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FAGANS POEMS

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Yours Poetically,

W. D. Johnston.

THE PAGAN'S POEMS

33

BY W. H. JOHNSTON.



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TO THE PUBLIC.

Most of the poets inform you that their productions are the results of hours of ease — the fruits of idle moments. Mine are not. Whatever claim they may have to the title of poems, they certainly represent days and nights of the most difficult and exhaustive mental labor — labor that might have been more advantageously used for my own selfish advancement. In these productions, notwithstanding my pronounced views, I have studiously avoided all social, religious, and political prejudice, and have endeavored to clothe my lines with a purity and truth that would commend them to the conservative and refined intellect of all classes.

While I do not claim for my poems “a beauty that is not of earth,” I think them worthy of the attention you may choose to bestow upon them, and asking only a fair and honorable consideration of their merits, I submit them to your criticism, whatever it may be.

Respectfully yours,

THE PAGAN.

BISHOP, ILLINOIS,
May 25, 1884.

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Gautama:

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND AND PATRON

JOHN H. UPPENDAHL

WHO PRESCRIBED TO THE OFFICES OF A FRIEND AT A MOST

NECESSARY TIME

BY THE PAGAN

GAUTAMA.

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND TEACHINGS OF SAYKA MOUNI THE FOUNDER OF
BUDDHISM.

PART FIRST.

I

Man is a worshipper. He kneels
Before the throne of Hope.
Over his heart an awe e'er steals,
And e'er before him ope
Portals of Grief and gates of Bliss,
Hades and Paradise;
But from a world of doubt like this
The humbler truths arise.

II

There have been men who ruled the world
With the sceptre of Might;
There have been men who have unfurled
To worlds the flag of Right.
I speak of one whose mighty mind
Imparted, truthfully,
Purest of precepts to mankind,
And taught — *Humanity*.

III

Born was Gautama, wisest, best,
'Neath Indra's regal sheen,
Of Maya — whom the Devas blessed —
King Suddhodana's queen.
While all the world was wrapped in love,
In passion and in war;
Long ere there glinted from above
The Gallilean's star,

IV

Long ere the Cæsar's pride and boast
 Its thousand knights had slain,
 Long ere Mahomet's swarthy host
 Was scattered o'er the plain,
 Long ere red Charlemange's beagle
 Found the proud Islam's tomb,
 Ere the shadow of the eagle
 Fell on the roofs of Rome,

V

Buddha was born, traditions say,
 To teach all men the law
 Of Life and Death, so that they may
 Unto Nirvâna draw.
 Whether they speak the truth or not,
 No answer yields my pen;
 This much is *true*, Gautama taught
Compassion unto men.

VI

He taught Equality as well,
 Virtue and Liberty;
 He strove to drown the fear of hell,
 And make man's conscience free.
 "Death is no other stage of Birth,"
 Gautama taught, and then
 The grandest precept known on earth,
Compassion unto men.

VII

Even in childhood he was grand,
 Of quiet, noble mood;
 With slate and writing stick in hand
 By Vishwamitra stood.
 And as the fount of knowledge streamed
 Into his youthful mind,
 Surrounding pomp and splendor seemed
 Naught, and were left behind.

VIII

When with his royal mates in chase,
 If winning, he would see
 Keen disappointment on a face,
 He'd let them reach the tree.
 Or, if he joined the hunter's band
 In chase thro' woods unpathed,
 His steed'd weary, he'd pause and
 Let the deer pass unscathed.

IX

As Prince Gautama grew in years
 Compassion did increase;
 Yet he knew naught of sorrow's tears,
 Thus far his life was peace.
 But in a smiling garden by,
 He walked in solemn mood,
 And by the sadness of his eye
 Spake him the honored Buddh.

X

Once, as he strolled among the flowers,
 Plucking the fair and sweet,
 A swan dropped thro' the locust bowers
 Stunned — bleeding at his feet.
 He saw the crimson stain the white,
 The arrow in its breast,
 He seized the bird, soothed its sad fright,
 Withdrew the pointed pest.

XI

Devadetta — his cousin fair,
 And next heir to the throne —
 Seeing the wild swan cleave the air,
 With lithe bow brought it down.
 And coming in the garden then
 Said: "Coz, give me my prize!
 I brought it down, that's law with men."
 Tears filled Gautama's eyes.

XII

“Say no, dear coz, the bird is mine,
 The first of myriad things
 That shall be mine by right divine,
 Borne on compassion's wings.
 For now I dream that I shall teach
 Compassion unto men,
 And e'en the deaf shall hear me preach,
 And learn life's secret then.

XIII

“If it were dead it might be right
 To give you this poor thing;
 You have but killed the god-like flight
 That throbb'd in this white wing.
 Brahm gives compassion's laws to men,
 Compassion's law so says:
 ‘If life is aught, the savior, then,
 Is more than he who slays.’

XIV

“Know ye, the slayer wastes and spoils,
 The cherisher sustains—”
 “'Tis well!” quoth his coz, “cease thy toils,
 Take the bird for thy pains!”
 Gautama turning to the swan,
 Whispered consoling words.
 Thro' life, thus far, he'd gazed upon
 No grief but this one bird's.

XV

But on another day the King
 Said, “Come! my son, we'll go
 And see the pleasures of the spring
 Among the high and low.
 See how the fruitful earth doth bring
 The golden grain, the vine,
 And how the peasants laugh and sing
 Within this realm of mine;

XVI

“This realm of mine, which shall be thine,
 When the pyre flames for me;
 When this pale, weary brow of mine
 Shall from the crown be free.”
 So they went forth among the lands
 Teeming with fruits and blooms,
 Where workers toiled with swarthy hands,
 Where nestled Sudra's homes.

XVII

The ploughman turned the rich brown loam,
 The gard'ner plied his spade;
 With happy songs birdnesters roam
 Amid the jungle's shade.
 The ox leaned in the heavy yoke,
 The peasant's brow was swart,
 The blacksmith's anvil loudly spoke,
 The merchant, traffic court.

XVIII

'Mong mango sprays the sun-bird flashed,
 Beneath, the squirrel raced,
 Out of the jungle musk-deer dashed,
 The kite his fair mate chased.
 Around the painted temple flew
 The peacock and his loves,
 And from the cool wells came the coo
 Of myriad purple doves.

XIX

In shady groves browsed coy gazelles,
 And from a village seat,
 Came the soft peal of marriage bells
 And trip of merry feet.
 All seemed so blithe, so free and gay,
 As tho' no heart was sad;
 So sweet the scene before him lay,
 Gautama, too, was glad.

XX

But looking deep he saw the thorn
 Upon the tree of Life,
 How the Sudra, from the early morn,
 Toils for his child and wife.
 How damp his brow, with labor's dew,
 How weak his swarthy arm,
 As he wiled the weary hours thro',
 Life, seeming, lost its charm.

XXI

He saw the bulbul chased by shrike,
 And he, in turn, by hawk;
 The pert alcedo seized the pike
 Under the hanging rock;
 But as he skimmed along the lake,
 The eagle stole his prize.
 Fierce raged the war within the brake,
 Fiercé in the sea and skies.

XXII

The oxen's necks galled in the yoke,
 They strained with tired step;
 The grain and rice by foul weeds choke,
 The wheat with tares are reap.
 The leopard slew the harmless deer,
 Then felt the lion's power.
 Life seemed a desert bleak and drear,
 Death, monarch of the hour.

XXIII

"Is this the realm that I shall rule?"
 Gautama sadly said,
 "Lead home again, my heart is full,
 And heavy feels my head."
 So the king turned and led him home,
 A sadder, wiser boy.
 Compassion's bud broke forth in bloom,
 Shading earth's empty joy.

XXIV

Then thro' the garden oft he strolled
 In meditation's sleep,
 Oft down his cheek a tear-drop rolled,
 Mated with sighings deep.
 The watchful father noted all;
 Calling his wise men in,
 He said: "What ails my son withal,
 That he doth grow so thin?"

XXV

"What balm will his distemper cure,
 And fire his saddened eye?
 Unless some new thing we procure,
 The prince will sick and die."
 Said one; "O, king, Love cures all pains,
 Brings solace to mankind;
 The tho'ts ye cannot stay with chains
 A maiden's curls will bind,

XXVI

"What knows this boy of women yet,
 With lips like lotus flowers,
 Eyes that make kings, yea, gods, forget
 The rapid flight of hours.
 Let but a maiden kiss that cheek,
 'Twill make the blood run rife.
 Even the slaves, the rhyots, speak
 The bliss of mated life."

XXVII

"'Tis well!" said Suddhodana, "call
 The fairest of the realm,
 Say all shall join in festival,
 Love shall my boy o'erwhelm.
 Lest we might fail to find a face
 To feast his fixed sad eye,
 Let *all* compete in sports and grace,
 And he shall give the prize.

XXVIII

“Thus he will meet the face of all,
 And feel Love's blessed lance;
 Let Khanna stand near in the hall,
 And watch his countenance.
 And when, if touched, to make report,
 And bring the same to me.
 Go, now, and pre-arrange the sport,
 Let all dance merrily.”

XXIX

Then came the Sakya maids unveiled,
 From north, east, south, and west,
 And “Jai! Jai! Prince,” they hailed,
 “Behold! we come thy guest.”
 They came in silks, in gems arrayed,
 With new stamped tilka mark,
 Fine robes and shawls were lightly laid
 Over their shoulders dark.

XXX

And as the King wished it should be,
 The fairest led the plays,
 And ne'er was known such revelry
 In Suddhodana's days.
 The maidens danced to festive lutes
 And chimes of tiny bells.
 The Sudras scattered rice and fruits,
 And flowers from the dells.

XXXI

And when 'twas time to give the prize,
 They formed a stately band,
 Marched by the Prince with downcast eyes,
 Receiving from his hand
 Such prize as he chose to bestow
 To all those skilled in grace
 Or sports, or those who daily go
 Thro' life with handsome face.

XXXII

All passed the Prince except one maid,
 Yet he remained unmoved —
 No smile upon his sad cheek played,
 No flush to show he loved
 One deeper than the rest that passed.
 Khanna was filled with fear
 Lest she'd pass too, Ila — though last —
 Proved first his heart to cheer.

XXXIII

Just as she stopped before the boy,
 Hands folded on her breast,
 Glancing, with eyes divine and coy,
 Spoke in low tone — half jest —
 “Fair Prince, is there no prize for me,
 Or are the gifts all gone?”
 The Prince, brought back from reverie,
 Gazed like a startled fawn,—

XXXIV

He saw a form of lovely mold,
 A face of beauty rare,
 Neck encircled with chain of gold
 And bathed in raven hair.
 Eyes that gleamed like dews at morn,
 Cheeks like a fresh blown rose,
 Lovlier creature ne'er was born,
 Sweeter, no flower grows.

XXXV

“The gifts are all,” the Prince replied,
 And rising to his feet
 Stepped forward and stood by her side,
 Saying, “My sister sweet
 The prize thou seekest not thou'lt gain;
 To thee a pledge I give:
 I love thee, take this ruby chain
 And come with me and live.”

XXXVI

Swift to the throne Khanna made way
 And said "O King, I mete
 To thee a good report to-day,
 Such as thy heart will greet:
 The butterfly, that dodged the kite
 And too escaped its mate,
 Was captured yet before 't was night,—
 Such was Gautama's fate!"

XXXVII

"Brahma be praised!" rejoined the King,
 "And may this Sakya bride
 His thoughts back to enjoyment bring,
 And fire anew his pride;
 Yet 'tis not well that he should be
 Guarded by love alone,
 Build him a court, but lest he flee,
 Place round a wall of stone."

XXXVIII

Then built they him a palace high
 Of brick, fresh from the mold,
 White roofed, blue ceiled with lazuli
 And filagree of gold.
 And planted round a scented grove—
 Palsa and sandal-wood,
 Nelumbo with its flowers of love,
 Cypress, and tree of Bohd.

XXXIX

From lotus circles fountains sprang,
 Starting a crystal stream
 That wandered round where blossoms hang
 And pearly pebbles gleam;
 Bearing a white swan on its tide,
 That sung not yet its lay;
 While snowy cygnets swam beside,
 Above the sun-birds play.

XL

In sunny alcoves musk-deer browsed
 With the soft-eyed gazelle,
 In darker shades the white owl drows'd
 On thro' the noon-day spell;
 While in the palace cymbals rang
 To step of nautch girls coy,
 Who to the Prince and Ila sang
 Carols of love and joy.

XLI

All were forewarned not to appear
 Wan-faced or sick or sad;
 Who did, passed from this palace dear
 And lasting exile had.
 So far the Prince knew scarce of ail
 Of suffering or pain,
 And if he drooped, some am'rous tale
 To bliss led back again.

XLII

Once, seated in a beaut'ous grove
 With Ila by, he cried:
 "Tell me a story, Ila, love,
 Of the vast world outside —
 A story of the realm that lies
 Without these marble walls,
 For it hath feasted off thine eyes
 Before thou graced mine halls.

XLIII

"Or tell me one from Vedas, love,
 That book the priests do keep;
 Which tells of Brahm's might and love,
 And Swerga's blessed sleep,
 For tho' I've never read the book,
 Khanna hath told me plain
 It says that, like the sea and brook,
 We part, but meet again."

XLIV

“I will,” said Ila, with a smile,
 Laying her hand in his.
 “Far, far from here, on Ceylon’s isle
 A beaut’ous garden is.
 When Supreme Brahma sought to do
 And make this world so fair,
 He made a man, and woman, too,
 And kindly placed them there.

XLV

“It was the grandest spot on earth —
 The white rose had no thorn,
 The world of sin and pain was dearth,
 Birds sang both night and morn.
 The champak buds and passion flowers
 Twined round the banyan trees,
 And o’er a thousand em’rald bowers
 Hummed stingless honey-bees.

XLVI

“The trees with flowers were clothed, or teemed
 With sweet, delicious fruit;
 When winds passed thro’ the leaves it seemed
 Like the soft tones of lutes.
 ’T was here that Adam Heva wooed,
 For it was Brahm’s desire
 That they with love should be imbued
 Ere they quenched passion’s fire.

XLVII

“Soon they were wed; Brahm blessed the tie
 And said: ‘My children dear,
 Obey me, and ye shall not die
 But bide forever here.
 Seek thou no other than this land,
 For all to me are known;
 This is the fairest I command
 And here I place my throne.’

XLVIII

“ But Adam heeded not his words,
 And strolling 'long the beach
 He sighed, ‘ Had we the wings of birds
 We could leave this dull reach.
 More beautiful is yonder land,
 Much sweeter are its flowers,
 Yon shining plain is far more grand
 Than all this land of ours.’

XLIX

“ For Nanda, who doth man beguile,
 Made a mirage appear —
 'T was a reflection of their isle,
 Yet looked to them more dear.
 Just then appeared a narrow road,
 And Adam seized his bride,
 Bearing this sweet and lovely load
 He sought the further side.

L

When reached, they heard a rumbling sound,
 Down went the strip of land,
 And the forbidden soil they found
 Was naught but barren sand.
 The shining plain was desolate,
 Its face no flowers bore;
 Then Brahm said, ‘ Thou hast shaped thy fate,
 Content with it e'ermore.’ ”

LI

Buddh's dark eyes filled, he bowed his head,
 And spake, “ Bring me that book.”
 “ Nay, noble Prince,” then Ila said,
 “ Wear thou no sorrowed look.
 List, I'll tell thee another tale —
 One thou hast never heard —
 About a sweet-tongued nightingale,
 My Prince hast seen the bird.”

LII

She said, "Many spear lengths from here,
 Among the Himâlâs,
 Lived a bird which, with voice so clear,
 Sung never-ending lays.
 It built its nest among the flowers,
 Hard by a gentle stream,
 There, thro' the happy summer hours,
 It lived in joy supreme.

LIII

"Sometimes it swung upon a reed
 Moved by the gentle breeze,
 Sometimes it picked the wild rice seed,
 Or sang among the trees.
 Anon the stork stalked by its nest
 Close to the water's brink;
 Often the cheetah by it pressed,
 Pausing a trice to drink.

LIV

"One day a courtier heard its song,
 And list'd with jealous ear,
 He sat a snare in leaves among,
 Captured and brought it here.
 Gave it a present to the Prince
 Who is my joy—my king!
 Here it has charmed us ever since,
 List! now I hear it sing.

LV

"Clear rise its notes, now touchingly
 They slowly die away,
 'Tis singing of that home once free,
 Beyond the Himâlâ.
 Sings of that once free happy life,
 Barren of pain and toil,
 It knew ere I became your wife—
 Became your willing spoil.

LVI

“To-day, confined in golden cage,
 It pines for moments free,
 One moment worth more than an age
 Of sweet captivity.
 But the King said you must not know
 Of pain, or anguish, or
 Of mankind’s heavy load of woe,
 So think of it no more.”

LVII

“Soft!” said the Prince, “I, like the bird,
 Am in a gilded cage,
 And fain would see the world I’ve heard
 Was cursed by Brahm in rage.
 I fain would leave this changeless bliss —
 My prison from my youth —
 To feast my hungry soul, and kiss
 The holy shrine of Truth.

LVIII

“But ne’er again that bird shall sing
 To us its song of pain;
 Ne’er again shall its sweet notes ring
 A captive’s sad refrain.
 Hark! was that Khanna’s step I heard?
 Go quick to him and say
 The Prince commands: Let go the bird
 Brought here from Himâlâ!

LIX

“And yoke my chariot at noon,
 For now I wish to see
 If rhyot’s toil, and king’s impugn,
 For such the bird told me.
 As I have listened many a time
 Unto its sweet refrain,
 Often I thought its song sublime
 Was but a sorrowed strain.”

LX

'Twas told the king. "'Tis true," he said,
 "'Tis time that he should see
 The realm whose crown shall fit his head
 When the pyre flames for me.
 'Tis time that he should note the ills
 That life and death do bring;
 That it is sweat and blood that fills
 The coffers of the king."

LXI

And as he wished, his chariot
 Rolled thro' the streets at noon
 With him and Khanna, he would not
 Have courtier or dragoon.
 For 't was his wish that he should be
 Unknown to high and low.
 So when he reached the pave's end he
 Bade Khanna farther go.

LXII

"What is the truth I'll tell to him,
 And where he wills I'll go,"
 Thought Khanna, wondering at the whim
 Which moved Gautama so.
 "But this is strange! aye, strange is this!
 That he would leave his queen,
 His palace, nautch girls, and his bliss,
 For sorrows I have seen!"

PART SECOND.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest tho't.
—*Shelley.*

I

They passed the goatherd by the steep,
The rhyot by the well;
They wound along where fountains leap,
Where browsed the coy gazelle;
By clump of musk, where branches wave,
They paused, before them lay
A friendless, dying Sudra slave
Under a palsa spray.

II

“What is this, Khanna?” said my lord,
“That looketh like a man?
Why struggles he upon the sward,
Calling so loud on Brahm?
See! How fiercely he doth grind his teeth,
And grips his hand so tight.
Why does he choke, and curse, and writhe,
Straining with main and might?”

III

“This man is stricken with the pest,”
Was Khanna’s choked reply,
“And ere yon orb sinks in the west
This trembling form will die!
Last eve his eye was lit with mirth,
He danced with fairy feet;
To-night his ashes mix with earth
Under the blossoms sweet.

IV

“Yestreen he wooed and won a maid
 So blithe, so gay, and free;
 To-day she slumber's 'neath the shade
 Of yonder banyan tree.
 Last eve they parted with a kiss,
 Hoping at morn to meet;
 To-night they'll wake in endless bliss
 In the *Nirvâna* sweet.”

V

Then spake the Prince: “Come all men so?
 Will you so, and will I;
 Must all my lovely nautch-girls go?
 Will my loved Ila die?”
 “Aye, noble Prince!” Khanna replied —
 Soon will Life's wreary train
 Sweep o'er us like the Gunga's tide,
 And bring the end of pain.”

VI

“Why come men so?” Gautama asked;
 A tear rolled down his cheek,
 His form an unknown grief now tasked,
 Too full his heart to speak.
 Khanna replied: “Men do not know
 The cause of Death and Birth.
 Why Brahma doth with Siva go,
 Men do not know on earth.”

VII

“I've learned men die, but what is Death?”
 Gautama sadly said.
 Khanna replied beneath his breath,
 “My lord, here comes the dead!”
 Buddh looked, and coming down the road,
 Beheld a solemn van,
 The foremost, seeming, bore a load,—
 The burden was a man.

VIII

A ghastly change had settled deep
 Upon the manly face,
 The eyes were closed as tho' in sleep,
 The lips had lost their grace.
 From the soft cheek the bloom had fled,
 The tongue was silent now,
 The hair lay dank about the head,
 And o'er the pallid brow.

IX

And they who loved him once wept round
 The flower-laden bier;
 One threw herself upon the ground
 Calling on Brahm to hear
 The one request she chose to make:
 "Let me my loved one keep,
 Or let me go with him and take
 Repose in Swerga's sleep!"

X

This much the Prince saw as they passed,
 And neared the funeral pyre,
 And as he speechless stood aghast,
 They set the pile on fire.
 They laid the body in the flame,
 And threw on it incense,
 And soon it, while they prayed to Brahm,
 Mixed with the elements.

XI

Then spake Gautama, "Drive me back!
 For I enough have seen
 Of pains men have, and joys they lack,
 To make a full face lean.
 The veil is rent that blinded me,
 And I have seen far more
 Than I did e'er expect to see
 By Gunga's fretted shore!"

XII

“To Brahm man is a cringing slave,
 Praying for blood and breath!
 All slay, yet seek their lives to save —
 Life living upon death.
 One vast conspiracy I see;
 One whirlpool where all dive!
 Of all orders of life that be,
 Not e'en the strong survive!

XIII

“Why is it Brahm doth seldom hear,
 Or rather, answers not
 The sad appeals that reach his ear
 From every peopled spot?
 I would not let one mortal weep
 That I could render aid;
 Not one need enter Swerga's sleep,
 Or sweet Nirvâna's shade!

XIV

“Perhaps this god himself is weak,
 And needs the aid of man;
 Being too powerless to speak
 Does not speak well for Brahm.
 How could he scourge, if he is Love,
 His children with the rod?
 And if he sits unmoved above,
 Surely he is not God!

XV

“Why does Life's fair tree bear a thorn
 If it could otherwise be?
 Why do the blossoms fade at morn,
 If powerful is He?
 Methinks that he the thorn could prune,
 If he hath so much might!
 Could shield the flower through the noon,
 Unto the dreamless night!”

XVI

Then drove he back to palace gate,
 And trode the halls so bright,
 With arm around the dusky mate,
 Whose bright eyes were his light.
 He said: "My queen, it needs must be,
 That I shall break this chain
 Which so far has been binding me,
 Deliverance to obtain!

XVII

"Naught I may gain, but much may lose,
 Yet I would know the whole
 Secret of Life; for this I choose
 To grasp a beggar's bowl.
 The realm of Indra charms me not,
 Empty its honors are;
 I fain would have the Rishi's lot,
 And seek Truth's fadeless star.

XVIII

"Time teaches me that passions die,
 And Love, too, hath an end;
 That the sweet sunlight of your eye
 Doth on Time's grace depend.
 It tells me that your cheek will pale,
 Your tongue will lose its jest;
 That you will find in Swerga's vale
 A sinless, stirless rest.

XIX

"It tells me that my form will bow
 Under the weight of years;
 My eyes, that are so lustrous now,
 Will fill with rheum and tears.
 This arm, that binds thy silk-soft waist,
 Shall wither like the reed;
 These locks that bathe thy fingers chaste,
 Shall whiten like rice-seed.

XX

“How could we live in happiness
 Seeing each other die?
 How could you help but love me less
 When blissful passions fly?
 What joy is there for us to court,
 Since Death is changeless, deep?
 One hour of bliss — one lifetime short —
 Then Swerga's endless sleep.”

XXI

“Hush, my dear Prince! Talk not to me
 In such a mournful strain,
 If such a change should ever be,
 My heart would burst with pain;
 I could not give you up to Death —
 That skeleton of feasts —
 We cannot, will not, lose this breath,
 And transmigrate to beasts!

XXII

“But why do ye so meditate
 Upon this grief profound?
 Know ye not that the wheel of Fate
 Ceaselessly turns around
 With spokes of grief and tire of tears
 And nave of nothingness?
 So it will whirl for myriad years,
 Tears will not turn one less.”

XXIII

And giving his pale cheek a kiss,
 Said, “Come with me, my King!
 Forget this spell and turn to bliss —
 Come hear the nautch girls sing!
 List! There is Hastra's bird-like note,
 She has not yet sung long!”
 Then pealed there from the nautch girl's throat
 The wand'ring wind's weird song:

XXIV

“List to my song,” said the wild wind,
 “I will my story tell!
 Aimless am I — ruled by a mind
 Knowing no potent spell.
 Tho’ I am tired, I never rest
 Or halt by brook or pond;
 Pause not by sea, or mountain crest,
 I seek a rest beyond.

XXV

“I may be weak and blind to-day,
 Ruled by the forest’s bower;
 To-morrow wild waves feel my sway,
 Men tremble at my power.
 Round I may pass a million times
 Parting with sunshine fond;
 But tho’ I kiss a thousand climes,
 I seek a rest beyond!

XXXVI

“Changless am I, but I never change;
 Tired, but never toil!
 I seek Himâlâ’s highest range,
 I race o’er Malwa’s soil.
 One day I greet the morning land
 Just as the sun has dawned;
 At eve I waft o’er Egypt’s sand,
 Yet find no rest beyond.

XXVII

“You would not wonder why I moan
 If you beheld all lands:
 Saw how the peasants sweat and groan,
 How widows wring their hands;
 Heard the slaves praying to be freed,
 How the proud priests respond
 With chant, dogma and cursed creed,
 Heavens and hells beyond.

XXVIII

“Yet move I on in endless wake,
 Gazing on grief and mirth,
 Heartless am I! yet I would take
 A heartfelt leave of earth.
 Fain would I outstrip yonder star
 And break this inane bond,
 Leap o'er the circumambient bar,
 And find rest — truth — beyond.”

XXIX

“Come, Hastra, here,” Gautama said,
 “And sing that song again!
 Nay! give no other one instead
 But sing the same refrain.
 Nay! do not be afraid to sing,
 Exiled ye will not be;
 I'll favor ask before the King,
 And ye shall bide with me.

XXX

“For thanks, Hastra, receive this pearl,
 Hence go I soon imbued.
 Now I see the laughing girl,
 Next, thou art womanhood.
 I go to seek that hallowed shrine
 Where courtiers ne'er have fawned;
 Like the wind in thy song divine,
 I seek that rest beyond.

XXXI

“I'll leave this gilded cage of mine
 Ere comes another night;
 I'll go and seek Truth's hallowed shrine
 Before 'tis morning light!
 For I would know the cause of birth,
 The secret of decay;
 Why desolation runs o'er earth
 Breaking e'en monarch's sway.

XXXII

“Day after day within these walls
 I pine away my life;
 The still, small voice of conscience calls
 Away from child and wife.
 It bids me leave this realm of bliss
 While I am yet in youth,
 Deliverance seek for man, and kiss
 The holy shrine of Truth.

XXXIII

“For what are Indra’s realms to me
 When greater ones I know
 Can be built up, as all can see,
 By subduing Man’s woe.
 And if Truth’s volume I can reach,
 Which mortal hath not saw,
 Then, surely, I to all can teach
 The Truth, the Light, the Law!

XXXIV

“This is my fullness of desire,
 For when men see the light,
 They are as gold drawn from the fire,
 As the noon sunbeam bright.
 For lost is the priesthood’s token,
 Dried are the mourner’s tears,
 And the words that Fear hath spoken
 Join in the flight of years.

XXXV

“Farewell, my little Hastra, dear,
 And may thy walls of pain
 Crumble ere the close of the year,
 Ne’er to be built again.
 I go to search until I find
 Where joy and pain do dwell;
 I leave all love and bliss behind,
 Kiss my fair queen farewell.”

XXXVI

The Prince escaped the guards that night,
 Passed from his prison free;
 He sought to find Truth's holy light,
 And save Humanity.
 Doffing a royal robe and crest,
 A yellow robe he donned,
 Forward with beggar's bowl he pressed,
 To fathom the beyond.

XXXVII

He left a realm — left Joy's abode —
 An earthly paradise;
 Forsook Enjoyment's broad high road,
 While tears filled Ila's eyes.
 He left a babe, and gray-haired sire,
 The guardian of his youth.
 He lit stern self-denial's fire
 To seek the gem of Truth.

XXXVIII

He held Truth was a precious gem,
 Dearer to him by far
 Than all in Indra's diadem,
 Or Heaven's regal star.
 That search and fortitude alone
 Might grasp the jewel yet,
 Which none that upheld Indra's throne
 Eyes upon ever set.

XXXIX

So he, humblest of all who tried
 To mitigate man's woe,
 Would lay all bliss and joy aside,
 A precious seed to sow.
 If he could only find that seed,
 His labor would be sweet,
 Man neither pain nor death would need,
 Life would lose its deceit.

XL

Unto Benares 'mid the hills,
Gautama bent his way,
Following gently flowing rills,
That spring from Himâlâ,
And seek the Ganges' turbid wave
With many curves and deeps,
Pass by the purdah of the slave,
Or where the brahmin sleeps.

XLI

So with this noble end in view,
He now paused till the morn,
With rising sun, would guide him thro'
The jungle and the thorn,
And usher him into a reach,
Slumbering and dreamy then,
That soon would hear him humbly teach
Compassion unto men.

PART THIRD.

We should fill the hours with sweetest songs,
If we *have* but a day!
We should drink alone at the purest spring,
In our upward way!
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,
If the hours *are few!*
We should rest, not for dreams, but for power,
To be and to do!

—*Lulu G. Keford.*

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.
—*Campbell.*

I

Thrice had the rice been garnered in
Since Buddh quit Paradise;
Thrice had the flowers' fragrance been
Since he 'scaped Ila's eyes;
Thrice had the season's wheel turned round,
Adding three years to youth;
But little of the gold he found
That gilds the shrine of Truth.

II

Under an orange tree he stood,
Blessing its cool sweet shade,
A woman drew near, crying "Buddh!"
Then paused, seeming afraid.
"Speak, sister sweet," commanded he,
"What wilt thou have me do?
Is there aught I can do for thee?
Thou seemest troubled too."

III

“Master,” she said, “within yon brake
 I dwelt, from home exiled,
 With this:— naught else joy’s thirst *could* slake—
 A curly-haired love-child.
 I know this voices all my shame,
 But, sir, my heart is sore!
 The child was sweet, and not to blame,
 I could not love him more,

IV

“Last eve I nursed him till he slept,
 And, sir, I felt so glad
 That I— while shadows o’er us crept—
 Forgot I’d been so bad.
 Dropping my head upon my hand,
 I sank in slumber deep,
 And when I woke the sunlight grand
 Bathed my boy, yet asleep.

V

“Softly I bent to kiss his cheek,
 Oh, sir! *the bloom had fled!*
 I tried to pray—I could not speak—
 My babe, my God! *was dead!*
 Oh, when I saw, my heart nigh broke
 And outpoured sorrow’s flood;
 Clasped in my arms, ere I awoke
 A vampire drank his blood.

VI

“I could not think that he was dead,
 He was so innocent!
 But true! the spark of life had fled,
 And now my heart is rent!
 And so I’ve come to you, kind sir,
 To kneel and kiss your palm;
 If you know what will life recur,
 Oh, pray give me that balm.

VII

He spake, "Sweet sister, I, too, seek
 That balm which might cure pain;
 I left by Devi's frowning peak
 A link of true love's chain.
 And I have sought—yea! vainly sought,
 The secret of decay;
 Tho' seeking still, I've found it not—
 Show me thy baby, pray!"

VIII

Gently she raised the silken fold
 That hid a form of grace;
 He saw beneath, 'mid curls of gold,
 A pale and handsome face.
 And as he bent with swelling heart
 Consoling words to speak,
 The curls the mother's fingers part,
 Her tears fall on its cheek.

IX

"Come! little mother, dry your tears,
 Which fall as summer rain,
 Thy babe is freed from griefs and fears
 That fill this life with pain.
 Know ye! some flowers fade at morn,
 Some wither at high noon;
 The sweetest flowers oft adorn
 The van of Death's platoon!

X

"He has but found what all *must* find,
 Tho' few do for it search;
 It silences the grandest mind,
 It sweeps the eagle's perch.
 It comes where hearts beat glad and warm,
 Where Hymen's cymbal rings—
 It lays the humblest Sudra's form
 Amid the dust of kings!

XI

“No man can say, ‘My life is mine!’
 For round all beings draw
 Something that man has held divine,
 A stern and changeless law.
 All ages and conditions die
 Under this heartless frost.
 The strong to-day may clamber high,
 But are to-morrow — *lost!*”

XII

“The beautiful, as buds, adorn
 The wond’rous tree of life;
 But lo! the frost comes erst the morn,
 And then the pruning knife
 On thro’ the day doth havoc make,
 Hewing the branches down;
 Anon some thoughtless cherubs take
 The sweetest for a crown.”

XIII

“Sister, thou hast a noble heart
 To give thyself all blame;
 Methinks that you are *loath* to part
 E’en with the fruit of shame!
 But it *must be!* So dry your tears
 And cease your ravings wild,
 For he *is dead!* True are thy fears,
 Go bury thou thy child.”

XIV

“Begin your life anew again,
 Repel the spoiler’s kiss;
 Join in compassion’s lofty train,
 And seek *Nirvâna’s* bliss.
 For you may find the gem you’ve lost
 As Love’s security,
 And fill your heart, careless of cost,
 With inward purity.”

XV

“Up from the mud the lotus-flower
 Springs with its beauty are;
 In the foul fen the champak-bower
 Sweetens the poisoned air.
 Out of the dust comes glittering gold;
 Up from the salt sea, pearls.
 Jaspers and rubies come from mold,
 And bind a princess' curls.

XVI

“The loom of worms weave softest silk;
 Homeliest trees yield spice;
 And whiter than Vahuka's milk
 Is the salt marsh's rice.
 Murky is Gunga's turbid stream,
 But see! its restless tides
 With Indra's wealth and plenty teem,
 As to the sea it glides.

XVII

“So, then, take heart and dry your tears,
 For tho' your sins were deep,
 They'll wear away in course of time,
 And bring *Nirvâna's* sleep.
 For if you henceforth practice truth,
 Virtue and charity,
 Brahm will forgive the sins of youth,
 And all thy good deeds see!”

XVIII

Kissing her cheek he turned away,
 Then paused, and to her said,
 “Sweet sister, let me help you lay
 Away this blossom dead.”
 She bowed her head, and to him gave
 A look of fullest trust,
 While in a rude-dug narrow bed,
 He laid the babe in dust.

XIX

Then once again he turned away,
 And left her with her grief;
 For all the words that man can say,
 Can never give relief
 Unto the bleeding heart of one
 Whom heartless death has robbed
 Of parent, daughter, mate, or son,
 Whose heart with love had throbb'd.

XX

Along the highway passed my lord,
 When, 'neath a palsa spray,
 With life-blood coloring the sward,
 A dying Sudra lay.
 He stopped, and down beside him knelt,
 Saying, "Thus life doth irk;"
 But then the throbbing heart he felt,
 Death had not done its work.

XXI

"I'm a Sudra, my touch defiles!"
 Muttered the dying slave.
 "Away Rishi! ere Death beguiles
 E'en thou, who would me save!
 Pestilence drew to me nigh,
 And 'neath this palsa spray,
 I, friendless and alone, must die
 To-morrow or next day!"

XXII

But Buddha loosed his mantle's fold,
 And smoothed his pallid cheek;
 Seizing the hand benumbed and cold,
 Unto the slave did speak:
 "Say, no! Man is not born with blood
 Freight'd with royal spark!
 He is not born with Brahmin's hood,
 Or caste, or tilka mark!

XXIII

“As you are now all men must be
 Before they learn the Law;
 The cause of Death and Birth; and see
Nirvâna 'round them draw.
 There is no heaven yet so high,
 No Stygian depth so low,
 A single caste shall occupy,
 Where others cannot go!

XXIV

“I see thou art a Sudra; yet
 Thy life hath been a gem,
 Burnished by honest labor's sweat,
 Set in Truth's diadem!
 Caste is not born in blood, I say;
 Death makes all equal, free!
 Thou'lt reach the Lethe's shore to-day,
Nirvâna waits for thee!”

XXV

There knelt he by the dying slave,
 As round the shadows stole,
 'Til Life paused by a yawning grave,
 Which *may not* clog the soul.
 Until Death laid him for the tomb —
 His sickle left to rust —
 Life, like the rose, may bud and bloom,
 Buds to flow'rs, flow'rs to dust.

XXVI

Then prayed pitiful, loving Buddh,
 By the dead Sudra's form,
 Head bowed, hands clasped, and heart subdued
 By keen compassion's storm.
 From his swart cheek fell briny tears
 On the slave's bosom bare.
 He prayed to that God mankind fear,
 Here is Gautama's prayer:

XXVII

“SUPREME! How mighty is thy might,
 And yet thy mercy weak —
 So weak, that thou didst leave the blight
 Fall on this Sudra's cheek!
 He had but reached the noon of life,
 His arms and heart were stout;
 He labored for a child and wife,
 But now the lamp's gone out.

XXVIII

“His father, bent with four score years,
 Leans on his aged staff;
 He long hath sought this vale of tears
 Whose springs all mortals quaff!
 He fain would give his fleeting breath
 His slumbering wife to greet;
 And thro' the open door of Death
 Enter *Nirvâna* sweet.

XXIX

“He would have gladly went instead,
 But merciless art thou —
 Who takes, altho' the loved have plead,
 The hand that holds the plow!
 For thou didst touch with chast'ning rod
 This man, whose noble form
 Throbb'd with the pulses of a God,—
 But are no longer warm.

XXX

“Omnipotent! Supreme! Lo! Thou,
 Who shapes man's destiny —
 Behold all castes are praying now
 From Sorrow to be free.
 'Neath each star in thy azure fields,
 Where raised souls walk in glory,
 Some weeping, heart-broke mortal kneels
 Telling the self-same story!

XXXI

“This morn a mother lost her boy,
 Dearer to her than life;
 This eve an old man's prop and joy
 Is torn from child and wife!
 The oak lies prostrate, and the vine
 Clings trembling to the bough!
 On vine and flower pale stars shine,—
 Where is their support now?”

XXXII

“Yet ye are strong — priests call you Strength,
 And Love and Wisdom, too;
 It may be I know not the length
 Thy mereies reach unto!
 But, O Supreme! If joy is aught,
 Why do ye check the fount?
 Why is it not the rhyot's lot
 A higher sphere to mount?”

XXXIII

“Lo! I have wandered years to find
 The secret of decay:—
 Why men, who come as buds, pined
 As the flowers away!
 Why sweetest blossoms soonest fade,
 And naught but dust is seen!
 Why e'en the mighty forest shade
 Must lose its living green!”

XXXIV

“I know that Man is sinful, weak,
 But thou hast made him so —
 The *fear* of Thee doth blanch his cheek,
 Prime factor of his woe!
 To Thee lies bare his thought!
 On Thee his strength depends!
 Then why is it you direct not
 His toil to nobler ends?”

XXXV

“*Supreme!* To thy decree I bow,
 Let thy great laws be known!
 Behold! I kneel in reverence now
 Before thy unseen throne!
 I pray Thee give to suffering man
 The balm of Truthfulness;
 And all the priesthood—ruthless clan—
 Endow with usefulness!

XXXVI

“Oh! I beseech Thee, take from life
 The ever-piercing thorn!
 Let e'en the Sudra and his wife
 Be blithe as spring-time's morn!
 Let naught but Truth be spoken,—
 Break Superstition's spell,—
 Hide that infamous token:
A never-ending Hell!

XXXVII

“Drive, if Thou canst, from earth all sin,
 Let man live fearless, free!
 And lead his wandering footsteps in
 The path of Purity!
 Take from his Eden of desire
 The carnal appetite—
 Subdue the flame of lustful fire,
 And spread the Truth, the Light!

XXXVIII

“*Supreme!* Grant me my feeble prayer—
 Not for myself alone,
 But for the millions that Sin's snare
 Holds from thy boundless throne!
 Unto mankind thy laws present,—
 Thy love and wisdom tend!
 This done; my starved soul is content,
 I'll gladly say—AMEN!”

XXXIX

Up rose the Pitiful, and on
 Went he his weary way.
 Night's sable cloud had almost gone,
 O'er hilltops peeped the day,
 Beside a well where Sudras stood,
 And marvelled at his grace,
 Paused noble, compassionate Buddh,
 And bathed his tear-stained face.

XL

They gathered round him as he spake
 Of Life, that all hold dear,
 That *none* can give, but all can take,
 And all lose, year by year.
 It may be sad — it may be sweet —
 Yet it the meanest wis',
 None wish to lose it tho' they meet
 Their loved in Swerga's bliss!

XLI

He told how life was filled with fear
 By priests, present and past.
 Its plains were made barren and drear
 By storms that cannot last.
 This desert drear might fertile be
 If men but *practiced* Truth,
 And used not cursed subtlety
 To warp the mind of Youth.

XLII

“Know ye, the priests have taught,” he said,
 “Only the gods endure!
 While hangs the dewdrop o'er the sea
 Then only is it pure.
 For when it slips into the wave
 'Tis salt, like Mother Sea;
 So gods were powerless to save
 If they with man should be.

XLIII

“ But through this death — a second birth —
 The soul is purified,
 And flies to Brahm, leaving this earth,
 Where griefs and woes abide.
 He who on angel wings would soar,
 Must on a firm faith feast!
 This key alone ope's Heaven's door:
Serve God and pay the priest!

XLIV

“ I seek the Truth — have sought it long;
 I love these priests, — as men —
 But Error hate! These priests are wrong!
 Within the searcher's ken
 Their clouds of Superstition part —
 Their dogma's fade as mist —
 Their prayers spring from the lip — not heart;
 They even Truth resist.

XLV

“ Be noble! not because ye fear
 That, when this clogging breath
 Doth at last end, Brahm's curse ye'll hear
 Come with the knell of death!
 For death's a painless, stirless sleep
 Within *Nirvâna's* gate,
 Which all must take, tho' none would keep, —
 A sleep which none should hate.

XLVI

“ Nay! I go on. Worship me not!
 For I am but a youth
 That has embraced a Rishi's lot
 Searching for the living truth.
 And tho' men praise and extol me,
 And call me 'Allwise' — 'Buddh,'
 I am no more than all can be
 Who passion's sleep subdued.

PART FOURTH.

Your creeds are dead, your rights are dead,
Your social order, too.
Where tarries he — the Power who said
Lo! I make all things new?
—*M. Arnold.*

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! Canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?
—*Longfellow.*

I

Still roamed the Prince unsatisfied,
Seeking that unfound Truth.
His form now bent, his lean cheek dyed.
No more with blooming youth;
Those eyes like gleaming firebrands
Still lit his wandering soul,
But weak and palsied were the hands
That grasped the beggar's bowl.

II

Bent on his search he noticed not
His strength and beauty fade,
Till, from the sun, one day he sought
A great palm's cooling shade;
And here, behold! were men who make
Their bodies homes of pain,
So that the soul its flight will take
To endless Joy's domain.

III

Some upon beds of spikes reclined,
 Covered with gashes sore;
 Some had bent down till their strength pined,
 And kept them bending o'er;
 Some stood with withered arms aloft;
 Some tore their flesh with flints;
 As he had seen these doings oft,
 This question asked the Prince:

IV

“Why, upon self bring ye this woe,
 Is life so dearth of pain,
 And pain so sweet that you would go
 And court it o'er again?
 Why do ye torture thus the flesh
 Until its red streams flow,
 And when they clog tear them afresh?
 Speak ye! for I would know.”

V

One answer made: “The flesh is vile,
 And doth entomb the soul!
 But if ye torture bear a while
 The stone away will roll,
 The tomb will ope, the soul, unstained,
 Will take its wingéd flight
 To where eternal joy's attained,
 Free from sin's loathesome blight.”

VI

“But,” said the Prince, “why evil add
 To evil? Why still sow
 More seeds of pain? For life is bad
 At best. Do ye not know
 That there are fevers, aches and pains
 Sown by some unknown hand?
 Oft streams are bound by unseen chains,
 And famine sweeps the land.”

VII

“Yea, Rishi! This know I, and more!”
 Said one, “I chose this path
 Leading where Brahm hath gone before,
 To share the joys he hath.
 And, even tho’ this life be long,
 Sometime the end *must* come.
 Who would not bear a moment’s wrong
 For ceaseless joys and home?”

VIII

“Know ye a path yet more divine?
 If not, then go thy way
 And say no more. Let me go mine
 Which leads to endless day.
 But if this self-wrought pain *be* sin,
 Look to thyself! For know:
 Thy footsteps are not walking in
 The path you’d have me go.”

IX

No answer made the Prince, for Truth
 Was in the last remark.
 “I am robbing myself of youth,”
 Quoth he, “of every spark;
 But yet if I the truth could find —
 Which surely will be soon —
 I’ll join the joys I left behind,
 My queen, my boy, my throne!”

X

Near lived a wise man, on the hill,
 Who read the mystic stars
 And knew the language of the rill —
 The length of Orient’s bars —
 And much of gods and nature. Here
 Gautama bent his way;
 And as a Brahmin priest drew near,
 To one and each did say:

XI

“Tell me, thou searcher of the skies,
 If e'er within thy ken
 Hath swept this realm of Paradise
 That dogma teacheth men?
 Answer me plainly, 'yea' or 'nay,'
 Tho' Lethe 'tween us purled,
 My soul would leave this clogging clay
 And seek that fairer world.

XII

“*Not yet?* Then tell me, man of God,
 What comfort canst *thou* give?
 Hast thou its gold pave ever trod?
 You teach men how to live?
 Show me this Heaven! Show me Truth!
 Give me a balm for pain!
 Show me where I, in endless youth,
 May join my loved again!

XIII

“*You know not?* No! The rhyot, blessed
 With ignorance, could tell
 As much as ye; e'en if he guessed
 That Earth alone is Hell,
 And Death is Heaven, where all men
 Must, sometime, surely go.
 This is the priesthood's answer then:
 ‘*We know no cure for woe!*’

XIV

“Ye priests, who rob the ignorant
 Of labor's hard-earned fruit;
 Claiming 'fore the Omnipotent
 To champion his suit —
 'Tis plain that ye *should know the law* —
 The penalties as well —
 And not from thy own fancies draw
 Man's Heaven or his Hell!

XV

“I think there is no deeper thought
 Than immortality!
 And true it is — tho’ many sought
 That one reality —
 They’ve found it not. ’Tis yet to find!
 That Truth lies buried still!
 But I have dreamed that for mankind
 The world with truth will fill.”

XVI

“The truth lies buried?” asked the priest —
 “Not so; the truth to-day
 Is manifest. Yonder its feast
 Is spread! Wilt thou eat?” “Yea!
 Lead the way! I will follow you
 Farther than Brahm doth dwell
 To join such feast; for, if ’tis true,
 It will repay me well.”

XVII

The priest then pointed to the vale
 That lay below the hill,
 And said, “Behold! within yon dale,
 Beside yon laughing rill,
 There is a temple reared to Brahm.
 Within, in rev’rence deep,
 The priests will offer up a lamb,
 That the King’s sin may sleep.”

XVIII

“This truth was found long years ago;
 The gods have so decreed,
 Whoso, thro’ life, would bear no woe,
 A hundred lambs must bleed
 To death, and burn their bodies up,
 An offering unto Brahm;
 Then sure shall he on pleasure sup,
 Beyond in Swerga’s calm!”

XIX

“The King is there! Bridle thy tongue
 Lest ye offence should give!
 If we with them do mingle 'mong,
 Say naught how man should live!
 Or of false priests — or Death, so dole —
 Or of thy fruitless search —
 Or that man hath no more of soul
 Than yon hawk on its perch.

XX

“For *next* to *gods*, are *kings*, then *priests*,
 Then *men*. You know the kite
 Eats not until the lion feasts;
 The silvery stars of night
 Shine not until the sun hath shone;
 The milky rice springs not
 Until the choicest seeds are sown.
 Be yours an equal lot.”

XXI

Nought said the Prince, but forward pressed
 Until he stood within
 The temple walls, the stranger guest
 Of those who battled sin.
 Before him lay the sacrifice
 Bound to the altar fast;
 Around the priesthood scattered rice,
 In honor of the caste.

XXII

Now one, who seemed the priest of all,
 Invoked the aid of Brahm,
 Then to the King did loudly call;
 “O King, whose priest I am,
 Thy gift is ready for the Dēvs,
 And it is as they like,
 My ready steel its pure heart cleaves
 Soon as thou bid'st me strike!”

XXIII

“Let him not strike!” Gautama said,
 And turning, faced the King;
 “For if a crore of lambs were bled
 What profit would it bring?
 Ye have no right to take a life
 That ye cannot replace!
 And know ye not, if sin be rife,
 This blood can naught efface?”

XXIV

And then he spake of Life and Death,
 Which comes to king and slave
 As silent as the soft wind's breath
 That kisses Gunga's wave.
 How men to gods for mercy pray,
 And yet no mercy know —
 How priests should throw their steels away
 And true compassion show.

XXV

Lo! while he spoke they loosed the lamb,
 And flung their sharp steels down —
 Scattered the fire — ceased crying “Brahm!” —
 And kissed Gautama's gown.
 While he told how Truth may be found,
 How Woe might exiled be,
 How slaves, who groveled on the ground,
 Should stand erect and free,

XXXVI

The King drew near, enchanted, pleased
 With the sweet words that fell
 From Buddha's lips; and then he seized
 His hand and shook it well.
 Then to the much-awed courtiers said
 “Go out thro' all the land
 And have this Teacher's precepts read,
 For 'tis the King's command:

XXVII

“Never again shall man take life,
 E'en of the meanest thing;
 Within my realm no longer strife
 Shall use its dead'ning sting.
 Never again dumb sheep shall bleed
 To seemingly purge sin!
 Ne'er shall the rhyot suffer need
 While gold's my coffer in!

XXVIII

“Go carve this edict on the wall:—
 ‘SUDRAS! CAVE DWELLERS! HEED!
*No more shall beast by man's hand fall,
 The King hath so decreed!
 None shall eat flesh! For know, a life
 Must end ere meat's obtained!*‡
*Shed ye no blood,—for 'tis thro' strife
 Man's soul alone is stained!*’

XXIX

“And come, thou noblest of mankind,
 Forever abide with me;
 You gave him sight who once was blind,
 'Tis I that now can see.
 But I am old, my hair is white
 With the hoar-frosts of Time,
 And soon, for me, the pyre will light,
 And funeral bells will chime.

XXX

“I have no son,—be thou my son,
 Gems will I heap on thee,
 And make thee heir to all I've won
 In wars on land and sea!
 I'll build for thee a palace high
 Within yon garden green,
 And thou shalt have sweet Gotami,—
 My daughter — for thy queen!”

XXXI

“Say no, dear King!” Gautama said,
 “All these had I, and more,
 I left a sire with silvered head,
 A wife and babe, before
 I came unto thy kingdom, and
 Thy priests did overwhelm.
 That sire rules o'er Indra grand,
 And I'm *Prince of the Realm!*”

XXXII

“But these I left to find the Truth —
 Therefore I've wandered years
 In tireless search, bartering youth
 For a full bowl of tears!
 My course is marked. No powers that be
 Could my fixed purpose win;
 'Tho' Brahm ope'd Swerga's gates for me
 And Dēvas wooed me in.

XXXIII

“Nay! nay! sweet King! I would not yield
 Tho' gods gave me their spheres,
 Unless that I this truth could win
 That I have sought for years;
 And then would I desire the wife
 Who crowned my early joy —
 Ila, sweet sunshine of my life,
 And mother of my boy.”

XXXIV

He stepped without, and once again
 Mingled with common men.
 Here he taught Truth to Brahmins vain,
 Proving Error a fen,
 Where the all-blighting Upas grew,
 That, with its poisoned flowers
 Dripping with Superstition's dew,
 'Bitters this life of ours.

XXXV

There he compared man to the rain:
 How from the seas arise
 Mists and vapors, which do attain
 Lofty height in the skies;
 Where, cooled, condensed, in tiny spheres,
 They fall, by Nature's laws,
 By crores and crores, like laughing tears,
 Or those that Sorrow draws.

XXXVI

Thro' many clefts and nullahs sink,
 Bubbling out on the plain,
 A spring, which, joining Indus' brink,
 In the sea's lost again;
 Losing its life — its spirit pure —
 In the salt, acrid sea.
 This being true, can souls endure,
 And leave Man's body free?

XXXVII

Man — a spark from the Infinite —
 Crosses Life's barren range;
 A snare — Delusion fashioned it —
 Binds him. The wheel of change
 In fierce gyrations ceaseless moves,
 Bringing him joy and grief;
 Now giving death to those he loves,
 While he gathers the sheaf.

XXXVIII

Now filling fond parental eyes
 With joyous sparks of mirth;
 A babe is born — Alas! it dies
 An hour after birth.
 The mother dies! Toll solemn bells!
 'Tis vain on gods to call;
 The kingdom, where the Silence dwells,
 Holds her, and Death ends all.

XXXIX

For seven years he sought the Truth
 With beggar's garb and bowl,
 In tireless search. Altho' his youth
 Knew but a hungered soul,
 His riper age was nobly crowned
 With higher truth and joy,
 And higher hopes — he sought and found
 Again his wife and boy.

XL

Ila, his queen, thro' all these years,
 Sorrowed much for her king,
 Bathing Rahula's head with tears,
 List'd to the nautch girls sing
 Of his fine form, his manly mien,
 His deeds of might and grace,
 And sighing, prayed, "Come to your queen!"
 Then sobbed and hid her face.

XLI

While in her purdah thus she sat,
 Hastra leapt to her side,
 Saying, "Dear Queen, from Bohdiswat,
 By the chafed Gunga's side,
 Came, yesternight, a trading train
 Which of a strange man speak,
 Who speaks of Truth as balm for pain,
 And is so nobly meek.

XLII

"Methinks, perchance, it is the Prince,
 Who left us years ago,
 And hath been roaming ever since
 To find a balm for woe.
 For lo! he speaks of being one —
 An heir to Indra's throne!
 'Sides thy Rahula, there is none
 But Devadetta brown.

XLIII

“And thy lost king. It must be he!
 What think'st thou, mistress fair?”
 Then Ila, laughing joyfully,
 Pushed back her raven hair,
 While, like the rain-drops from the eaves,
 Fell tear-drops from her eyes
 Upon those breasts, that with joy heave,
 Like billows, sink and rise.

XLIV

She said, “O, Hastra! it is he!
 Go see those men, and bring
 One here, that he may give to me
 Some tidings of my king.
 I know 'tis he! Else why this flame
 That warms my beating heart?
 What name? If they but know his name,
 To-day, yet, will I start!”

XLV

Then Hastra to the purdah brought
 One of the trading men,
 Just as they entered his eye caught
 Rahula in its ken;
 He paused, a look of deep surprise
 Passed o'er his swart, brown face,
 He said, “Behold the Teacher's eyes,
 Behold his form and grace!”

XLVI

With eager eyes the trader gazed
 Long on the smiling child,
 Then on the mother, half-amazed;
 And then, with manner mild,
 Lifted Rahula in his arms
 And said, “Sweet little one,
 Thou hast indeed the Teacher's charms!
 Tell me, art thou his son?”

XLVII

“Who is the teacher,” Ila said,
 My son doth favor so?”
 Her eyes were streaming now; her head
 Was dizzy; all the glow
 Passed from her cheek. The trader’s arm
 Caught her, his voice subdued
 Sank in her ear, “Know ye, my charm!
 I am the teacher,—Buddh!”

* * * * *

XLVIII

When the King heard that Buddh had come,
 He said, “Go, bring him here!
 My heart is wond’ring why my son
 Has left these pleasures dear;
 And my eyes ache to gaze on him
 Who was my Maya’s child;
 I fain would know what mystic whim
 Led him this chase so wild.”

XLIX

Before the King Gautama came,
 Clad in his yellow gown.
 O’er the King’s face a flush of shame
 Passed, and with angry frown,
 He spake: “Why come thou thus, my son,
 Clad like a beggar maimed?
 Of all our caste never has one
 Before made it ashamed!”

L

“Father,” he said, “speak me not so,
 For I bring more than *pride*
 With me unto thy kingdom. Know,
 By sacred Gunga’s side
 I found the Truth! and brought it here!
 Nobler is it than gloss.
 It teacheth humbleness; is dear
 Altho’ it seemeth dross.

LI

“Silks and fine shawls appear to me
 Worthless as bits of wool;
 In gems and jaspers naught I see
 But the bright sunbeam full
 Of tiny motes, glittering dust,
 That glimmers, glistens, gleams;
 That darkness hides, as darkness must,
 All that from Error streams.”

LII

Thus long he talked, but short it seemed,
 His words, as music, fell
 In hungry ears; enlightenment gleamed
 In every word; the spell
 Remained unbroken. Those who stood
 marvelled to hear him preach.
 The aged sire, with heart subdued,
 List'd to his noble speech.

LIII

Around nobles and Sudras ranged,
 And fell upon the sward,
 For radiant the face had changed,
 They cried, “*Thou art a god!*”
 “Nay, rise ye, brethren!” said my lord;
 I am no more than ye!
 I eat, and drink, and walk the sward,
 As I am, *all* can be!”

PART FIFTH.

Evil swells the debts to pay;
Good delivers and acquits.
Shun evil, follow good, hold sway
Over thyself. This is the way.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

I

Again he spake. A caravan,
Charmed by his magic word,
Halted and let their oxen stand,
This of the teacher heard:
“Thus do I preach! Whoso will hear!
Each man his prison makes.
Pray not; for storm-clouds will not clear
For bribes of fruits or cakes.

II

“But listen! for I tell you Truth—
Higher than Heaven’s star,
Lower than Hell, stronger than Youth,
Bright as Orient’s bar!
Men are not gods! No god is there
Except the Universe!
He does not ask for tears or prayers!
After death will not curse!

III

“Look around thee and see his face,
Solemn and beautiful!
Tho’ thoughtless, ye live by his grace,
He serves ye dutiful.
Ye need not kneel to gods of stone,
Or to the flame of fire!
The Universe is God alone!
No god is higher, lower!

IV

“That man shall kneel, and cringe, and fawn,
 This god does not desire.
 His smile is but the sunlit morn,
 His wrath, the lightning’s fire.
 Thus he has reigned for crores of years,
 For crores thus shown his rage;
 Why, then, should mankind dwell in fears —
 In fears older than age?”

V

“Know there are two extremes in life,
 Neither should mankind press;
 The one, with lowest passions vile,
 Leads to unworthiness!
 The other, lined with bigotry,
 Denounces earnest thought.
 Zealots, self-mutilators be;
 Pleasure and joys are fraught.

VI

“But I have found a middle path
 Between these two extremes;
 ’Tis free from passion, pain and wrath,
 And with enlightenment gleams.
 It ope’s the eyes, and leads the mind
 ’Long Wisdom’s higher road;
 It teaches all the way to find
Nirvâna’s blest abode.

VII

“This is the noble eight-fold path
 That doth *Nirvâna* reach:—
Right views — sown not by force or wrath —
High aims and *kindly speech*,
Upright conduct, and next should be
 A *harmless livelihood*,
Firmness and *Right, Activity*
 With *Honest Thought* imbued.

VIII

“Here are the *Four Great Truths* of *Woe*,
 Four noble truths. This earth
 Is a loom of agony. Lo!
 Pain cometh first with birth!
 And on and up thro’ life doth wend,
 It dwelleth ever nigh;
 Pleasures scarce rise till they descend
 Like the gay butterfly.

IX

“Hot Youth hath pain, and Manhood’s prime
 Drinketh of bitterness!
 Gray are the locks, frosted by Time,
 But Age suffers no less!
 Blissful is Love, but lovers die
 In youth, manhood, and age!
 Peaceful seemeth the azure sky,
 But in it tempests rage.

X

“Fair is the em’rald robe of earth,
 But famines kiss its hem;
 And tho’ the streamlets flow in mirth,
 Cold rocks their currents stem.
 Mankind calleth the mortal blest
 That findeth death in youth.
 Know ye, *Nirvâna* giveth rest,
 Sorrow, the *First Great Truth!*

XI

“The *Second Truth* is *Sorrow’s Cause*.
 Grief springeth from desire!
 Some transient shadow lights and draws
 Passion’s quick spark of fire.
 Now high it burns, but flames must end,
 Embers smolder and die,
 And tho’ this life be short ’t will spend
 The griefs that underlie!

XII

“Man brings himself the Second Death,
 Else it would otherwise be,
 For Sorrow's cause, most times in youth
 Is planted, thence to be
 Man's sad companion evermore,
 Destined o'er him to reign
 Until he reaches Lethe's shore
 And finds the end of pain.

XIII

“Look to thyself! Wherefore thy grief?
 Knowest thou not it springs
 From passion or desire? Relief
 At last Death only brings.
 Therefore *control thyself!* and sow
 The purest seeds in life!
 If thou wouldst reap a harvest, know
 Weeds are produced of strife!

XIV

“Sorrow comes oft with Somâ juice;
 Often with sinful lust;
 And the gold shining in the sluice
 Is dressed in iron rust.
 None above sin do rise so high
 But what it can attain
 Their snowy souls if it but try—
 Sin never groweth faint!

XV

“The *Third Great Truth* is *Sorrow's Cure*;
 That which doth sorrow fraught.
 A blameless life, a strong heart pure;
 Compared, a pearl is naught!
 Compared, the dew-drop is as dross,
 The sun a tarnished thing;
 Let Truth and Right be not your loss,
 But to them ever cling.

XVI

“*Conquer Thyself!* This is the way;
 There is no fire like lust;
 No bond like hate; Evil doth lay
 Upon the heart like dust
 On travelers' robes; exertion shakes
 It off to earth again!
 Exert thyself — shake off the flakes
 Of sin, and live as man.

XVII

“Listen! no snare is like deceit;
 No river like desire;
 No deer as swift as slander's feet;
 No flame like passion's fire!
 Earth hath no depths like error's sea;
 No dross like envy's pelf;
 No child of misery like he
 Who deifies himself!

XVIII

“Honor thy faith, and slander not
 The faith of other men!
 Each hath a sep'rate life and lot —
 Some hills, and some a fen!
 Speak truth; do not to anger yield;
 Give when thou hast to give;
 Let thy home be a sunny field;
 Live, and let others live!

XIX

“Happiness is the sweetest song;
 Patience the greatest prayer;
 And of a million sermons long,
 Truth is the fairest of fair!
 Quietness o'ercomes anger's might,
 And liberality, greed!
 Fraternity supplies man's right;
 Freedom, a boundless need!

XX

“ Health is the best of Nature’s gifts;
 Trusts the best relatives;
 He is of noblest mind who lifts
 Up other where he lives.
Good men shine from afar like mounts
 Gilded with sunny light;
Bad men are hid, like frozen founts,
 Or arrows shot by night!

XXI

“ Here are the Difficulties, ten,
 Along the Noble Path;
 Ten fetters to be broke by man
 Ere sweet *Nirvâna* hath
 Her portals ope’d. The *First* of these
 Is like the robber’s pelf —
 The fruit of *might*, not *right* — hear, please,
Delusion of thyself!

XXII

“ While man his time doth occupy
 Chasing the bauble gay
 Of Self, thinking to satisfy
 A craving heart with play,
 Thinking himself a thing apart,—
 A candle burning dim
 Is more. There is without his heart
 No Noble Path for him!

XXIII

“ *Doubt* is the *Second Fetter*; know
 Ye must accept the *truth!*
 Let not your mind leave truth, and go
 Against the ways of youth.
Belief in Rites is *Fetter Third*;
 Avoid the priests and powers!
 No prayers, no chants, no rites are heard
 Within *Nirvâna’s* bowers.

XXIV

“The *Fourth* and *Fifth* are *Hate* and *Lust* —
 Ill-will is bitter, wrong!
 Bodily passions are as dust,
 Muddying streams along.
 Three stages won: the *Fourth* is given,
 Yet in the fourth abide
 The *Love of Life*, *Desire for Heaven*,
Error, *Self-praise*, and *Pride*.

XXV

“The fetters broke — the sins all slain —
 Then is the vict'ry thine!
 Then dieth woe, then endeth pain,
 Then Kharma's glories shine.
 Finding the universe his home,
 Himself like drop of dew,
Four stages won, the man is come
Nirvâna's verge unto.

XXVI

“NIRVÂNA, is' the *Fourth Great Truth!*
 The *Noble Path* ends here;
 Here is no age; here is no youth;
 Here is no fate or fear.
 Ye *may* not laugh, ye will not weep,
 Or bend 'neath sorrow's load;
 But ye shall sink in endless sleep
 Within this blest abode.

XXVII

“Fair is the dew-drop on the leaf,
 It sparkles in the sun,
 Tho' its existence is but brief,
 Life hath no purer one.
 Brighter than gold, fairer than pearls,
 No diamond rivals this!
 Tho' crystal queen of nether worlds,
Nirvâna purer is.

XXVIII

“Bright is the sunbeam falling sweet
 On beaut’ous lakes and flowers,
 Kissing earth, as when lovers meet
 In the soft twilight hours.
 Breathing to earth the breath of love,
 Glad’ning the earth with light;
 But know: *Nirvâna* stands above,
 The sum of all delight!

XXIX

“Sweet is the fragrance of the flowers
 That in the jungle grow,
 Lading with incense leafy bowers,
 Tender as flakes of snow.
 The Sudras pluck and happy are,
 Tho’ bearing life’s heft load,
 But there is something sweeter far,—
Nirvâna’s blest abode!

XXX

“Blissful is love; its fruits are sweet.
 It binds with golden chains
 Of peace the world. When lovers meet
 The King of Kings it reigns.
 But would you reach a realm that hath
 A sweeter shrine to kiss?
 Receive the Truth, enter the Path,—
Nirvâna hath more bliss!

XXXI

“Joyful is rest; ye Sudras know
 That when ’tis eventide
 And toil is o’er, till morning’s glow
 Ye can with rest abide.
 What is more joyful than this rest
 After the day’s hard strife?
 Ye sink to slumber sore distressed,
 Awake with new-born life!

XXXII

“This stirless sleep ye question not,
 But know it giveth joy,
 Makes ye forget your tireful lot,
 Strengthens your wife and boy.
 So when ye climb Life's mount of Woe,
 And, wearied, reach its crest,
 If ye the Path have entered, know
Nirvâna giveth rest!

XXXIII

“After the midnight cometh morn;
 After the storm, a calm;
 After Love's hearth hath felt a thorn,
 It finds a soothing balm;
 After the wild beasts cometh men;
 After the turmoil, rest;
 After ye break the Fetters Ten,
 Cometh *Nirvâna* blest!

XXXIII

“Think not to dwell, starlike, apart
 From broad Humanity!
 Strive not to alienate your heart
 From those who are not free.
 For, tho' the birds reach lofty heights,
 They seek the earth for rest!
 Would you enjoy sweetest delights?
 Enter *Nirvâna* blest!

XXXV

“Scatter not rice! The gods that be
 Hear not the cries of men,
 Their rights or formulas! They see
 Only the *where* and *when*
 Of their own joy's fulfillment; they
 Are parasites which cling
 Close unto them who go joy's way,
 And feel not sorrow's sting.

XXXVI

“ But scatter noble words and deeds
 To parents, fellows, friends!
 Plant in Life's garden purest seeds,
 And strive to noblest ends!
 Sweeter is Love and Law than Might
 Who to *Nirvâna* draws,
 To rest at last through endless night,
 Should keep these five *great laws*.

XXXVII

“ *Take not the life of man or beast;
 Not e'en thy life is thine.
 Shun revelling or wasteful feast,
 Shun Somâ juice or wine.
 Bear no false-witness. Slander not.
 Give, if thou hast to give;
 And steal not of another's lot;
 And with thy own wife live.*

XXXVIII

“ Enter the Path! *Nirvâna* sweet,
 Offers its glories blest!
 Enter the Path! Thy tired feet
 Forever shall have rest!
 Enter the Path! Here tumults end,
 And like the tinkling bells,
 Thy joys shall swell as they attend
 To where the Silence dwells!”

XXXIX

These truths long years the Teacher taught
 Thro'out the Gunga's vale,
 Showing how grief and sin is fraught,
 How like a coat of mail
 A brave heart is; how of the whole
 Each man is but a part;
 A drop in myriad waves that roll
 'Tween heaven and hell's hard mart.

XL

Taught how each man forges the chains
 Which bind him close and fast;
 How, by our errors, all these pains
 Are fed till life hath passed
 To the domain where silence dwells,
 Where passions burn no more,
 Where the dark tide rises and swells
 On Lethe's silent shore.

XLI

Then entered they the Path divine,
 Ila, Rahula, Buddh,
 Where Kharma's glories ever shine,
 Where passion sleeps subdued.
 And crores and crores who heard him preach,
 Entered the *Noble Path*.
 E'en now the millions strive to reach
 The joys *Nirvāna* hath.

XLII

Call these mere dogmas if you will,
 The precepts of this Prince
 Are simply peerless; they will fill
 As few before or since
 Have filled all the pages of Thought
 With pictures brilliant, pure;
 And though the priests with rites have fraught
 His teachings, *they endure*.

XLIII

And, notwithstanding priests who lied,
 And warped this great belief;
 Who have the Teacher deified,
 Proclaiming him the chief
 Of all the Buddhas, high or low,
 This much is true, is fair:
 By his works he, himself, did show
 Noble beyond compare.

XLIV

His great achievement stands alone.
 The faith he founded stands
 Propped by no bloody sword or throne
 Built by no lawless hands.
 No juggling miracles he wrought,
 Aweing the simple mind;
 But taught the grandest truth e'er taught —
Compassion to mankind.

XLV

His doctrines did no martyrs slay,
 No inquisitions build;
 They led no warlike hosts to fray,
 No prison dungeons filled.
 They did not say, "Believe or die!"
 Proffered no tyrannies;
 They caused no gallant souls to fly
 For refuge o'er the seas.

XLVI

No tyrant monarch bolstered them,
 They kept no slaves in chains;
 They kissed not power's purple hem;
 They crazed no human brains.
 But like a glittering star benign,
 They gave all Asia light;
 They shed a ray of Truth divine
 Thro' Error's veil of night.

XLVII

They showed the falsity of castes;
 That men are equal born;
 The uselessness of prayers and fasts;
 How priests have robbed and shorn
 The ignorant with juggling rites;
 How man may doff grief's weary load,
 And gain the sum of all delight —
Nirvâna's blest abode.

XLVIII

And when the Tathagato died,
 Ere yet he sank to rest,
 'Tis said his loved disciples cried
 "Thou art of gods the best!"
 "Nay, brethren, I'm no god," he said,
 "Nor am I *wisest* Buddh;
 I am no more than all can be
 Whose passions sleep subdued!"

XLIX

So died the Teacher, humble Buddh,
 Pitiful, noble prince.
 He left no words to be construed,
 Like some before and since
 Have done, proclaiming themselves *gods*.
 But Error's waves have brought
 Up priests — base theologic bawds —
 Who warped the truths he taught.

L

Let Islam enjoy Paradise;
 The Gallilean, Heaven;
 Let Pythagoras' soul arise,
 And to the beast be given;
 Let Pluto, Plato, Socrates,
 Their several realms invest,
 But *sleep*, thou compeer of all these,
 Within *Nirvâna* blest!

Elegies:

SACRED TO THE MEMORIES OF

THE GOOD, THE TRUE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL,

BY THE PAGAN.

SUSANNAH B. COLWELL.

BORN 1800. DIED 1884.

Composed at the request of her granddaughter Miss Lulu G. Kepford.

Fourscore and four long years a barque,
 With love and mercy freighted,
Sailed thro' Life's shadows, light and dark,
 To where Death's ebb tide waited;
She touched the shores of Charity
 Where Hope's sweet star was shining,—
Her sails spread free o'er Sorrow's sea,
 And rescued the repining.

For years this barque made sad hearts glad,
 And bore her burden bravely;
She sweetly sailed, where waves were mad,
 And 'fore the gay breeze gravely.
She sailed in peace across Life's wave—
 Above Hope's star shone brightly—
Death's waters gave her mate a grave,
 No more her sails bent lightly.

At last this barque of Love so sweet
 Sought refuge o'er the sea:
She sought the port where waters beat
 The shores of Eternity.
Farewell, sweet barque! A sweet farewell!
 Farewell, sweet streamer's flying!
We loved the well, ah, could we tell—
 Ah, me! From us she's dying.

This is the history of other barques —
Barques that with Love were laded,
But Death, who loveth shining marks,
Breathed on their sails — they faded
Away from the ken of loving eyes,
Away from hearts half broken,—
To Paradise, where silence lies,
And grief is never spoken.

That Law, which mankind holds divine,
Tells us the star's soft splendor
Ere noonday fades. The flow'ring vine,
With leaf and tendril tender,
High up the rugged oak may climb,
Or creep where shades are denser.
But lo! the rime doth come in time
To snatch the blossom censor.

Life opes the gates for Love to-day,
Death enters them to-morrow;
Love dines with Bliss along the way,
At even sups with Sorrow.
Then farewell Love! Yet not farewell,
Here is thy empire fleeting,
But who can tell? our loved may swell
In *other realms* a greeting.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BORN 1811. DIED 1884.

Silent is the silver tongue that spake for Right and Liberty!
—*Peoria Journal.*

Yea! Silent is the silver tongue
That oft for human freedom wrung
Tears from a demon's heart!
That upheld Martyr Lovejoy's name —
Reddened the mob's pale face with shame,
In world-famed Boston's mart.
A tongue — bold, eloquent and free —
That spake for Right and Liberty!

Now let the franchised slave go weep
Upon the grave wherein doth sleep
One of his saviors bold!
Go drop a tear upon the grave
Of him, who did the rabble brave,
Who scorned the slaver's gold —
Who shielded Truth with bravery,
And spake for Right and Liberty!

He, who was beaten by the mob
Because — great heart! — he would not rob
From Truth's fair diadem,
From deep-souled Pity's treasury,
For cruel, heartless Tyranny,
A single shining gem.
Because he battled Slavery,
And spake for Right and Liberty!

Great heart! What agony it felt!
 How bitter Wrong caused it to melt
 For his dark friend and brother.
 Not *brother* in the proud world's eyes,
 But *brother*, bound by kindred ties,
 Sons of a common mother,
 Who bore no braver son than he
 Who spake for Right and Liberty!

No more his eloquence will hold,
 With invisible chains of gold,
 Spell-bound the mighty throngs.
 No more those passioned lips shall tell
 That love unfathomed! Nor shall dwell
 They more on human wrongs!
 For locked in Death's embrace is he
 Who spake for Right and Liberty!

He, boldly meek and humbly brave,
 Searching a lifetime found — a grave
 Brimming with human tears.
 Tears melting from the freedman's cheek,
 Voicing the grief he could not speak —
 So much that name endears —
 Hoping, in death, with him to be,
 Who spake for Right and Liberty!

His was a hand that raised the weak —
 That wiped the tears from Sorrow's cheek —
 His tongue plead Freedom's cause.
 To publish his brave thoughts he dared,
 So little for fierce threats he cared,
 He'd ne'er suppress a clause.
 Tho' foes on every hand saw he,
 He spake for Right and Liberty!

But give again to Mother Earth
 That which is hers; for Death and Birth
 Are arbitrary kings
 Who simply rule with changeless laws —
 Merely effect following cause.
 There never was a life so fit
 But what Death has encompassed it
 With his far-reaching wings.

Then drop your tears and flowers free,
 A tale of love told beauteously —
 Expressing grateful love for he
 Who spake for Right and Liberty!

LAKE SHORE, ILL., Feb. 6, 1884.

ETHA McREYNOLDS.

BORN 18—. DIED 18—.

Composed at the request of her sister Stella.

Is Etha gone, so loved and sweet,
 So bright, so young in years,
 The patter of whose tiny feet
 Was music to our ears?
 Are those brown eyes, once filled with mirth,
 Glazed by Death's ruthless hand,
 No more to see the sights of earth,
 Divine, sublime and grand?

Has she, the goddess of our home,
 Passed o'er the silent way,
 Where settles Death's eternal gloom
 After Life's transcient day?
 Oh! can it be, in spite of fears,
 This casket strewn with flowers,
 Bedewed with Sorrow's briny tears,
 Contains this gem of ours?

The veil is rent! Be still my heart!
 Oh thou, All-knowing One!
 Where'er Thou be, whate'er Thou art,
 We say, "*Thy will be done!*"
 We know the sweetest flowers fade
 Under thy heartless frost,
 But morning's gleam and evening's shade
 Whisper "*They are not lost!*"

Etha escaped our mortal ken,
 But memory holds her dear;
 Hope whispers we will see her when
 Life's autumn leaves are sear.
 And when in Unknown's mighty deep
 We sink the line of Thought,
 We find this solace — still we weep —
 "*She's gone but not forgot!*"

But not forgot? Then why shall tears
 Fall as the summer rain?
 For she is freed from griefs and fears
 That make a world of pain.
 And if *Christ Jesus taught the truth,*
 The kindred spirits vain,
 Will pass thro' brighter, purer youth,
And meet our loved again.

BEN. H. HILL.

BORN 18—. DIED 1882.

A nation mourns to-day for her lost son,
As sadly fall the tear-drops on his grave;
But still the grandest rill must ripple down;
The foam, sometime, must touch the ocean wave.
The birds that carol 'mong the orchard trees —
The oaks that tower o'er the laurel van —
The daisies sweet that blossom on the leas —
All have a time to perish! Why not man?

Alas! the reaper Death will heed no prayer,
Or bend to soothing words or tender glance;
Or cheer us in our moments of despair,
When those we love have fallen 'fore his lance.
But in the presence of the painless grave,
Whose depths give unto all eternal rest,
We dare honor the noble and the brave,
And carve their name upon the roll of blest.

The South has lost a brave devoted son;
America, a loving, gallant man;
Grand Gorgian! thy earthly race is won,
And Blue and Gray — friends — lead thy funeral van.
Thy name shall glorify the Union's dome;
Her future sons thy nobleness applaud.
Thy parting words to us — "*I'm almost home!*"
Are verified: at home with Nature's God!

LOUIS G. WIEMER.

BORN 1877. DIED 1881.

Farewell Louie! you may meet
Friends and faces loved the best;
Happy voices you will greet
In the kingdom of the blest,
You may meet, where angels roam
In the land of crystal dew,
Companions of your earthly home,
"Just above the melting blue."

Farewell Louie! Death's cold chill,
With its pain and anguish deep,
Ne'er again your heart will fill,
Ne'er again will break your sleep.
Sleep dear Louie! Life is o'er!
Endless rest is now for you—
Infinite rest forever more,
"Just above the melting blue!"

Farewell! Love may pass away
Like a melting summer cloud;
Grief may deck Joy's tomb to-day,
Hiding you, whom Love endowed.
But, dear Louie, Mem'ry's chain
Binds our yearning hearts to you,
And we hope we may again
Meeting beyond "the melting blue!"

JACOB KOCH, SR.

BORN 1794. DIED 1877.

“ *He is dead!* ” His children say—

“ He has gone the silent way.

All that life and love endowed,

Passed us like a summer cloud.

Long the earth has felt his tread,

Now he slumbers:—he is dead!

“ Death drank deep! The fount is dry,

Damped the hair, and glazed the eye;

Pulseless now the once strong arm;

Broken now life’s mystic charm.”

Sad the words his children said —

Words of sorrow —“ He is dead!”

“ Life was kind, for he was old

Ere Death called him to the fold.

We expect the brooks to freeze

When the frost disrobes the trees.

Death has come,” a neighbor said,

And bereft you — He is dead!”

“ Leaves burst forth, then fade away;

Flowers blossom, then decay;

Grasses by the sparkling stream

Wither ’neath the sunny beam.

Love has left you: He is dead!

Farewell love!” a poet said.

“Farewell, love!” the widow cries,
 ’Til we meet in Paradise.
 You were all of life to me,
 I the vine and you the tree.
 Could this broken heart but tell
 How I loved thee; love, farewell!

“Let the Lethe drown from me
 Idols of my memory;
 Death has come and we must part,
 Farewell, idol of my heart,
 That my love hath deified.
Farewell, love!” the widow cried.

MARY A. KOCH.

BORN 1803. DIED 1883.

Subside, wild grief! nor longer wage,
 Altho’ our hearts be sore.
 Death’s touched the tired heart of age,
 And mother lives no more!
 Our fears are felt, our fount of grief
 Bursts forth in briny tears,
 Altho’ death gives a sweet relief
 To one of fourscore years.

She knew not all of truth sublime,
 Beyond, claimed not to see;
 But she had hoped thro’out all time
 A “future state” might be.
 She found sweet solace in the hope
 That souls from bodies free
 Would purer, fairer, brighter ope’
 To immortality!

Like one who sees a ship set sail,
 She stood upon the shore,
 Resigned, not knowing when the gale
 Would waft her spirit o'er.
 Unconscious that the painful world
 Would slip from out her hands;
 Her vessel touch, with all sails furled,
 The unknown haven's sands.

These tidings sink deep in the heart —
 Can it be mother's gone
 To henceforth, starlike, dwell apart
 From us in the unknown?
 The yearnings of a loving heart
 Goes with thee o'er the sea
 That holds these lives of ours apart
 From all eternity!

BISHOP, ILL., Oct. 5, 1883.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS PAINE.

Here lieth he who once loved friends,
 Wished no ill fortune to his foes;
 Who believed that happiness depends
 Upon the light that honor throws;
 That an honest man can happiest be
 When freeing mankind from slavery.

TEHERAN, ILL., June 20, 1882.

EL HERMOSA CAPITAN.

GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER. BORN 1813. DIED 1879.

Since Cæsar crossed the Rubicon,
No nobler man has been famed
Than "*El Hermosa Capitan*,"
By dark-eyed *senoritas* named.
A man of soldierly bearing,
Whose name rival's stars, howe'er bright —
A chief of limitless daring,
Invincible ever in fight.

A temper of the serenest,
A friendship that no one debars;
Showing respect for the meanest,
As well as for generals' stars.
'Twas he in the battle's fierce fight,
Where bloodshed and carnage ran wild,
Whose bravery cheered on the right,
And marked him as victory's child.

He led the boys on at Ringgold,
Kenesaw and Williamsburg's field,
And up Lookout mountain he rolled,
Forcing the proud rebels to yield.
At Fair Oakes and Resaca stood
An adamant "rock of ages;"
The name of this hero imbued,
Honors our history's pages!

But ever-triumphant are few,
 The number of vanquished many;
 Yet unto Joe Hooker is due
 Honor, if due unto any.
 He was patriotic and brave,
 Of true and honest opinions;
 He fought the Republic to save,
 And conquer secession's minions.

He strained every nerve he possessed,
 And battled with all might and main,
 Risking his life with the rest,
 Chancellorville's battle to gain!
 But Vict'ry from his banner fled,
 For once he suffered defeat,
 And then leaving naught but his dead,
 Commanded a skillful retreat.

The nation has heard his guns rattle,
 Beheld him brave many a strife,
 Shall defeat in that one fierce battle
 Bear away all the laurels of life?
 Bear off all the honor and glory
 That Hooker achieved in the past,
 And rob from those temples now hoary,
 Life's laurels, which not always last?

Ingratitude, sycophant slave
 To envious passions of men,
 Why turn on the noble and brave,
 When the sands of life's almost ran?
 Why rob him of merits hard-earned,
 When Time his locks has made hoary?
 When infinite rest's almost earned,
 Pilfer his jewels of glory?

Nor does Time spare Hooker's platoon,
 For death has borne thousands away;
 Beneath the bright beams of the moon
 They sleep, side by side, lifeless clay!
 Where Hooker, too, sought his last rest,
 While many wept tears on his scars,
 And mourned from the east to the west,
 As they laid him to sleep 'neath the stars.

Then sleep, Hooker, free from all care!
 For Life, with its phantoms and fears.
 Brings you no more carnage or war;
 A nation is deluged in tears.
 Brave bearer of honorable scars,
 Thy name, thrice immortalized, lives!
 The shining gates Justice unbars;
 "*Fame!*" 's wrote on the chaplet she gives.

Sleep, soldier! Thy warfare is o'er!
 The tomb is a haven of rest!
 Thy battles are needed no more
 To save the land thou lovest best.
 And needless now, too, is thy sword,
 Which led on thy brave grenadiers,
 Who braved rebel guns at thy word,
 And welcomed thy presence with cheers.

Farewell, then, thou bravest of brave!
 Love's glory and memory are thine!
 'Neath the flag thou foughtest to save,
 No kinsmen in slavery pine!
 But they are free, in southern glens,
 To woo and win, and tell the story!
 And like a shaft Freedom ascends,
 To mark thy words and deeds of glory!

Defense of Ingersoll:

BEING A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT TRIAL OF

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL

BEFORE THE COURT OF HEAVEN, BY HIS UNWORTHY COUNSELOR

THE PAGAN.

Thou shalt not hearken unto a prophet or a dreamer of dreams.

Deut. xiii, 3.

The simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to
his going.

Prov. xiv, 12.

DEFENSE OF INGERSOLL.

Why do the heathen rage and people imagine a vain thing?
Ps. ii, 1.

For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog
is better than a dead lion. *Ecl. ix, 4.*

I dreamed great Robert died, and I to Heaven
Did follow him to plead his woeful case;
He having asked, and my consent been given,
We sought to meet Jehovah face to face,—
To see if love, his mercy sweet did savor,
And, too, if mortal man could win his favor.

I, loving Robert and the ways he taught,
Passed with him thro' the sombre vale of Death,
And bravely held his ulster while he fought
The Prince of Darkness; and with bated breath
Passed with him thro' blind Milton's Purgatory
To where the Court of Heaven sat in glory.

Spacious the court—noble the mien of him
Who sat as judge of all the world and men.
Around were ranged sad souls from ages dim,
Late sprung from hill and dale, from sea and fen,
All fearing judgment—waiting feverishly—
Grouping in spectral and ghostly phantasy.

Here sat the patient Job: his troubles o'er,
 His sad eyes bent on him who took his lands,
 His happy boys and girls, making him sore,
 That he might swear his soul in Satan's hands;
 Then with a look of triumph, intense gleamed they,
 As on the form of Nick's "right bower" beamed they.

For Satan's deputy stood, chains in hand,
 Waiting to bind those souls the Lord would curse,
 And drag them off to Hades' warmer land,
 And in its molten lake their frames immerse.
 For all the wicked, worldly men and ladies
 Were promised to his boss — the King of Hades.

Here sat the compassionate, pitiful Buddh:
 Who early sought the *truth*, but found it not,
 Who wandered many years with heart subdued
 In search of simple *truth*, but vainly sought;
 Who from the pureness of his heart divining,
 Gave Asia that great "light which still is shining."

Near sat the Gallilean, wrapt in tho't,
 With spear-mark in his side, and bleeding scars
 Of cruel nails within his palms; so wrought
 By frenzied bigots. O'er his head three stars
 Gleamed, bathing his ringlets with a radiant glow
 As Mary did his feet centuries ago.

There, cross-legged, sat Mahomet. No fierce band
 Of Arabs now stood by with gleaming swords
 To force Al Koran's law at his command,
 Or carve on human breasts his glowing words.
 He hid his Koran when they counted noses,
 But kept his eye on much-mistaken Moses.

Here sat King David; near, the Hittite's wife,
 Bathsheba, whose fond eyes rested on her lord,
 Who, thro' David's perfidy, lost his life.

Uriah, leaning on his broken sword
 Gazed on His Honor, then David, sighing,
 "If *right* be mine, to Hades Dave goes flying."

There, the apostate Julian talked with Paine,
 Gazing with admiration deep, intense,
 Upon the books he'd on the table lain,

Two volumes: *Rights of Man* and *Common Sense*.
 Here, the Third Innocent, with nervous fingers,
 Leaves thro' *Rosseau's Confession* while he lingers.

Close by the Clerk's desk Calvin scowled

Upon Michael Servetus—stake-burnt, faint;
 Beneath the desk Elisha's bruises growled,

Warning to boys who'd joke a scant haired saint.
 Loud Voltaire laughed, when him gray Humboldt twitted
 About recanting when the world he quitted.

High on his own throne of grace sat Judge of all,
 Low fell his gaze, and seeing us he said:

"Clerk! call the case of R. G. Ingersoll—

That infidel who hath a legion led,
 And we will give him o'er to his 'receiver,'
 As precedent for every unbeliever.

"Iconoclast of holy things, and priest

Of nature, thou, by the laws of God, shall be
 Given to Satan for all time, at least;

For know thou art his rightful property.

Indicted you stand beneath the Bible's ban,
 Read the indictment, Clerk!" Thusly it ran:

Be it known! R. G. Ingersoll now stands
 Indicted oft for breaking oft the law
 Given Israel thro' servant Moses' hand —
 For Mosey had a most prodigious pay,—
 He hath defied the law of Great Jehovah
 By raising Hades when he's "half-seas-ovah."

He also raised some other self-made gods,
 Knowing full well the *First Great Law* he broke;
 That the said Ingersoll did take all odds,
 And openly of Heaven and Hades spoke!
 And hath rebelled against the law of Moses,
 Holding women were sweeter than June roses.

Yea! knelt before the sinful siren maids,
 Worshipping each and every one he saw
 In brightest sunshine or in sombre shade,
 Knowing full well he broke the *Second Law*.
 Bút he the Law hath ever been defying,
 Never before to win God's grace been trying.

That the said Ingersoll hath blasphemed God
 E'er and anon, on Sabbath's holy day,
 And ever in such wicked paths he trod,
 Casting of laws the *Third* and *Fourth* away.
 The *Fifth* he broke in giving no honor, when
 He knew Jehovah was father to all men.

That the said Bob hath, by his words and wit,
 By flowery eloquence and flow of rhyme,
 Cheated the hangman's noose by robbing it;
 Who averts penalty commits a crime!
 And he committeth crime who is crime shielding,
 Therefore he broke the *Sixth*,— and stands unyielding.

That he hath broken these, it proved can be,
 By reading his "*Oration on the Gods*,"
 Or "*Ghosts*," or "*Skulls*," or "*Hell*," or "*Liberty*,"
 (What mighty peas he shelled from puny pods!)
 And hath declared right underneath our noses,
 The chief of all mistaken men is Moses.

That the aforesaid Bob—so styled on earth—
 Shielded the "*Star-route* ——s," committed crimes,
 Breaking the *eighth*, and *ninth*, and *tenth*, in mirth,
 No less than several baker's-dozen times.
 For they did —— and ——, and in court fought it,
 Coveted cash that was not theirs, and got it.

That the said Ingersoll his sword hath drawn
 To free the slaves that were by God ordained
 To toil for man; and called on brain and brawn
 To help free limbs which the Almighty chained.
 That he hath denied the king's authority,
 Claiming for serfmen superiority.

That he hath uttered treason 'gainst the throne
 Of the Supreme; and insurrection sought
 To aggrandize; and hath denounced alone
 All creeds and faiths, and all beliefs, and taught
 There never was evolved for mortal man
 A creed of supernatural origin.

That the said Robert hath from time to time
 Held in contempt your Honor and the court,
 Defying and outlawing laws sublime—
 Those laws which do alone vile sinners thwart.
 Even unto death did violate the law,
 Cursing it, defying it, *et cetera*.

Judge :

What say'st thou, prisoner — guilty, or no?

Ingersoll :

Your Honor, if it please the court, I pray
 My counsel's here, with evidence to show
 My innocence. Sir, I have naught to say.
 I feel, your Honor, my counsel will acquit me,
 And silence on my part doth most befit me.

Judge to Pagan :

'Tis well. But who art thou who would defend
 Before this solemn court this Infidel?
 Think'st thou Jehovah's mighty laws to rend,
 And save thy wicked client's soul from hell?
 Art thou with holy laws so well acquainted,
 That thou canst keep thy client with the sainted?

Pagan :

If't please the court, The Pagan I am named;
 I am no lawyer great, but fain would be.
 And tho' of being vain I am so blamed,
 I feel my case will set my client free.
 Knowing a little law, and much compassion,
 I enter in this case in legal fashion.

Those of mankind who know me, know me well,
 A loving soul, that loves this beloved Bob;
 Who would go with him down to gaping Hell,
 And, if it needs be, him from Satan rob.

Satan :

Ha! ha! then wilt thou Pagan vain? Here's wi' thee,
 For I know well I'll get ye both soon, prithee!

Buddha to Pagan :

Art thou he who called me " wisest, best? "

Called me " world-honored, compassionate Buddh? "

Extolled again the virtues east and west

Of him who many human hearts subdued?

To you my heart doth send a joyful pæon!

Christ :

And art thou he who called me " Gallilean? "

Mahomet :

Aye! Art thou he who called me " Arab swart,

Merely a wandering son of Ishmael? "

And hast thou come to mock me here in court,

Thou maligning dog of an Infidel?

Thou callest me a " fanatic pretender! "

I'll have thy blood, thou Infidel defender!

Judge :

Order! Peter, bring Heaven's Attorney in

To help this Pagan panel a jury;

Satan may help — and may the best man win!

Be cautious, friend Satan, check thy fury,

This young " limb of the law " may have a fly chance

To beat this Nick out of his inheritance.

Is Elihu, Heaven's Attorney, here?'

Elihu:

Here! if it please the Court, ready for work!

Satan:

And we will have enough to do ne'er fear.

Judge:

Then why waste words? Call in the talesman, clerk.

(aside)

By that set look in the Pagan's face I see

Satan must fight hard, or lose his property.

Clerk :

Fear!

Fear :

Here!

Satan :

Is your name *Fear*?

Fear :

It is my name.

Satan :

If't please the court I will accept the man;

Elihu :

Aye! Your Honor, we will accept the same.

Pagan :

But, if it please the Court, by Law's direction,
I do object to him!

Judge :

State your objection!

Pagan :

This same Fear is my client's enemy.

For him my client often hath exposed,

Warning mankind to shun his company;

And, knowing this, as well might be supposed,

He will stand prejudiced against my client,

And as a juror meet the Law defiant.

Judge :

The court sustains you for this once. Call on!

Clerk :

Liberty! Equality! Compassion!

Satan :

Your Honor, I object to this *last* one —

He, knowingly divideth mercy's ration

'Twixt law and weakness; siding with the weakest

E'en tho' they err, if they appear the meekest.

Now I am one who to the law will stick,
 And I do know Compassion here, of old;
 Know that he is unstable, conscience-quick,
 And easily won by words of painful mold.
 I want this jury *just* and law-abiding,
 Proof against honied words or caustic chiding.

Pagan :

Your Honor! If I may just here intrude—

Satan :

Nay! Interrupt me not 'til I am done!
 Grant me, Your Honor, this one boon: exclude
 Compassion now, and I am done. Thy son
 Is guilty sure, and would be glad, thou knowest,
 To e'en secure a jury of the lowest.

Pagan :

Your Honor!

Judge :

Proceed! If thou hast aught to say.

Pagan :

If't please the Court, do not exclude this man;
 Satan hath shown no cause so just it may
 Of right debar him from the jury's ban.
 Had he a *foe* to Law shown this Compassion,
 'T were well! But he's shown nothing of this fashion.

He only showed Compassion hath a heart—
 That he is pitiful, forgiving, kind,
 And with the weaker plays the nobler part.
 But where would he a better juror find,
 If sweet words win him? There's little chance for me
 Against this King of Cunning—of Subtlety!

Elihu:

If 't please the Court, sustain my colleague there,
 And oblige me; the Law must have its all.
 We must not yield too much in being fair,
 Or cheat friend Satan out of Ingersoll.
 Since Ingersoll made preachers pay for prancing,
 Why let him fee the Devil for his dancing.

Judge:

Compassion is excused. Sweet Clerk, call on!

Clerk:

Love! Virtue! Self-denial! Ignorance!

Pagan:

Your Honor! I object to the last one;
 Will reasons give, if you'll give me a chance.

Judge:

Shake out some reason just, and try and make it
 More solid than the shell from which you shake it.

Pagan:

Thanks (?) Of all who have my client villified,
 This Ignorance is chief! He went among
 The high and low, mighty and mean, and *lied*,
 And tried to bury Bob, "unwept, unsung."
 Of law and evidence he knows so little
 That Justice doth protest 'gainst his admittal.

If we admit this man —

Satan:

May't please the Court!

Pagan:

I have the floor just now —

Satan:

Which I will get!

Pagan:

But you will not, while Pagan holds the fort,
 Get anything, Sir Nick —

Satan:

I'll get you yet!

Pagan:

And if you do you'll let me go most gladly!

Satan:

Yes, I suppose you'd spoil the pottage badly.

Elihu:

Will the Court please sustain, or not sustain,
One of these de'ils and let the case proceed;
Let Ignorance go out, or in; 'tis plain
That neither Law nor Bob his aid do need.

We have seen enough of him to prove, withal,
He's foe to Law as well as Ingersoll!

And grievously hath he the Law misled,
By giving out for law what is not law;
And oftentimes to Truth Error did wed,
Producing offspring which no God e'er saw.
He always, for a saint, a sinner poses,
Making a million more mistakes than Moses.

Judge:

I see no reason why he should go out,—
Enter the jury, Ignorance. Call on!

Clerk:

Justice! Morality! Charity! Doubt!

Satan:

Your Honor! Charity's Compassion's son,
And having his father's failings, I object,
For he would hang the jury I suspect.

He, like his father, of't the law o'erstepped,
A foolish concience whim to satisfy;
And hath, in *bending* law, proved an adept,
E'en but to heed a starving harlot's cry.
No matter how vile is the beggar's station,
Charity always dealeth him a ration.

Pagan :

If't please the Court! A word! The seeming tart
 Wisdom of this learned devil hath no weight—
 Because a man hath pity in his heart,
 'Tho he hath seldom in the jury sate,
 Shall he be powerless to justice render?
 Shall we exclude him 'cause his heart is tender?

Judge :

Enough! Enough! The Pagan we sustain.
 Call on my gentle clerk—

Clerk :

Hypocrisy!—

Pagan :

If't please the Court, we do object again,
 And with the Court's consent, will willingly
 Substantiate the reasons we shall proffer
 Why he should not mete law to e'en a scoffer!

Judge :

Proceed!

Pagan :

This villian with a pious face,
 Has in his heart not one grand principle;
 Tho' he pretends to be endowed with grace,
 Thou know'st he stands 'fore grace invincible.
 He praised this Bob for being brave, defiant,
 Then spit upon the back of this, my client.

He, to the widow at times money gave,
 But from her son exacted it again;—
 He whispered to the cringing coward knave
 "Thou art the hero of this sphere mundane!"—
 He said unto the fool, with tongue dissembling,
 "All truth and wisdom's in thy balance trembling."

Beneath an honest cloak he robs his friends,
 And in the halls of Justice takes a bribe;
 Within Shame's gilded den he her defends,
 And with her at all decency doth gibe;
 But when he sitteth down at Virtue's table,
 He rails at Mistress Shame in manner able.

He has, with tearful eye and mourning face,
 Knelt by the victim of his treachery
 And sent petitions to thy throne of grace
 In her behalf — begging mercy of Thee
 For the poor, sinful, miserable creature
 That loved him once, but now pulseless in feature.

To those who knelt around he counsel gave,—
 In quavering tones, with awe-inspiring look,
 Told how the rocks and shoals beneath Life's wave
 Might be avoided, if they read thy book;
 But know, your Honor, the truth and pith of it:
 Himself hath never read one tith of it.

He fleeced the flock entrusted to his care —
 Despoiled the lambs, and to the shambles drove,
 Pretending to lead them to pastures fair,
 He led them to that sinful, shameful grove
 Where, over Virtue's verdure, evils showered,—
 Taint not the jury with this canting coward!

Sow, if you will, the cockle with the wheat—
 Grow worthless smut upon the tassling corn —
 Plant subtle poisons in the blossoms sweet,
 And in the human heart a caustic thorn —
 But in the name of gods — from Peace to Fury,
 Place not this slimy serpent in the jury.

Elihu:

If 't please the Court, the same boon do I crave,
 For I have seen enough of this vampire
 To want him out the jury — in his grave.
 He is a low, two-faced, dissembling liar,
 Who ever sides with those that are the strongest,
 Or they who work the least, and pray the longest!

I've seen him stand within God's holy house
 With face as honest-looking as the moon,
 Calling upon the moral folk to rouse,
 And help him battle the accursed' saloon,—
 I found him, after he'd dismissed the people,
 Dead drunk within the shadow of the steeple.

I have seen him, weak-kneed, two-faced poltroon,
 Hang round and boast of all his bravery,
 But when he walked, alone, home 'neath the moon,
 He walked in constant fear, lest each sound be
 The footstep of some ghost, or gnome, or demon,
 Seeking the form that ever felt Fear's tremor.

Judge:

Hypocrisy's dismissed. Call!

Clerk:

Reason! Time!

Elihu:

If 't please the Court, for once I do object!
 For he who lifts the low, sinks the sublime,
 And equalizes all, will, I expect,
 Hang every jury thro' the centuries all,
 Or, with high reverence, acquit Ingersoll.

For as the wheel of change ceasingly turned,
 Time made this Robert many friends indeed,
 And every day, to those whose friendship burned,
 Endear'd him more. His unbelieving creed
 Unto impassioned humanity did swell,
 And they "smothered with roses" this Infidel.

I want this jury just. No partisan
 Of his should be allowed to cheat the state.
 Your Honor knows that once thro'out the land
 Great congregations in God's churches sate,
 But as Robert came along with Time and Doubt,
 You remember how his preachers dwindled out.

They made apostates of his pious sons;
 His holy chalice drained; his temples razed,
 And in their stead erected pantheons,
 Wherein all sorts of deities were praised;
 Furnishing this Infidel with endless libel,
 Enabling him to contradict the Bible.

Pagan:

As far as I, your Honor, am concerned,
 I will admit the prosecution's plea;
 Feeling that ere Time all his leaves has turned,
 The world my client's innocence will see.
 Being so 'quit by Time 'fore lords and ladies,
 Sufficient is to cool the flame of Hades!

For what is sweeter than the sympathy
 And love of all the loving, human world?
 If shrined within the world's great heart he be,
 Why let a thousand gods their venom hurl!
 To him the love of man the gods' outreaches,
 And purer is than all the Bible teaches.

Some say that Time blots out the villain's shame,
 Humbles the mighty, and exalts the mean;
 I know he breaks the strange spell of a name,
 And from the weeds and stubble grain doth glean.
 He does not polish Wrong — he may forget him!
 But he does sanction weak *Right*, and abet him.

Judge:

He hath then prejudice, and must go out!
 Call yet another talesman.

Clerk:

Bigotry!

Pagan:

If 't please the Court!

Judge:

Nay, Pagan, do not spout

Let thy "unruly member" silent be.

For Bigotry is every dogma's layman;
 Attending Esther full as well as Haman.

Elihu:

If 'it please the Court, the time doth grow apace,
 And millions more for trial here do wait;
 To examine each witness on the case
 Would occupy the judgment-day till late.
 I think Pagan will offer no denial
 To simply a fair plea on this fair trial.

Satan:

Well, what if he object a thousand times?
 Is justice wooed by this vain Pagan's beck?
 Does his dominion cover Heaven's climes,
 And from the noose save every rascal's neck?
 No! The Court of Heaven hath arbitrary power,
 By virtue of its right, to rule the hour.

Pagan:

To *evade* law our purpose is not bent,
 The prosecution's motion we accept.
 Give us an hour's time and we're content,
 For in Mosaic law we've been often kept
 Deducing facts to Honesty's calm level,
 Comparing law of God with law of Devil.

As for Sir Nick, his logic is intense;
 Well may he uphold *arbitrary power!*
 He shows thereby more silliness than sense—
 A spirit which makes great men slink and cower.
 I came not here a challenger defiant,
 But to prove innocent an honest client.

Judge:

It is enough. An hour we will grant.
 The Court of Heaven stands adjourned till then.
 While we are wasting Time with wit and cant,
 We should be meting law to nobler men.

Peter:

Oyez! oyez! Know ye, saint and sinner,
 Court rests an hour for justice's sake—and dinner!

PART SECOND.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching unto those things which are before.—*Phillipians iii, 13.*

When Time upturned his hourglass again
To let the sands dole off another hour,
Scarce had the first grain fell when ope'd the door,
And entered jury, judge, and legal power.
Ingersoll walking with the "Man of Ferney,"
Satan — Peter — Pagan — and Heaven's attorney.

In ermine clad, the judge resumed his chair;
The jurors, sworn, entered the jury box.
Peter arose, surveys the crowd with care.
And then with gavel on the table knocks,
Commanding silence, "Court now resumes!" said he,
Then pales, as a cock's shrill crow comes o'er the lea.

Apostate Julian smiled, and Moses laughed,
John, the beloved, nudged Simon in the side;
Peter's spare fingers clutched his sabre haft,
He looked as though the cock had on him lied,
Then nervously sat down again and wriggled,
While all before the Court of Heaven giggled.

Iscariot and Arnold then came in;
Nick eyed them, scowled on Job, then turned his
head
And smiled on aspen Jael, who held the pin
That stilled Siser'a when his cohorts fled.
Wise Solomon to Ruth paid his addresses,
Smoothing with fingers fair her lovely tresses.

With manner staid His Honor then arose,
 And with a few well-chosen words did ask
 An armistice 'twixt partisans and foes,
 Bidding the prosecution 'gin his task.
 Elihu, Heaven's attorney, then began
 His plea for the prosecution. Thus it ran:—

ELIHU'S PLEA:

Gentlemen of the Jury:

Long ago

I plead a case 'gainst Job, as you all know.
 That plea shows plainly that I never draw
 My argument from *cunning*, but from *law*!
 And in this case, in which I've been employed,
 I'll offer naught but truth, pure, unalloyed.
 Tho' punishment alone will crime redress,
Right has no use for cunning or *finesse*.
 Believe me,

I shall deal in truth; let them
 That handle error practice stratagem!
 For we would rather lose case after case
 Than win a single one by methods base;
 Aye, rather have nine out of ten go free
 Than punish one that should not punished be.
 But, gentlemen, the prisoner at the bar
 Came from that nether sphere where passions are;
 Where Virtue in an empty bed doth sleep,
 Where Vice and Folly nightly vigils keep;
 Came from that orb where unbelieving Pride
 Hath, in its vanity, all truth denied.

Where Malice, with swelled lip and livid face,
 Bittered Life's cup for half the human race;
 Where Jealousy doth play his galling part,
 Filling with anguish deep the human heart;

Where Wickedness and Wealth, like courtesans,
 Allure with subtle kiss and velvet hands;
 Setting a snare that tangles and destroys,
 Lowers man's triumphs, and purloins his joys.

That globe where Sin sits monarch on his throne,
 Receiving homage from the millions prone;
 Where every virtue, every noble thought,
 Is, ere it springs divine, from conscience bought,
 And hid in darkness, like a miser's gold,
 Which lies unbought, unborrowed, in its hold
 Until its owner dies, and unknown heirs
 Seize it and give it to the world as theirs.

That planet where all mysteries lie dead;
 Where full-fledged atheism lifts its head;
 Iconoclasts essay to read the stars,
 And search beyond the circumambient bars.

Where men no longer kneel 'fore gilded shrines,
 And empty churches hide 'neath trailing vines
 That thro' the chancel windows twine and creep
 Unnoticed, while the great religions sleep!
 No more for them now ring the deep-tongued bells
 Their charming changes and their solemn swells.
 The crucifix and crosier reek with rust,
 The robes and books lay crumbling in the dust;
 The owl and bat rest on the altar rail,
 While o'er the pulpit drags the slimy snail;
 Unscared, the sluggish snake slips o'er the floor;
 A hand, in years forgotten, barred the door!

Ah, gentlemen, what wrought this mighty change?
 Whence came the frost that blighted this fair range?
 What creature interposed with ruthless hand,

And made the man a god — the god a man?
 Aye, revolutionized this nether sphere!
 'Twas *Heresy!* Behold! its priest is here!

That sinful zone of which I spake is his;
 Know ye, he helped to make it what it is.
 I simply said, *he helped*, but he did more
 To spread this unbelief from shore to shore;
 To swell and strengthen Atheism's band;
 To paralyze and gyve Religion's hand;
 To bring on creeds and faiths Destruction's rime;
 To save the scoffer and sink the sublime;
 To snare the clergy and their fair names smirch;
 To rear the dome of Doubt and raze the Church;
 To rent out Hades, and freeze Satan numb,
 Than any infidel in Christendom!
 Therefore he stands indicted.

I shall prove
 By that grand living law, which I do love,
 That he hath broken almost every clause
 Incorporated in the Ten Great Laws.
 If he break one, the Bible hath declared,
 That all are broken till they be repaired.*
 And as he never knelt in humble prayer,
 'Tis plain he never did the law repair.
 I stand upon the law that God hath given:
 No scoffer or law-breaker enters Heaven.
 That he is both:—

Here are his works as proofs!
 Works that from man were never held aloof:
 Here's an "Oration on the Gods;" he gave
 Out God a petty tyrant; man a slave;
 Here is the text with which his speech began:
 "An honest *god*'s the noblest work of man!"

* James ii, 10. Matt. v, 19.

That line itself is *Heresy!*

It brings

The Supreme Ruler after man-made things;
 That *man-made anythings* are *noblest* works,
 Is dogma even lower than yon Turk's.
 But does he cease with this one heresy?
 No! Almost every line is blasphemy!

He says our God was born of Hate and Fears;
 The nectar of this God is blood and tears.
 That he is cold and heartless as the grave,
 And out of every *ten* bare *one* will save;
 And that when martyrs die, to win his love,
 He sees them burn, but sits unmoved above.

He says our God, compared to other gods,
 Is like a grain of sand compared to clods—
 That other gods have proven greater powers—
 That other gods have reigned in sweeter bowers—
 That other gods have ruled and passed away—
 That our God, in time, will lose his sway—
 That all the priests and powers God ordained,
 Will perish soon, forgetting that they reigned.

He says: a god of Love would not command
 One son to devastate another's land;
 Would not instruct an army, on its raids,
 To spoil the wives and babes, and spare the maids
 A spoil unto themselves.

As much to say

That He who "giveth and taketh away"
 Dares not his fore-warned, sinful children slay,
 Even if they refuse him to obey.

But God gave those commands. He knoweth *why*;
 To question them alone is Heresy!

Nor does his blighting blasphemy end here:—
 He touches every point to Christians dear,
 And follows his "Oration on the Gods"
 With scores of others which the world applauds:
 "The Mistakes of Moses!" "Liberty!" "Hell!"
 "Skulls!" "Ghosts!" and others known fully as well.

He scouts the tale of Jonah and the whale—
 Says Jesus could not stop a common gale—
 Laughs Babel's language theory to scorn,
 Claiming that language constantly is born—
 That Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego
 Would wilt before a common candle glow!

That David was an amorous poltroon—
 That Joshua could not *e'en bay* a moon,
 Especially stop and back it, because
 The moon is ruled by changeless laws.
 He is a man wise in his *own* conceit,
 And with that wisdom led unwary feet.

The Law doth say, none such will Heaven rule,—
 Such have not e'en the chances of a fool.
 But he is here, bold, and with paleless face,
 And doth a trial seek with wanton grace.

He claims Pagan, his counselor, will prove
 His title to a mansion here above.
 But in my plea—so far as I have spake—
 I've shown you plainly he five laws did break;
 For he worshipped the memories of Voltaire,
 Shakespeare and Burns, and yonder quartette there:
 Goethe, Schlegel, Humboldt and Thomas Paine.
 These were the idols of his fertile brain.

Oft did he take God's holy name in vain,—
 Often did he the Sabbath day profane;
 Nor honored he his father, for you know
 His father preached "Christ crucified" below.

The *Sixth Law* reads "Thou shalt not kill!" It states
 Further, "He is a murderer who *hates*
 His brother, and shall lose eternal life"—
 Fall as twigs before the pruner's knife.
 That he broke the *Eighth*, *Ninth* and *Tenth*, this book
 Of great orations is a witness. Look!

His honied speeches, with their humor tart,
 Their oily logic, stole the world's great heart,
 Purloined from man many a prayerful hour,
 Pilfered the churches of their mighty power,
 Robbed the communicant of faith and hope,
 And e'en the vaults of mystery did ope
 And scattered their contents.

For many years
 He traversed thro' that "earthly vale of tears,"
 Where Christ, the Prince of Peace, was crucified,
 And bore *false witness, blasphemed, lied!*
 He called God's ministers ignoble knaves,
 Who strive to keep Humanity as slaves;
 Said they, as churchmen, throttled every truth,
 Poisoned with error every fount of youth,
 Clouded the heavens with phantom and gnome,
 And filled with fear the cradle and the tomb.

Sweet jurymen: We do a duty owe,
 Not to ourselves and law alone, but know
 There is another interested here,
Of whom the prisoner never had a fear,
To whom this brazen scoffer doth belong.

Then, if you value *Right*, do Nick no wrong.
That he by law is Nick's, you know full well;
Nor is it mete that I should longer dwell
Upon this case.

 You know the prisoner's crime
Hath not a parallel in all past time.
Life never lost a scoffer more astute,
Death ne'er obtained a more ungodly fruit;
Genius was never prostituted so,
Or logic woven from such looms of woe..

Never was irreligion so rampant,
Or well sustained by blasphemy and cant;
Never was the Supreme so rudely mocked,
Or faithful, trusting souls so greatly shocked;
Never did man do greater wrong than he —
The knight errant of infidelity!

Good sirs: I leave the case within your hands,
Certain it is the prisoner guilty stands;
And when you to the juryroom withdraw,
Render a verdict with regard to law,
Finding the prisoner guilty.

I thank you.

Elihu ceased. John Calvin's bloodless face
Gleamed for an instant with an hectic flush;
King David walked across the open space,
Magdalen smiled to see Bathsheba blush;
The Nazarene turned his compassionate eyes
Full upon Ingersoll, with pity and surprise.

Talmage and Beecher, like two loving pards,
 Sat deeply engaged in argument verbose;
 Mike McDonald took out a deck of cards
 But quickly put them back when Pagan rose.
 The faces of all again resumed content,
 And Pagan proceeded with his argument.

PAGAN'S PLEA.

Your Honor, Noble Jurors, Fellows, Friends!
 There is a point where ceremony ends,
 Where meaningless excuse is needed not.
 We will imagine we have reached that spot,
 And therefore offer none in our defense,
 But with our client's case at once commence.

Gentlemen: 'Tis true the prisoner came
 Here from that sphere Elihu clothes with shame;
 A great part of the same we will admit,
 Denying tho' that Bob helped fashion it,
 For we, who know him, know, had he such powers,
 He'd make the world a paradise of flowers.
 Know, if our under world should feel his sway,
 Its pyramids of Vice would melt away,
 Its vacant churches turn to nobler schools
 To educate the King and priests — sad fools.

Disease would hide its head beneath its wing,
 While health and happiness would soar and sing;
 Sweet flowers, fruits, and loving acts would grow
 Instead of thorns and thistles, weeds and woe.
 The bark of Life would never touch a shore,
 The Sphinx of Death would gaze on man no more.

In the abodes of men the birds would sing,
 Rejoicing with them in eternal spring.
 But Ingersoll hath never ruled it, hence
 The prosecution does not show good sense
 Imputing such a thing to this brave man,
 Who ever held a place in Virtue's van,—

Who never faltered in a cause for Right,
 Or lost his way in Error's gloomy night.
 But ah! He is the "*Priest of Heresy!*"
 So says the prosecution. Let me see!
 Of what does it consist? Is *truth* a crime?
 Should mankind strangle every tho't sublime?

Must these great tho'ts, that do the soul inspire,
 Tho' tuned, be silent as an untouched lyre?
 Or shall we voice them with melody fair,
 As when the lyre's notes enchant the air?
 Or shall we let Hypocrisy and Cant
 Jar, as a discord, in some mournful chant?

Suppose the small republic of the heart
 Differs in views from other ones apart,
 Who, with love for truth and right, could say
 Which of the two shall yield and which hold sway?
 There's but one monitor for such a test,
 And *it* abideth in the human breast:—

Conscience! 'Twill make the same reply to each,
 "Do good, hold sway, and practice what you preach!"
 This, by my client, was the law received,
 The only revelation he believed;
 For there was Brahm, Mahomet, Chrisna, Christ,
 Each with his own religion and device,—

Each with his morals, truths, philosophies,
 His principalities of pain and ease,
 His supercilious dogma, doctrine, doubt,
 Sanguine apostles, votaries devout,
 His paradise for faithful ones, his hells
 For heretics, apostates, infidels.

“Now which is right?” my client asked his breast,
 Then took this path diverging from the rest,
 Promulgating Love, Truth, and Liberty,—
 The prosecution terms this *Heresy!*
 Out of the tempest of chaotic creeds,
 Where Ignorance is robed and Reason bleeds;

Out of the midnight of Despair and Hate,
 Where Fear triumphant reigned and Malice sate;
 Where Agony, with long-drawn tears and prayers,
 Seeking rest, found more hideous nightmares,
 My client came; teaching what few had taught
 Before: A moral state which none had wrought.

Why, sirs, the histories of the world contain
 No greater evidence of greater brain;
 Their all-recording pages are not fraught
 With purer ideas or sweeter thought.
 Tho' the world has listened thousands of years,
 No nobler words have entered human ears.

Touching morality — honesty — truth —
 Cheering enfeebled age, directing youth,
 Heeding the widow's and the orphan's cry,
 And doing mankind good! Sirs, I defy
 The prosecution to show, if they can,
 A nobler, truer, gentler, braver man.

But Gentlemen Jurors, Elihu says
 My client broke the Laws in many ways;
 That he hath broken almost every clause
 Incorporated in the *Ten Great Laws*;
 And that if he brake *one*, the law declared
All to be broken 'til they be repaired.

The Bible sayeth: "There is not one man
 On earth that sinneth not!"*

Now, if the ban
 Of Sin doth cover humankind, why all
 Who with the Bible stand, must with it fall.
 Ah, no! The law he gave is modified,
 The sin was counted naught if man applied
 In time for pardon.

But to whom apply?
 The Bible gives the searcher this reply:
 "Touching the Almighty, what *is* He?"
 And furthermore, "What profit will it be
 To pray to Him?"†

In Elihu's great plea
 'Gainst Job on earth, this answer do we see:
 "Touching the Almighty, we *cannot find*
Him out!"‡

Within my client's lofty mind
 No doubt these strong expressions found a way,
 And why not they, as well as others, sway
 His bright ideas? And, admit this Doubt,
 Who, joined by Reason, weeded Error out,
 And founded a republic in his breast;
 Ask your own conscience, it will answer best
 This mystic riddle!

Let us turn, sweet friends,
 To other charges which this case attends,

* Eccl. vii, 20.

† Job xxi, 25.

‡ Job xxxvii, 23.

Of *broken laws*, observe that, first, three
 Rest, like the first charge, on uncertainty —
 “Touching the Almighty, we cannot find
 Him out!” Bear, please, that axiom in mind.

As to the *Fourth*, you know they have not shown
 By argument of their, or Robert's own
 Acts or orations, that he broke the day —
 The holy Sabbath, as the Great Laws say.
 As to the *Fifth*. He rendered honor due!
 How many, honest jurymen, of you
 Travel to-day the paths your fathers trod?
 Worship to-day your honest parents' god?
 I doubt if there is one in court can say,
 The views my father held are mine to-day!
 Nor need they, for their *honor* is not proved
 By worshipping the things our fathers loved.

Touching the *Sixth*. He killed no man, unless
 In war, to free the slaves from vile duress.
 Even admitting that the law so states
 As fact: “He is a murderer who hates
 His brother.”*

Robert hates no earthly man
 But *democrats*; he's a Republican;
 They cannot be his brethren; so you see
 He *cannot* hate his brethren. He is free
 From that vile charge.

The last remaining three —
 Read his orations, sirs, and if there be
 A single utterance, expression, word,
 Touching *one* of the three laws you have heard
 The prosecution claim my client broke,
 We'll drop this case and call it but a joke.

* I John iii, 16.

His honied speeches — Elihu doth say —
 Stole from fond Earth her mighty heart away;
 Pilfered from man many a prayerful hour,
 And blocked the churches from the path of power;
 Thereby committing this infamous crime
 That hath no parallel in all past time.

Who else can reason so? Where is the one
 Who, eagle-like, can stare the summer sun
 Until it blushes, or doth coyly quail?
 Where is the man can make the rose turn pale
 With trepidation? Or the oak's heart rend
 With tales of times when death and sorrow blend?
 We know not, gentlemen: but we can tell —
 E'en tho' we quaffed not from Nick's inky well
 A draught of subtleness — wherein this crime,
 Instead of being sin, has been *sublime!*

My client did not hold that the abyss
 Had fathomed been by him; but he said this:—
 Touching a future life we do not know;
 Nor can we solve the mystery of woe.
 We cannot stay Death's cruel, ruthless hands —
 Our feet must kiss the Lethe's silent sands.

Like threads wove in the loom of earthly grief,
 Within Death's web alone we find relief,
 At least from this, the present's load of woe.
 Beyond this pale *how can we see or know?*
 Why then, my client said, let Error die,
 Slay Superstition, and uncloud the sky.

Know ye, mankind remains, let the ghosts go;
 Hold Reason friend, and Ignorance a foe;
 Drive from the Eden of the human soul
 All that is fierce and wrong, mystic and dole;

Give Liberty to conscience, tongue, and brain;
 Send Superstition hence, let Justice reign;
 Be honest, noble, generous and brave;
 Love all mankind, and hold none as a slave;
 Then Death will have no sting.

This is the crime
 That hath no parallel in all past time.
 For *this*, Hell stands agape—the heathen rage—
 Elihu shrieks “Revenge!” Tho’ every page
 That teems with love and pity, tenderness
 And sweet compassion, offers him redress.
 For *this*, his charity is held as naught,
 His escutcheon, unsullied, bears a blot.
 Can you believe, sirs, that in Joy’s domain,
 Where long he labored, he should toil in vain?

Can you believe that Heaven’s pearly gate
 Can bar him out? That it should be his fate
 To dwell in Hades, infinitely damned,
 While Paradise with murderers is crammed?
 Is pain the recompense of charity?
 Bondage the lot of those who make men free?
 Is it a changeless, stern decree of Fate,
 To exile loving souls to realms of Hate?
 Are those who battle Sorrow, Want, and Fear,
 Furnishing fuel for this Satan here?
 I cannot believe it! I cannot think
 A loving God would such a vengeance drink.

Gentlemen, now we leave the case to you,
 Feeling that you will render justice true;
 We ask no pity for our client here,
 More than he showered on the nether sphere;
 Craving no fairer judgment than he gave,
 Ere Nature led him to the silent grave.

THANKS!

There was a silence deep within the court.
 But only for a moment did it dwell,
 For with an angry flush on his face swart,
 Satan arose and broke the dreamy spell,
 Saying: "If there is aught that you would give to me,
 Most honored judge, let me answer Pagan's plea.

"Tho' I am neither human nor divine,
 I only a few fleeting moments crave;
 I wish to speak, good sir, for what is mine,
 And has been ever since he found the grave!
 Give me a few minutes and I am content."
 The time was granted. So ran his argument:

SATAN'S PLEA.

Your Honor and Right Worthy Jurymen:
 No doubt my first appearance in the ken
 Of some of you, will fill your souls with awe;
 But I am come, sirs, to fulfill the Law,
 And only to the Law's extent will go —
 A friend to justice, but to fraud a foe.

This Ingersoll 's a fraud, and he is mine
 According to the law of God divine.
 We made a solemn compact and agreed
 That all who should refute the Christian creed,
 Or bodily the *Ten Great Laws* defy,
 Or bear false witness, worship idols, lie,
 Or swear by Holy Ghost, or Heaven, or earth,
 Profane the Sabbath day with work or mirth,
 Or tarry with and drink too much of wine,
 Should be my property. This Bob is mine!
 And, gentlemen, if I should lose *this* case,
 I'd lose my interest in the human race.

For if this Bob is not a guilty man,
 There ne'er was one since Christ succeeded Pan,—
 Since Brahmin priests inculcated the plot,
 Which warped the tenets that Gautama taught,—
 Since swart Mahomet triumphed o'er the cross
 Crushing the Crusader.

Why, sirs, my loss
 Would be a disgrace to Theocracy,
 Tending to foster a Democracy,
 That would, in time, upturn the throne of Him
 Who beat me out of Job, in ages dim.

If Bob *were* innocent, you might, quite well,
 Improve on Paradise and swindle Hell;
 But that he is guilty is so well known,
 Men question not.

Elihu hath shown
 With all the fairness honest men can ask,
 And plainly proved — for 't was an easy task —
 That the indicted prisoner at the bar
 Is guilty as indicted.

And so far
 As that vain Pagan is concerned —
 I would that he were ready to be burned —
 What *law* hath he bro't to support the case
 He now defends? Why, sirs, upon the face
 Of his own argument these facts are plain:
 There roved a pirate on Religion's main,
 A bolder craft no sea had ever borne,
 A barque that held all other barques in scorn,
 One that preyed bravely on the bravest fleet,
 And never paled before the battle's heat;
 Before which even bold Discussion quailed
 And slunk away defeated.

This ship sailed
 Fearless of God or man for many years;
 It heeded not man's pious prayers or tears,
 It asked no quarter and it offered none,
 But now? It rides within this port undone.
 Its black flag flaunts no longer in the breeze,
 And gone are its impious vanities.
 Where is the spirit now that once so free
 Impelled it on to triumph?

Can it be
 'The Giaour is conquered? Aye, and here he stands
 Begging sweet mercy at the monarch's hands.
 His hired counselor, with subtle speech,
 Pleads for the vessel stranded on the beach;
 'That it may furl its seeming snowy sail,
 And ride at anchor safely in the vale,—
 A pardoned vessel, with a pardoned crew,—
 Rejoicing.

Render now the justice due
 Me, as the party of the second part —
 So stated in said contract. Then my heart
 Leapeth with greater joy than I can tell,
 Joy that is deeper than the depth of—well,
 Of the ocean, incomparable and vast,
 Or of the sombre vale or mountain fast;
 Do so, for *justice's sake*, not mine alone.

Sweet sirs, how can *non-penitence* atone?
 Or Virtue labor when she hath no task?
 Or Mercy answer when no sinners ask?
 Or how can Honesty recline secure
 Within the heartless bosom of a Giaour?
 How can Love and Equality preside,
 When Poverty doth emulate with Pride?
 What can your verdict be? There is but one:
 "We find the prisoner — GUILTY!"

I am done!

CONCLUSION.

The judge arose and to the jury read
 His manifold instructions brief and just,
 And, closing with a clear, firm voice, he said,
 "To you we now resign this solemn trust.
 Withdraw to your room, review the argument,
 And find a verdict — *guilty or innocent.*"

Peter then led the jury from the box,
 Shakespeare, the immortal, arose and let
 McDonald have the chair beside John Knox;
 Mike pulled his purse and offered Knox a bet,
 Forty to one, that Bob would be acquitted,
 But Knox neither bet, denied, nor admitted.

Then Morrisey drew near and said, "Me bhoy,
 I'll be afther bettin' yees all ye loike;
 Here's a cool thousand; hould the tin, McCoy!"
 "Arrah! I'll niver bet wid yees," said Mike,
 "Ye played too foine a game in Seventy-Six,
 Declarin' all bets off! I knows yer tricks!"

At this moment Peter returned and said,
 "The jury claim that they cannot agree."
 Elihu looked at Nick and shook his head.
 "Say," said the judge, "they must speak definitely;
 His guilt they must either affirm or deny,
 We have not the time again this case to try."

But it was vain. The men could not agree;
 And, reprimanded, they were dismissed all.
 How they stood might still be a mystery,
 Had Ignorance not let this morsel fall:
 "Bigotry and I the jury hung," said he,
 "Because *we* believe Bob's Satan's property!"

* * * * *

This case sometime, somewhere, may be again
Tried in some court we know not of;
But, if 'tis Bob's request, the Pagan vain
Again will prove his never-dying love;
And with more knowledge and less affected grace,
Prove Robert fit for glory, and win the case.

L' ENVOI.

Reader, remember, this 's but a day-dream!
Nothing is here to scoff opinions true;
We merely show things as they to us seem,
Without meaning offense; and if they who
This epic read, find any *merit* in it
Worthy of their esteem, *why, let me win it!*

Miscellaneous

A FRAGMENT.

’Cross the street a maid is singing,
As she thumps the ivory keys.
Up the stairs the air comes laden
With the scent of boiling peas.

By my window leaves of maple
Ripple in the passing breeze,
Bearing on its unseen bosom
Fragrance of limburger cheese.

Loud the dusky crows are calling,
As they cross the normal leas.
In the yard beneath my window,
Mine host’s boys the “billy” tease.

While I’m thinking that the children
Had better mind their q’s and p’s,
I look out, my orbs of vision sight
Of holy horror sees.

For the boy with hair of auburn,
Who the “billy’s” neck would pat,
Lies a heap in yonder corner,
Knocked into a three-cocked hat.

THE POET'S DREAM.

The poet's nap is ended, love,
And this is what he dreamed:
The millenium had come. The dove
To its mate much fairer seemed.
The eagle sheathed his wicked claws,
And fed on berries rare.
The lion closed his mighty jaws,
And slumbered in his lair.

The fish-hawk noticed not the trout
That swam beneath its nest;
The wildfowl glided all about
The lakelet's placid breast.
The tiger lapped the crystal flood
That flowed by his retreat,
He'd lost his appetite for blood,
And water seemed more sweet.

There by the stream where breezes blow,
The meek-faced goddess, Peace,
Sat on her throne; a holy glow,
Bright as the "golden fleece,"
Shone down upon her, making all
Feel animated love
Break thro' the heart's steel-seeming wall,
Bright as the stars above.

And in the grove, where Love, when born,
 First touched the human heart,
 There rose a song sweet as the morn —
 “Peace never shall depart!
 Sorrow shall fade, and Joy return
 With Peace to reign again!
 The human heart with love shall burn,
 And swell the sweet refrain!

“Ring out the Old! ring in the New!
 Let every heart be glad!
 The thoughts ye think, the deeds ye do,
 Shall never more be sad.
 The hopes ye have, the joys ye lack,
 Shall be fulfilled in time;
 He who on Error turned his back,
 Shall gaze on Truth sublime!

Friendship shall live! That potent spell
 That first charms those we meet,
 And holds them fast till Love doth tell
 The story old, but sweet.
 And when the secret once is told,
 The sacred office filled,
 The hearts of gentle and of bold,
 Forevermore are thrilled.

But Hate shall die a pangless death,
 Altho' it wronged mankind,
 And breathed its thrice-accursed breath
 Within the noblest mind.
 And tho' it comes within our reach
 This wicked thing to end,
 Yet one and all should nobly teach
 Pity to foe and friend.

Compassion, like yon beauteous star
 That shines divinely there,
 Shall outstretch Orient's distant bar,
 And shame Revenge's snare.
 And Love and Law and Light shall beam,
 And save from tyrants' yoke
 The weak—" Alas! I did but dream,
 And dreaming, I awoke.

NORMAL, ILL., Aug. 22, 1883.

TO EMMA ETTER.

Composed at the request of a friend for his sweetheart.

A true republic was my mind,
 No tyrant monarch here held sway;
 Here liberty could ever find
 A refuge, and within it stay.
 But this proud freedom felt a fetter
 When first I met thee, Emma Etter.

Surpassing one! How thy dark eyes
 Have pierced the fortress of my heart;
 Fain would I barter Paradise,
 Trade Heaven in the unknown mart,
 For one sweet maid that I love better—
 That maid is thee, sweet Emma Etter.

Bright are the silvery stars of night,
 But thine eyes have a brighter sheen.
 Soft are the tints of morning light,
 But softer tints mine eyes have seen
 On thy cheeks blended—my heart's debtor,
 E'er since I met thee, Emma Etter.

Strong was the fortress of my heart,
 I thought its adamantine walls
 Beyond the reach of Cupid's dart—
 Yea! further stretched than Tara's halls!
 But when Love's princess came, I met her—
 How my heart trembled—Emma Etter.

Yet still I bade my troops be brave,
 I thought this modern Jean D'Arc
 Would never in defiance wave
 Her vict'rous pennon as a mark
 Of my defeat. Now I know better,
 For I am vanquished, Emma Etter.

I am thy prisoner, lady fair,
 Maimed by a love-dart from thy eyes;
 Now, with thy beaut'ous raven hair,
 Bind me, my love, Prometheus-wise.
 Bind me! I will not strain the fetter
 To break from thee, sweet Emma Etter!

P. S. —Forgive me, Emma, lady sweet!
 This seeming boldness on my part;
 But in these lines thine eye will greet
 The open secret of my heart.
 I tremble lest thou 'lt think me debtor
 To thy resentment, Emma Etter!

THE PAGAN'S PRAYER.

Infinite Universe — my God — Ideal!

In this zone where all speech is free, I dare
Kneel reverently and offer my appeal —

List, then, unto Pagan's poetic prayer:

Thou God, whose form fills all immensity,

Whose laws do hold in space each wheeling sphere,
Come! Shed truth and light with all intensity,

And drive away from earth Error and Fear!

From the face of this free, yet shackled land,

Dispel the mists of superstitions low!

And in return bring Love and Joy so grand —

Let Honor hand in hand with Virtue go!

Let Freedom and Fraternity entwine

Around this world where Life and Death are kings!

Teach man to live and have a life divine,

Pure and untainted as the crystal springs!

We feel that all the joys of life that be,

Or are to be given unto mortal man,

Insist that he shall have a conscience free,

And strive to be magnanimous and grand!

Teach man to think, investigate, and turn
Unheeding from the bigot's blighting curse,
To where the bright Promethean flame doth burn,
Where man can worship God — the Universe!

Thro' all the countless ages of the past,
There were a few who recognized thy right,
And in defence of love and law stood fast
Thro' Error's darkness unto Reason's light!

They felt the fagot's flame when Bruno died,
When Torquemada ruled with cursed spell!
“*Die, Heretics!*” the bloody priesthood cried,
And branded on their foreheads — INFIDEL!

But now, to-day, priests cannot shackle tho't,
They cannot close the avenues of Truth;
For now, thy precious principles are taught,
And man has doffed the scanty cloak of youth!

Take now from Life the curse, from Death the sting,
Man should be fearless even to the end!
Then Freedom, Love, and Law thy praise will sing,
“And all the glory will be thine!” — AMEN!

VOLTAIRE'S SOLILOQUY.

What God created this wheeling sphere,
And guides it thro' infinite space?
Sails he on the Christian's sea of fear,
A corsair to the human race;
Plundering Happiness — Liberty — Love —
A pirate in purple ruling above?

Builed on what is this Nero's throne?
How wide is this tyrant's domain?
Has his bloody crown, his kingly zone,
Been forged from a heretic's chain?
Do the flames that around the martyrs rise,
Waft such a sweet incense up to the skies?

I see his church as a man-of-war,
Lo! its black flag flaunts in the breeze;
The chalice is filled with martyr's gore;
Did an honest God sanction these?
And that Reason should be so long defied,
While the honest millions suffered and died?

Science and Reason I see dethroned,
And Mercy and Honor down trod,
Where the dying philosopher groaned
The priests thanked a merciful God!
I heard the appeal from their lips that fell:
"Curse him, O God! Heretic! Infidel!"

Agony's sweat, like the dew's of Death,
 Gathers in huge drops on his brow;
 Back falls his head, he gasps for breath,
 Loosed is the rack of torture now!
 O'er the death-paling face the priesthood gloat,
 In the name of Mercy they cut his throat.

I see Superstition hold the wand
 Over every nation, caste, and race;
 Before gods and ghosts the people fawn
 And kneel with blanched and tearful face;
 While the clergy, bearing Injustice's smirch,
 Rob the ignorant to support the church!

What cursed idea snared man's heart,
 And clothed with knavery his brain,
 That loving hearts should be torn apart,
 Each doomed to wear a felon's chain?
 Has a god of Love created a Hades
 For the punishment of babes and ladies?

Liberty! Thou pleasing, happy thought!
 Only a few more weary years
 And then will thy priceless gems be brought
 To free mankind from creeds and fears!
 Governed by Love and Law, the human race
 Will tear the cowl from Hypocrisy's face.

Slowly, surely, as the gentle dawn,
 Freedom of Thought is now nearing!
 On the face of Humanity wan
 The crimson of Joy is appearing!
 Of Love soon will the millenium be,
 And man will be really, truly free!

A DRINKING SONG.

Dedicated to "The Shyster Club."

Come gather, boys, around the board,
Fill up your glasses to the brim;
King Bacchus is a jovial lord,
So let us drink the health of him!
Then fill ye up
The drinking cup,
Pass one around to me!
Here's joy to those
Who wear plain clothes —
Kind-hearted, jovial, free!

Here's to the gallant volunteers!
And to the boys that sailed the seas;
Here's to the braves who held no fears
Of Southern guns and cruelties.
Then fill ye up
The drinking cup!
Drown in sparkling wine
All sorrow's tears,
All griefs and fears,
That Death has made divine!

America, our country dear,
 We stand beneath thy glorious flags!
 And even with our winecups here,
 We hurl disdain on foreign rags!
 Then fill ye up
 The drinking cup,
 Pass one around to me;
 Here's to the boys
 Who feared no noise,
 And made our banner free!

Here's to the good old pedagogue,
 Who never left us in a lurch;
 Who never dealt in sweetened grog,
 But often dealt in stinging birch.
 Then fill ye up
 The drinking cup,
 Drink ye long and deep!
 We won't go home
 While the pale moon
 And stars their vigils keep.

Here's to our parents dear and old,
 Who spanked us many dozen times;
 Whose hearts have never yet grown cold,
 Altho' we've roamed in foreign climes.
 Then fill ye up
 The drinking cup,
 Pass one around to me!
 Here's to our Pa's,
 Our dearest Ma's.
 May their lives endless be!

"Money is king!" all men agree,
 But in our hearts a woman reigns,
 And we with them can happy be,
 For true love eases tyrants' chains.
 Then fill ye up
 The drinking cup,
 Pledge with ruby wine!
 Here's to the girls
 With bangs or curls,
 May one of them be mine!

Here's to the babe whose nightly yell
 Chills all the marrow in our bones;
 Here's to "mine host," whose breakfast bell
 Awakens us with pleasant tones.
 Then fill ye up
 The drinking cup,
 Pass one around to me;
 Here's to "mine host,"
 Who loves us most
 When we don't come to spree.

Here's to the rich! here's to the poor!
 Here's to the high! here's to the low!
 Here's to the man who'll *kill* or *cure*!*
 And here's to crime's relentless foe!†
 Then fill ye up
 The drinking cup,
 Drink in ruby wine!
 Who loves *man* most,
 Will drink this toast,
 And sing, "All hail the vine!"

ADDRESS TO THE SWORD.

On awakening and perceiving a sword standing in the corner of my bedroom at
Moses Eckerd's, Topeka, Ill., July 16, 1882.

O, thou grim, silent symbol of war,
That I gaze upon with drowsy eye,
Art thou the mighty excaliber
That has triumphed where the eagles fly?
What knight has borne thee in the savage fray,
And with thee courageously hewn his way?

Thou, the Nation's last-sought arbiter!
Reveling in blood on battle's field,
Glimmering where tumultuous War
Hath shivered the lance and crushed the shield,
Where the fierce musketry and cannon peal,
"Where men are iron, with nerves of steel!"

List! I will "a tale unfold" to you:
A hero hath grasped thy jeweled hilt,
A son of Freedom who dared to do
And die,— thus cleansing a nation's guilt.
A nation that boasted of being free,
Tho' holding four millions in slavery.

A Hector burnished thee in his tent,
 A Bayard wielded ye in the charge
 Where Liberty's sons in battle rent
 And shivered Secession's sullied targe.
 Now high ye rose, o'er the battle gleaming,
 Now flashed, and a foeman's blood fell streaming.

Once ye were grasped by a son of Mars
 Who, in the humid midnight, bore ye;
 Brightly ye flashed, mocking the stars,
 As from thy sheath he rudely tore thee;
 On the foe he leapt, with heart swelling big,
 And in the darkness he murdered — *a pig!*

Aye! Ye need not smile; the truth I tell,
 For ridicule oft flows with pathos;
 Strange things occur often, you know well
 Oft shines the moon as yet the day glows.
 Fierce fights the sun, tiny clouds obscure it,
 When mortal or beast could not endure it.

But with my tale! Thou'st endless kinship,—
 Great Caesar heard thy scabbard rattle,
 And often bore ye on his broad hip,
 Or swung ye fiercely in the battle;
 And with thy influence, lacking pity,
 Immortalized the Eternal City.

The eyes of Cleopatra filled ye
 As from Marc Antony's girt ye swung,
 How oft her gentle touch hath thrilled ye,
 As round his brawny neck she clung,
 And heard him say, "Be thou true to me,
 For I would *win* as well as *woo* thee!"

Thus, while being idle, ye, alas,
 Defended not his kingdom mortal;
 And ere three times the seasons pass,
 The foe hath entered in its portal;
 And while thy kinsmen stern betray him,
 Ye guard his flight, then coldly slay him!

Now tightly are ye gripped by Vandal,
 Ye do his bidding and are not loath,
 Or here, art resting on the sandal
 Of some sleeping, dreaming Visigoth.
 Here Timour wields thy scimeter brother,
 And heartlessly thou break'st another.

Al Koran's law, by swart Mohamet
 And thy assistance, made felt its thrall;
 And — Hark! Whose voice runs up the gamut?
 "Breakfast's ready!" — the women call.
 Friend Sword, of thy deeds no more can I say,
 For after breakfast I have to make hay.

EPITAPH FOR GUTEAU.

A fool assassin rests 'neath this sod,
 Then spurn it, gentlemen and ladies;
 His trust and prayer went up to God,
 His dust and soul went down to Hades.

LINES.

Composed upon my twentieth birthday, Oct. 1. 1881.

'Thrice welcome! anniversary of joy.
Right glad am I tho' still a boy,
 That I grew older as the world revolved.
'Thankful am I that my score
Was in America, yea, more,
 Until death shall be they I am resolved.

Freedom stood here fierce battle's brunt;
Here "lipless famine laughed at want,"
 And filled unknown sunken graves,
With gallant transcendent volunteers,
While a nation wept sad solemn tears
 On the death-pall of ennobled braves.

This is the only government of the free,
And could all creatures in it be
 For more than twenty fleeting years,
I would that from their day of birth,
All would see ninety years of mirth,
 Of love, and joy, but no heartfelt tears.

But let the world move on for aye,
And let not darkness, nor the light of day,
 Retard us in a deed or act of right.
Be just in all the seasons of the year,
When winter months, so cold and drear,
 Enrobe the earth in vesture white.

When reapers sing 'mid gathered sheaves;
 When Nature paints the autumn leaves;
 When King Frost's keen and withering breath
 Passes over the twigs and flowers,
 Slaying the leafy shades and bowers,
 Covering the earth with the cowl of death.

Life's but a wilderness of love and hate;
 We meet and wed, but seldom mate,
 Yet pass away, as all things must
 Pass from life, from loved endowed,
 From mem'ries gentle as a summer cloud,
 To voiceless silence and pathetic dust.

BISHOP, ILL.

TO LOVELY L——.

I sing of lovely L—— to-night,
 But she, I fear, at this late hour,
 Dreams of me only. Her delight
 Is but to find me in her power.
 It is mine, too. That power is arms,
 Loving and warm, whiter than snow,
 Which embrace me with subtle charms,
 Lifting me heavenward from below.
 No evil thinks, sweet L——, tho' blamed
 Of vile misdeeds by viler lips.
 Tho' I'm no saint, I'd be ashamed
 To crave the bud base passion nips.
 But loving with life's love every hour,
 And being so loved is more than power.

LAKE SHORE, ILL., Oct. 27, 1883.

ODE TO "OLD BALDY."

Baldy, you're getting old in years,
Time has *you* by the forelock,
And will you take, despite our tears,
Where brutal clubs no more knock.
You've been, I ween, as grand a steed
As ever mankind treasured;
Your faithfulness, so like your feed,
Was oft'times poorly measured.

Down in the bottom, by the spring,
We heard your deep, low neighing;
Then to our mem'ry tho't would bring
Your vague intent of staying.
Tho' you were not á soldier fine,
Nor yet heard cannon rattle,
You've fought along the picket line,
And brunted many a battle.

You had your faults, full well I know,
We might pull till leadstraps sever,
His Innocence, the mule, *would* go,
But you'd stand fast forever!
Space will not let me here narrate
Your months of joy and sorrow,
When Jim, with you would cultivate,
Or John would plow or harrow.

But, bald-faced Judas, I'll forgive,
As o'er you with comb I go;
Oh, may you, ransomed sinner, live,
And remain our weal and —WHO A!!

ÆSTHETIC OSCAR.

Dedicated to His Lunacy, Oscar Wilde.

O hail him, Prince of the ah!— æsthete,
O crown him king of the sweet too-too!
O soak his soft head and bathe his feet,
And give him a drink of sunflower dew.
His love for the beautiful makes him mutter,
“I’m the ideal of the utterly-utter!”

O hang your hat on his long, long chin!
O pull his jacket down to his knee!
His pants are so short, his limbs so thin,
That a school-boy’s pants would make him three!
Ah! But you know he’s so utterly too,
So we’ll coronate him with a gilt horse-shoe.

His sceptre shall be a sunflower stalk,
His banquet shall be of sunflower seed,
Sunflower petals and sunflower hock,
With a thimblefull of strychnine mead.
And to make him a little more ah!— æsthete,
With a mustard plaster half-sole his feet.

O, Sullivan, break his long jawbone!
O, Ryan, hit him a sweet, sweet whack!
Down by the sea where the sad waves moan,
Let him sit down on a carpet tack.
Ah! yes, he’ll rise higher than noonday’s sun,
’Til ether and he are blended in one.

O send him back to Ultima Thule,
 Or silence for aye his wide, wide mouth;
 O get him kicked by a "Kaintuck muley,"
 That will knock him galley east or south.
 We wish to befriend you, sweet æsthete child,
 For we love you distractedly, "Hoss-car" Wilde.

O too, too utterly Oscar Wilde!
 In United States you'll find some fools
 Who admire your ways, æsthetic child,
 And over the sunflower sickly drools.
 You can easily make money from such as those,
 By rubbing the sunflower under their nose.

FISHOP, ILL., March 8, 1882.

TO A DIVINE (?).

What were eternity, false priest,
 If half thy canting words be true?
 I'd rather die like any beast,
 Than enter Paradise with you!
 Think of the woman wronged and left
 With the young fruit of thy false love;
 Her heart broken; her life bereft.
 Rev'rend! If Justice reigns above,
 May you — I'm praying — get your dues!
 May in turn taste the bitter bowls
 Which Fate fills for those who abuse
 The confidence of trusting souls.
 For how could Mercy mete your groaning,
 When she but sees thy victim moaning?

THE SHERMAN SOCIETY.

Standing serene on a sandy height,
Is a little school-house surnamed "Trout's,"
Where rising statesmen, on Friday nights,
Meet in debate and political bouts.
Here youth and beauty attention lend
When low-keyed speakers have the floor.
Knowledge and eloquence, sometimes, blend,
And doubly proud is the conqueror.

Joy is a wealth not hard to secure;
Its bounteous streams flow free for all.
They who lack it are very poor,
For torrents upon the meanest fall.
For pleasure we meet in this little house,
Regardless of mud or roads unknown:—
Girls afraid of a "horrid mouse,"
Boys afraid to go home — alone.

We meet to wile the fleeting hours,
With noble aim and purpose grand;
We meet to deck life's path with flowers,
And stand in friendship, hand in hand.
Still may the streams of knowledge pour.
For some may have a nation's trust,
Or may lead hosts on fields of gore,
Before they pass to voiceless dust.

COMMEND ME.

Commend me to the boy who tries
To make this life a blessing,
And lights with love his parents' eyes,
Their fondest hopes expressing.

Commend me to the man whose hand
Is strong on war-plains gory;
Who weds a woman pure and grand,
And crowns his life with glory.

Commend me to the winning lass
Whose riches are her graces;
For she disdains with those to pass,
Whose wealth is naught but faces.

I see a maid with temper mild,
Devoid of choleric passion;
Who scorns not rude misfortune's child,
Nor trades her brains for fashion.

Commend me to that maiden fair —
Mine eyes see none above her —
I know no jewel half so rare,
Because, you see, I love her!

Commend me to that couple old,
 Who braved life's wintry weather;
 Who shared each other's love and gold,
 And crossed Death's stream together.

Commend me to the gay buffoon,
 Who lacks of *merit* more than *wit*,
 Rather than to that artless loon,
 That two-faced canting hypocrite!

Commend me to the foe who pays
 Me measure back for measure;
 And likewise to the friend who says,
 "My purse is at your pleasure."

Commend me to the friend who loans
 When I am forced to borrow,
 Who does not say, in doubtful tones,
 "I'll see, come back to-morrow!"

Like Job, I one time had three friends,
 And they, sweet friends, had money;
 Says I, "Help me to unite ends."
 Says they, "*Not muchly, sonny!*"

While Fortune my few wants supplied,
 They hovered near — bald eagles;
 But when I needed them they sighed,
 And slunk away like beagles.

Fate! give me sickness, hatred, pain,
 Rather than they, diurnal!
 And should these friends join Heaven's train,
 Give me Hades eternal!

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

Written upon the fly-leaf of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty."

Onward its steps doth Progress trace,
Priests cannot hold it fast!
The fear that ruled the human race,
Must abdicate at last.
For progress hath given unto man
The alchemy of might,
So now he may extract a plan
To lead the world aright.

The clay hovel it turned to brick,
Walled beautiful and high;
And reared on pillars high and thick,
A dome that reached the sky.
It took the beggar's ragged gown,
Turned it to silken cloth;
It tore the thrones of kingcraft down,
And spilled the witches' broth.

Nature's forces it bound as slaves—
They turn a million wheels;
Plows, with her steamships, ocean waves,
'Til all ports grate their keels.
Confined the lightning's spark in wire,
Brought the two worlds to face;
Drew the crude metals from the fire,
Fashioned in beauteous grace.

Silenced the war-cry of the Hun,
 Subdued the Islam vain,
 O'ercame the haughty Saracen,
 Expelled the Moor from Spain.
 Entombed that teacher of Pity
 Who "gave all Asia light;"
 And o'er the Eternal City
 Followed the eagle's flight.

Lo! the Grecian walls it lowered,
 And o'er them foul weeds grow.
 The Romanized Britons cowered
 When Northmen left their snow.
 But now? They stand as masters strong,
 The Norse kings roam no more,
 Their unmarked graves are scattered 'long
 The Scandinavian shore.

This is the light — the dark side see:
 Behold how near the same
 Is the pinched face of Poverty,
 Still wearing pale Want's maim.
 In yonder palace's shadow there
 An orphan froze to death;
 The breeze that winds yon attic stair,
 Clogs a limp widow's breath.

The men with muck rakes toil on still,
 The crown they do not see.
 Wealth doth again her coffers fill,
 And sneers at Charity.
 Why is it, tho' advancing wealth
 On every side we see,
 That men are robbed of joy and health
 By Want — by Poverty?

Ahriman fights with Ormuzd still,
 The Viking braves the snows,
 And on the Greatheart's armor chill,
 Still ring the clanging blows.
 Upon Osiris Typhoon scowls,
 The Visigoth still wars,
 And day and night the Vandal prowls
 Where Roundheads nurse their scars.

LAKE SHORE, ILL., May 10, 1883.

LINES TO MY COUSIN, MISS F. J. K.

Live forever, gay jovial coz!
 Attended by Virtue and Love;
 For every queen that is, or was,
 Without them would nothing prove.
 A woman sublime and truly grand,
 Gives wealth to him who receives her hand.

Coz, be noble and grand to-day,
 For *to-day* reaches unto Death.
 Let Scorn and Slander have their say,
 They are only wasting their breath;
 For Calumny cannot stain the gem
 That decks a virtuous diadem!

The *present* alone is the field
 In which all our battles are fought;
 A pure heart, like an iron steel.
 All perils and dangers will fraught.
 And true happiness will reign supreme,
 As free from dross as the sunny beam.

TEHERAN, ILL., June 23, 1882.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

The eve 'fore "Stonewall" Jackson died,
When murd'rous cannon thundered,
Bold Keenan rode, while by his side
Galopped his brave three hundred.
Some one shouted
"Howard is routed!"
Confusion reigned as fierce they fought;
"Left battery, here!
Fire! to the rear!
Pass your pieces! March forward! Trot!

The frightened bugler caught the word
"Trot!" and sounded it the more;
Naught else but Babel then was heard,
As on came Jackson's massive corps,
Trampling the dying,
Scourging the flying,
And Sickles was yet a mile away;
While coming nearer,
Distincter, clearer,
They heard the wild rebel "*hooray!*"

Beyond the woods the sun had set,
 But thro' them, in the thickening gloom,
 Stonewall's fierce troops came faster yet,
 Elated at the "Northeners" doom.
 Yankees surrounded!
 Chaos confounded!
 "Beneath the war-clouds rolling dun."
 Now in the twilight,
 Brunting the fierce fight,
 Up to the front rode Pleasanton.

Still onward rushed the fierce platoons,
 Proclaiming "victory!" every yell.
 There was Keenan with his dragoons!
 Were they Winkelreids? Who can tell?
 "Those pieces align!
 O, for some time!"
 Would brave Keenan get it — *or die?*
 "*Forward!*" he thundered.
 Gallant Three Hundred,
 At twenty thousand throats they fly!

Stonewall faltered — "In heaven's name,"
 He said, "What by that charge is meant?"
 But when no more bold riders came,
 Keenan died with his regiment.
 Altho' they were slain,
 They died not in vain,
 For *time* was gained as down they rode.
 Noble Three Hundred!
 Pleasanton thundered,
 "Fix, prolong, with canister *load!*"

Stonewall Jackson's legion quailed
 Before the sirocco of death
 That from the Union cannon hailed,
 Hotter than Hades fabled breath.
 Then loud rose a yell,
 And glad the news fell,
 Sickles had come with his brave corps;
 Loud our guns thundered,
 But the Three Hundred
 Had fallen, to rise never more!

There lay dead the brave Three Hundred —
 Lay like harvest's scattered sheaves.
 They simply *died* — nobody blundered —
 Their lifeblood stained the withered leaves.
 Praise men like these,
 Who stood as trees.
 When the woodman lays the ax on.
 Soldiers wondered
 How three hundred
 Checked the brave, intrepid Jackson.

BISHOP, LL., April 13, 1882.

AUTOGRAPH.

The heart's a little thing 'tis true,
 And may be light; but others weeping,
 And low on bended knees will sue —
 "Fair lady, trust it to my keeping!"
 But have a care for suitors clever,
 For one regret may last — *Forever!*

INCOGNITO.

I left my home on a wintry morn,
Of wealth and knowledge was I in quest;
I roughed my way toward the setting sun —
To the great broad prairies of the west.
Of coin I had little; friends were few;
“A bum,” all styled me, small and gritty;
By my appearance every one knew
That I was a stranger in the city.

All along the line I beat my way,
And slept at night on box-car floors;
Securing, sometimes, one meal per day,
For I wouldn't beg at farmhouse doors,—
For Yanks were not born to *beg* for bread,
Nor were they born to sue for pity,—
Nor in supplication bow my head,
When I was a stranger in the city.

Caring but little for snow or sleet,
And praying for neither good nor ill,
I traveled with footsore, weary feet,
Till I reached the town of Centreville.
Into the depot I bent my way,
A tired, rain-soaked, youthful Chitty,
With brazen cheek took a calm survey,
For I was a stranger in the city.

I dried my clothes, and the marshal sought,
 And hunted long ere I found him.
 But I found him, and at once I thought
 He'd a *marshal* cloak around him.
 Down town we went, and he turned me loose,—
 Don't imagine I'll say something witty,—
 For he turned me loose in the calaboose,
 Lo! I was a stranger in the city.

The following morn he sent his son,
 Inviting me to his breakfast board;
 Amazed, I queried, "Why does this one,
 Who knows me not, treat me as a lord?"
 Ah! he was a man noble and true,
 Whose heart was easily turned to pity
 For his fellow creatures, and he knew
 That I was a stranger in the city.

Yes, I *was* strange, and he took me in
 And treated me as a friend and brother,
 For he had in similar cases been,
 Away from dearest home and mother.
 We called on a friend during the day,
 Whose daughters were charming and witty,
 And *they* insisted that I should stay,
 For I was a stranger in the city.

I stayed, and saw Cupid's arrow pass,
 And sever two warm young hearts in twain:
 My own, and that of a blue-eyed lass
 That I ne'er expect to see again.
 I hope that virtue may adorn her,
 Who gave to me her love and pity.
 I'll own it:—I loved Allie Horner—
 When I was a stranger in the city.

And of the *man* who befriended me
 When I was friendless, hungry, and cold,
 With him may Father Time lenient be.
 But ah! his name I have not yet told.
 He lives in Centreville, County Wayne,
 Indiana. This ends my ditty;
 Archibald Lytle was my friend's name,
 And *I*, am

A STRANGER IN THE CITY.

BISHOP, ILL., March 7, 1882.

“BOB INGERSOLL.”

Who is this man, “Bob Ingersoll,”
 About whom we so often read?
 Is he the man whose motives all
 Are bent in tireless, grasping greed?
 Is 't he who robbed Manhattan Bank?
 Or has he slain a fellow creature?
 Or played the guileless shepherd's prank,
 And fed the ewe lambs *a la Beecher*?

No! He is a friend to all the poor,
 And renders aid with lavish hand.
 He wants a government secure,
 Love and Free Thought thro'out the land.
 He says “There is no might but Right,”
 And “Man should have a conscience free.”
 He wants “a creed to stand the light.”
 A *meaner* man ne'er was! D'ye see?

BISHOP, ILL., March 8, 1882.

PLEA FOR THE VEST.

My mission is to teach you the art of "In and Out-door Decoration," to dress æsthetically in blouse and knee-breeches, and doff that superfluous garment — the Vest.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Ah! you'll cabbage my vest, will you, Wilde?
What ideas are housed by you cranks!
My — my — vest, you sad æsthetic child;
No, I'll hang to my garment, Os; thanks!
Throw my broad-brimmed gray hat in the fire;
Take my shoes along with the rest;
Yea, embezzle my wardrobe entire,
But leave, oh! leave me the Vest!

That vest was the pride of my childhood,
When first I donned male garb. I s'pose
(O, whisper it, Os, in the Wilde-wood)
'Twas made of my father's old clo'es.
'Twas mate to a pair of jean breeches,
That hang in the clothes cupboard there;
Nine hundred and ninety-nine stitches
Completed this second-hand pair.

It is the prop of my life, æsthete!
Around it fond memory clings;
Far more useful to me than my feet,
A storehouse for ninety-nine things.
See! It fathers my watch-chain so nice,
My toothpick, toothbrush, and cigar;
A card with mysterious device,
Lo! "Good for ten cents at the bar."

You'll find in my left lower pocket,
 To my heart the next nearest place,
 A handsome wee cameo locket,
 Containing my early love's face;
 And encircling it is a ringlet
 That I plucked from her auburn hair.
 Take, Oscar, take the dear thing — let,
 But my vest, Wilde Englishman, spare.

I know you have big money, Colonel,
 And gall to make up for the rest,
 But, as Jackson says, "By the eternal!"
 You're left when you tackle the vest!
 I've no doubt but you think you are right,
 But I know very well you are *left*,
 And you'll find ere the close of the fight,
 The vest is too dreadfully heft.

In private, Os, a word with you, please,
 I have some advice to bestow:
 Go, corner a limburger cheese —
 There's *strength* in the cheese you well know.
 Many skippers are there in their might,
 And they are more harmful than these;
 'Tis the strong, not the weak, you should fight;
 Drop the vest, Os, and go for the cheese!

O Oscar, sweet æsthetic donkey,
 Let up on the vest scheme, I pray!
 Your Darwin's sad tale of the monkey,
 Is sadness enough for a day.
 Don't fill Sorrow's cup to o'erflowing
 With infinite, utterless woe!
 But leave us the solace of knowing
 The time-honored vest shall not go.

A POME ON SPRING.

SUBLIME AND SAD.

O that mine enemy had been at home during spring cleaning.

At last! at last! O beautiful spring,
Thou hast returned, and the woodlands ring
With the songs of birdies, boys and bees,
And rosy-cheeked maids, and sich as these.

The birds fly high and the birds fly low;
The hired hired girl kneads the spongy dough;
The carpet hangs on the clothes-line there,
Beaten to rags by a maiden fair —
A freckled maiden with auburn hair.

The gooseberry blossoms scent the breeze,
Where Hans devours the limburger cheese;
The house-dog worries the old-gold cat.
The kitchen stove and the *pater* spat.

He stands on a chair with boiling blood,
'Till the pipe fells him with a sickening thud.
He wishes himself a lifeless corse,
And tries his best to die of remorse;
He tries to die — but fails, of course.

The sad moon shines with a silv'ry sheen
 Where the blonde mule grazes on the green;
 The clover bends under humming bees,
 While "may-queens" hang on the gates and sneeze.

The air is laden with sweet perfume,
 For Spring is decking stern Winter's tomb.
 In smiling gardens, by smiling leas,
 Spring chickens are scratching up the peas,
 Garlic and onions, and sich as these.

The pink peach-blossoms wither and fall;
 The small boy falls from the garden wall.
 Like a rising tide, a swelling sea,
 Green apples o'ercome — Where is he—?

Ask that old man repainting the barn —
 Ask that old lady dying the yarn.
 They say he's gone — he died — poor thing!
 Slain by an apple, way last spring!
 Verily, truth do we poets sing.

A lovely knoll with grasses teeming;
 A long-haired springtime-poet dreaming;
 A world of shadows; a sinking sun;
 An editor with a Parker gun!

A loud report; lo! silence pervades,
 A mound appears in the sombre shades.
 All that was beautiful once, and dear,
 And poetical, lies buried here,
 Slain by an editor on his ear.

C. B. FARWELL'S ADDRESS TO THE BOLTERS.

Stenographically taken at a distance, *a la Shakespeare*.

Friends, Half-breeds, and Independents!
Loan me your ears — at eight per cent.
I came to bury Grant — not to praise him!
The evil politicians do hang to them;
The good — rarer than hen's teeth —
Lives after them. So mote it be with Grant.

Here, with the will and consent
Of Lord Roscoe and other stalwarts,
Came I to say my little speech
At Jim Blaine's funeral. Had Logan
Known what I was wont to say,
He never — or hardly ever —
Would have yielded me the floor.
For Logan is a son-of-a-gun!
So are they all sons-of-guns!

Logan says that Grant is not ambitious;
Logan is a prevaricator — if you know
What that is; and he'd best soak his head,
Because he can't back it, knowing
That I can lick him on four feet square.

Yes, Logan is a brick, you bet!

You all know mighty well,
At Washington they offered this same Grant
Some bull pups. He took them just took quick!
Was not this ambition? Correct!

But Logan says he is not ambitious;
 But Logan is a son-of-a-gun!
 And his reputation for truth
 And veracity is questionable;
 So be the rest on 'em!
 When Belknap cried, Old Useless wept,
 And said, "Let all the guilty ones escape;"
 And you bet they escaped.

Here, gaze on this Sanhedrim,
 Run by the stalwart machine!
 See what a grip the gushing Conklin has!
 Look how the envious Cameron runs his clique.
 And here the well-beloved Logan sits
 With a bob-tailed flush, *et cetera*.
 Ah! Logan is —

[Here Logan knocks him down.]

* * * * *

So are they all. Ahem!
 They used to rule the roost in this old
 Commonwealth. I gave them the g. b.
 In my feeble mind!

[Pulls a rag out of his pistol pocket.]

Here is Jim Blaine's duster!
 Ah! well do I remember,
 It was not in bleak November,
 When each red dod-gasted ember
 Cast a ghost upon the floor —
 Burning a hole through the carpet —
 When first he put it on.
 It was the day before he got walloped
 At Cincinnati.
 A short time before "Pope Bob" knighted him,
 "An armed warrior, a plumed knight."

Look here! Here is a— *Well, I'm dinged,
If it is n't a Mulligan letter!*

Well, never mind, Jim is all O. K.

[Walks down among the kickers.]

If you have coin to chip
Prepare to chip in now, for we
Can buy a nigger mighty cheap!
He votes with Tom Ochiltree's mob,
The same which brought here Flanagan,
Whom the beloved Logan cussed.
But Logan is n. g.! So are they all!

[Goes back upon the rostrum.]

Sweet friends! dear friends! do n't let
Your angry passions for a moment rise,
Or scrap with Johnny Logan!
Do n't get so high upon your ears
At my impassioned palaver.
I do not possess the science of
My Lord Roscoe, or I would make
Chicago howl by moonlight.

[The Chair announces the nomination of G. and A.]

Gentlemen, I pass! Let Pope Bob
Write my epitaph. Selah!

A PARODY.

Inscribed to "Stuffix."

Der chug vat held der schnapps vas broke,
Der schnapps vas all spilled out;
He dinks it vas some gruel choke
Of some mean drunken lout.
He saw der viskies on der floor,
It filled his heart mit pain;
It slopped his gup of sorrow o'er,
He nefer *smiled* again.

Ver vy he nefer smiled some more,
Ve can't eggs-ectly dink;
If viskies run roun' mit der floor,
Vas handier to drink.
But he svored off, I do n't know vy,
Dey offered schnapps in vain;
He would n't drink — he vas n't dry,
He nefer *smiled* again!

Red eyes vas caused by visky strate;
Red noses gomes from schnapps;
Bote make der boys gif up der fate,
Und knocks dem off der props.
He reasoned dus, vile many dinks
Vas passing mit his brain;
He reffused seven visky drinks —
He nefer *smiled* again!

He dranked himself mit lemonade,
 Also iced milk und tea;
 He sipped sweet cider in de shade,
 Und tried to happy be.
 He lified. For life may long be porn
 Ere dem'prance breaks der chain.
 But dasted not der chuse of gorn —
 Ne neffer *smiled* again!

BISHOP, ILL., Aug. 30, 1881.

A SONNET.

MY SON:

A moment lend your ear,
 I have some advice to bestow,
 Which may you profit, if you 'll hear,
 As 'long the path of life you go.

"Be thyself!" first — if *thou* art true —
 If not, Be True! and then, Thyself.
 With honest thoughts thy mind imbue,
 For honesty is more than pelf.

Love thy country; love thy neighbor;
 Has he a daughter — love her best.
 Proclaim thy virtues not with tabor
 Or sounding brass from east to west.

But let thy actions show thy beauty,
 In simply doing *well* thy duty.

LAKE SHORE, ILL., Oct. 28, 1881.

DIVIDED—A PARODY.

A dry-goods store with a sham stone front,
A counter up-piled with shoddy goods,
And all the fixin's that women want,
From piebald collars to brindle hoods.

A dudist clerk with bottle-green eyes,
That were bias-cut long years ago;
A stare as vacant as Paradise,
And hair as white as the beautiful snow.

A country girl with a freckled arm,
Auburn haired, and a mole on her chin—
The lone heiress of a splendid farm,
And, Dame Rumor says, a pile of tin.

And old-gold cow with a stumpy tail,
A maiden milking, divine and coy;
Missing half-time the milking pail,
But gassing away to the clerking boy.

A yaller mule with a paint-brush tail,
Backing in rifle-range, meekly mad;
A cyclone shock! A falsetto wail!
And a dry-goods clerk is sore and sad.

A maiden's heart yields maiden's pity,
The clerk feels richer than old Rhine wine,
A parson living in the city
Hath bound them with Hymen's link divine.

A panic comes,—away goes riches—
 But it brings a sawyer's hoss and saw;
A man with tattered shoes and breeches
 Supports wife, babes and mother-in-law.
A building up town with pea-green screens,
 He's making merry, raising a din,
Shelling the money out of his jeans
 For Bourbon whiskey and Old Tom gin.

A calaboose with a hard-oak floor,
 Diet of water and mouldy bread;
A gaunt wolf entering at the door;
 And an ill-starred wretch in awful dead.
A shallow grave in the Potter's field,
 A fatherless family paupers made;
A heart despairing, a blotted shield,
 A story half told, a tune half played.

A moral is here misguided youths
 Who marry for something else than love;
In my parody lie hidden truths
 Which may be handled without a glove.
Beware of the maid with freckled arms!
 Steer clear of a sawyer's hoss and saw!
Avoid dude clerks with twenty-cent charms,
 Bourbon whiskey and mothers-in-law!

“BASCOM.”

A citizen of Bishop lay snoozing in the West!
There was lack of Waldron's music, there was lack of
Meyer's best;
But a “scribo” stood beside him as he gayly snoozed away
And wrote with active Faber each word that he did say.

The snoozing layman faltered as he grasped some unseen
hand,
And said, “Upon the Fourth I'll be far from my native
land;
Send a telegraphic message to that distant burg of mine,
For I came here from Bishop, hard by the Wabash line!

“Tell those jovial kids at Bishop, when I sought this
western land
I did not think they'd organize ‘dot leetle Sherman pand;’
I did not think they'd celebrate the nation's natal day
With me in Old Missouri, three hundred miles away.

“But since I must be absent, give them a gentle rub,
Ask them if they've forgot *Bascom* who named the *Shyster
Club?*
Alas! How little mankind knows of human or divine—
But he made Rome howl at Bishop, hard by the Wabash
Line!

“Ask them if they recollect that spell when I was on my
ear?

I sung a dozen songs so well and washed them down with
beer.

It seems to me they can't forget when I was Mogul
Grand,

And called the dances right, you bet, in that far distant
land!

“But now they cannot count me in when evening's shade
appears,

And the music of Dan's violin falls on their unwashed
ears;

For I'll miss that high-toned pic-nic, and—and—that
black-eyed girl of mine,

There going to have at Bishop, hard by the Wabash line!

BISHOP, ILL., June, 1883.

DEATH OF CAMERON.

A PARODY.

Far on the left, hidden from view,
Beaver broke Charley and Agnew,
Tho' there the Pennsylvanian
Was solid still for Cameron.
They threw the ballot-box aside
And hard the party claymore plied.
'Twas vain! for Bourbons on the right,
With broad grin, cheered the bolter's fight.
Just then a fierce banana peel
Slipped 'neath the Wolfe of Union's heel,
The Wolfe of Union fell!
Yet still Don Cameron's black-snake flew
With stinging crack, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.

The bolter's slogan rent the sky!
A *Wolfe!* a *Lockwood!* was the cry,
And loud the whisky stunk.
Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
The ballots rose and sunk,
Where bought repeaters cast their votes;
Where the bulldozer's dulcet notes
Vowed "Cameron's kerplunk!"

And now to Harrisburg there rode
Two henchmen soaked with gin;
The same car bore a helpless load,
A beaten boss within.

His hand still held the whip divine,
 His breath smelled of cigars and wine,
 Dragged from beneath the bolters' feet,
 With empty purse and prestige beat,
 The haughty look, the plumage gone!
 Can that be mighty Cameron?

Young Quay his vest then did pull down,
 And turning to his friends around,
 Said, "By gee-whiz! he's gone!
 For we can very plainly see
 That his 'machine' got the g. b. ;
 Good-by to Cameron!"
 "Unnurtured Quay, thy growling cease,
 He's senator," said Oliver. "Peace!"

When wiped his chin, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Cameron wildly t' stare:
 "Where's Colonel Quay? Oliver, where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
 Redeem my prestige! vote again!
 Yell 'Cameron to the rescue!' Vain!
 Last of my race in politics,
 We'll rule no more by subtle tricks.
 Yet my last thought is *Office!* Fly!
 To Simon bear my signet ring,
 Tell him a bar'l along to bring.
 Oliver, to Lord Roscoe hie!
 Cooper lies stiff, too full to curse,
 And empty is his flask and purse!

George Lear is down, and I am full,
 Hartranft alone the wool can pull.
 Let Rawle charge 'gain the bolters' front,
 With stalwart Beaver of Bellefonte.

Charge full upon the 'kickers' host
 Or victory and Keystone's lost!
 Must I bid twice? Hence! cleave the air,
 Leave Cameron here alone — *to swear!*”

They parted, and alone he swore,
 'Till a drunk repeater ope'd the door
 And heard his palaver high flown,
 As half he murmured — “Is there none
 Of all my State has nursed —
 Collector or State Senataire,
 Assemblyman or Postmastaire,
 Bulldozer or repeater scum,
 To bring me here a jug of rum
 To slake my dying thirst?”

Scarce had this music left his mug,
 Than the scum repeater grabbed a jug,
 And to a bar-room ran.
 Forgot was master, whip, and fight,
 Forgot was high ambition's light,
 Forgot the dying man!
 With back bent head the jug he drained,
 As thro' his teeth the rum he strained.

The fight that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And “*Pattison!*” they cry!
 The shades o'er Cameron's visage skip,
 And fire his bloodshot eye,
 And as an oath escaped his lip,
 He shook the fragment of his whip
 And shouted, “*Treachery!*”
 “Die, brave old guard! Wolfe's work is done,”
 Were the last words of Cameron.

JIM BLEDSO'S PARD.

Requi-scot in pace.

Wall, yes, I'm arter yer, parson!
So get yer prayer-book an' lets walk;
We want yer down thar at Carson,
Fer to sling us some buryin' talk.
Fer down thar in Fancher's back yard,
We had a big racket last night,
And Lawson, my war-lovin' pard,
Was killed at the close of the fight.

Yer see, Lew started the riot
By whackin' Big Jim on the nib,
An' to get things settled down quiet,
Jim whetted his knife on Lew's rib.
You bet ole Lew was a knifer,
But he could n't stan' to Big Jim;
Fer Jim was an army fifer,
An' tough as a hick'ry lim'.

Yes, Lew was reckoned a hard 'un,
But there's lots in the camp that's wuss;
Yet, by ——! I'm beggin' yer pardon,
I did n't intend fer to cuss.
But Lew was the slickest feller
That ever flipped pasteboards, I b'lieve!
An' when he played for the "yeller,"
He'd only three jacks in his sleeve.

An' Lew was awful big hearted —
 A better chap never drew breath;
 But when a racket 'd git started,
 Yer bet he stayed in 'till the death!
 An' when he shot fightin' Tom Kidder
 Fer crackin' my mug with a stool,
 He went an' married the widder,
 An' sent all the youngsters to school.

Wall, here we are now at Carson,
 An' here's the boss ranch o' the camp;
 Take suthin' warm wi' me, parson,
 Fer the air is chilly and damp.
Don't drink! Wall, now yer jokin',
 I allus stan' in on a treat.
 Eh? Yer say drinkin' an' smoking'
 Soon gits a bloke offen his feet?

I reckon yer skull 's about level,
 Fer drinkin' hurt pardner and me;
 We was n't askeered o' the devil,
 Whenever we got on a spree.
 Wall, let 's along to the boneyard —
 A region my fancy ne'er suits —
 This corpus, here, is my pard,
 With the shooters stuck inter his boots.

Now give him a send-off, parson;
 Say he was the best o' the boys;
 Could fite any bloke in Carson,
 An' was n't askeered o' a noise.
 Now give him him an away-up racket —
 Yes, dod cuss their ornery souls!
 No, yer won't be asked to back it.
 'Cause I've shot Big Jim full o' holes!

LEORA AND JACOB.

Composed by request for J. A. F.'s sweetheart.

Leora and Jacob—lovely pair!—
 Courtèd in Dalton City.
He praised her eyes and nut-brown hair,
 She praised him,—out of pity.
He swore by all the Muses nine
 That she alone could dance well,
She vowed that he was part divine
 And that he was no dam—sel.

Said he, “I’ll send a song to her—
 ’Taint mine, but she won’t know it,—
I tell her ’fore she pulls my fur,
 ‘My love, I keeps a poet!’
And this is what the poet wrote
 To satisfy Faust Jacob,
Whose voice is good for any note
 The lyric muse can rake up:

“I love you more, Leora sweet,
 Than bumble-bees do honey,
Far more than tripe or pickled feet,
 Much more than pewter money.
Fresh lager beer is flat and stale
 Before thee, my love’s reaper;
I’d gladly live my life in jail
 If you would be my keeper.

"How can I tread Life's path alone?
 The idea sets me crazy!
 Without my sun, my star, my moon,
 Without my Dalton Daisy?
 Forbid it! Much mistaken Mose
 Thou knowest we are lovers;
 There is no eye, no cheek, no nose,
 That I would praise above hers.

"To me you're sweeter than the rose
 That grows in Dalton's garden;
 I love you thro' and thro', Jove knows,
 From gloves to 'dolly-var-den.'
 So do not tell me that my life
 Must seek a path diverging;
 I want you, Daisy, for a wife,
 Say '*yes!*' love, wait not urging.

"Behold me bow on bended knee,
 My heart is yours, love, take it!
 Be quick! before in idle glee
 Suspense doth open break it!
 For there's a secret in it, dear,
 That holds affection deeper
 Than that which I have shown you here,
 Will 'Ora be its keeper?

TO LILY.

With a volume of Burns, on her twenty-second birthday, April 7, 1884.

Surpassing one! I see the flowers
That do the sweetest bloom,
Deck for a day the leafy bowers,
Then seek the silent tomb.
Alas for them! Cold earth they meet
Ere dew-drops thrice fall tears;
But thou hast bloomed surpassing sweet
For two and twenty years.

A half-blown rose, with petals fair,
May charm some lovers eyes,
While some behold in pansies rare
The gems of Paradise.
Some in the daisy's pearls and gold
Serenest beauty see,
A Lily, twenty-two years old,
Is good enough for me.

Burns sweetly sang of Bonnie Jean,
And Poe of Lost Lenore;
Milton, with sightless orbs hath seen
His love at Heaven's door.
But Pagan, tho' a lesser bard
Than these three bards of old,
Finds in the Muses' flower-yard
A *Lily* pure as gold!

Sweet Lily, may thou ever bloom
 Untouched by frost or blight,
 Until stern Nature calls thee home
 Unto the dreamless night;
 And may thy purity, as now,
 Forever bide with thee;
 And be the poet's Lily thou,
 Throughout Eternity!

THE PAGAN.

LAKE SHORE, ILL.

TO A CRUCIFIED HAWK.

How you have fallen! Once you sailed
 On your strong pinions free and high,
 Up from the hedge where bunny quailed,
 You seemed a gnat 'twixt earth and sky.

Oft preyed you on a weaker one,
 But Vengeance came with Time along;
 You fell before the fowler's gun!
 Now you are weak who once was strong.

Like dying Randolph say, "*Remorse!*"
 It suits you better than those screams;
 Then quickly die, for here your corse
 Must hang,—a bad life's fruit, it seems.

This is the lesson that all tyrants feel,
 When power's abused it's bound to reel!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who pinned this stanza in my hat:

“If for a maiden young and fair
Your heart in fondness melts,
Who talks of dress and diamond rings,
And thinks of nothing else;
Who hates to do a stroke of work,
But loves to sing and play,
Give up all thoughts of wedding her,
You'll never make it pay!”

I thank you much, fair monitor,
For the advice you gave,
And if my answer be quite blunt,
Your pardon do I crave.
My love is not afraid of work,
Yet “loves to sing and play,”
And should I win her heart and hand,
I'll vow to “make it pay.”

My love thinks not of vanities,
Nor “talks of diamond rings;”
But far from it! Her line of thought
Embodies nobler things.
Her life is like a star that leads
Unto the perfect day —
A solace to a heart like mine,
I'll vow to “make it pay.”

The hope that's been the hope of worlds
Reigns in my bosom too;
The vistas that do sweeten life
Are ope'ning to my view,
All my morrow's bright effulgence,
My sunshine of to-day,
Lies in the casket of her love,
Think you it will not pay?

LEILA.

There's a maiden sweet in southern climes,
Whose vision flits before my eyes;
I see her now as in olden times,
With beaming face of sweet surprise,
And brown eyes shining like golden ore,
Red lips, that sung a sweet refrain,
Or would say, when parting at the door,
"Good night, my love! come back again!"

How could I resist such welcome words?
Could I withstand this queen of grace,
With voice as sweet as twittering birds,
And handsome, rosy, winsome face?
The smile that brightened those dimpled cheeks,
Robbed e'en existence of its pangs;
But O, how often she'd speak to me:
"Let me go, love! you'll muss my bangs."

Many a time, in the mazy ring,
We tripped with light, fantastic feet;
Often on Solomon's gate we'd swing,
Talking in accents low and sweet.
We talked as lovers have talked of old,
And little thought of worldly gain;
Laughing, she said, "You'll have to hold
Me, 'cause I'm standing on the chain!"

Could I refuse such a sweet command,
And light with scorn that loving eye?
No; I obeyed her with thrilling hand,
For earth was heaven when she was nigh.
Hours were moments, and Time an elf,
And Love's sweet stream flowed as the Gila,
When she wrote me notes, signing herself,
"Yours till death doth us part, Leila!"

But Fate hath decreed that I must roam
And lose the smiles of that winsome face;
But all the enjoyments of love and home
Can't rob my heart of its idol's trace!
And though I may roam in distant climes,
Friendship with others bind or sever,
Hearts I may win, or lose, sometimes,
But *her's* is anothers *forever!*

HOP, ILL., Jan. 19, 1882.

A BANANA PEEL.

Smiling it lay on the village street,
But a citizen by it sped,
As it slipped beneath a granger's feet,
And stood him on his head.
It spoke as the granger hove a groan:
"I am the power behind the *thrown!*"

BROWN-EYED JEAN.

Composed for a friend.

'T was years ago when first we met,
When first by me your face was seen;
Those sweet brown eyes I can't forget,
Which won my heart to you, dear Jean.
I came across the hills of sand,
I saw you in the mazy ring;
And should I roam a distant land,
My mem'ry sweet to you would cling.

A season passed. We met again;
You charmed me with your queenly grace.
Your brown eyes stole my roving brain,
And Cupid's arrow left its trace.
Within this heart of mine so wild,
Love's reapers found a field to glean.
My warm affection, like a child,
Knelt down to you, my brown-eyed Jean.

I felt your sweet, bewitching charms,
And saw with love your brown eyes fill;
And as you nestled in my arms,
I felt your heart with rapture thrill.
I kissed your handsome, dimpled cheek,
While ruby lips pressed mine I ween!
For ecstasy I could not speak,
Nor could my happy brown-eyed Jean,

And now to you, my Jeanie dear,
 I leave our future joys and griefs;
 With throbbing heart I wait to hear
 You pass, or touch, Affection's reef.
 If you'll but give me to me your heart,
 Your course you'll ne'er regret, I ween.
 We'll live, and love, and never part—
 What answer you, my brown-eyed Jean?

BISHOP, ILL., June 25, 1881.

MEYER AND UNDERWOOD.

There's a kid in our village named Meyer,
 He possesses a temper like fire;
 He was caught on the fly,
 By a whack in the eye,
 That raised it nigh two inches higher!

There's another chap, we understood,
 Whose name seems to be Underwood.
 He got wrathful at Fred,
 And punched well his head,
 As 'tis known how a "city boy" could.

BISHOP, ILL., Feb. 1, 1882.

TO MISS MINNIE McC—.

Dear Pat:

Whin Joy runs away wid yer heart,
An' laves ye no burden to pack,
An' whin wid the loved ones ye part,
Expicting no more to come back;
Thin think av the roarin' ould times
Yees had wid our free, aisy clan,
Now scattert in tin different climes,
An' wid aich one a woman, or man.

Och, Pat! you swate innercent crathure,
Your swateness is killin' me, shure;
Do n't lave me alone wid ould Nathure,
To slide down life's could cèllar door.
Fer, be jabers, I'll niver forgit ye,
Fer I thinks o' yees airly an' late,
Would ye answer me, "Yis, ye bet ye,"
If I'd ax ye "Let's consolidate!"

If yees won't, thin think o' the lad
Who writ these lines in yer book;
He was slick, but not very bad,
But terribly swate on the "cook."
His mim'ry fer yees will awaken
Long afther the rist o' the crowd;
An' he'll get yees a "forty-graf" taken
Av his own silf, *laughin' out loud!*

TO MISS LULU G. KEPFORD.

Who sent me a handsome bouquet of flowers on my twenty-first birthday.

I received the flowers which you sent me,
With your wish of "many happy returns
Of the day" that marks my majority,
And lifts the young oak just above the ferns.

Thanks! a thousand for your kind rememb'rance,
And the fragrant and beautiful boquet.
If that stern trinity, Luck, Fate, and Chance,
Decree not, I'll attempt you to repay.

I would that all a century might live
Before they feel the "swarthy angel's" breath;
Or you at least, who did these flowers give,
In your behalf I will appeal to Death:

Stay, silent spirit of the scythe and glass;
Stay where the poisoned Upas flowers are blown.
Or in the vale thro' which Lethe doth pass,
Or where the Gorgon turneth all to stone.

Come not when youth and joy, with rosy cheeks,
Are wandering where the buds and blossoms are,
Too full of Love's own ecstasy to speak,
Or note the waning of the evening star.

Come not when modest youth unfolds his love
 To her whose presence is the "lamp of life;"
 When the silence of the coy, sweet trembling dove,
 Doth give the answer that makes her his wife.

O come not when the fond embrace and kiss
 Doth seal the vow that binds forever more;
 O come not when their barque of earthly bliss
 Hath just been launched from Love's eternal shore.

O come not when the youthful, happy swain
 Has knelt where holy incense lades the air;
 Where God's vicegerent maketh *one* of *twain*,
 And binds the nuptials with an empty prayer.

Come not when youthful matron bends the knee
 To kiss the dimpled firstborn in its crib;
 When joyful father bendeth low to see
 The babe — flesh of his flesh, rib of his rib.

Come not when patient pilot holds the wheel,
 With strong arm guides the vessel's iron prow.
 When thrifty husband whirls the fact'ry wheel,
 Or in the narrow furrow guides the plow.

* * * * *

But come, remorseless swarthy angel, when
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow.
 Surely thy presence will be welcome then,
 To bear away the bittered cup of sorrow.

Aye, come when age hath touched our tired hearts;
 Come when the last blown rose sheddeth its bloom.
 We'll gladly cross the river then, that parts
Life's transient day from Death's eternal gloom.

TO MY LITTLE HOSTESS.

Unconsciously you played for me,
While I listened enraptured,
Unto "The Cottage by the Sea,"
Where I was almost captured.
And then those "Beautiful Gates Ajar,"
That lead to the "Golden Stair,"
You rendered like an opera star,
As you did the "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

"Somebody's waiting!" Ah! that's me!
Could I take your gentle warning,
And "From the wrath of Satan flee!"
And "Go to church in the morning,"
Where notes of joy ever pealing
Up toward each glittering star,
Giving to the soul a feeling
That the beautiful gates *are* ajar.

* * * * *

Ah! you have finished playing,
I could have listened till morn,
Tho' my thoughts were homeward straying,
They were, you know, *in a horn!*
Strive to be perfect in other things
That lay 'long the path of Right,
And for the joyous songs you sing
Accept my thanks. *Good night.*

STELLA.

STELLA — A STAR.

Some sing of love, some sing of mirth,
Some sing of soft spring weather,
Some sing of summer's gentle birth,
When blossoms bloom together,
Some sing a gay, autumnal song,
When trees don red and yellow;
I sing of one — I may do wrong,
But I must warble — *Stella!*

What theme's more lofty than a *star*?
What's sweeter than its splendor?
Altho' the sun is warmer far,
I think the star more tender.
And tenderness contains more love
And more of friendship mellow
Than all that's warm or strong above,
Yet none's above thee — *Stella!*

And altho' I might paint thy charms,
The work deserves a master;
I feel that mine were next to harms
I'm such a poet-aster.
But if I rightly read your face
I take you for no Dell'ah,
But one whose nobleness and grace
Alone exceeds a *Stella*.

'Tis grand to know that in this life
 We sometimes meet the gentle,
Who know of naught but goodness rife
 Spiritual and mental;
Who only with the virt'ous pass
 But speak a common fellow;
May blessings fall on such a lass,
 For thou art one such — *Stella!*

Then pardon me, tho' strange to you,
 I whisper my desire —
That you'll accept, for friendship true,
 One that will stand the fire;
And recollect, tho' circumstance
 Presents some other fellow,
Esteem for you my tho'ts enhance,
 And fills my day-dreams — *Stella!*

And should a cold and cruel Fate
 Lead us in paths diverging,
I hope that in the "future state"
 Friendship will need no urging.
That while Life's tempest on you pours,
 You may have an umbrella
To shield you thro' its stormy hours,
 And one to hold it — *Stella!*

TO MISS ELIESE E——.

Who sent me a sweet potato, Oct. 24, 1882.

Dear Friend Eliese,
That's if you please —
I thank you for the favor
You proffered me
In sending the
Potato of sweet flavor.

It filled my heart
With joy to part
The rind of that "sweet tater;"
The luscious meat
I quickly eat
And — *had the night-mare later.*

I slept and dreamed;
To me it seemed
That we were on the ocean;
We all got drunk,
The boat then sunk,
And all was wild commotion.

The waves I fought,
My eye then caught,
I thought, an alligator;
But making bold,
I caught a hold,
And lo! 'twas a "sweet tater!"

To shore I went,
And homeward bent,
When suddenly I stumbled.
I broke my back,
My neck did crack,
A "tater-vine" me stumbled.

And then, seeming,
I ceased dreaming
Of love — and green tomatoes;
My pulse was hot;
Tied in a knot
Was I by sweet potatoes.

There were three crows
Sat in three rows —
'Bout them we've often sung —
But I, poor boy,
Was filled with joy,
When straightened out in one.

God bless the girls,
With bangs or curls,
Or cheeks like ripe tomatoes.
Most all that live,
Will "taffy" give,
But *few* give sweet potatoes.

LAKE SHORE, ILL., Oct. 25, 1882.

JUANITA AND JAIRUS.

“Altho’ these lines separate us — FOREVER.”

It seemed that Fate had so decreed,
That they should meet in early years,
Unconscious that their hearts should bleed,
As down their cheeks coursed sorrow’s tears;
Unconscious that Love’s bonds would sever,
And isolate their hearts — *Forever!*

They loving lived as swains before
Have lived and loved, unconscious still
That pain and anguish, held in store,
Too soon would swell a saddened rill,
To lave their lives with sorrow ever,
And wreck their ship of joy — *Forever!*

They met — would they were spared the day
They sought to win each other’s love —
Where erst in life’s romantic play
Lovers had met their vows to prove.
The same sweet song they chanted ever
Before Grief’s Lyre was struck — *Forever!*

They met unequal on Life’s stage,
She far above in finite glory —
The goddess of a golden age —
And stands the same thro’out the story.
“Freedom of Thought” their paths did sever,
And closed Affection’s tome — *Forever!*

Juanita's* parents feared a God,
 And taught his precepts to their child;
 She early passed beneath the rod,
 A maiden pure und undefiled
 As dews that fall from Heaven ever,
 And pure may she remain — *Forever!*

Jairus'† ne'er passed beneath the rod,
 His trust to none but her was given;
 Truth was alone his only god,
 The fireside alone was heaven;
 Reason he served, Religion, never,
 And Reason he will serve — *Forever!*

When first they met she did not ask
 Him for religion or for creed,
 For dogma or for sacred task,
 His love alone she found in need.
 And so they said, Death can but sever,
 Hearts we'll exchange for aye — *Forever!*

They loved. Where erst the wild-bird's note
 Pealed weird, like wild Orpheus' lute;
 The vesper song from 'poor-will's throat
 Was garnered with Love's ripening fruit.
 Ah! they were happy! thinking never
 Affection's sun would sink — *Forever!*

Now, hand in hand, they roamed the fields;
 They plucked the daisies on the hill;
 To flames of love alone they yield,
 And pause beside Affection's rill.
 No earthly hand, they thought, could sever
 The hearts that now are twain *Forever!*

* Wah-ne-tah.

† Ji-rus.

Beneath the willows by the spring,
 Where doves and robins cooed and sung,
 Their merry voices gaily ring,
 And mingle with the leaves among.
 O, that the thorn had touched them never!
 And poisoned not their hearts — *Forever!*

They bowed before Affection's shrine,
 Clasped in each other's loving arms;
 The warbling birds, the flow'ring vine,
 Could not dispel the maiden's charms.
 They felt secure, no friends (?) endeavor
 Should blight their earthly hopes — *Forever!*

Once on the blessed Sabbath's morn,
 When songbirds trilled their matin lays,
 And wind swept thro' the tasseled corn,
 To waft her tender song of praise,
 She sung "Would that we had met never."
 Aye! would they'd lived unknown — *Forever!*

With thrilling hand of love he pressed
 Her fragile fingers 'twixt his own;
 With other hand her cheeks caressed,
 While from both eyes affection shone.
 For them that song was written never,
 The day they met, they'd bless — *Forever!*

The voiceless silence of the tomb
 Was never deeper than their love,
 Pure as the tint of Heaven's dome
 Were early vows they sought to prove.
 Unfeeling *friends* (?) and schemers clever
 Could shatter not their dreams — *Forever!*

They wandered thro' Elysian fields;
 No human speech could paint their joy;
 The grand influence Virtue yields,
 A man was making of the boy.
 Each noble precept, each endeavor,
 She bound around his heart — *Forever!*

* * * * *

Juanita wept when Jairus left
 To roam, unknown, in Southern climes;
 Sorrow the hearts of each bereft,
 As came the tho'ts of olden times.
 "But," said they then, "no hand can sever
 The hearts that Love hath bound — *Forever!*"

Say not that absence turns the heart,
 That presence governs Love alone;
 For when we with the loved ones part
 We do but leave Affection's throne.
 The cords of Love we do not sever
 Or lose the heart's ideal — *Forever!*

They met again, as of olden time,
 Again they "loved and sung of yore,"
 Again they walked thro' fields sublime
 And pledged anew their vows once more.
 Could they forget? Aye, would they? *Never!*
 The golden cord was fast — *Forever!*

A sweeter incense ne'er was breathed
 Than that with which Affection teems;
 A grander queen was never crowned
 Than her who haunted Jairus' dreams;
 And thro' his brain there flitted ever
 The thoughts of her he'd love — *Forever!*

Fair Venus did Adonis love,
 And Cleo' brave Marc Antony;
 Paul and Virginia well did prove
 That Love's the wand of Destiny.
 That Death alone true hearts can sever,
 And dry Affection's fount — *Forever!*

Yet may the fairy queens hold sway
 O'er fabled siren, nymph, and faun;
 The cliffs of Avon, dull and gray,
 May harken for Love's dying swan;
 But yet the Augean hostler never
 Could separate true hearts — *Forever!*

No strength divine or might of man
 Can check or turn Affection's rill;
 No martial hosts, or stately van
 Can bend true Friendship's iron will.
 And some think Death has failed to sever
 Hearts that true Love had bound — *Forever!*

* * * * *

Now o'er the grass-clothed hills they roam,
 Admiring Nature's works sublime;
 Now borne beneath the azure dome
 They hear the church-bell's silv'ry chime;
 And thence they hasten, joyous ever,
 Tho' not to join their lives — *Forever!*

“Hear me, Juanita,” Jairus said,
 “I can not boast of wealth and store,
 But *love* I give, and thou shalt wed
 An honest heart, if nothing more;
 A golden chain no hand can sever
 Shall bind our hearts for aye! — *Forever!*”

The beaming of her handsome face —
 The candor of her love-lit eye —
 The gentle kiss — the fond embrace,
 Alone gave the wished-for reply.
 Nor dreamed they that the thorn would ever
 Pierce deeply all their joys — *Forever!*

* * * * *

Juanita left the old homestead,
 An ardent aunt's desire to meet;
 As lambs are to the shambles led
 When schemers guide unwary feet.
 "Free thought," her friends (?) used as the lever
 To split the rock of Love — *Forever!*

Jairus, a zealot rude may be,
 We'll own he has peculiar ways,
 He'd rather be with his tho'ts free
 Than "monarch of all he surveys;"
 He'd rather with his best friends sever
 Than live a *hypocrite* — *Forever!*

The match-maker's devoted zeal
 He held in the most sublime scorn,
 Of their schemes did as little feel
 Afraid, as of a "judgment morn."
 He thought no loving friends (?) endeavor
 Could isolate their loves — *Forever!*

She knew in pocket he was poor,
 That he feared neither God nor man;
 This knowledge made him feel secure
 Against the wily schemer's plan.
 He felt Wealth's sycophants could never
 Seduce the heart he'd won — *Forever!*

But Fate, who issues stern decrees
 And rules with tyrant's iron hand,
 Who mocks at prayers and bended knees,
 Loosened Affection's tender band,
 And with rude hand their hearts did sever,
 Breaking the golden bowl — *Forever!*

They parted. Still it may be best
 To turn aside from Love's highway,
 When shadows, falling toward the west,
 Disclose a gloomy, darker day.
 'Twere better far their hearts to sever,
 Than join Life's two extremes — *Forever!*

'Twere best if they had never loved —
 Better if they had never met
 To have their young affections moved;
 Best they'd died unknown! But yet
 Her precepts he 'll remember ever,
 And they his life may bless — *Forever.*

Jairus, loved wisely, not too well
 Before Fate broke the golden bowl;
 Breaking as well the magic spell
 That was charming an honest soul.
 He was honest, and his endeavor
 Was to make free men's thoughts — *Forever!*

No more a maiden's love could hide
 His thoughts behind a church's mask;
 And Ignorance, thou wast defied,
 When he sought Reason for a task.
 Farewell to creeds, to dogmas ever,
 Hypocrisy farewell — *Forever!*

Farewell, Juanita! fare thee well!
 Other arms may press thee nearer,
 Another may feel the magic spell,
 None other can love thee dearer!
 And may you feel the thorn's pang never,
 But live in happiness — *Forever!*

Farewell, Jairus! and may Fate see
 That you win another's heart,
 And may your life a poem be —
 A poem with a better part.
 Farewell both! For schemers clever
 Have rent your hearts in twain — *Forever!*

* * * * *

So they parted on Love's highway,
 Sund'ring the bonds loving and fond,
 But then, perhaps, some future day
 Will join their hearts in the *Beyond*,
 Where true love can be severed never,
 And hearts are one for aye, *Forever!*

ODE TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

Inscribed to A. H. Kreiling, an honest man.

The beautiful all men do love,
And kneel, adoring, at its shrine;
Its potent power tends to prove
A theme so grand, that hand of mine
Can never trace on snowy sheet
The feeling which the theme inspires;
Can never, in poetic feet,
Arrange the ode my heart desires.

Among the beauties loved by man,
And honored by the true and brave,
Grand, splendid woman leads the van;
Man's joy and solace to the grave;
The light of every hearth and home
Where harmony and true love reigns.
She conquers men's desire to roam;
She share's his griefs and soothes his pains.

Grander than Greek or Roman, still
Nobler than storied nymph or faun,
Sweeter than daisies on the hill,
She loves man e'en when fortune's gone.
Tender and true, ne'er to be spurned,
Man's heart she holds until the last
Gray hair has to the silver turned,
And roses from the cheeks have passed.

To woman, next, charming the soul,
 Comes Music's sweet ecstatic notes;
 Sweet melodies and cadence roll
 From nightingale and boblink's throats.
 For when Orpheus tuned his lute,
 The lark and thrush began their lays,
 The robin left the tempting fruit,
 And joined the tender song of praise.

O Music! Thou hast charms at best,
 To lure the eagle from his perch,
 To sooth the rude barbarian's breast,
 To split a rock (or bust a church).
 Then tune again the Orphean lyre;
 O touch once more the ivory keys;
 For Music doth man's soul inspire
 With 'ts sweet and tender symphonies.

O peal once more thy joyous notes,
 Deft toucher of the organ keys!
 The carols of the wild bird's throats
 Can ne'er excel thy melodies.
 O lure and charm till sirens fall
 Into the nectar Joy doth quaff;
 But know! *thy* strains are discords all
 Compared with Woman's happy laugh!

The laugh that makes the bright eyes speak;
 That strengthens love and drowns our fears;
 That fills with dimples her soft cheek,
 Enough to hold all Sorrow's tears.
 The "yielding planks of the ivory floor,"
 No grander, sweeter tunes inspire
 Than her's, who sang to me in yore,
 A song that lit Love's deathless fire.*

* The Whip-poor-Will.

The flowers, too, are fair to see—
 They lend a perfume to the breeze:
 From modest daisy on the lea
 To blossoms of the orchard trees;
 From honied harebell in the grove
 To violets beneath the bowers,—
 Each principle we hate or love
 Is represented by the flowers.

The ivy and the columbine,
 The creeper with its ruby cloak,
 The cypress and Madeira vine,
 Like woman, cling to hearts of oak;
 Like her, do cling when storms have rent,
 Sundered, and crushed the mighty heart;
 Tho' elements their rage have spent,
 They cling and sooth 'til Death doth part.

The mignonette and sweet woodbine
 Rival the pink carnation's sweet,
 The locust and the passion-vine
 With rich perfume the senses greet.
 Sweet is the rose with caustic thorn,
 And water-lilies by the mill;
 But clover and the tasseled corn,
 Are to the farm-boy sweeter still.

But, cherished by the loving swain,
 The moss-rose and forget-me-not
 Have equal place; while in their train
 The pansy's by the poet sought.
 He holds aloft his velvet prize
 That mocks the Heaven's azure hue,
 But rivals not the maiden's eyes
 Who bade the poet's heart "Be true!"

The mighty monarchs of the wood
 Stand beautiful above the fern;
 The logs with moss and Satan's food
 Are beautiful 'mid boulders stern.
 The crystal, pebble-bottom spring
 With joy the traveler's bosom fills;
 The carols, which the song-birds sing,
 Half-free the pilgrim of his ills.

With all the Beautiful we see
 A sign of tenderness and grace;
 The flower, boulder-spring, and tree,
 Have beauty that no hand can trace.
 The brooks flow thro' the stony vale,
 Nor cease until they fill their part;
 While Man but stems Time's tide and gale
 Adoring Beauty, Nature, Art.

BISHOP, ILL., Feb. 14, 1882.

A TRAVESTY.

Tell me, my red-haired friend,
 Who drinks at my expense,
 Do you not know some realm
 Where whisky costs ten cents?
 Where candidates are flush
 And drinking men as well?
 Where lager beer doth gush? —
 There's plenty down in H—avana.
 Gin, beer, and rum, best boon to tipplers given,
 Are found, dirt cheap, within the gates of H—avana.

HAVANA, JUL., JUNE 12, 1882.

MY FIRST LOVE.—THE RESULT.

Man is born to trouble even as the sparks fly upward!
—Paine.

When first I saw her, lovely maid,
Possessing step like Venus,
A snowy neck with gold o'erlaid,—
Then Cupid stepped atween us.
And as I gazed upon her face
Her beauty me enraptured,
So with a wholly gracious grace,
I'll own my heart was captured.

Thenceforth for me, a song of love
Kept in my fond ear ringing,
Sweet as the lark when it above
The gentle dawn is singing.
I love you, love, with all my heart,
Can we not live together?
Or must we drift Life's stream apart
In celibacy's weather?

O how I longed to tell to her
My bosom's hidden secret,
And have her heart to mine recur
With love pure as egret!
Would circumstance — that heartless elf
Who placed her far above me —
Give me a chance to place myself
Where she might know and love me?

Ah, yes! We wandered in the park,
 My heart beat like a hammer;
 Says she: "It's growing rather dark,"
 I answered, with a stammer,
 "Ahem! yes; may—I—see—you home?"
 Says she, "Yes, sir, with pleasure."
 Gosh! how my heart leaped in its tomb,
 And beat a double measure.

Long, long we swung upon the gate,
 A couple o' times I kissed her;
 And thrice she whispered, "'Tis quite late,
 I must go in now, mister."
 I stroked her fuzzy fuzzees down,
 And said, "You need not hurry!"
 "Ah, yes!" says she, "but pa's up town,
 And may come home quite merry!"

"Let him be merry, then," say I,
 If merry is his nature —"
 Then some one seized me by the tie,
 And said, "Ye blarney crathure,
 Yees must have kissed the blarney stone.
 Ah! yees shall see me merry;
 I'll kick yees higher than the moon,
 Or me name's not Pat Kerry."

He wrapped me twice around a tree,
 Then threw me o'er the railing,
 He made a football out of me,
 And kicked me thro' the palings.
 He took me to a "cop" sergeant,
 Who placed me in the "cooler,"
 He said while Bid was his
 No slick-tongued Yank should fool her.

Long years have passed, I've older grown,
 Although I am no clinic,
 I choose to tread Life's paths alone,
 The folks call me a cynic.
 But when you bear what I have borne,
 And linger by Love's ferry,
 You'll pray for Gabe to toot his horn
 Before "*Pa comes home merry.*"

BISHOP, ILL., Sept. 7th, 1883.

CLEMANTHE.

A traveler asked a Hindoo slave
 That toiled on Ganges' plain,
 "Has Brahma you a promise gave
 That you will meet again
 The wife and children loved and lost,
 And buried in the glade?
 The friends who left Life's care and cost,
 Who rest beneath the shade?"

The Hindoo's countenance turned sad,
 His quivering lip was still;
 He sobbed, and then his heart seemed glad,
 He checked the briny rill,
 And said; "Clemanthe promised me
 That when Life's weary train
 Has reached the ports where Fate's decree,
 My loved I'll meet again.

“ I’ve asked of yonder frowning height,
 Covered with grasses green;
 I’ve questioned of the stars of night,
 That cast a silv’ry sheen;
 I made inquiry of the streams
 That ripple toward the main;
 They answered me, ‘Aye, so it seems,
 Iran, we’ll meet again.’”

“ I’ve questioned of the thrush and lark,
 And of the birds of night;
 I’ve asked of midnight’s solemn hush,
 And of the noonday bright.
 I queried of the passion-flower,
 The rose, with thorn of pain,
 The banyan-tree, the leafy bower,
 All said, ‘We’ll meet again.’”

The traveler and the Hindoo part,
 But Iran’s words had moved
 A chord within the traveler’s heart
 For those he lost and loved.
 He prayed he might in future years,
 In spite of dogmas vain,
 In spite of doctrines, creeds and fears,
 Meet his beloved again.

We cannot drown a grief with words,
 When lingeringly we part;
 ’Tis vain, when Death his armor girds,
 And hurls his flaming dart.
 The tide of Life we cannot stem,
 Nor break Time’s endless chain.
 But O, the joy, if we with them
 Could only meet again.

JACKSON'S ADDRESS.

Stand by the cannon! Stand, Tennesseans!
For by the Eternal! our power 'll prevail.
Guard against infantry! Charge the plebians,
There's no need for us Yankees in Britannia's jail.
Who dares to stand back? Are you free-born afraid?
Recollect Bunker Hill, Concord, and Lexington;
Recollect Put's brigade; think of the stand they made,
Stood like adamant! Volunteers, stand by the guns!

Let Packenham come! Rally, boys, to the fight,
For, by the gods! we could stem the Almighty's tide;
Rally around the flag! shell-pierced blue and white,
And gore-striped by heroes who, defending it, *died!*
Died 'neath the leaden hail, or in Britannia's jail,
Or fell on the decks when they met on the ocean!
Ha! here they come! but in the charge they 'll fail
To o'erwhelm, or in awe hold a freeman's devotion.

S'death! how they fight! Muzzle the guns wi' grape!
Resist them! Ha! By the Eternal they falter!
See the blood-reddened ranks our guns tore agape!
Packenham's down! We've John Bull by the halter —
We've whipped the Britons! Huzzah Tennesseans!
You have won fadeless laurels forever and aye —
You've defeated the war-loving, aggressive plebians
And destroyed the prestige of Britannia to-day!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Born in Ajaccio, on the Island of Corsica, August, 1869. Died on the Island of St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

In Ajaccio, on Corsica's isle,
When the rocky shore the waves beguile,
Stands a house not far from the city mart,
Where lived once Sir Charles Bonaparte;
And here, on a sultry August morn,
Earth's greatest martial chief was born.

Tho' first thro' many trials passed,
He reached the height of Fame at last;
He filled the world with panics and fears,
He deluged Europe in blood and tears;
For to hold all earthly thrones in scorn,
Napoleon Bonaparte was born.

The world first saw him in Toulon's fight,
There beheld him arrayed in genius bright;
Then in the thronged Parisian street
He marched, the fierce *canaille* to meet.
At Lodi's bridge, on Italia's plain,
They saw him bloody victories gain.

They beheld him next in Egyptian sands,
 Quelling the dauntless Mameluke bands.
 Returning now to his sunny France
 He embarks his all on the sea of chance —
 He overthrows the Imperial throne
 And beggars the kingly robber drone.

He captures now Marengo's height,
 At Ulm and Jena leads the fight,—
 Of Auerstadt and Eylau now he boasts,
 Now turns to crush the Austrian hosts.
 Wagram is won, and Friedland's plain
 Lies covered with heaps of mangled slain.

The bearded Russian he scourges now,
 And the "iron crown" rests on his brow.
 His words are law; the nations obey
 As he ruleth the tenor of his way.
 The king of kings! The peer of peers!
 He governs Europe for many years.

And ever near him, awaiting commands,
 Are the hearts of oak and willing hands
 Of such as Kleber and gallant Ney —
 "The bravest of brave!"—and bold Desaix,
 The brawny Soult, the fierce Massena,
 Mènou, and Mortier, who bled at Jena.

Stern old Victor among first and best,
 Moreau and Kellerman among the rest;
 Louis Buonaparte, Junot and Fouche,
 Suchet, the suave, Marmont and Grouchy,
 Dupont, Bernadotte, Murat, the vain,
 Eugene, the noble, and Joseph of Spain.

Misfortune comes sternly to one and all,
And no man ascends so high he can't fall.
So we see him defeated, and borne away
To the Isle of Elba for life to stay;
He stays *one year* and then returns,
And the "allied nations" again he spurns.

Back to his banner and white cockade
Comes his war-loving Polish Brigade;
Back to him rushes his old command,
The Imperial Guard — a Spartan band;
Back to the field where tricolors wave
Comes "gallant Ney; the bravest of brave."

And marching now with his stately van
Comes brawny Sout with his iron clan.
The army moves on until they come
To the works at Ligny in Belgium;
They storm the fortress at Quatre Bras,
Led by the intrepid Marshal Ney.

Darkness the vistas of carnage close,
And the soldiers lie in sweet repose,
But ere daylight ushers in the morn,
The drummer's beat and bugler's horn
Awaken the French — to duty call —
Napoleon must triumph if millions fall.

Forward they march! Each soldier knew
Their foemen waited at Waterloo.
"Beneath the war clouds rolling dun"
They espied the forces of Wellington
Drawn up and quite anxious for the fray,
Calm and serene as the summer day.

Proudly the French advance to the fight,
 Their bayonets gleam in the early light,
 The allied hosts are filled with wonder,
 They bleed and die while the cannon thunder;
 Napoleon orders his Son of Mars
 To charge with the fearless L'Hussars.

Like a thunder-bolt from a clouded sky
 They charge on the guns — they bleed and die;
 For the allied hosts like Spartans stood
 And covered the fields with fire and blood.
 Defeated, mangled, covered with scars,
 Few, few, return of those fierce hussars.

Napoleon now calls his battle-scarred
 And orders a charge on the English Guard,
 But, cool and sarcastic as Chatham,
 Wellington orders "Up Guards, and at 'em!"
 Frenchmen could not tarry. In sore defeat
 They seek their safety in wild retreat.

Napoleon, tho' his heart was stout,
 Is vanquished now; he joins the rout,
 And pushing thro' the terrified van,
 Seeks to escape from the Prussian clan.
 In safety he reaches Fontainebleau,
 But his bravest died! Great cause for woe!

Europe now breathes a sigh of relief,
 She fears no longer the daring chief,
 Laughs at the ideas, scorns the law
 Of the greatest man she ever saw.
 Successful Britons! Well may you smile,
 When he's exiled to Helena's isle.

At St. Helena, for six long years,
 They guarded this man of Fate and tears,
 Till the Angel Death came o'er the deep,
 And gave him rest in the dreamless sleep.
 The sleep of Death that knows no waking,
 No sweet sunshine, no storm-clouds breaking.

He was dead! The proud heart ceased to throb!
 And France gives vent to a choking sob.
Dead! An emperor robbed of his throne,
 Lieth in death where the sad waves moan.
 Silent is Earth's grandest martial man!
 Future, produce his peer, if you can!

BISHOP, ILL., May 1, 1881.

TO ———.

A stingy miser man I loathe!
 A stingy maid I would not love!
 Great Jove! preserve me from them both.
 Place me below or else above
 With him who "makes the goddess groan."
 I want no equal fellowship,
 Nor would I any sweetheart own
 Who would not let me taste her lip.
 You say you will not? Then let me
 Unshackled go! I would not dwell
 With you in Heaven! I'd rather be
 Kissing, in Hades, Lovely L———.
 My love is not a love of lewdness,
 For next to women I love goodness!

LAKE SHORE, ILL., Oct. 21, 1883.

REPLY TO "OLD CITIZEN."

Thou art indeed a luckless one
If most all men thy friendship shun;
There must be some cause. Don't be grieved
With me for asking how you've lived.

Has your life been all it might be —
Stainless and pure, from blemish free?
Have you answered Poverty's moan?
Or have you lived for Self alone?

Have you avoided subtle tricks?
Steered clear of duns and politics?
Have you gave alms with hand divine?
Have you helped Truth's glad light to shine?

Lent you a hand to help the weak?
Wiped you a tear from Sorrow's cheek?
Are you acquaint with Charity,
The only virtue of those *three*?

If you've observed these every one,
'Tis strange that men your friendship shun;
But persevere, and you will find
A warm friend — in a happy mind!

You may not boast of gems or ore,
May not have worldly pelf or store,
But you can praise with tongue and lip
The right hand of true fellowship.

Sonnets

SONNETS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

While half the world was clothed in sleep,
I courted oft Poesy's muse:
She bade me nightly vigils keep,
And con in rhyme my thoughts and views.
She said: "If you true manhood claim —
If you would light eternal fires,
Show up man's glory and his shame,
His sinful weakness and desires —
Paint not in beaut'ous platitudes
The virtues few he doth possess,
And hide his faults. Ingratitude
Will shrink thy coward conscience less.
Remember, now, if thou seekest Fame.
Man hath two phases — *glory* — *shame*!

WHAT?

Adami, created by Brahm,
And placed in Ceylon's garden,
Was shortly brought to grief and shame
By Heva, who we pardon.
But we have said, and swore to it,
Few of her daughters have her grit.

TO E. E.

Sweet flower of Love! fair Beauty's queen,
 This is again thy natal day!
 Thou hast at last found sweet sixteen,
 And may thou sixteen ever stay.
 For aye may snow be on thy brow;
 For aye thy lips be cherries red;
 And may thy silken curls, as now,
 For aye adorn thy pretty head.
 For aye may blisses be thy lot,
 Thy joys swell as the rising tide,
 And may thy faults, if thou hast aught,
 Forever "lean toward Virtue's side!"
 And remember through the future time
 The Pagan who wrote this simple rhyme.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare! Thou mortal half divine!
 Silent in death, but living still;
 Would thou could'st teach this muse of mine
 My lines with deeper thought to fill!
 Who dares to seek thy emulation
 In Poesy or Drama's art?
 Whoe'er can hope thy elevation?
 In playing Nature fill thy part?
 Thou prince of human nature's actors,
 Thy feet shall ever tread her stage.
 Thou chief of literary factors,
 Thy works shall live a deathless age!
 And after the brimstone, hail, and rain,
 Phoenix-like, Shakespeare will rise again.

TO LOVELY L.

Fair maiden! pardon me if I,
 In my way, too familiar be.
 To-night, while Luna's hanging high,
 I dedicate these lines to thee!
 To tell a dream which me befell
 On yesternight. A fact, 'tis true!
 I dreamed myself bound by a spell
 I could not break whate'er I'd do.
 Methought Dan Cupid said to me,
 "If you would break this magic spell
 Forthwith I'll furnish you the key."
 "Giv't me," said I. Said he, "'T is well.
 Your heart hath departed from its cell
 Unto the keeping of——" I won't tell.

TO ISHMAEL.

I sing of Ishmael to-night —
 Whoever he may chance to be —
 I often watch him in the fight,
 And hear him called "Humanity."
 Upon his helmet fall the blows
 Of subtle Wealth, Priestcraft, and King;
 I ever hear, where'er he goes,
 Their lances on his armor ring.
Ishmael, let me grasp your hand,
 If true thou art Humanity.
 My heart is beating with yours, and
 My hopes are for your victory!
 Fight on, brave heart! for *Human Right*
 Must shatter the phalanxes of *Might!*

TO "MISS JEALOUSY."

Your heart's a miser. It would grasp,
 And ask for more, all coins of Love.
 Within it, with many a clasp
 And lock, you hold Love's treasure-trove,
 And still art stingy. For you ask
 Me to forswear my other loves;
 And to perform this greedy task,
 You tell me they are soiled doves;
 That they are foolish, fickle, blind,
 And mingle with low company,
 And are not suited for a mind
 Like mine. O cease thy flattery.
 By St. Cecilia and the Muses nine,
 The *one* you hate the *most*, is the *MOST mine!*

TO BURNS.

Sweet Scotia's bard of blissful love,
 I dedicate this name to thee;
 For thou did'st find Love's treasure-trove,
 And let mankind thy "Vision" see.
 Ye showed its follies and its joys,
 The danger of an amorous kiss,
 The touch that Virtue oft decoys,
 The love that melts in married bliss.
 How nobly woman plays her part,
 How subtle man can her deceive,
 How heartlessly he breaks her heart,
 And leaves her o'er her wrongs to grieve.
 Yea! much thou'st seen, and learned it well,
 Experience taught it thee hersel'!

TO LOVELY L.

A true republic was my mind,
 No tyrant monarch here held sway;
 Here Liberty could ever find
 A refuge, and within it stay.
 But ah! a lass of lovely mien
 Laid siege and captured all my troops,
 Made good her title as my queen,
 By binding me with love-made loops.
 How could I struggle to get free,
 When love and white arms held me fast?
 In Love I lost my liberty,
 And abdicated power at last.
 Then hail! the reign of the poet's queen!
 The sweetest monarchy I e'er had seen!

TO AN ORGANIST.

O touch those ivory keys again,
 Fair player. Let thy melodies
 Bring out the sweetness of the strain
 That bides in Handel's symphonies.
 For music hath that subtle spell
 Which charms the heart, pleases the ear,
 And lends a soothing sweetness — well,
 A sweetness like thyself, my dear;
 Who hath this music in thy soul,
 How light thy fingers touch the keys!
 Sweet in my ear thy carols roll,
 Each rivalling, each me well doth please.
 Thou art Orpheus, and thy playing
 For aye would keep my spirit straying!

A QUERY.

"Does death end all?" That is a question
 I cannot answer, nor can you.
 Beyond the mere uttered suggestion
 Lie mists my eyes cannot see through.
 Immortality of the soul!
 "What is the soul?" Here preachers pause,
 And answer, with a heaven-ward roll
 Of eyes to finish out the clause,
 Did Plato know? Sometimes I think
 I'll pause beside his logic's stream
 And of its subtle waters drink;
 But then something dispels the dream,
 For from the lips of the wisest fall:
 "Man is but mortal, Death ends all!"

TO A DUDE.

Dude! Please come a little nearer,
 And let me thy strange isms court all,
 Tho' there be much I value dearer,
 I would know if thou art mortal.
 Gentle Dude! lend me thy glasses,
 That I may observe thy being.
 Thy skull reminds me of an ass's,
 Void of sense save that of seeing.
 Thy speech resembles Darwin's monkey;
 Thy intellect is dwarfed beside.
 I must place thee, gentle donkey,
 Below the ape, whate'er betide.
 I doubted Darwin's dogma nearly,
 But now 't is demonstrated clearly.

TO _____.

Last night we dwelt in Paradise,
 Yet eat not of forbidden fruit;
 Within its gates, beneath its skies,
 We saw no Belzebub astute.
 Why are we banished then, to-night?
 Why is an edged sword at the gate?
 Our Paradise was our delight;
 The two-edged sword just now is Fate;
 Our arms were the confining walls,
 But now they cannot stretch the mile
 That 'twixt our daytime exile falls,
 So we lose Eden for a while.
 But before another week's attained,
 We will see this "Paradise Regained!"

A MISTAKE.

Dark, sullen clouds o'erhung the fields,
 Like the grim funeral pall that's spread
 When Death's chill frost the blood congeals;
 But what cared I? Within the shed,
 Hidden behind the market cart,
 I waited for sweet Clara Belle.
 She came, I heard her beating heart
 'Fore on my ears her footsteps fell.
 "Sweet Belle," said I, "I'm glad you're here."
 I hugged her; she expects as much.
 "Gott in Himmel!" fell on mine ear,
 Ye Muses nine! The girl was Dutch!
 Instead of Belle, it was Wilhelm's frau,
 Who came out to milk the brindle cow!

TO JUDGE B——.

Who declared the Civil Right's Bill unconstitutional.

The negro is a "nigger" still!
 So you think, Judge. Well, this *is* sad!
 Lo! Sambo can no longer fill
 The white man's place. He smells too bad.
 Does he? Have you forgot his vote?
 Have you forgot the winning way
 He has? And how a dollar note
 Gets him down fine on 'lection day?
 Reverse your judgment, or go west;
 Flee from the nigger wrath to come!
 The "coon" has donned his fighting vest;
 Hark! hear the banjo's trum.
 He tries his "razzer" on his thumb.
 He has the power to drive you to — well,
 If you doubt his *strength*, just take a *smell!*

Lulu Remble:

A ROMANCE IN RHYME.

FOUNDED ON SOME OF THE FACTS OF TO-DAY
AND THE
FICTION OF TO-MORROW.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO

MISS LULU GRACE KEPFORD

A LADY OF THE MOST

EXQUISITE CHARACTER, AMIABLE DISPOSITION AND REFINED
SENSIBILITY.

WHOSE LOVE IS THE STAR THAT LEADETH ON TO HIGHER

ASPIRATIONS AND NOBLER THINGS,

THE AUTHOR.

LULU KEMBLE.

CANTO FIRST.

Nay, tell me not that henceforth our lives must severed be,
Altho' stern Fate hath sent forth an immovable decree!
It cannot reach beyond this to that land beyond the sea;
It cannot blight the sweet bliss of an eternity!

—*Lulu G. Kepford.*

Fast the heavy dews were falling o'er a thousand braided
bowers,—

Sweet the humid air was teeming with the scent of sum-
mer flowers;

Coy the silv'ry stars were peeping from behind the fleecy
clouds,

While the sad and mellow moonbeams robed the trees in
snowy shrouds.

In that silence born of twilight, when the last day-
gleam is hid,

And the weird notes of the poor-will echo those of katy-
did;

When Morpheus throws his mantle over half the dark-
ened world,

And the tired sails of human barques for sweet repose
'are furled,

Slowly stealing thro' the shadows toward a rustic ivied
bower,
Was a youth who seemed intent as tho' some fascinating
power

Dwelt within the vine-clad portal, and with sweetest siren
song
Charming angel, de'il, or mortal, bade him come, nor tarry
long.

Now he pauses in that darkness, lit alone by glow-worms'
gleam,
Uttering a mystic signal not unlike a night-hawk's
scream.

Ere the three shrill notes are echoed, there appears, as by
command,
Thro' the rich green ivy cluster a small, snow-white, jew-
eled hand.

Thrice it waves. The crouching figure in the shadow of
the firs
Joins his love within the bower and his lips have met
with hers,

"Now, Rob, quit your silly kissing; I can but a moment
stay,
For the folks may find me missing; are you really going
away?"

Said the maiden, coyly gazing, in the young man's sun-
browned face,
"Are you really going to Texas? Is it such a jolly
place?"

“Yea, Sweet Lulu, I am going, and won't be back for many years.

Oh, quit crying! I was joking! Let me kiss away those tears.

“I of course will go to Texas; but what difference will that make?

I would never make the venture if it were not for your sake.

“I can never rise to power — never rise to wealth or fame, Here, I must remain a farmer, without knowledge, without name.

“Lulu, let me choose the better — better for your sake and mine —

For I cannot, *will not*, stifle every breath of truth divine.

“Here, your father tracks and hounds me; calls me worthless infidel,

Just because I'm independent, and my honest thoughts will tell.

“He has even told you harshly you must ne'er more speak my name,

Or have correspondence with me — shun me as a child of shame.

“But wait, darling! Time brings changes, and let's hope our skies be fair;

There are joys within the future just as well as grief and care.

“I will start southwest next Monday, and likely stop in
Iowa,
Schools are plenty, teachers wanted, so the Hawkeye
papers say;

“And last night I had a letter from my old teacher at
B———,
Says he 's going to give his school up and will intercede
for me;

“He'll resign his post on New Year, and instruct a higher
school,
He has always been a true friend, doubtless learned the
“golden rule.”

“He said this would be an op'ning if I ever wished to
teach,
And as it is in his power he will place it in my reach.

“Don't you think our sky looks brighter?” and the young
man laughed aloud
As he finished his preamble. O'er the girl's face passed a
cloud.

“Rob, dear,” said she, gazing sadly in the young man's
reckless face,
Altho' the thought of parting left a seeming solemn
trace,

“You are oldest, you know better what is best for you and
me,
And if Fate hath so decreed it, I will bow to her decree.

“And father informed me yestre'en that your visits here
must cease,
And if you 'd insist on coming you must pay for your
caprice.”

“O, Rob, dear, what is the reason that our love must be
debarred?
I alone here, and you roaming, like some mortal evil-
starred;

“Here, with riches, I sit weeping, all my bright hopes
screened in dread;
Tell me not the love I bear you after parting will be
dead!

“And, Rob, tell me not that henceforth our lives must
severed be,
Altho' stern *Fatē* may have sent forth an immovable
decree;

“For it cannot reach beyond this to the 'land beyond the
sea;'
It cannot blight the sweet bliss of an eternity!

“It seems to me, thus far our lives are of Hope and Mem'ry
made,
Tho' the Hope is bright as morning's light, Memory hath
sadness' shade;

“Mem'ry is sweet to those who love when it is filled with
gladness;
But, Rob, has ours been so filled? Nay, it is tinged with
sadness.”

“ Well, never mind,” said he, kindly, “ I am sure the time
will come
When I shall have power and riches and *you* for queen of
home.”

Just then the shrubbery rustled, Lulu with start and
tremble,
Gasped “ Pa!” In the arbor hustled her father DeWitt
Kemble,

“ Ha, Lu, you here? cooing, billing, like a sick dove with a
hawk!”
Said he fiercely; then called, “ Here, Ring!” Rob thus
far stood like a stock.

“ Here, Ring!” once again called Kemble, as he turned with
flashing eyes.
Rob had reason for to tremble, for a dog of monstrous
size

Leaped into the arbor, eager to obey Kemble's com-
mand.
From Lu's bosom flashed a dagger, *presto!* it was in Rob's
hand.

Not too soon. The mastiff's eyes gleamed in his own; he
felt his breath;
A flash, a blow— then the blood streamed and the canine
sunk in death.

Speechless Kemble stood a moment at this unexpected
deed,
Then he hissed, “ The de'il be in it, for this act your heart
will bleed!”

“Likely, Kemble,” said Rob coldly, then embraced the
frightened girl —

Kissed her cheek, then uttered boldly, “When you wish
your venom hurl;

“Loose on me alone the torrent; do to me, if aught ye
do;

Vent on me your spleen abhorrent — let me bear the
cross for Lu.”

“Lulu,” said her father, “leave us!” She left. Altho’
stepping light

Her heart was heavy. A greivous look crossed Kemble’s
visage white.

Rob turned coolly, “Good-night, Kemble! I alone respect
your age,

So I leave you, sir, to tremble in the whirlwind of your
rage.”

Thro’ the shadows he departed. To the dog the master
turns;

The defeat which first had smarted, now with intense fury
burns.

But the leaping flame of passion dies away within his
breast,

And, as it is Nature’s fashion, aft’ the storm he seeketh
rest.

Sought the silence of his chamber and the softness of his
bed,

Where Morpheus overpowers e’en the sad that mourn
their dead.

DeWitt Kemble was a farmer, rich in most things of the
world,
The husband of a splendid wife, and the father of six
girls.

Madeline, a perfect coquette, Lulu, fairest of the fair,
Laughing Jean, and gold-haired Chloris, modest Kate
and tricky Clare.

Never was a couple prouder of the lot decreed by Fate
In the way of lovely daughters than this farmer and his
mate,

And it was their fond desire that their dears might
wedded be
To the scions of a kingly race, like that beyond the sea.

Aye! Or they might marry a countryman if he had acres
broad;
At least a reverend clergyman who taught the Word of
God.

Now Madeline bade fair to fill her parent's fond desire,
For suitors high and rich came oft to flatter and admire.

But sober Lulu, loveliest maid, passed all these suitors by,
And in life's commoner walks beheld the "apple of her
eye."

He was a strong-limbed farmer boy, with an orphan's her-
itage,
But, as his fellow-workers said, "uncommon peart for his
age."

He had come from an eastern city and settled in Illinois
State,
With the firm set resolution of becoming rich and great.

He had worked on the farm for Kemble, and met his
daughter Lu,
And being thus thrown together, friendship to deeper love
grew.

They were, Sundays, constant companions from morn till
dewy eve,
And shortly the country people did their names together
weave.

But whenever the country gossip Miss Lulu's praises sung,
Rob Jackson received a "lashing" from the same dissem-
bling tongue.

Thus for over a year unnoticed by Kemble's jealous eyes,
Our lovers dwelt in a sweeter realm than Milton's Para-
dise.

But alas! for them; the spoiler came, and the deputy of
Fate,
From affection's Eden banished them, and strove to bar
the gate.

But you've heard "love laughs at locksmiths," well, this
was our lovers' case,
And for this reason they were found in their midnight
trysting place.

He saw in the lovely Lulu the incarnation of good;
She saw a bold young cavalier in him who before her
stood.

Foremost among Lulu's suitors bold, who sought her heart
and hand,
Was one who had Apollo's face, and the wit of Talley-
rand.

He was young, wealthy, and gallant, owning acres stretch-
ing far;
Lulu's father from his heart wished she would marry
Brace Lamar.

But fair Lulu looked upon him only as her father's friend,
And accepted, with reluctance, the nice gifts he chose to
send.

For her father had commanded that his proffered flowers
and books
Should at all times be accepted with kind thanks and lov-
ing looks.

Brace Lamar, howe'er, regarded Jackson with no kindly
eye,
For Jackson, in a rustic brawl, once had smote him hip
and thigh.

And when Lu, tho' loving peace, had learned the causes
of the fight,
Brace received the consolation that Rob Jackson *served*
him right.

Now it happened in the morning following the incident
Which has been before narrated, Brace Lamar to Kemble's
went,

And pausing at the mansion door, overheard with much
delight,
Kemble to his wife recounting the affair of yesternight.

"So, Rob Jackson's going to Texas," Lamar chuckled to
himself;

"He will go and win himself a name, and likely worldly
pelf.

"Well, my best wishes go with him," giving his moustache
a twirl,

"But, egad! I'll play my cards fine, and confiscate the girl.

"I know Jackson has the Yankee grit to be a man of brains,
And he who crosses swords with him must suffer for his
pains.

"But Brace Lamar, egad, has money, and *money* has the
power

To defy this subtle Yankee, and pluck his prairie flower."

While Lamar was thus soliloquizing, Lulu ope'd the door,
And seeing who the caller was, cast her eyes upon the
floor,

And coolly bade him enter in, and remove his coat and hat.
With a half-forced laugh he seized her hand and pointed
to the mat:

"There's WELCOME on the mat," said he, "cannot you bid me the same?"

"Oh! I suppose so," said she frigidly, "because your name

"Is papa's by-word, and I believe he 'd by it swear;
Just step into the parlor, sir, you 'll find my papa there."

"No, thanks," said he, "I merely called a few words to speak to you;
There will be a fishing party next Thursday at the slough,

"And I should be immensely pleased to have your company;
That, Miss Kemble, is my business here, will you accom-
p'ny me?"

"Oh, I suppose so; many thanks, sir, for your remembrance kind;
If you please to call on Thursday morning, me you 'll ready find.

"Yes, the morning is delightful! would be pleased to have you stay;
Oh no! I shall not insist as you have other work. Good day!"

As he turned away she could not help but curl her lip in scorn,
And sneeringly say: "My escapade he surely heard this morn.

“But what care I for Brace Lamar, his houses, servants, or
land?

There's *one* I love—my Jackson true! he has my heart
and hand!

“And e'en tho' it should break proud hearts, I'll ne'er turn
him away;

Go, thrushes dear, sing in his ear, and sing what you've
heard me say!”

CANTO SECOND.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom has fled.
Or like the snow falls on the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

—Burns.

'Twas to sluggish Illinois banks the fishing party drew,
Where the placid shaded waters bore the name of "Ha-
ven's Slough."

Here the lassies spread the table-cloth while laddies cast
the line
Beside a crystal, bubbling spring, sweeter far than Tokay
wine.

In a pretty skiff, the "Fairy Shell," sat Jackson and
Lamar —
Bob was trolling, Brace was rowing, anon smoking a
cigar.

Brace Lamar had met with Jackson as from Kemble's he
went home,
And kindly told him of the party, inviting him to come.

“For Miss Lulu will be present,” said Brace with a savage smile.

“Now come, Jackson, she’ll expect you!” with a laugh he crossed the stile.

So to-day they fished together, Brace seeming uncommon kind;

Rob, with honest friendship, thinking not of schemes that lay behind.

“Rob, old boy,” said Lamar kindly, “they tell me you’re going west;

I hate to see you go away, but you know your business best.

“What do you intend to follow?” “Follow? why I don’t know yet,”

Said Jackson. “I suppose the first and best thing I can get.”

“How would ranching strike your fancy? I’ve an interest in a herd

Feeding now in southwest Texas; if ’t would suit you, say the word,

“For to-night I’ll make arrangements, and to-morrow we will leave,”

Said Brace; Jackson turned his face, and Lamar chuckled in his sleeve.

Brace continued: “You and Lulu stay to-night with Jean and I;

Stay at Gray’s till dark, that Kemble may not see you passing by.

"I'll tell Kemble, Jean, my cousin, wanted Lu to stay all night;
He, of course, will not suspicion, and we'll get this thing all right."

"You're a daisy, Brace, old fellow," and Rob, choking, gave his hand,
Then reeled his line, for the "Fairy Shell" had kissed the marge's sand,

Where lovely Lu, with roguish glance, stood waiting with a stick,
"Oh, you awful boys," said she, "now wash, and come to dinner quick!"

Soon seated by the table, spread upon the velvet grasses,
Were half a score of jolly boys, and just as many lasses.

Now, of all griefs that overwhelm us, what is there that can steal
-Them in a more seductive way than a jolly woodland meal.

You may talk about your lovely girls, with bonny hair and eyes,
With cherry lips as pure and sweet as the fruits of Paradise;

You may talk of queens and houris, but we'll take for woe and weal,
That lovely girl, that spotless pearl, that can cook a good square meal.

Loving ladies, gentle reader, is your poet's grandest fault,
For we believe with Voltaire,* that of this life they are
the salt.

The soft embrace, the sweeter kiss, is heaven for the sin-
ners;
We'd leave our book to kiss the cook, but hardly leave
our dinners.

In accordance with the subtle scheme which cunning
Brace had laid,
Rob accompanied home the Misses Gray, and until twi-
light stayed.

And just as the distant city clock was striking the hour of
eight,
He kissed the cheek of his charming Lu within the
schemer's gate.

Ah! how splendidly he passed the night with Lulu, Brace,
and Jean,
Till the rosy streaks of sunny light athwart the east were
seen.

For once, thief-like, he loved the night, and dreaded re-
turning day,
Which would banish him from her he loved, who knew
but what for aye!

On the morrow when Ormuzd came forth, the victor of
the fight,
And closed again the glassy slopes with his glimmerings
of light;

* Women are not only men's repose, but his joy — the salt of his life.— *Voltaire.*

When the skylark joyously arose above the meadows fair,
 And laden with carols soft and sweet the half-enchanted
 air;

When the dewdrop on the daisy's* breast shrank from the
 sun away,
 And the robin sang, exultingly, its tender matin lay;

When the maple's coat was crimsoning before the autumn
 breeze —
 (How few have thought of lessons taught by these mute,
 these tongueless trees.)

(There's pathos deeper in fading leaves than human lips
 can speak,
 It touches the heart and brings a tear to glisten on the
 cheek;

It says: "You who now are beautiful must wither and
 fade away;
 Must turn to mold on the bosom cold of clammy, dream-
 less clay.")

On the morrow, mystic morrow, ere the shadows eastward
 fell;
 Ere the noonday air resounded with the soulful dinner
 bell;

Brace and Jackson parted company with fair Jean and
 lovely Lu,
 Loving forms from loving eyes were soon in distance lost
 to view.

* Michaelmas daisy.

Soon the iron horse, with shriek and snort, was rushing
o'er the plain,
Bearing many a heart that beat with joy, a few bursting
with pain.

Aye! one of each class together sat within the self-same
car,
We recognize them—moody Jackson and talkative Lamar.

Now the train is gliding rapidly along the river's brink,
Keeping time in tiresome rhyme, klinkity klink, klinkity
klink!

Shaking, quaking, music-making, high and low, ebb and
flow,
Friends leave taking, fond hearts breaking, singing low
its joy or woe.

O'er the prairie like a fairy, gleam and glide from side to
side,
Rocking sadly, screaming madly, man hath vied its vain-
less pride!

Lo! still it speeds, this steed of steeds, over meads and
through ravines,
Steaming, gleaming, hissing, flying, meter-changing with
the scenes.

Often stopping, loading, dropping here and there a burden
fair,
Here a mother, there a brother, sister, father, wedded pair.

Verdant grangers, gamblers, rangers, common thieves and
congressmen,
Every nation, every 'station, verges in our traveler's ken.

But on looking out the window, grander panoramas sweep.
To the right hand speeds the river, purling, whirling,
eddièd deep.

Here and there the margins o'erhung with a myriad of
flowering vines,
Underneath sit patient anglers watching carefully their
lines.

And anon white sandy beaches strewn with shells and
drifted wood,
Stretch beside us. Here are ruins where a fisher's cottage
stood.

In a mighty drift lodged near it are the fragments of a
skiff,
Just behind it, like a giant frowning, stands a rocky cliff.

On the left hand stretch out fertile fields of yellow ripen-
ing corn,
Or sprouting wheat, dotted with stacks, for Cornucopia's
horn

Has showered upon the husbandman the blessings it doth
hold,
And lined his honest, worthy palm with glittering, shin-
ing gold.

Here they pass a country schoolhouse snug ensconced beneath the hill,
Near it, sparkling in the sunlight, gleams a tiny, rippling rill;

Barefoot boys with upturned trousers wade it, playing boyish pranks;
Tender buds, to bloom as women, loiter on its em'rald banks.

'Neath the oak-tree on the playground two urchins engage in fight,
Other boys rush from all quarters to observe the novel sight.

But the steel steed finds no interest in tarrying awhile,
And, ere the teacher parts the boys, they have won another mile.

Now they pass a cemetery with its solemn, sombre spell,
Its resting palaces of those ones that once were loved so well;

Its marble pillars and granite shafts rise regal, serene, lone,
Bearing the names of voiceless dust graved upon its sculptured stone.

We have left the river country and now ragged hills appear;
Night on noiseless wings approaches and the pale moon rises clear.

Brace, contented, woos the goddess from her lord, Morpheus' arms;
Rob sits thinking of his future and of Lulu Kemble's charms.

Hark! A dreadful crash! A woman's shriek pierces the evening air,
It fell upon Rob Jackson's ear like the keynote of despair;

The engine whistled fiercely, the sleeping passengers awoke,
The train slacked up—once again a woman's scream the silence broke.

Rob was first to reach the spot from whence the cry of anguish pealed,
He saw a sight which for a moment almost his blood congealed:

Before him in a mass confused, lay a man, two girls, a team,
The wagon smashed in countless pieces, then rent another scream.

Quick he stooped and raised the fragile form from which escaped the cries,
Lamar came up and curtly said, "Gad! a nymph from Paradise!"

Then turned, and with other passengers helped to clear the wreck away,
While Jackson, upon his overcoat the swooning girl did lay;

Then rushing to a neighboring brook dipped water in his
felt,
And hurrying back sprinkled her face, then down beside
her knelt,

Chafing her hands, her wrists, her brow, with a strange
anxiety,
Until the feverish flush of life upon her face saw he.

There she lay, coming again to life, her bosom heaving
slow,
Decked with satin and orange blossoms, white as the
driven snow,

More like a princess lying in state under that spreading
tree
Than the bride's maid of an hour ago, as Rob found her
to be.

She ope'd her eyes, gazed upon Rob with a wild and
frightened stare,
With a tiny white hand pushed she back her golden,
glossy hair.

"Where am I?" said she, with trembling voice, a voice as
low and sweet
As Lulu Kemble's. "Why am I here? Please help me
to my feet."

"Lie still," said Rob, "you're hurt, I fear; your team was
struck by the train,
The wagon smashed, the horses killed, and you thrown
out. Have you pain?"

Said he, as she strove to rise but with a groan sank back
again,
"Oh, no!" said she, but they're *dead*, my cousin Bess and
Harmon Lane."

Jackson, turning, saw them lying on the soft grass calm
and white,
Silent, still as fallen statues in the soft, serene moon-
light.

Standing by them were the passengers that took them
from the wreck;
Brace Lamar came quickly forward in reply to Jackson's
beck.

The girl, fainting at this moment, did not hear the words
of dread
That came in answer to Rob's query, "Yes," said Brace,
"*they are dead!*"

"That young German fellow yonder, walking in the forest
glade,
Is their neighbor; he is going to their home for other
aid."

When the faintness again vanished the girl ope'd her
azure eyes,
And to Jackson's several questions with alacrity replies:

"They're my cousins; they were married only one short
hour ago,
I was bride's maid; we were going home — the rest — Oh,
God! — you know.

“With my cousin I’ve been staying on a visit here since
spring;
In North Iowa is my home, and my name is Eliese
King.”

At that moment scores of neighbors came in wagons to
the scene,
And with tender hands they lifted up the corpses from
the green;

And upon a leafy litter, made of plaited hickory boughs,
They bore Miss King with all tenderness that sympathy
allows.

As Jackson, apart, was looking after the retreating band,
He saw, above the litter, waving adieu, her tiny hand.

The engine whistled, each passenger again resumed his
seat,
Once again the noisy steed resumed his grand progressions
fleet.

Brace Lamar soon entered dreamland; Jackson, smoking
his cigar
Sat in meditation silent, gazing on the Northern Star.

On the star discerning fancy saw two faces blending
tremble —
Gold hair, blue eyes — brown hair, blue eyes — Eliese King
and Lulu Kemble.

But fair Lulu’s shineth longer, tho’ Eliese’s German face,
Rudely banished from his day-dreams, in his night-dreams
finds a place.

“She’s as beautiful,” said Brace Lamar, on the ensuing
morn,
“As Lulu Kemble, whom I thought the loveliest ever
born.”

“Her form is among the loveliest that ever swept my
view,”
Said Jackson, “but I rather think the princess of all is
Lu!

“But yet— Hang sweet Eliese’s face! I ’most felt Cupid’s
dart,
For when she waved a parting hand it touched the cords
of my heart.”

CANTO THIRD.

Learn wisdom then. The frequent feast avoid, for there, with stealthy tread,
Temptation walks, to lure you on till death at last the banquet spread.
And shun, oh, shun, the enchanted cup, though now the draught like joy appears,
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs, and sadly mixed by blood and tears.

—Anon.

In due time our brawny worthies reached the Pecos' sunny
slopes,
Where they halted, each indulging in his respective hopes.

Brace Lamar's: that some years' absence would, no doubt,
change Lulu's love.
Rob's: that Fate might on him smile, enabling him his
vows to prove.

Far as the eye could penetrate east, slick-sided cattle fed,
On the west a snow-capped mountain above its fellows
raised its head.

Near, the purling Pecos, freighted here and there with
birch canoe,
Reflects back a fishing red man of a deeper copper hue.

Swarthy rustlers, mustang-mounted, issue from the chap-
parel,
From the forest, close behind them, comes the cow-boys'
lusty yell.

One glance backward cast the rustlers, then the blood-
dyed spurs sink deep,
And their jaded steeds rush by us as the pent tide's loos-
ened sweep.

Close upon them, like grim death, the wild pursuing herd-
ers press;
Turn our steeds and let us follow till we find them in du-
ress.

The game's afoot! 'Tis human game, and human blood
must pay
These heartless hunters for their chasing—here "moun-
tain laws" hold sway.

Nearer, nearer, gain we on them, how the warm winds fan
our cheeks!
Fierce, exultant, yells the cow-boy; not a word the rustler
speaks.

Above the din and tumult we hear a carbine's spiteful
crack,
And the hindmost rustler's mustang falters, falling in his
track.

In a moment, ere the fallen rogue can draw a second
breath,
We sweep o'er him, but a rancher's aim has left him cold
in death.

The pursued, ha! we are on them, as they turn like hunted
stags;
Or as eagles meet the nester when he scales their native
crag.

'Tis the meeting of the thunderbolt with an electric spark!
'Tis the striking of a monsoon when it overtakes the
barque!

'Tis the striking of Thor's hammer as the rocks he doth
assail!
Or an avalanche's vengeance, only on a smaller scale.

Farewell, rustlers! Ah, we fear, dead sirs, ye ne'er more
can fare well,
Ye such tragic parts can play no more in such a tragic
spell.

Tho' we canonize but heroes, ye the hero's courage had,
More 's the pity, that such courage lived in hearts of men
so bad.

Now, since the excitement 's over, bearded cowboys gather
near
Brace and Jackson, and our worthies gaze in awe, or half
in fear.

Rob, howe'er, makes explanation, and, with Brace, sighs a
relief,
When one, laughing, says, "Senor Lamar, I am your cow-
boys' chief.

“My men and I did these rustlers chase from early morn
till now,
But we got them and feel well paid, they'll steal no more,
I vow.”

“There, Pedro, drop that antelope! Bravo! your arm's still
staunch;
Stake the plugs; we'll eat our dinner now, then seek
again the ranch.”

Riding back close to the forest's edge, they picketed their
steeds,
And soon with spitted antelope satisfied their common
needs.

The steak, though not so nicely served as Delmonico could
boast,
Was, judging by the relish shown, an exceeding royal
roast.

Jackson feasted, half enraptured by the wild romantic
scene;
A motley group, indeed, was gathered around him on the
green.

Near Lamar sat Juan Campana, the dashing cowboy chief;
A brave rider, a dead shot, a terror to the cattle thief.

Near Campana sat Gonzales, a fierce snake-eyed creole;
Near him, sprawling on the ground, lay Ivan Davilitch, a
Pole.

Close by Rob sat Matthew Sanford, once a cashier of New
York,
And leaning 'gainst a mesquit tree stood Pat Finnerty, of
Cork.

Pedro, a greaser, two Yankees, three half-breeds, and a
Scot,
Finished out the band of cowboys, an interesting lot.

Most all listened with indifference as Brace to Campana
told
Of his journey to the southwest, and its happenings manifold.

But when Jackson from his satchel drew a flask of Bour-
bon fine,
And handed it to Finnerty, how their seeming dull eyes
shine.

O'er Pat's honest face a broad grin swept, and a twinkle
'scaped his eye,
He bowed to all, then said to Bob, "Here's looking at ye,
me bhoy."

What an influence hath the devil that a bottle hides;
How cunningly is laid the snare where the knave of knaves
abides.

How jovial are the comrades when they drink of Satan's
well!
But look within the curb, my friend, you'll catch a
glimpse of hell!

Thou lovely devil! distilled sorrow, what pictures you can
 paint;
 Would that Man, with all his weakness, with you ne'er
 been acquaint.

Would your blighting hand had never touched the human
 brain divine—
 (Will I take something? Aye! thanks! a little syrup,
 please, in mine.)

Thou ruby viper, Wine! How, to their sorrow, men adore
 thee;
 How they meet Momus divine, then quarrel and jangle
 o'er thee!

We'll have none of thee, red demon, with thy sly seduc-
 tive ways;
 For, altho' you please men's palates, you have held them
 down *three days*.

When again the cowboys mounted to pursue their home-
 ward way,
 "Patrick," said the chief, Campana, "these men go with us
 to-day.

"They can ride the rustlers' mustangs; you may take the
 others back;
 They borrowed them at Brackettville, they belong to one-
 armed Jack."

"Brace," said Jackson, "take my satchel, I'll jog back with
 Finnerty."

"You're a gintleman," says Pat; "I'm glad I met the likes
 o' ye."

Turning eastward, Pat and Jackson o'er the prairie dashed
away,
Passing by the little hollow where the slaughtered rust-
lers lay.

"Gobs," said Pat, "that divil's living," and he whipped his
pistol out;

"But he'll nivir live to crawl away while Finnerty's about."

"Hold," said Jackson, "please don't shoot him; let me ask
the rogue his name;

For to murder him in cold blood, Pat, would be a burning
shame."

Rob dismounted from his horse, and to the wounded man
drew near,

The fellow ope'd his eyes, but showed not the slightest
sign of fear.

But giving Rob and Pat a look which showed hatred unto
death,

He gripped the handle of his bowie and drew it from its
sheath.

"Hold!" said Rob, "I'm not a thief, nor came I back to
see you die;

But saw you moving, heard you groaning, as I was riding
by.

"I'll assist you; is there anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes," said he, "go away, and leave me stare, till death,
the heavens blue.

"I'm an eagle, let me die with my eye upon the sun;
Go again with your young army, and ride down some
other one!

"There were twelve of you, three of us; we were whipped,
but what's the odds?
Jesu! I've a wife and daughter in the 'Garden of the
Gods.'"

"Have you any message," said Rob, "to your wife and
child to send?"

"Yes," said he, "that of the string of life at last I've
reached the end.

"Tell them that a cowboy shot me, you came by and saw
me die;
That I sleep in Pecos' valley; but, please, do not tell them
why.

"Stranger, once I was an honest man; that was some years
ago;
I had a good position then, but I fell from grace, you
know.

"I loved whisky; curses on it! It's the keystone of all woe,
It has dragged my soul from Heaven, sinking it in Hell
below!

"If I'd listened to my mother's voice which said to me
"Beware!"
I would never have fallen into temptation's snare;

“But too late! too late! my life’s blood stains the withered
prairie grass;
Ah! we can never live again the hours that by us pass!

“My name is Walter Somerset; I was once a county clerk
In the commonwealth’ of Maryland, but whisky did its
work.

“I fled,—my bondsman followed me, but he sleeps beneath
the sods,
I killed and buried him one day in the ‘Garden of the
Gods.’

“I married a ranchman’s daughter then, that’s twenty
years ago;
I tried to brace up and be a man because she loved me
so.

“We have one daughter, Susie, she is eighteen years old
to day,—
Oh, God! It would break her gentle heart to hear the
words I say.

“I am a wealthy ranchman; I made it robbing other men;
Among the Colorado hills I’ve a herd would fill your ken.

“I’m a King in Colorado, here; a “rustler” on the sods,
Farewell to those who love and wait in the ‘Garden of
the Gods!’

“And farewell, stranger, fare-thee-well! we again will
never meet;
Do not touch me; leave me lie here with the rank grass
as my sheet.

“You will tell my loved ones of me? You will keep the rest I said?

You will—you will—” His breathing ceased; one gasp and he was *dead!*

Jackson left him as he wished and silently they rode away.

Finally the spell was broken by the guileless Finnerty:—

“Gobs! That fellow was a bad man from the ‘Garden av the Gods,”

For his sowl, be gobs! I b'lave ould Nick ud rather take the odds.

“Now, I'll bet you forty drinks av tay that prilgrim is'nt dead;

He's wounded purty bad, I'll 'low, but he has a level head.

“I happen to *know* him; he *is* a *King*; Barton King's his name;

He's the slickest thafe in Texas, but I understand his game.

“He tuk us both fur tender-fate, and tried to work upon our hearts;

I've seen him play his games afore; Och! he understhands his parts.

“You bet yer loife he's slick, me bhoy, fer he is the fraud of frauds,

Why, gobs! me bhoy! There not *one* ranche in the ‘Garden av the Gods!’

“Now we’ll stake our nags behind this knoll and go back
there agin,
I will warrant yees Bart. King’s O. K., except a little
pain.

“Now git down on yer hunkers, bhoy, be careful what ye
do,
Fer if that pilgrim gits a chance he’ll let daylight shine
thro’ you.”

Rob felt skeptical. He thought the man was dead beyond
all doubt,
But then, thought he, this Finnerty surely knows what
he’s about.

So he crept cautiously along beside of versatile Pat,
Till Finnerty whispered in his ear, “Be gobs! an’ how is
that?”

Rob’s eye followed where Pat scarce could point for laugh-
ing so,
Behold! Bolt upright sat the corpse of one short hour
ago.

His carbine rested on his knees; his bowie was in his
hand;
There he sat, indeed a hearty corpse, a rustler, a brigand.

Pat drew his pistol. Rob said nothing. Then came a
whip-like crack,
And he who cunningly feigned dying, was dying, *for a
fact.*

They arose; walked back behind the knoll and mounted
once again;
All night they rode, but in the morning at Bracketville
drew rein.

Thro'out the sultry day they slept, but when came even-
ingtide
And fair Luna once again looked down upon the prairies
wide,

When Dame Nature spread her dewy mantle, glossy,
sparkling damp,
They retraced the beaten trail which led toward the
mountain camp.

When Finnerty related their event with cunning King,
The laugh it raised at Rob's expense made the sombre
forests ring.

Jackson noticed tho', when Pat declared, "Be gobs! I
saled King's sight,"
That the snake-like eyes of the creole gleamed with a
savage light.

In a few days Rob on duty went, as agent for Lamar,
And when Brace bade him "Good bye!" between the puffs
of his cigar

He said, "Jackson, you must watch yourself among these
lances free,
For the way things now are running here, is far from
pleasing me.

“If you chance to notice things are not just what they
ought to be,
Drive the herd to San Antonio and telephone to me.

“I’ll arrange it with my partners and just tell them how it
stands,
And at the proper time you’ll have proper power in your
hands.

“Good-bye!” and Brace, walking off, spake to himself with
silent lip,

“I’ll offer Rob these temptations, and the chances are he’ll
skip.”

CANTO FOURTH.

Never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
- After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands, from hill and dale,
Reap the harvest yellow.
— *Whittier.*

“Is it but three months,” said Lulu, “since my dear Rob took his leave?”

Let me see! 'Twas near September's end, and this is Christmas eve;

“Only three months! For goodness sake, how slowly time passes me!

How happy chime those passing bells! I wish my heart was as free.

“I wonder why Rob does not answer the letter I wrote him,

I've watched for an answer so long that my eyes are growing dim.

“Oh! just to think he has been away for at least three full months,

And during all that weary time he has written to me—
once.

“ I feel alarmed, indeed I do, for I heard Brace telling Pa
That many guiltless men have died by the horrid ‘moun-
tain law.’

“ Surely something *must* be wrong, or Rob would have
written ere now;
He promised every week to write, and he never breaks a
vow.

“ How happy I should be if I would receive a note to-night,
More it would be of value to me than all these jewels
bright.

“ Would I had never seen the gems — that riches had ne’er
been mine;
For to-night I might be happier with Rob and love divine.

“ For *Love* deeper lies than diamonds; is richer than rubies
rare;
Is purer far than the milky curls that bind the princess’
hair.

“ There was never built a wall yet that *true love* could not
surmount;
In the hardest human trials it has sprung a streaming
fount.

“ Streams may dry, chasms may yawn, and mighty moun-
tains crumble low;
Death may snap the thread of Life, and stop, for aye, the
wheel of woe;

“Seas may arise, turn into vapors, and with clouds shroud
the sky;
But *True Love!* It is eternal! it can never, *never die!*

“Whirling spheres may leave their courses, and fixed stars
may die away;
Father Sun may let his gentle beams on earth no longer
stray;

“Sister Moon may hide her lovely face, and from her orbit
hie;
But *True Love!* It is eternal! it can never, *never die!*

“*Love* is farther stretched than Orient's circumambient bar;
Look ye from the farthest planet, there it shineth still
afar.

“Mother Earth it doth encompass like unto the milky way;
It is boundless as the infinite — it will never lose its sway.

“*Love* is stronger than the tempest when it wakes creation's
sleep,
Hurling on the rocks and reefs the mighty surges of the
deep;

“Yet is milder than sunlit morn — the opalescent skies —
It has buried generations, but *it never, NEVER DIES!*

“Life's the mightiest of sea shores that before Death's
deep doth lay;
Men are sands that lie upon it, they have felt *Love's*
wielding sway;

“ They have bloomed, faded and withered as a flower before
the frost,
’Though they have passed away to dreamless sleep their
Love was never lost;

“ It has broken bars of iron, it has pierced armors of
steel,
Performing wonders such as no human lips could e’er
reveal;

“ It has given life, has taken life, made equal low and high,
It has proven thro’ the cycles it is that which *ne’er will
die.*

“ ’Tis the amaranth, ne’er dying, that perfumes the uni-
verse,—
’Tis the balsam God gave unto man to mitigate his
curse;

“ ’Tis the flower that bloomed in Eden; aye! it blooms in
Eden still,
It has blossomed sweet for æons, and for æons ever
will!

“ There is no earthly treasure that beyond true love can
reach—
There is no single religion that doth purer precepts teach.

“ For it teaches that those unions which are purest in this
life
Are those where Love divine uniteth two fond mortals—
man and wife.

“It has sought me in a station which the world exalts —
calls high;
It has proffered me, from humbler walks, ‘the apple of
my eye;’

“It has made me scorn those riches which give luxury and
ease,
It betrothed me to as manly heart as beats a manly
breast.

“Yea, it tells me with its silent tongue that he will come
to me
And that I, as wife, shall grace his life, and with him
happy be.”

While Lulu was thus soliloquizing Chloris ope'd the
door,
Coming in as one the oil upon the troubled sea to pour.

She held a letter in her hand which caused Lulu's heart
to throb,
For she saw by the address the epistle was from Rob.

With nimble fingers and happy heart the letter she did
ope,
With feelings kin to a drowning man's seeing the star of
hope.

“Please read the letter, love,” she to the fair-haired Chloris
said,
Chloris, seating herself beside Lulu, Jackson's letter read:

“DEAREST LULU: Six times I’ve written, yet I’ve not heard
from you —
Despair has whispered in my ear, ‘You have lost your
lovely Lu!’

“I cannot believe it! I’ve banished the tho’t from my
brain,
And concluded, “tho’ ye slay me, I’ll love thee,” and write
again.

“’Tis only three days till Christmas and then I’ll be leaving
here
For Iowa to teach Grafton’s school for the ensuing
year.

“You see my ranching is over, as Lamar his herd has
sold,
I got a handsome commission — two hundred dollars in
gold.

“We drove the herd to San Antone’; it was a terrible
drive;
In a battle with the ‘rustlers’ we lost of our cowboys five;

“Of our men Gonzales, a creole, was a “rustler” on the
sly,
Campana tho’t so and kept on him an ever watchful
eye.

“In our band there was an Irishman whose name was
Finnerty,
He was as fearless and daring as ever man could be;

“He rode a little in advance when we met the rustler
pack,
And Gonzales, the creole, killed him by shooting him in
the back;

“Then Juan Campana, the chief, riding by the Creole's
side,
Planted his dirk in Gonzales' bosom— he in an instant
died.

“The way the battle opened 'twas difficult to understand
Which was a friend or foeman, which was cowboy and
which brigand.

“Let the poets sing of the free and easy life in the free
zone—
That there *is* the utmost *freedom* tho' I willingly will
own;

“But where the *easy* part comes in to me is a mystery,
Unless it be *easy dying*— from which I would fain be
free.

“Let the poets take their standing ground on Fiction's
lofty mount,—
Let them serve their readers nectar from Exaggeration's
fount,—

“Let them paint their glowing pictures in language pleas-
ing and strong,—
Let them come West—I'll warrant you they'll sing a
different song.

“There’s no poetry in being in the saddle for five days,
Not a whit in sleeping there in some forty different
ways.

“This poesy comes tumbling “down with a dull, sickening
thud,”
When you have the clouds for cover and a mattress of
the mud.

“There is money to be made! Of course. But is that all
of life?
Nay! To me a higher calling beckons onward to the
strife.

“Here, man is a selfish creature, living for himself alone,
But for me, of nobler vineyards, let the gates be open
thrown.

“Let the civilized barbarian pursue the beaten track
In search of Fortunatus’ purse till Death, only, drives
him back.

“My ambition seeks a higher sphere—beyond the orb of
Self,
And the wealth of my desires is not store-houses of pelf.

“But to summits that are loftier a bright star lures me
on,
And beyond, methinks, that brighter realms appear to me
anon.

“And my hope, the hope of ages, is that I sometime may
be,
By some effort of my own commended to Humanity!

- “Who is richer than the man who has the love of human kind?
Who dies happier than he who leaves the world in tears behind?”
- “What are golden harps or jeweled crowns to such a man as he
Who proved himself a champion fighting for humanity?”
- “Go with me over the world to-day and sound the hearts of men,—
Read those volumes of the Silent Great that verge within your ken;
- “In the Vedas, Shasters, Bibles, and Al Korans you will see,
They are the conquerors of the world who serve humanity!”
- “Enough; I fear I tire you with my prosy philosophy,
But ‘as the hart pants for the brook,’ so my heart yearneth to be
- “Back again within the garden where meanders Learning’s brooks;
Back again with lovely Lolu, human beings, and my books.
- “By the new year I’ll be lodged at B——, within Iowa’s line;
By the the way, B——’s the burg where lives that *protege* of mine.
- “My *protege*, that is the lady I wrote to you about,
Who so narrowly escaped death when the train caused that sad rout.

“Now, Lulu dear, please answer this, and do not tarry so long;
Why did you not answer the others; has anything gone wrong?”

“If you knew how much of sunshine your pen throws in my lone way,
You, with your accustomed charity, would write me every day.

“Love to you — to friends best wishes, and defiance to my foes.
As my letter is a lengthy one I feel constrained to close.

“But remember, Lu, for *you alone* my heart shall ever throb
As in the past so in the future, *I remain, yours ever* —
ROB.”

Madeline the room had entered as Chloris the letter read, When 't was finished she looked at Lulu, and sagely shook her head:

“Ah! alas for you, my lovely Lu, ‘your cakes are dough,’” said she,
“For Jackson will court that German girl, his protege at B——.

“You silly thing, to sit there crying until your eyes are red,
Do you suppose a thought of you ever enters Jackson’s head?”

“He’s but a man as other men, and this love of his so dear,
Is like unto a magnet’s power, only strong when very
near.

“Why he’s an unlearned boor compared to handsome Brace
Lamar,
And as far below him as a grain of sand’s below a star.

“Brace is handsome, rich, gallant, and good; what more
could you desire?”
Then spoke Lu: “*The boor — the grain of sand — the one
that I admire!*”

And burying her face within her hands she sat as one of
old,
Refusing to be comforted by Chloris with hair of gold.

Madeline sat down beside her, and her arm around her
threw,
Saying in gentler tones, “Come, I was only joking, Lu!

“Rob is good; a splendid fellow, and he may be rich some
day.
I’m too sorry that Pa’s violence has driven him away.

“But I know he loves you, Lulu, and you in his bosom
reign,
And I’m sure that in a short time he will come to you
again.

“Please, do n't cry, I'm awful sorry that I spoke so mean
to you;
Come, cheer up! for pa is coming. Let me hide your letter,
Lu.”

“What's the matter now?” said Kemble, as he sat down by
the grate.
Cunning Madeline adroitly did the incident relate.

While she talked he gazed steadfastly at the embers in
the grate;
His strong frame trembled, while his face livid grew with
settled hate.

He looked at Lulu, then broke forth with speech and gesture
wild:

“Rather than have you marry him I would bury you, my
child.

“I had hoped that I could give my children luxury and
rank;
But alas! my hopes are shattered by a simple childish
prank!

“And she whom I have cherished with the fondest paternal
care,—
Loving even more than life itself—now drives me to
despair.

“Oh! must this crushing truth be seen? will this adventurer
wild—
This rambling, gambling libertine, be the husband of my
child?

“Supreme! Oh, tell me truthfully, it is but a cursed spell!
It will not be! I shall not see her marry this infidel!

“Oh! can it be? It is fate's decree that makes me raving
wild;
Oh, must I see him wedded be, and her to my sweetest
child?

“Mother Earth mix with my ashes; bear me to chaos again
Before this cursed atheist steals the idol of my brain!

“Oh! despair let loose thy torrents; let their eddies seethe
and curl;
Let them drown my broken spirit before he marries my
girl.

“Styx of the world, let thy stream hurl thro' the channel of
my heart,
Before my girl, my spotless pearl, forsakes me and dwells
apart!”

DeWitt Kemble bowed his head, seemingly overcome with
grief.

Lulu, from her breaking heart, wished death would come
to her relief.

With an effort she arose, and walking to her father bent,
She said: “*Pa, I'll never marry Rob, except with your
consent!*”

CANTO FIFTH.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.

— *Bryant.*

It was evening. Snow was falling in myriad fleecy flakes.
In the corner Chris sat smoking, while Frau Gretchen
turned the cakes.

John had fed the sleek, fat horses, and was making down
their bed;
Fritz was milking patient Brindle in the straw-roofed
cattle shed.

Little Gus and sister Mina filled the great red box with
wood;
By the stove a red-cheeked maiden slowly doffed her cloak
and hood.

“Mother, let me pour the coffee,” said she as she hung
them up,
“For I hear the boys a-coming, and they’ll want a steam-
ing cup.”

As she spake the gate swings open and its frosty hinges
twang
“Good night! good night!” it seems calling, till it closes
with a bang.

Then around the supper table with its steaming viands
spread,
Seats the father and his children while the good wife
cuts the bread.

Now Eliese has poured the coffee for her father and the
boys,
When suddenly they hear the watchful Cæsar make a
noise.

On the porch some one is shuffling—now he raps the
panels thin,
Then ope's the door and enters to the farmer's gruff
“Gom in!”

To them all he is a stranger, common-sized, well-dressed
and fair,
With a round, smooth face so jolly, and a look devoid of
care.

Slowly now he doffs his beaver, a broad-rimmed one,
colored gray,
Saying, “Stranger, I'm a pilgrim, in the storm I've lost
way;”

“I will pay you for my lodging if you 'll share your roof
with me;
Though not a tramp, I *am* tramping to my destination
B——.”

“B——,” said Chris, “Vy, yes! Here, Gretchen, took dis young man’s ofergoat;
Always room ’round mit my dable, und Shon’s bet vill held you bote.

“Eliese, pour oud him some coffee! Gretchen, pass dose sauer-kraut!
You bet, stranger, auld Gris Koenig turns a stranger seldom oud.

“Vell, vat might your name be, stranger, und vat for you go mit B——?”
And old Chris pushed from the table and took Mina on his knee.

“My name’s Jackson—Robert Jackson—and I’ll teach the school at B——,
Finish out the term for Grafton”— “Vell,” said Chris, “you do n’t told me?”

“Ich been glad me gif you velcome! koom in mit der oder room
Vile the vimens vash der dishes ve vill smoke. Koom, mister, koom.”

By the warm hearth Jackson seated; old Chris handed him a pipe,—
A quaint, old-style, German heir-loom, flowered china with gilt stripe.

Then a pouch of fragrant “Durham” laid he on Rob Jackson’s knee,
Jackson felt quite glad he’d wandered from the road that led to B——.

For awhile both smoked in silence, old Chris seeming
lost in thought;
Rob, exploring his surroundings, wond'ring at his lucky
lot.

Now he gazed on Chris intently, thinking of his broken
speech,
Smiling at his nose of carmine—waist round which no
arm could reach.

Or he looked at little Mina as she clasped her father's
hand,
Or shook her golden curls again from out their velvet
band.

To Jackson she seemed as gentle as the flow'rs that deck
the springs,
So beautiful, sweet and modest—a wee cherub without
wings.

Chris and Gretchen, happy couple, had been married
thirty years,
Out of seven blooming children only *two* had sought their
tears.

Bart., the eldest, ran away when he was seventeen years
old,
So Rob learned that evening when Chris his family's
hist'ry told.

They had never heard of him so the family mourned him
lost,
When Chris said "*Bart.*" a strange feeling o'er the mind
of Jackson crossed,

And the vision of a "rustler" who had died on Pecos'
plain
Like a phantom wierd, fantastic, flitted thro' his wand'ring
brain.

And he almost said "*I've seen him!*" but he caught his
tattling tongue;
Only mothers know how Rob's words would a mother's
heart have wrung;

And listened how blue-eyed Ludwig passed six merry sum-
mers thro',
But when autumn leaves were fading, with the leaves he
faded too.

Brawny John, a bashful fellow, had gone to the village
store,
Fritz, a very imp of mischief, played with August on the
floor.

Soon the little fellow tired and crept up the creaking
stair
To his bed of downy feathers and was lost in dreamland
there.

Now matronly Gretchen enters with her knitting in her
hands;
Once again the door swings open and behold! a Venus
stands!

Coy Eliese, the eldest daughter, with a wealth of golden
hair,
Cheeks that mock the summer roses, naive, eighteen, hand-
some and fair,

Stood before him in the lamplight, with a pitcher in her
hand,
Stepped beside him blushing, smiling, set the pitcher on
the stand.

'Cross the floor with step like Juno, again to the kitchen
goes,
And returns with empty glasses, into which the cider
flows.

All around they bump their glasses, drinking deep the
health of Rob;
To old Chris Eliese turns smiling, "Pa, does he not favor
Bob?"

"Ya! he do look shust like Ing'soll, 'cept he don't vas
hardly bald;"
And as Fritz stepped in the kitchen, after him his father
called:

"Fritz, my boy, bring oop some apples, and der chug of
vishky stoud,
Und dose keards from off der mantel, we vill haf some
sevend-oud."

Then they gathered round the table, joining in a social
game,
And the German farmer's family soon were calling Rob
by name.

Rob and Eliese played as partners against Fritz and jovial
Chris,
With as fair a partner who would not indulge in sports
like this?

Anon Chris would shake with laughter, that is, when he'd
 won the game,
 And his small steel-gray eyes sparkled brighter than a
 candle's flame.

"Hearts are trumps," Rob looks at Eliese as she coyly lifts
 her cards.

A dozen thoughts flit through his brain like the rhyming
 of the bards.

Hearts *are* trumps. Aye! in life's springtime, when the
 buds of Friendship bloom,
 And the richness of their fragrance fills the heart with
 sweet perfume.

When Love is the monarch reigning in the kingdom of
 the soul,
 And Cupid wins the younglings to his ultimate control.

When it rules the throngs are silent, like the footsteps of
 the night,
 Fleeing from the sun, which rising, ushers forth the
 morning light.

Hearts are "passed." Time "makes it *Diamonds*;" now
 frosts begin to fall,
 And where Love divine was cherished Greed hath crept
 and blighted all.

But its empire, too, is fleeting, for the "*Club*"— token of
 war —
 Steps into Life's strange arena, breaking down the daz-
 zling bars.

Like when "bower cards" in "euchre" oftentimes do lose
 the points;
 So the knight, with love and lucre, wars, and vultures pick
 his joints.

O, existence! Why so fickle? Janus-faced — now storm,
 now shade!
 Love, and Greed, and War have ruled us, Death now
 "turns" the ruthless *Spade!*

This sweeps all stakes. Seek no further ye that doubt a
 future state.
 Here all joy or sorrow endeth; here ends Love and Hope
 and Hate.

Are wrongs righted? Are prayers answered? Has Sin
 from his covert fled?
 Are these dreams of our blighted? Ask not mortal —
 ask not dead.

All these crowding, vivid fancies, came before Rob as he
 played,
 And bathed in the smiling sunshine of this petite German
 maid.

Quite forgotten was fair Lulu as the evening passed away;
 Quite true Madeline's prophecy concerning his "protege."

Ten o'clock. Chris rose slowly now with Mina in his
 arms,
 Pulling his chair to the snug hearth there his sleeping
 darling warms,

Fritz draws off his boots and jacket, mut'ring "Hope the
lams won't freeze,"
And steals up the chilly stairway, leaving Jackson and
Eliese.

Staid Frau Gretchen quits her knitting, and takes Mina
to her bed;
John comes bursting in the kitchen with his awkward
heavy tread.

"Vell," said Chris, "ven you bin schleepy, you can go oop
stairs mit Shon;
Ve musht get oop in der mornin', deres be blenty vork to
done."

Jackson took this hint good natured, and bidding them all
good night,
He followed bashful John who walked before and carried
the light.

And soon with Morpheus' siren maids, who do nightly
vigils keep,
He sought enjoyment, dozed and awoke, sought to, but
could not sleep.

He heard the wind whistling through the trees, the swish
of drifting snow,
Then croup-like coughs of long duration from some wee
thing below.

Finally he thought of Mina, and arose his clothes to don,
When he heard the stair door open, and the farmer call-
ing "Shon!"

“Get oop, Shon! Right away, quick, my boy, and for der doctor gae!”

“I’m coming, sir!” said John, “coming, sir, right away.”

How dreadful that command! How it makes the heart
qualmy and sick,
To be wakened from sweet sleep, and hear “Go for the
doctor quick!”

The doctor came and friends drew near, but Death count-
ed all as naught,
For croup, the infant’s assassin, bore off all that love had
fraught.

And when morrow came it showed a form silent in
Death’s repose,
Whose placid features rivalled the alabaster of the snows.

In the room where last night Mina joined in reveling and
mirth,
To-day a little casket treasured her from the frozen earth.

And he, who had beloved and cherished her with fond
paternal care,
In his bedroom, weeping like a child, was battling with
despair.

When ’twas eventide Chris feebly rose and came into the
room,
The picture of a broken heart, curtained in agony’s
gloom,

And kneeling beside the lifeless form of her whom he
loved so,
His heart poured forth, in his mother tongue, the torrent
of his woe:

“Lift the pall! my heart is broken 'neath an overload of
grief,
And my eyes receive no token that can give my soul
relief.

“I see the hand invisible hath touched my living flower,
And, Oh, it was not loathe to cull my blossom from its
bower.

“Ne'er I thought Death's hand divining, as it sweeps the
starry scroll,
E'er could blur that diamond shining as the sunlight of
my soul.

“As its brilliant beams inclining to my nature's darkest
place,
Was its roughness e'er refining, blotting out each evil
trace!

“Leave me, friends! Oh, Mina, lieben! must my heart
drink of this woe?
Has the day-star of my heaven lost for aye its God-like
glow?

“Will its brightness, ever cheering, shed no more its beams
for me?
Burn no more with flame enduring unless in Eternity?

“ Will the Unknown grant me — can Fate grant me —
Death, a joyful boon?

Bid me! I await Thy mandate: ‘Go before the great
Triune.’

“ Go before the Triune clasping my beloved Mina’s hand,
And feel her warm fingers clasping mine. Can Thou me
thus command?

“ Yesternight, I sat so joyful with my darling on my
knee,
But to-night, O, stars of heaven! that look coldly down
on me,

“ Canst thou, in thy orbits endless, light the pathway where
her soul
Journeys guideless, fruitless, friendless, from my broken
heart’s control?

“ Tell me! are thy rays attending her sweet soul beyond
the gloom?
Do thy heaven-lit fires, descending, guide her to a dearer
home?

“ O’er my heart wan Fear is quaking! What is life or love
to me?
Life is but the sad waves breaking — melting in eternity!

“ *Love* has left my heart repining, yearning for a golden
toy,
Thro’ t the soul waiteth refining ere flies to realms of
joy!

“*Thou wert Love! Oh, Mina, lieben! and they tell me thou art dead!*

Why was Love e'er to me given? or, since given, why has 't fled?

“Some have said, ‘Love is eternal,’ that ‘it never, never dies!’

But alas! I see diurnal some one's Love o'er Lethe hies!

“If Love *had* eternal being; if its blossoms never die,
Why is it that friends constrain me, to give Mina, ‘*Love, Good-bye?*’

“Mina! Mina! Love is strong, but it soon away must hie,

And the loving face which beamed for me must leave my ken for aye!

“But, if Immortality *is* true, I'll meet thee when I die;
Good-bye! prison of the soul I loved! *Oh, Mina, love! Good-bye!*”

Strong men with sympathizing hearts, cheering him, led him away.

Sitting on the bed by Rob, he sobbed, “Vill you bleese mit me sthay?”

Then drew something from his bosom and laid it in Jackson's hand,

With convulsive sob he said, “Dot ish lieben Mina's pand!”

'Twas the velvet zone from which her curls last night
she'd shaken free,
Laughing with childish joy while sitting on her father's
knee.

Rob could scarce restrain the tears aroused by Chris's
stifled sigh
And words of sorrow, "I dinks she vas too beautiful to
die!"

"Say, Mishter Rob! Vill you please do dis — ve don't vas
Gristians here —
But vill you not spoke somedings, please, nice about mine
Mina dear?"

"I will do the best I can," said Rob, "since we hold kindred
views,
But even tho' we differed widely, I could not your wish
refuse."

CANTO SIXTH.

The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music and the voices of the young;
And life shall pass me in its mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung.
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me. — *Willis.*

When morning came, a bleak, cold day, to the churchyard
thro' the snow,
Drew a funeral train, with faces depicted deep with
woe.

Little Mina was a favorite at every neighbor's hearth,
And to-day they came to pay to her the last homage on
earth.

When they reached the little chapel, white among the
evergreens,
Middle-aged, gray-haired, and feeble, lads and lassies in
their teens

Sadly drew within and listened to the words which Jack-
son said,
As with voice choked with emotion he paid tribute to the
dead:

“MY FRIENDS: 'Tis not our place to upbraid inviolable
laws,
And unknown to us are the secrets connected with this
cause.

“We cannot fathom the infinite; before Death we stand
dumb;
Tho' we know Death's angel hovers near, we know not
when he'll come;

“For over the couch of Love he hovers with his tireless
wings —
Into the sweetest blossoms of life he sinks the deadliest
stings;

“He breaketh often the golden bowl, the silver cord as
well,
And fathoms that Love which deeper is than human
tongue can tell.

“Altho' we speak of Death, my friends, yet how little do
we know
The mysteries which enshroud it are far deeper than our
woe?

“Within its labyrinth we lose again and again our way,
For beyond the ken of mortal eyes eternal laws hold
sway.

“She who lies here in Death's embrace was sweeter than
the flowers,
For she was of that fragile race that decks this life of
ours.

- “ Her wishes were her parent’s wills; her actions their desires;
Her eyes, which looked but to obey, glowed with eternal fires.
- “ But alas! Those eyes which sparkled once as brightly as the sun,
Are henceforth glazed forevermore; and unknown to this sweet one
- “ Are they who loved her when Life kissed her, as sun-beams kissed the corn,
And who now stand by with throbbing hearts this broken cord to mourn.
- “ These marbled cheeks were ruddy once, even as a rose in bloom,
But grim Death, the final arbiter, hath sealed them for the tomb.
- “ These half-closed ivory lips did once rival the cherries red,
But the Sphinx of Death hath touched them, now, behold their tints have fled.
- “ Like the sweet notes of the thrush that falls upon the traveler’s ears,—
Like the ‘lullaby’ a mother sung ago in bygone years,
- “ Or like honey which the bees extract from sweetest buds that bloom,
Was the sunny mind, the life of her, who sanctifies this tomb.

- “Her form and face were beautiful, but the beautiful must die,
And it seems that those which sweetest bloom, about the soonest die;
- “And those who appear in life to us the sum of all delight,
Pass, ere their beauty 'gins to wane, unto the dreamless night!
- “Those who have lighted our pathways like unto the lamp of life,
Who loved and cheered us on to loving sacrifice and strife.
- “Those who glittered as a star benign, as sunlight to the soul,
Like the shooting of a comet, passed from us beyond control!
- “Restrain yourselves, sweet friends, for we at last with all love must part,—
There's yet much in life to stem the Alpine torrents of the heart.
- “While one blossom fades another springs, blooming surpassing sweet!
Altho' Mina's lips be silent, other's songs your ears will greet.
- “I only knew this fragile lily but for a few short hours,
But then I recognized in it the sweetest of all Love's flowers!

“And I can most truthfully reiterate her father’s sigh —
His words of sorrow — ‘I thought she was too beautiful
to die.’

“I know how vain it is for us to offer our sympathy;
It cannot assuage the grief of those who weep so bitterly.

“But, sweet mourners, if a solace doth in human hearts
accrue,
All we have flows from our bosoms unstemmed, boundless,
unto you!

“Cease thy moaning. Little Mina has not lived her life
in vain.
Death to you is lenient still, although it broke Affection’s
chain;

“But the sunlight of sweet Mina’s life remains to you — a
trust!
Be calm! Cheer up! Hear the edict: ‘*Earth to earth, and
dust to dust!*’

Soon Mina, who had lived and loved, was laid in earth
away
From lips which kissed, from hearts which cherished, and
would cherish her for aye!

And they who had wept briny torrents upon her icy tomb,
Listened to the consolation Rob extended them at home.

“Bear up,” said he, “the wealth of worlds could never lure
her back!
She can never hear these breaking sobs, these moans,
‘Alas!’ ‘Alack!’

“I know 'tis hard, but do not weep! she, whom memory
 endears,
Altho' torn from life and love, she's also freed from pains
 and tears!”

“You bin such a vrend of mine,” said Chris, “I nefer vill
 forget;
I expose you dont vos got some boarding blase to stop mit
 yet;

“Of you dinks, mine vrend, mit in mine house you could
 yourself content,
I would like for you to stay, und it vould gost you not one
 cent!”

“Thanks, a thousand,” said Rob Jackson, “I would so
 much like to stay,
But I never once could think of it, unless you will take
 pay.”

Old Chris seized his hand with honest warmth, his broad
 face beaming bright,
“You vill stay mit me, mine vrend, und ve vill make dose
 dings all right.”

All the week there reigned within that house a silence
 deep, profound;
For they who lodged within were by a mutual sorrow
 bound.

They could not enjoy mirthfulness, nor could they forbear
 the spell;
They could only miss that sunny face that all had loved
 so well.

On the following Monday morning Rob opened the vil-
lage school,
With some thirty little martyrs of the birch and rattan
rule.

On Friday to the Literary Society he went,
And carried off the honors for logic, wit and argument.

How he enjoyed the freedom this new profession offered
him!

What splendid opportunities to now cultivate his whim.

His whim — his hope — that high ambition — *to be a man
of brains!*

An educated giant, free from poverty's galling chains.

For Jackson believed that the wise crow, Bushanda,
truth did tell;

That crow which had viewed the universe, and knew all
things so well!

It told Vishnu's eagle bearer that thro' many pains we
live,

But it has been left for Poverty the keenest pangs to give.

Truthful crow, thought Rob one day, there is no pang
like poverty!

(Truthful crow, we poets think, who seldom do a dollar
see.)

“Truthful crow,” said Rob, “to-day I will a lesson learn
from thee,

And will henceforth build to save my Lu from want, from
poverty!”

In the evening John a letter brought, and handed it to
Rob,

As his eye ran over the address he felt his pulses throb;

And turning so the inquisitive might not his features
view,

He opened and read the letter — of course from lovely Lu.

“*My dear Rob*: — Your welcome letter came to hand on
Christmas eve;

Of the *six* which you have written, only *two* did I receive.

“I believe you’ve written the letters of which you’ve just
told me,

But that only *two* have reached me is to me a mystery.

“Oh, Rob dear, my heart is broken! I must lose thee, lover
true!

I must lose thee, Rob, my darling! but my heart remains
with you!

“Do not chide me. Could you know it all, I think you
would forgive;

But the fiat has gone forth, and we apart, my king, must
live!

“Pa and ma will never yield, for they grow sterner every
day;

Rather than have me marry you *they would bury me*, they
say!

“O, how can I disobey them, and deny their tears and prayers?”

Oh, my love! my heart is yours, but my obedience is theirs!

“Do not say I do not love you, for I love you more than life,

And the dearest hope I cherish is, that I *may be* your wife.

“But it seems the vows I made I shall be unable to prove,
For my parents, you know, Rob, loved me when no one else would love.

“Madeline your letter read to pa; it almost broke his heart;
He prayed that grief might slay him ere I should dwell from him apart.

“I promised him—a promise that would alone his heart content—

That I would never marry you Rob, *except with his consent!*

“How can I give you up? Oh, God! the struggle is hard, my king!

The arrow of love has been to us naught but a poisoned thing.

“It has poisoned both our lives, our hopes, our aspirations high;

Would to God that we had never met, or that we now might die!

“But piercing these sombre clouds which drift between us
 as a dream,
 Like a struggling ray of light, Hope sends to me a tran-
 sient gleam.

“And the barriers between us, which now tower to the
 blue,
 Have a tendency to totter — *they can be removed by you!*

“You value independence, Rob, but I think there are ex-
 tremes,
 And that you have adopted them, so, at least, to me it
 seems.

“Be a little more forgiving, and less independent, too,
 For truly *they* form the barriers which stand between us
 two.

“You've *never tried* to please my folks, wonder not then at
 this state;
 Your denial of their wishes but intensifies their hate.

“But, Rob, I feel that pa's consent *can be sometime won by
 you!*
Strive to win it, Rob, and leave me not your broken-hearted
 LU.”

Sweet Eliese, who ever kept on gallant Rob her lovely
 eyes,
 Read the language of his thoughts, their mingled sadness
 and surprise.

After he had sat some time without giving word or sign, Rose, and going to the table poured for him a glass of wine.

“You are feeling bad,” said she, “here, take a sip of wine, I’ll take interest in *your* welfare, as you once took in *mine*.”

“As I once took in yours!” said Rob, gazing on her face sublime;

“Yes!” said she, “you’re not a stranger here, *I knew you all the time!*”

“Thanks to memory,” said Rob, “for *it* the past to present brings,

In spite of men, or angels, or principalities, or things.”

“Come,” and she gently touched his arm, “and a waltz for you I’ll play;

I have never touched the organ since you came here New Year’s day.”

CANTO SEVENTH.

The days of the nation bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place,
The age is weary with work and gold.
And high hopes wither and memories wane,
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain.

—*Frances Brown.*

Seven years have passed away since Jackson taught the
school at B—;

Passing through a Lone-Star city, just across the street
we see

Quite an unpretentious sign, but one that will attention
draw,

It reads,

ROBERT JACKSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

In an armchair by the window, Vane, a law student, re-
clines,

With a copy of *Coke's Institutes*, poring o'er its lines.

So busy he scarce notices the man who opes the door,
Until he again has closed it and walked half-way 'cross
the floor.

“Good-day, sir! a pleasant day, sir,” said he, with a vacant stare;

Youthful Blackstone raised his eyes and answered, rising from his chair,

“Very pleasant, yes. Be seated, pray. Jackson will soon be back,

For I saw him but a moment since cross o’er the railroad track.

“He is going down to Houston to call out a regiment, Having made a grand success of it everywhere he went.

“He’s already raised three regiments, and this will be the fourth;

He’s the finest orator that ever came here from the North!”

That moment, a small negro boy entered, saying “Marsa Vane!

Mars’ Jackson done gone dis minute to Houston on de train,

“An’ he say dat I shall tell yer for to kim down dar to-night,

Fer der telefun chaps say dar’s gwine to be a nawful fite!

“De British hab got Galves’un! Heah’s de lates’ papah, sah!

Gosh! Mar’sa Vane, Mar’sa Jackson he hab done gone to de wah!”

"We'll see, Cuffee. Order supper. You may go along to-night,"
Said Vane, as Cuffee rolled his bright eyes with evident light.

'Twas the year John Bull against United States did war declare,
The result of correspondence on the Panama affair.

When the North and South, united, felt patriotism's glow,
And sustained the troth we plighted as the "doctrine of Monroe."

As the Panama canal was the centre of the affair,
John Bull, with his usual shrewdness, massed his well-manned frigates there.

No sooner had war been declared than he swept within our ports
And, as well might be supposed, reduced our few remaining forts.

But when he landed and endeavored the country to invade,
He encountered foemen that were truly worthy of his blade.

It was at this needful moment that Rob Jackson's eloquence
Touched the fagot to the slumbering flame and raised four regiments.

(But let us drop this history and return to our romance;
 If you've never seen this epoch yet perhaps you'll have
 the chance.

When Democracy resumes sway, just as sure as currents
 flow,
 Foreign potentates *will* recognize the "Doctrine of Mon-
 roe!")

After Cuffee withdrew, the stranger began to question
 Vane,
 Giving him the vague impression he desired hist'ry
 plain;

That if he wanted biography of all beneath the sun,
 And stern Fate would grant him one alone, *Rob Jackson's*
was the one!

"Did you know him?" questioned Vane. "Yes," said the
 stranger, "years ago,
 But I lost all sight of him and have forgotten him, you
 know."

"Are you kin to him?" Vane queried, and the stranger
 made reply,
 "Not exactly; but I might have been if— well no matter
 why!"

"Well," said Vane, "I'll tell you all I know: I've known
 Rob now six years,
 Ever since he came to study law with General Villiers;

“He studied eighteen months and was admitted to the
bar;
His ability in law affairs is now known near and far.

“He is now Attorney General, and was State Senator,
But he's going to resign the place to take part in the
war.

“And at Houston he will make a plea for volunteers to-
night.
If he's in war as in other things, he'll be the de'il to
fight.

“If he'd been but two months older he'd be gov'ner of the
State,
He received the nomination, but you see he's too blamed
straight,

“For he rose before that convention—I tell you he's the
stuff—
And thanked them for the honor, saying, ‘*I am not old
enough!*’

“Some tho't it was his modesty and that he would keep it
still,
But altho' he has a woman's heart he has a lion's will.

“And when they found he'd told the truth, Old Villiers
said, ‘Well, I'm blowed,
'E might 'ave kept that to 'imself, nobody would 'ave
knowed!’”

Said the stranger, "If he makes a call for volunteers to-night,
I should like to go down there with you if it will be all right."

"Why, certainly!" replied Vane, "I'd like to have you go with me;
As an old acquaintance I know Rob would you so like to see."

"I suppose an introduction will be necessary quite,"
Said the stranger, "my name's Kemble." Vane observed him turning white.

"But I think Jackson will know me tho' 'tis years since we met last,
Tho' my knowledge of him tells me that he ne'er forgets the past."

"Kemble?" mused Vane to himself, "I think I've heard that name before;
Let me see—I found a picture once upon the office floor.

"It was the picture of a girl with features austere and calm,
And as Rob took it from me he said, '*She made me what I am!*'"

"I think he called her Lulu Kemble; I don't remember tho';
But I know she was as beautiful as the Northern lilies grow.

“But as to that — no matter; I’ll find out who this chap
 is,
 And more about that picture, when Jackson spots this
 fellow’s phiz.”

They, with Cuffee, ate their suppers and boarded then the
 Houston train;
 As they neared the city they could hear the martial
 music’s strain.

When they reached it flags were flying, drums were beat-
 ing in the square,
 And the chivalry of Houston was fastly gathering there.

On the left side was a platform raised some feet above the
 walk,
 And around this people gathered to hear Rob Jackson
 talk.

As he stepped forth hushed silence fell and not the slight
 est noise was heard,
 Till he broke the painful silence with his customary
 word:

“*Freemen!* Let me a few words say! You must know the
 time has come
 When we who live and love must fight for our country
 and our home.

“’Twas wisely said, ‘there’s a time to sing, to dance, to
 pray, to smite!’
 We’ve sung our songs, we danced, we prayed, now comes
 the *time to fight!*”

“Or will ye tamely yield? *No!* My better judgment tells
me *No!*

Then forward, Sons of Freedom, and by morn we'll meet
the foe!

“Johnny Bull may enslave sepoy, naked rhyots, pariahs,
But he never can a nation ruled by democratic laws.

“I'd rather take my chance with Death than with a cursed
King!

I'd rather spill my free-born blood, and have my knell to
ring,

“Than to bow my neck to tyranny and have it rule this
land,

And know that I against it have not even raised a hand!

“What is life or love to him who has no country of his
own?

Has not Heaven itself lost prestige by boasting of its
throne?

“Rather than a British monarch give us the r`egime of
Hell;

Democracy was born in us, with it *only* can we dwell!

“The volume of British conquests is a history of shame!

Her spoiliations of the conquered are too infamous to
name.

“She's placed in almost every province a Hastings or a
Clive!

'Twere better far to *win and die* than be *vanquished and
alive!*

“Examples of English perfidy yet fill the common thought;
Scarce a year ago the Irish with their blood their freedom
bought;

“Honest men, heroic men, that were to Ireland a pride,
Strung their hearts on British sabres or in British bastiles
died.

“Leave humility to poets; your property to your wives;
Your country lies a prey to Britons—defend it with your
lives!

“For who would be a vassal, whom Nature created a
peer?
Who die an ignominious death who was not born to
fear?

“Even now, within our hearing, British troops ransack a
town,
Insulting beauty, plundering and burning our houses
down;

“They honor not age, nor virtue, and heed not the infant's
cries;
Behold the blush of shame and ruin burning yon South-
ern skies!

“List! You can hear the sullen ‘boom’ of their artillery
plain,—
Is there a man whose heart can hear it without a pang of
pain?

“Is there a man so lost to honor, family, country, home,
That he can coolly turn to his work while British cannon
boom?

“How they call and call us, till the heart bursts, almost,
with suspense;
For we can but know against them our brethren hold the
defense!

“Great hearts, high hopes and strong endeavor! your coun-
try needs you now,
And you the sacrifice must offer, tho’ it be Jephtha’s
vow.

“Parental age and loving wives, stand between you and the
foe;
If you love and honor them why strike, in their defense,
a blow!

“If ye have neither parent or wife, your country’s love
attends;
Greater love hath no man than he who lays down his life
for friends!”

He ceased. The plaudits which followed him made all the
torches flare,
And shook with the strength of Hercules the stillness of
the air.

And they who had listened, obeying no word, command or
sign
But rolling drums and squeaking fifes, fell into battle’s
line.

Vane and Kemble pressing through the crowd toward
where they last saw Rob,
Found a line of circumvallation presented by the mob.

In the midst of which they saw him standing on the platform's plank,
The governor pinning on him the emblem of a colonel's rank.

Jackson now pressed through the crowd, and it so happened that he drew
Toward the spot his friends had taken to obtain of him a view.

As he met them he reached out his hand, with a cheery laugh to Vane,
Saying: "Farewell, friend and brother, till I meet with you again.

"You may run the office, Vane, and to the courts deal out the law,
For I, as Ebony Cuff would say, 'had done and jined de wah!'"

["An' may I go wid yer," said Cuff, "Marsa Vane can tend yo' team?"]

"Yes," said Rob, who smiled to see the light of joy on Cuff's face beam.

"Jackson," said Vane, "here's a friend who came to see you ere you go."

Kemble dropped his eyes upon the ground, his face turned pale as snow.

Jackson looked at him a moment, and then spoke and reached his hand.

"I the past have buried, Kemble; let me now friendship command."

“So have I, Robert,” said Kemble, “but unworthy now I feel;

I have wronged you deeply, Robert, and for pardon will I kneel!”

“Egad, no!” said Rob, “that fitful dream forever has me passed.

Let us part as we’ve now met — friends — for this chance may be our last.

“I’ve no desire, sir, to go to battle and there be Slain, and leave behind me in the world one single enemy.

“The bugle calls! we part. But know that whate’er our path attends,

Tho’ we have been bitter foes for years we part to-day as friends.

“But a moment, DeWitt Kemble, one request I ask of you, Where’er, whoever she is, commend me to your daughter Lu!”

“My daughter Lulu,” said Kemble, “pines away her sweet young life!

Ah! I have rued it a thousand times that she’s not Rob Jackson’s wife!

“I’ve hunted you for these three long years — hunted and prayed for you;

If there be yet love in your heart, come back to my lovely Lu!”

“Kemble,” said Jackson, “true love, to me, is that which
never dies!

And altho' for seven years I have not set on Lu my eyes,

“Yet my love for her is still the same, eternal, strong, and
true.

Farewell, Kemble! I *must* go. Commend me to *my* lovely
Lu!”

CANTO EIGHTH.

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forth with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizen with terror dumb.

—Byron.

When the morning broke with mellow light, its bright,
transcendent sheen,
Piercing through the forest shades, beheld a fierce and
warlike scene.

Men of every class and calling stalked impatient here and
there;
Patriots fired by country-love, ambition and despair.

There were men who only go to war because their neigh-
bors go;
There were men who feel at heart alone ambition's fervid
glow;

There were men — heroic men — who'd willingly lay down
their lives
To defend their earthly Heavens and Gods — *their fire-
sides and wives.*

There were some who fell in rank as mere excitement's
consequence,
Or had listened, with boiling blood, to some speaker's
eloquence.

There were men to whom vain glory seemed the monarch
of the sky,
Who'd plant a shrub in Memory's realm that should
never, never die.

Here a man who yesterday worked out a fine upon the
street
Stood beside a bank cashier beneath the orange blossoms
sweet.

There a gambler and a clergyman were standing side by
side,
Not the first time in the world's history that vice and
virtue vied.

Here a carrier of bricks by a Don Señor stood beside,
A striking illustration of where Poverty rivals Pride.

There were lovers and haters of men — of high and low
degree,
But the same flame lit every bosom — "Country and Lib-
erty!"

Country and Liberty! Words that warmed Man's heart
thro' every age,
Giving the history of the world full many a glowing
page;

Words that implant the noblest thoughts — dividing the
men from beasts;

Words that have the kingcraft fraught, and have broken
the charms of priests.

Country is Liberty's dowry, and they who would win her
hand

Must be of the great, strong-hearted race, and make a
strong demand.

For Liberty is a maiden coy, who must be wooed ere
won;

Aye, men must go down thro' blood to death — rush on
the leveled gun!

They must not quail where wielded sabres are smeared
with blood and hair;

Fate issued a stern decree: "The brave alone deserve the
fair."

She seems not to care for her ownself, even if Death
attends:

She knows in her heart the noblest men lay down their
lives for *friends!*

These were the thoughts of those brave, strong men, who
walked with anxious pace,

Half wishing for the conflict when their foes they'd meet
face to face.

Loud the bugles ring! the war-drums roll! the fife's soft
notes fall sweet,

And earth trembles 'neath the ironed hoof and the tread
of martial feet,

For just bursting into sight, away across the prairie
 green,
 The red-coated British soldiery comes bursting on the
 scene.

The strained eyes of the militia for a moment on them
 dwell,
 Then arose, strong and lustily, a loud defiant yell.

Ere it dies, the Britons' voices echo it back to the ear,
 Setting teeth and clenching hands, paling cheeks, tho' not
 with fear.

There's a momentary silence, there's a momentary pause,
 Then a gunner in the Yankee ranks a tightened lock-
 string draws.

"*Boom!*" And the grim cannon belches forth the grape
 and canister,
 And the mighty moving armies into noisy conflict stir.

And scenes of dire and awful carnage upon the vision
 break,
 While the very earth and heavens with the thrilling
 tumult quake.

Darker grows the cloud of battle; louder still the clash of
 steel;
 Never do the banners falter only when the bearers reel.

In the smoke and blaze the gunners stand reeking with
 sweat and grime,
 Pictures of stern sublimity — if terror can be sublime.

In the solid lines the infantry, baptized in leaden rain,
Charge with bayonets — fall back — load and fire — and
charge again.

After hours of fiercest fighting slowly back the British
fell,
And above the din of conflict rings the Yank's exultant
yell.

But suddenly the British halt and their slogan echoes
back
A cry that almost blanched the cheeks powder smoke had
painted black.

A lull ensues. Upon their ears bursts the rattle of the
drum,
And from the timber on the left British reinforcements
come.

As the surges of the ocean rush upon the rock-bound
shore,
They sweep down in wild confusion on Rob Jackson's
motley corps.

Colonel Rob is everywhere, with hand to help and voice
to cheer;
Where the red streams flow the fastest he is fighting
without fear.

Men around him wilt like prairie grass before the wasting
flame,
And dying, turn their eyes to him, fondly uttering his
name.

He is wounded badly now, but will not leave the battle-
field,
“Boys, lift me on my horse,” says he, “I would rather die
than yield!”

S'death! how they fought! The British chief at last
drew off his men,
And vistas of the battle-field sweep before our sickened
ken.

Tender hands care for the wounded — tender hands bury
the dead;
On the graves of fallen heroes tears of sorrow deep are
shed.

For three days the trains run steady bearing to Houston
the maimed,
And the glad news of the victory thro'out the world is
famed.

But he whose name is spoken wherever the tidings are
sent,
Touches the border-land of Death within a hospital tent.

There he lies listless, unconscious, his bare bosom heaving
low,
His face, where powder has not burned, gleaming with a
hectic glow.

His clothes are torn, his sabre broken, his hair matted
with gore,
His head, his arm, his shoulder, wrapped in the bandages
of war.

In the tent a quietness reigns, and as the morning twilight
steals,
By the lowly couch a woman, deep veiled, watches him
and kneels.

Kneels beside him with her veiled face buried in her tiny
hands,
Ne'er noticing the surgeon till he, speaking, beside her
stands.

“Ahem! The worst is over; he made a change for good
last night;
If we can but keep him quiet, I think he'll pull through
all right.”

As the doctor left, the woman kissed the wounded soldier's
brow,
And sighed, “They have parted us, my king, but I am
with you now.

“If Death conquers you he'll break my heart; aye, tear it
from my breast,
Then will we meet to never part in the kingdom of the
blest.

“Life is short, but Fate is kind, and Love eternal has its
fruits.
The citadel of joy is reached most times by devious routes.

“If supreme delight should come again, what treasure could
he bring,
That could please me more than now to know, you'll live
for *me*, my king?

“Yours is the face which I saw last, years ago, one Sunday
 morn —
 Ah! I must wait till quiet rest fills this form with strength
 new born!”

She arose and stepped without, her noble work to carry
 on,
 She was of that angel legion that in peace to war have
 gone.

She was of that band of seraphs that have flitted to the
 bed
 Of the soldier, wan and dying' and have eased his fevered
 head.

* * * * *

A month has passed, and Colonel Jackson is on his feet
 again,
 And on another field of battle is urging on his men.

War again is making havoc; Death is reveling in sport;
 And a line of living valor closes in the Briton's fort.

'Tis a mystery that tyranny such heroes can produce;
 That godlike intellect and courage will pander to abuse;

That man, endowed with such courage and wisdom as
 Britons are,
 Will, in defense of tyranny, throw away their lives in war.

In a rude built fort such heroes stood, facing an equal foe,
 Where the very air seemed blazing with battle's fiery
 glow;

Where men lay in heaps, mangled and slain, with eyes
forever sealed,
Unconscious of the living's fate when murderous cannon
pealed.

But at last they died! They would not yield. Honor
such bravery!
Honor them! tho' they went down to death defending
slavery.

Honor these heroes' slayers! *They* fought for Liberty and
died!
A thousand died! A thousand lived to maintain the na-
tion's pride.

'Mong the living still was Rob, who walking o'er the bat-
tle's plain,
Paused before a small intrenchment where fell thickest
leaden rain.

As he passed, a soldier prone, seared and gashed with many
a scar,
Said "My God! lift me Rob Jackson. Know ye, *I am*
Brace Lamar!"

"Lift me, comrade, I am dying! Let me clasp again your
hands;
Thro' the gloom my soul is flying! swiftly ebbs my life-
time's sands.

"Tho' my life-blood slowly trickles like the rain-drops from
the eaves,
Long, too long, the stream has rippled; how it stains these
withered leaves.

“Comrade, if you can, forgive me for the wrongs I’ve
heaped on you!

Were another lifetime given me that I might these wrongs
undo.

“My past life has been a midnight reeking foul with bitter
wrong.

Tell me, will the coming daylight make my spirit bright
and strong?

“Had I lived thro’ Past divinely now ’fore Death I would
not blench,

But would meet him cool, sublimely, here within the fort-
ress trench!

“Tell me, comrade, ere I leave thee, that the past is all
forgot!

That those things I did to grieve thee from thy memory’s
book you’ll blot!

“We, in private life, were foemen, I unworthy of your
your steel;

Let us part as brother yeomen, we were such on battle’s
field!

“I am dying, Jackson, dying! You will leave me at life’s
end,

Like Voltaire to his servant sighing: ‘*Farewell, my faith-
ful friend.*’

“Would that I were even worthy of the sneers that Vol-
taire won!

I might feel that in existence I one worthy deed had done.

“Let the poet say I’m dying for my country and its flag;
But the truth there’s no denying, what care I for yonder
rag?

“Five long years I loved and cherished Lulu Kemble more
than life,
And I left no stone unturned that might win her to me as
wife.

“But she loved you, Jackson, more than me, and never
would consent,
But you will now know how glad I was when you to
Texas went.

“I received the letters you wrote her, she never got but
three —
Oh, I have wronged you deeply, Jackson, that Lulu might
love me.

“I laid my plans with utmost care, I told her you had writ-
ten me
You were going to be married to your *protege* at B——.

“Then she wrote a long, long letter, but that letter ne’er
reached you,—
I knew it was this single card that would win me lovely
Lu!

“Then I pressed my suit again; she said that her love dwelt
apart,
But that I might have her hand if I’d take it without the
heart.

“I accepted the condition, and we would have married been,
But somehow her father found that I, too, was a ‘child of
sin.’

“He heard that you were rich and great, and knew Lulu
loved you still,
And protested 'gainst my wishes with his usual iron will.

“He left one day, no one but Lu knew whither he had
gone,
And Lu sent me back one day the ring I'd placed her hand
upon.

“For her father came back and told her that he had seen
you here,
And then, Rob, there hied away from me all that had
made life dear.*

“You were wounded in the battle, it was her that nursed
you thro',
She is yours now; she is mine no more! *Farewell, my
lovely Lu!*

“*Farewell!*” The dying lips were silent, the breath came
hard and fast,
And like a tired sphere unmounted, he to the Unknown
passed.

Then a hand as soft as eider-down on Jackson's shoulder
fell,
And he, turning, saw the nurse who had attended him till
well.

For the first time from her hidden face the heavy veil she
drew,
There stood she whose love had ruled his life — *his long-*
lost, Lovely Lu!

* * * * *

The dying story of Brace Lamar had been, too, heard by
her,
But with forgiveness they buried him, and they his mourn-
er's were.

CANTO NINTH.

O change thy thought that I may change my mind;
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove.
Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine and thee.
—Shakespeare.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
Ae fond kiss and then forever.
—Burns.

A year has passed. The war is o'er, and civilian life
again
Finds the soldier busily employed with hammer, plow or
pen.

Where once the din of conflict jarred, where armies tried
their powers,
The earth is clothed with smiling fields or decked with
fragrant flowers.

The school-boy of B——, as home he comes, this strange
announcement brings:
“Jackson, the Governor of Texas, is visiting Cris King’s!”

The citizens gather in groups at the corners of the
street,
For Dame Rumor thro’ the village passes with flying
feet.

And the tongue and lips of gossips are burdened with
rumor rife:

“Rob Jackson came to town to-day to make Eliese King
his wife!”

“Have you heard the news? The Governor of Texas
stopped with King,
And I’ll bet my life, before a week the wedding bells will
ring.”

“Do you remember Rob Jackson, who taught the school
here years ago?
Well; I’ve heard it from the lips of some I feel assured
do know,

“That he has come on business here — left the gay world’s
giddy whirl
For a few weeks’ recreation, and to marry Cris King’s
girl!”

* * * * *

Jackson had quietly left the town and walked out to
King’s farm,
In mystic dread, as tho’ some Circe had thrown o’er him
her charm.

He reached it, but with some hesitation he faltered at the
gate;

“I would to heaven!” he muttered low, “her love were
even hate!”

As he neared the house he passed a bower beneath the
maple trees,
And in a hammock, half dozing o’er a letter saw — Eliese.

'Twas a model for the sculptor wishing symmetry and
grace,
For the beauty of her form rivaled the beauty of her
face.

'Twas a picture! But no artist could blend colors half
so well
As those checkered tints of sun and shade that o'er her
idly fell.

As he gazed he felt his heart with many deep pulsations
throb.
He spake. She started up, looked at him, then fainted,
gasping — “*Rob!*”

He caught her in his manly arms and her to his bosom
pressed;
Light the load his arms upheld, heavy the heart within
his breast.

He tasted the sweetness of her lips, then kissed her pallid
cheek,
And spake in her ear over again, “Speak to me, Eliese!
Speak!”

She opened her eyes, looked in his face with look divinely
glad,
Then spake to Rob with a voice that seemed to him sub-
limely sad:

“You’ve come at last? Please let me go! we’ll sit in the
hammock there;
I think Fate must have sent you here as an answer to my
prayer!

“I prayed last night — if I *must* see you — that I might see
 you soon,
 And even coaxed Gus to go to B—— and look for you at
 noon.”

“If you *must* see me?” said Rob, “and have *you*, too, *like*
me, grown cold?
 Has another’s love led you astray, like misers after gold?”

“Have *I*, *like you*, grown cold?” she queried, “surely you
 do not mean
 That henceforth you will not *love* me? My letter you
 must have seen?”

“Miss Eliese,” said he, “I love you still, far more, than any
 friend,
 But it seems to me that all our love must in sweet friend-
 ship blend.”

“I do not wish Love’s golden chain forged into fetters of
 Hate,
 But think it best for us to bow unto the decree of
 Fate!”

And while she listened he told to her the story of his
 life,
 How Lulu Kemble, long ago, promised him to be his
 wife.

How schemers had planned; how plans had failed; how
 she to him was true;
 How he was wounded and left for dead but she had nursed
 him thro’.

When he had finished, a happy light stole o'er Eliese's
face,
And twining her arms around his neck with one sweet,
soft embrace,

Said, "Perhaps you've told your life to Lu in Othello's
humor fit,
And she, a Desdemona fair, learned to love you learning
it.

"Mr. Jackson, I have ever loved—and ever will love—
you,
But my love has never been as deep as that *she* holds for
you.

"And altho' I still desire your esteem and friendship true,
I could never hope to fill the place held by your 'Lovely
Lu!'

"But 'tis needless that in anger we should drift apart to-
day,
Or that we should pluck the flowers and plant thistles by
the way;

"Nor need we be as passing foes, like the eagle and the
dove,
Or let friendship fall below the level of Platonic love.

"I, too, have a story. Listen! I will tell it to you now:
Just before I saw your handsome face another had my
vow;

“He was my ‘first love’—first love is deep—you still do
feel its spell—
And altho’ I thought I loved *you* most, I love him full as
well.”

Thus she talked on, telling him how hard it was for her
to say
She “was another’s,” when they parted eight years ago
to-day.

The man who’d won her heart had gone to Australia
years ago,
He was coming back to claim her now—the letter told
her so.

“I read it twenty times,” she said, “in memory fresh to
keep;
'Tis the one I hold, and did hold when you found me here
asleep.

“Let us go into the house, since we are now Platonic friends,
And henceforth, with purest friendship, for our false love
make amends.”

Rob seized her hand, and pressing it to his lips, whispered
“Amen!”
And thought to himself what misery, thro’ error, might
have been!

At King’s house Rob Jackson lingered the remainder of
the week,
Until a noble fellow came and kissed sweet Eliese’s cheek.

“She is happy, now,” he mused, “and may she henceforth
happy be!

Farewell! ideal of second love, my heart, at last, is free!

“May Love, the conqueror of the world, bring solace to
your heart,

And fill Life's bitterest cup with bliss! Farewell, sweet
one! We part!

“And ah! my Lovely Lu, for us the entrancing day appears,
When our fond hope will be realized after these many
years!

“For time has strengthened that deep-laid love from which
all joys accrue;
After the stormy day of life we enter Love's haven, Lu!”

CANTO TENTH.

O lady! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above,
But sure not one among them all
Is half as sweet as Love;
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.
—Holmes.

The ruddy sun is slowly sinking behind the western bars,
Giving a luster to the soft entrancing splendor of the
stars.

The staid whip-poor-wills are wheeling in great circles
o'er the lea;
While the noisy choir of frogs send from their realm dis-
cordant glee.

From the maple trees the songs of katy-dids fall on the
ear;
From the dewy grass the cricket's timid chirp arises clear.

In a rustic trellised bower, hidden most by ivy sprays,
Sits a gentleman and lady talking over by-gone days.

“Years have passed,” said he, “since last we met within
this ivy bower,
When your father and his mastiff burst on us with their
fell power.

“When the *pater*, as we called him, suddenly upon us
dashed,
And a beardless youth of onescore years came nearly being
thrashed.

“What a silence came upon us as we stood with bated
breath,
'Till a youth went forth to victory, and a dog down to
death;

“Ah, yes! and while I think of it, there is one I've not yet
seen,
What 'come of her? where lives she now? I mean Brace's
cousin Jean.”

“See,” said Lulu, pointing, “what to us a tiny spark ap-
pears,
Is her kitchen lamplight; she's been married almost seven
years.

“Brace sold out to Howard Chandos—that's the name of
Jeanie's man—
He had borrowed Chandos' money, and of course in his
debt ran.

“Just a month before war was declared, Chandos closed in
on Brace;
Brace sold all of his property, including the home place.

“But come, let us go in, the atmosphere is damp,
And I see that in the parlor Madeline has placed the lamp.

“When you left here, you well know, she was, indeed, a
heartless elf,
But the last five years have made her different from her
former self.

“All the girls but Claire are married; she, like me, a spin-
ter is,
But now,” she pressed his hand, “my beloved is mine, and
I am his.”

* * * * *

'Twas but a day till the wedding bells pealed merry, loud
and long,
And DeWitt Kemble's mansion echoed with music and
with song.

And he who was the Lone-Star State's colossal pillar and
pride,
Was accompanied to his Texan home by an accomplished
bride.

L' ENVOI.

Reader! most that is here is fiction, yet much of it is true.
And the history of a thousand loves is that of Lovely Lu.

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