal music that they hear.

A pause—and then the band resumes,

'Tis “Dixie” is the strain ;

And, hark ! across the stream there comes

The rebels' loud refrain.

Bronze-faced they stand, the gray-coat band,

And cheer and cheer for Dixie Land.

“Then rally round the flag,” once more

And loud the blue-coats cry,

And mock them on the other shore

With songs of loyalty.

Till loud and clear, and far and near,

Each side its own war slogans cheer.

Then all at once the sweeter strain

Of “Home, Sweet Home,” is heard ;

Both camps join in the dear refrain,

And every heart is stirred.

And, blue or gray, each soul that day

Thought on his loved ones far away.

For one sweet moment, and there seemed

No North or South land there,

Across the river's breast there gleamed

The holiness of prayer.

Forgot were hatred, wrong, and strife ;

Each thought of sweetheart or of wife.

Oh ! had some power that moment come,
To keep that music's strain,
Then war and hate had all been dumb,
There had been no more slain,
But sweet surcease of war, the lease
Of years that bringeth all men peace.

Still, long as kindlier things shall last
War's rude heart to adorn,
No touching scene will have surpassed
The pathos of that morn,
When blue and gray, in one sweet lay,
Together sang war's hates away.

* * * * *

XCVI.

STILL, northward came no news of all
that host,
Since that great day that saw Atlanta fall,
Nor any knew if they should reach the
coast,
Or if in battle they were captured all.
“Lost is that army,” still grim rumor said,
“Its legions captured, and its leader dead.”

XCVII.

Yet every day saw its great General ride
Down the blue lines amidst the columns'
cheers.

Through forests dark, across savannahs
wide,
They tramped, nor thought of all the Nation's
fears ;
Content, if only their great leader's hand
Should guide them safely through the
unknown land.

XCVIII.

Night saw him silent in his camp alone,
Or walking slowly by his bivouac fire,
When all the army to its rest had gone—
Unwearying soul that never seemed to tire ;
What thoughts were his beneath that
camp-fire's spell,
When lonely midnight round his bivouac
fell ?

XCIX.

Heard he at times the far-off foeman's horn,
And planned, in thought, some battle's great
array ?

Saw he the charge, led he the hope forlorn,
Through the red coals that in his camp-fire
lay?

Saw he afar the mighty conflict done,
And his own name, of all, the glorious one?

C.

Saw he through years the arch of triumph
rise,
The bronzed steeds, the trumpeters elate,
The marble shafts that pierce the very skies
To him whose name the people have called
great?

Hears he afar the grateful bells they ring,
The shouts of joy, the pæans that they
sing?

CI.

Night wraps him round in her mysterious
gloom,
Above his head the fir trees waiting stand,
Silent and dark, as is some funeral plume;
The glimmering camp-fire waves its magic
wand;

Lone shadows creep about the silent place,
And flickering lights fall on the leader's
face.

CII.

A form erect as is some sturdy oak,
Alert, and tall, and quick in every move,
A face deep carved, whose very wrinkles
spoke,
And lips that told of battle and of love.
Brown, sparkling eyes, that ever seemed
to shine,
A lofty brow where genius sat divine.

CIII.

Men said he was like Cæsar ; only this—
The imperial form and face, indeed, he
had,
But his ambition never went amiss,
And love of glory ne'er did make him
mad.
Great though his deeds, and great though
his renown,
No Antony had dared to offer him a
crown.

CIV.

At times he heard some music's far-off
 strain,
Or snatch of song beside some bivouac
 fire,
And list'ning caught the gladsome notes
 again,
Soft in the night as some æolian lyre;
And joyed to think his soldiers free from
 care,
Though he himself had many a load to
 bear.

* * * *

MIDNIGHT IN CAMP.

'TIS midnight in the camp,
And starlight in the sky ;
In a forest cold and damp
Two mighty armies lie.

A river rolled between,
Where the lone pickets stood ;
The camp-fire's faintest gleam
Shone on the silent flood.

Out of the darkness rides
A cavalry brass band ;
Down to the stream it glides,
Down where the sentries stand.

Their clanging swords we heard,
As past the lines they went ;
We questioned them no word,
But wondered what it meant.

Low spake their leader : " Men,
To-morrow is the fight ;
The rebels in that glen
Must hear us play to-night.

“ Let’s play some loyal air
They may not hear again,
They’ll know the strain out there—
Some song of Sherman’s men.”

And through the starlight fell,
And midst the forest dim,
Like some grand organ’s swell,
The Nation’s battle-hymn.

Strange thoughts were in the breast
Of many a rebel there,
Who, wakened from his rest,
Heard that last loyal air.

Oh ! many heard that night
The last song of their life—
There was no time to write
To sweetheart or to wife.

For morning saw them slain,
Whose souls mayhap were stirred
By that one loyal strain—
The last song that they heard.

CV.

ONE night it was the chaplain's turn to
tell

Some story of great danger he had seen ;
For though he preached, still he could
fight as well ;
In many a fray and skirmish he had been,
And on his breast, when back his coat
was rolled,
They saw a badge of silver and pure gold.

CVI.

And now beside a little picket post,
Far in advance of all the army's camp,
Where but a handful of that mighty host
Sat round a hidden fire within a swamp,
He stirred the embers, slumbering low,
and then
Told them the tale of Andrews and his
men.

* * * * *

THE RAID OF THE ANDREWS MEN

'T WAS April eighteen sixty-two,
Great Shiloh's bloody day,
Brave Mitchell, with his men in blue.

By Chattanooga lay.
Far and alone he had come there,
With but a thousand men,
To chase the rebels to their lair,
The lion to his den.

"If I could take the town," he said,
"With its high ridges, then
I would not fear them though they led
A hundred thousand men ;
For to the lofty mountain pass
It is the only key ;
Who holds its gates, that moment has
The whole of Tennessee.

“ There is a railroad leading quite
 Into Atlanta town ;
It brings the soldiers up who fight,
 And takes the wounded down.
Had I some soldier bold enough
 To cross yon river’s bar
And burn the bridges on that road,
 ’Twere worth a year of war.

“ But who would think to venture there
 With life so in his hand ?
It were a deed no soul would dare
 For all the Southern land.”
Low spoke a captain of the guard—
 James Andrews was his name :
“ Well, General, ’twere not so hard
 As many a road to fame.

“ Give me a score of trusted men,
 Brown coats, instead of blue,
And ere yon sun sinks twice again
 The deed is done for you.
This very night in deep disguise
 Each on some path his own,
Will wander where the river lies
 Behind yon mountain lone.

“ To-morrow night the train will go
From Chattanooga town,
And we will ride to Kenesaw
Before the sun is down.
And there we'll hide and wait the train,
That's coming North next day,
And overpower the guards, and gain
The engine on its way.

“ Be ready, you, to take the place
By noon if all goes well ;
How far we've run the fearful race
Each burning bridge will tell.
But if no flame nor smoke you see,
Beyond yon mountain's head,
Fly quickly out of Tennessee
And know that we are dead.”

That night, through storm and forests damp,
By many a darkening stream,
A band of men set out from camp
Under the lightning's gleam.
Before, around, the foemen lay,
The night grew stormier still,
But still they kept their dangerous way
Past Chattanooga's hill.

“ Who are the men who ride with us
From Chattanooga town ?
They are not foemen, coming thus,
Their garb our homely brown ?
Only their faces all are pale ;
Why are they all so still ?
Some came on board at Ringgold vale,
And some at Tunnel Hill.”

So spake the people in the train,
But night came on ere long ;
Some talked of harvests, and the rain,
Some passed the hours in song.
But no one guessed that when the light
Should tinge the mountain's crown,
A hundred men would be in fight
With twenty men in brown.

No sleep that night for any one
Of that heroic band,
And all were glad of morning's sun,
To bring the game to hand.
God ! 'twas a sight for one who knew
What errand they were on,
To see how firm their faces grew,
Their eyes, how strange they shone.

Low spake the leader : " Men, I know
To count on every one ;
We know what thing we've got to do,
'Twere good that it were done.
Five minutes, and the train is here ;
Keep cool, as you are now."
Each thought of some one far and dear,
And wiped his moistening brow.

Right by them stood the foemen's camp,
With many a sentinel ;
The sun rose like some mighty lamp
And tinged the mountain swell.
No word is said ; no soul holds back ;
One moment still for prayer,
And roaring down the railroad track
The train is coming there.

" Ten minutes here for breakfast, men,"
They hear the trainmen cry.
" We'll make it more," said Andrews then,
A strange look in his eye.
He watched the passengers get out,
The trainmen hurry through ;
Loud rang the gong, the hungry rout
Quick to the table flew.

“Now is our time, if ever, men,”
The leader softly said ;
And every eye was turned, and then
He signalled with his head.
One glance along the line he flung,
One glance his comrades gave,
And to the train the twenty sprung,
As if 'twere from the grave.

Three men upon the engine leap,
Upon the tender, ten,
And seven among the baggage keep ;
They are strong-hearted men.
A pin is drawn, the train's in two,
One half is left behind,
And quick the engine leaped and flew,
As if 'twere on the wind.

The rebel soldiers fire and shout,
The wheels fly on amain,
Alarmed, the trainmen hurry out,
And curse the stolen train.
“To horse,” cry some, and well they need ;
And some stand by and swear
That never yet was such a deed
Of daring anywhere.

“ ’Tis thirty miles to Kingston town,”
Cries Fuller; brave is he.
“ We’ll catch them there, a train comes down,
The mail from Tennessee.
Steam up yon locomotive, quick,
The ‘ Yonah,’ flying bird;
We’ll teach the Yankees such a trick
As they have never heard.

“ Their engine is the ‘ General,’
And she is strong and fleet;
But ‘ Yonah ’ is the little girl
That never yet was beat.
Fill her with soldiers, quick, for when
We meet, full sure it is,
There will be fighting fierce with men
Who’d dare a thing like this.”

On, on, they fly, the Andrews men,
Quick as the bounding deer,
When through the woods and down the glen
The horn and hounds they hear.
But practiced hands hold at the bar,
The throttles open wide,
The engine bounds and leaps, and far
For life or death they ride.

They only stop to break the track,
Or cut the wires down,
Or do some thing to make a wrack,
This side of Kingston town.

“What’s all of this?” the Kingston folk
Cry, when they see the ten;

“Here’s Fuller’s engine roaring hot,
But where are Fuller’s men?”

And freight and mail trains crowd them thick;
There is no room, alas!

“Move out, you thieves,” cried Andrews,
quick,

“And let the Special pass.

For I am bound for Beauregard,
With powder and with lead;

Who stops the Special Shiloh-ward
Will pay it with his head.”

That moment and there is a wrack
And roaring far behind;

For Fuller’s men have cleared the track—
He, too, comes like the wind.

Amazed, the people hear the din,
And wonder what’s about,

For just as Fuller’s train comes in
The Andrews train goes out.

And on, and on, and on, they fly,
On six wheels or on four ;
The smoke pours out, the clouds go by,
The mighty engines roar.
“ Stop, quick, and tear the tracks again,”
Cries Andrews, “ and load on
A hundred railroad ties, my men ;
We’ll throw them as we run.
“ More steam, more oil, pile in the wood,
Brakes off, and let her go.”
Two strong men hold the lever good ;
Two strong men fuel throw.
White are the hot flames roaring there,
And white the roaring steam,
And white the faces of the men
That hear the “ Yonah ” scream.
On, on, and on ; the people stare,
As past the towns they fly ;
A lightning’s flash is on Adair,
A storm is in the sky.
“ Now, let her run for all she’s worth
Before our fuel’s wet ;
There is no longer time to halt,
Nor any wood to get.”

The engine rocks to left and right,
The tender springs in air ;
By heaven ! it was a stirring sight,
To see them flying there !
The hundred ties they quickly fling
Along the railroad track ;
But ties, nor logs, nor anything
Can keep the " Yonah " back.

She, too, bounds roaring up and down ;
At railroad ties they scoff,
And fast as Andrews flings them down,
So fast they fling them off.
Nearer and nearer still they come,
Their musket's crash is red ;
" Pour on the oil, and give her room,"
Was all that Andrews said.

" Pour on the oil and burn the car,
Perhaps as we pass through,
Its flames may catch yon bridge's bar
And burn the bridges too."
Lord, Lord ! it was a sight to see,
As any sight of war,
The storm, now raging fearfully,
The burning, flying car,

The flaming at the engine's wheels,
The red-hot musket's flash,
The "Yonah" flying on their heels,
The mighty thunder's crash.
Lord, help them! Look, the wheels stop still
Upon the slippery track;
Too steep the grade of yonder hill,
The engine will go back!

A scream, a shout, a mighty yell!
The "Yonah's" within hail.
"Too late, ye rebels, with your curse,
Our engine takes the rail."
And faster, louder than before,
Down the steep grade she runs;
They hear the "Yonah's" angry roar,
The crashing of her guns.

Oh! for one little hour of time,
Some moments of delay,
So near is glory unto crime,
Failure to victory!
In their brave hands a nation's hope
Hangs trembling in the scale—
Lord! but five minutes on yon slope
And they were out of hail!

But who can fight with storm and fate?
The engine has stopped still;
The "Yonah," past the Summit gate,
Is roaring down the hill!
"Quick, spring, my men, to yonder wood!"
It is the leader's cry,
And right and left by copse and flood
The twenty soldiers fly.

What steam and storm could never do
Is done with horse and hound,
And here and there by swamp and slough,
The little band is found.

God help them now, an angrier foe
Was never theirs to meet,
The prison gate, the dungeon low,
The scaffold in the street!

By Chattanooga's hill-girt town,
Within a shady glen,
The wild-flowers and the lilacs crown
The graves of Andrews' men.
Earth holds their earth; their honored names
To children shall go down
So long as heroes' names have worth,
Or brave deeds have renown.*

* Note 9.

CVII.

THE story closed, and for a little spell
They who had listened spoke not
any word,
Nor thought if any other there might
tell
A tale so sad as this one they had heard.
But soon they talked of other things till
dawn
Put out the stars, and brought the morn-
ing on.

CVIII.

A few recalled the weariness of war,
And longed for homes that they might
never see ;
Little to them was shoulder-strap or star,
Their trusted guns their only blazonry.
What theirs to hope ? A grave in some
lone spot,
Their valorous deeds, their very names,
forgot.

CIX.

Nor was that march one long great holi-
day,
With naught to do but tramp along and
sing,
New sights to cheer them on their
wondrous way,
And blazing camp-fires, endless frolicking;
Full many a night on cold and sodden
ground
Their only rest, their only sleep, they
found.

CX.

Glad if some tree its kindly branches
lent,
Some fallen trunk kept off a little rain,
Till the cold storm, its blast and fury
spent,
Died with the night, and morning dawned
again.
When round new fires the veterans
essayed
Their garb to dry, their cups of coffee
made.

CXI.

And some recalled how, when the roads
were worst,
And trains mired down, deep in the mud
and sand,
When teams gave out, and drivers howled
and curst,
The soldiers pulled the wagons out by
hand ;
How days they tramped through muddy
fields to free
The roads for trains and the artillery.

CXII.

How false alarms had led them many a
mile ;
The *ignis fatuus* that was never found ;
The scanty food, the fireless camp the
while,
The dang'rous foe that still was lurking
round—
Of such their speech ; of such it still had
been,
Had not one said, "Let us have tales
again."

* * * * *

WAR VIOLETS.

TWO days and nights the battle swept
Through all the forest round ;
Two days and nights the wounded slept
Upon the sodden ground.

Then came the roll-call ; every name
Accounted for but one.

Some dead upon the field of fame ;
Some wounded ; missing, none.

“ Yes, Barton Jones,” the sergeant cried.
The youngest lad was he ;
He rode close to the Captain’s side
In that brave company.

“ Has no one seen him ? Men, go out
And search among the dead.
Look in yon wild woods all about
Where last the foemen fled.”

They found him in the shady glen,
Hemmed in by many a tree,
Among the bodies of dead men
That kept him company.

Wounded, alone, in pain he'd crept
The shady glen around,
To pick the violets that slept
In the sweet-scented ground.

Kindly they bore him to the rear,
The violets on his breast ;
And no strong man but shed a tear
When he was put to rest.

* * * * *

CXIII.

TOUCHED by the words, no comrade
 round that fire
But saw in thought some far-off village
 green,
 A mother weeping, and a gray-haired
 sire,
A youthful soldier parting from the scene ;
 A sister, smiling 'twixt the tears that
 flow ;
 A sweetheart proud to see her lover go.

CXIV.

And farther still than village green or
 street,
They see a glen where bluest violets lie,
 And that fair youth, like to the flowers
 so sweet,
• Trampled and torn with death's artillery.
 Ah! North or South, bitter for you the
 day
 When your dear hearts among the violets
 lay!

CXV.

Again the soldier told a tale of one,
He, too, a boy, on Chattanooga's field,
Who, when the roar of the great fight
was done,
Lay on the grass that his life-blood had
sealed ;
Dying, he thought of his heart's pain no
more,
But that dear flag that he to triumph
bore.

* * * * *

ALMOST UP.*

'T WAS Chattanooga's battlefield ;
The night was filled with stars ;
Two strong men bore a soldier back ;
He wore a sergeant's bars.

A color-sergeant of the line,
On the high ridge he fell,
Where the old colonel gave the sign
To charge them with a yell.

None braver climbed the battle hill
Or stormed the dangerous pass,
Than he, now lying pale and still,
Upon the blood-stained grass.

Beneath the torchlight's flick'ring glare,
Under the starlight dim,
The busy surgeons labored there
Until they came to him.

* Note 10.

“Where are you wounded, sergeant?”
said

The kind-faced surgeon. “Where?
Right at the top, sir,” said the lad;
“The bullet struck me there.”

“Ah! boy, I know. But *where?* I
mean,”

Again, in kind surprise.

“Just as I said, sir, at the top;”
Steady his deep-blue eyes.

“Yes, yes, I see!” The surgeon tore
The sleeve from off his arm—

A bleeding gash. “Yes, doctor—*there*
Is what did all the harm.

“I was ’most up—right at the top,
When the ball struck me here—

Yes, almost up.” Out in the woods
He heard his comrades cheer.

And faint he heard the pearly gates
Swing outward on the air,

And still he whispered, “Almost up—
The flag was almost there.”

* * * * *

PONCE DE LEON.

THROUGH the woods and the smoke
intense,
Charged the lines of the regiment,
Over the field and the low stone fence ;
And the old dog went where the Captain
went.

Once we halted. Lord ! how hot !
Grape and canister filled the air ;
The Captain fell, and I saw the spot,
And we all went back ; but the dog stayed
there.

Through the fight of the afternoon,
Kept he watch by his master dead,
Through the fight till the sun went down,
And the new moon rose on the field in-
stead.

“Sound a truce,” said the General ; then,
“Gather our wounded from off the
plain.”

With biers and spades went the burying
men

Out in the moonlight amongst the slain,

Till they came to one with a Captain's bars.

Far at the front, by the fence, he died ;
And they saw by the light of the moon and
stars,

The old dog dead by the Captain's side.
In the field, in the starlight there,

Under the flag they had died to save,
Under the moonlight, fresh and fair,

They buried them both in a soldier's
grave.

Softly and gently, within the ground ;

War's fierce terror has still amends.

Some words they wrote by the little mound :

“ Sacred, forever, to two good friends.”

Ponce de Leon, the St. Bernard,

True in life, and in death more true,
In the time of the great reward,

He will stand at the right hand, too.

* * * * *

CXVI.

STILL marched the soldiers, journeying
on and on ;
A bold, brave foe hung round them left and
right ;
The little towns, with half their people
gone,
Looked in amazement at the wondrous sight ;
Some saw with scorn, a few with secret
tears,
The stars and stripes they had not seen
for years.

CXVII.

For years that flag had been a hidden
thing ;
Men had not dared unfurl that banner there ;
No little children now were taught to sing
“ God bless our land ! ” The loyal, in despair,
Whispered their griefs ; no soul aloud
dare pray
For his own country in that awful day.

CXVIII.

And now they see this mighty army come,
Like some vast cloud, with vengeance in its
train ;
With woful faces, trembling lips and
dumb,
Once more they hear the loyal bugle's strain ;
For one short day, above the village gate,
Waves the old flag they have been taught
to hate.

CXIX.

Waves the old flag—and then the bitter
end :
The torch, the flame ; their homes, before
the night,
With the soft winds their ashes quickly
blend ;
War's whirlwind stoops to tear them in its
flight,
And morning comes to see a naked land,
And trampled fields, where smoking ruins
stand.*

* Note 11.

CXX.

Maddened to rage the Rebel horsemen fly
 And fling themselves upon their foemen
 there ;

Useless, they only find a place to die ;
 Their own brown fields become their
 sepulchre.

For them no household fires again may
 burn;

No village bells ring out their glad return.

CXXI.

In some lone swamp, or by some roadside
 drear,

In years to come some epitaph will tell
 How, " In this mound alone is sleeping here
 A soldier boy they buried where he fell."

Enough the words, whichever side he stood :
 " He thought it right,—lies here, and God
 is good."

.

CXXII.

Oft, too, by night the columns hurried on,
 Hearing dull cannon on some far-off flank,

And though their feet had journeyed
since the dawn,
And here and there one at the roadside sank,
Still on they marched, till some dark
river's breast,
Its bridges burned, gave them a moment's
rest.

CXXIII.

Then came a scene, most weird and won-
drous grand :
A thousand torches in the forest stood ;
A thousand men with axe or saw in hand
Hew down the trees, and bridge the rolling
flood ;
And planks and ropes from the high banks
are strung,
And light pontoons across the water flung.

CXXIV.

Throughout the darkness flares the pine-
knot's light,
And shadowy forms are hurrying to and fro,
The dark stream gurgles off into the night,
The bonfires glimmer on the sands below ;

Gigantic seem the horsemen as they ride
Out of the woods, down to the river side.

CXXV.

The bridge is finished, forward moves the
line,
With steady step to the low-beating drum,
With glare and smoke from out the dark-
ling pine,
'Neath flick'ring lights the silent columns
come.
The stream is crossed, the dying torches
fall
On the wet sand, and darkness covers all.

CXXVI.

Sometimes again the march was lightly
done ;
Steady the tramp, commencing with the morn,
E'er yet the light of the fair rising sun
Tinged half in gold the dry leaves of the
corn.
Then noontide saw them by some shaded
stream,
In bivouac resting, and their fires agleam.

CXXVII.

On grassy knolls some sleep the long
hours through ;
With dice and cards some chase the time
away,
Or fighting cocks, or football ; not a few
In dance, or tale, or music find their play ;
For long as war is of the world a part,
So long will music move the soldier's
heart.

CXXVIII.

Their muskets stacked in long, clear rows
of steel,
The sun's slant rays on polished bayonets
shine ;
One bugle call or one loud cannon peal,
And every soldier had been up in line.
The drum's long roll, one cry, "Fall in !"
and then
That darkling wood had turned to armèd
men.

CXXIX.

Quick fly the hours ; the sunset crimsons
by ;
Night comes, the woods with camp-fires are
ablaze,
In smoke the glimmering branches sway
on high,
Illumed yet ghostly in the bivouac's rays.
The tattoo sounds, the guards their vigils
keep ;
"Tattoo," "Lights out," and all the
soldiers sleep.

CXXX.

The soldiers sleep ; and yet, perchance,
ere morn,
Some fierce surprise falls on th' unconscious
men ;
Some cannon's boom on the night air is
borne,
Or flashing rifles rattle in the glen ;
Then beat the drums, and all the camp's
a-din,
The bugles sound, the sergeants cry,
"Fall in !"

* * * * *

KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY CHARGE

QUIET that night in our camp we lay,
The pine trees softly above us stirred ;
The brook sang low on its winding way ;
Only these were the sounds we heard.

Suddenly, and there came a flash,
Blazing red in the wooded glen ;
And that quick moment a cannon's crash,
Into the midnight among our men.

Little we needed the bugle's blare,
Little the noise of the scaring drum,
For quick in line we were standing there,
Waiting the foe if he dare to come.

Long we stood in the forest gloom,
Silence only along the line,
Save when a foeman's gun would boom
And tear the limbs from a trembling
pine.

Fair was the dawn when at last it came,
Glowing and red o'er the field it lay ;
And beyond the wood, by its tinted flame,
We saw a line of the men in gray.

How they looked when we saw them there,
Loading their guns for our men in blue !
And they burst their shells on the Sabbath
air ;
Over our heads in the woods they flew.

Over our heads, and we laughed at first,
Till their lines broke out in a spluttering
flash,
And a hurry of musketry from them burst,
And we thought no more of the cannon's
crash.

“ Cavalry, mount,” came the clear command,
As down before us Kilpatrick rode ;
His saber glistened in his right hand,
Over his shoulders his fair hair flowed.

“ We will drive them out of that field and lane.
Steady ! ” he said, to the waiting line ;
And he looked straight into our eyes again,
As we waited only to see his sign.

Oh! the dawn, it was fair to see ;
 Rosy and fresh on the fields it fell ;
And clear, that moment, as clear could be—
 Oh! we heard the voice of Kilpatrick
 well !

“ Front rank, sabers, and pistols, rear :
 Forward, gallop, and charge ! ” he cried.
Over the ditch and the fences near,
 Straight at the guns of the foes we ride.

Down the hill and across the brook,
 Up the slope like a hurricane ;
The very ground with our squadrons shook,
 And charging troopers fell thick as rain.

Over the fence and the barricades,
 Dashing, cheering, we cut our way,
And we hear the thud of our slashing
 blades,
 On the stubborn heads of the men in
 gray.

Smite and pound on the rebel head,
 Strike and thrust at the blue dragoon,
Till the desperate gunners all are dead—
 They are lying still as a day in June.

“ Now, right about ! ” for the day is ours ;
Back to the woods, for the lane is won ;
But oh ! the grass and the withered flowers
Are red with blood when the charge is
done !

Once again in the line we stand,
And down before us Kilpatrick rides ;
His saber glistens in his right hand,
And his face glows fair like a new-made
bride's.

Cheer after cheer as he rides along !
But the soldiers lying dead
Will never know of the cheers and song,
Or the words Kilpatrick said.*

* * * * *

* Note 12.

CXXXI.

AND now it seemed as if they could go
on

Forever marching in this wondrous way ;
The morning's foe at evening would be
gone ;

Nothing there was that could that army stay.
With lightsome step they marched, and
cheered and sang ;
The hills re-echoed, and the forests rang.

CXXXII.

And all were happy, for right well they
knew,
That march once done,—the South cut clean
in twain,—
Sweet peace would come, the war would
then be through,
And they would see their far-off homes
again.

And so with hopes like happy children
they
Marched laughing on, and war was almost
play.

CXXXIII.

Till on a day they fell upon a land,
Low, flat, and sterile ; void of everything
For man or beast. The cold unpitying
sand
To their tired ankles went ; nor budding
spring
Nor summer made that region wholly fair,
Nor pierced the sun the dull, dark forests
there.

CXXXIV.

Now more the foe pressed hard at every
stream,
Held every bridge, in every swamp lay hid ;
In the swamp's twilight and its murky
gleam,
No soul could see of anything they did,
Nor hear alarm, till, suddenly, a flash,
A cry of pain, and a fierce musket's crash.

CXXXV.

Hungry and tired, they who had hoped
before,
Now feared a little what might happen yet ;
For little now the wagons had in store,
In these last days that seemed so desperate.
And all men knew that hurrying armies
could
Still cut them off in some great swamp or
wood.

CXXXVI.

But on a day, while tired and sore they
went,
Across some hills wherefrom the view was
free,
A sudden shouting down the lines was
sent ;
They looked and cried, "*It is the sea ! the
sea !*"
And all at once a thousand cheers were
heard,
And all the army shout the glorious
word.

CXXXVII.

Not since that day when the great
Genoese
Placed his proud feet upon a new-found
world,
Had such glad shouts gone up to heaven
as these,
When to the breeze the old flag was un-
furled,
And all the army in one mighty song
Passed the glad news, "*It is the sea,*"
along.

CXXXVIII.

Bronzed soldiers stood and shook each
other's hands ;
Some wept for joy, as for a brother found ;
And down the slopes, and from the far-
off sands,
They thought they heard already the glad
sound
Of the old ocean welcoming them on
To that great goal they had so fairly
won.

CXXXIX.

High waved the flags, and every bugle
 played ;
And silver bands whose notes had not been
 heard
For days, in the dull forests where we'd
 strayed,
Where joyous songs our hearts had never
 stirred,
Poured forth their notes ; yet little heeded
 we,
Our souls too busy with that glistening
 sea.

CXL.

Now all at once things sad turned into
 gay,
The very swamps seemed changed to fairy
 green,
No longer dull the fields about us lay,
Turned to enchantment the inglorious scene ;
Forgot the weariness, the toil, the pain ;
Forgot were e'en our hapless buried
 slain.

CXLI.

To see this ocean ! that was joy supreme ;
Not in our lives had ever we before
Seen such a sight ; and like some fairest
dream
Sped the quick moments, for that shining
shore
To our glad hearts, and to our wondering
eyes,
Gleamed like the storied gates of Paradise.

CXLII.

Some swore they tasted sea-salt in the air,
Some strained their eyes at little specks far
off,
And called them ships, and looked for
sailors there ;
And some saw fleets in the deep ocean
trough,
Laden with bread and all good cheer that
we
Could crave, who brought such glorious
victory.

CXLIII.

At times we thought we heard the very
waves,
Though distant miles the white sea still from
us,
Or the low murmuring by the shore,
where laves
The water, restless as mankind ; and thus
Our hearts went faster than our feet, and
none
But said, "At last the weary war is
done !"

CXLIV.

But lo! behold! just as the end was
near,
A cannon boomed across the army's way ;
And by the sea we plainly saw appear
A frowning fort, strong held by men in
gray,
And round about it palisades so high,
Who charged that fort might surely fear
to die.

CXLV.

Black, belching guns frowned on its parapet ;
And though we wept to see the sweet sea's face,
The longed-for goal was not accomplished yet,
And that fair shore might be our burial place.
Then, suddenly, our leader's form appeared,
The proud flags waved, and all the army cheered.

CXLVI.

Long looked he there out on the whitening sea,
Scanning in vain some little trace to find
Of friendly fleet, if any there might be,
Or signal flag, upon the evening wind.
But fleet, nor flag, nor ship was anywhere,
No sign to tell they knew that we were there.

CXLVII.

That hour held fate, and well our leader
knew,
One short delay and all could still be
lost—
All that we hoped, and all we had come
through,
And his own fame, and all that marching
host.
Anxious he gazed into the speechless
space;
And, breathless, looked we in our leader's
face.

CXLVIII.

“Men,” then said he, “yon fort that's in
our course,
This very night must come into our hands.”
Then cheered we all, and many clamored
hoarse,
To have that honor, in the woods and sands
To storm the fort, and ere the sun be
set
Wave the old flag above its parapet.

CXLIV.

Then quiet marched five thousand veterans
 The dark woods through, by dauntless Hazen
 led,—
 Through half-cleared fields, by swamps
 and boggy fens,—
 While from the fort the shells shrieked over-
 head ;
 Till all at once the bugles sounded clear,
 “ On to the works ! ” We answered with
 a cheer.

CL.

The dear flags waved, and all the lines
 went on,
 Toward belching guns, past those high pali-
 sades,
 In the dark smoke ; one moment they were
 gone,
 And then one cry, one mighty charge, they
 made ;
 Into the fort a thousand blue-coats
 sprung ;
 The stars and stripes above its walls are
 flung ! *

.
 * Note 13.

CLI.

Bright shone the moon upon the fort that
 night,
And bright it shone upon the glistening sea;
 And far below we saw by its pale light,
Our ships of war that lay there silently ;
 And on the faces of our dead it shone—
 Blue coat or gray, to them it was all one.

CLII.

And all that night beneath the Southern
 moon,
With dead around us, all so patiently,
 We sat and talked of that fierce battle
 noon,
Until we saw the sun rise from the sea ;
 And when it rose in all its glory, then
We sang the song of Sherman and his
 men.

* * * * *

SONG OF SHERMAN'S MARCH TO
THE SEA.

OUR camp-fires shone bright on the
mountains,
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would
greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
 We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca ;
 God bless those who fell on that day !
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
 Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our stand-
 ards,
 And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
 Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
 The soil where the traitor flag falls ;
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
 Who slept by each river and tree ;
We twined them a wreath of the laurel
 As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh! proud was our army that morning,
 That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, " Boys, you are weary ;
 This day fair Savannah is ours ! "

Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.*

* * * * *

CLIII.

IT was the end, and yet one march the
more ;
The Carolinas heard our columns' tread ;
Th' unhappy town that first began the
war
In ashes lay, with half its soldiers dead.
On land and sea the glorious tidings
swell,
And Sumter rose the day that Charleston
fell.

CLIV.

And proud Columbia, too, in ruins lay,
And shrieking shells passed through its halls
of state,
Then all bethought them of that other
day
When in these halls Secession sat elate.
Now, too, on far-off Appomattox field
Grant hurls the storm, and soon the foe-
men yield.

CLV.

Then came that deed, ah ! wofullest of
all,
That dreadful deed, that treason's self o'er-
leapt ;
Black night of nights that saw great Lin-
coln fall,
The one great soul for whom the whole
world wept.
First, peace he saw, then laid his troubles
by,
Crowned by mankind with immortality.

CLVI.

It was the end ; in yonder Capital
The trumpets sounded for one last parade ;
Far in the South the veterans heard the
call ;
For one last tramp the army is arrayed.
Five hundred miles, the march is quickly
o'er,
Their white camps gleam by the Potomac's
shore.

CLVII.

And on a morn, a wondrous morn in
 May
It was proclaimed that through the Avenue
 The mighty host should take its glorious
 way,
And all the land as one be there to view ;
 Not in all time had such a sight, I
 ween,
Of Freedom's hosts in the wide world been
 seen.

CLVIII.

From many a field the veteran armies
 came,
And East and West went glorious side by
 side ;
 Together felt the thrilling joys of fame,
The people's heroes and the nation's pride ;
 Together now their long blue columns
 wheel
Up the long street, one sea of sloping
 steel.

CLIX.

Two days they marched on that great
Avenue ;
Two days they cheered, that mighty multi-
tude,
And flowers and wreaths upon their heads
they threw ;
And all men called the land's defenders
good ;
And all gave thanks, now the great war
was done,
To see these men who had such victories
won.

CLX.

But most of all that moved beholders
then,
Were the freed bondsmen marching two by
two,
Not captive wives and chained and scowling
men,
Such as of old the Roman triumphs knew,
But men made free, their days of bondage
o'er,
And all rejoiced that slavery was no more.

CLXI.

And some shed tears, glad, joyous tears,
to know
What things unhop'd had come about at
last ;
He was raised high who yesterday was low ;
Round the poor slave the Nation's arm was
cast
Long years the land had passed beneath
the rod ;
Now through it all men saw the hand of
God.

CLXII.

And marching thus the glorious armies
went,
Never again to muster in review ;
Past the great leaders, past the President,
Swayed crests of steel upon great waves of
blue.
And *Sherman* ! Once his face his soldiers
saw,
And lingering looked, and gave one last
hurrah !

CLXIII.

One last hurrah! To him that parting
cheer

Was more than fame and glory ever were.

What if he wept? It was a soldier's tear ;
They were his comrades who were marching
there.

Long, long he looked, moved with a mighty
spell,
Then, silent, waved a long, a last fare-
well.

CLXIV.

But in her shrines where glory loves to
keep

Record of souls she dedicates to fame,
There in her marble, pure, clean-cut, and
deep,

Behold! men see the letters of his name ;
And underneath, in characters as free,
" *To them who marched with Sherman
to the sea.*"

* * * * *

ADIEU.

1.

'TIS said that once in times of old
A wizard touched a land,
And turned its hillsides into gold,
To silver all its sand.

2.

A kindlier wizard cast a spell
Upon the South, and lo!
Where once war's dreadful harvests fell
Now corn and cotton grow.

3.

Sweet meadows mark the shaded glen
That war with bullets sowed,
And roses line the lanes again
Where Sherman's troopers rode.

4.

In yonder wood, where once was heard
The cannon's deadly hail,
With softer notes the heart is stirred,
By some sweet nightingale.

5.

War's wasted fields have grown to green,
The streams in Sherman's path
Turn busy wheels, no more the scene
Of battle's deadly wrath.

6.

And they whose swords were sharp to slay,
Have felt war's anger cease,
And busy commerce leads the way
In paths of love and peace.

7.

What matters now if they were wrong?
They were our kith and kin,
And they were brave, and tale and song
Shall tell what they have been.

8.

Once more in fair Atlanta town
The moonlight shines, as when
War's bugles sounded up and down ;
The sweet-briar climbs as then.

9.

And North or South, 'tis all the same,
By pine tree or by bay,
One starry banner guards the fame
Of blue coat and of gray.

NOTES.

Note 1, p. 13. After the capture of Atlanta, General Sherman ordered all the people to leave the town, and for weeks the city was absolutely deserted and silent, though the victorious army camped in the woods around it for weeks. The Confederate army, on losing the town, retired farther south. The unarmed people of Atlanta found homes where best they could, in the villages and on plantations. Many of them never saw Atlanta again.

Note 2, p. 27. The March to the Sea commenced at four o'clock in the morning of November 15, 1864. Sherman had sixty-two thousand, two hundred, and four men and sixty-five cannon. It was three hundred miles to Savannah. The army marched in two great wings, Howard leading the right, Slocum the left. The army corps were commanded by Generals Blair, Davis, Williams, and Osterhaus. The twelve divisions were led by Corse, Geary, Force, Ward, Mower, Morgan, Woods, Hazen, Smith, Leggett, Baird, and Carlin. All were veteran generals, and the soldiers were hardened by many battles. There were five thousand cavalry under General Kilpatrick.

The campaign commenced, in fact, not at Atlanta, but away back at Chattanooga, and the hundred days' battles on the way to Atlanta had been the first act of the great drama. It was the romantic campaign of the war. Many in the North supposed Sherman's army to be lost. It had, in fact, wholly disappeared from all knowledge of the government at Washington. It had entered the unknown interior of Georgia, with its woods

and swamps, and all communication with it was cut off. That was the romance of it all. In front of Sherman were the Georgia militia and General Wheeler's cavalry, also a few eastern troops; while the forts of Savannah, which would have to be captured, were held by strong forces of veterans under General Hardee. Lee was also likely at any moment to send some of his army from Richmond to confront Sherman. Jefferson Davis in a public speech proclaimed that Sherman's army was now about to be destroyed. Many believed it, North and South.

Note 3, p. 34. The "Foragers" were a great band of mounted men, one-twentieth of the army, whose duty it was to scour the enemy's country and bring captured corn, meat, cattle, horses, etc., etc., into the camp. They pressed the planters' negroes, carriages, mules, cattle, and wagons into use, loading them all down with supplies. It was no unusual sight to see fine carriages laden with sweet-potatoes, and the forager driver rigged out in the cylinder hat and swallow-tail coat of some fleeing planter.

They were a brave and unique body of soldiers. They often served in the place of cavalry, and guarded the flanks of the army. They were terribly feared by the enemy and were often mistreated when captured. At one point on the march, eighteen of them were shot after surrendering, and their bodies were piled up at the roadside, labelled, "Death to Foragers." General Sherman ordered Kilpatrick to shoot eighteen prisoners in retaliation for this murder.

See Sherman's "Memoir."

Note 4, p. 38. There were twenty-five miles of wagon trains with the army. These, with the artillery, usually occupied the roads; the troops marched at each side, or through the fields.

Note 5, p. 42. When Sherman was about ready to start seawards from Atlanta, Hood, commanding the rebel army at his front, passed around his right flank and started on a grand raid to the North. He met his Waterloo at the hands of Thomas in Nashville. His army was destroyed. Sherman had followed him a hundred miles, but suddenly turned about and started for the ocean. It was in this raid of Hood's that several thousand of his army attacked the little post at Allatoona. Sherman sent his famous message to "Hold on" from the heights of the Kenesaw Mountain, over the heads of the rebel army. Corse did hold on till almost all his men had been killed or wounded and the foe was in retreat.

Note 6, p. 62. The most striking feature of the whole march was the tens of thousands of poor slaves deserting the plantations and striking for liberty. Their songs of joy, their pathetic behavior, made a lasting impression on every beholder. Here was a whole race of human beings suddenly let out of bondage. Not since the return of the Children of Israel had the world seen such a sight. It was a milestone in the history of all time.

Note 7, p. 70. For an account of this awful incident see the "History of the March to the Sea," by Major General J. D. Cox, p. 38 (Scribner's Sons). He tells how the bridge was ordered destroyed by a certain corps commander, and how like a stampeded drove of cattle the poor slaves rushed into the river and were drowned.

Note 8, p. 74. Incidents like this occurred near Atlanta, and more than once. In fact, nearly the whole of Sherman's army promptly re-enlisted on the field.

Note 9, p. 99. This scene took place as described. Its heroes suffered horrible fates. Some were stripped and whipped nearly to death. All were chained for months

in filthy dungeons, and numbers were put to death on the scaffold. All, except one, now lie buried together in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. The Fuller referred to in the poem was the engineer of the stolen engine. One member, at least, of the Andrews party escaped and, later, joined Sherman's army on the march to the sea, and, as related in stanza 106, is supposed to tell the tale of the wonderful raid.

The writer, after his own capture, met one of the Andrews men in a Southern prison, with a cannon-ball chained to his leg.

The Andrews raid was pronounced by Southerners the "most daring deed of any war." "Had it succeeded," said the Southern press, "Beauregard's army would have been lost."

Note 10, p. 107. This incident was witnessed by General Howard. The boy, in his zeal to do his duty and carry his flag to the very top, thought nothing of his wound except as it stopped him short of the mountain crest they were charging. It may be mentioned that *all* incidents narrated in the story are absolute facts gathered from participants in the march.

Note 11, p. 112. The town of Louisville, in the route of the march, was completely burned up while the troops were in it, on November 28, 1864. Its citizens had been burning bridges, and the soldiers retaliated, but not by order.

Note 12, p. 121. There were few real battles on the march, but constant skirmishing and attempts at surprise. The first battle was fought at Duncan's farm, near Macon; the second was Kilpatrick's brave cavalry fight at Briar Creek, by Waynesborough; the third was in the approaches to Savannah, where the road beds had been filled with torpedoes; and the last fight was the storming of Fort McAllister by the sea.

Note 13, p. 131. The fort thus stormed by Hazen's men was McAllister. It was strongly built and had abatis, ditch, and palisades. The storming took just fifteen minutes. It was sad to see one hundred and twenty-four brave men slain who had made the great march, and who, now in sight of the sea, almost heard the plaudits of the North. The dead of both armies lay there in the moonlight till morning. Sherman himself entered the fort late in the evening, and says in his "Memoirs": "Inside the fort lay the dead as they had fallen, and they could hardly be distinguished from their living comrades sleeping soundly side by side in the pale moonlight."

These were the last who died on the March to the Sea.

The first part of the document
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 and the role of the
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