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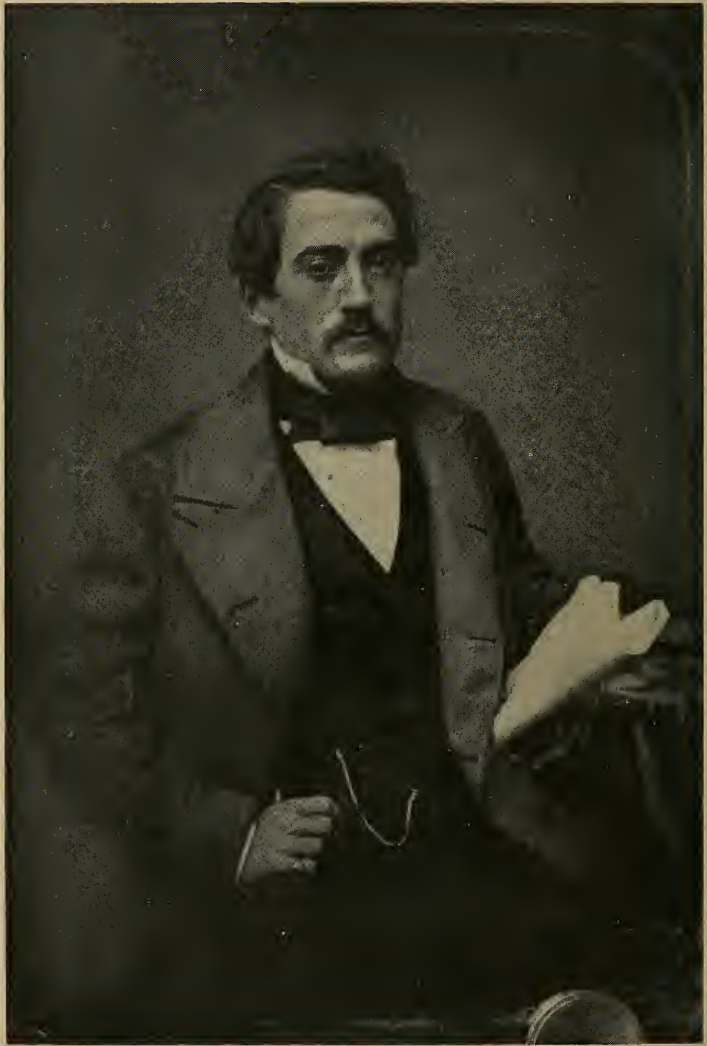
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POEMS OF
JOHN R. THOMPSON





JOHN R. THOMPSON

From an ambrotype made at the beginning of his editorship of
The Southern Literary Messenger

POEMS OF JOHN R. THOMPSON

EDITED, WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

By JOHN S. PATTON

Librarian of the University of Virginia

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA EDITION

[ALFRED HENRY BYRD GIFT]



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PREFACE

IN the present volume the poems of John R. Thompson have their first publication in book form. Though vagrant for more than a half century they have not been forgotten; and no collection of the work of Southern poets will ever fail to include some of his verses. This vitality of the known part of his productions is a proof of worth and supports Thompson's right to assignment to a station of dignity among Southerners who have won distinction with the pen. He deserved the reward of recognition for his service—the greatest rendered by any one of his particular section—in creating a literary spirit and a literary class in the South.

Thompson twice assembled his poems for publication: in 1863, when he and Henry Timrod put their verses together for joint publication; and again, a short time before his death. The poems of this last collection were committed to the keeping of his literary executor, who never accounted for them and some prose manuscripts that he received at the same time. The war-time collection was entrusted to a blockade-runner to be printed in London, and was never heard of again. Because of these vicissitudes there was no nucleus, and with the flight of years the task of bringing the pieces together became difficult. *The Southern Literary Messenger* published the most of his work, but usually the poems were unsigned or over *noms de plume* not remembered as his. The perplexities created by anonymity were gradually cleared up with the assistance of "persons and papers." Miss Lily Quarles, the poet's niece, put at the editor's service all of the letters and manuscripts in the possession of the family that in any way bear upon Thompson's life and work. There are letters from William Gilmore Simms, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, John Esten Cooke, James Barron Hope, Mar-

garet J. Preston, John Pendleton Kennedy, Rufus W. Griswold, Donald G. Mitchell, and many others, rich in personal and critical information which has been freely used in the biographical part of this volume. A valuable supplement to the letters to Thompson is a large number of his own letters, found in the unpublished *Griswold Manuscripts* in the Athenæum Library in Boston and in the inedited *Kennedy Papers* in the Library of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore. They throw a flood of light on the writer's life and the literary interests of the period just before the Civil War.

This book owes much to an abiding faith in the value of Thompson's services to literature, to a persistent and widespread interest in his better known poems, and to friendships due to his personal worth and attraction. To more persons than can well be named here thanks are offered for assiduous and sympathetic assistance. Miss Carrie Hill Davis searched the libraries and other archives of New York and left no Thompsoniana undiscovered. Colonel W. Gordon McCabe of Richmond, Thompson's friend, communicated his memories of the poet and his work, as did also Mr. Armistead C. Gordon and Mr. R. T. W. Duke, Jr. Mr. J. H. Whitty lent letters and manuscripts from his large collection, and Mrs. Thomas H. Ellis an interesting packet of Thompson's intimate letters to her father, the late B. Johnson Barbour of Barboursville, Va. These are but a few of those who lent biographical and other material used in the preparation of this volume. Three others whose contribution was in the form of needed advice and assistance are Professor William M. Thornton, Dr. John C. Metcalf, and Dr. Philip A. Bruce, who have followed the work from the beginning until its delivery to the publishers.

J. S. P.

THE LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
August, 1919.

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BIOGRAPHY

I

GETTING READY

JOHN R. THOMPSON, poet, editor and critic, was born October 23, 1823, the son of John Thompson, a native of New Hampshire. His mother was Sarah Dyckman of New York, a descendant of Jan Dyckman who came to New Amsterdam from Benheim, Westphalia, about 1660, settled in Harlem, and established the ancestral home of the family on a site overlooking the old Bloomingdale Road. What remained of the large estate after frequent divisions—the house built about 1783 to take the place of the original structure which the British had burned, and four lots—at what is now Broadway and 204th Street, was presented to the city of New York in 1916, and is known as the Dyckman House, Park and Museum. The house is in a class all its own, being the only farm-house on Manhattan Island. With its broad gambrel roof, solid stone walls, large Dutch ovens in the kitchen, and narrow porch, it exemplifies the architectural modes of early New York.

Thompson was born probably at the corner of Fourteenth and Main Streets in Richmond, Va., in the modest home over his father's store, where the family lived in the twenties. If not there, then in a house on Franklin, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. The next home of the Thompsons was in Mayo Street, where John Thompson acquired a lot in 1839 and built two houses, one of which (No. 108) he occupied, while Mrs. Quarles, the poet's sister, lived in the

other (No. 106). Thence the family went to a house in Franklin between Eighth and Ninth in 1858, and soon after, to 802 East Leigh Street, where the poet, in a third-story front room, wrote nearly all the war poems on which his fame is securely based.

His first experience of educational discipline was at a school in Richmond—on Broad Street between Ninth and Tenth—of which Hawkesworth and Wright were masters. No echo of “the sensitive, reserved boy” has come from school-room or play-ground. In 1836, in his thirteenth year, he was sent to Roger’s preparatory school at East Haven, Conn., and remained eleven months. One of his sisters, Sarah M. Thompson (afterwards Mrs. R. S. Massie), was at a girls’ school at East Haven at the same time; the other, Susan P. Thompson (Mrs. H. W. Quarles), being in frail health, was kept in Richmond at Miss McKenzie’s school, in which Rosalie Poe, sister of the poet, was a teacher. His parents, being of Northern birth, had, no doubt, connections which strongly inclined them to the East Haven schools. There the future poet wrote his first poem (*To Fanny*), a tribute to Mrs. William Munford. In 1840 he left his Mayo Street home and travelled by the James River and Kanawha Canal to Columbia, in Fluvanna County, and thence by carriage to Charlottesville, where he entered the University of Virginia at the beginning of his eighteenth year and the University’s seventeenth session. He was “free to attend the schools of his choice, and no other” than he chose, the simple condition being that he should “attend at least three professors.”

Thompson “took” ancient languages, under Gessner Harrison, natural philosophy under William Barton Rogers, and mathematics under J. J. Sylvester, during the session of 1840–41; the following session, modern languages under Charles Kraitsir, chemistry under John P. Emmet, and

mathematics under Pike Powers. The names of all his professors are written large in the history of education. Dr. Harrison, at the age of twenty-one, was strongly recommended by George Long, the first professor of ancient languages in the University of Virginia, as his successor, when he resigned and returned to England. Praise from Long was praise indeed, for this graduate of Cambridge who, at the summons of Thomas Jefferson, came to Virginia to inaugurate the University, lived to become the recognized nestor of classical scholarship in England. The young Virginian abundantly justified Long's faith in him. Professor Rogers made the first geological survey of Virginia and afterwards founded the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Professor Sylvester was the first incumbent of the chair of mathematics in Johns Hopkins University, and was afterwards Savilean Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

The selection of his "tickets" (as subjects or studies were called in that day) seems to point to designs on the degree of master of arts, the only non-professional degree then conferred by the University.

In the University were two societies organized for "debate and literary improvement." They exist today: The Jefferson, founded in the first session (1825), and the Washington, dating from the eleventh (1835-36). Thompson joined the former. It is not known whether the fact that Poe had been a member of it influenced him, or why he was not on its roll the following session. The coveted honors of the society were the anniversary and the "final," or commencement, oratorships, and the final presidency. Thompson won none of these. Probably amateur debate and oratory did not win his liking or interest, and likely he had little skill in either at that time. In after years he occasionally appeared as a lecturer, "and always with suc-

BIOGRAPHY

cess," according to the testimony of a competent contemporary critic. The pen, and not the platform, was his means of expression. An opportunity was at hand. The students published a magazine—*The Collegian*—to which he contributed verse, and perhaps prose. The editors during his first year at the University were Lewis M. Ayer of South Carolina, John S. Caskie of Richmond, later a member of Congress, John L. Marye of Fredericksburg, lieutenant governor of Virginia, Francis R. Rives of Albemarle, secretary of legation, London, and Robert E. Withers of Campbell, United States Senator and long time leader in Virginia. The poems in *The Collegian* identified as his are: *Autumn*, *The Inebriate*, *The Hour of Separation*, *Despondency*, *Retrospection*, and *Lines on the Death of General Harrison*. *The Hour of Separation* was a *vale* to his class-mates.

There were many students to whom it was not necessary to say farewell in a serious way, as they were from his home town, Richmond, and from counties nearby. They maintained contact with him after college days. In Richmond were Judge John S. Caskie, Richard M. Heath, Dr. William P. Palmer, whose kindred tastes led to a very intimate friendship, H. Coalter Cabell, and Colonel William P. Munford; in Carolina, Captain Sam Schooler and Judge Richard H. Coleman, of whom he used to tell innumerable *contes assez drôles*; in Charlotte, Judge Hunter Marshall; in Goochland, Colonel Julian Harrison; in Essex, Muscoe R. H. Garnett, who represented his district in the Congress of the United States and later in that of the Confederate States; in Petersburg, Roscoe B. Heath, an adjutant in the Confederate service; in Albemarle, William C. Rives, Jr.; in Charlottesville, James C. Southall, afterwards of Richmond, where he edited *The Examiner* and *The Enquirer*; at the University of Virginia, Henry St. George Tucker, known as "Saint"; in Fredericksburg, John L. Marye; and in Norfolk, Pow-

hatan Starke, the witty physician. These and other friends of his college years became men of mark, and to many of them the State owed much.

When Thompson returned to Richmond at the end of his second and last academic session, he seems to have decided on law as his profession. At any rate, he entered the law office of James A. Seddon, who, although not yet thirty, was a leader of the Richmond bar, and continued with him two years. In 1844, he returned to the University and at the following commencement, in June, 1845, received, as he wrote to Duyckinck, "the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the hands of the late Honorable Henry St. George Tucker, then professor of law in that institution." By this time Mr. Seddon had entered politics, and was soon elected to Congress. If Thompson had intended re-entering his office as a partner or in any other capacity, Mr. Seddon's absence from Richmond would probably have interfered.

In after years Thompson occasionally visited the University. Two pictures, in "flowing numbers," preserve some of his memories and disclose something of the serene dignity combined with persevering solicitude with which Alma Mater follows the career of her children. The first of these—achieving in poetry a genial counterfeit of professors and students of his day somewhat in the spirit of the "Charles Dickens and His Friends" group from the brush of Maclise—was made for the alumni dinner, July 4, 1860. The ode* was composed in Augusta, Ga., whither Thompson went in May, 1860, to edit *The Southern Field and Fireside*.

The other, and later, University poem was for an event which the president of the Alumni Association, the Honorable A. H. H. Stuart of Staunton described as of more than

* Page 197.

ordinary interest. In his invitation to the poet he said: "Mr. Connor of New York has consented to deliver the address to the literary societies, and Mr. W. C. Rives of Boston will speak to the alumni. To complete the circle of intellectual entertainment a strong desire has been expressed that you should recite a poem appropriate to the occasion—such a poem as we know you can prepare when your heart is engaged in the service." In compliance with the wish thus expressed Mr. Thompson, at the meeting of the alumni on July 1, 1869, read the noble ode beginning—

Here at the well-remembered gates
Through which we entered Learning's fane.*

Of the poets educated at the University of Virginia Poe is ranked first, as in some respects he outranks any poet educated in America. By general consent Thompson was given the second place at the time of his death. He probably holds that position still, although closely pressed by later singers of true inspiration and lyric power, among them Lucas and the Gordons. His portrait by Mrs. Andrews is among those of "the mighty ones" at his *alma mater*, where,—as he wrote reminiscently of his student days,—it seemed to him:

Then life was but a reeling sense
Of something like omnipotence.

* Page 209.

II

GETTING STARTED

Obedient to the wish of others rather than to his own inclination, he fitted up an office over his father's store at the corner of Fourteenth and Main Streets and offered his services to any who needed a lawyer. After two years in the profession, for which he seems never to have cared, he turned to literature, his real vocation, and remained its devotee to the end.

Eighteen years measure with reasonable exactness his adult life in his native city; stretching, with but two interruptions, from 1845 to 1864, from the Richmond of prosperous enterprises, of old-fashioned methods and ideals, of social institutions which had evolved under the influence of a society mindful of dignity and reserve as well as of more democratic virtues, to the Richmond become the Confederate capital, familiar with the destructive hardships of war.

In 1845 only astute students of popular currents predicted that "a storm was coming though the winds were still." There were many such prophets, but the young law graduate was not one of them. He looked forward to nothing more tragic than occasional encounters in legal forums. That dreams of literature and society were with him more persistently than thoughts of plaintiff and defendant will not excite the wonder of those who are well enough informed to disregard the ignorance almost amounting to sectional arrogance which was blind to anything like intellectual competency in the South and denied to Virginia any but a negligible dignity as a contributor to the literature then making in the United States. There were writers who richly merited esteem. The romancer was diligently casting his spell. The pages of *The Southern Literary Messenger*

bear witness to the fact, and the novels of John Esten Cooke prove it, for Cooke was the Sir Walter Scott of Virginia, reproducing the elder society of the ancient commonwealth in pictures full of charm. Contemporary anthologies neglected the Virginia poets, though there were singers indubitably, and good ones; and overlooked the achievements of our dramatists, essayists, humorists, historians, because, unwilling to look at all, they were ignorant of what the men and women of genius had done under the Southern Cross. To this ignorance there is more than one incidental reference in the important *Cambridge History of American Literature*, in which Southern writers of that period are treated with insight and fairness.

There was one thing which was not ignored. The presence in Richmond of a society of unsurpassed worth and fascination has been always and everywhere conceded. No *salon* was there, as no need existed in the South for the kind of leadership and opportunity for social expression that the *salon* alone provided for intellectual France. Social clans existed in an unconscious unity and coöperation which made up a social order of the fit and qualified, the members of which were well defined by their servants as "the quality." A list of "those present" at one of the ante-bellum receptions or drawing-rooms republished from the society columns of the day would contain the names of men and women whose families had won and honored a permanent place in the annals of the State. Society, with all its real and imagined sins upon it, added lustre to the Commonwealth, and in the dark days of 1864-65, when hope had waned, saved the people from despair. Its spirit and service should never be forgotten and cannot be over-lauded.

The atmosphere of society was necessary to Thompson, and was familiar to him in Richmond, as it became years afterwards in London and Paris. His special friends were

the Pegrams, Stanards, Cabells, Rutherfords, Munfords, Andersons, Morsons, and others of that type. He was well-fitted for it by his ingratiating good nature and charm of manner, and was recommended by his wit, humor, and indeed by his literary achievements, for he had returned from the University a humanist of some mark and a poet famous on its campus. He quickly became the poet laureate of his city and its minstrel in every hall of mirth and banqueting where the acclaimed and the great sat with "knife in meat and wine in horn." He was the poet chosen to voice their emotions when Webster came, when G. P. R. James departed, the Prince of Wales visited, and the Washington Monument was unveiled.

Thompson benefited much intellectually by this side of Richmond life, but he gave as much, perhaps, as he received, if the effective friendship of Mrs. Stanard does not pull the balance down against him. She admired his literary accomplishments, and in a measure was his Egeria, as she herself was a woman of brilliant intellect whose keen yet sympathetic criticism he constantly sought. Her home—now the Westmoreland Club—was a social and intellectual centre, and during the Civil War it was perhaps the nearest approach to the French salon on this side the water. The President and Mrs. Davis, cabinet officers and their wives, senators and representatives, judges, famous generals—the *élite* of the whole South—constantly thronged her drawing-rooms. Her manners were gracious and cordial and her tact the exquisite tact of a generous, loving heart. During her beneficent reign Richmond changed greatly. In the beginning it was placid and unconsciously happy, except when a political convention or a partisan campaign stirred the politicians, or a duel due to a caustic editorial or a vitriolic philippic ended in the mortal wounding of a Pleasants, and set the streets agog before breakfast;

but finally it was grimly facing war, hearing the tumult of battle, or, in quieter moments of hunger and suffering, greeting Confederate officers and soldiers in the streets with brave, unbetraying faces or entertaining them with undiminished *esprit* at starvation parties where they could dance even if there was nothing to eat.

It was in the beginning of this momentous decade and a half that Thompson bought *The Southern Literary Messenger*. Specifically, it was in October, 1847, and the November number was the first issued under his editorship. *The Messenger* was then thirteen years old. It was the literary child of Thomas W. White, and was born in August, 1834, in his job printing office over Anchor's shoe store, opposite the old Bell Tavern, at the corner of Fifteenth and Main Streets. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, John Pendleton Kennedy, John Quincy Adams and others on the literary crest of the time augured a distinguished and useful future for *The Messenger*.

Five editors preceded Thompson: James E. Heath, 1834-35, who followed literature as an intellectual interest and not as a calling; E. V. Sparhawk, 1835-36, with whom editing, for which he seems to have been well-equipped, was something of a "side line"; Poe, 1836-37; Matthew Fontaine Maury, "pathfinder of the seas," and some unrecorded incumbents, 1837-43, and Benjamin B. Minor, 1843-47, from whom Thompson acquired the magazine.

In the meantime *The Messenger* had moved twice. It was probably the year before he died that Mr. White transferred it from its birth-place to the Museum Building on the southeast corner of Capitol Square, where Franklin Street runs up to it. The Museum was a large structure of two stories, with two long rectangular rooms and smaller ones in front on each floor. The first floor and a large upper room were the home of *The Richmond Whig*, edited by John Hampden

Pleasants and Alexander H. Moseley, and the remainder of the second floor that of *The Messenger*. The legislature decreed the demolition of the Museum Building, and Mr. Minor purchased a lot nearby, in Capitol Square, facing on Franklin Street, and erected there the future home of his magazine, and named it the Law Building. Here, on the second floor, with an eastern outlook, was the editor's sanctum, and on the third and fourth, the printing, binding, and mailing rooms.

William Macfarlane and John W. Fergusson were in intimate contact with *The Messenger* from its birth to its demise, in 1864. Macfarlane was White's foreman when the first number was printed and bound in August, 1834, and Fergusson was an apprentice in his service. They were with the founder when he died, and continued with Professor Minor as employees, until they bought his printing outfit and became his publishers and one of his tenants. To Mr. Thompson they bore the relation of publishers until January, 1853, when he made an arrangement by which his publishers became the proprietors of *The Messenger*, and he their editor.*

Thompson was twenty-four when he purchased *The Messenger* under the delusion that he could be both lawyer and editor of an important magazine at the same time. "It is not my intention," he promised the public, "to abandon my profession, but to continue as heretofore a practitioner of the law." It could not be done, certainly it was not done, for Thompson probably never again entered a court-room as an attorney.

The Messenger was closing its thirteenth year. It seemed to Thompson that it had been the representative of Southern taste and the medium of Southern feeling and opinion,

* Minor, *The Southern Literary Messenger*, 176.

calling into use gifts which otherwise, in the easy-going life of the people that insured its existence, would have made no contribution whatever. Silent lotus-eaters became vocal. The Southern reading world was aroused, amused, instructed. The young editor planned to keep it so. Intensely Southern, the magazine should, however, never be partisan in the sense of "arraying one portion of the Union against the other"—already there were just two sections!—it was North and South in the United States, as around the world in history. "Its province shall be," he announced, "to regard the Republic of Letters as an indissoluble confederacy, recognizing no landmarks or barriers of division, but united together as a literary brotherhood by sympathies of a kindred nature and a community of taste, sentiments and pursuits."

Thompson was the kind of man to knit close and strong attachments. He made friends wherever he went, and kept them. His manners were easy and ingratiating, his dress in good taste, his blue eyes steady, engaging and of "friendly" expression. His qualities of mind and heart enabled him to add materially to the previous record of *The Messenger* in discovering and encouraging young writers. It was in his magazine that Philip Pendleton Cooke's name became famous and linked forever with that of *Florence Vane*; that his young brother, John Esten Cooke, displayed his genius for story-telling; that Susan Archer Talley, Poe's girl friend, was permitted to find her public and sing to it in a voice worthy to be heard with Cooke's; that James Barron Hope had the apprenticeship to the lyre that ended in something very like the title of laureate of Virginia; that Margaret Preston, born in Pennsylvania but made in Virginia, if poets are ever made, won fame with both prose and poetry; and that George W. Bagby, who afterwards raised his pseudonym *Mozis Addums* to the power of a synonym

for spontaneous humor racy of the soil of Virginia, was first given recognition. Hayne the exquisite sonneteer and Timrod the maker of beautiful lyrics found their way into literature, and the verses of the younger Legaré went forth to the Southern world, by way of the pages of *The Messenger*, as did romance and poem from the pen of the veteran William Gilmore Simms. It was Thompson who first gave a hearing to Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), whose *Reveries of a Bachelor* had been the rounds of the editors and elicited only rejection slips until the Richmonder welcomed the classic; and it was he who was the first to discern the genius of the whimsical Frank R. Stockton.*

To the list of those who at one time or another were glad to be included among *The Messenger's* contributors can be added the names of G. P. R. James, Thomas Dunn English, Park Benjamin, Henry T. Tuckerman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Pendleton Kennedy, Henry A. Washington, Moncure D. Conway, Judge Joseph G. Baldwin, Dr. F. O. Ticknor, and many others scattered throughout the country; but after all it was the Southern writers who made *The Messenger* what it was characteristically. They were not great masters, but they were true to their ideals, fatefully human; and their admirers were content to do without organ tones as long as they gave them sincere, tender lyrics. With these voices Thompson's mingled, often with a beauty, always with a fervor, that commanded his contemporaries, that arrest us to-day, and will enlist posterity. Few writers of his day made as popular an appeal as Thompson did with less than a dozen poems known as his war pieces—

*Mr. Thompson was the first editor of a magazine to accept a story by me. He it was who, on my entrance into the field of literature, took me by the hand and bade me welcome.—FRANK R. STOCKTON, in the *University of Virginia Alumni Bulletin*, August, 1899.

The Burial of Latané, General J. E. B. Stuart, Ashby, Lee to the Rear, Music in Camp, The Battle Rainbow, and two or three others.

Even these fine things would have been neglected after the passing of the generation in which they were written had it not been for Southern anthologies that appeared at the end of the war, those deliberately sectional collections like Simms's *The War Poetry of the South*, Miss Brock's *Southern Amaranth*, and Miss Mason's *Southern Poems of the War*. These bring to us the tumult of battle and the lights and the shadows of life in the tense days of 1861-65 more vividly than any other thing ever does except the strains of *Dixie* or the sudden sight of a sword or a stained uniform piously kept for its memories of one who joined the

Glittering lines of steel and gray
Moving down the battle's way

and never came back.

Thompson and his fellow singers were the voice of that tragic period; they expressed as no other voice has done, the pride, aspiration, fear, love, sacrifice, and the social consciousness and sensitiveness of their generation. *The Messenger* was their medium, and because of its faithful recording of these emotions it had a more devoted constituency than any other literary publication of their time. *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's Magazine* were arriving*—they were not yet in their teens when he left *The Messenger*—but in their poetry they were farther away from the popular feeling in their area than the Richmond monthly

*When Thompson took over *The Messenger* (1847), the only literary magazines published in America that could be thought of as competitors were the *American Whig Review*, which died in 1852, aged seven, the *Knickerbocker*, and *Godey's Lady's Book*. At the close of his work (1860), *Harper's Magazine* was ten and the *Atlantic* four.

was from the emotions of its constituents. In other respects *Harper's* was more representative of the national than of a sectional aspect of life, and thereby lost intensive power while gaining extensive vogue. There was nothing national about *The Messenger*. Its poems had about them the odor of the jasmin and the magnolia of the groves that embowered Southern mansions and cottages. But it would not be a pleasant task to read all of them at this day. Not all of them were written by Thompson, Hope, Hayne, Simms, Ticknor, Ryan, and lyrists of like genius, and the singers of that time were not of the fashion demanded in ours. Griswold's *Poets of America*—the large majority of his poets sang far from the palm—is a charnel house of the forgotten, but it was counted representative sixty years ago. Changing conditions of life resulting from the flight of time promote disputes over literary judgments, which concern life; but about some things there is agreement. The accord in one respect is formulated by a native of New England:

The literature of the Southern school, although scant in amount, is, at its best, of fine quality; and the writers have more in common than those of New York. The cavalier blood, the aristocratic structure of society, the semi-tropical climate, all tell in the literature, which has more local pride, more passion and color, more love of beauty for its own sake.*

III

NOT GETTING ON

Thompson did not confine his energies to *The Messenger*, but offered some of his literary wares to other publications—*The Literary World*, edited by the Duyckincks, *The International*, edited by Griswold, and *The Knickerbocker*, edited by Clark. The Duyckincks included him among the au-

* Bronson, *A Short History of American Literature*, p. 152.

thors admitted to their *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, and Dr. Griswold, unjustly critical of Poe, was appreciative of the younger poet's character and endowments.

Editors and authors were not well paid in those days, when they were paid at all. Longfellow alone of American poets received "reason for his rhymes." Cooper and Irving were able to live by their pens, but they were exceptional. Hawthorne was wretchedly paid for his work until after *The Scarlet Letter*. Other Northern and Eastern writers fared worse. In the South the field offered a very poor harvest indeed, for reasons that need not be rehearsed here. There no genius, however transcendent, could live by song alone, and Simms, in industry and versatility as in culture and poetic gifts the superior of Cooper, was alone in his ability to win a comfortable income from his productions. Poe could not sell his poetry, and for his stories received at best, four dollars "a Graham page"—about three dollars a thousand words—and he was perhaps the best paid creator of short fiction in the forties. A writer in the *New York Literary World*, comparing American with English compensation for manuscripts, found the Englishman's guinea shrank to a dollar in New York.

In a letter to Griswold, December 2, 1851, Thompson pictured the beginning of a phase of his life which persisted through two decades:

. . . *The Messenger* is almost "gone." I look into the future to see nothing but disaster; my affairs are really so much embarrassed that the sale of my library hangs over me like some impending doom, and with no coryphæus of the red-flag fraternity like Keese to "knock down" my darlings. Four years of hard labor find me in debt, my small patrimony exhausted and myself utterly unfitted for any sort of employment. I have followed the will-o'-the-wisp, literary fame, into the morass, and it has gone out, leaving me up to the arm-pits in the mud. *Eh, bien!* I snap my fingers and whistle care down the winds!

In the Spring of 1859, a year before his resignation of the editorship of *The Messenger*, Mr. Kennedy had suggested the possibility of Thompson's appointment to the headship of the Library of the Peabody Institute, in Baltimore. He was strongly endorsed. Edward Everett and Longfellow were among those who sent letters in his behalf, and there was commendation from many eminent Virginians. The matter was still open when, in March, 1860, he was offered the editorship of *The Southern Field and Fireside*, at a salary of \$2,000. He wrote Kennedy, March 15, 1860:

I accepted the Georgia overture under a strong compulsion of debt and the *res angusta*—not *Augusta*. My life has not been a fortunate one. My father—the most indulgent of fathers—who at one time was independent, worth his hundred thousand dollars, has been impoverished. *The Messenger* which I took in better days, has proved a dead loss to me—ever so much money sunk and twelve years of early manhood spent unprofitably in maintaining it. At thirty-six I must commence life anew. Here comes a gentleman of means, who has successfully (as he thinks) established a Southern Literary weekly—which he hopes to remove after awhile to Richmond as a more desirable point of publication—and offers me a salary to conduct it, greater in amount than any year's earnings I have ever made by miscellaneous scribble for this, that and the other newspaper and magazine. The amount of work I am to do is actually less than I have had to perform for a single journal with which I have been connected. There is at least a doubt whether I shall obtain the honorable and comfortable position which you so generously wish me to fill. Now, between duns and drudgery what could I do but accept the certain offer? I have not failed to weigh the *désagrémens*—the instability of Southern enterprises—the provincial life—the comparative obscurity of the situation—the remoteness of Georgia from my dear friends here and elsewhere—the more glowing sun,—and other unpleasant etcetera. But I leave the whole matter with you, my dear friend, begging that you will pardon so much inevitable egotism, and most gratefully acknowledging your kind intentions in my behalf.

What he received for editing *The Messenger* is not disclosed. Dr. Bagby, who succeeded him, in 1860, said in his *vale* (January, 1864): "It may excite surprise, and may no doubt sound laughable, when we state that, in times of peace, the editor's salary was but \$300—a pitiful sum, truly, which was increased during the past year to \$400, or, allowing for present depreciation, just \$20 in coin, for editing the leading, and, in fact, the only Southern Magazine, for a year." Poor pay in depreciated currency was the order of the day in the capital of the Confederacy in 1864.

Thompson's connection with *The Messenger* ceased with the May number of 1860. On the evening of the 15th of that month a complimentary dinner was given him. The tender was signed by William H. Macfarland, Arthur Morson, Thomas H. Ellis, R. W. Haxall, R. W. Cary, P. T. Moore, G. W. Randolph, Thomas H. Wynne, J. Thompson Brown, William H. Lyons, John Howard, Archer Anderson, S. T. Bayley, J. Addis Pleasants, Samuel J. Harrison, W. W. Crump, Charles Bell Gibson, Thomas P. August, James Lyons, Andrew Johnson, William H. Haxall, D. N. Walker, James A. Jones, John Pegram, R. T. Daniel, C. R. Barney, R. B. Haxall, R. B. Heath, William Munford. Among the invited guests were John Esten Cooke, Esq., Dr. H. G. Lathan of Lynchburg, and Dr. Bagby.

It was very hard to leave Richmond, for he had mingled in its life intimately and formed ties that were very dear to him. Whatever life in Augusta might profit him he could not believe it would offer a group of friends of the fine type of those who sat around the table at Zetelle's that notable evening in May.

He reached Augusta three days after the Richmond dinner in his honor, and eight days later he reported his surroundings to Kennedy. The climate gave him some anxiety. The heat was overpowering, but with his "uniformly tem-

perate habits and daily use of the cold bath" he hoped to maintain his health. He did not like Augusta, and would not have chosen it as a residence, "even for a sweetheart's sake." "You," he told his correspondent, "could not exist here four weeks. Think of Rome without its ruins, Rome without Coliseum or Baths of Caracalla or Borghese Villa, Rome St. Peter's-less, Rome, as General Jackson said, 'in Georgy,' and fancy yourself a resident of the town for the summer months!" He arranged with Mr. Gardner, owner of *The Southern Field and Fireside*, to release him, if the librarianship should be offered to him. "I would acquaint you at the earliest moment with the fact that my inclination tends more strongly than ever toward Baltimore."

By the middle of August he was in Richmond, under a physician, but hoping to be strong enough soon to proceed to Newport, where he believed Mrs. Stanard to be sojourning. Two weeks later he was still there, still an invalid, but still determined to go North. In October he was in Augusta, early in the following January in Richmond, his connection with *The Southern Field and Fireside* evidently severed, a few days later in New York, and by the end of the month Kennedy's guest in Baltimore. It is probable that his visit to New York was in search of employment, and that he conferred with Kennedy on that subject, for in his letter of February 9, sent from Richmond, he shows his anxiety to have something to do. "Did you address a note, as you so kindly proposed to do, to the proprietors of the *American*? I am here entirely without occupation and feel a miserable loss of self-respect in idleness. If they would consent to receive letters from Richmond during the convention it would at least give me some employment for the time being."

Kennedy's efforts in his behalf brought him an offer of a position on the Baltimore *American* in May. The war was

at hand. Lincoln had issued his call upon Virginia for troops. Under other circumstances the offer made him by Mr. Fulton of the *American* would have given him great pleasure. He regarded his life as a failure and had eagerly sought an opportunity to "start over." The lure of assured competence and comfort was strong, but it was subordinate to other motives. He announced his decision to Mr. Kennedy:

I write to offer you my sincere thanks for your interference with Mr. Fulton in my behalf. I wrote to him yesterday stating the reasons why I could not entertain his proposition to become connected with the *American*. Our town is threatened with invasion by Lincoln's armies—my parents, my widowed sister, my home is here, every consideration of filial and patriotic duty would oblige me to remain and share in the fate of my native Virginia, apart from any convictions I might entertain of the original folly of secession.*

Thompson's physical condition was so low he could not enter the military service of the Confederacy. He became Assistant Secretary of the Commonwealth and as such had a share in the administration of the State Library, under the librarian, George W. Munford. He has been credited with aiding Governor Letcher in the preparation of his state papers; and he was known as the contributor of the letters to the *Memphis Appeal* under the *nom-de plume* of "Dixie." Since returning from Augusta in the early winter of 1860 he had embraced every opportunity to earn an income with his pen. He was connected with the *Richmond Record* in 1863, but it had only a brief existence. *The Index*, the Confederate organ in London, took a weekly letter from him. He contributed poems to the *Richmond Southern Illustrated News*, and was for a time its editor, as we learn from an

*Letter to Kennedy, May 16.

unpublished letter of William Gilmore Simms, written in July, 1863.

After his retirement from *The Messenger* he published some of his best poems—among them *The Battle Rainbow*, *A Word with the West* (sometimes under the title *Joe Johnston*), *The Burial of Latané, Ashby*, and *General J. E. B. Stuart*—but it is certain that the income from his verse was exceedingly small.

The first half of the year 1864 was a period of deep distress. Events were moving steadily toward Union success in the war. Northern troops, slowly, it is true, but surely, were nearing Richmond even then, a year before the surrender. Butler was advancing up the Peninsula. The alarm at times was so acute that bells were rung to arouse and assemble the utmost of available force to oppose the conquerors. Local troops were hurried to the defense of the beleaguered capital until there were no men left to conduct the most necessary business for the support of the population. No trains were arriving or departing. Mails that reached the postoffice remained there and none was sent out of the city, for all the clerks and other employees were in the trenches. The boom of cannon spoke daily of battle and the smoke of it—visible from the city—told them that the invader was at the threshold of the capital city.

Worry over the tragic situation of the South, and his own condition, were rapidly reducing Thompson's never-abundant vitality. In June, 1864, the disease that ended his life nine years later seemed sure of its victim within a few months if its progress was not checked. His friends forced him to go away from the immediate presence of the awful struggle in the hope that his physical condition would improve. On the 20th of that month he went to the capital and drew his last allowance as Assistant Secretary of the Commonwealth. He wrote in his diary that day—"The

hour of parting from family and friends for an indefinite period of time comes rapidly, and feeble health conspires with the moral emotion to make me exceedingly wretched."

Two days later he began his journey to the seaboard, in a Richmond & Danville train, via Raleigh and Goldsborough, accompanied by his nephew Charles H. Quarles. The trip required several days, and it was two weeks after his departure from his native city that he sailed in the steamer *Cape Fear*, transferring to the *Edith* at Fort Fisher. By eight o'clock that evening the *Edith* was at sea, having passed safely the inner blockading squadron off the bar. Thompson slept that night on deck, on a bale of cotton. At daybreak they were chased by a steamer, supposed to be the *Connecticut*, the pursuit continuing nine hours. Later two other steamers tried to overhaul the *Edith*, but night came on and she escaped in the darkness.

On July 8, three days after the departure from Wilmington, the traveller was in the harbor of St. Thomas, Bermuda, where he transferred to the British mail steamer *Alpha* which sailed in the evening for Halifax. Thence the *Asia* bore him across the Atlantic.

IV

THE DAY'S WORK THUS FAR

Thompson had previously visited Europe, and had written a volume of sketches of travel entitled *Across the Atlantic, or European Episodes*, which was in process of publication by Derby & Jackson when the publishers' establishment was destroyed in the great New York fire of 1856.

In 1863, while he was editing the *Richmond Record*, which soon passed away, he collected his own and Timrod's poems and sent them through the blockade for publication in Lon-

don. As his first venture with a book was brought to naught by fire, so his second one was probably frustrated by water. At any rate, the manuscript was never heard of again.

When Thompson left the United States in 1864 he had already done nearly all the work upon which his claims upon the attention of posterity must rest. Of the poems known to have been written after May, 1864, *Miserrimus* (1868), and the poem read at the meeting of the Alumni at the University of Virginia in the summer of 1869, alone add anything to his fame. *Lee to the Rear* was mailed from London to *Blackwood's* in January, 1866, and was probably written that winter, although it may have been composed before he left Richmond. There is no poem that can be called the product of his London environment. His fame was enhanced by his three known translations—Heine's *Where?* Béranger's *The Garret*, and Nadaud's *Carcassonne*.*

Thompson was a poet in journalism and something of a journalist in poetry. Nearly all of his verse had, when produced, the quality of timeliness, and to a large extent he found his *motifs* in notable current events. His inclination to timely annalism is well illustrated in *Miserrimus*, which was first published under the caption *A Local Item*—a very familiar title in that day when newspaper men were far advanced if they looked upon foreign news as competing at all with the records of local happenings. All of his Civil War pieces were of the timely type. More than a third of his lines were written to be recited on public occasions.

* A friend in an article in *The Evening Post*, signed E. D., credits him with translating Victor Hugo's *L'Homme Qui Rit*, and with softening and suppressing with infinite tact and grace its grossness and absurdities, and making it actually readable by persons who would have been shocked by the naked indecencies of the original. Hayne wrote from "Copse Hill" near Augusta, Ga., October 4, 1869, to inquire if it was true that he had done this work for *Putnam's* and hoped he had, "because the translation is wonderful."

“The *occasionals* that he has thus written,” it has been said, “could have been done as well by not more than two other men in the South, and better by none.” No Southern poet—indeed no American contemporary—surpassed these noble lines which occur in the opening ode read at the unveiling of Crawford’s Washington in Richmond:

Not queenly Athens from the breezy height
 Where ivory Pallas stood,
 As flowed along her streets in vesture white
 The choral multitude;
 Not regal Rome when wide her bugles rolled
 From Tagus to Cathay,
 As the long triumph rich with Orient gold
 Went up the Sacred Way;
 Not proud basilica or minster dim,
 Filled with War’s glittering files,
 As battle fugue or coronation hymn
 Swept through the bannered aisles,
 Saw pageant, solemn, grand, or gay to view
 In moral so sublime,
 As this, which seeks to crown with homage due
 The foremost man of time.

The lyric touch was not lacking. *The Picture*—beginning

Across the narrow, dusty street,
 I see, at early dawn,
 A little girl, with glancing feet,
 As agile as a fawn.
 An hour or so, and forth she goes
 The school she brightly seeks;
 She carries in her hand a rose,
 And two upon her cheeks—

won from a competent critic the verdict that it was “as piquant as *Praed*, as natural and unaffected as *Mrs. Welby*, as tender as *Mrs. Osgood*, and as true as *Wordsworth*.”

It is not a just cause of reproach that Thompson was not

national—that this Virginia-born son of Northern parents was simply Southern in his emotions and most of his themes. He was quite as American as Bryant, who was a little more so than Poe; or Longfellow, much of whose best work is a reflex of his studies in Scandinavian literature and of old-world ballad methods, or Lowell, or Whittier, who often represent narrow corners instead of great spaces in American life, and will also remain to the end of their vogue provincial poets of intellectual biases. Thompson did good work in other fields, but his war lyrics have proved the true warrants of his fame. It is not too much to claim for him the first place among those that made the minstrelsy of the Confederacy their mission. Nothing that he wrote creates the passion for war; nothing of his—unless *Coercion* does—incites to martial ardor, to the march, the attack, as Timrod's *Carolina*:—

The despot treads thy sacred sands!—

but nothing in Timrod's war poems surpasses the tender beauty of Thompson's *Ashby*, or the solemn, moving power of his *Burial of Latané*. His poems of the war fill few pages, but many hearts. Compared with the war time poets of the North, Trent* finds with reluctance that "perhaps there is a slight and a natural preponderance of intensity in the lyrics of defiance and regret in which such Southern poets as John Randolph [*sic!*] Thompson, Dr. Francis O. Ticknor, 'Father Ryan' and Mrs. Margaret J. Preston poured out their souls." He balances against these hopefully Henry Howard Brownell, Mrs. Ethelinda Beers, whose fame rests on *All Quiet Along the Potomac*, Julia Ward Howe, and Byron Forceythe Willson, any and all of whom Thompson easily outmeasures in lyric values. Nor is there

* *American Literature*, 473.

one for that matter among the Northern singers who approaches the charm and worth displayed by the work of Ticknor, Ryan or Mrs. Preston; not one, indeed, who will be remembered at all except Mrs. Beers and Mrs. Howe, each for a single effort. Thompson's name is not held suspended out of engulfing oblivion by any chance association with a great name or a merely fortuitous incident, but by the circumstance of his being the interpreter, the voice, of a tense period and of the souls of some great men. He knew these men of might, the knightly kind. He spoke the South's thought of Ashby and Latané, and in his "ringing ballad" sent "Bold Stuart riding down the years." A part of their fame is his, a part of his is theirs: each without the other was immortal.

While the hope that Thompson will live in the future must be based upon his poetry, his greatest service to letters and his times was performed in his capacity of editor. Nearly all of the twenty-eight years of his life after leaving the University were spent in editorial tasks. Thirteen years were given in more senses than one to *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and five were spent in the employ of *The New York Evening Post*. He made occasional declarations of his ideals, as in his introductory discussion in his first number of *The Messenger*, already quoted, and as in his "Editor's Table" ten years later when he said:

It is getting to be thought that a man may perhaps accomplish as much for the South by writing a good book as by making a successful stump-speech; that he who contributes to the enjoyment of his fellow citizens by a lofty poem, or shapes their convictions by a powerful essay, is not an idle dreamer merely; and that the pen devoted to the treatment of subjects out of the range of politics and commercial activities is as usefully employed as the tongue which is exercised in the wearisome declamation of legislative halls.*

* *Southern Literary Messenger*, XXV, 471.

He stuck to his text to the end of his life's discourse, and by doing so succeeded to an extent in arousing the Southern muse to some consciousness of her opportunity and her power. His successor on *The Messenger*,* in estimating his services, said, in 1860: †

When he took charge of it [*The Messenger*] he was but a boy just out of the University, his talents, his acquirements, his skill, at composition, were known only to a few intimate acquaintances. What guarantee was there that the magazine, then, as now, one of the first in the Union, would be conducted properly? What assurance had the readers of *The Messenger* that he upon whose youthful shoulders had fallen the weight which Edgar A. Poe, with all his genius and supreme critical ability, found no easy burthen, would prove strong enough to bear it? Let the pages of *The Messenger* during the past thirteen years be the answer. It is but the simple statement of fact to say that the arduous task of conducting a leading magazine has been accomplished by Mr. Thompson with signal success. The unknown aspirant for literary honours in 1847 leaves *The Messenger* in 1860 a man distinguished in every part of the Confederacy, in the North scarcely less than in the South, as a poet, a scholar, a lecturer, an editor.

There is no certain record of what he did while editing *The Southern Field and Fireside* in Augusta, or while conducting *The Record* in Richmond in 1863; and what he accomplished with the *London Index* cannot be valued, even if it influenced American life in more than a temporary way, which is very doubtful, but there is no uncertainty when we come to his contribution in the five years of his association with William Cullen Bryant and Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, Parke Godwin, on *The New York Evening Post*. Stedman, who helped to advance him to this connection, and Godwin, who saw him daily and was necessarily familiar with his performance, are witnesses who establish his

* Dr. George W. Bagby.

† *Messenger*, XXX, 467.

title to high distinction. A quarter of a century after Thompson's passing, Godwin* wrote this appreciation of his editorial associate:

Mr. Thompson was for some years a companion of mine in the office of *The New York Evening Post*—where he served as literary editor—and I am free to say that, in the course of a long and varied experience, I never met a person whom I admired more for his accomplishments as a scholar and his courtesy as a gentleman.

Mr. Thompson was commended to us (though of this I am not entirely certain) by the late William Gilmore Simms, who was an intimate friend of Mr. William Cullen Bryant, our editor-in-chief, and with whom he was in the habit of passing a part of his summer vacations at Great Barrington, in Massachusetts.

We were glad to receive the services of Mr. Thompson. His long experience as editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, his wide and varied cultivation, and his past intimacy with Southern authors, such as Edgar A. Poe, John P. Kennedy, and J. Esten Cooke, rendered his assistance particularly valuable.

The Evening Post devoted a large part of its space to literary criticism, and the diligence of Mr. Thompson was equal to every demand. His critiques were always intelligent, adequate and instructive. He was not one of those critics who suppose that their function consists in discouraging literature by the severity of their judgments, but, on the contrary, he thought it consisted in favoring and fostering every sign of real nascent talent. There are many authors, now eminent, who in their youth got a helping hand from Mr. Thompson's kindly and discerning appreciation.

He thus put into practice the philosophy of sympathy and support enunciated by Swinburne in his saying that he had "never been able to see what should attract man to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of prais-

* *Alumni Bulletin*, VII, o. s., 62-63.

ing." In this respect he was unlike Poe, whose caustic justice "continued to attach to himself animosity of the most enduring kind." The fact that "he was versed in a more profound learning and skilled in a more lofty minstrelsy, scholar by virtue of a larger erudition, and poet by the transmission of a diviner spark," did not protect him from the envious obscure.

There is not a trace of Poe's methods or performance in Thompson's work. His themes were outside the real or dreamed experience of a man of Thompson's type of mind and emotions, and his artistic performance, at its best, was far beyond him.

Thompson met Poe first in the Spring of 1848. The latter had just emerged from a two-weeks' sojourn in Richmond riverside resorts of a low order, described with evident disgust in Thompson's letter to E. H. N. Patterson.* In that condition he was not attractive to his younger brother in the muses. His testimony against Poe was the most respected of that adduced to justify the Griswold-Lowell-Willis biography. But while he disapproved of Poe's conduct, and did not become his imitator as a poet, he recognized and admired his great genius. No other critic who appraised his work in the year of his death measured Poe's merits so accurately. This young editor of twenty-six wrote for his magazine by far the best contemporary estimate; and it is by no means certain that any later literary demonstrator has seen more of the psychal force enveloped in this much dissected personality, or more keenly appreciated his mastery of the art by which it was expressed.

* *Edgar Allan Poe's Works*, Virginia ed., XVII, 403.

V

HIS LIFE IN LONDON

In 1854, confiding the editorial direction of *The Messenger* to his friend, John Esten Cooke, the "Surry of Eagle's Nest" in later achievements, Thompson had gone abroad for a year of travel and recuperation. His wanderings took him to many parts of England, and thence to Belgium, Holland, the Rhine country, Austria and France. More prose than poetry came of his *wanderjahr*. In verse he did some parodies and skits of no great importance, but in prose he produced a series of "editorial letters" of much merit. Carefully revised, these composed the luckless volume, *Across the Atlantic*.

Probably Thackeray decided Thompson to carry out his long cherished purpose to cross the Atlantic when that genial novelist had been his guest in the Spring of 1853, and at the office of *The Messenger*, then in the "Richmond Athenæum," or at his father's house in Mayo Street had met everybody worth knowing. On his arrival in London the Virginian was warmly welcomed at the Thackeray home, in Onslow Square. Between him and gifted Anne Thackeray, then a girl of sixteen, there grew up a friendship which was one of the happiest of his many attachments. To her, on the day of his death, two decades afterwards, he sent one of his last messages.

On this first visit to England he had met many of the *litterati* and other notable persons, and was now not without acquaintances. In the ten years between his visits (1854-1864) his pen had won for him an enviable reputation in London, where his war lyrics were known and appreciated; and this good will was enlarged when it became known that he was the Virginia correspondent of *The Index* who

had presented the cause of the Confederacy so persuasively as to win for it sympathy and respect. The years had, of course, taken away some things he desired: the greeting from Thackeray who was gone it would be a year the coming Christmas; the ambrosial nights with him at Evans's, the "Cave of Harmony" of *The Newcomes*, and intellectual hours with Macaulay, whom death had found at Holly Lodge reading Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip*.

Almost from the beginning of the War Between the States there was a considerable Confederate colony in England, and a smaller one in Paris. Of the first James M. Mason, special Commissioner of the Confederate States of America to Great Britain and Ireland, was a conspicuous member until the Confederate Commission came to an end in 1863, and he was forced to withdraw, going to Paris, after which he was designated "Commissioner to the Continent at Large." Official England was studiously cool to the representative of the Confederacy, in support of its policy of strict non-interference, which Thompson satirized in his poem, *England's Neutrality*. Unofficial England was not neutral, but warmly sympathetic. Tennyson, Carlyle, and their *entourage* spoke their sentiments freely; society declared itself in its usual way by invitations, bazaars, and the like, and democracy by acclamation. There were many, and some notable, exhibitions of popular sympathy.*

When Mr. Mason retired to Paris at the end of his English mission, he found living there, at 16 Rue de Marignan,

* "I was at the Mansion House last night," Mr. Mackay, of the great shipping firm of T. M. Mackay & Co., of Leadenhall Street, wrote to James Spence, the Liverpool banker, "and heard the Lord Mayor virtually recognize the South in the quietest and most inoffensive way that could be imagined." *The Times* report frequently indicates "cheering," "prolonged cheering," "great cheering."

good Virginia friends, Mr. and Mrs. Soutter and their two daughters, who installed him perforce in their home, from which thereafter Commissioner Mason's official dispatches to the Confederate State Department were dated. He frequently visited England because, as he explained, societies were forming throughout the kingdom, headed by noblemen and eminent public men, who were endeavoring to bring about a recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, and he believed he ought to maintain contact and take advantage of every opportunity to serve his government. He was at 24 Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, when Thompson reached London. The Virginian called without delay, and found old acquaintances with Mr. Mason, and made new ones. He was particularly pleased to see Captain James D. Bulloch of Georgia, a man of many adventures who had cruised in the seven seas as midshipman and then lieutenant in the old navy, who was commissioned Commander C. S. N., and was now in London as naval agent;* and also gallant Walker Fearn of Mobile, who had been sent to Europe by the Confederate State Department, first to Spain as Secretary to Commissioner Pierre A. Rost of Louisiana, and then to Russia as Secretary to Commissioner Lucius Q. C. Lamar of Georgia; and now, on his return to the South, he was seeing something of London.

Mr. Mason and his secretary, James Edward Macfarland of Petersburg, Va., who had been secretary of the American legation at London before the war, were about to visit Scotland and Ireland, and Thompson gladly accepted their invitation to go with them. Their tour lasted a month.

* Captain Bulloch furnished to the Confederacy the cruisers *Florida*, *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, and the ram *Stonewall*. He wrote the very valuable *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe*. This staunch Confederate was the uncle of Theodore Roosevelt.

Then for some weeks Thompson was exceedingly busy at the office of *The Index* in Bouverie Street, "getting the run of things," and writing editorials and American notes. *The Index* was a weekly paper of sixteen folio pages, about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and not unlike it in appearance. Three of its pages were given to editorials. President Davis was possessed by the belief—to the serious disadvantage of the military enterprise of his government, many believed—that England would abandon neutrality and recognize the seceding states as a confederated nation with a stable government. *The Index* was to promote this result, in the manner described by the following declaration of purpose repeated in each issue:

The Index was established in May, 1861, in the darkest hour of Confederate fortunes, by earnest friends of Southern Independence, with the distinctly expressed object of being the representative in English journalism, of a gallant and struggling people appealing to the world not only for political, but still more for moral recognition. Since accepting this great trust *The Index* has unceasingly labored, by the combined aid of English and of Southern writers, to enlarge and extend the common ground upon which two nations could cordially meet, which need only to understand each other in order to cherish the warmest mutual appreciation and lasting friendship. The chief, and almost the sole, difficulty has been, and is still, the callous indifference of the British Government on the one hand, and, on the other, the perplexity, to the European mind, of the unsolved and unprecedented problems involved in the management and education of four millions of the African race, intermingled with a population of the highest Caucasian type. This difficulty could be met only by a liberal fairness to every shade of honest opinion, by an inflexible adherence to truth under all circumstances, and by a bold avowal of convictions, even though ill-received. *The Index* does not claim to be neutral, but it claims to be independent in the highest sense of the word. It is because it

must reflect and appeal to, at one and the same time, the public opinion of two countries as yet only imperfectly acquainted that this somewhat unusual self-description is called for.

The Index, through correspondents, and newspapers received in exchange, got news from all parts of the Confederate States, and was the *vade mecum* of Southerners in Europe and their sympathizers.

Until a day or two before Christmas, Thompson's leisure was given to social diversions. He dined at Harrington House, "the company being Lady Harrington, Lady Geraldine Evelyn Stanhope, Miss Soutter, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Eustis, Mr. Corbin, Colonel Fitzhugh and Mr. Kinglake, author of the *History of the Crimean War and Eothen*"; attended a dinner party at Mr. Mason's; spent an evening with Carlyle at No. 5 Cheyne Row, and talked of General Lee, whom the author of *Heroes and Hero Worship* admired greatly; visited Woolner, the sculptor, in Cavendish Square, with Tennyson, "a quiet and simple mannered man who smoked a pipe and drank hot punch," and often met there Tyndall and Palgrave, and occasionally Robert Browning; took long strolls in Hyde Park with Fearn and Fauntleroy; was a day and night the guest of the Wortleys, at Wortley Lodge, Mortlake, and, returning in an open carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Wortley, experienced a London fog so dense that steamers could not make their usual trips on the Thames; dined with General and Mrs. George W. Randolph at their apartments in the Burlington, along with Mr. Corcoran, Commissioner Mason, Captain Fitzhugh Carter (son of Hill Carter of "Shirley" in Virginia), Captain Bulloch and Allan Young, R. N., afterwards Sir Allan Young, the arctic explorer;—and with all this and more wrote probably all of the articles and paragraphs that filled the three editorial pages of *The Index* each week. Then, on

December 23, with General and Mrs. Randolph, he took packet at Dover and crossed the Channel, which was in a stormy mood, to Calais, and proceeded to Paris, where he was welcomed cordially by Charles Walsh at his home in Avenue Gabriel. There, for him, the old year ended and the new began; in what manner these entries in his *Diary* tell:

Dec. 27—Dined at Eustis's, No. 45 Rue de la Ville l'Évêque—small but elegant dinner—Fitzhugh and myself the only guests. Eustis's mother, wife, and sister at the table.

Jan. 1, 1865—Drove to Mr. F. P. Corbin's in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he lives in magnificent style. We had a delightful dinner. The guests were Mr. Slidell, General and Mrs. Randolph, Commodore Barron, Mr. Josephs, Mr. Charles Stewart (son of the late Admiral Stewart of the Old United States Navy), and myself. The chilly, dark day was in accordance with the feelings of all Confederates in Paris. It was impossible to disconnect the aspect of nature, so cheerless and forbidding, with the unhappy condition of our country, nor to fail to wonder at the utter indifference manifested by the giddy, pleasure-loving Parisian with regard to the desolating war in America. The New Year opens for us in sorrow. God grant it may close in joy.

He was soon back in London, busy again with his work and in quiet enjoyment of its social life. His circle of friends was growing, and intimate friendships becoming more intimate. One of the dearest of his London friends—he always referred to him as “My friend Lawley”—was Francis Charles Lawley, fourth son of Lord Wenlock, at one time private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, whose wife was his cousin. As the Southern correspondent of *The Times*, he was a familiar figure at Confederate military headquarters, and enjoyed the confidence of Lee, Hampton and Longstreet, and other Southern leaders.

Thompson was frequently summoned to 39 Berkeley

Square, the home of Lawley's mother, the dowager Lady Wenlock. In the circle in which Thompson moved in his busy two and a half years in London were many other well known persons whose friendship he valued; among them Edward Bulwer, whom Lord Derby made a peer two years later; Owen Meredith, whose *Lucile*, published three or four years before, was to be seen everywhere; Moncton Milnes, recently created Baron Houghton; Millais, just then in the midst of his most notable achievements with the brush; the Thackerays, whose home in Onslow Square was a loved retreat, into which he introduced many of his Virginia friends; Macmillan, the publisher; Admiral Schenley of Prince's Gate, Byron's friend, who assured Thompson that his lordship was "a coarse, lubberly man," and that the Countess of Guiccioli was never pretty, even in her *première jeunesse*; the Archbishop of Canterbury; Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *Athenæum*; Shirley Brooks of *Punch*, destined to succeed Mark Lemon as editor of the famous weekly; Frederick Locker-Lampson, author of *London Lyrics*; Mowbray Morris, editor-in-chief of *The London Times*; and Robert Chambers, who told anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott;—and others of a list too long to be fully set down here.

Among men of letters his most intimate acquaintance was the old philosopher of Chelsea, who was nearing the end of his *Life of Frederick the Great* when Thompson arrived in England. It was his custom to spend two or three evenings at 5 Cheyne Row each month, and at other times they met in the streets, or in Hyde Park, for quiet strolls. Occasionally he was the guest of the poet laureate. His *Diary* contains an interesting account of one of his visits to Farringford, an inviting picture of the manor and its surroundings, and a glimpse of the home-life of the Tennysons.

The news from home was growing worse all the time.

Wilmington was captured; then Richmond fell. The entries in the *Diary* at this time reflect his distress:

April 23—*The Observer* of this morning contains the startling and dreadful intelligence of the surrender of General Lee and his entire army. . . . Received a letter from my sister, dated April third, describing the terrible scenes attending the evacuation of Richmond. My books are burned as I had supposed, and my father has lost his all by the fire. This news, and the surrender at Appomattox, have wholly unfitted me for work.

April 26—Went to the Strand and remained all day writing on *The Index*. About two o'clock the editor of *The Standard* [Captain Hamber] came in, bringing the startling news of Lincoln's assassination on the night of the fourteenth in the theatre at Washington by J. Wilkes Booth. Was greatly shocked and distressed to hear it, because I do not think a shameful murder can advance any good cause, and I fear the mind of Europe will be easily persuaded that Booth was prompted to commit the horrible crime by Confederates. I was especially pained to learn that he profaned the motto of Virginia, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*," by shouting it from the stage just before making his escape. When I returned to the West End I found the whole mighty metropolis in a state of the most intense excitement at the news. I have never before witnessed such a sensation in London.

Thompson was disconcerted when Henry Hotze, the Confederate commercial agent in London, informed him that the Confederate funds in Europe were in a state of bankruptcy and that *The Index* would probably be discontinued, for then, of course, his salary would be suspended. The paper did not long survive the war, but other employment was at hand, and he lingered in London. In spite of the wreck of his hopes as a Southern patriot he found life in the great city constantly yielding solace. His social acceptance was just as cordial as when the Confederacy was believed to be approaching its goal of independence. He was

still a welcome guest; well-informed, cultivated, a gifted *raconteur*, a good cue at billiards, and a desirable partner at whist. But he was longing to return to Virginia. A friend wrote of him, with clear insight: "Virginian he is, Virginian he must remain. Be his home where it may, let his taste and talents find fitting reward in what state they may, he shall not forget the beautiful city that gave him birth and the noble old commonwealth, which he has already honored, and whom he will honor yet more in years to come." "I envy everyone going home," he wrote in his *Diary*. "I long to see dear old Virginia. I love her deeper for her impoverishment. Her wasted fields seem more beautiful than this richly cultured England." When he could resist no longer he sailed from Liverpool on September 16, 1866, in the Cunard steamship *Cuba*, and after ten days of rough seas safely reached Halifax, and the end of the third phase of his life.

VI

THE LAST PHASE

In many respects the years Thompson spent in London were the happiest of his life, and yet, when *The Index* suspended, he would have gladly returned to Virginia. He remained at No. 3 Clifford Street, Bond, to prepare Von Borcke's *Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence* for publication in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He began on the *Memoirs* in June, 1865, and had the manuscript far enough advanced for the appearance of the first instalment in September. The serial publication was concluded in June, 1866. In October of that year the work appeared in book form, in two handsome volumes.

But this was not all that his pen was put to. Captain Hamber, editor of *The Standard*, engaged him to write a

leader each week. He became the London correspondent of the *Louisville Journal* and the *New Orleans Picayune*, writing a weekly letter to each. *The Cosmopolitan* was using his "leaders." He was writing for *The Crescent Magazine*, published in New Orleans by William Evelyn and edited by an Englishman named Flash. His large acquaintance with English and Irish editors held a door open, which it would have been profitable to enter—in a word, he was well started on his career as a writer, in London. Perhaps it would have been better if he had remained there.

But there was the longing for Virginia, and the impulse to return probably led to self-deceiving. It was easy, and inspiring too, to think that the South was recovering from the paralysis induced by the war; that in Virginia atrophy was giving place to vigor, and that in Richmond, his home—to him still the capital of God's country—there was a demand for services such as he could render. He arrived in Richmond late in the autumn of 1866, and faced unexpected conditions. There was no place for him—no employment—among such of his old friends as remained. *The Southern Literary Messenger* was only a cherished memory, the last number was dated June, 1864, two years before his return. *The Examiner* was no more, and Hughes and Southall and Bagby were filling other editorial assignments, of which there were fewer than in earlier days.

Thompson turned to the platform in his search for an income, and delivered lectures in Louisville, New Orleans and other large cities, on "English Journalism" and "The Life and Genius of Edgar A. Poe," but with no intention, it seems, of abandoning journalism. Richmond had failed him, and the South, where his friends were, was not a promising field. He must have hesitated before turning his thought seriously to the North, and yet he did so in two or three months after his return from Europe. His friend

John Pendleton Kennedy was in Europe trying to recover his lost health, and Thompson had to make his way as best he could, unsupported by the Marylander or any other influential person. In April, 1867, he wrote from Richmond to B. Johnson Barbour of Barboursville, Va.:

Having satisfied myself beyond all question that there is no career for me here, no hope of employment even, I am just on the eve of departure for New York, where I shall remain *en permanence* if the fates are propitious. I have nothing certain before me, and only go to "breast the blows of circumstance, and grapple with my evil star." The Bohemian life is dreary enough in the prospect of it, and my heart is sad almost unto breaking in sundering the tie that binds me to Virginia, but I must get to work and the sooner the better.

He reached New York in April, 1867. What he did in the ensuing twelve months seems to be a lost story. It may be true, as some one has conjectured, that he was for a part of that time employed on *The Albion*. He was lonely and unhappy, and probably scantily supplied with money. Money would have been very well, of course, but it could not have made another Richmond of the great city to which he was exiled. He missed the charm of drawing-rooms like Mrs. Stanard's, the cheer of wits like August and Gibson, the comradeship of men of genius like Bagby, McCabe, and Cooke, and the sweet intercourse and sympathy of the paternal home in Leigh Street. Richmond, seven years before, had seduced him into resigning the editorship of *The Southern Field and Fireside*, the most lucrative position he had ever held. The New York nostalgia must have been even more distressing, and with it went a lack of money acutely painful to a man of Thompson's tastes and pride.

At the end of that year of discontent (April, 1868) he was in the employ of William Young, Thackeray's friend,

and translator of Béranger, then publishing *Every Afternoon*, successor of his *Albion*, a high class publication on the model of *The St. James Gazette*, and similar English journals. *Every Afternoon* suspended after four weeks of unprofitable existence.

William Gilmore Simms or Edmund Clarence Stedman and some other friend of the *Virginian* took some of his reviews to William Cullen Bryant of the *New York Evening Post*. Their excellence recommended him and he was given work, and after a short probation he was assigned to the important position of literary editor. The *Evening Post* took what Mr. Godwin himself described as a "supposed" "extreme position in the political controversies of the time"—by which he meant that *The Post* was firmly anti-Southern—but Thompson did not compromise in order to be allowed to earn his bread. He frankly avowed his unchanged convictions, and was met with equal manliness on the part of his employers who assured him that nothing but the quality of his service would be scrutinized.

His old, untiring enemy—consumption—began to dog his footsteps almost as soon as he was comfortably seated at the editor's desk, but he was unafraid, and did his work with a cheery good will. What was probably the last of his poetical moods to be expressed found a medium in Heine's beautiful *Wo?*—known, in English, as *The Grave Song* and *The Wanderer*:

Where shall yet the wanderer jaded
 In the grave at last recline?
 In the South, by palm trees shaded?
 Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I in some desert sterile
 Be entombed by foreign hands?
 Shall I sleep, beyond life's peril,
 By some seacoast in the sands?

Well! God's heaven will shine as brightly
There as here, around my bed,
And the stars for death-lamps nightly
Shall be hung above my head.

This translation was made in August, 1872. In the early months of that year Thompson had accompanied William Cullen Bryant to Nassau and Cuba, and written notes of travel to *The Evening Post*. They returned by way of New Orleans at Easter. *The Picayune* said, a year later, "It was but too painfully apparent that the shadow on the dial had already fallen for him." His friends in *The Evening Post* office saw, as the year wore on, that he was losing ground, and in February, 1873, they sent him to Colorado. He remained until April 17. On that day he wrote from Denver to Mrs. Daniel Henderson, wife of one of the owners of *The Evening Post*:

My dear, dear friend:

I have been losing ground steadily beyond a doubt in the dreadful weather of high winds, chilling frosts and drifting snow storms of the past two or three weeks, and the doctors order me to leave Colorado. I shall go tonight in the train to Kansas City, Pullman sleeping cars, making many stops on the way to husband the little strength I have. I am in doubt whether to go first to New York or Virginia, but shall determine on the way and inform you. If I go to New York I shall come directly to 54th street [the Henderson home], trusting that you will make me a bed somewhere down stairs, for I cannot go up a single flight. I am wasted to a skeleton and am hardly able to dress myself.

On the homeward journey Thompson reached Kansas City in a condition that obliged him to call in a physician. He hoped that a short rest there would add to his strength and enable him to resume his progress eastward; but he grew feebler. Virginia was out of the question. He prudently telegraphed his friends of *The Evening Post* to send

some one to bear him company. James Wood Davidson, who was filling his position on *The Post* in his absence, joined him in Kansas City and took him to New York. In a letter to Mrs. Quarles, the poet's sister, Mr. Davidson told of the warm-hearted welcome at the close of his last journey:

Arrived at New York, and at Mr. Henderson's—you know the rest. I had never met Mrs. Henderson before our arrival, but my heart was at once drawn to her by the womanly tenderness with which she received your brother—by the many things I saw she had prepared in advance for our coming—by those gentle ministrations which woman only knows how to give—by tender touches of the hand—by soothing and hopeful words—by a thousand nameless sweet offices that flow from woman's heart to those they love. Ah, my dear madam, had she been his mother she could not have been more attentive, more tender, more lovingly attentive than she was, and was uninterruptedly from the moment of our arrival until the end. My heart has thanked and blessed her a thousand times since for it all. Nothing—absolutely nothing—could have been done for his comfort that was not done, and done sweetly, lovingly.

At Mr. Henderson's the excitement incident to reunion with his friends revived him, and he even sat up for a while. Retiring early in the evening of Tuesday, April 29, he slept fitfully. He was without any illusion as to his condition, and on Wednesday morning he sent for Mr. Stoddard and committed his literary interests to his care, confiding to him, *The Home Journal* relates, "his wishes in relation to the disposal of his manuscripts." His friend Davidson was with him the most of the day. He became unconscious at about four o'clock and remained so until he died.

At half past four o'clock his friend, Mr. Coffin (Barry Gray), who had been among the first to welcome him when, shortly after the close of the war, he came to this city from England, stood beside his dying couch, where he remained

until he passed away. At that hour he was dying and his respirations were slow and faint, and his pulse flickering with his ebbing life. Five minutes before his death the pulsation ceased, the breath grew shorter and shorter, and without a struggle or a tremor he entered that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," like one who "wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." At exactly twenty-five minutes past five o'clock, on Wednesday afternoon, April 30, Mr. Coffin closed the eyes of one of the loveliest characters that earth has known.*

1873.

Funeral services were held at Mr. Henderson's Friday afternoon (May 2). Among the friends and associates in literary employments who drew near the casket for a last look were Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard H. Stoddard of *The Aldine*, William Cullen Bryant, Parke Godwin and family, Whitelaw Reid of *The Tribune*, Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Mary B. Dodge of *Hearth and Home*, R. B. Coffin, better known as "Barry Gray," Judge Daly, James Wood Davidson of *The Evening Post*, Augustus Maverick of *The Commercial Advertiser*, formerly of *The Post*, Blair Scribner, Roswell C. Smith, and Richard Watson Gilder, all of *Scribner's Monthly*, Mr. Durand, the art critic, and Professor Chase of *The New York Herald*.

The Reverend Doctor Morgan, rector of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church in New York, read appropriate selections, and the Reverend Doctor Noah H. Schenck, of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, spoke touchingly of the departed writer. "Mr. Thompson had been a familiar visitor of his family—almost an inmate of his house. He felt his death as a personal grief. He could think of no other individual whose character, gem-like, possessed so many brilliant facets. There was a personal magnetism about him that made him win without wooing. He was not soullessly, intellectually, or politically ambitious. In fact he lived rather cloistered;

* *New York Home Journal*, May 7, 1873.

and the periphery of his life was the circumference of his affections."

There was a little group from Richmond, made up of the poet's widowed sister, Mrs. Susan P. Quarles, his nephew, Charles H. Quarles, who had accompanied him to Wilmington on his departure for Europe in 1864, his brother-in-law, Mr. Massie, and his niece, Miss Massie. Immediately after the funeral the journey to Virginia began.

The wanderer was now returned to his native city, Richmond. The day previous to the funeral there, the bar, the press, alumni of the University of Virginia, and many others met in the hall of the House of Delegates to prepare to receive the returning Virginian with becoming ceremony. Governor Walker presided, and George W. Bagby, James Pleasants, James McDonald, Thomas H. Wynne and P. T. Moore reported resolutions fitly characterizing his genius and appraising his character and achievements.*

As Dante from Ravenna came,
Our poet came from exile—dead.

On the day of his coming—the third day of May—from St. Paul's Church, where he had worshipped with his heroes, Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis, he was borne to Holly-

* The Committee which met the returning poet at the Byrd Street Station was composed of leading citizens of Richmond: Judge B. R. Wellford, Col. William D. Coleman, Peachy R. Grattan, Gen. P. T. Moore, James Pleasants, Col. J. C. Shields, W. H. Haxall, Lewis Ginter, Dr. George W. Bagby, Col. James McDonald, Col. Thomas H. Wynne, Col. H. C. Cabell, Hon. A. M. Keiley, Major Baker P. Lee, James A. Cowardin, Judge Hunter Marshall, Judge W. W. Crump, Hon. James A. Seddon, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, Dr. W. P. Palmer, Hon. James Lyons, Hugh M. Stanard, Major W. B. Myers, Dr. R. Barksdale, Hon. R. T. Daniel, Col. W. P. Burwell, and M. B. Stanard.

The services at St. Paul's were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Joshua Peterkin of St. James Church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge of the Second Presbyterian Church.

wood and entombed in sight of the last home of another of his heroes, General J. E. B. Stuart. The granite shaft above him was the tribute of Northern and Southern friends, and bears the just estimate:—"The graceful poet, the brilliant writer, the steadfast friend, the loyal Virginian, the earnest and consistent Christian."

The day following his death there appeared in *The Evening Post* an editorial appreciation of Mr. Thompson, attributed to William Cullen Bryant, which only a good man could deserve:

It has rarely been our lot to be associated with a person who combined more completely the best characteristics of the Christian gentleman and scholar than John R. Thompson. Endowed with the warmth and quick sensibilities of a native of the South, a keen sense of personal honor, and a chivalrous devotion to his friends and his cause, whatever it might be, he was yet so amiable in his disposition and so courteous in his conduct, that he made no enemies and won hosts of friends. No one, indeed, ever approached him without being impressed alike by his geniality, his integrity and his modesty. . . . He had read so variously, observed so minutely, and retained so tenaciously the results of his reading and his observation that he was never at a loss for a topic and never failed to invest what he was speaking of with a rare and original interest. His fund of anecdote was almost inexhaustible, and his ability to illustrate any subject by apt quotation no less remarkable. The English poets and essayists seemed to be always at his fingers' ends, and, what is not usual with men of wide miscellaneous studies, he was as accurate as he was various. . . . Not unaware of the certainty of his fate he yet seldom gave way to despondency or lost his interest in the great movements of life. It was because his character and tastes had rendered life agreeable to him in so many ways (despite the dark clouds that war and disease had gathered over it) that he desired to live; and no less because he had properly estimated its ends and issues that he did not fear to die. He went away reluctantly, for he left behind him some that were dependent upon him and many that loved

him well; but he went away peacefully, knowing where he had placed his trust for the future, and that the passage which we who gaze upon it from this side call Death is to those who gaze upon it from the other side the Dawn of a larger and nobler activity.

The poet was forty-six when, in 1869, Mr. Davidson made this pen picture:

In person Mr. Thompson is a small and slender man of easy manner; dresses with marked taste; has an engaging and steady blue eye, and a voice low, earnest, and brisk, with a well defined emphasis in talking; converses well; wears American whiskers, of neutral, yellowish color; has hair darker, and thin, with an approach towards baldness.

Benjamin B. Minor, Thompson's predecessor in the editorship of *The Messenger*, knew him best in the years of his active career in Richmond, years of the fourth of the five decades of his life. He was then, as later, indeed as always, "neat and prim and attentive to his dress and personal appearance. His address was good, but rather studied; his conversation was pleasant, and he had some humor; his manner was respectful and unassuming, but painstaking and ingratiating. He was a man of culture and æsthetic taste."* "He was fastidious in his dress," writes† the daughter of V. C. P., in whose honor *Benedicite* was composed; "dainty as a woman might be. I remember his pretty, big silk handkerchiefs in the days when such things were rare; and always there was cologne on them." In the Autumn following his death John Esten Cooke lovingly recalled his friend:

He was small in stature and of delicate appearance. His eyes were dark and had a peculiar softness and brightness

* Mr. Minor's letter quoted by Link, *Pioneers of Southern Literature*, II, 389.

† Private letter, January 10, 1919.

—the expression varying and reflecting every emotion. He had chestnut hair, curling naturally, wore a very heavy brown beard and mustache, and was extremely nice in his dress and careful of his personal appearance. Everything about him, indeed, was nice, graceful and finished, down to his handwriting, which was a model of legibility and elegance. He was even criticised occasionally as exhibiting a tendency to foppery; but all about him was in the very best taste, and his manners only seemed peculiar perhaps from that instinctive refinement and courtesy which spring from association with ladies and cultivated persons generally, and the pursuits of the belles lettres student. In his appearance, bearing, and habits, he was essentially a gentleman of the most refined tastes; and certainly his manner—with the exception of a slight reserve and ceremony at times—was delightful. He was the charm and delight of the circles—and they were the best—in which he moved; a fascinating *raconteur*—indeed, I may say that he was one of the very best “story-tellers,” or relators of anecdotes, literary or humorous, that I have ever known. For this he certainly had a distinct gift, and I have listened to him with silent delight. His anecdotes were chiefly humorous—of the character called “good stories”—and there seemed to be no end to them. In private, at suppers, at dinner parties, and everywhere with friends he abounded in them, putting everybody in a good humor with his sparkling witticisms and the point and finish of his discourse.

I saw little of him during these sad latter days, and this chance memorial refers to him as he appeared in his earlier years, when full of health, impulse, ambition, and in the youthful flush of his faculties. I think of him always as he appeared then, and my outline belongs to this period. What delightful company he was in those remote years! How his smiles, his laughter, his unflinching flow of pleasant chit-chat drove away “the blues” if his friends were oppressed by them! Leaning back in his comfortable chair in his office in the Law Building—it was a leather-covered arm-chair, and he wrote upon an elegant walnut table with a covering of green cloth—how his eyes sparkled, his ready laugh rang, his soft bright eyes lit up! Reading aloud in his rich sonorous voice—he was, after Thackeray, the most delightful reader I ever listened to—or standing and talk-

ing, cigar in mouth with a little of the *petit maître* air, for he was young and petted by society, he interested you, made you laugh; you forgot the passage of time as you listened, and went away in a good humor with yourself and all the world. . . . What impressed you most in him was this charming *personality*, the easy and graceful commingling of the *littérateur* and the man of society. In Paris he would have taken his place, as of right, among the attractions of the literary *salons* and become famous among the wits of the wittiest city of Europe.*

From these witnesses we learn that John R. Thompson was not a son of Mars. No hilt hung near to his hand, and he could not have had any standing with those who blustered and swore like the British Uncle Toby knew in Flanders. The laws of good taste were canons of concern to him, and he was in hearty accord only with those who respected them. He was "a good mixer," as we say now, in his own set, but he remained within its fellowship—and thereby hangs the tale that he was "sensitive and reserved." The tale has its moral, which must not be given too wide an application, for Thompson did not shrink from contact nor was the measure of his social self-revelations ungenerous, but the contrary. In the diversions of his circle he was an adept. He could make good conversation and play a good hand at whist while the ladies lingered, and was a genial *convive* when they had withdrawn and the time had come to "blow a cloud," to use Carlyle's imagery, and fill a final glass. In more intellectual moments, when the theme called for knowledge and practiced winnowing he was accepted unreservedly as a companion *con scienza*, by great minds in Europe and America. There are no persisting anecdotes of mental defeats or *gaucherie* on his part—nothing that Du Maurier could have put into a cartoon illus-

* *Hearth and Home*, December 20, 1873.

trating an act or a saying that one would rather not have done or said.

At the time of his death, Thompson was a recognized master of prose style, the literary editor of the foremost journal of his day, and, as a poet, as well known as his friends Hayne and Timrod. But Hayne's poems and Timrod's, collected and put forth in book form, made a better bid for recognition than Thompson's in the ephemeral garb of newspaper and magazine. Ill-luck attended his efforts to publish his poems. His last effort to have his work put in enduring form was made as his life was closing, in the Spring of 1873. "I know, of my personal knowledge," Colonel McCabe avers in a letter to the writer, "that he left complete copies, exquisitely done, of his poems, looking to their eventual publication. I saw them, carefully done up, in numerous packages, four years before Thompson died, all endorsed in his beautiful handwriting." And Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard relates—confirming the statement of *The Home Journal*—that on the day of his death he sent for her husband, R. H. Stoddard, "whom he made his executor, with full liberty to act according to his judgment in regard to the disposition of his effects."*

It is known that Mr. Stoddard delivered Thompson's library to Bangs, Merwen & Co., 656 Broadway, New York, who printed a catalogue of the books and autographs, and offered these effects for sale on July 19 and 20, 1873. The Thompson manuscripts were not included. These the family directly, and others acting for it later, sought to recover, but Stoddard did not remember having received any. The testimony of *The Journal* and of Mrs. Stoddard seems to indicate that his memory was not good.

Whatever the precise truth of this scrap of literary history may be, John R. Thompson's work has never been

* *Lippincott's Magazine*, November, 1888.

fully or fairly presented for the judgment of the world. Only his war poems have come under review. These sincere students of Southern literature have regarded with increasing respect.*

Thompson began his literary career consciously in the service of Southern literature, and never wearied of discovering and acclaiming promising writers. Our last glimpse of him at his congenial task is afforded by *The New York Evening Post*:

The late literary editor of *The Evening Post*, when he left this city about the middle of February, on a tour to the West, took with him for review at his leisure the then recently issued volume of *The Poems of Henry Timrod*, edited, with a sketch of the poet's life, by Paul H. Hayne (E. J. Hale & Son). The task of reviewing that volume he wished to reserve to himself. He wished to give utterance in his own language to his own high estimate of his departed poet-brother. This generous wish lived in his heart to the last; but his feeble hand could not put into literary form the tribute his heart had called for and his brain had already fashioned. His last literary work was to begin the review. It was left unfinished. Only the following few lines were written:

Poems of Henry Timrod.—One of the truest and tenderest poets of America was Henry Timrod of South Carolina. Yet he was so little known in the brief season of his song-

* Among the group of Virginia poets who wrote of the early battles on Virginia soil John R. Thompson and Mrs. Preston stand out as the most conspicuous. Of distinctly higher quality than the crude rhymes already referred to were Thompson's humorous poems on some of the earlier Southern victories. His *On to Richmond*, modelled on Southey's *March to Moscow*, is an exceedingly clever poem. His mastery of double and triple rhymes, his unflinching sense of the value of words, and his happy use of the refrain ("the pleasant excursion to Richmond"), make this poem one of the marked achievements of the period. Scarcely less successful in their brilliant satire are his *Farewell to Pope*, *England's Neutrality*, and *The Devil's Delight*.—*Cambridge History of American Literature*, II, 305 (1918).

burst, and his exquisite poems have heretofore been confined to so narrow a range of sympathy and admiration, that we doubt not that many a reader of this notice of his works will see his name for the first time, and think it a literary pseudonym.

The rest of the page is blank. Silence holds the conclusion. Here the pen fell from the failing hand. The heart had more to say, but the hand could not. What beauty in that devotion to a friend! What pathos in the silence that fell upon the poet while his hand was lifted to place a sprig of laurel upon the grave of his brother!

JOHN S. PATTON.

POEMS OF
JOHN R. THOMPSON

LEE TO THE REAR

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

DAWN of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the wilderness cool and grey,
While, perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the east—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the murky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat
A grey-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
On the bold rebel brigades close by,—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old grey-beard rode to the space
Where death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

“Follow me! Steady! We’ll save the day!”
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply—

“We’ll go forward, but you must go back”—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track:
“Go to the rear, and we’ll send them to h—!”
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o’er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o’er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb,
And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The grey-bearded man in the black slouched hat.

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ ¹

THE combat raged not long, but ours the day;
And through the hosts that compassed us around
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain,
Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair,
The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
Even thus he passed through the red gate of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field
And gave it unto stranger hands that closed
The calm, blue eyes on earth forever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb and weeping looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier,
Pale roses not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere
That blossomed with good actions, brief but whole;
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

¹The superior figure here, and those occurring hereafter, refer to Notes, pages 237-244.

No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight,
But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

" 'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power,"
Softly the promise floated on the air,
And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer:
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God.

Let us not weep for him whose deeds endure,
So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died,
As he had wished to die; the past is sure,
Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger on the stormy shore.
Change cannot harm him now nor fortune touch him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear,
Victrix et vidua,² the conflict done,
Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the tear
That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall sway
Than thine, our early-lost, lamented Latané.

ASHBY

To the brave all homage render,
Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, oh saddened moon!
Dead upon the field of glory,
Hero fit for song and story,
Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor Paynim—
Rode at Templestowe;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
Went he forth, we know.

Nevermore, alas! shall sabre
Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labour;
Stilled his manly breast:
All unheard sweet nature's cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens:
Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
Gently wrap his clay,
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day,

Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
 Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
 When his sword is rust
And his deeds in classic pages,
 Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
 Keep above his dust!

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART³

WE could not pause, while yet the noontide air
Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing,
The funeral pageant fitly to prepare,
A nation's grief revealing.

The smoke, above the glimmering woodland wide
That skirts our southward border with its beauty
Marked where our heroes stood and fought and died
For love and faith and duty.

And still, what time the doubtful strife went on,
We might not find expression for our sorrow,
We could but lay our dear, dumb warrior down,
And gird us for the morrow.

One weary year ago, when came a lull,
With victory, in the conflict's stormy closes,
When the glad spring, all flushed and beautiful,
First mocked us with her roses,

With dirge and minute-gun and bell we paid
Some few poor rites, an inexpressive token
Of a great people's pain, to Jackson's shade,
In agony unspoken.

No wailing trumpet and no tolling bell,
No cannon, save the battle's boom receding,
When Stuart to the grave we bore, might tell
Of hearts all crushed and bleeding.

The crisis suited not with pomp, and she
Whose anguish bears the seal of consecration,
Had wished his Christian obsequies should be
Thus void of ostentation.

Only the maidens came sweet flow'rs to twine
Above his form so still and cold and painless,
Whose deeds upon our brightest records shine,
Whose life and sword were stainless.

They well remembered how he loved to dash
Into the fight, festooned from summer bowers,
How like a fountain's spray his sabre's flash
Leaped from a mass of flowers.

And so we carried to his place of rest
All that of our great Paladin was mortal,
The cross, and not the sabre, on his breast,
That opes the heavenly portal.

No more of tribute might to us remain—
But there will come a time when Freedom's martyrs
A richer guerdon of renown shall gain
Than gleams in stars and garters.

I claim no prophet's vision, but I see
Through coming years, now near at hand, now distant,
My rescued country, glorious and free,
And strong and self-existent.

I hear from out that sunlit land which lies
Beyond these clouds that gather darkly o'er us
The happy sounds of industry arise
In swelling, peaceful chorus.

And mingling with these sounds, the glad acclaim
Of millions, undisturbed by war's afflictions,
Crowning each martyr's never-dying name
With grateful benedictions.

In some fair future garden of delights,
Where flowers shall bloom and song-birds sweetly warble,
Art shall erect the statues of our knights
In living bronze and marble.

And none of all that bright, heroic throng
Shall wear to far-off time a semblance grander,
Shall still be decked with fresher wreaths of song,
Than the beloved commander.

The Spanish legend tells us of the Cid
That after death he rode erect, sedately
Along his lines, even as in life he did,
In presence yet more stately;

And thus our Stuart at this moment seems
To ride out of our dark and troubled story
Into the region of romance and dreams,
A realm of light and glory.

And sometimes, when the silver bugles blow,
That radiant form, in battle re-appearing,
Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the foe,
In victory careering!

THE BATTLE RAINBOW

On the evening before the battles before Richmond, a magnificent rainbow, following a thunder-storm, overspread the eastern sky, exactly defining the position of the Confederate Army, as seen from the Capitol.

THE warm, weary day was departing, the smile
Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased,
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for awhile
On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the east,

There our army, awaiting the terrible fight
Of the morrow, lay hopeful and watchful and still;
Where their tents all the region had sprinkled with white
From river to river, o'er meadow and hill.

While above them the fierce cannonade of the sky
Blazed and burst from the vapours that muffled the sun,
Their "counterfeit clamours" gave forth no reply,
And slept till the battle, the charge in each gun,

When lo! on the cloud a miraculous thing!
Broke in beauty the rainbow our hosts to enfold;
The centre o'erspread by its arch and each wing
Suffused with its azure and crimson and gold.

Blest omen of victory, symbol divine
Of peace after tumult, repose after pain,
How sweet and how glowing with promise the sign
To eyes that should never behold it again!

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out,
And its thunder peals filled all the tremulous air;
Over slippery entrenchment and reddened redoubt
Rang the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony came,
Of mute supplication and yearning and dread;
When day unto day gave the record of fame,
And night unto night gave the list of its dead.

We had triumphed!—the foe had fled back to his ships,
His standards in rags and his legions a wreck,
But alas! the stark faces, and colourless lips
Of our loved ones gave triumph's rejoicing a check.

Not yet, oh, not yet, as a sign of release,
Had the Lord set in mercy his bow in the cloud,
Not yet had the Comforter whispered of peace
To the hearts that around us lay bleeding and bowed.

But the promise was given . . . the beautiful arc,
With its brilliant confusion of colors, that spanned
The sky on that exquisite eve, was the mark
Of the Infinite Love overarching the land . . .

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day,
Through the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's proud
pall,
On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display
Of Freedom, Peace, Victory, bent over all.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame,
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band
With movements light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles,
Loud shrieked the crowding Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang,
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankee stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

ON TO RICHMOND

[AFTER SOUTHEY'S "MARCH TO MOSCOW"]

MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT

An order had got
To push on the column to Richmond;
For loudly went forth
From all parts of the North
The cry that an end of the war must be made
In time for the regular yearly Fall Trade:
Mr. Greeley spoke freely about the delay,
The Yanks "to hum" were all hot for the fray;
The chivalrous Grow
Declared they were slow—
And therefore the order
To march from the border
And to make an excursion to Richmond.

Major-General Scott

Most likely was not
Very loth to obey this instruction, I wot;
In his private opinion
The Ancient Dominion
Deserved to be pillaged, her sons to be shot,
And the reason is easily noted;
Though this part of the earth
Had given him birth
And medals and swords
Inscribed in fine words,
It never for Winfield had voted.
Besides, you must know, that our First of Commanders
Had sworn quite as hard as the Army in Flanders,

With his finest of armies and proudest of navies,
To wrack his old grudge against Jefferson Davis.
Then, "Forward the column," he said to McDowell;
 And the Zouaves, with a shout,
 Most fiercely cried out,
"To Richmond or h—ll!" (I omit here the vowel),
And Winfield he ordered his carriage and four,
A dashing turn-out, to be brought to the door,
 For a pleasant excursion to Richmond.

Major-General Scott
Had there on the spot
A splendid array
To plunder and slay;
In the camp he might boast
Such a numerous host
As he never had yet
In the battle-field set;

Every class and condition of Northern society
Were in for the trip, a most varied variety:
In the camp he might hear every lingo in vogue,
"The sweet German accent, the rich Irish brogue."

The buthiful boy
From the banks of the Shannon
Was there to employ
His excellent cannon;

And besides the long files of dragoons and artillery,
The Zouaves and Hussars,
All the children of Mars—
There were barbers and cooks,
And writers of books—

The *chef de cuisine* with his French bill of fare,
And the artists to dress the young officers' hair.
And the scribblers were ready at once to prepare

An eloquent story
 Of conquest and glory;
 And servants with numberless baskets of Sillery,
 Though Wilson the Senator followed the train,
 At a distance quite safe, to "conduct the *champagne*;"
 While the fields were so green and the sky was so blue
 There was certainly nothing more pleasant to do,
 On this pleasant excursion to Richmond.

In Congress the talk, as I said, was of action,
 To crush out *instantly* the traitorous faction.
 In the press, and the mess,
 They would hear nothing less
 Than to make the advance, spite of rhyme or of reason,
 And at once put an end to the insolent treason.
 There was Greeley
 And Ely,
 And bloodthirsty Grow,
 And Hickman (the rowdy, not Hickman the beau),
 And that terrible Baker
 Who would seize on the South every acre,
 And Webb, who would drive us all into the Gulf, or
 Some nameless locality smelling of sulphur;
 And with all this bold crew
 Nothing would do,
 While the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
 But to march on directly to Richmond.

Then the gallant McDowell
 Drove madly the rowel
 Of spur that had never been "won" by him
 In the flank of his steed
 To accomplish a deed
 Such as never before had been done by him;

And the battery called Sherman's
Was wheeled into line,
While the beer-drinking Germans
From Neckar and Rhine,
With minie and yager
Came on with a swagger,
Full of fury and lager,

(The day and the pageant were equally fine).

Oh, the fields were so green, and the sky was so blue,
Indeed 'twas a spectacle pleasant to view,
As the column pushed onward to Richmond.

Ere the march was begun,
In a spirit of fun,
General Scott in a speech
Said the army would teach

The Southrons the lesson the laws to obey,
And just before dusk of the third or fourth day,
Should joyfully march into Richmond.

He spoke of their drill
And their courage and skill,
And declared that the ladies of Richmond would rave
O'er such matchless perfection, and gracefully wave
In rapture their delicate kerchiefs in air
At their morning parades on the Capitol Square.

But alack! and alas!
Mark what soon came to pass,
When this army, in spite of his flatteries,
Amid war's loudest thunder,
Must stupidly blunder
Upon those accursed "masked batteries."

Then Beauregard came
Like a tempest of flame
To consume them in wrath
In their perilous path;
And Johnston bore down in a whirlwind, to sweep
Their ranks from the field
Where their doom had been sealed,
And the storm rushes over the face of the deep;
While swift on the centre our President pressed,
And the foe might descry
In the glance of his eye
The light that once blazed upon Diomed's crest.

McDowell! McDowell! weep, weep for the day
When the Southrons you met in their battle array;
To your confident hosts with its bullets and steel
'Twas worse than Culloden to luckless Lochiel.
Oh, the generals were green, and old Scott is now blue,
And a terrible business, McDowell, to you
Was that pleasant excursion to Richmond.

OLD ABE'S MESSAGE, JULY 4, 1861

ONCE more, Representatives, Senators,—all—
You come to my capital swift at my call,
'Tis well, for you've something important to do,
In this most disagreeable national stew;
For since I came hither to run the machine,
Disguised in a Scotch cap and full Lincoln green,
There's the devil to pay in the whole blame concern,
As from Cameron and Seward and Chase you will learn,
And while everything here of a bust-up gives warning
I'm certain you'll put it all right in the morning;
So to do as I tell you be on the alert,
For the panic's fictitious and nobody's hurt.

I've started no war of invasion, you know,
Let who will pretend to deny it—that's so;
But I saw from the White House an impudent rag,
Which they told me was known as Jeff Davis's flag,
Waving above my Alexandria high,
Insulting my government, flouting the sky,
Above my Alexandria, isn't it, Bates,
Retrocession's a humbug—what rights have the States?
So I ordered young Ellsworth to take the rag down,
Mrs. Lincoln she wanted it to make a new gown;
But young Ellsworth he "kinder" got shot in the race,
And came back in a galvanized-burial case.
But, then, Jackson, the scoundrel, he got his desert,
For the panic's fictitious and nobody's hurt.

'Tis true, I sent steamers which tried for a week
To silence the Rebels down here at the creek;

But they had at Game Point about fifty or more
Rifled cannon set up in a line on the shore,
And six thousand Confederates practised to fire 'em;
Confound these Virginians, you never can tire 'em,
For they made game of our shooting and crippled our fleet,
So we prudently ordered a hasty retreat;
With decks full of passengers,—dead-heads indeed,
For whom of fresh coffins there straightway was need;
And still later at Mathias's they killed Captain Ward
In command of the Freeborn—ah! 'tis mighty hard;
But in spite of all this the rebellion's a spurt,
For the panic's fictitious, and nobody's hurt.

Herewith I beg leave to submit the report
Of Butler, the general, concerning the sport
They had at "Great Bethel," near Fortress Monroe,
With Hill and Magruder some four weeks ago;
And here, let me say, a more reckless intruder
I never have known than this General Magruder;
For he's taken the "Comfort" away from Old Point,
And thrown our peninsula plans out of joint;
While, in matters of warfare, to him General Butler
Would scarcely be thought worthy to act as a sutler,
And that insolent Rebel will call to our faces
The flight at "Great Bethel" the "Newmarket Races;"
Then supersede Butler at once with whoever
Can drive this Magruder clean into the river;
And I shall be confident still to assert,
That the panic's fictitious and nobody's hurt.

'Tis my province herein—briefly to state,
The state of my provinces surely of late,
Missouri and Maryland—one has the paw
Of my Lion upon her, and one has the law

Called martial proclaimed thro' her borders and cities,
Both are crushed, a big thing, I make bold to say it is;
St. Louis is silent and Baltimore dumb,
They hear but the monotone roll of my drum.
In the latter vile seaport I ordered Cadwallader
To manacle freedom and through the crowd follow her.
Locked up in McHenry, she's safe it is plain,
With Merryman, habeas corpus, and Kane;
And as for that crabbed old dotard, Judge Taney,
For much I would put him on board the Pawnee,
And make his decisions a little more curt;
For the panic's fictitious and nobody's hurt.

And now I'll just tell you what I'll have you to do,
In order to put your new President through;
First, three hundred millions wanted by Chase,
He cannot run longer the government's face,
And Cameron wants for the use of Old Scott
About five hundred thousand more men than he's got,
And sixty new iron-plate ships to stand shells
Are loudly demanded, must have 'em, by Welles;
For England, the bully, can't stand our blockade,
And insists that we shall not embarrass her trade;
But who fears the British? I'll speedily tune 'em,
As sure as my name is Epluribus Unum;
For I am myself the whole United States,
Constitution and laws; if you doubt it, ask Bates;
The Star Spangled banner's my holiday shirt;
Hurrah for Abe Lincoln, there's nobody hurt.

ENGLAND'S NEUTRALITY

A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE

ALL ye who with credulity the whispers hear of fancy,
Or yet pursue with eagerness Hope's wild extravagancy,
Who dream that England soon will drop her long miscalled
Neutrality
And give us, with a hearty shake, the hand of Nationality,

Read, as we give, with little fault of statement or omission,
The *next* debate in Parliament on Southern Recognition;
'They're all so much alike, indeed, that one can write it off,
I see,
As truly as the *Times* report without the gift of prophecy.

Not yet, not yet to interfere does England see occasion,
But treats our good commissioner with coldness and evasion;
Such coldness in the premises that really 'tis refrigerant
To think that two long years ago she called us a belligerent.

But further Downing Street is dumb, the Premier deaf to reason,
As deaf as is the *Morning Post*, both in and out of season:
The working men of Lancashire are all reduced to beggary,
And yet they will not listen unto Roebuck or to Gregory,

"Or any other man," today, who counsels interfering,
While all who speak on t'other side obtain a ready hearing—
As *per example* Mr. Bright, that pink of all propriety,
That meek and mild disciple of the blessed Peace Society.

“Why, let ’em fight,” says Mr. Bright, “those Southerners
 I hate ’em,
 I hope the Black Republicans will soon exterminate ’em;
 If Freedom can’t Rebellion crush, pray tell me what’s the
 use of her?”
 And so he chuckles o’er the fray as gleefully as Lucifer.

Enough of him; an abler man demands our close attention—
 The Maximus Apollo of strict *Non Intervention*.
 With pitiless severity, though decorous and calm his tone,
 Thus speaks the “old man eloquent,” the puissant Earl of
 Palmerston:

“What though the land run red with blood: what though
 the lurid flashes
 Of cannon light at dead of night a mournful heap of
 ashes
 Where many an ancient mansion stood? what though the
 robber pillages
 The sacred home, the house of God, in twice a hundred vil-
 lages?

“What though a fiendish, nameless wrong, that makes re-
 venge a duty
 Is daily done” (O Lord, how long?) “to tenderness and
 beauty?”—
 (And who shall tell this deed of hell, how deadlier far a
 curse it is
 Than even pulling temples down and burning universities?)

“Let arts decay, let millions fall, for aye let Freedom per-
 ish,
 With all that in the Western World men fain would love
 and cherish;

Let Universal Ruin there become a sad reality:
 We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous Neutral-
 ity."

Oh, Pam! Oh, Pam! hast ever read what's writ in holy
 pages,
 How blessed the Peacemakers are, God's children of the
 Ages?
 Perhaps you think the promise sweet was nothing but a
 platitude;
 'Tis clear that *you* have no concern in that divine beati-
 tude.

But "hear! hear! hear!" another peer, that mighty man
 of muscle,
 Is on his legs, what slender pegs! ye noble Earl of Rus-
 sell;
 Thus might he speak did not of speech his shrewd reserve
 the folly see,
 And thus unfold the subtle plan of England's secret policy:

"John Bright was right! Yes, let 'em fight, these fools
 across the water,
 'Tis no affair at all of ours, their carnival of slaughter!
 The Christian world indeed may say we ought not to al-
 low it, sirs,
 But still 'tis music in our ears, this roar of Yankee how-
 itzers.

"A word or two of sympathy that costs us not a penny
 We give the gallant Southerners, the few against the many;
 We say their noble fortitude of final triumph presages,
 And praise in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Jeff Davis and his
 messages—

“Of course we claim the shining fame of glorious Stonewall
Jackson,
Who typifies the English race, a sterling Anglo-Saxon;
To bravest song his deeds belong, to Clio and Melpo-
mene” . . .
(And why not for a British stream demand the Chicka-
hominy?)

“But for the cause in which he fell we cannot lift a finger.
'Tis idle on the question any longer here to linger;
'Tis true the South has freely bled, her sorrows are Ho-
meric, oh!
Her case is like to his of old who journeyed unto Jericho—

“The thieves have stripped and bruised, although as yet
they have not bound her;
We'd like to see her slay 'em all to right and left around her;
We shouldn't cry in Parliament if Lee should cross the
Raritan,
But England never yet was known to play the Good Sa-
maritan.

“And so we pass to t'other side and leave them to their
glory
To give new proofs of manliness, new scenes for song and
story;
These honeyed words of compliment may possibly bam-
boozle 'em,
But ere we intervene, you know, we'll see 'em in—Jerusalem.

“Yes, let 'em fight, till both are brought to hopeless deso-
lation,
Till wolves troop round the cottage door, in one and t'other
nation,

Till, worn and broken down, the South shall prove no more
refractory,
And rust eats up the silent looms of every Yankee factory—

“Till bursts no more the cotton boll o’er fields of Carolina,
And fills with snowy flosses the dusky hands of Dinah;
Till war has dealt its final blow, and Mr. Seward’s knavery
Has put an end in all the land to freedom and to slavery.

“The grim bastile, the rack, the wheel, without remorse or
pity,
May flourish with the guillotine in every Yankee city,
No matter should old Abe revive the brazen bull of Phalaris,
’Tis no concern at all of ours”—(sensation in the galleries).

“So shall our ‘merrie England’ thrive on trans-Atlantic
troubles,
While India on her distant plains her crop of cotton doubles;
And *just* so long as North or South shall show the least
vitality
We cannot swerve, we must preserve our rigorous Neutrality.”

Your speech, my lord, might well become a Saxon legislator,
When the “fine old English gentleman” lived in a state of
natur’,
When vikings quaffed from human skulls their fiery draughts
of honey mead,
Long, long before the barons bold met tyrant John at Runnymede—

But 'tis a speech so plain, my lord, that all may understand it,

And so we quickly turn again to fight the Yankee bandit,
Convinced that we shall fairly win at last our Nationality
Without the help of Britain's arm—in *spite* of her Neutrality.

THE DEVIL'S DELIGHT

To breakfast one morning the Devil came down,
By demons and vassals attended;
A headache had darkened his brow with a frown,
From his orgie last night, or the weight of his crown,
But his presence infernal was splendid.

In a robe of red flame was Diavolo dressed,
Without smutch of a cinder to soil it;
Blue blazes enveloped his throat and his chest,
While the tail, tied with ribbons as blue as the vest,
Completed his Majesty's toilet.

No masquerade devil of earth could begin,
With his counterfeit horns and his mock tail,
To look like this model Original Sin,
As of lava and lightning and bitters and gin
He sat and compounded a cocktail.

But to give, in all conscience, the Devil his due,
He seemed sorrowful rather than irate;
And his Majesty moped all the déjeuner through,
With a twitch, now and then, of the ribbons of blue,
And the look of a penitent pirate;

Then a smile, such as follows some capital joke
Of a Dickens, a Hood, or a Jerrold,
Sweet, playful, and tender, all suddenly broke
O'er the face of Sathanas, as turning he spoke,
"Go, imp! bring the file of the *Herald!*"

The paper was brought, and Old Nick ran his eye
 (In default of debates in the Senate)
 Over crimes, there were plenty, of terrible dye,
 Over letter and telegram, slander and lie,
 And the blatherskite leaders of Bennett.

There were frauds in high places, official deceit;
 There were sins, we'll not name them, of ladies;
 There were Mexican murders and murders in Crete,
 By the thousand, all manner of villainies sweet
 To the *Herald's* subscribers in Hades.

But the numberless horrors of every degree
 Did not wholly dispel his dejection;
 "The *Herald's* a bore, I'm aweary," says he;
 Then uprising, he added, "What's this? 'Tennessee!'
 By jingo! here's Brownlow's election!

"Ho, varlet! fill up till the beaker runs o'er!"
 Cried the Deil, growing joyous and frisky;
 A white-hot ferruginous goblet he bore,
 And the liquor was vitriol "straight," which he swore
 Was less hurtful than tanglefoot whiskey.

"Fill up! let us drink," said the Father of Lies,
 "To the mortal whose claims are most weighty!"
 And a light diabolic shone out of his eyes
 That made the thermometer instantly rise
 To fully five thousand and eighty.

"I have knights of the garter and knights of the lance
 Who shall surely hereafter for sin burn;
 I have writers of history, ethics, romance,
 In England, America, Germany, France,
 And a gay little poet in Swinburne;

“Reformers who go in for infinite smash,
The widows' and orphans' oppressor;
D. Ds. by the dozen, whose titles are trash,
To be written with two little d's and a dash;
And many a Father Confessor:

“And besides all the hypocrites,” chuckled the Deil,
“Who serve me with *Ave* and *Credo*,
I have tyrants that murder, commanders that steal,
Dahomey, Mouravieff, Butler, McNeil,
Thad Stevens, Joe Holt, Escobedo:

“But the man of all others the most to my mind,
The dearest terrestrial creature,
Is the blaspheming priest and the tyrant combined,
Who mocks at his Maker and curses his kind,
In the garb of a Methodist preacher.

“And so long as of Darkness I'm absolute Prince,
From *his* praise there shall be no deduction,
Whose acts a most exquisite malice evince,
And whose government furnishes excellent hints,
Opportunely for HELL'S RECONSTRUCTION.”

Then the Fiend, with a laughter no language may tell,
Drained his cup, and abasing his crown low,
Cried “Hip, hip, hurrah!” and a boisterous yell
Went round till the nethermost confines of Hell
Reechoed “Three cheers for old Brownlow!”

A WORD WITH THE WEST

[ON THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON FOR
HIS WESTERN COMMAND]

ONCE more to the breach for the Land of the West!
And a leader we give of our bravest and best,
Of his State and his army the pride:
Hope shines like the plume of Navarre on his crest,
And gleams in the glaive at his side.

For his courage is keen and his honor is bright
As the trusty Toledo he wears to the fight,
Newly wrought in the forges of Spain,
And this weapon¹ like all he has brandished for Right
Will never be dimmed by a stain.

He leaves the loved soil of Virginia behind,
Where the dust of his fathers is fitly enshrined,
Where lie the fresh fields of his fame;
Where the murmurous pines as they sway in the wind
Seem ever to whisper his name.

The Johnstons have always borne wings on their spurs,
And their motto a noble distinction confers:
"Ever Ready" for friend or for foe—
With a patriot's fervor the sentiment stirs
The large, manly heart, of our Joe.

¹General Johnston carries with him a beautiful sword recently presented to him, bearing the mark of the Royal Manufactory of Toledo, 1862.—*J. R. T.*

We recall that a former bold chief of the clan
Fell, bravely defending the West, in the van,
 On Shiloh's illustrious day;
And with reason we reckon our Johnston the man
 The dark bloody debt to repay.

There is much to be done; if not glory to seek,
There's a just and a terrible vengeance to wreak
 For crimes of a terrible dye,
While the plaint of the helpless, the wail of the weak,
 In a chorus rise up to the sky.

For the Wolf of the North we once drove to his den,
That quailed in affright 'neath the stern glance of men,
 With his pack has turned to the spoil;
Then come from the hamlet, the mountain and glen,
 And drive him again from the soil.

Brave-born Tennesseans so loyal, so true,
Who have hunted the beast in your highlands, of *you*
 Our leader had never a doubt;
You will troop by the thousand the chase to renew
 The day that his bugles ring out.

But ye "Hunters" so famed "of Kentucky" of yore,
Where, where are the rifles that kept from your door
 The wolf and the robber as well?
Of a truth you have never been laggard before
 To deal with a savage so fell.

Has the love you once bore to your country grown cold?
Has the fire on the altar died out? Do you hold
 Your lives than your freedom more dear?
Can you shamefully barter your birthright for gold,
 Or basely take counsel of fear?

We will not believe it—Kentucky, the land
Of a *Clay* will not tamely submit to the brand
That disgraces the dastard, the slave;
The hour of redemption draws nigh—is at hand—
Her own sons her own honor shall save!

Mighty men of Missouri, come forth to the call,
With the rush of your rivers when the tempests appal
And the torrents their sources unseal.
And this be the watchword of one and of all—
“Remember the butcher, McNeil!”

Then once more to the breach for the Land of the West!
Strike home for your hearths—for the lips you love best—
Follow on where your leader you see;
One flash of his sword, when the foe is hard prest,
And the Land of the West shall be Free!

COERCION:

A POEM FOR THE TIMES

Who talks of coercion? Who dares to deny
A resolute people the right to be free?
Let him blot out forever one star from the sky
Or curb with his fetter one wave of the sea.

Who prates of coercion? Can love be restored
To bosoms where only resentment may dwell—
Can peace upon earth be proclaimed by the sword,
Or good will among men be established by shell?

Shame! shame that the statesman and trickster forsooth
Should have for a crisis no other recourse,
Beneath the fair day-spring of Light and of Truth,
Than the old *brutem fulmen* of Tyranny—Force.

From the holes where Fraud, Falsehood and Hate slink
away:
From the crypt in which Error lies buried in chains—
This foul apparition stalks forth to the day,
And would ravage the land which his presence profanes.

Could you conquer us, Men of the North, could you bring
Desolation and death on our homes as a flood—
Can you hope the pure lily, Affection, will spring
From ashes all reeking and sodden with blood?

Could you brand us as villains, and serfs, know ye not
What fierce, sullen hatred lurks under the scar?
How loyal to Hapsburg is Venice, I wot,
How dearly the Pole loves his Father, the Czar!

But 'twere well to remember this land of the sun
 Is a *nutrix leonum* and suckles a race
 Strong-armed, lion-hearted and banded as one
 Who brook not oppression and know not disgrace.

And well may the schemers in office beware
 The swift retribution that waits upon crime,
 When the lion, Resistance, shall leap from his lair
 With a fury that renders his vengeance sublime.

Once, Men of the North, we were brothers, and still,
 Though brothers no more, we would gladly be friends;
 Nor join in a conflict accurst that must fill
 With ruin the country on which it descends.

But if smitten with blindness and mad with the rage
 The gods gave to all whom they wished to destroy,
 You would not act a new Iliad to darken the age
 With horrors beyond what is told us of Troy—

If, deaf as the adder itself to the cries,
 When Wisdom, Humanity, Justice implore,
 You would have our proud eagle to feed on the eyes
 Of those who have taught him so grandly to soar—

If there be to your malice no limit imposed,
 And you purpose hereafter to rule with the rod
 The men upon whom you have already closed
 Our goodly domain and the temples of God—

To the breeze then your banner dishonoured unfold,
 And at once let the tocsin be sounded afar;
 We greet you, as greeted the Swiss Charles the Bold,
 With a farewell to peace and a welcome to war!

For the courage that clings to our soil, ever bright,
 Shall catch inspirations from turf and from tide;
Our sons unappalled shall go forth to the fight
 With the smile of the fair, the pure kiss of the bride;

And the bugles its echoes shall send through the past,
 In the trenches of Yorktown to waken the slain;
While the sods of King's Mountain shall heave at the blast,
 And give up its heroes to glory again.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, DISTRICT
NO. 1, UNDERWOOD, J.⁴

VIRGINIA! how sad is thy case,
How degraded thy judgments impartial,
When Underwood sits in the place
That once was adorned by a MARSHALL,
We say it with reason that Fate
Was cruel, if not undiscerning,
To give Knavery, Pedantry, Hate,
For Goodness and Wisdom and Learning.

They tell us that Justice is blind,
And thus we may safely determine
How Underwood e'er was assigned
To wear her immaculate ermine;
His peer you'll not find in your track
Though you travel from Maine to Missouri
Whose villainous heart is as black
As the faces of five of his jury.

Foul spectre of Jeffreys, avaunt!
Apparition of Impey, be quiet!
When Underwood comes with his cant
To investigate murder and riot;
Yet if you will not be denied,
But insist you are birds of a feather,
Take your places at once by his side
And all three sit *in banco* together.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

[ON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE, JANUARY, 1860]

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis praeter Iäpyga,
Navis quae tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumen, precor,
Et serves animae dimidium meae.

—HORATIUS, *Liber 1, carmen 3.*

BLEST be the ship that brought you safe to shore,
Long fated with the winds and waves to wrestle,
As that of old which Virgil proudly bore;
(My motto's not, you must yourself confess, ill),
You never have been so much missed before,
They want you now upon another vessel—
The ship of state is drifting fast to leeward,
And needs your master hand, O matchless Seward!

I cannot tell, indeed, but we shall go
To Davy Jones with such a Palinurus,
There's been of late a "dreffle" heavy blow
From bustling Auster and destructive Eurus;
And able seamanship alone, I know
'Gainst ever-threatening peril can secure us—
And sure am I we should have soon been *undone*
Had you not happily come back from London.

But I forget—you came direct from France,
You've been a guest at Compiègne of the Emperor—
Methinks I see you lightest in the dance,
Like youthful innocence (*O si sic semper!*) or

Ogling with the looks of tenderness askance
 The fair Eugénie in the sweetest temper, or
 Apart with Louis, with a cool effron'try
 Plotting the speedy downfall of the country.

You've made a pilgrimage, another "Childe,"
 To Greece where stood the ancient Athenæum
 And roamed through "antres vast and desarts" wild
 And heard in minsters dim the loved Te Deum;
 In galleries strolled where Raphael's Mary smiled,
 And seen the ruins of the Coliseum;—
 And now return to an admiring nation
 To see the ruins of your reputation.

Enough—you're wanted in this country now,
 For since you lingered by the fane of Isis,
 They've gone and made Oh, such a precious row
 In Congress over the "Impending Crisis":
 By Hinton Helper, not by Dr. Howe,
 Of which but fifty cents the present price is—
 They print it cheap to make it more accessible,
 The text-book of your "Conflict Irrepressible."

They've hung John Brown, the martyr and the saint,
 To whom New England sings extravaganzas—
 The Devil himself would Wendell Phillips paint
 Sky-blue, and Lowell write him tuneful stanzas;
 But, spite of Black Republican complaint,
 You'll hear no more, I think, of "bleeding Kansas"—
 Virginia stopped that terrible phlebotomy
 Last month, you know, in hanging Ossawattomie.

"O bloodiest picture in the Book of Time!"
 Perhaps you'll say. 'Twas a stern sentence, very;

But old Brown's rifle slew (confound the rhyme!)
 Some worthy citizens at Harper's Ferry;
 Think of the tool and victim of your crime,
 And o'er his righteous fate at home make merry,
 Or quickly seek North Elba where they've laid him
 And there confess how vilely you've betrayed him.

We've heard about your knowledge of his scheme,
 And how you said they never should have told you
 But kept the guilty secret; did you deem
 The Black Republicans had only "sold" you?
 Oh, no; you know 'twas not a hideous dream,
 No doubts, no conscience twinges e'er controlled you;
 For this, and other pleasing stories,
Vide the brilliant speech of Mr. Voorhees.

"Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain,"
 Well may thy sons in happy groups assemble,
 To welcome to his long-lost home again
 The man whose voice makes list'ning senates tremble,
 As fashionable people thrill with pain
 At Lady Macbeth read by Fanny Kemble—
 And who atones at once for all his knavery
 By eloquently pitching into slavery.

There is a prison* in that pleasant town
 That should have offered you its hospitalities,
 On landscapes peaceful its grim walls look down,
 Quite near the Central Railway and Canal it is—
 There you might write the life of Captain Brown,
 The quietest of undisturbed localities,
 And there I trust you may yet be resident
 Until the "colored gem'men" make you President.

* Western Penitentiary of New York.

A FAREWELL TO POPE

“HATS off” in the crowd, “Present arms” in the line!
Let the standards all bow, and the sabres incline—
Roll, drums, the Rogue’s March, while the conqueror goes,
Whose eyes have seen only “the backs of his foes”—
Through a thicket of laurel, a whirlwind of cheers,
His vanishing form from our gaze disappears;
Henceforth with the savage Dacotahs to cope,
Abiit, evasit, erupit—John Pope.

He came out of the West, like the young Lochinvar,
Compeller of fate and controller of war,
Videre et vincere, simply to see,
And straightway to conquer Hill, Jackson and Lee;
And old Abe at the White House, like Kilmansegg père,
“Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,”
As with eager attention he listened to Pope.

He came—and the poultry was swept by his sword,
Spoons, liquors, and furniture went by the board;
And “rode to the front,” which was strangely the rear;
He conquered—truth, decency, pretender, poltroon;
And was fain from the scene of his triumphs to slope,
Sure there never was fortunate hero like Pope.

He has left us his shining example to note,
And Stuart has captured his uniform coat;
But ’tis puzzling enough, as his deeds we recall,
To tell on whose shoulders his mantle should fall;

While many may claim to deserve it, at least,
From Hunter, the Hound, down to Butler, the Beast,
None else, we can say, without risking the trope,
But himself can be parallel ever to Pope.

Like his namesake the poet of genius and fire,
He gives new expression and force to the lyre;
But in one little matter they differ, the two,
And differ, indeed, very widely, 'tis true—
While his verses gave great Alexander his fame,
'Tis our hero's reverses accomplish the same,
And fate may decree that the end of a rope
Shall award yet his highest position to Pope.

RICHMOND'S A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL;

OR THE NEW JORDAN, AS SUNG WITH ENTHUSIASTIC
APPLAUSE IN ALL THE NORTHERN THEATRES

[RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO GENERAL AMBROSE E.
BURNSIDE]

WOULD you like to hear the song, I'm afraid it's rather long,
Of the famous "On to Richmond" double trouble—
Of the half a dozen slips on a half a dozen trips
And the very latest bursting of the bubble?
Then list while I relate this most unhappy fate;
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel,
Though all the papers swore, when we touched Virginia's
shore,
That Richmond was an easy road to travel.
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel.
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel, I believe.

FIRST McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way,
By Manassas in the pleasant summer weather,
But he quickly went and ran on a Stonewall, foolish man,
And had a "rocky" journey altogether;
For he found it rather hard to ride over Beauregard,
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother,
And 'twas clear beyond a doubt that he didn't like the *route*,
And a second time would have to try another.
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run it made us grieve—
Oh! Richmond's a hard road to travel, I believe.

Next came the Woolly Horse, with an overwhelming force,
To march down to Richmond by the Valley,
But he couldn't find the road, and his "onward movement"
showed

His campaigning was a mere shilly-shally.
And Commissary Banks, with his motley foreign ranks,
The Dutchman and the Celt, not the Saxon,
Lost the whole of his supplies, and, with tears in his eyes,
Ran away from that dunder-headed Jackson.
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
The Valley wouldn't do, as everybody knows,
And Richmond's a hard road to travel, I suppose.

Then the great Galena came, with her port-holes all aflame,
And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder,
But the guns at Drewry's bluff gave them speedily enough
Of the loudest sort of real Rebel thunder:
The Galena was astonished, and the Monitor admonished,
And their efforts to ascend the stream were mocked at,
While the dreadful Naugatuck, by the hardest kind of luck,
Was very nearly knocked into a cocked hat.
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
The gunboats gave it up in a stupefied despair,
And Richmond *is* a hard road to travel, I declare.

Then McClellan followed soon, with spade and with bal-
loon,
To try the Peninsula approaches,
But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed
Wasn't faster than the slowest of "slow coaches;"
Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
A Longstreet, indeed, and nothing shorter,

And it put him in the dumps that spades wasn't trumps
 And the Hills he couldn't level as he "orter."

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,

For Richmond's a hard road to travel;

Lay down the shovel and fling away the spade,

For Richmond's a hard road to travel, I'm afraid.

He tried the Rebel lines, on the field of Seven Pines,

Where his troops did such awful heavy chargin'—

But he floundered in the mud, and he saw a stream of blood

Overflow the Chickahominy's sweet margin;

Though the fact seems rather strange, when he left his
 gunboats' range,

On land he drifted overmuch to Lee-ward,

So he quickly "changed his base," in a sort of steeplechase,

And hurried back to Stanton, Abe and Seward.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,

For Richmond's a hard road to travel;

We shouldn't be surprised that McClellan took to drink-
 ing,

For Richmond's a hard road to travel, I'm a-thinking.

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, "You can make the trip, I
 hope."

Quoth the bragging Major-general, "Yes, *that* I can,"

And began to issue orders to his terrible marauders,

Just like another Leo of the Vatican;

But that same demented Jackson this fellow laid his whacks
 on,

And made him by compulsion a Seceder,

And Pope took a rapid flight from Manassas' second fight—

'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,

For Richmond's a hard road to travel;

Pope tried his very best, and was evidently sold,
And Richmond's a hard road to travel, I am told.

Last of all the brave Burnside, with his pontoon bridges,
tried

A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel "slaughter
pen,"

And the blessed Union flag a-flying o'er him;
But he met "a fire of hell," of canister and shell,
Enough to make the knees of any man knock;
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
On the banks of the pleasant Rappahannock.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
And Richmond's a bloody road to travel, it is true.

We are very much perplexed to know who'll try it next,

And to guess by what new highroad he *may* go,
But the capital must blaze, and that in ninety days,

For 'tis written, *Delenda est Carthago*—
We'll take the cursed town, and then we'll burn it down,
And plunder and hang up every rebel—

Yet the contraband was right when he told us they would
fight—

"Oh, yis, marsa, they'll fight like the debble."

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,

For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
We've played our strongest card, and 'tis plain that we
are slammed,
And if Richmond ain't a hard road to travel, I'll be—
blamed!

VIRGINIA FUIT⁵

"The name of the commonwealth is past and gone."

—BYRON, *Ode to Venice*.

Consummatum—the work of destruction is done,
The race of the first of the States has been run,
The guile of her foes finds her triumph at last,
And VIRGINIA, like Poland, belongs to the past.

How her story the heart's deepest reverence stirs,
What a stature, antique and heroic, was hers,
What a grace, what a glory, her presence adorning,
In the fresh, dewy light of Liberty's morning.

In that day of her early espousals she came
With her dowry of empire, her birthright of fame,
To enrich and ennoble on land and on sea
The Republic her Washington's valor made free.

And what greatness resplendent it won, through her love,
Let the eloquent page of the annalist prove,
Wherein, though the page is now blotted with tears,
Virginia but ever as Empress appears.

The nation's decrees did her counsellors mould,⁶
And her orators' words were as apples of gold;
Her captains triumphant, afloat and ashore,
Gave the banner of Union the brightness it bore.

And for this, that her children disgraced not their sires,
That they strove to keep lighted their liberty fires,
That they hailed her as rightfully wearing the crown,
For this have her enemies trampled her down.

How low she lies now, stript of half her domain,
 Bewailing her sons who in battle were slain,
 With the shade of an infinite sadness upon her,
 And all she loved dearest, *all* lost but her honor!

Thank heaven! that is safe: with a madness accurst,
 Let the tyrants that rule for the hour do their worst;
 She may bleed 'neath the heel of the hireling invader,
 They may spoil, they may rend, but they cannot de-
 grade her.

Let them subjugate nature—enraged, let them seek
 To drain the broad waste of the blue Chesapeake,
 Let them seal up the sources whence rushes Bull Run,
 And shut out from the Valley the face of the sun:

Let them falsify fact, without conscience or ruth,
 Let them paralyze justice and manacle Truth;
 (Fair Truth, we accept of *their* poet the line,
 That the years of the Godhead eternal are thine).

Yet the record remains: in the garment of song
 The legend of Jackson her praise shall prolong,
 And Veritas Virens, crushed down though it be,
 Shall spring to the light in the story of LEE!

From the anguish abysmal where prostrate she lies
 VIRGINIA the Desolate never may rise;
 For already the iron has entered her soul,
 And behold, at the fountain, all broken the bowl.

But of just retribution there cometh the day;
 The Master has promised it—I WILL REPAY—
 And wo to the people he smites with His rod
 In that terrible day of the vengeance of God!

THE GREEK SLAVE, OF POWERS

It is not that the sculptor's patient toil
Gives sweet expression to the poet's dream—
It is not that the cold and rigid stone
Is taught to mock the human face divine,
That silently we stand before her form
And feel in a holy presence there.
But in those fair, calm lineaments of hers,
All pure and passionless, we catch the glow,
The bright intelligence of *soul* infused,
And tender memories of gentle things
And sorrowing innocence and hopeful trust,
The perfect utt'rance of ideal grace,
Life-like as *Hermione*, there she stands
As if her bosom throbbed with high designs
And those celestial lips would part in speech
To tell the brief sad story of her wrongs!

In some secluded vale of Arcady,
In playful gambols o'er its sunny slopes,
Had nature led her childish feet to stray.
Or she had watched the blue Egean wave
Dash on the sands of "sea-born Salamis."
Or, in her infant sports, had sunk to sleep,
Beneath the wasting shadow of that porch
Whose sculptured gods, upon its crumbling front,
Reveal the glories of a by-gone age.
There, watered by affection's richest dews
And the warm teardrops of maternal love,
This lovely flow'ret, day by day, grew up
In beauty and in fragrance. Such the line,

That marked the short and simple chronicle,
Of life's clear morning. Soon the spoiler came,
The mercenary Turk with horse and spear,
And this meek blossom rudely tore away
To deck the harem of some brutal lord.
A long and toilsome road they took, and oft
In the warm twilight of a summer's eve,
This lovely girl had fallen in the path,
Weary and sick at heart. And then a tide
Of gushing recollections quickly came
From the feeling's fount "to ope the source of tears,"
And her young spirit bowed in anguish there;
Like Israel's captives when, by Babel's stream,
Remembering Sion, they sat down and wept!
Her ear perchance had caught a passing strain,
Some well-known melody of youthful days,
And she had feebly lisped a prayer to God
That she might live to see her childhood's hills
And look again into her mother's face.
As when in foreign climes the Switzer hears
That wild effusion of his native Alps,
The thrilling Ranz des Vaches, he longs to climb
In freedom once again the chamois track
Of his remembered home.

And now a slave,
Fettered and friendless in the market-place
Of that imperial city of the East,
Whose thousand minarets at eve resound
With the muezzin's sunset call to prayer,
She stands exposed to the unhallowed gaze
And the rude jests of ev'ry passer by.
There in her loveliness, disrobed for sale,
Girt with no vesture save her purity,

A ray of placid resignation beams
In ev'ry line of her sweet countenance,
And on the lip a half disdainful curl
Proclaims the helpless victim in her chains
Victorious in a woman's modesty!
There does the poor dejected slave display
A mien the fabled goddess could not wear,
A look and gesture that might well beseem
Some seraph from that bright meridian shore
Where walk the angels of the Christian creed!

Sweet visions cheered the sculptor's lonely hours,
And glorious images of heavenly mould
Came trooping at his call, as blow by blow,
The marble yielded to his constant toil,
And when he gave his last informing touch
And raised the chisel from that radiant brow,
And gazed upon the work of his own hands
So cunningly struck out from shapeless stone,
His eyes dilated with a conscious joy
That patient effort with enduring life
Had clothed his beauteous and majestic child!

Such are thy triumphs, genius, such rewards
As far outweigh all perishable gifts,
Ingots of silver and barbaric gold
And all the trophies of tiaraed pride!

New York City, September, 1847.

DEDICATION HYMN⁷

LORD! Thou hast said when two or three
Together come to worship Thee,
Thy presence, fraught with richest grace,
Shall ever fill and bless the place.

Then let us feel, as here we raise
A temple to Thy matchless praise,
The blest assurance of Thy love
As it is felt in realms above.

Lord! here upon Thy sacred day
Teach us devoutly how to pray,
Our weakness let Thy strength supply,
Nor to our darkness light deny.

Here teach our flattering tongues to sing
The glories of the Heavenly King,
And let our aspirations rise
To seek the Saviour in the skies.

And when at last in life's decline
This earthly temple we resign,
May we, O Lord! enjoy with Thee
The Sabbaths of eternity.

LA MORGUE^s

IN the great and noisy city,
By the waters of the Seine,
Where across her hundred bridges
Paris pours a living train;
Far beneath the gloomy shadow
Of high arches overhead,
Humid, dark, repulsive, sombre,
Stands the mansion of the dead!

Onward rolls the sparkling water
Gaily as if Father Time
Ne'er had seen it red with slaughter
In the carnival of crime;
Onward by a stately palace
And by gardens fair and green
Where of old the jewelled chalice
Met the kisses of a queen;

When the bright though transient moments,
Bubbles bursting as they rise,
Still went by, a magic circle
Of recurring fantasies:
And o'er all there sat in splendor
She whose beauty from afar
Flashed above the faint horizon
Like the joyous morning star!

But there is a massive prison,
Built upon the river-side,
From whose vaults have vainly risen
Lamentations to the tide:

And within its dusky portals
Passed this yet heroic queen
To retrace her footsteps never
Till she seeks the guillotine!

Seine! in all thy tortuous courses,
From the purple vine-clad steep,
Down by Rouen's grim cathedral
To the billows of the deep,
Never has thy face reflected
Aught so terrible to see
As the sullen architecture
Of the Conciergerie!

Dark La Morgue hath had its tenants,
When in panoply arrayed,
Death unfurled his horrid pennants
O'er each bloody barricade:
There today a corse is carried
Slowly through the moving crowd,
By the world all unregarded,
Wrapped in neither sheet nor shroud!

As the light reveals the features
To some idler of the throng,
Soft he says a pater noster,
Moves with rapid step along
While above the wasted body
Bends a weeping child to trace
But the perishing resemblance
To an aged father's face.

When Apollo's steeds are driven
Frantic through the eastern sky

Her affection's tears are given
O'er a form too fair to die,
Fondly still the mourner lingers
When the sun at even calm
Falls aslant upon the turrets
Of majestic Notre Dame!

'Tis perhaps some youthful maiden
From thy sunny banks, Garonne,
With a thousand graces laden
Who no thought of care has known,
And her life's brief, gentle morning—
Ever from its earliest ray
Home's sequestered paths adorning—
Kindled into perfect day.

Oft when rung the solemn vesper
Out upon the drowsy air
She had walked in meek devotion
To repeat her simple prayer;
And with tearful sadness kneeling
In the chapel hushed and dim
Upward had her glance ascended
To the radiant seraphim!

Now she lies in stony silence,
Stretched upon the brazen bier;
Of her kindred, none to offer
E'en the tribute of a tear,
With no semblance of expression
On the cold and pallid lips,
And those eyes that beamed so brightly
Quenched in lustreless eclipse.

LA MORGUE

Such as this the daily lessons
That to man La Morgue would teach,
Yet they pass as little pondered
As the eloquence of speech:
Loud the din of worldly pleasure
While around us flashing flies
Life, with its delusive phantoms
And its empty pageantries!

TO MISS AMELIE LOUISE RIVES

[ON HER DEPARTURE FOR FRANCE]

LADY! that bark will be more richly freighted
That bears thee proudly on to foreign shores
Than argosies of which old poets prated,
With Colchian fleece or with Peruvian ores;
And should the prayers of friendship prove availing
That trusting hearts now offer up for thee
'Twill ride the crested wave with braver sailing
Than ever pinnacle on the Pontic sea.

The sunny land thou seekest o'er the billow
May boast indeed the honors of thy birth,
And they may keep a vigil round thy pillow
Whom thou dost love most dearly upon earth,
Yet shall there not remain with thee a vision,
Some lingering thought of happy faces here,
Fonder and fairer than the dreams elysian
Wherein thy future's radiant hues appear?

The high and great shall render thee obeisance
In halls bedecked with tapestries of gold,
And mansions shall be brighter for thy presence
Where swept the stately Medicis of old—
Still 'mid the pomp of all this courtly lustre
I cannot think that thou wilt all forget
The pleasing fantasies that thickly cluster
Around the walls of the old homestead yet!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE⁹

ONE gifted child thou hadst who reached in vain
The vast propylon of the gleaming fane.
'Twas his to see the columns pure and white
Of marble and of rangèd chrysolite—
The lines of jasper through the golden gates—
Alas! no more was suffered by the Fates—
Like Baldur, fairest of the sons of morning,
The halls of Odin lustrously adorning,
He early caught the pale, blue, fearful glance
Of shadowy Hela's awful countenance.
Lamented Cooke! if all that love could lend
To the chaste scholar and the faithful friend,
If all the spoiler forced us to resign
In the calm virtues of a life like thine
Could bid him turn his fatal dart aside
From our young Lycidas, thou hadst not died.
Peace to the Poet's shade! His ashes rest
Near the sweet spot he loved on earth the best—
The modest daisies from the surface peeping
As from the sod where Florence Vane lies sleeping,
While his own river murmurs as it flows
Perpetual requiem o'er his soft repose.

PROPOSED SALE OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE¹⁰

A SALE! A sale! Earth's proudest things are daily bought
and sold,

And art and nature coincide in bowing down to gold.

Alas! at such a sale as this sad thoughts within us rise

Until the Bridge becomes to us a very Bridge of Sighs.

Ho! citizens of Lexington, ho! keepers of the springs,

To whom the Bridge a revenue in transient travel brings,

Rebuke the cruel auctioneer with your severest frown

Before in his destructiveness he seeks to knock it down!

At least, ere he proceeds to such extremity as that,

Be good enough to bid him first remember what he's at.

Let even-handed justice, too, cry loudly in his ears

That he should give this ancient Bridge a trial by its piers.

Now, by the bones of Captain Smith, how shall he dare to
cry

(For crying's his "vocation, Hal," though with unmois-
tened eye)?

That this great span which hath endured for centuries un-
known,

At bidding of a purchaser is going, going, gone!

Oh, for a Wordsworth's flowing lines to sonnetize the Bridge

And paint in Tintern Abbey tints the Valley and the Ridge,

But what's words worth in such a task as lies before us here,

As little as to give the face of placid Windermere.

The only ode, O noble Bridge, that should be sung to thee
 Is heard among the mountain pines and heard upon the lea,
 A Miserere lofty as that anthem of the surge
 When on the sunset strand it chants the day's departing
 dirge.

The earth is full of stately works of monumental pride—
 The famed Rialto thrown above the dark Venetian tide—
 And pyramids and obelisks of ages passed away—
 And friezes of Pentelicus majestic in decay:—

But arches, domes, colossal piles that human skill has
 wrought,
 All, all, when in comparison with thy proportions brought,
 Are fleeting as the palaces fantastically vain
 That Russian monarchs rear in ice on Neva's frozen plain!

A Saxon priest once stood beneath the Coliseum's wall
 And augured that the globe itself should topple with its
 fall!
 Oh, when this mighty arch of stone shall from its base be
 hurled
 An elemental war shall work the ruin of the world!

TO INTEMPERANCE

DISASTROUS Power, that with gigantic stride
Hast stalked so long in triumph through the land,
Crushing to earth alike her strength and pride
And reckoning victims by the grains of sand
That whiten on Sahara's arid strand,
With joy I see thy kingdom's latter days
Writ on the wall by more than earthly hand,
Such joy as moved the shepherd when the blaze
Of Bethlehem's holy star first burst upon his gaze.

Thou "scourge of God" more dire than he of old,¹¹
Thou "Mighty Murderer!" mightier than the Greek¹²
Were the dim record of thy reign unrolled,
That simple volume would a language speak
Stern as the thunder upon Sinai's peak;
For stand engraved upon its bloody page,
'Mid countless millions of the obscure and weak,
Names that have cast a halo round the age
That gave them birth; the bard, the hero, and the sage.

Even as the worst dark tyrant¹³ that old Rome
Brought forth, to curse the earth, in her decay,
When tired of vulgar murder, from its home
Dragged unoffending genius into day,
Not to reward its owner, but to slay,
So thy undying appetite for blood,
Gorged to repletion on ignobler prey,
Seeks a fresh stimulant in daintier food
And feasts upon the wise, the valiant, and the good.

The Juggernaut of India's palmy days,
The fiery Moloch of the olden time
Breathed, 'mid their brute adorers' stupid gaze
An atmosphere replete with blood and crime,
Each in his separate sphere; but neither clime
Nor era limits thy immense domain,
O'er the wide earth thy sceptre waves sublime,
Its countless nations wear thy clanking chain—
With the great flood itself began thy deadly reign.¹⁴

TO MRS. S. P. Q. . . . , ON HER MARRIAGE

DEAR lady! pardon me the crime
If haply my too careless rhyme
Disturb, at this auspicious time,
 A mother's soft caressings;
While yet thine eyes are moist and dim
With recent tears, and round the rim
Of Joy's bright cup, now filled to him,
 There dance a thousand blessings.

I have not known thee well, nor long;
Our meeting was amid the throng;
The cadence of the passing song
 Was scarce more quickly ended:
But with thine unobtrusive grace,
The fond remembrance of thy face,
Which time nor change may e'er erase,
 What kindly thoughts are blended.

Henceforth thy childhood's life shall be
A habitation shut to thee,
And lost for aye the golden key
 To all its wayward fancies:
And girlhood's giddy time shall seem
The sweet illusion of a dream
Or as some half forgotten theme
 From out the old romances.

But grieve not, lady! on the past,
'T was all too beautiful to last;
Thy future's lines may yet be cast
 In "places" quite as "pleasant":

And others seek with friendship's wile,
Thy gentle sorrows to beguile,
As tenderly as they whose smile
 Makes glad the fleeting present.

'T is sad to leave the haunted glade,
The homestead where thy presence made
A mellow sunshine in the shade,
 Like *Wordsworth's* highland beauty;
But he whose arms thy footsteps stays
Shall lead thee through the coming days
Along the green and quiet ways
 Of holy faith and duty.

And thus with all that love endears,
With him to share thy hopes and fears,
May'st thou live on, till added years
 Of age give timely warning:
Then be it thine on joys to muse
That still around thy path diffuse
A radiance softer than the hues
 Of life's unclouded morning.

A DIRGE

[FOR THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF ZACHARY TAYLOR]

AGAIN the cold, insatiate grave
Has newly closed above the brave;
Again in solemn form we meet
A chieftain's virtue to repeat—
Bedew with tears the laurel leaf,
And sing the low, sad dirge of grief.

The cord is loosed, but lives he yet,
His star in glory's azure set,
His name embalmed in freedom's songs,
His fame upon ten thousand tongues,
And his a triumph in the skies
Beyond all earthly victories!

Lord! give us strength, as he was strong,
To serve our country well and long—
And when the summons comes to go,
May we the blest assurance know
That lighted up his glazing eye,
That we are still "prepared to die!"

INVOCATION

THE VOICE OF RICHMOND TO PHINEAS T. BARNUM

Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.

—LUTHER.

The poet inviteth the Manager to visit Virginia with Jenny Lind.

BARNUM! heed the fond petitions
We would whisper in your ear,
Bonaparte of exhibitions,
Bring the Swedish songstress here,
We would catch the strain of Circe,
But without her fatal glance—
Barnum! for the love of mercy,
Let us have a single chance!

The poet suggests that, for want of a great room, the nightingale shall sing in the open air.

Do not yet that heart so harden
That within your waistcoat beats,
If no Spacious Castle Garden
Offers here 10,000 seats;
For much greater than Tedesco,
This new prodigy of yours
Here can simply sing *al fresco*,
And yet fill "all out of doors."

And offers to write for him a prize song at half price.

And since Bayard Taylor's verses
Did not meet with much success,
But provoked the heavy curses
Of eight hundred bards, or less,
I will write some vastly better
To the tune of "Dearest Mae,"
And you shall remain my debtor
Only for one-half his pay.¹⁵

The hospitali-
ties of the
town are freely
tendered.

Come then, noble Corypheus
Of the wonders of the world,
Bring the nightingale to see us,
Here be Sweden's flag unfurled.
In the town of Richmond, I know,
You can gather—for a song—
Loud applauses and the rhino.
“Say, why don't you come along?”

The Manager
is invoked to
consent by all
the memories
of his past
renown.

By the Fame of the Museum,
(Type of Yankee enterprise,
Let it be your mausoleum),
By the light of Jenny's eyes—
By the wonders of the former—
By the shade of aged Joyce,—¹⁶
By the pruning-hook of Norma,
Let us hear the charmer's voice!

TO JENNY HERSELF

HAVING pleaded with Barnum, and pleaded in vain,
To bring you among us, fair Empress of Song,
A voice more persuasive our muse would attain
The gentle petition with you to prolong:
Then whilst the town wits are discussing your style
And the papers assail you with censure and praise,
Bid Tribune and Tripler adieu for awhile
And sing for us some of your exquisite lays!

Our critics who've heard you in Gotham declare
That frigid and feigned your soprano appears,
And, while it ascends to the uppermost air,
It never unseals the soft fountain of tears—
That, like some huge iceberg in boreal seas,
With pinnacles bathed in the sunlight above,
Is sparkles to chill us and glitters to freeze,
Thus challenging wonderment rather than love.

It may be, indeed, that no passion combines
With the skill you employ among people so cold,
As the bird for a sunnier atmosphere pines
When he sings in a cage, though the bars are of gold;
Then turn to a region less socially bleak
Where your welcome shall spring from the depths of the
heart,
Where the glad ray of soul shall illumine your cheek
And feeling give warmth to the efforts of Art!

JENNY LIND ¹⁷

NUNC EST BIBENDUM

COME fill the cup of jubilee,
And raise a *gaudeamus*,
For venting thus our Christmas glee
No cynic sure can blame us:
We echo but the daily press—
The joy of Mr. Ritchie—
Our own delight is none the less
We've heard the *cantatrice*!

Oh, sweet are Jenny's winning ways,
And pure is her *soprano*,
And excellently well she plays
Upon the grand piano:
And like an angel's is the smile
That o'er her features bright'ning
Still flashes round her, all the while,
Its vivid summer-lightning.

How shall we speak of that brief dream
That passed so quickly o'er us,
Wherein we caught the radiant gleam
And heard the heavenly chorus
Awhile we walked adown the lawn
Of early, beauteous Eden,
Or strayed at rosy break of dawn
Along the hills of Sweden.

And when, next day, her coach and pair
Were to the depot driven,
We stood like Pilgrim at the Fair
When Faithful flew to heaven.
Alas! the bird, indeed, had flown
On lightest, swiftest pinions,
To seek a yet more sunny zone
Among the Carolinians.

A RETROSPECT OF 1849

THERE is a solemn peal of midnight bells,
Heard from the distant horologe of Time,
That marks the closing year, and sadly tells,
“With sullen roar,” its darkened deeds of crime.
In what a mournful, though expressive chime,
Drearier than monotone, shall it bewail
The twelve-month newly gone—what “Runic rhyme”
Shall it employ, to give the tragic tale
Of all its scenes of blood and terror to the gale?

How shall it toll of India’s thousands slain?
“India is quiet,” says the *Morning Post*,
“The last despatches tell of order’s reign.”
“Order” that Selkirk found upon the coast
Of the lone island where his bark was tost—
“Order,” such as the sacred record saith
Reigned in the tents of the Assyrian host,
When, touched by the dread angel’s blighting breath,
The proud, exulting foe lay hushed in stony death.

O mother country! home of all the arts,
Seat of all wisdom, learning, justice, grace,
A bright example your career imparts
The trans-Atlantic off-shoot of your race;
For when the triumphs of your arms we trace
From proud Benares to Moulton, we may know
How Christian nations can despoil, deface
The fairest cities of a Heathen foe,
If costly gems and gold reward them as they go!

Sweet Lady—thou that wear'st the coronet
 Of England's sovereignty—we call thy name
 In kindness: let no pillaged pearls be set
 Among thy jewels; let thy gentle fame
 Be all unmixed with memories of shame;
Lift up the Irish people: make it known
A Queen can answer Nature's last acclaim,
 And the bright *emerald* on thy brow that shone,
 Shall flash as never flashed the Ko-hi-noor's rich stone.

But in the hurried retrospective glance
 Which we would take of the departing year,
 How shall we blush for the Republic, France,
 That she among the spoilers should appear?
 Who has not shed the sympathising tear
 For freedom stifled in Rienzi's home,
 That men who boast their liberty should rear
 Their frowning guns to shatter arch and dome
 Upon the sacred hills of everlasting Rome!

And Kossuth, valiant leader of the brave,
 How have we read the story of thy fall!
 What though the Austrian ensign yet may wave
 Its crimsoned folds o'er Brescia's prostrate wall,—
 The Grecian maids that decked the coronal
 With laurels fresh and fragrant for the free,
 Who rushed to victory at their country's call,
 Where classic "Marathon looks on the sea,"
 No brighter garland wove than we would twine for thee!

Yet are there others that deserve the wreath,
 Venice, thy sons, who in the hour of dread,
 Drew forth the blade and threw away the sheath,
 While starving women cried aloud for bread—

Could Harrow render back its noble dead,
The Poet-hero whose resounding line
Once mourned thy fallen state, thy grandeur fled,
Inspired by this *new* "tale of Troy devine,"
Should lift, to hymn thy praise, a statelier ode than mine.

And what of young Columbia, Freedom's child,
What crime of hers is borne upon the breeze?
The Western "Pallas armed and undefiled,"
Is she yet stainless upon land and seas?
Yes! she obeys the Almighty's high decrees,
And grows abundantly beneath His care,
Like the great monarch of the Indian trees
Which spreads its props abroad, its weight to share,
And sends its branches high into the topmost air.

Still a fell spirit is abroad to-day,
A blind fanaticism, which would wage
A war upon her rule, and cast away
The glorious promise of maturer age—
Forbear, rash zealots, your ignoble rage,
For he whose folly brings *Disunion's* train,
Shall stand upon a future Gibbon's page
The Erostratus of a loftier fane
Than earth, throughout all time, shall ever see again.

SONNETS TO WINTER

It was a remark of one of the Spanish kings that the four greatest blessings in life were Old Wine to Drink, Old Wood to Burn, Old Books to Read, and Old Friends to Love.

I

OLD WINE TO DRINK

YES! fill the goblet high with generous wine,
As sparkling as the draughts of ancient Massic
Or old Falernian made by Horace classic,
Brought from the sunny valleys of the Rhine
And throwing off their daughter's brilliant glances—
Just as the diamond, long obscured from sight,
With all the rays it last absorbed is bright,
This wine, as o'er the festal board it dances,
Gives back the flashes from the beaming eye
Of the brown vineyard beauty, on our meeting:
Fill up! to friends a kind, a cordial greeting,
And though December's winds may rustle by
And lead the howlings of the furious storm,
Our faces kindle and our hearts are warm.

II

OLD WOOD TO BURN

Old wood to burn!—hew down the highest trunk
On Alleghanean ridges, seen afar—
A monarch crowned with his imperial star—
Against the crimson where the sun has sunk.
The sharp axe, glittering in his kingly heart,
Sends echo ringing through the golden woods—
And then a crashing fall!—like bursting floods

When roar the surges and great mountains part!
 The dim year wanes—I see an indoor sight—
 Bright faces gathered round a blazing fire
 At Yule or Pentecost when rising higher,
 The frolic-mirth draws gladness from the light—
 Of that old oak that towering once so vast,
 Laughed at the storm, and whistled at the blast!

III

OLD BOOKS TO READ

Reach from their dusty places of repose
 A Virgil's lay or "Livy's pictured page,"
 The varied lore of an Augustan age—
 What visions panoramic they disclose!
 With o'er attentive faculties we hear
 The wandering minstrelsy of Scio's bard—
 Poor houseless tenant of a life ill-starred—
 Or catch the minster music of the seer
 Chanting of Paradise "and all our wo."
 Then, with the Christian Pilgrim for our guide,
 We safely pass the dark and bridgeless tide
 To Beulah's land where flow'rets ever blow:
 Of Shakespeare's heroes trace the storied line,
 Or weigh the mercies of the Book divine!

IV

OLD FRIENDS TO LOVE

Old friends to love!—true soul bound to true soul
 With olden memories, and traces dear
 Of the dead past, claiming the happy tear
 That still at sight of each will fondly roll!
Old friends! No sycophants of yesterday,

With smiles and protestations never done,
Bright summer-flies, true "lovers of the sun"
And all who bask beneath the golden ray.
Old friends! who, on the battle-field of life,
When closed the serried hosts in stormy fight,
Have raised the buckler Friendship strong and bright
And borne us bleeding from the mortal strife,
Who heart-whole, pure in faith, once written *friend*,
In life and death are true unto the end!

THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON

Upon the window-panes at Brandon, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond ring, of many of those who composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
Reassembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window by chance,
These memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
In an instant surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
All distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
We but look, and a vision behold—
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals
With its colors of crimson and gold,—
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
From beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely
As any that beam on us now.

While the old year departing strides ghost-like along
O'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
And the play of affection is warm:
Look once more—as the garlanded Spring reappears,
In her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
That has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke or Kneller that hang
On the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down
On the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
And though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that, breathing below,
In a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes
With the tracery work of the rime;
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
From some far-away tropical clime:
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
Some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
Where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child
In its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane,
And thus cancel the story it bears;
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain
Unto trustier tablets consigned,
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
Who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, young soul, with ambition inspired!
Let the moral be read as we pass;
Recollect, the illusory tablets of fame
Have been ever as brittle as glass;
Oh, then be not content with the name there inscribed,
For as well may you trace it in dust;
But resolve to record it, where long it shall stand,
In the hearts of the good and the just.

TO BULWER

[ON A SECOND READING OF "THE CAXTONS"]

BULWER, with brimming eyes I've read again
That fireside fiction of thy riper years—
And I could blend thanksgiving with my tears,
If 'twould but please thee, but the thought is vain—
And often, when my Blackwood domes, I find
At "Sisty's" story my eyelids fill,
As the rich thoughts and sentiments distil
From the alembic of thy glowing mind:
The spell of genius and the stamp of art
In all thy former works the reader sees,

But thou hast niched the "household gods" in *these*;
They give a deep assurance of a heart
Whose pulses beat in sympathy with man,
And in harmonious chord with the Eternal Plan!

TO ONE IN AFFLICTION

DEAR friend! if word of mine could seal
The bitter fount of all thy tears,
And through the future's cloudy years
Some glimpse of sunshine yet reveal—

That word I might not dare to speak:
A father's sorrow o'er his child
So sacred seems and undefiled,
To bid it cease we may not seek.

Thy little boy has passed away
From mortal sight and mortal love,
To join the shining choir above
And dwell amid the perfect day;

All robed in spotless innocence,
And fittest for celestial things,
O'ershadowed by her rustling wings
The angel softly led him hence:

As pure as if the gentle rain
Of his baptismal morn had sought
His bosom's depths, and ev'ry thought
Has sweetly cleansed from earthly stain.

Such blest assurance brings, I know,
To bleeding hearts but sad relief—
The dark and troubled tide of grief
Must have its painful ebb and flow—

And most of all when thou dost plod
 Alone, upon these wintry days,
 Along the old familiar ways
Wherein *his* little feet have trod.

And thou dost treasure up his words,
 The fragments of his earnest talk
 On some remembered morning walk,
When, at the song of earliest birds,

He'd ask of thee, with charmed look,
 And smile upon his features spread,
 Whose careful hand the birds had fed,
And filled the ever-running brook?

Or viewing, from the distant glade,
 The dim horizon round his home,
 With simplest speech and air would come
And ask why were the mountains made?

Be strong, my friend, these days of doom
 Are but the threads of darkest hue
 That daily enter to renew
The warp of the Eternal Loom.

And when to us it shall be given
 In joy *to see the other side*,
 These threads the brightest shall abide
In the fair tapestries of Heaven!

VIOLANTE

[SKETCHED FROM "MY NOVEL" BY BULWER]

ALACK! for Violante—
We've sought for her in vain,
Beneath the lime-tree's pleasant shade
In every walk and lane:
The proud old house is desolate,
Its inmates sad to see—
That bright Italian maiden,
Alas! where can she be?

The beautiful Violante,
Alone, was latest seen
Just where the marble fountain
Tossed up its sunset sheen—
But when the darkness gathered fast
The lofty halls along,
She came no more to gladden them
With love and grace and song.

The cruel Violante!
Her father's face is pale
And ever faithful Giacomo
Can only "weep and wail,"
Now, Holy Mother, guard us!
It was a grievous wo
The darling child should blindly trust
The father's deadliest foe.

The hapless Violante!
 Could *she* avoid the snare,
Which wily, wicked hands had set
 For innocence so rare?
Alas for gentle girlishness!
 When first it shall begin
To hear, but too confidingly,
 The charméd voice of sin.

The saint-like Violante
 Yet walks from harm secure,
The demon Count can work no ill
 Unto a thing so pure;
For all her soft humanities,
 Which kept us in control,
Are but celestial messengers
 That wait upon her soul.

The queenly Violante
 Shall come to us again,
With troops of gallant gentlemen
 And nobles in her train;
And we will twine a bridal wreath
 And deck the festal hall,
For she shall wed in honor there
 The noblest of them all!

TO ——

[ON BEING ASKED BY HER TO WRITE VERSES FOR HER SINGING]

FROM jewelled goblets we demand
The choicest wine alone—
And statues from the master's hand
Should be of whitest stone.
Then wherefore ask for words of mine?
The thought itself were wrong;
Thy glorious voice should but enshrine
The purest pearls of song!

BENEDICITE

I SAW her move along the aisle—
The chancel lustres burned the while—
With bridal roses in her hair;
Oh! never seemed she half so fair.

A manly form stood by her side.
We knew him worthy such a bride:
And prayers went up to God above
To bless them with immortal love.

The vow was said. I know not yet
But some were filled with fond regret:
So much a part of us she seemed
To lose her quite we had not dreamed.

Like the "fair Ines," loved, caressed,
She went into the shining West,
And though one heart with joy flowed o'er,
Like her, she saddened many more.

Lady! though far from childhood's things
Thy gentle spirit folds its wings,
We offer now for him and thee
A tearful Benedicite!

UNWRITTEN MUSIC

COULD I but all the glorious sounds combine
That sometimes fill the chambers of my soul,
Songs of this earth and melodies divine,
In one majestic whole—

A brave composer I might be confest,
And round the world my humble name might ring,
With richest honors and ascriptions drest
For what I then should sing.

All jocund, jubilant, rejoiceful airs—
The elfin mirth of fair Titania's train—
The laugh of L'Allegro, dispelling cares,
Should sweetly swell the strain.

The tinkling bells of cattle homeward bent,
Wafted o'er fragrant meadows, should unite
With childhood's loud, capricious merriment,
In many-toned delight.

The lull of falling waters, and the store
Of feathered music, from the Asian trees,
Should meet and mingle with the distant roar
Of everlasting seas.

The silvery voice of woman, such as oft
In mystic dreamland round about us swims,
Should join with tones descending full and soft
From saintly choral hymns.

The clang of trumpets, ere the combat cease,
War's proudest note, to sweet accord should come
With that dear anthem of abundant Peace—
The laborer's Harvest-Home.

.

Alas! *I never shall* these sounds combine,
This new "Creation" is not yet for me,
These richest honors I can but resign:
Another's may they be!

Still shall I praise the Giver of all Good
That, in my waking and my nightly dreams,
Upon my raptured sense this glorious flood
Of wondrous music streams.

WEBSTER

OCTOBER 24, 1852

I

THE boom of sad artillery is heard
Through mightiest commonwealths, from shore to shore,
Webster now sleeps, "life's fitful fever" o'er.
The man of intellect, whose single word
The depths of human sentiment has stirred,—
These refluxing tides shall own his sway no more:—
The Eloquent of speech, who dared to soar
With tireless wing of Appalachian bird,
Right upward to serene, unclouded skies:
Let thunder then from funeral guns resound,
And banners droop in sorrow to the ground,
And tears start freshly from "a nation's eyes"
Yet dim with weeping o'er the heroic dust
Of his two stately peers, the gifted and the just!

II

If he had foibles, let us kindly fling
Oblivion's mantle here above them all,
And in this hour of grief alone recall
Those nobler virtues that can ever spring
From littleness of soul; and let us bring
Some flowers as fadeless to bedeck his pall
As those on which his fancy's sunbeams fall,—
And let our future poets learn to sing
How in the Senate house he stood erect,

And battled always for his Country's cause,—
Her shrines, her Constitution and her laws,—
And how, when treason rose from Faction's sect,
He turned Columbia's aegis on the crime
And froze it into silence for all time!

III

My country, mother of the mighty! thou
That sitt'st in stony anguish at the grave
Where cypress branches, twined with laurel, wave,
Dispel the shadow from thy luminous brow!
The God thou worshipp'ed did ne'er allow
The good, the great, the gifted or the brave
To live or die for naught; and brightly now,
Above the spots where fond affection gave
Calhoun and *Clay*, the giant dead, to earth,
A guiding star is blazing in the sky;
So shall a beacon have its radiant birth
From *Webster's* ashes, and so fixed on high,
Its steady and immortal fires shall burn
Wide over land and sea, while seasons yet return!

A LETTER

RICHMOND, 23 August, 1852.

DEAR COOKE:

IN Richmond still, against your shrewd surmise,
I write your recent letters to acknowledge,
And to narrate such gossip of the town
As may to your amusement most conduce.
The town itself is dull and hot, ye gods!
That Virgil placed in Tartarus—how hot!
And therefore little shall I have to tell
Of gossip, or of other kind of news,
Where naught is stirring save the mercury
Along the vitreous tube of Fahrenheit.
The streets present a kind of “aching void”
Where, now and then, an omnibus appears
Looking “like furnace,” in the boiling sun,
In which a single salamander sits.
All trade is stopped; the carts of melons
The Hanoverian vendors used to sell
Have also disappeared; eleventh street
Is left to Goddin and his crew alone
Wrapped in the awful solitude
Of their rapacious, grasping usury.

'Tis well, my friend, you should affect to doubt
My state of durance in the damnéd town.
You perched high up upon a mountain range
Where breezily and brightly comes the day
In sunrise gorgeous (which you never see)

And goes in pomp of crimson drapery,
Curtained with clouds, which you spin out in verse—
(The clouds, I mean, which make the verse obscure,
Even while they give it their most radiant hue),
'Tis well, I say, you should pretend to think
I have escaped my prison, and away
From bars of all sorts, taste the precious sweets
Of liberty, that Lovelace praised so well.
Alas! I find that bars *do* make a cage,
Not the dread Hustings' Bar nor yet our William's,
Who waits so well at the American—
Nor yet the bar below our wharves, where ships
Do constitutionally stick i' the mud—
But bars of duty, in the form of notes
Due at the Farmer's Bank, and direful proofs—
Proof never is but always to be read—
For which Macfarlane waits: so 'twixt the two,
The Printer and the President, Macs both,
Deacon and devil, yet *arcades ambo?*
(Save the great diff'rence between "d" and "e")
I stand as surely prisoner to the town
As Althea's lover was to parliament.
Yet like him "linnet-like confinéd, I"
Can sing as gaily unto thee, my Cooke,
Though not, perhaps, as sweetly, "cos, d'ye see?"
You're not a nice young woman like Althea.
Then let me tell you once for all, again,
That not for me the country breezes blow,
That not for me the mountain lifts its head,
That not for me the ocean crests its waves,
But "cabined, cribbed," upon the land I stay,
A hopeless cockney, with the bricks around
And mortar, mortar everywhere in view.

We've had some politics since you went off—
 Torchlight processions and transparencies—
 And speeches at the African; and one
 Was of the better sort of such affairs,
 I mean one *speech*, from Mr. Winter Davis
 Who though called *Winter* warmed us very much
 And used the *Locos* in a summary way.
 (The pun is Horace Smith's, or James's,
 Or Hook's, or Hood's—at least it is not mine;
 But it came up so pat to my steel pen
 I thought I'd hook it while I did not steel it):
 This Mr. Davis is a brick, I tell ye,
 "One in a thousand," and comes down as heavy.
 He is an orator as Brutus was,
 Though Mr. William Ritchie says his speech
 Was no great shakes, and so perhaps I'm wrong.

John Daniel has been up to Charlottesville
 To take a challenge to one Dr. Carr.
 Paululus Powell was the challenger.
 Against this Carr he waxed exceeding wroth,
 And fully thought to run him off the track.
 But Carr, it seems, was piously inclined,
 And liked not such collisions as a duel,
 However much he might be prone to rail;
 And therefore John M. quietly brought back
 The little missive he so fiercely carried—
 But not before the Albemarle police
 Had taken him before a magistrate
 And had him held to bail. You've seen, no doubt,
 The powescondence in the Richmond Whig—
 So *majora canamus paulo*, let us speak
 Of greater things than Mr. Paulus Powell.

The country letters you must surely write,
And I shall look for them before you come—
Reserving them an honorable place
In my October number, for the next
Is more than full already, and, without
An accident, will be delivered here
And sent abroad about the first proximo.
“Bachelor Smith” is sent herewith to guard
This letter in the mail-bag, and I think
Will prove a capital companion for it.

Pray let me hear from you without delay,
And with assurances of high regard
Believe me ever Very truly yours,

J. R. T.

John Esten Cooke, Esq.

“BRIGHTLY, WITH THE ELFIN TRAIN
ATTENDED”

BRIGHTLY, with the elfin train attended,
Comes the happy daisy-sandalled May:
Never walkéd on earth a queen so splendid,
Nor in such magnificent array.

Beauteous as the Florentine Aurora,
Jocund over misty mountain tops,
Luminously on she moves, while Flora
Blessings newly-blossomed round her drops.

Gay the robe that Nature, her costumer,
In a gleeful moment, lightly cast
On this first and fairest Mrs. Bloomer,
As from out her tiring-room she passed.

Now the birds, from southern tours arriving,
Give their well-attended matinées;
Feathers thus are everywhere reviving,
While some furze the morning still displays.

Let us hear these exquisite performers—
Nature’s Philharmonic on the hills—
Better far than half-a-dozen Normas
Is the store of music in their bills.

Fashion likes not “singing for the million”—
Yet forbear, fair reader, all remarks:
Neither Lady Dash nor Lord Trevilian
Moves in higher circles than the larks.

Each new poet with his latest fancies
 May's soft praises deftly interweaves;
 While each grove brings out her new romances
 In a multiplicity of leaves.

Authors now most winningly invite us
 With the mental stimulus they bring,
 Hawthorne ne'er so freshly can delight us
 Nor “Holm(e)s” seem so “bonny” as in Spring.

Tityrus, *sub tegmine* reclining,
 Finds in *Punch* a pleasant morning dram,
 And, when comes the proper hour for dining,
 Relishes a little taste of Lamb.

Requiescat, genial Lamb, *in pace* !
 Rest forever quietly in peas,
 With such Attic salt, so very racy,
 As in Saxe one uniformly sees.

Stately be thy step among the pansies
 Winsome, wondrous, ever-smiling May,
 June with garish retinue advances
 To usurp thy gentle, queenly sway.

L'ENVOI

[TO VOLUME XIX OF THE "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER"]

THE Volume closes as the year departs—
And as the showman when the play is done,
Puts up the puppets that our praise have won,
So we, with not the gladsomest of hearts,
Shut up our box and bid our friends adieu
A little while, for when the Old Year's fled
And bravely down the highway comes the New,
We'll open it again, by purpose led
To please you, gentle reader, as we trust—
And some new comers to our varied show.
Meanwhile, right graciously accept you must
A "Merry Christmas" from us as we go.
With mirth and music may the happy time
Glide with you softly as the poet's rhyme!

THE BRAVE

[TO THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS]

WE call him brave who, when the trumpet's blare
Rang o'er the field of glory and of blood,
Went where the fight was deadliest, and stood
Where duty placed him, with unaltered air:
For him the golden guerdon waits—the fame
Which blows his deeds the extending fields along;
The poet weaves in tuneful verse his name,
And woman sweetly utters it in song.
No recompense like this for ye remains,
Men of a loftier courage yet than War
Could boast upon her drenched and crimsoned plains,
But ye have won a garland better far
Than fading laurel, and a fame above
What earth can ever give, Heaven's Messengers of Love!

AUTUMN LINES

GONE is the golden October
Down the swift current of time,
Month by the poets called sober,
Just for the sake of the rhyme.

Tints of vermilion and yellow
Margined the forest and stream;
Poets then told us 'twas mellow,
How inconsistent they seem!

Now, while the mountain in shadow
Dappled and hazy appears,
While the late corn in the meadow,
Culprit-like, loses its ears.

Get some choice spirits together,
Bring out the dogs and the guns,
Follow the birds o'er the heather,
Where the "cold rivulet" runs.

Look for them under the cover,
Just as the pole-star at sea
Always is sought by the rover,
Near where the pointers may be.

Yet if your field-tramping brothers
Should not be fellows of mark,
Leave the young partridge for others,
Only make sure of a lark.

Thus shall the charms of the season
Gently throw round you their spell,
Thus enjoy nature in reason
If in the country you dwell.

But if condemned as a denizen
In a great town to reside,
Take down a volume of Tennyson,
Make him do service as guide.

Borne upon poesy's pinion,
Rise to the heights that he gains,
Range over Fancy's dominion,
Walk hypothetical plains.

Soon shall the wintry December
Darken above us the sky—
Winds their old custom remember
All, in a spree, to get high:

And, as they wail through the copses,
Dirge-like and solemn to hear,
Nature's own grand Thanatopsis
Sadly shall strike the ear.

But all impressions so murky
Instantly banish like care,
Turn to the ham and the turkey
Christmas shall shortly prepare.

None than yourself can be richer,
Seated at night by the hearth,
With an old friend and a pitcher
Lending a share of the mirth.

Then to the needy be given
Aid from the generous boards,
And to a bountiful Heaven
Thanks for the wealth it affords.

THE EXILE'S SUNSET SONG

WHEN from thy side, love,
In silence and gloom,
Half broken-hearted,
Fate tore me away,
All humbled in pride, love,
I thought, in my doom,
That Hope had departed
Forever and aye!

But Fate may not banish
From memory's store
That blissful communion
Of years that are flown,
Nor make yet to vanish
The lustre which o'er
Our fond thoughts of union
So tenderly shone.

And still o'er the ocean
My fancy takes flight
Where oft I see gleaming
Thy figure afar;
And I think with emotion
That sometimes at night
We watch the same beaming
And tremulous star.

The sunsets so golden
That stream round me here

But call up thy shadow
The landscape between;
And when in the olden
Dim season so dear
It tripped o'er the meadow
With step of a queen.

As the light of the moon, love,
Like snow softly falls,
And rests on the mountain
And silvers the sea,
That midnight in June, love,
My mem'ry recalls
When up to the fountain
I clambered with thee.

How sweetly the river
Reflected the ray
Of moon through the willows
Or sun o'er the hill;
Does the moonbeam there quiver.
The sunset there play,
Upon its gay billows
As splendidly still?

My spirit is weary—
An exile I grieve,
When morn's early voices
A glad song proclaim,
And the faint Miserere
Of nature at eve
To me but rejoices
To murmur thy name.

Yet Hope, reappearing,
A vision unfolds
Of rapture together
In joy's happy reign,
When love all endearing
The full eye beholds,
We'll walk o'er the heather
At sunset again.

“AH! FUTILE THE HOPE”

AH! futile the hope once so sweetly expressed,
Tom Moore! in thy verse with a pathos so true
That when in the grave they should lay thee to rest,
Thy faults and thy follies might slumber there, too;
Or, if they were ever remembered, 'twere only
That o'er them a tear might in silence be shed,
To moisten the turf, in the valley so lonely,
Where *Clio* her vigils keeps o'er the dead!

For long ere the daisies have tufted the spot,
There comes a cold critic,¹⁸ and, after his kind,
Recalls all those follies, by others forgot,
And plants them like nettles to grow there entwined:
Thus, Envy, in triumph at last thou rejoicest;—
When Death breaks the bowl at the fountain for aye.
What once shown so brightly as gold of the choicest,
As valueless lies as the vilest of clay.

We crave not that wonderful sharpness of sight
That faults microscopic to mark cannot fail,
While virtues, like luminous orbs of the night,
Unseen through its ken may in majesty sail:
Still less do we wish that close logic to borrow,
Which strives to enwrap in a shadow abhorred
The fondest remembrance that woman in sorrow
Can cling to—the faith and the love of her lord.

When Quarterlies long shall have mouldered, and deep
O'er the fossils of critics time's strata shall lie,
Moore's verse amaranthine its freshness shall keep,
As fairly as when it first bloomed to the eye;
And though other minstrels to rapture may waken
With genius as cunning the strings of the lyre,
The world that his Melodies captive have taken,
Will never "let song so enchanting expire!"

MY MURRAY

At Antwerp, when I lost my way,
And far through crooked paths did stray,
Who taught me where my lodgings lay?
My Murray.

Who hinted at the best of wine,
And told me always where to dine
Along the "wide and winding Rhine?"
My Murray.

Who spoke of every saintly bone
That lined the churches of Cologne,
And Herr Farina's shop make known?
My Murray.

At Baden, when the gay roulette
Attracted all the faster set,
Who kindly warned me not to bet?
My Murray.

Else had my very modest purse
Become a "ruin" greatly worse
Than any in Lord Byron's verse,
My Murray.

Who pointed out, on every wall,
The Rafaelles, Rosas, Guidos, all
The famous pictures, great and small?
My Murray.

So hast thou proved the trustiest book
That ever rambling tourist took
For Church, for Castle, and for Cook,
My Murray.

Munich, August, 1854.

THE RHINE *

BENEATH these castles and in these hotels
We walk amidst the English: in proud state
Each high Milor beholds the Drachenfels,
“Doing” the classic site, nor less elate
Than smaller heroes just from Cripplegate.
What want these wandering Britons here should know
But poesy their travels to relate—
A Harold’s Pilgrimage their deeds to show
And what they fancied wild and what they voted “slow.”

In their baronial trips the country round
What checks and gaiters on the Rhine appear!
And Murray, in red muslin weakly bound,
With maps provided, serves their course to steer.
(A new edition comes out every year).
But still their forte is sketching; they *draw* on
As each old “castled crag” the boat gets near,
And many a tower in sketch-book badly done
Sees the discolored Rhine beneath its ruins run.

But thou, poetic and much crowded river,
Making thy waves a highway as they pass
Through banks whose grapes, I trust, will last forever,
Could man but let thee rest awhile, alas,
Nor blacken every tree and blade of grass
With the vile smoke of steamers—we might see
The valley with some comfort; now the mass
Of travel makes thy waters seem to me
As they a super-terrene sort of Styx might be.

* A parody of stanzas 48, 49, 50 and 59 of canto III of Byron’s *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long the rhymer

Would linger by thee on his careless way,

To quench his daily thirst in Rudesheimer

And sing its praises in his grateful lay!

And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey

On self-exhausting pockets, it were here

Where Bacchus, nor too sombre nor too gay,

Fine but not strong, jolly yet not too dear,

Pours forth his generous wine as England pours her beer!

A SOUVENIR OF ZURICH ¹⁹

FAIR Zurich! how well I remember the hour,
When taking my coffee and rolls in the Baur,
There beamed on my vision enraptured—my eye!
A Lady that must have dropped down from the sky;
Whose voice, sweeter far than the sweetest of chimes,
(How unlike an angel!) first asked for the *Times*,
Then softly petitioned for toast and green tea—
The dear English creachaw—ah! who could she be?

Just out of the window—the heavens were clear—
The sunbeam was wooing the beautiful mere,
And a shimmer crept over the surface to prove
How fondly the water requited its love;
Away in the distance, the Alps in the glow
Of morning, lay shiningly crested with snow;
But the lake how insipid, the landscape how flat,
Compared with the object which *vis-a-vis* sat!

When this charming young person would enter the room,
It seemed like a ray breaking in through a gloom;
Such sudden delight did her presence impart,
’Twas like hearing some exquisite strain of Mozart;
And I fancied the moment her figure retired,
That the ray was extinguished, the strain had expired:
A rainbow, a star, a fountain, a flow’r,
She sparkled, and blossomed, and shone in the Baur!

I knew not, indeed, if this delicate girl
Was daughter of baronet, viscount, or earl;
Or whether, the realms of Cockaigne to command,
A new Aphrodite she rose from the *Strand*;

But nobility's patent, I felt, had been given
To such a fair being directly from heaven;
For round her unceasingly glittered a glory, a
Light that did never belong to Victoria!

But the pleasures of life, as the poet gives warning,
Tho' as bright are as transient as tints of the morning;
And so cruel fortune, the very next day,
Made this beautiful vision get in the coupé:
A Saxony shawl the dear vision was wrapt in,
And by her there sat a magnificent captain,
And Hope, on the wings of an eagle, took flight
As the diligence bore her away from my sight!

Et moi—after such an unfortunate “go,”
I found la belle Zurich exceedingly slow,
As Christian, most likely, found Vanity Fair,
When Faithful was carried off into the air:
Though a light o'er the village her beauty had thrown,
“Like the fragrance of summer when summer is gone,”
And still shall I cherish, while memory has pow'r,
That sweet souvenir of my stay at the Baur.

THE POSTILION OF LINZ

WHAT a brave looking fellow comes walking this way—
Who is he, what is he? can any one say?

With his coat so refulgent, his breeches so gay—

As fine as an African prince:

See, the boys all retire when his brightness appears,

(As the populace do in the streets of Algiers,

Backing out, like the stars, when the Dey interferes).

'Tis the splendid Postilion of Linz!

With his pipe in his mouth, and his whip in his hand,

And the air of a gentleman born to command

All the horses that ever were seen in the land—

How the leaders, beholding him, wince!—

He jumps to the saddle, “a good 'un to go,”

Like the gallant Postilion of Lonjumeau,

Whom we saw at the Opera Comique, you know,

Is this funny Postilion of Linz.

His coat is of scarlet—his breeches of blue—

Alas! both a little bit faded in hue,

And a hole in the arm where the elbow peeps through

At time's awful ravages hints;

But philosophy quietly laughs in its sleeve

At trifles like this, and you'd better believe

A philosopher scorning at trifles to grieve

Is the careless Postilion of Linz.

While his hat and his boots show of leather a sight—

Like the “leathery postilion” that “comes from the height,”

Yet no traces of leather, as true as I write,

Does the old-fashioned harness evince—

'Tis a rope, d'ye see, that attaches the team
To a(c)cord with the coach, which would certainly seem
Like some tawdry but broken down coach in a dream,
With its gaudy Postilion of Linz.

Yet let us not wickedly seek to deride
Our pleasant companion, philosopher, guide—
Though such a Postilion I never espied
Before I first saw him or since,
Let us hope that his beery existence may tend,
Like his song, to a happy and peaceable end,
And Time all the ruts in Life's highway may mend
For the jolly Postilion of Linz.

LINDEN

ON Linden when the sun was low—
The coach was very, very slow,
The lazy horses would not “go”
 To Munich with the passengers,

But Linden yet shall see a sight,
The weary pilgrim to delight,
When locomotives shall affright
 The field from its propriety.

By coachman’s trumpet loudly played
The horses were not “fast arrayed,”
And not a single charger neighed
 To join our little company.

.
But far less speed we yet shall know
Before we see the Iser’s flow,
And slower yet the coach shall go
 To Munich with the passengers.

The team was changed by Linden’s mob,
But scarcely had they done the job
When furious John and fiery Bob
 Cried “go ahead” most lustily.

The highway lengthens. On we crawl
To town before the night shall fall—
Take, Munich! take the party all
 And charge with all thy hostelry!

Ah! when at last we there shall meet,
A jolly dinner we shall eat,
And every bottle 'neath our feet
 Shall tell of vanished Burgundy!

A PICTURE

ACROSS the narrow dusty street
I see at early dawn,
A little girl with glancing feet
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks,
She carries in her hand a rose
And two upon her cheeks.²⁰

The sun mounts up the torrid sky—
The bell for dinner rings—
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gaily back and sings.

The week wears off and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for girlish romp and play;
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday—in what satins great
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon in all his state
Wore no such pretty gear.

I fling her every day a kiss,
And one she flings to me;
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

A LEGEND OF BARBER-Y

THERE was a little dandy man that lived—no matter where—
Who thought it vastly *comme il faut* to cultivate his hair,
And so he kept in constant pay a hair (and whisker) dresser—
Who called himself in pompous phrase “tonsorial professor”—
Beneath whose kindly curling-tongs our hero’s ringlets twined,
Not Absalom’s so beauteous grew, nor hung so low behind;
And soon upon his upper lip, right wondrous to behold,
There sprouts an immense moustache with sunny hue of gold.

Along the street this dandy man would walk at set of sun,
And as the ladies passed him by he’d throw at every one
Such melting looks from underneath his hyacinthine curls
That fixed forever was the fate of all those happy girls;
In vain they tried to think no more of such ambrosial tresses.
Night, with its hours of dreamy rest, but deepened their
distresses,

For in their visions soft and light Don Whiskerandos came,
A halo round his shining hair and his moustache in flame!

But soon our little dandy man became involved in ruin
By spending such enormous sums in real grease of Bruin.
The famed Macassar oil he found a most expensive item.
Alas for those Hyperion locks! he was compelled to slight
’em,

Until one dark and fatal day, completely out of cash,
He vowed to cut the ringlets off and *couper* the moustache;
And having at the barber’s hands sustained this cruel blow,
That little balance yet unpaid, he bade the barber go!

But when our little dandy man arose quite late next day
He saw—O sight to fill the soul with terror and dismay!—
Upon his lip moustache more fierce than ever brigand knew—
Like young Augustus Tomlinson's, his hair more fiercely
grew;

'Twas not confined by art within "its proper share of space."
Nor yet about the forehead thrown with Apollonian grace,
But like "the fretful porcupine" quite fearful 'twas to view,
sir,

As with its horrid snakes appears the head of the Medusa!

Outspake that little dandy man: "Come hither once again,
My trusty knight of razor strops; your work was done in
vain.

Bring forth your sharpest scissors now, your keenest Shef-
field blade,

And let your bravest handicraft be quickly here displayed."
Then sat he down; fast flew the shears his tangled curls
among,

Like maize before the scythe fast fell his beard so dense and
strong,

The floor beneath was thickly strewn with tufts of golden
hair.

A gayer and a cleaner man he left the barber's chair.

Still for our little dandy man what horrors were in store!
Next morn the crop upon his head was thicker than before.
The huge moustache depended low upon his throbbing
breast—

He seemed like one by "frightful fiends" and demons sore
oppressed.

Before his mirror thus he stood, the scarest man of any,
As, when the marble horseman spoke, stood luckless Don
Giovanni.

And from that hour all human skill did unavailing prove
That superhuman growth of hair and whiskers to remove.

With speed our little dandy man "went flying all abroad"—
By steamer sailed to Liverpool, by rail to Paris rode—
And still no remedy he found, in England or in France,
The fruitless effort only served his sorrows to enhance.

Day after day his health declined, he grew at heart more
sick;

His "matted and combinéd locks" not even Hobbs could
pick.

And, more than that, as if to make his anguish but the
deeper,

That beard so indestructible defied McCormick's Reaper.

At length our little dandy man, when every means had
failed—

For at the worst experiments his spirit never quailed—

Besought a learned African of widest fame, who said

The only way to cure the ill was—to cut off the head;

And so our hero built himself a private guillotine,

And very soon, beneath its axe, beheaded he was seen.

And now the locks, moustache and beard, translated to the
sky,

Are hung, like Berenice's hair, among the stars on high!

IN FORMA PAUPERIS

I WALKED out of Paris at evening—
While the sun's declining rays
Gilded the tops of the crosses
Of beautiful Père Lachaise.

And as I passed through the portal
'Mid the idle Sunday throng,
A little procession of mourners
Bore a rude coffin along.

They seemed very humble people,
And no one turned aside
To look on such homely sorrow,
Or ask who it was had died.

I followed the bier to the corner,
Where just beneath the sod
In a trench—not a grave—they would bury
This lowly child of God.

When they came to lower the coffin,
A *priez pour elle* was said—
And they sprinkled the holy water
Over the dust of the dead.

But a holier rain descended
From the depths of a bursting heart—
The tears of the little orphan
Who in agony stood apart.

Poor girl! We can offer no solace
To soothe the anguish you feel—
But strength from on high will be given
As here you shall oftentimes kneel.

No shrine of the sculptured marble
Shall rise above the spot,
No flattering false inscription
Shall tell what thy mother was *not*.

But here the lilies and pansies
From the dewy earth shall spring—
Here the blossoming Rose of Sharon
Its fragrance around shall fling.

And the eye of our Heavenly Father
Shall watch o'er the grave of *Ma Mère*,
Since *it* looks on the peer and the peasant
With ever an equal care.

Such was the train of my musings—
In the twilight's purpling haze—
As I walked back to Paris that evening
From beautiful Père Lachaise.

PATRIOTISM ²¹

YOU ask a Poem—it must be confest
That this is no extravagant request,
In our poetic and trochaic time
When “mobs of gentlemen” indulge in rhyme—
And every critic writing to review
His neighbor’s verses is a poet too—
Has climbed himself the steep Lycorean mount,
And done an epic on his own account.
A Poem! why it has indeed been made,
Of latter days, the merest thing of trade.
Yet may we marvel at the easy air
With which the customers their wants declare—
Write by the post a simple business note
And order poems as they would a coat—
Say to the schneider of the stately song
“On Thursday fortnight send the thing along.”
And, they might add, be sure that it display
The very latest fashion of the day.
For there are reigning modes in verse to choose—
Each has its hour and an old-fashioned muse
Like Goldsmith’s, seeking simply to impart
The dear pathetic lessons of the heart,
Would be regarded, in the present rage
For “stunning” novelties, behind the age.
In poetry, as well as dress, we seek
For something, as the French would say, *plus chic*.

Receive not, gentle hearer, with a yawn
This long sartorian simile I’ve drawn,
There’s much resemblance, if you did but know it,

Between the crafts of tailor and of poet—
Both cut and patch, both do their work by measure,
And both, alas! both cabbage at their pleasure!
But now the parallel at last to drop
And once for all, indeed, to “sink the shop,”
Just let me ask for this affair of mine
To judge it harshly you will not incline—
If you should find it somewhat badly wrought,
And rather threadbare as respects the thought,
The style of fustian, and the scanty wit
Beyond all question not a handsome fit—
If of the puns you cannot see the force
Nor follow up the threads of the discourse—
In short, if when you’ve read the poem through,
You cannot say “*Rem tetigit acu,*”
Pray be indulgent:—neither snips nor bards
Win all at once their coveted rewards,
Stultz’s first garment did not gain renown,
Nor Tennyson’s first song the laureate’s crown:—
Call it a failure freely, if you will,
But have compassion for the poet still,
And this small favor Pity’s self demands—
Don’t throw the poem back upon his hands!

I come, in sooth, with no desire to claim
Poetic honors or the poet’s name,
But with affection, warm and true, for all
Who join in this, your yearly festival,
My little wreath of wintry flowers I bring;
You’ll not reject the humble offering
Which makes no effort at distinguished meed
And scarce a poem can be called, indeed,
Unless, with Jourdain’s master, we suppose
That all is poetry which is not prose.²²

My theme is Patriotism—lofty theme!
Long held by moralists in high esteem,
And much discussed by those who writ and spoke
In former ages—*vide* Bolingbroke—
But voted now an antiquated thing
By such as haply either speak or sing.
Perhaps in kindness you may ask me why
I take a topic so extremely dry,
'Tis not that I can hope to say a word
That's new about it—I'm not so absurd:
Or make the glorious light of genius shine
Through every page and brighten every line,
And, subtler alchemy than that of old!
Transmute my leaden fancies into gold,
As soft October sunsets, slanting o'er
The length'ning levels of a barren moor,
Convert the poorest ferns and meanest brooms
Into the semblance of a prince's plumes;
But that our "primal duties," though aloft
They "shine like stars," are yet forgotten oft,
Because on lower things we fix the eye
And will not look into the spangled sky.
For this, I would some homely truths recite,
Not the less excellent that they are trite,
For this repeat some humdrum ancient saws
Touching "the beauty of the good old cause."

And what is Patriotism?—shall we go
To Samuel Johnson, first of all, to know;
Since now, in Public Virtue's sad decay?
Its true significance has passed away.
'Tis "love of country," you will answer pat,
Admitted, sir, but tell me, what is that?
Time was, 'tis long since, when to love the earth

With generous loyalty, which gave one birth,
Involved a wide affinity of love
For all that rose the natal soil above:
Not for the dear old mansion-house alone,
Where, like a dream, his boyish days had flown,
The breezy hills, the tall ancestral trees,
The drowsy garden murmurous with the bees,
Nor yet the path where oft he followed after
The rippling music of his sweetheart's laughter:
But for the school where erst he felt the rod—
The church where he was taught to worship God:
Then did he treat with a becoming awe
Religion's temples and the shrines of law—
An antique honour make his constant guide,
And ever cherish with an honest pride
The language, rich in eloquence and song,
Which once to magic Shakespeare did belong,
Learned in perfection only as it trips
In airiest movement from a mother's lips.
Then widening out his sympathies would reach
To all who used that noble form of speech,
And more and more the circle still expand
Beyond the limits of his native land,
Till Patriotism in its largest sense,
Embraced mankind in its benevolence.
How well we prospered in the simple ways
Of those long-vanished, scarce-remembered days,
Then legislators little understood
The tricks of craft, and sought the public good,
Unread in Machiavel, they merely aimed
At truth and justice in the laws they framed:
Each recognized his duties to the State
And strove, as best he might, to make her great,
And even the humblest with that glow was fired

Which Burns "in glory and in joy" inspired,
 Who only wished "some usefu' plan" to make
 Not for his own, but for old Scotia's sake.
 Ah happy age, ah long exploded creed!
 What novel ethics to thy sway succeed!
 How changed the scene in legislative halls
 Where through the livelong day hoarse folly bawls,
 And mad ambition or the love of pelf
 Bids every member labour for himself.
 Our Solons now too often, it would seem,
 Drink deep, but not of the Pierian stream,
 And nightly gather in well-ordered ranks
 To study Finance in unchartered banks.
 Place and Preferment still make slaves of some
 Who war with Slavery, while others come
 From plotting treason round a Webster's grave
 To break the compact they are sworn to save:
 Discord in Congress rules and "wild uproar"
 Throughout the session daily claims the floor,
 So great the strife that, striking to relate,
 Pacific railways lead to fierce debate,
 While hungry cormorants flocking from the hills
 Deplete the Treasury with their Private Bills:
 And when some luckier plunderer than the rest
 Pilters his millions from the public chest
 For some gigantic scheme of wholesale fraud
 There are not wanting hundreds to applaud;—
 The service calls for silver service fine—
 "Honors are easy" in the silver line—
 And each new Judas to the state is paid
 His thirty pieces for some trust betrayed.

From public shall we turn to private life?
 Alas! what social maladies are rife,

Where Fashion, decked in costliest Brussels laces,
Ignores our homebred modes and "native graces,"
And, most unpatriotic jade! impairs
Our love of country with her "foreign airs:"
Look to the circles of our largest city
Aping the swells of Europe, more's the pity,
And showing in their dinners, routs and mobs,
A vulgar aristocracy of snobs—
In vain our simple fathers swept away
All vestige of the ancient feudal sway,
In vain they flouted all the useless knowledge
That England teaches in the Herald's College,
When each new humbug, swelling with pretence,
But sadly destitute of common sense,
Grown rich in selling buttons, pills or flannel,
Sports flaring red upon his coach's panel
A fine escutcheon stolen out of Burke,
O stars and garters! this is awful work:
Thus they obtain their coats-of-arms; the dance
And cooks and sauces they procure from France,
And, worse than all, as candor must declare,
Import their morals with their bills of fare—
So character is served, the truth to tell,
In every style except *au naturel*,
And so "our best society" assumes
This shape—a *filet* garnished with mushrooms.

See next how Fashion dares to set aside
Our language—source of patriotic pride,
And makes the good old mother tongue appear
Like English oak o'erlaid with French veneer.
Our pensive maidens rarely now employ
A Saxon term for sorrow or for joy:
The dear one little versed in Mr. Trench,

Translates her tender feelings into French;
 She's *enchantée*, if told some pleasant news,
 And *desolée*, if troubled with the blues,
 The heavenly smile that lights her beaming face
 A *beau sourire* becomes in Fashion's phrase,
 And Mariana in the grange would say
 Not "I'm aweary," but "I'm *ennuyée*."
 Yet the dear creature who on earth can blame
 When tenderly she murmurs—"Que je t'aime?"
 That soft confession on the poet's ire
 Falls like wet blankets on a raging fire,
 And, as Belinda's face, with beauties set,
 Belinda's errors caused you to forget,
 Atones in whatsoever language given
 For every female foible under heaven.

Still honour be to woman! She has shown
 The loftiest patriotism earth has known—
 Not on the hustings claiming equal rights
 With sterner man, ah hatefulest of sights!
 But when some noble purpose fires the heart
 Or bids the sympathetic feelings start;
 When War holds carnival, 'mid heaps of slain,
 With Death on Glory's drenched and crimsoned plain,
 Or Pestilence in darkness walks abroad
 And renders desolate each doomed abode,
 See with what joy her holy presence fills
 A Norfolk's streets or Balaklava's hills!
 Oh; if no strain of minstrel can avail
 To hymn the praise of Florence Nightingale,
 My rugged verse how miserably weak
 That nobler heroine's renown to speak,
 Who with the Fever waged th' unequal strife
 And bore, in danger's paths, a charmed life!

A brighter page her record shall display,
 And every tear that she has wiped away
 Shall crystallize into a brilliant gem
 To glitter in her heavenly diadem!²³

Yes, honour be to woman! Hers the praise,
 When strife and tumult loud their voices raise,
 That piously she turns her moistened eye
 To where our greatest chieftain's ashes lie
 Beneath Mount Vernon's ever sacred sward,
 And seeks from insult and decay to guard
 The holiest spot the sun e'er shone upon—
 The long-neglected grave of WASHINGTON!

This is True Patriotism—this the spirit
 Which all earth's real Patriotic inherit:
 And so the laborer whose humble toil
 Enriches day by day his native soil—
 The merchant prince, whose vision still extends
 Beyond his semi-annual dividends—
 The poet seeking fitly to rehearse
 His country's honour, and whose lofty verse
 Undying lustre on that country sheds,
 And classic makes the ground whereon he treads,—

The statesman gazing yet with doubts and fears
 Up the dim vista of the coming years—
 The man of science looking out afar
 Into the welkin for an unknown star—
 These are our patriots—and no work they wrought
 Has ever yet been perfected for naught:
 And if some name shall flash with light sublime
 Across the awful gulf of future time,
 'Twill be no politician's—feeble ray!

Quenched always with his own brief, noisy day,
 But that of Maury whose bright, equal fame
 Burns in Orion's belt with steady flame,
 And everywhere resounds in Ocean's roar
 From "Tampa's desert strand" to Iceland's stormy shore!

What though the humbler patriot's name obscure
 No fragrant immortality secure?
 He lives A MAN, and, when he sinks to sleep,
 Freedom's fair Goddess shall forever keep
 A watch and ward around his lonely tomb
 Where violets with recurring Aprils bloom!

For there's a Goddess whose majestic form
 Still towers above the wreck of every storm,
 Columbia's genius! let us bend the knee,
 (Not Freedom's self but Freedom's daughter she) ²⁴
 Whom to adore is not idolatry.
 With what a dignity she moves along
 Among the nations, fairest of the throng,
 Not Hera, with the large and queenly eyes,
 So walked the golden pavements of the skies,
 Nor silver-ankled Thetis e'er displayed
 The nameless beauty of our western maid.
 But oh! how more than doubly dear she seems
 Enthroned and sceptred, in the poet's dreams,
 REGINA PACIS, Empress now of Peace,
 Whose realm shall widen as the years increase,
 Her lips o'erflowing with immortal love
 And touched with light descending from above,
 While round her every Muse and every Grace
 Makes gay and luminous the courtly place:
 Or as in reverie alone she strays
 Adown the Dryads' pleasant moonlit ways,

To twine the dewy field flow'rs, fresh and wild,
Into a garland for Urania's child!

Not so when throbs the war drum thro' the land,
And foreign foes set foot upon the strand.
She leaves the myrtle shade and flowery dell
And flies the proud invader to repel—
One holy vigil first beneath the light
Of friendly stars she keeps throughout the night,
Then strips the laurel from her auburn hair
And firmly sets the gleaming helmet there!
Doffs the white tunic and the purple vest
To bind the corslet on her beauteous breast:
The distaff now is flung aside, and mute
Hangs the neglected, once rejoiceful lute—
Or if she touches it, 'tis but to fling
The notes of battle from the trembling string.
O how magnificently she appears,
Thus casting from her all a woman's fears,
Resistless valour in her fiery glance,
Her soft white fingers closing round the lance,
And scarlet cheek, thin lip and lustrous eye
All eloquently speaking Liberty!

Were this Divinity, so passing fair,
No mere ideal creature of the air,
Did she but live in fleshly guise indeed,
And could she go, the country's cause to plead,
Within yon capitol, what noble rage
Would all her glorious faculties engage,
As she should tell her more than mortal griefs
In shame before the country's gathered chiefs;
With what grand sorrow would she there lament
Divided counsels, angry discontent,

And what majestic energy reveal
As thus she spoke in passionate appeal—

“O by the mighty shades that wander still
Where Glory consecrated Bunker Hill,
By those who sleep 'neath Buena Vista's slopes,
By the past's greatness and the future's hopes—
By every honoured, unforgotten name,
Linked with your dearest Capitolian fame—
By the proud memories and traditions all
That live forever in the classic hall
Where priceless pearls fell fast from PINKNEY's tongue
And wit's bright diamonds RANDOLPH round him flung;
Where listening Senates owned the magic sway
And thrilled to hear the clarion voice of CLAY;
Where WEBSTER, through all seasons, grandly strove
'Gainst Fraud and Faction with the might of Jove;
And Reason gave you her divinest boon
In the pure logic of the great CALHOUN;—
By this august Triumvirate of mind,
By all the lessons they have left behind,
By your loved hearthstones and your altar fires
And by the sacred ashes of your sires,
Your angry strifes and fierce dissensions cease,
And bless the country with domestic peace;
GUARD WELL THE UNION—Freedom's last defence
And only hope of Freedom's permanence—
MAINTAIN THE CONSTITUTION—let it stand
And shine the Pallas of this Western Land.
So shall Columbia act her destined part
As patroness of Learning, Labor, Art,
So shall she usher in the Golden Age
When War no more shall stain th' historic page,
When down the glaxis childish feet shall stray

And little urchins on the bastions play,
When ivy o'er each battlement shall run
And cobwebs line the chamber of the gun,²⁵
While Love's warm beams shall gild the placid isles
And the blue seas forever sleep in smiles!"

Thus might the Goddess speak—and it were well
If upon willing ears such counsel fell,
Then should the prophecy that Berkeley cast
Be yet fulfilled, and every danger past,
Time's noblest offspring truly be its last!

Whoe'er has stood upon the Rigi's height
And watched the sunset fading into night,
While every moment some new star was born
From the bald Eigar to the Wetterhorn,
Has seen as steadily the airy tide
Of darkness deepened up the mountain side,
The glowing summits, slowly, one by one,
Lose the soft crimson splendour of the sun,
(Like altar lights in some cathedral dim
Extinguished singly with the dying hymn)
Till the last flush would lovingly repose
Upon the Jungfrau's purple waste of snows;
Thus, O my country! when primeval gloom
Shall over earth its ancient reign resume,
When Night Eternal shall its march begin
O'er the round world and all that is therein,
As dark Oblivion's rising waves absorb
All human trophies, thus shall Glory's orb
Thy lone sublimity the latest see
And pour its parting radiance on thee!

VIRGINIA ²⁶

HAIL! blue-eyed Sister of the Sacred Well,
Whose smile illumines every bosky dell,
And on each storied lake or landscape streams
Like moonlight thro' the ivory gate of dreams,—
A fond admirer here invokes your aid,
Altho' a poet neither "born" nor "made,"
He wants, what worthier bards have wanted too,
A fine exordium—and he turns to you!
If his unlicensed brow no wreathes of bays,
In token of the poet's rank, displays—
If his prosaic shoulders do not bear
The singing-robe your favorites always wear—
Yet let him in your radiant realm remain
A little season and inspire his strain;
Then should he, haply, prove unworthy still,
Some modest post, Euterpe, let him fill;
He asks not fame—contented to revise
Apollo's proof-sheets, and forego the prize.

Meantime, most gracious and respected Muse,
What theme this morning shall your vot'ry choose?
I catch a gush of melody, and clear
This tuneful answer breaks upon the ear—
"Set restless Fancy free, and where her wing
Conducts the eye, of that bright region sing!"
'Tis done; unloosed the jeses, Fancy sails
Buoyant aloft upon the friendly gales.
Awhile she moves in arrowy flight along
The sunny ether of the land of Song,

Ranges from coast to crag nor leaves unseen
The purple meadows that repose between,
Then fondly bends, with poising wing, above
The dear Virginia of our hopes and love;
As the swift eagle, circling proudly o'er
Our boundless continent from shore to shore,
Sees rock and river, prairie, waste and wood,
The shining city and the solitude,
The snowy sail by Huron's breezes fanned,
And the light ripple on the bayou's strand,
And stoops at last to fold his sombre pinion
On some blue mountain of the Old Dominion!

Imperial land! could ever song of mine
With fairer glories make thy borders shine—
Could my rude minstrelsy with charm invest
Each spot in beauty or in grandeur drest—
And to thy Oread-haunted valleys give
A grace, united with their own to live—
How should thy rivers to the ocean glide,
Like Arno's stream or Teviot's "silver tide,"
Reflecting each upon its mirror'd face
The light which genius lends its dwelling place;
How should Boccaccio's mellow atmosphere
Hang round each hill and kiss each dimpled mere,
How should thy ramparts echo with the blast
Of lordly music flowing out the past;
From the cool beach where, white with rage and frantic,
Dash the wild billows of the chafed Atlantic,
Along the Ridge, whose azure peaks on high
Toss their soft summits 'gainst an amber sky,
To where Ohio sends, through darkling woods,
Its tribute to the mighty Sire of Floods;
Till the whole space thy distant lines surround,

Our goodly heritage, were classic ground,
And all thy pleasant places, noble State,
Thenceforth forever should be consecrate!

Virginia! thou hast had in plenteous store
The gifts men chiefly honour and adore;
Thy story burns with Valour's dazzling blaze
Or calmly glows with Wisdom's milder rays,
While Eloquence, that melts the coldest hearts,
To the bright record all its fire imparts:
The Warrior, resting on his stainless sword,
The Orator, whose lips persuasion poured,
The Statesman, he who wrought from chaos warm
The elements of empire into form,
The jurist, who has "shaped the State's decrees,"
All, like the figures on a marble frieze,
Stand grandly forth thy greatness to proclaim
Upon the tablets of thy ancient fame.
One stately image yet is wanting there,
The Bard with fillets twined around his hair,
No favored son, created for all time,
For thee has ever "built the lofty rhyme,"
And joined the radiant, rose-encircled throng,
Within the Temple dedicate to Song:
One gifted child thou hadst, who reached in vain,
The vast propylon of the gleaming fane,
'Twas his to see the columns, pure and white,
Of marble and of rangèd chrysolite—
The lines of jasper through the golden gates—
Alas! no more was suffered by the Fates.
Like Baldur, fairest of the sons of morning,
The halls of Odin lustrously adorning,
He early caught the pale blue, fearful glance
Of shadowy Hela's awful countenance.

Lamented COOKE! if all that love could lend
To the chaste scholar and the faithful friend,
If all the spoiler forced us to resign
In the calm virtues of a life like thine,
Could bid him turn his fatal dart aside
From our young Lycidas, thou hadst not died:
Peace to the Poet's shade! His ashes rest
Near the sweet spot he loved on earth the best,
The modest daisies from the surface peeping,
As from the sod where Florence Vane lies sleeping,
While his own river murmurs, as it flows,
Perpetual requiem o'er his soft repose.

And still another child Virginia nursed,
Who had her glories loftily rehearsed,
But that his genius sought "a wild, weird, clime,"
Beyond the bounds of either space or time,
From whose dim circuit, with unearthly swell,
A burst of lyric rapture often fell,
Which swept at last into a strain as dreary
As a lost spirit's plaintive *Miserere*;
Unhappy POE, what destiny adverse
Still hung around thee both to bless and curse!
The Fairies' gifts, who on thy birth attended,
Seemed all with bitter maledictions blended;
The golden crown that on thy brow was seen,
Like that Medea sent to Jason's queen,
In cruel splendor shone but to consume,
And decked its victim proudly for the tomb.

Yet shall the Poet make in coming time
His bright *avatar* in our sunny clime;
And where shall inspiration urge the soul
Thro' dithyrambic harmonies to roll

More fittingly than in this calm retreat
Of studious Science—Learning's earliest seat?
Where does Romance more lavishly diffuse
Upon our soil its ever brilliant hues
Than here, where Patriotism's sacred glow
Kindled the wrath that laid the tyrant low?
I walk these ancient haunts with reverent tread,
And seem to gaze upon the mighty dead:
Imagination calls a noble train
From gloom and darkness back to life again,
Whose air majestic lends a statelier grace,
A soft enchantment to the honoured place.
So have I strolled at twilight's rosy hour
Along the quiet street, where Merton's tower
Lifts its rich tracery thro' the nodding trees
That rise o'er Oxford's halls of lettered ease,
And felt the *presence* of the tranquil scene,
Till forms long-buried flitted o'er the green;
There graceful RALEIGH moved, immortal name!
And ADDISON from cloistered musings came;
There stalked portentous JOHNSON's burly shade,
And pensive COLLINS down the vista strayed;
And as they vanished into common air,
Their clustering memories, ever fresh and fair,
Like ivy round each turret seemed to twine
And every chapter-house became a shrine!

'Tis thus that Art is long, tho' Time is fleeting—
The wise old maxim that we keep repeating—
And Wisdom, with endurance not of earth,
Outlives for aye the age that gave it birth;
So shall our Academus planted here
Survive, in its results, from year to year,
Though ruin settles on its antique walls

And from our lonely courts the bittern calls;
So shall the writer, who with skill portrays
Virginia's history in coming days,
Mark how it enters in the general plan
And with delighted eye its progress scan,
A thread of gold still running brightly through
The wondrous tapestry from Old to New.

Thus tracing here the honors interwove
Of State and College, Capitol and Grove,
I leave unsung those grand, heroic men
Who walked the heights, so dizzy to our ken,
Where first our starry banner was unfurled,
And seem yet visible to half the world—
And follows Memory, as she fondly turns
To yet more precious if less stately urns.
But twice the roses of the Spring have blown,
Since rambling far in other lands, alone,
I sought the hillock where the cypress bends
O'er Dew, lamented still by "troops of friends,"
The sage, whose active and well-ordered mind
Books had enriched and social life refined,
And pondering there on wisdom, learning, worth,
Buried with him beneath that foreign earth,
I thought of TUCKER'S high and varied powers,
His fame, of all indeed that made him ours;
The sweet benignity, the careless grace,
With earnest thought commingled in his face:—
You watched his genius—saw its steady shine,
Its full meridian, its undimmed decline;
How bright the noonday, how serene and clear
The solemn evening of that calm career,
And mark how pure a lustre lingers yet
Where from our loving gaze that full-orbed genius set!

Where shall the poet find, tho' wandering long
 A spot so fragrant of unuttered song
 As this old city, whose colonial glory
 Fades into Jamestown's legendary story?
 One mouldering tower, o'ergrown with ivy, shows
 Where first Virginia's capital arose,
 And to the tourist's vision far withdrawn
 Stands like a sentry at the gates of dawn.
 The church has perished—faint the lines and dim
 Of those whose voices raised the choral hymn.
 Go read the record on the mossy stone,
 'Tis brief and sad—oblivion claims its own:
 Yet Fancy, musing by the placid wave,
 With gentle WIRT above some nameless grave,
 May animate the sleeping dust once more,
 And all the past in vivid tints restore.

Nor should the picture lack for livelier strokes,
 (As this my poem sadly wants its jokes,
 When came the epic muse to later times:
 (I trust the change will brighten up my rhymes.)
 Oh! those were jolly, good old days, in sooth,
Consule Planco—in the Raleigh's youth,
 When to the town at Christmas would repair
 The gallant lords and ladies debonair;
 When balls and races, dinners, routs, the play,
 In quick succession make the season gay;
 When *ennui* was unknown—delightful age!
 French modes and phrases were not then the rage;
 When courtly lovers and their chosen flames
 In sweet simplicity took pastoral names;
 Thus Damon fair Celinda's graces set
 To smoothest verses in the old Gazette,
 And Strephon, both to please and to adorn her,
 Courted his Chloe in the "Poet's Corner,"

While all—Celinda, Damon, Strephon, Chloe—
 O manly forms, O bosoms soft and snowy!—
 Danced stiff old minuets throughout the night.
 Visions of satin, spare my aching sight!
 With grandest music floating round the whole—
 Ye powdered bigwigs, crowd not on my soul!

Fiction at last has turned its gaze, we know,
 Upon those golden days of long ago;
 And as, obedient to the prompter's call,
 Time's misty curtain rises over all,
 Before us now the quaint comedians pass—
 And see! the modern footlights blaze with gas,
 In robes resplendent, freshened every hue,
 The faded scarlet and the watery blue,
 The beaux and belles of long forgotten years
 Have "sly flirtations" 'neath the chandeliers;
 Yet in the brilliant crowd the form I see
 With greatest pleasure is the F. F. V.—
 Aristocratic type of lofty sires,
 Of whom 'tis said "Virginia never tires,"
 When this great actor comes upon the stage,
 His graceful movements all my thoughts engage,
 As in the Bowery pit, Moses strains his eye
 When Billy Kirby rushes on to die!

Time changes all. When in the morning gray
 The smoke from Yorktown slowly rolled away,
 And there revealed our flag flung proudly out
 O'er slippery mound and perilous redoubt,
 Another age Virginia ushered in—
 End pompous Court and Commonwealth begin!
 Colonial grandeur soon aside was laid
 With sword and periwig and gold brocade,
 And of the prim old courtiers soon the last

Walked grandly down into the dusky past.
And now behold Virginia's active life
Of varied labour and industrial strife—
Where Spotswood followed on the Indian trail,
They're busy putting down the heavy rail;
And iron coursers thunder o'er the land
Where pressed the "golden horse-shoe" in the sand;
The constant roar of ponderous machines
Drowns the blithe music of remote ravines;
In our Parnassus there's a recent hole
In which the workmen dig for cannel coal;
And Cato, Liberty's devout admirer,
Who wrote those essays in the old *Enquirer*,
For such pursuits has no more time to spare,
But fattens Durhams for the Annual Fair!
What though they say Virginia lags behind
Her rival sisters in the march of mind;
What though so frequently 'tis ours to hear
The pointless jest, the miserable sneer,
From men, whose freedom 'twas her joy to save,
Or States, whose every inch of soil she gave?
If some sweet lethargy has sealed her lips
And quenched her vision in a brief eclipse;
And on the pedestal of former fame—
Whose proud inscription is her simple name—
She long has stood in statuesque repose,
Pure as if hewn from everlasting snows;
'Tis as Hermione, the peerless Queen,
The glorious image, stood in Shakespeare's scene;
Soon shall the form descend, no more be stone,
With flowing drapery and flashing zone,
Walk forth in majesty, Minerva-like,
And all who look on her with marvel strike!

TO PAUL H. HAYNE

[IN RECOGNITION OF A VOLUME OF HIS SONNETS]

SWEET sonneteer of Southern hills and streams,
Petrarca of the bright Palmetto shore,

My thanks! that from thy richly-varied store
Of glorious fancies and divinest dreams

A sunshine, warm and golden, broadly beams
Upon our genial land in brilliance splendid!

Thine is the poet's glance; thou art attended

By a right queenly Muse, whose sandal gleams

In every walk beneath primeval woods,

Or by the sea-side's level solitudes,

Wherever Nature wakens thee to love.

Still heed thy Muse, interpret her replies

Through all the converse whispered as ye rove,

And men shall write thee with the great and wise.

THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION, 1857 ²⁷

MORN broke over Jamestown Island,
Slowly purpling all the landscape,
Shelving beach and crumbling turret,
 Till at last the May-day sun
Streamed across the spreading wheat-fields
In a flood of golden splendor;
And upon the slumberous silence
 Pealed the heavy signal gun.

Five times fifty years had glided
Over earthly states and kingdoms
Since the keels of Smith and Gosnold
 There had grated on the sand;
When the sons of Old Virginia
Came with pomp and martial music
To commemorate the virtues
 Of that little pilgrim band.

Out upon the tawny river—
For the tide that day had borrowed,
As in token of the Red man,
 Just the Indian's copper hue—
Lay a fleet of yachts and steamers,
Gay with flags from staff and topmast—
Stars and stripes, and proud *Sic Semper*
 Shining on a field of blue.

Soon the passengers were landed,
And into the silent graveyard
Passed the throng to muse and ponder
 On the graves amid its gloom;
While the daily press reporter
Copied all the pompous Latin
Of the dim and quaint inscriptions
 Carved upon each shattered tomb.

Some in sacrilegious fury
Hammered on the hallowed marble
To obtain a precious relic
 Of the spot whereon they sat:
Others, for a fond memento,
Took a brick from off the tower;
But the brick, in many an instance,
 Got into the pilgrim's hat!

Then the throng moved slowly onward
To the place of celebration,
Two miles distant from the landing—
 Oh, that long and dusty tramp!
Who did not, with Mariana,
Cry, oh dear, "I am a-weary!"
Ere he saw far-off the whitely
 Gleaming canvass of the camp?

There the gallant Richmond soldiers,
Marshalled under Colonel Cary,
Marched about to lively music
 Played on silver instruments;
All around was their encampment,
Pitched in military order,
And their war-like satisfaction
 Seemed to all to be in tents [intense].

Soon, as grew the day more fervid,
On there came a small procession,
Arm in arm, some five and twenty
Gentlemen in suits of black;
And among them one whose boyhood
Had been spent beneath Mount Vernon's
Sacred roof, a reverend seignior,²⁸
Walking down the dusty track.

All behind them poured the thousands
Covered with the white *piepoudre*,
Looking very vexed and heated—
Men and maidens, youth and years;
And with rare "sonorous metal
Blowing martial sounds" like fury,
Strong in numbers, fuss and feathers,
Came the Portsmouth Volunteers!

Presently drove up a carriage
Filled with grace and wit and beauty—
Ladies fair, and tall civilian,
This the orator, they said;
And indeed 'twas Mr. Tyler,
Straight and dignified and stately,
With the speech in his portfolio,
And his hat upon his head.

Then they gathered round the platform
All the soldiers and the people
While the band played Hail Columbia
With a patriotic din;
And, the moment this was ended,
'Twas announced to all that straightway,
With a solemn invocation,
The proceedings would begin.

Then arose from earth to heaven
 Accents of sincere thanksgiving
 And an humble plea for mercy
 To the King of Kings on high—
 He who watched above our fathers
 With a tender loving kindness
 In those fearful forest vigils
 Which they kept in days gone by.

Now a hum of expectation
 Ran throughout the large assembly,
 As before them Mr. Tyler
 Forward stepped upon the stage;
 And the daily press reporters
 Spread their sheets of yellow paper
 And caught up their trusty pencils
 In a stenographic rage.

'Twas a very long oration, read—
 Why did he not declaim it?—
 And, the noontide being sultry,
 Its effect was somewhat tame,²⁹
 But at times the voice, unshaken,
 Rising with the theme majestic,
 Reached the melody and measure
 Of his senatorial fame;

And when all the fire and feeling
 Of his nature energetic
 In a more commanding diction
 Found at last a fitting vent
 Some who heard him were reminded
 Of the brilliant early triumphs,
 At the bar and on the hustings,
 Of the "old man eloquent."

When the orator concluded,
There was very loud applauding
And another burst of bugles
From the soul-inspiring band:
Then with hair in wild disorder
And his eyes ('neath gold-rimmed glasses)
In poetic frenzy rolling,
Our young poet took the stand.

As the tuneful Chiabolos
Sang of war and gentle woman
To the dusky braves around him
With the music of the reed—
As the pleasant minnesinger
Sang of love and knightly daring
In the long and pensive twilight
Of the Nibelungen Lied—

So our gifted Jamestown minstrel
Sang of Smith the stalwart Captain,
Sang the strange and sad adventures
Of the beauteous Indian bride,
Mingling thus the feudal story
With our own romantic legends
In the song of Pocahontas
Early lost and sanctified:

Sang our much loved Old Dominion,
Sang its past and faded glory,
And in bard-like strain prophetic
Cast its shining horoscope,
Till the listening crowd enraptured
Burst into a general plaudit,

And declared our Hampton poet
Had not proved a *barren hope*.*

There the speaking programme ended,
But the people, much excited,
With at least five hundred voices,
Frantically called for "Wise!"
And the governor came forward
'Mid the furious acclamations,
Thunder seated on his forehead,
Lightning gleaming from his eyes.

'Twas a little speech he made us,
But the words were fitly spoken,
Golden apples, silver pictures,
Only they were very few;
And our chieftain left the platform,
Went among his standing army
Drawn upon the field of clover,
Waiting for the grand review.

Arma—had we Virgil's stylus
We might say—*virumque cano*,
And describe the sight imposing
There upon the field displayed;
Fine and feathery Portsmouth soldiers,
Petersburg and Norfolk soldiers,
Regiments of Richmond soldiers,
Very showy dress parade.

In the van rides Colonel Cary,
Sitting straight up in the saddle

* The poet was James Barron Hope.

With the Portsmouth colonel near him,
 On he rides amid his peers;
 And although the road is dusty,
 His no steed of Conestoga
 But one fit for the commander
 Of the Richmond Volunteers.

Well, at last the show was over,
 And the weary crowd, departing,
 To the head of Jamestown Island
 Took their melancholy way;
 There was neither dance nor dinner,
 And in hunger lords and ladies
 Sullenly rejoined the steamers,
 Distant steamers, toilsome day.

But when night upon the Island
 Settled down and all the camp-fires
 Redly gleamed out on the darkness
 Through the tall and spectral trees,
 Rockets rose from shore and river,
 Bursting into starry brightness,
 Flags of flame which, streaming o'er us,
 "Braved the battle and the Breeze." ³⁰

Such the Jamestown celebration,
 As perhaps we yet may see it
 In Porte Crayon's pleasant sketches
 Done for *Harper's Magazine*:
 'Twas a highly patriotic,
 Picturesque, auspicious, happy,
 Hot and dusty celebration
 As was ever sketched or seen.

LOU

THERE'S a little joyous-hearted girl, to see whom is a blessing,
ing,

That lives a square or two from us, upon our quiet street;
Her merry face is bright beyond the painter's sweet expressing,

And trippingly as dactyls move her tiny, twinkling feet.
She seems as if she never yet had known a childish care,
And the soft October sunshine is tangled in her hair.

Above the din of noisy girls I catch her radiant laughter,
Beneath the dusky lindens on the long, long summer days,
And see her foremost in the romp, with dozens running
after—

The first beam dancing through a cloud chased by a troop
of rays.

'Tis but a poor similitude—the bravest would not do—
For music, perfume, starlight, all seem commonplace for
Lou!

At morning, when, with many books, I meet her on the way
to

Her school, I often wonder what they teach my little
friend;

The lessons she herself might teach are wiser far than Plato—

Simplicity and truth, the means to compass wisest ends;
But much I wish the privilege as tutor I might claim
To ask her softly *aimez-vous?* and hear her answer *j'aime*.

And sometimes when at church I see her happy, trustful
features,

A tender, wayward thought will come between me and
the psalm,

That like to such a little child must all we erring creatures

In simple-minded faith appear, with passions hushed and
calm,

Before the Eternal Truth shall break upon our sight so
dim—

For such an one the Saviour saw, and bade come unto Him!

WASHINGTON ³¹

Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus;
. . . . clarius indicant
Laudes, quam . . . Pierides; neque
Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris.

—HORATIUS, *Lib. IV, carmen 8.*

I

VIRGINIANS! here, with cannon's deafening roar,
And joyous throb of drum,
From mountain gorge and from Atlantic shore,
This hallowed day we come.

'Tis one of Freedom's Sabbaths; and we give
The time to Freedom's praise,
As here, in bronze that almost seems to live,
Our hero's form we raise.

O! it is well that glorious form should grace
Our own Capitoline—
Henceforth to all a consecrated place
That holds a sacred shrine.

The pomp of pennons, scarfs and tossing plumes
Is fitly here displayed,
Scattering the tints of summer's richest blooms
Upon the bright parade.

And worthy is it that with noble speech
Which glows with vital pow'r,
The laurel-crownéd orator should teach
The grandeur of the hour.

While yet in reverent mood the poet brings,
Amid the brilliant throng,
What he would never give to flatter Kings,
His modest meed of song.

Not queenly Athens, from the breezy height
Where ivory Pallas stood,
As flowed along her streets in vestures white
The choral multitude—

Not regal Rome, when wide her bugles roll'd
From Tagus to Cathay,
As the long triumph rich with Orient gold
Went up the Sacred Way—

Not proud basilica or minster dim,
Filled with War's glittering files,
As battle fugue or Coronation Hymn
Swept through the bannered aisles—

Saw pageant, solemn, grand or gay to view,
In moral so sublime,
As this which seeks to crown with homage due
The foremost man of Time!

Then let the gun from out its peaceful smoke
Its thunder speak aloud,
As when the rainbow of our flag first broke
Through battle's rifted cloud.

Peal, trumpets, peal! your strain triumphant lend
To stir the wintry air,
And upward to the throne of God ascend
The frankincense of prayer—

Not ours but His the glory ever be,
While yet the ages run,
Who, that His favored people might be free,
Gave earth a Washington!

II

Yes! the sculptor's work is finished, and to life the metal
starts,
Token of a people's love and crowning tribute of the Arts.

True, no need of molten image or of column skyward reared
Had this Christian sage and soldier, to the world's great
heart endeared;

Yet Virginia's deep affection she would to the world pro-
claim
In this bronze and granite only less enduring than his fame:

And the Sisters—they who wander by the old melodious
River—
Honour still the few whose virtues live forever and forever.

Long in vain the Arts debated 'neath the amaranthine shade,
How the fit apotheosis of our hero should be made:

When a Muse said "O my sisters, there are two of mortal
birth,
Who are worthy to interpret all his greatness unto earth;

“Regally have we endowed them with the ‘faculty divine,’
Let us for this loftier service richer gifts to them assign.”

Then came Eloquence, attended by the stately rhythmic
choir,
And from her unfailing altar touched an Everett’s lips with
fire,

While the voiceless Muse of Sculpture, white and shining,
raised her wand,
And a yet more wondrous cunning straightway thrilled
through Crawford’s hand,

And he let his nymphs and Hebes in their sleep of snowy
stone,
With the grand old dreamy beauty of the Greek around them
thrown,

Catching from his theme majestic, in his thought’s enkindled
glow,
Something of the forceful purpose marble-wrought of An-
gelo.

In his quiet Roman workshop months the sculptor toiled:
at length
All completed rose the model in its glory and its strength.

Then beyond the Alps they bore it, statue of the deathless
name,
To the distant German city there to be baptised in flame.

’Twas a glorious thing to witness, as the swarthy artisan
Set the fiery torrent free and seething in the mould it
ran:

But great joy there was in Munich, when the metal, furnace-
tried,
Came to sight a radiant image, perfect then and purified.

Thus through trials yet intenser and a more refining blaze
Passed our hero, pure and scatheless, in the Revolution's
days.

Horse and rider, decked with garlands, now in lengthened
jubilee
Journey through the pleasant Rhineland onward to the Zuy-
der Zee.

Under quaint and leaning gables stops at last the ponderous
wain,
Where the dykes of Holland's seaport backward hurl the
angry main.

Everywhere the youths and maidens thronged to see it mov-
ing by,
Grey-haired sires and matrons cheered it, on its joyous
way—and why?

'Twas that men of every nation, in our Washington's career,
See their own commanding hero yet more gloriously appear.

William's calm and silent courage, Tell's imperious hate
of wrong
Dwelt within and fired his nature large and resolute and
strong.

Yes, and there Rienzi's passion grander-statured owned con-
trol
Unto Hampden's lofty virtues regnant firmly in his soul.

Therefore 'twas, the fair-haired children of the ancient
Father Rhine
Gratefully around his statue freshest roses would entwine:

Therefore 'twas the honest Flemings deemed the bark that
bore it blest,
Fading o'er the watery azure, sailing down the crimson west.

Now for us who claim to love him with a fonder, dearer love,
Upon whom he yet may scatter benedictions from above;

Us, who tread the soil his footsteps made forever holy
ground,
Where his sacred ashes slumber, where his fame sheds light
around;

'Tis to deck this noble figure, raised in airy grace on high,
With its final wreaths of homage, fragrant as his memory.

Ah! the hand is cold that wrought it—fondly would the poet
crave
Just to place a simple flow'ret on the sculptor's early grave.

Say not the sombre angel stilled in death his manly heart,
All too soon for life's ambition, all too soon for Christian
Art.

Well he laboured whatsoever here his hands had found to do,
And submissive to his Master passed away from mortal
view.

Thus amid the wailing music of the Requiem, mournful,
grand,
As with joyous hallelujahs sought Mozart the Spirit Land;—

Thus from faint celestial glimpses and from well assured re-
nown
Called to gaze on fairer visions, Raphael laid his pencil
down.

Though for him the tearful Muses sorrow in their moonlit
home—

Though a tranquil light has faded from the deep blue sky
of Rome—

Gone before us he has given unto earth immortal grace,
And in Art's bright hemicycle found among his peers a
place;

Gladly they accord our brother lasting, monumental fame,
Blended in the bronze above us with earth's proudest,
grandest name.

III

O! 'tis a noble sight,
The fiery steed, just checked, that paws the ground,
As if impatient for the clarion's sound
That calls to deadly fight.

The war-horse says ha! ha!
And snuffs, in very insolence of pride
With high arch'd neck and furious nostril wide,
The battle from afar.

But sits our matchless one
Serene, as erst in war's intensest wrath,
And points forever to the golden path
Of empire and the sun.

The high and holy calm
 That crowns his brow, there cast its aureole,
 When dangers dire he met with equal soul
 Or bore the victor's palm.

So 'mid the whirling snow
 Where freezing Delaware rolled darkly by,
 Beyond the shore he turned his eagle eye
 Where duty bade him go.

So after sad defeat,
 From hushed Long Island's camp he sent his hosts
 At midnight o'er the tide like sheeted ghosts,
 And glorified retreat.

And such his tranquil mien,
 When over drenched redoubt and shattered wall
 He saw the Briton's lion banner fall,
 At Yorktown's final scene.

O! for that self-command,
 That sweet serenity, that grace refined,
 That wisdom throned within a lofty mind,
 To save the freeman's land.

Here, venerated shade!
 As proudly we thy mighty deeds review
 And what, as well, thou didst forbear to do—
 No trust by thee betrayed—

Impart thy love of truth—
 Teach us the good and ill alike to bear,
 So shall the State with Freedom's Goddess share
 Her bright perpetual youth.

IV

And now, my brothers, what to us remains
Of solemn duty which the day ordains,
While yet Virginia's gifted sons prolong,
In thoughtful eloquence and lyric song,
The fond ascriptions of a nation's praise,
Which my too feeble voice attempts to raise?
'Tis that we here in gratitude renew
The patriot-vows to country ever due,
And on this holy altar firmly swear
The blessed compact never to impair
Which the Republic's fathers gave, to prove
The boundless wealth of their undying love.
As when a planet, first in motion wheeled,
In placid circles sweeps creation's field,
Nor tumult causes there, nor haply fears
The angry jarring of its sister spheres,
But moves forever on its destined way,
In liquid music with benignant ray;
So may each added star, that makes in turn
Our constellated glories brighter burn,
Drop silently into its ordered place
To run its radiant and unpausing race;
Blessing and blest, 'gainst every shock secure,
Through time's revolving cycles to endure,
Till, like Orion's belt, our ensign's bars
Shall blaze with countless multitudes of stars,
Their mingled light into one halo thrown,
But each a planet dazzling when alone!

But Time, alas! still crumbles into dust
The brazen column and the marble bust;

Dashes the image from its pedestal
And weaves for mighty States the funeral pall;
Thus the proud statue, which we rear in bronze
And wreath today with Freedom's gonfalons,
May moulder into ruin, when the State
Which gave it birth is waste and desolate.
But truth uninjured shall forever stand,
And deathless mind can mock the spoiler's hand:
And so, wherever Law shall build its fane
And Learning push its humanizing reign—
Wherever o'er the future's misty seas
Men shall revere the name of Socrates,
And generous youth with rapture dwell upon
The shining page which tells of Marathon—
Into what climes remote the sacred ark
Shall yet be safely borne in Freedom's bark
Freighted with legacies of worth unpriced,
The truths of Luther and the creed of Christ,—
There Washington shall live, and there, enshrined
Within the vast heart-temple of mankind,
Our honoured Commonwealth shall still receive
The purest worship grateful love can give—
Her praise according millions shall proclaim
And earth's remotest age shall bless Virginia's name!

SONG,

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT

COME, lady, step into the boat,
Our pennon flutters free,
And with the sunset we shall float
Upon the swelling sea.

Before the light of day grows dim
Our love-vows shall be told,
Where yon small speck on ocean's rim
Peeps o'er the crests of gold.

Thy sweet discourse my ear shall fill,
Thy voice my soul subdue,
As, like the unprisoned bird, at will
We shoot across the blue.

And when upon that distant strand
Our loves shall be confest
'Twill be to me the "Happy Land,"
"The Island of the Blest."

THE OLD DOMINION JULEP BOWL ³²

[TO G. P. R. JAMES]

GOODBYE! they say the time is up—
The "solitary horseman" leaves us.
We'd like to take a "stirrup cup,"
Though much indeed the parting grieves us;
We'd like to hear the glasses clink
Around a board where none were tipsy
And with a hearty greeting drink
This toast—The Author of the Gipsy!

The maidens fair of many a clime
Have blubbered o'er his tearful pages,
The Ariosto of his time,
Romancist of the Middle Ages:
In fiction's realm a shining star,
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors)
Who would not call our G. P. R.—
"H. B. M. C."—a Man of Letters?

But not with us his pen avails
To win our hearts—this English scion,
Though there are not so many tales
To every roaring British Lion—
For he has yet a prouder claim
To praise than dukes and lords inherit,
Or wealth can give or lettered fame—
His honest heart and modest merit.

An Englishman whose sense of right
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,
He loves, and loves with all his might,
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Garter:
This last embraces much, 'tis best
To comprehend just what is stated—
For *Honi Soit*—you know the rest
And need not have the French translated.

O empty bauble of renown,
So quickly lost and won so dearly,
Our Consul wears the Muses' crown,
We love him for his virtues merely:
A Prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,
Then call him George Prince Regent James,
And let his country swell the chorus.

His country! we would gladly pledge
Its living greatness and its glory—
In Peace admired, and "on the edge
Of battle" terrible in story:
A little isle, its cliffs it rears
'Gainst winds and waves in wrath united,
And nobly for a thousand years
Has kept the fire of freedom lighted.

A glowing spark in time there came,
Like sunrise o'er the angry water,
And here is fed, an altar flame,
By Britain's democratic daughter—
From land to land a kindred fire
Beneath the billow now is burning,
O may it thrill the magic wire
With only love, and love returning!

But since we cannot meet again
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,
Old friend! this measure take and drain
A brimming health to us in going:
And far beneath Italia's sky,
Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,
Bring out the bowl³³ when you are dry,
And pledge us by the Adriatic!

Richmond, Va., September 20, 1858.

“MAY-DAY”

WHAT have we here? A pretty scene—
Where, sporting on a sylvan green,
Before a flowery-kirtled queen,
 In Youth’s delicious hey-day,
The dear old souls we love so well
In Watteau’s paintings—beau and belle—
Have met in happy groups to cel-
 ebrate their ancient May-day.

Just opposite the stately throne
(The queen, observe, sits not alone,
The king is there to claim his own)
 We see the youthful dancers;
There, right and left, around the pole,
They move in music’s soft control,
And mark the figure, bless my soul!
 It is—*it is* “the Lancers.”

And yonder near the beechen grove,
Whose twilight depths invite to rove,
The very place to whisper love,
 So dark and cool the shade is—
Are dames in hoops; although ’tis true
Their skirts are not so amplitu-
dinous and wonderful to view,
 As those of modern ladies.

See close at hand a cavalier.
 My eye! but how uncommon queer
 Does Count Fitzbattleaxe appear
 With tights and ruff and rapier!
 Thus, moving through the brilliant hall,
 Displaying lower limbs as small
 At Mrs. Gwin's late fancy ball
 You might have seen Lord Napier.

The gallant to his charmer bows—
 'Tis clear she is not yet his spouse—
 You almost seem to hear his vows,
 As kindly she receives him;
 He swears that she is brighter far
 Than regal night's most radiant star,
 And she, the beauteous Lady Char-
 lotte, little fool! believes him.

And as he bows we know that soon,
 When May has lost itself in June,
 They'll walk to church some pleasant noon,
 (There soars the lofty steeple)!—
 And, at the lucky Count's commands,
 The good old vicar in his bands
 Shall join in one their willing hands,
 And make two happy people.

Thus runs for aye the world away,
 And though "it is not always May,"
 Yet all abloom once more today
 Returns the genial season;
 And as the yearly roses blow
 Fond lovers' honeyed words still flow,
 And maidens wed, as long ago,
 Without or rhyme or reason.

There's nothing either new or strange
In nature's still recurring range.
Men are the same—they simply change
Or modify the fashion;
But spring, in robe of brilliant dyes,
Shall come while time yet onward flies,
And ever woman's dove-like eyes
Shall light the tender passion.

ROBERT BURNS³⁴

[JANUARY 25, 1859]

ONE hundred years ago to-day,
 Poor Burns was born,—the master
Who lived and wrote and passed away
 In triumph and disaster.
A little life of work and wrong
 And painful incompleteness,
Yet mellowed and made glad with song
 Of most surpassing sweetness.

His birth was humble—not for him
 The benefits of station,
Rude nature, 'mid her mountains grim,
 Supplied his education;
No costly culture might allow
 The boy's resources narrow,
And so they sent him to the plough
 Who could not go to Harrow.

But lofty lineage, reaching far
 To earth's fresh, early morning,
Had he, whose brow Wit's diamond star
 Shone brightest when adorning.
Above his cradle Clio smiled
 And bards of ages hoary,
The Skalds themselves owned Burns their child,
 A proud ancestral glory.

His fondest wish, his constant prayer
Was for his native Highlands,
No spot so dear to him as Ayr,
In all the British Islands;
He sang of Scotia's dusky heath,
Her lochs and valleys hazy,
And wove a lasting laurel-wreath
Of one wee bonny daisy.

And yet all lands and men were held
Within his love's wide ocean,
Whose waves beat music, as they swelled,
To his own lyric motion;
The genial sunshine of his soul,
From its celestial azure,
Warmed human hearts from pole to pole
With sympathetic pleasure.

Whate'er was human that he knew
(As once was said in Latin)
To be akin, and loved it, too,
In calico or satin;
And so his pathos and his mirth
The sportive and the tender,
Reign round the Cotter's homely hearth,
And in the halls of splendour.

He sinned, but who his guilt shall weigh
In earthly balance rightly?
What man among us all can say
A word of censure lightly?
Or with his wildest freaks divine
What agonies were mingled,
That turned to lees the golden wine
Which through his tissues tingled?

O manliest bard by poets praised,
O gentlest, truest nature!
Who your own fellow mortal raised
To manhood's proper stature,
We honor in your life the most,
Not gifts of mind resplendent,
But the proud claim you dared to boast,
Of being independent.

Another hundred years shall sweep
To Lethe's sullen waters
All things whereat men laugh or weep,
Earth's conquests, sorrows, slaughters;
But rescued from the silent shore
Of that oblivious river,
His fame shall brighten more and more
And Burns shall live forever.

HEXAMETERS AT JAMESTOWN

SIXTEEN ladies and gentlemen made up a party at Brandon Ivy to plant on the old church tower, fallen to ruin, at Jamestown:

So quite early one pleasant and peaceful morning of April,
Mounting the deck of a high-pressure, swift-sure, trig little
steamboat,

Down stream bravely they sailed, while gaily the ladies their
'kerchiefs

Fluttered by way of Farewell to such as behind on the wharf
stood.

Surely the sunlit James ne'er bore on its tremulous bosom
Vessel so freighted with loveliness, innocence, flowers, and
fruit-cake.

Musical laughter, like silvery bells or the falling of waters,
Rose on the grateful breeze which rippled the awning above
us;

While 'neath the cloud of the canvas the star-like eyes of
the maidens

Brilliantly lighted both sides of the steamer till each was
a starboard,

So that a bachelor captain had lost both his heart and his
bearings;

Eyes that with pleasure at times still marked where rested
the baskets,

Since the villegiatura must always be hampered with
luncheon.

After a while, in the distance, Jamestown's mouldering brick-
work,

Softened and saddened by sunshine, greeted the sight of
the pilgrims—

Image of mournful decay in the midst of the beautiful landscape,

River before and forest behind, and the blue of the welkin
Bending in tenderness over the delicate green of the wheat-fields—

Green that gives promise of gold in the regal abundance of harvest,

Just as the well-filled baskets give an assurance of good things.

Reaching the Island in safety at last, and dropping the anchor,

Swiftly to shore we glide in the four-oared cut-away row boat—

So in the old time Christopher Newport himself may have landed

Just at this bloom of the year when Spring had unfolded her banners

Over the woods and streams of her own Ancient Dominion.

Holy the calm that reigns in the moss-grown, desolate churchyard;

And as a party of tourists, walking across the Piazza, Murray under their arms, and filling the court with their chit-chat,

All of a sudden are hushed as they enter the nave of St. Peter's,

So when the Brandon pilgrims came to the crumbling enclosure

Guarding the dust of the good and the brave that slumber at Jamestown,

Pensive and silent were they, and the awe of the place was unbroken.

Reverent, musing, we linger to trace the inscriptions in Latin,

Almost illegible now, and fading away from the marble;
Then to the time-eaten turret, walking with decorous foot-
steps,
Slowly as walked to the temple the worshipping settlers
aforetime,
Careful we set in the consecrate soil the shoots of the
ivy
Where the colonial pilgrims had planted the germs of an
empire.

Then spoke Everett, Edward (first-rate dactyl and spondee,
Deftly the orator's name runs into hexameter measure),
Eloquent words of response to the simple greeting of
welcome
Offered in modest phrase by one of the sons of Virginia.
Soft, as his accents arose on the air, from the ages de-
parted
Quaint apparitions and shadows majestic gathered around
us:
John Smith, valorous captain, Powhatan friendly in coun-
cil,
Pocahontas, beloved as "his dearest iewell and daughter,"
Gazing in timid delight on the shining plane of the river,
Where was a steamer that bore the legended name of the
maiden.
Gladly we would have communed with the knight and his
comely companion,
Gladly have shaken the hand of the brave old Indian chief-
tain;
But as the voice of the speaker again relapsed into silence,
Suddenly vanished the shapes, and vacancy stood in their
places—
Just as the music had ceased whose magical spell had evoked
them.

After the speaking was luncheon, then we returned to the
steamboat,
Ladies and gentlemen pleased with the task they had fitly
performed;
Thus was the pilgrimage ended, thus was replanted the
creeper,
Over the mouldering tower to hang its rich curtain again—
And as the ivy shall cling, with its graceful and delicate ten-
drils,
Close to the ruin it wraps in the evergreen mantle of love,
Closer and closer for aye when, breaking in fury, the tempest,
Pitiless, wrathful, descends from the darkened and ominous
sky;
So may our dearest affections inwreath the magnificent
fabric
Reared on the solid foundations of Jamestown and Plym-
outh of old—
Fabric that never shall fall, upheld by the prayers of a
people,
Till the last sand of the ages shall ebb through the perish-
ing glass!

THE MOTTO

SOMEBODY sent me a dear little note.

The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair;
Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?

No—let the muse keep the secret from air.
But this was the motto the seal had to show,
This—"C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots."

Somebody walked with me. Light was her tread

Over the beautiful sunshiny wold;
Shall I here tell you what somebody said?

The sunlight has faded, the words have grown cold.
Do you believe in the motto or no?
C'est—"C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots."

Somebody sang me a sweet little song

Full of all tender unspeakable things,
Shall I repeat them? No, ever so long

They have flown off on the swiftest of wings,
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow—
Ah, "C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots."

Shall I with censure link somebody's name

For the note, and the walk, and the fly-away birds?
No, the dear creature was never to blame—

She had no heart to give value to words;
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow,
Mais "C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots."

TO E. V. V.* 1859

SMOOTH seas, fair breezes and bright skies attend
Your rapid flight to Europe's distant climes;
This wish I offer in these farewell rhymes,
With a sincere "God bless you" to my friend;
And may the aspirations high which blend
With the deep sadness of the parting hour
Rise into shapes of beauty and of power
Beneath your patient chisel, and the end
Bring the sure guerdon of a lasting fame.
But, oh, remember well that art is long
And life is short, be resolute and strong;
So may Virginia yet be proud to claim
One whom the world of Art itself shall know
A new Thorwaldsen or an Angelo.

* Edward V. Valentine, the sculptor.

“VIRGINIA, IN OUR FLOWING BOWLS” 35

VIRGINIA! In our flowing bowls
Thy name we would remember,
Dear as is Plymouth to the souls
Of Pilgrims in December—
They hold their banquet as the gloom
Of winter round them closes;
Our festive board is all abloom
With spring's returning roses.

The poet sings our father's deeds,
Their forms and phrase outlandish,
And yet how far our age exceeds
The age of Smith and Standish!
The modern Pilgrims journey all
By steam o'er land and ferry,
And we the “Starving Time” recall
In turtle soup and sherry.

Still something noble we may learn
In yearly thus reviving
The virtues of those settlers stern—
Their suffering and striving.
Our fathers wore a knightly grace
Above their fiery passion,
Which, like their doublets and their lace,
Is sadly out of fashion.

The Spaniard traces in the Cid
 The Campeador's glory;
 The stirring Niebelungen Lied
 Tells many a hero's story—
 Oh, more than any German myth
 The highest praise deserving,
 When shall you have, brave Captain Smith,
 Your Halleck or your Irving?

What though, indeed, you left behind
 No chivalrous descendants
 In other days a sword to find
 And fight for Independence—
 Bear witness to your lofty traits,
 Our proud historic pages—
 The ancient Mother of the States
 Shall cherish them for ages.

Your valor, proved in Paynim fights,
 And tried by wild disorder,
 With Spottswood's "Golden Horseshoe" Knights
 Went trooping o'er the border;
 It stood on York's embattled lines
 With yet a presence grander,
 And still its undimmed lustre shines
 In Scott, the great commander.

Loved Commonwealth of boyhood's rule!
 What recollections cluster
 Around the whitewashed old field school,
 The county court-house muster;
 From all the city toils and gains
 Our hearts are turning now, sirs,
 To dwell in those sweet Argive plains
 Where first we donned the trousers.

Still does the wavy Ridge extend
 Its outlines soft before us—
 Still does Virginia’s blue arch bend
 In tender beauty o’er us;
 The oldest exile breathes her air
 With all the latest comers,
 And here tonight we gladly share
 The fervor of her SUMMERS!

“A land of just and old renown”
 To native or to resident—
 “Where Freedom broadens slowly down
 From *President* to *President*”—
 We change the laureate’s line—too bad!
 But think, in all her crises,
 How many Presidents she’s had,
 How very few of *Vices*!

Then, brothers of the good old State,
 Permit an absent rhymer
 To pledge the day you celebrate,
 But not in Rudesheimer.
 He likes, whatever others think,
 Virginia’s own libation,
 A whiskey julep is the drink
 That typifies the nation!

The ice we take of liquid blue
 From Wenham’s crystal fountains,
 The whiskey sparkles with the dew
 Of old Virginia’s mountains—
 The sugar borrow without stint
 From sunny Opelousas,
 By every stream springs up the mint,
 From Kennebec’s to Coosa’s.

Que voulez vous? 'Tis this—we wait
A wheatstraw from the prairie,
(The Hoosier or the *Sucker* State,
Their practice does not vary).
Here North and South and East and West
Are met in sweet communion—
Now drain the cup—this toast is best,—
VIRGINIA AND THE UNION!

POESY: AN ESSAY IN RHYME ³⁶

IN ancient Greece where Art, we know, was born
In the fresh gladness of her early morn;
When Learning, laurelled goddess, sweetly smiled
Above the cradle of her fairest child—
They kept in Athens sacred festival
Of eloquence, and song, and wit, and all
That made of Attica a classic land
From lofty Pindus to the shining strand;
With music's lordly swell, the stately train
Moved onward to Minerva's glittering fane,
Where from the fervid lips of genius flowed
The measured chorus and sparkling ode
Pure as Ilissus, where its waters run
A stream of flashing silver in the sun;
And thousand voices, mingling in the pæan,
Stirred the light wave upon the blue Ægean.

Two thousand changeful years have passed away
Of cruel havoc and of fell decay—
The polished temples, 'neath the brilliant sky
Of old Athena, now in ruin lie;
And a deep pathos, a most tender pity,
Subdues the soul within the ancient city:
The Erectheum—how each fragment shines!
What desolate beauty in the broken lines!
The Parthenon—alas, the summer breeze
Kisses no more at morn the perfect frieze
Which once revealed the glory and the joy
Panathenaic to the Grecian boy.

But the great poems of the bards sublime
 Remain unwasted by the wreck of Time;
 Graceful and calm, in symmetry severe,
 These wondrous temples of the mind appear;
 And light, in richer flood than that which fills
 The smiling circuit of the Athenian hills,
 Streams upon shaft and portico and floor, '
 "The light that never was on sea or shore!"

Well may we then the lyric mode combine
 With glowing eloquence at Learning's shrine,
 When our Panathenæa's rites we hold,
 Not with the gorgeous pomp and pride of old,
 Not yielding homage to the gods that reigned
 On high Olympus, as the mythos feigned,
 But with ascriptions of perennial praise
 To the brave singers of immortal lays;
 And all who robe the beauteous form of Truth
 In the bright colors of unfading youth,
 From Æschylus to Shakespeare, from the trees
 Where Wisdom early strayed with Socrates,
 To the lone tower where Newton's tireless eye
 Read the strange riddle of the midnight sky.
 Such rites we celebrate when Science calls
 Her favored children to a hundred halls,
 To bless the guerdons, nobly won, which prove
 An alma mater's all-abiding love!

You ask for rhymes, you bid me idly seek
 To throw the soft enchantment of the Greek
 O'er the rapt sense in a beguiling dream—
 Vain task! but still be Poesy my theme:
 Turn with me then awhile, and learn the spell
 Its ministers have left on "flood and fell"—

Summon the Past, and bid its voice rehearse
Man's checkered story since the primal curse;
Or take Imagination's widest range
O'er ivied battlement and moated grange,
And mark what renders most a people great,
And still survives the ruin of the State;
How the long, joyous, pensive, tender strain
Of the world's music cheats the world of pain—
How Fancy brightens with her magic rays
The shadowy vista of departed days,
And casts along the Ages' downward slope
The blended hues of Memory and of Hope!

Soft you, my modest muse, nor rashly dare
A flight so lofty through the realms of air;
With a vague sense of littleness opprest
I walk around the Theban eagle's nest,
Conscious that could I steal his mighty wings
To me such very unfamiliar things
Would be as useless as were Roman sandals
To one of Attila's large-footed Vandals—
And here the horrid old Horatian maxim,
Which the poor rhymers had so long to tax him,
The bard remembers and may fitly quote
(Though doubtless many have the line by rote)
That neither gods nor men, in their distress.
Nor yet the columns of the weekly press,
Can view as other than a dreadful wrong
The lowlier offerings of tuneful song—
A line which means, as certain critics think,
That smaller poets should not deal in ink,
And that until the mighty prophets come
The part of Poesy is to be dumb.
Dishonored ever be the narrow rule

Which claims no reverence in kind Nature's school,
Which neither Summer's birds nor blooms obey
In the glad minstrelsy of rising day.
Your Miltons, Goethes, are an age apart:
Meanwhile shall *no* one touch the world's sad heart?
The stately aloe's snowy bloom appears
But once, we know, within a hundred years;
Because, forsooth, the aloe is the glory
Of Chatsworth's notable conservatory,
Shall not the modest daisy from the sod
Turn its meek eyes in beauty up to God?
In Nature's daily prayer, when comes the dawn
To tell its beads upon the dewy lawn,
Shall the sweet matins of the rosy hours
Miss the pure incense of the *little* flowers?
O gentle spirits, wheresoe'er you dwell,
On breezy upland or in quiet dell,
Whether you sing in solitude and shade,
Or in the sullen, crowded haunts of trade—
Whose simple rhyming, in its artless grace,
Has touched some hidden sorrow of the race,
Or taught the world one humble lesson more
Of subtle beauty all unknown before,
Or soothed one heart just when its need was sorest
With harmonies of ocean and of forest—
To you be ever honorable meed,
In spite of captious Horace and his creed.
While the great poets soar beyond the ken
Of the world's toiling, heaving mass of men,
Like the proud falcon, quickly lost to view,
In the wide field of heaven's o'erarching blue—
You linger round the dwellings of our love,
As birds that carol in the eaves above,
And fill forever, as the days increase,
Our homes with music and our hearts with peace.

The world has changed—there are who gravely doubt
If the great epics have not long died out—
No more in grandeur the Homeric line
Repeats the story of a Troy divine—
No more the pealing medieval hymn
Rolls down the shadowy canto, vast and dim,
A minster, noblest of cathedral piles,
Where Spenser rambles through the woodland aisles—
No more the high Miltonic verse reveals
The glooms and glories of the awful seals—
In blaze supernal or in dread eclipse—
Of some new uninspired Apocalypse:
If these are with th' imperishable Past
The epic surely had not sung its last;
For never swept across Time's ample stage
An unimpassioned, unheroic age—
And countless generations yet to be,
In later eras of the world, shall see
A life as worthy of the epic strain
As that which fired the age of Charlemagne,
And future masters of the lyre shall raise
The swelling epos of our modern days.
But while the amaranth waits for kingly brows,
Some laurel wreaths our grateful love allows
To him whose sunny genius lifts to light
The meanest objects of our daily sight:
Who seeks to brighten still the links that bind
In blest communion all of human kind;
Or passion's tempest in the breast would calm
With some sweet, lowly, penitential psalm:
Such poets sow the seeds of truth and beauty
To blossom into holy faith and duty—
And though the tares of selfishness and pride
Spring up to choke them upon every side,
And many a tender shoot the world erases

From the hard pavements of its market places,
 Some fall on friendly soil, warm hearts and true,
 Where watered by affection's kindest dew
 They stretch their boughs into the upper air
 And in due season richer fruitage bear
 Than fabled branches hung with globes of gold,
 Some thirty, fifty, some an hundred fold!

Wouldst know the value of a simple rhyme
 Sent down the widening, deepening stream of time?
 Let Memory seek, amidst the august scenes
 So recent—scarce a lustrum intervenes,—
 The chamber where the dying Webster lay
 And heard the elegiac melodies of Gray
 Mingling with ocean's everlasting roar
 Borne through the casement from the neighb'ring shore,
 The deathless music of th' immortal mind
 With Nature's grandest symphonies combined.
 Or note the contrast well afforded here
 And let the triumph of the bard appear.
 Two monumental tributes to the brave
 Mark one a famous, one a lonely grave—
 Earth's proudest city, gay with gilded spires
 And domes which kindle in the sunset's fires,
 Guards one, with marble muses looking down
 Where sleeps the dust that wore the Cæsar's crown:
 The universal Earth, the common air
 Contain the other—it is everywhere,
 As far as mighty England's form of speech,
 Blown wide upon the winds of fame, can reach,
 Before the mental eye its shape it rears
 Above a turf bedewed with grateful tears;
 And when Napoleon's obsequies, with all
 Their gorgeous pageantry of plumes and pall,

Have faded quite away from man's esteem,
Like the swift splendors of a passing dream;
When the proud chapel shall itself display
A shattered monument of sad decay—
And queenly Paris shall have shared the fate
Of Tadmor overthrown and desolate;
That plaintive *Monody*, whose numbers tell
Of him that bravely at *Corunna* fell—
His silent burial near the midnight camp,
By the pale moonbeam and the glimmering lamp,
Shall still the cruel waste of years defy,
Enduring cenotaph of Poesy!

Wouldst learn the fire and frenzy that belong
To the hot verses of the battle-song?
Hark! to the sound that the exulting breeze
Brings to our land across the rolling seas
From distant *Gallia's* proud ancestral shores,
Where to the fight the glittering column pours.
The active *Zouave*, the gallant, gay *Chasseur*,
Feel a new life and impulse in the stir—
With ribbons decked, with faces bronzed and scarred,
Move on the serried legions of the Guard,
Whose steady look of fierce resolve befits
The veteran chivalry of *Austerlitz*.
Listen! what thrilling words are these that greet
The excited thousands of that crowded street?
Not freedom's flag the imperial line displays,
But yet they sing, they shout the *Marseillaise*!
In vain the cautious monarch would repress
That song's impassioned and resistless stress,
Unchained as lightning, with electric start
Its sudden thrill is sent from heart to heart;
And if, O *Italy*, devoted land,

Once more begirt with beauty, thou shalt stand
 Erect among the nations of the earth,
 In all the strength of Freedom's second birth,
 The force that still must drive the avenging steel
 Lives in the lyric of Rouget de Lisle!

And yet not long, O Poesy, not long,
 May War, earth's oldest and its direst Wrong,
 Demand thy pæans—Mercy waits and pleads
 With thee to celebrate *her* glorious deeds.
 While many a golden-roofed cathedral rings
 With the Te Deums of victorious kings,
 And from the crimsoned field, by combat riven,
 The blood of hecatombs appeals to Heaven,
 Thine is a higher, holier evangel,
 And thine the rustling pinions of the angel
 That comes, with softest sunshine in its face,
 To soothe and bless and elevate the race—
 Celestial visitant that walked with Burns
 "Following the plough," or when the poet turns
 To catch the Cotter's evening hymn of praise
 Sung by the ingle's ever cheerful blaze;—
 That dwelt with Rydal's bard all round the year
 By the sweet margin of Winandermere;
 And flying wide across the dusky downs
 In the heart of England's fevered towns,
 Unseen of other men, serenely stood
 Beside the form of gentle Thomas Hood,
 With drooping plumage and dejected eyes
 By the dark river of the Bridge of Sighs!

The world has changed; there are who much deplore
 That the bright rein of Poesy is o'er—
 Who tell us that as man each year recedes

From the sweet trustfulness of childhood's creeds,
And sees these cherished blossoms die within
The baleful glare of worldliness and sin—
So, as the planet on its course is rolled,
As age of iron follows age of gold,
The dear illusion we would *not* resist
Fades, like a curtain of dissolving mist,
Before the glare of science, reaching far
From wave to mountain, and from star to star,
And still dethroning, disenchanting fast
The idols and the idylls of the Past.
We'll not believe it. Shall the windy ocean
Stop the careering of its rhythmic motion,
Or 'neath the moonlight, when the whirlwinds cease,
No longer woo us to a dream of peace
Because a Maury, standing at the helm,
Drives the proud bark of Science o'er its realm,
Detects its viewless currents in their courses
And brings to measurement its mighty forces?
Shall not the sun still seek the Jungfrau's side
To deck with diamonds his majestic bride—
Shall not the glacier's beryl-tinted caves,
Beneath the glittering waste of icy waves,
Still shake with hallelujahs, peal on peal,
And all Chamouni's templed valley reel,
From brawling Arve to pinnacled Aiguille,
Because a learned botanist uncloses
The scarlet petals of the Alpine roses,
And some pale student asks the frozen arch
The secret of the glacier's onward march?
Ah, "star-eyed Science!" Fancy claims in thee
A loving sister of the World To Be—
Admits each worthy, reverent son of thine
As priest to worship at her radiant shrine,

And comes with tenderest sorrow, in her turn,
To place a garland upon Humboldt's urn.

All, all are poets on whom God confers
The gift of Nature's true interpreters;
While the eternal hills their anthems raise
And swelling oceans vocalize his praise.
But not alone from woods, and rocks, and streams,
Niagaras and Alps, and starry gleams,
Must the true poet catch his inspirations
To chant the *De Profundis* of the nations—
'Tis his to turn from Nature's outward things
And trace, with prophet-glance, the hidden springs
Of human life and action in the soul,
Whence the unceasing torrents rage and roll
With headlong fury to the shoreless main,
In thunder worthy of his loftiest strain.
And not from cloud and rainbow must he draw
The subtle principle of Beauty's law.
'Tis his to wander from purpleal skies
And loveliest landscapes, with a glad surprise,
And gaze delighted into Woman's eyes—
And, as the languor-loving Cingalese,
Whose look is bent on India's opal seas,
Are ever mindful of the pearls that glow
With lambent lustre in the deeps below—
To mark therein the priceless gems that shine
Of Truth and Purity and Faith Divine:
And more than all 'tis his in joy to preach
The glorious gospel of unfettered speech,
And sing the high divinity of man
By Freedom far removed from kingly ban;
Well may the noble theme inspire his rhyme
In this our richly-favored western clime,

Whose banner streams against the sunset's bars
And blends its baldric with the dripping stars,
Where Peace has left her name upon the tide,
And through the Golden Gates the world's great navies
ride!

“SING, TENNYSON, SING!” 37

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Where is the laureate true to his pay?
Let him come forward and sing of the war.
Well, if it does not shut up his lay.
Sing, sing, Tennyson, sing!
Ready, be ready, with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson, sing!

Be not deaf to the shrill French horns,
Be not gulled by Napoleon petit.
Are figs of thistles or grapes of thorns?
What says the laureate? Fiddle-de-dee.
Sing, sing, Tennyson, sing!
Ready, be ready, with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson, sing!

Let your Idylls a moment go,
Look to your butt of sack and your fame.
Better a silly lyric or so
Than a silly book or an epic to blame.
Sing, sing, Tennyson, sing!
Ready, be ready, with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson, sing!

Sing, we are all on hand to applaud!
Sing in Mars's name and the Queen's;
True, you have recently given us Maud,
But only the devil knows what *that* means.
Sing, sing, Tennyson, sing!
Ready, be ready, with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson, sing!

“ONCE MORE THE ALUMNI” 38

I

ONCE more the Alumni assemble! Alas!
That their ranks are not full, that they come not *en masse*.
How gladly I'd greet my old comrades³⁹ again
With the grasp of affection, the glass of champagne.

II

What a joyous symposium of soul there would be
Could we all meet around the “Mahogany tree,”
And talk of the sessions of ages ago,
When old Gess was the chairman, “*Consule Planco.*”

III

That kind ex-professor, long, long may he wave!
Would tell me quite likely with countenance grave
As that of the sad apparition of Banquo,
That my accent was wrong, and it should be called “*Planco.*”

IV

But the pleasantest thing of these annual dinners
Is this—that false quantities vex not us sinners,
No bothersome “Final” the old ones harasses
On crabbed constructions, or cosines, or gases.

V

We think not of Niebuhr—we care not a flam
What may be the distinction 'twixt *ita* and *tam*;
Logarithms and their tables we gladly dismiss
For just such a rhythm and a table as this.

VI

Sooth the verse might be smoother, the wit be more keen,
Better suited at once to the guests and cuisine,
But the feeling which prompts and the love which inspires
Come direct from the heart, all aglow with its fires.

VII

For I think, as I scribble these fugitive lines,
Of the *anni fugaces* and round me there shines
The fair laughing sunlight aforesaid that fell
On the haunts and the friends I remember so well.

VIII

I see the bright faces, the voices I hear
Ring out from the past silver chiming and clear;
But they mingle anon with a funeral hymn,
And the laughter is ghastly, the sunlight is dim.

IX

Is it laughter from Lethe—that stream, does it roll
In sullen forgetfulness over the soul,
As in silence we gaze across graves that are green
Back on life's early morning so fresh and serene?

X

Oh no: in our innocent revel we turn
To recall our companions—departed—to learn
From their lives the one paramount lesson of life:
Time is short, duty presses, be strong for the strife!

XI

One there was, something wayward, impulsive and wild;
 A Hylas in beauty, in freshness a child;
 First among us in gifts, we who loved him lang syne
 This poor immortelle for his tomb may entwine.

XII

And there was another, whose soul held secure
 Whatsoever was honest and lovely and pure,
 In meekness he walked by the light of the Word,
 And laid down his robes at the feet of the Lord!

XIII

'Tis enough:—every new celebration gives birth
 By turns to emotions of sadness and mirth,
 With a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye
 Our hearts have their April this fourth of July.

XIV

And so for a gayer remembrance,—but where
 Are the boys who ought all in your banquet to share?
 Why come they not yearly as pilgrims to find
 Near the sweet ville of Charlotte their Mecca of mind?

XV

There's the late Mr. Speaker, he lingers at home,
 There are Congressmen under the capitol's dome,
 There are soldiers and merchants, divines and M. D.'s
 And lawyers a legion, pray where are all these?

XVI

There are Judges—I know of a learned one, too—
If the Court know itself and the Court think it do—
Who had rather his thirst at your festival quench
Than be off on his circuit, the pride of the bench.

XVII

There's a Bishop, whose name would illumine my Lay,
He has now little time to indulge him in play,
What a pattern he was in his piety's dawn
Even then, like a Bishop, he honoured "the Lawn."

XVIII

There are lots of Professors, not distant to seek,
Full of law and of gospel, good humor and Greek,
Some are with you—take care of them—such are the crown
Of our loved Alma Mater's most brilliant renown.

XIX

We have Editors also—there's one at your board,
His mind with all eloquent memories stored,
As his pocket with proof-sheets; he's ready to spout
In a speech or a paragraph—just call him out.

XX

Nor will you forget, in the honours you pay
To Genius, the eulogist lately of Clay—
Methinks I can see you all shaking your sides
At the fun, fast and flashing, he always provides,

XXI

Who a name that's held high ever higher would raise,
 Whose culture, both Menti—and Agri—we praise;
 Arator and Orator, twice is he great
 Who makes the best speeches and crops in the state.

XXII

I must close. Let me give you a toast—here's the U-
 niversity, bless her and prosper her too,
 'Till she shine in the blue arc of Science from far
 The reigning, the bright and particular star!

XXIII

May the range of the learning she freely imparts
 Encircle the whole wide domain of the Arts,
 'Till a Raphael shall group all her scholars, and lo!
 With the “School of Virginia” the canvas shall glow:—

XXIV

May her walls and her domes in their beauty still rise
 From the sweetest of fields to the softest of skies,
 And her name, ever proud, greater homage command
 While the sentinel Ridge on her border shall stand.

MISERRIMUS

ON the last night but one of the year '67,
When a snow cloud hung darkly 'twixt Broadway and heaven,
And the wind blew chill down the frozen street
Where the warm-gloved watchman walked his beat,
And Blanche o'er her bare white beautiful shoulder
Pulled her furs and remarked "'Tis decidedly colder,"
As lightly she stepped from the door of the play
To the soft cushioned seat of her shining coupé;
On that last night but one of the year '67,
As the clocks in the steeple were striking eleven,
An everyday tragedy, old as the hills,
A tragedy never set down in the bills,
Acted itself with a sad iteration
For its thousand and fiftieth representation:
Nobody there when the curtain rose,
Nobody present to witness the close,
Only the All-Seeing Eye to behold it.
Say, reader mine, would you like to be told it?
Very well, I will tell
How the matter befell.

Place, the Fifth avenue; time, just recited:
Background, a mansion all brilliantly lighted.
One little scena, how long I'm not sure;
Possibly 'twas but a *mauvais quart d'heure*.
Dramatis persona, one little Italian,
A tatterdemalion.

As ragged—I give the report of a friend
 Who arrived opportunely just *after* the end,
 And who widely has wandered from country and home—
 As ragged as ever he
 Saw in Trasteverë,
 Over the tawny-tinged Tiber at Rome.
 Ragged and friendless and dirty and brown,
 Good-for-naught, vagabond boy of the town,
 Who lived in the streets, and who slept in a shanty,
 And spoke, in his way, the rich language of Dante;
 Not the lingua Toscana
 In bocca Romana,
 But a sort of patois of the Tuscan so flowery,
 With scraps of the sterner discourse of the bowery.
 Well, these, you will say,
 For a tragical play,
 Are materials scant as the skirts of the ballet,
 Yet I boldly aver, with the sombre finale,
 They would serve for a very fine painting by Gallait.

Now this little scamp
 Was accustomed to tramp
 From Jefferson Market to Madison Square,
 Through the highways and lanes of our Vanity Fair;
 And as Christian in weariness carried his pack,
 So he bent 'neath the weight of a harp on his back;
 Which he often unslung,
 And vindictively strung,
 In a manner distressing, as possibly *you* know,
 To wreak on the public the music of Gounod.
 All the Christmas—blest season of innocent mirth
 When a Glory Ineffable rests on the earth,
 Since Bethlehem witnessed Immanuel's birth—
 All the Christmas did little Miserrimus trudge,

A wandering minstrel, through snow and through sludge,
 ('Twas a holiday cheerless for such as he,
 For he plucked the fruit of no Christmas tree,
 Nor did Santa Claus during his stillest repose
 Stuff bonbons and lollipops into his hose:

And the reason's quite shocking—
 He hadn't a stocking!)

Till that night when the stars in the snow-cloud were lost,
 And fiercely as fire came the terrible frost,
 When, like many who drag through this world of care,
 He at last found his burden too heavy to bear,
 And sank on the steps of a brown-stone palace,
 Where glittered the lustres and sparkled the chalice,
 For the gorgeous rooms were ablaze with light
 That streamed through the windows out into the night;
 And there, to the soft muffled sound of the viol,
 Forgetting his hunger, and fever and trial,
 The boy, who had no other wrapping to keep,
 Was very soon wrapped in the mantle of sleep.

It so chanced that two gentlemen, passing that way,
 From the Nickleby Reading, the Théâtre Français—
 Smike's wrongs and the queenly despair of Ristori—
 On a sudden encountered our young Trovatore:
 'Twas just as the watchman, to know what the knave meant,
 Had rolled him in tenderness down on the pavement,
 Had asked in a kindly, constabular tone,
 What he wanted, and bade him get up and be gone.
 But Miserrimus answered him never a word,
 Nor waked from his slumber nor whispered nor stirred.
 The harp-strings were mute as the harp-strings of Tara,
 And dumb in the bundle of rags was the wearer.
 Alack! what he wanted just now was—a coffin,
 For the poor little beggar was dead as the Dauphin,

And the soul of the outcast, escaping its bars,
Away through the snow-cloud that shut out the stars,
Away from the sorrows and sins of the city,
Had taken its flight to the Infinite Pity!

Voilà tout!

Nothing new,

Very true—

But with you,

The moral, O people! I leave it with you—
The poor ye have always; oh, think of the poor
Who perish of hunger and cold at your door;
Remember the words of the Master, who came
A world to redeem—what is done in My Name
(Oh, blessed assurance! oh, benison free!)
To the least of these little ones is as to me;
Think of the homeless sons of labor,
And know that each man of them all is your neighbor;
Think of the thousands that famish and die
In the sorrowful South, of the children that cry
For food unto mothers, who writhe with the pain
That the “cry of the children,” O God! is in vain.
Soothe in your mercy this bitter woe
That the tears of this agony cease to flow;
Lift ye the desolate out of the dust,
And then, with a higher, a holier trust,
May your morning petition, O brothers! be said,
Give us this day our daily bread!

GEORGE WYTHE RANDOLPH

I

AND is he dead whom we have loved so well—
The sailor, soldier, scholar, statesman, dead!
And it remains that we shall rightly tell
His virtues, and the crowning grace that shed
A tender radiance over all his story—
A radiance deepening at the end to glory,
And trailing light along the darksome way
By which he passed to everlasting day.
And he is gone, we shall not see him more,
Nor hear him yet in that familiar strain
Wherewith he held us captive heart and brain,
Of gentler fancies and of wisest lore:
We still sit listening, though the voice is hushed,
Nor ignorantly hold our loss less great
That his is a translation to the skies
From all the thickening sorrows of the state—
A land impoverished and a people crushed—
That having borne the cross, he gains the prize!
Of little faith we are that we should weep
When God the Father calls His children hence
With love unanswered by our mortal sense—
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

II

Our friend was of a lofty house and line,
And owned as heritage an honored name;
And with it, goodlier legacy than this,
The love of all things lovely, noble, true:

Wisdom with goodness did in him combine,
Yet such a modesty, most rare, was his;
And so apart he lived from noisy fame,
And held so cheaply, he to duty vowed,
As ever only may the wise and few
The plauditory clamor of the crowd;
Content to do the task, to bear the burden,
Careless to win the empty, earthly guerdon,
His greatness might have blossomed all unseen,
Unrecognized, save in the narrow view
Of home, had not the tumult of the time,
And sore calamity of common weal,
Called him to action on a stage sublime,
And to his life affixed the enduring seal:
But centered in the full, intensest light,
That fiercest blaze of war across the land,
Wherein your little nature looked so mean—
Your party hero but a paltry thing.
He rose full statured to that kingly height
That we, who had not known him for a king,
But deemed him great, and worthy of command,
Rejoiced nor marvelled at his renown;
Till wasted with his work he laid it down.
Worn out with petty rivalries and strife,
And, bending mostly 'neath the country's care,
Within the inner temple of his life
Withdrew himself as to a house of prayer,
And walked therein serenely to the close,
Through ever-present suffering, yet beguiled
By tenderest sympathy and fondest looks—
By sweet idolatry of art and books,
And nature in far lands beyond the sea,
And by the love of hers who loved him best;
Thus gently solaced, chastened, reconciled,

In meek submission to the chastening rod,
 But ever yearning for diviner rest,
 Nearer he drew unto the peace of God
 Which passeth understanding, richly blest
 With earnest of an infinite repose,
 When death at last should kindly set him free.

III

Virginia mourns him, and with happier fates,
 Warriors and statesmen might have borne his pall;
 And had his been a public funeral,
 Lamented by a league of sorrowing States,
 With eulogy and anthem, trumpet's wail,
 And pealing guns upon the evening breeze,
 And flags had drooped half mast in distant seas,
 Where he, the sailor boy, had braved the gale;
 And we, when time all jealousies had stilled,
 Had placed his marble image in a niche
 Of that majestic fane, with sculptures rich,
 And soaring dome, that we shall never build;
 But now his image in our hearts is shrined,
 And what is mortal of the man consigned,
 In all the sanctity of private grief,
 To mother earth, amid ancestral tombs,
 Within those hallowed precincts which contain
 The dust of Monticello's mighty dead;
 There would I stray alone with reverent tread
 As, o'er the mountain, spring her joyous reign
 Reviews with all her beauteous tints and blooms,
 And April's whisper stirs the tender leaf—
 There, softly stray as in some minster dim
 Where saints and martyrs slept beneath the nave,
 To call up gentlest memories of him,
 And lay the earliest violets on his grave.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA ⁴⁰

HERE at the well-remembered gates
Through which we entered Learning's fane
Led, brothers, by the kindly fates,
In joy we meet again;
And all the troubled Past rolls by
Like storm-clouds from the summer sky,
Till, lo! Youth's sudden reappearing grace,
A golden sunlight, bathes and beautifies the place.

To-day our Mother greets her sons,
With tender meaning in her eyes,
The lofty and the lowly ones,
The wayward and the wise;
Alike, who, to enrich her fame,
Come laurelled with an honored name,
For virtue, knowledge, proud achievement known,
And those who haply yet can offer love alone.

And this in wealth I freely bring,
As mindful of this careless rhyme,
When only high imagining
Befits the thoughtful time,
When memories round us thickly throng
Had moved the mightiest lords of song
To epic majesty or lyric rage,
Such as still lives and burns on the Miltonic page.

But well I know that love sincere
Our Mother will not cast aside,
Nor yet with solemn brows severe
Our little failings chide;

Today no crabbed tasks she sets
 Of cosines or of sulphurets:
 The Sybil's awful tome she shuts awhile,
 And bids us all once more be happy in her smile.

Since last these friendly walks I trod,
 My rambling feet have chanced to stray
 Where rise o'er England's verdant sod
 The "antique towers" of Gray;
 And where all softly Isis glides
 To mirror in her tranquil tides
 The stately domes, the immemorial trees,
 That give a nameless charm to Oxford's lettered ease.

But Eton lacked the magic spell,
 With Oriel's ivy-clambered walls,
 That works its wondrous miracle
 In these familiar halls;
 That leads our footsteps swiftly back
 In fancy, o'er life's devious track,
 Till on, by path with plenteous roses strewn,
 In glad surprise again we reach our twentieth June.

O Alma Mater! brighter far
 To us thy whitewashed brick arcades
 Than Europe's Gothic minsters are,
 Or classic colonnades:
 More dear these hills of oak and pine
 Than all the purple Apennine,
 Since here from boy to man we grew in turn,
 And lessons daily caught we never can unlearn.

Here Nature year by year revealed
 The truths that Science would impress,

As spring threw over copse and field
Her newly woven dress;
And Autumn, walking in her pride
The maple-belted mountain-side,
Flung out her scarlet banners to the day,
Till the whole Blue Ridge owned her coming and her sway.

The Present was a rhythmic ode
That beat to pulses of the heart,
And music from the future flowed
Diviner than Mozart:
That music swells for us no more,
That strain is hushed on sea and shore;
But those who come our places here to fill
Can catch its joyous burst, its glorious strophe, still.

How quick from premise unto proof
Our yet undimmed perceptions ran!
How far we built from base to roof
Our *châteaux en Espagne!*
Then life was but a reeling sense
Of something like omnipotence:
The lips we loved, the sweetest earthly flowers,
Bloomed, smiled for us, and all the giddy world was ours!

De Juventute, threadbare theme
In every age of pen and tongue—
How gladly we dream o'er the dream
We dreamt when we were young!
Nor futile yet this backward view,
Could we our early faith renew,
And with the joy and freshness of our youth,
Revive in all its strength our boyish trust in Truth.

For soon amid the worldly din
Of man's incessant strife for gold—
What time our hair grew gray or thin—
That early faith grew cold:
Illusions that we dearest held
Were sadly, one by one, dispelled:
The pageant faded, and that boyish trust,
Ere life's meridian hour, lay trodden in the dust.

One self-same fortune all have known
Of human life's unvaried round,
Who wandered to earth's farthest zone
Or tilled their native ground:
On for off oceans rudely tost,
Or deep in roaring cities lost,
All, all have grieved, whatever else was gained,
Some precious chance ill used, some guerdon unattained.

In vain, as boys or men, we seek
The mind's ideal; still it flies
Our eager grasp, from peak to peak,
Beyond the distant skies;
Or from some lofty pathless cliff
Forever mocks us with an *If*,
Until we weary of the idle quest
And, baffled oftentimes, sit down and long for rest.

And thus, in ceaseless care and strife,
Man walks the plain or toils the steep,
And then at last "our little life
Is rounded with a sleep":
Thrice happy they who leave behind
Some deathless work of heart or mind,

Some gem discovered in the mines of Thought
To tell that they have lived, and have not lived for naught.

“But why not,” some one seems to say,
“O Poet! with your verse infuse
The humor of a livelier lay,
Or woo a merrier Muse?
Why turn in this dejected mood
From platitude to platitude,
Content on trite moralities to dwell,
So often drily taught and only learned too well?”

“Need poet by what themes be told
The passing hour is best beguiled?
The Graces never yet grew old,
And Love remains a child;*
And woman’s neck is still as white
As Helen’s, and her eyes as bright:
And ’neath her smile the Future’s shadowy scope
In sudden glow assumes the radiant hues of Hope.”

The timely hint I fain would heed,
That sadness is not Wisdom’s plan,
And scatter from the sportive reed
The jocund notes of Pan;
And yet I do but strive in vain
Some mirth to mingle with my strain:
The lighter fancies bring not their relief,
The pensive humor holds and deepens into grief.

For, brothers, while your ranks I view,
Another throng, methinks, I see,

* Les Amours sont toujours enfans,
Et les Grâces sont de tout âge.

And read the Psalmist's line anew
 The Dead alone are free!
 Some who departed ere the flame
 Of conquest and of ruin came,
 And some who passed through battle's fiercest fire
 Beyond all earthly wrong, and struggle, and desire.

And death hath to their presence lent
 A grace the living cannot reach,
 Their silence is more eloquent
 Than our imperfect speech—
 The calm of an eternal rest
 Is in each countenance exprest;
 I mark the halo round each shining head,
 And feel we are less great, less noble, than the Dead.

Their praise demands a loftier verse:
 Ah, what avails the feeble line
 Thy merit, Thornton! to rehearse;
 Or, gifted Coleman! thine?
 The orator whose deeds eclipse
 The memory of his fluent lips—
 The gentle scholar and the faithful friend,
 Who Falkland's knighthood seemed with Arnold's lore to
 blend.

While here our sorrowing Mother keeps
 His loss as her peculiar pain,
 For yet another child she weeps
 Who came not back again—
 Whose brief career on earth would seem
 A tender but unfinished theme—
 Maupin, translated to the silent shore,
 Robed with immortal youth, and fair forevermore.

What helps it now that I should seek
Of Newton's cherished worth to tell;
Of Fairfax, peerless name! to speak,
Among the first who fell;
Of Brown to sing, whose diamond star
Of death in battle shines afar;
To call up Latané's benignant shade,
Upon whose early grave some few poor wreaths I laid?

The fame how shall my rhyme declare
Of him, with every virtue sealed,
Who glorious made the name I bear,
On Shiloh's crimson field;
Of Terrell, Paxton, Rives, who died
Upborne on triumph's transient tide;
Of Cunningham, bewailed with costliest tears,
And Harrison, cut down in manhood's opening years?

What pen, though dipped in morning skies,
What sweetest song of living praise,
The unavailing sacrifice
Shall mark to coming days,
Of gallant Pegram, loved, deplored,
A saintly life, a stainless sword—
The young Marcellus of the falling state,
A Virgil's lay alone might fitly celebrate.

Nor yet less dearly mourned are they,
Faithful in council and in camp,
Who perished in the slow decay
Of life's expiring lamp:
I think of Tucker's features lit
With music, tenderness, and wit;

Of Heath's fine head with learning's laurel decked,
And Randolph's brow where sat ancestral intellect.

Rest, heroes, rest from toil and care,
By mountain slope or ocean's tides,
Or deep in that rich Valley where
Old Stonewall's ghost still rides:
Albeit no memorial stone
May make your names and valor known,
There fairest maidens scatter blooms around,
And with perennial love your quiet graves are crowned.

Guard well, ye mountains, their repose;
Chaunt, ocean, chaunt their requiem;
From you whate'er of greatness flows
Was imaged forth in them;
And all on earth that's fair and bright,
Of dearer charm or larger light,
Shall still keep fresh the memory of the brave,
While Alleghany stands, or rolls th' Atlantic wave.

Their varied lives agree in one
The sacred mandate to renew—
What still your hands find to be done
With all your might to do:
They teach that not till we have striven
With all the strength that God has given
Can we relinquish the appointed task,
And on our feeble work His blessing dare to ask.

An exile from my place of birth,
I bear, in antique urn enshrined,
No handful of my native earth
To keep the spot in mind:

All that thou wast, that now thou art,
I shrine, Virginia! in my heart;
Thy hills, thy plains, thy rushing streams I see
Upon whatever soil my feet may chance to be.

Her future what though clouds enfold,—
Brave hands the waste may renovate,
And make her greater than of old,
Aye, something more than great.
In labor, not in listlessness,
Lies hid the secret of success;
And now, as ever, empire's fruitful seeds,
Bearing an hundredfold, are homely, toilsome deeds.

Wise Nature reconstructs her realm
In beauty from her primal springs:
The bluebird twitters in the elm,
The corn still laughs and sings;
Heaven showers upon the thirsty plain
The early and the latter rain,
And Plenty waits with ever liberal hand
Her unexhausted gifts to pour upon the land.

And, casting off unwise regrets,
We yet may hope that time shall prove
Kind hearts are more than bayonets,
And force less strong than love:
We *know* that order shall appear
When God has made his purpose clear;
The darkest riddles shall be understood,
And all the perfect world shall in His sight be good!

THE BARBER BOY ⁴¹

Now see the quickly closing year
Brings joyous days of festive cheer,
When fatter dinners crown the board,
And larders are with turkeys stored,
The fire burns brighter on the hearth,
The sagest are inclined to mirth,
And every open house can show
The holly and the mistletoe.

Oh, happy time for boys and girls,
(Their mothers' dearest, fairest pearls)
Who dream of dolls and candy too,
And only wake to find it true,
For Santa Claus, their patron saint,
With whom ye are full well acquaint,
Is now upon his yearly track
And down the chimney brings his pack.

At such a time assistance lend
To one who proves a constant friend
And every generous purse employ
To recollect the barber boy.
A handsome head—a whisker trim,
A well-brushed coat you owe to him.
By razor keen with ease and grace
He smoothes your rough and hairy face,
And shaves you still with your consent—
No monthly rate of *three per cent!*

For patience, industry and thrift,
He humbly asks a "Christmas gift,"
That he may join in all the fun,
Which may in holidays be done,
To mingle with the happy crowd,
And pop his Chinese crackers loud.
Such sportive scenes you know are rare,
As "Christmas comes but once a year."

TRANSLATIONS

“CARCASSONNE”

[NADAUD]

I'M growing old, I've sixty years,
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know,
I never have seen Carcassonne!
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue.
And to return as many more.
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay,
In shining robes and garments fair,
The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,

A bishop and two generals—
I do not know fair Carcassonne!
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this, my prayer, if I offend,
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end;
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age;
"Rise up, my friend!" cried I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (heaven forgive him) half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne—
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

THE GARRET

[BÉRANGER]

THE Asylum once more I behold, where my youth
Learned the lessons to Poverty's self that belong—
I was twenty! I had a fond mistress, forsooth,
A few trusty friends, and a liking for song.
The world then I braved, both its wits and wights,
With no thought of my future—but strong in my May,
Light, joyous I climbed up the stairway six flights,
Oh! Life in a garret at twenty is gay!

'Tis a garret! that fact I wish none to forget!
There once stood my bed—hard and shabby withal;
My table stood there! and I find there are yet
In charcoal some fragments of verse on the wall.
Come back! O ye joys of Life's beautiful dawn!
Which Time with a flap of his wing drove away!
How often for you has my watch been in pawn!
Oh! Life in a garret at twenty is gay!

Lisette above all should appear to our view,
Light, joyous, with freshly trimmed hat as of yore,
At the window her hand has already, in lieu
Of a curtain, suspended the shawl that she wore;
My bed, too, is prettily decked with her dress,
Its folds loose and flowing. Love, spare them, I pray.
Who paid for it all I have heard, I confess,
Oh! Life in a garret at twenty is gay!

At table one day, when abundant the cheer,
And the voices of my comrades in chorus rang high,
A shout of rejoicing mounts up even here,
"At Marengo Napoleon is victor," they cry!
Hark, the thunder of guns! a new stave loudly rings;
As to deeds so resplendent our homage we pay;
Never! never! shall France be invaded by Kings!
Oh! Life in a garret at twenty is gay!

Let us go! for my reason is drunk, as with wine!
How distant those days so regretted appear.
What is Life me to live I would gladly resign
For one month such as Heaven allotted me here;
Of Glory, Love, Pleasure and Folly to dream—
The whole of existence to spend in a day,
With hope to illumine that day with her beam—
Oh! Life in a garret at twenty is gay!

WHERE?

[HEINE]

WHERE shall yet the wanderer jaded
In the grave at last recline?
In the South, by palm trees shaded?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I in some desert sterile
Be entombed by foreign hands?
Shall I sleep beyond life's peril,
By some seacoast in the sands?

Well! God's heaven will shine as brightly
There as here, around my bed,
And the stars, for death-lamps, nightly
Shall be hung above my head.

THE KING OF TIPSY-LAND ⁴²

[BÉRANGER]

THERE was a king of Topsy-land,
Whom history doth not name;
At noon he rose, at night he slept,
Nor cared a fig for fame.
With Joan, at sunset, he lay down,
A cotton night-cap for his crown,
Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
Ah! what a jolly little king
Was he!

His palace it was built of straw,
Four meals a day he ate:
And, on a donkey, through his realm
He rode in royal state,
His jovial heart ne'er felt alarm,
With Tray behind he feared no harm—
Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
Ah! what a jolly little king
Was he!

He had no costly appetite,
Except the love of wine;
But, while he makes his subjects blest,
A monarch still must dine.

He levied toll on every cask,
Nor wanted help to drain his flask—
Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
Ah! what a jolly little king
Was he!

Both maid and matron welcomed him
Where'er he chanced to call:
The children learned to bless his name—
The father of them all.
No war filled parents' hearts with grief,
The conscripts met to shoot for beef—
Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
Ah! what a jolly little king
Was he!

He ne'er was known o'er neighbors' lands
To stretch his royal paw:
A pattern he for potentates,
For pleasure was his law.
Till with his sires he went to sleep
His people had no cause to weep—
Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
Ah! what a jolly little king
Was he!

The portraits of this worthy prince
Are kept with pious care;
And country taverns prosper still
Where he swings in the air.

On holydays, the tippling crowd
Will often chorus long and loud,
Hey! ding a ding! ho! ding a ding!
Ah! what a jolly little king
Was he!

APPENDIX

I. THOMPSON'S COLLEGE VERSES

ALL of the following poems except *Verses of a Collegiate Historian* appeared in *The Collegian*, a magazine conducted by a committee elected by the students of the University of Virginia and published from October, 1839, until June, 1842. All but two of the pieces were published in 1841. The authorship of *The Hour of Separation* is attested by the poet's initials, and the poem is accepted as his. Four poems in the group are signed T., and one "Straws." There are reasons for accepting them but the evidence is not quite conclusive.

AUTUMN

Autumn again is here. Its nodding fields
Of grain—the "yellow leaf" which now assumes
Its loveliest hue, and leaves reluctantly
The parent tree—the sportive rustling wind
Breathing its soft and melancholy tune
Through the decaying foliage—are each and all
Its attributes. And truly they attest,
With magic eloquence, the varied change
Of things below. Man's destiny is writ
In the huge tome of nature—he may go
Abroad, and read it with attentive soul
Until, with inspiration deeply fraught,
He feels his heart is purified anew.
Yet Autumn wakens many mournful thoughts,
And frequently, when musing on the theme,
My spirit all subdued by sad restraints—
I've wished, with some fine poet I have read,
"I with green summer like a leaf might die."

VERSES OF A COLLEGIATE HISTORIAN

A few days since, in looking over an old Note Book, that contained many scraps from the wayward fancy of its owner, I came across the following verses—a record of the poetic talent of some former student. There is much spirit and humor in them, and I hope the compliments they are destined to receive will reconcile the author to their publication, if perchance they ever meet his eye.

End at last! Gloria in Excelsis!!
Eight minutes of eleven o'clock, Jan. 30th, 1841.

Farewell! farewell to thee, old Latin History!
(Thus warbled a student, who once read it through.)
Thou art so profoundly enveloped in mystery
That with feelings of pleasure I bid you adieu.

Old Niebuhr no longer shall act as my teacher.
Researches like his are too boring for me,
For though he has tales of "*poetical nature*,"
Yet poetry in them I never could see.

"The Library for the diffusion of knowledge"—
To give my opinion—a *humbug* I'll call.
I hope that it soon will be kicked out of College
"Etruscans," "Pelasgi," "Venetians" and all.

Old Rome's institutions, religious and civil,
I leave with emotion unmixed with regret.
And now Latin History may go to the d—l
But the troubles it cost me I'll never forget.

THE INEBRIATE

Go look upon the drunkard, with his wild unmeaning eye
Which flashed of yore with brilliancy and manly ardour high,
The Upas tree of sorrow on his brow has cast a blight,
His virtues are but "embers of a flame which once was bright."

Oh, think of peace and virtue lost forever to his soul,
 And curses springing every one from out the "*festive bowl*,"
 Oh, think of happiness and pride, from which his spirit fell
 To revel in the splendours of a deep, and lurid hell.

In infancy when that fair face was yet untouched of pain,
 A mother's prayer had lifted up to God a fervent strain,
 Amid the changeful scenes of life to guide his steps aright,
 Till Death's command should call him to "the land of pure
 delight."

The willows o'er that mother's tomb in solemn stillness wave,
 The father's silvery locks have gone in sorrow to the grave,
 What made their son this loathsome thing? this thing so
 much abhorred?

I answer—'twas the "*glasses*" bright, which "*sparkle on
 the board*."

Reader, I would conjure you now, by all you hold most dear,
 Your hopes of future happiness, and glory's bright career,
 To pause—when you the goblet lift—its horrors there re-
 view,

Then dash the burning draught away, and live your life anew.

DESPONDENCY

Oh! there are times when sorrows tinge the tablet of the
 soul,

And o'er it naught but blasted hopes and gloomy visions
 roll,

When all that passes 'round us and life's brightest prospects
 seem

The relic of a thing that's gone! the shadow of a dream!

The smiling face of nature—the city's bustling mart,
 Nor Fashion's glittering pageantry can then engage the heart,
 Our destiny seems guided by some overruling fate,
 And no "fair spirit" hovers near our woes to mitigate.

Ambition then no longer seeks our bosoms to inflame
 With ardent aspirations and with thrilling thirst for fame.
 We only wish our troubles o'er in this our earthly lot,
 To sink into Oblivion's stream, forgetting and forgot.

Yet even then if thoughts of home, that dearest place on
 earth,
 Remind us of our boyish days, our childhood's gladsome
 mirth,
 The memory of a sister's smile, a mother's holy love,
 Will point us to a purer and a brighter sphere above.

RETROSPECTION

When looking back on life's career,
 Alternately, with smile and tear,
 "Fond memory" discloses things
 Which, flown on Time's swift mystic wings,
 Are long forgotten now—
 Which either serve to glad our breast,
 And lull our anxious cares to rest,
 Or darken up our brow.
 But when its great and magic power
 Gives us a "self-approving hour,"
 How sweet the joy it brings;
 For o'er those acts we now approve
 Which savour of the life above—
 It ever gently flings
 A purer and a lovelier cast,
 Whose lustre cannot be surpassed.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
 PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

A great one is gone! Lo, the loud lamentation!
 Which heralds the loss of the noble and brave,
 Rings long o'er the darkened and desolate nation,
 And millions of freemen weep over his grave.

A few weeks ago, and his praises resounded
 From the tall Rocky Mount to the high rolling surge,
 But now his existence on earth has been bounded,
 And lo! the whole country is chanting his dirge!

Ye mortals! behold what a lesson it teaches—
 "What shadows we are, and what shadows pursue"—
 Death's arrow, with unerring certainty, reaches
 The weak and the mighty, the false and the true.

Although the cold tomb his frail body encloses,
 His spirit has burst from beneath the dark sod;
 And, in the abode of the blest now reposes
 In peace with his Maker—his Father—his God.

THE HOUR OF SEPARATION

Oh! this is a time of rejoicing and sadness,
 Our bosoms are rife with delight and regret;
 One moment our faces are beaming with gladness,
 Another with tears fast and gushing are wet.
 When we think of the homes we are shortly to visit,
 Rejoicing fast chases our sorrow away,
 But to part with our classmates is torture exquisite
 Then Gaiety even forgets to be gay.

Farewell to thee, Horace! Farewell to thee, Homer!
 With your spirits we now can no longer commune,
 To those who have failed to obtain a diploma
 To see you next session will surely be soon.
 Farewell to the room, where so often we've listened
 To eloquence breathing of angles and cubes,
 Of acids, and gases, and sunbeams that glistened,
 And liquids eccentric that rise up in tubes.

Adieu to the Doctor, remembered in story,
 Who woke us from happy oblivion of care,
 Though vacation will see him "alone in his glory,"
 He'll visit the rooms every morn as they are,

And finding no victims in slumber reposing,
 As he peeps in his head thro' the opening door
 A tear fills his eye as, it hurriedly closing,
 He walks on as quick and as grave as before.

The clock, too, then in his exclusive dominion,
 His watch so erratic will have to obey,
 And it is my unbiased and candid opinion
 He'll alter it every half-hour in the day,
 For the hands run a race (and the small one's the winner)
 To get up early for breakfast you know,
 But when comes the time set apart for our dinner,
 I never saw things so infernally slow.

And now all is over; reluctantly leaving,
 With rubicund faces, and *optics* all wet,
 We part with each other, all fondly receiving
 The grasp of affection, the tear of regret.
 May our course in life's desert be far from the wrong
 In joy or affliction, in sunshine or rain,
 And "may Providence bear us uninjured along
 Nor scatter our paths with repentance and pain."

II. FUGITIVE THOMPSONIANA

1. THE STOWE EPIGRAM

The following was a part of Thompson's contribution to the Editor's Table of *The Southern Literary Messenger* for January, 1853:

The following epigram we think has *point*—the most important feature in such compositions from the time of Martial down to our own day. But let the reader, by all means, judge for himself:

When Latin I studied, my Ainsworth in hand,
 I answered my teacher that *Sto* meant to stand.
 But if asked I should now give another reply,
 For Stowe means, beyond any cavil, to *lie*.

2. POMPONNETTE

These lines, French and English, were written, in Thompson's hand, on an envelope in the possession of his niece, Miss Lily Quarles, of Petersburg, Va.:

Il a conduit Pomponnette
 Chez Vachette,
 Dans le cabinet vingt-deux,
 Et, là, même avant le bisque,
 Il se risque
 À lui déclarer ses feux.

He escorted Pomponnette
 To the café of Vachette,
 In number twenty-two;
 And before the soup he there
 Ventured boldly to declare
 His passion warm and true.

3. ROGER BONTEMPS

He wrote in the Editor's Table for August, 1857:

The nearest approach to a religious sentiment which we can recall in Béranger occurs in the well known song of Roger Bontemps, and this is as French as possible—

Dieu au ciel: je me fie,
 Mon Père, à ta bonté;
 De ma philosophie
 Pardonne la gaité:
 Que ma saison dernière
 Soit encore un printemps;
 Eh gai! c'est la prière
 Du gros Roger Bontemps—

which we venture to translate, a little less freely than Thackeray, and a little less faithfully than Mr. Young, as follows—

I trust to thy goodness, my Father in Heaven.
 Let my philosophy's mirth be forgiven:
 Let my last season as springtime be gay—
 Fat Roger Bontemps forever will pray.

4. BÉRANGER AND LAMARTINE

In the same department of *The Messenger* for September, 1857, Thompson inserted these *jeux d'esprit*:

Among the many reminiscences of Béranger which have been called up by his recent death is a very graceful little epigram written underneath a stanza of Lamartine in the album of a lady of Marseilles. The poet of sentiment had inscribed his name therein with these lines:

Dans ce cimitière de gloire
 Vous voulez ma cendre; à quoi bon?
 Pendant que j'inscris ma mémoire
 Le temps pulvérise mon nom—

of which this must stand for an English equivalent, as well as we can give it:

In this burial place of glory
 You wish my ashes; empty fame!
 While I write therein my story
 Time shall pulverize my name.

The poet of humor having been requested to adorn the album with his autograph, seized the pen and threw off these happy and ingenious supplementary rhymes (what would not the leaf which contains the two memorials sell for, at an auction of autographs!):

Si le temps, pour marquer jusqu' où va son empire,
 Pulvérise en effet le beau nom que voilà,
 Qu'il daigne sur les vers que j'ose encore écrire
 Jeter un peu de cette poudre là—

for which the following paraphrase of our own is, we fear, but an awkward substitute:

Should Time, just to show us the range of his might,
Crush, indeed, to a powder that glorious name,
Let him deign, on the verses I too dare to write,
Of that powder to sprinkle a bit of the same.

5. TO FANNY

THOMPSON'S FIRST POEM, WRITTEN AT 13 (IN 1836)

Dear lady, O, the task is mine
To write in your album a line
Or two, if that would please you more;
And if I could, I'd write a score.

Dear Fanny, such a heavy task
Of you I'm sure I'd never ask,
For I declare it's rather hard
To wake my sleepy, slumbering bard.

But as I've written a line or two
I think I'll try to make it do.
Pray do not treat it with contempt—
Remember 'tis my first attempt.

6. THE SOUTHERN LYRE

“In another part of the present issue of the *Illustrated News*,” says an editorial note in the number for July 4, 1863, “the reader will find a finely-wrought poem entitled *The Southern Lyre*, in which one of the most graceful and imaginative of the poets of our sunny land sings the praises of his brother minstrels.” In this poetic album of Southern poets—which is the work of Paul H. Hayne—the editor of the *Illustrated News* is included:

There, Thompson! with his scholar's mien,
His front so graceful and serene,
Walks calmly o'er the fairy scene;

His own—what e'er his Muse's part—
Ease, learning, tenderness and art—
Bright fusion of the mind and heart.

Thompson paid in kind. Quoting further from his editorial:

“There is one figure wanting surely [in the portraits in *The Southern Lyre*], as all will concede—that of the gifted young bard himself, and we beg to supply it, if a hand so unskilful as our own may be permitted to strike the strings of his harp in the same measure that he has chosen:

“And Hayne, the Petrarch of the land,
Joins modestly the radiant band,
The golden lyre held in his hand—

“The lyre from whose divinest strings
With wondrous melody he flings
The tenderest imaginings—

“Or strikes a lofty war-like strain,
A lyric of the battle-plain:
All honor to the poet Hayne!”

III. NOTES

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ, P. 4

¹ The following prefaced the poem as printed in *The Messenger* :

“The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy’s picked ground, and after a hotly-contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not until the gallant captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood.”—*Official report of the Pamunkey expedition by General J. E. B. Stuart, C. S. A.*

“Lieutenant Latané carried his brother’s dead body to Mrs. Brockenbrough’s plantation, an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough’s gate, and stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother’s body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner. . . . Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. . . . Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white flowers, and a few faithful slaves who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate Army. She watched the clods, heaped upon the coffin-lid, then sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul’s welfare, and the stricken hearts he had left behind him, to the mercy of the All-Father.”

—*Extract from private letter.*

² By J. R. T.* The beautiful image in the concluding stanza is borrowed (and some of the language versified) from the eloquent remarks of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter on the death of ex-President Tyler.

* These initials identify notes made by Thompson.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, P. 8

³ This poem was said to have been written on the day of Stuart's funeral, at St. James Episcopal church, Richmond, Va., May 13, 1864. It was published by May 25, 1864. In an expense account for a part of that year Thompson wrote: "Sent in a note to Constance Cary [afterwards Mrs. Burton Harrison] on the 25th May, for the benefit of wounded soldiers at Camp Winder, proceeds of a poem on the 'Obsequies of Stuart,' which note was never received; donation therefore lost, but amount to be entered, \$50." The next item is an interesting commentary on the price paid for the poem: "3 June. Bottle of Brandy \$50."

U. S. DISTRICT COURT, DISTRICT No. 1, UNDERWOOD, J., P. 39

⁴ John Curtis Underwood, Federal Judge of the district of Virginia, was detested for requiring mixed juries and for other official acts during the reconstruction period following the Civil War.

VIRGINIA FUIT, P. 49

⁵ *Virginia Fuit* was printed in the *Old Guard*, New York, in May, 1867, unsigned. As Thompson's work it was included in *The Southern Amaranth*, a collection of poems made that year by Miss Sally A. Brock, of Richmond. In 1913, a new edition of Daniel Bedinger Lucas's *The Land Where We Were Dreaming* was published, and *Virginia Fuit* was included among the poems then first admitted to Judge Lucas's volume. It was inserted on the authority of an unsigned proof-sheet found among his papers and also because the editors were not aware that it had ever appeared as Mr. Thompson's. Recently, among the latter's papers, I found the poem in his handwriting in the form (including capital and italic letters) in which it was printed in *The Southern Amaranth*. This and the added fact that it was published over his name in *The Southern Amaranth* by one of Thompson's Richmond acquaintances then in New York and doubtless in contact with the poet, who was there, too, go far to authenticate the verses as Thompson's production.

⁶ By J. R. T.

To mould a mighty State's decree,
and shape the whisper of the throne.

—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

DEDICATION HYMN, P. 54

⁷ This hymn was written to be sung at the dedication, in 1848, of the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., of which Dr. Moses D. Hoge was minister. It was included among the hymns which composed the hymn book of the Presbyterian Church.

LA MORGUE, P. 55

⁸ By J. R. T.: Burke's description of the Dauphiness.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, P. 60

⁹ These lines were written in 1850, the year Philip Pendleton Cooke died. They were incorporated in *Virginia* six years later.

PROPOSED SALE OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE, P. 61

¹⁰ By J. R. T.: See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, the world!—*Childe Harold*.

TO INTEMPERANCE, P. 63

¹¹ By J. R. T.: Attila, our readers are well aware, was thus designated by the nations whose vineyards he uprooted and whose blood he poured out like water. "The grass never grew where the horse of Attila once set his foot."

¹² Alexander the Great. He is said to be designated by some of the oriental nations, who retain a tradition of his bloody victories, by a passage, which, literally translated, answers that in the text.

¹³ Nero.

¹⁴ We have the authority of Holy Writ for saying that Noah was a confirmed sot.

THE VOICE OF RICHMOND TO PHINEAS T. BARNUM, P. 68

¹⁵ By J. R. T.:

Song, says this deserving poet,*
With the free delights to dwell:
'Twere an easy thing to show it,
Yet abides with slaves as well:

* "For song has a home in the hearts of the free."—*Prize Song*.

Where are heard the "Songs of Labor"
 Lightest on the evening air,
 With the banjo, pipe and tabor,
 Gentle Chirsty, tell us where?

¹⁶ By J. R. T.: Joyce Heth, the nurse of Washington.

JENNY LIND, P. 71

¹⁷ The following was the preface to this poem:

The old year has gone out amid the usual festivities of Christmas, and, with such of our readers as reside in Richmond and Charleston, amid the yet lingering cadences of Jenny Lind. The visit of the nightingale to Richmond was a great triumph for us. We claim it all as our own work. It is a fact about which there can be no dispute, that our fervent invocations to the enchantress brought her to our region of the Union. Otherwise she would have been wafted to Havana by steamer, and our immediate fellow-citizens would not have heard her. Think of that and thank us.

Jenny's visit and concert have already been sufficiently touched upon by our newspaper friends, but we cannot resist the temptation to say something of it ourselves. We shall be brief, and, like the editor of the Bunkum Flag Staff, we "ain't goin' to give way to our feelings," but for a different reason—because we cannot find words to adequately express them. So much by way of preface to our song of rejoicing.

"AH, FUTILE THE HOPE," P. 106

¹⁸ The reference is to a caustic criticism, in the *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1853, of the *Memoirs, Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, edited by Lord John Russell.

SOUVENIR OF ZURICH, P. 112

¹⁹ This poem and *The Postilion of Linz, Linden, The Rhine, and My Murray* grew out of his European travels in 1854, in company with Henry Winter Davis of Maryland and Robert E. Randall of Pennsylvania, to whom he dedicated his book *Across the Atlantic*.

A PICTURE, P. 118

²⁰ Three years later, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in an instalment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1858, used the same similitude:

“The schoolmistress came down with a rose in her hair—a fresh June rose. She has been walking early; *she has brought back two others—one on each cheek.*”

“I told her so, in some such pretty phrase as I could muster for the occasion. *Those two blush roses I just spoke of turned into a couple of damasks.*”

PATRIOTISM, P. 124

²¹ This poem was read to the convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, at Carusi's saloon. Washington, D. C., 1856.

²² By J. R. T.: A slight liberty has been taken with the exposition of the *Maître de Philosophie* in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who divides written composition into verse and prose, not into poetry and prose, as I have assumed. “*Tout ce qui n'est point prose,*” says he, “*est vers, et tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose;*” a proposition to which I can hardly accede, in the terms wherein it is stated, since many modern writers have given us examples of composition which is neither the one nor the other.

²³ By J. R. T.: The voluntary errand of mercy on which Miss Annie M. Andrews of Syracuse, N. Y., came to Norfolk and Portsmouth during the prevalence of the awful pestilence of 1854 in those cities should long be held in grateful remembrance by the people of Virginia, and well entitles her to be enrolled upon that honorable list of self-sacrificing women which includes the names of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale. England has done much in recognition of the services of the latter—does not Virginia owe some testimonial for the yet higher, because more perilous, labors of Miss Andrews?

²⁴ By J. R. T.: Mr. Bryant, in one of the loftiest efforts of his genius, has finely impersonated Freedom in these magnificent lines—

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave
When he took off the gyves. *A bearded man,*
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars.—*The Antiquity of Freedom.*

It is in accordance with the striking image here presented that I have chosen to consider the goddess of our liberty as the daughter, rather than the person herself, of Freedom.

²⁵ By J. R. T.: To such as have read Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* this will be recognized as but another form of

The cobwebs woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

But the conceit is, indeed, the common property of poets, since it may be traced back as far as Simonides, in whose *Lines on Peace* occurs the following passage: ἐν δὲ σιδαροδετοῖσι πορπαξὶν αἶθαν ἀραχνῶν ἴσοι πελονται—literally,

And in the iron-bound handles of shields, of black spiders
The web exists.

VIRGINIA, P. 136

²⁶ This poem was delivered before the Virginia Alpha Beta Kappa Society, in the chapel of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, July 3, 1856.

THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION, 1857, P. 146

²⁷ By J. R. T.: It is due to Lieut. Col. R. Milton Cary, the officer in command of the 1st Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, encamped on Jamestown Island, to state that as soon as he heard of the desecrations the visitors were committing in the old graveyard he despatched a file of soldiers to protect the tombs from further injury. The credit should also be awarded this excellent officer of having promptly suppressed the gaming which had been commenced by the "fraternity" as soon as the company arrived upon the ground.

²⁸ By J. R. T.: The Jamestown Society of Washington, D. C., under the lead of their president, P. R. Fendall, Esq., was accompanied by the venerable George Washington Parke Custis, who was the object of curious yet most respectful attention throughout the day.

²⁹ By J. R. T.: The editor desires to be understood as referring here only to the manner of Mr. Tyler's oration. All who read it in the foregoing pages of the present number of *The Messenger* will be impressed with its appropriateness and value as a fine historic composition.

³⁰ By J. R. T.: A very beautiful display of fire-works was made from the deck of Mr. Allen's yacht, the "Breeze," during the evening, which was followed up by a handsome pyrotechnic performance in the camp.

WASHINGTON, P. 155

³¹ This ode was read at the inauguration of the equestrian statue of Washington in Richmond, Va., February 22, 1858.

THE OLD DOMINION JULEP BOWL, P. 166

³² These verses were read at an informal social meeting in Richmond in compliment to Mr. James just before his departure for Venice, in 1858.

³³ By J. R. T.: The testimonial presented to Mr. James on this occasion. It was of silver incised "Old Dominion Julep Bowl" on one side, and on the other:

To G. P. R. James,
From a few of his friends in Virginia.
May their names,
Familiar to his ear as household words,
Be in this flowing cup freshly remembered.

ROBERT BURNS, P. 172

³⁴ By J. R. T.: The following lines on Burns were written for a centennial dinner, given in New York.

VIRGINIA, P. 181

³⁵ This tribute to Virginia was read, by N. H. Campbell, at the first anniversary of the Old Dominion Society of New York, at the dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, May 13, 1860. The author was about to leave Richmond for Augusta, Ga., and could not be present at the banquet.

POESY: AN ESSAY IN RHYME, P. 185

³⁶ This rhymed essay was delivered before the literary societies of Columbian College, Washington, D. C., June 28, 1859.

"SING, TENNYSON, SING," P. 196

³⁷ In May, 1859, after the beginning of war between France, Piedmont, and Austria, and when England feared French invasion, Tennyson sent to the London *Times* the poem which appears in his collected works under the title *Riflemen, Form!* It soon made the rounds in

American newspapers. Thompson printed it in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and along with it this skit.

“ONCE MORE THE ALUMNI,” P. 197

³⁸ This ode, for the alumni dinner at the University of Virginia on July 4, 1860, was composed in Augusta, Ga., whither Thompson had gone to edit *The Southern Field and Fireside*.

³⁹ It has not been possible to identify all of the “old comrades” to whom Thompson referred in these lines. “Old Gess,” in II, was Dr. Gessner Harrison, who was Chairman of the Faculty and professor of ancient languages when Thompson entered the University. “The late Mr. Speaker,” in XV, was James L. Orr, afterwards governor of South Carolina and minister to Russia. “There’s a Bishop,” in XVII, was Henry C. Lay, then of Maryland. “We have Editors also,” in XIX, refers to James C. Southall of the *Richmond Enquirer*. “The eulogist lately of Clay,” in XX, was B. Johnson Barbour of Virginia who had recently (on April 12, 1860) delivered the address at the unveiling of the Clay statue in Capital Square, Richmond, Va.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, P. 209

⁴⁰ This poem was read before the Society of the Alumni of the University of Virginia July 1, 1869.

THE BARBER BOY, P. 218

⁴¹ *The Barber Boy* was written as a Christmas address to be offered by the subject of the verses in his pursuit of tips from the patrons of the “dressing-room” of the Exchange Hotel, Richmond, Va., long notable as the headquarters of Virginia political leaders.

THE KING OF TIPSY-LAND, P. 224

⁴² This translation of Béranger’s poem, which Thompson published in *The Southern Literary Messenger* in May, 1849, has been attributed to him, but with no certain proof that it was his work. A diligent search has brought to light many renderings of *Le Roi d’Yvetot*, but this one has been found only in *The Messenger*.

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