

Poems

of

George Alfred Townsend.

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POEMS.

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BY

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.



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W

To
FATHER, BROTHER,
AND
THE MEMORY
OF
MOTHER.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
The First Hunger	7
The Ride from Five Forks	10
The Jew	14
Baby at Sea	16
Father Marquette	18
Sleighing Song	20
The Widow	22
Margaret Van Eyck	25
The Pigeon Girl	27
To Victor Hugo	30
A Face in La Bohème	31
Gondoliers' Song	33
Searching for the Pole	35
Czech	37
Missouri River	38
Savonarola	39
The Dream of Malthus	41
Chester River	44
The Duke's Daughter	46
Mother	51
The Exceeding High Mountain	53
Steerforth	56
The Circuit Preacher	58
Kishicoquillas	63
Joan of Arc	65
Princess Troubetzkoi	69

Michie's Farm	71
Pittsburg	73
Venus de Milo	75
Country Christmas	77
Camp Christmas	79
Roanoke	81
Little Grisette	85
The Volunteer's Wife	88
Wild-Cat Junction	92
Paul on the Hellespont	97
The Great Baptism	99
Ships of the Aztecs	105
The Clock in the Capitol	110
Onondaga Castle	112
Swedes and Finns	116
Galileo's Recantation	121
America the Hunter	123
Salvator Rosa	125
Never Let	126
Born on Christmas	128
Miracle of the Gargoyles	130
Poe	136
The Strasbourg Stork — A Proem	139
The Duelling Ground at Bladensburg	142
Bartholemew Close	144
The Corniché Road	145
American Autumn	150
Buccaneer Books	153
Garibaldi, Gaucho	156
Baruch Spinosa	158
My Rhymes	159



P O E M S .



THE FIRST HUNGER.

THE apples are water, Dearest,
The dates are only sweet,
There is no flesh in the juice of the grape,
Nor life in the berry we eat ;
In the blood of the kid we have slain
In our new and terrible greed,
Lies the gristle and marrow we need, —
In the pitiful yield of the grain :
The barley that beards the wild rain,
The corn that the crow contests,
The milk in the white wheat's breasts, —
Behold my red hands as I speak,
And the curse of the sweat on my cheek !

The garden was all before us
Where reaches to-day a waste,
Its plentiful clusters o'er us,
Eternity in their taste ;
I could lie in your tresses, and reach
In the roses, the flush of the South ;
Power fell with the figs in my mouth,
And youth in the bite of the peach ;
I am weary, but still they beseech, —
These sinews, that hunger and thirst
In their famine the fiercest and first ;
And thine eyes, where love's wishes I read,
Look the eloquence only of — bread.

No more shall the noons be luscious,
The nights be tender strolls,
Sweet sleep delightful hushes
In the fond talk of our souls ;
Yoked this stature, thou praised, to the clod,
Farewell to the leisure so dear !
No more by the streams shall we hear
The intimate thoughts of our God,
But harrow our hearts with the sod, —
Dismissed our high quests to the winds,
And the infinite wish of our minds,
And the beautiful dreams that we prize,
Like the birds that forsake Paradise.

I must seek so late thy kisses,
So soon thy side discard,
And my tenderest caresses
Bestow with hands so hard.

It is not for my lot that I plead,
Too proud at my burden to groan,
Nor yet, O my wife, for thine own,
But the races of men which succeed :
The cannibal children of greed,
Who fight at the bosom they crave,
And walk from the cradle to slave,
Till populous hunger shall shed
The blood of its brethren for bread.

The world from the sun slips farther,
As we far from God's face ;
There is war declared eternal
'Twixt nature and our race.
But it is not the end that we dread ;
Fighting up to God's feet as we toil
We shall trample this curse from the soil,
And conquer the bondage of bread,
Making Nature our slave in our stead,
Till the frost shall say truce, and the rain
Draw near, at the beck of the grain,
And our sons, with the sheaves at their knee,
Reach again of the fruit of the tree.

THE RIDE FROM FIVE FORKS.

Ho! pony. Down the lonely road —
Strike now your cheeriest pace!
The woods on fire do not burn higher
Than burns my anxious face;
Far have you sped, but all this night
Must feel my nervous spur;
If we be late, the world must wait
The tidings we aver: —
To home and hamlet, town and hearth,
To thrill child, mother, man,
I carry to the waiting North
Great news from Sheridan!

The birds are dead among the pines,
Slain by the battle fright,
Prone in the road the steed reclines
That never reached the fight;
Yet on we go, — the wreck below
Of many a tumbled wain, —
By ghastly pools where stranded mules
Die, drinking of the rain.
With but my list of killed and missed
I spur my stumbling nag,
To tell of death at many a tryst,
But victory to the flag!

“Halt! who comes there? The countersign!” —
“A friend.” — “Advance! The fight, —
How goes it, say?” — “We won the day!” —
“Huzza! Pass on!” — “Good-night!” —
And parts the darkness on before,
And down the mire we tramp,
And the black sky is painted o’er
With many a pulsing camp;
O’er stumps and ruts, by ruined huts,
Where ghosts look through the gloam, —
Behind my tread I hear the dead
Follow the news toward home.

The hunted souls I see behind,
In swamp and in ravine,
Whose cry of mercy thrills the wind
Till cracks the sure carbine;
The moving lights which scare the dark,
And show the trampled place
Where, in his blood, some mother’s bud
Turns up his young, dead face;
The captives spent, whose standards rent
The conqueror parades,
As at the Five Forks roads arrive
The General’s dashing Aides.

O wondrous Youth! through this grand ruth
Runs my boy’s life its thread;
The General’s fame, the battle’s name,
The rolls of maimed and dead

I bear, with my thrilled soul astir,
And lonely thoughts and fears,
And am but History's courier
To bind the conquering years ;
A battle-ray, through ages gray
To light to deeds sublime,
And flash the lustre of this day
Down all the aisles of Time !

Ho ! pony, — 'tis the signal gun —
The night-assault decreed ;
On Petersburg the thunderbolts
Crash from the lines of Meade ;
Fade the pale, frightened stars o'erhead,
And shrieks the bursting air ;
The forest foliage, tinted red,
Grows ghastlier in the glare ;
Though in Her towers, reached Her last hours,
Rocks proud Rebellion's crest —
The world may sag, if but my nag
Get in before the rest !

With bloody flank, and fetlocks dank,
And goad, and lash, and shout —
Great God ! as every hoof-beat falls
A hundred lives beat out !
As weary as this broken steed
Reels down the corduroys,
So, weary, fight for morning light
Our hot and grimy boys ;

Through ditches wet, o'er parapet
And guns barbette, they catch
The last, lost breach ; and I, — I reach
The mail with my despatch !

Sure it shall speed, the land to read,
As sped the happiest shell ;
The shot I send strike the world's end ;
This tells my pony's knell ;
His long race run, the long war done,
My occupation gone —
Above his bier, prone on the pier,
The vultures flock the dawn.
Still, rest his bones where soldiers dwell,
Till the Long Roll they catch.
He fell the day that Richmond fell,
And took the first despatch !

THE JEW.

His dark face kindled in the East,
He walks our Europe like a dream,
And in his great beard gravely seem
To meet the poet and the priest ;
His nation spent, his temple sacked,
A haughty exile, under ban,
From pole to belt he holds intact
The ancient grandeur of the man.

Vain burnt the fires his faith to melt, —
His tough will turned the rack to straw ;
The granite tablets were his law,
And to the one high God he knelt.
Before his zeal fell hate and spite ;
Wide grew the narrowness of marts, —
Immortal, sole cosmopolite,
He gave for freedom all the arts.

Alway the ages' argonaut,
The foremost sails he followed still,
Gave to the Christian thrift and skill,
And peace and trade to heathens taught.
If ran to greed his soul sometimes,
By reverend robbery wrung to pelf, —
A child of genius in all climes,
He drew the Muses to himself.

Of God's august historian heir, —
Who made creation eloquent, —
To themes occult and grand he bent
The realm of letters everywhere ;
His pencil spurned, his marble crushed,
When art to monks its lease resigned,
The splendor of his numbers hushed
The ruder music of mankind.

Outlived all stain, and gibe, and scath, —
Apart and proud he holds his life, —
Fast in the promise of his faith
As in the dark eyes of his wife :
Behold his fate the Jew reverse,
At whose exchequer monarchs stand,
His foot on the almighty purse,
The bonds of Empire in his hand !

Oh ! human faith in God's good grace,
Wait boldly, and ye shall not fail.
The patient ages must avail,
If Freedom knows no waiting place.
The Zion holy to our hosts, —
This reverend world, — made ruin by
The curse of shrines, and thrones, and ghosts,
Art, toil, and hope shall purify !

BABY AT SEA.

THE newest soul abroad upon the ocean,
A blood-drop in the sea,
Deep in the driving steamer's rolling motion,
None so reposed as she.
Wrapped in her zephyrs all the visions sought her,
As seek the gulls the folds
Of the bright standard, trailing o'er the water,
For the white star it holds.

The ship's cat crept around her couch in wonder,
As if some bird were there,
Safe in the crash of billow and of thunder,
In the great Captain's care.
Far in the bows the sailors said together,
As the black watch they scored :
" I marvel not we get so tranquil weather, —
A baby is on board."

Sea giddy, while the bravest, sick of leisure,
Saw the white caps, afraid,
Rocked in the swells she smiled, as for her pleasure
The waves such music made.
The steamer gasped, as in some drowning throttle,
And reeled in shaft and rod, —
She manned her life boat, the nutritious bottle,
And pulled to realms of Nod.

To her the place was but some land a-flying
O'er a green sweep of boughs,
With cheery singing to their roar replying,
With brooks, and fields, and cows ;
Still in its homes folks talked, and walked, and wrestled,
And slept life's cares away,
So in the white arms of her mother nestled,
She dreamed from prayer till day.

Never again, perchance, she shall be treading
The France where she was born,
Not midst its vines, her girlhood or her wedding,
But in the land of corn,
Where her grandparents in the West are summing
The days with doubts and fears,
Child of their children, she shall yet be coming
To gladden their old years.

The deep shall leave upon this baby rover
No note of its refrain,
The great bass singer that has borne her over
Shall rock her ship in vain.
But in her life's devotion or defection,
Shall haunt her dwelling-place
His unremembered fatherly protection,
Like a mysterious face.

Still shine her eyes the larger and the bluer,
More love her dimples say ;
Her tiny soul, the fuller and the truer,
Sails womanward each day.

Dear God! we pray both precious vessels may be
 In prosperous voyages sung,
 And homeward go the steamer and the baby
 When all their bells are rung!



FATHER MARQUETTE.

Non nobis, Domine! always
 To Thee, with hands a-quiver,
 The glory and the praise we pay,
 Who givest France this river!
 Of all her conquests, near or far,
 Most marvellous this still is,
 And here around the holy cross
 We plant the Bourbon lilies.

Give joy, Joliet! With pulses quick
 And thrilled in every fibre,
 I see the baffled heretic
 Forestalled in this new Tiber;
 The Pontiff's palace halls are lit,
 And at his cannon's thunder,
 The daring of the Jesuit
 Shall make the monarchs wonder.

God wot! when we were village boys,
 With Laon's simple cotters,
 We thought the blue thread of the Oise
 The widest of the waters;

Yet, where we launch this light canoe
 Shall sail a new Ulysses,
 And here the mighty masters hew
 Their grandest edifices.

Vain now the Spaniard's past pretence, —
 Deeds make our claim more vital, —
 A hundred years of indolence
 Is but a dead man's title.
 The Indian patriarch forgets
 His foray, vain and lonely,
 All coming Frenchmen are Marquettes,
 'Twas one De Soto only.

In vain the murdering Iroquois
 Wins Christendom's abhorrence ;
 Our foot is set at Mackinaw,
 Our stride the long St. Lawrence ;
This world's highway obeys our wills,
 Our hand is on its fountains ;
 The music of our masses thrills
 The English on the mountains.

Our forts shall bind these prairie swells,
 So vast and melancholy ;
 The tinkle of our sprinkled bells
 Shall make the forests holy ;
 And by the peopled river sides,
 The murmur of low *aves*
 Resistless as the ocean tides
 Shall drive our bounding navies.

Shout! ye Hurons, that to these shores
 Ye drew your dusky faces.
 Now open with your shining oars
 A path for all Christ's races!
 If in His will to death or fire
 My body He deliver,
 I charge ye build my funeral pyre
 Beside this stately river.



SLEIGHING SONG.

THE valley glows below the snows,
 Warm white between the hills,
 As my young sweetheart's neck escapes
 Up from her shapes of lacey crapes,
 And dimples as it thrills.

CHORUS.

Sweetheart, lo! the world is snow;
 The bells say 'come,' and the heart says 'go!'
 Fear not to be chilly by my side, my lily,—
 Love glows warmest in the snow.

My 'Cutter' waits light at her gates;
 Its ponies champ and neigh:
 To feel her foot upon their fur
 The dead wolves, for the touch of her,
 Almost bound back to Day!

Our sleigh-bells speak as down the peak
 The ringing ices slide,
 Wide from her hairs the ribbon flies,
 Her colors rise ripe to her eyes,
 So swift, so hushed we ride.

The streams are cold, the homes are old,
 The orchards gnarled and bare ;
 Of all the world I am most young ;
 Of all unsung by tune or tongue,
 I feel she is most fair.

The wild deer peer almost in fear,
 She is so straight, so chaste,
 The eagles scream down, where they hide,
 Despite her pride to see me glide
 My hand around her waist.

The wolves' teeth grin upon the skin
 That clammers to her glove ;
 The carved swans on the dasher rear
 Their stately necks to feel her near,
 As Leda kindled Jove !

O bliss ! O glow ! there is no snow, —
 'Tis summer come anew.
 Her touch is like the harvest heats,
 Her breath its sweets ; there only beats
 One heart where there were two !

CHORUS.

Sweetheart, lo ! the world is snow ;
 The bells say ' come,' and the heart says ' go ;'
 Fear not to be chilly by my side, my lily, —
 Love nestles closest in the snow !

THE WIDOW.

THE crimson from the curtain died,
And lived again amongst the coals ;
In the half glimmer, side by side,
A something stirred in their two souls ;
One great pearl lamp, deadfacéd, swung,
Fused into catacombs the books,
And what grew dumb upon his tongue
Grew eloquent in looks.

Behind her cushioned stool he stooped ;
His bearded shadows heaving float
Where lie her ruffled laces, looped
By one black brooch cold at her throat ;
Gray in the mantel mirror gleams
His manly presence, dark and tall, —
How like and how unlike it seems :
The portrait on the wall.

The boyish portrait, anxious-eyed,
Where truant will, in sanguine guise,
Shows self-distrust through headlong pride,
And power too quick for sacrifice.
He raged and played till life grew dim,
With passion blest and fame untried.
Art has no charity for him
Whom love has satisfied !

“ Here where a man’s youth tired, could glean
 A luxury as dear as power,
And dream life out, — you else unseen, —
 Wed but to this refinéd bower.
Dare I for cage and bird combined
 A lonely heart’s desire express? ” —
The echoes of his voice behind
 Half drowned her whispered “ Yes.”

So strangely knit rose his reply,
 Both thrill and sternness one might mark :
“ Your sweet consent comes like a cry
 Out yonder in the autumn dark,
From him who knelt where I but stand,
 And poured his music at your feet,
Drew your girl’s heart into his hand,
 To feel his boy’s heart beat.

“ More jealous of your widow’s tears
 Than you of all my passion’s race,
I bid you call your maiden years,
 And set the two loves face to face :
Beside the calm glow of my claim,
 And husbandry of moods and cares,
The fiery errors of his flame,
 His kiss to match your fears.

“ Lo ! at his stride night flushed to dawn !
 His sins for genius you mistook.
Mankind expired when he had gone.
 You loved his undeserved rebuke.

Your tearful feuds more solace bore
Than on my breast, in perfect peace,
I ask thee, now, to love once more !” —
“ O man,” she murmured, “ cease !

“ Not love like that to thee I gave
Out of my human loneliness :
My girlhood lies in yonder grave.
’Twas only widowhood said ‘ Yes ! ’ ” —
“ Dear heart ! ” he cried, “ look well on me !
My brother’s wife, forgive my whim !
I loved his frailties like to thee,
And gave thee up to him !

“ I loved thee first, apart, afar,
And while love lingered on my lips,
I saw thine eyes fixed on his star,
And my star go into eclipse.
Here where the echoes of his kiss
Ring down the firelight where he stood,
I give thee, sister, only this :
The kiss of brotherhood ! ”

MARGARET VAN EYCK.

It was the Count of Dendermonde,
 On love's sweet mission bent,
 Who, flushing 'neath his waving plumes,
 Rode galloping to Ghent ;
 The voice plead soft that long and oft
 Had roused axe, sabre, pike ;
 The warrior wooed the painter-girl, —
 Fair Margaret Van Eyck.

“ Arise, Sir Count ! ” the lady said,
 With heightened hope and hue,
 “ I am not fit so well to wed ;
 You are too brave to sue ;
 But I have vowed no man to plight,
 That I may keep my heart
 Where first it knelt and passion felt, —
 Before the shrine of Art ! ”

The brewer Bauens donned his wig
 And chafed his jewelled hands ;
 He was the richest citizen
 In all the Netherlands.
 “ My ships are many on the Scheldt,
 My cattle on the dike,
 All shall be thine, when thou art mine,
 Sweet Margaret Van Eyck ! ”

"A woman's pride, have I," she cried;
 "Few choose where best they cling;
 My heart was thirst when to me first
 You held a wedding-ring;
 The dream of wealth came in by stealth,
 My love and I to part."—
 "Art thou betrothed?" the brewer quothed;—
 "Ay! to my jealous Art."

"No rank have I thy brow to grace,
 No gem thy wrist to bind;
 I kneel not only to thy face,
 But to thy perfect mind."
 He wears the mien to please a queen,
 Or charm a bard alike;
 And hot tears rise to the bright eyes
 Of Margaret Van Eyck.

"Oh! it is hard to so disear'd
 The bliss you bid me prove:
 Home, children, thee, the world to be
 A rest, a dream, a love;
 Yet, Egmont, go! I did not know
 One qualm my vow could thwart,—
 The pang is past, the die is cast,
 For widowhood and — Art!"

Her day is done; she has not won
 A name the world to start;
 She passed her span as she began:
 A vestal to her art.

Yet in its host, more great, more wise,
To whom our hats we strike,
None show more pious sacrifice
Than Margaret Van Eyck.



THE PIGEON GIRL.

On the sloping market-place,
In the village of Compeigne,
Every Saturday her face,
Like a Sunday, comes again ;
Daylight finds her in her seat,
With her panier at her feet,
Where her pigeons lie in pairs ;
Like their plumage gray her gown,
To her sabots drooping down ;
And a kerchief, brightly brown,
Binds her smooth, dark hairs.

All the buyers knew her well,
And, perforce, her face must see,
As a hoïy Raphael
Lures us in a gallery ;
Round about the rustics gape,
Drinking in her comely shape,
And the housewives gently speak,
When into her eyes they look,
As within some holy book,
And the gables, high and crook,
Fling their sunshine on her cheek.

In her hands two milk-white doves,
 Happy in her lap to lie,
 Softly murmur of their loves,
 Envied by the passers-by ;
 One by one their flight they take,
 Bought and cherished for her sake,
 Leaving so reluctantly ;
 Till the shadows close approach,
 Fades the pageant, foot and coach,
 And the giants in the cloche
 Ring the noon for Picardie.

Round the village see her glide,
 With a slender sunbeam's pace !
 Mirrored in the Oise's tide,
 The gold-fish haste to kiss her face ;
 All the soldiers touch their caps ;
 In the cafés quit their naps
 Garçon, guest, to wish her back ;
 And the fat old beadle smile
 As she kneels along the aisle,
 Like Pucelle in other while,
 In the dim church of Saint Jacques.

Now she climbs her dappled ass, —
 He well-pleased such friend to know, —
 And right merrily they pass
 The armorial chateau ;
 Down the long, straight paths they tread
 Till the forest, overhead,
 Whispers low its leafy love ;

In the archways' green caress
Rides the wondrous dryadess —
Thrills the grass beneath her press,
And the blue-eyed sky above.

I have met her, o'er and o'er,
As I strolled alone apart,
By a lonely carrefour
In the forest's tangled heart,
Safe as any stag that bore
Imprint of the Emperor ;
In the copse that round her grew
Tiptoe the straight saplings stood,
Peeped the wild boar's satyr brood,
Like an arrow clove the wood
The glad note of the cuckoo.

How I wished myself her friend !
(So she wished that I were more)
Jogging toward her journey's end
At Saint Jean au Bois before,
Where her father's acres fall
Just without the abbey wall ;
By the cool well loiteringly
The shaggy Norman horses stray,
In the thatch the pigeons play,
And the forest round alway
Folds the hamlet, like a sea.

Far forgotten all the feud
In my New World's childhood haunts,
If my childhood she renewed
In this pleasant nook of France ;

Might she make the bleuze I wear,
 Welcome then her homely fare
 And her sensuous religion !
 To the market we should ride,
 In the Mass kneel side by side,
 Might I warm, each eventide,
 In my nest, my pretty pigeon.



TO VICTOR HUGO.

Thy granite Guernsey, sea-girt, doth consort
 With thy heroic virtues, patriot stern ;
 Where like a flashing lighthouse brighter burn
 Thy proud, indignant years of exiled art.
 Of neither neighboring Empire subject-part,
 Man's tyranny and nature's to discern,
 Disdaining both, that rock shall be thy urn,
 The faméd crater of thy quenched heart.
 Yet do we thank the crownéd thief, that so
 He threw his chiefest diamond in the sea,
 To light the sails of freedom where they tack,
 Who doth himself to Letters' portal go,
 With his poor, printed lie approved to be,
 And would give wars to win this Hugo back !

A FACE IN LA BOHÈME.

My hope to take his hand,
His world my promised land,
I thought no face so beautiful and high.
When he had called me "Friend,"
I reached ambition's end,
And Art's protection in his kindly eye.

My dream and truth were one, —
A dear Pygmalion,
His thoughts were fancies and his conquests play;
No mad thirsts in him pent,
His hates were indolent,
His graces calm and eloquent always.

Not love's converse now seems
So tender to my dreams
As he, discursive at our mutual desk,
Most fervid and most ripe,
When dreaming at his pipe,
He made the opiate nights grow Arabesque.

His crayon never sharp,
Tender and soft his harp,
He made such sweetness I was discontent;
He knew not the desire
To rise from warmth to fire,
And with his genius rend the firmament.

Perhaps too great my faith,
Perhaps some past heart-scath
Took from his life the zest of reaching far, —
And so grew my regret,
To see my pride forget
That many watched him like a risen star.

Vain the half-uttered curse
Upon the school perverse,
That was his sponsor ere a creed he knew!
Not dear decoying art,
But the crushed, loving heart,
Makes the young life to its resolves untrue.

Therefore his haunts were glad;
Therefore his rhymes were sad;
Therefore he laughed at my reproach and goad, —
With listless dreams and vague,
Passed not the walls of Prague,
To hew some fresh and individual road.

Still like an epic round,
With beautifulness crowned,
I read his memory, tenderer every year,
Complete with graciousness,
Gifted and purposeless,
And to my heart as some grand Master dear.

GONDOLIERS' SONG.

Venice, October 19, 1866.

VENICE, our mother! unbound to the Sea,
 (Waiting so faithfully long at thy door),
 Proudly we gather our prows at thy knee,
 Borne on the breast of our Father so hoar,
 Unsworded of all but our oar!

CHORUS.

*Sui di Lungo!** Make way before!
 Bend to the oar! Bend to the oar!
 Shadows of braver years,
 Hopeful for more,
 Gravely we gondoliers bend to the oar!

Fewer are we, since they fettered thy hands;
 Swearing to free thee our best are no more;
 Close to thy feet lie their keels in the sands,
 But their old gonfalons wave from the shore,
 And thrilled are our arms at the oar.

Lean are thy palaces, leaner thy purse;
 Passed from thy waters the glitter they wore;
 Noble and counsellor palsied to curse,
 Leave to thy workmen the buckler they bore,
 Thy sailors the blade of the oar.

* *Sui di lungo!* (Go straight ahead!) The cry of gondoliers to indicate direction.

Doges and Admirals carved in white,
 Impotent horses and lions of lore
 Look where the campanile leans on the light,
 Saying, "The People alone we implore,
 Again shake the world with the oar!"

"Long we denied them at counsel and feast,
 Lo! how their mother they rise to restore!
 Truer than dungeon, or relic, or priest,
 Louder and grander than cannon their roar,
 The pulse of the world in their oar!"

Landsmen and seamen, our brethren of work,
 Answer us gondoliers back from the shore:
 Not in the conquest of Saxon or Turk,
 Not from the Genoase, nor from the Moor,
 Shall glory be won for the oar!

Man we our galleys with Freedom and Toil,
 Write on our banners from Ind to Azore:
 "Tyranny, ignorance, these be our spoil;
 Art and Humanity, these be our store;
 And this be the song of the oar:

CHORUS.

"*Sui di Lungo!* Make way before!
 Bend to the oar! Bend to the oar!
 Shadows of braver years,
 Hopeful for more,
 Gravely we gondoliers bend to the oar!"

SEARCHING FOR THE POLE.*

SWEETHEART, the flag you gave me when we parted
 Waves in this Arctic blue ;
 It is, my lost one, loving and high-hearted,
 Not I who bear it, but the ghost of you.
 Warm-red it flutters, like the firelight's flashing,
 When in my arms you told
 How there were duties fonder than our passion,
 And comforts in the polar cold.
 I know you will not kiss me, home-arriving,
 For more than oceans 'twixt us roll ;
 Still, dead one, dear one, I am striving, striving, —
 Sweetheart! sweetheart! aye searching for the Pole!

All day the solemn icebergs drift before us,
 So shivering and stark ;
 All night, beneath bewildering auroras,
 We hear the great sea-horse's freezing bark.
 The white bear follows over floes and ledges
 To see our camp-fires glow ;
 The wolf-dogs fly in fear before our sledges,
 To scare the wondering Esquimaux.

* "On an eminence overlooking the Arctic Ocean, Franklin had the mournful privilege of unfurling to the cold breeze a banner presented to him by his first wife for this purpose, as she lay on her death-bed, a few days before his departure. She died the day after he left England." — *Arctic Explorations*.

Long howl the silver foxes as we gallop,
 To mark man pass their furthest goal
 Where never sea-bird screamed above a shallop, —
 Sweetheart! sweetheart! we're searching for the Pole!

Low throb the tides; the pallid stars set never;
 The needle flickers chill;
 The pitying compass points from our endeavor, —
 Still steer we North by our magnetic will!
 Dead-faced, the steady Boreal orb above us
 Shines with no cheering hue;
 Our icy dreams are warm with those who love us, —
 They plead "Come back!" the good, the true.
 But from Man's cause shall no man's tears recall us;
 "Proclivior!" cries the deathless soul;
 Fling out our flag, whatever fate befall us, —
 Sweetheart! sweetheart! we're searching for the Pole!

The ice-floes southward float while we are urging
 Across their crackling crust;
 Wide splits the ocean to its undersurging;
 In God's right hand to bear us up, we trust:
 And one by one our comrades, hungering, thirsting,
 Drop in the snows to sleep;
 We bend and kiss them, with our poor hearts bursting,
 And journey on; we dare not weep.
 We leave them milestones, that men may pursue us,
 And for their martyr's aureole,
 The Northern Lights burn beautiful unto us, —
 Sweetheart! sweetheart! we're searching for the Pole!

Alone I go, my last brave sailor perished.
 I fall, dear heart! I faint.
 Out of my hand your flag so well I cherished,
 Reach down from heaven, and bear it on, dear saint!
 No farther from me in these lone, bleak regions
 Than where we loved and wed,
 Robed in your white and beautiful religions,
 I knew you followed me o'erhead.
 Oh, bliss! Nor death nor seas nor winter sever
 My earnest purpose from my soul;
 The flag of love and courage blows forever,
 Sweetheart! sweetheart! *still* searching for the Pole!



CZECH.

THE farther I do grow from *La Bohème*,
 The more do I regret that foolish shame
 Which made me hold it something to conceal,
 And so I did myself expatriate;
 For in my habit and my heart, I feel
 That wayward realm was still my true estate;
 Wise wagged our tongues when the dear nights grew
 late,
 And clearer, higher, rose our quick conceits,
 And pure and mutual were our social sweets.
 Oh! ever thus convivial round the gate
 Of Letters, have the Masters and the young
 Loitered away their enterprises great,
 Since Spenser revelled in the halls of state,
 And at his tavern rarest Jonson sung.

MISSOURI RIVER.

ROBBED by my younger brother of my name,
 Still in my shaggy length more grand than he,
 They lose my mutilation in my fame, —
 Myself my sea !

The bisons are my ripples, and their roar
 But murmurs to my surges. God's compacts
 Seem broken, when the mountains split before
 My cataracts.

No lake begot me, but my mother's breasts —
 Sun-nippled peaks of uncaresséd snow —
 Give suck to my strong children past the nests
 The eagles know.

All time I thread, as well as all estate ;
 The voidness of the prairie, and the chasm
 Of chaos, and life's earlier and late
 Birth-throe and spasm ;

The vast-leafed forests, in whose dazzling hues
 Primeval beasts hide their insatiate frays,
 Infinite swells, under whose silent blues
 The great elk graze.

Last of my monuments, deferréd long,
 MIND feebly reasons upon sanguine things,
 And down my rapids like a fire-fly's song
 The war-whoop rings.

Far reaching where his village school spires gleam,
 The mighty barges of God's man I see,
 And feel a soul grow in me with his steam,
 A destiny.

Come, Freedom! shear me of my Esau's locks —
 These wildernesses that the wolves infest;
 And for a highway to the sunset flocks
 I give my breast.



SAVONAROLA.

MAKE fast his stake! we will no zeal
 Our household deities to raze;
 He dared not try the red ordeal,
 Who walked through fire all his days.

Ye battlements the clouds which cleave!
 Rise 'twixt his scaffold and his hope!
 He would not our enslaver shrieve,
 Nor still his thunder for the Pope.

If in his fitful sleep they sang,
 Let angels come in his extreme —
 The death thrill is the trance's pang,
 Preceding only such a dream.

Low, beetle-browed, and vulture-miened,
 He knew no high æsthetic taste,
 But called his patroness a fiend
 When o'er his sermon swept her face.

Avenge yourselves, ye marble Arts,
 Which from yon silent loggia scowl,
 He measured poets by their hearts,
 And crowned our painters with a cowl.

Cheer! guildsmen, turbulent and brown, —
 No miracle mars our intent —
 An angel led him to the town,
 He led the angel when he went.

He hath confessed and so must die, —
 What Christ hath said, could he take back?
 The rack may make the manly lie,
 The lie lives only with the rack.

Disrobe the shape so bowed and gaunt!
 Lo! in the furnace yet he prates —
 The Church disowns him, militant,
 Whom Time, triumphant, vindicates!

Death opens wide, — his grand soul spent, —
 Beyond the rosy mountain tips,
 To crown the martyr's testament
 His beautiful apocalypse.

THE DREAM OF MALTHUS.

THAT which by slow processes, I foretold,
Came true untimely, in one night, instead,
That space grew never, and that man grew old ;
The o'er-worked World with life was surfeited,
And at her breast the happy were the dead.

Not now cried woman : " Give me children, God !"
" Let me be fatherless !" her husband's prayer, —
" Heir in thy universe to but one clod,
May she be barren as the Kingdoms are,
Where hungry millions make perpetual war !"

" Come we apart," the lover whispered low ;
" There is no solitude," his coy one cried,
" Whereto in trusting silence we may go,
To hide the nuptial blushes of the bride,
The crowded, shrouded, trampled country wide."

The woods are jungles, where the tiger-men
Filch from the tiger-whelp his red repast ;
As if an army camped in every glen
The desert wilds are populous at last,
And the invaded peaks look down aghast.

Hail to the Sea! since all the land is filled;
And the strong moon no more her tides can draw,
Whereon the drowned their habitations build,
And the cramped fleets combat in furious law,
The hunted fishes witnessing in awe.

And raging pestilences all do bless,
Behind whose march the land grows fat a space,
But in their wake the famished reapers press,
And when of grain the graveyard shows no trace,
Man turns to man in hate his locust face.

Now the most true philanthropy is war,
And there are kingdoms always left to crack;
Though to the globe's end rolls the conquering car,
A daily generation calls it back,
And he is Christ who puts the most to rack.

Therefore sits haggard Science with his crust,
To re-enrich his wasted planet bent,
Or to some far sphere, full of youth and lust,
His kind to translate, — this end to invent
He dies for food in his experiment.

And up to heaven goes the united wail, —
Man now most manly in his last despair, —
“Are there, my God! no lands where we may sail, —
In the hot tropics, in the Arctic air,
In the black mines, the earthquake, anywhere?”

“Let us once more our separate shadows see,
So long entangled! If to be alone
No loneliness but only death there be,
Come, death! for quiet’s sake, we Thee bemoan
Beyond whose plan our rash mankind has grown.

“Breathe in our world that it may broader grow,
And to its brethren, the bright stars, expand!
Its boundlessness that we once more may know,
And beautifulness, where on every hand
Some lone and vast surprise we may command.

“Yet one bold man this expiation taught, —
At whose appeal our mocking lips we curled, —
And bade our tribes to chastity and thought,
Since on one wretched age there should be hurled
The lusts accumulated of the world!”

CHESTER RIVER.

Wise is the wild duck winging straight to thee,
River of summer ! from the cold Arctic sea,
Coming, like his fathers for centuries, to seek
The sweet, salt pastures of the far Chesapeake.

Soft 'twixt thy capes like sunset's purple coves,
Shallow the channel glides through silent oyster groves,
Round Kent's ancient isle and by beaches brown,
Cleaving the fruity farms to slumb'rous Chestertown.

Long ere the great bay bore the Baltimores,
Yielded thy virgin tide to Virginian oars,
Elsewhere the word went, "Multiply ! increase !"
Long ago thy destinies were perfect as thy peace.

Still like thy water-fowl yearly do I yearn
In memory's migration once more to return,
Where the dull old college from the gentle ridge
O'erlooks the sunny village, the river, and the bridge.

On the pier decrepit I do loiter yet,
With my crafty crab-lines and my homespun net,
Till the silver fishes in pools of twilight swam,
And stars played round my bait in the coves of calm.

Sweet were the chinquapins growing by thy brink,
Sweet the cool spring water in the gourd to drink,
Beautiful the lilies when the tide declined,
As if night receding had left some stars behind.

But when the peach tints vanished from the plain,
Or struggled no longer the shad against the seine,
Every reed in thy marsh unto music stirred,
And to gold it blossomed in a singing bird.

Eden of water-fowl, clinging to thy dells,
Ages of mollusks have yielded their shells,
While, like the exquisite spirits they shed,
Ride the white swans in the surface o'erhead.

Silent the otter, stealing by thy moon
Through the fluttered heron, hears the howl of the loon ;
Motionless the setter in thy dawnlight gray,
Shows the happy hidden cove where the wild duck play.

Homely are thy boatmen, venturing no more
In their dusky pungies than to Baltimore,
Happy when the freshet from northern mountains sweeps,
And strews the bay with lumber like wrecks upon the deeps.

Not for thy homesteads of a former space,
Not for thy families of suppositious race ;
Something I love thee, river, for thy rest,
More for my childhood buried in thy breast.

From the mightier Empire of the solid land,
A pilgrim infrequent I seek thy fertile strand,
And with a calm affection would wish my grave to be
Where falls the Chester to the bay, the bay unto the sea.

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER.

A DARK mood swept across his eye,
Like storm-cloud past a star ;
A nameless man had dared to woo
His fair Eléanor ;
Yet to the witling's bold pretence
He listened, grimly mild,
The while, in simple confidence,
He said : " Duke Hugh ! I love your child ! "

They called the sweet Eléanor,
Who had been waiting near ;
She walked straightway to Léon's side,
And blushed, but did not fear ;
" If his be boldness, mine be shame !
On both your wrath must stand, —
I rather would share Léon's name,
Than any noble's in the land ! "

He sought his sword-hilt as she spoke ;
The blood climbed up his hair ;
He saw his pride in her blue eyes,
And in her bosom fair.
" You gave this man to teach me arts
To snare some mailed glove, —
We have read only our two hearts,
And learned the story of our love ! "

“ In sooth,” he laughed, “ this might I grant,
Were he but strong as sage, —
We need not scholars for our sons,
This is the iron age ;
When up the Seine the Northmen tack,
Our Neustrian brides to fright,
’Tis not a book will beat them back, —
And your frail lover cannot fight ! ”

“ So may I see him battling never
Amid your brawling braves, —
We will go hence where peace dwells ever,
And wait for quiet graves ! ”
“ Then,” cried Duke Hugh, “ thus shall it fare you :
If he dare so requite you,
To my high castle let him bear you,
And, by my Dukedom ! he shall plight you.”

That cliff what foot of man had scaled,
Though cased in lightest sandal ?
Its steep sides shelved down where the Seine
Caught the young, leaping Andelle ;
Not by the road which climbed the croft
Must burdened Léon win it ;
And as the lovers looked aloft,
Their hearts sank down in grief a minute.

“ Fear not, dear love ! ” he cried, aflush,
“ While thy arm round me clings,
Thou shalt be light as my young heart, —
My feet shall mount like wings ! ”

She folds his throat in dainty bands,
 Her lips his temples kiss, —
 He feels her pressure in his hands,
 And paces up the precipice.

He knows no doubt ; upon his eyes
 Shower down her locks of flax, —
 Love on our bosom lightly sits,
 Not so upon our backs.
 Beauty in dreams weighs light indeed,
 Gliding down slumber's arches, —
 But that our dear ones help our speed
 Is not so plain, in real marches.

His breath grows short, his brow is hot ;
 She holds him up by love !
 “ Lo ! we have passed the poplar-tops ;
 Beneath us flies the dove ;
 The grim old towers are close before ;
 I see far villages ;
 And, like a sunbeam on the floor,
 The Seine shines through its tillages !

“ Far stretch the hills ; as blue are they
 As eyes bright for your praises,
 The white rocks gleam along their sides
 Thick as the meadow daisies ;
 We will go, love, as far as they,
 When this our task is over ;
 And on your neck I thus shall sway,
 A sipping bee on spray of clover.”

His limbs bend down ; he binds her hands ;
 He hears her poor heart beat ;
 He bids her pray to Christ, who lifts
 The sore and feeble feet ;
 He thought by so much toil the sky
 Ere this to enter in, —
 Perhaps God's heaven is nearer by
 Than the dim towers they strive to win !

“ Sweetheart ! the church-bell's soft refrains
 Are blending with the Andelle's !
 The sunset stains the cottage panes,
 Like our own nuptial candles ;
 Far down the tiny barges pass,
 Like our lives, calmly flowing ;
 I scarce see in the plains of grass
 The cattle, though I hear them lowing.

“ You are weary, — see ! you slip ;
 Nay, now you go on naively, —
 Drink this fresh breath upon my lip, —
 But you climb very bravely !
 I see you shrink, dear martyr, mine,
 My own hands thrill and sever ;
 Oh ! could I fuse my strength with thine,
 Like our two souls, in this endeavor !”

His eyes grow dim ; his feet are lead, —
 Old Atlas paced as slow ;
 He did not think so sweet a world
 Could make him stagger so ;

“ Dear love ! ” she said, “ the place is high, —
Then let us fall together ;
Perhaps, in pity when we die,
They will entomb us in one heather.”

Still, like some weary bird to reach
The native coast it grew on,
He struggles up ; she sees far Mantes ;
She sees the spires of Rouen ;
Her leering sire she scarce can tell
Among the village people,
Praying for her they love so well,
In groups beneath the gray church-steeple.

As these her floating robes regard,
They think her golden tresses
An angel's, sailing heavenward,
With man in their caresses ;
Beneath her white feet shone a star,
As if she trod upon it,
And trembled the old cliff afar,
When peeled the cheer that they had won it.

When round the path the gossips wind,
To greet them, on the hill-top lying,
Young Léon stretched in death they find,
Eléanor was dying !
Her helpless hands enfold him tight, —
Close by the ledge he crouches, —
And twilight, like a funeral rite,
Flung its last roses on their couches !

The vassals stand beside to weep ;
Duke Hugh kneels down to sigh :
“ My castle is no home for me, —
No daughter now have I !
Where stand these towers, a convent-shrine
These broken hearts shall gather ;
And by this loving child of mine
Shall sleep ere long her cruel father.”



MOTHER.

ONE gaunt, stern face, appears, —
All energy and bone, —
Its black hairs blacker grown,
As burnt, not bleached, by years
Of travail and of tears.

When I come home from sea,
It meets me at the door,
As half a century
It met its love before,
And blushes o'er and o'er.

Soft glow its eyes of gray ;
Between us falls a mist ;
I thrill as I could pray,
Rebuked upon her wrist
So fondly to be kissed.

Then up the stairs we go,
 (The house is dark and vast,
Where, rocking to and fro,
 She lives back all the past,
Till I return at last ;)

Where, bidding me recite
 Strange news that I have won,
Her checks wear hectic light,
 Not in what I have done,
But that I am her son.

O face ! you wring my heart
 Your piteous faith to see !
My loves, my world, my art,
 Are less than vanity,
Beside your art in me !

THE EXCEEDING HIGH MOUNTAIN.

SATAN.

THY face is like a star ;
 Bright skies thy vestments are ;
 Thy feet are white as snow,
 Fair Christ ! see thine estate, —
 THE WORLD, look up below :
 How grandly passionate
 Its flushes come and go !

CHRIST.

'Tis beautiful and dark, —
 Like thy face, now I mark !
 With scars and furrows rent ;
 To Heaven still smiling pride,
 Superbly sentient,
 Wherein all powers abide
 Save powerful content.

SATAN.

Tried so by fire intense,
 And far experience,
 All grief is thoughtful good
 And right untravelled wrong ;
 This, else misunderstood,
 Come ! let me make more strong
 To thy young Godlihood.

CHRIST.

Nay! that I may depart
 Unstained, save by my heart,
 I will not walk with thee,
 Nor thy delights, divine;
 Keep thy philosophy,
 And I my high design
 Wherein all trials be.

SATAN.

Yon world of fire and floss,
 Beyond thy birth and cross,
 Hath mysteries intricate;
 And energies and aims
 Past my armed power of late,
 And self-imposéd shames
 Thy death cannot abate.

CHRIST.

Calm in my God's intent,
 Vain thy discouragement, —
 Though God were slain I die!
 Though in yon deep blue rim,
 Thoughts, sweets, and wishes high
 Draw down the cherubim,
 In faith I will go by!

SATAN.

Hast thou man's shape erect,
 And prying intellect,

And would not look within,
 Where, in his curse, he dares
 Make art of his own sin, —
 Whose name shall in his prayers
 All salutation win?

CHRIST.

Out of thy soul's abyssm,
 Thine eye's dark magnetism
 Draws not my feet astray ;
 I will not walk with thee !
 To wish is but to pray
 Thy depths profound to see, —
 I have my work. Away !

SATAN.

Thou art no God, but boy !
 If not for thought, for joy
 Come look, where, young and warm,
 Thy bright-eyed pleasures wait ;
 And on the white, ripe arm
 Of love, insatiate,
 Dream Heaven hath no such charm !

CHRIST.

Lo ! where, all lowly grace
 Set in her wifely face,

My mother, like a prayer,
Sits beaming at her hearth :
Hast thou, fiend ! anywhere,
Amid thy coarser earth,
Like love ?

SATAN.

Avaunt ! Forbear !



STEERFORTH.

“ You come upon me,” he said, almost angrily, “ like a reproachful ghost.”
— DAVID COPPERFIELD.

I GOSSIP of my evening’s play ;
You dare not speak of your romance,
But pillowed on my good-night glance
Dream tremulously until day ;
And half in thrill and half in guilt you pray.

I saw your still sweet face alone,
I but rehearsed an idle part ;
New images rose in your heart :
You felt the music of man’s tone,
You felt your hand lie trembling in my own.

You saw the gray dome cleave the ash,
The wizard spectre of St. Paul ;
You saw a fluttering shape and shawl
Leap from the bridge with scream and splash ;
You did not heed, for love is blind and rash.

Will you go down to Hungerford,
Sometime anew when starlight comes?
And, while the river howls and hums,
Wait for my footfall and my word?
Ah! I have many such affairs, my bird!

The steamers glide beneath the piers,
The black hulls vanish in the mist,
The cheek is burning where I kissed,
The eyes I praised are dim with tears;
It will be all forgotten, child, with years.

The world is great and folk must plight,
Though some there be who may but mate,
And with unseemly leer and gait,
Men's sisters pass me in the night;
I dare say each lost soul arraigns some wight.

When dies Haymarket's hollow glee,
And Holburn's plumes no longer toss,
And from her haunt at Charing Cross
The last pale ghost shall be set free,
Shall thy child's face rise up to frown on me?

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.

His thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale with anxious-
ness intense ;
He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the conference ;
He hears the Bishop slowly call the long "Appointment"
rolls,
Where in his vineyard God would place these gatherers of
souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim Presiding Elders sit ;
He wonders if some city "Charge" may not for him have
writ?
Certes! could they his sermon hear on Paul and Luke
awreck,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annomessix Neck!

Poor rugged heart, be still a pause, and you, worn wife, be
meek!
Two years of banishment they read far down the Chesa-
peake!
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wilmington is
wooded,
The Lord that counts the sparrows fall shall feed his little
brood.

“Cheer up! my girl, here Brother Riggs our circuit knows
’twill please.
He raised three hundred dollars there, besides the marriage
fees.
What! tears from us who preached the word these thirty
years or so?
Two years on barren Chincoteague, and two in Tuckahoe?

“The schools are good, the brethren say, and our Church
holds the wheel;
The Presbyterians lost their house; the Baptists lost their
zeal.
The parsonage is clean and dry; the town has friendly
folk, —
Not half so dull as Rehoboth, nor proud like Pocomoke.

“Oh! thy just will, our Lord, be done, though these eight
seasons more,
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the Eastern Shore,
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedicated years.
Midst foresters of Nanticoke, or heathen of Tangiers!

“Yea! some must serve on God’s frontiers, and I shall
fail, perforce,
To sow upon some better ground my most select dis-
course;
At Sassafra, or Smyrna, preach my argument on ‘Drink,’
My series on the Pentateuch, at Appoquinimink.

“ Gray am I, brethren, in the work, though tough to bear
my part ;
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes wring my
heart,
And cheat me with the vain conceit the cleverness is mine
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the Brandywine.

“ These hairs were brown, when, full of hope, ent’ring
these holy lists,
Proud of my Order as a knight, — the shouting Metho-
dists, —
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with prayer the
night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far North as Bom-
bay Hook.

“ My nag was gray, my gig was new ; fast went the sandy
miles ;
The eldest Trustees gave me praise, the fairest sisters
smiles ;
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten Heights averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

“ All winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on my way ;
At midnight our Revival hymns rolled o’er the sobbing
bay ;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should tire a man of
brass, —
And still our fervent membership must have their extra
Class !

“ Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a warm re-
quite

I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the Millerite ;
But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates supplant,
When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the Itinerant.

“ No cooing dove of storms afeard, she shared my life’s
distress,

A singing Miriam, alway, in God’s poor wilderness ;
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous were
still ;

A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from Blackbird to
Snowhill.

“ A new face in the parsonage, at church a double pride ! —
Like the Madonna and her babe they filled the ‘ Amen-
side ’ —

Crouched at my feet in the old gig, my boy, so fair and
frank,

Nascongo’s darkest marshes cheered, and sluices of Chop-
tank.

“ My cloth drew close ; too fruitful love my fruitless life
outran ;

The ‘ townfolk marvelled, when we moved, at such a cara-
van !

I wonder not my lads grew wild, when, bright, without the
door

Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world, — and we, within,
so poor !

“ For, down the silent cypress aisles came shapes even me
to scout,
Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy’s patched
roundabout,
And saying: ‘ Have these starveling boors, thy congrega-
tion, souls,
That on their dull heads Heaven and thou pour forth such
living coals?’ ”

“ Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers by
Endor’s witch:
Beyond our barren Maryland God’s folks were wise and
rich;
Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how the
preacher thrived,
And all old brethren paid their rents, and many young
ones wived! ”

“ I saw the ships Henlopen pass with chaplains fat and
sleek;
From Bishopshead with fancy’s sails I crossed the Chesa-
peake;
In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons o’er,—
And that on Paul to Patmos driven, drew tears in Balti-
more. ”

“ Well! well! my brethren, it is true we should not preach
for pelf,—
(I would my sermon on Saint Paul the Bishop heard him-
self!)
But this crushed wife,— these boys,— these hairs! they
cut me to the core;
Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern Shore? ”

“Next year? Yes! yes! I thank you much! Then my reward may fall.

(That is a downright fine discourse on Patmos and St. Paul!)

So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in the old lists.

Cheer up, sick heart, who would not die among these Methodists?”



KISHICOQUILLAS.

KISHICOQUILLAS! beautiful word,

Soft as the river it christens, —

That drops from the mountain down like a bird,

In trills of natural melody heard,

Saying, to any who listens,

Under the hemlocks or over the willows :

“Kishicoquillas!”

Once, when a boy, I strayed from thy rills,

Far in the green Alleghanies,

Adown through the clefts of the wild gray hills

To the golden valley of brooks and mills,

Where the strong Juniata's refrain is :

(Waiting to bear thee away on his billows)

“Kishicoquillas!”

Shrill the bald eagle screamed to tear
 Thy silvery trout he had taken ;
 The eyes of the red fox winked from his lair ;
 Deep in thy sands were the tracks of the bear ;
 By the stag's tall antlers shaken
 The boughs of the sycamore murmured to thrill us :
 " Kishicoquillas ! "

Down the long aisles of beech and oak,
 Shyly the deer were grazing ;
 Cheerily echoed the lumbermen's stroke ;
 Bluely arose their camp-fire's smoke ;
 Dreamy by distance the song they were raising,
 Thou with thy life in thy name seemed to thrill us :
 " Kishicoquillas ! "

Called the young quail from the mossy brake ;
 The woodcock whirred a-soaring ;
 Rang his alarum the rattlesnake,
 The cataract climbed the beard of the lake ;
 The old red mill slept a-snoring ;
 Bending, the cattle drank under thy willows,
 Kishicoquillas !

Sweeter thy water than sugar that drips
 In the cup of thy maples wounded,
 Sweet as kisses on virgin lips
 Thy name, that is music to him who sips,
 Each time that its prattle is sounded,
 Liquid and loving, like thee, to thrill us :
 " Kishicoquillas ! "

JOAN OF ARC.

'Tis very old, you say, my dear,
Yet is its memory ever new ;
Two things grow younger, year by year,
The good, heroic, and the true ;
Though these old gables lean and scowl,
And this old square is weird and dark,
Here the hot flames, with glare and growl,
Showed beautiful to murder foul
The high face of Joan of Arc.

Not yet so old as you, my sweet,
When to my arms a bride you came,
Her brave soul went out from the heat,
One half to God, and half to fame ;
To bishop's cross and baron's lance,
Her white feet showed the fetter's mark,
Yet in her rapt and steadfast glance,
All the good peace she won for France,
Gave grace to poor Joan of Arc.

She saw advance with axe and brand
The cruel English robber crowned,
And in the wailing of the land
The sheep-bells of her flocks were drowned ;

Then from Doremy's haunted wood
Strange voices bade her hope and hark,
That since no man the foe withstood,
A girl could beat them if she would, —
Pure and obscure Joan of Arc !

Kings in that day, perchance, my bride,
To nobler port and stature ran
Than he you saw in Paris ride, —
A stunted, low-browed, ugly man.
Far from the fight, in Chinon's tower,
King Charles grew sleek with jest and lark,
She sought him in his inmost bower,
And knew him by the holy power
God gave to brave Joan of Arc.

Then all the knights grew shamed, to see
This poor girl's ardor so intense ;
And the king's mistress charged him be
Worthy of so grand eloquence ;
She bade them in Saint Catherine's vale
The five-crossed sword, anointed, mark ;
Her banner bore the lilies pale,
And her white bosom glint with mail,
To battle rode Joan of Arc.

Lo ! where she rides the women pray !
The men-at-arms her signal wait !
Upon her helmet in the fray,
The ruined country feels its fate !

Or be her spirit saint's, or queen's,
O'er swaying life, and slain men stark
Her snow-white banner still careens,
Till on the towers of Orleans
'Tis planted by Joan of Arc!

Cry the pale English in the strife,
"This virgin must a sorceress be!"
Such sorceress, my dearest wife,
As you, perhaps, who conquered me.
They fly where'er her tall plume gleams,
Beaten to fortress, strand, and bark,
And where the king stands crowned in Rheims,
At the high altar o'er him gleams
The banner of Joan of Arc!

Then to her flocks she asked to go ;
Perhaps some good young man to wed,
And see her children manlier grow,
Than they whom she inspirited ;
But other toils for her remain :
The robber-band, with traitors dark,
Swept up the red bridge of Compeigne,
Where, like an angel mid the slain,
Stood to the last Joan of Arc!

Shame on her jealous barons' fears !
Falls the portcullis, bronzed and brown ;
Shame on Burgundy's halberdiers,
That in the postern strike her down !

They sell her to that robber race,
 With hearts like money, cold and cark,
And fettered in the dungeon place,
The ruffian soldiers kiss the face,
 The sweet face of Joan of Arc !

Here, where the plashing fountain stands,
 They pile the faggots round her throne ;
She prays away, with clasped hands,
 But to the crucifix alone ;
And by the flames that scorch her breast,
 Her heroism high they mark.
France holds her memory every blest,
And we, who live far in the West,
 Thrill when we name Joan of Arc !

PRINCESS TROUBETZKOI.

DEAR, 'tis fifteen years of exile, —
 You are wearier than I;
 Love to me is more than country,
 But your country makes you sigh.
 On your bosom all the Russias
 Still to me a Prince you are,
 And our children in Siberia
 Are more haughty than the Czar.

Chide me not, that thus I made them
 Voluntary serfs with me;
 Though all Europe should upbraid them,
 Cold and beaten, they are free!
 Free to hate the throne you challenged,
 Stern, howe'er may fortune flout,
 Terrible in their untameness,
 Toughened by the bloody knout.

In their savage souls I fasten
 Day and night, the vision brief
 Of young Rylief on the gibbet,
 And the corpse of Mouravieff;
 How your epaulettes were trampled,
 Freedom still your chiefest fault,
 And the cannon found no craven
 In the glorious revolt.

To these Arctic stars they mutter
 When the guards are deaf with cold ;
 They shall make revenge tradition,
 Fresh when we are stiff and old ;
 And the hordes their loins shall quicken,
 Back shall visit Russia's sins,
 Bursting on the startled Baltic, —
 Asia's endless Jacobins !

Dwelling in the cloud of thunder,
 By the blaze of Northern Lights,
 Let our forges work unceasing
 Bolts, to break o'er Ural's heights ;
 While corruption through the Empire
 Eats its vast and noiseless way,
 And the shrieks of women echo
 To the Cossacks' dull hourra.

O my Prince ! your eyes are saddened,
 Thus to see the lips you kissed
 In the redness of the Virgin,
 Rail so wildly whilst you list ;
 But so ragged and so railing,
 Midst men's only murmuring,
 Hungry mothers in the palace
 Smote the King's wife and the King.

Hence, of all but love unsexéd, —
 To my castle free to go,
 Where my jewels burst their caskets
 With the long-imprisoned glow, —

To the great God thus once bending,
God forbid I be reprieved!
Give, O God! one generation
Like the boys I have conceived!

MICHELIE'S FARM.*

ALAS! for the pleasant peace we knew
In the happy summers of long ago,
When the rivers were bright, and the skies were blue,
By the homes of Henrico;
We dreamed of wars that were far away,
And read, as in fable, of blood that ran
Where the James and Chickahominy stray,
Through the graves of Powhattan.

'Tis a dream come true, for the afternoons
Blow bugles of war by our fields of grain,
And the sabres clink as the dark dragoons
Come galloping up the lane;
The pigeons have flown from the eaves and tiles,
The oat-blades have grown to blades of steel,
And the Huns swarm down the leafy aisles
Of the grand old commonweal!

* Written in the album of a fugitive lady, at a farm-house on the Chickahominy River.

They have torn the Indian fisher's nets
Where flows the Pamunkey toward the sea,
And blood runs red in the rivulets
That babbled and brawled in glee ;
The corpses are strewn in Fair Oak glades,
The hoarse guns thunder from Drury's Ridge ;
And the fishes, that played in the cool, deep shades,
Are frightened from Bottom Bridge.

I would that the year were blotted away,
And the strawberries grew in the hedge again ;
That the scythe might swing in the wavy hay,
And the squirrel romp in the glen, —
The walnuts sprinkle the clover slopes,
Where graze the sheep and the spotted steer,
And the winter restore the golden hopes
That were trampled in a year !

PITTSBURG.

IN the cleft of thy great left hand,
Mississippi! reached out to the deep,
Swart, and sweaty, and tanned,
And clasping the mountain steep,
This city, a wedding-ring,
With God in the thunders for priest,
Thou givest the first of thy brides
And mother of cities, the East!

'Tis a bastion no more but in story,
A trophy no more, but a dower;
They have vanished,— the scars of its glory,
In the visible frown of its power.
The bloodstone, red-veined by the martyrs,
When Braddock went down to Beaujeu,
Is black as the jet of its caverns,
That scorches the stars of its blue.

The mighty arena of ridges,
Looks down at the sacrament rites;
Down the wizard perspective of bridges,
Leap red the hymeneal lights.
From the gulfs of the globe and the fountains
Swim the monsters of steam to be guests,
And, sliding the slopes of the mountains,
The giants bring gifts o'er the crests.

Aroused by the axe from its slumber,
The great Apalachian spine
Shakes down to the rivers its lumber,
And scatters the fire from the mine.
The rains, lifting up the long rivers,
Bear heartily onward the spoil ;
The iron that melts for the dancing,
Smooth-kissed by the bountiful oil.

The dance, it is never to finish ;
The dancers are never to tire,
So long as there's pulse in the water,
Or soul in the glow of the fire ;
The tune, — it is more than a measure ;
The dance, — does it naught but amuse ?
The feet that slip deftly to pleasure
Slip also to generous use.

They fashion the broadaxe edges
That shall fiddle the forests to light,
And the billion tingling rivets
That shall bind the roof-tree tight ;
To the quickstep of their forges
Spins into highways the ore,
And the great black cannons thunder,
Like a roused nation's roar.

So, with this grimy mosaic,
Volcanite, lava, and steel,
No stake of contending empires,
But carved with our eagle-seal, —

The great West weds the ocean,
In a union never to tire,
Till the heavens and the earth, like a parchment,
Roll together with fervent fire!



VENUS DE MILO.

WE tremble, thus alone,
Thy wondrous loveliness, O shape! to see:
We dare not worship images of stone,
But must bow down to Thee.

Thou art not all of clay;
On those clear eyes and placid braids of thine
Two thousand years of dust and darkness lay:
Thou rulest yet, divine!

O golden times and lands,
When Love in marble breathed its sweet decrees!—
Who shall replace thy mutilated hands,
Or smooth thy draperies?

Not in thy mien are caught
Such charms as hearts of boys or gallants fill;
The passion thou inspirest is a thought
Exquisite as its thrill.

Dear Foundling beautiful !
Immortal in achievement as in soul, —
Hewn in some instant touch of miracle
That on thy sculptor stole, —

The jealous Gods in ire
Received thee as their equal to thy state,
And banished him who, breathing at their fire,
A Goddess dared create.

Nameless to-day is he,
His deathless sacrilege adjudged this shame,
Endless, — the glory of his art to see,
And then to lose Thy fame !

COUNTRY CHRISTMAS.

HEAP up the table ! till, as in the fable,
The boys and girls are fat enough to kill ;
Bid the dusky Circe, in her smoking turkey,
The crushed hearts of the juicy scarlet berries to instil ;
Let his brown lips grapple the plumpest pippin-apple —
That roasted pig so motionless upon the trencher blue —
And on the wild-duck's pinion, exhort the kitchen-minion
Her whitest stalks of celery transparently to strew.

Drain down the cider ! Spread the cover wider !
Let none go empty, who have passed the door ;
On the chimney-fire, higher yet, and higher,
The pitchy-pine logs pile until the flames begin to roar.
O'er the hearth the holly makes melancholy folly ;
The chestnuts chirrup to themselves down in the ashes
gray ;
The cheeks of every bumpkin grow mellow as a pumpkin
To see his dimples in his sweetheart's lashes hid away.

Stir well the toddy ! let a jolly body
Aver that Christmas comes but once a year !
Rise, each lass and suitor ! clink the brimming pewter,
And round the blazing cedar toast old Winter, King
austere,

To the soldier's booty, the shapely maiden's beauty,
 The sailor in the frosty watch, a-swinging 'neath the star,
 The parson 'neath the steeple a-marrying the people,
 The tattered flags that lead our boys into the jaws of war.

Hark! 'tis the fiddle; stand him in the middle —
 That one-orbed Orpheus — that his twanging bow
 Shall excite to feeling shadows on the ceiling,
 Until, like doppelgangers, dance they with us folk below;
 Though the hearth-dog bellow, more close each bashful
 fellow
 Shall fold his dainty lady to the breast so oft she thrills;
 The glad old folks, in wonder, down look as the young feet
 thunder down,
 As on the merry running stream look down the whiten-
 ing hills.

Silence! old Nestor, and your tired orchestra. —
 We'll have the games that smack of bolder bliss, —
 "Thimble," and "The Flagon," "Pawns," and "Copen-
 hagen."
 The old folks are so fast asleep they cannot see us kiss.
 Hark! the clock peals midnight, — adieu to all and good-
 night;
 And in the warm sleigh as we make our faithful plight
 again,
 The stars their beaming faces turn upon our embraces,
 And thrill us with the memory of Christ come down to
 men!

CAMP CHRISTMAS.

PALE in the distance lingers the light aglow,
Half with the moorland mingle the sedgy tents,
But a low murmur comes from the regiments,
And from the outer post rings in a light hallo.

Bubbles the tinkling rill,
Drowsily down the hill,
And a lone whip-poo'-will
Singeth her monotone, sleepily, sadly —
Was it a foot that strode
Lonesomely down the road?
Was it a hoof that trode,
Spurred by some loiterer, recklessly, madly?

How lulls the music, far off and faintly !
Gray grows the mountain, dark droops the cedar ;
Beautiful sleep to the wan ones that need her
Steals like a phantom on, stately and saintly ;
Rumbles the last tattoo —
Darken the tapers blue —
And the dim thickets through
Down comes the sentinel, stealthy and solemn —
Christ ! may the jaded rest
As on a bride's young breast,
Ere through the glowering west
Shrieking, the pickets rush, rousing the column.

Hist! 'tis the stallion, neighing so ruthly ;
 Ha! 'tis the teamster's snore, measured and shrilly ;
 Hark! 'tis the owlet's howl in the night stilly ;
 Halt! 'tis a friendly form, loyal and truthly !
 See! the white starlets peep,
 Climbs the pale moon the steep ;
 And in the blessed sleep
 None fear bayonet, bullet, or sabre ;
 While over many a face
 Soft shadows steal apace,
 As in the homestead-place
 Love kissed the vagrant eyes weary with labor.

Drip! on the coverlet raindrops fall dearthly.
 How the wind moans to-night, witch-like and dismal !
 See! through the darkness, drear and abysmal,
 How flare the camp-fires, red and unearthly !
 Crouching the faggots by,
 Watching the embers die,
 Weary of brain and eye,
 None see the fevered boy chatter and shiver,
 None see the sails that stray
 Down in the wind and spray,
 Bearing to far away
 Hearts, oh! as lashed and lone as the chafed river.

Oh, the dear hearths and homes wan in the dun day,
 Oh, the prim meeting-house, still as a funeral,
 Where, in the long-ago, private and general
 Sang the same hymns of peace on the same Sunday.

Shall the old waltz no more
Ring down the Christmas floor —
Nor the brown eider pour
Over the tankard, bubbling and gleaming?
Never shall these remain
Till over land and main
Floats our old flag again —
Star unto star aflame, fold to fold streaming!



ROANOKE.

FAIR island, by the calm blue sound!
Where high thy pines their branches sway,
And make low melodies, all day,
To lull the slumbers of the drowned,
The sea-gull screams along thy strand,
To mock the vulture and the crow,
And lonesomely the wreckers go
Down the long aisles of silver sand.
There are no sails across the bar.
Where is the fisherman's canoe,
And all the cunning nets he drew,
Before the blighting of the war?
No more the hounds and hunters come,
To chase the wild deer from the oak,
For desolation, sere and dumb,
Sits in the homes of Roanoke.

She, first of all my sanguine race,
Here found a birthplace and a grave ; *
Her father came too late to save,
He met no welcome and no trace ;
And vainly rode the anguished carle,
For so the sole direction ran,
Across the tide to Croatan,
And searched the groves of Albemarle.
Perhaps she wed some Indian Brave,
And dusky children learned to know
Far in the land of Manteo ;
Or, famished, pacing by the wave,
Where gazing wearily at morn
She heard the far surf clash and croak
The requiem of the golden corn,
That never came to Roanoke.

Thrice ploughed thy sand the English keel ;
They turned their helm through Ocracock ;
They perished by the tomahawk,
The famine hand, the fever heel.
The brave Sir Walter led the way ;
He saw the blue smoke curling go
Up from thy huts, Granganimo,
Where the red Indian children play ;
And swearing never to forget
The faith he pledged the tawny chief,
They smoked the first tobacco leaf,
In the all-hallowed calumet.

* Virginia Dare, the first white child born in the territory of the United States, perished on Roanoke island.

Alas ! for Christmas oath and plight,
His holy vow the Briton broke,
And murdered, in a single night,
The native Lords of Roanoke !

The wild duck flocked the sound astir ;
The bear looked out from Secotan ;
They saw no living human man,
But only where the ashes were ;
And never more the yellow maize
Flecked half the fields of Currituck ;
The isle was sered by some ill luck
Till after many weary days.
Still might the squaw and hunter dwell,
Nor had the pale-face need to go
Far from the sunny Pamlico,
If each but trusted each as well ;
They spurn the pleasant homes they hold ;
The old, old peace they ruthly broke,
And wandered vainly after gold
Far up the stream of Roanoke.

Those savage times have waned apace ;
The piny isle no red men tread ;
Their wigwams and their wives are dead,
And war has blackened all the place.
For treason left its thousand farms,
And broke the calumet in twain,
And called across the stormy main
A host of loyal men at arms.

Thy pines DeMonteil's death bemoan ;
Thy surge brave Russell's requiem measures ;
And, delving for forbidden treasures,
Thy traitors dig but skull and bone.
Two awful days the foemen met,
And when the third all glorious woke,
The spangled flag we worship yet
Curled all its stripes o'er Roanoke !

The corpse half hidden in the sand ;
The far-off friends that wait the shock ;
The raven brooding on the rock ;
The hungry sky ; the lonesome land ;
The blood ; the tears ; the sons ; the sires, —
Ah ! these too well the triumph note,
While ringing from the nation's throat
Acclaims that quench its funeral pyres !
We laugh and weep all unawares, —
The flag above, the dead beneath,
The sabre dripping in its sheath,
And on our lips dear household prayers.
See mercy in the arms of fear !
My God ! this curse of blood revoke !
May every loyal Northern spear
Be nerved by news from Roanoke !

LITTLE GRISETTE.

LITTLE Grisetete, you haunt me yet ;
 My passion for you was long ago,
 Before my head was heavy with snow,
 Or mine eye had lost its lustre of jet.
 In the dim old *Quartier Latin* we met ;
 We made our plight one night in June,
 And all our life was honeymoon ;
 We did not ask if it were sin,
 We did not go to kirk to know,
 We only loved and let the world
 Hum on its pelfish way below ;
 Marked from our castle in the air,
 How pigmy its triumphal cars :
 Eight stages from the entry stair,
 But near the stars !

Little Grisetete, rich or in debt,
 We were too fond to chide or sigh,—
 Never so poor that I could not buy
 A sweet, sweet kiss, from my little Grisetete.
 If I could nothing gain or get,
 By hook, or crook, or song, or story,
 Along the starving road to glory,
 I marvelled how your nimble thimble,
 As to a tune, danced fast and fleeting,
 And stopped my pen to catch the music.
 But only heard my heart a-beating ;

The quaint old roofs and gables airy
 Flung down the light for you to wear it,
 And made my love a queen in faery,
 To haunt my garret.

Little Grisette, the meals you set
 Were sweeter to me than banquet feast ;
 Your face was a blessing fit for a priest ;
 At your smile the candle went out in a pet ;
 The wonderful chops I shall never forget !
 If the wine was a trifle too sharp or rank,
 We kissed each time before we drank.
 The old gilt clock, e'er wrong, was swinging ;
 The waxed floor your feet reflected ;
 And dear Baranger's *chansons* singing,
 You tricked at *picquet* till detected.
 You fill my pipe ; — is it your eyes
 Whereat I light your cigarette?
 On all but me the darkness lies
 And my Grisette !

Little Grisette, the soft sunset
 Lingered a long while, that we might stay
 To mark the Seine from the breezy quay
 Around the bridges foam and fret ;
 How came it that your eyes were wet,
 When I ambitiously would be,
 A man renowned across the sea?
 I told you I should come again, —
 It was but half way round the globe, —
 To bring you diamonds for your faith,
 And for your gray a silken robe :

You were more wise than lovers are ;
I meant, Sweetheart, to tell you true,
I said a tearful "*Au Revoir* ;"
You said : *Adieu* !

Little Grisette, we both regret,
For I am wedded more than wived ;
Those careless days in thought revived
But teach me I cannot forget.
Perhaps old age must pay the debt
Young sin contracted long ago, —
I only know, I only know,
That phantoms haunt me everywhere
By busy day, in peopled gloam, —
They rise between me and my prayer,
They mar the holiness of home !
My wife is proud, my boy is cold,
I dare not speak of what I fret :
'Tis my old sin with thee I fold,
Little Grisette !

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

O WOMEN who have lovers, behold what I have known,
To be married in the twilight—in the darkness be alone ;
To sit beside my window, when the clouds blot out the
arch,
And think how long my heart must wait while he is on the
march.

We were wedded at the Fountain, beneath the open sky,
And grouped amid the maple-boughs, the regiment stood
by ;
Their bayonets flashed brightly, beneath a soft, pale
moon,
And a file of handsome drummer lads struck up a pleasant
tune.

He took my moist, hot hand in his, as he had done before ;
And the parson's talk was low and sweet, like some dear
voice of yore ;
I seemed to be a girl again—the wedding was a spell—
And hardly knew what words were said—'twas like a
funeral !

How like a mockery it seemed—the formulary part :
They asked me would I love him?—I looked into my
heart !

Would I obey? Had *he* not gone at the summons stern
and grim?
And honor? Was there woman who could not honor him?

Some loud cheers broke the stillness: it was our wed-
ding peal.
I was folded to his belted blouse, the marriage rite to
seal.
A score pressed up to shake his hand, and cheer the sol-
dier's wife —
Their hurried compliments were drowned: I heard the
drum and fife.

He wrung my hand, and whispered — he kissed me once
again:
A harsh, hard voice ran down the ranks, of “Fall in! fall
in, men!”
I buckled on his knapsack, — its weight was like a rock, —
And as I gave his musket, some tears ran down the
stock.

He said: “Good-by, Maria!” My throat was hard and
dry;
He said that I should write to him — I could not make
reply;
But when he stood amid the lines, I felt my pulses leap-
ing:
Why should a soldier's wife be dumb, and shame his flag
by weeping?

The band struck up a glorious air : my thoughts were sad
and bitter ;
And, tramping down the leafy aisles, I saw the bayonets
glitter ;
He might have turned his head again, but I was blind with
sobbing :
The fountain tinkled on the night — I heard the music
throbbing.

They vanished in the dusky light ; how wild the streets
with rattle !
'Tis well for those to wave their hats who send no loves
to battle !
I think, when all the war is done, and still the nation free,
If, in the scattered regiment, he shall come back to me ?

If still the sandy locks shall nod above his eye so blue ?
If still his step shall be as proud, his love as frank and
true ?
Perhaps, amid the battered few that tramp behind the
drum,
One day unto my father's door a crippled man shall come.

Perhaps, amid my tears some morn the tidings I may spell,
Amid victorious returns, of one who fought and fell ;
Who lay amid the mangled heaps, where blood ran like a
sea,
And pressed his hand upon his heart, and, dying, spoke of
me.

Then, women who have husbands will tell of glorious wars,
And honor him that bravely fell beneath the Stripes and
Stars ;
And I shall hug my widow's weeds, while life shall ebb
apace,
And mark upon no child of mine the hue of his dear face.

But all my dreams still hear the drums that beat our wed-
ding peal,
The tinkle of the falling spray, the clink of sabre steel,
The music of his sad farewell, the kiss before he went,
The flutter of the silken flag above the regiment.

No coward mark rests on him ; his duty called him forth !
The eagle led him Southward from her eyrie in the North !
He threw his body in the breach : the flag went on before ;
And his wife shall love him better that he loved his country
more !

WILD-CAT JUNCTION.

I.

A WOMAN in a calico dress, who smokes her pipe as she sits ;
A hairy man, in a slouchéd hat, who whittles and yawns and spits ;
A travelling Jew, asleep by the stove, with his head on a carpet-bag ;
And the wind a-cursing out of doors like a child-forsaken hag.

II.

Two railroads chased across a moor, by a ghastly lantern's gleam ;
The "bob-tail" train gone howling away like half of a nightmare dream :
The naked station caught between, in the junction's iron vice,
And one stark gin-mill over the way, with Hoosiers throwing dice.

III.

I sit in heathen awe, and muse : the Night Express is late ;
Crunched bloodily perhaps, afar, against some dawdling freight ;

Or down some yielding trestle-bridge shot in some river's
 ooze,
 To give some wild-cat journalist a bite of morning news.

IV.

God help the brave and sallow folk who farm this western
 waste !
 The young men withered with the chills ; the young girls,
 weary-faced ;
 The savage children chasing down the lean, lank geese and
 pigs ;
 The gaunt wife scolding her old man, who mopes and
 swears and swigs.

V.

How lone the cracked and parchéd world, save when the
 trains go by !
 How lone the river-beds, so broad, scorched up, and scooped
 and dry !
 How lone the flat, shorn fields of stalks, bestrewn with
 stump and chunk !
 How lone the scrubby woods, that know no satyr but the
 skunk !

VI.

All year the hutted homes look down the rutted roads of
 slough ;
 All life, the stunted shaggy nags, dejected, mounch and
 plough ;
 The plank towns, pitched at random, seem to their crude
 spires to say :
 " O God, it is our destiny and slavery to pray ! "

VII.

Hard lines of cunning avarice the strong men's faces rift,
 And garbs and tables primitive and desperate with thrift,
 Show life, like all the landscapes, stark and starveling as
 the scope
 Of souls immortal, by their greed, but ignorant of hope !

VIII.

Still midst these bare-legged folks, perhaps, grew up some
 wondrous men,
 As grows some silver poplar shaft deep in some dogwood
 fen ;
 Some Crockett heard his mother sing in yonder crone's
 shrill croon.
 In yonder lank-haired giant burns the soul of Daniel
 Boone.

IX.

Here Lincoln, with his jaundiced face, hoed corn to buy his
 shoes ;
 Miraculous intelligence ! that he could read the news,
 When once a month the papers came, and round about to
 list,
 The neighbors cheered to hear how hung some abolitionist.

X.

He wore his Sunday bob-tail coat, when twice a year, for
 suits,
 The Judge came up to hold the Court (upon the bench his
 boots),

And in his shirt-sleeves told the law, and spit a slimy
peck,
The while he said: "Be taken hence and hangéd by the
neck."

XI.

Corn-dodgers dipped in maple-juice he ate with thankful-
ness ;
An ox-steak when the Preacher came the family to bless ;
Rye coffee with molasses sweet ; (he never used a fork
But with his knife ten months a year, poked down the
salted pork.)

XII.

Still, like old Bunyan's vision, seen o'er Bedford Prison's
gate,
He saw out of this poverty the highways of the state ;
The pilgrimage of Christendom from bondage to the
light,
And Slavery's pack fall from the back of lands that seek
the right.

XIII.

Husks filled his belly, but he saw his father's house afar.
A shepherd on a lonely moor, he watched the Master's
star.
And not by dainty hands in kid the shackles fell to rust,
But warty, horny, were the palms that made the Nation
just.

XIV.

Still in his homely Hoosier phrase, he talked the armies
on.

The same old puckered face looked out, Columbus-like, for
dawn.

We waited for some courtly Christ to draw the sting from
death,

And, lo, the promised man arose in lowly Nazareth !

XV.

O West, take heed that in your wealth your leaner
dreams come true !

The hopefulnes of all the poor is delegate to you.

Speak ! from your golden valley vast ! Swear ! by your
father's dust,

The West that made the Nation free shall make the Nation
just !

PAUL ON THE HELLESPONT.

FROM Japhet, when Shem was a yeoman,
And Canaan reviled,
Till to-day, when the world is all Roman,
And Judah a wild,
By the verge of this sea
There was never a beggar like me.

The Kings of all Asia beside me
Arise in their might ;
Their galleys and banners deride me,
Their camps blaze with light ;
I am footsore and tried,
And the ferry is stormy and wide.

My purse it is rent like my raiment ;
My soldiers are two ;
For the ferryman, Heaven be his payment !
My tent, Heaven's blue !
But the conquests we seek
Are the glorified lands of the Greek.

They are wisest and purest of races, —
The Lords of the Arts ;
Like the statues of gods are their faces ; —
We aim at their hearts ;
All our art is a cross,
And our gospel but sorrow and loss.

But our tongues they are laden with wonder ;
Our pain shall be sweet ;
Lord Christ, who has walked on the thunder,
Will buoy our feet.
On the mountain of Mars
We shall plead by our stake with His scars.

Where the marbles of Phidias whiten
The temples of Jove,
The image they ravished shall brighten
The isles with His love ;
All their lore be His shame,
And the Cæsars shall rule in His name.

To His birthplace shall stroll for His glory
Philosophy hoar ;
Architecture shall sculpture His story,
And plant to adore,
In the Parthenon's eaves,
The cross that was set between thieves.

My brethren, perhaps in that vision,
On earth as in bliss,
The Gentiles may place, for this mission,
Our faces by His !
Oh ! I weary to wait.
Lo ! a sail. Let us pass o'er the strait !

THE GREAT BAPTISM.

THE genius of our Empire looked one noon,
Where, flushed with sunlight, sparkled peak and sea,
River, and plain, and forest, all atune, —
Throbbing and thrilling in each artery, —
Gaunt cataracts, impatient to be free,
Great lakes, like oceans, that lay prone and seething,
And wildernesses, where the storms were breathing,
And cliffs, whose arms reach where the heavens be.

“ This power and populousness,” murmured she,
“ Must be historic, and the new baptism
Of war descend upon it ; feud and schism
Shall override these valleys, down these hills
Blood dig new channels for its smoking rills,
And the blue sky grow hazy, where the slain
Die, cursing in the bitterness of pain.
These rivers, that go sluggish to the main,
Bearing upon their bosoms kine and grain,
Shall float leviathans, whose frowning ports
Will speak in thunder to a hundred forts,
And hurrying from their sleepy tillages,
The yeomanry shall rally in these villages,
And hear a music that they never knew, —
The shrilly fife that throbbed at Agincourt
And thrilled the thousands on the field of Tours,
The deathless drum that beat at Waterloo !

" My empire shall not be a tame array
 Of paltry towns and peaceful downs and moors,
 Where, though the loitering summer, clowns and boors
 Go slow a-field to sickle in the hay —
 A valorous race, whose fame will reach away,
 To shame of older clans and climes the glory,
 Shall make a grand and monumental story,
 To be remembered till the world grows gray !
 Pilgrims shall hither through the ages stray,
 To mark the sites where hordes fell rash and fated.
 No land is great till rent and consecrated ! "

Forthwith she strewed her dragon teeth adown
 The Carolinian meadows. In a trice
 Armed men sprang up amid the corn and rice,
 And seized on fortress, arsenal, and town ;
 She scattered them, where vigorous and brown,
 The Texan marked his spotted cattle graze,
 And by the light of villages ablaze
 Mustered a thousand bayonets and sabres ;
 And where the negro in the cotton-groves
 Sat down at eve to eat his yellow loaves,
 The Alabamian roused his sons and neighbors ;
 The Georgian hills were black. Oh, fate, not reason —
 Louisiana faltered in obedience ;
 And, wavering for a moment in allegiance,
 The Old Dominion rushed into the treason.

An awful pause ! Half terror, half in wonder,
 The moon glared blue ; the very ocean lay
 Dumb and in dread ; the grave-clothes stirred their clay ;
 Then broke from Charleston bay the first deep peal of
 thunder !

O Massachusetts, hallowed be for aye
Thy sturdy heart that never throbb'd in vain !
And be the forests and the streams of Maine
Blessèd forever ! terrible and gaunt
The mountaineers of Hampshire and Vermont
Poured from their eyries, half way in the sky,
Down where Long Island Sound lifts up its calm blue eye.

Thy empire, York ! and Penn's, were all aflame ;
There was no hamlet where the drum beat not,
No fireside, but, desperate and hot,
Some son or father felt the glow of shame,
And buckled on his sword and breathed his mother's
name.

The prairies rang : Ohio raised her hand
With Illinois, to wipe away the guilt ;
The sword should drip in carnage to the hilt,
And every roof-thatch be a beacon brand.
At each Iowa hearth stood stern a mailèd man ;
Young Kansas knelt in wrath, and swore with Michigan !

A wall of flame blazed up the border-line ;
A thousand camp-fires lit the midnight sky ;
The white tents glistened in the trampled rye ;
An armèd man replaced each ash and pine ;
The trooper rode where erst had grazed his kine ;
The barley-blades grew up to bayonets ;
A navy tore the frightened fisher's nets ;
A crusade swarmed across each mount and moor ;
Their fane to rescue by Potomac's shore,
The first great Hearts beat out at Baltimore.

Oh, zeal too rash ! oh, treason too profound !
 Oh, patient King ! oh, strong and subtile Warwick !
 Oh, quiet plains that blood has made historic !
 Oh, simple hearts that valor has renowned !
 Oh, carnivals where vulture gorged with hound !
 Oh, martyrdoms where yet the relics bleach !
 Oh, agonies that words can never reach !
 Oh, heroisms that must ever thrill !
 The brook is red that flows by Centreville ;
 The Leesburg bluffs are ghostly in the dun,
 A thousand spectres stalk by Arlington ;
 The fires are lurid on the haunted hill,
 Where Lyon's lordly name brings tears and terrors still.

How sank the right ! how treason flushed and vaunted !
 We had no country and the slave no hope !
 Where slept the sword that in the erst could cope
 With grander tyrannies, whose banners flaunted
 Over the Empires where its chieftains led ?

A deep reply came up from Hilton Head ;
 From stormy Hatteras the answer broke,
 And echoed down the strand of Roanoke,
 And broke in thunder on the Cumberland ?
 And vengeance trembled on the lips of law,
 Where Tennessee raised her ungyvéd hand,
 And Sigel broke the chains of Arkansaw !

We have made history ! ourselves have done it,
 And begged no help from Emperors and Peers ;
 Thrown our own gauntlet down, crossed sword and won it,
 Called from our own sweet vales these volunteers,
 And fed them with our golden sheaves and ears.

The rills obscure, that sang the livelong year
 So lonesomely that none were known to hear ;
 The mill roads, where the weeds choked up the tracks,
 And stopped the ox-cart ; and the patch of pines
 Where never within memory rang the axe,
 But ever through the seasons brays and whines
 The gust, that stirs the reed tops in the fens ;
 The hidden cottages in shady glens ;
 The sleepy cross-road, where the sign-post gleams,
 And boors beside the well-trough rein their teams ;
 The village, only known in county maps,
 Where never a murder happened through the ages,
 And twice a week the mails came down in stages,
 And life was a succession of short naps :
 These have been made world-famous ; populaces
 Shall visit them for aye as storied places ;
 The Czar shall mention them upon his throne,
 And seamen, that keep watches of cold nights,
 Couple them with long marches and great fights ;
 The antiquary treasure bits of bone
 Picked up, at ploughing, by some grinning clown,
 Who quoth : “ How great a graveyard to so small a
 town ! ”

Hereafter come romances, for our themes
 Are prouder than the Trojans or the Gauls.
 We have our Davids, Jonathans, and Sauls,
 Whose deeds will cover folios and reams.
 Where every dusty rail-car screams and steams,
 Look out on battle-plains and monuments !
 And any surplus shillings, dimes, and pence,

Keep for the urchin's hat you stumble over —
His grandsire fought at Pittsburg and at Dover!

Not yet, my heart! the thousands still contending
Forbid the hope that half the world confesses;
The eagle strains and gnaws his yielding jessies:
A moment more — he shall be heavenward wending,
And all our stars in the same azure blending.
Break, then, these sabres! strike the iron mail
From every hull, and let these bristling marts
Be gentle havens for the gentler arts,
Where commerce sleeps beneath each whitening sail,
And labor walks with love in every vale.
Where gleam these tents, let patient herds go lowing,
And nod on every slope their golden fleece;
Subdue the storms so long and wanton blowing,
And usher in the day of perfect peace!

SHIPS OF THE AZTECS.

SOLDIER of the stronger neighbor !
When your conquering sails you loose,
And behind the white Sierra
Fall the towers of Vera Cruz,
Pause upon the porphyry ledges,
While your standards downward go, —
Glowing like the golden valley ;
Though you seek it as a foe, —
And remember her misfortunes,
As you gaze at Mexico.

Ere your race had learned the prattle
That your babes at home renew,
Shone her spires, as far and blazing,
Slept her lakes as warm and blue ;
To and fro her flaming armies
To the zone's dominion wound,
On her purple hills the Monarchs
Loitered, softly and discrowned,
And on changing creeds and masters
The unchanging mountains frowned.

Dead as Popocatapetl
Is her last high-hearted race ;
Shrunken like the Lake Tezcucuo
Are the tribes that fill their place ;

Else, perchance, your spears were beaten,
 Ere the lava peaks they crossed,
 And no Christian songs ascended
 Oriziba's scarp of frost.
 Soldier! hearken, by what blindness
 The round globe the Aztec lost :

Throned beneath the sacred cactus,
 And the circling eagle beaks,
 Sat in state the Montezuma,
 Midst his nobles and caciques ;
 With a mitred crown upon him,
 And the humming-bird's attire,
 And the fairest brides of Princes
 Tribute to his proud desire.
 In his hand a golden arrow
 At his wishes shot to fire.

From the throng a young man started,
 At the King's feet thus to speak, —
 Thought and vigil showed their shadows
 In the flushed tints of his cheek, —
 “ O my monarch — more than monarch !
 O my *countryman* ! I sue
 Out of all your wealth and people
 But to give me one canoe ;
 And to sail beyond the sunrise
 Ten brave men to be its crew.

“ I am Altazo, the scholar,
 From the great sea's parchéd plain,
 Where the indigo plantations
 Burn before the hurricane ;

By my starry computations
 To a deep conviction brought,
 By strange shapes in the horizon,
 And the talk of waters, taught,
 There be lands beyond the billows
 To the East, unseen, unsought!

“Haste to seize them and their secrets!
 Lest their secrets seek you first.
 Be the prize to who discovers,
 And the gain to him who durst.
 Not alone to one perception
 Heaven revealed this mystery.”
 Then caciques and courtiers, gaping,
 Smote their hips, and roared with glee,
 And the Montezuma thundered:—
 “Drown this dreamer in his sea!”

Winding up the temple's summit,
 Where eternal fires arise
 From a thousand boulder altars,
 Red with human sacrifice,
 And in hieroglyphic garments
 Hoarse the hoary priests defiled,
 Altazo in prayer entreated
 For his voyage, strange and wild,—
 But the very captives, dying,
 With the high priests sneered and smiled.

Ten long years at court entreating;
 Ten he toiled the church to crave;
 Altazo grew gray with waiting;
 Still with spirit, fresh and brave,

Down the empire, midst the people,
 Yet ten pleading years he strolled,
 Saying to the mighty merchants: —
 “Lend me of your quills of gold!”
 But his ship came never nearer,
 And his heart was sad and old.

Then he said: “Ten years are left me:
 Life is lost in begging aid;
 These old hands shall hew a vessel
 From the humid ever glade!”
 To the chapparel descending,
 Where the lordly live oak threw
 Coolness on the liquid amber,
 And the mast-larch towered true,
 Patiently he plied his hatchet,
 Keenly watched the ocean blue.

So the ship from ancient purpose
 Rose to fair and buoyant fact;
 From the great tribes to the Northward,
 Sailors of the cataract,
 Ten red captive slaves he purchased,
 And the sails filled round and light.
 “O my God! what birds come yonder
 O'er the sea-rim, silver-bright,
 Speaking from their beaks of iron
 Thunder-smoke in feathery-white?”

“’Tis the Air-God, Queltzalcoatal!”
 Say the women and the priests.
 ’Tis the grim fleet of the Spaniard!
 ’Tis the neigh of hoofed beast!

'Tis the white man's soul of powder
With the storm-bolt in his bow !
Down his wings to music tumble ;
Down his armed barges go.
"Thou art lost, my tardy country !"
Burst the heart of Altazo.

Up the slopes of cane and cocoa,
Swift the plumes of Cortes toss.
Crush his steeds the ripe bananas ;
On the peaks he plants his cross :
At the city gates his cannon
Merchant, priest, and King accost,
Fades the throne of Montezuma,
Like the maize before the frost.

Soldier, hearken, by what blindness
The round globe the Aztec lost !

THE CLOCK IN THE CAPITOL.

ABOVE the lintel of the door
The clock still keeps the moments, where
The legislators meet no more ;
For now the stately hall is bare
By night ; by day a thoroughfare.

Quaint the conceit and exquisite :
A Clio in a wingéd ear, —
Its wheel the dial, — who, upright,
Keeps history as she flies afar,
And fills her scroll from star to star.

Long years ago the artist died,
A rambler from a sunny clime ;
This *pendule* ever was his pride ;
And moving like an earnest rhyme,
The infant state marched to its time.

Its stroke the Speaker's gavel gave,
Its tick the mighty crisis sped,
Its cadences, like conscience, clave
The silence, when the factious led,
Or when the patriot sage fell dead.

With listening poise its mistress met
The eye of startled knave or clown,
Forever with her pencil set,
And looking matron-judgment down,
The demagogue shrank from her frown.

Though now the hall is empty quite,
And but its memories linger there,
Still keeps the beauteous muse her flight,
As if the echoes weighty were,
And looks, and writes, though all is bare.

Oh! large or little men of state,
So sensitive to critic's quill!
Long after ye are out of date,
And said your last of good or ill,
This history shall sift ye still!

And till the Clock of Time be spent,
About your haunts the Muse shall go,
On its remorseless mission bent,
Of what ye uttered there below,
The hollow and the sound to show!

ONONDAGA CASTLE.

LIKE a coffin, long and narrow, for the funeral of their
race,
Stands the Onondaga Castle in the self-same, ancient
place ;
Twice three hundred years have perished since the council-
fire began,
And its edicts shook the forest, thundering like a Vatican.

Slow the saline river gurgles, going onward to the lake ;
Like a shroud the snow is folded on the thicket and the
brake ;
O'er the plain the hoary highlands count the cabins, less
and less,
Where the Roman remnant lingers, dying with their wil-
derness.

Vainly ring the bells to win them ; vain the charities, the
arts ;
For a solemn instinct whispers in their unresisting hearts :
“ All your destinies are ended ; perished all your fathers’
hopes
With the moose upon the mountains, and the panther in
the copse.

“Mighty nature was your empire; 'tis a new creation
come!

Though ye sacrifice forever, still your deities are dumb.
Fold your blankets round your foreheads, and as stolidly
expire
As your warrior fathers, smiling grimly in the white man's
fire.”

Round their ancient ark unbending, faithful to their stern
compact,
Squaw and sachem float serenely down the fateful cata-
ract,
Singing, as they go, traditions, hallowed as their prophets'
graves,
When the years were full of glory, and the nations were
their slaves;

When the hills were thick with wigwams, and the fields
with maize were green,
When the golden pumpkin ripened in the tendrils of the
bean,
And the deer, shot through with arrows, made the hunter's
daily fare,
Or the simple feast was sweetened with the haunches of
the bear;

When the council-house was trembling with the voices of
the wise,
And the thunderous dance was highest round the solemn
sacrifice;

When the bark canoes went speeding down the blue haze
of the lake,
And the captives, shrilly chanting, trode the gauntlet to
the stake.

Still around the battered castle, when the starry midnights
glow,
Go the pageants of their splendor, ghostly in the silent
snow ;
Rings thy voice, Dekanissora, stirring as the eagle's
scream,
And the pleading Conyatouyou's, soft, persuasive, as a
dream ;

In the midst Tyendenaga hurls his hatchet down in ire ;
Oundiaga, unrelenting, counts his scalplocks by the fire ;
Mail-clad, lo ! Champlain besieging, sees his Hurons
hurléd back ;
And the firelight stains the baffled face of hoary Fronte-
nac ;

Toying with his pagan mistress, see licentious Johnson
sleep ;
Bloody-handed from Wyoming, mark apostate Butler
creep ;
Roasting in the living embers, see Breboeuf on Jesus
lean ;
And, their white feet scorched with fire, die the virgins of
Lachine.

Still, no penalty inflicting that themselves could not sustain,
Traces, generous and heroic, of their memories remain :
Treason never shook their fabric, steadfast in the roaring floods ;
Usurpation never menaced the republic of the woods.

Faithful to their nation's promise, whether given to friend
or foe,
Reverent to their great departed, in the battle stricken
low,
Loyal to the light within them and wild nature's simple
law,
Round their capitol they crumble, to the last, the Iriquoi.

Merciless in their revenges, mighty in their conquering
lust,
Holding God's new world for pasture, for the coming Man
in trust,
Still they leave to us the lesson, truer, clearer, every hour,
That in counsel there is wisdom, and in union there is
power !

SWEDES AND FINNS.

Who turn the capes of De La Warr,
 And sail within the shifting bar,
 Know not perchance what round them look :
 Quaint feudal namesakes, lost or gray,
 And quainter people passed away,
 Which to recall would be a day
 Spent over many a mouldy book.

Soft be the meadows far within
 The sandy beaches, low and thin,
 With frequent fens and creeks between ;
 No mountain backs the inland lift,
 The sandy islands blow and shift,
 And shining white, broad inlets rift
 The mighty marshes, gold and green.

Yon Jersey spit is Jutland quite,
 That tapers downward to the light
 Which never burned for Captain Mey ;
 Hindlopen is a Friesland ghost,
 To thrill the cruising Dutchman most,
 Who wonders if it be the coast
 Of Zuyder, whence he sailed away.

Beyond the beaches level lie
 The fertile farm-lands to the sky ;

To shallow lakes the streams expand ;
The twilights they outshine the stars,
So streaked is heaven with golden bars ;
The nights are beautiful as 'Thor's,
 Seen in the pleasant Swedish land.

And up the river as we ride,
Borne on the slow and equal tide, —
 So high we look down on the flocks, —
By many a hook and dyke we slip,
By many a sober-sided ship,
By many a willowy islet's strip,
 Set round with emerald splatterlocks.

Through lilies and through cat-tails creep
The oozy creeks, by tides made deep,
 And all the marshes round about
Are populous with birds that sing,
Atop the reeds all day they swing,
So fat at last they scarce can cling,
 And at the gunner nod and flout.

Is it a Summer land of Thor?
A new Batavia, mistless? Or
 Is it that dream, half manifest,
Which made the grand Gustavus burn,
To hear his faithful Oxenstiern,
For fair Christina's dowry, yearn
 To plant an empire in the West?

Yea ! with the Kaiser at his feet,
 From Leipsic's fight this King of Sleet
 Turned his high face, so sanguine fair,
 Across the seas by Swedes untried ;
 And with a soldier's thrill of pride,
 He saw his royal banner ride
 The sluices of the Delaware.

Still be their hamlets unforsook
 From Maurice Cove to Maerty's Hook,
 From Pennypack to Tinicum ;
 Still stands their kirk at Wicaco ;
 The Upland School the urchins go ;
 And in Christina's graveyard grow
 Their ivies round the porches dumb.

Here for the otter set his trap
 The Dalecarlian, and the Lapp
 Chafed for his reindeer and his fur,
 The tough Finn cast his nets for shad ;
 Dreamed of his peaks the Norway lad,
 And thinking of his sweetheart sad,
 He pined for Fatherland and her.

The conquering Saxon overtook
 And swallowed quite this Gothic brook,
 As breaks the North Sea o'er the dunes,
 As Gothland abbeys crack to frost ;
 To Papist wiles the Queen was lost ;
 And by the English epic crost
 Faint grew these Scandinavian runes.

No more we hear their pleasant speech,
But in the red-leaved groves of peach,
 How many a Jersey swain, belike,
The while he shakes the velvet fruit
On the green melons at his foot,
Says, " Into Lutzen's tough pursuit
 My fathers bore the Swedish pike ! "

Or, where the ripened plains of grain,
Blow twixt deep gullies, worn by rain,
 How many a rustie reaps, aware
His fathers' graves were old before
The Quaker landed on their shore,
And from the papist Baltimore
 They saved the banks of Delaware.

Their old names, writ in English ways,
In English prayers their Swedish praise,
 The early tale is vague indeed ;
They do no more their pastors draw
From the pure schools of Upsala,
But keep the stature, tall and braw,
 And florid visage of the Swede.

Not wholly is their race forgot
In graver Dutch or Huguenot ;
 The simplest, sweetest of our broods,
The softest river of our clime,
Their valor hallowed for all time,
And conquered, like a quiet rhyme
 Their memory lulls our solitudes.

We hear it where the bean-vine opes
Its pods upon the cantelopes,
 And on the sweet-potato hills ;
It murmurs in the files of maize,
And where the striped heifers graze
Along the brinks of brackish bays,
 And by the willow-planted rills.

It sayeth : “ See ! on every hand,
In frequent fiord and pasture land,
 In long gray lakes the mills that spin,
These pastoral plains as pleasant are,
And innocent of crime or war,
As, lighted by the Northern Star,
 The Kingdom of the Swede and Finn ! ”

GALILEO'S RECANTATION.

YEA! holy men, how should I see
What from his vicar Christ has hidden?
Or speak the mighty truth unbidden?
I crave your mercies on my knee!
Ye wise and pious, to and fro
Prayed, every day, with downcast faces;
While I, some mite of God to know,
Peered up amid his shining places!
From earth my soul strayed lone and far,
Till, lost amidst the dark profound,
Light darted like a meteor star:
"The world goes round! the world goes round!"

I am no priest, all near and far know, —
Though such alone are shrewd, ye chide me, —
Deep in your cloisters I should hide me,
And break my tower in Val d'Arno.
I only found the world so dark
That holiness itself was groping;
I only brought my feeble spark
To light the tapers of its hoping;
Forward to move God's ark I sought;
Perhaps my rashness to confound,
He struck me with a living thought:
"The world goes round! the world goes round!"

Yea! we are worms of vision human,
 And Heaven all wise doth interpose;
 Ye keep our Bible chained so close
 Still might a glowworm it illumine.
 No creeds the morning stars resist,
 Which sang earth's birth, and wise men bent
 To seek the child evangelist.
 My cloister is the firmament!
 In burning stars my glass I dip,
 And this new dispensation found
 Writ up, in fiery manuscript:
 "The world goes round! the world goes round!"

Yea! I recant. These hairs are gray,
 And these old limbs have passed the pines
 That ridge the snowy Apennines, —
 The winds beat fiercely on my way;
 Still at your bar I find no ruth,
 But, with this secret, can I die?
 Dare I, anointed with this truth,
 Look back to God and speak this lie?
 Though here my manhood I unsay,
 This curse the ages shall resound:
 Hence shall the Church stand still away:
 "The world go round! the world go round!"

AMERICA THE HUNTER.

WEARY with Wisdom, Asia, the aged,
Turns from his proverbs to lie with his wives ;
Foundling of continents, Afric, the Savage,
Hopes for the Kinsman that never arrives ;
Still in the prime of his manhood and riches,
Europe, the Merchant, grows haggard and bent,
A sceptic beneath his splendor of temples,
A soldier that thrills 'twixt a book and a tent.

Over the deep comes the crack of the rifle :
The hunter, America, leans on the sun ;
Warm on his shoulder the dawn breaks in glory
When o'er the world besides daylight is done ;
Straight as the pine-shaft, strong as the river,
Trampling a forest, a peak, at a stride,
Green leap the farmlands under his shadow, —
A sea for his mother, — a sea for his bride !

Past him the seasons, in wond'rous procession,
Hurry in stately and magic contrast ;
Frosts imperceptibly soften to blossoms,
Music and odors glide into the blast ;
Down bend the orchards to lust in the grain beard,
Scorching the sunset the autumn woods glow,
Spirits of motion glide out of the river,
And a bell in each flake waltzes down with the snow.

Art stands in awe of the giant its model,
Restless with power, bronzed and bare,
Proudly exhaling the breath of the cataract,
Tangles of wilderness black in his hair ;
Girdled around him, like pearls and like sapphires,
Blue lakes, tinted mountains, droop many a-fold, —
Strong in his arteries rivers are gushing ;
The veins in his feet are of silver and gold ;
The light of his eye is the fire of his forges,
Steadily glaring, in anger or sport ;
The rifles he loves are the straight-grooved highways,
That carry an army in every report !

Still, in his belt where the hunting-knives glisten,
A crayon, a chisel, a stylus, he strings ;
Hewing conceptions bold and original
The mocking-bird dies at his feet as he sings !
Then to his hounds, and the eagles, his falcons,
He whistles : “ The game o’er the sea you may seek ! ”
Swimming their bay is the roar of the cannon,
And shrill as its shell is the scream from their beak.

Frequent, at eve, when his trophies are counted,
Mild and reflective, he glances within,
Saying : “ O heart, thou hast passions unworthy,
Seeds of remorse, and traditions of sin, —
Purge them away ! though thy blood be the loser.
It is thy elder, my soul, that exclaims.
Better a ball in us both from my rifle,
Than truce with diseases or treaties with shames ! ”

Vanish the panther and savage before him, —
 The Nimrod of Nations, the Prophets record, —
 Mightest hunter of tyrants and traitors,
 That rides down the globe in the face of the Lord!
 Plucked from the dawn ere the stars had all faded,
 His banner of sunrise, but newly unfurled,
 Pinned to his rifle, shall compass, unaided,
 The freedom of man, and the tour of the world!



SALVATOR ROSA.

O MASTER! with a spirit born at war,
 And battles on thy pallet, in thy sight
 A bird am I, that hovers o'er the fight,
 And fears to bear it to her brood afar.
 Mild in the heaven basks the harvest star,
 And the old ruin with a placid face
 Feels not the howling fury at its base,
 Where horse and foot inextricable are;
 And the surrounding mountains interlace,
 Like the white limbs of girls, undraped in sleep,
 O'er which inflaméd clouds, like dragons creep,
 Blown smokily from burning ship and spar;
 Still in her dream to shrink all nature seems,
 As if she heard the roar of battle in her dreams.

NEVER LET.

TEN paces from my gate
I see it, when the late,
 Late shadows muster,
And all the tints of day
Are dismal black and gray,
 And of them all it is the blackest cluster.

Two grand old chestnuts tower
Above it, and embower
 This huttet wizard ;
Its casements all are shut, —
The tenants of the hut
 The bat by night, by day the glinted lizard.

The children, checked in fun,
Go past it at a run ;
 The maids are wonted
To thrill, that they must hie
To the cool well near by
 The evil shadows of the house so haunted.

What spectres curses it so
None of my neighbors know —
 None buy or bide it ;
Its fruit the urchins pass,
The kine refuse its grass —
 So rank, so long, as if a grave to hide it.

The bay is close before ;
The surf avoids its shore ;
 Abruptly wheeling
The white ships veer afar,
The white sharks frightened arc,
 As if the whole round world partook its feeling.

I pity while I hate
This house, so desolate ;
 Some lives resemble
Its spent and ruined cheer —
Not agéd, but yet sere,
 At whose wan presence we must hush and tremble.

Perhaps some sort of good
It does my neighborhood —
 Its moss begetting
A reverence for gray hairs,
A dread of wicked snares
 That curse the heart, beyond all life's forgetting.

BORN ON CHRISTMAS.

IN life's first-won repose,
Its tired eyes folded close,
 My new-born baby's breath,
Like a memorial rose
 Blows on the breast of death.

My pains, my fears are past,
My burden falls at last,
 It lives though I am spent ;
My heart is failing fast —
 My God ! I am content, —

That though my love be done —
Crowned by this little one —
 To life 'tis ushered in
The same day with Thy Son,
 Although conceived in sin !

Not in the Manger laid,
By that poor, blushing maid
 Who knew not of Thy kiss,
And travailed afraid,
 In unexpected bliss, —

But in our nuptial place,
Before its Father's face;
 To whom, ere I depart,
Dear God! by Thy great grace,
 Glad as I gave my heart, —

His child I give with this
My young life in a kiss,
 As fond and chaste and sweet, —
So that he give it his
 To make my gift complete.

Though o'er this Christmas snow
My soul, released, go,
 Thou, Lord! who set a star
Above thy babe, I know
 Wilt shine on mine afar ;

Or, knowing my desire,
Wilt let me shine, Christ's sire!
 My little one above,
And guide, though I expire,
 Its footsteps with Thy love.

Christ! In Thy Kingdom may
This twin heir of Thy day,
 Rise, saved by Thy distress ;
Be Thou the orphan's stay
 On Christmas, motherless.

MIRACLE OF THE GARGOYLES.

If one from Paris westward go, —
As I have done in these same shoes, —
Along the Yvette to Chevreuse,
By Chateau Menul, and by Veaux,
The third day's sun the roofs will show
Of Montfort market-town and church,
Whose castle from its windy perch
Guards all the rolling plains below.

The donjon crumbles where it grew,
By two green, ivied towers, or more ;
One stalwart arch yet guards their door,
Those cruel Dukes, with wives untrue ;
But save the church, the town they knew
No feature wears of its old face,
About its sunny market-place,
In winding route, or narrow *rue*.

The church it is an ancient pile,
By stained windows dimly lit,
Whose dyes upon the paintings flit,
And down the gravestones of the aisle ;
No transepts from the nave defile,
The stately nave, so high and strong,
By buttresses sustained along ;
Grotesque their Gargoyles writhe and smile.

Around the choir their heads they raise,
 • From God within to keep aloof,
 And bear the drippings from the roof, —
 The lacqueys of the house of praise ;
 Far up the dizzy tower they gaze,
 And o'er the portal leer and twist,
 As if in agony to list
 The organ, chanting holy lays.

One burning day in Montfort town
 I sought the freshness of the place,
 And felt its shadows on my face
 Like cooling music tremble down :
 The Gargoyles seemed so old and brown
 Like human shapes aparch in hell,
 That by and by some raindrops fell
 As if their fevered hearts to drown.

Each shape to sing began straightway,
 As in some gratitude compelled
 To own its buried crimes of eld ;
 It was, no doubt, the rain alway
 So bubbling down with moan and bray,
 But every carvéd pipe so chanted,
 That to my fancy, thrilled and haunted,
 Those rhymes the demons seemed to say :

FIRST GARGOYLE.

A holy priest I used to be,
 And many converts helped to win :
 A pure young virgin came to me,
 And I persuaded her to sin.

CHORUS.

Swell the refrain, slaves of the rain !
 Confess, ye devils, with a dismal din :
 All are at fault under the vault
 Making the plaint of Original Sin !

SECOND GARGOYLE.

That maid am I ; not by thy wile, —
 I yielded to another's art
 And leer amongst these shapes of guile
 Who broke a mother's pious heart.

CHORUS.

This be our plea : human are we,
 Ducts of the tempest singing as we grin !
 Innocent be none under the sun,
 Vents every one of Original Sin.

THIRD GARGOYLE.

On this old grimy buttress seated
 Thy mother thirsts for shame confest :
 It was her faithful spouse she cheated,
 Albeit to death he held her blest.

CHORUS.

Cool in our throats pipe we the notes :
 Heirs of damnation all folks be kin !
 Man is a trough, carrying off
 Rills from the cloud of Original Sin.

FOURTH GARGOYLE.

Some architect's indignant whim
 That truant spouse beside thee places :
 In childbirth's pangs thou laidst for him,
 He in another's warm embraces.

CHORUS.

Raise we the shout, gutter and spout :
 Art and depravity ever were twin !
 Fondly they paint devil as saint,
 Carving the gargoyles of Primitive Sin.

FIFTH GARGOYLE.

Lo ! here himself that architect :
 A pious Bishop, old and hoary,
 To God alone this temple decked ;
 I laid each stone for my own glory.

CHORUS.

Sweet the belief ! " of sinners the chief,"
 Sayeth the Bishop, exhorting within ;
 Gleeftally we enter his plea
 Sermons in stone of Original Sin.

SIXTH GARGOYLE.

That Bishop's robes engraved, I wear ;
 Who served not God, but my own clique,
 And burned upon the market square,
 A good man for a heretic.

CHORUS.

Turgid with dirt, thirsty we squirt
 Rain from the Kirk, over beard, over chin ;
 While we revel coolly, in hell
 All dance the jig of Original Sin.

SEVENTH GARGOYLE.

Here writhes that good man on the spire ;
 He cried reform, but meant reward !
 And died a martyr in the fire,
 To win renown from scribe and bard.

CHORUS.

Long troll the song, joyful and strong,
 Raised by Judæans in Bethlechem's inn ;
 While the new star glimmered afar
 Roared they the stave of Original Sin !

EIGHTH GARGOYLE.

Unto the moon they reverence raised,
 We scribes and poets tap the steeple :
 We cared no whit for him we praised,
 But writ it all to rouse the people !

CHORUS.

Silence the bell's peal with our yells !
 Drown the great organ ere it begin !
 Comfort be ours, drinking the showers
 That sprinkle the tongues of Original Sin.

NINTH GARGOYLE.

Around the choir the people cling,
In flesh or stone the church's minions ;
We laid upon the devil's wing,
The sin that burdened our own pinions.

CHORUS.

Ever may this refrain be our bliss,
Man to discourage the rhyme while we spin,—
Hardening his prayer into despair :
“ Flow, soul ! down the groove of Original Sin ! ”

TENTH GARGOYLE.

Sweet Eve I tempted to her fall,
But wear to-day a contrite face ;
Since Eden has been shut to all,
I haunt the church, the next best place.

CHORUS.

Revels keep we, devils that we be,
Joyous to see man grim as we grin !
'Twixt the birth and the flood not a soul was found good,
And the troll of the ark was Original Sin !

P O E .

O QUIET folk, beside whose grate
 When ye life's daily history quit,
 And shuddering, wondering, nightly wait
 Upon the ghostly rhyme he writ,
 If one o'er-curious with you sit,
 Who breaks his cadence with a blame
 Because he left so sad a name,
 I pray you say, " We may but scan
 The Poet only, for the Man
 Set not his frailty up for fame."

I pray you say, " We may but see, —
 So thrilled in this that we rehearse, —
 How equally God's mystery
 Shows in the poet and the verse :
 The dazzling lightnings of His curse
 Seem these rapt utterings we meet,
 That struck the singer at His feet ;
 Yet holier he who sang so well,
 Inspired by heaven while half in hell,
 Than we who pity and repeat ! "

Too well we know the story dark, —
 As some forgotten ingrate saith, —
 How in his right hand God's fresh spark,
 He blew it into baneful breath,
 And reeled to rude and dreadful death ;

Perverse past motive or repress,
 Returning slander for caress,
 The midnight hawks no wilder fly,
 Nor more inimitably cry
 Their low, despairing tenderness.

Still, like a cunning alchemist
 Proportioning each precious bar, —
 He polished every amethyst
 And every golden metaphor.
 While dreamily from star to star
 His dark-eyed soul climbs wandering so,
 Deep in the world his snared feet go, —
 As on the cloudy palace-top
 God's Psalmist's pluméd pinions drop
 To see Bathsheba nude below.

Ingrate to Fame when fame grew high,
 Out of his need he richest gave, —
 When fortune's river-bed was dry
 Brought the best diamonds of the slave :
 Yet, to the grave, and past the grave,
 The love of women followed him,
 Forgiving wantonness and whim,
 And still, white-handed, lifts his fame,
 Out of its stainedness and shame,
 With bright eyes pitiful and dim.

Alway, O baffled soul of mine !
 On this enigma pondering long,
 The wrecks of singers bleached shine
 Far up the sounding stream of song ;
 As when some chorus, strange and strong,

We hear at eve in Florence march,
And, pressing near, by flare of torch
See, so sweet-voiced, some weeded monk,
With visage sorrowful and sunk,
Glide through the resonating arch.

So the High Prophets go up mocked
By good-wives' boys, who chide and carp ;
Though to their notes the kingdoms rocked,
And to their glory-stirring harp
Men's souls charged up to Heaven's scarp.
Past him, the wayward, stricken so,
The wise and prudent wagging go,
But o'er his ruin richly climbs
The hiding ivy of his rhymes,
To make atone for Edgar Poe.

THE STRASBOURG STORK.

A PROEM.

SWEET, aweary, come and chide me
That so well the world belied me,
 Saying that my wing was soft ;
That no patient rule detained me,
That no lowly toil restrained me
 To a sedentary croft.

To the window come, rebuke me
That your trusting heart mistook me,
 That I made your dove's eyes dark !
Say your pluméd bird of glory
Proves a cold and migratory
 Creature, like the Strasbourg stork !

On the windy chimney yonder,
Perchéd, like the mountain condor, —
 In his hedgy nest of briars
An unknown and hapless comer,
He doth ponder all the summer,
 In the smoke of household fires.

The cathedral steeple only,
In its loftiness more lonely,

Feels the million thrilléd eyes ;
 But the deep and human city
 Looks, with strange and laughing pity,
 At the white stork in the skies ;

Poised to catch all rising tattle
 On one long limb, red as battle,
 Gravely, ceaselessly awake ;
 When the bells of noonday flout him,
 When the stars are close about him,
 When the clouds in thunder break.

And the fresh-haired peasant maiden,
 With her market roses laden,
 Coming into town at morn,
 Answers to her lover's fables :
 " Lo ! beyond the dizzy gables,
 See the poor stork, so forlorn !

" Hath it cleft the Northern winter, —
 Pilgrim to our mighty printer,
 From whose voice no tribes are hid ?
 Of the Southern sands a neighbor,
 Doth it seek the shrine of Kleber,
 Still in death a pyramid ? " *

To your beauteous roses drooping,
 Let me, dearest, gravely stooping,

* Guttenburg, the inventor of printing, and General Kleber, were citizens of
 Strasbourg.

For the Strasbourg stork reply :
 " Yea ! of Guttenburg's poor scholars,
 Stained with Kleber's bloody colors,
 In this hostel perched so high, —

" Bird of passage, coming, going,
 I am here to see the mowing
 Of the Rhenish summer grain !
 When the reapers' work is over,
 And the stubble feels the clover,
 I shall homeward fly again."

Homeward! 'tis a merry story !
 We wild lovers, migratory,
 May not, will not, ever rest !
 Birds of passage in our natures,
 Still we tempt soft, household creatures,
 To our wet and windy nest.

Wrap them in our whirring legions,
 Lead them over sterile regions,
 Mate and brood — how fond they cling ! —
 Where the lightning splits the mountains,
 Where the ocean bursts its fountains, —
 Dreaming Home upon the wing !

Chide me, now, poor carrier pigeon —
 What ! Caresses ? Sweet Religion,
 Fold your dove's eyes, soft and dark !
 On my torn, soiled plumes, reposing,
 Hear what dreams, in his high dozing,
 Came to your sad Strasbourg stork.

THE DUELLING GROUND AT BLADENS-
BURG.

LIKE lines of hulks cast up a strand
The ruined village silent bides,
Its ancient piers and quays inland,
Abandoned by the wonted tides ;
A ford in sun, a flood in rain,
The shrivelled river past it slips ;
And never may return again
The tall tobacco ships.

Across the broken bridge no more
The full and frequent stages roll,
With planters set for Baltimore,
Or statesmen for the Capitol ;
About the town the dwellers stray,
Like mourners waiting round a hearse,
And some old men, down looking say :
“ 'Tis stricken by a curse ! ”

Beyond the ford the spot of bode
They show, with many a hearsay tale, —
A brook that flows beneath the road,
And, winding through a level vale,
Gives suck and sap to copses rank,
To coves of marsh and capes of brake,
And hidden in its tangles dank
Abides the water-snake.

At gray of dawn, as past the creek
The startled negro drives his wain,
Loud voices pierce the foliage thick,
And sounds of shot, and cries of pain ;
Small time he tarries when he lists,
But flies before those fiends of sound :
The spirits of the duellists,
Who haunt the bloody ground.

Of quiet noons, in thoughtful awe,
The rambling student comes, to see
Where Pride held higher court than Law,
And fools, by crime, sought dignity ;
Where, hidden in this fen of fir,
Weak Honor stood in hazard's van,
Content to be a murderer,
To prove himself a man.

By edicts blind as they who fought
Across the verdure of this bar,
See Love to Treachery's footstool brought,
And fortune won aye lost in war ;
In private feud stand they who rein
The fleets of freedom to their will,
The captains of the bounding main
Contending o'er a rill.

These laid their errors down with life,
Rank grows the grass their blood to hide ;
But they who fed the fires of strife,
And carried taunts to kindled pride,

Live, like the vipers undercurled,
Which hiss and creep beneath this fen,
And to contention sting the world,
And turn to murderers men !



BARTHOLEM EW CLOSE.

HERE, where the noblest of all sonneteers, —
His life a sonnet, substance of all song, —
In blindness beautiful lay hidden long,
Waiting the ripe return of God's right years,
Beyond the common sympathy of tears
I feel drawn to him in this nook obscure,
Wherein he made captivity so pure,
And in the nearness of pursuing spears,
Built the high epic which shall aye endure !
Crowned to Freedom with a Tyrant's price
Set on his head, in its majestic plan
His country lost, brought to his grievéd eyes
The grander theme of Eden lost to man,
And made this nook the pulse of Paradise.

THE CORNICHIÉ ROAD.

DAY breaks : Mount ! The nags are set ;
 We are three in the high *banquette* ;
 To his halloo, strong and shrill,
 The driver's ear-rings flash and trill :
 Six in hand, the manes of each
 Stiffen, beneath his stinging reach ;
 Into their terror the grim guard pours
 The burst of his bugle, and out of the doors
 Of lofty palace and staircase hoar,
 Caryatide and statue roar ;
 Market-women and piemen quake ;
 Maccaroni and chestnuts shake :
 Opens the Strada before the rack,
 As if the king, with the mail on his back,
 Thundered the riot-act, clearing the way
 Out of the gates of Genoa.

Creaking under the bastions deep,
 Up to the lighthouse steep we creep ;
 Unto us, lo ! the city unrolls,
 Masts and mountains, pinnacles, moles, —
 O my mother, far in the West,
 Oft have you told me, wrapped to your breast,

How the city of God is gilt ;
Would this glimpse you shared with me,
His tabernacle, wondrous built
Twixt the mellow peak and sea,
Like a crescent, bright and new,
Hung on a horizon blue.
Soft aloft the sails, like stars,
Climb between its silver bars,
A gem in either horn aglow
And a halo in its bow.

Down the slopes, to groaning brakes,
We turn the windy Voltri's capes,
Bridge the torrent with a leap,
And the hornéd Piedmont sheep
Plunge into the sea to hide them,
And the swarthy shepherd cowers
In a mountain niche beside them ;
In his peakéd hat the flowers
Purple, on the granite mosses —
Hny ! before your wayside crosses
Girls with babies clear the way,
And the cheery bugles play
Garibaldi's hymn, adown
The streets of Cogoletto town,
Where, its harnesser to be,
First Columbus saw the sea.

Oft as now, midst lads and hags,
When the coachmen changed their nags,
And the laden stages halted,
For the sous he somersaulted,

With his yellow ankles bare,
 While his sire, in velvet jacket,
 Black-eyed, watched the urchin's racket
 Underneath his tawny hair ;
 Where the boats lie on the beach,
 He heard the ancient fishers preach
 Of isles where spicy storms do brew,
 And out of his soul, he blew
 A thought, that filled his shallop's sail
 Fuller than a mighty gale,
 Till his trinity of ships
 Burst beyond the sun's eclipse !

Gallop ! through Savona's din,
 Where Chiabrera's sonnets win
 Praise, past Albrecht Durer's glory
 Hung in the cathedral hoary ;
 Till our horn on Vado's heights
 Shakes its grotto's stalactites,
 And we reach the plain of palms
 That ripen in the golden calms
 Among the orange orchards dying,
 Where low olive groves are sighing,
 And the Indian maize is green,
 Till Loano looks serene
 As ere the Saxon burst its fountains
 When Massena leaped the mountains,
 Or the Moor tore from the valley
 The virgin girls of Cereale.

Now the sun is melting through
 The Mediterranean's zone of blue,

A diamond down a bosom slipping ;
 Fades the far strange heathen shipping ;
 The gray moon, rambling down the peaks,
 Into Oneglia's tower creeps,
 And in the night the neighbors wordy
 Gather around the hurdy-gurdy,
 Where sweet San Remo's church-bells fall ;
 And black beneath the Alpine wall
 Where Ventimiglia's hostel smoulders,
 Lean out the rare bare necks and shoulders
 Of the Ligurian wives, aroused,
 With their tall sailor spouses houséd ;
 Till o'er Mentone's torrent dance
 The lamps of Italy and France.

Sunny lands and manly races ! —
 Ho ! nags, upward ! scale the cliffs ! —
 Clad in peace with playful faces,
 Grimmer in war than hippogriffs.
 Treading now old Roman ways,
 “ Bugler, dare you in Savoy
 Wind the rousing Marsellaise ? —
 That which thrilled the fisher-boy,
 When, lifting his young arm of brawn,
 He swore mankind's release to seek,
 And from Turbia's giddy peak,
 He saw Monaco glide from dawn ? ”
 No ! lest Monaco's gamblers flee,
 And rail at Cæsar's bloody peace,
 Freedom's high song is felony,
 And Garibaldi far from Nice.

Oh! silver path among the stars!
Oh! midworld road by easy stages!
Three thousand o'er-ripe human ages
Have spangled thee with arts and wars;
Lost on thy granite scarp the scars,
But in the air, the sea, the river,
Their sacrifices live forever.

Blow, bugler! though the kingdoms crack;
Better the sea should sink the sky
Than one true note of freedom die.
The eagles on the headlands wake;
Song makes cheery the whip, the brake;
Steam already the mountain seams;
Freedom's path is surer than steam's.

Lo! down the gorges leaps the day;
Storm gathers on the Corniché way.

AMERICAN AUTUMN.

COLD green, the grasses on our rocks
That all the summer grew, —
Scarcely frosted by the grazing flocks,
Backed by bare skies of blue, —
Climbed over woodlands dark angrave,
And creeks that screamed for sun,
And scarcely felt the twilights fall,
The daylights were so dun.

But when imperious Autumn came,
He stamped his foot for ire,
The forests leaped at once to flame,
He set the hills afire.
The frigid firs that would not burn,
Scorched by red coals of leaves,
Were hidden in the orchard's bronze
And in the smouldering sheaves.

Out of the world the chilly grays
From stones and streams depart ;
Bright bars of light search out the ways
That thread the forest's heart ;
And scarlet sails tack up the rills,
O'er shoals set thick with gems,
Or, wrecked adown the dams of mills,
Drown all their diadems.

Hot in their nesty burs, the nuts
Drop into brindled springs ;
Upon their sweets the squirrel gluts,
As on some vine he swings,
Whose wild grapes, withered where they hang,
Or blown down by the gale,
The shy, plush robins come to pick,
Or coveys of the quail.

All splend'rous the old oaks are met
In wondrous savage state ;
The white-limbed poplars turn brunette,
The maples aureate ;
O'erhead the buxom beeches glow,
Like some ripe maid, to find
The name her swain had cut below
Deep in the tawny rind.

And, plump, the brazen pippins ring
The pumpkin's copper rim.
Down come the rattling hops, where sing
The gatherers, brown and slim,
Between the whites when cross the hill
They hear the hunter's horn
Ride down the red flight of the fox,
Among the shocks of corn.

Along the high, white, turnpike way,
The truant boys from town
Steal past the teams of laden hay
To hunt for walnuts brown ;

And vagrant gunners, sauntering, haunt
The taverns quaint and queer,
To count their rabbits on the bar,
Between their mugs of beer.

Then to his lusty breast, a bride,
Soft in her hazy veil,
The Indian Summer, azure-eyed,
Weds Autumn, tanned and hale ;
Her breath is like the mist of dews,
Sweet passion in her kiss,
And hid in her transparent blues
A sense of distances.

All dreamy, now, the waters hide
The burning sumach beads,
And mellow the barges glide
Among the river reeds ;
Alone young girls down woodpaths go,
In sadness near to tears,
And forms and feelings lie enwapt
In pensive atmospheres.

A little while the sanguine world,
In so soft honeymoon,
Feels twilight's chastest tenderness,
And balms of dawn at noon.
Then rise the gusty winds ; the leaves
Race, fugitive and lost,
Till gaunt the landscapes, desolate,
Look in the teeth of frost.

BUCCANEER BOOKS.

COME from your shelf this midnight, ye chronicles of crime,
 And rouse me from my *ennui* as in that truant time,
 When I lay in the barn with Bill Everett, and we read with
 fluttering fears
 A foretaste of the period when we should be buccaneers !

Ah ! thrilling to-night their terrors as when the recital
 began :
 The stories of *Æsquemeling*, and *Ravenau de Lussan* ;
 To *Charlevoix's* description the firelight shadows leap
 queer,
 And we run to sea with a bundle to ship for a cruise with
 Dampier.

Once more we have left *Tortuga*, and wait with our swift
 carrack
 To waylay a silver galleon, or put a city to sack ;
 Our smoked *boucan* in our satchel, our cutlasses in our
 sash,
 And the best of *Cherbourg* powder waxed tight in a cala-
 bash.

Our belts are stuck full of pistols ; our muskets are sure to
 bite
 (As we to behold a pirate crept under our bed to-night) ;

We have sworn to be *camarados*, and to keep the compact true,
When I am chief of the Spanish Main, and you have conquered Peru.

Oh! wild is our joy when the treasure fleet the Spanish
ensign dips,
And we have moved the golden bars aboard our victor
ships.
The rich robes of the old grandees our blood-stained blouses
hide,
And from the clutches of the priests each of us wins a
bride.

These tales my playmate revived, retain their ancient
power
To start the heart to beating, and to trouble the midnight
hour ;
And our lives have been eventful as the vagrant wishes of
boys,
To join the band of Morgan, or muster with Lolonnois.

You have fought in the rebel army, and plucked from the
rout your bride ;
I have heard the howl of the dying from the camps of the
other side ;
We have learned the familiar motion of the vessel on the
sea,
And beheld our mother Chesapeake convulsed like the
Caribbee.

The Buccaneer's flag, my schoolmate, shall never be struck
nor furled !
No race, no creed, shall monopolize the bequest of this rich
new world !
Man will break your narrow titles, though ye bind them
fast with forts,
And with his daring captains burst through your gates and
ports.

In vain shall ye say to the rovers of Europe and Cathay :
“Our charter, it is exclusive ; we warn your merchants
away.
They come with the older charters of numbers, of need, and
of art,
To engage with you on the ocean, and compete with you in
the mart.”

Throw down your paper barriers, and admit them undis-
mayed.
Hail ! fair and equal freedom of labor and of trade.
That the weak shall grow the stronger by the mingling
shall be seen,
For the stronger is aye the generous, the perishing is the
mean !

GARIBALDI, GAUCHO.

GRIM in his laurels asleep,
Lay the apostate Guelf,
Dante, to whom Christ died
But for his song and himself;
Waiting for Christ's return
To make his enemies burn.

Under his broad sombrero,
Like a shaded lamp,
The smile of Garibaldi,
Riding out from his camp,
O'erflamed his waving plume,
Over the poet's tomb.

All in Ravenna saw him
Reverent bow and long,
Italy's sword, saluting
Her venerated song:
There the singer austere,
Here the singer of cheer.

Forth to his daring epic,
Writ in scorching lines,
The horseman of the pampas,
From the crest of the Apennines,
Looked aglow on his theme:
Rome, the beloved of his dream.

Rome, his Beatrice beauteous,
Mistress of his steel ;
Liberty, like his Virgil,
Beckoned him down to reveal
The griefs that it befell,
Its heaven, *hadés*, hell.

Forth to the Pincian portal,
Rome all rouséd, ran,
As if to the invocation
Of some barbarian :
Alaric's impious nod,
Or Attila, scourge of God.

Lay his lance and lasso
At his saddle bow ;
Red his shirt and poncho ;
The wild hairs bearded blow
From his scorched face,
So lighted with sweet grace.

Firmly he grasps in his fingers
A whip of buffalo hide ;
Red his banderolle flutters
From the negro's lance at his side ;
His broad plumed hat is tanned
In suns of a heathen land.

Firmly he strode his stallion,
Statue-like, antique ;
Wild his garb as a Thracian ;
Pure his face as a Greek ;
“ A brigand ’tis,” say some.
Some say : “ a saint is come ! ”



BARUCH SPINOSA.

HERE, in thy people’s quarter, while I wait,
Thou other Moses ! thorough traffic’s hum
I hear God’s later voice persuasive come :
“ Let there be light ! — light on thine own estate,
Where doubt and darkness of thy place and fate
Lie, o’er the chaos of the world’s wide lore.
Thyself am I, and shall be evermore, —
Never henceforth to banish or create.
For when great nature I conceivéd, see !
No nobler edifice e’en God could hew ;
Therefore my separate self incorporate
In it inseparably, cries to thee :
O Man, be Godlike ! whether Greek or Jew,
And to Thyself kneel by the Zuyder Zee ! ”

MY RHYMES.

THEY were not grand, I knew ;
 As when I writ them I do feel them still ;
 They were but idle pictures that I drew
 And shaped to measure with a weary quill ;
 Yet their crude fancies pleased me when alone
 I conned them over, feeling them my own.

They went with me abroad,
 And kept pace with my footsteps over miles, —
 Familiar as the homely hymns to God
 That thrilled my childhood in the old church aisles ;
 Old places they revived, and awoke
 Forgotten memories of forgotten folk.

I marvelled that so oft
 The Muses would appear to my poor ken ;
 And hope on daring pinjions went aloft,
 To hear my ditties on the lips of men ;
 To go, gray-haired, where girls and children stray,
 Lulled by the melodies of my young day.

I lay sick and aweary,
 And the soft voices of my kind grew trite ;
 But my poor rhymes came, comforting and cheery,
 To keep me company by noon or night ;
 They were like hope and health returned again,
 Or glimpses of green meadows down the lane.

Alack! that these boy's rhymes
Be all I bring, in pearly waters diving!
The manlier themes, laid up in various climes,
Put off and off for seasons ne'er arriving
Wait hungering for form till perished quite,
And I must write for life, — not for delight.

Dear, far, convenient day,
With bread and heart, and love and work concurring!
Shut in thy narrow library away
Sweet Death! be Thou this patron to us erring
Janglers of rhyme: to scan while silence lingers
Till Heaven's high theme bursts in and all are singers.





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