

WORDS WITH WINGS

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CHARLES G. FALL

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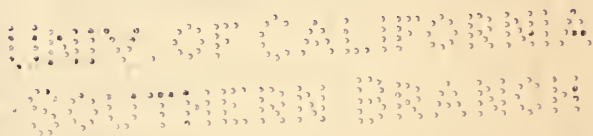
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BY

CHARLES G. FALL



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# WORDS WITH WINGS

## THE "TITANIC"

32  
SEE, see her storm the surge! Leviathan,  
And has no peer! What knight with lighter heart  
Breasted the battle's fray? What lover ran  
With fleeter feet to take a sweetheart's part?

Peace, Gorgon Sea! A champion now appears—  
Throws down the gauntlet to your tyrannies,  
Hurls in your teeth your threatenings and our fears;  
Man's horror of your thunders was, not *is!*

This is a peri's palace, and the city  
Within her walls gay as a bridal morn;  
The voyager now can shut his ears to Pity,  
The *Titan* scorns the Furies of the storm.

The wrecks, whose graveyard is the ocean's floor,  
Look up with wonder when they hear her roar.

This was. Her grave is now the ocean's floor;  
It was the Ice-King was her conqueror.  
She lies beside her sisters, scorned before;  
The surges off Cape Race are mourning her.

## The "Titanic"

Nor they alone! Hear ye that cry of woe  
That shakes the prostrate form beside yon grave?  
See ye those orphan tears like fountains flow?  
Their cruel forbear was that murdering wave!

And hear ye, too, that wail tumultuous rise,  
And roll along like some great undertow  
Mid cliffs and crags, and heave with moans and  
sighs?

These diapasons from the nations flow!

The dead who sleep within the *Titan's* arms  
Awoke a sleeping world to chant their charms.

But tears for women! Courage is man's part!  
Come, stand upon the deck—it is the brink of death:  
Hear these good-byes—is there a fainting heart?  
When, when have braver men, without one faltering  
breath,

Though manly tear, stood face to face with God?  
We, doomed to die, salute thee, Conqueror,  
But let our dear ones kiss their native sod;  
Breathe softly, winds! Be not their murderer!

Brave men have died—died at Thermopylæ—  
But for their country and the Ages praises,  
For, false, the Centuries would see them flee;  
These died at night, mid no inspiring phases,  
No flag to cheer their eyes, nor child, nor wife,  
That chivalry might be the crown of life.

## THE PEOPLE'S LEADER

MINE is a tongue of flame, a brain of ice!  
The fire burneth when the ice commands;  
I am not Passion's slave! 'Tis Reason stands  
Supreme and never buys at Passion's price.

When Angelo was calling from the stone  
His David or his Christ, the chips would fly  
Like meteorites, but every line and bone  
Was fashioned by the artist's icy eye.

When Cæsar in the forum lit the light,  
Illumed the sky as constellations glow,  
The hand that held the torch was Wisdom's might,  
As frigid as the silent Tiber's flow.

That man who loves his country with a statesman's  
sight  
Should have a mind that dares to do the right.

## FAITHFUL TILL DEATH

LOWER and lower the great Liner settles!  
Nearer and nearer the typhon of death,  
So near they can hear the hiss of his rattles,  
And feel on their faces the fumes of his breath.

But their melodies soften the ice in the air,  
Give life to the hearts that are icier still,  
Stay the pallor of fear on the forehead of care,  
And strengthen the soul of the staggering will.

And the boats have been lowered—no places for  
them,

No places for hundreds as fearless as they!  
The toga of death has their blood on its hem,  
But the heart of their music is gallant and gay.

The great ship heaves a sigh, and then buries her  
head.

All over! No use for their frolicsome notes!  
So their melody changed to a dirge for the dead;  
'Twas the prayer of the dying, and died in their  
throats.



## OLD AGE

COME, take my trembling hand, Old Time, and lead  
My stumbling steps to some secluded nook,  
Whose eyes look out upon yon cloistered mead,  
Whose ears drink in the vespers of its brook,

My face set towards yon pageant of the sun ;  
For I would read its slowly dying ray,  
Would see the shadows down the hillsides run,  
Would view the spectres on the hilltops play.

Behold the God of Day return to bed.  
Draw down the window-shades, put out the light,  
For now my heart is with the past, the dead,  
The friends who sleep within the arms of night.

Ah ! this, alas ! this is the lot of Age,  
To say good-byes to those fair gods of youth  
Have closed the Book of Life whose purple page  
They longed to lighten with the stars of Truth !

The dead ! The dead ! those heaven-lent girls and boys,  
With cheeks so red and eyes with sunrise bright ;  
Those college mates who plumed their wings for joys  
Are born of turning darkness into light ;

Those boys with sadder eyes who lived to reap  
Some of the starry flax hard hands had sown ;  
Those fathers, mothers, ere they sank to sleep,  
Saw eager generations round their throne,

Gone ! gone ! Yes, gone across that waste of cloud  
As trackless as Sahara's shifting sand  
Alone, alone, no star to light the shroud  
Which hides from sight, perhaps, the promised  
land ;

Yes, gone to that eternal realm of dream,  
And left us here to grope through deserts lone,  
Trying to make life seem no flitting gleam ;  
But can the heart sing psalms when it should moan ?

But sadder than this loss of loves the death  
Of one Age hoped would close his leaden eyes,  
Would shield his head from Tramontane's breath,  
And still its voice when tired Nature cries ;

Would graft his scions till a manor grew  
Of oaks and elms would lift aloft his name  
And say their seigneur was kind, just, and true ;  
The children's incense is the fathers' fame !

Alaska now ! Ah, now a snow-swept waste  
The dazzled eyesight sees, fruitless, forlorn ;  
When tolls the muffled knell no child shall haste ;  
When dusk shall call the toilers home, no morn !

And yet, perhaps, there is within the vale,  
So black with clouds they melt the Ice-King's  
tears,

Some glade that Elusinian airs regale  
With violets outstay the winter's fears.

## SAINTED

THE Muse of Tragedy was calling o'er the Roll  
Of Honour upon Fame's Elysian fields,  
Those died for others and whose death the Ages  
toll,  
To grave the names of heroes on their shields.

And came to those had died upon tempestuous seas,  
When ships that bore great argosies went down  
Beneath the Ice-King's rage, frail forms were left  
to freeze  
Within the caverns of the iceberg's frown.

The *Titan's* roll was called and clarion trumpets  
blew  
To the four winds the names of noblemen  
Were knights to womanhood and Fortune slew;  
The goddess now took up her golden pen,

But heard a woman's name proclaimed. "How  
so?" she asked;  
A voice so spirit-like she scarce could hear  
Replied: Our boat was full; a woman left, was  
tasked  
With duties, wife and mother, fond and dear.

My place I gave to her—it was the only one ;  
 I was a maid and of a gentle mould.  
 An awful silence spread ; a great voice said,  
     Well done !  
 The goddess wrote the maiden's name in gold.

## THE BRAND OF CAIN

MINE is the brand of Cain !  
A thousand spectres stare me in the face !  
Frail wives and mothers laid their hands in mine,  
Sweet babbling Innocence,  
And men of lion-heart,  
The bride whose eyes were pearls of love  
And young Antinous who thought those eyes were  
suns,  
Fair knights of chivalry, Apollo's son,  
Midas and some with shoulders outdid Hercules,  
And one who bore a province on his back,  
Captains of enterprise  
Nor least, the hearts were covered by a blouse,  
A regiment of lovers  
And legions loved them as their lives !

How did I keep my vow of hospitality ?  
Macbeth of Tartarus could answer :  
Hell rings with answers  
That Earth would blush to name  
And Heaven would shudder at the thought of !

'Twas Lucre and mad Sport that dug their graves—  
Nay, left them graveless  
And sheeted by a sea a thousand fathoms deep  
Could never wash these bloodstains from my  
hands ;  
Their blood an ocean would incarnadine !

Where was my conscience ?  
Frozen like the iceberg  
'Gainst which I drove the Sea-Queen's beak ?  
Why am I here ?  
Ask Sisyphus, my forbear,  
Who for causes like is tugging at his boulder ;  
And if he answer not,  
Go ask the eagle of the Caucasus  
Whose liver 'tis he gnaws perpetually !

How warm this April sun !  
How sweet this scent of violets !  
The song of birds, the hum of bees,  
The voice of man and beast,  
The voice of Nature is a daily feast ;  
But not to those whose graveyard is the sea.

## ETERNAL YOUTH

THE Seasons come and go,  
The long, long æons grow,  
Eternal change is Nature's law,  
First bud, then blossom, and then fruit !  
The oak, 'neath which the kine lie down  
When daylight sleeps, was once an embryo seed  
Conceived in Nature's maw.

The laws of growth conditions suit,  
But all things animate obey the frown  
Of changing life and live by greed ;  
The Andean condor will outstare the sun,  
But crawl, when wrecked by age, along Time's  
beach

To find some cave for his last shelter ;  
Those crimson tides that through our pulses run,  
They in life's ebbing seas must reach  
That goal where stale corruptions welter.

Man doth his kindred mourn  
When they have crossed that bourne  
Where Youth must lay his armour down  
And bow to the Eternal's frown ;  
But never mourns a sadder fate  
Than Youth when Death has shut the gate.



Behold the child now nestling by his mother's  
cheek,

That baby sphinx so frail and weak,

Sweet sojourner from Silence's realm,

How doth his growth our senses overwhelm !

A twelvemonth hence he walks,

A twelvemonth thence he talks,

Not many moons man's universal state

Becomes an open book

He scans with eager look.

And see him spring the boyhood ! Now he learns  
The human heart, his mother's, childhood's  
heart ;

'Tis now Ambition whispers in his ear

Those shibboleths can make him saint or devil ;

For Comradeship he yearns,

For Sport he hungers, for the knightly revel,

For petty battle,

The drum and tocsin's rattle ;

The plaudits of the Campus he can hear

Chanting its struggle-song ;

Life's fever, how it fires his veins !

He spurns the bit, the reins,

And sighs to burn a blister upon wrong ;

Ah ! he and Conflict seldom are apart.

But Youth soon takes the stage,

Wears Boyhood's buskin of a larger size ;

'Tis now the Mind takes wing,  
 Hark! hear him sing,  
 As he, with Courage born to Age,  
     His new-fledged pinions tries!  
 He sees his forbears fly,  
 And seeks on trembling wings the sky,  
     Lispings in native measures  
 The thoughts he culls from alien treasures.

Now Learning dons the cloister's stole,  
     And shows her sons her golden goal;  
 She leads their feet in Wisdom's ways,  
 Their hands to bend Endeavour's bow,  
 Their eyes to espy true Honour's rays,  
     The semaphores of Passion know;  
 Their hearts, oh, how they swell when Duty calls  
 And shows that niche within Valhalla's halls,  
 Searching thro' fog and fen, by day, by night for  
     Truth;  
     This is the guerdon of a golden Youth.

See, see him toil with secrets since Man's dawn  
     Have staggered all of woman born!  
 "What! was this sphere from chaos shorn?"  
     "Am I the grandson of a prawn?"  
 "My sires, have they the Master's words mistook  
 Believing sins, if guilt with faith, He'd overlook?"  
 "Could we but tear the veil from Death,  
 And learn if smiles or thunders wreathed his face,

Would men hunt Fortune to her cave,  
Glory pursue with panting breath,  
The stings of Scorn, the lash of Envy brave,  
Meet Arrogance with bending eyes,  
When buzzards tear the heart, bear it with grace,  
If Death would ope the gates of Paradise?"

"This coin of Silence whence I came,  
Shall I thereto return? The grave a hollow  
name?

"What! Am I of Divinity a part,  
For now endowed with sinews, brain, and heart?"  
Enigmas, these and others, chase him like a  
prairie flame.

And what if Manhood came to glean these years,  
What would he claim? Not buds! not flowers!  
But fruits! Without these Man would reap in  
tears

The field the Boy had sown 'mid sun and showers;  
Yea, if he had been earnest,  
Still, what would be the harvest?

Too often dust and cinders, faded dreams!  
Weep! weep! weep blinding tears,  
Thou sad old man, thy sentence hears:—  
The mirror held to Life has told you true  
This world is not the pageantry on Boyhood  
beams,

E'en fruit, when in the hand, has oft a sicklier hue.

Who has not seen the Apennines  
Shaking their grisly scalps  
And thought he saw the Alps?  
How oft will Fancy when the eyesight fails  
Pile mount on mount till Cenis seems Mont  
Blanc!

We see the cloud,  
Not domes the cloud can shroud;  
What eye can pierce the cloud-line?  
And so Imagination spreads her sails;  
Her eyes sees unknown peaks,  
But not the peaks she seeks  
Behind the veil where Truth in cloudland sank;  
Oh! Fancy sings with sweeter voice than  
Fortune speaks;  
She paints a redder iris on the rose,  
Sees gardens of the gods where sage-brush grows!

'Tis thus Illusion points a strangled Youth  
With beauties seem eternal;  
Care draws no grimy fingers o'er its brow;  
What Boyhood promised that 'tis now,  
A phantasy supernal;  
Whate'er the mind imagined that it sees,  
Sees Helicon behind the shade,  
And Youth ascending it with bounding heart  
To pluck amid the snows the edelweiss of Truth  
Sees Fame expand her sounding cheeks,

And waft to every wind the éclat the dreamer  
seeks ;

Sees Honour, Valour, act their part,  
And thousands shout with loud acclaim a thank-  
ful heart ;

Atlantis still exhales the perfumed breeze,  
The voice still wakes Parnassus' glen  
And hangs a silver tongue in Cupid's bell ;  
Sweet Innocence still seeks his aid  
Where in the forum and the marts of men  
He lifts his gleaming blade.

Let Wrong run rampant and that pen,  
Cleft from an eagle's wing, dipt in its blood,  
Crimsons the eternal page ;  
Still, still his hot and holy rage  
Consumes Injustice to a crisp,  
And Charity his faith in man will tell ;  
Amazement seizes us at this young sage,  
Whose clarion has no trembling lisp,  
For dead he lives, his hand not stayed,  
His sinews stemming still life's flood.

O Youth, dear Youth, that Death has made  
immortal ! joys  
Are yours that dim the joys of Age,  
Are sweeter than Achievement,  
With its long agonies and sickening moil.

To Manhood you throw down the gage ;  
You have no sighs, defeats, no blistering toil,  
    No dross, no frost, no base alloys.  
    So Dawn surpasses Day! So Sunrise, Noon!

For us who limp towards the grave  
Youth is a pennon that we wave,  
Its joys are life's best boon ;  
They were the iris gilded each bereavement,  
They drew the sting from Disappointments' throes—  
Aye, robed her very sepulchre in rainbow hues,  
    And spanned the current of our woes,  
    So hope could cross on silver shoes.

## CHARON'S GHOSTS

CHARON was ferrying o'er the Styx the souls  
Were damned on God's last Judgment Day—  
Bandits, seducers, murderers; their tolls  
Were in their mouths their fares would pay.

And in the load to land upon hell's shore  
Were those who sent the *Titan* to her tomb  
Amid those marble bergs; no mercy bore  
To those went, frozen, to their doom.

His vulture eye discerned one cringing ghost  
Beneath the seats the others held in hate;  
“You there, soon in the sulphur's fumes to roast!  
For what have you deserved this fate?”

The ship was sending rockets of distress;  
I might have saved, but slept while hundreds died!  
See, see those staring eyes that round me press!  
Some sneered, and even Charon sighed.



## THE NIGHT THAT HAS NO MORN

My Love! My Life! The night draws near  
The night that has no morning,  
Yes, soon, full soon, the day is here  
That has for us no dawning!

'Tis hand in hand these many years  
We've toiled on Pisgah's height,  
And sometimes trod the trail of tears,  
No torch to light the night;

But when we bore the stress of woe  
We strove to face it cheerily;  
Our wines of life were blended so—  
So dearly, oh, so dearly!

It may be me, it may be you  
Must stay and breast cold weather;  
Why cannot, when old hearts beat true,  
Their heart-beats cease together?



## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I'VE heard the réveillé,  
'Tis music to my ears !  
Stripped to the buff again,  
My hat is in the ring !  
My country is my fetish,  
And her lovers cherish me,  
For I have never sold my love nor theirs,  
But paid for theirs by loving them ;  
I always wore my sword, my shield  
I threw away ; they were my amulet,  
They staunched my wounds with plaudits  
And fed my haters with their hate ;  
My sword is badly hacked but always bright,  
'Twas hacked upon the people's enemies,  
No stroke was aimed against their hearts ;  
I never sucked their blood,  
But took the assassin's blows upon my breast  
Counted with pride my wounds ;  
The people's cheers were raptures to my ears  
As sweet as were Athenian shouts to Pericles ;  
They soothed my nights and braced my days ;  
I hope to hear their echoes in Valhalla's halls.

I call the tiger brother,  
And love to comb the lion's mane,  
But never herd with gutter snipes ;  
The face of man or devil wakes no fear,  
Hyenas or their bearded whelps ;  
I blanch before my God alone ;  
I knelt in Childhood at Mount Vernon's shrine,  
I heard the groanings of the dusky slave,  
In manhood worshipped at the horny-handed  
martyr's grave ;  
My ears were never deaf to Pity's cries,  
The cowboy's hunger or the toiler's sighs,  
And I could hear the demon-plutocrat  
Crunching the bones of Poverty  
To feed its flesh for ordure to the soil,  
And vowed if e'er I wore the glove of steel  
To plant my fist upon his brazen jaw ;  
And have I kept my vow ?  
God knows I've tried ; my courage still endures,  
For I am in the gristle of young manhood,  
And there are boulders still to mount the hill,  
Augean stables still to cleanse,  
Strongholds of oppression still to undermine.

My grip was ever at the throat of Tyranny,  
The robber knows my bludgeon's blow,  
The patriot has loved my voice ;  
My hand, while there is work to do,

Must hold the plow,—

I cannot play at Jackstraws!—

That when I sleep the marble sleep

My countrymen shall say: Here was a man

FAITHFUL, FEARLESS, HONEST, TRUE.

## LOVE IN DEATH

SETTLING ! Swiftly settling !  
Boys, man the life-boats  
And save the women first !  
Ah ! now she scarcely floats.

A man and woman stand there  
Hand in hand, hair streaked with grey ;  
Come, come, the ship is sinking !  
We cannot, must not stay !

He begs her take the sailor's hand,  
And hear the surges' cry.  
We've loved each other forty years ;  
No ! In Love's arms we'll die.

## PRAYER TO THE JUNGFRAU

SPEAK! Speak! Great Sheeted Ghost, whose awful  
head

Now lifts above yon muffler of white gauze!  
What æons have on lightning pinions fled  
Since, nebulous, your giant form could pause  
In its mad whirl thro' chaos here and rest?  
What avalanches rent, what torrents wore  
Your flanks? Oh, tell us what volcanoes tore  
Those sepulchres in which your glaciers sleep?  
What nameless centuries have you gazed down  
On these fair dales that hug your snow-wrapt breast?  
We kneel down here, so ignorant, and weep  
To think how frail we are, how short the span  
This smiling vale has been the home of man.

## GHOSTS

IN the Velebit mountains the gusela moans—  
Is some spirit bewailing the dead?  
You would think if you heard it some flageolet  
Was dreaming or out of its head;  
For its sighings are kin to a paganish chant,  
Beloved by the Huns and Croats!  
And the ears of the shepherd still drink up its  
    strains,  
Its gruesome and quixotic notes.

And the Velebit mountains! They are gruesomish  
    too,  
Like goblins and spectres their crags!  
Did an earthquake, I wonder, these mountain-tops  
    woo,  
As the Furies wooed witches and hags?  
They are pinnacles, minarets, giant-toothed saws,  
And are ghoulish and ghastly with gloom;  
They are caverned and canyoned, sepulchr'd maws,  
With mouths to Avernus' womb.

Oh, what an inferno for Cyclops to haunt  
And the cannibal gnomes of his crews,  
And gorge upon gophers, constrictors and snails,  
Upon devil-fish, satyrs and shrews !

With one cheek these mammoths have married the  
sea,

With the other the crofts of the Croats.

And the sea ! 'Tis a treasure-house spawning with  
gold ;

But the land a Sahara for goats.

In the heyday of youth they made love to the cliff

Where Novegrad sits in her tears,

And set on her forehead that turreted crown,

So battered by blows of the years.

And 'twas here that young Colman, old Hungary's  
king,

When the lily he plucked 'gan to mould,

Trod it under his foot ; and 'twas down that tough  
steep,

When the ashes of love had grown cold,

The Psyche whose lips had been honey of yore

Was tossed like a fawn to a hound

By Phœbes, who scorn whom the lover can scorn.

Hear the breakers' her requiem sound !

Three men at the wheel and the mate at the helm !

'Tis the portal of Tartarus' gorge !

Are those murderers' souls that are broiled on live  
coals?

Is that dragon the foe of St. George?

Those imps with the tongs where the precipice growls,  
Are those traitors they toast on those stools?

That headland? Trolltindern from Norway trans-  
ported?

Or Dinara that Obrivac rules?

See that gorgon? What, our Lion's Head?

These queries all torture our tongues in a trice;

But the grinning old salt nothing said.

How it twists! how it twirls! see it shift! see it swirl!

'Tis the devil with burrs for his bed.

On the tail of the gorge sits a sentinel-box,

And its moat is the sea's serpent arm;

Its armour, long centuries mildew with grey,

Glares defiance at Argus' alarm.

Grim warder! The Cross does not shudder with fear,

For Dalmatia's no fief of the Turk,

The Crescent no longer sows seed with the sword;

To Inferno and do Satan's work!

A forest of crags! a croft seeded with stones!

Rocks! rocks! not the ghost of a tree!

The camel, that ship of the waterless waste,

This waterless desert would flee.



Their faces they hide from the smiles of the sea  
With the grisly backs of these mountains,  
Whose sepulchred flanks, carbuncled with bones,  
Apollyon has rained down in fountains.

But come when the spell of the desert entralls you ;  
There is awe in these Velebit mountains.

## THE SEA-KING'S TYRANNY

'Tis greatness makes a people,  
Not size, but virtues ;  
Quality, not multitude ;  
Diamonds, not mica !  
'Twas this made Græcia great.

The Sea-King's tyranny  
That saves the weakest  
And lets the lion-hearted perish  
Is chivalry demented ;  
The helpless, weighed by cargo,  
Could scarce outscale in Nature's balances  
A single score  
The Titan slew to make the Sea-King's holiday.

The land is Freedom's castle,  
The sea man's slaughter-house ;  
No headsman here  
Exchanging Cæsar for Calabria's cub,  
An Atlas for a wart,  
Stretching the world upon Procrustes' bed  
And chopping giants to a pigmy's stature.

## INGRATITUDE

To be false to your friend is a nail in your coffin !  
You sat in his counsels with a key to his heart,  
You fed on his bounty, divided his muffin,  
And when in distress it was he took your part.

Why, even the sea-mew will fight for her young,  
Will tear out her plumage to feather their nest ;  
When bearding a lioness, whoever flung  
A shaft at her cub without hitting her breast ?

But what if your friend has been kind as a mother,  
Has plucked you the laurel you wear on your head,  
Has burnished the lance that he gave to a brother,  
Has brought you the tapestries cover your bed ?

## PICTURES BY OLD MASTERS

GREAT Nature has her wonders, Gornegrat,  
Where Amazons stand still in frozen sleep,  
Niagara, where inland oceans sat  
And hurled their thunders from her trembling steep ;  
Yosemite, where ere the Earth's crust froze,  
A mile-deep canyon sank, Olympus rose ;

Mount Blanc, grim sister of great Everest,  
But guillotined by ages upon æons ;  
A child when hoary Snowdon was the nest,  
A Titan then, for megatheriums ;  
'Twas Rain and Frost tore off the coat she wore  
For Rhineland's vestments and for Britain's shore ;

Weird Adelsberg ; here Tartarus appears ;  
Here, too, are minarets and calvaries,  
Cathedrals, campaniles, peacock-spheres  
Of splendour, banquet-halls in galleries,  
Cyclopean domes of gold ; with Titan care  
Earth's alchemist has fashioned Silence's lair.

Ten thousand centuries—we stand aghast !  
 Have Fire and Frost and Flood, Vesuvian rage,  
 The clash of worlds—so Nestors read the past—  
 Upheavals, foldings, shrinkings, wrecks of age,  
 And wars of elements, and Birth and Death  
 Paid court to Change since Chaos first took breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Middle Ages limp along the streets  
 Of Arbe, Dante's voice allures our ears ;  
 If not some knight it is his grandson greets  
 Our eyes ; while Angelo Heaven's portal rears,  
 Invokes hell's imps and saints from paradise,  
 Behold your campaniles from the ocean rise

And sky-supporting pillars lift their heads !  
 These princely peasants have a classic look  
 The rime of age has such a glamour shed ;  
 Can it be Bayard has his age mistook ?  
 And have these chimes their silvery cadence got  
 By dropping jewels in the melting-pot ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, Nona, let me kiss your hand ! The blood  
 Of kings has warmed it ; 'twas no princeling  
 Nor Hapsburg ; Croatia's kings have stood  
 Within this dome to don their crowns ; no fledgling  
 Fathered these walls, 'twas Rome ; and these strange  
 dances

Not Art but Nature weaves with fitful fancies.

These costumes shame the pageantry of Iris ;  
 Sirocco's blood, red blood, 'tis wines your kisses ;  
 While Nilus worshipped gods of stone, Osiris,  
 It was your heart's hot blood inspired your blisses ;  
 This fête-day brings the garlands of a year,  
 And all the year's fond hopes you lavish here.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

A colosseum, but not Rome's, still stands  
 Where's Pola's forehead faces Adria's sea  
 And tells us how that awful goddess's hands  
 Held provinces in sweet captivity ;  
 She must amuse her satrapys and legions !  
 For this her lynx-eyes scoured remotest regions ;

She caged the Sudan lion, Bengal's tiger,  
 To crunch the bones and drink the blood of slaves  
 Embattled in the ring ; 'twas thus her rigor  
 She sought to mystify ; the pennon waves  
 Less scornfully o'er hearts are steeped in mirth,  
 And states amused forget their chains and birth !

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The Adriatic has its Riviera  
 And golden pheasants ; here the wanderer  
 And worshippers of Nature come, though rarer,  
 And those with naiad arms the breakers stir ;  
 The maid and lover, too, come here awhile  
 To beg the sea-nymphs on their loves to smile.

Come see these swans and birds of paradise  
 Their dainty plumage preen ! Their purple veins  
 Have channeled Attic blood for centuries !  
 Here Fashion is the courtier, Music reigns ;  
 Here gallants kiss their hands to Gentleness  
 And burn frankincense unto Loveliness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do you, Fiume, know your sires ? Lend me  
 Yours ears and bate your breath while I relate  
 The tale ! No taller, monumental tree  
 Now grows ; the Californian cedar, great  
 In hoary rime, counts twenty centuries ;  
 So you, but men, not seeds, your argosies !

Phœnicians first, Pelasgians next, and then  
 Came Greeks, Etruscans and Ligurians,  
 Then awful Rome, stern mother of stern men,  
 With phœnix wings your dying embers fans ;  
 'Twas Charlemagne would quench again your fame,  
 The Double-headed Eagle saved your name.



## THE SIBYL'S DREAM

BEHOLD, my child, your destiny ! Visions rise  
Like Caucasus of your world-conquering sway !  
This hamlet on the Palatine, its ray  
Shall light a continent, light Asian skies,  
Turn Libya's desert caverns into day ;  
The sunset's pillars hear her eagles' cries ;  
The heart of Dacia quiver 'neath their beak,  
And Rhine run, shivering, to the Northern Sea ;  
Proprætors with the thunder's shout shall speak  
The mandate of this forum of the free,  
This council of Olympians whose voice  
Is tuned to match some leader's silver tongue,  
Consuls be kings though but a city's choice !  
Mad seemed that sibyl's dream when Rome was  
young.



## THE SACKING OF SALONE

THE basilica's in rapture with Salone's happy sons!  
And the mothers and the maidens and the harper,  
too, are there;

Lo, the music and the laughter! So the laughing  
Yader runs—

Runs along, a merry torrent, free from toil and free  
from care;

Rarest wines from rarest vineyards flow as Yader's  
waters flow,

Dancers swing in swirling circles, footpats fall like  
pattering rain;

All the hills are gleams of purple, for the vine begins  
to grow;

'Tis the day that follows Easter, when she lifts her  
Lenten strain!

Up at Clissa there's a watchman, and he cries out,  
"All is well";

True, the Croats sacked Epidauras, but they've gone  
and left no trace

Of shade or shadow on Dalmatia. That is no alarum  
bell!

Speed the orioles and cygnets! Let them match  
the miller's race!

But now a shriek of terror tears the air;  
The dancers stop; they see a woman come;  
And see her panting breath and streaming hair;  
"The Croats! The Croats have come to Clissa!  
Home!"

A cry of horror from a hundred throats!  
Brave men turn pale, and women faint with  
fright;  
"Run! Run! Run, shut the gates and flood  
the moats!"  
Too late! a thousand wolves affright the night.

Now Riot, Murder storm the western gate;  
The bloodhounds sack the city, sack the homes,  
The men for slaves, the maids, alas, their fate!  
Then Fire like a howling harpy comes;

And soon Salone is a charnel-house  
Reeking with dead men's blood and bones;  
And, now, a raven or a frightened grouse  
Startles the furze or caws among the stones.

## MONTENEGRO

A NORSEMAN fiord in a zone of roses!  
Summer to winter wed! Psyche to Vulcan!  
A mountain that in Ocean's lap reposes,  
Headlands, rock-glaciers scorning the embrace of  
man,  
Bald pates whose cheeks with whiskered verdure  
grow;  
This is Old Earthquake's child, Gulf Cataro!

The village with its bronzed and clinging arms  
Still scrambles up the mountain's scrawny face  
To shield its shuddering children from the harms  
That surged as surge the choleras;—a race  
Of madmen, brandishing the bludgeon word,  
To slay all would not kiss the Prophet's sword.

Upon its hands and knees by terraced banks,  
A crawling roadway lifts to Montenegro;  
Black mammoths shake their tawny manes in ranks;  
Rocks! Rocks! More rocks, then ledges! Dearth  
can grow!

A pigmy monarch of a pigmy state,  
This Czar of Lilliput grins at old Fate.

His girls are this Sierra's fairest crop ;  
'Tis women light the hearth and hoe the field,  
The men are Caryatides, and prop  
For pelf a Russian satrapy, or shield  
The pate of some pasha in old Stamboul ;  
Pistols and coffee! 'Tis the bandits' rule.

There was a time, oh, could it come again !  
They were the sentinels of Christendom,  
Her minute men 'gainst Mecca ; then a stain  
Upon the shield was death, aye, worse. Come  
Come  
Again, brave Rolland ! Stop this war-parade !  
Is peddling human blood a noble trade ?

## SAN MARINO

PIGMY Republic, cradled on a mount !  
Young China's millions doff their caps to you ;  
America, all people-ruled, would count  
Her beads if Tyranny this wood-nymph slew ;  
What centuries have kissed your baby feet !  
When Rome held fainting Christians by their throats,  
The morning stars first heard your christening bell ;  
While Constantine was storming pagan moats,  
Your first, faint prayers, their risen Saviour greet,  
A pious palmer from Dalmatia flew,  
And found this refuge from those swamps of hell.  
Flag of an Eagle's nest ! How proud she floats !  
Sing peans ! Sisters yearly join your choir !  
No music thrills the heart like Freedom's lyre.

## RETRIBUTION

No lake of flame! No hell! Then where  
Shall wolves who lure within their lair  
Unwary lambs; shall hearts of steel,  
Who grin at griefs fond mothers feel,

Or gape at gulfs their daggers made,  
When in red hands white hearts were laid;

Where shall those effigies of men,  
Who make some bower of love a fen,  
Or breed such wounds with smiling face,  
As burn a blister on our race;

Where, where shall Alva, Bonaparte,  
Who made a hell of earth, of home,  
Find demons of their souls a part,  
A hell where kindred fiends can come?

## APOLLO

SINCE Adam ate the grapes of idleness,  
One man alone of all his heirs  
Has scaled with Pegasus ethereal skies,  
As lightnings play round Chimborazo,  
And brooks unbridled seek the sea,  
The Cordor bard of Avon,  
His quill paints scenes as scribes write words !

All others hammered into shape their songs,  
As armorers have polished blades,  
And let them ripen in the shade,  
As peaches will in sunless nooks ;  
Soracte's bard deemed one decade  
A sweeter bouquet gave his wines ;  
That Goth so laurelled by the Rhine  
Kept Marguerite within her convent cage  
A score of nun-taught years before  
Her wings were fully fledged for flight ;  
And he who made a churchyard's gloom  
As dear as ever banquet hall,  
Kept its sweet organ tones immured

Within the cloisters of his mind  
Full many a tongue-tied year,  
Awaiting that Promethean fire  
Should make the dull clay speak.  
Our Milton was a pious lapidary,  
Who polished gems with diamond-dust,  
Though loving well the heights that cradle ghosts ;  
And Dante died before his overture,  
Bemoaning, as the broken cypress moans,  
The unfledged hopes so long entombed ;  
That singer of our tideless seas  
Sweated as soldiers sweat in trenches ;  
But Fancy's darling spouted similies.

In all Time's purblind horoscope,  
Since from that lonely Chian isle  
A poor, blind palmer limped  
To tell in trumpet tones the tragedy of Troy,  
No singer ever earned the salt of life—  
Except he ate the crumbs and crusts  
He swept from Dives' table—  
Nor decked his back with purple and fine flax,  
Called home his toilers with a silver horn,  
Save one—the bard of laughing waters.

All others who essayed the airship's flight,  
Or drove with Phæton the courses of the sun,  
Or listened in some moon-lit shade



Where eagles shun the eye of man ;  
To tales the brawling brook can tell—  
What other words are winged by butterflies  
To lift them to immortal skies ?—  
Have pieced the shirt of Nessus out  
With sheep's wool or with camels' hair,  
Gathered while shepherding their flocks,  
Or burning with the bedouin 'neath desert suns.

Apollo and his choir of saints  
All wear the robe of nakedness,  
And ne'er the crimson toga or the ermine cloak,  
Save Fortune kissed their babyhood ;  
At times that God of Song,  
Has rode the ass of Poverty  
For some short shift across the realm of dreams,  
But 'twas o'er rocky roads with bleeding feet,  
While thorns have torn the flesh.

The Muses love to chase their golden beakers  
And weave those gorgeous garments of the sun  
In halls where luxury is wont to dwell,  
Those threads that Fancy twists with spirit  
fingers,  
'Tis Time and care have spun.

## THE FALLS OF KERKA

THE Cascades of Kerka! Hear them rumble and  
    roar,  
And grumble and tumble and rage at the shore!  
See them simmer and shimmer and shiver and run!  
Hear Nereus laugh at the Nereid's fun!

They are under the waters and on to the falls,  
And into the grottos and up on their walls;  
And they dance and they laugh, and they sing and  
    they shout,  
Pull papa by his whiskers and swirl him about;

And they dip and they dive and they swim to the  
    brim,  
And back again swim at the beck of each whim;  
And they roll in the surges as dolphins at play,  
And spatter each other with feathery spray.

And some of the naiads, too, sit on the banks,  
Some ride on the bubbles, or spring from their flanks;  
The wind and the mist! They sit on the steeps,  
And whistle and whirl as the spray takes its leaps;

How it flashes and splashes and crackles with foam !  
You would think by the cardings the sheep had  
    come home,  
And the shepherd forgotten his fleeces to keep,  
And left them to flutter while he went to sleep.

But where was it born ? and where does it rise ?  
It comes through the mountain with cries of surprise !  
But where is its cradle ? the font whence it flows ?  
No mortal can tell us ! 'Tis God only knows !

## PERDITA

DOWN ! down ! The great ship settles down,  
Till surges flood the lower decks.  
Naught, naught can live except Death's frown,  
And he of frailty little reck.

The boats have all been lowered save  
Those left for woman's fainting heart.  
The men must feed the greedy wave,  
And face the dyings' trackless chart.

Save Robinhood. Oh no, not he !  
He knew an art for many a life,  
Could buy his own, save Charon's fee,  
A boatman's bribe for Rob and wife.

A woman stood there frenzied, faint ;  
Held all she loved within her arms.  
She was no sinner and no saint,  
But loved the most her spaniel's charms.

No time for parley, none for prayer ;  
'Tis now or never, life or death !  
She was, 'tis sad ! not wise though fair,  
But loves her lapdog more than breath.

## THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE

I STRODE along a mountain trail  
Far from the haunts of men,  
And naught except a startled quail  
Awoke the gruesome glen.

And footfalls of a limping brook  
That smote its stone-shod way  
Whene'er its feet the ferns forsook  
That down the torrent stray,

And came to where a glint of green  
Glowed in the setting sun,  
And where a straw-thatched hut was seen  
In a forsaken run.

And nestling by that highland home,  
Deserted 'twas and wild !  
I saw a grave,—'twas small-and lone,  
And must have shrined some child ;

And when, sometimes, the God of sleep  
Coquets with my wan eyes,  
That grave will through my eyelids creep  
That on the mountain lies,

## The Mountain Grave

And ask me why, when that lone home  
Had naught but this to love,  
A hawk should like a robber come  
And snatch its only dove.

## THE CRICKET'S SONG

ASCENSION DAY,  
A festal day in Florence !  
And all the maids and all the swains  
Are passing in a tidal wave  
Until the city floods its park ;  
The bells ring out the marriage song  
Of Christ unto His Church  
As Day is wed to Night ;  
The people don their plumages  
To greet the rosy-footed Dawn  
And fire-fingered Morn ;  
As have the fields and forests ;  
The swallow spreads an airier sail ;  
All Nature with a bridal face  
Is jubilant with song !

And Jessica and Leola wake  
The morn with merriment ;  
And sparkling eyes and smiling swains  
The hamper bear along,

## The Cricket's Song

And festoon flowers in the boughs  
They spread upon the ground  
To table their ambrosial feast  
And cups of nectarine ;  
And scramble through the grass to find  
A cricket, wondering will he sing,  
For every maiden knows the legend well  
That if the cricket sings to-day  
A lover surely comes.

Grave Leola is so debonnair,  
Like Martha of those Bible days  
Is wed to household cares ;  
But Jessie has a merrier heart,  
Save when the hectic flush  
Shall catch her in that grip of Cerberus

A happy day ! a merry route !  
And many merry lads  
With gentle ways and gentle eyes  
Speak wingèd words to both ;  
And Leola toiled the livelong day  
With ready feet and ready hands,  
As Martha toiled of yore ;  
And Jessie languished in the shade  
While ready feet and ready hands  
Were wingèd slaves to every wish.



And when the day drew down her veil,  
And hid her glances from our eyes,  
The swains and swans returned again  
With heavy feet and one with heavy heart ;  
For while the cricket to one sister sung,  
The other's was a voiceless void.

## FREEDOM'S SHRINE

THERE is a village on the Adrian mere  
Whose arms are adamant, their sinews part  
Of the corporeal hills ; they frighten fear  
And live enshrined in Nature's loving heart ;  
Such big-lunged battlements ! The giant hands  
Baptized them, priests in far Elysian lands !

They fringe the borderland of Christendom,  
For ages held at bay the surging Turk ;  
What ! Will that sea resurge and backward come ?  
Stupendous they have done stupendous work !  
All ye who love the glories of our Lord  
Should love these bulwarks glorified His Word.

This fame not all ; they held the flag of freedom  
Aloft before a tyrant-ridden world ;  
That nymph, sweet Liberty, had here a kingdom  
From this tarpean rock her traitors hurled ;  
To save that love of man cradled in Greece  
She swam in blood, for love was more than peace.

From Epidaurus their penates came ;  
With swords of flame the Avars sacked one home ;  
They seized their gods, they seized their nursling  
fame

And bastioned these cyclopeans like Rome ;  
Step proudly, stranger, through this palace-tomb !  
The ghosts of heroes haunt its cloistered gloom !

Five æons, here, with freedom's stars for laws  
The people's ballot held its sceptred sway ;  
Before this hooded shrine, Republics, pause !  
Here Might, by Mercy tempered, blazed your way ;  
Behold yon fane! This Cœur de Lion gave  
A cenotaph to ocean's baffled wave.

But listen to the tale of young Marcellus ;  
No rising sun, like that lost son of Rome,  
But star-dust, typical, old legends tell us,  
Of those grey cavaliers had here their home ;  
No nightingale has yet his praises sung  
But golden censers on the rainbow hung.

A child of fame, fair-faced, whose sweet good-morning  
A benedictus seemed to all he met ;  
And when that light illumines the mind was dawning  
A star seemed rising would be slow to set ;  
The Virtues fought in friendly rivalry  
To bear away this knight of chivalry.

The stones he trod were shrines his sires adored ;  
His coming fanned life's embers into flame ;  
His barque was to the rock of wisdom moored,  
And here the Graces and the Fairies came  
To lead Ambition to that purple height  
Whence seas with silver fringes lure the sight.

Like other lads he must a soldier be,  
And learn to rule the broadsword and the lance,  
And listed in a knightly company  
To face the tourney's battling game of chance ;  
A blow the sun dealt from a melting sky  
Bewitched his brain ; young paladin must die !

His threads of life he knew not were distraught  
And fevered Fancy said his lack of skill  
Was fainting valour,—not miasma fraught,—  
And duty ought to stay the ravelled will  
And climb the golden stairs brave men have trod  
And show a soldier how to meet his God.

By hunger murdered, sunstroke, moil, neglect,  
Those basilisks the demon-spawn of war !  
A spirit of the blue-eyed goddess sect  
Was dragged beneath the wheels of that red car  
War's frantic god had forged in Ætna's maw ;  
A seraph smitten by a lion's paw !

So young Marcellus died ; a hectic thrill  
Shot through the town and melted many a tear ;  
But life was not a waste ; his name was still  
An heirloom ; villages stood round his bier ;  
And still the foot of pity finds that grave  
Upon the hill beside the murmuring wave.

All ye who love war's pageantry, its blare  
And brass, and thirst to see the banners come,  
Shoulder your guns and find the lion's lair,  
And save your pity for the sighs at home !  
Come, Wars' apostles, take the firing line  
And on the surge's crest be first to shine !

## CROSSING THE RUBICON

TO-DAY "we crossed the Rubicon! It woke  
Such visions!" Cæsar crossed with us, Augustus,  
And scores of Emperors; an empire spoke  
In clarion tones of four long æons lustrous;  
I saw Medusa's head, the frown of strife,  
Pharsalia and Philippi; Julius' wife  
Upon her knees to keep her lord at home;  
Those three and thirty daggers made old Rome  
A slaughter-house and swamp of anarchy;  
Saw Amazons of blood; saw Egypt come  
To beg the Nile might be Rome's satrapy;  
Saw Europe Asia kiss with conquest's lips  
Where Stamboul stands; and, last, a gleam  
Of night; and all had been a fever's dream!

## THE SWORD OF THE SLEEPERS

STOP, stranger! Look! 'Tis Diocletian's palace!  
Huge as a coliseum, it roofs a village;  
Old Age must have some playthings for its solace,  
And so he garnished it with his eagles' pillage;  
His father wore the collar, his vast mind  
Fed upon empires, held in leash mankind.

A Roman vallum looms four-square,  
The Queen of Waters laves its shore;  
A bastioned court for arms and air;  
A scarlet crypt yawned here of yore  
That held embalmed a painted King  
Who dubbed this world a ribald thing  
Of rags when Age had glazed those eyes,  
Whose young aurora was the skies.

It crowned an epoch! Now 'twas Paganism  
Put sackcloth on; a Christian Emperor,  
'Twas Constantine! bestrode the stormy scism;  
Forgiveness plants the Cross upon that shore  
Those gods of stone had swept with crimson tides;  
Like Eddystone the Cross the tempest rides!



60      The Sword of the Sleepers

The Alpine chamois hunter sometimes sees  
The mountain's forehead pelted with red hail ;  
Below sees summer showers gild the trees,  
And sunshine clasp in loving arms the vale ;  
So Calumny the giant's head assaults,  
While pigmies hide their faces in their faults.

It wakes a sigh when coursing some strange shore  
To see first-littered sons enthroned as Kings,  
Their names bedaubed on domes some giant bore  
From dreamland's chaos upon fancy's wings,  
Themselves the spawn of wet-nursed, pap-fed praises ;  
Ye gods!    What men of mud mad Fortune raises !

Night's Queen has grown to womanhood to-night,  
And rains her glances on the shore and bay,  
And boys and girls, like opals of strange light,  
A necklace wind around it as they stray.  
Hark!    Hear that chorus from the silence ring!  
Italian boys and nightingales must sing.

I climbed the campanile on the morn ;  
The sea was raging like a baited boar,  
Old Boreas was sounding his hoarse horn,  
The mountains answered back the surges' roar.  
My fancy heard a legion's Titan tramp,  
'Twas Cæsar's tenth!    'Tis Victory's sons home-  
camp !



O Rome! world conquering, Olympian Rome!  
How oft in childhood, curled within some nook,  
I made your forums, temples, senate-house my  
home.

I toiled with Sallust through his well-thumbed book,  
With Cæsar's legions trod that Rhinish wild,  
Heard Tully thunder to a half-stunned child ;

Saw your sweet singer ope the gates of Troy,  
And lead Æneas o'er the tideless main  
To share with Dido her tempestuous joy,  
And flounder through Charybdis, and still gain  
The tawny Tiber's banks, and stake a town,  
Shall fill all times, all climes with her renown.

Who has not seen Leviathan arise  
From out the sea? A rift of smoke, a cloud,  
Then funnel, pennant, topmast scrape the sky ;  
Then the Cimmerian hull, the stay, the shroud,  
And last those eyes of hell, and imps of hell  
Who teach their lightning's tales their thunders tell.

So Rome from shadows grew ; so, too, man grows,  
At first a baby bawling in his mother's arms,  
At last an Atlas ; so a river flows,  
At first a brook that sings of Sylvia's charms,  
At last an Amazon within whose hand  
The navies of the world would never strand.

62      The Sword of the Sleepers

Her trail was ever tracked with gouts of gore!  
Life was a bubble floating on the wind  
To break in froth against death's dreamless shore;  
Great Man, God's image, was a nameless hind,  
Was fed for ordure to the soil in Gaul,  
Or piled for logs to build some trenching wall.

And in Dalmatia now where'er we go  
The screaming bugle scares the sleeping morn;  
Awakes those still-mouthed Titans forged to mow  
Down lads by trench-fulls who were born  
In cotes where mothers fed upon their breath,  
And hugged them to their hearts in fear of death;

Yes, see in weekly Argosies sweet boys,  
Before their foster-mother lays her paw  
Upon their heads, sail off to find the joys  
And aches of exiles in strange lands, where Law,  
Not guns, and not the bludgeon blade of Might  
Is King, and robbing birds' nests never right.

What State has reached a hoary age without  
An army? None! Has not the harpy hand  
Ere long made rich estates its prey? No doubt!  
But 'tis on hearts, not bayonets, States stand;  
Naught conquers Spartan love and Spartan will;  
The Mississippi, damned, will thunder still.

## VICTOR EMMANUEL

You know my name, and Italy knows well  
My cow-boy face. I wear my heart there, plain  
As if Apollo knew the Savoy strain  
And painted it as true as sun could tell.  
I fed for ages on our mountain air,  
And chased the chamois on our snow-kissed heights,  
And knelt to Freedom in her delphic dell—  
That mountain nymph, so bronzed and debonnair!  
I watched the soaring eagle's glacial flights,  
And hungered to extend our Alpine lair  
Till Italy should revel in its sights.  
'Twas no earth-hunger madness that would gain  
More roods to rule! No! 'twas a knightly hope  
That Liberty might have imperial scope!

## A TRIPLE TRAGEDY

LACROMA! Gouts of blood besmear your walls!  
'Twas here Ambition sighed to be a king  
And flaunt a crown in Montezuma's halls,  
Became a rag of sovereignty, a thing  
Of clay among young Aztecs fierce to school  
Themselves, and read their stars by Freedom's rule.

Lo, that red dragon spouting slaughter worse  
Than Alaric! 'Twas whelped in Corsica;  
It dragged from Lisbon to the Kremlin hearse  
On hearse till Europe was a sepulchre,  
And Liberty's affrights and Monarch's tears  
Shook the great firmament with giant fears!

O God! Would not one son of Baal do?  
No! On the heels of genius crawled its ghost,  
A pigmy's foot that craved a giant's shoe.  
And why that holocaust? Go ask the host  
Who bit the scythe of Leipsic and Sedan!  
Both they would answer were the scourge of man.

At length this pestilence invades the West ;  
 America in arms, a million men  
 Protest this is no robber baron's nest  
 Whose bloody pennant soils the sky, no pen,  
 No styæ fœtid with freemen's flesh and blood !  
 Here pen and spade are king ! This stays the flood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Rudolph ! Life to you was always spring,  
 Sowing wild oats instead of golden wheat ;  
 For hope past cure some bitter rue I bring,  
 And wish life's honeymoon had been more sweet.  
 That pity Age pays Youth, storm-smitten, take,  
 And seraph choirs greet you when you wake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elizabeth ! 'Twas always morn, those days  
 Within these cloisters with your princely boy  
 Among these ilexes and myrtle bays.  
 Oh ! God may have Himself some holier joy  
 Than hers who spins the thread Cornelia spun,  
 But no such rapture ever saw this sun.

Diana pants for breath in this pent home,  
 And on Corcyra finds a heavenlier eyrie,  
 Where eagle eyes o'er purple peaks can roam,  
 And builds a nest is fit to cage a peri ;  
 But Fate, black Fate—'twas like the hand of Time  
 Revolving !—seized her ere her silver rime.

## PEACE LYRICS

'Twas sunset on Corcyra's beetling steep  
That holds at bay the fierce Ionian's rage !  
I scanned, afar, Dalmatia's glittering sweep,  
Where nations chased their ghosts for many an age ;  
And, near, the Bride of Adria's fortresses,  
Twin sentinels upon twin buttresses.

Below and curled about the headland's feet  
The wolves of war of three great nations slept  
With muzzles on their hungry mouths of sleet.  
As sunset's fingers 'cross the waters crept,  
A milk-white gull—was this the soul of peace?—  
Sailed o'er those ships and that fair isle of Greece ;

And when the signal-gun awoke the bay,  
The pennants of the thunder's sons and queen  
Made sweet obeisance to the dying day,  
And paled their glories in its golden sheen.  
When Night and Day announce their wedding-tryst  
Peace sits with folded wings on war's mailed fist.



These States are cauldrons, hot with jealousies,  
They brandish bludgeons at each other's breast ;  
These smiles are nought but syren courtesies,  
The fires, now banked, are the volcano's rest  
That rages 'neath the crust and eats its smoke,  
But dams its lavas for an Etna stroke.

Since Sin was born 'twas thus, 'twill ever be !  
Europe the Asian smote ; the short-sword, Greeks ;  
The club of Thor taught those to bend the knee ;  
The scimitar smote them upon both cheeks.  
The life of nations, like the life of man,  
Has birth and death, but strides a longer span.

What ! shall Bellona like a cannibal  
Grind children of God's image in his jaws  
And make of freedom's feast a funeral ?  
Tear out our hearts and in his harpy claws  
Hold them before our wives' and children's eyes,  
And be as deaf as Death to Pity's cries ?

What ! shall a nation be a duellist,  
A bandit's hand upon a brother's throat,  
A beast, and of all beasts the cruellest ?  
Why dig a graveyard like a castle moat  
For some chimera that can blind the eyes  
As rank miasmas hide the weeping skies ?

The battle's gauntlet is the gambler's throw!  
While childhood sleeps within his downy nest  
Behold the buzzard swoop upon the foe  
And drive his steel-shod talons in his breast!  
A rain-storm may a giant's legions stay,  
Some mist that hides the sun may lose the day—

And then a triple crown shall bite the dust,  
A splendour shamed Aurora's glory fail,  
Some shield, a mimic sun! turn red with rust,  
A valour, faced as icebergs face a gale,  
Shall melt before the rage of Syracuse  
To die as rats within a stinking sluice.

Ye children of Gethsemane, obey  
The holy hest of Olivet you teach!  
Build no high pyres on which your sons you flay;  
No, strew no smoking wrecks along your beach.  
Build ye a Court of Nations! Here shall Law  
Dam up that torrent thunders through War's maw.



## CELESTIAL MUSE

STAY! Stay! dread Angel! Oh, forgive our pride,  
And strand us not upon the tideless shore  
To feed upon a dreamless sea's cast store.  
No argosies returning with the tide!

Come! Come! sweet nymph! 'Tis when the  
stifled heart

Can find no balm to staunch its gaping wound,  
No lure to hold at bay gaunt sorrow's hound,  
No sweet nepenthe and no syren art,

That you, celestial Muse, undo the bolt  
And set ajar the bloodied, hyssoped door,  
And enter in and hush the heart's revolt,  
And chain the storm and still its maddening roar;

'Tis you, dear friend, who grasp the groping hands  
And lead the fainting feet to fairy lands.

## TWO QUEENS

PRAY why, fair Italy, did God crown you  
The diadem of this queen continent ?  
The Praries' sons, thorn-crowned, must e'er pursue  
The sweating furrow our kind Mother lent  
To Fortune but ne'er starred with verdure's beauty ;  
But bands of love are steel and banns of duty !

The lark here leads the chorus of the morn,  
The waking sun sings psalms to your glad heart,  
Your liquid tongue of rippling rills was born,  
Your lays of toil the twilight echoes start ;  
Those ribs of rock that rim your storm-tost field  
The Potter baked of clay volcanoes yield.

Venice at last ! Her fens our sea-flight end ;  
This peri has no peer save Crescent's queen,  
Whose purple minarets with mountains blend ;  
Both revel in the water's dancing sheen.  
'Twas Man made Venice, God conceived Stamboul ;  
Their art sprang Venus-like from Nature's school.

A ribbon chains Ægea's queen ; and where  
Have giant mountains stepped aside to frame  
A phantasy of Nature such as there ?  
Aqueous paths and peacock domes of fame  
Have haloed Adria's queen with such a glory  
As shames in love and war a poet's story.

The fulcrum that could lift the world the Turks  
Have held for fifty decades, drenched in tears ;  
And still he loves the battle smoke, nor shirks  
The firing line, and scorns Bellona's fears ;  
Lend him a Cæsar and the tideless seas  
Will hear Muezzin's music fright the breeze !

Come stand within the turbaned parliament !  
They wear Minerva's robe with dignity,  
You'd think that Reason had her sceptre lent  
And party madness was a phantasy ;  
Mother of Parliaments ! and you her Sons !  
Show to this stormy petrel hearts, not guns !

But shall the Koran be their purblind rule  
Of life ? Shall Mecca's madness cheat their eyes,  
Forbid their feet to enter wisdom's school  
And learn how she is Christian, serpent wise ?  
Then come again, thou sword of Charles Martel !  
Teach Europe's chimes to toll the Turk's farewell !

Her sister has no resurrection day ;  
When on the highway 'twixt the East and West,  
A carrier-pigeon, lateen-winged, her May  
Waxed into summer ; but her greed of conquest  
This Cassandra of Republics curst,  
She fell as Satan fell, from worse to worst.

'Twas Gama closed and clasped her book of fate  
When loomed upon his straining sight Cape Hope,  
And threw ajar that watery, double gate  
Round Afric's awful bulk a puny rope  
Of shifting sand had bound to Asia when  
Frail Suez was a camel track and fen.

Old Dandalo was blind ; but what a vision  
Had he descried Stamboul from St. Mark's Square!  
From out his head, full armed, sprang youth's  
decision ;  
He made the world's round hub his lion's lair ;  
We count our age by manly deeds, not years,  
Else mumbling jackdaws would be Delphi's peers.

He shot an arrow to the bending sky,  
And Christian corsairs kissed his white-plumed lance ;  
Another, transports hurried far and nigh ;  
Again ; the desert's children shook their trance :  
All swooping there where Asia bends her bow  
Propentis' haughty paladin brought low.

Swords of the Cross! You stayed that pilgrimage  
Would wrest the sepulchre from paynim hands  
To sack a brother's hearth with hell's worst rage,  
And hushed the dusty tramp of Christian bands  
To sow with swords and spears a friendly shore  
And drown an empire in a sea of gore.

Red Rhines of steaming lava coursed the sky  
And crimson islets in their currents flee,  
Volcanoes spout their hissing tongues on high,  
Thunders of hail beat down a saffron sea,  
Cohorts of horse charge o'er the ensanguined clouds,  
Headlands of flame are swept with writhing shrouds;

The souls of saints swim in your cruelties,  
Pale Charity turns scarlet at your rapes,  
The world stands still at your monstrosities,  
Angels—ay, devils, shudder at the shapes  
Of Riot, Rapine, conjured from the wreck  
Of cities hung about the Harlot's neck.

The splendours of Byzantine's Queen became  
Beneath the flames you lit a sobbing waste,  
Her golden temples but a shadeless name;  
Their embers sighed for rest from your mad haste  
For plunder, rending St. Sophia's veil  
To filch its gilded tassels; and the wail

Of fugitives outvoiced the Greek-tube's shout ;  
Myriads knelt begging of the weeping winds  
To hide their famine from this corsair route,  
Or sought a shelter of the rooks and hinds ;  
You melted fanes and palaces to glass,  
Fused Phidian gods of art to brass.

But Adria's history! It shames Romance!  
When commerce called with her stentorian voice—  
'Twas Jacob's voice, Trade does not trail the lance—  
Her madness in her quest beshrew all choice  
Of scruples, virtues vanished into night,  
'Twas Might made Right ; but Might has sometimes  
right ;

She stretched her buzzard claws to Egypt and  
Levant,  
To Ophir's goldfields, banks where lotus roves ;  
She heard Teheran carpet-looms' harsh chant,  
The hanging gardens found Euphrates loves,  
The Crimson Sea girdled with camel tracks,  
Her wares the Indies trundled on their backs ;

She combed her lion's mane within Stamboul,  
Corcyra and Ionia's weeping isles  
Taught Europe traffic's magic in her school ;  
Nursed Commerce youngest queen upon her wiles ;  
No nest of sea-birds on the tideless sea  
Was not her buzzing hive of industry.



Oh! But her palaces! By Persian peris  
Aladdin some and some by Saladin,  
And poised on trees—and so are eagles' eyries—  
Whene'er some knight or giaour sought to win  
Some Cyprian queen he reared a gilded cage  
Where birds of paradise could laugh at age.

Her streets! Like swans' necks circling in and out,  
Or country lanes that wander where the whim  
Of some bell-wether led; these wanderers scout  
Along the shores of isles the ocean's brim  
Has cut and hide their nests from enemies  
Have longed to suck their eggs for centuries.

'Twas steel-winged guns that bridged that space  
From lodge to quarry and Europe's scourge,—  
That torch of freedom to a sand-blind race  
Which burnt to cinders tyrannies, that purge  
And physic first, at last that pestilence—  
Who hugged the brand of war and scorned offence;  
He staked a state to buy a single heir,  
But gnawed the bones of millions in his lair.

A noble forum is the Doge's square,  
A relict of the Roman agora;  
Its roof and rafters are the sun-shot air;  
A town can shelter in this pergola,  
Whose walls are fanes of Saracenic art  
Promethean sprung from St. Sophia's heart.

This agora—it was one eve in June—  
Was rhapsodal with gaiety and people ;  
It smiled beneath the sunshine of the moon  
That in a sea of splendour bathed its steeple  
And chased shy maids within her dusky cloister  
To coquet with the ghosts love there to royster ;

Three score or more gold-throated orioles  
Threw their enchantments o'er the multitude ;  
The music breathes and sighs and caricoles !  
It halts and hark ! a flute's sweet solitude  
With plaintive magic soothes the wilderness  
As Cynthia when she Night's lips would press.

That night I took a gondola, my Love  
And I ; the moon was showering gems and pearls  
In diadems and necklaces ; we'll roam,  
We said, where fickle Fancy leads ; what whirls  
The paddle makes ! We glide, we swim  
In silver through the Bridge of Sighs, now dim

With agonies ; we skirt the jail, that hell  
Of Saints who loved their country more than life ;  
Beneath the great dome's shade our beads we tell,  
Find Collione, still half mad with strife ;  
But night would wane, day dawn ere I had told  
The glories of that night that glow like gold.



## FABIAN

HE was a lovely child !  
His birthday cry was like a palan wild  
That some ancestral sire,  
With tongue attuned to Wisdom's lyre,  
Had taught him on that sounding shore  
From where the eternal echoes run,  
Those voices of the Evermore,  
More glorious than the sun.

At dawn, at eve you kissed his feet ;  
You fed upon his smile ;  
He was your demi-god ;  
How when the Fever paints his cheek  
You run his wistful beckonings to greet,  
His panting breathings with what grace beguile ;  
Oh ! How you bent your back beneath the rod,  
You were so meek, so weak !

He was a wondrous boy,  
He loved the dripping blade, the rolling ball ;  
He loved Hymettus and the everglade ;  
What toil could e'er his spirit pall ?

Sooner the eagle's plumes were laid !  
 Song kissed his lips, Joy was his queen,  
 Knowledge his playmate, Language his toy  
 He bounds thro' books as does a fawn across a green ;  
 The packs that stagger others he shoulders with joy.

And he was Wisdom's lad !  
 'Twas Conquest made his stout heart glad !  
 Ere Manhood woke the genii of this world  
 Had handed him the seven great Keys  
 Unlock her treasure-learnings ;  
 While other lads their baubles twirled  
 His were the Isis' turnings,  
 Her goals and meadows, halls and classic trees ;  
 And young Marcellus left her banks  
 To win new goals in Harvard's surging ranks !

A soldier now in war's mad game,  
 His soul aglow with Glory's flame !  
 'Tis honour is the soldier's shibboleth  
 And death his immolation ;  
 To go to God with an exultant breath  
 His canon of salvation.

But now the great Creator said  
     This child must sleep,  
 These eager eyes shall never weep  
     At Man's ingratitude,

Man's vulture-heart, Man's hates, Man's wrong,  
His cankers, leprosies and passions rude ;  
Nor shall the golden Goal, Defeat, Despair  
Stamp on his smiling face the brand of Care ;

No! No! This son shall not devour  
The husks with which My myrmidons are fed,  
Nor to the whirlwinds bare his head,  
Nor shudder when the storm-clouds lower,  
Nor cringe at Envy's tooth, Injustice's thong  
That gnaw the heart and tear the flesh ;  
Parnassian suns and meadows fresh,  
Faith's star that leads the sons of light  
And floods with silver Disappointment's night ;  
A name as stainless as the shining shield  
With which My knights of old have swept the field,  
These! These! But naught of anguish! Naught  
of blight!

Yes! Yes! 'Tis best  
This child should rest!  
His purpose, so beneficent,  
His horoscope, magnificent,  
Must lose its quest ; My son must rest ;  
My King of Day shall sour his milk of gladness,  
Bewitch his brain and turn his sword,  
Tempered by sadness,

Against himself; 'tis thus My Word,  
So far, no farther shalt thou go, shall grow,  
For My behests shall through all ages flow,  
My laws must Man and Earth and Heaven know.

## VAL DE BRUNO

I HEARD the réveillé one springtide morn,  
And rose and bound my wings upon my feet,  
And sallied forth to smell the scented thorn  
And greet the lark, and on the mountain meet  
With loving arms the loving Lord of Day,  
And drink a goblet of his golden ray ;

And soon the nymphs asleep within the bay,  
The kine upon the hill, the echoes in the dell,  
Awoke with chanticleer upon this morn in May ;  
The cottar felt the magic of the spell,  
Threw wide his door, threw wide his thirsting chest,  
And drank to God a beaker for his rest.

I tramped full many a mile the stone-shod trail  
That hangs upon the cliff o'erhangs the sea,  
To find that lovely Adriatic vale  
Where summer always gambols on the lea,  
And maids, are costumed by the rosy dawn,  
Bound up the mountain-side as bounds the fawn.

The Hours may ache, here, in their mill of toil,  
But hearts ne'er ache! they sip the crystal air;  
They sing at work, these children of the soil,—  
This sun-brown peasantry who do and dare!—  
The wine of Greece runs riot in their veins,—  
Athena's blood with few barbaric stains.

The Ages' scions built these terraces,  
These hanging vineyards, groves and climbing ways,  
These cubicles Content calls palaces,  
This necklace round the mountain's bosom strays;  
The sun that hides its visage in the vine,  
When on these vineyards has it failed to shine?

My way I asked some toiler on the steep;  
His answer came as from some echoing horn  
That rang from crag to cliff across the deep  
Ravine an earthquake through the hills had torn  
To frame a lake of indigo, whose charms  
A headland holds within its scarlet arms.

Behold the kine! like flies upon the hills!  
Hear, hear the merry chorus of their bells!  
Here Peace and Plenty ripple with the rills;  
'Tis only man whose heart with sorrow wells;  
'Tis he whose fate has been the sterner part,  
To famish on those cares that eat the heart.

Far up the vale, there, where the sea is stayed,  
The village sleeps 'mid alabaster walls  
And crimson pergolas of roses made ;  
And now a voice across the valleys calls ;  
Those sentinels we see are cypress trees ;  
The breath of orange groves 'tis freights the breeze ;

Those caryatides now winding down  
Are maids with burdens on their turbaned heads,  
Returning homewards from the market town ;  
Is it on air the mountain maiden treads ?  
Then why such gaiety and stalwart grace,  
Such smiles of sunshine ravishing the face ?

The sower scattering his winged grain,  
The shepherd loitering within yon shade  
For one lone lamb that from the fold has strayed,  
The blue-eyed flax now fluttering from the blade,  
The virgin's shrine that keeps the virgins pure.  
The loving hearth that makes old age secure—

These are the symbols of a peasantry  
That make a nation, make it strong and brave !  
'Tis freemen are the safest dynasty !  
When thunders shake the state 'tis they can save ;  
'Tis on their sunburnt backs her ægis stands ;  
'Tis they, not Privilege, are Gordian bands.



## THE GRISLY'S GRAVE

DEAD? Dead? Yes, dead!  
This Titan of wild beasts,  
This hero of a hundred fights,  
This glutton of a hundred feasts!  
Here on the Selkirks' frowning heights  
He lays his heavy head.

Dead? Dead? Yes, dead!  
His graveyard is no glen,  
No, nor a fitch of emerald dale;  
It is a glacier's den,  
His requiem the torrent's wail,  
His shrine a rock-shod bed.

Dead! Dead! Yes, dead!  
This overlord of beasts!  
The hail, the hurricane's mad roar,  
These are his chanting priests,  
His bier a granite floor,  
His pall the water-shed.



## THE CRUSADER'S CRIME.

IF you, Illyria, were a country maiden,  
Fancy-free, and I were young Antinous,  
I'd come each morn, with arms are flower-laden,  
And weave them in your tresses, soft and sinuous!  
And press upon your lips the fondest kisses  
A god could find 'mid his Elysian blisses.

There are few lords of earth in these fair lands,  
'Tis women tend the markets, till the fields,  
With faces like the dawn, but horny hands,  
Though some wear crested helmets on their shields;  
The men! Where are they? Ask the Western  
    morn,  
Those echoes sleep within the Golden Horn!

At Zara, here, we meet the old Crusaders,  
Those argonauts who sought the Holy Grail;  
'Twas Venice made those knights invaders,  
Marauders, and stained with blood that mail,—  
The triple crown, all Christendom had blessed!—  
By raining hell on Innocence distress.

But turn your eyes to those Cyclopean walls,  
 That fortress lifts its head above the clouds!  
 'Twas when those paladins the town in palls  
 Had wrapt, the sword of Chivalry in shrouds,  
 That Venice raised that keep to frighten slaves—  
 Great Ætna's terrors hurled by Titan knaves!

Zara Italiana! Rome was your mother,  
 Ye foster-sons of Greece and Troy! What sons  
 Had nobler sires? In Time's tempestuous weather,  
 When Earth was drunk with Night these were the  
                   suns

Illumed those darkest ages with their light,  
 And lent a mellow radiance to the night.

Cassandra? No! But Aphrodite now!  
 And all your virtues unto learning lean;  
 'Tis Courtesy that greets us with her bow;  
 The very air has such a kindly mein;  
 There is more beauty in your children's faces,  
 Than hid its blush since Greece was rose of races.

The fisher meets the morn upon the mere;  
 The tradesman traffics in a mimic palace;  
 Thrift grasps the hand once Famine held severe;  
 Apollo and the Muses are your solace;  
 Your purse is small but opens with a laugh;  
 No cup by Temperance your lips will quaff.

Yes, and your wines! Your Maraschino!  
When Jupiter a symphony would give  
To all his gods he wanted some rare vine  
Would make a heavenlier Olympus live;  
And Bacchus and Silenus both declared  
That no elixir e'er with yours compared.

To-day I saw Crespina digging bones  
At San Grisógono's inebriate dome,  
Whose ninety decades have so wrecked its stones,  
That Fortunatus' purse regilds this home  
Of acolites! bones! bones! a leg! a jaw!  
The worms are the last sheriffs of the law.

How gorgeous are these Romish ceremonies!  
They put the cope on our simplicities;  
Her coliseums shake with harmonies  
That sneer at Puritan felicities!  
But hearts are hearts, fanes fanes, and saints are  
saints,  
Caparisoned like peacocks or bedaubed with paints.

## OUR CLASS DAY

SWEET Maids and merry Swains,  
And Men and Matrons and soft Strains  
Of Harmony and youthful Rapture,  
The templed Lawn and dappled Shade,  
And Memories so loth to fade ;  
You Ghosts of Bye-gone Ages,  
    And you Groves of Learning,  
For which the heart of Boyhood rages,  
    And Age is ever yearning ;  
To-day all hearts you capture !

This pageantry of Joys  
That ends the college year !  
To-day the Graces rout,  
To-night is Cupid's revel ;  
No ghosts of Dread and Doubt,  
No hands at tasks still grovel ;  
We came her full-fledged boys,  
'Tis Manhood's trumpet now we hear !

I've wandered over many lands,  
I've bent my knees to Rome,  
And stood where Buddha's wonder stands,  
And 'neath the frozen dome ;  
I've trod the Sunset's golden sands,  
I've been a woodland gnome,  
And on the Isis' classic strands  
My silver feet could roam ;  
But wearied of these stranger lands,  
For Harvard was my home.

I've seen, oh ! many a wondrous sight,  
The work of Man and God :—  
Jehovah stride across the night,  
His feet with star-dust shod ;  
And Venice, when, the Bride of Light,  
The silver sea she trod ;  
Ten thousand saints in copes of white  
Come bow to Peter's rod ;  
And millions own the Brahmin's might  
And kiss the Brahmin's sod ;  
And ships in flight,  
And pageants bright ;  
But ne'er a more Parnassian sight,  
The work of Man or God,  
Than fame to-day and joy to-night,  
That wake at Harvard's nod.

## Our Class Day

I wandered thro' her groves to-day,  
 When June lay in the arms of May,  
 And all the college-world was gay,  
 And sang and danced a roundelay ;  
 And Youth and Beauty, hand in hand,  
 Lured hither by the Queen of Leisure,  
 Were sipping beakers brimmed with pleasure.  
 Such Merriment ! Delights !  
 They lift us to Andean heights  
     Of true, ecstatic joy,  
     That knows no base alloy.

Within the shadow of a tree,  
     A step away from all this gaiety,  
 I saw a woman robed in weeds,  
 That chrysalis that Sorrow breeds ;  
 How Sorrow like a buzzard feeds  
     Upon a famished heart !  
 Why stand you here apart ?  
 I asked, for I had known her long,  
 Come ! Join this merry throng  
 And with these revellers march along  
     And hear their sweet good-byes,  
     Their songs, their cheers  
     That shake the skies !  
 Come ! Dry your eyes and still your fears,  
     And on fair Harvard's day,

When Heaven and Earth are gay,  
Let your heart dance a roundelay.  
“Not so! Not so!” she said,  
And sadly shook her head.

I took her trembling hand, for I had loved  
her long,

And knew too well the cruel wrong  
That held her heavy eyes in trance.

“No! No! Oh no! My heart can never  
dance

Upon this day, this darkest day  
Of all these weary, weeping moons have  
brought!

There is a choking thought  
I cannot, never can gainsay.

Oh! I have longed for twenty years  
To see this day, this glad, proud day,  
And hear these farewell cheers;

Aye! Ever since my baby boy I laid  
Within his cradle I have prayed

That he might hear these rhapsodies that my  
ear hears.

Last year—it seems a century!—last year  
My boy, my only boy, grown man, was here;  
These men you see stalk through these gates  
Were then—forgive these tears!—his mates;



Two swift-winged months 'twas laid him on his  
bier !

Yes, 'tis indeed a glorious sight,  
But my sun wears the cowl of night."

I pressed upon her sobbing lips a kiss,  
And said: " You do not see me, mother dear,  
But I am here and ever near ;  
When Nineteen-Ten goes out to-night  
The horoscope will still be bright,  
For there are other worlds than this."

Another and another kiss !  
She longed to see that realm of bliss.



## THE SACRIFICE

ON the very tip-top of a laurel—  
'Twas the top of its quivering feather—  
A linnet was singing his carol,  
And facing the rage of the weather.

But his heart! 'Twas as light as the zephyr  
At play with the bud and the blossom!  
And his song! 'Twas as sweet as the heather  
The hillside has wrapt in her bosom!

Let the hurricane howl in the branches,  
Let the fog from the surges keep drifting  
Through the palm-trees so stiff on their haunches,  
And the thunder the rain-drops keep sifting.

There he sat in the top of the laurel  
With his face to the wind and the weather  
Till a goshawk had strangled his carol  
And spattered with blood-stains the heather

## SUN PAINTED

(ON LAKE LEMAN)

ENSCONCED within an ingle-nook between  
The mother of the storms and their frail child  
Time tapestries your sides. A glittering sheen  
Of golden light glides o'er your templed wild  
From out a sifting, fleeting gauze of mist ;  
The sun for hours has climbed the Eastern steep,  
And stands beside the well-curb, drawing deep  
To fill the upturned mouths of climbing fields ;  
He hangs on Heaven's high pillar two tall shields,  
Bon Port is veiled as for her wedding tryst !  
Dent Midi shakes her mane and shows her teeth ;  
Her frozen daughter glows beneath the heat,  
And winds her forehead with a lily wreath.  
Man ! Man ! kneel down and kiss great Nature's  
feet !

## LOVE'S LAMENT

MAN'S days are deserts with no star  
To guide his steps through the mirage,  
To lift his barque across the bar  
Or ope the vista of some Taj !

We hear the echo of his song,  
We hear his laughter shut the door,  
To ope that gate of love e'er long  
With laughter sweeter than before.

What hart e'er leaped with lighter bound  
Than when he bounded up the stair ?  
What lark e'er hymned a sweeter sound  
Than when his greeting woke the air ?

No, never in that heaven of years  
Did he lead home the ghost of care,  
And ne'er did disappointment's tears  
Benumb as ice-tears freeze the air !

The sun of peace shone day and night ;  
It slept with him where'er he slept  
As if there were some echoing light  
Apollo shed and Day had kept.

Dear Love! You have chameleon's charms ;  
Your fairest roses crown the bride,  
And you are saddest when your arms  
Have laid some angel child aside.

## THE SEA-WOLVES' LAIR

OLD Venice frowns as you this portal enter ;  
These alligator mouths have brazen throats ;  
No longer now the Universe's centre,  
The Hapsburg sits upon her crumbling moats ;  
This cave of winds a bottle that he corks  
To cage his sea-wolves and his steel-beaked hawks !

And here are painted saints and peacock domes  
And vaulted wagon-roofs of fretted stone,  
And marble faces ; where the sea-wolf roams  
No eyes of flame light such a glacial zone,  
Three score and more, and never two alike,  
Clay cameos ; ghosts' heads upon a pike !

'Tis Thommasseo is the peoples' pride ;  
This rugged poet loved the rugged hind ;  
'Twas here life's fervid day-dream dawned and died ;  
His face is marble, but his heart is shrined  
In hearts that beat, as beats sirocco's wind  
On these grey crags, hot, flower-scented, kind.

And ye, whose vistas are but walls of brick,  
Whose faces on the wheel of toil are ground,  
Whose universe is your own bailiwick,  
Know ye, all hearts are echoes of one sound,  
And East and West, the Christian, Croat are  
brothers,  
All people's children of the same old mothers.

These sons, so sunburnt, and these buxom daughters  
Have blood as blue, and hearts as true as yours,  
Oft truer, bluer; Care less often slaughters  
Their blushing cheeks; and Pride less often pours  
Its vitriol in their veins; those sirens, too,  
Ambition, Greed, their ears with softer voices woo.

But Harlequin still sucks his country's milk,  
Parades his clothes—a clothes'-horse in himself!—  
As idle as a popinjay of silk,  
Listed for a target for a paltry pelf,  
The pride of milk-eyed maids who buttons love,  
He sighs for war as sighs the amorous dove.

War makes a machine of a man,  
Smothers the sense Nature granted;  
Mixes white wheat and black bran,  
Treads on the seeds she has planted,  
Stretches all men on one bed.

The longest the shortest can tell,  
Bows to heels instead of the head,  
Makes ikons of parasangs trod,  
Sets a fiend in the shoes of his God  
To make of this paradise hell.

Lift up, lift up your heads, ye Sons of Peace,  
Who tread her slums and hedgerows, fain to teach  
Sweet concord! Yours not War's the Golden Fleece!  
When, when did Buddha, Christ or Prophet reach  
So high to fling a pennon to the sky?  
Spread, Winds, its folds and lure the statesman's eye!

## ISLES OF THE BLEST

THOSE alabaster walls that St. John sees,  
And draws with whirlwind pen in Revelation !  
And was he wafted there by seraph breeze,  
Or is his lay sublimity's creation ?

Those jasper halls, those gates of pearl, that realm  
That rings with hymns of praise through tideless  
days,

Ten thousand times ten thousand voices raise !  
Are these but dreams our spirit-eyes o'erwhelm ?

No woes ! No sighs ! No blood ! No famished eyes !  
What cohorts of cloud-girdled cherubim,  
What choirs of golden-throated seraphim  
Are marshalled on those plains among the skies !

The serpent tempts with syren fruit no more,  
For joy alone can cross that tideless shore.

This is the Christian's heaven. Pagans, too,  
Had their Elysian islands of the blest,  
Whose stadia immortal warriors woo ;  
No bower of song ! No haven of unrest !



The hand the discus hurls ; the chariot still  
The circus sweeps with smoking wheel ; the goal  
Their burning feet still seek ; the boxer's skill  
Impales his fist ; the keel still scorns the shoal.

Euterpe still scales her ethereal heights ;  
Achilles still turns heroes' faces pale ;  
Still tongues of gold the victor's footsteps hail ;  
Philosophy essays sublimest flights !

O God ! But grant our thirsting souls above,  
Loved this on earth, some semblance of that love.

## FELLSMERE

PHANTOM-HAUNTED and forsaken ! These  
Are ghosts are moaning to the breeze !  
What dirges haunt this howling brook,  
This page ripped out of Nature's book,  
This weeping sky, wan fell, and purple sea !

Now goblins stalk across the lea ;  
The screams of goshawks scare the breeze,  
And yell their farewells to the trees ;  
Deserted ! yes, deserted all !  
No voice save voiceless Solitude's cold call !

But why ? oh, why deserted so ?  
Why, why no longer does the glow  
Of love disport upon this lawn ?  
Why does no lark regale the dawn ?  
Where is the wizard called to life,

The lover shut the heart of strife,  
Lured Eden out of Nature's womb,  
Threw wide the portals of her tomb ?  
Gone ! Gone ! Gone to that voiceless land,  
Where only shadeless shadows grasp his hand !

## A DALMATIAN GEM

HERE is a hamlet Hellenic !  
Tragórium 'twas to the Cæsars,  
Tróger to pristine Croatians,  
And plain Trau to the hind of Dalmatia.  
Tho' 'tis an isle 'tis a cherub,  
A babe in a basket of rushes ;  
Held in the hands of the narrows,  
These loving and azurine waters,  
Mediterranean waters,  
That hug her with motherly fondness.

Venice 'tis sits in the gateway,  
Her sentinel lion triumphant ;  
When she had glutted a province  
She stationed this bandit to guard it !  
Oh ! but the sun of this planet,  
Its gem is its baby cathedral,  
Fit for St. Catherine's penance !  
For thirty decades was it growing,  
Planted when the holy Crusaders  
In that gorgeous and hungry procession,  
Crawled to the kingdom of Allah  
To rescue the tomb of our Lord.

Silently step, loving pilgrims !  
Those are worshippers bent at the altar ;  
Open both eyes at this archway,  
It is fit for the portal of Heaven.  
Spurn not the choir, 'twas hollowed  
To echo the chorals of angels ;  
Yes, and this holy of holies !  
These angels awoke from the marble,  
Called by the blast of the trumpet,  
Will waken the dead at their rising :  
Here is a hand-painted missal  
Whose picturing ate up a lifetime,  
Sketched by a priest in his cloister  
With a pen had been lent by a raven.  
When have you seen such a coping,  
A wagon-roof flaming with faces ?  
Sleep ! and sleep sweetly, Orsini !  
Who sleeps in a heavenlier haven ?

Now to the Loggia hasten,  
For here 'twas the Seniori sat ;  
Justice, not blended by patience  
And not the frankincense of mercy,  
Here from the bludgeons of Dracoës  
Was rained like the lavas of doom.  
See, see these stones, smell of murders !  
It was here stood the horrible headsman,  
Never a breath for repentance,  
The lightning and then roared the crash.

Come, let us go to the castle ;  
San Michilé 'twas fathered its tower—  
Spoiled by the hands of the Ages !  
And another old vandal is rampant,  
Prying from out the foundations,  
An heirloom to melt into mortar.  
Maidens, with cheeks like the blushes  
Of the echoing light on the snow-fields  
After Aurora has vanished,  
Are casting big head-loads of pillage.  
Give them the smile of a pittance,  
And they'll give you the smile of the Virgin ;  
Men, so they seemed by their vesture,  
Sat watching ; so Rome in the circus  
Watched when the lions ate martyrs.  
But what of that staggering minster ?  
Built when bold William the Norman  
Was feasting his sword upon Saxons ;  
Called for sweet Barbara, sainted,  
Whom Palma the Elder translated !  
Shadows now stretch out their fingers  
Which often bring scourge in their grip ;  
Back, let us back to the piazza  
Where Phæton long has been fretting ;  
Good-bye to you, pigmy cathedral,  
And the same, too, to you, campanile !  
Good-bye to Aurora, emerging  
To light up the pines' candelabra !

Good-bye to the roses of purple  
And the daisies now closing their eyelids ;  
Good-bye, too, to you, sweetest bud of  
Dalmatia ! A kiss and a blessing !  
No ! not a kiss, tho' I'd like it !  
For my Love has the eyes of an eagle.

## FORTUNATUS

My country! Charms are yours no land  
Exceeds! 'Tis home; but hell was home  
To Satan, Rome to Hildebrand,  
That king of kings Fate doomed to roam,  
And fatten vultures on an exile's heart;  
'Tis not your fireside joys I sing,  
Something akin and yet apart;  
This is the garland I would bring,  
Those sweet and fortunate delights  
That Fortunatus gives his wights.

See Europe shiver at the sword!  
There every land is legion-mad,  
And every roof is danger-clad,  
And every hearth is soldier-sad;  
But you, my land, are harvest-fed,  
Your every sunrise glows with red,  
No ghosts of warfare haunt your bed,  
And every voice is Freedom's word.

## ADRIATIC ISLES

ALL ye who love the curlew's cry, love views  
Of headlands swim in seas, love fern and fell,  
And with a dotting lover's eye can choose  
Those ingle-nooks with magic in their spell,  
Come to Dalmatia, feast upon the hoard  
Of bounties Nature piles upon her board !

For we, my Love and I, have cruised full far,—  
To where mid ice-floes roves Alaska's bear,  
To zones where in the Crescent sleeps the Star,  
Where pigmy-giants soft kimonos wear,  
Nor found more woodland fanes where Grandeur  
dwells,  
And nimble-fingered Fancy spins such spells.

Come see the Titans lift the skies yourself,  
That slippered ease that lips of life and love ;  
Nor are there corsairs now grasping for pelf  
Who watch with Argus' eyes a sleeping shore ;  
'Tis no Eubœa, no Arcadian wild,  
These glens were glades when Venice was a child !



Between the surf and those Cyclopiian hills  
 Lessina nestles like a blushing maid  
 Whose heart is trembling with unwonted thrills  
 When love-lit eyes espy her in some glade ;  
 A castled crown upon her forehead rests ;  
 This Venice coins to guard her cuckoo-nests.

What brazen battlements Venetia raised  
 And guarded with the roar of her winged lion  
 The sea-shoals still have palace-faces raised  
 When Adria's bride was but the Ages' scion ;  
 Hyenas could hold her lion's wand,  
 And half a world slipt thro' their nerveless hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Busi ! Here's a cave of indigo.  
 Is it some haven timid mermaids made  
 For shelter, when Borean tempests blow ?  
 Or is it some subaqueous, Delphic shade ?  
 Lo, when it glistens in Aurora's beams  
 The sea-nymphs shine with iridescent gleams !

\* \* \* \* \*

At Lissa Adriatic's Malta lies ;  
 The Roman eagle watched his enemies  
 From yon grey crag ; his thunderous cries,  
 Cracking the air, I hear, as down he flies  
 Swift as a fork of lightning, clutches his prey,  
 There where that iron island shuts the bay.

'Twas here St. George had once a lion's lair ;  
 Here Nelson's heroes after Trafalgar  
 Counted their wounds, and ye, his foes, beware !  
 The lightning loves his demon ships of war ;  
 'Tis muzzled now and sleeps within his guns ;  
 The archers wing the bolts are Nelson's sons.

Briarian this people were ; they are !  
 When less in men and might than our Bay-State,  
 They clipt the Spaniard's wings, and rode the car  
 Bore Verulam and Avon, Titans' mate !  
 And now, with half the world within their hand,  
 The torch of liberty lights all their land.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those silkworms of the sea ! With Tritons, down  
 'Neath Neptune's myriad smiles, anemones  
 Their life-in-death fight wage till death shall drown—  
 They die to live again—death's enemies ;  
 Ages their mimic battle wages ! Men  
 Make coral gems of their sepulchral den.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis Zarra Vecchia ! 'Twas old Belgrade,  
 Croatia's Holy Grail in those dim ages  
 We use a telescope to see ; the trade  
 The Adriatic miser craved and rages  
 To clutch to-day here razed another Carthage  
 Some Marius may weep o'er in his dotage.

Her hills were purple then, her dales were blue !  
Here Colman came before the Doge's reign,  
A furious youth, a Norman bride to woo ;  
'Twas such a wedding feast ! What tears would stain  
Silenus' cheeks in Hades could he hear  
The flagons Bacchus drank of foaming beer !

No wedding but must have its funeral,  
Why gallop, Time, at such a furious pace  
With Bess of Hungary ? Why must the pall  
That draped her bier be draped with bridal lace ?  
Why must Dalmatia's maidens freedom wild,  
Hurl her from off the crags that nursed her child ?

\* \* \* \* \*

At Citta Vecchia we meet the Ages,  
Those walls the Bard of Chios might have seen  
And lit with fire upon his picture pages,  
And Baiæ's Bard could call a flickering sheen ;  
To one whose country counts a single moon,  
To tread where Pyrrhus trod is Fortune's boon.

But 'twas not always here a bower of roses !  
The sands of time once ran through pirates' dens,  
And one was where Mascara still reposes  
And hides her blushes from her crags and fens ;  
Yes, and those grisly monks, so hoar with age,  
And gorgons' lairs were once the corsairs' cage.

## A REQUIEM

MUST always sorrow,  
A bleeding heart and burning wounds,  
Awaken thee at dawn? at dead of night?  
    No sun to-morrow?  
Must still those ghoulis sounds  
That fright the sailor from the shoal  
    Ring in your ear?  
Is there no beacon light?  
    Is there no goal  
Thy feverish feet can reach  
Where you the morning-star can see,  
The peans of the lark can hear?  
Are there no jasper walls, no streets of gold,  
No gates of pearl on silver hinges fold?  
Those jaws of death, oh, are they iron jaws  
For ever bolted by God's laws?

Must ever this dull thud upon the beach,  
    These dirges of the sea,  
These moanings of the midnight owl,  
    This bell-buoy's growl,  
Which bellows warnings of the reef,  
    With diapasons shake the sky?

Your barque, but five short moons ago,  
Was swimming upon summer tides,  
Not plunging with its freight of woe ;  
Its white-winged pennon streaming high  
'Twas merry as the sea-mew when he glides  
Adown the flashings of the Sun-God's eye,  
When sunrise wakes the sleeping sea  
And fills the heart of morn with glee !

Death is a nightmare when no star,  
No glow illumes the fading skies,  
To light our steps across the bar  
As day on dusky pinions flies.

## NIOKE

THE churchyard yawned last night !  
The eye of nightmare saw a gloaming light  
That swathed the graves in gloom,  
And saw a spirit stalk from out a tomb,  
Had open'd those marble jaws  
The goaler, Death, has sealed for years,  
And on its threshold pause  
As if the moon's pale light had wakened fears.

Anon, I seemed to stand where roadways meet ;  
A roar, a crash, a cry !  
A concourse surged across a frenzied street ;  
I'd come to say good-bye.  
I feared my Love or sweet Antinous might—  
Ah! be that piteous sight  
That waved its bloody pleading hands on high ;  
But soon that eager heart  
Came flying, as in halcyon days of yore,  
To fright the ghosts of fear ;  
And now I felt those cheeks—the velvet of before!—  
That silver voice could hear ;

I saw the love-light in those tender eyes,  
The tear when Rapture cries  
And Gratitude with loving, longing charms  
The lost grasps in its arms ;  
And once again I felt those clinging lips  
Imprint their honey-trace,—  
Sweeter than humming bird from blue-bell sips!—  
Of dew upon my face.  
No more the aching heart and stifling sigh!  
No banns with Death shall part!  
O Cerberus ! are all your horrors shorn ?  
What ! This is Easter morn !



## MY FOREBEAR'S FAREWELL

FAREWELL, old Home! I love you well, God  
knows,  
And kneel and print my kiss upon your soil ;  
We stood by Harold 'gainst your robber foes,  
Helped wretch from John that shibboleth of toil.  
Our blood has warmed the hearts of chancellors,  
It fed the fount of liberty for centuries,  
It helped your barons frame your baby laws.  
And how did you repay these argosies ?  
Attainted my illustrious father's blood,  
Because too well he loved your coarse-mouthed king!  
Now I must don the vagrant palmer's hood  
And all my heirlooms to the four winds fling,  
Become a pilgrim, herd with savage men  
And beg my bread of the reluctant fen.



## THE UNFORGOTTEN

'Tis those who need us mourn !  
'Tis those have stayed the tide of tears,  
Our yoke of toil, of sorrow borne,  
Grown pale as paled the fading years ;

Have climbed with us the scowling hill,  
Have sunned with us within the vale,  
Have toiled the throbbing heart to still,  
And shared the shadow of the sail ;

Who cannot count upon his fingers  
The friends who love to hold his hands ?  
While Gladness runs 'tis Sadness lingers ;  
'Tis Sadness' hands are iron bands !

## RADETSKY

FIEND in the mask of man! and hanging on the edge  
Of earth till dropped into the gulf of hell!  
'Twas Freedom you would wreck upon the ledge  
Of Tyranny; 'twas in the reeking cell  
And loathsome fen that mountain nymph you'd  
    drown,  
Tearing from her head her myrtle crown  
To deck a tyrant's pageantry of blood!  
Her shrine of martyrdom your rage would flood  
With cruelties the tongue would blush to tell!  
Your grave was yawning, yet you scorned death's  
    pledge,  
Aye, scorned your God's and After-Ages' frown,  
And with a devil's front unblushing stood.  
Age had no pity for the heart of Youth,  
Strangled with noose and knout the voice of Truth.

## THE CARDINAL

A PUDDING'S features and a milestone's heart,  
Herodias' love, Ignatius' piety,  
A peasant's zeal to play a prince's part,  
A miser's greed, parrot's formality,  
A dancing dervish with a bandit's sword,  
A libertine with women, saint with priests,  
Freedom's assassin and a gambler's word ;  
At home a pinchbeck, glutton at high feasts,  
You held the sword of State and ruled the Church,  
Befooled the Pontifex, betrayed your peers,  
Lifted the vulture to the wood-dove's perch,  
Coined ingots out of widows', orphans' tears,  
And when within a harlot's arms you died,  
No one could sob, for all were satisfied.

## LINGUA MUSICA

WHEN sitting at your lattice while the twilights stay,  
And Luna bathes in silver sheen the virgin sea,  
Have you e'er heard the child of Italy at play  
And thought he learned his music of the linnet's  
    song ?

Or wondered whether Orpheus and Eurydice  
Were sponsors at the christening when this music  
    sprang

Into a speaking language in some far off year,  
And lisped its accents in the young child's ear ?

## BRUTUS

BRUTUS is my name,  
But not that son of Rome !  
This Cæsar was my foster-father,  
And lifted me to power !  
I stabbed him in the forum,  
But not to death, I fear,  
Because he sought to wear the crown  
His hand once placed on me.

Those three-and-thirty daggers  
That did to death great Julius  
All died in their own blood,  
And Dante sent their souls to hell  
To herd with Judas and his kin ;  
Appalling thought !

## CALUMNY

THE Alpine chamois-hunter sometimes sees  
The mountain's forehead pelted with fierce hail,  
Below sees summer showers gild the trees,  
And sunshine clasps in loving arms the vale ;  
So calumny the giant's head assaults  
While pigmies hide their faces in their faults.

## GOOD-NIGHT

“ OH ! you, mamma, have lovely eyes !”  
It was at eventide a child,  
Who, praying, in his cradle lies,  
These sweet words said in lispings mild.

That mother now is old and grey,  
That child a spirit far away ;  
But no one since had power to say  
Six words so sweet, so loved as they.

VENI! VIDI! VICI!

I CAME! I saw! I conquered! These words with  
wings

That sword had thrown a scabbard in the Thames,  
The Rhine, the Tigris, and the Guadalquiver,  
The Nile, and that thin stream Numidia hems  
To teach man's blood to flow as flows a river,  
Sent home to Rome to tell the Tiber how  
Its Scythian shadow made the Dnieper bow.



## FAIR TREBIZOND

O TREBIZOND ! Fair Trebizond  
Beside the Euxine sea,  
Of which my boyhood days were fond,  
My heart returns to thee !

When Cyrus had Cunaxa won  
And died upon the field,  
'Twas here those Greeks with Zenophon  
Bore him upon his shield.

And I, with that Ten Thousand, tramped  
Across that frozen plain ;  
And with them, night by night, encamped,  
And with them murdered pain.

Again I hear the lusty cheer  
That smote the Asian sky ;  
They shout Thalassa ! in my ear  
And toss their spears on high.

## THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

O TYRANNY! What crimes are thine!  
In every age and every clime  
What heroes taunt you with their staring eyes!  
Millions of acres, drenched in blood,  
Made holy by the martyr's shrine,  
Blaspheme you to the skies;  
Can you not hear their cries?  
They wail as wails the Caspian flood  
In its great agony sublime.

Dear goddess of the sea and air,  
Sweet Aphrodite, blithe and fair,  
Glad daughter of the foaming sea  
And of the Zephyr, fond and free,  
Epitome of liberty!  
What men have loved thee, died for thee!

In those fair isles of far-off Greece  
That scarce in centuries knew peace,  
In that hard land, Imperial Rome,  
Where Janus' temple had its home,

And once was closed in all its years  
To widows' sobs and orphans' tears,  
What worshippers have knelt to thee,  
What men have loved and died for thee !

Since then the words but not the song has changed,  
For where the Alps in giant grandeur ranged,  
There you, fair nymph, in morning's garb arrayed,  
Defied the Fiend, ne'er awed and ne'er dismayed ;  
When Albion, too, was face to face with kings  
You were her patron saint, you forged her sword,  
Taught her those anthems Revolution sings,  
And smote the sea that she might find a ford ;  
What men there gave their loves to thee,  
What men there fought and died for thee !

See her fair sister ride the crimson flood  
And drive the Bourbons from their dragon-den !  
What if her meadows were a lake of blood,  
She paid the price to assert the rights of men ;  
And you, brave Italy, so long was Thraldom's home,  
What aches and agonies have you not borne  
That you might with this beauteous goddess roam  
As free as air and by no factions torn !  
When men, fair goddess of the free,  
When heroes loved and died for thee !

128      The Blood of the Martyrs

Nor were nor are these half thy devotees ;  
There is an empire wondrous as old Rome ;  
Like Rome the Hydra has it at his knees ;  
Come ! Come, great goddess, to this people come !  
Millions have loved, still love, your mountain song,  
And love is love though not by trumpets blown ;  
For weary years their hearts have cringed at Wrong ;  
Their love is caged ! But no, it has not flown !  
Legions have shed their blood for thee,  
Legions are exiles now for thee.

O God ! Is there no heaven of patriots,  
No hill where Gracchus and Demosthenes  
And martyrs loved their lands far more than life,  
Can share with these great dead their peerless lots,  
And hold communion on their days of strife ?  
Their blood has been the seed of States ! yes, these  
Have built them shrines within the Halls of Fame,  
Bestowed on fading ages an unfading name.

And these were one in glory  
And one within the grave ;  
This is their simple story,  
The fortune greets the brave ;

To linger on the tongues of men  
When ghosts and ghouls have fled,  
And be the theme of voice and pen  
When enmities are dead.

## THE DYNAST'S TYRANNY

WHAT man, unasked, should be my lord ?  
What vampire suck my country's blood,  
Or drench its meadows with a crimson flood ?  
What man, unloved, and of an alien race,  
Should ride upon the people's backs,  
And feed on suffrance, sword, and tax ?  
What robber-baron, standing at the ford,  
Should pilfer tolls and grind the toiler's face ?

What vulture fatten on my bones and flesh,  
Should bid me grind his corn and thresh  
His wheat, and doff my cap, and bend my knees,  
Or bid his jackals herd me in his cage  
To languish in the clutch of Famine's rage  
And in the winter of his frenzy freeze ?

Who has the right to sit astride  
My neck and call himself God's son,  
And in the chariot of Cæsar ride  
And cast his shadow 'twixt me and the sun ?  
Millions there are in mine and every land  
As truly sons of God as he !

Then why should they stand hat in hand  
And cringe and crawl and clasp his knee?

Ye Sons of God awake!

From God your charter take!

Eternal vigilance! This is the price

The freeman pays to keep from Thraldom's vice!

## THE MOTHER TO HER SONS

My children ! I have wrought for you  
And made you happy homes,  
And, children, I have fought for you  
'Neath hot and frigid domes.

And when to manhood you were come  
And might have been my stay,  
I let you from my roof-tree run  
Upon your wandering way.

But always kept you in my heart  
Whate'er your clime or shore,  
And if you had an enemy  
He heard the lion's roar ;

But, children, I am growing old,  
And I have many woes,  
Have rivalries and enemies,  
And friends are worse than foes.

I need you, sorely need you,  
To stand beside my gate  
And help me keep the wolves at bay  
And jackals spurred by hate.

## The Mother to her Sons

Come! come to me, my boys and girls,  
As I would come to you,  
To feed you if you were in need;  
Be filial and be true;

And bring me battleships, my dears,  
And bring me British cheers,  
And bring me hearts of oak, my dears,  
And then I have no fears.



## OLYMPIC GAMES

CORÆBUS ran before a million eyes !  
Some thousands saw him with their own,  
The rest with others' eyes, and from this day  
The Olympiads began their race with Time !  
They bound his brow with bay,  
And steeped his joys in thyme.

For loud-voiced centuries,  
Full five and twenty ! memories  
Of these Olympian cries  
And of that swain who bore from Marathon  
The news have kept their laurels green.  
Their names are deathless as the sun !  
Empedocles, for so the legends run,  
When great Miltiades had dammed the Persian tide  
A laurel plucked on that far field of fame,  
And swifter than he could a courser ride  
To Athens brought—and died. A thousand years  
'Twas fed Olympia's campus with the tears  
Of gratitude those bailiwicks of Greece  
Distilled upon that battlefield of peace ;

And how the victor's plumage they would preen!  
They carved his form in Parian gold,  
And, though 'twas often told,  
The tale could ne'er grow old.

There is a statue, standing now in Rome,—  
'Twas in that crypt entombed  
That fortune so illumed—  
Of one of those proud sons of fame  
In peace and war renowned his home.  
To steep his sword in Punic blood  
And fill the world with war's renown  
Would not suffice that King of Syracuse;  
He sighed to win the Olympic crown  
And swim the tide of glory at its flood.  
The plaudits of his town had little use,  
All lands and seas must hear his name;  
Nor would he lower his lance until it bore  
That sprig of laurel to Sicilia's shore.

What was Olympia?

The Mecca of the classic world!  
Each time that Phœbus scored a quadriga  
Of years this foremost people of all time  
Would sheath their swords, their jealousies and fears,  
And to this Marathon of Nations come,  
At other times a voiceless vale of tears.

Here poets peerless, eloquence of solar ray,  
Philosophers are rituals to-day,  
Historians are fireside friends display  
The wonders of the Attic soul  
To Hellas herded in that mountain bowl,  
While Culture hangs upon their lips  
And Wisdom Delphic nectar sips.  
Hear Athos thunder with his leaded hand !  
See Gyas scatter victims o'er the land !  
'Twas Alcibiades that discus hurled !  
The feet of Sophocles that garland won !  
Like gleams of light Alcestis' steeds have run,  
And Phocion's wheels of flame have dazed the world.

The God of Sports, great Herakles, looked on ;  
And Zeus in gold and ivory arrayed,  
That marble miracle of godlike mien,  
Whose pomp no earthly eye before had seen,  
The master genius of all time had made ;  
And Mercury, Praxiteles had wrought ;  
Some said 'twas here from high Olympus brought ;  
The face still glows with life and will ;  
His dancing faun is dancing still.

A graveyard now is where Olympia stood ;  
The earthquake's sacrilege and torrent's flood  
Have sunk its glories in a lake of sand ;  
Then fell Time's tooth and murderous hand ;  
But still the Ghost of Greatness haunts the land.

We tread on Grandeur's grave,  
The altars of the brave ;  
Olympia, the Pynx, and Tempe,  
The Academy, Thermopyle,  
Are naught but waifs of memory.

Forgotten ? No !  
Her seeds still grow,  
And will while men are men  
And Honour is their ken ;  
Apollo's sons are fancy-free,  
But swim upon the self-same sea ;  
The battle of the Nations wages still ;  
There still are feet with wings, an iron will,  
Steel hands, Helenic hearts and smiling eyes,  
America bears home Athena's prize.

## WORDS WITH WINGS

A WAYFARER upon a summer's day,  
While idling in an Alpine hostelry,  
Descried a book some loon had thrown away,  
And hoped an hour on swallow's wings would fly.

Sketches of Italy, the title ran ;  
How few the pens are tipt with the eagle's wing  
That can life's fens and voiceless canyons span,  
And from Parnassian heights the laurel bring !

A double score, no more ! of all who speak  
Our tuneful tongue have gained the classic goal,  
Tho' thousands have worn out a godlike soul  
In running breathlessly to scale this peak.

A page or two revealed the wizard's wand,  
For gold is gold whate'er the nugget's size ;  
With fairy feet my jaded Fancy flies,  
Till sadly dropt the pearl from hands grown fond.

## THE UNCROWNED KING

STAY Hapsburg! Hohenzollern! Romanoff!  
Beware the sceptre of that Uncrowned King,  
Mightier than dynasties, was once the scoff  
Of Tyranny, now hurls the bolt of Jove,—  
The People's will, the Press its mermidon!  
Its birthplace was Athena's sacred grove;  
Through Freedom's agonies this child has won  
A power will laugh to scorn your sceptre-sword;  
  
'Tis mightier than Law or Custom's word;  
Briarius-like it has a hundred hands,  
And Argus-eyed upon their heights it stands;  
What single eye, what single hand, can hope  
With this Chimera, spouting flame, to cope?  
Its rage is kindling now among all lands.

## THAT MARBLE HEART

HER heart and flesh were one, of marble made,  
And quarried in Carrara's glacial bed ;  
What man could love an iceberg ? He has laid  
Upon that pulseless breast his throbbing head !

Her mother was a lava stream of love,  
And burned to ashes in her love for her ;  
But still those tears were ice, if tears they were ;  
Not even Death that marble heart could move.

## DETHRONED

A FOUNDLING that a she-wolf nursed !  
So Rome was nursed in infancy ;  
My baby lips 'twas kissed your baby feet  
While Liberty was binding on your wings  
And demi-gods were fashioning your sword.  
What men have died for you !  
Your swaddling clothes were dipt in martyrs'  
    blood ;  
What heroes rocked your cradle,  
Stood sponsors at your christening !  
There is no churchyard in our land  
Does not enthrone their love.

For five decades you were a nation's goddess,  
And millions kissed your snow-white robe  
As Athens kissed the kirtle of Athena.  
Yes. Time would faint to call the roll  
Of noblemen upon your temple walls ;  
You saved a nation, freed a dusky race,  
Laid violets upon a million graves  
Whose dying eyes sang hymns of joy.



And do the dead still live?  
And can they see and hear?  
Then dead men's teardrops flow like cataracts;  
The ghosts of Gettysburg and Shiloh  
Mingle with these their tears,  
For your young lovers all are dead  
Who thought your blood-drops rubies;  
Grown old, unhonoured and forsaken,  
Now jackals suck your blood.

## HUNGARY'S MILLENNIUM

A THOUSAND years your royal crown  
Has borne the battering blows of Time,  
The Moslem fist and Hapsburg frown  
And Impotence corroding rime,  
The furnace heat of Civil War,  
The death of dynasties, the Conqueror's scorn  
And kicks of violated Law,  
Those agonies with Scourge and Famine run,  
And still it blazes like a golden sun.

And in those centuries what kings were yours !  
Saint Stephen wore it first, and dozens bore  
It like a cross against the Paynim's front ;  
And oft 'twas tarnished with red gouts of gore,  
For you stood in the battle's brunt ;  
Still 'gainst your breast barbaric Asians pour  
And have since from the Caucasus you came ;  
But ever you have held aloft the Magyar name  
And kept her flag upon the towers of fame.

## AT THE GRAVE OF KOSSUTH

OH for a hand like Washington's ! that calm  
And stately will could look with wisdom's eye  
On Sorrow and Defeat, and hear the cry  
Of Valley Forge without a trembling qualm !  
He, on his Atlantean shoulders, bore  
A struggling nation with a godlike fear,  
Looked with composure upon Famine's tear,  
And ne'er despair upon his forehead wore ;

Bided with faith his time till Europe woke  
From her long lethargy to hear the stroke  
Of Time knelling within the dynast's ear ;  
If you, Kossuth, had had that sage's skill,  
Known Scylla and Carybdis when they spoke,  
Your six month's sway had been a nation still.

## THE KOENIG SEA

How still! Can God be here? For if man spoke  
'Twere sacrilege! A silence as of night  
Lies on the face of land and lake; the light  
Has laid its lashes on the mountain's cheek;  
The clouds laid ghostly fingers on their heads  
That veil the Eye of Day; the glaciers lie  
Asleep as children lie in trundle-beds;  
A calm like this could hear a spirit's flight,  
A shadow's footsteps creep across the sky.

But stay! What sound is this I turn to seek?  
Ah! 'tis a brook that tumbles with a sigh  
From its high nest as 'twere a fledgling's cry;  
No sound but this has broke the witching spell  
Since God's great voice upon these waters fell.

## THE DANUBE'S GATES

ONE morn beside a rivulet I stood  
As blue and crystalline as Capri's sky ;  
And now I float on a majestic flood,  
The Danube's bosom, where armadas lie.

Those tears the clouds and glaciers shed  
Have from their mountain cradles fled  
To find once more their mother's breast,  
That Pontic Sea where once they found their  
rest.

For full five hundred leagues, aye, more,  
Through gorges, canyons, meadow-lanes  
And Magyar wheatfields that once bore  
The brunt of Moslem rage, past fanes  
The Huns rebuilt when Rome decayed ;  
Through bayons where the crimson ibis wades  
And realms of voiceless everglades ;  
Past Servian castles, battlemented domes  
Where sword and crosier fought for Christian  
homes ;

Through lakes are fed from Alpine's zones  
And faces featured like their stones  
That mowed it swath amidst Carpathian rifts—  
Since Hungary's broad plains were Pontic's floor—  
Through iron gates the earthquake's hand had made  
And locked till Science their portcullis raised.

These gates, like kings, were relics of that life  
Barbaric waits for Progress' knife.

## THE HYENA OF BRESCIA

HAYNAU ! Radetsky's brother and red Cain's !  
Triumvirate of murderers ! The pains  
Poor Hungary, that Niobe of Nations,  
Has borne outscapes in crime the stations  
Of Christ's sad pilgrimage to Calvary ;  
On Arad's day, hear, hear her tearful wails  
That mingle with the pæans of the free  
And your glad entrance into Hades hails !

Scorn ! Scorn ! The hatred that on Judas rains  
These Sons of Freedom shower on your head ;  
See thousands, millions, pile their curses, see !  
To build a cairn weighs down your grave like lead ;  
Ah ! he would have a cenotaph of tears  
Must wake sweet springs of love, not hells of fears.

## THE CRADLE OF THE RACE

UPON the breast of Ararat,  
And all its eyelids closed,  
The cradle of the nations sat  
Awaiting the receding deep,  
Earth's resurrection, the rebirth  
Of Nature from the water's womb ;  
Vast silences the seas engirth  
And vast vacuities of gloom !

A grim and ghostly isle  
With nothing can beguile  
Except one lonely dove  
That sadly sails above.

And here at last ! We traversed land and sea  
A thousand leagues to gaze into those eyes,  
And at this throne to bend a reverent knee,  
And hear the voice that in your torrent cries ;  
My pious heart is tremulous with awe  
To stand within the shadow of your frown,  
And look on peaks man's second father saw,  
And jewels then were sparkling in your crown.



Long leagues of rock-ribbed slope, unsprinkled  
ground ;

No rain-drop tickles Nature into smiles,  
Nor makes her blushing cheeks look full and round  
Her parching lips with ruddy life beguiles !  
Who has not heard the thunder's bugle sound  
And bid the desert leap to life and joy,  
And withered Age bound up as bounds a boy ?

Big brothers of the Alps, the Storm King's home,  
And taller by a head than Europe's sons,  
With shoulders lifting up Earth's central dome,  
And avalanches drowning thunder's guns !  
Mount Blanc must tip-toe to touch Elbrus'  
head,

Whose girdle more than cinctures Rosa's bulk,  
The Jungfrau lose herself in Kasbek's bed ;  
No Alpine mantle clothes Caucasus' hulk.

A mile above the sea, another mile  
Of clinging fields where sings the waving grain,  
And rosy roofs and sunny hamlets smile :  
And see that climbing cloud of smoke that fain  
Would frolic, childlike, in the tiger's paws,  
A mile of towering snows and glacial lakes.  
'Tis 'neath this ermine that he hides his claws ;  
God pity us if e'er the monster wakes !

Great Tsar! Sole sovereign of a continent,  
Whose regal brow has always worn the crown!  
To thee great vassals their allegiance sent,  
While mighty monarchs revered your frown;  
Vesuvius and Ætna incense raise;  
The Pyrenees lift up their royal voice;  
Carpathia sends garlands in your praise;  
The Apennines have made you their sole choice;  
While Alps her anthem to your grandeur sings,  
Proclaims you, awful Elbrus! king of kings.

But size may not be beauty, no, nor grace;  
There is more beauty in a Highland loch  
Than in the Caspian; in Como's face  
Than in a continent of sea. Men flock  
To Europe's playground, call her crags their shrine,  
And drink their grandeur like an amber wine.

'Twas here that Jason came of yore  
To find the Golden Fleece,  
And bear away the golden ore  
To his far home in Greece;  
And still the hungry hunt goes on,  
A battle never won!  
And still we chase the rolling sun,  
With frenzy's madness run,  
And still the golden beaker sip  
With livid, parching lip.

O fair Caucasian maid,  
Fit mother of our race,  
A tall, white-petalled rose  
That on the mountain blows,  
We love your Grecian face,  
Your grace can never fade.

O fair Caucasian vale,  
True cradle of the race,  
Encircled by the peaks  
Your brown-winged eagle seeks,  
We love your smiling face,  
The sunshine and the gale.

And Suram on the height,  
The valley's eagle-nest ;  
Full twenty centuries flight  
Have left you here to rest ;  
'Gainst yon Ægean tide  
Of greedy commerce prest  
To reach the Caspian's side.

Shine out ! shine bright, brave beacon-  
light !

Still guide old Asia's fearsome flight !

Glad Tiflis by the Kura flood,  
Queen city of the Caucasus,  
And where her capital long stood,  
Your nomad charms 'tis dazzles us ;

## The Cradle of the Race

Here 'tis those double highways meet,  
And here 'twas Asia's sandalled feet  
Their pathway unto Moscow wore,  
Or sought the Euxine's castle door.

An earldom in the clouds, a mile above  
The sea! and freedom's vestals kept the fire  
For ever lighted by the light of love ;  
The music of the mountains was their choir  
And God their Choir-master ; when the storm  
Shouts loudest they can almost see His hand  
Directing Nature's voices—see His form  
Upon the hurricane that sweeps the land.

And long Caucasia held the fort,  
Held Persian, Turk, and Romanoff  
At bay ; their threats were but her scoff,  
Their blood-hunt but her summer's sport ;  
Those mountaineers of wild Algiers,  
Who ever for two thousand years  
Defied a foeman's spears and guns,  
Were brothers of Caucasia's sons.

And five decades did scarce suffice  
To bind them in the tyrant's chains,  
And grind them 'neath his juggernaut  
And hold them in the Russian vice.  
What mother ever bore such pains ?  
Was ever with more perils fraught ?

And all these peaks were freedom's shrine,  
They spilt their blood like babbling wine;  
But wooed a seraph, clasped a cloud,  
And wrapt seven æons in a shroud.

Four hundred thousand fugitives!  
What nation, after this, still lives?  
All exiled from their fathers' land!  
O Tyranny! Your fiendish hand!  
Schamyl! Upon her blood-red roll,  
With Abdel Kayder and with Tell,  
The Muse of Liberty will scroll  
One name these glens and glades love well;  
Who love the Vedas of the free  
When at their prayers should think of thee.

The signal tower still is on the height  
That told the freeman where the foeman lurks,  
And here and there a grave has marked the site  
Where one man watches while his brother works;  
What hamlet has not wrecks of patriot homes?  
Tell us, fair goddess, where your lover roams!  
Among the hills? or is it by the sea?  
We know it is some haunt of liberty.

## UNTRODDEN WAYS

I LOVE to hear our Samovar  
Singing its merry tune,  
Or whistling like some jolly tar  
And turning May to June!

It tells us of the joys of home,  
Our home beyond the sea,  
When in some alien land we roam  
With hearts are fancy-free!

And tells us of the kindling eyes  
We met when wandering far  
Across that land of boundless skies,  
The Kingdom of the Tsar;

And tells us of the welcome word  
That met a speechless tongue,  
Which we so oft, so gladly heard  
When journeyings were young.

Come back to us! Come back, dear days,  
And bring your cloudless smiles,  
Your sun-girt steppes, untrodden ways,  
And fond Caucasian wiles!

## MOTHER

THE sweetest word the tongue can say,  
The first that infancy can speak ;  
The last upon the lips of Day,  
The dearest when the pulse grows weak !

Let other eyes grow blind,  
Let other loves grow cold,  
One love is ever kind,  
One heart is never old.

And now your children all are dead  
I love to think you still the same,  
To keep their crown upon your head,  
And call you by your children's name.



## EVEREST'S SOLILOQUY

ON Elbrus pile Pilatus, still I reign  
Supreme! Great Jove was no more king!  
The vassals of Olympus could not feign  
The grandeurs that my mighty vassals bring.

I bear the earth's east dome upon my breast,  
My head o'erlooks all earthly mists and cloud,  
God's fearful thunders in my bosom rest,  
His lightnings hem my corslet, and my shroud

Would cover Chimborazo and Mont Blanc;  
This great world's rulers look to me like flies.  
Come, see my courtiers, standing rank on rank!  
What else is older save the eternal skies?

What works the hand of God or man has made  
Will not be ashes when my wonders fade?

## THE FLIGHT FROM MOSCOW

SING, Holy city of the Tsars,  
And Kremlin with your twenty towers!  
And sing, ye fanes that court the stars,  
And ye seven hilltops lend your powers;  
And Moskva blend your silver tongue;  
Ye smoking ashes live again, be young;  
Let mighty Volga hear your loud acclaim,  
And with her hundred voices shout the shame  
And bear your thunders to the sounding sea!  
Great Heart of all the Russias, thou art free.

To-day the conquering Captain with the bow  
Of Jove, and at whose awful frown  
The Kings and Sceptres of all Europe bow,  
At last must like a cowering hind bow down  
Before that mightiest sceptre of the earth  
That in our frosts and forest has its birth.

Now Famine, Fever, Slaughter, Whirlwinds,  
Snows,  
With all the Furies Russia's winter knows,  
Shall smite that host whose banners hid the sun

And claimed the homage of the bending skies,  
Aye, rivalled Xerxes in our wondering eyes ;  
For God Himself will fight on Russia's side  
And crush to dust this Corsican's mad pride.

O God! our Father, and our fathers' friend,  
Lend us Thy lightnings and Thy tempests send ;  
Smite them, Father, smite them hip and thigh,  
And teach the bandit there's a God on high !

## EUROPE'S AMAZON

OUR Little Mother ! So all Russia says !  
So vast your surface thrice o'er France would run,  
So long six nights would lengthen out six days,  
So regal you are Europe's Amazon ;  
One highway of a State whose waterways  
Would ten times gird the world and mammoth size  
Is double our huge bulk ! Your floods and bays  
Five gilt-winged days have seen with wonder's eyes.  
Within your lap armadas by the hundred play,  
And yet your waters find a land-locked bay  
And in a mighty incense fade away.

Man bridles the Leviathan and brings  
Frankincense unto Father Nile ;  
He harnesses the Triton, and he sings  
To gaze upon that Rameses Moses saw.  
Those liyd lips enacted Israel's law,  
And on the glitter of the Pharaohs' cataracts :  
He tramps with Bible-guide across wide tracts  
Of desert till he finds the Bloody Sea,  
And hear it roll again its billows back  
And give those fugitives a dry-shod track.

Your waters, Volga, have a fairer flow,  
Whose buttresses were bulwarks 'gainst the hordes  
Of Tartars cursed so long your fens and fords ;  
No monoliths, 'tis true, the hand of man  
Would tremble to relift here glow ;  
Nor mummies, nakedness, and awful Carnac  
Here faced such ages and defied their havoc ;  
But mimic Grecian St. Sophia's can  
Recall a culture far exceedeth theirs,  
Though they and Greece as well were Egypt's heirs.

For half the year you are an ice-bound book  
Upon whose page the eyes of fishes look,  
And yet your Muskite scorns the fellah's boast  
And is a cannier and mightier post ;  
Your walls, too, by a mightier power hurled  
Still screen from sight the granary of the world,  
And where has Nature with a lordlier hand  
More riches strewn or buried in a land ?  
To-night big, bustling cities meet  
The wave and big-browed peasants greet  
Each other, sometimes with a kiss ;  
And Luna, in the pride of bliss,  
Her portrait paints before our eyes  
And hangs it on the frozen skies.

## SKOBELEF

MILLOSCOW 'tis his statue stands,  
For Moscow was his natal home,  
That cavalier who added lands  
So many to his Tsar's great dome,  
And captured Plevna from the Turk,  
And Shipka Pass, too, was his work.

A very dare devil was he !  
For when the Bear's two armies stood  
At rest upon the Balkans' knee  
He would not halt, oh, no ! he would  
Still enter Stamboul in disguise  
And face the Sultan to his eyes.

An artist friend was asked to go—  
And he it was told me the tale—  
And help him string the Crescent's bow  
And scan the purlieus of the pale,  
And see with him that Golden Gate  
Where foes will enter, legends state.

His army ne'er resumed its way,  
And ne'er the soldiers of the Tsar  
Have slept beside the Golden Bay  
Where 'mid the Crescent sleeps the Star  
Save one—and this one was their chief—  
And with a daring dares belief.

## THE TSAR'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM a flitting breath  
That haunts the House of Death ;  
But, mightier than Charlemagne,  
My eyes a broader empire scan !  
The condor of the Caucasus  
And our still wings of steam  
Would take ten days to compass us ;  
My sceptre seems a dream !  
The child of Ignorance  
And fruitful Superstition,  
I reign by sufferance  
And fanciful tradition.

No saint, but sinner like my sex,  
I wear the Saviour's crown,  
The people call me pontifex,  
And think me son of God ;  
As Romish bigotry bows down  
Before the papal nod,  
These simple hearts have long been taught  
This vain and priestly thought.



O Ignorance, Imposture's toy!  
Whose crafty fingers your stops  
As magic frets a dull-eyed boy;  
Your sweat and toil are priestly props,  
And kings sit snugly on your back  
And rob the cradle of your son  
To lead him o'er some blood-stained track  
And keep a crown some brigand won.

But ye whose days are freedom's fasts,  
And nights are vigils of her acolites,  
Be comforted! Here are no airship's flights,  
The musjik's will is stolid, but it lasts;  
He has a Samson's patience, no Greek fire  
That flashes, meteor-like, and then fades out.

My Ministers, beware that ire  
That kindleth slowly! Dare not flout  
Its signal-guns! There'll be no fête like Gaul's;  
An avalanche, a frenzy such as Saul's.











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