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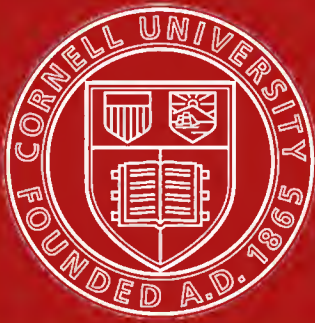
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The union of American poetry and art:



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LANDING OF NORSEMEN. By E. LEUTZE
From the original painting in the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE UNION
OF
AMERICAN POETRY AND ART

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
POEMS BY AMERICAN POETS

SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND EDITED

BY

JOHN JAMES PIATT

WITH 300 ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD BY EMINENT AMERICAN ARTISTS.


CINCINNATI
W. E. DIBBLE, PUBLISHER

1880

v.

6711

The title 'PREFACE' is presented in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The word is centered within a rectangular frame. To the left of the word is a large, ornate initial letter 'P' that incorporates a detailed illustration of a landscape with a palm tree, a building, and a vase. The word 'PREFACE' itself is written on a musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The letters are decorated with small dots and flourishes. The entire title is enclosed in a decorative border with repeating geometric patterns.

HE aim of the Publisher and Compiler of "THE UNION OF AMERICAN POETRY AND ART," has been to present a very copious and complete collection of poems by American poets, devoted exclusively to native subjects, and illustrated with the best engravings from designs by our leading American artists—a collection which, besides all the favorite and popular poems by our most famous writers, includes very many of the new and attractive pieces, written by poets of local as well as national repute, whose productions have not as yet appeared in book-form. Such a collection might have been presented in one body, with the classifications usual in collections of poetry by many hands; but it seemed desirable, because of the largeness of the work contemplated, its issue in a designated number of parts, and especially for purposes of illustration, to have more numerous breaks or divisions than would have been possible if the above plan had been followed; and so it occurred to the Compiler to let the poems selected appear, in the first place, in divisions corresponding to the geographical sections of the country to which they referred, or to which their authors belonged, subdividing each of these according to subject, sentiment, etc. This arrangement has also enabled him to indicate some of the characteristic features of the poetry written in or referring to the various sections of our country more clearly than would otherwise have been possible. New England, for example, is particularly rich in the class of poems grouped under the head of Legendary, Historical, and Romantic, as well as in its moralized poems of Nature; the historical associations of the Revolution are more frequently illustrated in the local and landscape poems of the Middle Atlantic States; while the institution of Slavery—the life of the Plantation—has given a peculiar local coloring to the poetry of the Southern States. Again, the life of the early Western Pioneer—his close, lonely contact with wild and savage Nature—makes such a class of pieces as has been gathered under the head of Pioneer Days possible chiefly in the Ohio Valley. The poetry of the Great West (which, I fancy, may be said now to begin with the prairies of Illinois) also has a flavor of its own, though its native writers have been few, and the poems referring to and illustrating it have been for the most part the productions of poets who have only visited it from the older sections of the country.

In general, the Compiler has endeavored in this work to illustrate, by the poems selected, not only the natural features of our country, but such heroic and romantic events of its history, such local legends or traditions, as have been celebrated in verse by American poets, with the character and sentiment of its people, their various manners and customs, etc., so far as practicable. While the effort has been made to find the best poems by writers native to each respective section, or by such as have made their homes during a chief part of their career within its limits—and thus to make the poetry referring to each section representative, as a whole, of its own poetical authorship—the Compiler has not hesitated to use occasionally notable poems illustrating one section, though the production of writers who are native of or dwell in another.

The two closing divisions—“Sea and Sea Shore” and “Patriotic”—it will be observed are general,—their departments embrace the whole country, and the Compiler trusts that this collection, as a whole, will appeal to the patriotic spirit as well as the poetic sense of our countrymen at large, while each of its larger divisions shall appeal to the feeling of local and sectional sentiment which remains distinct from, but of course subordinate to, the great national spirit,

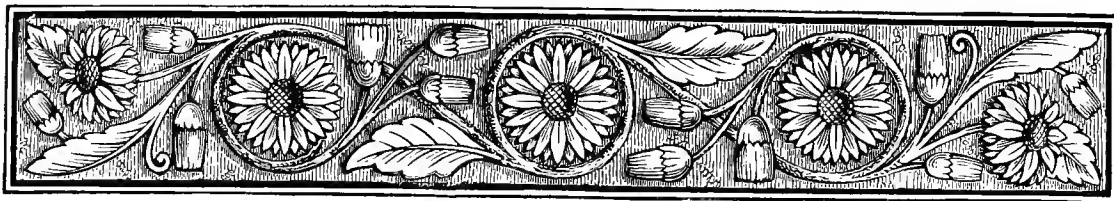
“ROUND, VAST, AND SPANNING ALL, LIKE SATURN’S RING.”

Further, it may be said, that while the Compiler has sought to make a fair exhibition of the poetry produced in each section of our country, he has aimed to present a popular rather than a critical collection. At the same time, however, he has endeavored to adhere to a respectable standard in his selections throughout, and to include the best.

Credit is due the Publisher for the title of this work;—by it he has aimed to indicate a purpose to make the designer’s art a help-mate to the poet’s in interpretation—to combine the two in producing a work which should reflect our country in Poetry and Picture.

No work has ever been offered to the public, combining so large a representation, or so great a variety, of designs by the foremost American artists, executed by so many of the best American engravers. Many of these designs are actual transcripts of characteristic landscapes, and present beautiful views of notable mountains, rivers, lakes and valleys, while others illustrate interesting historical events, local manners and customs, etc.; others, again, are fanciful or general in their nature. Thus we are enabled to present,—it is confidently believed,—one of the most novel and interesting collections of POETRY and ART ever published.

Thanks are due to the authors and publishers who have permitted the use of copyright poems in this collection.



CONTENTS

A Ballad of the French Fleet	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	28	Abraham Davenport	<i>John G. Whittier .</i>	46
A Bird of Passage	<i>Edgar Fawcett . .</i>	284	Abraham Lincoln	<i>Laura Ream</i>	573
A Bridal Melody	<i>James T. Fields . .</i>	130	Ad Finem	<i>Robert K. Weeks . .</i>	285
A Caution	<i>Eliza S. Turner . .</i>	284	After All	<i>Wm. Winter</i>	312
A Common Thought	<i>Henry Timrod . . .</i>	531	After the Ball	<i>Nora Perry</i>	126
A Day in June	<i>James R. Lowell . .</i>	78	After the Rain	<i>T. Bailey Aldrich . .</i>	83
A Day in the Woods	<i>Dora M. Jordan . .</i>	440	After the Rain-Storm	<i>Andrews Norton . .</i>	67
A Day of Sunshine	<i>H. W. Longfellow . .</i>	76	After Wings	<i>S. M. B. Piatt</i>	430
A Death-Bed	<i>James Aldrich . . .</i>	298	Agamenticus	<i>Anonymous</i>	53
A Delaware Legend	<i>Myron B. Benton . .</i>	226	Agnes	<i>J. Chandler Harris .</i>	523
A Farewell	<i>John A. Dorgan . . .</i>	298	Alabama	<i>Chas. T. Brooks . . .</i>	455
A Forest Hymn	<i>William C. Bryant .</i>	84	All Mother	<i>Eliza S. Turner . . .</i>	287
A Gleam of Sunshine	<i>H. W. Longfellow . .</i>	117	All's Well	<i>H. McE. Kimball . .</i>	177
A Golden Wedding on the Roll- ing-Fork	<i>W. D. Gallagher . .</i>	343	Alone	<i>Emma A. Browne . .</i>	541
A Green Heron	<i>J. M. Thompson . . .</i>	414	America	<i>Samuel F. Smith . . .</i>	621
A Health	<i>E. Coate Pinkney . .</i>	522	Among the Mountains in Georgia	<i>Henry R. Jackson . .</i>	495
A Kiss for Ellie	<i>Esmeralda Boyle . .</i>	523	Angel Watchers	<i>Rosa V. Jeffrey . . .</i>	423
A Lost Graveyard	<i>John James Piatt . .</i>	416	Annabel Lee	<i>Edgar Allan Poe . . .</i>	539
A May Melody	<i>Joel Benton</i>	280	Annie	<i>K. M. B. Sherwood . .</i>	430
A Morning Ride	<i>Sara J. Lippincott . .</i>	300	An April Aria	<i>G. Parsons Lathrop . .</i>	59
A November Landscape	<i>Sarah H. Whitman . .</i>	107	An Invitation	<i>James T. Fields . . .</i>	79
A November Nocturne	<i>Margaret J. Preston .</i>	547	An Invitation to the Country	<i>William C. Bryant . .</i>	277
A Pawpaw	<i>Jas M. Thompson . .</i>	442	An Old Time Fireside	<i>John G. Whittier . . .</i>	166
A Picture	<i>Chas. G. Eastman . .</i>	157	An Order for a Picture	<i>Alice Cary</i>	413
A Picture	<i>John R. Thompson . .</i>	522	An Owl	<i>Jas. M. Thompson . .</i>	390
A Poor Mau's Thanksgiving	<i>Florus B. Plimpton . .</i>	442	April	<i>Wm. B. Wright</i>	279
A Prairie-Dog Village	<i>Edward B. Nealley . .</i>	587	Apple-Blossoms	<i>Horatio N. Powers . .</i>	566
A Prettier Book	<i>S. M. B. Piatt</i>	445	Archie	<i>Phæbe Cary</i>	374
A Psalm of Life	<i>H. W. Longfellow . .</i>	130	Ashes of Roses	<i>Mary E. Bradley . . .</i>	282
A Reproach of Indolence	<i>Josephine Butler . .</i>	424	Aspects of the Pines	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	542
A Savage	<i>John B. O'Reilly . . .</i>	586	At Night	<i>Forceythe Willson . .</i>	414
A Sermon for the Sisters	<i>Irwin Russell</i>	516	At Rest	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	213
A Shadow	<i>H. W. Longfellow . .</i>	183	Auf Wiedersehen	<i>James R. Lowell . . .</i>	155
A Snow-Storm	<i>Chas. G. Eastman . .</i>	48	August	<i>W. D. Gallagher . . .</i>	415
A Song for September	<i>Thos. W. Parsons . . .</i>	99	Aunt Kizzie's Creed	<i>Margaret J. Preston .</i>	516
A Song of Meeting	<i>Forceythe Willson . .</i>	371	Autumn in the West	<i>W. D. Gallagher . . .</i>	436
A Song for Our Valley	<i>William Hubbard . . .</i>	373	Autumn Picture	<i>Thom. S. Collier . . .</i>	100
A Spinster's Stint	<i>Alice Cary</i>	377	Autumn Song	<i>Forceythe Willson . .</i>	442
A Spring-Time	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	367	Bachelor's Hall	<i>John Finley</i>	406
A Still Day in Autumn	<i>Sarah H. Whitman . .</i>	102	Battle-Hymn of the Republic	<i>Julia Ward Howe . . .</i>	629
A Summer Night	<i>Elizabeth Stoddard . .</i>	286	Battle of the Kegs	<i>Francis Hopkinson . .</i>	247
A Sunset at Longmont	<i>Horatio N. Powers . .</i>	583	Barbara Frietchie	<i>John G. Whittier . . .</i>	484
A Violet	<i>A. D. T. Whitney . . .</i>	64	Beaver Brook	<i>James R. Lowell . . .</i>	74
A Visit from St. Nicholas	<i>Clement C. Moore . .</i>	316	Before the Rain	<i>T. Bailey Aldrich . . .</i>	83
A Winter Morning	<i>Andrews Norton . . .</i>	112	Ben Bolt	<i>Thos. Dunn English . .</i>	541
A Woman's Love	<i>John Hay</i>	397	Benny	<i>Annie C. Ketchum . .</i>	543
A Year's Courtship	<i>Henry Timrod</i>	530	Beside a Brook	<i>Wm. R. Alger</i>	66

Betrothed Anew	<i>E. C. Stedman</i>	149	First Glance	<i>G. Parsons Lathrop</i>	116
Bill and Joe.	<i>Oliver W. Holmes</i>	186	Flood-Tide and Ebb-Tide	<i>George Houghton</i>	610
Blennerhasset's Island	<i>Thomas B. Read</i>	341	Florence Vane	<i>Philip P. Cooke</i>	526
Boat-Song.	<i>Harriet P. Spofford</i>	612	Forest Quiet	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	535
Bonaventure by Starlight	<i>Henry R. Jackson</i>	500	From an Indian Mound	<i>Alfred B. Street</i>	228
Book-marks	<i>Mary E. Nealey</i>	441	Fuit Ilium	<i>E. C. Stedman</i>	267
Boone in the Wilderness	<i>Isaac H. Julian</i>	327	Geehale: An Indian Lament.	<i>H. R. Schoolcraft</i>	557
Bowling Green	<i>Thos. G. Appleton</i>	203	Gettysburg Ode.	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	271
Bride Brook	<i>G. Parsons Lathrop</i>	29	Ghost-Stories.	<i>E. C. Willson</i>	448
Broadway	<i>Wm. Allen Butler</i>	201	Give me the Old	<i>R. H. Messinger</i>	189
Burial of the Beautiful.	<i>John B. Dillon</i>	412	God in Nature	<i>Carlos Wilcox</i>	92
By the Autumn Sea	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	607	Good-Bye	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	130
By the Mississippi.	<i>Benj. Hathaway</i>	574	Grandfather Wright	<i>John James Piatt</i>	352
By the Road-Side	<i>Anonymous</i>	153	Grandmother's Story of Bunker- Hill' Battle.	<i>Oliver W. Holmes</i>	33
Caldwell of Springfield	<i>Bret Harte</i>	246	Greenwood Cemetery.	<i>S. M. Hagerman</i>	213
Cana.	<i>James F. Clarke</i>	148	Greenwood Dam		256
Caprice at Home	<i>S. M. B. Piatt</i>	394	Grizzly	<i>Bret Harte</i>	584
Catterskill Falls	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	223	Gulf Weed	<i>C. G. Fenner</i>	602
Catskill.	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	224	Hail Columbia	<i>Joseph Hopkinson</i>	621
Catskill Mountains	<i>Theodore S. Fay</i>	219	Hannah Binding Shoes.	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	604
Charleston Retaken	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	476	Happy Women.	<i>Phoebe Cary</i>	419
Chicago.	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	559	Harvest Days of the Olden Time	<i>Lee O. Harris</i>	390
Childish Wisdom	<i>James W. Ward</i>	447	Heat-Lightning.	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	297
Christmas Preparations at "De Plantation on de Jeems."	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>	510	Heaven.	<i>N. A. W. Priest</i>	170
Convention	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	436	He Dreamed of Home	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	558
Country Sleighing.	<i>E. C. Stedman</i>	127	Hendrick's Prophecy.	<i>Anonymous</i>	220
Credo	<i>Mary A. Townsend</i>	546	Her Chosen Spot	<i>John Pierpont</i>	183
Daniel Gray	<i>Josiah G. Holland</i>	179	Hereafter	<i>Harriet P. Spofford</i>	184
Dawn	<i>Richard W. Gilder</i>	278	Her Sphere	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen</i>	152
Day-Break	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	64	Her Window	<i>Louise C. Moulton</i>	116
Days of My Youth	<i>St. George Tucker</i>	538	Hinchman's Mill	<i>W. H. Venable</i>	398
Dead Leaves.	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	305	Holyoke Valley	<i>E. C. Stedman</i>	99
Death	<i>Abram J. Ryan</i>	549	Homeless	<i>Wm. P. Brannan</i>	433
Deserted Nests	<i>Elizabeth S. Phelps</i>	181	Home, Sweet Home	<i>John H. Payne</i>	304
Dirge	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	93	Hudson River	<i>T. W. Parsons</i>	221
Dirge for a Soldier	<i>George H. Boker</i>	628	Hymn for the Consecration of a Cemetery	<i>L. J. B. Case</i>	159
Dirge for a Young Girl	<i>James T. Fields</i>	140	Hymn of the City.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	216
Done For	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i>	579	Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	243
Dorothy in the Garret	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	169	Hymn on the Completion of the Concord Monument.	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	627
Dow's Flat	<i>Bret Harte</i>	593	Hymn to the Night	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	81
Driving Home the Cows	<i>Kate P. Osgood</i>	165	If I could Keep Her So	<i>Louise C. Moulton</i>	136
Drowned	<i>Sarah T. Bolton</i>	427	If Love should Come Again.	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	299
Early Spring.	<i>Carlos Wilcox</i>	61	If She Were Here	<i>Florus B. Plimpton</i>	441
Echo and the Lover.	<i>John M. Harney</i>	385	In Angust.	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	418
Elliot's Oak	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	50	Indian Graves	<i>Benj. S. Parker</i>	361
Enola	<i>Laura C. Redden</i>	286	In Good Time	<i>Charlotte F. Bates</i>	190
Epithalamium	<i>J. G. C. Brainard</i>	129	In School-Days.	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	115
Equinox	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	557	In Spring Sunshine	<i>Thomas L. Collier</i>	63
Evening	<i>Wilbur Dubois</i>	373	In Summer Days	<i>K. M. B. Sherwood</i>	393
Evening in Midsummer.	<i>Eva Lee Matthews</i>	386	In Summer Time	<i>Wm. W. Caldwell</i>	88
Everything	<i>S. M. B. Piatt</i>	408	In the Churchyard at Tarrytown	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	232
Fading Autumn.	<i>E. C. Kinney</i>	312	In the Meadows	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	288
Fantaisie De Printemps.	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	280	In the Old Churchyard.	<i>F. W. Loring</i>	463
Farther.	<i>John James Piatt</i>	364			
Fireside Fancies	<i>Fortunatus Cosby</i>	444			

In the Sea	<i>Hiram Rich.</i>	611	Montana	<i>Edward B. Nealley</i>	584
In the Springtime.	<i>Robert K. Weeks</i>	278	Monument Mountain.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	38
In Winter.	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	320	Mother and Child.	<i>Wm. G. Simms</i>	535
It is not Always May	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	74	Monnt Hope.	<i>W. A. Croffut</i>	49
It'll Nebber Come No Mo'	<i>F. G. DeFontaine.</i>	517	Mount Shasta	<i>Fanny M. Chappell</i>	588
It Might Have Been.	<i>John A. Dorgan</i>	285	Mount Vernon	<i>David Humphreys.</i>	481
Jim Bludso	<i>John Hay</i>	578	Much Ado About Nothing	<i>Eliza S. Turner</i>	281
Jimmy's Wooing	<i>W. W. Hawney</i>	371	My Bird	<i>Emily E. Judson</i>	286
John Burns of Gettysburg.	<i>Bret Harte</i>	270	My Child	<i>John Pierpont</i>	138
John Filson	<i>W. H. Venable</i>	337	My Daughter Nurse	<i>Julia L. Dumont</i>	425
Jonathan Snow.	<i>Lee O. Harris</i>	407	My Little Sweetheart	<i>Alice Cary</i>	382
June.	<i>James W. Riley</i>	379	My Maryland	<i>James R. Randall.</i>	487
King's Tavern	<i>John James Piatt.</i>	432	My Mother's Bible	<i>George P. Morris.</i>	305
Labor	<i>Frances S. Osgood.</i>	131	My Old Kentucky Home	<i>Stephen C. Foster.</i>	513
Lady Wentworth	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	24	My Own Dark Genesee.	<i>W. H. C. Hosmer</i>	258
Lake Champlain	<i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	227	My Sailor.	<i>James B. Bensel</i>	613
Lake Erie.	<i>Ephraim Peabody.</i>	555	My Wife and Child	<i>Henry R. Jackson.</i>	537
Lake George.	<i>Arthur C. Coxe</i>	225	Nature	<i>Jones Very</i>	66
Lake Saratoga	<i>John G. Saxe</i>	258	Nearer Home	<i>Phæbe Cary.</i>	448
Lake Superior	<i>Samuel G. Goodrich</i>	563	Neversink.	<i>Philip Freneau.</i>	259
Lake Wyalusing	<i>W. H. C. Hosmer</i>	263	New York Harbor on a Calm Day	<i>Park Benjamin.</i>	214
Larvæ	<i>A. D. T. Whitney</i>	178	Niagara	<i>L. H. Sigourney</i>	553
Late Autumn	<i>Wm. B. Wright</i>	316	Night by the Ohio	<i>Charles C. Bronson</i>	429
Late Marriage	<i>Maria Brooks</i>	146	Noon	<i>James B. Hope.</i>	536
Lay of a Wanderer	<i>W. H. C. Hosmer</i>	459	Norembega	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	12
Lewis. Weitzel	<i>Florus B. Plimpton</i>	334	November.	<i>Elizabeth Stoddard.</i>	314
Life	<i>Richard H. Wilde</i>	529	Oconee	<i>Henry R. Jackson.</i>	471
Life in the Autumn Woods	<i>Philip P. Cooke</i>	544	October.	<i>H. H.</i>	100
Lines on Revisiting the Country	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	82	October.	<i>Thomas S. Collier.</i>	103
Lines written on the Rocky Mt's.	<i>Albert Pike</i>	589	Ode	<i>Henry Timrod.</i>	499
Little Annie.	<i>Henry Ames Blood</i>	140	Ode to Jamestown	<i>Jas. K. Paulding.</i>	459
Little Brown Hands.	<i>Mary H. Krout</i>	416	Ohio's Pilgrim Band.	<i>Lewis J. Cist</i>	327
Little Feet	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen.</i>	134	Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	627
Little Giffen.	<i>Frank O. Tickner.</i>	486	Old Folks at Home	<i>Stephen C. Foster.</i>	509
Little Nell	<i>Rebecca S. Nichols.</i>	426	Old Grimes	<i>Albert G. Greene.</i>	158
Lone Mountain Cemetery	<i>Bret Harte</i>	596	Old Ironsides	<i>Oliver W. Holmes.</i>	625
Lookout Mountain	<i>George D. Prentice</i>	492	Old Trinity	<i>Arthur C. Coxe.</i>	199
Lost on the Prairie	<i>Rose Terry Cooke.</i>	572	On Crossing the Alleghanies.	<i>L. M. Thurston</i>	331
Love's Autumn.	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	543	On Leaving California	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	598
Love's Queen	<i>William Winter</i>	282	Only a Year.	<i>Harriet B. Stowe.</i>	139
Lullaby.	<i>E. C. Willson</i>	419	On Lynn Terrace.	<i>Thomas B. Aldrich</i>	604
MacDonald's Raid.	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	467	Only the Clothes She Wore	<i>N. G. Shepherd</i>	211
Mahsr John	<i>Irwin Russell</i>	515	On Recrossing the Rocky Mount- ains in Winter	<i>John C. Frémont</i>	590
March	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	58	On the Blue Ridge	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	490
March	<i>H. H.</i>	59	On the Bluff.	<i>John Hay</i>	571
Marquette.	<i>James H. Perkins.</i>	560	On the Pier	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>	201
May	<i>James G. Percival.</i>	64	Otsego Lake.	<i>Anonymous</i>	243
May	<i>W. D. Gallagher</i>	368	Our Homestead.	<i>Phoebe Cary.</i>	446
May	<i>John Esten Cooke.</i>	523	Our Skater Belle	<i>Anonymous</i>	137
May in Mason	<i>Henry T. Stanton.</i>	351	Outgrown	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr.</i>	148
Memories	<i>John Esten Cooke.</i>	539	Out of the Window	<i>Nora Perry</i>	123
Miles Keog's Horse	<i>John Hay</i>	586	Over the Bannisters	<i>Ella Wheeler</i>	555
Minot's Ledge	<i>Fitz-James O'Brien</i>	608	Over the River.	<i>N. A. W. Priest.</i>	190
Mist	<i>Henry D. Thoreau</i>	57	Paddle Your Own Canoe	<i>Sarah T. Bolton</i>	411
Molly Maguire at Monmouth	<i>William Collins.</i>	253	Pan in Wall Street	<i>E. C. Stedman.</i>	205
Monadnock	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	96	Parted	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	603

Passage Down the Ohio	<i>Jas. K. Paulding.</i>	328	Spring	<i>N. Parker Willis.</i>	306
Passing Away	<i>John Pierpont.</i>	145	Spring in Town.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	215
Paul Revere's Ride	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	31	Spring-Tide	<i>R. W. Emerson.</i>	58
Peace-Making	<i>S. M. B. Piatt.</i>	375	Spring Thunder	<i>C. A. Wayfield.</i>	368
Perry's Victory.	<i>James G. Percival.</i>	556	St. Augustine	<i>Anonymous.</i>	456
Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call	<i>E. C. Stedman.</i>	197	St. Catharine's	<i>Philip Freneau.</i>	470
Picnic in the Woods.	<i>W. H. Venable.</i>	404	Stonewall Jackson's Way	<i>Anonymous.</i>	485
Pictures of Memory	<i>Alice Cary.</i>	400	Summer Days	<i>Anonymous.</i>	123
Pilgrim Song	<i>George Lunt.</i>	16	Sunlight and Starlight	<i>A. D. T. Whitney</i>	162
Piscataqua River	<i>Thomas B. Aldrich</i>	78	Susquehanna.	<i>Elizabeth F. Ellet.</i>	235
Plantation Life in South Carolina	<i>Wm. J. Grayson.</i>	506	Sweetheart Bird-Song	<i>W. L. Shoemaker.</i>	525
Plowden Halsey	<i>Caroline F. Orne.</i>	47	Taking the Night Train	<i>John James Piatt.</i>	401
Possession.	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	289	Telling the Bees	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	175
Presage.	<i>Wm. D. Howells.</i>	608	Terminus	<i>R. W. Emerson.</i>	178
Prescience.	<i>Susan E. Wallace.</i>	379	Thanatopsis	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	166
Proposal	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	282	The Alpine Sheep.	<i>Maria W. Lowell.</i>	141
Rafting.	<i>Ephraim Peabody.</i>	340	The American Flag	<i>Joseph R. Drake.</i>	624
Rain in Summer	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	91	The Angelus.	<i>Bret Harte.</i>	595
Rain on the Roof.	<i>Coates Kinney.</i>	395	The Ausable.	<i>Alfred B. Street.</i>	263
Readjustment	<i>Susan Coolidge.</i>	145	The Backwoodsman	<i>Ephraim Peabody.</i>	338
Read to Sleep	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>	548	The Ballad of Babie Bell.	<i>T. Bailey Aldrich.</i>	142
Redwood Falls.	<i>Charles S. Bryant.</i>	564	The Barefoot Boy	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	135
Rêve Du Midi	<i>Rose Terry Cooke.</i>	83	The Beech-Tree.	<i>Robert M. Bird.</i>	292
Revival Hymn.	<i>Joel C. Harris.</i>	514	The Belfry Pigeon.	<i>Nathaniel P. Willis.</i>	73
River Song	<i>F. B. Sanborn.</i>	120	The Bells.	<i>Edgar Allan Poe.</i>	209
Rock Creek	<i>W. L. Shoemaker.</i>	490	The Better Land	<i>Otway Curry.</i>	439
Rock me to Sleep.	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen</i>	161	The Birch Stream.	<i>Anna B. Averill.</i>	80
Rosalie.	<i>Washington Allston</i>	116	The Birds.	<i>C. P. Cranch.</i>	76
Same Sickness	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>	538	The Bison-Track	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i>	580
Second Love.	<i>L. J. B. Case.</i>	156	The Bivouac of the Dead.	<i>Theodore O'Hara.</i>	625
Senatchwine's Grave.	<i>John H. Bryant.</i>	572	The Black Fox of Salmon River	<i>J. G. C. Brainard.</i>	44
Serenade	<i>George Arnold.</i>	281	The Black Princess	<i>S. M. B. Piatt.</i>	512
Shall we know our Friends in Heaven?.	<i>Sarah T. Bolton.</i>	447	The Bloom was on the Elder, etc.	<i>Donn Piatt.</i>	420
Ships at Sea.	<i>R. B. Coffin.</i>	612	The Blue and the Gray.	<i>Francis M. Finch.</i>	502
Sighs in the South	<i>Henry Ames Blood</i>	104	The Blue-Bells of New England.	<i>T. Bailey Aldrich.</i>	66
Six Little Feet on the Fender	<i>Cornelia W. Law.</i>	443	The Boatman's Horn.	<i>Wm. O. Butler.</i>	381
Sixty Year's Ago	<i>Berry Benson.</i>	550	The Brandywine	<i>E. M. Chandler.</i>	244
Skipper Ireson's Ride	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	42	The Brave at Home	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	628
Sleepy Hollow	<i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	233	The Brilliant Nor' West	<i>John K. Mitchell.</i>	565
Sleighting Song.	<i>James T. Fields.</i>	127	The Brothers.	<i>Charles Sprague.</i>	176
Snoke	<i>Henry D. Thoreau</i>	112	The Burial Place at Laurel Hill	<i>Willis G. Clark.</i>	260
Snow	<i>Ralph Hoyt.</i>	317	The Burning Tree.	<i>Wm. D. Howells.</i>	370
Snow-Drop	<i>William W. Story.</i>	124	The Chambered Nautilus	<i>Oliver W. Holmes.</i>	610
Snow-Flakes	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	109	The Changeling.	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	22
Snow-Flakes at the South.	<i>William H. Hayne</i>	549	The Children's Hour.	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	132
Sometime	<i>S. M. B. Piatt.</i>	417	The Children that are not.	<i>Frank O. Ticknor.</i>	540
Song.	<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>	116	The City of Ships.	<i>Walt Whitman.</i>	199
Song.	<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>	124	The City of the Golden Gate	<i>Ina D. Coolbrith.</i>	596
Song.	<i>Fortunatus Cosby.</i>	375	The Closing Scene.	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	315
Song.	<i>S. M. B. Piatt.</i>	397	The Coming-Back.	<i>Ralph W. Emerson.</i>	60
Song of Marion's Men	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	469	The Conquered Banner.	<i>Abram J. Ryan.</i>	494
Song of Steam	<i>George W. Cutter.</i>	402	The Country Life	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>	301
Song of the River.	<i>Abram J. Ryan.</i>	547	The Courtin'.	<i>James R. Lowell.</i>	124
Sonnet	<i>William G. Simms</i>	527	The Crooked Footpath	<i>Oliver W. Holmes.</i>	98
Spiritual Presence.	<i>James H. Perkins.</i>	418	The Crowded Street	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	202
			The Dead.	<i>J. G. C. Brainard</i>	191
			The Dead.	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>	305
			The Dead House	<i>James R. Lowell.</i>	159

The Death of the Flowers.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	107	The Marshes of Glynn	<i>Sidney Lanier</i>	496
The Death of Jasper.	<i>Robert M. Charlton</i>	473	The Meeting Waters.	<i>E. H. Whittier</i>	67
The Delaware Water-Gap.	<i>Elizabeth F. Ellet</i>	252	The Memory of the Heart.	<i>Daniel Webster</i>	181
The Deserted Road	<i>Thomas B. Read</i>	310	The Merrimac	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	94
The Deserted Wife	<i>James G. Percival</i>	151	The Moneyless Man	<i>Henry T. Stanton</i>	403
The Discoverers.	<i>Arthur C. Coxe</i>	3	The Morning Street	<i>John James Piatt</i>	399
The Doubt.	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	378	The Mother	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	296
The Door-Step	<i>E. C. Stedman</i>	118	The Mother Perishing in a Snow- Storm.	<i>Seba Smith</i>	52
The End of the Rainbow	<i>S. M. B. Piatt</i>	387	The Mountain Christening.	<i>Josiah G. Holland</i>	20
The Evening Wind	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	296	The Mountain Road.	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i>	101
The Falling Star	<i>A. W. Brotherton</i>	448	The Mountain Winds	<i>Anonymous</i>	474
The Fall of Niagara.	<i>J. G. C. Brainard</i>	554	The Movers	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	362
The Falls of the Passaic	<i>Washington Irving</i>	257	The Mowers.	<i>Myron B. Benton</i>	302
The Family Meeting.	<i>Charles Sprague</i>	147	The Murdered Traveler.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	52
The Far West	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	577	The New Moon.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	75
The Father's Choice	<i>Sarah J. Hale</i>	26	The Old Burying-Ground	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	163
The Ferry-Boat.	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	212	The Old Church Road	<i>Wm. P. Brannan</i>	431
The Field of the Grounded Arms <i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i>		254	The Old Clock on the Stairs.	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	182
The First Cricket	<i>Wm. D. Howells</i>	427	The Old Continentals	<i>Guy H. McMaster</i>	622
The First Snow-Fall.	<i>James R. Lowell</i>	143	The Old Elm at Newbury.	<i>Hannah F. Gould</i>	53
The First Spring Day	<i>Wm. B. Wright</i>	279	The Old Home.	<i>Wm. W. Harney</i>	439
The Fight of Paso del Mar	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	594	The Old Maid	<i>Amelia B. Welby</i>	396
The Flight of Youth.	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	291	The Old Man and the Spring Leaves	<i>John James Piatt</i>	384
The Forest Cemetery.	<i>Chas. F. Hoffman</i>	248	The Old Mill	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	77
The Fountain of Youth.	<i>H. Butterworth</i>	453	The Old Mill	<i>Wm. W. Harney</i>	381
The Freshet	<i>Alfred B. Street</i>	241	The Old Mound	<i>Charles A. Jones</i>	339
The Frost	<i>Hannah F. Gould</i>	109	The Old Oaken Bucket.	<i>Samuel Woodworth</i>	171
The Georgetown Hills	<i>W. L. Shoemaker</i>	479	The Old School-House	<i>Louisa M. Chitwood</i>	394
The Golden Gate	<i>Edward Pollock</i>	597	The Old Sergeant.	<i>Forceythe Willson</i>	629
The Golden Mile-Stone	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	168	The Other World.	<i>Harriet B. Stowe</i>	192
The Golden Sunset	<i>Samuel Longfellow</i>	188	The Patter of Little Feet.	<i>Susan E. Wallace</i>	422
The Great Hereafter.	<i>Otway Curry</i>	443	The Peaks of Otter	<i>W. L. Shoemaker</i>	455
The Hills of Linganore.	<i>M. W. Hackelton</i>	488	The Phantom	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	287
The Hanging of Black Cudjo	<i>Paul H. Hayne</i>	465	The Phantom-Drummer.	<i>W. L. Shoemaker</i>	482
The Hoosier's Nest	<i>John Finley</i>	351	The Phantom Ship	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	19
The Husband and Wife's Grave <i>Richard H. Dana</i>		187	The Picket-Guard.	<i>Ethel Lynn Beers</i>	491
The Indians.	<i>Charles Sprague</i>	18	The Pilgrim Fathers.	<i>John Pierpont</i>	16
The Indian Summer.	<i>John H. Bryant</i>	573	The Pioneer Chimney	<i>John James Piatt</i>	353
The Jolly Old Pedagogue.	<i>George Arnold</i>	313	The Pioneer Hunters.	<i>F. W. Thomas</i>	325
The Last Leaf	<i>Oliver W. Holmes</i>	180	The Plains	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	581
The Last Visitor	<i>Henry Ames Blood</i>	191	The Plantation.	<i>Caroline H. Gilman</i>	505
The Last Watch	<i>Forceythe Willson</i>	431	The Prairie on Fire.	<i>George P. Morris</i>	574
The Late Remorse of Love	<i>L. J. B. Case</i>	150	The Prairies.	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	569
The Latter Rain	<i>Jones Very</i>	103	The Pumpkin	<i>John G. Whittier</i>	105
The Letter of Marque	<i>Caroline F. Orne</i>	50	The Puritan Lovers	<i>Marian Douglass</i>	17
The Light-House	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	606	The Quakeress Bride.	<i>E. C. Kinney</i>	283
The Little Beach-Bird	<i>Richard H. Dana</i>	609	The Quaker Widow	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	309
The Little Black-Eyed Rebel.	<i>Wm. M. Carleton</i>	250	The Rainbow	<i>Amelia B. Welby</i>	376
The Little Lone Grave on the Plains	<i>John B. Kaye</i>	582	The Rainy Day	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	107
The Lonely Christmas	<i>L. J. B. Case</i>	184	The Reaper	<i>James M. Legaré</i>	537
The Lonely Grave.	<i>L. J. B. Case</i>	176	The Rhodora	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	70
The Lost Anchor	<i>Rose Terry Cooke</i>	605	The River in the Mammoth Cave <i>George D. Prentice</i>		405
The Lost Child.	<i>E. C. Willson</i>	423	The River of Time	<i>Benj. F. Taylor</i>	559
The Lost Sister.	<i>L. H. Sigourney</i>	139	The Rivulet	<i>William C. Bryant</i>	89
The Love-Knot.	<i>Nora Perry</i>	119	The Romance of a Rose	<i>Nora Perry</i>	37
The Magic Pitcher	<i>E. C. Willson</i>	378	The Royal Guest	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	164
The Maize	<i>Wm. W. Fosdick</i>	358			

The Sad Country	<i>William W. Story.</i>	144	To One Departed	<i>Ben. M. Piatt.</i>	435
The Sandpiper	<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>	612	To Seneca Lake	<i>James G. Percival.</i>	245
The Shaded Water	<i>William G. Simms.</i>	532	To the Daughter of an Old Sweet-		
The Shower	<i>James W. Riley.</i>	370	heart	<i>George D. Prentice.</i>	424
The Sin of Omission.	<i>A. W. Brotherton.</i>	421	To the Fringed Gentian	<i>William C. Bryant.</i>	106
The Skeleton in Armor.	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	9	To the Humble-Bee	<i>R. W. Emerson.</i>	89
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	518	To the Memory of the Americans		
The Snow-Storm	<i>R. W. Emerson.</i>	109	who fell at Eutaw	<i>Philip Freneau.</i>	475
The Snow-Storm	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	110	To the Mocking-Bird	<i>Fortunatus Cosby.</i>	383
The Song of the Savoyards	<i>Henry Ames Blood.</i>	207	To the River Charles	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	68
The Star-Spangled Banner.	<i>Francis Scott Key.</i>	623	To the Unsatisfied.	<i>Harriet W. Sewall.</i>	172
The Story of Esther Zane.	<i>W. D. Gallagher.</i>	331	To the Wissahiccon	<i>Frances A. Kemble.</i>	264
The Stranger on the Sill	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	295	Toccoa	<i>James M. Legaré.</i>	472
The Summer Shower.	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	299	Touch Not	<i>Lucy H. Hooper.</i>	285
The Survivors	<i>Harriet W. Prescott.</i>	618	Trees in the City	<i>Alice B. Neal.</i>	208
The Teacher's Dream	<i>W. H. Venable.</i>	408	Troth-Plight.	<i>Louise C. Moulton.</i>	180
The Twofold Harvest	<i>William R. Alger.</i>	144	Truth and Freedom	<i>W. D. Gallagher.</i>	400
The Two Villages.	<i>Rose Terry Cooke.</i>	185	Twilight	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	609
The Upper Saranac	<i>Alfred B. Street.</i>	251	Twilight on Sumter	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>	494
The Upright Soul.	<i>James H. Perkins.</i>	410	Two	<i>Ina D. Coolbrith.</i>	595
The Uprising	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	463	Two Pictures	<i>Marian Douglass.</i>	132
The Valley Brook.	<i>John H. Bryant.</i>	69	Two Truths	<i>H. H.</i>	155
The Village Blacksmith	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	157	Two Watchers	<i>John James Piatt.</i>	618
The Violet	<i>William W. Story.</i>	63	Unanswered Prayer	<i>George Houghton.</i>	618
The Virginians of the Valley	<i>Frank O. Ticknor.</i>	492	Uncle Joe.	<i>Alice Cary.</i>	434
The Volunteers.	<i>William H. Lytle.</i>	626	Uncle Mellick Dines with His		
The Wabash River	<i>Jas. M. Thompson.</i>	389	Master	<i>J. R. Eggleston.</i>	508
The Watch of Boon Island	<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>	614	Under a Tree	<i>James R. Lowell.</i>	72
The Widow's Charge at Her			Under the Linden.	<i>Myron B. Benton.</i>	290
Daughter's Bridal	<i>L. H. Sigourney.</i>	162	Unknown	<i>Frank O. Ticknor.</i>	542
The Wife	<i>Anna P. Dinnies.</i>	531	Unseen Spirits	<i>Nathaniel P. Willis.</i>	211
The Willow	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen.</i>	71	Until Death	<i>Elizabeth A. Allen.</i>	150
The Wind-Flower	<i>Jones Very.</i>	63	Up in the Wild	<i>A. D. T. Whitney.</i>	70
The Winged Worshipers	<i>Charles Sprague.</i>	81	Upon the Beach	<i>Henry D. Thoreau.</i>	601
The Witch in the Glass	<i>S. M. B. Piatt.</i>	521	Valley Forge	<i>Thomas B. Read.</i>	268
The White-Footed Deer.	<i>William C. Bryant.</i>	45	Voices of the Sea.	<i>Thomas Durfee.</i>	611
The Wreck of the Huron	<i>Edith M. Thomas.</i>	616	Wachusset	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	97
The Yellow Moon.	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>	205	Walden Lake	<i>Wm. E. Channing.</i>	65
The Yellow Violet	<i>William C. Bryant.</i>	62	Watching	<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>	615
Thou Comest Not.	<i>A. L. R. Dufour.</i>	372	Weehawken	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck.</i>	214
Thoughts on the Far Past.	<i>George D. Prentice.</i>	500	West Point	<i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	234
Through the Long Days and Years	<i>John Hay.</i>	399	What She Brought Me.	<i>Henry L. Flash.</i>	529
Tides	<i>H. H.</i>	617	When the Cows come Home.	<i>Mary E. Nealey.</i>	428
Tired Mothers	<i>Anonymous.</i>	306	When the Grass shall Cover Me	<i>Ina D. Coolbrith.</i>	598
'Tis Morning and the Days are			When the Tide comes In	<i>H. H.</i>	602
Long	<i>Ben. S. Parker.</i>	379	Where Shall the baby's dimple be?	<i>Josiah G. Holland.</i>	133
'Tis said that Absence Conquers			Which Shall it be?	<i>Ethel Lynn Beers.</i>	291
Love	<i>Fred. W. Thomas.</i>	375	Who has Robbed the Ocean Cave?	<i>John Shaw.</i>	524
To a Beautiful Girl	<i>George D. Prentice.</i>	388	Who Was It?	<i>Augustus J. Requier.</i>	524
To a Child	<i>John James Piatt.</i>	395	Wild Geese	<i>Celia Thaxter.</i>	60
To a Fair Lady	<i>William Maxwell.</i>	526	Woodman, Spare that Tree	<i>George P. Morris.</i>	298
To a Mother.	<i>E. C. Willson.</i>	434	Woods in Winter	<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i>	108
To a Pine-Tree.	<i>James R. Lowell.</i>	96	Wyoming	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck.</i>	239
To a Waterfowl	<i>William C. Bryant.</i>	94	Yorktown.	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>	475
To an Absent Wife	<i>George D. Prentice.</i>	387	You Left Me	<i>Elizabeth Stoddard.</i>	282
To an Oriole.	<i>Edgar Fawcett.</i>	284			
To ———,	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck.</i>	295			
To Nature, My Mother.	<i>Adrian Rouquette.</i>	528			



Oh, who has not heard of the Northmen
of yore,
How flew, like the sea-bird, their sails from
the shore;
How westward they stayed not till, breast-
ing the brine,
They hailed Narragansett, the land of the
vine?

Then the war-songs of Rollo, his pennon
and glaive,
Were heard as they danced by the moon-
lighted wave,
And their golden-haired wives bore them
sons of the soil,
While raged with the red-skins their feud
and turmoil.

And who has not seen, mid the summer's
gay crowd,
That old pillared tower of their fortalice
proud,
How it stands solid proof of the sea-chief-
tains' reign
Ere came with Columbus those galleys of
Spain?

'Twas a claim for their kindred: an ear-
nest of sway,—
By the stout-hearted Cabot made good in
its day,—
Of the Cross of St. George on the Ches-
apeake's tide,
Where lovely Virginia arose like a bride.

Came the pilgrims with Winthrop; and,
saint of the West,
Came Robert of Jamestown, the brave and
the blest;
Came Smith, the bold rover, and Rolfe—
with his ring
To wed sweet Matoaka, child of a king.

Undaunted they came, every peril to
dare,—
Of tribes fiercer far than the wolf in his
lair;
Of the wild irksome woods, where in am-
bush they lay;
Of their terror by night and their arrow
by day.

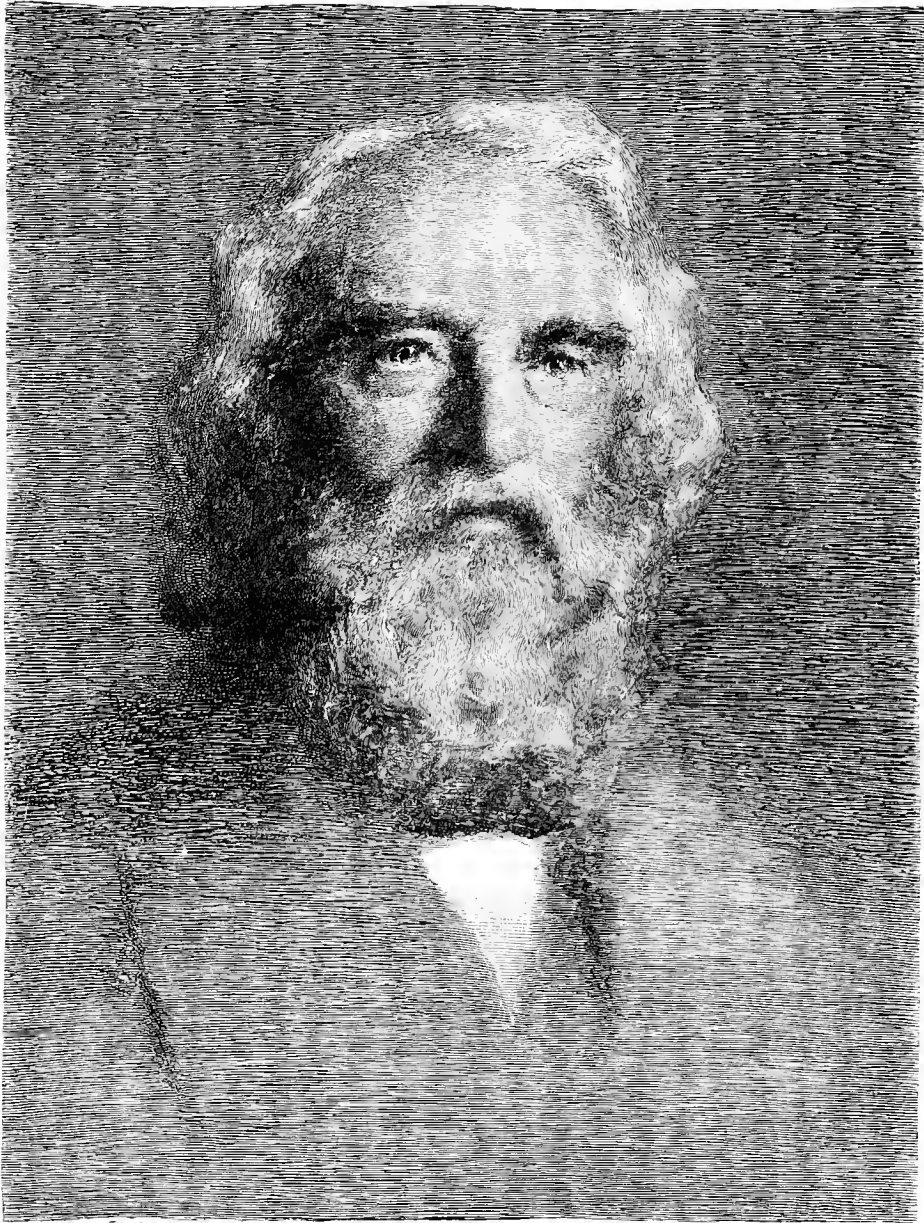
And so where our capes cleave the ice of
the poles,
Where groves of the orange scent sea-coast
and shoals,
Where the froward Atlantic uplifts its last
crest,
Where the sun, when he sets, seeks the
East from the West:

The clime that from ocean to ocean ex-
pands,
The fields to the snow-drifts that stretch
from the sands,
The wilds they have conquered of mount-
ain and plain,
Those pilgrims have made them fair Free-
dom's domain.

And the bread of dependence if proudly
they spurned,
'Twas the soul of their fathers that kin-
dled and burned,
'Twas the blood of the Saxon within them
that ran;
They held—to be free is the birthright of
man.

So oft the old lion, majestic of mane,
Sees cubs of his cave breaking loose from
his reign;
Unmeet to be his if they braved not his
eye,
He gave them the spirit his own to defy.

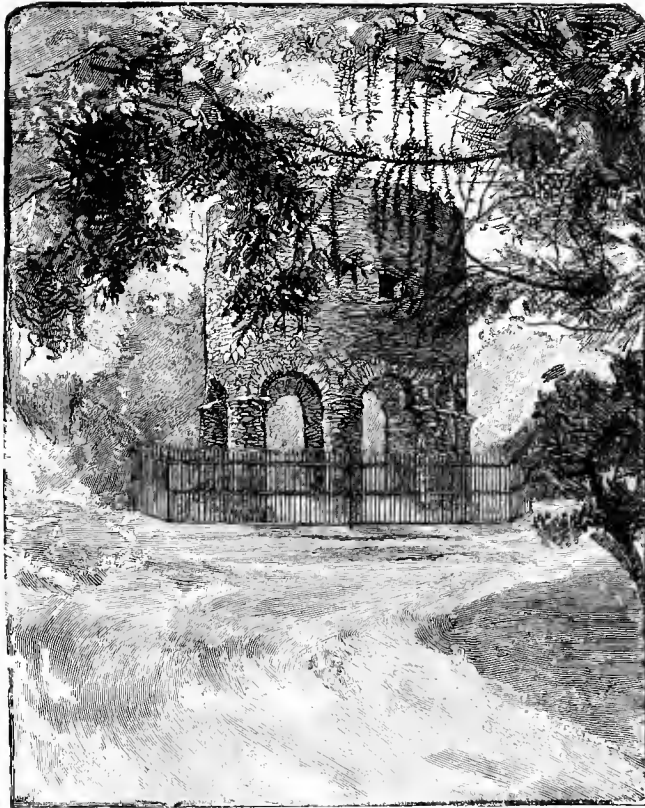
Arthur Cleveland Coxe.



1850. Gen. Pitt Rivers.







THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
 Tracked I the grisly bear,
 While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;
 Oft through the forest dark
 Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
 Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
 Joining a corsair’s crew,
 O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
 Wild was the life we led,
 Many the souls that sped,
 Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
 Wore the long Winter out;
 Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
 As we the Berserk’s tale
 Measured in cups of ale,
 Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
 Tales of the stormy sea,
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
 And as the white stars shine
 On the dark Norway pine,
 On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
 Yielding, yet half afraid,
 And in the forest’s shade
 Our vows were plighted.
 Under its loosened vest
 Fluttered her little breast,
 Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,
 Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory;
 When of old Hildebrand
 I asked his daughter’s hand,
 Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
 Loud then the champion laughed,
 And as the wind-gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
 So the loud laugh of scorn,
 Out of those lips unshorn,
 From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

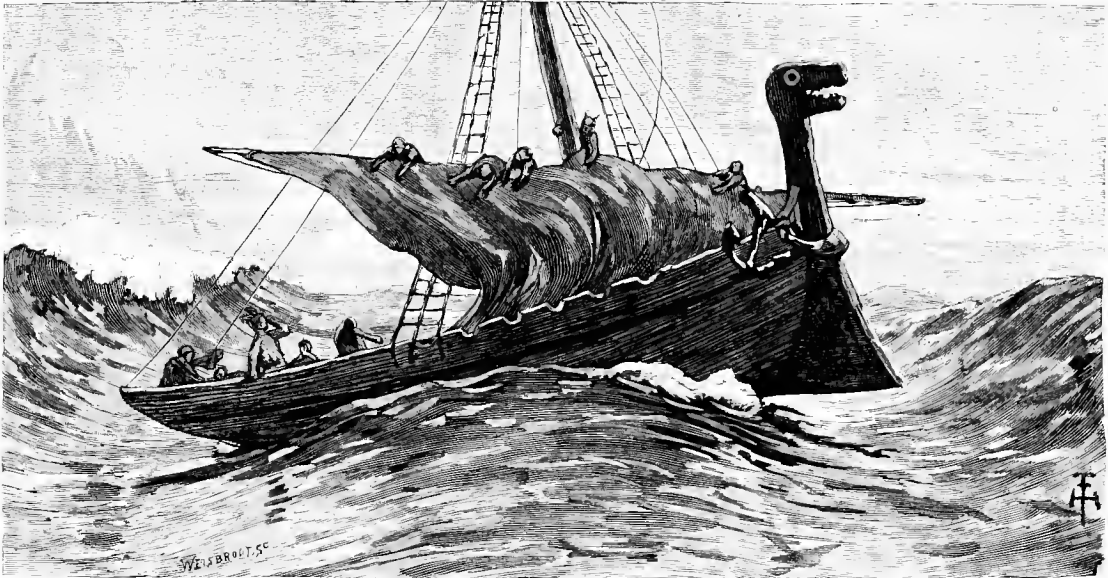
“She was a Prince’s child,
 I but a Viking wild,
 And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
 Should not the dove so white
 Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
 Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
 Bearing the maid with me,
 Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen!
 When on the white sea-strand,
 Waving his armed hand,
 Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
 Bent like a reed each mast,
 Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
 And with a sudden flaw
 Came round the gusty Skaw,
 So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 Death! was the helmsman’s hail,
 Death without quarter!
 Mid-ships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel;
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt
 With his prey laden,
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.



“Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o’er,
 Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;
 There for my lady’s bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

“Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen!
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful!
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful!

“There lived we many years;
 Time dried the maiden’s tears;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother;
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,
 Under that tower she lies;
 Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended!
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skool! to the Northland! *skoal!*”
 Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NOREMBEGA.

[NOREMBEGA, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south-west of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604, Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travelers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of any thing like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.]

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down;
"I see," he said, "the domes and spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"Oh hush and hark! What sounds are these
But chants and holy hymns?"

"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised!—He sets for me
A blessed cross in sight!"
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave!

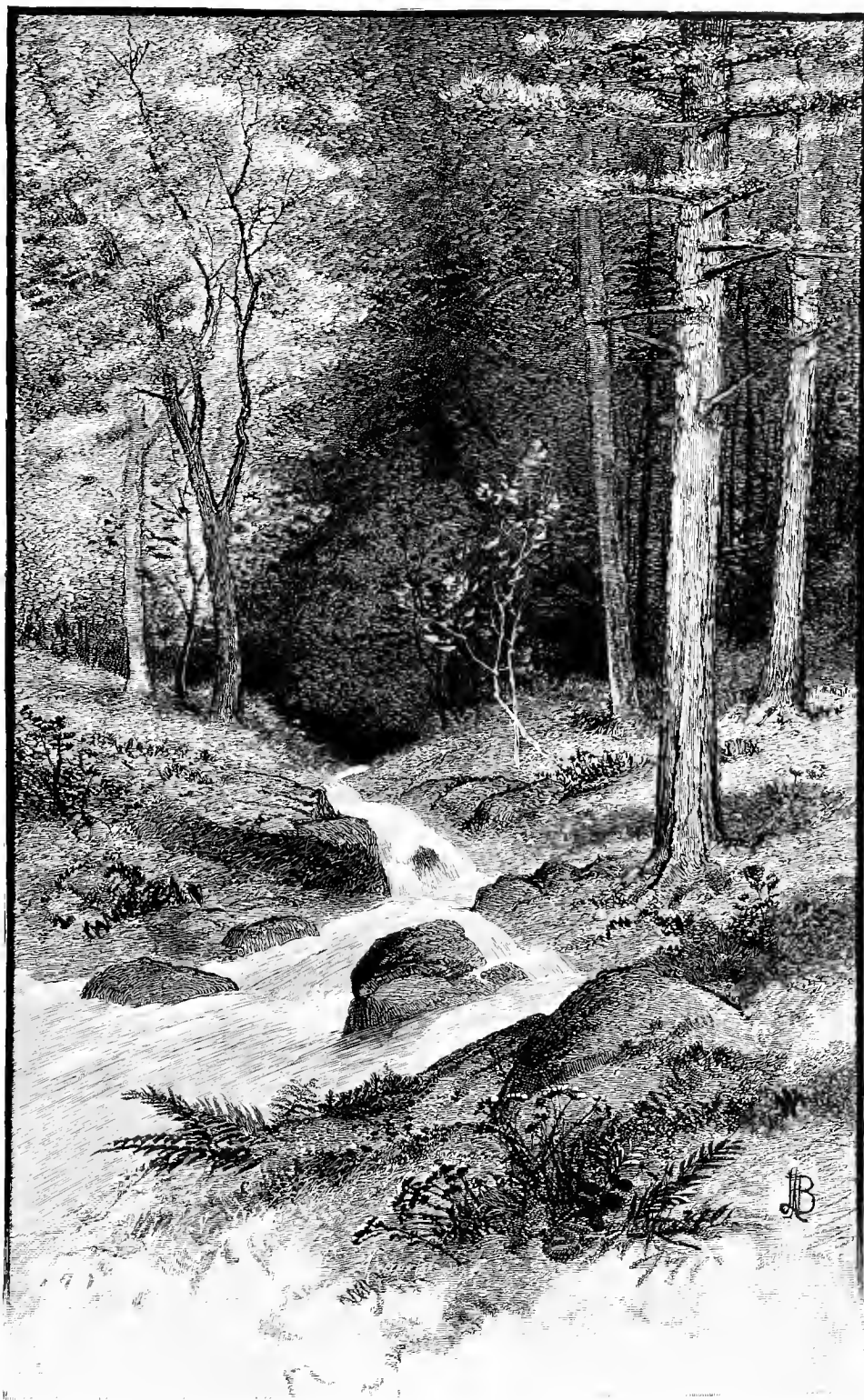
"My life is sped; I shall not see
My home-set sails again;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

"Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembega's walls.

"So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert's heart
My dead hand plucked away.

"Leave me an hour of rest; go thou
And look from yonder heights;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights."

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,—
He saw nor tower nor town,
But through the drear woods, lone and still,
The river rolling down.



"The winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took."

He heard the stealthy feet of things
 Whose shapes he could not see,
 A flutter as of evil wings,
 The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,
 A sword of fire beyond;
 He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
 Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back: "O master dear,
 We are but men misled;
 And thou hast sought a city here,
 To find a grave instead."

"As God shall will! what matters where
 A true man's cross may stand,
 So Heaven be o'er it here as there
 In pleasant Norman land?"

"These woods, perchance, no secret hide
 Of lordly tower and hall;
 Yon river in its wanderings wide
 Has washed no city wall;

"Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
 The holy stars are given:
 Is Norembega, then, a dream
 Whose waking is in Heaven?"

"No builded wonder of these lands
 My weary eyes shall see;

A city never made with hands
 Alone awaiteth me—

"'Urbs Syon mystica'; I see
 Its mansions passing fair,
 'Condita cælo'; let me be,
 Dear Lord, a dweller there!"

Above the dying exile hung
 The vision of the bard,
 As faltered on his failing tongue
 The song of good Bernard.

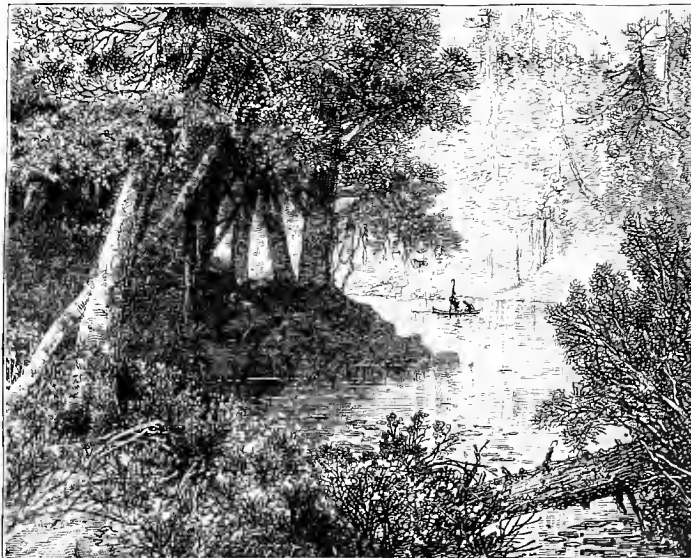
The henchman dug at dawn a grave
 Beneath the hemlocks brown,
 And to the desert's keeping gave
 The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
 Sailed up the unknown stream,
 And Norembega proved again
 A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave
 Within the hemlock's shade,
 And, stretching wide its arms to save,
 The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot
 And made it holy ground:
 He needs the earthly city not
 Who hath the heavenly found.

John G. Whittier.



PILGRIM SONG.

OVER the mountain-wave, see where they
 come;
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them
 home;
 Yet where the sounding gale howls to the
 sea,
 There their song peals along, deep-toned
 and free.
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be,—this is our
 home!"

England hath sunny dales, dearly they
 bloom;
 Scotia hath heather hills, sweet their per-
 fume:
 Yet through the wilderness cheerful we
 stray,
 Native land, native land, home far away!
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be,—this is our
 home!"

Dim grew the forest path: onward they
 trod;
 Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in
 God!
 Gray men and blooming maids, high rose
 their song;
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever
 along:
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be,—this is our
 home!"

Let thrive the glory-wreath, torn by the
 blast;
 Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward
 they passed.
 Green be their mossy graves! ours be their
 fame,
 While their song peals along, ever the same:
 "Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we come;
 Where the free dare to be,—this is our
 home!"

George Lunt.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE pilgrim fathers,—where are they?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore:
 Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
 When the May-Flower moored below,
 When the sea around was black with storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
 Still brood upon the tide;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the
 deep,
 To stay its waves of pride.

But the snow-white sail, that he gave to
 the gale,
 When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
 As an angel's wing, through an opening
 cloud,
 Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
 The hill, whose icy brow
 Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's
 flame,
 In the morning's flame burns now.
 And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
 On the hill-side and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure
dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious
dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have
bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-
Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

John Pierpont.

THE PURITAN LOVERS.

DRAWN out, like lingering bees, to share
The last, sweet summer weather,
Beneath the reddening maples walked
Two Puritans together,—

A youth and maiden, heeding not
The woods which round them brightened,
Just conscious of each other's thoughts,
Half happy and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,
And coarse their garb and simple;
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy
To own its wordly dimple.

For stern the time; they dwelt with Care,
And Fear was oft a comer;
A sober April ushered in
The Pilgrim's toilsome summer.

And stern their creed; they tarried here
Mere desert-land sojourners:
They must not dream of mirth or rest,
God's humble lesson-learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round
Their week-day robes was clinging;
Their mirth was but the golden bells
On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,
That serious youth and maiden,
Their plainest words strange beauty wore,
Like weeds with dewdrops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,
The gravest, something tender,
While with slow steps they wandered on,
Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, "Next week the church will hold
A day of prayer and fasting;"
And then he stopped, and bent to pick
A white life-everlasting,—

A silvery bloom, with fadeless leaves;
He gave it to her, sighing;
A mute confession was his glance,
Her blush, a mute replying.

"Mchetabel!" (at last he spoke,)
"My fairest one and dearest!
One thought is ever to my heart
The sweetest and the nearest.

"You read my soul; you know my wish;
O, grant me its fulfilling!"
She answered low, "If Heaven smiles,
And if my father's willing!"

No idle passion swayed her heart,
 This quaint New England beauty!
 Faith was the guardian of her life,—
 Obedience was a duty.

Too truthful for reserve, she stood,
 Her brown eyes earthward casting,
 And held with trembling hand the while
 Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth,—
 Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;
 He left her at her father's door,
 Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,
 And Heaven seemed bright above her;
 And when she shyly spoke his name,
 Her father praised her lover.

And when, that night, she sought her couch,
 With head-board high and olden,
 Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,
 And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,
 In bloom and breath undying,
 A few life-everlasting flowers,
 Her lover's gift, were lying.

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green!
 O Cupid's blushing roses!
 Not on your classic flowers alone
 The sacred light reposes;

Though gentler care may shield your buds,
 From north-winds rude and blasting,
 As dear to love, those few, pale flowers
 Of white life-everlasting.

Marian Douglass.

THE INDIANS.

ALAS! alas! for them—those fated bands,
 Whose monarch tread was on these broad,
 green lands!

Our fathers called them savage—them,
 whose bread

In the dark hour, those famished fathers
 fed;

We call them savage. Oh, be just!

Their outraged feelings scan;

A voice comes forth,—'t is from the dust,—
 The savage was a man!

Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
 And in his toils took part?

Woman was there to bless his eye,—
 The savage had a heart!

Think ye he prayed not? When on high
 He heard the thunders roll,

What bade him look beyond the sky?
 The savage had a soul!

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,

Yet for the red man dare to plead.

We bow to Heaven's recorded laws;

He turned to Nature for a creed
 Beneath the pillared dome

We seek our God in prayer;

Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
 And the Great Spirit worshipped there.

But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
 To one divinity with us he knelt;

Freedom—the selfsame freedom we adore—
 Bade him defend his violated shore.

He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
 And burst upon his hills in woe;

He saw his people withering by,
 Beneath the invader's evil eye;

Strange feet were trampling on his fathers'
 bones;

At midnight hour he woke to gaze
 Upon his happy cabin's blaze,

And listen to his children's dying groans.

He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
 Gave his bold bosom to the fight;

To tiger-rage his soul was driven;
 Mercy was not or sought or given;

The pale man from his lands must
 fly,—
 He would be free or he would die.
 Alas for them!—their day is o'er,
 Their fires are out from hill and shore;
 No more for them the wild deer bounds;
 The plow is on their hunting-grounds;

The pale man's axe rings through their
 woods;
 The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods;
 Their pleasant springs are dry;
 Their children,—look! by power oppressed,
 Beyond the mountains of the west
 Their children go—to die!

Charles Sprague.



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's *Magnalia Christi*,
 Of the old colonial time,
 May be found in prose the legend
 That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
 And the keen and frosty airs
 That filled her sails at parting
 Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure,"—
 Thus prayed the old divine,—
 "To bury our friends in the ocean,
 Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
 And under his breath said he,
 "This ship is so crank and walty,
 I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
 When the winter months were gone,
 Brought no tidings of this vessel
 Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
 That the Lord would let them hear
 What in his greater wisdom
 He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:—
 It was in the month of June,
 An hour before the sunset
 Of a windy afternoon,
 When, steadily steering landward,
 A ship was seen below,
 And they knew it was Lambertton, Master,
 Who sailed so long ago.
 On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
 Right against the wind that blew,
 Until the eye could distinguish
 The faces of the crew.
 Then fell her straining topmasts,
 Hanging tangled in the shrouds,

And her sails were loosened and lifted,
 And blown away like clouds.
 And the masts, with all their rigging,
 Fell slowly, one by one,
 And the hulk dilated and vanished,
 As a sea-mist in the sun!
 And the people who saw this marvel
 Each said unto his friend,
 That this was the mould of their vessel,
 And thus her tragic end.
 And the pastor of the village
 Gave thanks to God in prayer,
 That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
 He had sent this Ship of Air.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTENING.

A LEGEND OF THE CONNECTICUT.

How did they manage to busy themselves—
 Our sires, in the early plantation days?
 Grinding their axes and whittling their
 helves?
 Fishing for salmon and planting maize?
 How when the chopping and splitting were
 done?
 How when the corn-fields were planted
 and hoed?
 How when the salmon had ceased to run,
 And the bushes were cleared from the
 old Bay Road?
 They were not men who stood still in their
 shoes,
 Or who clung to their cabins when forests
 were damp;
 So, when labor was finished, they cut the
 blues
 And their sticks for a lively exploring
 tramp.
 'Twas a beautiful morning in June, they say—
 Two hundred and twenty years ago,

When armed and equipped for a holiday,
 They stood where Connecticut's waters
 flow,
 With five upon this side and five upon that,—
 Agawan's bravest and hardiest men,
 Hailing each other with lusty chat,
 That the tall woods caught and tossed
 over again.
 Holyoke, the gentle and daring, stood
 On the Eastern bank with his trusty four,
 And Rowland Thomas, the gallant and good,
 Headed the band on the other shore.
 "Due North!" shouted Holyoke and all
 his men.
 "Due North!" answered they on the
 opposite beach;
 And northward they started, the sturdy ten,
 With their haversacks filled and a musket
 each.
 The women ran panting to bid them good-
 bye

And sweet Mary Pynchon was there (I
guess),
With a sigh in her throat and a tear in
her eye
As Holyoke marched into the wilderness,

And the boys were all wondering where
they would go,
And what they would meet in the dan-
gerous way;
And the good wives were gossiping to and
fro,
And prating and shaking their heads all
day.

Up the bright river they traveled abreast,
Calling each other from bank to bank,
Till the hot sun slowly rolled into the West,
And gilded the mountain-tops where it
sank.

They lighted their camp-fires and ate of
their fare,
And drank of the water that ran at their
feet,
And wrapped in the balm of the cool even-
ing air,
Sank down to a sleep that was dreamless
and sweet.

The great falls roared in their ears all night,
And the sturgeon splashed and the wild-
cat screamed,
But they did not wake till the morning
light
Red through the willowy branches beamed.

Brief was the toilet and short the grace,
And strong were the viands that broke
their fast;
Then onward they pressed till they reached
the place
Where the river between two mountains
passed

Up the rough ledges they clambered amain,
Holyoke and Thomas on either hand,
Till high in mid-passage they paused, and
then
They tearfully gazed on a lovely land.

Down by the Ox-Bow's southerly shore,
Licking the wave, bowed an antlered buck:
And Northward and Westward, a league or
more,
Stretched the broad meadows of Non-
tuck.

Straight up the river an Indian town
Filled the soft air with its musical hum,
And children's voices were wafted down
From the peaceful shadows of Hockamm.

Rude little patches of greening maize
Drappled the landscape far and wide,
And away in the North in the sunset's blaze,
Sugar-loaf stood and was glorified!

The morning dawned on the double group
Facing each other on opposite shores,
Where ages ago with a mighty swoop
The waters parted the mountain doors.

"Let us christen the mountains," said Hol-
yoke in glee;
"Let us christen the mountains," said
Thomas again;
"That mountain for you, and this mount-
ain for me!"
And their trusty fellows responded:
"Amen!"

Then Holyoke buried his palm in the
stream,
And tossed the pure spray toward the
mountain's brow,
And said, while it shone in the sun's first
beam,
"Fair mountain, thou art Mount Holyoke
now!"

The sun shone full on the Western height,
When Thomas came up from the crystal
tide:

“I name thee Thomas by Christian rite!”
“Thou art Mout Thomas!” they all
replied.

They paused but a moment when rounding
a bluff

Shot an Indian’s boat with its stealthy
oar,

And with strings of wampum and gaudy
stuff

They beckoned it in to the Western
shore.

Gracious and brief was the bargain made
By the white man’s potent pantomime;
And the delicate boat with its dainty blade
Bore them over the river one man at a
time.

There were greetings and jests in every
mouth,

And hearty farewells to “Holyoke” and
“Tom”:

Then the gleeful men turned their steps due
South,

And took a bee-line for Agawam.

They passed Willimansett at noon that day,

And Chicopee just as the sun went down,

And when the last daylight had faded away,

All hungry and weary they entered the
town.

Mr. Pynchon demanded a full report,

Which Holyoke wrote for the two com-
mands;

And when he went down to the General
Court

He placed it in Governor Winthrop’s
hands.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

“Rake out the red coals, goodman,—
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

“It’s never my own little daughter,
It’s never my own,” she said;
“The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

“O, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

“I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It’s not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

“My face grows sharp with the torment:
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

“She’ll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she’ll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat.”

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
“Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee,” he said.

“The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray.”

Then he said to the great All-Father,
“Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

“Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

“Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

“Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore.”

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.



A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin,
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

“Blessed be God!” he murmured.
“Blessed be God!” she said;
“For I see, who once was blinded,—
I live, who once was dead.

“Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!”

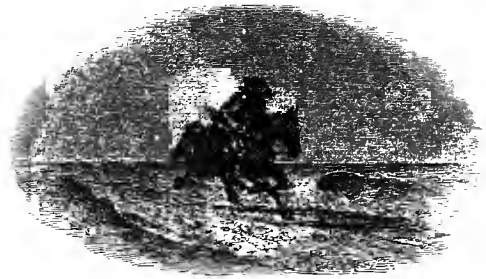
His horse he saddled and bridled,
 And into the night rode he,—
 Now through the great black woodland,
 Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
 He came to the ferry wide,
 And thrice he called to the boatman
 Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
 He swam to Newbury town,
 And he called up Justice Sewall
 In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
 (Upon whose soul be peace!)

Set his name to the jailer's warrant
 For Goodwife Cole's release.



Then through the night the hoof-beats
 Went sounding like a flail;
 And Goody Cole at cockerow
 Came forth from Ipswich jail.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and something
 more,
 In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern
 door,

Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
 Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
 Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
 Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
 The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
 In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
 Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
 Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,

And half resolved, though he was past his
 prime,

And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
 To fall down at her feet, and to declare
 The passion that had driven him to despair.
 For from his lofty station he had seen
 Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
 Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in
 hand,

Down the long lane, and out into the land,
 And knew that he was far upon the way
 To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl
 Were interrupted by a little girl,
 Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
 Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders
 bare;

A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
 Sure to be rounded into beauty soon;
 A creature men would worship and adore,
 Though now in mean habiliments she bore
 A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
 And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—
 The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
 The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
 The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
 That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and
 glanced,

As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
 And with uncommon feelings of delight
 The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
 Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
 These words, or thought he did, as plain
 as day:

“O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
 About the town half dressed, and looking so!”

At which the gypsy laughed, and straight
replied:

“No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma’am.” And on the
child

The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and
was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving
down

To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out
to sea,

A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,—
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter
through.

Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen
dogs

Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of
logs;

Doors opening into darkness unawares,

Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture
names.

Such was the mansion where the great man
dwelt,

A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could
feel

The pain of wounds, that ache because they
heal.

The years came and the years went,—seven
in all,

And passed in cloud and sunshine o’er the
Hall;

The dawns their splendor through its cham-
bers shed,

The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed
and died,

In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home
from sea,

And the slow years sailed by and ceased
to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton
served

In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still
shining through;

A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor’s sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.

The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
 The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
 The restless swallows building in the caves,
 The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
 The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
 All welcomed this majestic holiday!
 He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
 Such as became the Governor of the State,
 Who represented England and the King,
 And was magnificent in everything.
 He had invited all his friends and peers, —
 The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
 The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;
 For why repeat the name of every guest?
 But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
 The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
 Of the Established Church; with smiling face
 He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
 And then the feast went on, as others do,
 But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many
 a cheer,
 The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
 Who disappeared, and presently there stood
 Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
 A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
 Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
 Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
 Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
 Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,

How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
 The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
 Is Dian now in all her majesty!
 Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was
 there
 Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
 Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked
 down,
 And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
 "This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
 My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
 None more so than the rector, who replied:
 "Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
 Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
 The Governor answered: "To this lady
 here;"
 And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
 She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
 The rector paused. The impatient Governor
 cried:

"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
 Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
 The rector read the service loud and clear:
 "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
 And so on to the end. At his command
 On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
 The Governor placed the ring; and that
 was all:

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.

[The incident to which the following ballad refers occurred at the time of an attack of Indians on Haverhill, Mass., in 1708, when Hannah Dustin, with her nurse, was captured and carried off, her new-born infant being put to death by the savages. At the first attack Mr. Dustin bade his five children fly; then, seeing there was no hope of saving his sick wife, he mounted his horse and rode at full speed after the children, hoping to save a part of them, if not all. After fiercely and successfully fighting several pursuing savages, he escaped, his little ones having found safety in a forsaken house. Mrs. Dustin afterwards escaped by putting to death her captor and his family, with the assistance of her nurse and a boy captured at the same time.]

"Now fly, as flies the rushing wind —
 Urge, urge thy lagging steed!
 The savage yell is fierce behind,
 And life is on thy speed.

"And from those dear ones make thy choice;"
 The group he wildly eye'd,
 When "father!" burst from every voice,
 And "child!" his heart replied.

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

October, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
 Sailed from the port of Brest,
 And the Admiral's ship displayed
 The signal: "Steer south-west."
 For this Admiral D'Anville
 Had sworn by cross and crown
 To ravage with fire and steel
 Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
 In the houses there was fear
 Of the coming of the fleet,
 And the danger hovering near.
 And while from mouth to mouth
 Spread the tidings of dismay,
 I stood in the Old South,
 Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
 But if in thy Providence
 A tempest should arise
 To drive the French Fleet hence,
 And scatter it far and wide,
 Or sink it in the sea,
 We should be satisfied,
 And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
 For my soul was all on flame,
 And even as I prayed
 The answering tempest came;

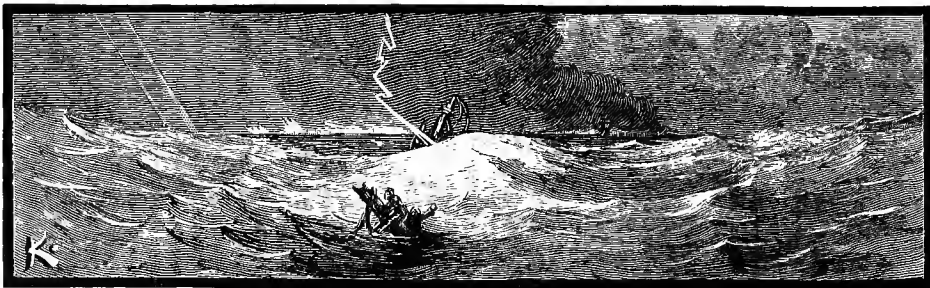
It came with a mighty power,
 Shaking the windows and walls,
 And tolling the bell in the tower,
 As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,
 And I cried: "Stand still, and see
 The salvation of the Lord!"
 The heavens were black with cloud,
 The sea was white with hail,
 And ever more fierce and loud
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
 And the broad sails in the van
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,
 Or the curtains of Midian.
 Down on the reeling decks
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
 Ah, never were there wrecks
 So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
 The great ships of the line;
 They were carried away as a smoke,
 Or sank like lead in the brine.
 O Lord! before thy path
 They vanished and ceased to be,
 When thou didst walk in wrath
 With thine horses through the sea!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.





BRIDE BROOK.

WIDE as the sky Time spreads his hand,
 And blindly over us there blows
 A swarm of years that fill the land,
 Then fade, and are as fallen snows.

Behold, the flakes rush thick and fast;
 Or are they years that come between,
 When, peering back into the past,
 I search the legendary scene?

Nay; marshaled down the open coast,
 Fearless of that low rampart's frown,
 The winter's white-winged, footless host
 Beleaguers ancient Saybrook town.

And when the settlers wake, they stare
 On woods half-buried, white and green,
 A smothered world, an empty air:
 Never had such deep drifts been seen!

But "Snow lies light upon my heart!
 An thou," said merry Jonathan Rudd,
 "Wilt wed me, winter shall depart,
 And love like spring for us shall bud."

"Nay, how," said Mary, "may that be?
 Nor minister nor magistrate
 Is here, to join us solemnly;
 And snow-banks bar us, every gate."

"Winthrop at Pequot Harbor lies,"
 He laughed. And with the morrow's sun
 He faced the deputy's dark eyes:
 "How soon, sir, may the rite be done?"

"At Saybrook? There the power's not mine,"
 Said he. "But at the brook we'll meet,
 That ripples down the boundary line;
 There you may wed, and Heaven shall see't."

Forth went, next day, the bridal train
 Through vistas dreamy with gray light.
 The waiting woods, the open plain,
 Arrayed in consecrated white,

Received and ushered them along;
 The very beasts before them fled,
 Charmed by the spell of inward song
 These lovers' hearts around them spread.

Four men with netted foot-gear shod
 Bore the maid's carrying-chair aloft;
 She swayed above, as roses nod
 On the lithe stem their bloom-weight soft.

At last beside the brook they stood,
 With Winthrop and his followers;
 The maid in flake-embroidered hood,
 The magistrate well cloaked in furs,

That, parting, showed a glimpse beneath
 Of ample, throat-encircling ruff
 As white as some wind-gathered wreath
 Of snow quilled into plait and puff.

A few grave words, a question asked,
 Eyelids that with the answer fell
 Like falling petals,—form that tasked
 Brief time;—yet all was wrought, and
 well!

Then "Brooklet," Winthrop smiled and said,
 "Frost's finger on thy lip makes dumb
 The voice wherewith thou shouldst have sped
 These lovers on their way; but, come,

"Henceforth forever be thou known
 By name of her here made a bride;
 So shall thy slender music's moan
 Sweeter into the ocean glide!"

Then laughed they all, and sudden beams
 Of sunshine quivered through the sky.
 Below the ice the unheard stream's
 Clear heart thrilled on in ecstasy;

And lo, a visionary blush
 Stole warmly o'er the voiceless wild,
 And in her rapt and wintry hush
 The lonely face of Nature smiled.

Ah, Time, what wilt thou? Vanished quite
 Is all that tender vision now;
 And like lost snow-flakes in the night,
 Mute lie the lovers as their vow.

And O thou little, careless brook,
 Hast thou thy tender trust forgot?
 Her modest memory forsook,
 Whose name, known once, thou utterest
 not?

Spring wakes the rill's blithe minstrelsy;
 In willow bough or alder bush
 Birds sing, with golden filigree
 Of pebbles 'neath the flood's clear gush;

But none can tell us of that name
 More than the "Mary." Men still say
 "Bride Brook" in honor of her fame;
 But all the rest has passed away.

George Parsons Lathrop.



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with
muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North
Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.



Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,

Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,

Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!



A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,
 a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
 fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom
 and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in
 his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the
 steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and
 deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford
 town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and
 bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall.
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have
 read,

How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again



Oliver Wendell Holmes

Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of
alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE:

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

'Tis like stirring living embers when, at
eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the
times that tried men's souls";
When I talk of Whig and Tory, when I
tell the Rebel story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me
they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the
April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see
their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the
day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the
slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'Twas a peaceful summer's morning, when
the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the
river and the shore:

"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter,
what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to
murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in
the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns
began to roar:

She had seen the burning village, and the
slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with
their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't
you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you
whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't
be gone a minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone
the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-
glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling
half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's
blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet
household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I
knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that
wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him,—it was
lucky I had found him,—
So I followed with the others, and the Cor-
poral marched before.

They were making for the steeple,—the old
 soldier and his people;
 The pigeons circled round us as we climbed
 the creaking stair.
 Just across the narrow river,—oh, so close
 it made me shiver!
 Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but
 yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew
 who stood behind it,
 Though the earthwork hid them from us,
 and the stubborn walls were dumb:
 Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking
 wild upon each other,
 And their lips were white with terror as
 they said, "The hour has come!"

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel
 had we tasted,
 And our heads were almost splitting with
 the cannons' deafening thrill,
 When a figure tall and stately round the
 rampart strode sedately;
 It was Prescott, one since told me; he com-
 manded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we
 saw his manly figure,
 With the banyan buckled round it, standing
 up so straight and tall;
 Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling
 out for pleasure,
 Through the storm of shells and cannon-
 shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for
 the red-coats' ranks were forming;
 At noon in marching order they were
 moving to the piers;
 How the bayonets gleamed and glistened,
 as we looked far down, and listened
 To the trampling and the drum-beat of the
 belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer
 (it seemed faint-hearted),
 In their scarlet regimentals, with their knap-
 sacks on their backs,
 And the reddening, rippling water, as after
 a sea-fight's slaughter,
 Round the barges gliding onward blushed
 like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and
 again they formed in order;
 And the boats came back for soldiers, came
 for soldiers, soldiers still:
 The time seemed everlasting to us women
 faint and fasting,—
 At last they're moving, marching, marching
 proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all
 along the lines advancing,—
 Now the front rank fires a volley,—they
 have thrown away their shot;
 For behind their earthwork lying, all the
 balls above them flying,
 Our people need not hurry; so they wait
 and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he
 would swear sometimes and tittle),—
 He had heard the bullets whistle (in the
 old French war) before,—
 Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they
 all were hearing,—
 And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the
 dusty belfry floor:—

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King
 George's shillin's,
 But ye'll waste a ton of powder before a
 'rebel' falls;
 You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're
 as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
 Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've
 splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and
trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are
well-nigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the
rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the
waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are
nearer,—nearer,—nearer,
When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—
then a crash—the steeple shakes—
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's
shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a
thunder-cloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-
black smoke blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a
mower rakes his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a head-
long crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shiv-
ered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed!
they are beat—it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!"—Ah!
the grim old soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we
could hardly speak, we shook so;)
"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? Are
they beaten?" "Wait a while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too
soon we saw our error:
They are baffled, not defeated; we have
driven them back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round
the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their
belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs
of Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an
hour it will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain
his fire and brimstone round them,—
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would
burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we
can see each massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with
the slanting walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in
noiseless haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are
they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce
a rod the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the
earthwork they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when
the ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the
vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted
backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the fright-
ened braves of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for,
it's their barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the
battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the
rough old soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew
what we would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet,—once
more, I guess, they'll try it—
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!"—
then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have
a drop of old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore
the job is done";
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful
faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when
the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had
watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping—they
were creeping round to four,

When the old man said, "They're forming
with their bagonets fixed for storming:
It's the death-grip that's a coming,—they
will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames
behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array
they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's
fold uncoiling,—
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the
reverberating drum!



Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell
the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as
a sea breaks over a deck;
How driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-
out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like
the swimmers from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me,
they say I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped
with me down the stair.

When I woke from dreams affrighted, the
evening lamps were lighted,—
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleed-
ing breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send
for Warren! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll
come and dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its
tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on
the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where
 the place from which he came was,
 Who had brought him from the battle, and
 had left him at our door,
 He could not speak to tell us; but 'twas
 one of our brave fellows,
 As the homespun plainly showed us which
 the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they
 gathered round him crying,—
 And they said, "Oh, how they'll miss him!"
 and, "What will his mother do?"
 Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's
 that has been dozing,
 He faintly murmured "Mother!"—and,
 —I saw his eyes were blue.

—"Why, grandma, how you're winking!"—
 Ah, my child, it sets me thinking
 Of a story not like this one. Well, he
 somehow lived along;
 So we came to know each other, and I
 nursed him like a—mother,
 Till at last he stood before me, tall, and
 rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the
 pleasant summer weather;
 —"Please to tell us what his name was?"
 —Just your own, my little dear,—
 There's his picture Copley painted: we be-
 came so well acquainted,
 That—in short, that's why I'm grandma,
 and you children all are here!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

IT is nearly a hundred years ago,
 Since the day that the Count de Rocham-
 beau—
 Our ally against the British crown—
 Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air
 was chill,
 But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
 Guest and host they took their way,
 While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
 Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
 And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
 Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
 And from street to street the Newport people
 Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
 De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
 And out of the windows smiled and sent
 Many a coy admiring glance
 To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the
 town
 Kissed a rose and flung it down
 Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
 And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
 And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
 Of the daring maiden where she stood,
 Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
 The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
 In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in
 vain
 For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night and day after day,
 The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
 At feast, or at church, or along the street,
 For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
 Was speeding farther and farther away
 From the fatal window, the fatal street,
 Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
 A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
 A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
 Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
 Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
 He swore, this old colonial squire,
 That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
 And her dangerous heart and her beautiful
 face,

Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
 Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a curséd Frenchman, high or low;
 And so while the Count de Rochambeau
 In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
 And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
 On the little deck of the sloop Delight;
 Guarded even in the darkness there
 By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
 Into the harbor of Newport town,
 Towing a wreck,—'t was the sloop Delight,
 Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
 And all on board of her, full in view
 Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
 Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
 He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
 Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my
 fine romance

From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

Nora Perry.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
 Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
 Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
 Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
 The beauty and the majesty of earth,
 Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to
 forget

The steep and toilsome way. There, as
 thou stand'st,

The haunts of men below thee, and around
 The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
 Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
 To which thou art translated, and partake
 The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt
 look

Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
 And down into the secrets of the glens,
 And streams, that with their bordering
 thickets strive

To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze,
 at once,

Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
 And swarming roads, and there on solitudes

That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
 And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
 That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
 Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
 To separate its nations, and thrown down
 When the flood drowned them. To the
 north, a path

Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
 Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
 With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
 And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
 Sheer to the vale go down the bare old
 cliffs,—

Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
 Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
 With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
 Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
 Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
 To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
 Where storm and lightning, from that huge
 gray wall,

Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at
 the base



"The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way."

Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
 Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
 Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
 Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
 Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
 Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
 The paradise he made unto himself,
 Mining the soil for ages. On each side
 The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
 Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
 The mountain columns with which earth
 props heaven.

There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
 A sad tradition of unhappy love,
 And sorrows born and ended, long ago,
 When over these fair vales the savage sought
 His game in the thick woods. There was
 a maid,
 The fairest of the Indian maids,—bright-eyed,
 With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
 And a gay heart. About her cabin door
 The wide old woods resounded with her song
 And fairy laughter all the summer day.
 She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
 By the morality of those stern tribes,
 Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
 Against her love, and reasoned with her
 heart,
 As simple Indian maiden might, in vain.
 Then her eye lost its luster, and her step
 Its lightness, and the gray-haired men that
 passed
 Her dwelling wondered that they heard
 no more
 The accustomed song and laugh of her
 whose looks
 Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they
 said,
 Upon the winter of their age. She went
 To weep, where no eye saw, and was not
 found
 When all the merry girls were met to dance,
 And all the hunters of the tribe were out;
 Nor when they gathered from the rustling husk
 The shining ear; nor when, by the river's side,

They pulled the grape and startled the wild
 shades

With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed
 Indian dames

Would whisper to each other, as they saw
 Her wasting form, and say, *The girl will die!*

One day into the bosom of a friend,
 A playmate of her young and innocent years,
 She poured her griefs. "Thou know'st, and
 thou alone,"

She said, "for I have told thee all, my love
 And guilt and sorrow. I am sick of life.
 All night I weep in darkness, and the morn
 Glares on me as upon a thing accursed,
 That has no business on the earth. I hate
 The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
 I loved. The cheerful voices of my friends
 Sound in my ear like mockings; and at night,
 In dreams, my mother, from the land of souls,
 Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
 Do seem to know my shame; I can not bear
 Their eyes. I can not, from my heart, root out
 The love that wrings it so, and I must die."

It was a summer morning, and they went
 To this old precipice. About the cliffs
 Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
 Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
 Here made to the Great Spirit; for they
 deemed,

Like worshipers of the elder time, that God
 Doth walk on the high places and affect
 The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
 The ornaments with which her father loved
 To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
 And bade her wear when stranger warriors
 came

To be his guests. Here the friends sat them
 down,

And sang, all day, old songs of love and
 death,

And decked the poor wan victim's hair
 with flowers,

And prayed that safe and swift might be
 her way

To that calm world of sunshine, where no
 grief
 Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
 Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
 Below her,—waters resting in the embrace
 Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
 Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
 She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
 Of her own village peeping through the trees,
 And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
 Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
 And came to die for, a warm gush of tears
 Ran from her eyes. But when the sun
 grew low
 And the hill-shadows long, she threw herself
 From the steep rock and perished. There
 was scooped.

Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave;
 And there they laid her, in the very garb
 With which the maiden decked herself for
 death,
 With the same withering wild flowers in
 her hair.
 And o'er the mold that covered her the tribe
 Built up a simple monument, a cone
 Of small, loose stones. Thenceforward all
 who passed—
 Hunter, and dame and virgin—laid a stone
 In silence on the pile. It stands there yet;
 And Indians from the distant West, who come
 To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
 Yet tell the sorrowful tale; and to this day
 The mountain where the hapless maiden died
 Is called the Mountain of the Monument.

William Cullen Bryant.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.



OF all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—

The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a
 cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair, [twang,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns'
 Over and over the Maenads sang:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own town's-people on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!



Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed,
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
 "What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
 Said Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should
we?"

Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,

Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE BLACK FOX OF SALMON RIVER.

[The lines below are founded on a legend, that is as well authenticated as any superstition of the kind; and as current in the place where it originated, as could be expected of one that possesses so little interest.—*Author's note.*]

"How cold, how beautiful, how bright
The cloudless heaven above us shines;
But 'tis a howling winter's night—
'T would freeze the very forest pines.

"The winds are up, while mortals sleep;
The stars look forth when eyes are shut;
The bolted snow lies drifted deep
Around our poor and lonely hut.

"With silent step and listening ear,
With bow and arrow, dog and gun,
We'll mark his track, for his prowl we hear,
Now is our time—come on, come on."

O'er many a fence, through many a wood,
Following the dog's bewildered scent,
In anxious haste and earnest mood,
The Indian and the white man went.

The gun is cocked, the bow is bent,
The dog stands with uplifted paw,
And ball and arrow swift are sent,
Aimed at the prowler's very jaw.

—The ball, to kill that fox, is run
Not in a mold by mortals made!
The arrow, which that fox should shun,
Was never shaped from earthly reed!

The Indian Druids of the wood
Know where the fatal arrows grow;—
They spring not by the summer flood,
They pierce not through the winter snow!

Why covers the dog, whose snuffing nose
Was never once deceived till now?
And why, amid the chilling snows,
Does either hunter wipe his brow?

For once they see his fearful den;—
'T is a dark cloud that slowly moves
By night around the homes of men,
By day—along the stream it loves.

Again the dog is on his track,
The hunters chase o'er dale and hill,
They may not, though they would, look back,
They must go forward—forward still.

Onward they go, and never turn,
Spending a night that meets no day;
For them shall never morning sun,
Light them upon their endless way.

The hut is desolate, and there
The famished dog alone returns;
On the cold steps he makes his lair,
By the shut door he lays his bones.

Now the tired sportsman leans his gun
Against the ruins of the site,
And ponders on the hunting done
By the lost wanderers of the night.

And there the little country girls
Will stop to whisper, and listen, and look,
And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook.

John G. C. Brainard.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,
 When, by the woodland ways,
 The traveler saw the wild-deer drink,
 Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
 And fenced a cottage from the wind,
 A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay,
 And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
 A spot of silvery white,
 That seemed to glimmer like a star
 In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
 She cropped the sprouting leaves,
 And here her rustling steps were heard
 On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
 Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
 Beside the silver-footed deer
 There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
 To aim the rifle here;
 "It were a sin," she said, "to harm
 Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
 Ten peaceful years and more;
 And ever, when the moonlight shines,
 She feeds before our door.

"The red men say that here she walked
 A thousand moons ago;
 They never raise their war-whoop here
 And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
 And think that all is well,
 While such a gentle creature haunts
 The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
 In forests far away,
 Where, deep in silence and in moss,
 The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
 He ranged the wild in vain,
 Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
 And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
 Shone with a mingling light;
 The deer, upon the grassy mead,
 Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
 And from the cliffs around
 A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
 Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
 The startled creature flew,
 And crimson drops at morning lay
 Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
 As sweetly as before;
 The deer upon the grassy mead
 Was seen again no more.

But, ere that crescent moon was old,
 By night the red-men came,
 And burnt the cottage to the ground,
 And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
 And hid the cliffs from sight;
 There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
 And prowls the fox at night.

William Cullen Bryant.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
 With breeches and cocked hats) the people
 sent
 Their wisest men to make the public laws.
 And so, from a brown homestead, where
 the Sound
 Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
 Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
 And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil
 deaths,
 Stamford sent up to the councils of the
 State
 Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
 Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
 Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
 Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
 A horror of great darkness, like the night
 In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
 The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
 Was black with ominous clouds, save where
 its rim
 Was fringed with a dull glow, like that
 which climbs
 The crater's sides from the red hell below.
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard
 fowls
 Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
 Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on
 leathern wings
 Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
 Men prayed, and women wept; all ears
 grew sharp
 To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet
 shatter
 The black sky, that the dreadful face of
 Christ
 Might look from the rent clouds, not as he
 looked
 A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim
 as ghosts,
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
 "It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us ad-
 journ,"
 Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
 He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
 The intolerable hush. "This well may be
 The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
 But be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's command
 To occupy till he come. So at the post
 Where he hath set me in his providence,
 I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—
 No faithless servant frightened from my task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
 And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
 Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
 Bring in the candles." And they brought
 them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
 An act to amend an act to regulate
 The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
 Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
 Straight to the question, with no figures of
 speech
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
 The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all the
 while,
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
 Against the background of unnatural dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass,
 That simple duty hath no place for fear.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



PLOWDEN HALSEY.

LIVE the name of Plowden Halsey!
 Honor to his hero soul!
 Tell the old and noble story,
 Wreathe his name with fresher glory,
 As the ages roll.

Off the harbor of New London
 Lay a British man-of-war;
 By her force our troops annoying,
 And our commerce still destroying,
 Driving it afar.

Who will, in the dread torpedo
 Sinking down her hull beneath,
 Screw the magazine tremendous,
 Whose explosive force stupendous
 Scatters all in death?

“I will go,” said Plowden Halsey,
 With the red flush on his cheek;
 And his slender form grew stately:
 All around him wondered greatly,
 As they heard him speak.

“I will go,” said Plowden Halsey,
 “Some heart must the peril brave.
 Never say that fear appalls me.
 Let me go; my country calls me,
 Honored, if I save.

“Let me go; and, safe returning,
 Life has higher power to bless.
 Let me go; and, even if failing,
 Take this comfort mid bewailing,—
 Noble failure is success.”

Oh, the night was wild and stormy!
 Shrouding mists came closely down;

Thick the murky air was glooming,
 And the sullen waves were booming;
 Dark the tempest's frown.

Out into the formless darkness
 Strong hands bent the springing oar;
 Died away the friendly voices,
 Hushed were all the murmured noises;
 Died the lights on shore.

Underneath the tall mast's shadow
 Rowing close, the youth they left;
 From the peril still unshrinking,
 In the fatal engine sinking,
 Under-waves he cleft.

Poured the rain in rushing torrents,
 Down the darkness driven aslope;
 Comrades, mid the wild commotion,
 Watched the deed of stern devotion
 Fearful, yet with hope.

Ha! the ship has caught the danger!
 Lights are hurrying from below!
 Peals the alarm-gun! Men are leaping
 Into the boats! With swift oars sweeping
 Out, to seize the foe.

Closer round they draw the circle,—
 Have they won the fearful prize?
 Louder than the pealing thunder,
 Bursting all the waves asunder
 Flaming on the skies,

Comes the terrible explosion!
 Vast and hollow is the square
 Where the many boats were sailing,
 And the awful light is paling,
 And no boats are there!

Reels the ship in foaming waters,
 Lashing furious to the shore;
 And the storm-rage grows intenser,
 And the darkness gathers denser,
 Denser than before.

Where is noble Plowden Halsey?
 Vainly do his comrades row
 All the night. O night appalling!
 Irresponsive to their calling,
 Plowden sleeps below.

Caroline F. Orne.

A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
 As cold as it ever can be;
 The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
 Of the waves on an angry sea.
 The moon is full; but her silver light
 The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
 And over the sky from south to north
 Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
 In the strength of a mighty glee.



All day had the snow come down,—all day
 As it never came down before;
 And over the hills, at sunset, lay
 Some two or three feet, or more;
 The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
 The windows blocked and the well-curbs
 gone;

The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
 And the wood-pile looked like a monster
 drift,
 As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
 While the air grows sharp and chill,
 And the warning roar of a fearful blow
 Is heard on the distant hill;
 And the norther, see! on the mountain peak
 In his breath how the old trees writhe and
 shriek!
 He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!
 He drives from his nostrils the blinding
 snow,
 And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
 In the drifts and the freezing air,
 Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
 With the snow in his shaggy hair.
 He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
 He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
 Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
 His nose is pressed on his quivering feet,—
 Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,—
 But he lost the traveled way;
 And for hours he trod with might and main
 A path for his horse and sleigh;
 But colder still the cold winds blew,
 And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
 And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
 At last in her struggles floundered down,
 Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
 She plunged in the drifting snow,
 While her master urged, till his breath grew
 short,

With a word and a gentle blow;
 But the snow was deep, and the fugs were
 tight;

His hands were numb, and had lost their
 might;

So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
 And strove to shelter himself till day,

With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
 To rouse up his dying steed;

And the poor dog howls to the blast in
 vain

For help in his master's need.

For awhile he strives with a wistful cry
 To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
 And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
 The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,

And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er. —

'Tis the hour of midnight, past;

The old trees writhe and bend no more

In the whirl of the rushing blast.

The silent moon with her peaceful light
 Looks down on the hills with snow all
 white,

And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,

The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
 Afar on the plain are cast.



But cold and dead by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town, —
 The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown, —
 In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
 With his cap on his head and the reins in
 his hand, —
 The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
 And the mare half seen through the crusted
 sleet,

Where she lay when she floundered down.

Charles Ganage Eastman.

MOUNT HOPE.

[MOUNT HOPE, the highest headland in Rhode Island, was the ancient seat of Metacomet, — "King Philip," — the indomitable chief of the Wampanoags. When, after a long and bloody war, he was conquered and killed at last, his wife — Queen Wootonekanusky — was dragged from her home on Mount Hope, and sold into slavery in Barbadoes.]

I STROLL through verdant fields to-day,
 Through waving woods and pastures
 sweet,

To the red warrior's ancient seat,
 Where liquid voices of the bay
 Babble in tropic tongues around its rocky feet.

I put my lips to Philip's spring;
 I sit in Philip's granite chair;
 And thence I climb up, stair by stair,
 And stand where once the savage king
 Stood, and with eye of hawk cleft the blue
 round of air.

On Narragansett's sunny breast
 This necklace of fair islands shone,
 And Philip, muttering, "All my own!"
 Looked north and south and east and
 west,
 And waved his scepter from this alabaster
 throne.

His beacon on Pocasset Hill,
 Lighting the hero's path to fame
 Whene'er the crafty Pequot came,
 Blazed as the windows of yon mill
 Now blaze at set of sun with day's expiring
 flame.

Always, at midnight, from a cloud,
 An eagle swoops, and hovering nigh
 This peak, utters one piercing cry
 Of wrath and anguish, long and loud,
 And plunges once again into the silent
 sky!

The Wampanoags, long since dead,
 Who to these islands used to cling,
 Spake of this shrieking midnight thing
 With bated breath, and, shuddering, said,
 "'Tis angry Philip's voice,—the specter of
 the king!"

All things are changed. Here Bristol
 sleeps
 And dreams within her emerald tent;
 Yonder are picnic tables bent
 Beneath their burden; up the steeps
 The martial strains arise and songs of mer-
 riment.

I pluck an aster on the crest;
 It is a child of one, I know,
 Plucked here two hundred years ago,
 And worn upon the slave-queen's breast,—
 Oh, that this blossom had a tongue to tell
 its woe.

W. A. Croffut.

ELIOT'S OAK.

Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are
 loud
 With sounds of unintelligible speech,
 Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
 Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
 With some mysterious gift of tongues en-
 dowed,
 Thou speakest a different dialect to each;

To me a language that no man can teach,
 Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
 For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
 Seated like Abraham at eventide
 Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
 Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
 His Bible in a language that hath died
 And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE LETTER OF MARQUE.

WE had sailed out a Letter of Marque,
 Fourteen guns and forty men;
 And a costly freight our gallant barque
 Was bearing home again.
 We had ranged the seas the whole summer-
 tide,
 Crossed the main, and returned once more;
 Our sails were spread, and from the mast-head
 The lookout saw the distant shore.

"A sail! a sail on the weather bow!
 Hand over hand, ten knots an hour!"
 "Now God defend it ever should end
 That we should fall in the foeman's power!"
 'Twas an English frigate came bearing down,
 Bearing down before the gale,
 Riding the waves that sent their spray
 Dashing madly o'er mast and sail.

Every stitch of our canvas set,
 Like a frightened bird our good barque
 flew;
 The wild waves lashed and the foam-crests
 dashed,
 As we threaded the billows through.
 The night came down on the waters wide,—
 “By Heaven’s help we’ll see home once
 more,”
 Our captain cried, “for nor’-nor’-west
 Lies Cape Cod Light, and the good old
 shore.”

A sudden flash, and a sullen roar
 Booming over the stormy sea,
 Showed the frigate close on our track,—
 How could we hope her grasp to flee?
 Our angry gunner the stern-chaser fired;
 I hardly think they heard the sound,
 The billows so wildly roared and raged,
 As we forward plunged with furious
 bound.

“All our prizes safely in,
 Shall we fall a prize to-night?
 The Shoal of George’s lies sou’-south-east,
 Bearing away from Cape Cod Light.”
 Our captain’s face grew dark and stern,
 Deadly white his closed lips were.
 The men looked in each others’ eyes,—
 Not a look that spoke of fear.
 “Hard up!”

Hard up the helm was jammed.
 The wary steersman spoke no word.
 In the roar of the breakers on either side
 Murmurs of wonder died unheard.
 Loud and clear rose the captain’s voice,—
 A bronzed old sea-dog, calm and cool,
 He had been in sea-fights oft,
 Trained eye and hand in danger’s school.
 “Heave the lead!”

The lead was hove;
 Sharp and short the quick reply;
 Steady rose the captain’s voice,
 Dark fire glowed his swarthy eye,
 Right on the Shoal of George’s steered,
 Urged with wild, impetuous force,
 Lost, if on either side we veered
 But a hand’s breadth from our course.
 On and on our good barque drove,
 Leaping like mad from wave to wave,
 Hissing and roaring round her bow,
 Hounding her on to a yawning grave.

God! ’twas a desperate game we played!
 White as the combing wave grew each
 cheek;
 Our hearts in that moment dumbly prayed,
 For never a word might our blanched lips
 speak.
 On and on the frigate drove,
 Right in our track, close bearing down;
 Our captain’s face was still and stern,
 Every muscle too rigid to frown.

On and on the frigate drove,
 Swooping down in her glorious pride;
 Lord of heaven! what a shriek was that
 Ringing over the waters wide!
 Striking swift on the sunken rocks,
 Down went the frigate beneath the wave;
 All her crew in an instant sunk,
 Gulfed in the closing grave!

We were alone on the rolling sea;
 Man looked to man with a silent pain;
 Sternly our captain turned away;
 Our helmsman bore on our course again.
 Into the harbor we safely sailed
 When the red morn glowed o’er the bay:
 The sinking ship, and the wild death-cry,
 We shall see and hear, to our dying day.

Caroline F. Orne.

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.

[In the year 1821, a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow-storm in the night-time, while traveling over a spur of the Green Mountains in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.]

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the dritting snow:
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone:
"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,—
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale:
He moved the robe from off the child,—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

Seba Smith.

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.



WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

William Cullen Bryant.

AGAMENTICUS.

[SIR FERDINANDO GORGES looked with special interest upon the pleasantly located little settlement of Agamenticus. On the first of March, 1642, he erected the borough into a city, extending the charter over a region embracing twenty-one square miles. This forest city was on the north side of the river, and extended seven miles back from the river's mouth.]

WHERE rises grand, majestic, tall,
As in a dream, the towering wall
That scorns the restless, surging tide,
Once spanned the mart and street and mall,
And arched the trees on every side
Of this great city, once in pride.
For hither came a knightly train
From o'er the sea with gorgeous court;
The mayors, gowned in robes of state,
Held brilliant tourney on the plain,
And massive ships within the port
Discharged their load of richest freight.
Then when at night, the sun gone down
Behind the western hill and tree,
The bowls were filled,—this toast they crown,
“Long live the City by the Sea!”

Now sailless drift the lonely seas,
No shallops load at wharves or quays,
But hulks are strewn along the shore,—
Gaunt skeletons indeed are these
That lie enchanted by the roar
Of ocean wave and sighing trees!
Oh, tell me where the pompous squires,
The chant at eve, the matin prayers,
The knights in armor for the fray?
The mayors, where, and courtly sires,
The eager traders with their wares,—
How went these people hence away?
And when the evening sun sinks down,
Weird voices come from hill and tree,
Yet tell no tales,—this toast they crown,
“Long live the Specter by the Sea!”

Anonymous.

THE OLD ELM OF NEWBURY.

DID ever it come in your way to pass
The silvery pond, with its fringe of grass;
And, threading the lane hard by, to see
The veteran elm of Newbury?

You saw how its roots had grasped the
ground,
As if it had felt that the earth went round,

And fastened them down with determined will
To keep it steady, and hold it still.
Its aged trunk, so stately and strong,
Has braved the blasts, as they've rushed
along;
Its head has towered, and its arms have
spread,
While more than a hundred years have fled!

Well, that old elm, that is now so grand,
 Was once a twig in the rustic hand
 Of a youthful peasant, who went one night
 To visit his love, by the tender light
 Of the modest moon and her twinkling host,
 While the star that lighted his bosom most,
 And gave to his lonely feet their speed,
 Abode in a cottage beyond the mead!

* * * * *

It is not recorded how long he stayed
 In the cheerful home of the smiling maid;
 But when he came out, it was late and dark,
 And silent,—not even a dog would bark,
 To take from his feeling of loneliness,
 And make the length of his way seem less.
 He thought it was strange, that the treach-
 erous moon

Should have given the world the slip so
 soon;

And, whether the eyes of the girl had made
 The stars of the sky in his own to fade,
 Or not, it certainly seemed to him
 That each grew distant and small and dim;
 And he shuddered to think he now was
 about

To take a long and a lonely route;
 For he did not know what fearful sight
 Might come to him through the shadows of
 night!

An elm grew close by the cottage's eaves;
 So he plucked him a twig well clothed with
 leaves,

And sallying forth with the supple arm,
 To serve as a talisman parrying harm,
 He felt that, though his heart was so big,
 'Twas even the stouter for having the twig.
 For this, he thought, would answer to switch
 The horrors away, as he crossed the ditch,
 The meadow and copse, wherein, perchance,
 Will-o'-the-wisp might wickedly dance;

And, wielding it, keep him from having a
 chill

At the menacing sound of "Whip-poor-
 will!"

And his flesh from creeping beside the bog
 At the harsh, bass voice of the viewless frog:
 In short, he felt that the switch would be
 Guard, plaything, business, and company.

When he got safe home, and joyfully found
 He still was himself! and living! and sound!
 He planted the twig by his family cot,
 To stand as a monument, marking the spot
 It helped him to reach; and, what was still
 more,

Because it had grown by his fair one's door.

The twig took root; and as time flew by,
 Its boughs spread wide, and its head grew
 high;

While the priest's good service had long
 been done,

Which made the youth and the maiden one;
 And their young scions arose and played
 Around the tree, in its leafy shade.

But many and many a year has fled
 Since they were gathered among the dead;
 And now their names, with the moss o'er-
 grown,

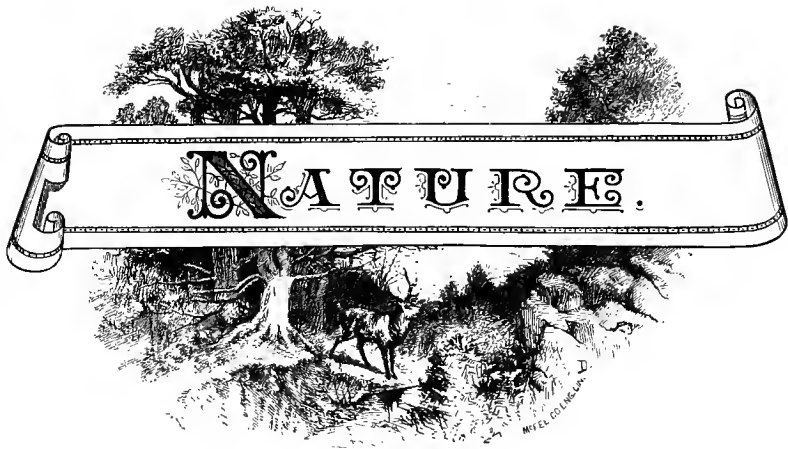
Are veiled from sight on the churchyard
 stone

That leans away, in a lingering fall,
 And owns the power that shall level all
 The works that the hand of man hath
 wrought;

Bring him to dust, and his name to naught.
 While, near in view, and just beyond
 The grassy skirts of the silver pond,
 In its "green old age," stands the noble
 tree,

The veteran elm of Newbury.

Hannah F. Gould.





MIST

LOW-ANCHORED CLOUD,
NEWFOUNDLAND AIR,
MOUNTAIN-HEAD AND SOURCE OF RIVERS,
DEW-CLOTH, DREAM-DRAPERY,
AND NAPKIN SPREAD FOR FAYS;
DRIFTING MEADOW OF THE AIR,
WHERE BLOOM THE DAISIED BANKS AND VIOLETS
AND IN WHOSE FENNY LABYRINTHS
THE BITTERN BOOMS AND HERON WADES;
SPIRIT OF LAKES AND SEAS AND RIVERS,
BEAR ONLY PERFUME AND THE SCENT
OF HEALING HERBS TO JUST MEN'S FIELDS.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

SPRING-TIDE.

WHEN late I walked, in earlier days,
 All was stiff and stark;
 Knee-deep snows choked all the ways,
 In the sky no spark;
 Firm-braced I sought my ancient woods,
 Struggling through the drifted roads;
 The whited desert knew me not,
 Snow-ridges masked each darling spot;
 The summer dells, by genius haunted,
 One arctic moon had disenchanting.
 All the sweet secrets therein hid
 By Fancy, ghastly spells undid.
 Eldest mason, Frost, had piled
 Swift cathedrals in the wild;
 The piny hosts were sheeted ghosts
 In the star-lit minster aisled.
 I found no joy; the icy wind
 Might rule the forest to his mind.
 Who would freeze on frozen lakes?
 Back to books and sheltered home,
 And wood-fire flickering on the walls,
 To hear, when, mid our talk and games,
 Without the baffled north-wind calls.
 But soft! a sultry morning breaks;
 The ground-pines wash their rusty green,
 The maple-tops their crimson tint,
 On the soft path each track is seen,
 The girl's foot leaves its neater print.
 The pebble loosened from the frost
 Asks of the urchin to be tost.
 In flint and marble beats a heart,
 The kind Earth takes her children's part,

The green lane is the school-boy's friend,
 Low leaves his quarrel apprehend,
 The fresh ground loves his top and ball,
 The air rings jocund to his call,
 The brimming brook invites a leap,
 He dives the hollow, climbs the steep.
 The youth reads omens where he goes,
 And speaks all languages the rose.
 The wood-fly mocks with tiny noise
 The far halloo of human voice;
 The perfumed berry on the spray
 Smacks of faint memories far away.
 A subtle chain of countless rings
 The next unto the farthest brings,
 And, striving to be man, the worm
 Mounts through all the spires of form.

The caged linnet in the spring
 Harkens for the choral glee,
 When his fellows on the wing
 Migrate from the Southern Sea;
 When trellised grapes their flowers unmask,
 And the new-born tendrils twine,
 The old wine darkling in the cask
 Feels the bloom on the living vine,
 And bursts the hoops at hint of spring:
 And so perchance in Adam's race,
 Of Eden's bower some dream-like trace
 Survived the Flight and swam the Flood,
 And wakes the wish in youngest blood
 To tread the forfeit Paradise,
 And feed once more the exile's eyes.

R. W. Emerson.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast,
 That through the snowy valley flies.
 Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;

Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.
 For thou, to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

William Cullen Bryant.

MARCH.

BENEATH the sheltering walls the thin snow
clings, —
Dead Winter's skeleton, left bleaching white,
Disjointed, crumbling, on unfriendly fields.
The inky pools surrender tardily
At noon, to patient herds, a frosty drink
From jagged rims of ice; a subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk

Of lowly meadow growths; the willows wrap
Their stems in furry white; the pines grow
gray
A little in the biting wind; midday
Brings tiny burrowed creatures, peeping out,
Alert for sun. Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

H. H.

AN APRIL ARIA.

WHEN the mornings dankly fall,
With a dim forethought of rain,



And the robins richly call
To their mates mercurial,
And the tree-boughs creak and strain

In the wind;
When the river's rough with foam,
And the new-made clearings smoke,
And the clouds that go and come
Shine and darken frolicsome,
And the frogs at evening croak
Undefined
Mysteries of monotone,
And by melting beds of snow,
Wind-flowers blossom all alone;
Then I know
That the bitter winter's dead.
Over his head
The damp sod breaks so mellow,—
Its mosses tipped with points of yellow,—
I can not but be glad;
Yet this sweet mood will borrow
Something of a sweeter sorrow,
To touch and turn me sad.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE COMING-BACK.

AH! well I mind the calendar,
 Faithful through a thousand years,
 Of the painted race of flowers,
 Exact to days, exact to hours,
 Counted on the spacious dial
 Yon brodered zodiac girds.
 I know the trusty almanac
 Of the punctual coming-back,
 On their due days, of the birds.
 I marked them yestermorn,
 A flock of finches darting
 Beneath the crystal arch,
 Piping, as they flew, a march,—
 Belike the one they used in parting
 Last year from you oak or larch;
 Dusky sparrows in a crowd,
 Diving, darting northward free,

Suddenly betook them all,
 Every one to his hole in the wall,
 Or to his niche in the apple-tree.
 I greet with joy the choral trains
 Fresh from palms and Cuba's canes.
 Best gems of Nature's cabinet,
 With dews of tropic morning wet,
 Beloved of children, bards, and Spring,
 O birds, your perfect virtues bring,
 Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,
 Your manners for the heart's delight,
 Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,
 Here weave your chamber weather-proof,
 Forgive our harms, and condescend
 To man, as to a lubber friend,
 And, generous, teach his awkward race
 Courage, and probity, and grace!

R. W. Emerson.

WILD GEESE.

THE wind blows, the sun shines, the birds
 sing loud,
 The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy
 dappled cloud,
 Over earth's rejoicing fields the children
 dance and sing,
 And the frogs pipe in chorus, "It is spring!
 It is spring!"

The grass comes, the flower laughs where
 lately lay the snow,
 O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the
 crow,
 By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
 And the sweet song-sparrow cries, "Spring!
 It is spring!"

Hark, what a clamor goes winging through
 the sky!
 Look, children! Listen to the sound so
 wild and high!
 Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang,
 kling,—
 Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring!
 It is spring!"

Bear the winter off with you, O wild geese
 dear!
 Carry all the cold away, far away from here;
 Chase the snow into the north, O strong of
 heart and wing,
 While we share the robin's rapture, crying,
 "Spring! It is spring!"

Celia Thaxter.



EARLY SPRING.

Long swollen in drenching rain, seeds, germs,
 and buds
 Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
 Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
 Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and
 field
 A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short
 week,
 Is naked Nature in her full attire.
 On the first morn, light as an open plain
 Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams,
 poured
 Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves
 below,
 With strong reflection: on the last, 't is dark
 With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
 In one short week the orchard buds and
 blooms;
 And now, when steeped in dew or gentle
 showers,
 It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
 Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
 E'en from the juicy leaves of sudden growth,
 And the rank grass of steaming ground,
 the air,

Filled with a watery glimmering, receives
 A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
 Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
 New notes to swell the music of the groves.
 And soon the latest of the feathered train
 At evening twilight come; the lonely snipe,
 O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
 Invisible, but with faint, tremulous tones,
 Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;
 And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk,
 seen
 Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
 A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
 Of level pinions, dark, but when upturned
 Against the brightness of the western sky,
 One white plume showing in the midst of
 each,
 Then far down diving with a hollow sound;
 And, deep at first within the distant wood,
 The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.
 She, soon as children from the noisy sport
 Of hooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
 To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
 Are by her voice diverted and held mute,
 Comes to the margin of the nearest grove;

And when the twilight, deepened into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she
comes,

And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quickened as in
sport.

Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
All harmony, activity, and joy,
Is lovely Nature, as in her blessed prime.
The robin to the garden or green yard,
Close to the door, repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree; and at her work
Seems doubly busy for her past delay.
Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
Easy, and light. One snatches from the
ground

A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,

In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.
The flippant blackbird, with light yellow
crown,

Hangs flutttering in the air, and chatters
thick

Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she
drops

On the next tree, and on its highest limb
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating. With sonorous notes
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fullness of delight,
The forest rings: where, far around inclosed
With bushy sides, and covered high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare
trunks,

Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,
Adding new life and sweetness to them all.

Carlos Wilcox.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

William Cullen Bryant.

IN SPRING SUNSHINE.

BRIGHT sunshine on the meadows lying,—
 Low winds among the orchards sighing,—
 Blush roses by the pathway blooming,—
 And brown bees mid the clover booming.

Cowslips where murmurous brooks are
 flowing,—
 Sweet violets by the road-side showing,—

Pink blossoms and white daisies greeting,—
 And blue waves on the white sands beating.

Like flame-flecks through the verdant
 arches
 Of sturdy oaks and silver larches,
 With wealth of rapid, joyous singing,
 Blithe, merry robins swiftly winging.

Thomas L. Collier.

THE WIND-FLOWER.

THOU lookest up with meek, confiding eye
 Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
 Unharm'd though winter stands uncertain
 by,

Eying with jealous glance each opening
 grace.

Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith arrayed,
 More glorious thou than Israel's wisest
 king;

Such faith was his whom men to death
 betrayed,

As thine who hear'st the timid voice of
 Spring,

While other flowers still hide them from
 her call

Along the river's brink and meadows bare.
 Thee will I seek beside the stony wall,
 And in thy trust with childlike heart would
 share,

O'erjoyed that in thy early leaves I find
 A lesson taught by him who loved all human
 kind.

Jones Very.

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet!
 Thine odor, like a key,
 Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
 A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
 Blows through that open door
 The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and
 low,
 And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
 And that beloved hour,
 When life hung ripening in love's golden
 grace,
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy
 grass;

The lark sings o'er my head,
 Drowned in the sky—O, pass, ye visions,
 pass!

I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
 From which I ever flee?
 O vanished joy! O love, that art no more,
 Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
 Hath searched, and stung to grief
 This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
 Thy velvet leaf.

William W. Story.

A VIOLET.

God does not send us strange flowers every year.
 When the spring winds blow o'er the
 pleasant places,
 The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
 The violet is here.

It all comes back: the odor, grace, and hue;
 Each sweet relation of its life repeated:

No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated;
 It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-writer it must be;
 God will not put strange signs in the
 heavenly places:
 The old love shall look out from the old faces.
 Veilchen! I shall have three!

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
 The winds that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serenest hours,—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there;
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
 And the wide forest weaves,
 To welcome back its playful mates again,
 A canopy of leaves;
 And from its darkening shadow floats
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
 The tresses of the woods
 With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
 And the full-brimming floods,
 As gladly to their goal they run,
 Hail the returning sun.

James Gates Percival.

DAY-BREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
 And said, "O mists, make room for me!"



It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
 Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
 Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
 Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
 And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

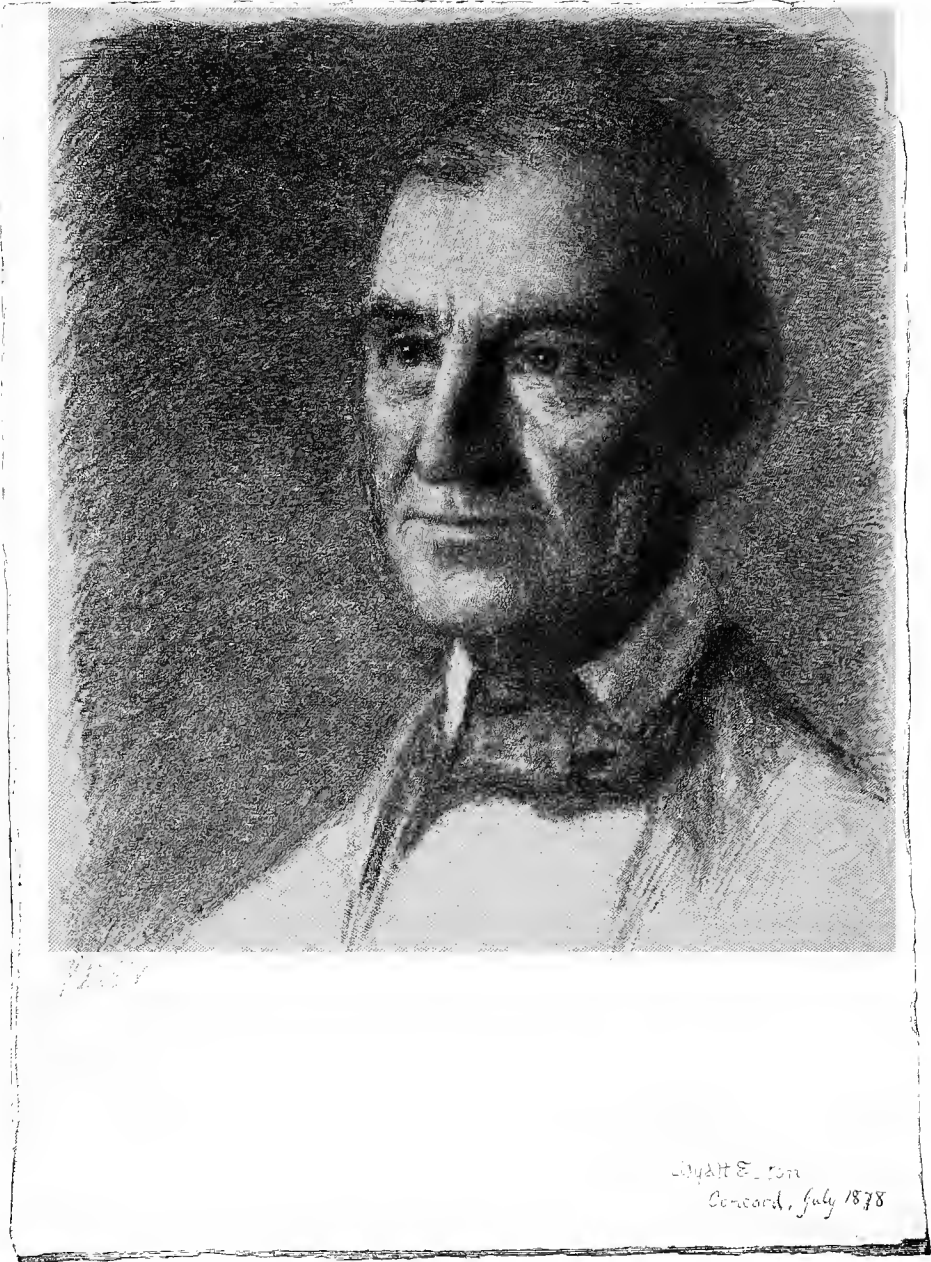
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
 Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
 "Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
 "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
 And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Wm. E. Son
Concord, July 1878

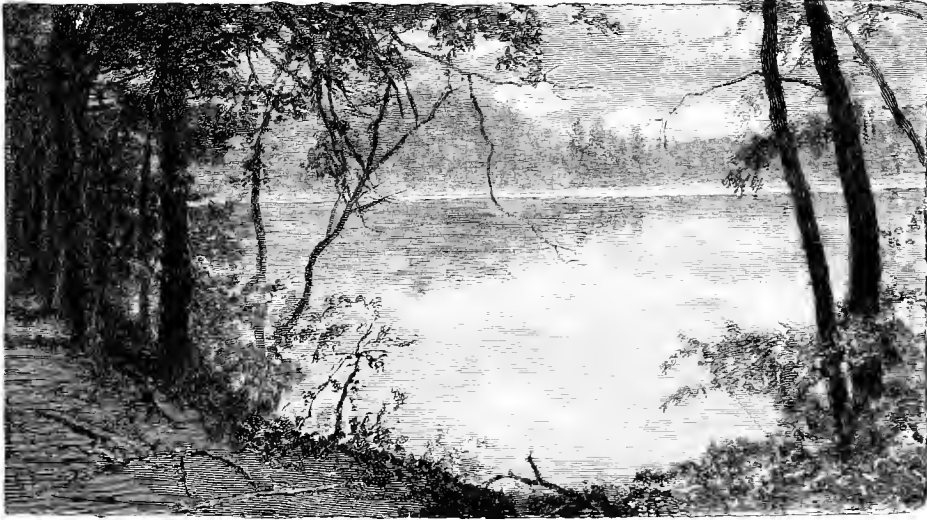
Ralph Waldo Emerson

WALDEN LAKE.

It is not far beyond the village church,
 After we pass the wood that skirts the
 road,
 A lake,—the blue-eyed Walden, that doth
 smile
 Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines;
 And they, as if to recompense this love,

In double beauty spread their branches
 forth.

This lake has tranquil loveliness and breadth,
 And, of late years, has added to its charms:
 For one attracted to its pleasant edge
 Has built himself a little hermitage,
 Where with much piety he passes life.



More fitting place I can not fancy now,
 For such a man to let the line run off
 The mortal reel,—such patience hath the
 lake,
 Such gratitude and cheer is in the pines.
 But more than either lake or forest's
 depths
 This man has in himself: a tranquil man,
 With sunny sides where well the fruit is
 ripe,
 Good front and resolute bearing to this life,
 And some serener virtues, which control
 This rich exterior prudence,—virtues high,
 That in the principles of things are set,
 Great by their nature, and consigned to him,
 Who, like a faithful merchant, does account

To God for what he spends, and in what
 way.

Thrice happy art thou, Walden, in thyself!
 Such purity is in thy limpid springs,—
 In those green shores which do reflect in
 thee,

And in this man who dwells upon thy edge,
 A holy man within a hermitage.

May all good showers fall gently into
 thee,

May thy surrounding forests long be spared,
 And may the dweller on thy tranquil marge
 There lead a life of deep tranquillity,

Pure as thy waters, handsome as thy shores,
 And with those virtues which are like the
 stars!

William Ellery Channing.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE roses are a regal troop
 And humble folks the daisies;
 But, blue-bells of New England,
 To you I give my praises,—
 To you, fair phantoms in the sun,
 Whom merry Spring discovers,
 With bluebirds for your laureates,
 And honey-bees for lovers.

The south-wind breathes, and, lo! ye throng
 This rugged land of ours:
 I think the pale-blue clouds of May
 Drop down and turn to flowers!
 By cottage-doors along the roads
 You show your winsome faces,
 And, like the specter-lady, haunt
 The lonely woodland places.

All night your eyes are closed in sleep,
 But open at the dawning;
 Such simple faith as yours can see
 God's coming in the morning.
 You lead me, by your holiness,
 To pleasant ways of duty:
 You set my thoughts to melody,
 You fill me with your beauty.

And you are like the eyes I love,
 So modest and so tender,
 Just touched with day-break's glorious light,
 And evening's quiet splendor.
 Long may the heavens give you rain,
 The sunshine its caresses;
 Long may the woman that I love
 Entwine you in her tresses.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BESIDE A BROOK.

My way in opening dawn I took,
 Between the hills, beside a brook;
 The peaks one sun was climbing o'er,
 The dew-drops showed ten million more.

The mountain valley is a vase
 Which God has brimmed with rarest grace;
 And, kneeling in the taintless air,
 I drink celestial blessings there.

Behold that guiltless bird! What brings
 Him here? He comes to wash his wings.
 Let me, too, wash my wings with prayer,
 And cleanse them from foul dust and care.

To one long time in cities pent,
 The lesson seems from heaven sent;—
 Of pinions clean you bird takes care;
 Of soul defiled, do thou beware!

William Rounseville Alger.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come
 by,
 Because my feet find measure with its
 call;
 The birds know when the friend they love
 is nigh,

For I am known to them, both great and
 small;
 The flower that on the lonely hill-side
 grows
 Expects me there when spring its bloom
 has given;

And many a tree and bush my wanderings
 knows,
 And even the clouds and silent stars of
 heaven;
 For he who with his Maker walks aright,
 Shall be their lord, as Adam was before;—

His ear shall catch each sound with new
 delight,
 Each object wear the dress that then it
 wore;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

James Vercy.

AFTER THE RAIN-STORM.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
 You pearly clouds reposing lie!
 Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
 Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
 The general blessing; fresh and fair
 Each flower expands its little leaves,
 As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
 A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
 The wind flows cool; the scented ground
 Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid you rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
 Methinks some spirit of the air
 Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
 Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
 Its floating veil of mist is flung;
 And all the wilderness of green
 With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature,—yet the same,
 Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
 Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
 Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
 Which sounds from all below, above;
 She calls her children to rejoice,
 And round them throws her arm of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
 And all the train of mean desire
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,
 And mid this living light expire.

Andrews Norton.

THE MEETING WATERS.

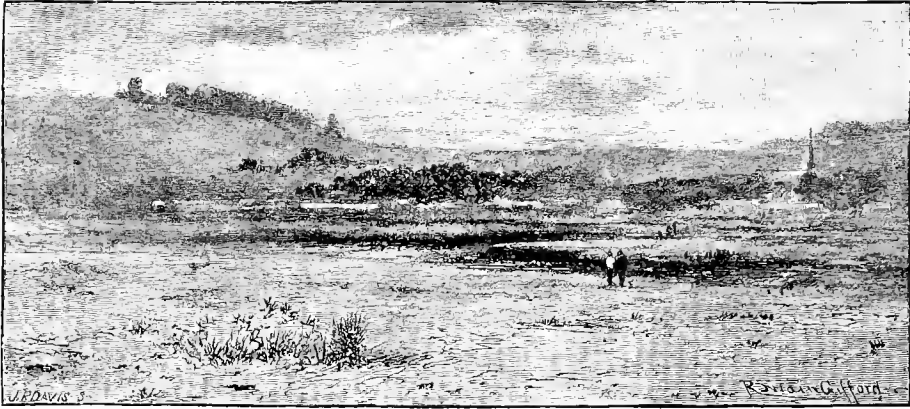
CLOSE beside the meeting waters,
 Long I stood as in a dream,
 Watching how the little river
 Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current
 Glided to the waiting sea;
 On its breast serenely pictured
 Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought: "O human spirit!
 Strong, and deep and pure and blest,
 Let the stream of my existence
 Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die, as dies the river
 In that current deep and wide;
 I would live, as live its waters,
 Flashing from a stronger tide!

Elizabeth H. Whittier.



TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
 Through the meadows, bright and free,
 Till at length thy rest thou findest
 In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
 Half in rest, and half in strife,
 I have seen thy waters stealing
 Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
 Many a lesson, deep and long;
 Thou hast been a generous giver;
 I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness, and in illness,
 I have watched thy current glide,
 Till the beauty of its stillness
 Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
 When I saw thy waters gleam,
 I have felt my heart beat lighter,
 And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
 Nor because thy waves of blue
 From celestial seas above thee
 Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
 And thy waters disappear,
 Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
 And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds me
 Of three friends, all true and tried;
 And that name, like magic, binds me
 Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
 How like quivering flames they start,
 When I fan the living embers
 On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'Tis for this, thou Silent River!
 That my spirit leans to thee:
 Thou hast been a generous giver,
 Take this idle song from me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE VALLEY BROOK.

FRESH from the fountains of the wood
 A rivulet of the valley came,
 And glided on for many a rood,
 Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet;
 The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,
 And wet, with dew-drops, at my feet
 Bloomed the young violets of May.



No sound of busy life was heard
 Amid those pastures lone and still,
 Save the faint chirp of early bird,
 Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way;
 New scenes of beauty opened round,
 Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
 And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

“Ah, happy valley stream!” I said,
 “Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
 Whose fragrance round thy path is shed
 Through all the joyous summer hours.

“Oh, could my years, like thine, be passed
 In some remote and silent glen,
 Where I could dwell and sleep at last,
 Far from the bustling haunts of men!”

But what new echoes greet my ear?
 The village school-boy’s merry call;
 And mid the village hum I hear
 The murmur of the waterfall.

I looked; the widening vale betrayed
 A pool that shone like burnished steel,
 Where that bright valley stream was stayed
 To turn the miller’s ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I, I thought with shame,
 Sigh for a life of solitude,
 When even this stream, without a name,
 Is laboring for the common good?

No longer let me shun my part
 Amid the busy scenes of life,
 But with a warm and generous heart
 Press onward in the glorious strife.

John Howard Bryant.

UP IN THE WILD.

UP in the wild, where no one comes to
 look,
 There lives and sings a little lonely brook,
 Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
 Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice
 caught,
 It drinks the rains, as drinks the soul her
 thought;
 And down dim hollows where it winds
 along,
 Pours its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
 That sigheth ceaselessly, Alone! alone!
 And hear afar the rivers gloriously
 Shout on their paths toward the shining
 sea!

The voiceful rivers, chanting to the sun,
 And wearing names of honor, every one:
 Outreaching wide, and joining hand with
 hand
 To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah, lonely brook! creep onward through
 the pines;
 Press through the gloom to where the day-
 light shines,
 Sing on among the stones, and secretly
 Teach how the floods are all akin to thee!

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven
 sendeth;
 Hold thine own path, howeverward it
 wendeth,
 For somewhere underneath the eternal sky,
 Thou, too, shalt find the rivers by and by!

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook:

The purple petals fallen in the pool
 Made the black waters with their beauty gay,
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes
 to cool,—

And court the flower that cheapens his
array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for
seeing,

Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there
brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.



O WILLOW, why forever weep
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

The Spring makes haste with step alate
Your life and beauty to renew;
She even bids the roses wait,
And gives her first sweet care to you.

The welcome redbreast folds his wing
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest bluebirds sing
Till all your light stems thrill again.

The sparrow trills his wedding song,
And trusts his tender brood to you;
Fair, flowering vines, the summer long,
With clasp and kiss your bounty woo.

The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain braids diamonds in your hair,
The breeze makes love to you at night,—
Yet still you droop and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, at fall of dew,
By lovers' lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.

But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or Summer sets the earth aleaf,
Or Autumn pranks your robes with gold,
You sway and sigh in graceful grief.

Mourn on forever, unconsolated,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

UNDER A TREE.

I CARE not how men trace their ancestry,
 To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
 But I in June am midway to believe
 A tree among my far progenitors,
 Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
 Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
 There is between us. Surely there are times
 When they consent to own me of their kin,
 And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
 Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
 Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
 Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.
 And I have many a life-long leafy friend,
 Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
 That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me
 Within his tent as if I were a bird,
 Or other free companion of the earth,
 Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.

Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads
 Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all
 round

His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant
 diverse,

In outline like enormous beaker, fit
 For hand of Jotun, where 'mid snow and
 mist

He holds unwieldy revel. This tree, spared,
 I know not by what grace,—for in the blood
 Of our New World subduers lingers yet
 Hereditary feud with trees, they being
 (They and the red-man most) our fathers'
 foes,—

Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,
 The seventh fallen, that lean along the brink
 Where the steep upland dips into the marsh,
 Their roots, like molten metal cooled in
 flowing,

Stiffened in coils and runnels down the bank.
 The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he
 towers

And glints his steely aglets in the sun,
 Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom

Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a shoal
 Of devious minnows wheel from where a pike
 Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads, and whirl
 A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas! no acorn from the British oak
 'Neath which slim fairies tripping wrought
 those rings

Of greenest emerald, wherewith fireside life
 Did with the invisible spirit of Nature wed,
 Was ever planted here! No darnel fancy
 Might choke one useful blade in Puritan fields;
 With horn and hoof the good old Devil came,
 The witch's broomstick was not contraband,
 But all that superstition had of fair,
 Or piety of native sweet, was doomed.
 And if there be who nurse unholy faiths,
 Fearing their god as if he were a wolf
 That snuffed round every home and was
 not seen,

There should be some to watch and keep alive
 All beautiful beliefs. And such was that,—
 By solitary shepherd first surmised
 Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some maid
 Of royal stirp, that silent came and vanished,
 As near her nest the hermit thrush, nor dared
 Confess a mortal name,—that faith which
 gave

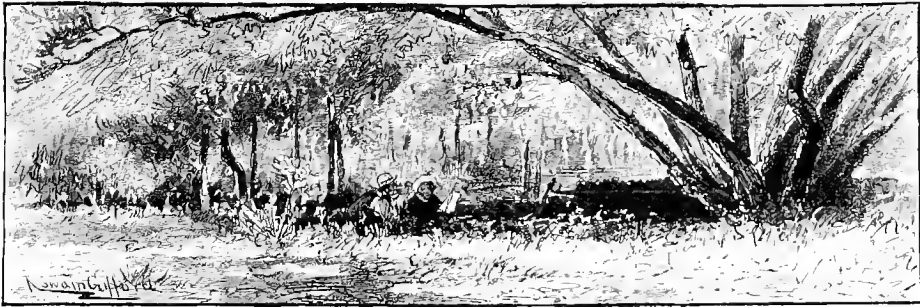
A Hamadryad to each tree; and I
 Will hold it true that in this willow dwells
 The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,
 Of ancient Hospitality, long since,
 With ceremonious thrift, bowed out of doors.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
 While the blithe season comforts every sense,
 Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
 Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
 Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
 Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
 And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.
 There muse I of old times, old hopes, old
 friends,—

Old friends! The writing of those words
 has borne
 My fancy backward to the gracious past,
 The generous past, when all was possible,
 For all was then untried; the years between
 Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons,
 none
 Wiser than this,—to spend in all things
 else,
 But of old friends to be most miserly.
 Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,

As to an oak, and precious more and more,
 Without deservingness or help of ours,
 They grow, and, silent, wider spread, each
 year,
 Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.
 Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,
 Which Nature's milliners would scrape away;
 Most dear and sacred every withered limb!
 'Tis good to set them early, for our faith
 Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,
 Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.

James Russell Lowell.



THE BELFRY PIGEON.

Ox the cross-beam, under the Old South bell,
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,
 Out and in with the morning air;
 I love to see him track the street,
 With his wary eye and active feet;
 And I often watch him as he springs,
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,
 And the belfry edge is gained at last.
 'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel,—
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,—
 Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,—
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.

When the tongue swings out to the mid-
 night moon.

When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
 When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
 When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
 When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath
 air,

Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
 Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
 He broods on his folded feet unmoved,
 Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
 He takes the time to smooth his breast.
 Then drops again, with filmèd eyes,
 And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
 A hermit in the crowd like thee!
 With wings to fly to wood and glen,
 Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
 And daily, with unwilling feet,

I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold;

I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BEAVER BROOK.

PUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir,
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here:
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
Forevermore each form of Use.

And more: methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick, here and there, with human
 blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of night,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make
 mirth
And labor meet delight half-way.

James Russell Lowell

THE NEW MOON.

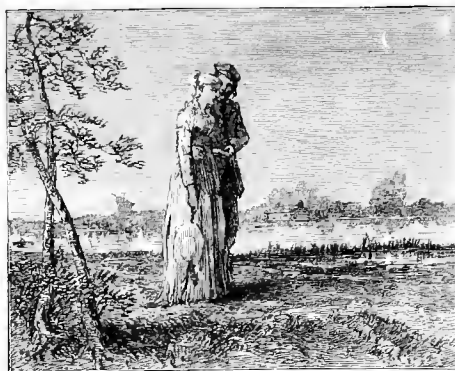
WHEN, as the garish day is done,
Heaven burns with the descended sun,
 'Tis passing sweet to mark,
Amid that flush of crimson light,
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
 When first the wandering eye
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
That glimmering curve of tender rays
 Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things —
 The hopes of early years;
And childhood's purity and grace,
And joys that like a rainbow chase
 The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
Of freedom, when that virgin beam
 Comes out upon the air;
And painfully the sick man tries
To fix his dim and burning eyes
 On the sweet promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight
Glitters that pure, emerging light:
 For prattling poets say,
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
And tenderest is their murmured talk,
 Beneath its gentle ray.



And there do graver men behold
A type of errors, loved of old,
 Forsaken and forgiven;
And thoughts and wishes not of earth
Just opening in their early birth,
 Like that new light in heaven.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE BIRDS.

ONE day in the bluest of summer weather,
 Sketching under a whispering oak,
 I heard five bobolinks laughing together
 Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover,—
 Language of birds is a riddle on earth:
 What could they find in white-weed and clover
 To split their sides with such musical mirth?

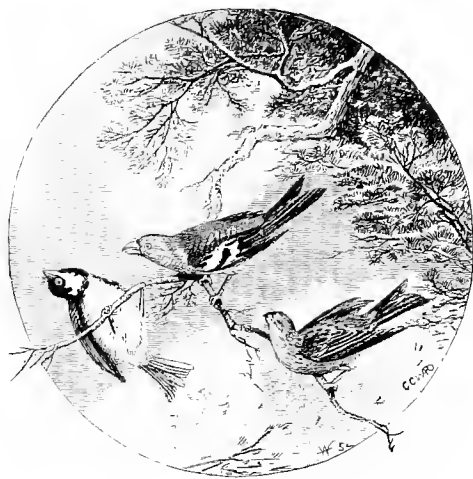
Was it some prank of the prodigal summer—
 Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—
 Querulous cat-bird—woodpecker drummer—
 Cawing of crows high over the trees?

Was it some chip-munk's chatter—or weasel
 Under the stone wall stealthy and sly?—
 Or was the joke about me at my easel,
 Trying to catch the tufts of the sky?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,
 Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—
 While I sat listening deep in the clover
 Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the
 brightest
 That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills:

'Twas but the song of all joy that is
 lightest—
 Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.



Vain to conjecture the words they are
 singing,

Only by tones can we follow the tune;
 In the full heart of the summer fields
 ringing,

Ringling the rhythmical gladness of June!

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
 Whereon shall no man work, but play:
 Whereon it is enough for me,
 Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fiber of my brain,
 Through every nerve, through every vein,
 I feel the electric thrill, the touch
 Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
 Playing celestial symphonies:

I see the branches downward bent,
 Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
 The splendid scenery of the sky,
 Where through a sapphire sea the sun
 Sails like a golden galleon

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
 Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts
 Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blossoms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O life and love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE OLD MILL.

BESIDE the stream the grist-mill stands,
With bending roof and leaning wall;
So old, that when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles lest it fall:
And yet it baffles wind and rain,
Our brave old Mill! and will again.

Its dam is steep, and hung with weeds:
The gates are up, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery round,



The lowest step forevermore,
Methinks they fume, and chafe with ire,
Because they can not climb it higher.

From morn to night in autumn time,
When harvests fill the neighboring plains,
Up to the mill the farmers drive,
And back anon with loaded wains:
And when the children come from school
They stop, and watch its foamy pool.

The mill inside is small and dark;
But peeping in the open door
You see the miller flitting round,
The dusty bags along the floor,
The whirling shaft, the clattering spout,
And the yellow meal a-pouring out!

All day the meal is floating there,
Rising and falling in the breeze;
And when the sunlight strikes its mist
It glitters like a swarm of bees:
Or like the cloud of smoke and light
Above a blacksmith's forge at night.

I love our pleasant, quaint old Mill,
It still recalls my boyish prime;
'Tis changed since then, and so am I,
We both have known the touch of time:
The mill is crumbling in decay,
And I—my hair is early gray.

I stand beside the stream of Life,
And watch the current sweep along:
And when the flood-gates of my heart
Are raised, it turns the wheel of Song:
But scant, as yet, the harvest brought
From out the golden fields of Thought!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.

Thou singest by the gleaming isles,
 By woods, and fields of corn,
 Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
 Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
 So full of vague unrest,
 Would almost give my life to lie
 An hour upon thy breast!

To let the wherry listless go,
 And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
 Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
 Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
 To rest upon the oars,
 And catch the heavy earthy scents
 That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
 And with its parting fires
 Light up the windows of the town
 And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
 From steeples slim and white,
 And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
 The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main
 Through woods, and fields of corn,
 Hear thou my longing and my pain
 This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
 To music like thine own,
 And sing it to the cliffs and capes
 And crags where I am known!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A DAY IN JUNE.

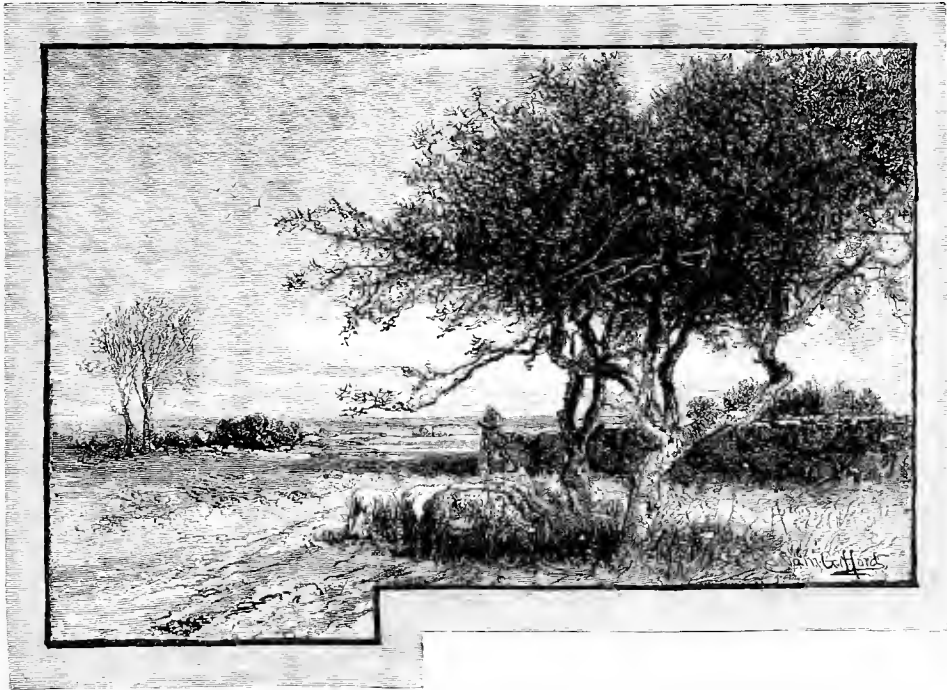
AND what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and
 towers
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its
 chalice,
 And there's never a leaf or a blade too
 mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
 and sings;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her
 nest,—
 In the nice ear of Nature, which song is
 the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop over-
 fills it,
 We are happy now because God so wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have
 been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are
 green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
 We may shut our eyes, but we can not help
 knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are
 flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard
 by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;



We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!
 Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Every thing is happy now,
 Every thing is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living:
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

James Russell Lowell.

AN INVITATION.

THE warm wide hills are muffled thick
 with green,
 And fluttering swallows fill the air with
 song.

Come to our cottage-home! Lowly it stands,
 Set in a vale of flowers, deep-fringed with
 grass:
 The sweetbrier, noiseless herald of the place,

Flies with its odor, meeting all who roam
 With welcome footsteps to our small abode,
 No splendid cares live here, no barren
 shows.

The bee makes harbor at our perfumed door,
 And hums all day his breezy note of joy.
 Come, oh my friend! and share our festal
 month!

And while the west wind walks the leafy
 woods,

While orchard-blooms are white in all the
 lanes,

And brooks make music in the cool deep dells,
 Enjoy the golden moments as they pass,
 And gain new strength for days that are to
 come.

James T. Fields.

THE BIRCH STREAM.



At noon, within the dusty town,
 Where the wild river rushes down,
 And thunders hoarsely all day long,
 I think of thee, my hermit stream,
 Low singing in thy summer dream
 Thine idle, sweet, old, tranquil song.

Northward, Kataldin's chasmed pile
 Looms through thy low, long, leafy aisle;
 Eastward, Olamon's summit shines;
 And I upon thy grassy shore,
 The dreamful, happy child of yore,
 Worship before mine olden shrines.

Again the sultry noontide hush
 Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
 Whose clear bell rings and dies away
 Beside thy banks, in coverts deep,
 Where nodding buds of orchis sleep
 In dusk, and dream not it is day.

Again the wild cow-lily floats
 Her golden-freighted, tented boats
 In thy cool coves of softened gloom,
 Oershadowed by the whispering reed,
 And purple plumes of pickerel-weed,
 And meadow-sweet in tangled bloom.

The startled minnows dart in flocks
 Beneath thy glimmering amber rocks,
 If but a zephyr stirs the brake;
 The silent swallow swoops, a flash
 Of light, and leaves, with dainty plash,
 A ring of ripples in her wake.

Without, the land is hot and dim;
 The level fields in languor swim,
 Their stubble-grasses brown as dust;
 And all along the upland lanes,
 Where shadeless noon oppressive reigns,
 Dead roses wear their crowns of rust.

Within, is neither blight nor death;
 The fierce sun woos with ardent breath,
 But can not win thy sylvan heart.
 Only the child who loves thee long,
 With faithful worship pure and strong,
 Can know how dear and sweet thou art.

So loved I thee in days gone by,
 So love I yet, though leagues may lie
 Between us, and the years divide;
 A breath of coolness, dawn, and dew,
 A joy forever fresh and true,
 Thy memory doth with me abide.

Anna Boynton Averill.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS.

[Addressed to two swallows that flew into the Chauncy Place Church during divine service.]

GAY, guiltless pair,
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
 Ye have no need of prayer;
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep.
 Penance is not for you,
 Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On Nature's charms to feed,
 And Nature's own great God adore.

Charles Sprague.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἄσπασίη, τριλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
 Sweep through her marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
 The manifold, soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the
 Night,
 Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows
 there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before!
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this
 prayer!
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most
 fair,
 The best-beloved Night!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
 Broad, round, and green, that in the
 summer sky,
 With garniture of waving grass and grain,
 Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie;
 While deep the sunless glens are scooped
 between,
 Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams
 unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
 And ever restless feet of one, who, now,
 Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright
 year;
 There plays a gladness o'er her fair young
 brow,
 As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
 Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
 To gaze upon the mountains,—to behold
 With deep affection the pure ample sky,
 And clouds along its blue abysses rolled,—
 To love the song of waters, and to hear
 The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
 Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
 And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
 And gales, that sweep the forest borders,
 bear

The song of bird, and sound of running
 stream,
 Am come awhile to wander and to dream.



Ay, flame thy fiercest,
 sun! thou canst not wake,
 In this pure air,
 the plague that walks unseen.
 The maize leaf and the maple bough but
 take,
 From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier
 green.
 The mountain wind, that faints not in thy
 ray,
 Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing
 of all
 The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry
 time,

He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
 He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
 As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
 Health and refreshment on the world below.

William Cullen Bryant.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn,
 A spirit on slender ropes of mist
 Was lowering its golden buckets down
 Into the vapory amethyst
 Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,

Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
 To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
 The white of their leaves, the amber grain
 Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AFTER THE RAIN.

THE rain has ceased, and in my room
 The sunshine pours an airy flood;
 And on the church's dizzy vane
 The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.
 From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
 Antiquely carven, gray and high,

A dormer, facing westward, looks
 Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
 A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
 And in the belfry sits a Dove
 With purple ripples on her neck.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

RÊVE DU MIDI.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps
 The hazy noontide creeps,
 And the shrill cricket sleeps
 Under the grass;
 When soft the shadows lie,
 And clouds sail o'er the sky,
 And the idle winds go by,
 With the heavy scent of blossoms as they
 pass,—

Then, when the silent stream
 Lapses as in a dream,
 And the water-lilies gleam
 Up to the sun;

When the hot and burdened day
 Rests on its downward way,
 When the moth forgets to play,
 And the plodding ant may dream her work
 is done,—

Then, from the noise of war
 And the din of earth afar,
 Like some forgotten star
 Dropt from the sky,—
 The sounds of love and fear,
 All voices sad and clear,
 Banished to silence drear,—
 The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs;
And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

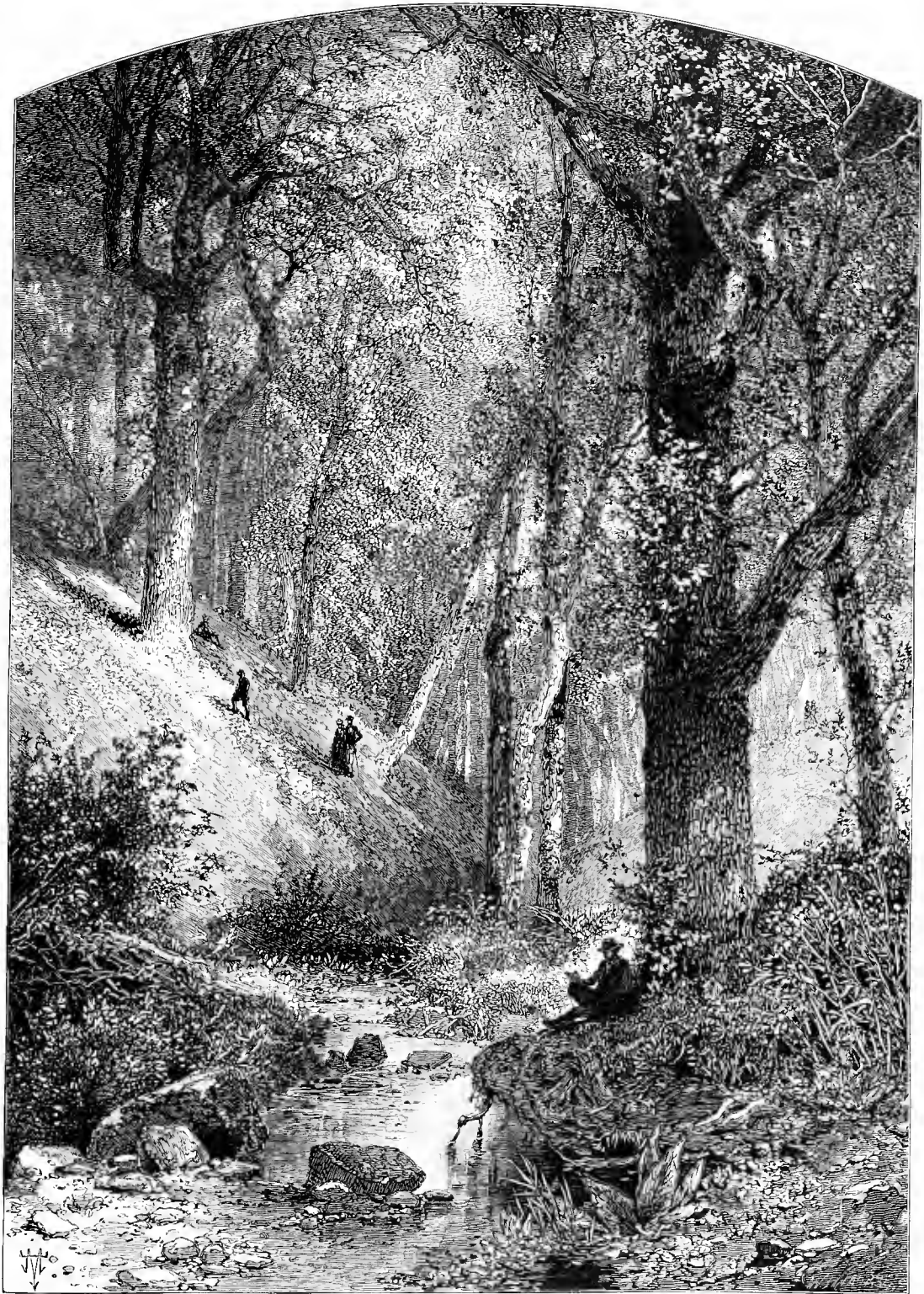
As poised on vibrant wings,
Where its sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
To the red flowers,—
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight.
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

Rose Terry Cooke.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere
man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he
framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling
wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the
place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in
heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the
sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at
once
All their green tops, stole over him, and
bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless
power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me,
at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn,—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst
look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy
sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy
breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-
living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old
and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim
vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or
pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the
form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here,—
thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the
ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with
thee.



"The groves were God's first Temples."

Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst
 its herbs,

Wells softly forth and wandering steep the
 roots

Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and
 grace

Are here to speak of thee. This mighty
 oak,—

By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
 Almost annihilated,—not a prince,

In all that proud old world beyond the
 deep,

E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with
 which

Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his
 root

Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest
 flower

With scented breath, and look so like a
 smile,

Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.

Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful
 youth

In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors

Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
 One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch-enemy Death,—yea, seats himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulcher,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came
 forth

From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid
 themselves

Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they
 outlived

The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them;—and there have been holy
 men

Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the
 woods

And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the
 wrath

Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

William Cullen Bryant.



IN SUMMER TIME.

O LINDEN-TREES! whose branches high
 Shut out the noontide's sultry sky,
 Throwing a shadow cool and dim
 Along the meadow's grassy rim,
 How sweet in dreamy rest to lie,
 Unheeding how the moments fly,
 While woodland odors, faint and rare,
 Of fern and wild rose scent the air,—
 And hear the light winds play around
 From leaf to leaf with rustling sound,—
 And trill of bird, and insect's hum,
 And all the lulling tones that come
 In summer time.

O Linden-trees! so mossy-old,
 What pleasant memories you hold
 Of early childhood, and its days
 Of frolic, sport, and guileless ways:
 A time of joyance, bright and fair,
 Beneath a mother's tender care,
 And ever on, till manhood brought

Maturer aims and deeper thought,—
 And Love arose, and life became
 All radiant with his quenchless flame,
 As here, within your shelter wide,
 We met and lingered side by side,
 In summer time.

O Linden-trees! as now once more
 I live those happy moments o'er,
 And, stretched at ease upon the grass,
 See picture after picture pass,
 Another brighter vision stays
 My backward thoughts and fills my gaze,
 For look! where down you shaded walk
 A merry troop, in cheerful talk,
 And gleeful laugh, and shout and song,
 Maud and the children pass along!
 O Lindens! tell me what could be
 More sweet to hear, or fair to see,
 In summer time?

W. W. Caldwell.

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee!
 Where thou art is clime for me;
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone!
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
 Joy of thy dominion!
 Sailor of the atmosphere,
 Swimmer through the waves of air,
 Voyager of light and noon,
 Epicurean of June!
 Wait, I prithee, till I come
 Within earshot of thy hum,—
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And, with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With the color of romance;
 And, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,—
 Thou in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;
 But violets, and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap, and daffodils,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier-roses, dwelt among:
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
 Of yonder grove its current brings,
 Plays on the slope awhile, and then
 Goes prattling into groves again,
 Oft to its warbling waters drew

My little feet, when life was new.
 When woods in early green were dressed,
 And from the chambers of the west
 The warmer breezes, traveling out,
 Breathed the new scent of flowers about,

My truant steps from home would stray,
 Upon its grassy side to play,
 List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
 And crop the violet on its brim,
 With blooming cheek and open brow,
 As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.



Since first, a child, and half
 afraid,
 I wandered in the forest shade.
 Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
 Dost dimple, leap, and prattle
 yet:
 And sporting with the sands
 that pave
 The windings of thy silver wave,
 And dancing to thy own wild chime,
 Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
 The same sweet sounds are in my ear
 My early childhood loved to hear;
 As pure thy limpid waters run:
 As bright they sparkle to the sun:
 As fresh and thick the bending ranks
 Of herbs that line thy oozy banks:
 The violet there, in soft May dew,
 Comes up, as modest and as blue:
 As green amid thy current's stress,

And when the days of boyhood came,
 And I had grown in love with fame,
 Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
 My first rude numbers by thy side.
 Words can not tell how bright and gay
 The scenes of life before me lay.
 Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
 Would bring the blood into my cheek,
 Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on
 high,
 A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon
 yon hill
 The tall old maples, verdant
 still,
 Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
 How swift the years have past
 away,



Floats the scarce-rooted watercress:
 And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
 Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not,—but I am changed
 Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
 And the grave stranger, come to see
 The play-place of his infancy,

Has scarce a single trace of him
 Who sported once upon thy brim.
 The visions of my youth are past,—
 Too bright, too beautiful to last.
 I've tried the world,—it wears no more
 The coloring of romance it wore.
 Yet well has Nature kept the truth
 She promised in my earliest youth.
 The radiant beauty shed abroad
 On all the glorious works of God,
 Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
 Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
 And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
 Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
 My ashes in the embracing mold
 (If haply the dark will of fate
 Indulge my life so long a date),

May come for the last time to look
 Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
 Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
 The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
 And faintly on my ear shall fall
 Thy prattling current's merry call;
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
 As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gayly shall play and glitter here;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

William Cullen Bryant.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
 After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain!
 How it clatters along the roofs,
 Like the tramp of hoofs!
 How it gushes and struggles out
 From the throat of the overflowing spout!
 Across the window pane
 It pours and pours;
 And swift and wide,
 With a muddy tide,
 Like a river down the gutter roars
 The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
 At the twisted brooks;
 He can feel the cool
 Breath of each little pool;
 His fevered brain,
 Grows calm again,
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
 Come the boys,
 With more than their wonted noise
 And commotion;
 And down the wet streets
 Sail their mimic fleets,
 Till the treacherous pool
 Ingulfs them in its whirling
 And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
 Where far and wide,
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
 Stretches the plain,
 To the dry grass and the drier grain
 How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
 Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
 With their dilated nostrils spread,
 They silently inhale
 The clover-scented gale,
 And the vapors that arise

From the well-watered and smoking soil.
 For this rest in the furrow after toil
 Their large and lustrous eyes
 Seem to thank the Lord,
 More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
 From under the sheltering trees,
 The farmer sees
 His pastures, and his fields of grain,
 As they bend their tops
 To the numberless beating drops
 Of the incessant rain.
 He counts it as no sin
 That he sees therein
 Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
 The Poet sees!
 He can behold
 Aquarius old
 Walking the fenceless fields of air;
 And from each ample fold
 Of the clouds about him rolled
 Scattering everywhere
 The showery rain,
 As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
 Things manifold
 That have not yet been wholly told,—
 Have not been wholly sung or said.
 For his thought, that never stops,
 Follows the water-drops
 Down to the graves of the dead,
 Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
 To the dreary fountain-head
 Of lakes and rivers underground;
 And sees them, when the rain is done,
 On the bridge of colors seven
 Climbing up once more to heaven,
 Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
 With vision clear,
 Sees forms appear and disappear,
 In the perpetual round of strange,
 Mysterious change
 From birth to death, from death to birth,
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
 Till glimpses more sublime
 Of things unseen before,
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal
 The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
 Turning forevermore
 In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GOD IN NATURE.

How desolate were nature, and how void
 Of every charm, how like a naked waste
 Of Africa, were not a present God
 Beheld employing, in its various scenes,
 His active might to animate and adorn!
 What life and beauty, when, in all that breathes,
 Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work!
 When it is viewed unfolding every bud,
 Each blossom tingeing, shaping every leaf,
 Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,
 Rolling each billow, moving every wing
 That fans the air, and every warbling throat
 Heard in the tuneful woodlands! In the least
 As well as in the greatest of his works

Is ever manifest his presence kind;
 As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen
 Quick to and fro within a foot of air,
 Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,
 As in the systems of resplendent worlds,
 Through time revolving in unbounded space.
 His eye, while comprehending in one view
 The whole creation, fixes full on me,
 As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,
 While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same.
 His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,
 And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,
 Guards the poor rushlight from the blast
 of death.

Carlos Wilcox.

DIRGE.



Knows he who fills this lonely field,
 To reap its scanty corn,
 What mystic fruit his acres yield
 At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon,
 The plain was full of ghosts;
 I wandered up, I wandered down,
 Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
 Pouring as wide a flood
 As when my brothers, long ago,
 Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone,—the holy ones
 Who trod with me this lovely vale;
 The strong, star-bright companions
 Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
 Who made this world the feast it was,
 Who learned with me the lore of time,
 Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
 They played with it in every mood;
 A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,—
 They treated nature as they would.

They colored the horizon round;
 Stars flamed and faded as they bade;
 All echoes hearkened for their sound,—
 They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,
 Which once our childhood knew;
 Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
 Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler
 Singing aloft in the tree!
 Hearest thou, O traveler,
 What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
 With sorrow such as mine,
 Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
 Its heavy tale divine.

“Go, lonely man,” it saith:
 “They loved thee from their birth;
 Their hands were pure, and pure their faith, —
 There are no such hearts on earth.
 “Ye drew one mother’s milk,
 One chamber held ye all;

A very tender history
 Did in your childhood fall.
 “You can not unlock your heart,
 The key is gone with them;
 The silent organ loudest chants
 The master’s requiem.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WITHER, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps
 of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
 pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler’s eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky.
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek’st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
 The desert and illimitable air, —
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
 bend,
 Soon, o’er thy sheltered nest.

Thou’rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
 flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE MERRIMAC.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
 The sunset rays thy valley fill;
 Poured slantwise down the long defile,
 Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile
 I see the winding Powow fold
 The green hill in its belt of gold,
 And following down its wavy line,
 Its sparkling waters blend with thine,
 There’s not a tree upon thy side,
 Nor rock, which thy returning tide
 As yet hath left abrupt and stark

Above thy evening water-mark;
 No calm cove with its rocky hem,
 No isle whose emerald swells begem
 Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
 Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
 No small boat with its busy oars,
 Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
 Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
 Or rigid poplar colonnade,
 But lies distinct and full in sight,
 Beneath this gush of sunset light.

Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
 Stretching its length of foam afar,
 And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
 And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
 Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
 Flit, stooping from the eastern gale; *
 And o'er these woods and waters broke
 The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
 As brightly on the voyager's eye,
 Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
 Breaking the dull continuous wood,
 The Merrimac rolled down his flood;
 Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
 Which channels vast Agiochook,
 When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
 The frozen fountains of the rock,
 And more abundant waters given
 From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven," †
 Tributes from vale and mountain-side, —
 With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
 The stormy challenge of the waves,
 Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
 The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
 Planting upon the topmost crag
 The staff of England's battle-flag;
 And, while from out its heavy fold
 Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
 Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
 And weapons brandishing in air,
 He gave to that lone promontory
 The sweetest name in all his story; ‡
 Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
 Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters, —
 Who, when the chance of war had bound
 The Moslem chain his limbs around,
 Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
 Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
 And fondly to her youthful slave
 A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! — the yellow light no more
 Streams down on wave and verdant shore;

And clearly on the calm air swells
 The twilight voice of distant bells.
 From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
 The mists come slowly rolling in;
 Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
 Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
 While yonder lonely coast-light, set
 Within its wave-washed minaret,
 Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
 Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers! — I have stood
 Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
 Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
 Along his frowning Palisade;
 Looked down the Appalachian peak
 On Juniata's silver streak;
 Have seen along his valley gleam
 The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
 The level light of sunset shine
 Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
 And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
 Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
 Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
 Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
 Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
 Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
 The unforgotten swell and roar
 Of waves on thy familiar shore;
 And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
 And quiet of his lonely room,
 Thy sunset scenes before him pass;
 As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
 The loved and lost arose to view,
 Remembered groves in greenness grew,
 Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,
 Along whose bowers of beauty swept
 Whatever Memory's mourners wept, —
 Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
 Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;
 And while the gazer leaned to trace,
 More near, some dear familiar face,
 He wept to find the vision flown, —
 A phantom and a dream alone!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

* Captain Smith.

† Lake Winnepiseogee.

‡ Captain Smith gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann the name of Tragabazanda.

MONADNOCK.

In his own loom's garment dressed,
 By his proper bounty blessed,
 Fast abides this constant giver,
 Pouring many a cheerful river;
 To far eyes, an aerial isle
 Unplowed, which finer spirits pile,
 Which morn and crimson evening paint
 For bard, for lover, and for saint;
 The people's pride, the country's core,

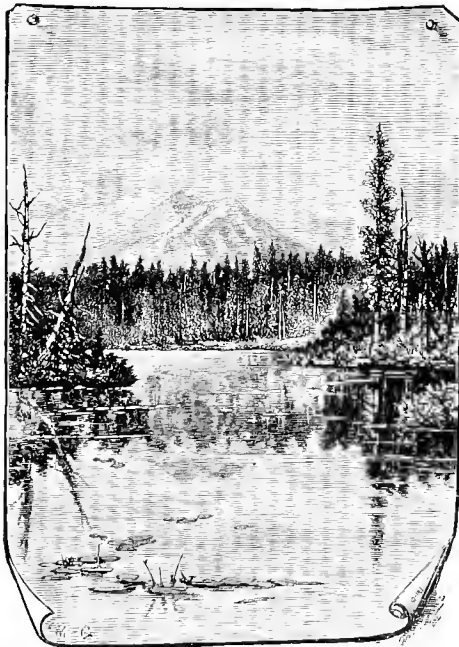
Inspirer, prophet evermore;
 Pillar which God aloft had set
 So that men might it not forget;
 It should be their life's ornament,
 And mix itself with each event;
 Gauge and calendar and dial,
 Weatherglass and chemic phial,
 Garden of berries, perch of birds,
 Pasture of pool-haunting herds.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
 Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
 Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
 That hangs poised on a lull in the blast
 To its fall leaning awful.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
 With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
 Like an old king led forth from his palace,
 When his people to battle are pouring
 From the city beneath him.



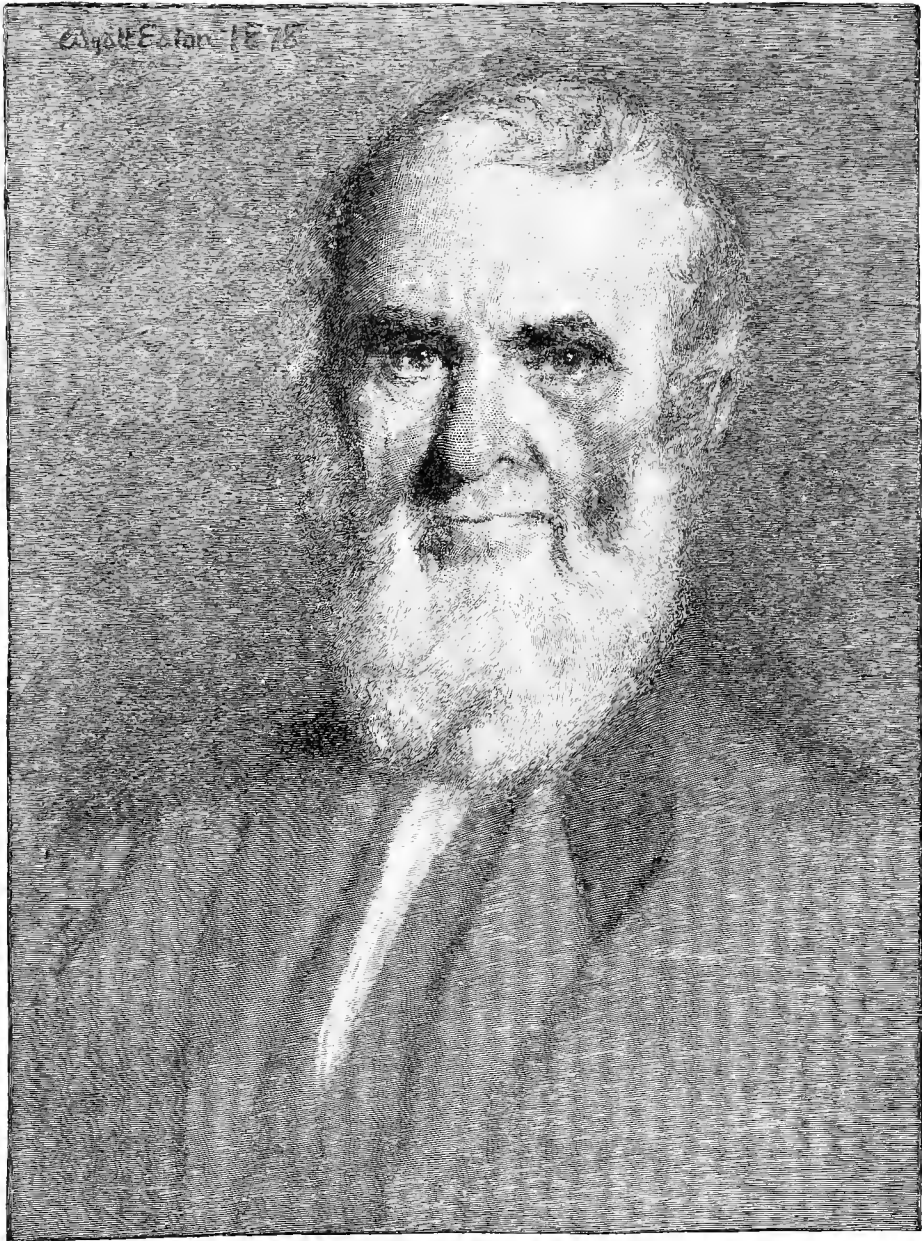
In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
 Thou singest and tosses't thy branches;
 Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
 Thou forebodes't the dread avalanches,
 When whole mountains swoop valeward.

To the slumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
 Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
 Till he longs to be swung mid their booming
 In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
 Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
 With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
 While he pours forth his mighty desire
 To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
 Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
 Preying thence on the continent under;
 Like a lion, crouched close on his hanches,
 There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
 Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
 Lusty father of Titans past number!
 The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
 Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
 And thee mantling with silence.



John S. Whittier.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
 Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
 Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
 And then plunge down the muffled abysses
 In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
 Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
 On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
 Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
 From thy bleak throne to heaven.

James Russell Lowell.

WACHUSET.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
 Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
 A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
 Into that mountain mystery. First a lake
 Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
 Of far receding hills; and yet more far
 Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
 His rosy forehead to the evening star.
 Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid
 His head against the West, whose warm
 light made
 His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and
 clear,
 Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching
 stayed,
 A single level cloud-line, shone upon
 By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
 Menaced the darkness with its golden
 spear!

So twilight deepened round us. Still and
 black
 The great woods climbed the mountain at
 our back;
 And on their skirts, where yet the linger-
 ing day
 On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
 The brown old farm-house like a bird's-
 nest hung.
 With home-life sounds the desert air was
 stirred:
 The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
 The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
 The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
 Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed;
 the gate

Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry
 weight
 Of sun-brown children, listening, while
 they swung,
 The welcome sound of supper-call to
 hear;
 And down the shadowy lane, in tink-
 lings clear,
 The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
 Thus soothed and pleased, our backward
 path we took,
 Praising the farmer's home. He only
 spake,
 Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
 Like one to whom the far-off is most near:
 "Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;
 I love it for my good old mother's sake,
 Who lived and died here in the peace
 of God!"

The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
 As silently we turned the eastern flank
 Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest
 sank,
 Doubling the night along our rugged road:
 We felt that man was more than his abode,—
 The inward life than Nature's raiment
 more;
 And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,
 The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed
 and dim
 Before the saintly soul, whose human will
 Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
 Making her homely toil and household ways
 An earthly echo of the song of praise
 Swelling from angel lips and harps of
 seraphim.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.



Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
 That marks the old remembered spot,—
 The gap that struck our school-boy trail,
 The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church:
 A penciled shadow, nothing more,
 That parted from the silver birch
 And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
 With frequent bends to left or right,
 In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
 But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—
 The broken millstone at the sill,—

Though many a rood might stretch between,
 The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
 No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown:
 And yet it winds, we know not why,
 And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
 With slaking knees and leaping heart:
 And so it often runs astray,
 With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
 From some unholy banquet reeled;
 And since, our devious steps maintain
 His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus:—no earth-born will
 Could ever trace a faultless line;
 Our truest steps are human still,—
 To walk unswerving were divine.

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
 Oh, rather let us trust the more!
 Through all the wanderings of the path,
 We still can see our Father's door!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
 With many a brilliant color;
 The world is brighter than before,—
 Why should our hearts be duller?
 Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
 Sad thoughts and sunny weather!—
 Ah me! this glory and this grief
 Agree not well together.

This is the parting season,—this
 The time when friends are flying;
 And lovers now, with many a kiss,
 Their long farewells are sighing.
 Why is Earth so gayly dressed?
 This pomp, that Autumn beareth,
 A funeral seems, where every guest
 A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,
 On some blue morn hereafter,
 Return to view the gaudy year,
 But not with boyish laughter.
 We shall then be wrinkled men,
 Our brows with silver laden,
 And thou this glen may'st seek again,
 But never more a maiden!

Nature, perhaps, foresees that Spring
 Will touch her teening bosom,
 And that a few brief months will bring
 The bird, the bee, the blossom;—
 Ah! these forests do not know—
 Or would less brightly wither—
 The virgin that adorns them so
 Will never more come hither!

Thomas William Parsons.

HOLYOKE VALLEY.

How many years have made their flights,
 Northampton, over thee and me,
 Since last I scaled those purple heights
 That guard the pathway to the sea;

Or climbed, as now, the topmost crown
 Of western ridges, whence again
 I see, for miles beyond the town,
 That sunlit stream divide the plain?

There still the giant warders stand
 And watch the current's downward flow,
 And northward still, with threatening hand,
 The river bends his ancient bow.

I see the hazy lowlands meet
 The sky, and count each shining spire,
 From those which sparkle at my feet
 To distant steeples tipt with fire.

For still, old town, thou art the same:
 The red-breasts sing their choral tune,
 Within thy mantling elms aflame,
 As in that other, dearer June,

When here my footsteps entered first,
 And summer perfect beauty wore,
 And all thy charms upon me burst,
 While Life's whole journey lay before.

Here every fragrant walk remains,
 Where happy maidens come and go,
 And students saunter in the lanes
 And hum the songs I used to know.

I gaze, yet find myself alone,
 And walk with solitary feet:
 How strange these wonted ways have grown!
 Where are the friends I used to meet?

In yonder shaded Academe
 The rippling meters flow to-day,
 But other boys at sunset dream
 Of love, and laurels far away;

And ah! from yonder trellised home,
 Less sweet the faces are that peer

Than those of old, and voices come
 Less musically to my ear.

Sigh not, ye breezy elms, but give
 The murmur of my sweetheart's vows,
 When Life was something worth to live,
 And Love was young beneath your boughs!

Fade beauty, smiling everywhere,
 That can from year to year outlast
 Those charms a thousand times more fair,
 And, oh, our joys so quickly past!

Or smile to gladden fresher hearts
 Henceforth: but they shall yet be led,
 Revisiting these ancient parts,
 Like me to mourn their glory fled.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

AUTUMN PICTURE.

FAR purple skies serene and mellow,—
 Mingling of crimson tints and yellow,—
 Russet and amber leaves entwining,
 And barberries and sumachs shining.

Gray shadows over hillsides drifting,—
 Gold lights through swaying branches sifting,—

Birds softly to each other calling,
 And ripened nuts and apples falling.

A little valley southward facing,—
 A lake set in an emerald tracing,—
 And hid from winds now growing chilly,
 The white bud of a fragrant lily.

Thomas S. Collier.

OCTOBER.

BENDING above the spicy woods which blaze,
 Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
 Immeasurably far; the waters run
 Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
 With gold of elms and birches from the
 maze
 Of forests. Chestnuts, clicking one by one,
 Escape from satin burrs; her fringes done,
 The gentian spreads them out in sunny
 days,

And, like late revelers at dawn, the chance
 Of one sweet, mad, last hour, all things assail,
 And, conquering, flush and spin; while, to
 enhance
 The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a
 veil
 Of red and purple mists, the Summer,
 pale,
 Steals back alone for one more song and
 dance.

H. H.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.



ONLY a glimpse of mountain road
That followed where a river flowed:
Only a glimpse,—then on we passed,
Skirting the forest dim and vast.

I closed my eyes. On rushed the train
Into the dark, then out again,
Startling the song-birds as it flew
The wild ravines and gorges through.

But, heeding not the dangerous way
O'erhung by sheer cliffs, rough and gray,
I only saw, as in a dream,
The road beside the mountain stream.

No smoke curled upward in the air,
No meadow lands stretched broad and fair:
But towering peaks rose far and high,
Piercing the clear, untroubled sky.

Yet down the yellow, winding road
That followed where the river flowed,
I saw a long procession pass
As shadows over bending grass.

The young, the old, the sad, the gay,
Whose feet had worn that narrow way,
Since first within the dusky glade
Some Indian lover wooed his maid;

Or silent crept from tree to tree—
Spirit of stealthy vengeance, he!
Orbreathless crouched while through the brake
The wild deer stole his thirst to slake.

The barefoot school-boys rushing out
An eager, crowding, boisterous rout;
The sturdy lads; the lassies gay
As bobolinks in merry May;

The farmer whistling to his team
When first the dawn begins to gleam;
The loaded wains that one by one
Drag slowly home at set of sun;

Young lovers straying hand in hand
Within a fair enchanted land;
And many a bride with lingering feet;
And many a matron calm and sweet;

And many an old man bent with pain,
And many a solemn funeral train;
And sometimes, red against the sky,
An army's banners waving high!

All mysteries of life and death
To which the spirit answereth,
Are thine, O lovely mountain road,
That followed where the river flowed.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands
hoary

In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she
lingers,

Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst;

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's molder-
ing halls;

With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rock her withered garland
falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes
raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispèd leaves
and flowers

In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded
ground,

With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits
brooding,

Like a fond lover loath to say farewell,
Or with shut wings, through silken folds
intruding,

Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides
away.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

OCTOBER.

BENDING beneath his load, October comes,
 With dreamy depths of gray-blue sky,
 And smoke-wreaths floating over quiet homes
 That in the valleys lie.

Among the few lone flowers, the honey-bees
 Roam restlessly, and fail to find
 The summer morning dew's rich fragrant lees,
 June's roses held enshrined.

The purple grapes hang ready for the kiss
 Of red lips, sweeter than their wine;
 And, mid the turning leaves they soon will miss,
 The crimson apples shine.

Lazily, through the soft and sunlit air,
 The great hawks fly, and give no heed
 To the sweet songsters, that toward the fair
 Far lands of summer speed.

Along the hills, wild asters bend to greet
 The roadside's wealth of golden rod;
 And by the fences, garnet sumachs meet
 The morning light of God.

All clad in dusted gold the tall elms stand
 Just in the edges of the wood,
 And, near, the chestnut sentinels the land,
 And shows its russet hood.

The maple flaunts its scarlet banners, where
 The marsh lies clad in shining mist;
 The mountain oak shows in the clear, bright
 air
 Its crown of amethyst.

Slowly the shadows of the clouds drift o'er
 The hillsides, clad in opal haze,
 Where butterflies now seek the fragrant
 store
 Of flower-sprent summer days;

Where, like a silver line, the sparkling stream
 Flows murmuring through the meadows
 brown,
 Amid the golden light, like some sad dream,
 A sailless boat floats down.

All day and night a glory seems to fold
 The wide land, where October stands,
 With leaves of green and scarlet, brown and
 gold,
 Fast falling from his hands.

His is the presence that with gladness crowns
 The long, long days of toil and care,
 His bright smile shining where November
 frowns,
 With snow-rime in his hair.

Thomas S. Collier.

THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
 Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
 Loosening with searching drops the rigid
 waste,
 As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
 But not a blade grows green as in the Spring;
 No swelling twig puts forth its thickening
 leaves;
 The robins only mid the harvests sing,

Pecking the grain that scatters from the
 sheaves;
 The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened
 drops;
 It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
 The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
 Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
 And all that once received the early rain
 Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

Jones Very.

SIGHS IN THE SOUTH.

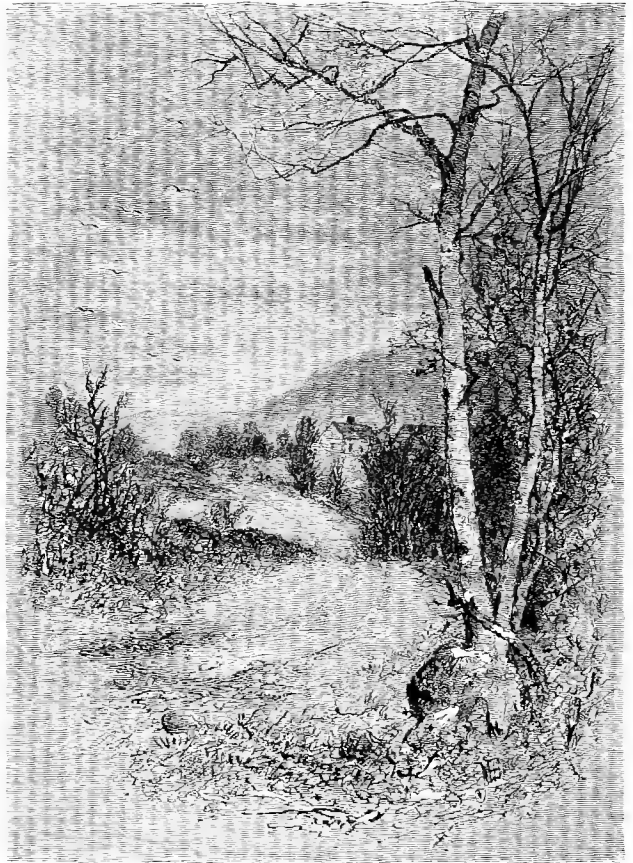
Oh, far away the winds delay,
 On purple hills the soft airs play
 Which you and I would breathe to-day;
 And the waters we would quaff
 Have a wild and mountain laugh;
 Through the meadows, through the fallows,
 Past the willows, past the shallows,
 Breaks the brook to shoals and shallows,
 In New England far away,
 Where my heart has gone to-day.

The sun is rolled on wheels of gold
 By hazy summits gray and old,
 Where all about from fold to fold,
 Like barges of an Eastern prince,
 The clouds ride in magnificence;
 Yet not so much of regal splendor
 Can the East its princes render,
 As the heaven and earth engender
 In New England far away,
 At sunset every autumn day.

O'er painted roods of autumn woods
 The twilight, soft as amber, broods
 I the dreamiest of its dreamy moods.
 The mill-wheels in the distance sound,
 The mill-wheels going round and round;
 Tiny sheep-bells tinkle, tinkle;
 Yellow leaves and red leaves sprinkle,
 Through the leaves the waters twinkle.
 In New England far away,
 Where my fancy flies to-day.

From hill to hill, how clear and shrill
 The cow-boy's calls reëcho still:
 How quickly now the air doth fill
 With clamor of the home-bound herds,
 The cow-bell's tones, the cow-boy's words,
 Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
 In the copse and in the dingle;
 Strange how many sounds commingle
 In New England far away,
 At sunset on an autumn day.

Toward stream and lake, through bush and
 brake,
 The thirsty kine their courses take;
 Nor do they less a clamor make
 To see in every stream their looks,
 And hear the songs of the singing brooks.
 Ah, how pleasant sounds the lowing
 Of the cattle homeward going,



And the noise of waters flowing
 In New England far away,
 At sunset on an autumn day.

All overhead the leaves are dead,—
 The brown, the russet leaves and red;
 But how more fully, richly fed
 The eye is with their beauty now

Than when they greened the summer bough.
 Air-hung gardens, radiant, splendid,
 O'er some fairy's home suspended,
 Show not hues more sweetly blended:
 Nowhere woodlands half so gay
 As these are on an autumn day.

The lights that lie athwart the sky,
 White, golden, crimson, far and nigh,
 Gleam through the windowed forestry;
 Less rich and soft the light that falls
 From stained panes on frescoed walls.
 Standing 'neath each leafy column,
 Hear we not a grand and solemn

Anthem of majestic volume,
 Chanted by that blind and gray
 Old organist, the Wind, always?

Each woodland scene, ah, how serene!
 The boughs upon the trees, I ween,
 Like arches upon pillars lean.

How wondrously these pendent piles
 Look down upon the forest-aisles!
 Never architect, nor molder,
 Hath conceived or planned a bolder,
 Fairer temple, nor an older;
 And my heart has gone away
 To worship in those woods to-day.

Henry Ames Blood.

THE PUMPKIN.

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
 The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
 And the rock and the tree and the cottage
 enfold,
 With broad leaves all greenness and blos-
 soms all gold,
 Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet
 once grew,
 While he waited to know that his warning
 was true,
 And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened
 in vain
 For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish
 maiden
 Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine
 laden;
 And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
 Through orange-leaves shining the broad
 spheres of gold;
 Yet with dearer delight from his home in
 the North,
 On the fields of his harvest the Yankee
 looks forth,
 Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow
 fruit shines,
 And the sun of September melts down on
 his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East
 and from West,
 From North and from South come the pil-
 grim and guest,
 When the gray-haired New-Englander sees
 round his board
 The old broken links of affection re-
 stored,
 When the care-wearied man seeks his mother
 once more,
 And the worn matron smiles where the girl
 smiled before,
 What moistens the lip, and what brightens
 the eye?
 What calls back the past, like the rich Pump-
 kin-pie?

Oh,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days
 recalling,
 When wood-grapes were purpling and brown
 nuts were falling!
 When wild, ugly faces we carved in its
 skin,
 Glaring out through the dark with a candle
 within!
 When we laughed round the corn-heap,
 with hearts all in tune,
 Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the
 moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like
steam

In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for
her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter
or better

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking,
than thine!

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full
to express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never
be less,

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened
below,

And the fame of thy worth like a pump-
kin-vine grow,

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pump-
kin-pie!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and comest alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,

And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart

William Cullen Bryant

A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE.



How like a rich and gorgeous picture hung
 In memory's storied hall, seems that fair
 scene
 O'er which long years their mellowing tints
 have flung.
 The wayside flowers had faded one by one,
 Hoar were the hills, the meadows drear and
 dun,—
 When, homeward wending, 'neath the dusky
 screen
 Of the autumnal woods at close of day,

As o'er a pine-clad height my pathway lay,
 Lo! at a sudden turn, the vale below
 Lay far outspread, all flushed with purple
 light;
 Gray rocks andumbered woods gave back
 the glow
 Of the last day-beams, fading into night;
 While down the glen where fair Moshaus-
 suck flows
 With all its kindling lamps the distant city
 rose.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 The vines still cling to the moldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the
 blast,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
 Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
 Into each life some rain must fall,—
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest
 of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
 meadows brown and sear,
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the
 autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the
 rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from
 the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow
 through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
 that lately sprang and stood
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous
 sisterhood?

Alas! they are all in their graves; the gentle
 race of flowers
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair
 and good of ours.
 The rain is falling where they lie; but the
 cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the
 lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they per-
 ished long ago,
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid
 the summer glow;
 But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster
 in the wood,
 And the yellow sunflower by the brook in
 autumn beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven,
 as falls the plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone
 from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day,
 as still such days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out
 their winter home;
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
 though all the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters
 of the rill;
 The south-wind searches for the flowers
 whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by
 the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youth-
 ful beauty died,
 The fair meek blossom that grew up and
 faded by my side.
 In the cold moist earth we laid her, when
 the forest cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have
 a life so brief;
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that
 young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish
 with the flowers.

William Cullen Bryant.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
 And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
 With solemn feet I tread the hill,
 That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
 Through the long reach of desert woods,
 The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
 And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
 The summer vine in beauty clung,
 And summer winds the stillness broke,
 The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
 Pour out the river's gradual tide,

Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
 And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
 When birds sang out their mellow lay,
 And winds were soft, and woods were green,
 And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
 Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
 And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
 Has grown familiar with your song;
 I hear it in the opening year,
 I listen, and it cheers me long.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
 shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare.
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent and soft and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape in some divine expres-
 sion,

Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
 This is the secret of despair,
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wood and field.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
 heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's
 feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates
 sit
 Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof

Round every windward stake, or tree, or
 door;
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Mauer the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and the
 world

Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
 And whispered: "Now I shall be out of sight;
 So through the valley and over the height
 In silence I'll take my way.
 I will not go like that blustering train,

The wind and the snow, the hail and the
 rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in
 vain,
 But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered
 its crest,
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he
 dressed
 With diamonds and pearls, and over the
 breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread



A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear,
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept:
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things. There were flowers
 and trees;
 There were bevs of birds and swarms of
 bees;

There were cities with temples and towers,
 and these
 All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
 He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding
 there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,—
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he;
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three,
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me
 Shall *‘tchick!*’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

Hannah F. Gould.

THE SNOW-STORM.

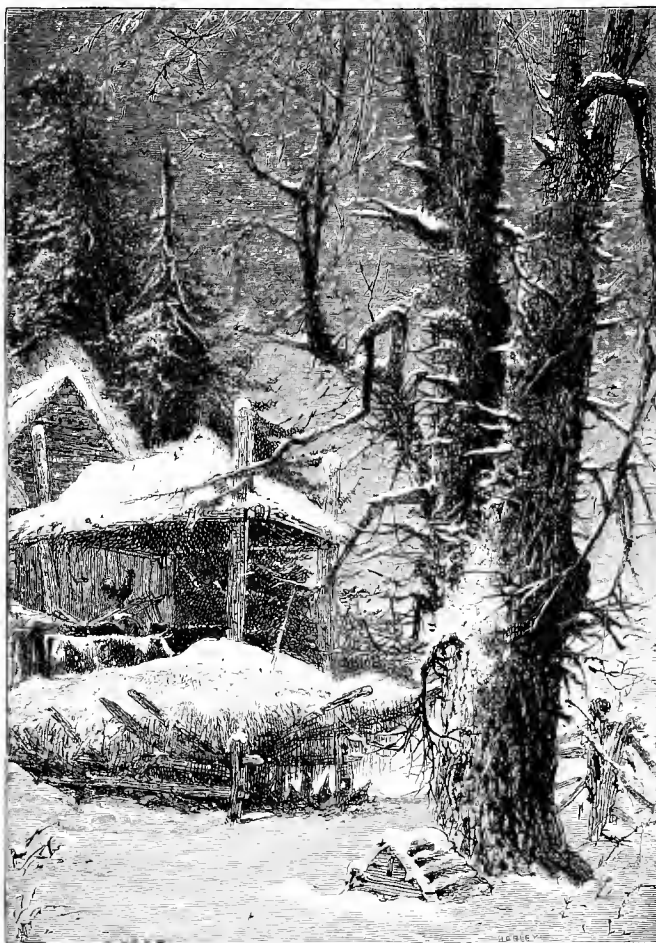
THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,

Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snow-storm told.
 The wind blew east: we heard the roar
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
 Brought in the wood from out of doors,
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows
 Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
 Impatient down the stanchion rows
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;

While, peering from his early perch
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
 The cock his crested helmet bent
 And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
 The gray day darkened into night,
 A night made hoary with the swarm



And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
 As zigzag wavering to and fro
 Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
 And, ere the early bedtime came,
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
 So all night long the storm roared on:

The morning broke without a sun;
 In tiny spherule traced with lines
 Of Nature's geometric signs,
 In starry flake, and pellicle,
 All day the hoary meteor fell;
 And, when the second morning shone,
 We looked upon a world unknown,
 On nothing we could call our own.

Around the glistening wonder bent
 The blue walls of the firmament,
 No cloud above, no earth below,—
 A universe of sky and snow!
 The old familiar sights of ours
 Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and
 towers
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile
 showed,
 A fenceless drift what once was road;
 The bridle-post an old man sat
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A WINTER MORNING.

THE keen clear air—the splendid sight!—
 We waken to a world of ice;
 Where all things seem enshrined in light,
 As by some genii's quaint device.

'Tis winter's jubilee: this day
 Her stores their countless treasures yield;
 See how the diamond glances play,
 In ceaseless blaze, from tree and field!

The cold, bare spot, where late we ranged,
 The naked woods are seen no more;
 This earth to fairy-land is changed,
 With glittering silver sheeted o'er.

The morning sun, with cloudless rays,
 His powerless splendor round us streams;
 From crusted boughs and twinkling sprays
 Fly back unloosed the rainbow beams.

With more than summer beauty fair,
 The trees in winter's garb are shown:

What a rich halo melts in air,
 Around their crystal branches thrown!

And yesterday—how changed the view
 From what then charmed us: when the sky
 Hung, with its dim and watery hue,
 O'er all the soft, still prospect nigh!

The distant groves, arrayed in white,
 Might then like things unreal seem,
 Just shown awhile in silvery light,
 The fictions of a poet's dream.

Like shadowy groves upon that shore,
 O'er which Elysium's twilight lay,
 By bards and sages feigned of yore,
 Ere broke on earth Heaven's brighter day.

O God of Nature! with what might
 Of beauty, showered on all below,
 Thy guiding power would lead aright
 Earth's wanderer all thy love to know.

Andrews Norton.

SMOKE.

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke! Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
 Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;

By night star-vailing, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
 Go thou, my incense, upward from this
 hearth,
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear
 flame.

Henry D. Thoreau.





IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
 A ragged beggar sunning;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting;
 Lit up its western window-panes,
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favor singled;

His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered:—
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
 I hate to go above you,
 Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing,
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her,—because they love him.

John Greenleaf Whittier.
 (115)

FIRST GLANCE.

A BUDDING mouth and warm blue eyes;
A laughing face;—and laughing hair,
So ruddy does it rise
From off that forehead fair;

Frank fervor in whate'er she said,
And a shy grace when she was still;
A bright, elastic tread;
Enthusiastic will;

These wrought the magic of a maid
As sweet and sad as the sun in Spring,
Joyous, yet half-afraid
Her joyousness to sing.

What weighs the unworthiness of earth
When beauty such as this finds birth?
Rare maid, to look on thee
Gives all things harmony!

George Parsons Lathrop.

SONG.

THE clover blossoms kiss her feet,
She is so sweet;
While I, who may not kiss her hand,
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,
She is so blest.

I'm jealous of its arms of gold;
Oh, that these arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,
She is so fair!

Let flowers and sun and breeze go by,—
O dearest! love me, or I die.

Celia Thaxter.

HER WINDOW.

OUT of her window, that morn of grace,
She leaned her radiant, beautiful face,—
The sun, ashamed, went into a cloud;
But, glad of the dawning, the birds sang loud.

A laggard went up the garden walk,
And lingered to hear the murmuring talk

Of flower and bee and every comer
That fluttered along in front of the Summer.

He quaffed the wine of the morning air,
And felt with a thrill that the day was fair;
Then he raised his eyes to her window's height,
"Ah, me!" he said, "but the sun is bright!"

Louise Chandler Moulton.

ROSALIE.

"OH, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain
That seems from other worlds to 'plain!
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

"No, never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

“For all I see around me wears
 The hue of other spheres;
 And something blent of smiles and tears
 Comes from the very air I breathe.
 Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath
 Can mold a sadness like to this,—
 So like angelic bliss!”

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
 When the last lingering ray
 Stops on the highest cloud to play,—
 So thought the gentle Rosalie
 As on her maiden reverie
 First fell the strain of him who stole
 In music to her soul.

Washington Allston.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy Past
 The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
 Beneath Time's flowing tide,
 Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,
 But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
 There the green lane descends,
 Through which I walked to church with thee,
 O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees
 Lay moving on the grass;
 Between them and the moving boughs,
 A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
 And thy heart as pure as they:
 One of God's holy messengers
 Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
 Bend down thy touch to meet,
 The clover-blossoms in the grass
 Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born!”
 Solemnly sang the village choir
 On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
 Poured in a dusty beam,
 Like the celestial ladder seen
 By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
 Sweet-scented with the hay,
 Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
 That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
 Yet it seemed not so to me;
 For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
 And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
 Yet it seemed not so to me;
 For in my heart I prayed with him,
 And still I thought of thee.

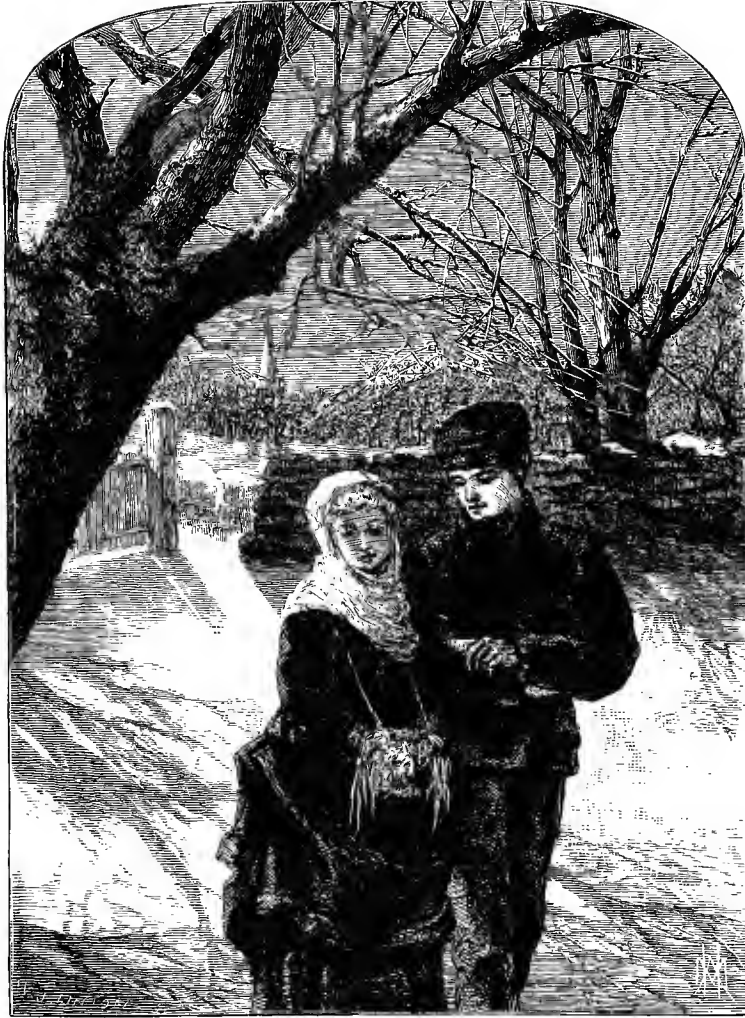
But now, alas! the place seems changed;
 Thou art no longer here:
 Part of the sunshine of the scene
 With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
 Like pine-trees dark and high,
 Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
 A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the Past,
 As when the sun, concealed
 Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
 Shines on a distant field.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE DOOR-STEP.



THE conference-meeting through at last,
 We boys around the vestry waited
 To see the girls come tripping past,
 Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
 By level musket-flashes litten,
 Than I, who stepped before them all
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!
 We let the old folks have the highway,
 And started toward the Maple Farm
 Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
 'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
 Yet that rude path by which we sped
 Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
 The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
 Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff,—
 O sculptor, if you could but mold it!—
 So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
 To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
 'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
 At last we reached the foot-worn stone
 Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
 Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
 We heard the voices nearer come,
 Yet on the door-step still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
 And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
 But yet I knew she understood
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,
 "Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
 The kiss of mother and of sister,
 But somehow, full upon her own
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
 O listless woman, weary lover!
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
 I'd give— But who can live youth over?

Edmund Clarence Stegman.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her raven ringlets in.
 But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
 For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
 Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
 And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
 All over the happy peach-colored face,
 Till scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
 Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
 Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
 All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
 That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
 Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
 Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
 Madder, merrier, chiller still,
 The western wind blew down, and played
 The wildest tricks with the little maid,
 As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
 To play such tricks with her floating hair?
 To gladly, gleefully, do your best
 To blow her against the young man's breast,
 Where he has gladly folded her in,
 And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought,
 An hour ago, when you besought
 This country lass to walk with you,
 After the sun had dried the dew,
 What terrible danger you'd be in,
 As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

Nora Perry.

RIVER SONG.



COME to the river's reedy shore,
 My maiden, while the skies,
 With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,
 Wait for the sun's uprise:
 There, dancing on the rippling wave,
 My boat expectant lies,
 And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,
 Unclose their dewy eyes.

As slowly down the stream we glide,
 The lilies all unfold
 Their leaves, less rosy white than thou,
 And virgin hearts of gold;
 The gay birds on the meadow elm
 Salute thee blithe and bold,
 While I sit shy and silent here,
 And glow with love untold.

F. B. Sanborn.



“In Summer when the days were long.”

SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:

Our hearts were light, our steps were strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedge-row, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;

We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and
red,

In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not,—
For loving seemed like breathing then;
We found a heaven in every spot;
Saw angels, too, in all good men;
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone.

I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood:
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old.

My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Out of the window she leaned and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,—
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered
and fell,

And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there,—
And into her idle, empty day,

All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous, busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the
streets,

At every window in passing by,
He looked a moment, and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

Nora Perry.

SONG.

ABOVE, in her chamber, her voice I hear
 Singing so clear!
 Among her flowers I stand and wait,
 Dreaming I lean on the garden gate,
 In joy and fear.

Softly the light robes she doth wear
 Sweep down the stair;
 O eager heart, less wildly beat!—
 I shall behold her, stately, sweet,
 All good and fair.

Nearer—her voice! In a moment more
 Through the open door
 Come grace and beauty and all delight
 The round world holds to my dazzled sight
 The threshold o'er!

She holds me mute with her beaming eyes
 Full of bright surprise:
 Still grow the pulses her coming shook:
 In the gentle might of her golden look
 My heaven lies!

Celia Thaxter.

SNOW-DROP.

WHEN full of warm and eager love
 I clasp you in my fond embrace,
 You gently push me back and say,
 "Take care, my dear, you'll spoil my lace."

You kiss me just as you would kiss
 Some woman friend you chanced to see;

You call me "dearest"—all love's forms
 Are yours, not its reality.

Oh, Annie! cry and storm and rave!
 Do any thing with passion in it;
 Hate me one hour, and then turn round
 And love me truly, just one minute!

William Wetmore Story.

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.



He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in April.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew
 Like sparks in burut-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubttle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furrer,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

“You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?”
 “Wal — no — I come da signin'” —
 “To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clothes
 Agin to-morrer's f'in'!”

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, “I'd better call agin;”
 Says she, “Think likely, Mister:”
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' — Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snow hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',

Tell mother see how metters stood,
 And gin'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is, they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

James Russell Lowell.



AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
 Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
 As they laughed and talked in their chamber
 After the revel was done. [there,

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
 Idly they laughed, like other girls,
 Who over the fire, when all is still,
 Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
 Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
 Scattered about in every place,
 For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
 The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
 Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
 For the revel is done,—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
 Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,

Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
 And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
 All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
 While the fire is out and the house is still,
 Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
 The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
 Curtained away from the chilly night,
 After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
 To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
 While a thousand lusters shimmering stream
 In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
 Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
 Men and women with beautiful faces,
 And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
 One face haunting the dreams of each,
 And one voice, sweeter than others are,
 Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
 An old, old story over again,
 As down the royal bannered room,
 To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
 While an unseen spirit walks beside,
 And all unheard, in the lovers' talk,
 He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
 With never a pang of jealous fear!
 For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
 Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
 Braided brown hair and golden tress,
 There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
 Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
 The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
 Only one to blush through her curls
 At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
 For you the revel has just begun;
 But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
 The revel of Life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
 Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
 O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
 The kisses another hath won!

Nora Perry.

SLEIGHING SONG.

OH, swift we go, o'er the fleecy snow,
 When moonbeams sparkle round;
 When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
 As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
 And health is on the wind,
 We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
 And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along,
 Across the fleeting snow;
 With friends beside, how swift we ride
 On the beautiful track below!

Oh, the raging sea has joy for me,
 When gale and tempests roar;
 But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
 And I'll ask for the waves no more.

James T. Fields.

COUNTRY SLEIGHING.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

IN January, when down the dairy
 The cream and clabber freeze,
 When snow-drifts cover the fences over,
 We farmers take our ease.
 At night we rig the team,
 And bring the cutter out;
 Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
 And heap the furs about.

Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens,
 And sleighs at least a score;
 There John and Molly, behind, are jolly,—
 Nell rides with me, before.
 All down the village street
 We range us in a row:
 Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
 And over the crispy snow!

The windows glisten, the old folks listen
 To hear the sleigh-bells pass;
 The fields grow whiter, the stars are
 brighter,
 The road is smooth as glass.
 Our muffled faces burn,
 The clear north-wind blows cold,
 The girls all nestle, nestle, nestle,
 Each in her lover's hold.

Through bridge and gateway we're shooting
 straightway,
 Their tollman was too slow!
 He'll listen after our song and laughter
 As over the hill we go.
 The girls cry, "Fie! for shame!"
 Their cheeks and lips are red,
 And so, with kisses, kisses, kisses,
 They take the toll instead.

Still follow, follow! across the hollow
 The tavern fronts the road.
 Whoa, now! all steady! the host is ready,—
 He knows the country mode!
 The irons are in the fire,
 The hissing flip is got;
 So pour and sip it, sip it, sip it,
 And sip it while 'tis hot.

Push back the tables, and from the stables
 Bring Tom, the fiddler, in;
 All take your places, and make your
 graces,

And let the dance begin.
 The girls are beating time
 To hear the music sound;
 Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it,
 And swing your partners round.

Last couple toward the left! all forward!
 Cotillions through, let's wheel:
 First tune the fiddle, then down the middle
 In old Virginia Reel.
 Play Money Musk to close,
 Then take the "long chassé,"
 While in to supper, supper, supper,
 The landlord leads the way.

The bells are ringing, the ostlers bringing
 The cutters up anew;
 The beasts are neighing: too long we're
 staying,
 The night is half-way through.
 Wrap close the buffalo-ropes,
 We're all aboard once more;
 Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
 Away from the tavern-door.





M. Lowell

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
 And swiftly homeward glide.
 What midnight splendor! how warm and tender
 The maiden by your side!

The sleighs drop far apart,
 Her words are soft and low:
 Now, if you love her, love her, love her,
 'Tis safe to tell her so.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged by the rising sun,
 And in the dawn they floated on,

And mingled into one:
 I thought that morning cloud was blessed,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.



I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting:
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat:
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

John G. C. Brainard

A BRIDAL MELODY.

SHE stood, like an angel just wandered from
heaven,

A pilgrim benighted away from the skies,
And little we deemed that to mortals were
given

Such visions of beauty as came from her
eyes.

She looked up and smiled on the many
glad faces,

The friends of her childhood, who stood
by her side;

But she shone o'er them all, like a queen
of the Graces,

When blushing she whispered the vows
of a bride.

We sang an old song, as with garlands we
crowned her,

And each left a kiss on her delicate brow;
And we prayed that a blessing might ever
surround her,

And the future of life be unclouded as
now.

James T. Fields.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not
thine.

Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven
foam,

But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come:
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
• Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

LABOR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
o'er us;

Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps
glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“Labor is worship!” the robin is singing;
“Labor is worship!” the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great
heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving
shower;

From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing
flower;

From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;

Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust
assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep
them in tune!

Labor is rest— from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat
us;

Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on
thy pillow;

Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming
billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping
willow,

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current
leaping!

How his strong arm, in its stalworth pride
 sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides
 Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl
 groweth;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon
 floweth;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block
 hides.

Droop not,—though shame, sin, and anguish
 are round thee!
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
 bound thee!
 Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee:
 Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod!
 Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

Frances S. Osgood.

TWO PICTURES.

AN old farm-house with meadows wide,
 And sweet with clover on each side;
 A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
 The door with woodbine wreathed about,
 And wishes his one thought all day:
 "Oh, if I could but fly away
 From this dull spot, the world to see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
 A man who round the world has been,
 Who, mid the tumult and the throng,
 Is thinking, thinking, all day long:
 "Oh, could I only tread once more
 The field-path to the farm-house door,
 The old green meadow could I see,
 How happy, happy, happy,
 How happy I should be!"

Marian Douglass.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stair,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall!—
 By three doors left unguarded,
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me:
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,

But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, forever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And molder in dust away!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?



OVER the cradle the mother hung,
 Softly crooning a slumber-song:
 And these were the simple words she sung
 All the evening long:

“Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
 Where shall the baby’s dimple be?
 Where shall the angel’s finger rest
 When he comes down to the baby’s nest?”

Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my babe again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her music broke;
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke.

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I awaken your babe again?"

Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
Long in the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charm with its youth will disap-
pear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harboring smile will fade and
flee;
But touch thou the chin with an impress
deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree
blossoms,
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery
tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

These rose-white feet, along the doubtful
future,
Must bear a mother's load:
Alas! since Woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the harder road!

Love, for a while, will make the path before
them
All dainty, smooth, and fair,—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are
shrouded
Away from sight of men,

And these dear feet are left without her
guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the
darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and
Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track
unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways:
Some hearts there be to which this life is
only
A round of happy days.

But these are few. Far more there are who
wander
Without a hope or friend,—
Who find their journey full of pains and
losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,

Before whose unstained feet the world's rude
highway
Stretches so fair and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our
darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

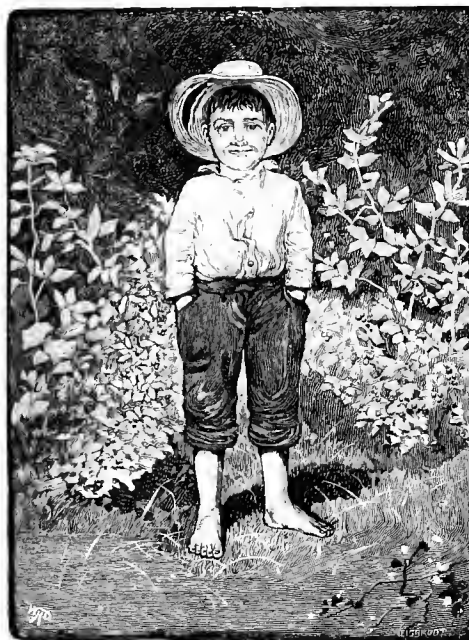
Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,—
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood:
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,

Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-mnt trails its vine,



Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks:
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the
 night,
 Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides!
 Still, as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too;
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!
 O'er me, like a regal tent,

Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerly, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil;
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms—
 Would that I could keep you with your
 baby charms;
 Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
 Where the sunshine lingers, caught from
 elsewhere;
 Blue eyes asking questions, lips that can not
 speak,
 Rolly-polly shoulders, dimple on your cheek;
 Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
 Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old—
 Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
 Restless, busy fingers, all the time at play,
 Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
 Blue eyes learning wonders of the world
 about,
 Here you come to tell them—what an eager
 shout!—
 Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors
 know;
 Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of
 books,
 And such grave importance in your puzzled
 looks;
 Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
 Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for
 sugar-plums;
 Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
 Waking up to study with the morning light;
 Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
 Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by
 my side,
 All the world's before you, and the world
 is wide:
 Hearts are there for winning, hearts are
 there to break,
 Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?

Is that rose of dawning glowing on your
 cheek
 Telling us in blushes what you will not
 speak?
 Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
 All the golden future, just to keep you so.

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was
 fair,
 Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
 Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
 And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes
 from sight;
 All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
 Babe and child and maiden, all are with
 me now.

Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love
 I know—
 Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

OUR SKATER BELLE.

ALONG the frozen lake she comes
 In linking crescents, light and fleet;
 The ice-imprisoned Undine hums
 A welcome to her little feet.

I see the jaunty hat, the plume
 Swerve bird-like in the joyous gale,—
 The cheeks lit up to burning bloom,
 The young eyes sparkling through the veil.

The quick breath parts her laughing lips,
 The white neck shines through tossing curls;
 Her vesture gently sways and dips,
 As on she speeds in shell-like whirls.

Men stop and smile to see her go;
 They gaze, they smile in pleased surprise;
 They ask her name; they long to show
 Some silent friendship in their eyes.

She glances not; she passes on;
 Her steely footfall quicker rings;
 She guesses not the benison
 Which follows her on noiseless wings.

Smooth be her ways, secure her tread
 Along the devious lines of life,
 From grace to grace successive led,—
 A noble maiden, nobler wife!

Anonymous.



MY CHILD.

I CAN NOT make him dead!
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair;
 Yet when my eyes, now dim
 With tears, I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
 And, through the open door,
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call;
 And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
 A satcheled lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin lid;
 Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
 My hand that marble felt;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt;
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I can not make him dead!
 When passing by the bed,
 So long watched over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly, [there!
 Before the thought comes, that—he is not

When, at the cool gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning air
 My soul goes up, with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy; [there,
 Then comes the sad thought that—he is not

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
 Whate'er I may be saying,
 I am in spirit praying
 For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now;
 And, on his angel brow,
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there.

John Pierpont.



ONLY A YEAR.

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,
 A clear blue eye,
 And clustering curls of sunny hair,
 Too fair to die.

Only a year:—no voice, no smile,
 No glance of eye,
 No clustering curls of golden hair,—
 Fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes
 Far into life!
 What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
 What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
 The burial-stone
 Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
 Remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year,
 And so much gone!
 And yet the even flow of life
 Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
 Above that head;

No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
 Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
 That sing above
 Tells us how coldly sleeps below
 The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
 What hast thou seen,—
 What visions fair, what glorious life,
 Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
 'Twixt us and thee;
 The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
 That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
 But present still,
 And waiting for the coming hour
 Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
 Our Savior dear!
 We lay in silence at thy feet
 This sad, sad year.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE LOST SISTER.

THEY waked me from my sleep, I knew
 not why,
 And bade me hasten where a midnight lamp
 Gleamed from an inner chamber. There
 she lay,
 With brow so pale, who yester-morn breathed
 forth
 Through joyous smiles her superflux of bliss
 Into the hearts of others. By her side
 Her hoary sire, with speechless sorrow, gazed
 Upon the stricken idol,—all dismayed
 Beneath his God's rebuke. And she who
 nursed

That fair young creature at her gentle breast,
 And oft those sunny locks had decked with
 buds
 Of rose and jasmine, shuddering wiped the
 dews
 Which death distills. The sufferer had just
 given
 Her long farewell, and for the last, last time
 Touched with cold lips his cheek who led so late
 Her footsteps to the altar and received
 In the deep transport of an ardent heart
 Her vow of love. And she had striven to
 press

That golden circlet with her bloodless hand
 Back on his finger, which he kneeling gave
 At the bright bridal morn. So there she
 lay

In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb
 Wounded in flowery pastures, from whose
 breast

The dreaded bitterness of death had passed.
 —But a faint wail disturbed the silent scene,
 And in its nurse's arms a new-born babe
 Was borne in utter helplessness along,
 Before that dying eye. Its gathered film
 Kindled one moment with a sudden glow
 Of tearless agony;—and fearful pangs,

Racking the rigid features, told how strong
 A mother's love doth root itself. One cry
 Of bitter anguish, blent with fervent prayer,
 Went up to Heaven,—and, as its cadence
 sank,

Her spirit entered there. Morn after morn
 Rose and retired; yet still as in a dream
 I seemed to move. The certainty of loss
 Fell not at once upon me. Then I wept
 As weep the sisterless.—For thou wert fled,
 My only, my beloved, my sainted one,—
 Twin of my spirit! and my numbered days
 Must wear the sable of that midnight hour
 Which rent thee from me.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here

Yes; they're ever bending o'er her,
 Eyes that weep;
 Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
 Vigil keep.

When the summer moon is shining
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above,—
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love!

James T. Fields.

LITTLE ANNIE.

Who will weep for little Annie?
 Who will weep when morning passes
 Through the wet and silent grasses
 To the graves of pretty lasses?
 You and I and all the many
 Little birds will weep for Annie?

Who will sing for little Annie?
 Who will sing when all together,
 Blue and white and scarlet feather
 Hop there in the summer weather?
 You and I and all the many
 Little birds will sing for Annie.

Who will pray for little Annie?
 Who will pray when evening closes
 O'er the bed where she reposes
 'Neath the hushed and folded roses?
 You and I and all the many
 Little birds will pray for Annie.

Who will dream of little Annie?
 Who will dream not when the mellow
 Midnight moon beneath the willow
 Sleeps with Annie on her pillow?
 You and I and all the many
 Little birds will dream of Annie.

Henry Ames Blood.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
 And tender sympathy upburst,
 A little spring from memory welled
 Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
 A portion of its mild relief,
 That it might be as healing dew,
 To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
 Up to the Father took its way,
 And on our home the shade of Death
 Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
 Her little spirit's swift remove,
 The story of the Alpine sheep
 Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
 Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
 And when the sod grows brown and bare,
 The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
 That hang along the mountain's side,
 Where grass and flowers together lean,
 And down through mist the sunbeams slide

But naught can tempt the timid things
 The steep and rugged path to try,
 Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
 And scared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
 Along the dizzy verge to go;
 Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
 They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
 More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
 The shepherd drops his tender care,
 And sheep and lambs together feed.

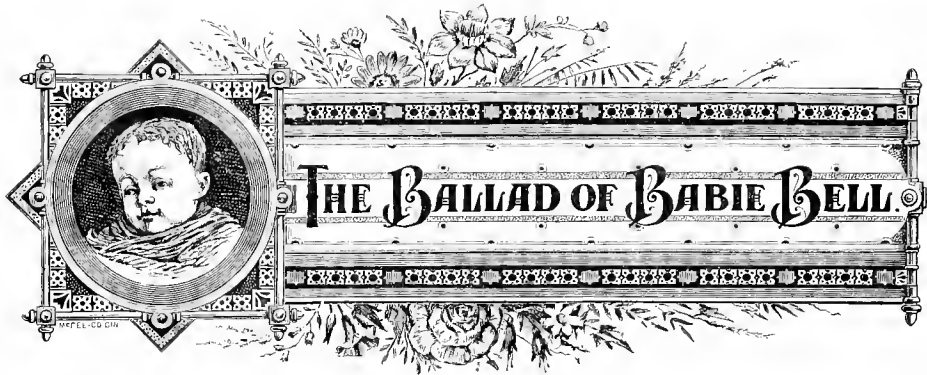
This parable, by Nature breathed,
 Blew on me as the south-wind free
 O'er frozen brooks that flow, unsheathed
 From icy thralldom to the sea.



A blissful vision, through the night,
 Would all my happy senses sway,
 Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
 Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,—
 While, like the murmur of the sea,
 Sounded that voice along the deep,
 Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

Maria White Lowell.



HAVE you not heard the poets tell
 How came the dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours?
 The gates of heaven were left ajar:
 With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
 Wandering out of Paradise,
 She saw this planet, like a star,
 Hung in the glistening depths of even—
 Its bridges, running to and fro,
 O'er which the white-winged Angels go
 Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
 She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
 So light they did not bend the bells
 Of the celestial asphodels,
 They fell like dew upon the flowers:
 Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
 And thus came dainty Babie Bell
 Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May.
 The swallows built beneath the eaves:
 Like sunlight, in and out the leaves,
 The robins went, the livelong day;
 The lily swung its noiseless bell,
 And o'er the porch the trembling vine
 Seemed bursting with its veins of wine:
 How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
 Oh, earth was full of singing-birds,
 And opening spring-tide flowers,
 When the dainty Babie Bell
 Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,
 How fair she grew from day to day!
 What woman-nature filled her eyes,
 What poetry within them lay,—
 Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
 So full of meaning, pure and bright
 As if she yet stood in the light
 Of those oped gates of Paradise!
 And so we loved her more and more:
 Ah, never in our hearts before,
 Was love so lovely born:
 We felt we had a link between
 This real world and that unseen—
 The land beyond the morn;
 And for the love of those dear eyes,
 For love of her whom God led forth
 (The mother's being ceased on earth
 When Babie came from Paradise)—
 For love of Him who smote our lives,
 And woke the chords of joy and pain,
 We said, "Dear Christ!"—our hearts bent down
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
 And red with blossoms when she came,
 Were rich in autumn's mellow prime:
 The clustered apples burnt like flame,
 The soft-checked peaches blushed and fell,
 The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
 The grapes hung purpling in the grange:
 And time wrought just as rich a change

In little Babie Bell,
 Her lissome form more perfect grew,
 And in her features we could trace,
 In softened curves, her mother's face.
 Her angel-nature ripened too,
 We thought her lovely when she came,
 But she was holy, saintly now
 Around her pale angelic brow
 We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
 That held the portals of her speech;
 And oft she said a few strange words
 Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
 She never was a child to us,
 We never held her being's key;
 We could not teach her holy things—
 She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
 The knowledge that our God had sent
 His messenger for Babie Bell.

We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,
 And all our hopes were changed to fears,
 And all our thoughts ran into tears
 Like sunshine into rain.
 We cried aloud in our belief,
 "Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
 And perfect grow through grief."
 Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
 Her heart was folded deep in ours;
 Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
 The messenger from unseen lands:
 And what did dainty Babie Bell?
 She only crossed her little hands,
 She only looked more meek and fair!
 We parted back her silken hair,
 We wove the roses round her brow,—
 White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
 Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers
 And thus went dainty Babie Bell
 Out of this world of ours!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crew,
 The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
 The noiseless work of the sky,
 And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
 Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
 Where a little headstone stood;
 How the flakes were folding it gently,
 As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
 Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
 And I told of the good All-father
 Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
 And thought of the leaden sky
 That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
 When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
 That fell from that cloud like snow,
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding
 The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

James Russell Lowell.

THE SAD COUNTRY.

THERE is a sad, sad country,
 Where often I go to see
 A little child that for all my love
 Will never come back to me.

There smiles he serenely on me
 With a look that makes me cry;
 And he prattling runs beside me,
 Till I wish that I could die.

That country is dim and dreary,
 Yet I can not keep away,
 Though the shadows there are heavy and dark,
 And the sunlight sadder than they.

And there, in a ruined garden,
 Which once was gay with flowers,
 I sit by a broken fountain,
 And weep and pray for hours.

William Wetmore Story.

THE TWOFOLD HARVEST.

A DYING girl in autumn time
 Lay fading at the close of day:—
 Stole o'er the fields the reapers' chime,
 While fast around the brown ranks lay.

"Open the casement wide," she said,
 "And raise me up, that I may look,
 Ere yet my heart and eyes are dead,
 Once more upon the field and brook."

"*The harvest is the Lord's,*" loud sang
 The reapers in the distant field;
 With piled-up sheaves, with sickles' clang
 To Him they all the glory yield.

Abroad, the dying maiden gazed,
 Then all around grew sudden black;
 The sun, in setting, dimly blazed—
 Her head upon the couch fell back.

"Farewell!" she sighed, "ye scenes so dear."
 "*The harvest is the Lord's,*" replied
 Unconsciously, the reapers, clear;
 And, ere the distant echo died,

An Angel-reaper darted there,
 Too swift for mortal sight to spy,
 And bore the flower that drooped so fair
 To God's great garner in the sky.

William Rounseville Alger.

READJUSTMENT.

AFTER the earthquake shock or lightning
 dart
 Comes a recoil of silence o'er the lands,
 And then with pulses hot and quivering
 hands
 Earth calls up courage to her mighty heart,
 Plies every tender compensating art,
 Draws her green, flowery vail above the scar,
 Fills the shrunk hollow, smooths the riven
 plain,
 And with a century's tendance heals again
 The seams and gashes which her fairness
 mar.
 So we, when sudden woe like lightning sped
 Finds us and smites us in our guarded place,
 After one brief, bewildered moment's space,
 By the same heavenly instinct taught and led,
 Adjust our lives to include all hardest things,
 And twine old hopes to vail new sufferings.

Susan Coolidge.



PASSING AWAY.

A DREAM.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell
 That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
 Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
 That he winds, on the beach, so mellow
 and clear,
 When the winds and the waves lie together
 asleep,
 And the Moon and the Fairy are watching
 the deep,
 She dispensing her silvery light,
 And he his notes as silvery quite,
 While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
 To catch the music that comes from the
 shore?—
 Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
 Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
 Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
 Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
 Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
 As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
 That told of the flow of the stream of
 time.
 For a beautiful clock from the ceiling
 hung,
 And a plump little girl, for a pendulum,
 swung
 (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing);
 And she held to her bosom a budding
 bouquet,
 And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels, that told
 Of the lapse of time, as they moved
 round slow!
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the
 dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
 And, lo! she had changed:—in a few short
 hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 That she held in her outstretched hands,
 and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fullness of grace and of womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride;
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek,
 a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day
 made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming
 clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on
 the wheels,

That marched so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimmed,—as when Evening
 steals
 Upon Noon's hot face:—yet one could n't
 but love her,
 For she looked like a mother whose first
 babe lay
 Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
 And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to
 say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there
 came!
 Her eye was quenched, and her cheek
 was wan;
 Stooping and staffed was her withered
 frame,
 Yet, just as busily, swung she on;
 The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
 The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
 The hands, that over the dial swept,
 Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they
 kept,
 And still there came that silver tone
 From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,
 (Let me never forget till my dying day
 The tone or the burden of her lay),—
 "Passing away! passing away!"

John Pierpont.

LATE MARRIAGE.

THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul
 Without its own peculiar mate to meet
 Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the
 whole,—
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most
 complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
 To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,
 And, leagued with time, space, circumstance
 and fate,
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine
 and pant and bleed.

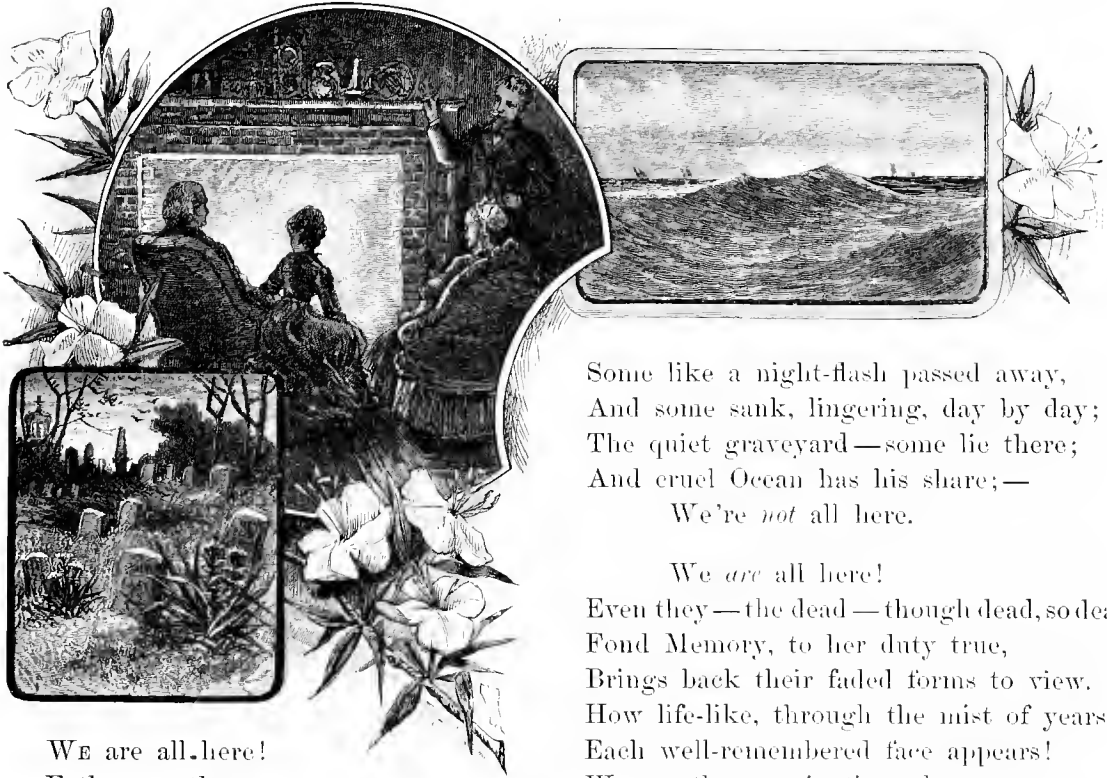
And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
 From where her native founts of Antioch
 beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream,—

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
 Love's pure congenial spring unfound,
 unquaffed,
 Suffers, recoils,—then, thirsting and de-
 spairing
 Of what it would, descends and sips the
 nearest draught.

Maria Brooks.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

[THESE lines were written on occasion of the accidental meeting of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which, one eighty-two, the other eighty years old, have lived in the same house fifty-three years.]—AUTHOR'S NOTE.



WE are all here!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear,
 Each chair is filled—we're all *at home*;
 To-night let no cold stranger come;
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
 For once be every care forgot;
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,
 And kind Affection rule the hour;
 We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
 Some are away—the dead ones dear,
 Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
 And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
 Looked in and thinned our little band;

Some like a night-flash passed away,
 And some sank, lingering, day by day;
 The quiet graveyard—some lie there;
 And cruel Ocean has his share;—
 We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear;
 Fond Memory, to her duty true,
 Brings back their faded forms to view.
 How life-like, through the mist of years,
 Each well-remembered face appears!
 We see them as in times long past;
 From each to each kind looks are cast;
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,
 They're round us as they were of old—
 We *are* all here.

We are all here!
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said:
 Soon must we join the gathered dead;
 And by the hearth we now sit round
 Some other circle will be found.
 Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
 Which yields a life of peace below!
 So, in the world to follow this,
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,
 "We're all—all *here*!"

Charles Spurgeon.

CANA.

DEAR FRIEND! whose presence in the house,
 Whose gracious word benign,
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
 Change water into wine;
 Come, visit us! and when dull work
 Grows weary, line on line,
 Revive our souls, and let us see
 Life's water turned to wine.
 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
 Earth's hopes grow half divine,

When Jesus visits us, to make
 Life's water glow as wine.
 The social talk, the evening fire,
 The homely household shrine,
 Grow bright with angel visits, when
 The Lord pours out the wine.
 For when self-seeking turns to love,
 Not knowing mine nor thine,
 The miracle again is wrought,
 And water turned to wine.

James Freeman Clarke.

OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she's not
 fickle; her love she has simply outgrown:
 One can read the whole matter, translating
 her heart by the light of one's own.
 Can you bear me to talk with you frankly?
 There is much that my heart would say;
 And you know we were children together,
 have quarreled and "made-up" in play.
 And so, for the sake of old friendship, I
 venture to tell you the truth,—
 As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I
 might in our earlier youth.
 Five summers ago, when you wooed her,
 you stood on the selfsame plane,
 Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming
 your souls could be parted again.
 She loved you at that time entirely, in the
 bloom of her life's early May;
 And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she
 does not love you to-day.
 Nature never stands still, nor souls either:
 they ever go up or go down;
 And hers has been steadily soaring,—but
 how has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired,—
 grown purer and wiser each year:
 The stars are not farther above you in you
 luminous atmosphere!
 For she whom you crowned with fresh roses,
 down yonder, five summers ago,
 Has learned that the first of our duties to
 God and ourselves is to grow.
 Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but
 their vision is clearer as well:
 Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure
 as a silver bell.
 Her face has the look worn by those who
 with God and his angels have talked:
 The white robes she wears are less white than
 the spirits with whom she has walked.
 And you? Have you aimed at the highest?
 Have you, too, aspired and prayed?
 Have you looked upon evil unsullied? Have
 you conquered it undismayed?
 Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the
 months and the years have rolled on?
 Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in
 the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth can not harm you.
 When to-day in her presence you stood,
 Was the hand that you gave her as white
 and clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard; look
 back on the years that have fled:
 Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that
 the love of her girlhood is dead.

She can not look down to her lover: her
 love, like her soul, aspires;
 He must stand by her side, or above her,
 who would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship
 I have ventured to tell you the truth,
 As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I
 might in our earlier youth.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

BETROTHED ANEW.

THE sunlight fills the trembling air,
 And balmy days their guerdons bring;
 The Earth again is young and fair,
 And amorous with musky Spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
 In splendor strew the spangled green,
 And hues of tender beauty play,
 Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
 What lusters on the meadows lie!
 And hark! the songsters come and go,
 And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
 Or borne afar our blissful youth?
 Such joys are all about us spread;
 We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
 Sing every carol that they sung

When first our veins were rich with love,
 And May her mantle round us flung.

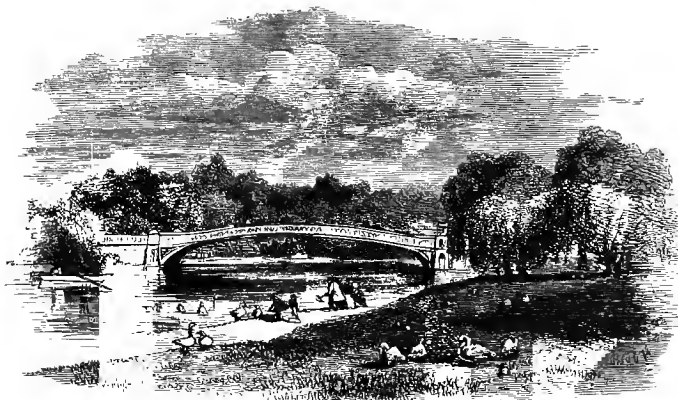
O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
 O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
 With whose delights our souls are rife,
 And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
 Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
 These violets, within them worn,
 Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain,
 When autumn winds forebode decay?
 The days of love are born again;
 That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
 As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
 Since first within your shining hair
 I wove the blossoms of the Spring.

Edmund Clarence Steadman.



UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life
long,

And love no other till thy days shall end,—
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to
go;—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than gilds these earthly
morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,
If, after death, my soul should linger
here;

Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,—
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe

For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners
give
To women's graves,—a tardy recompense,—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses
wave,
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and
day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's self for-
gets;—
But while I live, be true!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE LATE REMORSE OF LOVE.

COME back, mine own departed one!
Would I could lay my cheek
Once more upon thy hand, and weep
The love I can not speak.
Alas! I knew not half thy worth
Till death was on thy brow;
Come back and tell my breaking heart
It is forgiven now.

I deemed that thou wert harsh and cold—
And many a warmer smile
Shone round my path; but thine alone
Was true, that mournful while.

I made thee sad by look and word,—
Oh, how these memories roll
With lava-track along the depths
Of my poor, wretched soul!

I thought that gayer spirits might
Have loved with fonder zeal;
But what they are, and what thou wert,
Time sternly bids me feel.
Through all that dark, bewildering dream,
Thy love was still the same,—
A gentle and unnoticed light,
Yet still a quenchless flame.

Oh, bitter is the grief that wakes
 The passing midnight's gloom!—
 Oh, misery! but to know that love
 When hidden by the tomb!
 I pine to meet it when the day
 To other eyes is bright,
 And watch and weep and pray till wanes
 The lone and dreary night.

Forgive! forgive! Thy blessed world
 Holds not a thought of care,
 And all my vain remorse can fling
 No shadow on its air.

Yet, by the love that once was thine,
 Come from thy realm of rest,
 And, with thy soft, low accents breathe
 Peace to my tortured breast.

Come, once—but only once again
 Let thy dear voice be heard,
 And speak amid my soul's despair
 One little soothing word;
 I know thy love, I know thy worth,
 And I would be thy slave,
 Could I but open once again
 The portals of thy grave!

Mrs. L. J. B. Case.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

HE comes not;—I have watched the moon
 go down,

But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
 The while he holds his riot in that town.
 Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
 Oh, how I love a mother's watch to keep
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which
 cheers

My heart, though sunk in sorrow fixed and
 deep!

I had a husband once who loved me,—now,
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
 As bees from laurel flowers a poison sip;
 But yet I can not hate. Oh, there were hours
 When I could hang forever on his eye,
 And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
 Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with
 flowers.

I loved him then,—he loved me too. My heart
 Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
 The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
 And though he often sting me with a dart,
 Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
 Caresses which his babe and mine should share,

Though he should spurn me, I will calmly
 bear
 His madness,—and should sickness come,
 and lay



Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
 I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
 Until the penitent should weep, and say
 How injured, and how faithful, I had been.

James Gates Percival.

HER SPHERE.

No OUTWARD sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild
and fair,—

The aureole round her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meager hearth,— she blessed
and warmed

His poverty, and met its harsh demands
With meek, unvarying patience, and per-
formed [hands.

Its menial tasks with stained and battered

She nursed his children through their help-
less years,—

Gave them her strength, her youth, her
beauty's prime,—

Bore for them sore privation, toil and tears,
Which made her old and tired before her
time.

And when fierce feversmote him with its blight
Her calm, consoling presence charmed his
pain;

Through long and thankless watches, day
and night, [rain.

Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like

With soft magnetic touch, and murmurs sweet,
She brought him sleep, and stilled his
fretful moan,

And taught his flying pulses to repeat
The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
And all things fair in nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight
On jewels rich and dainty drapery,

Rare fabrics and soft hues,— the happy right
Of those more favored but less fair than she;

On pallid pearls, which glimmer cool and white
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,
And shift and shimmer like the summer sea;

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,
When fall the last large brilliants of the rain;

On laces delicate as frozen mist
Embroidering a winter window-pane;—

Yet, near the throng of worldly butterflies,
She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;
With costliest splendors flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
With slender shoulders bowed beneath
their load,

She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
When the bruised reed was broken, and
her soul

Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hands, and, with re-
morseful tears, [wrong;

Cried: "Stay, oh, stay! Forgive my bitter
Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
With what faint welcome and what meager
fare,

What mean subjections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unaware!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.



BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

O world upon the hurrying train,
Fly on your way! For me,
A saunterer through the slighted lane,
A dreamer, let me be.
My footsteps pass away in flowers,
So fragrant all I meet:
Use all the minutes of the hours.
The days die here so sweet!

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,
 Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
 She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
 A wistful look she backward cast,
 And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white
 Lingered reluctant, and again
 Half doubting if she did aright,
 Soft as the dews that fell that night,
 She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
 I linger in delicious pain;
 Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
 To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
 Thinks she,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
 The turf that silences the lane;
 I hear the rustle of her dress,
 I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
 I hear “*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
 The English words had seemed too fain,
 But these—they drew us heart to heart,
 Yet held us tenderly apart;
 She said, “*Auf wiedersehen!*”

AUTUMN.

STILL thirteen years: 'tis autumn now
 On field and hill, in heart and brain;
 The naked trees at evening sough;
 The leaf to the forsaken bough
 Sighs not,—“We meet again!”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent dome,
 That now is void, and dank with rain,
 And one,—O, hope more frail than foam!
 The bird to his deserted home
 Sings not,—“We meet again!”

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;
 Once, parting there, we played at pain;
 There came a parting, when the weak
 And fading lips essayed to speak
 Vainly,—“We meet again!”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
 Though thou in outer dark remain;
 One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,
 And still, for eighteen centuries saith
 Softly,—“Ye meet again!”

If earth another grave must bear,
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
 And something whispers my despair,
 That, from an orient chamber there,
 Floats down, “We meet again!”

James Russell Lowell.

TWO TRUTHS.

“DARLING,” he said, “I never meant
 To hurt you,” and his eyes were wet.
 “I would not hurt you for the world;
 Am I to blame if I forget?”

“Forgive my selfish tears!” she cried,
 “Forgive! I knew that it was not

Because you meant to hurt me, sweet,—
 I knew it was that you forgot.”

But all the same, deep in her heart
 Rankled this thought, and rankles yet,—
 “When love is at the best, one loves
 So much that he can not forget.”

H. H.

SECOND LOVE.

THOU art forgotten! aye, young bride, the rose
 Thy fair hand planted has a deeper root
 Than thy sweet memory. That sends abroad
 Its bloom, while thou art sleeping all unmarked
 In thy lone grave — thou, beautiful and good,



So loving, so beloved! Thy
 chosen one
 Kneels not beside
 that lowly mound
 with thoughts
 All consecrate to
 thee; and yet thou wert
 Life's only flower, and by thine early bier
 His smitten spirit sank.—But that is past;
 Now o'er thine image in his heart new hopes
 Are brightly blossoming, as gay, as sweet
 As those that sprang with thee. Another fills
 Thy vacant place, and, on her form, his eye
 Rests as it did on thine, and the same tones
 Flow from his loving lip. Thou would'st
 be now
 A cumberer of the ground! Ay, could the
 grave
 Give back its worshiped dead, thou would'st
 but be
 A shadow in his sunlight. Yet thou wert
 Loved with earth's truest love! Thy name
 survives

In one fair image still; but she will win
 Thoughts for herself, not thee; and if her
 smile
 Awake one dream of all thy buried love,
 It will be but a twilight phantom, dim
 And colorless and cold. Oh, sadly come
 These thoughts, young gentle bride!—we
 weep
 That love's fond faith should have so brief
 a date;
 That all which beautifies our sojourn here
 Should be as evanescent as the dew
 On the frail rose-leaf. But there falls a voice,—
 A still, yet powerful voice, upon the waves
 Of the stirred spirit, and they sink to peace;
 And then along its depths a music sweeps,
 The harmony of acquiescent praise.

Our Father, humbled to the very dust
 In self-abasement, we lament that we
 Should e'er have questioned what Thy hand
 has done;—
 Better instructed, we adore Thy name
 That thou hast made the sentient human heart
 A harp of many strings, and given the power
 To many a hand to draw its music forth,
 Else it might lie in voiceless woe forlorn,
 When one is broken. Thee we meekly bless,
 That thou hast made the heart a thing of
 change
 When all around us passes like a show,
 So spectral and so dreamlike — else would life
 Wear nought but tears. The living, breath-
 ing form
 Linked to the moldering corse, were not a sight
 So mournful as the loving, feeling heart
 Chained to a hopeless grief—its lion-strength
 Condemned to drag a burden that will bow
 Its noblest powers to dust. Not thus Thy love
 Ordains life's ministries upon the soul;
 Not thus in rayless gloom thou markest the
 path
 For human foot, but, with providing care,

As, one by one, each gentle light departs
 Dost fill the darkened place with one as bright,
 As beautiful and warm, and life moves on
 Sobered, not saddened, by each transient
 gleam,

In trustful, hopeful beauty to the last

Farewell, young bride! Where thou art
 living now

Earth's selfishness comes not. Thou dost not
 heed

Thy memory vanished from the heart beloved!

Thy world is all too bright for tears—why
 then

Should helpless grief be ours? In life, in
 death,

Thou wert most blest! A few, brief happy
 years

Thy butterfly existence drank the dew,
 Nor soiled itself with dust. We saw thy wing
 Flutter a moment in the deep, blue fields,
 And then it passed from sight. A little while
 Thy spirit tasted of life's varied bliss,
 Then soared away before one bitter drop
 Had fallen within the cup. No tears for thee,
 Most beautiful, most blest! Let them forget,—
 'T is well! Let thy sweet memory fade from
 earth,

Or only linger as a holy charm,
 The joy of life's lone hours—but not to wake
 One sleeping sorrow, or throw mournfulness
 Along one human path. 'T is well!—all well!

Mrs. L. J. B. Case.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
 On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
 With a tear on his wrinkled face:
 He thought how often her mother, dead,
 Had sat in the self-same place;
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
 "Don't smoke!" said the child; "how it
 makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
 Where the shade after noon used to steal;
 The busy old wife, by the open door,
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;
 And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
 Had plodded along to almost three:—

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
 Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
 His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
 Fast asleep were they both, that summer
 day!

Charles G. Eastman.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,—
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach;
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead, that good old man,—
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He used to wear a long black coat,
 All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true;
 His hair was some inclined to gray,—
 He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
 His breast with pity burned;
 The large round head upon his cane
 From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
 He knew no base design;
 His eyes were dark and rather small,
 His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
 In friendship he was true;
 His coat had pocket-holes behind,
 His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
 He passed securely o'er,—
 And never wore a pair of boots
 For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
 Nor fears misfortune's frown;
 He wore a double-breasted vest,—
 The stripes ran up and down

He modest merit sought to find,
 And pay it its desert;
 He had no malice in his mind,
 No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,—
 Was sociable and gay;
 He wore large buckles on his shoes,
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
 He did not bring to view,
 Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
 As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
 In trust to fortune's chances,
 But lived (as all his brothers do)
 In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
 His peaceful moments ran;
 And every body said he was
 A fine old gentleman.

Albert G. Greene.

HYMN

FOR THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY AT WESTBROOK, MAINE.

THY voice, our God, in Eden bowers,
 Was heard of old mid trees and flowers,
 And age on passing age hath seen
 Thy footsteps still in temples green.

And we would lay our loved ones where
 Thy gentlest presence fills the air;
 Where Nature's sweetest things are rife
 With breathings of immortal life.

'Tis meet that we should deck the tomb,
 For ours are hopes of heavenly bloom;—

We grieve not here o'er soulless dust:
 We look above to Thee, and trust;—

Trust that the same All-Gracious Power
 That molds the bud and guards the flower,
 Bids the freed soul exulting rise
 When the cold clay unconscious lies.

And when we bring the laden bier,
 To rest its precious burden here,
 Oh, may our smitten spirits feel
 The God who loves the flowers will heal.

Mrs. L. J. B. Case.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
 Here beckoned the opening door,
 And welcome thrilled from the threshold
 To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
 From the flame that laughed in the grate,
 And shadows adance on the ceiling,
 Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,
 "This corner, you know, is your seat;"
 "Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
 "I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practiced finger,"
 Said the books, "that seems like brain";
 And the shy page rustled the secret
 It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
 On nightingales' throats that flew
 Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
 To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
 The Present plucks rue for us men!
 I come back: that scar unhealing
 Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
 I will go and beg to look
 At the rooms that were once familiar
 To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
 That makes the change but more!
 'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
 'Tis his tread that chills the floor!



To learn such a simple lesson,
 Need I go to Paris and Rome,
 That the many make the household,
 But only one the home?

'T was just a womanly presence,
 An influence unexpressed,
 But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
 Were more than long life with the rest!

'T was a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
 'T was nothing that I can phrase,

But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
 And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters,
 Like lids when the life is fled,
 And the funeral fire should wind it,
 This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
 When she, its soul, was borne
 To lie all dark on the hillside
 That looks over woodland and corn.

James Russell Lowell.



Helen Jackson (H.H.).

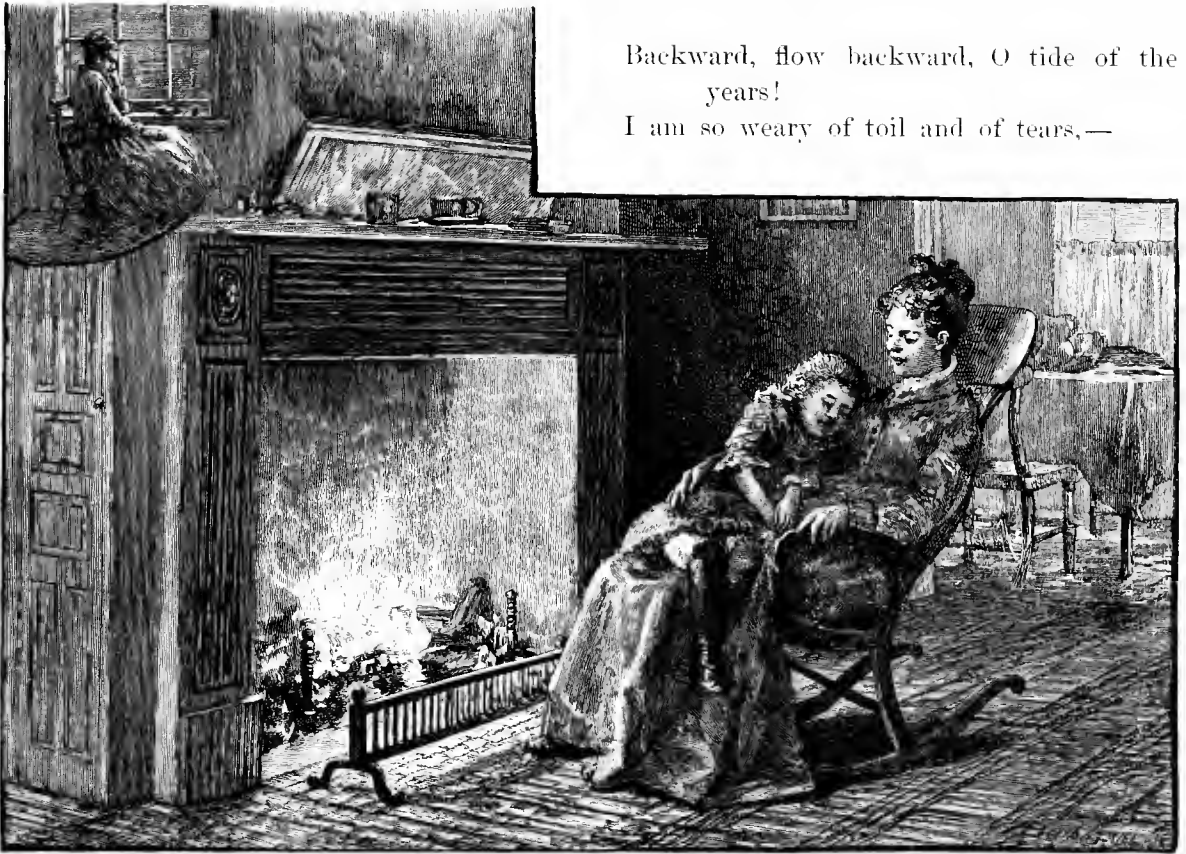
ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your
flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the
years!

I am so weary of toil and of tears,—



Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded, our faces between:
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary
brain.

Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids
creep;—

Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with
 gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once
 more
 Haply will thron'g the sweet visions of
 yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been
 long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song:
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall
 seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream:
 Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my
 face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;
 They have no daylight of their own:
 Only in lives of happier ones
 They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,
 Thy greater heaven hath grander light.

To-day is close; the hours are small;
 Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Love the less joy that doth but blind;
 Reach forth a larger bliss to find.
 To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres
 Rain raptures of a thousand years.

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently, thou, whose hand has won
 The young bird from the nest away,
 Where, careless 'neath a vernal sun,
 She gayly caroled day by day:
 The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
 From whence her timid wing doth soar,
 They pensive list, at hush of eve,
 Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her: thou art dear
 Beyond what vestal lips have told,
 And like a lamb, from fountain clear,
 She turns confiding to the fold;
 She round thy sweet, domestic bower
 The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
 Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
 And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
 Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
 Nor let thy tender cares decay,—
 The soul of woman lives in love;
 And shouldst thou, wondering, mark a tear
 Unconscious from her eyelid break,
 Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
 That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
 On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
 She places 'neath thy household tree
 The idol of her fondest care;
 And by thy trust to be forgiven,
 When judgment wakes in terror wild,
 By all thy treasured hopes of Heaven,
 Deal gently with the widow's child.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

PLUMED ranks of tall wild-cherry
 And birch surround
 The half-hid, solitary
 Old burying-ground.

All the low wall is crumbled
 And overgrown,
 And in the turf lies tumbled
 Stone upon stone.

Only the school-boy, scrambling
 After his arrow
 Or lost ball,—searching, trampling
 The tufts of yarrow,

Of milkweed and slim mullein,—
 The place disturbs;
 Or bowed wise-woman, culling
 Her magic herbs.

No more the melancholy
 Dark trains draw near;
 The dead possess it wholly
 This many a year.

The headstones lean, winds whistle,
 The long grass waves,
 Rank grow the dock and thistle
 Over the graves;

And all is waste, deserted,
 And drear, as though
 Even the ghosts departed
 Long years ago!

The squirrels start forth and chatter
 To see me pass;
 Grasshoppers leap and patter
 In the dry grass.

I hear the drowsy drumming
 Of woodpeckers,
 And suddenly at my coming
 The quick grouse whirs.

Untouched through all mutation
 Of times and skies,
 A bygone generation
 Around me lies;

Of high and low condition,
 Just and unjust,
 The patient and physician,
 All turned to dust.



Suns, snows, drouth, cold, birds, blossoms,
 Visit the spot;
 Rains drench the quiet bosoms
 Which heed them not.

Under an aged willow,
 The earth my bed,
 A mossy mound my pillow,
 I lean my head.

Babe of this mother, dying
 A fresh young bride,
 That old, old man is lying
 Here by her side!

I muse: above me hovers
 A haze of dreams:
 Bright maids and laughing lovers,
 Life's morning gleams:

The past with all its passions,
 Its toils and wiles,
 Its ancient follies, fashions,
 And tears and smiles;
 With thirsts and fever-rages,
 And ceaseless pains,
 Hoarding as for the ages
 Its little gains!
 Fair lives that bloom and wither,
 Their summer done;
 Loved forms with heart-break hither
 Borne one by one.
 Wife, husband, child, and mother,
 Now reckon no more
 Which mourned on earth the other,
 Or went before.
 The soul, risen from its embers,
 In its blest state

Perchance not even remembers
 Its earthly fate;

Nor heeds, in the duration
 Of spheres sublime,
 This pebble of creation,
 This wave of time.

For a swift moment only
 Such dreams arise;
 Then, turning from this lonely,
 Tossed field, my eyes

Through clumps of whortleberry
 And brier look down
 Toward yonder cemetery,
 And modern town,

Where still men build, and marry,
 And strive, and mourn,
 And now the dark pall carry,
 And now are borne.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men;
 With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech,
 With others I may guide the car of talk;
 Thou wing'st it off to realms beyond my
 reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
 And choose my newest garment from the
 shelf;
 When thou art bidden, I would clothe my
 heart
 With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
 Or web of fancy, fringed with careless
 rhyme;
 But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
 Who hast the harmonies of every time?

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,—
 Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
 My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
 Springs forth to measure its faint pulse
 with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
 Whose travels bring him to some lowly
 roof,
 Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
 And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st
 to me,
 From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
 My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched
 with thine;

But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

Julia Ward Howe.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
 He turned them into the river lane;
 One after another he let them pass,
 Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
 He patiently followed their sober pace;
 The merry whistle for once was still,
 And something shadowed the sunny face.

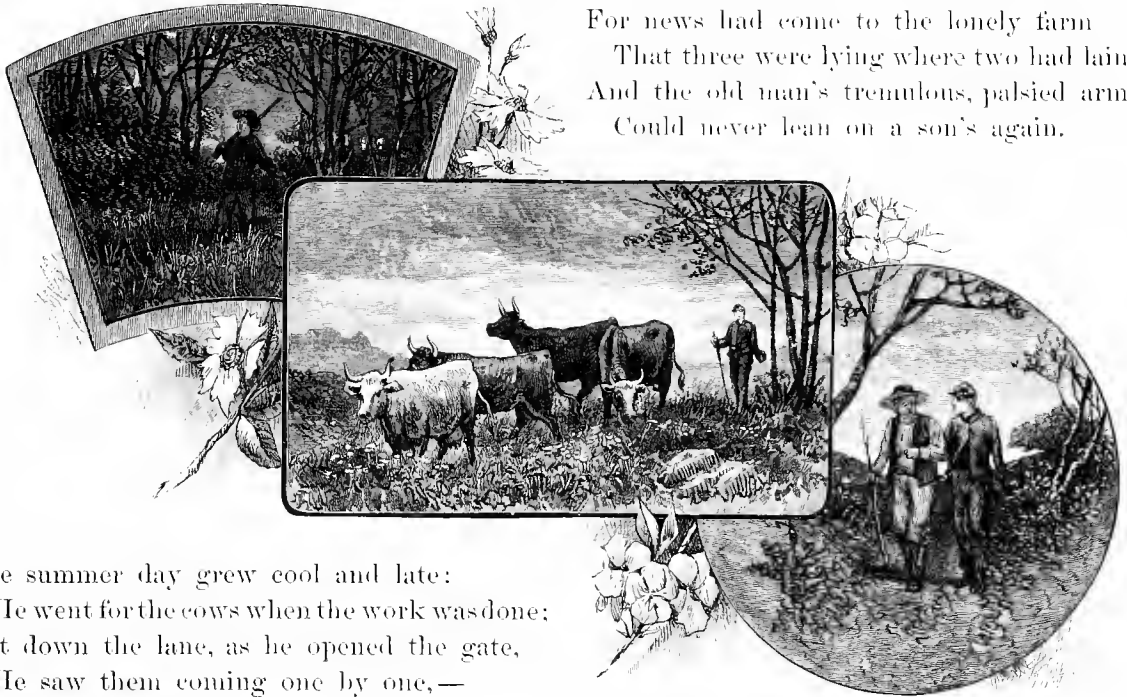
Only a boy! and his father had said
 He never could let his youngest go:
 Two already were lying dead,
 Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
 And the frogs were loud in the meadow—
 Over his shoulder he slung his gun [swamp,
 And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat
 With resolute heart and purpose grim,
 Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
 And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
 And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
 And now, when the cows came back at night,
 The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
 That three were lying where two had lain;
 And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
 Could never lean on a son's again.



The summer day grew cool and late:
 He went for the cows when the work was done;
 But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
 He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
 Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
 Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—
 But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
 The empty sleeve of army blue;
 And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
 Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
 And yield their dead unto life again;
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are
 And under the silent evening skies [dumb;
 Together they followed the cattle home.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

AN OLD TIME FIRESIDE.

AS NIGHT drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
 The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing
 free.

The crane and pendent trammels showed;
 The Turks'-heads on the andirons glowed;
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell
 The meaning of the miracle,
 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,
 When fire outdoors burns merrily,
 There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full; the hill-range stood

Transfigured in the silver flood,
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
 Took shadow, or the somber green
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
 Against the whiteness at their back.
 For such a world and such a night
 Most fitting that unwarming light,
 Which only seemed where'er it fell
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about:
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed;
 The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THANATOPSIS.

TO HIM who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away

Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
 thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow
 house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:— Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

'Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with
kings,

The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the
good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,

Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are
there!

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down

In their last sleep,—the dead reign there
alone!

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and
shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long
train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes

In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed
man—

Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

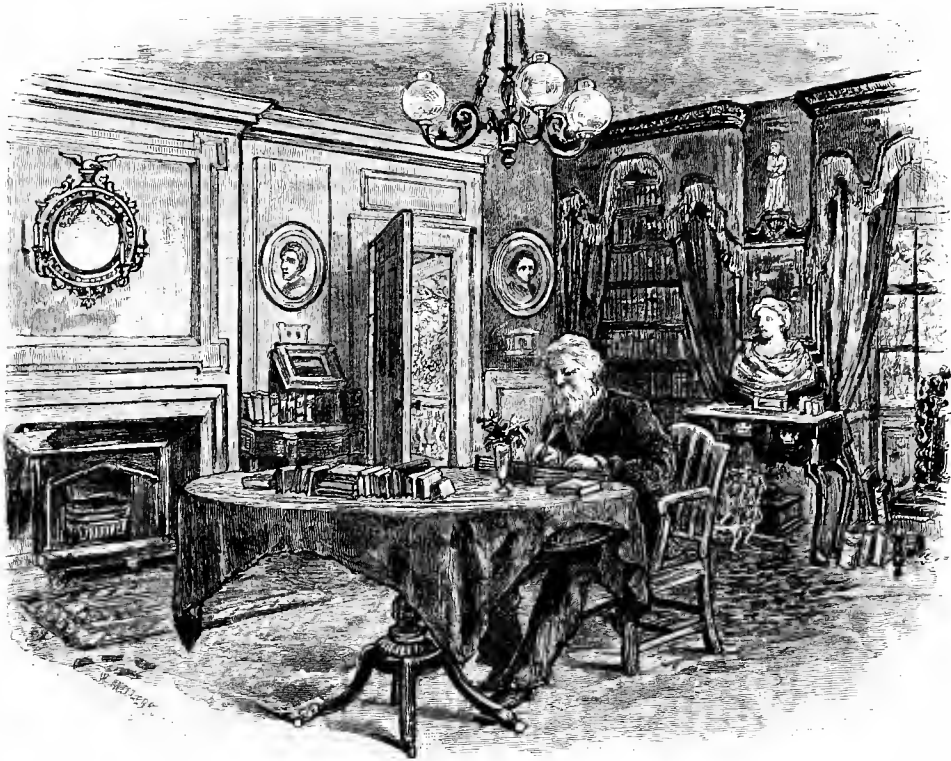
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

[THE *Milliarium Aureum*, or Golden Mile-Stone, was a gilt marble pillar in the Forum at Rome, from which, as a central point, the great roads of the Empire diverged through the several gates of the city, and the distances were measured.]



LEAFLESS are the trees: their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Affect in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light:
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires,
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the Future what it can not give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wife and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone,—
Is the central point from which he measures
 Every distance [him.
Through the gateways of the world around

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it:
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-
 wind,
 As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
 Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead!

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with
 sculptures,
 But we can not
Buy with gold the old associations.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

IN the low-raftered garret, stooping
 Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
 Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
 Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
 The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
 There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
 Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
 Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
 Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
 A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
 Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click: on her little stool
 She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the
 pool
 Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
 To her wakening sense the first sweet
 warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
 To the hum of the wheel in the early
 morning.

Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
 On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,
 She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
 Together they go, through glimmer and
 gloom:—

It all comes back to her, dreaming there
 In the low-raftered garret-room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer
 weather,
 The heart's first trouble, and love's begin-
 ning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
 And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
 Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
 Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
 Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
 Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
 Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
 Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
 Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
 Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the
door;

Now they are old, and she is their idol:—

It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams
brightly,

The wheel is set by the shadowy wall,—
A hand at the latch,—'tis lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute:
Oh, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:
Oh, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie, and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved
you so?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness,—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she:
A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged:
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
A rustle, a murmur,—O Dorothy! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the
view!
'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard
stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of
dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm-house eaves,—
And life is a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

HEAVEN.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal;

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
 How bright and fair its flowers;
 We may not hear the songs that echo there,
 Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
 With our dim earthly vision,
 For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
 That opens the gates elysian.

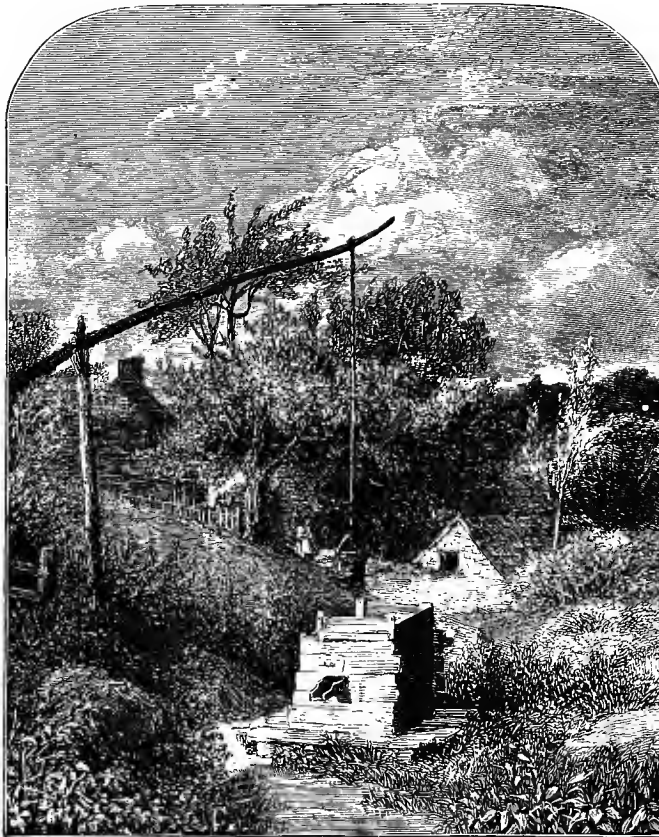
But sometimes, when adown the western sky
 A fiery sunset lingers,

Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
 Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
 Father, all-wise, eternal! [mine
 Oh, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of
 Into those pastures vernal!

Nancy A. W. Priest.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my
 childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to
 view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled
 wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy
 knew!
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that
 stood by it;
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract
 fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the
well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the
well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the
well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to
receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me
to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved
habitation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the
well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the
well.

Samuel Woodworth.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still:
Leaf and flower, and laden bee, are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

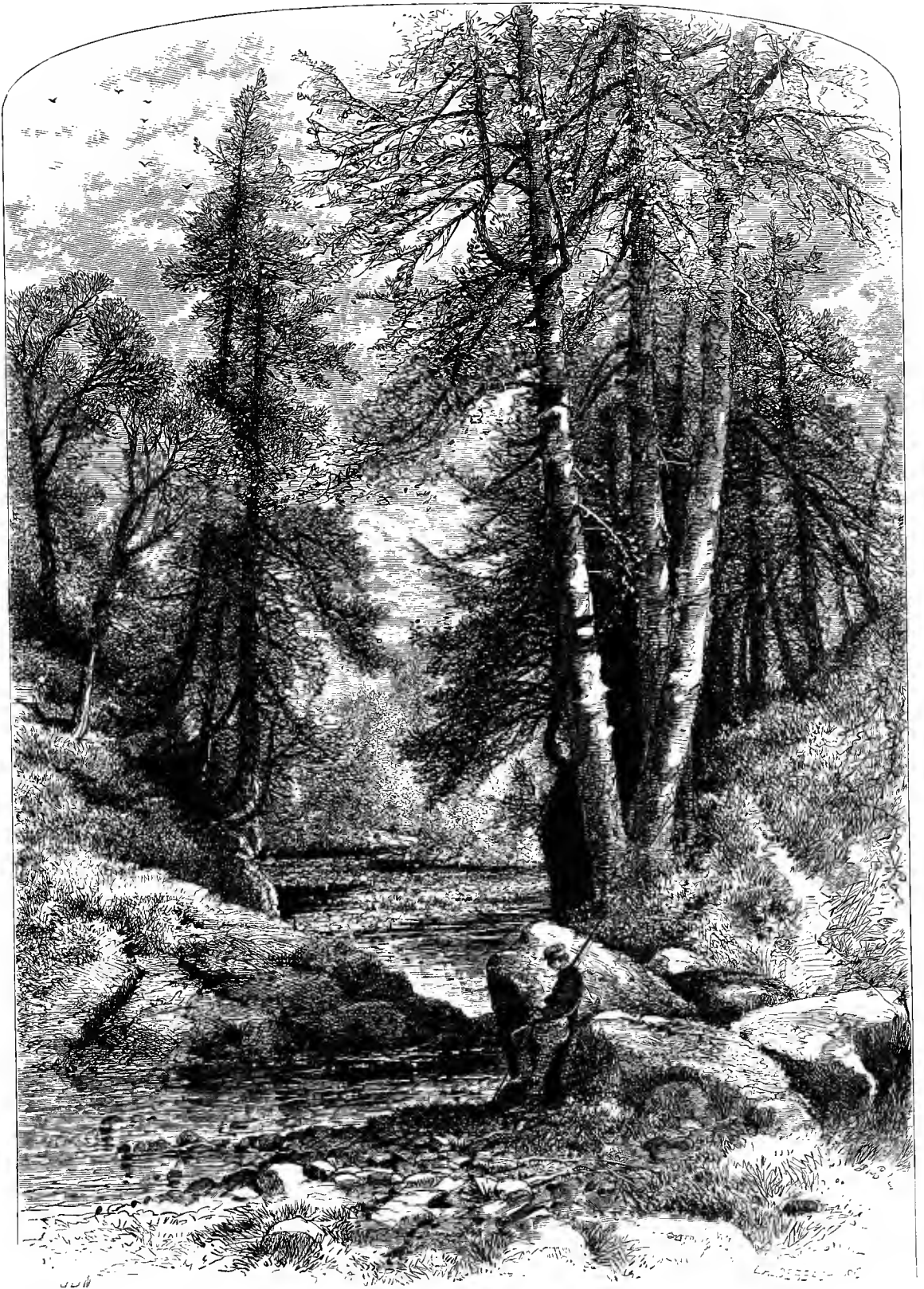
Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier — all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth, are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings,

Harriet Winslow Sewall.



"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim,"

TELLING THE BEES.

HERE is the place; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow
 brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
 And the poplars tall;
 And the barn's brown length, and the cat-
 tle-yard,
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
 And down by the brink
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-
 o'errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow;
 And the same rose blows, and the same
 sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.



There's the same sweet clover-smell in the
 breeze;
 And the June sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my Sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
 And cooled at the brookside my brow
 and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
 To love, a year;
 Down through the beeches I looked at last
 On the little red gate and the well-sweep
 near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
 Of light through the leaves,
 The sundown's blaze on her window-
 pane,
 The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
 The house and the trees,
 The barn's brown gable, the vine by the
 door,—
 Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
 Forward and back,
 Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
 Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
 Had the chill of snow;
 For I knew she was telling the bees of one
 Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
 For the dead to-day:
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
 The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway
 sill,
 With his cane to his chin,
 The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
 In my ear sounds on:—
 "Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE BROTHERS.

WE are but two—the others sleep
 Through death's untroubled night;
 We are but two—oh let us keep
 The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
 That warms us is the same;
 That good old man—his honest blood
 Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
 Long be her love repaid;

In the same cradle we were rocked,
 Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
 Each little joy and woe;—
 Let manhood keep alive the flame
 Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
 To hold us till we die;
 Shoulder to shoulder let us stand
 Till side by side we lie.

Charles Sprague.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

[THOSE who travel in the lower part of New Hampshire, will often see gravestones in the fields; sometimes one—but often more.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.]

WHERE yonder white memorial stone
 Its silent watch unnoticed keeps
 Through changing moons,—alone, alone
 Some weary head in darkness sleeps,
 And not a mourner wanders near
 To plant a flower, or shed a tear.

Where are they now, his earthly kin?
 Throng they the city's busy mart,
 Or in the workshop's ceaseless din
 Toil with a seared or careless heart?
 They come not here—no footsteps tread
 The pathway to the lonely dead.

But here the everlastings spring,
 And the meek, star-like cinquefoils creep,
 And woodland warblers come to sing
 Beside this pleasant place of sleep,
 And Nature bids her minstrels pour
 A wail o'er one who weeps no more.

Hark! murmurs from the moaning pines
 Sound like the far-off, surging sea,
 And with a solemn splendor shines
 The day-beam on the grassy lea;
 A holy spell is in the air,
 And the full heart is bowed in prayer.

Oh, never yet hath pillared tomb
 In marble aisles, or church-yards old,
 Such power to lift death's shrouding gloom,
 Or snatch the soul from doubt's stern hold,
 As the bright summer things that wave
 Around this lone, neglected grave.

Kneel we and pray. This flowery sod
 Shall be a prophet-mount sublime,
 Where, uttered by the voice of God,
 Breathe hopes that grasp unending time,
 And win the spirit-eye away
 From dreams that vex life's little day.

Mrs. L. J. B. Case.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
 My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
 Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
 This little life of mine!

With loving kindness curtain thou my
 bed,
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim
 feet;

Thy pardon be the pillow for my head:
 So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and
 thee,
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can
 shake!
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.



LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old
 (No myth but a genuine child is she,
 With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls
 of gold)
 Came quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
 As the loathsome touch seemed yet to
 thrill her,
 She cried, — "O, mother, I found on my arm
 A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely
 smother,
 Yet a glance, in its daring, half-awed and shy,
 She added: "While they were about it, mother,
 I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul
 that turns
 From the coarser form of a partial growth,
 Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely with lenient eyes
 On whatso beside thee may creep and
 cling,
 For the possible beauty that underlies
 The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
 From the holy height of their Heaven above
 Couldn't bear with the worm till the
 wings should grow?

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

TERMINUS.

It is time to be old,
 To take in sail:—
 The god of bounds,
 Who sets to seas a shore,
 Came to me in his fatal rounds,
 And said: "No more!
 No farther shoot
 Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy
 root.
 Fancy departs: no more invent,
 Contract thy firmament
 To compass of a tent.
 There's not enough for this and that,
 Make thy option which of two;
 Economize the failing river,
 Not the less revere the Giver,
 Leave the many and hold the few.
 Timely wise accept the terms,
 Soften the fall with wary foot;
 A little while
 Still plan and smile,

And, fault of novel germs,
 Mature the unfallen fruit.
 Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
 Bad husbands of their fires,
 Who, when they gave thee breath,
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark as once,
 The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
 But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
 Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
 Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
 Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
 I trim myself to the storm of time,
 I man the rudder, reef the sail,
 Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
 "Lowly faithful, banish fear,
 Right onward drive unharmed;
 The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
 And every wave is charmed."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

DANIEL GRAY.

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven,
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
pray,

In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him
better;

For my young eyes oft read for him the
Word,

And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he ever called among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday
rhymes;

And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his
motions,

His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen
chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
“Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!”
And how the “conquering-and-to-conquer”
rounded

The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would
move him

Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;

Alas! that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could
win him

From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in
his hair,

And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know, who
placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-
for way

His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great
Redeemer,

Would honor him with wealth some golden
day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up
for him.

So if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
pray,

In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

TROTH-PLIGHT.

FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF A HUSBAND THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS BLIND.

I BROUGHT her home, my bonny bride,
 Just fifty years ago;
 Her eyes were bright,
 Her step was light,
 Her voice was sweet and low.

In April was our wedding-day,—
 The maiden month, you know,
 Of tears and smiles,
 And willful wiles,
 And flowers that spring from snow.

My love cast down her dear, dark eyes,
 As if she fain would hide
 From my fond sight
 Her own delight,
 Half shy, yet happy, bride.

But blushes told the tale, instead,
 As plain as words could speak,
 In dainty red,
 That overspread
 My darling's dainty cheek.

For thrice six years and more I watched
 Her fairer grow each day;—
 My babes were blest
 Upon her breast,
 And she was pure as they.

And then an angel touched my eyes,
 And turned my day to night,
 That fading charms
 Or time's alarms
 Might never vex my sight.

Thus sitting in the dark I see
 My darling as of yore,—
 With blushing face
 And winsome grace,
 Unchanged, for evermore.

Full fifty years of young and fair!
 To her I pledge my vow
 Whose spring-time grace
 And April face
 Have lasted until now.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
 As he passed by the door;
 And again
 The pavement-stones resound,
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.
 They say that in his prim;
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,

And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
 Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago—
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff;
 And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here,
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



THE MEMORY OF THE HEART.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
 We keep them in the memory of the brain;
 Names, things, and facts,—whate'er we
 knowledge call,—
 There is the common ledger for them all:
 And images on this cold surface traced
 Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
 But we've a page, more glowing and more
 bright,

On which our friendship and our love to
 write;
 That these may never from the soul depart,
 We trust them to the memory of the heart.
 There is no dimming, no effacement there;
 Each new pulsation keeps the record clear:
 Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
 Nor lose their luster till the heart stands
 still.

Daniel Webster.

DESERTED NESTS.

I'd rather see an empty bough,—
 A dreary, weary bough, that hung
 As boughs will hang within whose arms
 No mated birds had ever sung;
 Far rather than to see or touch
 The sadness of an empty nest,

Where joy has been but is not now,
 Where love has been but is not blest.
 There is no sadness in the world,
 No other like it here or there,—
 The sadness of deserted homes
 In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”



Half-way up
 the stairs
 it stands,
 And points and
 beckons with
 its hands
 From its
 case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,

And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
 Oh precious hours! Oh golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 “Ah! when shall they all meet again?”
 As in the days long since gone by,

The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,

And death, and time shall disappear,—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HER CHOSEN SPOT.

WHILE yet she lived, she walked alone
 Among these shades. A voice divine
 Whispered, “This spot shall be thine own;
 Here shall thy wasting form recline,
 Beneath the shadow of this pine.”

“Thy will be done!” the sufferer said.
 This spot was hallowed from that hour;
 And, in her eyes, the evening’s shade
 And morning’s dew this green spot made
 More lovely than her bridal bower.

By the pale moon—herself more pale
 And spirit-like—these walks she trod;
 And, while no voice, from swell or vale,
 Was heard, she knelt upon this sod
 And gave her spirit back to God.

That spirit, with an angel’s wings,
 Went up from the young mother’s bed.
 So, heavenward, soars the lark and sings;
 She’s lost to earth and earthly things;
 But “weep not, for she is not dead,

She sleepeth!”—Yea, she sleepeth here,
 The first that in these grounds hath slept.
 This grave, first watered with the tear
 That child or widowed man hath wept,
 Shall be by heavenly watchmen kept.

The babe that lay on her cold breast—
 A rosebud dropped on drifted snow—
 Its young hand in its father’s pressed,
 Shall learn that she, who first caressed
 Its infant cheek, now sleeps below.

And often shall he come alone,
 When not a sound but evening’s sigh
 Is heard, and, bowing by the stone
 That bears his mother’s name, with none
 But God and guardian angels nigh,

Shall say, “This was my mother’s choice
 For her own grave: oh, be it mine!
 Even now, methinks, I hear her voice
 Calling me hence, in the divine
 And mournful whisper of this pine.”

John Pierpont.

A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,
 What would befall these children? What
 would be
 Their fate, who now are looking up to me
 For help and furtherance? Their lives,
 I said,
 Would be a volume wherein I have read
 But the first chapters, and no longer see
 To read the rest of their dear history,

So full of beauty and so full of dread.
 Be comforted; the world is very old,
 And generations pass, as they have passed,
 A troop of shadows moving with the sun;
 Thousands of times has the old tale been told;
 The world belongs to those who come
 the last,
 They will find hope and strength as we
 have done.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE LONELY CHRISTMAS.

Ay, 'tis our natal mansion!

And we again are here;
But it wears, like us, the shadows left
By many a passing year.

The sun shines bright above it;
But midnight drear and cold,
Is upon our hearts, for well we knew
Its sun in days of old.

They heap the blazing hearth-stone,
And the red light glances high;
But we miss the kind and joyous gleam
Of a loved and vanished eye.

In the gay saloon is music,
And light feet pass along;
But our hearts are listening for the tones
That sung our childhood's song.

Around the board of plenty
There is no seat unfilled;
But our mournful memory asks for those
Whose pulse in death is stilled.

They utter words of gladness,
For, oh, they knew them not,
Whose presence made this home to us
A more than Eden spot!

We loved them, ay! how deeply,
Words have no power to tell,
But they left us for the glorious land
Where the good departed dwell.

Alas! that we so selfish,
Should weep that they were given,
With their lives unstained--their faith un-
To the blessedness of heaven! [dimmed--

Mrs. L. J. B. Case.

HEREAFTER.

LOVE, when all these years are silent, van-
ished quite and laid to rest,
When you and I are sleeping, folded breath-
less breast to breast,
When no morrow is before us, and the
long grass tosses o'er us,
And our grave remains forgotten, or by
alien footsteps pressed,—

Still that love of ours will linger, that great
love enrich the earth,
Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes
blowing joyous mirth;
Fragrance fanning off from flowers, mel-
ody of summer showers,
Sparkle of the spicy wood-fires round the
happy autumn hearth.

That's our love. But you and I, dear,—
shall we linger with it yet,
Mingled in one dewdrop, tangled in one
sunbeam's golden net,—

On the violet's purple bosom, I the sheen,
but you the blossom,
Stream on sunset winds and be the haze
with which some hill is wet?

Or, beloved,—if ascending,—when we have
endowed the world
With the best bloom of our being, whither
will our way be whirled,
Through what vast and starry spaces,
toward what awful holy places,
With a white light on our faces, spirit over
spirit furled?

Only this our yearning answers,—wheresoe'er
that way defile,
Not a film shall part us through the æons
of that mighty while,
In the fair eternal weather, even as
phantoms still together,
Floating, floating, one forever, in the light
of God's great smile!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE TWO VILLAGES.



OVER the river,
on the hill,
Lieth a village
white and still;
All around it the
forest trees

Whisper and shiver in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,

Fires that gleam from
the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and
flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You can not enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh —
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary heart in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, wants to go
Up to that home from this below —
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
“Patience! that village shall hold you all.”

Rose Terry Cooke.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.



You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.

In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;

You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill,
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet hull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,—
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

HUSBAND and wife! no converse now ye hold,
 As once ye did in your young days of love,
 On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,
 Its silent meditations and glad hopes,
 Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies;
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares
 Call you not now together. Earnest talk
 On what your children may be moves you not.
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;
 Not like to that in which ye rested once
 Most happy,—silence eloquent, when heart
 With heart held speech, and your mysterious
 frames,
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat
 Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,
 Insensible, unheeding, folds you round,
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in;
 Away from all the living, here ye rest,
 In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,
 Yet feel ye not each other's presence now;—
 Dread fellowship!—together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then,
 Love?
 And doth death cancel the great bond that
 holds
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that
 know no bounds,
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
 The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought,—
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
 Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate
 realms
 Of increate light have visited, and lived?—
 Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne
 Which One, with gentle hand the vail of flesh
 Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
 In glory?—throne before which even now
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow
 down
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—

Souls that thee know by a mysterious sense,
 Thou awful unseen Presence,—are they
 quenched?

Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
 By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
 His robe of light flings round the glittering
 stars?

And do our loves all perish with our frames?
 Do those that took their root and put forth
 buds,

And then soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
 Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious
 flowers?

Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue
 give speech,

And make it send forth winning harmonies,
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utterance,—
 Are these the body's accidents, no more?
 To live in it, and when that dies go out
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

O listen, man!
 A voice within us speaks the startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it around our souls; according harps,
 By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality;
 Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair
 domain,
 The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned
 seas,

Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moon-
 light;
 'Tis floating in day's setting glories; Night,
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our
 ears;—

Night and the dawn, bright day and thought-
ful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious
chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb?
What holds it? Dust that cumbered those
I mourn.
They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,
And put on those of light. They're gone to
dwell
In love,—their God's and angels'! Mutual
love,
That bound them here, no longer needs a
speech
For full communion; nor sensations strong,
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.
Changed to celestial, thoughts that rise in
each
By natures new impart themselves, though
silent.
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy
love,

Affections sanctified, and the full glow
Of being, which expand and gladden one,
By union all mysterious, thrill and live
In both immortal frames;—sensation all,
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and
thought!

Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a consciousness
Twofold, yet single,—this is love, this life!
Why call we, then, the square-built monument,
The upright column, and the low-laid slab
Tokens of death, memorials of decay?
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,
And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest
In these shaped stones and lettered tables
figures
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with
God
Brought to the old Judeans,—types are these
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,
That at this simple grave on which the dawn
Is breaking, emblem of that day which
hath
No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away
From this green hillock, whither I had
come
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.

Richard Henry Dana.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.
The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
Dissolved in glory float,
And, midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.
The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,

And which is earth, and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour,
Soft passing, shall descend,
May glory born of earth and heaven,
The earth and heavens blend;

Flooded with peace the spirit float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven begins
The soul shall scarcely know.

Samuel Longfellow.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Old wine to drink!
 Ay, give the slippery juice
 That drippeth from the grape thrown
 loose
 Within the tun;
 Plucked from beneath the cliff
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
 And ripened 'neath the blink
 Of India's sun!
 Peat whisky hot,
 Tempered with well-boiled water!
 These make the long night shorter,—
 Forgetting not
 Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
 Ay, bring the hillside beech
 From where the owlets meet and screech,
 And ravens croak;
 The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
 Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
 Dug 'neath the fern;
 The knotted oak,
 A fagot, too, perchap,
 Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
 Shall light us at our drinking;
 While the oozing sap
 Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
 Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
 The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
 Time-honored tomes!
 The same my sire scanned before,
 The same my grandsire thumbéd o'er,
 The same his sire from college bore,
 The well-earned need
 Of Oxford's domes:
 Old *Homer* blind,
 Old *Horace*, rake *Anacreon*, by
 Old *Tully*, *Plautus*, *Terence* lie;
 Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
 Quaint *Barton*, quainter *Spenser*, ay
 And *Gervase Markham's* venerie,—
 Nor leave behind
 The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
 Ay, bring those chosen few,
 The wise, the courtly, and the true,
 So rarely found;
 Him for my wine, him for my stud,
 Him for my easel, distich, bud
 In mountain walk!
 Bring *Walter* good:
 With soulful *Fred*; and learned *Will*,
 And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
 For every mood).

Robert Hinchley Messinger.



IN GOOD TIME.

SOME of God's truest friends do dread to die:
 Their faith but props the weight of daily
 need,
 And in confusion oft they question why
 Beneath the thought of death it turns a reed.
 Beside dear graves God's friends do often
 weep,
 Conning His revelation with a pain:
 The promise seems too marvelous to keep,
 That dust shall rise and claim its soul again.
 The changing chrysalis, the springing seed,
 And every miracle that Nature shows
 To help weak man hold firmly to his
 creed,
 In some fierce agony for nothing goes.
 And though the creed be firm, a pang lies
 here:
 Can what was once so precious to the sight

In any other form be quite so dear?
 The human dreads the resurrection-light.
 O struggling hearts! in such a mood as this
 Not too severely tax your souls with sin:
 Doubt not your heirship to eternal bliss,
 Because the future throws faint light
 within.

God sees that some would never be content
 To work their work if faith should trench
 on sight:
 The inner eye, on morning's glory bent,
 Would make some souls impatient for the
 night.

God lets faith lend His glory as we need
 To do life's duty—rarely for its ease;
 But when the hands have wrought their last
 good deed,

Faith shines in fullness till the spirit sees.

Charlotte F. Bates.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
 side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the
 rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own
 blue;
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal
 view.
 We saw not the angels who met him there;
 The gates of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!
 Over the river, the boatman pale
 Carried another,—the household pet:

Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled
 hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely
 dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
 And lo! they have passed from our yearn-
 ing heart;

They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;
 We may not sunder the veil apart,
 That hides from our vision the gates of
 day.

We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen
 shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,

And list for the sound of the boatman's
 oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the
 strand;

I shall pass from sight, with the boatman
 pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land;
 I shall know the loved who have gone
 before,—

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Nancy A. W. Priest.

THE LAST VISITOR.

“Who is it knocks this stormy night?
 Be very careful of the light!”
 The good-man said to his wife,
 And the good-wife went to the door;
 But never again in all his life
 Will the good-man see her more.

For he who knocked that night, was Death;
 And the light went out with a little breath.
 And the good-man will miss his wife,
 Till he, too, goes to the door,
 When Death will carry him up to Life,
 To behold her face once more.

Henry Ames Blood.

THE DEAD.

How many now are dead to me
 That live to others yet!
 How many are alive to me
 Who crumble in their graves, nor see
 That sickening, sinking look which we
 Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away.
 Most wretchedly alone,
 One died in prison, far away,
 Where stone on stone shut out the day,
 And never hope or comfort's ray
 In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me;
 Though months and years have passed,
 In a lone hour, his sigh to me

Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
 And then his form and face I see
 As when I saw him last.

And one, with a bright lip, and cheek,
 And eye, is dead to me.
 How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak;
His heart was dead, for it did not break;
 And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
 And for the dead the smile;
 Engrave oblivion on the tomb
 Of pulseless life and deadly bloom—
 Dim is such glare; but bright the gloom
 Around the funeral pile.

John G. C. Brainard.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
 A world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
 Amid our worldly cares
 Its gentle voices whisper love,
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitates the vail between
 With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
 They have no power to break;
 For mortal words are not for them
 To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
 So near to press they seem,—
 They seem to lull us to our rest,
 They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
 'Tis easy now to see
 How lovely and how sweet a pass
 The hour of death may be;—

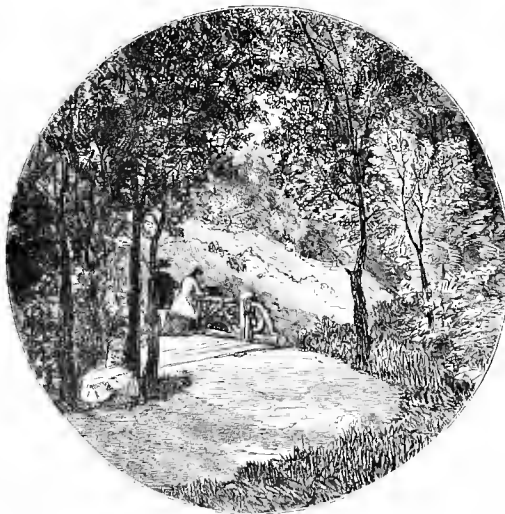
To close the eye, and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
 And, gently drawn in loving arms,
 To swoon to that—from this:

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still;
 Press nearer to our side;
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.

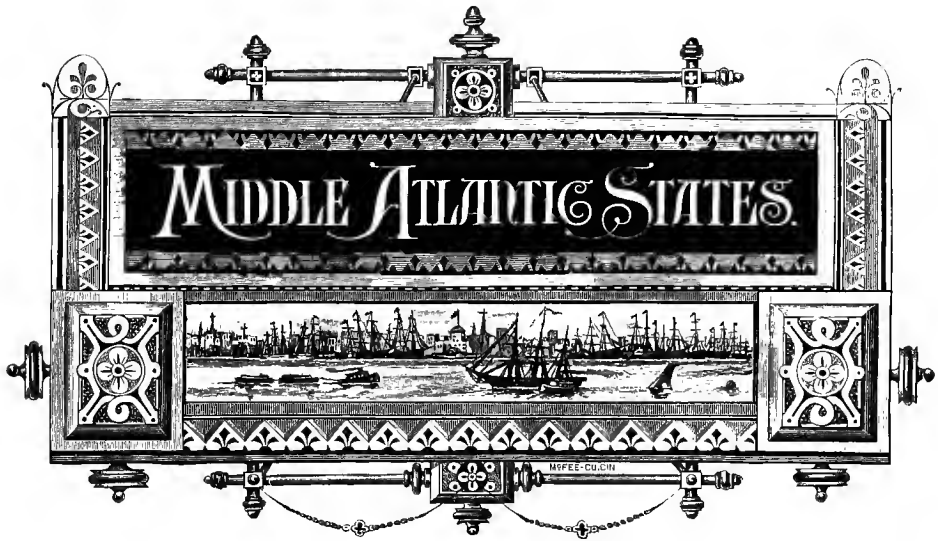
Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream;
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.





William Cullen Bryant





WHERE nowadays the Battery lies,
 New York had just begun,
 A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
 In Sixteen Sixty-One.
 They christened it Nieuw Amsterdam,
 Those burghers grave and stately,
 And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
 Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
 On Stadthuys gazing down,
 On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
 The quaintly-gabled town;
 These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
 As ancient scrolls determine,
 To scare the savage Hackensacks,
 Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
 Betwixt their feather-beds;
 In hose and breeches walked by day,
 And smoked, and wagged their heads;
 No changeful fashions came from France,
 The vrouwleins to bewilder;
 No broad-brimmed burgher spent for pants
 His every other guildler.

In petticoats of linsey-red,
 And jackets neatly kept,
 The vrouws their knitting-needles sped,
 And deftly spun and swept;
 Few modern-school flirtations there
 Set wheels of scandal trundling,
 But youths and maidens did their share
 Of staid, old-fashioned bundling.

—The New Year opened clear and cold:
 The snow, a Flemish ell
 In depth, lay over Beeckman's Wold
 And Wolfert's frozen well;

Each burgher shook his kitchen-doors,
 Drew on his Holland leather,
 Then stamped through drifts to do the chores,
 Beshrewing all such weather.

But — after herring, ham, and kraut —
 To all the gathered town
 The Dominie preached the morning out,
 In Calvinistic gown;
 While tough old Peter Stuyvesant
 Sat pewed in foremost station, —
 The potent, sage, and valiant
 Third Governor of the nation.

Prayer over, at his mansion hall,
 With cake and courtly smile,
 He met the people, one and all,
 In gubernatorial style;
 Yet missed, though now the day was old,
 An ancient fellow-feaster, —
 Heer Govert Loockermans, that bold
 Brewer and burgomeester;

Who, in his farm-house, close without
 The picket's eastern end,
 Sat growling at the twinge of gout
 That kept him from his friend.
 But Peter strapped his wooden peg,
 When tea and cake were ended,
 (Meanwhile the sound remaining leg
 Its high jack-boot defended,)

A woolsey cloak about him threw,
 And swore, by wind and limb,
 Since Govert kept from Peter's view,
 Peter would visit him;
 Then sallied forth, through snow and blast,
 While many a humble greeter
 Stood wondering whereaway so fast
 Strode bluff Hardkoppig Pieter.

Past quay and cow-path, through a lane
 Of vats and mounded tans,
 He puffed along, with might and main,
 To Govert Looekermans;
 Once there, his right of entry took,
 And hailed his ancient crony:
 "Myn Gott! in dese Manhattoes, Looek,
 Ve gets more snow as money!"

To which, till after whiffs profound,
 The other answered not;
 At last there came responsive sound:
 "Yah, Peter: yah, Myn Gott!"
 Then goedevrouw Marie sat her guest
 Beneath the chimney-gable,
 And courtesied, bustling at her best
 To spread the New Year's table.

She brought the pure and genial schnapps,
 That years before had come—
 In the "Nieuw Nederlandts," perhaps—
 To cheer the settlers' home;
 The long-stemmed pipes; the fragrant roll
 Of pressed and crispy Spanish;
 Then placed the earthen mugs and bowl,
 Nor long delayed to vanish.

Thereat, with cheery nod and wink,
 And honors of the day,
 The trader mixed the Governor's drink
 As evening sped away.
 That ancient room! I see it now:
 The carven nutwood dresser;
 The drawers, that many a burgher's vrouw
 Begrudged their rich possessor;

The brace of high-backed, leathern chairs,
 Brass-nailed at every seam;
 Six others, ranged in equal pairs;
 The bacon hung abeam;
 The chimney-front, with porcelain shelft;
 The hearty wooden fire;
 The picture, on the steaming delft,
 Of David and Goliah.

I see the two old Dutchmen sit
 Like Magog and his mate,
 And hear them, when their pipes are lit,
 Discuss affairs of state:
 The clique that would their sway demean;
 The pestilent importation
 Of wooden nutmegs, from the lean
 And losel Yankee nation.

But when the subtile juniper
 Assumed its sure command,
 They drank the buxom loves that were—
 They drank the Motherland;
 They drank the famous Swedish wars,
 Stout Peter's special glory,
 While Govert proudly showed the scars
 Of Indian contests gory.

Ere long, the berry's power awoke
 Some music in their brains,
 And, trumpet-like, through rolling smoke,
 Rang long-forgotten strains:
 Old Flemish snatches, full of blood,
 Of phantom ships and battle;
 And Peter, with his leg of wood,
 Made floor and casement rattle.

Then round and round the dresser pranced,
 The chairs began to wheel,
 And on the board the punch-bowl danced
 A Netherlandish reel;
 Till midnight o'er the farm-house spread
 Her New-Year's skirts of sable,
 And, inch by inch, each puzzled head
 Dropt down upon the table.

But still to Peter, as he dreamed,
 That table spread and turned;
 The chimney-log blazed high, and seemed
 To circle as it burned;
 The town into the vision grew
 From ending to beginning;
 Fort, wall, and windmill met his view,
 All widening and spinning.

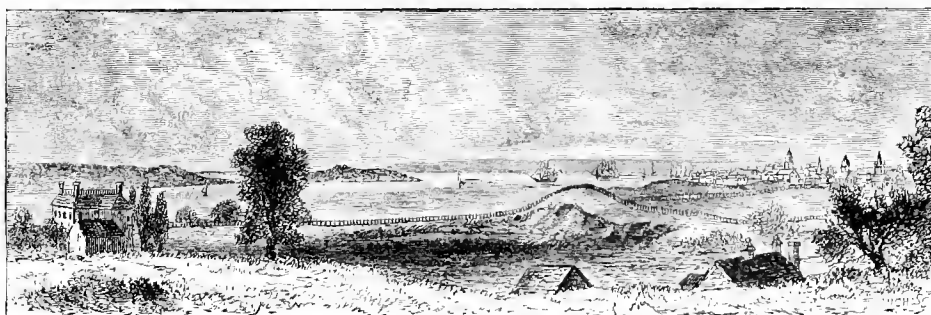
The cowpaths, leading to the docks,
 Grew broader, whirling past,
 And checkered into shining blocks
 A city fair and vast;
 Stores, churches, mansions, overspread
 The metamorphosed island,
 While not a beaver showed his head
 From Swamp to Kalehbook highland.

Eftsoons the picture passed away;
 Hours after, Peter woke
 To see a spectral streak of day
 Gleam in through fading smoke;

Still slept old Govert, snoring on
 In most melodious numbers;
 No dreams of Eighteen Sixty-One
 Commingled with his slumbers.

But Peter, from the farm-house door,
 Gazed doubtfully around,
 Rejoiced to find himself once more
 On sure and solid ground.
 The sky was somewhat dark ahead:
 Wind East, and morning lowery;
 But on he pushed, a two-miles' tread,
 To breakfast at his Bowwery.

Edmund Clarence Steadman.



THE CITY OF SHIPS.

CITY of ships!
 (O the black ships! O the fierce ships!
 O the beautiful, sharp-bowed steam-ships
 and sail-ships!)
 City of the world! (for all races are here:
 All the lands of the earth make contribu-
 tions here:) [tides!
 City of the sea! city of hurried and glittering

City whose gleeful tides continually rush or
 recede, whirling in and out, with
 eddies and foam!
 City of wharves and stores! city of tall
 façades of marble and iron!
 Proud and passionate city! mettlesome, mad,
 extravagant city!

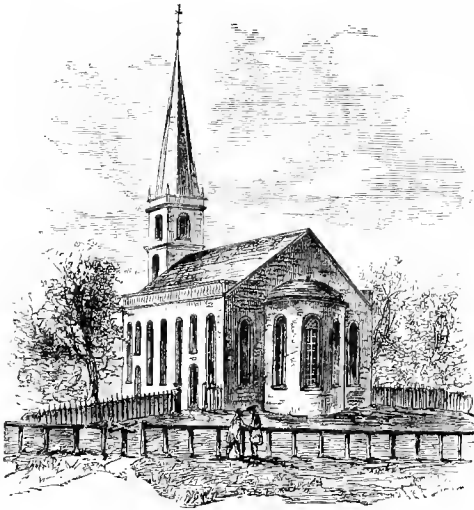
Walt Whitman.

OLD TRINITY.

THE Paschal moon is ripe to-night
 On fair Manhada's bay,
 And soft it falls on Hoboken,
 As where the Saviour lay;
 And beams beneath whose paly shine
 Nile's troubling angel flew,
 Show many a blood-besprinkled door
 Of our passover too.

But here, where many an holy year
 It shone on arch and aisle,
 What means its cold and silver ray
 On dust and ruined pile?
 Oh, where's the consecrated porch,
 The sacred lintel where,
 And where's that antique steeple's height
 To bless the moonlight air?

I seem to miss a mother's face
 In this her wonted home;
 And linger in the green churchyard
 As round that mother's tomb.
 Old Trinity! thou too art gone!
 And in thine own blest bound,
 They've laid thee low, dear mother church,
 To rest in holy ground!



The vaulted roof that trembled oft
 Above the chaunted psalm;
 The quaint old altar where we owned
 Our very Paschal Lamb;
 The chimes that ever in the tower
 Like seraph-music sung,
 And held me spell-bound in the way
 When I was very young;—

The marble monuments within:
 The 'sentcheons, old and rich;
 And one bold bishop's effigy
 Above the chancel-niche;
 The mitre and the legend there
 Beneath the colored pane;
 All these—thou knewest, Paschal moon,
 But ne'er shalt know again!

And thou wast shining on this spot
 That hour the Saviour rose!
 But oh, its look that Easter morn,
 The Saviour only knows.
 A thousand years—and 'twas the same,
 And half a thousand more;
 Old moon, what mystic chronicles,
 Thou keepest, of this shore!

And so, till good Queen Anna reigned.
 It was a heathen sword:
 But when they made its virgin turf
 An altar to the Lord,
 With holy roof they covered it:
 And when Apostles came,
 They claimed, for Christ, its battlements,
 And took it in God's name.

Then, Paschal moon, this sacred spot
 No more thy magic felt,
 Till flames brought down the holy place,
 Where our forefathers knelt:
 Again, 'tis down—the grave old pile;
 That mother church sublime!
 Look on its roofless floor, old moon,
 For 'tis thy last—last time!

Ay, look with smiles, for never there
 Shines Paschal moon agen,
 Till breaks the Earth's great Easter-day
 O'er all the graves of men!
 So wane away, old Paschal moon,
 And come next year as bright;
 Eternal rock shall welcome thee,
 Our faith's devontest light!

They rear old Trinity once more:
 And, if ye weep to see,
 The glory of this latter house
 Thrice glorious shall be!
 Oh lay its deep foundations strong,
 And, yet a little while,
 Our Paschal Lamb himself shall come
 To light its hallowed aisle.

Arthur Cleveland Cox.

ON THE PIER.

Down at the end of the long dark street,
 Years, years ago,
 I sat with my sweetheart on the pier,
 Watching the river flow.

The moon was climbing the sky that night,
 White as the winter's snow:

We kissed in its light, and swore to be true,—
 But that was years ago!

Once more I walk in the dark old street,
 Wearily to and fro:
 But I sit no more on the desolate pier
 Watching the river flow.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

BROADWAY.



On this day of brightest dawning,
 Underneath each spreading awning,
 Sheltered from the sun's fierce ray,
 Come, and let us saunter gayly
 With the crowd whose footsteps, daily,
 Wear the sidewalks of Broadway.

Leave the proof-sheets and the printer
 Till the duller days of winter,
 Till some dark December day:
 Better than your lucubrations
 Are the vivid inspirations
 You can gather in Broadway!

Tell me not, in half-derision,
Of your Boulevards Parisian,
With their brilliant broad *parés*,
Still for us the best is nearest,
And the last love is the dearest,
And the Queen of Streets—Broadway!

Here, beneath bewitching bonnets,
Sparkle eyes to kindle sonnets,
Charms, each worth a lyric lay;
Ah! what bright, untold romances
Linger in the radiant glances
Of the beauties of Broadway!

All the fairer, that so fleeting
Is the momentary meeting,
That our footsteps may not stay;
While, each passing form replacing,
Swift the waves of life are chasing
Down the channels of Broadway!

Motley as the masqueraders
Are the jostling promenaders,
In their varied, strange display;

Here an instant, only, blending,
Whither are their footsteps tending
As they hasten through Broadway?

Some to garrets and to cellars,
Crowded with unhappy dwellers;
Some to mansions, rich and gay,
Where the evening's mirth and pleasure
Shall be fuller, in their measure,
Than the turmoil of Broadway!

Yet were once our mortal vision
Blest with quicker intuition,
We should shudder with dismay
To behold what shapes are haunting
Some, who seem most gayly flaunting
On the sidewalks of Broadway!

For, beside the beggar cheerless,
And the maiden gay and fearless,
And the old man worn and gray,
Swift and viewless, waiting never,
Still the Fates are gliding ever,
Stern and silent, through Broadway!

William Allen Butler.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they can not speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
 The cold dark hours, how slow the light!
 And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
 Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

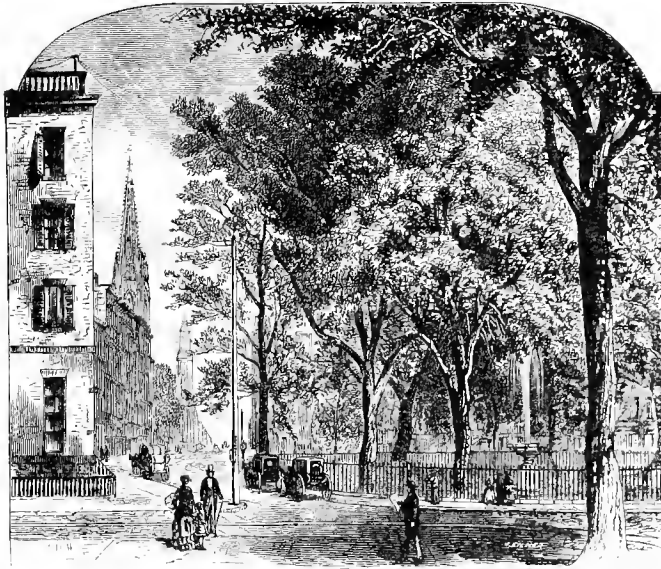
Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
 They pass, and heed each other not.

There is who heeds, who holds them all,
 In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
 In wayward, aimless course to tend,
 Are eddies of the mighty stream
 That rolls to its appointed end.

William Cullen Bryant.

BOWLING GREEN.



Is this the Bowling Green? I should not
 know it,
 So disarrayed, defaced, and gone to seed,
 Like some un-Pegasused and prosy poet,
 Whose Helicon is now the bowl and
 weed;
 Its Green, if grass, does not precisely show
 it,
 So changed to worse from that once lovely
 mead.

Not Time has done it only, Desecration
 Has with corrosive finger touched the place;
 The iron fence, its once proud decoration,
 The street, the mansions round, share the
 disgrace, —
 Now but the stepping-stone of every nation,
 The point of fusion for the human race.

The houses once, long since, in evening's
 glory,
 Shone with a tranquil beauty; and on
 stoops
 Maidens would listen while the old, old story
 Beguiled the twilight; and broad-skirted
 groups
 Displayed their sabers moderately gory,
 Displacing with good Dutch the Indians'
 whoops.

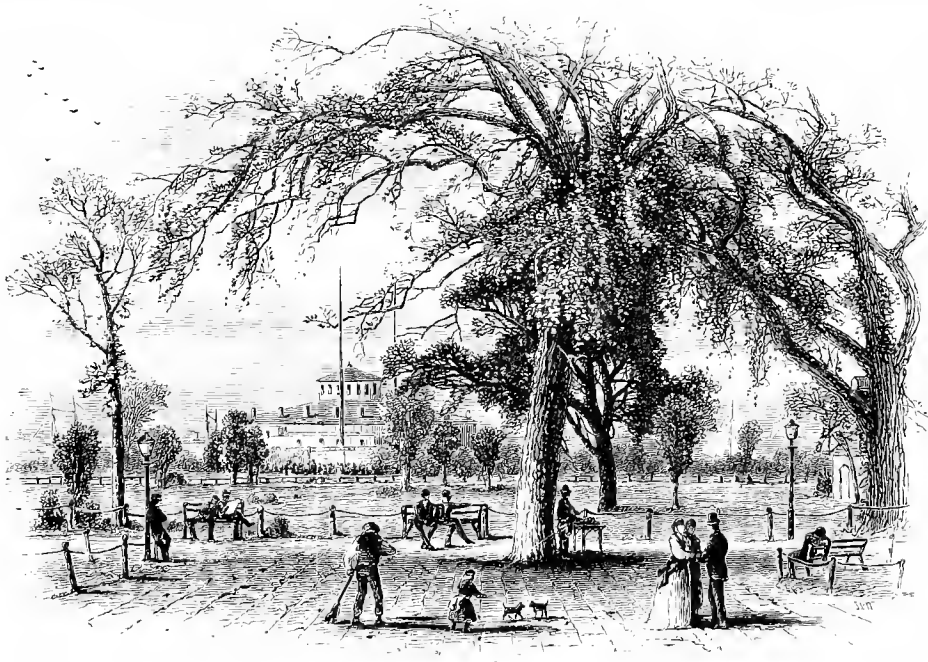
And in my own day, later, I remember
 Those pleasant houses and their pleasant
 hosts,
 Where gleamed like topaz in the dying ember
 The old Madeira (then we drank to toasts).
 Ah me! that June of life is now December,
 And all those smiling figures are but ghosts.

Yon dingy alien, limping from his steamer:
 The colorless, abandoned look of all;
 The broken, flags, the fountain's silvery
 tremor;
 The homes for aye disprivacied, and the
 wall
 Cuirassed in gilded sign-boards,—pain the
 dreamer,
 And all his blissful memories appall.

Ah! 't was a dear old town, that lost Man-
 hattan,
 With its green shores, whose islands still
 had trees;
 And round them gleamed the sun-touched
 bay like satin,

When the sun sank, and shut its wings
 the breeze.
 Oh! why was it obliged to grow and
 fatten?
 Those modest days in worth outvalued
 these.

The visitor, I may say without flattery,
 Finds few, if any, ports to match the
 view
 (When the wind's up, the walk is slightly
 spattery)
 Of bustling, white-winged craft and laugh-
 ing blue,
 Which fixes him enchanted on the Battery,—
 So full of life, forever fresh and new.



If, as a boy I did, I make my haunt in
 Dear Castle Garden, soon I find a check
 In two policemen, who, my courage daunt-
 ing,
 Stand sentinels beside that piteous wreck.
 And point to signs: I read, *Nür Emigranten*,
 And just beyond I see an emptying
 deck.

In the far future, haply, the town completed,
 That foreign wave no more shall strike
 the shore,
 And the boys then shall frolic there as we did,
 And maidens flower-like bloom beside
 the door,
 And happy people shall behold repeated
 Such a Manhattan as we loved of yore.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

THE YELLOW MOON.

THE yellow moon looks slantly down,
Through seaward mists, upon the town;
And like a dream the moonshine falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

I see a crowd in every street,
But can not hear their falling feet;
They float like clouds through shade and light,
And seem a portion of the night.

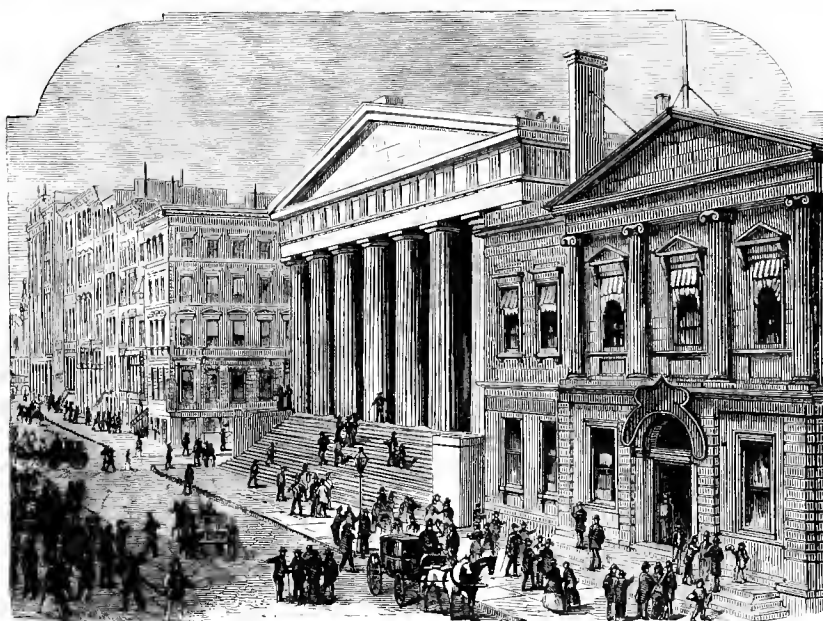
The ships have lain, for ages fled,
Along the waters, dark and dead:
The dying waters wash no more
The long black line of spectral shore.

There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet moon and me:
Nor ours is true, but only seems,
Within some dead old world of dreams!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

A. D. 1867.



JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations:
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations:
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Oustrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer:
And swift, on Mitsie's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robbed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
 And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
 I saw the minstrel, where he stood
 At ease against a Doric pillar:
 One hand a droning organ played,
 The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
 Like those of old) to lips that made
 The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
 A-strolling through this sordid city,
 And piping to the civic ear
 The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
 The demigod had crossed the seas,—
 From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
 And Syracusan times,—to these
 Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
 But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
 That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
 His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting.
 His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
 Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
 And trousers, patched of divers hues,
 Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
 And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
 And with his goat's-eyes looked around
 Where'er the passing current drifted;
 And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
 The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
 Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
 With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
 From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley;
 As erst, if pastorals be true,
 Came beasts from every wooded valley;

The random passers stayed to list,—
 A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,—
 A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
 With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
 In tattered cloak of army pattern,
 And Galatea joined the throng,—
 A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
 While old Silenus staggered out
 From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
 And bade the piper, with a shout,
 To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut girl
 Like little Fauns began to caper:
 His hair was all in tangled curl,
 Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
 And still the gathering larger grew,
 And gave its pence, and crowded nigher,
 While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
 His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
 With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
 Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
 Or by the Arethusan water!
 New forms may fold the speech, new lands
 Arise within these ocean-portals,
 But Music waves eternal wands,—
 Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
 A man in blue, with legal baton,
 And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
 And pushed him from the step I sat on.
 Doubting I mused upon the cry,
 "Great Pan is dead"—and all the people
 Went on their ways:—and clear and high
 The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE SONG OF THE SAVOYARDS.

FAR poured past Broadway's lamps alight
 The tumult of her motley throng,
 When high and clear upon the night
 Rose an inspiring song;
 And rang above the city's din
 To sound of harp and violin;
 A simple but a manly strain,
 And ending with the brave refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

And now where rose that song of cheer
 Both old and young stood still for joy,
 Or from the windows hung to hear
 The children of Savoy;
 And many an eye with rapture glowed,
 And saddest hearts forgot their load,
 And feeble souls grew strong again,
 So stirring was the brave refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Alone with only silence there,
 Awaiting his life's welcome close,
 A sick man lay, when on the air
 That clarion arose;
 So sweet the thrilling cadence rang
 It seemed to him an angel sang,
 And sang to him, and he would fain
 Have died upon that heavenly strain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

A sorrow-stricken man and wife
 With nothing left them but to pray,
 Heard streaming over their sad life
 That proud, heroic lay;
 And through the mist of happy tears
 They saw the promise-laden years,
 And in their joy they sang again
 And caroled high the fond refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Two artists in the cloud of gloom
 Which hung upon their hopes deferred,
 Resounding through their garret-room
 That noble chanson heard;
 And, as the night before the day,
 Their weak misgivings fled away,
 And with the burden of the strain
 They made their studio ring again—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

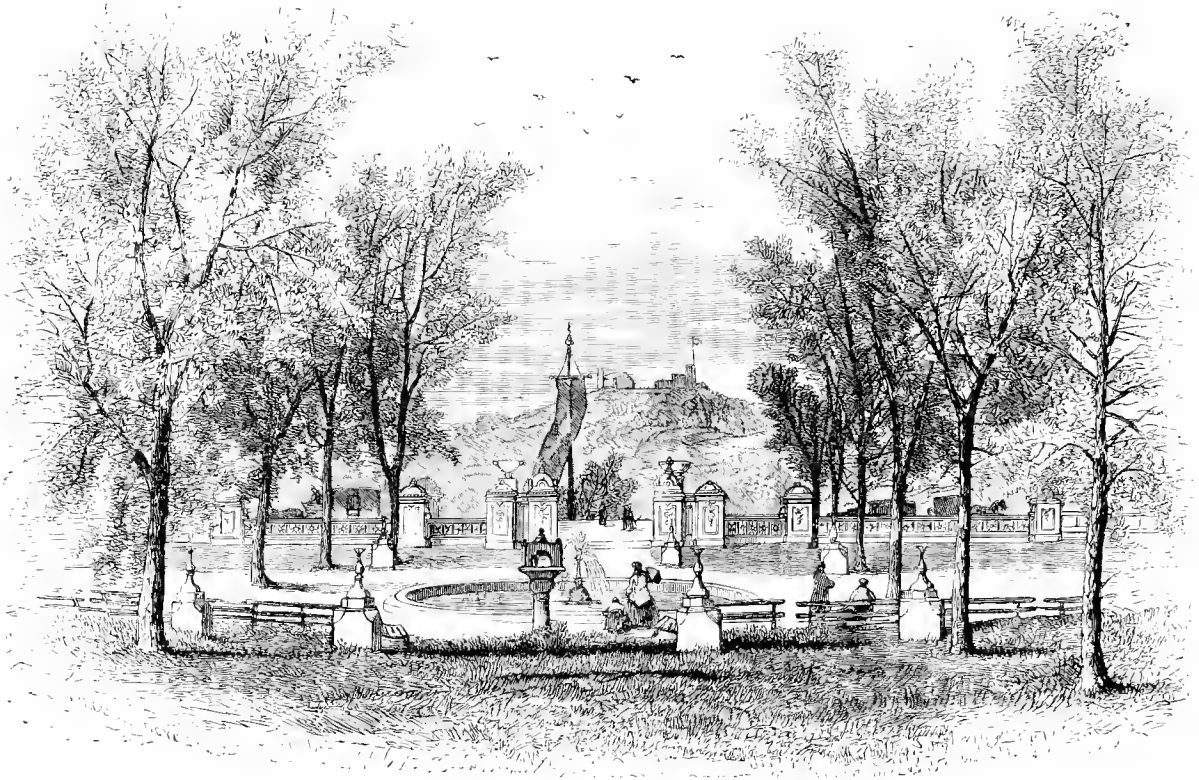
Two poets who in patience wrought
 The glory of an after-time,
 Lords of an age which knew them not,
 Heard rise that lofty rhyme;
 And on their hearts it fell as falls
 The sunshine upon prison walls;
 And one caught up the magic strain
 And to the other sang again—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

And unto one who, tired of breath
 And day and night and name and fame,
 Held to his lips a glass of death,
 That song a savior came,
 Beseeching him from his despair
 As with the passion of a prayer,
 And kindling in his heart and brain
 The valor of its blest refrain—
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

O thou with earthly ills beset,
 Call to thy lips those words of joy,
 And never in thy life forget
 The brave song of Savoy!
 For those dear words may have the power
 To cheer thee in thy darkest hour;
 The memory of that blest refrain
 Bring gladness to thy heart again!
Courage! Courage, mon camarade!

Henry Ames Blood.

TREES IN THE CITY.



'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
 Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and
 the pride
 Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
 Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride;
 To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
 Through arching aisles, where branches
 interlace,
 Where somber pines rise o'er the shadowy
 gleams
 Of silver birch, trembling with modest
 grace.

But they who dwell beside the stream and hill,
 Prize little treasures there so kindly given:
 The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
 The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
 They walk as those who seeing can not see,
 Blind to this beauty even from their birth.
 We value little blessings ever free,
 We covet most the rarest things of earth.

But rising from the dust of busy streets,
 These forest children gladden many hearts:
 As some old friend their welcome presence
 greets
 The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
 Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
 Above the glare which stifling walls throw
 back,
 Through quivering leaves we see the soft
 blue skies,
 Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.

And when the first fresh foliage, emerald-hued,
 Is opening slowly to the sun's glad beams,
 How it recalleth scenes we once have viewed,
 And childhood's fair but long-forgotten
 dreams!
 The gushing spring, with violets clustering
 round—
 The dell where twin flowers trembled in
 the breeze—

The fairy visions wakened by the sound
Of evening winds that sighed among the
trees.

There is a language given to the flowers—
To me, the trees “dumb oracles” have
been;

As waving softly, fresh from summer showers,
Their whisper to the heart will entrance
win.

Do they not teach us purity may live
Amid the crowded haunts of sin and
shame,

And over all a soothing influence give—
Sad hearts from fear and sorrow oft
reclaim?

And though transferred to uncongenial soil,
Perchance to breathe alone the dusty air,
Burdened with sounds of never-ceasing toil

They rise as in the forest free and fair;
They do not droop and pine at adverse fate,
Or wonder why their lot should lonely
prove,

But give fresh life to hearts left desolate,
Fit emblems of a pure unselfish love.

Alice B. Neal.

THE BELLS.



HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells,—
What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically
wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,— [bells.
From the jingling and the tinkling of the

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony
foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,—
 Brazon bells! [tells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 To much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of
 the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire.
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people,—ah, the people,—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone,—
 They are neither man nor woman,—
 They are neither brute nor human,—
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells,—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

Edgar Allen Poe.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway—
 'T was near the twilight tide,—
 And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride.
 Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
 And Honor charmed the air,
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good as fair;
 For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
 From lovers warm and true;
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,

And the rich came not to woo:
 But honored well are charms to sell,
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
 A slight girl, lily-pale;
 And she had unseen company
 To make the spirit quail:
 'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
 And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
 For this world's peace to pray:
 For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
 Her woman's heart gave way!
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,
 By man is cursed away.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat
 With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as
 they found it,
 Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
 Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there
 And in them still lingers the shape of her
 fingers,
 That some one has pressed, perhaps, and
 caressed,
 So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
 With their long silken laces, still bearing
 traces,
 To the toe's dainty tip, of the mud of the
 slip,
 The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
 Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored,
 and drabbled—
 This you should know without doubt, and,
 if so,
 All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
 With the striped border, hung next in
 order,
 Soiled hardly less than the white muslin
 dress,
 And—that is all.

Ah, here is a ring
 We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
 There was only this one—name or date?—
 none?
 A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as
they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's
sight
Clearly recall?

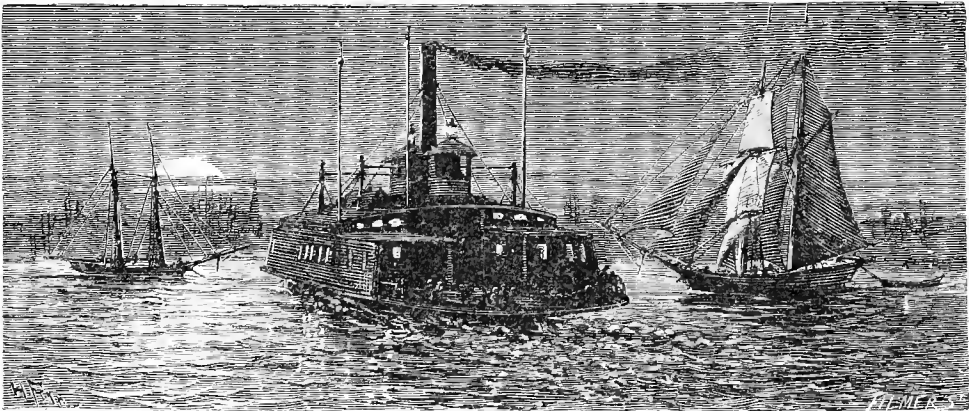
A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them
until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow,
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul play?

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes
she sees;
Then—will it be well?

N. G. Shepherd.

THE FERRY-BOAT



WRECKS of clouds of a somber gray,
Like the ribbed remains of a mastodon,
Were piled in masses along the west,
And a streak of red stretched over the sun.

I stood on the deck of the ferry-boat,
As the summer evening deepened to night;
Where the tides of the river ran darkling past,
Through lengthening pillars of crinkled
light.

The wind blew over the land and the waves
With its salt sea-breath, and a spicy balm,

And it seemed to cool my throbbing brain,
And lend my spirit its gusty calm.

The forest of masts, the dark-hulled ships,
The twinkling lights, and the sea of
men,—

I read the riddle of each and all,
And I knew their inner meaning then.

For while the beautiful moon arose,
And drifted the boat in her yellow beams,
My soul went down the river of thought,
That flows in the mystic land of dreams!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

AT REST.

WITH folded hands the lady lies
 In flowing robes of white,
 A globed lamp beside her couch,
 A round of tender light.

With such a light above her head,
 A little year ago,
 She walked adown the shadowy vale
 Where the blood-red roses grow.

A shape or shadow joined her there,
 To pluck the royal flower,

But for her breast the lily stole,
 Which was her only dower.

That gone, all went: her false love first,
 And then her peace of heart;
 The hard world frowned, her friends grew cold,
 She hid in tears apart.

And now she lies upon her couch,
 Amid the dying light:
 Nor wakes to hear the little voice
 That moans throughout the night!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,
 Afar on the traveler's sight;
 One, black with the dust of labor,
 One, solemnly still and white.
 Apart, and yet together,
 They are reached in a dying breath,
 But a river flows between them,
 And the river's name is—Death.

Apart, and yet together,
 Together, and yet apart,
 As the child may die at midnight
 On the mother's living heart.
 So close come the two great cities,
 With only the river between;
 And the grass in the one is trampled,
 But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,
 Like the disciples meet,
 While ever the flowing water
 Is washing their hallowed feet.
 And out on the glassy ocean,
 The sails in the golden gloom
 Seem to me but moving shadows
 Of the white emmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace
 Anon, from early till late,
 They come, rich and poor together,
 Asking alms at thy Beautiful Gate.
 And never had life a guerdon
 So welcome to all to give,
 In the land where the living are dying,
 As the land where the dead may live.

O silent City of Refuge
 On the way to the City o'erhead!
 The gleam of thy marble milestones
 Tells the distance we are from the dead.
 Full of feet, but a city untrodden,
 Full of hands, but a city unbuilt,
 Full of strangers who know not even
 That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the palace,
 They dream not they ever have died:
 God be thanked they never will know it
 Till they live on the other side!
 From the doors that death shut coldly
 On the face of their last lone woe:
 They came to thy glades for shelter
 Who had nowhere else to go.

S. Miller Hagerman.

WEEHAWKEN.

WEEHAWKEN! in thy mountain scenery yet,
 All we adore of Nature in her wild
 And frolic hour of infancy is met;

And never has a summer's morning
 smiled

Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye
 Of the enthusiast revels on, when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
 O'er crags that proudly tower above the
 deep,

And knows that sense of danger which
 sublimes

The breathless moment when his daring
 step

Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
 The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
 And clings to the green turf with desper-
 ate force,

As the heart clings to life; and when resume
 The currents in his veins their wonted
 course,

There lingers a deep feeling, like the moan
 Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view
 Ocean and earth and heaven burst before
 him.

Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear
 blue

Of Summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er
 him,—

The city bright below; and far away,
 Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic
 bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
 And banners floating in the sunny air;
 And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
 Green isle and circling shore, are blended
 there,

In wild reality. When life is old,
 And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
 Whose infant breath was drawn, or boy-
 hood's days

Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
 That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
 Upon that bay or on that mountain stand,
 Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

NEW YORK HARBOR ON A CALM DAY.

Is this a painting. Are those pictured
 clouds

Which on the sky so movelessly repose?
 Has some rare artist fashioned forth the
 shrouds

Of yonder vessel? Are these imaged shows
 Of outline, figure, form, or is there life—
 Life with a thousand pulses—in the scene
 We gaze upon? Those towering banks
 between,

E'er tossed these billows in tumultuous
 strife?

Billows! there's not a wave! the waters
 spread

One broad, unbroken mirror; all around
 Is hushed to silence,—silence so profound,
 That a bird's carol, or an arrow sped
 Into the distance, would, like larum bell,
 Jar the deep stillness and dissolve the
 spell.

Park Benjamin.

SPRING IN TOWN.

THE country ever has a lagging Spring,
 Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
 And June its roses; showers and sunshine
 bring,
 Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the
 earth;
 To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
 And one by one the singing-birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
 Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
 Such as fall often, for a few bright hours,
 Breathes through the sky of March the
 airs of May,
 Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry
 gloom—
 And lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
 Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
 That overhung with blossoms, through its
 glen,
 Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,
 And they who search the untrodden wood
 for flowers
 Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
 Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,
 And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
 The anemones by forest-mountains rise;
 And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer
 streak
 Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
 Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has
 curled,
 Thrice happy man! whose trade it is to buy,
 And bake, and braid those love-knots of
 the world;
 Who curls of every glossy color keepst,
 And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest.

And well thou mayst—for Italy's brown
 maids
 Send the dark locks with which their
 brows are dressed,
 And Gascon lasses, from their jetty braids,
 Crop half, to buy a ribbon for the rest;
 But the fresh Norman girls their tresses spare,
 And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then, henceforth, let no maid nor matron
 grieve,
 To see her locks of an unlovely hue,
 Frouzy or thin, for liberal art shall give
 Such piles of curls as Nature never knew.
 Eve, with her veil of tresses, at the sight
 Had blushed, outdone, and owned herself a
 fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
 Like notes of woodbirds, and where'er the
 eye
 Threads the long way, plumes wave, and
 twinkling feet
 Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.
 The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
 Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleet
 pace.

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
 Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,—
 Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,—
 A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
 Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
 To Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan Bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots! who will care
 For steeds or footmen now? ye can not
 show
 Fair face, and dazzling dress, and graceful
 air,
 And last edition of the shape! Ah, no,
 These sights are for the earth and open sky,
 And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

William Cullen Bryant.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves
 rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the
 crowd,
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud,—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human
 kind.

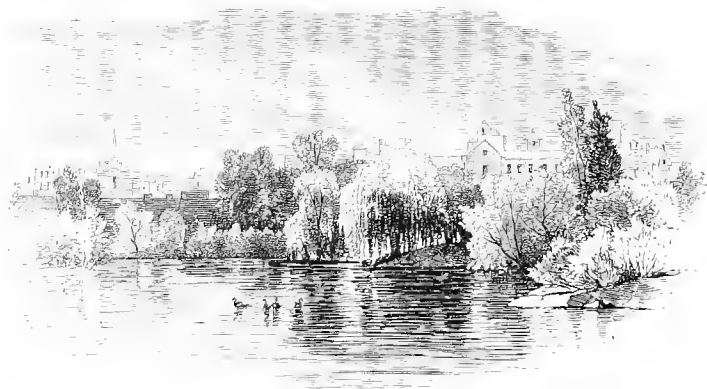
Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwell-
 ings lies,
 And lights their inner homes;

For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded
 skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps
 along;
 And this eternal sound,—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless
 throng,—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea
 brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast,—
 The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

William Cullen Bryant.



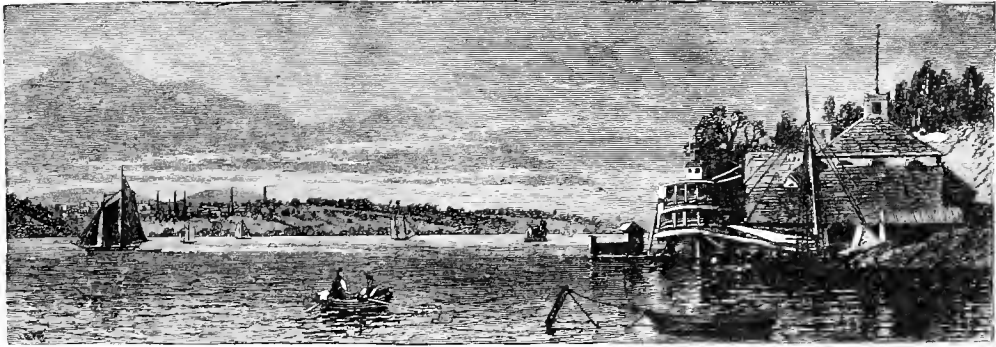
LANDSCAPE,

LEGEND



HISTORY.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.



AND, lo! the Catskills print the distant sky,
And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds
 driven,
So softly blending, that the cheated eye
Forgets or which is earth or which is
 heaven, —
Sometimes, like thunder-clouds, they shade
 the even,
Till, as you nearer draw, each wooded height
Puts off the azure hues by distance given:
And slowly break upon the enamored sight,
Ravine, crag, field, and wood, in colors true
 and bright.

Mount to the cloud-kissed summit. Far
 below
Spreads the vast champaign like a shore-
 less sea.
Mark yonder narrow streamlet feebly flow,
Like idle brook that creeps ingloriously;
Can that the lovely, lordly Hudson be,
Stealing by town and mountain? Who
 beholds,
At break of day, this scene, when, silently,
Its map of field, wood, hamlet, is unrolled,
While, in the east, the sun uprears his locks
 of gold,

Till earth receive him never can forget?
Even when returned amid the city's roar,
The fairy vision haunts his memory yet,
As in the sailor's fancy shines the shore.
Imagination cons the moment o'er,
When first-discovered, awe-struck and
 amazed,
Scarce loftier Jove — whom men and gods
 adore —
On the extended earth beneath him gazed,
Temple, and tower, and town, by human
 insect raised.

Blow, scented gale, the snowy canvas
 swell,
And flow, thou silver, eddying current,
 on.
Grieve we to bid each lovely point fare-
 well,
That, ere its graces half are seen, is
 gone.
By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise,
At every turn the vision breaks upon;
Till to our wondering and uplifted eyes
The Highland rocks and hills in solemn
 grandeur rise.

Theodore S. Fay,
 (219)

HENDRIK'S PROPHECY.

Flow fair beside the Palisades, flow, Hudson,
 fair and free,
 By proud Manhattan's shore of ships and
 green Hoboken's tree;
 So fair you haven clasped its isles, in such
 a sunset gleam,
 When Hendrik and his sea-worn tars first
 sounded up the stream,
 And climbed this rocky palisade, and resting
 on its brow,
 Passed round the can and gazed awhile on
 shore and wave below;
 And Hendrik drank with hearty cheer, and
 loudly then cried he:
 "'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and
 a pleasant land to see!"

Then something—ah, 't was prophecy!—
 came glowing to his brain:
 He seemed to see the mightier space between
 the oceans twain,
 Where other streams by other strands run
 through their forests fair,
 From bold Missouri's lordly tide to the leafy
 Delaware;
 The Sacramento, too, he saw, with its sands
 of secret gold,
 And the sea-like Mississippi on its long,
 long courses rolled;
 And great thoughts glowed within him;—
 "God bless the land," cried he;
 "'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and
 a pleasant land to see!"

"I see the white sails on the main, along
 the land I view
 The forests opening to the light and the
 bright axe flashing through;
 I see the cots and village ways, the churches
 with their spires,
 Where once the Indians camped and danced
 the war-dance, round their fires;

I see a storm come up the deep,—'t is
 hurrying, raging, o'er
 The darkened fields,—but soon it parts, with
 a sullen, seaward roar.
 'T is gone; the heaven smiles out again—
 God loves the land," cried he;
 "'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and
 a pleasant land to see!"

"I see the white sails on the main, I see,
 on all the strands,
 Old Europe's exiled households crowd, and
 toil's unnumbered hands—
 From Hessenland and Frankenland, from
 Danube, Drave, and Rhine,
 From Netherland, my sea-born land, and
 the Norseman's hills of pine,
 From Thames, and Shannon, and their isles
 —and never, sure, before,
 Invading host such greeting found upon a
 stranger shore.
 The generous Genius of the West his wel-
 come proffers free:
 "'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and
 a pleasant land to see!"

"They learn to speak one language; they
 raise one flag adored
 Over one people evermore, and guard it
 with the sword.
 In festive hours, they look upon its starry
 folds above,
 And hail it with a thousand songs of glory
 and of love.
 Old airs of many a fatherland still mingle
 with the cheer,
 To make the love more loving still, the
 glory still more dear—
 Drink up-sees out! join hands about! bear
 chorus all," chants he;
 "'T is a good land to fall in with, men, and
 a pleasant land to see!"

Anonymous.

HUDSON RIVER.



RIVERS that roll most musical in song
 Are often lovely to the mind alone;
 The wanderer muses, as he moves along
 Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
 He leaves his own, far countries to survey,
 Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,
 "Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
 A tide more meager than his native
 Charles; [is o'er,
 Or view the Rhone when summer's heat
 Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles:

Or when he sees the slinky Tiber fling
 His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
 Oft to his thought must partial memory bring
 More noble waves, without renown, at home:

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
 The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,
 And say what bard, in any land of old,
 Had such a river to inspire his strain.

Along the Rhine gray battlements and towers
 Declare what robbers once the realm pos-
 sessed;
 But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,
 And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights,
Nor antique arches check the current's
play,

Nor moldering architrave the mind invites
To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft
Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,
Lifts a great landmark to the little craft,—
A summer cloud that comes and disap-
pears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
Since the subsiding of the Deluge, rise
And hold their savins to the upper storm,
While far below the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in
men
Of Saxon mold, and strong for every toil,
Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the
glen,
Bœotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
Again the charming wilderness begins;
From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,
Till some new hamlet's rise the boscaje
thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained
Touched by no axe,—by no proud owner
nursed:
As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh
reigned,
Lineal descendants of creation's first.

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful
claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;

No horrors, feigned of giant or of god,
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
The cottage ruined, and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal
brute.

“Yet, O Antiquity!” the stranger sighs,
“Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the
view;

The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed,—but all is
new.”

False thought! is age to crumbling walls
confined?

To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured
stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval
face
Which, when just dawning from its Maker's
hand,
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our
race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the un-
known south,
Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with his nameless
mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the
Nile!

Thebes and the pyramids to thee are
young;

Oh, had thy waters burst from Britain's isle,
Till now perchance they had not flowed
unsung.

Thomas William Parsons.

CATTERSKILL FALLS.

MIDST greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
 From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
 All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
 With the sweet light spray of the mount-
 ain springs;
 And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
 When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
 The blast of December calls,
 He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
 A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
 With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
 And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers
 wrought,

In the cold and cloudless night?
 Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought
 In forms so lovely and hues so bright?
 Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
 Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'Twas hither a youth of dreamy mood,
 A hundred winters ago,
 Had wandered over the mighty wood,
 When the panther's track was fresh on
 the snow,

And keen were the winds that came to stir
 The long dark boughs of the hemlock-fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair

For a child of those rugged steeps;
 His home lay low in the valley where
 The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps;
 But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
 And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
 Of a tall gray linden leant,
 When the broad clear orb of the sun had
 sunk

From his path in the frosty firmament,
 And over the round dark edge of the hill
 A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
 From a sky of crimson shone
 On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
 To sparkle as if with stars of their own;
 While the water fell with a hollow sound,
 'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life, that moves
 Where the crystal battlements rise?
 A maiden watching the moon she loves,
 At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes?
 Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
 Betwixt his eye and the falling stream?

'Tis only the torrent tumbling o'er,
 In the midst of those glassy walls,
 Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
 Of the rocky basin in which it falls.

'Tis only the torrent—but why that start?
 Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
 Where his sire and sister wait.
 He heeds no longer how star after star
 Looks forth on the night as the hour
 grows late.

He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and
 cast

From a thousand boughs by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
 In the halls of frost and snow,
 Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
 From the alabaster floors below,
 Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and
 spray,
 And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

“And oh, that those glorious haunts were
 mine!”

He speaks, and throughout the glen
 Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
 And take a ghastly likeness of men,
 As if the slain by the wintry storms
 Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
 With their weapons quaint and grim,
 And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
 And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb;
 There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
 And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers—and oh, how sadly their
 eyes
 On their children's white brows rest!
 There are youthful lovers,—the maiden lies,
 In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast;
 There are fair wan women with moon-struck
 air,
 The snow-stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
 But his hair stands up with dread,
 When he feels that he moves with that
 phantom throng,
 Till those icy turrets are over his head,
 And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
 Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
 When there gathers and wraps him round
 A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,

In which there is neither form nor sound;
 The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
 With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
 And the youth now faintly sees
 Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
 On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees,
 And walls where the skins of beasts are
 hung,
 And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies;
 As he strives to raise his head,
 Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
 Come round him and smooth his furry
 bed,
 And bid him rest, for the evening star
 Is scarcely set and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one
 By the base of that icy steep,
 When over his stiffening limbs begun
 The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
 And they cherished the pale and breathless
 form,
 *Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

William Cullen Bryant.

CATSKILL.

How reel the wildered senses at the sight!
 How vast the boundless vision breaks in
 view!
 Nor thought, nor word, can well depict the
 scene;
 The din of toil comes faintly swelling up
 From green fields far below; and all around
 The forest sea sends up its ceaseless roar
 Like to the ocean's everlasting chime.
 Mountains on mountains in the distance
 rise,

Like clouds along the far horizon's verge;
 Their misty summits mingling with the sky,
 Till earth and heaven seem blended into
 one.

So far removed from toil and bustling care,—
 So far from earth, if heaven no nearer be,
 And gazing, as a spirit, from mid-air
 Upon the strife and tumult of the world,
 Let me forget the cares I leave behind,
 And with an humble spirit bow before
 The Maker of these everlasting hills.

Bayard Taylor.



Edmund C. Pedman

LAKE GEORGE.



A SUMMER shower had swept the woods;
 But when, from all the scene,
 Rolled off at length the thunder-floods,
 And streamed the sunset sheen,
 I came where my postilion raised
 His horsewhip for a wand,
 And said, "There's Horicon, good sir,
 And here's the Bloody Pond!"

"And don't you see yon low gray wall,
 With grass and bushes grown?
 Well, that's Fort George's palisade,
 That many a storm has known:
 But here's the Bloody Pond where lies
 Full many a soldier tall;
 The spring, they say, was never pure
 Since that red burial."

'Twas rare to see! That vale beneath;
 That lake so calm and cool!
 But mournful was each lily-wreath,
 Upon the turbid pool:
 And—"On, postilion, let us haste
 To greener banks," I cried,
 "Oh stay me not where man has stained
 With brother's blood the tide!"

An hour,—and though the Even-star
 Was chasing down the sun,
 My boat was on thine azure wave,
 Sweet, holy Horicon!
 And woman's voice cheered on our bark,
 With soft bewildering song,
 While fireflies, darting through the dark,
 Went lighting us along.

Anon, that bark was on the beach,
 And soon I stood alone
 Upon thy moldering walls, Fort George,
 So old and ivy-grown.
 At once, old tales of massacre
 Were crowding on my soul,
 And ghosts of ancient sentinels
 Paced up the rocky knoll.

The shadowy hour was dark enow
 For fancy's wild campaign,
 And moments were impassioned hours
 Of battle and of pain:
 Each brake and thistle seemed alive
 With fearful shapes of fight,
 And up the feathered scalp-locks rose
 Of many a tawny sprite.

The Mohawk war-whoop howled agen;
 I heard St. Denys' charge,
 And then the volleyed musketry
 Of England and St. George.
 The vale, the rocks, the cradling hills,
 From echoing rank to rank,
 Rung back the warlike rhetoric
 Of Huron and of Frank.

"So, keep thy name, Lake George," said I,
 "And bear to latest day,
 The memory of our primal age,
 And England's early sway;
 And when Columbia's flag shall here
 Her starry glories toss,
 Be witness how our fathers fought
 Beneath St. George's cross."

Arthur Cleveland Cox

A DELAWARE LEGEND.

"Not me," the Indian muttered,
 "Can bolt of Thunder harm
 Whilst here on my breast is hanging
 The mighty Wampum charm!"

The storm-clouds, threatening and sullen,
 Sank down in their blackness dread;
 And swifter across the prairie
 The Indian hunter sped.

Still mumbled the boding Thunder:
 "Who would my anger quell?"
 Snapt short—gleamed jagged the lightning,
 And sudden the Indian fell!

An hour waned slowly; the prairie
 Was bright as its glory before;
 And softly her beads on the grass-threads
 The west-wind counted o'er.

As a stifled thing awakens
 From the winter's frozen sleep,
 Slowly, at last, the Indian
 Crept out of his torpor deep.

He arose from his trance bewildered;
 Drenched was his aching form;
 At first he but vaguely remembered
 His flight and the thunder-storm.

A beautiful horse stood by him—
 As white as the new moon's ring—

Stood tamely, as if but awaiting
 His rider's eager spring.

The glare of his wild eyes, only,
 Betokened the spirit untried;
 And there on the ground, resplendent,
 A Thunderbolt lay by his side!

"Ugh! Now he submissive yieldeth!"
 The Indian chuckled, "No harm
 Can come from the Storm Spirit's anger
 Whilst I bear the Wampum charm!"

He seizeth the Thunderbolt eager—
 The heaven-sent Arrow of Wrath;
 In his breast close-hidden, quickly
 The glittering treasure hath!

Upon the bright horse he springeth,
 Unheeding, with reckless speed:
 Gone—in a twinkling second—
 Are rider and snow-white steed!

One dagger of lightning glistened!
 And a taunt resounded wide—
 The Thunder's terrible laughter!
 Then—still as a sleeping child—

The prairie was peaceful in sunshine;
 But never again was seen
 That Indian hunter a-roaming
 Dim forest or prairie green.

Myron B. Benton

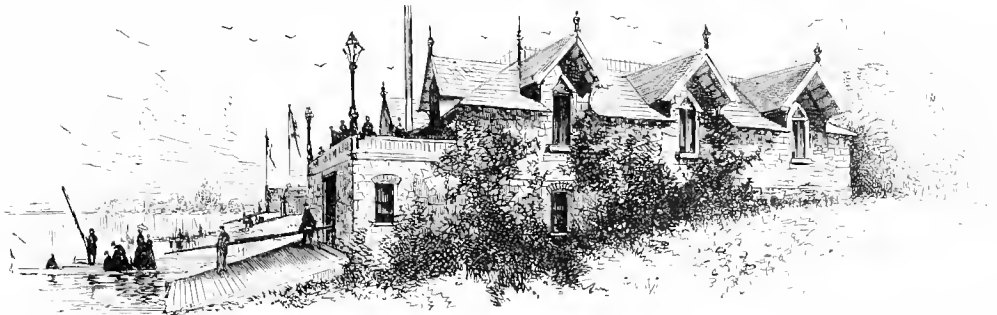
LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Not thoughtless let us enter thy domain;
 Well did the tribes of yore,
 Who sought the ocean from the distant plain,
 Call thee their country's door.
 And as the portals of a saintly pile
 The wanderer's steps delay,
 And, while he musing roams the lofty aisle,
 Care's phantoms melt away
 In the vast realm where tender memories
 brood
 O'er sacred haunts of time,
 That woo his spirit to a nobler mood
 And more benignant clime,—
 So in the fane of thy majestic hills
 We meekly stand elate;
 The baffled heart a tranquil rapture fills
 Beside thy crystal gate:
 For here the incense of the cloistered pines,
 Stained windows of the sky,
 The frescoed clouds and mountains' purple
 shrines,
 Proclaim God's temple nigh.
 Through wild ravines thy wayward currents
 glide,
 Round bosky islands play;
 Here tufted headlands meet the lucent tide,
 There gleams the spacious bay;
 Untracked for ages, save when crouching flew,
 Through forest-hung defiles,
 The dusky savage in his frail canoe,
 To seek the Thousand Isles,
 Or rally to the fragrant cedar's shade
 The settler's crafty foe, [cade
 With toilsome march and midnight ambus-
 To lay his dwelling low.
 Along the far horizon's opal wall
 The dark blue summits rise,
 And o'er them rifts of misty sunshine fall,
 Or golden vapor lies.
 And over all tradition's gracious spell
 A fond allurement weaves;
 Her low refrain the moaning tempest swells,
 And thrills the whispering leaves.
 To win this virgin land,—a kingly quest,—
 Chivalric deeds were wrought;
 Long by thy marge and on thy placid breast
 The Gaul and Saxon fought.
 What cheers of triumph in thy echoes
 sleep!
 What brave blood dyed thy wave!
 A grass-grown rampart crowns each rugged
 steep,
 Each isle a hero's grave.
 And gallant squadrons manned for border
 fray,
 That rival standards bore,
 Sprung from thy woods and on thy bosom
 lay,—
 Stern warders of the shore.
 How changed since he whose name thy
 waters bear,
 The silent hills between,
 Led by his swarthy guides to conflict there,
 Entranced beheld the scene!
 Fleets swiftly ply where lagged the lone
 bateau,
 And quarries trench the gorge;
 Where waned the council-fire, now steadfast
 glow
 The pharos and the forge.
 On Adirondack's lake-encircled crest
 Old war-paths mark the soil,
 Where idly bivouacs the summer guest,
 And peaceful miners toil.

Opening successive — point and rock and hill,
 Majestic mountain-top, and nestling vale.
 As the white sail glints sudden to the sun,
 Off swings the eagle from the neighboring
 pine;
 And as the long boom brushes by the brink,
 The brown bear jolts away within the bush,
 The drinking deer winks from the sandy
 point,
 And breath-like from the ledge the panther
 melts.
 As up some reach the vessel moves, within
 The archway of a creek the bark canoe
 Darts arrow-like; as turns the prow in-shore
 The Indian hunter with recoiling form
 Stands grasping idly his forgotten bow;
 And as the yacht around some headland
 breaks,
 Amid the rounded wigwams on the bank
 Leap startled movements of tumultuous life,
 Pointing with eager baste, and gazing wild.
 Still on the Half-Moon glides; before her rise
 Swarms of quick water-fowl, and from her
 prow
 The sturgeon leaps, and falls with echoing
 splash.
 Between the frequent islets brimmed with
 leaves
 The sheldrake, in his green and silver, shoots,
 And antlers stem the gloss. But now the sun
 Slants low, and by an island of the stream
 The anchor plunges, and the Half-Moon sits
 Still as a sleeping duck. I start, and wake.
 The busy river-scene again extends

In the soft sundown glow. The grouping
 herds
 Through the sleek fields of golden velvet
 graze
 Slow toward the farm-yard: softened rural
 sounds —
 The wheezing bellow, the quick, peevish bleat,
 And the clear, jerking crow — fall on my ear;
 And, with quick footsteps through the amber
 scene,
 Past maple-nestling homesteads, where the
 steeds
 Unloosed are led to water: where the kine,
 Patient, await within the lane the pail;
 And where the mouse-like wren creeps in
 and out
 Its little cottage fastened to the tree,
 To give one chatter more: past laboring
 groups
 Loitering along with instruments of toil,
 Past farmers' wagons clattering toward their
 homes [when,
 From city barterings, — contrast strong to
 A century since, one forest clothed the whole,
 One silent solitude, — the river's bank
 I reach, where, in the hush, the rowlock
 sounds
 Loud, and the tiller of the crawling sloop
 Creaks louder: thence, swift wafted o'er the
 tide,
 I gain the peopled streets that hold my home:
 Dwelling upon the everlasting stream
 Of change and progress coursing through
 the world.

Alfred B. Street.



IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.



HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his
fame!

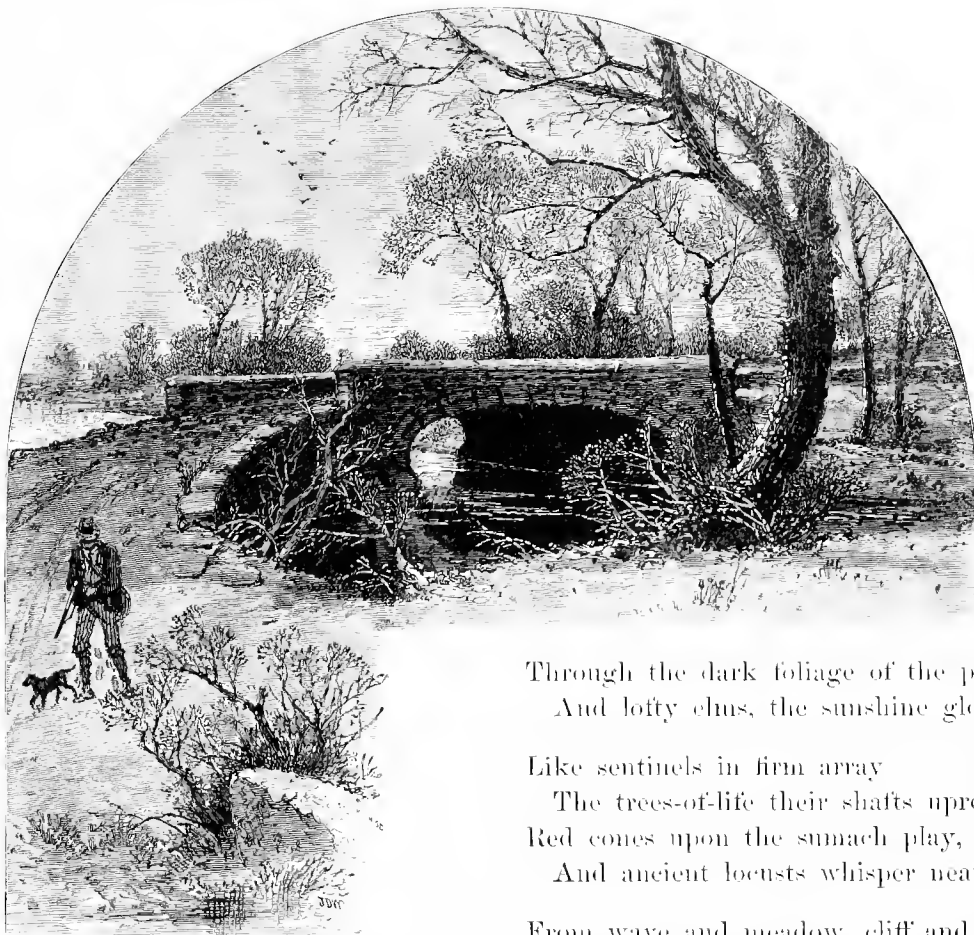
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame

With tints that brightened and were multiplied.

How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.



BENEATH these gold and azure skies,
 The river winds through leafy glades,
 Save where, like battlements, arise
 The gray and tufted Palisades.

The fervor of this sultry time
 Is tempered by the humid earth,
 And zephyrs, born of summer's prime,
 Give a delicious coolness birth.

They freshen this sequestered nook
 With constant greetings bland and free;
 The pages of the open book
 All flutter with their wayward glee.

How blithely trails the pendent vine!
 The grain slope lies in green repose;

Through the dark foliage of the pine
 And lofty elms, the sunshine glows.

Like sentinels in firm array
 The trees-of-life their shafts uprear;
 Red cones upon the sumach play,
 And ancient locusts whisper near.

From wave and meadow, cliff and sky,
 Let thy stray vision homeward fall;
 Behold the mist-bloom floating nigh,
 And hollyhock white-edged and tall;

Its gaudy leaves, though fanned apart,
 Round thick and mealy stamens spring,
 And nestled to its crimson heart,
 The sated bees enamored cling.

Mark the broad terrace flecked with light,
 That peeps through trellises of rose,
 And quivers with a vagne delight,
 As each pale shadow comes and goes.

The near, low gurgle of the brook,
 The wren's glad chirp, the scented hay,
 And e'en the watch-dog's peaceful look
 Our vain disquietudes allay.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

WEST POINT.



Wild unbrage far around me clings
 To breezy knoll and hushed ravine,
 And o'er each rocky headland flings
 Its mantle of refreshing green.

The echoes that so boldly rung
 When cannon flashed from steep to steep,
 And Freedom's airy challenge flung,
 In each romantic valley sleep.

His counsels here our chieftain breathed,
 Here roved his mild, undaunted eye,
 When yon lone fort, with thickets wreathed,
 Held captive Britain's gallant spy.

Fit home to rear a nation's youth
 By self-control to nerve the will,
 Through knowledge gain expansive truth,
 And with high aims life's circle fill.

How grateful is the sudden change
 From arid pavements to the grass,
 From narrow streets that thousands range,
 To meadows where June's zephyrs pass!

Beneath the cliffs the river steals
 In darksome eddies to the shore,
 But midway every sail reveals
 Reflected on its crystal floor.

In tranquil mood the cattle walk
 Along the verdant marge to feed,
 While, poised upon the mullein stalk,
 The chirping redbird picks the seed.

Low murmurs in the foliage bred,
 The clear horizon's azure line,
 Fresh turf elastic to the tread,
 And leafy canopies are thine.

White fleecy clouds move slowly by,—
 How cool their shadows fall to-day!
 A moment on the hills they lie,
 And then like spirits glide away.

Amid the herbage, yesternight,
 His web the cunning spider threw,
 And now, as sparkling diamonds bright,
 It glistens with the pendent dew.

Gay butterflies dart on and sink
 O'er the sweet blossoms of the pea,
 And from the clover's globe of pink
 Contented hums the downy bee.

In all this varied beauty glows
 Deep meaning for the thoughtful heart,
 As it were fain to teach repose,
 And lofty confidence impart.

How vivid to my fancy now,
 Uprise the forms that life redeem!
 The ardent eye, the open brow,
 And tender smile beside me seem.

For Nature's presence gathers back
 The deeds that grace, the loves that cheer,
 And as her holy steps we track, [tear.
 Hope's rainbow breaks through sorrow's

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

SUSQUEHANNA.

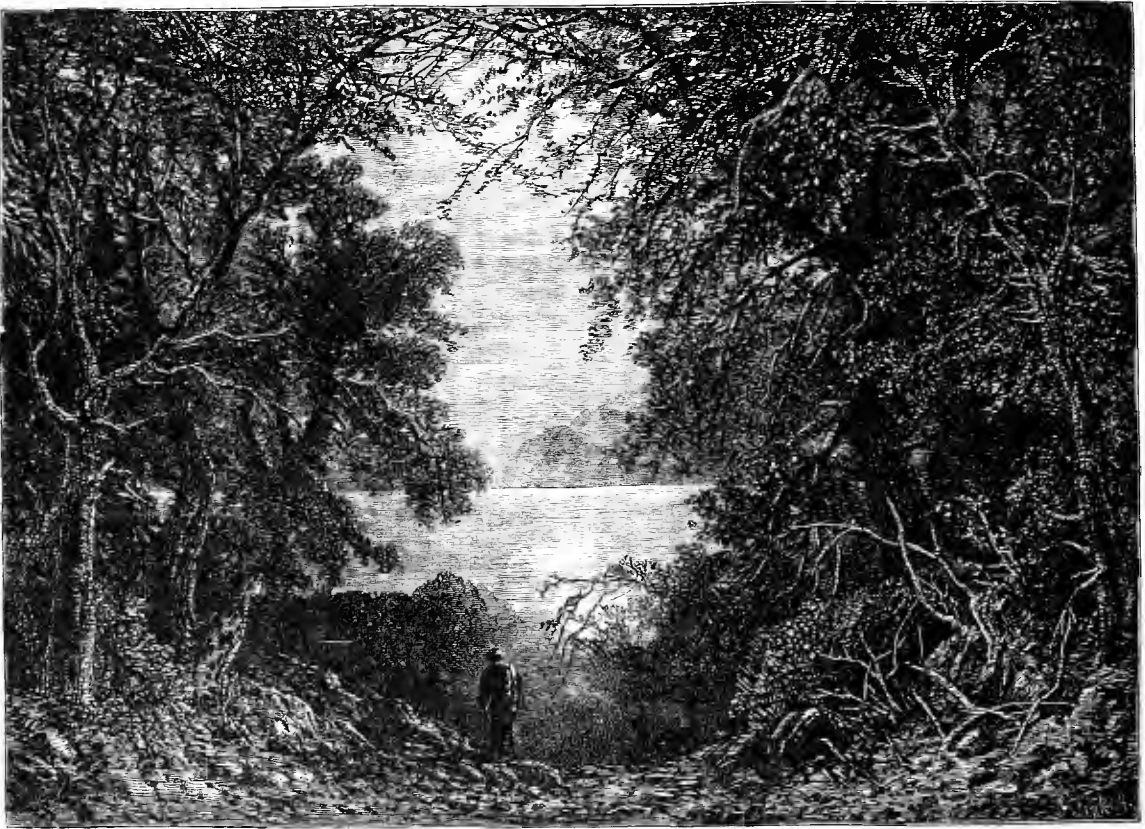
SOFTLY the blended light of evening rests
 Upon thee, lovely stream! Thy gentle tide,
 Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,
 Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,
 Majestically flows. Oh! by thy side,
 Far from the tumults and the throng of men,
 And the vain cares that vex poor human life,
 'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,
 And the wide, solemn grandeur of the scene.
 From thy green shores, the mountains that
 inclose

In their vast sweep the beauties of the plain,
 Slowly receding, toward the skies ascend,

Enrobed with clustering woods, o'er which
 the smile
 Of Autumn in his loveliness hath passed,
 Touching their foliage with his brilliant hues,
 And flinging o'er the lowliest leaf and shrub
 His golden livery. On the distant heights
 Soft clouds, earth-based, repose, and stretch
 afar
 Their burnished summits in the clear, blue
 heaven,
 Flooded with splendor, that the dazzled eye
 Turns drooping from the sight.—Nature is
 here

Like a throned sovereign, and thy voice doth
 tell,
 In music never silent, of her power.
 Nor are thy tones unanswered, where she
 builds
 Such monuments of regal sway. These
 wide
 Untrodden forests eloquently speak,
 Whether the breath of summer stir their
 depths,
 Or the hoarse moaning of November's blast
 Strip from their boughs their covering.

All the air
 Is now instinct with life. The merry hum
 Of the returning bee, and the blithe song
 Of fluttering bird, mocking the solitude,
 Swell upward—and the play of dashing
 streams
 From the green mountain side is faintly
 heard.
 The wild swan swims the waters' azure breast
 With graceful sweep, or, startled, soars away,
 Cleaving with mounting wing the clear
 bright air.



Oh! in the boasted lands beyond the deep,
 Where Beauty hath a birth-right—where
 each mound
 And moldering ruin tells of ages past—
 And every breeze, as with a spirit's tone,
 Doth waft the voices of Oblivion back,
 Waking the soul to lofty memories.
 Is there a scene whose loveliness could fill

The heart with peace more pure?—Nor yet
 art thou,
 Proud stream! without thy records—graven
 deep
 On yon eternal hills, which shall endure
 Long as their summits breast the wintry
 storm [been
 Or smile in the warm sunshine. They have



WINTER ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

The chroniclers of centuries gone by:
 Of a strange race, who trod perchance their
 sides,
 Ere these gray woods had sprouted from the
 earth
 Which now they shade. Here onward swept
 thy waves,
 When tones now silent mingled with their
 sound,
 And the wide shore was vocal with the song
 Of hunter chief, or lover's gentle strain.
 Those passed away—forgotten as they
 passed;
 But holier recollections dwell with thee:
 Here hath immortal Freedom built her proud
 And solemn monuments. The mighty dust
 Of heroes, in her cause of glory fallen,
 Hath mingled with the soil, and hallowed it.
 Thy waters in their brilliant path have seen

The desperate strife that won a rescued
 world—
 The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,
 And hymned their requiem.

Far beyond this vale
 That sends to heaven its incense of lone
 flowers,
 Gay village spires ascend, and the glad voice
 Of industry is heard. So in the lapse
 Of future years those ancient woods shall
 bow
 Beneath the leveling axe—and Man's abodes
 Display their sylvan honors. They will pass
 In turn away;—yet heedless of all change,
 Surviving all, thou still wilt murmur on,
 Lessening the fleeting race that look on thee
 To mark the wrecks of time, and read their
 doom.

Elizabeth F. Ellet.

WYOMING.

THOU comest, in beauty, on my gaze at last,
 "On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!"
 Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
 When life was in its bud and blossoming,
 And waters, gushing from the fountain
 spring
 Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my
 young eyes,
 As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
 I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless
 skies,
 The summer's air, and heard her echoed
 harmonies.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me
 now,
 In life, a vision of the brain no more.
 I've stood upon the wooded mountain's
 brow,
 That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;
 And now, where winds thy river's greenest
 shore,

Within a bower of sycamores am laid;
 And winds, as soft and sweet as ever
 bore
 The fragrance of wild-flowers through sun
 and shade,
 Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs
 press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the
 power
 Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he
 Had woven, had he gazed one sunny
 hour
 Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
 With more of truth, and made each rock
 and tree
 Known like old friends, and greeted from
 afar:
 And there are tales of sad reality,
 In the dark legends of thy border war,
 With woes of deeper tint than his own
 Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
The bard's creations, molded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering
assigned,—

Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave,—
where are they?

We need not ask. The people of to-day
Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
And hospitable too,—for ready pay;

With manners like their roads, a little
rough,

And hands whose grasp is warm and wel-
coming, though tough.

Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-
bridge gate,

And the town records, is the Albert now
Of Wyoming: like him, in church and
state,

Her Doric column; and upon his brow
The thin hairs, white with seventy winters'
snow,

Look patriarchal. Waldegrave 't were in
vain

To point out here, unless in yon scare-
crow,

That stands full-uniformed upon the plain,
To frighten flocks of crows and blackbirds
from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll
In his "Iberian boot" and "Spanish
plume,"

And be the wonder of each Christian soul
As of the birds that scare-crow and his
broom.

But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's
eye,

In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her
home,

Hath a heart-spell too holy and too
high

To be o'erpraised even by her worshiper
—Poesy.

There's one in the next field—of sweet
sixteen—

Singing and summoning thoughts of
beauty born

In heaven— with her jacket of light green,
"Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the
morn,"

Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn.
Whether, like Gertrude, she oft wanders
there,

With Shakespeare's volume in her bosom
borne,

I think is doubtful. Of the poet-player
The maiden knows no more than Cobbett
or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
Who tells you where the foot of Battle
stepped

Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers
slept,

Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers
of the brave,

When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there wild laurels, planted on the
grave

By Nature's hand, in air their pale red
blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill
Are marks where time-worn battlements
have been,

And in the tall grass traces linger still
Of "arrowy frieze and wedged ravelin."
Five hundred of her brave that valley
green

Trod on the morn in soldier-spirit gay;
But twenty lived to tell the noonday
scene,—

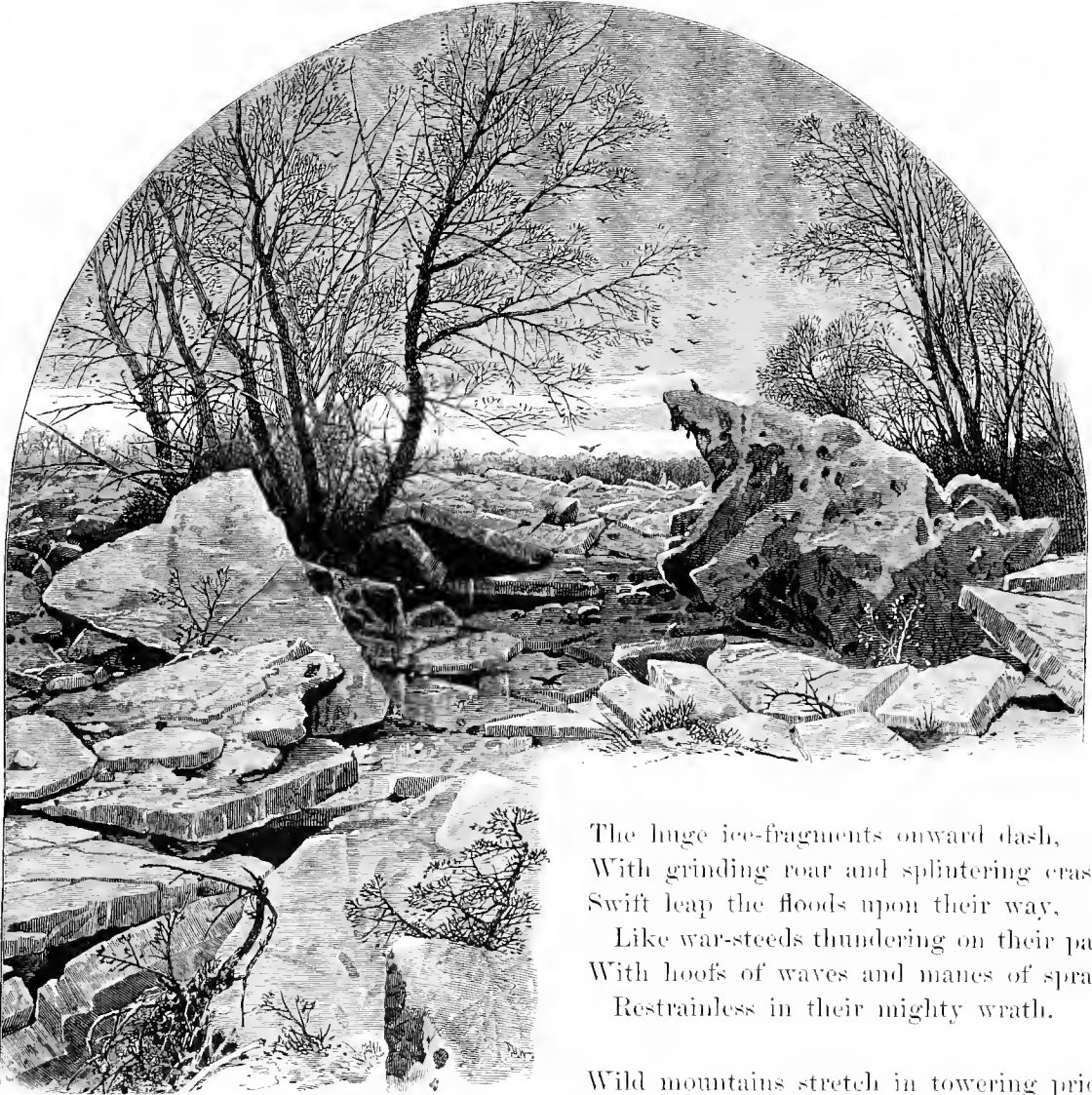
And where are now the twenty? Passed
away.

Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the
battle-day?

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE FRESHET.

A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.



MARCH hath unlocked stern winter's chain;
 Nature is wrapped in misty shrouds,
 And ceaselessly the drenching rain
 Drips from the gray, sky-mantling clouds;
 The deep snows melt, and swelling rills
 Pour through each hollow of the hills;
 The river from its rest hath risen,
 And bounded from its shattered prison;

The huge ice-fragments onward dash,
 With grinding roar and splintering crash;
 Swift leap the floods upon their way,
 Like war-steeds thundering on their path,
 With hoofs of waves and manes of spray,
 Restrainless in their mighty wrath.

Wild mountains stretch in towering pride
 Along the river's either side;
 Leaving between it and their walls
 Narrow and level intervals.
 When summer glows, how sweet and bright
 The landscape smiles upon the sight!
 Here, the bright golden wheat-fields vie
 With the rich tawny of the rye;
 The buckwheat's snowy mantles, there,
 Shed honeyed fragrance on the air;

In long straight ranks the corn uprears
 Its silken plumes and pennoned spears;
 The yellow melon underneath
 Plump ripens, in its viny wreath;
 Here, the piled rows of new-mown grass;
 There, the potato-plant's green mass;
 All framed by woods,—each limit shown
 By zigzag rail, or wall of stone;
 Contrasting, here, within the shade,
 The axe a space hath open laid,
 Cumbered with trees hurled blended down,
 Their verdure changed to withered brown;
 There, the soil, ashes-strewed and black,
 Shows the red flame's devouring track;
 Slim fire-weeds shooting thick where stood
 The leafy monarchs of the wood:
 A landscape frequent in the land,

Which Freedom, with her gifts to bless,
 Grasping the axe when sheathing brand,
 Hewed from the boundless wilderness.

The rains have ceased: the struggling glare
 Of sunset lights the misty air;
 The fierce winds sweep the myriad throng
 Of broken ragged clouds along;
 From the rough saw-mill, where hath rung,
 Through all the hours, its grating tongue,
 The raftman sallies, as the gray
 Of evening tells the flight of day,
 And slowly seeks, with loitering stride,
 His cabin by the river side.
 As twilight darkens into night,
 Still dash the waters in their flight,
 Still the ice-fragments, thick and fast,
 Shoot like the clouds before the blast.

Beyond,—the sinuous channel wends
 Through a deep, narrow gorge, and bends
 With curve so sharp, the drifting ice,

Hurled by the flood's tremendous might,
 Piles the opposing precipice,

And every fragment swells the height;
 Hour after hour uprears the wall,
 Until a barrier huge and tall
 Breasts the wild waves that vain upswell
 To overwhelm the obstacle:

They bathe the alder on the verge,
 The leaning hemlock now they merge,
 The stately elm is dwindling low
 Within the deep ingulfing flow,
 Till, curbed thus in its headlong flight,
 With its accumulated might,
 The river, turning on its track,
 Rolls its broad-spreading volumes back.

The raftman slumbers; through his dream-
 Distorted visions wildly stream;
 Now in the wood his axe he swings,
 And now his saw-mill's jarring rings;
 Now his huge raft is shooting swift
 Cohecton's wild, tumultuous rift,
 Now floats it on the ebon lap
 Of the grim shadowed Water Gap.
 And now 't is tossing on the swells
 Fierce dashing down the slope of Wells.
 The rapids crash upon his ear,
 The deep sounds roll more loud and near,
 They fill his dream,—he starts,—he wakes!

The moonlight through the casement falls,
 Ha! the wild sight that on him breaks,—

The floods sweep round his cabin-walls.
 Beneath their bounding, thundering shocks
 The frail log fabric groans and rocks;
 Crash, crash! the ice-bolts round it shiver;
 The walls like blast-swept branches quiver;
 His wife is clinging to his breast,
 The child within his arm is prest;
 He staggers through the chilly flood
 That numbs his limbs, and checks his blood.
 On, on he strives: the waters lave
 Higher his form with every wave;
 They steep his breast, on each side dash
 The splintered ice with thundering crash;
 A fragment strikes him; ha! he reels;
 That shock in every nerve he feels;
 Faster, bold raftman, speed thy way,
 The waves roar round thee for their prey;
 The cabin totters,—sinks,—the flood
 Rolls its mad surges where it stood:
 Before thy straining sight, the hill
 Sleeps in the moonlight, bright and still.
 Falter not, falter not, struggle on,

That goal of safety may be won;
 Heavily droops thy wife with fear,
 Thy boy's shrill shriekings fill thine ear;
 Urge, urge thy strength to where outfling
 Yon cedar-branches for thy cling.
 Joy, raftman, joy! thy need is past,

The wished-for goal is won at last.
 Joy, raftman, joy! thy quick foot now
 Is resting on the upland's brow.
 Praise to high Heaven! each knee is bent,
 And every heart in prayer of grateful love is
 blent.

Alfred B. Street.

OTSEGO LAKE.

O HAUNTED lake, from out whose silver
 fountains

The mighty Susquehanna takes its rise;
 O haunted lake, among the pine-clad mount-
 ains,

Forever smiling upward to the skies,—

Thrice blest art thou in every curling wavelet,

In every floating water-lily sweet,—

From the old Lion at thy northern boundary,

To fair Mount Vision sleeping at thy
 feet.

A master's hand hath painted all thy beauties;

A master's mind hath peopled all thy
 shore

With wraiths of mighty hunters and fair
 maidens,

Haunting thy forest glades for evermore.

A master's heart hath gilded all thy valley

With golden splendor from a loving breast;

And in thy little churchyard, 'neath the
 pine-trees,

A master's body sleeps in quiet rest.

O haunted lake, guard well thy sacred story,—

Guard well the memory of that honored
 name!

Guard well the grave that gives thee all thy
 glory

And raises thee to long-enduring fame.

Anonymous.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowed head;
 And the censer burning swung,
 Where, before the altar, hung
 The crimson banner, that with prayer
 Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the
 while,
 Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

“Take thy banner! May it wave
 Proudly o'er the good and brave;
 When the battle's distant wail
 Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
 When the clarion's music thrills
 To the hearts of these lone hills,
 When the spear in conflict shakes,
 And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner! and, beneath
 The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,

Guard it, till our homes are free!
 Guard it!—God will prosper thee!
 In the dark and trying hour,
 In the breaking forth of power,
 In the rush of steeds and men,
 His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner! But when night
 Closes round the ghastly fight,
 If the vanquished warrior bow,
 Spare him! By our holy vow,
 By our prayers and many tears,
 By the merey that endears,

Spare him!—he our love hath shared!
 Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

“Take thy banner! and if e'er
 Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
 And the muffled drum should beat
 To the tread of mournful feet,
 Then this crimson flag shall be
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
 And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BRANDYWINE.

OH! if there is in beautiful and fair
 A potency to charm, a power to bless;
 If bright blue skies and music-breathing
 air,
 And Nature in her every varied dress
 Of peaceful beauty and wild loveliness,
 Can shed across the heart one sunshine ray,
 Then others, too, sweet stream, with only
 less
 Than mine own joy, shall gaze, and bear
 away
 Some cherished thought of thee for many a
 coming day.

But yet not utterly obscure thy banks,
 Nor all unknown to history's page thy
 name;
 For there wild war hath poured his battle
 ranks,
 And stamped, in characters of blood and
 flame,
 Thine annals in the chronicles of fame.
 The wave that ripples on, so calm and still,
 Hath trembled at the war-cry's loud ac-
 claim,
 The cannon's voice hath rolled from hill
 to hill,
 And midst thy echoing vales the trump
 hath sounded shrill.

My country's standard waved on yonder
 height,
 Her red-cross banner England there dis-
 played,
 And there the German, who, for foreign
 fight,
 Had left his own domestic hearth, and made
 War, with its horrors and its blood, a trade,
 Amidst the battle stood; and all the day,
 The bursting bomb, the furious cannonade,
 The bugle's martial notes, the musket's
 play,
 In mingled uproar wild, resounded far away.

Thick clouds of smoke obscured the clear
 bright sky,
 And hung above them like a funeral pall,
 Shrouding both friend and foe, so soon
 to lie
 Like brethren slumbering in one father's
 hall:
 The work of death went on, and when
 the fall
 Of night came onward silently, and shed
 A dreary hush, where late was uproar all,
 How many a brother's heart in anguish
 bled
 O'er cherished ones, who there lay resting
 with the dead.

Unshrouded and uncoffined they were laid
 Within the soldier's grave—e'en where
 they fell:
 At noon they proudly trod the field,—
 the spade
 At night dug out their resting-place; and
 well
 And calmly did they slumber, though no
 bell
 Pealed over them its solemn music slow;
 The night winds sung their only dirge,
 —their knell
 Was but the owlet's boding cry of woe,
 The flap of night-hawk's wing, and mur-
 muring waters' flow.

But it is over now,—the plow hath rased
 All trace of where War's wasting hand
 hath been:
 No vestige of the battle may be traced,
 Save where the share, in passing o'er the
 scene,
 Turns up some rusted ball; the maize is
 green

On what was once the death-bed of the
 brave;
 The waters have resumed their wonted
 sheen,
 The wild bird sings in cadence with the
 wave,
 And naught remains to show the sleeping
 soldier's grave.

A pebble-stone that on the war-field lay,
 And a wild rose that blossomed brightly
 there,
 Were all the relics that I bore away,
 To tell that I had trod the scene of war,
 When I had turned my footsteps home-
 ward far.
 These may seem childish things to some;
 to me
 They shall be treasured ones,—and, like
 the star
 That guides the sailor o'er the pathless
 sea,
 They shall lead back my thoughts, loved
 Brandywine, to thee!

Elizabeth Margaret Chandler.

TO SENECA LAKE.



ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break
 As down he bears before the gale.

ON thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 Oh, I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er!

James Gates Percival.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

1780.

HERE'S the spot. Look around you. Above
 on the height
 Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church
 on the right
 Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here
 ran a wall,—
 You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up
 a ball.
 Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run,
 flowers blow,
 Pretty much as they did ninety-three years
 ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment;
 you've heard
 Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached
 the Word
 Down at Springfield? What, no? Come—
 that's bad, why he had
 All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him
 the name
 Of the "rebel high-priest." He stuck in
 their gorge,
 For he loved the Lord God,—and he hated
 King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the
 Hessians that day
 Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped
 on their way

At the "Farms," where his wife, with a
 child in her arms,
 Sat alone in the house. How it happened
 none knew
 But God—and that one of the hireling crew
 Who fired the shot! Enough!—there she lay,
 And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband,
 away!

Did he bear it,—what way? Think of him
 as you stand
 By the old church to-day;—think of him
 and that band
 Of militant plowboys! See the smoke and
 the heat
 Of that reckless advance,—of that straggling
 retreat!
 Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in
 your view,—
 And what could you, what should you, what
 would you do?

Why, just what he did! They were left in
 the lurch
 For the want of more wadding. He ran to
 the church,
 Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed
 out in the road
 With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw
 down his load

At their feet! then above all the shouting
 and shots,
 Rang his voice, — "Put Watts into 'em, —
 Boys, give 'em Watts!"
 And they did. That is all. Grasses spring,
 flowers blow

Pretty much as they did ninety-three years
 ago.
 You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up
 a ball, —
 But not always a hero like this, — and that's
 all.

Bret Hartc.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

[CERTAIN machines in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannon at any thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.]

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend
 Trill forth harmonious ditty;
 Strange things I'll tell, which late befell,
 In Philadelphia city.

'T was early day, as poets say,
 Just when the sun was rising,
 A soldier stood, on a log of wood,
 And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
 The truth can't be denied, sir,
 He spied a score of kegs or more
 Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
 This strange appearance viewing,
 First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
 Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
 Packed up like pickled herring,
 And they're come down, to attack the town,
 In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
 And, scared almost to death, sir,
 Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
 And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
 Most frantic scenes were acted;
 And some ran here, and others there,
 Like men almost distracted.

Some "fire!" cried, which some denied,
 But said the earth had quakéd;
 And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
 Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
 Lay all this time a-snozing,
 Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm,
 In bed with Mrs. Loring.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,
 Awaked by such a clatter;
 He rubs his eyes, and boldly cries,
 "For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside, he then espied,
 Sir Erskine at command, sir,
 Upon one foot he had one boot,
 And t'other in his hand, sir.

"Arise! arise," Sir Erskine cries,
 "The rebels, — more's the pity, —
 Without a boat, are all afloat,
 And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
 With Satan for their guide, sir,
 Packed up in bags or wooden kegs,
 Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war;
 These kegs must all be routed,
 Or surely we despised shall be,
 And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
 All ranged in dread array, sir,
 With stomachs stout, to see it out,
 And make a bloody day, sir.

E'er cannons roar from shore to shore,
 The small arms make a rattle;
 Since wars began, I'm sure no man
 Ere saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
 With rebel trees surrounded,
 The distant woods, the hills and floods,
 With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
 Attacked from every quarter;
 Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay.
 'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
 Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
 Could not oppose their powerful foes,
 The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night, these men of might
 Displayed amazing courage;
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retired to sup their porridge

An hundred men, with each a pen,
 Or more, upon my word, sir,
 It is most true, would be too few
 Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
 Against those wicked kegs, sir,
 That years to come, if they get home,
 They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

Francis Hopkinson.

THE FOREST CEMETERY.

WILD Tawasentha!* in thy brook-laced glen
 The doe no longer lists her lost fawn's
 bleating,
 As panting there, escaped from hunter's ken,
 She hears the chase o'er distant hills
 retreating;
 No more, uprising from the fern around her,
 The Indian archer, from his "still-hunt"
 lair,
 Wings the death-shaft which hath that
 moment found her
 When Fate seemed foiled upon her foot-
 steps there:

Wild Tawasentha! on thy cone-strewed sod,
 O'er which yon pine his giant arm is
 bending,
 No more the Mohawk marks its dark crown
 nod
 Against the sun's broad disk toward night
 descending,
 Then crouching down beside the brands
 that redden

The columned trunks which rear thy leafy
 dome,
 Forgets his toils in hunter's slumbers leaden,
 Or visions of the red man's spirit home:

But where his calumet by that lone fire,
 At night beneath these cloistered boughs
 was lighted,
 The Christian orphan will in prayer aspire,
 The Christian parent mourn his proud
 hope blighted;
 And in thy shade the mother's heart will
 listen

The spirit-cry of babe she clasps no more,
 And where thy rills through hemlock-
 branches glisten,
 There many a maid her lover will deplore.

Here children linked in love and sport
 together,
 Who check their mirth as creaks the
 slow hearse by,
 Will totter lonely in life's autumn weather,

* Meaning in Mohawk, "The place of the many dead."



To ponder where life's spring-time blossoms lie;
 And where the virgin soil was never dented
 By the rude plowshare since creation's birth,
 Year after year fresh furrows will be printed
 Upon the sad cheek of the grieving Earth.

Yon sun, returning in unwearied stages,
 Will gild the cenotaph's ascending spire,
 O'er names on history's yet unwritten pages
 That unborn crowds will, worshiping,
 admire;

Names that shall brighten through my
 country's story
 Like meteor hues that fire her autumn
 woods,
 Encircling high her onward course of glory
 Like the bright bow which spans her
 mountain-floods.

Here where the flowers have bloomed and
 died for ages,— [sung,—
 Bloomed all unseen, and perished all un-
 On youth's green grave, traced out beside
 the sage's,

Will garlands now by votive hearts be
 flung;
 And sculptured marble and funereal urn,
 O'er which gray birches to the night air
 wave,
 Will whiten through thy glades at every turn,
 And woo the moonbeam to some poet's
 grave!

Thus back to Nature, faithful, do we come,
 When Art hath taught us all her best
 beguiling,
 Thus blend their ministry around the tomb
 Where, pointing upward, still sits Nature
 smiling!

And never, Nature's hallowed spots adorning,
 Hath Art with her a somber garden dressed,
 Wild Tawasentha! in this vale of mourning
 With more to consecrate their children's
 rest.

And still that stream will hold its winsome
 way,
 Sparkling as now upon the frosty air,
 When all in turn shall troop in pale array
 To that dim land for which so few prepare.
 Still will yon oak, which now a sapling waves,
 Each year renewed, with hardy vigor grow,
 Expanding still to shade the nameless graves
 Of nameless men that haply sleep below.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

[THE name of "the little black-eyed rebel" was Mary Redmond. She was the daughter of a patriot who lived in Philadelphia at the time it was occupied by the British troops. In that city, and at the above-mentioned time, the incident told in the poem took place.]

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded
 down
 With food to feed the people of the British-
 governed town;
 And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent
 and sly,
 Was watching for his coming from the
 corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands
 were brown and tough,
 The clothes he wore upon him were home-
 spun, coarse, and rough;
 But one there was who watched him, who
 long time lingered nigh,
 And cast at him sweet glances from the
 corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in
 the line;
 His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair
 and fine;

But long and long he waited, and no one
 came to buy,
 Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from
 the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted
 long and loud;
 And "Who wants my potatoes?" he re-
 peated to the crowd;
 But from all the people round him came
 no word of a reply,
 Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from
 the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the
 coat he wore that day
 Were long letters from the husbands and
 the fathers far away,
 Who were fighting for the freedom that they
 meant to gain or die;
 And a tear like silver glistened in the corner
 of her eye.

But the treasures,—how to get them? crept
 the question through her mind,
 Since keen enemies were watching for what
 prizes they might find:
 And she paused awhile and pondered, with
 a pretty little sigh;
 Then resolve crept through her features, and
 a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon
 old and red;
 “May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?”
 she sweetly said:
 And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for
 the boy was somewhat shy,
 And he saw her laughing at him from the
 corner of her eye.

“You may have them all for nothing, and
 more, if you want,” quoth he.
 “I will have them, my good fellow, but can
 pay for them,” said she;
 And she clambered on the wagon, minding
 not who all were by,
 With a laugh of reckless romping in the
 corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped
 her fingers white and small,
 And then whispered, “Quick! the letters!
 thrust them underneath my shawl!
 Carry back again this package, and be sure
 that you are sly!”
 And she sweetly smiled upon him from the
 corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at
 the strange, ungirlish freak,
 And the boy was scared and panting, and
 so dashed he could not speak;
 And “Miss, I have good apples,” a bolder
 lad did cry;
 But she answered, “No, I thank you,” from
 the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the
 dear friends they would greet,
 Searching them who hungered for them, swift
 she glided through the street.
 “There is nothing worth the doing that it
 does not pay to try,”
 Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a
 twinkle in her eye.

William M. Carleton.

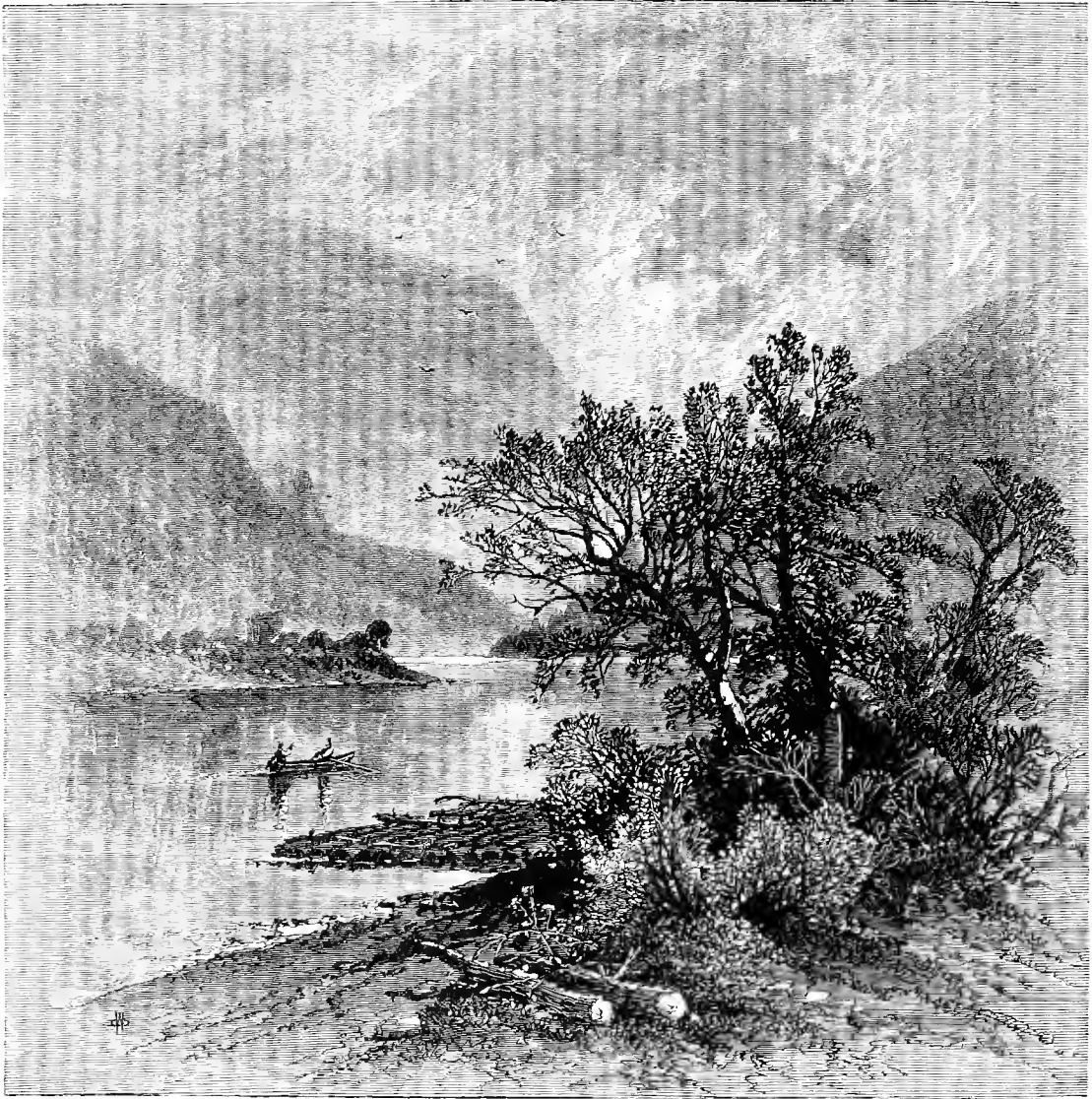
THE UPPER SARANAC.

WILD forest lake, thy waters spread
 A mirror for the welkin's bound!
 Thy breezes glide with rippling tread;
 Thy linking brooks send tinkling sound.
 Down to thy wave the fish-hawk swoops:
 The wood-duck floats within thy bays;
 Its trunks the water-maple groups
 Along thy banks of leafy maze.
 The gull darts by, a flash of snow;
 Deep from thy brink green pictures gleam;
 The loon shouts o'er, and shoots below;
 The soft haze folds thee in a dream.
 The lily lifts its creamy cup
 In thy broad shallows, amber clear;

And there the thatch shoots bristling up,
 And there steals down the drinking deer.
 On thy bright breast each fairy isle
 Strews its rock-vase, with foliage brimmed;
 And from thee grandly, pile on pile,
 Soar the steep crags with thunders rimmed.
 In thy smooth glades the camp-fire flames:
 The hunter's light boat tracks thy wave:
 Thy ooze in caves the muskrat frames;
 The otter in thee loves to lave.
 Wild forest lake! oh, would my home,
 My happy home, were reared by thee!
 Thence would my full heart never roam.
 From care and trouble ever free.

Alfred B. Street.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.



Our western land can boast no lovelier spot.
 The hills which in their ancient grandeur
 stand
 Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks
 seem
 Of this wild scene, resolved that none but
 Heaven
 Shall look upon its beauty. Round their
 breast
 A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,

Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while
 below
 The silent river, with majestic sweep,
 Pursues his shadowed way,—his glassy face
 Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wildswan
 To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
 Talk ye of solitude? It is not here.
 Nor silence. Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
 Those towering hills hold converse with
 the sky

That smiles upon their summits; and the wind
Which stirs their wooded sides whispers of
 life,
And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf,
Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright,
And nod to greet his coming! And the
 brook,
That with its silvery gleam comes leaping
 down
From the hillside, has, too, a tale to tell;
The wild bird's music mingles with its chime;
And gay young flowers, that blossom in its
 path,
Send forth their perfume as an added gift.

The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,
When not a sound was heard along his
 shores,
Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
Of some expiring captive, and no bark
E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
Are vocal often with the hunter's song;
Now visit, in their glad and onward course,
The abodes of happy men,—gardens and
 fields,
And cultured plains,—still bearing, as they
 pass,
Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

Elizabeth F. Ellet.

MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH.

On the bloody field of Monmouth
 Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne,
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
 Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
 Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting,
 Stood an Irish Cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
 Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
 Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
 Greene and Lee's Brigades could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
 And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
 Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
 That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
 Swept a furious fusillade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
 In the ranks of Greene's Brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
 Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
 Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
 Stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
 Dead—beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
 And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
 At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades, it is folly
 Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly,
 "We can strike another blow."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
 In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
 Fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
 Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
 "For the flag of Washington."

Greene's Brigade, though torn and shattered,
 Slain and bleeding half their men,
 When they heard that Irish slogan,
 Turned and charged the foe again.
 Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
 To the front they forward wheel,
 And before their rushing onset
 Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
 Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
 Till there lay in swarms around it
 Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
 "Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
 'T was the voice of Washington,
 And there burst a fiery greeting
 From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns
 Leap the troops of Mayne and Lee,
 And before their reeking bayonets
 Clinton's red battalions flee.
 Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
 Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
 And, behind them onward dashing,
 Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
 Who in all their glory came,
 With their brutal Hessian hirelings
 To wipe out our country's name.
 Proudly floats the starry banner,
 Monmouth's glorious field is won,
 And in triumph Irish Molly
 Stands beside her smoking gun.

William Collins.

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS.

STRANGERS! your eyes are on that valley
 fixed
 Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
 When the mind's wings o'erspread
 The spirit-world of dreams.

True, 'tis a scene of loveliness,—the bright
 Green dwelling of the summer's first-born
 Hours,
 Whose wakened leaf and bud
 Are welcoming the morn.

And morn returns the welcome, sun and cloud
 Smile on the green earth from their home
 in heaven,
 Even as a mother smiles
 Above her cradled boy,

And wreath their light and shade o'er plain
 and mountain,
 O'er sleepless seas of grass whose waves are
 flowers,
 The river's golden shores,
 The forests of dark pines.

The song of the wild bird is on the
 wind
 The hum of the wild bee, the music wild,
 Of waves upon the bank,
 Of leaves upon the bough.

But all is song and beauty in the land,
 Beneath her skies of June; then journey
 on,
 A thousand scenes like this
 Will greet you ere the eve.

Ye linger yet,—ye see not, hear not
 now,
 The sunny smile, the music of to-day,
 Your thoughts are wandering up,
 Far up the stream of time;

And boyhood's lore and fireside-listened
 tales
 Are rushing on your memories, as ye
 breathe
 That valley's storied name,
 Field of the Grounded Arms.

Strangers no more, a kindred "pride of
place,"

Pride in the gift of country and of name,
Speaks in your eye and step,—
Ye tread your native land.

And your high thoughts are on her glory's
day,

The solemn sabbath of the week of battle,
Whose tempests bowed to earth
Her foeman's banner here.

The forest leaves lay scattered cold and
dead,

Upon the withered grass that autumn morn,
When, with as withered hearts
And hopes as dead and cold,

A gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom,
And at their conqueror's feet
Laid their war-weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed but not dishon-
ored:

Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded
there:
The soldier's trial task
Is not alone "to die."

Honor to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's fame,
Nor mocks his captive's doom,—
The bitterest cup of war.

But be that bitterest cup the doom of all
Whose swords are lightning flashes in the
cloud

Of the Invader's wrath,
Threatening a gallant land.

His armies' trumpet-tones wake not alone
Her slumbering echoes; from a thousand
hills

Her answering voices shout,
And her bells ring to arms!

Then danger hovers o'er the Invader's
march,

On raven wings, hushing the song of fame,
And glory's hues of beauty
Fade from the cheek of death.

A foe is heard in every rustling leaf,
A fortress seen in every rock and tree,
The eagle eye of art
Is dim and powerless then,

And war becomes a people's joy, the
drum

Man's merriest music, and the field of death
His couch of happy dreams,
After life's harvest home.

He battles heart and arm, his own blue
sky

Above him, and his own green land around,
Land of his father's grave,
His blessing and his prayers,

Land where he learned to lisp a mother's
name,

The first beloved in life, the last forgot,
Land of his frolic youth,
Land of his bridal eve,

Land of his children—vain your columned
strength,

Invaders! vain your battles' steel and
fire!

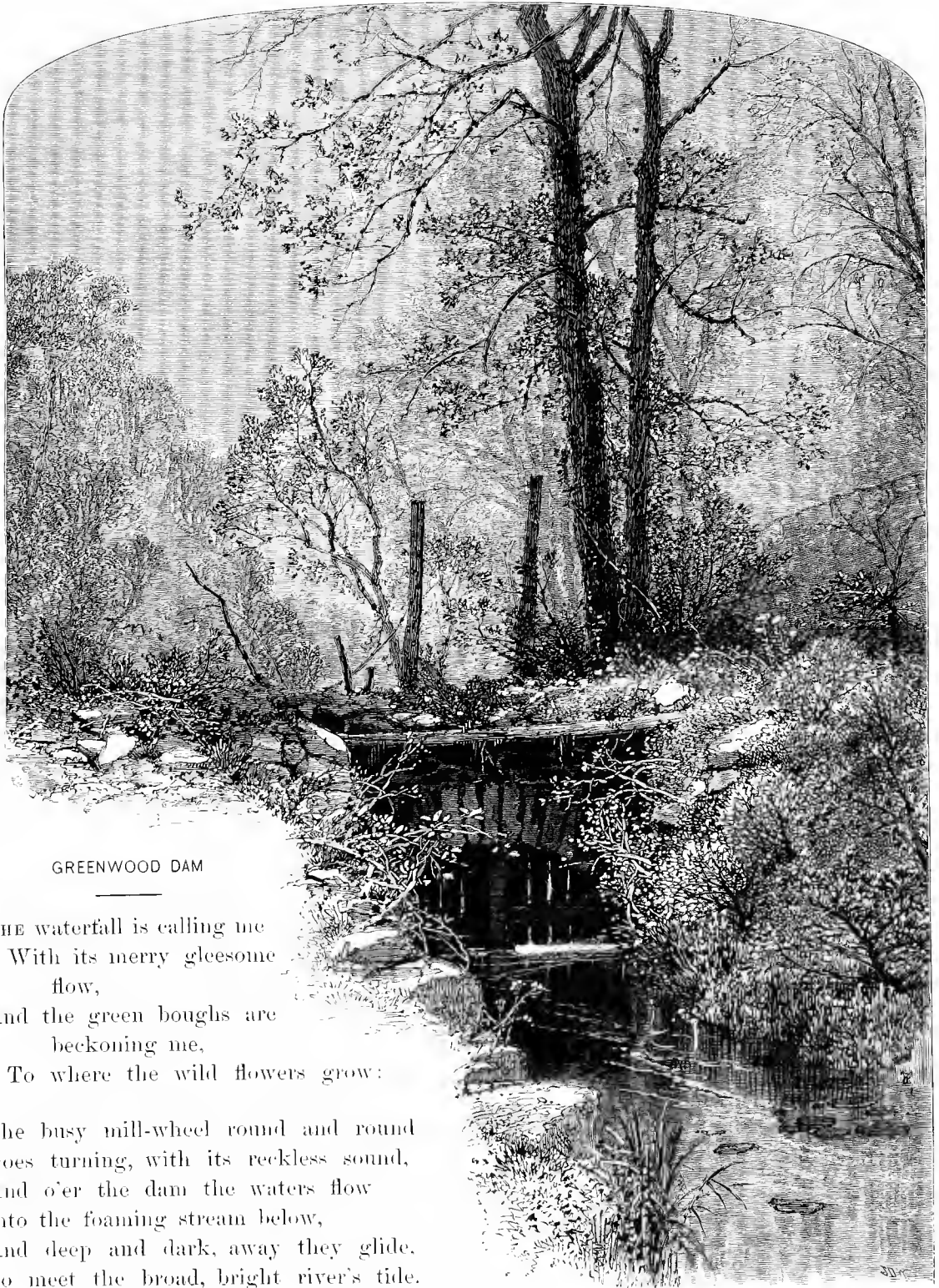
Choose ye the morrow's doom—
A prison or a grave.

And such were Saratoga's victors—such
The Yeomen-Brave, whose deeds and death
have given

A glory to her skies,
A music to her name.

In honorable life her fields they trod,
In honorable death they sleep below;

Their sons' proud feelings here
Their noblest monuments.



GREENWOOD DAM

THE waterfall is calling me
 With its merry gleesome
 flow,
 And the green boughs are
 beckoning me,
 To where the wild flowers grow:

The busy mill-wheel round and round
 Goes turning, with its reckless sound,
 And o'er the dam the waters flow
 Into the foaming stream below,
 And deep and dark, away they glide,
 To meet the broad, bright river's tide.



R. H. Stoddard.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests
of green,
Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan
scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of
the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with
delight;
Here the wild floweret blossomed, the elm
proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank
that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick
tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirl-
winds deform,
And gloried in thunder and lightning and
storm;

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children
of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang
in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he
bears:

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape
surveyed,
With its fragrant wild-flowers, its wide
waving shade;
Where Passaic meanders through margins
of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he
laid low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels
to flow;

He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice
gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering
wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the
long lapse of time,
Cultivation has softened those features sub-
lime;
The ax of the white man has lightened
the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the thick-
eted glade.



But the stranger still gazes, with wondering
eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted
on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong, embos-
somed in foam.

Washington Irving.

MY OWN DARK GENESEE.

THEY told me southern land could boast
 Charms richer than mine own:
 Sun, moon, and stars of brighter glow,
 And winds of gentler tone;
 And parting from each olden haunt,
 Familiar rock and tree,
 From that sweet vale I wandered far—
 Washed by the Genesee.



I pined beneath a foreign sky,
 Though birds, like harps in tune,

Lulled Winter on a couch of flowers
 Clad in the garb of June.
 In vain on reefs of coral broke
 The glad waves of the sea;
 For, like thy voice they sounded not,
 My own dark Genesee!

When Christmas came, though round me grew
 The lemon-tree and lime,
 And the warm sky above me threw
 The blue of summer-time;
 I thought of my loved northern home,
 And wished for wings to flee
 Where frost-bound, between frozen banks,
 Lay hushed the Genesee.

For the gray, mossed paternal roof
 My throbbing bosom yearned,
 And ere the flight of many moons
 My steps I homeward turned;
 My heart, to joy a stranger long,
 Was tuned to rapture's key,
 When I the murmur heard once more
 Of my own Genesee.

Ambition from the scenes of youth
 May others lure away
 To chase the phantom of renown
 Throughout their little day;
 I would not, for a palace proud
 And slave of pliant knee,
 Forsake a cabin in thy vale,
 My own dark Genesee.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

LAKE SARATOGA.

A LADY stands beside the silver lake.
 "What," said the Mohawk, "wouldst thou
 have me do?"
 "Across the water, sir, be pleased to take
 Me and my children in thy bark canoe."

"Ah!" said the Chief, "thou knowest not,
 I think,
 The legend of the lake,—hast ever heard
 That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink,
 If any passenger shall speak a word?"

“Full well we know the Indian’s strange
belief,”

The lady answered, with a civil smile;
“But take us o’er the water, mighty Chief;
In rigid silence we will sit the while.”

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake, the woman gave
Her tongue its wonted play,—but still they
float,

And pass in safety o’er the utmost wave!

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;

No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman’s face.

“What think you now?” the lady gayly said;
“Safely to land your frail canoe is brought!
No harm, you see, has touched a single head!
So superstition ever comes to naught.”

Smiling, the Mohawk said, “Our safety shows
That God is merciful to old and young;
Thanks unto the Great Spirit!—well he
knows

The pale-faced woman can not hold her
tongue!”

John Godfrey Saxe.

NEVERSINK.

THESE hills, the pride of all the coast,
To mighty distance seen,
With aspect bold and rugged brow,
That shade the neighboring main;
These heights, for solitude designed,
This rude, resounding shore,
These vales, impervious to the wind,
Tall oaks, that to the tempest bend,
Half Druid, I adore.

From distant lands a thousand sails
Your hazy summits greet,—
You saw the angry Briton come,
You saw him, last, retreat!
With towering crest, you first appear
The news of land to tell;
To him that comes, fresh joys impart,
To him that goes, a heavy heart,
The lover’s long farewell.

’Tis yours to see the sailor bold,
Of persevering mind,
To see him rove in search of care,
And leave true bliss behind;
To see him spread his flowing sails

To trace a tiresome road,
By wintry seas and tempests chased,
To see him o’er the ocean haste,
A comfortless abode!

Your thousand springs of waters blue
What luxury to sip,
As from the mountain’s breast they
flow

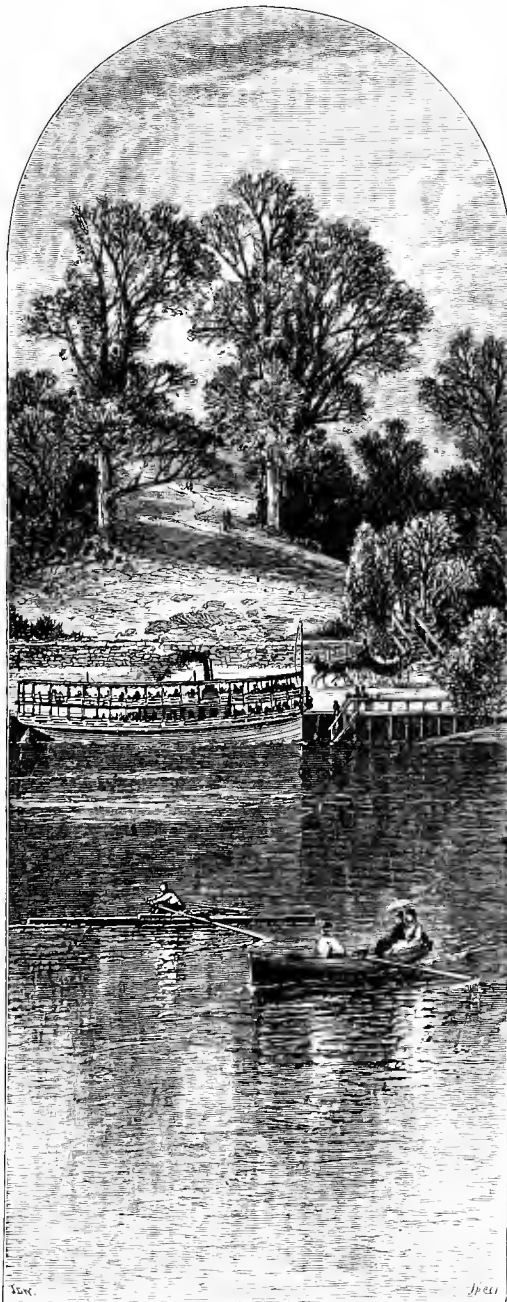
To moisten Flora’s lip!
In vast retirements herd the deer,
Where forests round them rise,
Dark groves, their tops in ether lost,
That, haunted still by Huddy’s ghost,
The trembling rustic flies.

Proud heights! with pain so often seen
(With joy beheld once more),
On your firm base I take my stand,
Tenacious of the shore:
Let those who pant for wealth or fame
Pursue the watery road;
Soft sleep and ease, blest days and nights,
And health, attend these favorite heights,
Retirement’s blest abode!

Philip Freneau.

THE BURIAL PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
 Life's lingering languors o'er, its labors done,
 Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth
 and sky,
 Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.



Here the long concourse from the murmur-
 ing town,
 With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in,
 To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
 No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

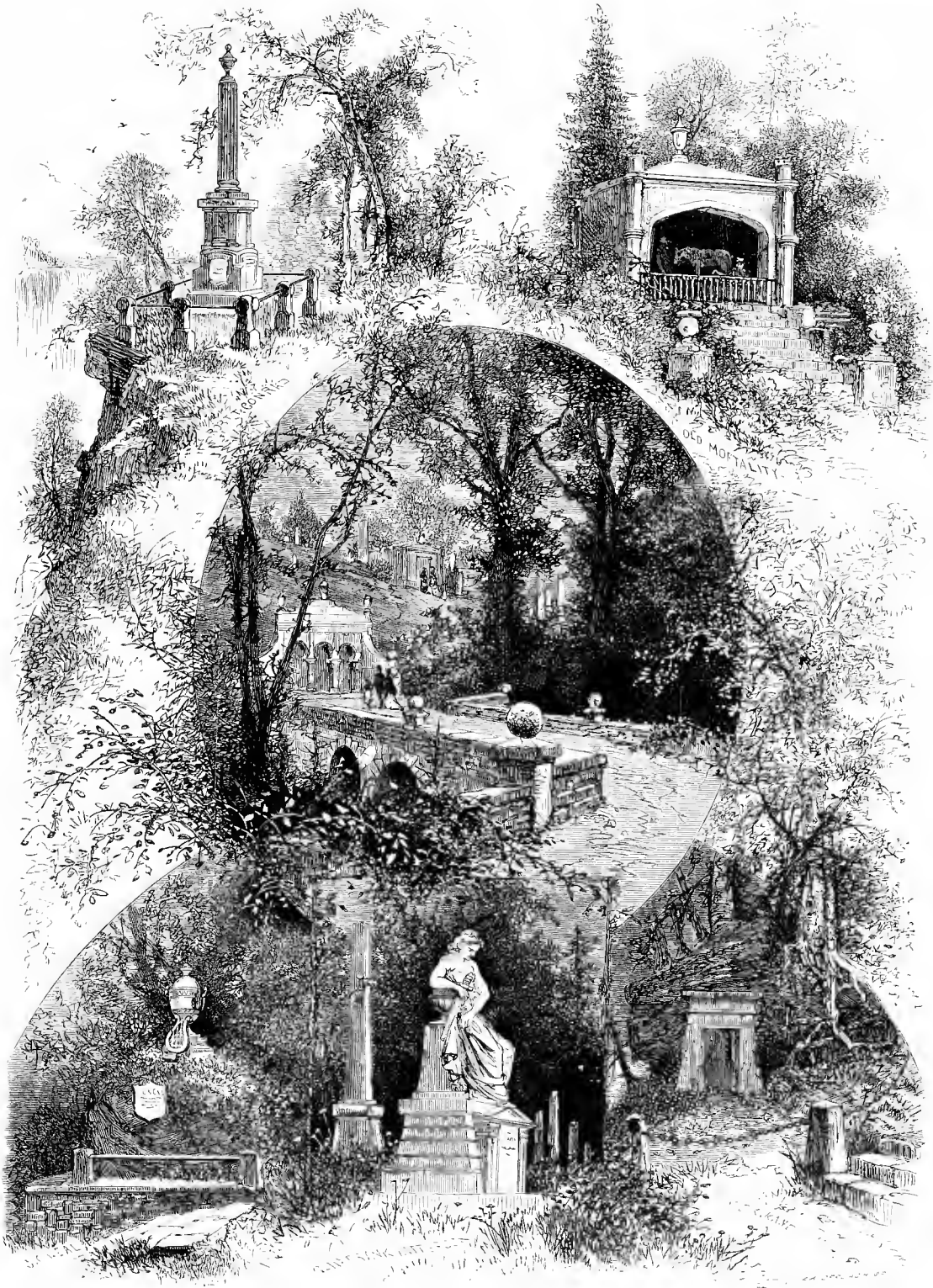
And in this hallowed spot, where Nature
 showers
 Her summer smiles from fair and stainless
 skies,
 Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers,
 Whose fragrant incense from the grave
 shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved
 with words
 Which grief sententious gives to marble
 pale,
 Shall teach the heart: while waters, leaves,
 and birds
 Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and where-
 fore pour
 On scented airs the unavailing sigh—
 While sun-bright waves are quivering to
 the shore,
 And landscapes blooming—that the loved
 must die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:
 Soon rainbow colors on the woods will
 fall,
 And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
 As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
 Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will
 stand,
 While the chained streams are silent as the
 ground,
 As Death had numbed them with his icy
 hand.



"Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie"

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise
 in spring,
 Like struggling daybeams o'er a blasted
 heath,
 The bird returned shall poise her golden
 wing,
 And liberal Nature break the spell of
 . Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
 The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise,

And hear the archangel's thrilling summons
 blend
 Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
 Where dazzling streams and vernal fields
 expand;
 Where Love her crown attains,—her trials
 past, —
 And, filled with rapture, hails the "better
 land"!

Willis Gaylord Clark.

LAKE WYALUSING.

Joy like a wave o'erflowed my soul,
 While looking on its basin round,
 That fancy named a sparkling bowl
 By hoop of fadeless emerald bound,
 From which boon Nature's holy hand
 Baptised the nymphs of mountain land.

It blushes in the morning's glow,
 And glitters in the sunset ray,
 When brooks that run far, far below
 Have murmured out farewell to day;
 The moonlight on its placid breast,
 When dark the valley, loves to rest.

Wheeling in circles overhead,
 The feathered king a war-scream gave;
 His form, with pinion wide outspread,
 Was traced so clearly on the wave,
 That seemingly its glass was stirred
 By flappings of the gallant bird.

Not far away were rocky shelves
 With the soft moss of ages lined,
 And seated there a row of elves
 By moonlight would the poet find:
 Fairies, from slumber in the shade
 Waking with soft-voiced serenade.

The waters slept, by wind uncurled,
 Encircled by a zone of green:
 The reflex of some purer world
 Within their radiant blue was seen,—
 I felt, while musing on the shore,
 As if strong wings my soul upbore.

Lake, flashing in the mountain's crown!
 Thought pictures thee some diamond bright,
 That dawn had welcomed,—fallen down
 From the starred canopy of night;
 Or chrysolite, by thunder rent
 From Heaven's eternal battlement.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

THE AUSABLE.

In the stately Indian Pass,
 From my fount of shadowy glass,
 I struggle along in hollow song
 On my blind and caverned way.

Sharp, splintered crags ascend,
 Wild firs above me bend,
 And I leap and dash with many a flash
 To find the welcome day.

The lean wolf laps my flow;
 In my pointed pools below,
 The grand gray eagle's tawny eye
 Like lightning fires the gloom.
 Not oft is the warbling bird
 In my jagged cradle heard,
 For I am the child of the savage and wild,
 Not pet of the sun and bloom.

I smite, in headlong shocks,
 Roots clutching the ragged rocks,
 And the blocks of my sable basins;
 And the chasms my fury plows,
 Where the raven, as o'er he flies,
 Sees the frown of his deepest dyes,
 As the murkiest pall of the forest
 Is flung from the dungeon-boughs.

Old Whiteface cleaves apart
 In dizziest heights his heart
 For the roll of my rocky waters;
 And I lighten and thunder through.
 And sometimes I tame my will
 To sing like the wren-like rill,
 And I mirror the flower and bending bower,
 And laugh in the open blue.

But sometimes the cataract-rain
 Fills my breast with frantic disdain,
 And my boiling deep shoots torrent-like,
 Lashing and crashing past;—
 Whole forests I tear in my wrath;
 Whole hamlets I strew on my path,
 Till my wild waves break upon the lake,
 And I slumber in peace at last.

Alfred B. Street.

TO THE WISSAHICCON.

My feet shall tread no more thy mossy side,
 When once they turn away, thou Pleasant
 Water,
 Nor ever more, reflected in thy tide,
 Will shine the eyes of the White Island's
 daughter.
 But often in my dreams, when I am gone
 Beyond the sea that parts thy home and mine,
 Upon thy banks the evening sun will shine,
 And I shall hear thy low, still flowing on.
 And when the burthen of existence lies
 Upon my soul, darkly and heavily,
 I'll clasp my hands over my weary eyes,
 Thou Pleasant Water, and thy clear
 waves see.
 Bright be thy course for ever and for ever,
 Child of pure mountain springs, and
 mountain snow;
 And as thou wanderest on to meet the river,
 Oh, still in light and music mayst thou flow!
 I never shall come back to thee again,
 When once my sail is shadowed on the main,
 Nor ever shall I hear thy laughing voice

As on their rippling way thy waves rejoice,
 Nor ever see the dark green cedar throw
 Its gloomy shade o'er the clear depths below;
 Never, from stony rifts of granite gray,
 Sparkling like diamond rocks in the sun's
 ray,
 Shall I look down on thee, thou pleasant
 stream,
 Beneath whose crystal folds the gold sands
 gleam;
 Wherefore, farewell! but whensoe'er again
 The wintry spell melts from the earth and
 air;
 And the young Spring comes dancing
 through thy glen,
 With fragrant, flowery breath, and sunny
 hair;
 When through the snow the scarlet berries
 gleam,
 Like jewels strewn upon thy banks, fair
 stream,
 My spirit shall through many a summer's day
 Return, among thy peaceful woods to stray.

Frances Anne Kemble.



On the Wissahiccon.

FUIT ILIUM.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT ELIZABETH, N. J.

ONE by one they died,—

 Last of all their race;
Nothing left but pride,
 Lace, and buckled hose.

Their quietus made,
On their dwelling-place
Ruthless hands are laid:
 Down the old house goes!

See the ancient manse
 Meet its fate at last!
Time, in his advance,
 Age nor honor knows;
Axe and broadaxe fall,
 Lopping off the Past:
Hit with bar and maul,
 Down the old house goes!

Sevenscore years it stood:
 Yes, they built it well,
Though they built of wood,
 When that house arose.
For its cross-beams square
 Oak and walnut fell;
Little worse for wear,
 Down the old house goes!

Rending board and plank,
 Men with crowbars ply,
Opening fissures dank,
 Striking deadly blows.
From the gabled roof
 How the shingles fly!
Keep you here aloof,—
 Down the old house goes!

Holding still its place,
 There the chimney stands,
Stanch from top to base,
 Frowning on its foes.

Heave apart the stones,
 Burst its iron bands!
How it shakes and groans!
 Down the old house goes!

Round the mantel-piece
 Glisten Scripture tiles;
Henceforth they shall cease
 Painting Egypt's woes,
Painting David's fight,
 Fair Bathsheba's smiles,
Blinded Samson's might,—
 Down the old house goes!

On these oaken floors
 High-shoed ladies trod;
Through those panelled doors
 Trailed their furbelows:
Long their day has ceased;
 Now, beneath the sod,
With the worms they feast,—
 Down the old house goes!

Many a bride has stood
 In yon spacious room;
Here her hand was wooed
 Underneath the rose;
O'er that sill the dead
 Reached the family tomb:
All, that were, have fled,—
 Down the old house goes!

Once, in yonder hall,
 Washington, they say,
Led the New-Year's ball,
 Stateliest of beaux!
Oh, that minuet,
 Maids and matrons gay!
Are there such sights yet?
 Down the old house goes!

British troopers came
 Ere another year,
 With their coats aflame,
 Mincing on their toes;
 Daughters of the house
 Gave them haughty cheer,
 Laughed to scorn their vows,—
 Down the old house goes!

Doorway high the box
 In the grass-plot spreads;
 It has borne its locks
 Through a thousand snows;
 In an evil day,
 From those garden-beds
 Now 'tis hacked away,—
 Down the old house goes!

Lo! the sycamores,
 Scathed and scrawny mates,
 At the mansion doors
 Shiver, full of woes;
 With its life they grew,
 Guarded well its gates;
 Now their task is through,—
 Down the old house goes!

On this honored site
 Modern trade will build,—
 What unseemly fright
 Heaven only knows!
 Something peaked and high,
 Smacking of the guild:
 Let us heave a sigh,—
 Down the old house goes!

Edmund Clarence Sedman.

VALLEY FORGE.



O'ER town and cottage, vale and height,
 Down came the Winter, fierce and white,
 And shuddering wildly, as distraught
 At horrors his own hand had wrought.

His child, the young Year, newly born,
 Cheerless, cowering, and affrighted,
 Wailed with a shivering voice forlorn,
 As on a frozen heath benighted.

In vain the hearths were set aglow,
 In vain the evening lamps were lighted,
 To cheer the dreary realm of snow:
 Old Winter's brow would not be smoothed,
 Nor the young Year's wailing soothed.
 How sad the wretch at morn or eve
 Compelled his starving home to leave,
 Who, plunged breast-deep from drift to drift,
 Toils slowly on from rift to rift,
 Still hearing in his aching ear
 The cry his fancy whispers near,
 Of little ones who weep for bread
 Within an ill-provided shed!

But wilder, fiercer, sadder still,
 Freezing the tear it caused to start,
 Was the inevitable chill
 Which pierced a nation's agued heart,—
 A nation with its naked breast
 Against the frozen barriers prest,
 Heaving its tedious way and slow
 Through shifting gulfs and drifts of woe,
 Where every blast that whistled by
 Was bitter with its children's cry.

Such was the winter's awful sight
 For many a dreary day and night,
 What time our country's hope forlorn,
 Of every needed comfort shorn,
 Lay housed within a hurried tent,
 Where every keen blast found a rent,
 And oft the snow was seen to sift
 Along the floor its piling drift,

Or, mocking the scant blanket's fold,
 Across the night-couch frequent rolled;
 Where every path by a soldier beat,
 Or every track where a sentinel stood,
 Still held the print of naked feet,
 And oft the crimson stains of blood;
 Where Famine held her spectral court,
 And joined by all her fierce allies:
 She ever loved a camp or fort
 Beleaguered by the wintry skies,—
 But chiefly when Disease is by,
 To sink the frame and dim the eye,
 Until, with seeking forehead bent,
 In martial garments cold and damp,
 Pale Death patrols from tent to tent,
 To count the charnels of the camp.

Such was the winter that prevailed
 Within the crowded, frozen gorge;
 Such were the horrors that assailed
 The patriot band at Valley Forge.

It was a midnight storm of woes
 To clear the sky for Freedom's morn;
 And such must ever be the throes
 The hour when Liberty is born.

The chieftain, by his evening lamp,
 Whose flame scarce cheered the hazy damp,
 Sat toiling o'er some giant plan,
 With maps and charts before him spread,
 Beholding in his warrior scan
 The paths which through the future led.

Thomas Buchanan Read.



JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
 Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!
 Brief is the glory that hero earns,
 Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
 He was the fellow who won renown,—
 The only man who didn't back down
 When the rebels rode through his native town,
 But held his own in the fight next day,
 When all his townfolk ran away.
 That was in July, sixty-three,
 The very day that General Lee,
 Flower of Southern chivalry,
 Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
 From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
 I might tell how, but the day before,
 John Burns stood at his cottage door,
 Looking down the village street,
 Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
 He heard the low of his gathered kine,
 And felt their breath with incense sweet;
 Or I might say, when the sunset burned
 The old farm gable, he thought it turned
 The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
 Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
 Or how he fancied the hum of bees
 Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
 But all such fanciful thoughts as these
 Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
 Who minded only his own concerns,
 Troubled no more by fancies fine
 Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
 Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
 Slow to argue, but quick to act.
 That was the reason, as some folks say,
 He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
 Raged for hours the heady fight,
 Thundered the battery's double bass,—
 Difficult music for men to face;
 While on the left—where now the graves
 Undulate like the living waves

That all that day unceasing swept
 Up to the pits the rebels kept—
 Round shot plowed the upland glades,
 Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
 Shattered fenees here and there
 Tossed their splinters in the air;
 The very trees were stripped and bare;
 The barns that once held yellow grain
 Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
 The cattle bellowed on the plain,
 The turkeys screamed with might and main,
 And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
 With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
 Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
 How do you think the man was dressed?
 He wore an ancient long buff vest,
 Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
 And buttoned over his manly breast
 Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
 And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
 With tails that the country-folk called
 “swaller.”

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
 White as the locks on which it sat.
 Never had such a sight been seen
 For forty years on the village green,
 Since old John Burns was a country beau,
 And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
 Veterans of the Peninsula,
 Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
 And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
 Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
 Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
 Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
 And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
 With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*:
 “How are you, White Hat!” “Put her
 through!”

"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
 Called him "Daddy,"—begged he'd disclose
 The name of the tailor who made his clothes;
 And what was the value he set on those,
 While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
 Stood there picking the rebels off,—
 With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
 And the swallow-tails they were laughing at;
 'T was but a moment, for that respect
 Which clothes all courage their voices
 checked;
 And something the wildest could understand
 Spake in the old man's strong right hand;
 And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
 Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some
 men saw,

In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there;
 And some of the soldiers since declare
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
 That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
 How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
 Broke at the final charge, and ran.
 At which John Burns—a practical man—
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
 This is the moral the reader learns:
 In fighting the battle, the question's whether
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

Bret Harte.

GETTYSBURG ODE.

DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT, JULY 1, 1869.

AFTER the eyes that looked, the lips that
 spake
 Here, from the shadows of impending death,
 Those words of solemn breath,
 What voice may fitly break
 The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?
 We can but bow the head, with eyes grown
 dim,
 And, as a Nation's litany, repeat
 The phrase his martyrdom hath made com-
 plete,
 Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet:
 "Let us, the Living, rather dedicate
 Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
 Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
 And save the perilled State!
 Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
 Their last full measure of devotion gave,
 Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—
 That, under God, the Nation's later birth
 Of Freedom, and the people's gain

Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane
 And perish from the circle of the earth!"
 From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire
 To light her faded fire,
 And into wandering music turn
 Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern?
 His voice all elegies anticipated;
 For, whatsoe'er the strain,
 We hear that one refrain:
 "We consecrate ourselves to them, the
 Consecrated!"

After the thunder-storm our heaven is blue:
 Far-off, along the borders of the sky,
 In silver folds the clouds of battle lie,
 With soft, consoling sunlight shining through;
 And round the sweeping circle of your hills
 The crashing cannon-thrills
 Have faded from the memory of the air;
 And Summer pours from unexhausted fount-
 ains

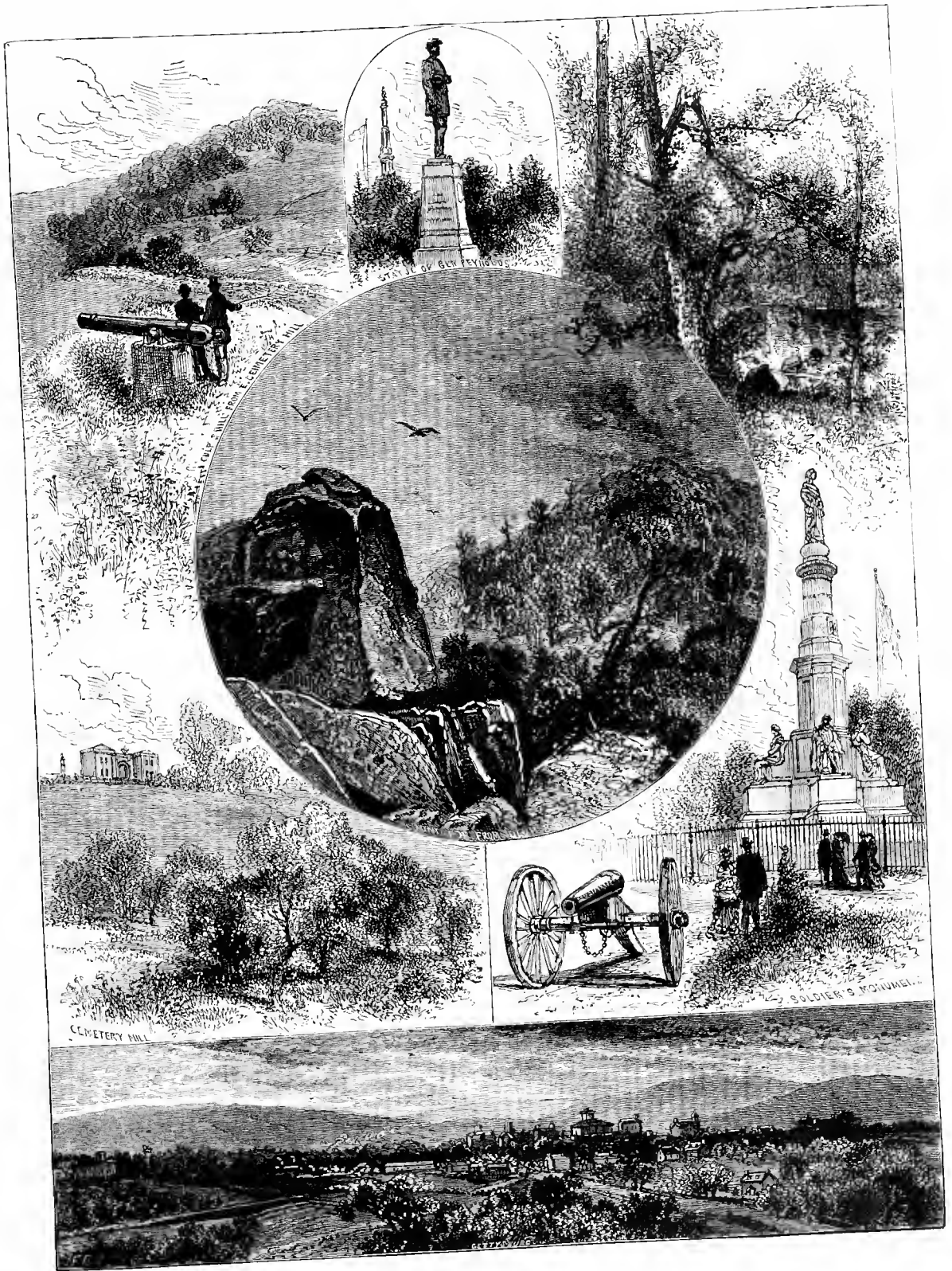
Her bliss on yonder mountains:
 The camps are tenantless, the breastworks
 bare:
 Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was
 poured:
 The hornets, humming on their wings of
 lead,
 Have ceased to sting, their angry swarms
 are dead,
 And, harmless in its scabbard, rusts the
 sword!

Oh, not till now,—Oh, now we dare, at last,
 To give our heroes fitting consecration!
 Not till the soreness of the strife is past,
 And Peace hath comforted the weary
 Nation!
 So long her sad, indignant spirit held
 One keen regret, one throb of pain, unquelled;
 So long the land about her feet was waste,
 The ashes of the burning lay upon her,
 We stood beside their graves with brows
 abased,
 Waiting the purer mood to do them honor!
 They, through the flames of this dread
 holocaust,
 The patriot's wrath, the soldier's ardor,
 lost:
 They sit above us and above our passion,
 Disparaged even by our human tears,—
 Beholding truth our race, perchance, may
 fashion
 In the slow process of the creeping years.
 We saw the still reproof upon their faces;

We heard them whisper from the shining
 spaces:
 “To-day ye grieve: come not to us with
 sorrow!
 Wait for the glad, the reconciled To-morrow!
 Your grief but clouds the ether where we
 dwell;
 Your anger keeps your souls and ours apart:
 But come with peace and pardon, all is well!
 And come with love, we touch you, heart
 to heart!”

Immortal Brothers, we have heard!
 Our lips declare the reconciling word:
 For Battle taught, that set us face to face,
 The stubborn temper of the race,
 And both, from fields no longer alien, come,
 To grander action equally invited,—
 Marshaled by Learning's trump, by Labor's
 drum,
 In strife that purifies and makes united!
 We force to build, the powers that would
 destroy;
 The muscles, hardened by the saber's grasp,
 Now give our hands a firmer clasp:
 We bring not grief to you, but solemn joy!
 And, feeling you so near,
 Look forward with your eyes, divinely clear,
 To some sublimely-perfect, sacred year,
 When sons of fathers whom ye overcame
 Forget in mutual pride the partial blame,
 And join with us, to set the final crown
 Upon your dear renown,—
 The People's Union in heart and name!

Bayard Taylor.



"Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was poured."





AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

ALREADY, close by our summer dwelling,
The Easter sparrow repeats her song:
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The bluebird chants, from the elm's long
branches,

A hymn to welcome the budding year.
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, "The Spring is here."

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before those lays from the elm have
ceased;

The violet breathes, by our door, as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is
waking,

The daffodil is our doorside queen;
She pushes upward the sward already,

To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wry prison in maiden's bower;
No pampered bloom of the green-house
chamber

Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,

Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
 Till looked upon by a loving eye;
 There is no fragrance in April breezes
 Till breathed with joy as they wander
 by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
 The opening flowers, and the gleaming
 brooks,
 And hollows, green in the sun, are waiting
 Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

William Cullen Bryant.

DAWN.

THE night was dark, though sometimes a
 faint star
 A little while a little space made bright.
 The night was long, and like an iron bar
 Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea
 Slowly, within the East, there grew a light
 Which half was starlight, and half seemed
 to be
 The herald of a greater. The pale white
 Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the
 height
 Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea
 grew
 Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew
 Straight toward the utmost boundary of the
 East,
 Where slowly the rose gathered and in-
 creased.

It was as on the opening of a door
 By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold,
 Whose flame is hidden by the garment's
 fold,—
 The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean
 turned
 Dark and more dark against the brightening
 sky,—
 Sharper against the sky the long sea line.
 The hollows of the breakers on the shore
 Were green like leaves whereon no sun doth
 shine,
 Though white the outer branches of the tree.
 From rose to red the level heaven burned;
 Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
 A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim.

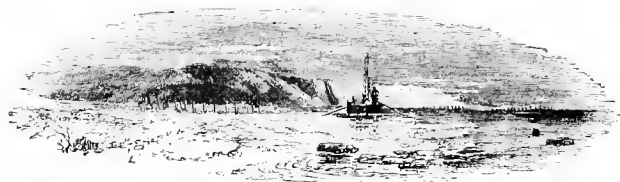
Richard Watson Gilder.

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

SEE what I saw to-day,
 Just as I turned away
 To leave the budding wood,
 And paused and understood
 The meaning of Spring weather:
 Two lovers close together,
 That,—where at last the laughing brook

Glides to the lake,—with dreamy look
 And lips half-parted in a smile,
 Stood charmed to watch a little isle,
 Past which the waves went rippling on
 With softer music to the swan
 That sat there in enchanted rest,
 Unmoving on her nest.

Robert Kelly Weeks.



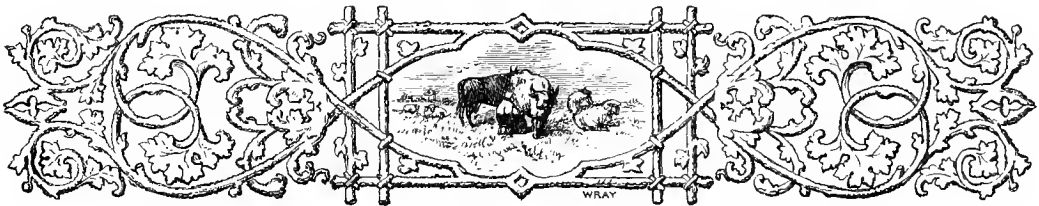
THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

THIS baby-blossom of cold skies,—
 Born half of winter, half of spring,—
 Trembles a little where it lies.
 Of it some sweet child-bard should
 sing,

In whom no flecks of darkness stain
 The silver glosses of his wing.
 But I should mingle with my strain,
 Darling, too many notes of pain
 For days o'erlived in vain, in vain!

William B. Wright.

APRIL.



WHAT wonder if thy tears and smiles
 Steal from of old the poet's heart,
 O fairest Queen of sweetest wiles!
 Then let me bring my homely part
 Of praise—my violet of rhyme.
 Though nobler bards with better art
 Have sung thee many and many a time,—
 Bards that could slip into their strain
 Some threads of tender or sublime,—
 Thou wilt not scorn my weak refrain,
 Knowing how sweet a thing it is
 To sing, though all the song be vain.

Cold Nature, by thy amorous kiss
 Stung sweetly, stirs his limbs and feels
 A thrill of immemorial bliss.
 As a hoar king, whose age congeals
 The merry pulse of early years,
 The flush from cheek and forehead steals,
 And dries the founts of happy tears,—
 Whose servants, seeking through the land,
 Have spied among the wheaten ears,
 Where maidens reap in comely band,
 A creature fashioned wondrously,
 And loosed the sickle from her hand,
 And led her in that she may be
 As summer to the wintry king,

As music to his misery,—
 Feeling about his bosom cling
 Her glowing arms, and o'er his face
 Her flowery breath flow murmuring,
 Loving her for her delicate grace,
 Her tender palm of blandishment,
 Her gracious eyes and winsome ways,
 Perceives his frosty thews relent,
 A subtle blossom in his blood,
 Soft throes of passionate intent;—
 So quickens up to leaf and bud
 The frore earth in thy fervent arms,
 And gets his youth in fiery flood.

Now while the brook forgets his harms,
 The meadows hatch the flowery brood,
 The breeze runs riot with thy charms,
 Bring to the bard his proper good,
 Season, to him who loves thee well;
 And melting down his colder mood,
 Teach all the tender buds to swell—
 The buds of song; pansy, primrose,
 And crocus, these that know thy spell;
 And each young blossom as it blows
 Shall breathe thy love, thy glory tell,
 At morn and when its petals close.

William B. Wright.

A MAY MELODY.

THE earth sails under the arch of May,
 Gay with garlands, and troops attend her;
 The blue sky melts, and day by day
 We walk in visions and dreams of splendor.

The dandelion's disk on the tender green
 Dots with its gold the verdurous spaces;
 On knoll and meadow its glimmer and sheen
 Fill with glory the desolate places.

The robin is turned to an architect,
 Weaving brown twigs in a leafy cover;
 While the phœbe's piteous wail, I suspect,
 Is wrong from her heart by some treacherous lover.

On the river's bank, with a hint of snow,
 The sanguinaria's petals are drifted;
 But the frail anemone you shall know
 By the tenderest touch of the wind uplifted.

The humble-bee tries how closely clear
 He can graze your head on his whizzing
 pinions,
 And beats his boom on the atmosphere
 As he sails for the Sybarite's sweet dominions.

Now darts up the bobolink: watch and see

This acrobat's skill; note his musical
 flavor—

His trilled and tremoloed melody
 On minim and crotchet and semi-quaver.

In the pink-white orchard's pomp and bloom
 The bees are droning their drowsy chorus;
 New birds are coming—make room, make
 room,

For the opulent Summer is just before us!

Joel Benton.

FANTAISIE DE PRINTEMPS.

IN the aisles of the orchard fair blossoms
 are drifting,
 The white petals drop one by one,
 And the tulip's pale stalk from the garden
 is lifting
 A goblet of gems to the sun!

Come, ramble awhile through this exquisite
 weather
 Of days that are fleet to pass,
 When the stem of the willow shoots out a
 green feather,
 And buttercups burn in the grass!

When, pushing the soil from her bonny
 pink shoulders,
 The clover glides forth to the world,

And the fresh mosses gleam on the gray
 rugged bowlders,
 With delicate May-dew impearled!

The brook in the pasture has hidden its
 pebbles,
 Full-flooded with April rain,
 And listen, my love, to the silvery trebles
 That ring from the blossoming lane!

What vows to their sweethearts the gay
 robins utter!

No marvel such woosers are heard!
 Heigh ho! how the bosoms that scorn us
 would flutter,

If man could make love like a bird!

Edgar Favcett.

SERENADE.

I HEAR the dry-voiced insects call,
And "Come," they say, "the night grows
brief!"

I hear the dew-drops pattering fall
From leaf to leaf,—from leaf to leaf.

Your night-lamp glimmers fitfully;
I watch below, you sleep above;
Yet on your blind I seem to see
Your shadow, love,—your shadow, love!

The roses in the night-wind sway,
Their petals glistening with the dew;

As they are longing for the day,
I long for you,—I long for you!

But you are in the land of dreams;
Your eyes are closed, your gentle
breath

So faintly comes, your slumber seems
Almost like death,—almost like death!

Sleep on; but may my music twine
Your sleep with strands of melody,
And lead you, gentle love of mine,
To dream of me,—to dream of me!

George Arnold.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

REQUEST.

THE red day is melting into even,
And the even looks on you and me alone,
As you stand tall and clear against the
westward,
With heaven's glory added to your own.

The sun creeps ablaze among your tresses,
The winds press unchidden to your brow;
If you ever mean to give me what you
promised,
I am ready for it now:—give it now.

The sun greets the earth before his parting,
The waves kiss the shore and trip away,
And cloud leans to cloud across the heaven,
And I wonder you can dare to answer nay.

By the brown stars that bend in mocking
o'er me,
By the brown clouds that loosen on your
brow,
By the wreathed lips that taunt me with
their redness,
I am sworn to have it now:—give it now.

REFUSAL.

THE last words I gave you when we parted,
My last words for evermore shall be:—
You may borrow all the sweets of all the
summer,
But you'll never borrow kisses, sir, from me.

I lend not, I sell not, I give not;
And yet they are to me as little worth
As the common drops of rain, before the
sun-god
Has spanned with them the heaven and
the earth.

The young moon is weaving spells around
us;
The sweet darkness witches us to stay;
The late darkness creeping all around us
Is warning us away,—come away.

You would surely never take what I deny
you,
And yet it were a sin to break a vow:
But if you *meant* to steal it, as I fear me,
You had better do it now:—take it now.

Eliza Sproat Turner.

YOU LEFT ME.

You left me, and the anguish passed,
 And passed the day and passed the night—
 A blank in which my senses failed;
 Then slowly came a mental sight.
 So plain it reproduced the hours
 We lived as one—the books we read,

Our quiet walks and pleasant talks—
 Love, by your spirit was I led?
 Oh, love, the vision grows too dear;
 I live in visions—I pursue
 Them only; come, your rival meet,
 My future bring, it will be—*you*.

Elizabeth Stoddard.

PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
 The cowslip loves the lea;
 The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
 But I love—thee.
 The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
 The stars, they kiss the sea;

The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
 But I kiss—thee!
 The oriole weds his mottled mate:
 The lily's bride o' the bee;
 Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth—
 Shall I wed thee?

Bayard Taylor.

ASHES OF ROSES.

SOMEBODY promised—"Or ever June closes
 I will be with you to gather the roses:
 Failing my share of the blossomy treasure
 May lavished on you in bountiful measure,
 Missing the dew and delight of the
 spring,
 June, I affirm, shall atone for the thing.
 When the sweet summer is blushing in
 roses,
 Watch for me, welcome me—ere your June
 closes."

Somebody else, by the casement leaf-shaded,
 Watched till her roses had blossomed and
 faded:
 Counted the beautiful days as they vanished;
 Hoped until hope from her bosom was ban-
 ished.
 When the fair queen of the summer was dead,
 Sighing, she turned from the window, and said,
 "June will return for the rose and the clover,
 But oh! for the June of my heart that is
 over!"

Mary E. Bradley.

LOVE'S QUEEN.

HE loves not well whose love is bold!
 I would not have thee come too nigh.
 The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
 Unless the sun were in the sky:
 To take him thence and chain him near
 Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state,—do thou keep thine,
 And shine upon me from afar!
 So shall I bask in light divine
 That falls from Love's own guiding-star.
 So shall thy eminence be high,
 And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
 Of lofty longing toward thy face,
 And be as one who speechless stands
 In rapture at some perfect grace.
 My love, my hope, my all, shall be
 To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights;
 Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,
 What time it sways, on moonlit nights,

The murmuring tops of leafy trees;
 And I will touch thy beauteous form
 In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt come not down
 From that pure region far above;
 But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
 Queen of my heart and queen of love!
 A monarch in thy realm complete,
 And I a monarch—at thy feet!

William Winter.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

OH! not in the halls of the noble and proud,
 Where Fashion assembles her glittering
 crowd,
 Where all is in beauty and splendor arrayed,
 Were the nuptials performed of the meek
 Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which
 she took,
 By the altar, the miter-crowned bishop, and
 book;
 Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair
 bride,
 To whisper those vows which through life
 shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to ONE
 Who heeds the deep worship that utters no
 tone;
 Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
 But dwells with the contrite and lowly of
 mind.

'T was there, all unveiled, save by modesty,
 stood
 The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin
 hood;
 Her charms unadorned by the garland or
 gem,
 Yet fair as the lily just plucked from its
 stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,
 And her bosom half-uttered a tremulous sigh,
 As the hand she had pledged was confidently
 given,
 And the low murmured accents recorded in
 heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread
 the board,
 Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets
 was poured,
 Where the priest in his surplice from ritual
 read,
 And the solemn response was impressively
 said.

I've seen the fond sire, in his thin locks of
 gray,
 Give the pride of his heart to the bride-
 groom away,
 While he brushed the big tear from his deep-
 furrowed cheek,
 And bowed the assent which his lips might
 not speak;

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
 Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its
 mien,
 No language so fully the heart to resign,
 As the Quakeress bride's—"UNTIL DEATH I
 AM THINE."

Mrs. E. C. Kinney.

A BIRD OF PASSAGE.

As the day's last light is dying,
 As the night's first breeze is sighing,
 I send you, Love, like a messenger-dove, my
 thought through the distance flying!

Let it perch on your sill; or, better,
 Let it feel your soft hand's fetter,
 While you search and bring, from under its
 wing, love, hidden away like a letter!

Edgar Fawcett.

A CAUTION.

Love hailed a little maid
 Romping through the meadow;
 Heedless in the sun she played,
 Scornful of the shadow.
 "Come with me," whispered he;
 "Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
 "By and by," she mocked reply,
 "Love's not in season."

Years went, years came,
 Light mixed with shadow,
 Love met the maid again
 Dreaming through the meadow.

"Be not coy," urged the boy,
 "List in time to love and reason."
 "By and by," she mused reply,
 "Love's not in season."

Years went, years came,
 Light turned to shadow;
 Love saw the maid again,
 Waiting in the meadow.
 "Pass no more, my dream is o'er;
 I can listen now to reason."
 "Keep thee coy," mocked the boy;
 "Love's out of season."

Eliza Sprout Turner.



TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
 In tropic splendor through our Northern
 sky?

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice
 To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
 In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was
 heard,
 Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Edgar Fawcett.

AD FINEM.

I WOULD not have believed it then,
 If any one had told me so—
 Ere you shall see his face again
 A year and more shall go.

And let them come again to-day
 To pity me and prophesy,
 And I will face them all, and say
 To all of them, You lie!

False prophets all, you lie, you lie!
 I will believe no word but his;
 Will say December is July,
 That Autumn April is,

Rather than say he has forgot.
 Or will not come who bade me wait,
 Who wait him and accuse him not
 Of being very late.

He said that he would come in Spring,
 And I believed—believe him now,
 Though all the birds have ceased to sing
 And bare is every bough;

For Spring is not till he appear,
 Winter is not when he is nigh—
 The only Lord of all my year,
 For whom I live—and die!

Robert Kelly Weeks.

TOUCH NOT.

WHERE glows a heart with silent love
 Lay not thy reckless hand thereon;
 Extinguish not the heavenly spark;
 Indeed, indeed, 'twere not well done!

If e'er a spot all unprofaned
 Is found upon this world of ours,
 It is a youthful human heart
 When first it yields to pure Love's powers.

Oh, grant thou still the dream that comes
 'Mid rosy blossoms of the May!
 Thou know'st not what a paradise
 Doth with that vision pass away.

There broke full many a valiant heart
 When love was reft away by fate,
 And many, suffering, wander forth,
 Filled with all bitterness and hate;

And many, bleeding, wounded sore,
 Shriek loud for hopes forever fled,
 And mid the world's dust fling them down,—
 For godlike Love to them was dead.

And weep, complain, e'en as thou wilt,
 Not all thy penitence and pain
 Can cause a faded rose to bloom,
 Or bid a dead heart live again.

Lucy H. Hooper.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

My wasted cheeks are wet
 With tears of vain regret
 For all I should remember not,
 And all I would forget.

Oh, how shall these avenge us,
 With look, or word, or kiss,
 For all the bliss that might have been,
 And all the pain that is.

John Agnewe Doegun

A SUMMER NIGHT.

I FEEL the breath of the summer night,
 Aromatic fire:
 The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
 With tender desire.
 The white moths flutter about the lamp,
 Enamored with light;

And a thousand creatures softly sing
 A song to the night!
 But I am alone, and how can I sing
 Praises to thee?
 Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
 That waiteth for me.

Elizabeth Stoddard.

ENOLA.

WHAT shall we do for the heart that is hurt?
 How shall we freshen the cheek that is pale?
 Strengthen the footsteps that falter and fail,—
 Brighten the eyes of Enola?

The sunshine is out of the trail of her hair,
 The waist in her girdle's too slender by half;
 Gone is the ravishing, low little laugh
 From the blossomy mouth of Enola.

Her necklace of pearls was broken to-day;

Some fell in her bosom, and some to the
 ground
 Slid whitely and brightly, with never a sound,
 Like tears from the face of Enola.

If the lover who left her should seek her
 to-night.

And put back the ring that she misses the
 most,

It would not stay on, but slip off and be lost
 From the poor little hand of Enola!

Laura C. Redden.

MY BIRD.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
 A birdling sought my Indian nest,
 And folded, oh! so lovingly!
 Its tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
 In winsome helplessness she lies;
 Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
 Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
 Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
 O God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
 Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
 This seeming visitant from Heaven,

This bird with the immortal wing,
 To me—to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
 The blood its crimson hue, from mine:
 This life, which I have dared invoke,
 Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
 I tremble with delicious fear;
 The future, with its light and gloom,
 Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
 Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer:
 Room for my bird in paradise,
 And give her angel plumage there!

Emily E. Judson.

THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
 In the old, familiar seat;
 And shade and sunshine chase each other
 O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled
 upwards
 In the summers that are past,
 And the willow trails its branches lower
 Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
 From out the haunted room;
 To fill the house, that once was joyful,
 With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
 Within the doorway come,—
 Voices, that wake the sweeter music
 Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
 The songs she loved to hear;
 They braid the rose in summer garlands,
 Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
 Her blushes at the door,
 Her timid words of maiden welcome,
 Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
 Unmindful of my pain,
 I think she has but newly left me,
 And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
 To dress her dark-brown hair;
 I hear the rustle of her garments,—
 Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
 Lest eyes profane should see
 My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
 Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
 Beyond the open door,
 And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
 A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
 The vine, whose shadow strays;
 And my patient heart must still await her,
 Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary wait-
 ing,
 As many a time before:
 Her foot is ever at the threshold,
 Yet never passes o'er.

Bayard Taylor.

ALL MOTHER.

If I had an eagle's wings,
 How grand to sail in the sky!
 But I should drop to the earth
 If I heard my baby cry:
 My baby—my darling,
 The wings may go, for me.

If I were a splendid queen,
 With a crown to keep in place,
 Would it do for a little wet mouth
 To rub all over my face?
 My baby—my darling,
 The crown may go, for me.

Eliza Sproat Turner.



IN THE MEADOWS.

I LIE in the summer meadows,
 In the meadows all alone,
 With the infinite sky above me,
 And the sun on his midday throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses
 Is sweeter than any rose,
 And a million happy insects
 Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding
 Feels the sun on her wings,
 And the deeps of the noonday glitter
 With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me
 To the fathomless blue above,
 The creatures of God are happy
 In the warmth of their summer love.

The infinite bliss of Nature
 I feel in every vein;
 The light and the life of Summer
 Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow
 By thunder-clouds unfurled,
 The awful truth arises,
 That Death is in the world!

And the sky may beam as ever,
 And never a cloud be curled;
 And the airs be living odors,
 But Death is in the world!

Out of the deeps of sunshine
 The invisible bolt is hurled:
 There's life in the summer meadows,
 But Death is in the world!

Bayard Taylor.



Bayard Taylor.

POSSESSION.



"It was our wedding-day
 A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
 If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
 I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
 I only know that once there pealed a chime
 Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
 And all stood back, and none my right
 denied,
 And forth we walked: the world was free
 and wide
 Before us. Since that day
 I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow:
 It was the voice that woke me from a dream,—
 A happy dream, I think; but I am waking
 now,
 And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
 That turns the mist of former tears to gold.
 Within these arms I hold
 The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
 Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again:
 Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more
 depart,—
 Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the crescent; thou
 The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
 Held in its bosom: in one glory now
 Our lives united shine, and many a year—
 Not the sweet moon of bridal only—we
 One luster, ever at the full, shall be:
 One pure and rounded light, one planet
 whole,
 One life developed, one completed soul!
 For I in thee, and thou in me,
 Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew His chosen time:
 He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
 And from my boughs withheld the promised
 fruit,
 Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
 Secure, O Love! secure
 Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night:
 Thou art become my blood, my life, my
 light:
 God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt en-
 dure!

Bayard Taylor.

UNDER THE LINDEN.

WHAT is there more delicious than to lie
 Outstretched beneath thy shade, O Linden
 tree,

A long, long afternoon of mid-July,
 And spin the gossamer of reverie?

For then a fountain cool of incense bends
 Thy glossy boughs with a melliferous rain
 As soft as beat of wingèd thoughts that fly
 To rise afar in dreamland clouds again;

And constantly a murmurous strain de-
 scends

From covert high of countless honey-reapers
 Thronging their harvest-field—no saintly
 keepers

Of holidays, like yonder oriole

And me;—they give no hour to idle play,
 Hard misers, they each golden minute dole;
 And, bustling to and fro the work-shop hive,
 Enjoin all dreaming drones to wake and
 strive

To lay up something for a rainy day!

“How doth the busy bee?” Ah, yes! how
 doth

He buzz with ostentatious toil, the sloth
 To shame! and buzzes busier, I know,
 By far, to keep his reputation ample,

Good Dr. Watts, since you his praises so
 Have sung for lofty juvenile example!

And what great One is that (I scarce
 recall)

Whom your staid muse seems well acquainted
 with;

Some one of substance, too—no shadowy
 myth—

A capitalist who will find for all
 The unemployed some labor light as play—
 “Some mischief still for idle hands to do!”
 Such work were fine enough, but who,
 oh! who

Would like to take the grim employer's pay?
 So, if upon this peaceful holiday,

His sharp recruiting agents forth are sent,
 Me here they need not think to thus beguile!

Toil on, industrious bees! the safer way

You choose, in lightsome task, and make,
 the while,

With labor-song in myriad voices blent,

This spot like Prospero's enchanted isle—
 Full of “sounds and sweet airs that give
 delight.”

O Linden, where was all concealed from
 sight?

What covert, in among your branchy ways,
 This nectar hid from mortals' prying fancies?

What hidden cells through all the wintry
 days

This honey stored, our eyes to now amaze—
Like fairy-work of childhood's dear ro-
mances—

On this refulgent day of ripe midsummer,
With dainty banquet spread, where swiftly
hie

From all the valley-hives each eager hum-
mer?

O Linden, how could tiny buds inclose
This spray of perfume that so sweetly flows
To me, on clover-pillow, where I lie,

Whilst cheery crickets chirp at hide-and-
seek

Among my locks; and orient butterflies,
That flit among my dreams in silken guise
Of dark sultanas, softly fan my cheek?

Myron B. Benton.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet

Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it every-where,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet,
As well as though my locks were jet);
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said."
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,

Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where the new nameless baby slept.
"Shall it be Baby?" whispered John.
I took his hand, and hurried on
To Lilian's crib. Her sleeping grasp
Held her old doll within its clasp;
Her dark curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
Then huskily he said, "Not her, not her!"
We stopped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
 "No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
 We whispered, while our eyes were dim.
 Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
 Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
 Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
 Bid us befriend him to his grave;
 Only a mother's heart can be
 Patient enough for such as he;
 "And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To send him from her bedside prayer."
 Then stole we softly up above
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently

He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in willful way,
 And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee,"
 The while my heart beat audibly.
 Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
 So like his father. "No, John, no—
 I can not, will not, let him go."
 And so we wrote, in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away;
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,—
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

THE BEECH-TREE.

THERE'S a hill by the Schuylkill, the river
 of hearts,
 And a beech-tree that grows on its side,
 In a nook that is lovely when sunshine
 departs.
 And twilight creeps over the tide:
 How sweet, at that moment, to steal through
 the grove,
 In the shade of that beech to recline,
 And dream of the maiden who gave it her
 love,
 And left it thus hallowed in mine.
 Here's the rock that she sat on, the spray
 that she held,
 When she bent round its gray trunk
 with me;
 And smiled, as with soft, timid eyes, she
 beheld
 The name I had carved on the tree;—
 So carved that the letters should look to
 the west,
 As well their dear magic became,
 So that when the dim sunshine was sinking
 to rest
 The last ray should fall on her name.

The singing-thrush moans on that beech-
 tree at morn,
 The winds through the laurel-bush sigh,
 And afar comes the sound of the waterman's
 horn,
 And the hum of the water-fall nigh.
 No echoes there wake but are magical,
 each,
 Like words, on my spirit they fall;
 They speak of the hours when we came to
 the beech,
 And listened together to all.
 And oh, when the shadows creep out from
 the wood,
 When the breeze stirs no more on the
 spray,
 And the sunbeam of autumn that plays on
 the flood,
 Is melting, each moment, away;
 How dear, at that moment, to steal through
 the grove,
 In the shade of that beech to recline,
 And dream of the maiden who gave it her
 love,
 And left it thus hallowed in mine.

Robert M. Bird.



“There’s a hill by the Schuylkill, the river of hearts,
And a beech-tree that grows on its side.”

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus-root,

And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave its wing—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh ye, who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn-eaves,
Then think what countless harvest-sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more!

Deal kindly with these orchard-trees;
And when your children crowd their knees
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

TO ———.

THE world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,

That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE MOTHER.

PALER, and yet a thousand times more fair
 Than in thy girlhood's freshest bloom,
 art thou:
 A softer sun-flush tints thy golden hair,
 A sweeter grace adorns thy gentle brow.
 Lips that shall call thee "mother!" at thy
 breast



Feed the young life, wherein thy nature
 feels
 Its dear fulfillment: little hands are pressed
 On the white fountain Love alone unseals.
 Look down, and let Life's tender day-break
 throw
 A second radiance on thy ripened hour:
 Retrace thine own forgotten advent so,
 And in the bud behold thy perfect flower.

Nay, question not: whatever lies beyond
 God will dispose. Sit thus, Madonna mine,
 For thou art haloed with a love as fond
 As Jewish Mary gave the Child Divine.

I lay my own proud title at thy feet;
 Thine the first, holiest right to love shalt
 be:
 Though in his heart our wedded pulses beat,
 His sweetest life our darling draws from
 thee.

The father in his child beholds this truth,
 His perfect manhood has assumed its reign:
 Thou wear'st anew the roses of thy youth,—
 The mother in her child is born again.

Bayard Taylor.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice: thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering
 high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the
 sea!

Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fullness of delight:

And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night:
 And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the
 sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,—
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting
 earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest;
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars:
 and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,

Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his
breast:

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly
bows

The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep
the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,
That they who near the churchyard willows
stray,

And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast un-
known,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of
men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows
more deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go,—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once
more.

Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

William Cullen Bryant.

HEAT-LIGHTNING.

THE land is bathed in drowsy light,
And breezes move, with drowsy sigh,
From out that primrose West, where now
The long day takes so long to die!

I watch the deepening dusk, I watch,
With soul to languid fancies given,
Night close the starry flowers on earth
And ope the flower-like stars in heaven!

Not seen with more than transient look
If random glances near it stray,
Huge in the hueless East there hangs
One rounded cloud of stagnant gray.

The moments pass; a rapid bat
Traces black zigzags on the sky;
A beetle, bringing us his deep
Basso profundo, journeys by.

Down in the dim swamp, firefly throngs
A brilliant soundless revel keep,

As though beneath their radiant rain
Another Danaë slept her sleep!

The mild night grows; through meadowed
The globing dew makes odor sweet, [ways
And slowly now, in that dark cloud,
A pulse of gold begins to beat!

With fitful brightenings, brief to last,
The tender flashes come and fly,
Each winning forth from vapory depths
A dreamy picture, rich of dye.

Drenched to its core with gentle fire,
The cloud, at every mellowing change,
Shows tranquil lakes and lovely vales
And massive mountains, range on range!

And standing in the summer gloom,
With placid rapture I behold
These luminous Andes of the air,
These ghostly Switzerlands of gold!

Edgar Fawcett.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

George P. Morris.

A FAREWELL.

FAINT splendors of the night of June,
 Sweet radiance of the summer moon,
 Upon thy pathway dwell.
 Farewell, Estelle! Farewell!

Dim fragrance of the violet,
 And of the brier-rose dew-wet,
 Breathe from the shadowy dell.
 Farewell, Estelle! Farewell!

Far murmurs of the summer trees,
 And voices low of dreamy seas,
 Around thee sink and swell.
 Farewell, Estelle! Farewell!

And ever sweet, by thee be heard
 The hum of bee, and song of bird,
 And sound of holy bell.
 Farewell, Estelle! Farewell!

John Aylmere Dorgan.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise!

James Aldrich.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BEFORE the stout harvesters falleth the
 grain,
 As when the strong storm-wind is reaping
 the plain;
 And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
 But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
 Like a long line of spears brightly burnished
 and tall.

A down the white highway, like cavalry
 fleet,
 It dashes the dust with its numberless
 feet.
 Like a murmurless school, in their leafy
 retreat,
 The wild birds sit listening the drops
 round them beat,
 And the boy crouches close to the blackberry
 wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on
 their wing,
 And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers,
 sing.
 Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of
 the spring,
 While a bubble darts up from each widen-
 ing ring;
 And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud
 shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the
 sheaves;
 The robin darts out from its bower of leaves;
 The wren peereth forth from the moss-
 covered eaves;
 And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly
 perceives
 That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

IF LOVE SHOULD COME AGAIN.

IF Love should come again, I ask my heart
 In tender tremors, not unmixed with pain,
 Couldst thou be calm, nor feel thine ancient
 smart,
 If Love should come again?

Couldst thou unbar the chambers where his
 nest
 So long was made, and made, alas! in vain,
 Nor with embarrassed welcome chill thy
 guest,
 If Love should come again?

Would Love his ruined quarters recognize,
 Where shrouded pictures of the Past re-
 main,
 And gently turn them with forgiving eyes,
 If Love should come again?

Would bliss, in milder type, spring up
 anew,
 As silent craters with the scarlet stain
 Of flowers repeat the lava's ancient hue,
 If Love should come again?

Would Fate, relenting, sheathe the cruel
 blade
 Whereby the angel of thy youth was
 slain,
 That thou might'st all possess him, un-
 afraid,
 If Love should come again?

In vain I ask: my heart makes no reply,
 But echoes evermore the sweet refrain;
 Till, trembling lest it seem a wish, I sigh:
 If Love should come again!

Bayard Taylor.



A MORNING RIDE.

WHEN troubled in spirit, when weary of
 life,
 When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink
 from its strife—

When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking
 my taste,
 And its fairest scene seems but a desolate
 waste;

Then come ye not near me my sad heart
 to cheer
 With Friendship's soft accents, or Sympa-
 thy's tear;
 No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,
 But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant
 young steed,
 With his high-arched neck and his nostril
 spread wide,
 His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
 As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong
 rein,
 The strength of my spirit returneth again:
 The bonds are all broken which fettered my
 mind,
 And my cares borne away on the wings of
 the wind;
 My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed
 down,
 And the queen in my nature now puts on
 her crown.
 Now we're off like the winds to the plains
 whence they came,
 And the rapture of motion is thrilling my
 frame.
 On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing
 the sod,
 Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod.
 On, on, like a deer, when the hounds' early bay
 Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
 Still faster, still farther he leaps at my cheer,
 Till the rush of the startled air whirrs in
 my ear;
 Now 'long a clear rivulet lieth his track—
 See his glancing hoof tossing the white
 pebbles back;

Now a glen dark as midnight—what mat-
 ter?—we'll down,
 Though shadows are round us, and rocks
 o'er us frown;
 The thick branches shake as we're hurrying
 through,
 And deck us with spangles of silvery dew.
 What a wild thought of triumph, that this
 girlish hand
 Such a steed in the might of his strength
 may command!
 What a glorious creature! ah, glance at
 him now,
 As I check him a while on this green
 hillock's brow;
 How he tosses his mane with a shrill, joy-
 ous neigh,
 And paws the firm earth in his proud,
 stately play!
 Hurrah, off again—dashing on, as in ire,
 Till the long flinty pathway is flashing with
 fire!
 Ho, a ditch!—shall we pause? No, the bold
 leap we dare—
 Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through
 the air.
 Oh! not all the pleasure that poets may
 praise—
 Not the 'wildering waltz in the ball-room's
 blaze,
 Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
 Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
 Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,
 Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore—
 Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
 Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

Sara J. Lippincott.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,
 And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn its stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street—
 Its ways were never my ways.
 My cradle was beside the sea,
 And there, I hope, my grave will be.

Old homestead! In that old, gray town,
 Thy vane is seaward blowing,
 Thy slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing:
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,
 The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
 Inland, with pines beside it;
 Some peach-trees, with unfruitful boughs,
 A well, with weeds to hide it:
 No flowers, or only such as rise
 Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
 The least of thy sweet trifles?
 The window-vines that clamber yet,
 Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
 And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field,
 Content with rustic labor;
 Earth does to him her fullness yield,
 Hap what may to his neighbor.
 Well days, sound nights, oh, can there be
 A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
 For both the best, the strongest,
 That with the earliest race began,
 And hast outlived the longest.
 Their cities perished long ago;
 Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels too will fall,
 If so, no lamentations,
 For Mother Earth will shelter all,
 And feed the unborn nations;
 Yes, and the swords that menace now
 Will then be beaten to the plow.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

THE MOWERS.

THE sunburnt mowers are in the swath—
 Swing, swing, swing!
 The towering lilies loath
 Tremble and totter and fall;
 The meadow-rue
 Dashes its tassels of golden dew;
 And the keen blade sweeps o'er all—
 Swing, swing, swing!

The flowers, the berries, the feathered grass,
 Are thrown in a smothered mass:
 Hastens away the butterfly;
 With half their burden the brown bees hie;
 And the meadow-lark shrieks distress,
 And leaves the poor younglings all in the nest.
 The daisies clasp and fall,
 And totters the Jacob's-ladder tall.
 Weaving, and winding, and curving lithe,
 O'er plummy hillocks, through dewy hollows,
 His subtle scythe
 The nodding mower follows—
 Swing, swing, swing!

Anon, the chiming whetstones ring—
Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!
 And the mower now
 Pauses and wipes his beaded brow.
 A moment he scans the fleckless sky:
 A moment—the fish-hawk soaring high;
 And watches the swallows dip and dive,
 A-near and far.
 They whisk, and glimmer, and chatter, and
 strive;
 What do they gossip together?
 Cunning fellows they are—
 Wise prophets to him!
 “Higher or lower they circle and skim:
 Fair or foul to-morrow's hay-weather!”
 Tallest primroses or loftiest daisies
 Not a steel-blue feather
 Of slim wing grazes:
 “Fear not! fear not!” cry the swallows.
 Each mower tightens his snath-ring's wedge,
 And his finger daintily follows
 The long blade's tickle-edge;

Softly the whetstone's last touches ring —
Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!
 Like a leaf-muffled bird in the woodland nigh,
 Faintly the fading echoes reply —
Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!

“Perchance the swallows, that flit in their glee,
 Of to-morrow's weather know little as we,”
 Says farmer Russet. “Be it hidden in shower
 Or sunshine—to-morrow we do not own!
 To-day is ours alone!
 Not a twinkle we'll waste of the golden hour,
 Grasp tightly the nibs—give heel and give
 toe!—
 Lay a goodly swath, shaved smooth and low!
 Prime is the day —
 Swing, swing, swing!”

Farmer Russet is aged and gray —
 Gray as the frost, but fresh as the spring.
 Straight is he
 As the balsam fir-tree;
 And with sinews lithe, and heart most blithe,
 He leads the row with his merry scythe.
 “Come boys! strike up the old song
 While we circle around—
 The song we always in hay-time sing—
 And let the woods ring,
 And the echoes prolong
 The merry sound!”

SONG.

July is just in the nick of time!
 (Hay-weather, hay-weather!)
 The midsummer month is the golden prime
 For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme.
 (Swing all together!)
 July is just in the nick of time!

CHORUS.

Oh, we'll make our hay while the good sun
 shines!
 We'll waste not a golden minute:

No shadow of storm the blue arch lines;
 We'll waste not a minute — not
 minute!
 For the west wind is fair;
 Oh, the hay-day is rare!—
 The sky is without a brown cloud in it!

June is too early for richest hay;
 (Fair weather, fair weather!)
 The corn stretches taller the livelong day:
 But grass is ever too sappy to lay.
 (Clip all together!)
 June is too early for richest hay.

August's a month that too far goes by;
 (Late weather, late weather!)
 Grasshoppers are chipper and kick too high;
 And grass that's standing is fodder scorched
 dry.
 (Pull all together!)
 August's a month that too far goes by.

July is just in the nick of time!
 (Best weather, best weather!)
 The midsummer month is the golden prime
 For haycocks smelling of clover and thyme.
 (Strike all together!)
 July is just in the nick of time!

Still hiss the scythes!
 Shudder the grasses' defenseless blades—
 The lily-throng writhes;
 And as a phalanx of wild-geese streams
 Where the shore of April's cloudland gleams,
 On their dizzy way in serried grades—
 Wing on wing, wing on wing—
 The mowers, each a step in advance
 Of his fellow, time their stroke with a
 glance
 Of swerveless force;
 And far through the meadow leads their
 course—
 Swing, swing, swing!

Myron B. Benton.

HOME, SWEET HOME.



Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
 there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
 with elsewhere.
 Home! home, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
 vain,—
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
 again;
 The birds singing gayly, that come at my
 call:
 Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer
 than all.
 Home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

John Howard Payne.



THE DEAD.

I THINK about the dead by day,
 I dream of them at night:
 They seem to stand beside my chair,
 Clad in the clothes they used to wear,
 And by my bed in white.

The common-places of their lives,
 The lightest words they said,
 Revive in me, and give me pain,

And make me wish them back again,
 Or wish that I were dead.

I would be kinder to them now,
 Were they alive once more;
 Would kiss their cheeks, and kiss their
 hair,
 And love them, like the angels there,
 Upon the silent shore.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
 Tears will unbidden start—
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped—
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear,
 Who round the hearthstone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill:
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters dear;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who leaned God's word to hear!
 Her angel face—I see it yet;
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy:
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris.

DEAD LEAVES.

THE day is dead, and in its grave,
 The flowers are fast asleep;
 But in this solemn wood alone
 My nightly watch I keep.
 The night is dark, the dew descends,
 But dew and darkness are my friends.

I stir the dead leaves under foot,
 And breathe the earthy smell;
 It is the odor of decay,
 And yet I like it well.
 Give others day, and scented flowers,
 Give me dead leaves, and midnight hours.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
 Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
 Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so
 tight;

You do not prize the blessing overmuch,
 You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day;
 We are so dull and thankless—and too slow
 To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
 And now it seems surprising strange to me,
 That, while I wore the badge of mother-
 hood,

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
 The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
 You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
 This restless, curling head from off your
 breast,
 This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had
 slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
 If the white feet into their grave had
 tripped,—
 I could not blame you for your heartache,
 then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown;
 Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
 Are ever black enough to make them frown.
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor:
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear its patter in my room once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
 There is no woman in God's world would say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumped by a shining head;
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Anonymous.

SPRING.

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
 With its slight fingers full of leaves and
 flowers;
 And with it comes a thirst to be away,
 In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter
 hours,
 A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
 Wild for companionship with swifter things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
 To find refreshment in the silent woods;
 And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
 Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods—
 Yet, even there a restless thought will steal,
 To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange that the audible stillness of the noon,
 The waters tripping with their silver feet,
 The turning to the light of leaves in June,
 And the light whispers as their edges meet:
 Strange—that they fill not, with their tran-
 quil tone,
 The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
 Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
 We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
 That through the cloud-rifts radiantly
 stream;
 Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
 And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.



"The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May."

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah—come
in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who
came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may
give, indeed,
But blessèd is the single heart that comes
to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench
where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch
the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and
hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through
the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he
cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness—but we were
first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind;
the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our
children entered life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think
to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly
Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better
I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone
in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems
but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was
called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet
contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all
the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard
it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told
me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his
mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew
what best to say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last
she spoke again,
“The Lord incline thee to the right!” And
“Thou shalt have him, Jane!”
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 't was not
the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father
Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when
daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could
not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns,
she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a
happy one, at least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when
she's as old as I:
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt
temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple
for my taste;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon
at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon
the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more
fear than pride,
Till, “In the presence of the Lord,” he said,
and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could
say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but
 then I showed no sign;
 With all the meeting looking on, I held his
 hand in mine.
 It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I
 was his for life:
 Thee knows the feeling, Hannah—thee, too,
 hast been a wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half
 so green as ours;
 The woods were coming into leaf, the
 meadows full of flowers;
 The neighbors met us in the lane, and every
 face was kind—
 'Tis strange how lively every thing comes
 back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wed-
 ding dinner spread;
 At our own table we were guests, with
 father at the head,
 And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'t was
 she stood up with me,
 And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and
 now they're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord
 disposes best.
 His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits
 them for His rest;
 And that He halved our little flock was
 merciful, I see;
 For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two
 are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'t was not
 his call, in truth,
 And I must rent the dear old place, and go
 to daughter Ruth.
 Thee'll say her ways are not like mine;
 young people nowadays
 Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the
 good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she
 keeps the simple tongue,
 The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when
 she was young;
 And it was brought upon my mind, remem-
 bering her, of late,
 That we on dress and outward things per-
 haps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit
 clothed with grace,
 And pure, almost, as angels are, may have
 a homely face.
 And dress may be of less account: the Lord
 will look within;
 The soul it is that testifies of righteousness
 or sin.

Thee must n't be too hard on Ruth: she's
 anxious I should go,
 And she will do her duty as a daughter
 should, I know.
 'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we
 must be resigned;
 The Lord looks down contentedly upon a
 willing mind.

Bayard Taylor.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

ANCIENT road, that wind'st deserted
 Through the level of the vale,
 Sweeping toward the crowded market
 Like a stream without a sail;

Standing by thee, I look backward,
 And, as in the light of dreams,
 See the years descend and vanish,
 Like thy tented wains and teams.

Here I stroll along the village
 As in youth's departed morn;
 But I miss the crowded coaches,
 And the driver's bugle-horn —
 Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
 Filling buckets at the wells,
 With their wains from Conestoga,
 And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy way-side tavern
 Comes the noisy throng no more,
 And the faded sign, complaining,
 Swings, unnoticed, at the door;

While the old, decrepid tollman,
 Waiting for the few who pass,
 Reads the melancholy story
 In the thickly springing grass.



Ancient highway, thou art vanquished;
 The usurper of the vale
 Rolls in fiery, iron rattle,
 Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquished and neglected;
 But the good which thou hast done,

Though by man it be forgotten,
 Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray and grassy,
 Still I pray that my decline
 May be through as vernal valleys
 And as blest a calm as thine.

Thomas Buchanan Read

FADING AUTUMN.

THE autumnal glories all have passed away!
 The forest leaves no more in hectic red
 Give glowing tokens of their brief decay,
 But scattered lie, or rustle to the tread,
 Like whispered warnings from the mold-
 ering dead.
 The naked trees stretch out their arms all
 day,
 And each bald hill-top lifts its reverend
 head

As if for some new covering to pray.
 Come Winter, then, and spread thy robe
 of white
 Above the desolation of this scene,
 And when the sun with gems shall make
 it bright,
 Or, when its snowy folds by midnight's queen
 Are silvered o'er with a serener light,
 We'll cease to sigh for Summer's living
 green.

Elizabeth C. Kinney.



AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
 Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
 While a gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
 A fair young head is prest,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
 The faltering echoes come,
 Of the flying blast of trumpet
 And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper,—
 “The end no man can see;
 But we give him to his country,
 And we give our prayers to Thee.” . . .

The violets star the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still,
 There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
 And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits alone;
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

William Winter.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.



'T WAS a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
 Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
 His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
 His long thin hair was as white as snow,
 But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
 And he sang every night as he went to bed,
 "Let us be happy down here below;
 The living should live, though the dead be
 dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
 Writing, and reading, and history too;
 He took the little ones up on his knee,
 For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
 And the wants of the littlest child he knew:

"Learn while you're young," he often said,
 "There's much to enjoy down here below;
 Life for the living and rest for the dead!"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
 Speaking only in gentlest tones;
 The rod was hardly known in his school,—
 Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
 And too hard work for his poor old bones;
 "Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said;
 "We should make life pleasant down here
 below,
 The living need charity more than the dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
 With roses and woodbine over the door;
 His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
 But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
 And made him forget he was old and poor;
 "I need so little," he often said;
 "And my friends and relatives here below
 Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
 Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
 With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's
 wall,
 Making an unceremonious call,
 Over a pipe and friendly glass:
 This was the finest pleasure, he said,
 Of the many he tasted here below;
 "Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
 Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
 He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
 Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
 Till the house grew merry, from cellar to
 tiles.

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
 "I have lingered a long while here below;
 But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
 Every night when the sun went down,
 While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
 Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
 On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old
 crown;
 And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
 "'T was a glorious world, down here below;
 Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
 After the sun had sunk in the west,
 And the lingering beams of golden light
 Made his kindly old face look warm and
 bright,
 While the odorous night-wind whispered,
 "Rest!"
 Gently, gently, he bowed his head,—
 There were angels waiting for him, I know;
 He was sure of happiness, living or dead,—
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

George Arnold.

NOVEMBER.

Much have I spoken of the faded leaf;
 Long have I listened to the wailing wind,
 And watched it plowing through the heavy
 clouds;
 For autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When autumn comes, the poets sing a dirge;
 The year must perish; all the flowers are
 dead;
 The sheaves are gathered; and the mottled
 quail
 Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled!

Still, autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
 The holly-berries and the ivy-tree:
 They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's
 heir;
 These waiting mourners do not sing for me!

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn
 woods,
 Where grow the ragged ferns and rough-
 ened moss;
 The naked, silent trees have taught me this,—
 The loss of beauty is not always loss!

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees,
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
 Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and
 bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
 O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
 Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
 On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds
 subdued,
 The hills seemed farther and the streams
 sang low;
 As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
 His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
 Their banners bright with every martial
 hue,
 Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held his
 flight;
 The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's
 complaint;
 And like a star slow drowning in the light,
 The village church-vane seemed to pale
 and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew—
 Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
 Silent till some replying warder blew
 His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
 Made garrulous trouble round her un-
 fledged young;
 And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
 By every light wind like a censer swung:

Where sang the noisy masons of the caves,
 The busy swallows circling ever near,

Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
 An early harvest and a plenteous year;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal
 feast,
 Shook the sweet slumber from its wings
 at morn,
 To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
 All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
 And croaked the crow through all the
 dreamy gloom;
 Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
 Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bow-
 ers;
 The spiders wove their thin shrouds night
 by night;
 The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
 Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of
 sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
 And where the woodbine shed upon the
 porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there,
 Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
 The white-haired matron, with monoto-
 nous tread,
 Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless
 mien
 Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying
 thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked
 with her,
 Oft supped and broke with her the ashen
 crust;
 And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
 Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
 Her country summoned and she gave her all;
 And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—
 Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.
 Re-gave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
 And struck for Liberty its dying blow;
 Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
 Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
 Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
 Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
 Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
 Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene,—
 And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
 While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

LATE AUTUMN.

THE year moves to its sad decline,
 A dull gray mist enfolds the hills;
 The flowers are dead, the thickets pine,
 In other lands the swallow trills;
 For since they stole his summer-flute
 The moping Pan sits stark and mute;
 The slow hooves of the feeding kine

Crack the herbage as they pass;
 The apples glimmer in the grass.
 And woods are yellow—woods are brown;
 The vine about the elm is red,
 Crow and hawk fly up and down:—
 But for the wood-thrush, he is dead.

William B. Wright.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there:
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
 And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
 Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer
and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and
Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane
fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount
to the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they
flew,

With the sleigh full of toys,—and St.
Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning
around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with
a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to
his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with
ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening
his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples
how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as
the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his
teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl
full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly
old elf;

And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite
of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to
his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned
with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave
a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out
of sight,

“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-
night!”

Clement C. Moore.

SNOW.

THE blessed morn has come again;

The early gray

Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,

And seems to say,

Break, break from the enchanter's chain,

Away, away!

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound

Along the air

Of winds upon their battle-ground;

But gently there

The snow is falling—all around

How fair, how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade;

Fantastic scene!

Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade

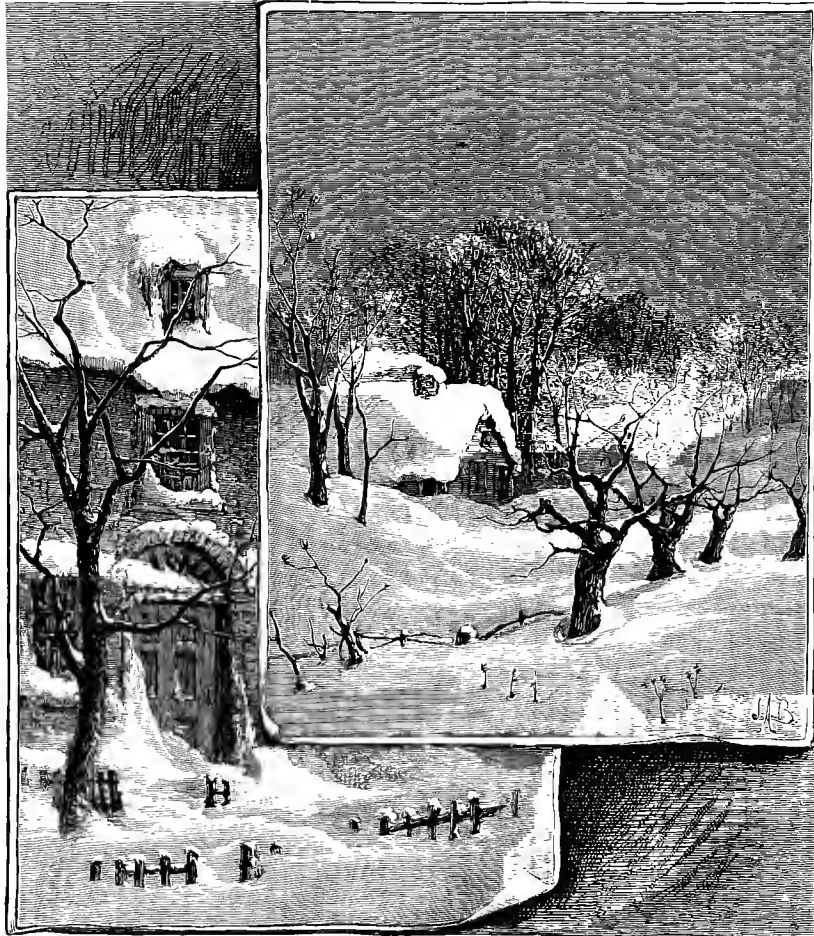
Have cast their green,

And joined the revel, all arrayed

So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars,
 And the old gate,
 Forgetful of their wintry wars
 And age sedate,
 High capped and plumed, like white hussars,
 Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
 The eaves, the door;
 The hay-stack has become a hill;
 All covered o'er
 The wagon, loaded for the mill
 The eve before.



Maria brings the water-pail,
 But where's the well?
 Like magic of a fairy tale,
 Most strange to tell,
 All vanished, curb, and crank, and rail!
 How deep it fell!

The wood-pile, too, is playing hide;
 The ax, the log,
 The kennel of that friend so tried

(The old watch-dog),
 The grindstone standing by its side,
 Are now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
 From his high shed;
 No spot to scratch him a repast:—
 Up curves his head,
 Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
 And back to bed.

Old drowsy Dobbin, at the call
 Amazed, awakes;
 Out from the window of his stall
 A view he takes,
 While thick and faster seem to fall
 The silent flakes.

The barnyard gentry, musing, chime
 Their morning moan;
 Like Memnon's music of old time,
 That voice of stone!
 So warble they—and so sublime
 Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
 To dress below;
 Full welcome was the word she spoke,
 Down, down they go;
 The cottage quietude is broke—
 "The snow!" "The snow!"

Now rises from around the fire
 A pleasant strain;
 Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire!
 And ye profane!
 A hymn to the Eternal Sire
 Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,
 Upon the knee,
 Opes where the gems of Judah shine,
 (Sweet minstrelsie!)
 How soars each heart with each fair line,
 O God, to thee!

Around the altar low they bend
 Devout in prayer;
 As snows upon the roof descend,
 So angels there
 Come down that household to defend
 With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze:
 The buckwheat heaps;
 Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,

Sweet Susan steeps;
 The old round stand her nod obeys
 And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
 The banquet near;
 Soon busy appetites are there;
 And disappear
 The glories of the ample fare,
 With thanks sincere.

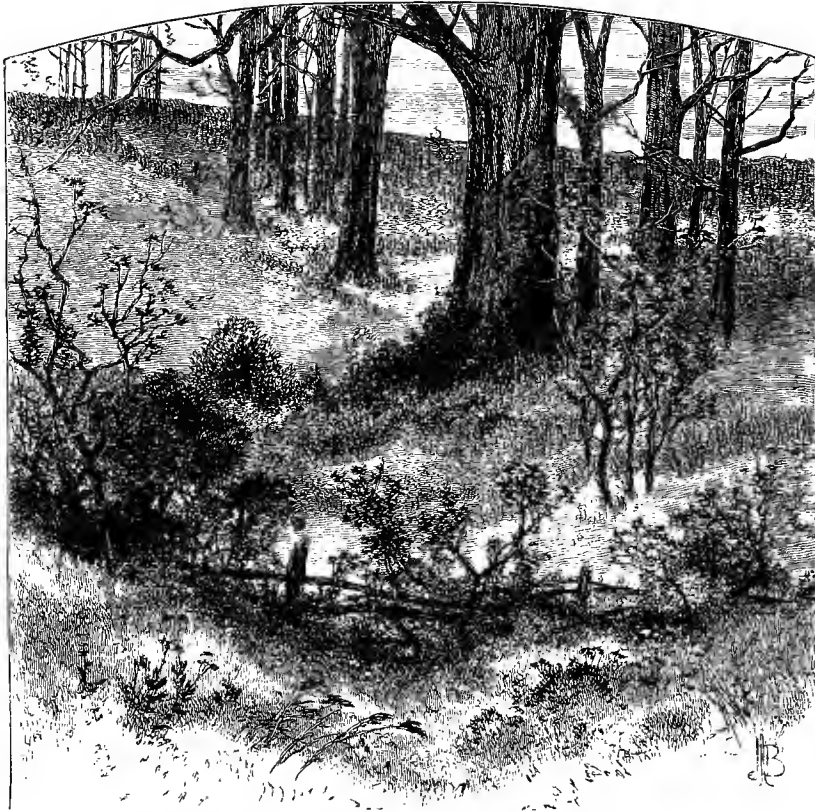
Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
 From copse and spray
 (Sweet strangers! with the winter's sky
 To pass away),
 And gather crumbs in full supply
 For all the day.

Let now the busy hours begin:
 Out rolls the churn;
 Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
 The brush to burn;
 Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
 Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hie;
 His sturdy shoe
 Can all the subtle damp defy;
 How wades he through!
 While dainty milk-maids, slow and shy,
 His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care:
 To shell the corn;
 The broken harness to repair;
 The sleigh t' adorn;
 As cheerful, tranquil, frosty, fair,
 Speeds in the morn.

While mounts the eddying smoke amain
 From many a hearth,
 And all the landscape rings again
 With rustic mirth—
 So gladsome seems to every swain
 The sunny earth.



IN WINTER.

The valley stream is frozen,
 The hills are cold and bare,
 And the wild white bees of winter
 Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest:
 Was it ever green in June?
 Did it burn with gold and crimson
 In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow:
 Was it ever heaped with hay?
 Did it hide the grassy cottage
 Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden:
 Is it true the rose was there?

And the woodbine's musky blossoms,
 And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look on my heart, and marvel
 If Love were ever its own,—
 If the spring of promise brightened,
 And the summer of passion shone?

Is the stem of bliss but withered,
 And the root survives the blast?
 Are the seeds of the Future sleeping
 Under the leaves of the Past?

Ah, yes! for a thousand Aprils
 The frozen germs shall grow,
 And the dews of a thousand summers,
 Wait in the womb of the snow!

Bayard Taylor.



M. S. Gallagher.
[Signature]



PIONEER



DAYS



THE PIONEER HUNTERS.

HERE once Boone trod—the hardy Pioneer—
The only white man in the wilderness:
Oh! how he loved, alone, to hunt the deer,
Alone at eve his simple meal to dress;
No mark upon the tree, nor print, nor track,
To lead him forward, or to guide him back:

He roved the forest, king by main and might,
And looked up to the sky and shaped his course aright.

That mountain, there, that lifts its bald, high head
Above the forest, was, perchance, his throne;
There has he stood and marked the woods outspread,

Like a great kingdom, that was all his
own;
In hunting-shirt and moccasins arrayed,
With bear-skin cap, and pouch, and need-
ful blade,
How carelessly he leaned upon his gun!
That scepter of the wild, that had so often
won.

Those western Pioneers an impulse felt,
Which their less hardy sons scarce com-
prehend;
Alone, in Nature's wildest scenes they
dwelt,
Where crag, and precipice, and torrent
blend,
And stretched around the wilderness, as
rude
As the red rovers of its solitude,
Who watched their coming with a hate
profound,
And fought with deadly strife for every inch
of ground.

To shun a greater ill sought they the
wild?
No; they left happier lands behind them
far,
And brought the nursing mother and her
child
To share the dangers of the border war.
The log-built cabin from the Indian barred,
Their little boy, perchance, kept watch
and ward,
While father plowed with rifle at his back,
Or sought the gluttoned foe through many a
devious track.

How cautiously, yet fearlessly, that boy
Would search the forest for the wild
beast's lair,
And lift his rifle with a hurried joy,
If chance he spied the Indian lurking
there:
And should they bear him prisoner from
the fight,

While they are sleeping in the dead mid-
night
He slips the thongs that bind him to the
tree,
And leaving death with them, bounds home
right happily.

Before the mother, bursting through the
door,
The red man rushes where her infants
rest;
O God! he hurls them on the cabin floor!
While she, down kneeling, clasps them to
her breast.
How he exults and revels in her woe,
And lifts the weapon, yet delays the blow;
Ha! that report! behold! he reels, he
dies!
And quickly to her arms the husband—
father—flies!

In the long winter eve, their cabin fast,
The big logs blazing in the chimney
wide—
They'd hear the Indian howling, or the
blast,
And deem themselves in castellated pride:
Then would the fearless forester disclose
Most strange adventures with his sylvan
foes,
Of how his arts did over theirs prevail,
And how he followed far upon their bloody
trail.

And it was happiness, they said, to stand,
When summer smiled upon them in the
wood,
And see their little clearing there expand,
And be the masters of the solitude.
Danger was but excitement; and when
came
The tide of emigration, life grew tame;
Then would they seek some unknown
wild anew,
And soon, above the trees, the smoke was
curling blue.

Frederick William Thomas.

BOONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BRIGHT waved thy woods, Kentucky,
 In the Summer's sunset glow;
 Enamored evening smiled upon
 The scene outspread below;
 Nature's Eden, wild, magnificent,
 Fresh from her hand was there;
 Even angels might admiring gaze
 Upon a scene so fair.

Like a mighty temple, dark and old,
 Waved the dim wilderness;
 God's ancient music spoke his praise
 Amid the spreading trees.
 By the dark and lonely rivers,
 Flowing on in light and shade,
 The red man and his shaggy train
 In sole dominion strayed.

From the forest's deep recesses,
 Whence curls that wreath of smoke?
 By what startling crack of rifle
 Are their slumbering echoes woke?
 For twice two score of nights and days,
 The observant savage race
 Have marked, with wonder and with fear,
 The dreadful stranger's trace.

He has reared his lodge among them,
 He has hunted far and wide—
 Alone in the vast wilderness,
 To range it is his pride!

Now at night-fall by his cabin door
 He marks the stars appear—
 His heart is filled with home-bred joy—
 He smiles at thought of fear!

Woe to your fair dominion,
 Woe to your day of fame,
 Ye dusky dwellers of the woods!
 Your glory's but a name;
 Awaken from your slumbers,
 Awake or perish all—
 The foe is on your hunting-grounds,
 The herald of your fall!

In vain—the tide of life flows in
 On the daring hunter's track,
 And not the Indian's high emprise
 Can turn the current back.
 Fierce battled he with force and fraud,
 Like a savage beast at bay—
 But his star of empire went down
 In many a bloody fray.

Bright wave thy fields, Kentucky,
 In graceful culture now;
 The red man, like thy mighty woods,
 Has seen his glory bow.
 And by the dark Missouri,
 The lone hunter passed to rest—
 Till him thy late remorse called home
 To slumber on thy breast.

Isaac H. Julian.

OHIO'S PILGRIM BAND.

NEW ENGLAND well may boast
 The band that on her coast,
 Long years ago,
 Their Pilgrim anchor cast,
 Their Pilgrim bark made fast,
 'Mid winter's howling blast
 And driven snow.

Sons of that Pilgrim race
 Were they from whom we trace
 Our "BUCKEYE" blood:
 Ohio's Pilgrim band,
 Lo! on yon shore they stand,
 Their footsteps on the land,
 Their trust in God!

Not with the bold array
Of armies dread, came they
 Proud conquest on;
By a long warfare rude,
With patient hardihood,
Through toil, and strife, and blood,
 The land was won:

Won from the red man's lair,
To be an Eden fair
 To us and ours:
Won, as the peaceful home
Of Age, and Beauty's bloom,
While day shall chase night's gloom
 While Time endures.

Land of the glorious West!
Home of our love confessed;
 Pride of the Earth!
What land is there, doth lie
Beneath God's blue-arched sky,
In beauty may outvie
 Our land of birth?

God of the high and free!—
Our fathers' God!—to thee,
 Our thanks be given;
Thanks for the true and brave!
Sires all that sons might crave;
Their forms are in the grave,
 Their souls in Heaven!

Lewis J. Cist.

PASSAGE DOWN THE OHIO.

As down Ohio's ever-ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless, silently they glide,
How still the scene, how lifeless, yet how
 fair,
Was the lone land that met the strangers
 there!
No smiling villages or curling smoke
The busy haunts of busy men bespoke:
No solitary hut, the banks along,
Sent forth blithe Labor's homely, rustic
 song;
No urchin gamboled on the smooth white
 sand,
Or hurled the skipping-stone with playful
 hand,
While playmate dog plunged in the clear
 blue wave,
And swam, in vain, the sinking prize to save.
Where now are seen, along the river side,
Young busy towns, in buxom painted pride,
And fleets of gliding boats with riches
 crowned,
To distant Orleans or St. Louis bound,
Nothing appeared but nature unsubdued,
One endless, noiseless woodland solitude,
Or boundless prairie, that aye seemed to be

As level and as lifeless as the sea;
They seemed to breathe in this wide world
 alone,
Heirs of the Earth—the land was all their
 own!

'Twas evening now: the hour of toil
 was o'er,
Yet still they durst not seek the fearful
 shore,
Lest watchful Indian crew should silent
 creep,
And spring upon and murder them in sleep;
So through the livelong night they held
 their way,
And 'twas a night might shame the fairest
 day;
So still, so bright, so tranquil was its reign,
They cared not though the day ne'er came
 again.
The moon high wheeled the distant hills
 above,
Silvered the fleecy foliage of the grove,
That as the wooing zephyrs on it fell,
Whispered it loved the gentle visit well:
That fair-faced orb alone to move appeared,



As down Ohio's ever-ebbing tide,
Oarless and sailless, silently they glide.

That zephyr was the only sound they heard.
 No deep-mouthed hound the hunter's haunt
 betrayed,
 No lights upon the shore or waters played,

No loud laugh broke upon the silent air,
 To tell the wanderers man was nestling there.
 All, all was still, on gliding bark and shore,
 As if the earth now slept to wake no more.

James K. Paulding.

ON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE broad, the bright, the glorious West,
 Is spread before me now!
 Where the gray mists of morning rest
 Beneath yon mountain's brow!
 The bound is past—the goal is won—
 The region of the setting sun
 Is open to my view.
 Land of the valiant and the free—
 My own Green Mountain land—to thee,
 And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
 For what thou yet shalt be!
 I hail thee for the hopes that rest
 Upon thy destiny!
 Here—from this mountain height, I see
 Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
 Thine emerald fields outspread,
 And feel that in the book of fame,
 Proudly shall thy recorded name
 In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
 All glorious as thou art,
 A cloud is resting on my brow,
 A weight upon my heart.
 To me—in all thy youthful pride—

Thou art a land of cares untried,
 Of untold hopes and fears.
 Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
 But for the far-off land I leave,
 I look on thee with tears.

Oh! brightly, brightly glow thy skies,
 In summer's sunny hours!
 The green earth seems a paradise
 Arrayed in summer flowers!
 But oh! there is a land afar
 Whose skies to me are brighter far,
 Along the Atlantic shore!
 For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
 In kindlier glances answered mine—
 Can these their light restore?

Upon the lofty bound I stand,
 That parts the East and West;
 Before me—lies a fairy land;
 Behind—a home of rest!
 Here, hope her wild enchantment flings,
 Portrays all bright and lovely things,
 My footsteps to allure—
 But there, in memory's light, I see
 All that was once most dear to me—
 My young heart's cynosure!

Laura M. Thurston.

THE STORY OF ESTHER ZANE.

A HUNDRED years ago, and seven,
 As our early annals well attest,
 The Zanes got up an expedition,
 And with friends and families started
 West.

Climbing the steps of the Alleghanies,
 They felt they were nearer the throne of
 God;
 Then passing down into woodland valleys,
 The gardens of nature they proudly trod.

Launching their boats on the bright Ohio,
 The ever-beautiful river of song,
 They grew entranced with the high green
 hill-sides,
 And sang with joy as they glode along.

Choosing their station they built Fincastle,
 That was afterwards named by Lord
 Dunmore,

And around it they raised their first rude
 cabins,

In all to the number of twenty-four.
 And here they turned up the soil and planted;
 And here they gathered the harvest in;—
 Teaching the rarely failing lesson,

That the men who work, are the men who
 win!

They praised the Lord for the land he had
 given,

And hymns of thanksgiving sent above;
 And their homes were full of joy and
 plenty,

And their hearts were filled with human
 love.

But from the banks of the fair Scioto,
 And from the Miami's farther shore,

In the summer of seventeen-seventy-seven,
 Some friendly runners a warning bore;—
 A warning bore that the north-west Indians,
 Leagued and painted were "on the path,"
 Determined the Upper Ohio stations

Should all go down before their wrath;
 That all should fall, from the Great Kanawha
 Up to the stockades at old Fort Pitt:
 And soon 'twas known by the smoke as-
 cending,

That the Indian fires were near them lit.

Fincastle—christened now Fort Henry—
 Calling for men, but forty found,
 On the morning of twenty-sixth September,
 With four hundred Indians ambushed round.
 Parties sent out to reconnoiter,

And other parties alarm to spread,
 Were met by the skulking foe, and captured,
 Or shot from the Indian coverts dead.

Just at the break of day next morning
 A fierce assault on the Fort began;
 Within which was not an idle woman,—
 Within which was not a cowardly man.

But now the little garrison numbered
 No more than twelve, both young and old:
 Yet the men were wary and fought with
 judgment,

While the youths were active and firm
 and bold.

And they drove the Indians back to cover,
 And shouted defiance as they went;

But just here learnt, to their consternation,
 Their supply of powder was nearly spent.

Now what to do was a pressing question,—
 For they felt their foe would soon be back,

And knew that without more ammunition
 They could n't repel his next attack.

The information here was given,

With a hope it might not prove in vain,
 That a keg of powder lay safely hidden
 In the cabin of Ebenezer Zane.

But how to get it was now the question,
 Though this cabin was not sixty yards
 away—

For ambushed well in the farther cabins,
 Waiting and watching, the Indians lay.

"Who volunteers to go?" said the captain:
 "The act will be almost certain death."

"I" and "I," replied half a dozen voices,
 Not one of them with bated breath.

But here stepped up a pale young woman:
 "I know where that powder is stowed away;

'T will trouble others to find it, captain;
 I volunteer, and will fetch it." "Nay!"

Exclaimed the captain, and smiled upon her:
 "'T is not fit service for one like you,

It requires courage, and skill, and caution,
 Such as belong to the very few."

"Nevertheless, I'll undertake it!"

"Nay! nay!" said he, "it can't be so:
 These young men have strength and fleet-
 ness—

Choose you which of *them* shall go."



"These young men deserve your praises;
 None with their bearing here find
 fault;
 And surely to-day they've fought like
 heroes,
 Repelling this hot and fierce assault,
 And that is the very reason, captain,
 This dangerous service thus *I* seek.

Look out, at the strength of our fierce as-
 sailants!
 Look in, at our garrison — few and weak!
 If *I* go and fall, how little you'll miss me!
 I'll strive to do the thing that I dare!
 But the lives of these young men all are
 precious:
 Not one of their number can we spare."

Her kindred came and opposed her purpose.

The soldiers said, "It would be a shame."

One by one, to dissuade her from it,

The young men earnestly pleading came.

She turned away from all entreaty,

Saying quite gently—"I think *I* know

Who can be spared, if any one must be.

Captain! I am ready now to go."

Her pale cheeks reddened for just a moment;

To her forehead she pressed her open palm;

Then she stood like a beautiful marble

statue—

Erect and queenly, and grand and calm.

She looked in the captain's eyes so steadily,

Her words, though bold, were so wise and

true;

He could not longer refuse her proffer,

And the gate before her open flew.

With nothing of fear, and nothing of flurry,

But calm and determined, and strong as

fate,

She waved farewell to her friends and
kindred,

And passed like a sunbeam out of the gate.

Slowly but cautiously moving forward,

Proudly her woman form she bore,

Till near the front of her brother's cabin,

When like a deer she leaped to the door.

Indians watching, saw her and signaled,

And soon there was rushing to and fro,

And their firelocks gleamed in the autumn

sunlight,

But the mass of the leaguns kept still

and low.

In a little while she left the cabin,

When a dark cloud suddenly met her view,

Out of which flashed a blazing volley,

Out of which hissing bullets flew;

And then, like an arrow tipped with lightning,

Into the Fort she sped amain,

Bearing safe the keg of powder—

And this is the story of Esther Zane.

Anonymous.

LEWIS WEITZEL.

STOUT-HEARTED Lewis Weitzel

Rides down the river shore,

The wilderness behind him,

The wilderness before.

He rides in the cool of morning,

Humming a dear old tune,

Into the heart of the greenwood,

Into the heart of June.

He needs no guide in the forest

More than the hunter bees;

His guides are the cool green mosses

To the northward of the trees.

Nor fears he the foe whose footstep

Is light as the summer air—

The tomahawk hangs in his shirt-belt,

The scalp-knife glitters there!

The stealthy Wyandots tremble,

And speak his name with fear,

For his aim is sharp and deadly,

And his rifle's ring is clear.

So, pleasantly rides he onward,

Pausing to hear the stroke

Of the settler's ax in the forest,

Or the crash of a falling oak;

Pausing at times to gather

The wild fruit overhead

(For in this rarest of June days

The service-berries are red);

And as he grasps the full boughs

To bend them down amain,

The dew and the blushing berries

Fall like an April rain.

The partridge drums on the dry oak,
 The croaking corby caws,
 The blackbird sings in the spice-bush,
 The robin in the haws;

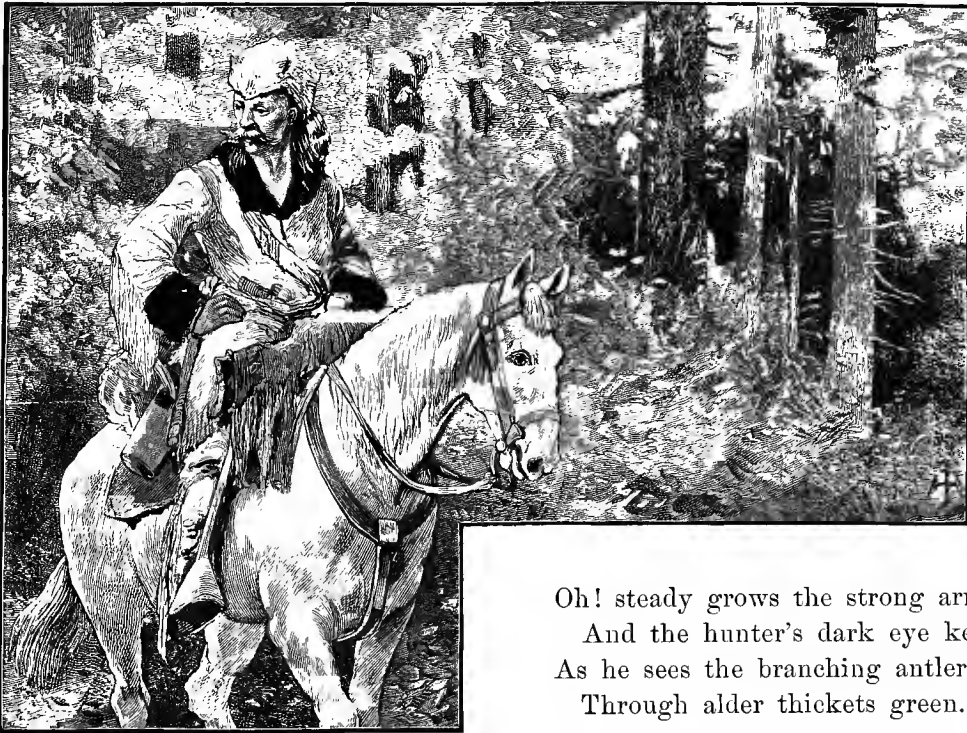
And, as they chatter and twitter,
 The wild birds seem to say,
 "Do not harm us, good Lewis,
 And you shall have luck to-day."

So, pleasantly rides he onward,
 Till the shadows mark the noon,
 Into the leafy greenwood,
 Into the heart of June.

Now speed thee on, good Lewis,
 For the sultry sun goes down,
 The hill-side shadows lengthen,
 And the eastern sky is brown.

Now speed thee where the river
 Creeps slow in the coverts cool,
 And the lilies nod their white bells
 By the margin of the pool.

He crosses the silver Kaska
 With its chestnut-covered hills,
 And the fetlocks of his roan steed
 Are wet in a hundred rills.



Oh! steady grows the strong arm,
 And the hunter's dark eye keen,
 As he sees the branching antlers
 Through alder thickets green.

"And there," he cries in transport,
 "The alders greenest grow,
 Where the wild stag comes for water,
 And her young fawn leads the doe."

Grasping his trusty rifle,
 He whistles his dog behind,
 Then stretches his finger upward
 To know how sets the wind.

A sharp, clear ring through the greenwood,
 And with mighty leap and bound,
 The pride of the western forest
 Lies bleeding on the ground.

Then out from the leafy shadow
 A stalwart hunter springs,
 And his unsheathed scalp-knife glittering
 Against his rifle rings.

“And who art thou,” quoth Lewis,
 “That com’st ’twixt me and mine?”
 And his cheek is flushed with anger,
 As a Bacchant’s flushed with wine.

“What boots that to thy purpose?”
 The stranger hot replies;
 “My rifle marked it living,
 And mine, when dead, the prize.”

Then with sinewy arms they grapple,
 Like giants fierce in brawls,
 Till stretched along the greensward
 The humbled hunter falls.

Upspringing like a panther,
 He cries, in wrath and pride,
 “Though your arms may be the stronger,
 Our rifles shall decide.”

“Stay, stranger,” quoth good Lewis,
 “The chances are not even;
 Who challenges my rifle
 Should be at peace with heaven.

“Now take this rod of alder,
 Set it by yonder tree
 A hundred yards beyond me,
 And wait you there and see.



“For he who dares such peril
 But lightly holds his breath—
 May his unshrived soul be ready
 To welcome sudden death!”

So the stranger takes the alder,
 And wondering stands to view,
 While Weitzel’s aim grows steady,
 And he cuts the rod in two.

“By heaven!” exclaims the stranger,
 “One only, far or nigh,
 Hath arms like the lithe young ash-tree,
 Or half so keen an eye;

And that is Lewis Weitzel:”
 Quoth Lewis, “Here he stands;”
 So they speak in gentler manner,
 And clasp their friendly hands.

Then talk the mighty hunters
 Till the summer dew descends,
 And they who met as foemen
 Ride out of the greenwood friends;—

Ride out of the leafy greenwood
 As rises the yellow moon,
 And the purple hills lie pleasantly
 In the softened air of June.

Florus B. Plimpton.

JOHN FILSON.

[MATTHIAS DENMAN, ROBERT PATTERSON and JOHN FILSON, laid out the town of Losantiville, now the city of Cincinnati, in 1788. Filson, school-master and surveyor, went out to examine the country between the Miamis, but never returned.]

JOHN FILSON was a pedagogue,
A pioneer was he;
I know not what his nation was,
Nor what his pedigree.

Tradition's scanty records tell
But little of the man,
Save that he to the frontier came,
In immigration's van.

Perhaps with phantoms of reform
His busy fancy teemed,
Perhaps of new Utopias
Hesperian he dreamed.

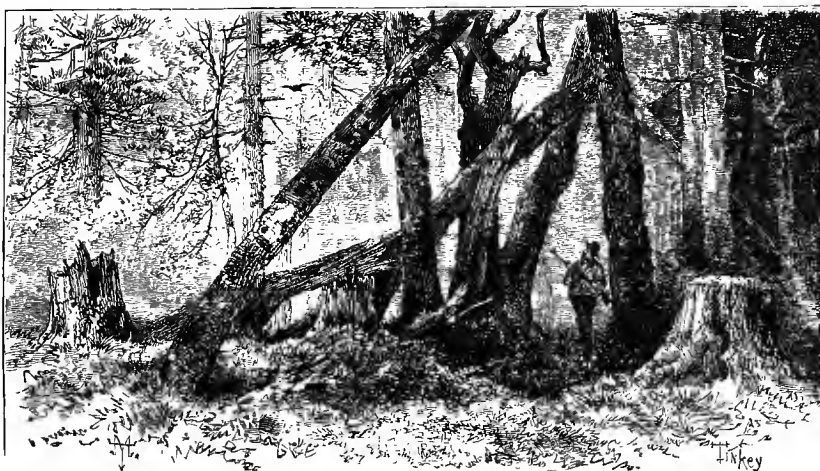
John Filson and companions bold,
A frontier village planned,
In forest wild, on sloping hills,
By fair Ohio's strand.

John Filson from three languages,
With pedant skill did frame
The novel word Losantiville,
To be the new town's name.

Said Filson, "Comrades, hear my words,
Ere three-score years have flown,
Our town will be a city vast."
Loud laughed Bob Patterson.

Still John exclaimed, with prophet tongue,
"A city fair and proud,
The Queen of cities in the West!"
Mat Denman laughed aloud.

Deep in the wild and solemn woods,
Unknown to white man's track,
John Filson went one autumn day,
But never more came back.



He struggled through the solitude
The inland to explore,
And with romantic pleasure traced
Miami's winding shore.

Across his path the startled deer
Bounds to its shelter green;
He enters every lonely vale,
And cavernous ravine.

Too soon the murky twilight came,
The lonesome night-winds moan;
Bewildered wanders Filson, lost,
Exhausted, and alone.

By lurking foes his steps are dogged,
A yell his ear appalls!
A ghastly corpse upon the ground,
A murdered man he falls.

The Indian, with instinctive hate,
 In him a herald saw
 Of coming hosts of pioneers,
 The friends of light and law;

In him beheld the champion
 Of industries and arts,
 The founder of enervating roads,
 And great commercial marts;—

The spoiler of the hunting-ground,
 The flower of the sod,
 The builder of the Christian school,
 And of the house of God.

And so the vengeful tomahawk
 John Filson's blood did spill,—
 The spirit of the pedagogue
 No tomahawk could kill.

John Filson had no sepulcher,
 Except the wild-wood dim;
 The mournful voices of the air
 Made requiem for him.

The druid trees their waving arms
 Uplifted o'er his head;
 The moon a pallid veil of light
 Upon his visage spread.

The rain and sun of many years
 Have worn his bones away,
 And what he vaguely prophesied,
 We realize to-day.

Losantiville, the prophet's word,
 The poet's hope, fulfills—
 She sits a stately Queen to-day,
 Amid her royal hills!

Then come, ye pedagogues, and join
 To sing a grateful lay
 For him, the martyr pioneer,
 Who led for you the way.

And may my simple ballad be
 A monument to save
 His name from blank oblivion,
 Who never had a grave.

William H. Venable.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

THE silent wilderness for me!
 Where never sound is heard,
 Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
 And the fitting wing of bird,
 Or its slow and interrupted note,
 And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
 And the swaying of the forest boughs,
 As the wind moves overhead.

Alone, (how glorious to be free!)
 My good dog at my side,
 My rifle hanging in my arm,
 I range the forest wide.
 And now the regal buffalo
 Across the plains I chase;
 Now track the mountain stream to find
 The beaver's lurking-place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
 And (solitude profound!)
 Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
 Within the horizon's bound.
 Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
 The air's light currents run,
 The wilderness of moving leaves
 Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
 Meets the far forest line,
 And this imperial domain—
 This kingdom—all is mine.
 This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
 Waters that ever roll,
 And wilderness of glory, bring
 Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
 The world's fresh prime hath seen;
 Wide stretch its living halls away,
 Pillared and roofed with green.
 My music is the wind that now
 Pours loud its swelling bars,
 Now lulls in dying cadences;
 My festal lamps are stars.

Though, when in this my lonely home
 My star-watched couch I press,
 I hear no fond "good-night"—think not
 I am companionless.

O, no! I see my father's house,
 The hill, the tree, the stream,
 And the looks and voices of my home
 Come gently to my dream.

And in these solitary haunts,
 While slumbers every tree
 In night and silence, God himself
 Seems nearer unto me.
 I feel His presence in these shades,
 Like the embracing air;
 And as my eyelids close in sleep,
 My heart is hushed in prayer.

Ephraim Peabody.

THE OLD MOUND.

[In the western part of Cincinnati (demolished years ago by a Vandal curiosity), near what is now the junction of Fifth and Mound streets.]

LONELY and sad it stands:
 The trace of ruthless hands
 Is on its sides and summit, and around
 The dwellings of the white man pile the
 ground;
 And curling in the air,
 The smoke of thrice a thousand hearths is
 there:
 Without, all speaks of life,—within,
 Deaf to the city's echoing din,
 Sleep well the tenants of that silent Mound,
 Their names forgot, their memories unre-
 nowned.

Upon its top I tread,
 And see around me spread
 Temples and mansions, and the hoary hills,
 Bleak with the labor that the coffer fills,
 But mars their bloom the while,
 And steals from nature's face its joyous smile:
 And here and there, below,
 The stream's meandering flow
 Breaks on the view; and westward in the sky
 The gorgeous clouds in crimson masses lie.

The hammer's clang rings out,
 Where late the Indian's shout
 Startled the wild-fowl from its sedgy nest,
 And broke the wild deer's and the panther's
 rest.
 The lordly oaks went down
 Before the ax—the cane-brake is a town:
 The bark canoe no more
 Glides noiseless from the shore;
 And, sole memorial of a nation's doom,
 Amid the works of art rises this lonely
 tomb.

It, too, must pass away:
 Barbaric hands will lay
 Its holy ruins level with the plain,
 And rear upon its site some goodly fane.
 It seemeth to upbraid
 The white man for the ruin he has made.
 And soon the spade and mattock must
 Invade the sleepers' buried dust,
 And bare their bones to sacrilegious eyes,
 And send them forth some joke-collector's
 prize.

Charles A. Jones.

RAFTING.

AN August night was shutting down,
 The first stars faintly glowed,
 And deep and wide the river's tide
 Through the mountain gorges flowed.
 The woods swelled up from either side,
 The clear night-sky bent o'er,
 And the gliding waters darkly gleamed,
 In the shadows of the shore.



A moving
 mass swept
 round the
 hills,—

And ever and anon they sung,
 Yo, heave ho!
 And loud and long the echo rung,
 Yo, heave ho!

And now the tones burst sharp and fast,
 As if the heavens to climb;
 Now their soft fall made musical
 The waters' ceaseless chime.
 Then all was hushed, till night be heard
 The plashing of the oar,
 Or the speech and laugh, half audible,
 Upon the silent shore.

We flung to them some words of cheer,
 And loud jests flung they back;
 Good-night! they cried, and drifted on,
 Upon their lonely track.

We watched them till a sudden bend
 Received them from our sight,
 Yet still we heard the bugle

In the midst a broad,
 bright flame;
 And flitting forms
 passed to and fro
 Around it, as it came.
 The raft-fire with its flying light
 Filled the thin river haze:
 And rock and tree and darkling cliff
 Stooped forward in the blaze.

And while it floated down the stream,
 Yet nearer and more near,
 A bugle blast on the still night air
 Rose loftily and clear.
 From cliff to cliff, from hill to hill,
 Through the ancient woods and wide,
 The sound swelled on, and far away
 In their silent arches died.

blast
 In the still-
 ness of the
 night.

But soon its loud notes on the ear
 Fell faint and low;
 And we ceased to hear the hearty cheer
 Of Yo, heave ho!

Thus quickly did the river pass,
 Forth issuing from the dark—
 A moment, lighting up the scene
 Drifted the phantom ark.

And thus our life. From the unknown
 To the unknown, we sweep;
 Like mariners who cross and hail
 Each other o'er the deep.

Ephraim Peabody.

BLENNERHASSET'S ISLAND.

ONCE came an exile, longing to be free,
 Born in the greenest island of the sea;
 He sought out this, the fairest blooming isle
 That ever gemmed a river; and its smile
 Of summer green and freedom on his heart
 Fell, like the light of Paradise. Apart
 It lay, remote and wild; and in his breast
 He fancied this an Island of the Blest;
 And here he deemed the world might never
 mar

The tranquil air with its molesting jar.
 Long had his soul, among the strife of men,
 Gone out and fought, and, fighting, failed;
 and then

Withdrew into itself; as when some fount
 Finds space within, and will no longer mount,
 Content to hear its own secluded waves
 Make lonely music in the new-found caves.
 And here he brought his household; here
 his wife,

As happy as her children, round his life
 Sang as she were an echo, or a part
 Of the deep pleasure springing in his heart,—
 A silken string which with the heavier cord
 Made music, such as well-strung harps afford.
 She was the embodied spirit of the man,
 His second self, but on a fairer plan.

And here they came, and here they built
 their home,
 And set the rose and taught the vines to
 roam,

Until the place became an isle of bowers,
 Where odors, mist-like, swam above the
 flowers.

It was a place where one might lie and dream,
 And see the Naiads, from the river-stream.

Stealing among the umbrous, drooping limbs;
 Where Zephyr, mid the willows, tuned her
 hymns

Round rippling shores. Here would the
 first birds throng

In early spring-time, and their latest song
 Was given in autumn; when all else had fled,
 They half forgot to go; such beauty here
 was spread.

It was, in sooth, a fair enchanted isle,
 Round which the unbroken forest, many a
 mile,

Reached the horizon like a boundless sea;—
 A sea whose waves, at last, were forced to
 flee

On either hand, before the westward host,
 To meet no more upon its ancient coast.
 But all things fair, save truth, are frail and
 doomed;

And brightest beauty is the first consumed
 By envious Time; as if he crowned the brow
 With loveliest flowers, before he gave the
 blow

Which laid the victim on the hungry shrine;
 Such was the dreamer's fate, and such, bright
 isle, was thine.

There came the stranger, heralded by fame,
 Whose eloquent soul was like a tongue of
 flame,

Which brightened and despoiled whate'er
 it touched.

A violet, by an iron gauntlet clutched,
 Were not more doomed than whosoe'er he
 won

To list his plans, with glowing words o'errun:
 And Blennerhasset hearkened as he planned.

Far in the South there was a glorious land,
 Crowned with perpetual flowers, and where
 repute
 Pictured the gold more plenteous than the
 fruit,—
 The Persia of the West. There would he
 steer
 His conquering course; and o'er the bright
 land rear
 His far-usurping banner, till his home
 Should rest beneath a wide, imperial dome,
 Where License, round his thronèd feet,
 should whirl
 Her dizzy mazes like an orient girl.
 His followers should be lords; their ladies
 each
 Wear wreaths of gems beyond the old world's
 reach;
 And emperors, gazing at that land of bloom,
 With impotent fire of envy should consume.
 Such was the gorgeous vision which he
 drew.

The listener saw; and, dazzled by the view,—
 As one in some enchanter's misty room,
 His senses poisoned by the strange perfume,
 Beholds with fierce desire the picture fair,
 And grasps at nothing in the painted air,—
 Gave acquiescence, in a fatal hour,
 And wealth and hope and peace were in
 the tempter's power.

The isle became a rendezvous; and then
 Came in the noisy rule of lawless men.
 Domestic calm, affrighted, fled afar,
 And Riot reveled 'neath the midnight star.
 Continuous music rustled through the trees,
 Where banners danced responsive on the
 breeze;
 Or in festoons, above the astonished bowers,
 With flaming colors shamed the modest
 flowers.

There clanged the mimic combat of the
 sword,
 Like daily glasses round the festive board;
 Here lounged the chiefs, there marched the
 plumèd file,

And martial splendor overrun the isle.
 Already, the shrewd leader of the sport
 The shadowy scepter grasped, and swayed
 his court.

In dreams or waking, reveling or alone,
 Before him swam the visionary throne;
 Until a voice, as if the insulted woods
 Had risen to claim their ancient solitudes,
 Broke on his spirit, like a trumpet rude,
 Shattering his dream to nothing where he
 stood!

The revelers vanished, and the banners fell,
 Like the red leaves beneath November's spell.
 Full of great hopes, sustained by mighty will,
 Urged by ambition, confident of skill,
 As fearless to perform as to devise,
 Aflush, but now he saw the glittering prize
 Flame like a cloud in day's descending
 track;
 But, lo, the sun went down, and left it black!
 Alone, despised, defiance in his eye,
 He heard the shout, and "Treason!" was
 the cry;
 And that harsh word, with its unpitiful
 blight,
 Swept o'er the island like an arctic night.
 Cold grew the hearthstone, withered fell
 the flowers,
 And desolation walked among the bowers.
 This was the mansion. Through the ruined
 hall
 The loud winds sweep, with gusty rise and fall,
 Or glide, like phantoms, through the open
 doors;
 And winter drifts his snow along the floors,
 Blown through the yawning rafters, where
 the stars
 And moon look in as through dull prison bars.
 On yonder gable, through the nightly dark,
 The owl replies unto the dreary bark
 Of lonely fox, beside the grass-grown sill;
 And here, on summer eves, the whippoorwill
 Exalts her voice, and to the traveler's ear
 Proclaims how Ruin rules with full content-
 ment here.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

A GOLDEN-WEDDING ON THE ROLLING-FORK.

I.

On the Rolling-Fork, in Hardin,
 Where the winds and waters chime,
 And sing to the listening traveler
 Songs full of the olden time,
 Stood a dwelling thrown wide open
 To the wanton airs of May,
 That stole up over sloping meadows
 Which stretched from its doors away—
 Here dotted with groves, there reaching
 To sunny and shady nooks,
 Where the elder-bloom swayed gently
 To the ripple of purling brooks,
 And where the voices of children
 From blossoming thickets rang,
 As, with jest, and shout, and banter,
 From rock to rock they sprang.

II.

'T was the home of an aged couple,
 Who many and many a year
 Had sown and reaped and garnered
 The fruits of life's labors here.
 And now there had gladly gathered,
 From near and from far away,
 A merry troop of their kindred,
 And friends of an early day:
 For this was their Golden-Wedding;
 And the heavens stooped down and smiled
 As sweetly and tenderly o'er them,
 As a mother o'er her child.
 Songs of birds, and the breath of flowers,
 Floated in on the sunny air;
 And God's benison seemed resting
 All around them, every-where.

III.

As friend met friend with greetings,
 How rapidly backward flew
 The curtains of time, displaying
 The scenes of the past anew!

And soon they were where Lake Erie
 Heaved its billows like the sea,
 And then by the moaning waters
 Of the battle-stained Maumee;
 And anon where the bright Scioto
 Day's arrowy beams flashed back,
 As it watered the Indian gardens
 That bordered its shining track:
 Then they saw the blood of their kindred
 Tinge the Wabash and the Thames,
 And anon heard the streams of Kentucky
 Murmuring their honored names.

IV.

And as the lengthening shadows
 Of the years still upward rolled,
 And they talked of the days of their danger,
 And the tales of their triumphs told,
 Tears gathered in silent sorrow
 For some who had found their rest,
 Ere blazed in its fullness the glory
 That dawned on the Early West.
 But they all felt proud of the heroes
 Who had sprung at their country's call,—
 For its flag, which they carried, to battle,
 For their homes, if 'twere needed, to fall.
 And the tears which had started in sorrow,
 And silence, were checked by their pride,
 And they still talked old times with the
 bridegroom,
 And recalled still old sports to the bride.

V.

And while far behind on life's highways
 Their thoughts were thus tenderly cast,
 One rose in their midst and recited
 This page from the Book of the Past—
 One who, in the strength of his manhood,
 Had moved in the scenes now brought
 back,
 And remembered the WOMAN'S devotion
 All along the Man's perilous track:—

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE mothers of our Forest-Land!
 Stout-hearted dames were they;
 With nerve to wield the battle brand,
 And join the border fray.
 Our rough land had no braver
 In its days of blood and strife—
 Aye ready for severest toil,
 Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our Forest-Land!
 On old Kentucky's soil,
 How shared they, with each dauntless band,
 War's tempest and life's toil!
 They shrank not from the foeman,
 They quailed not in the fight,
 But cheered their husbands through the day,
 And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our Forest-Land!
 Their bosoms pillowed MEN;
 And proud were they by such to stand,
 In hammock, fort, or glen;
 To load the sure old rifle—
 To run the leaden ball—
 To watch a battling husband's place,
 And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our Forest-Land!
 Such were their daily deeds:
 Their monument—where does it stand?
 Their epitaph—who reads?
 No braver dames had Sparta—
 No nobler matrons Rome—
 Yet who or lauds or honors them,
 Even in their own green home?

The mothers of our Forest-Land!
 They sleep in unknown graves;
 And had they borne and nursed a band
 Of ingrates, or of slaves,
 They had not been more neglected!
 But their graves shall yet be found,
 And their monuments dot here and there
 "The Dark and Bloody Ground!"

VI.

The plaudits that rose from the many,
 And the chatter that fell from the few,
 Were silenced, ere long, by a trumpet,
 Which pealed out the "Red, White and
 Blue;"
 And then, oft with tremulous cadence,
 And tones that made holy the air,
 From the hall came this song of a sorrow
 Among the Green Hills of Adair—
 The violin measuring fitly
 The depth of the feeling expressed,
 And the method and voice of the singer
 Soon winning the heart of each guest:—

AMONG THE GREEN HILLS OF ADAIR.

How oft in the spirit we yearn
 For faces and forms that have fled!
 While the calm lights of memory burn,
 How oft from the living we turn
 To the dead!
 So my thoughts now go wandering back,
 O'er a quiet and shadowy track,
 Till they rest by a murmuring stream,
 Where in years gone I dreamed a sweet
 dream,
 Among the green hills of Adair—
 The beautiful hills of Adair.

And a maiden, as sweet as the flowers
 That bloomed by that murmuring stream,
 Walked beside me among the wild bowers,
 Through the months, and the days, and the
 hours,
 Of that dream.

But a messenger, cruel as Death,
 Broke in on that dream, and her breath
 Passed away with a prayer and a sigh,
 As that murmuring stream glided by,
 Among the green hills of Adair—
 The beautiful hills of Adair.

But *I* wander there yet, and I hear
 The tones of that murmuring stream;



"The mothers of our Forest-Land;
Stout-hearted dames were they."

And the form and the face that were dear,
In the beauty of youth re-appear;

And I dream—

Oh, I dream of a Land and a Life,
Lying far beyond earth and its strife,
Wherein, not again to be crossed,

I shall find the sweet spirit I lost
Among the green hills of Adair—
The beautiful hills of Adair.

On a green grassy knoll, by the river,
Overlooking the Falls far below,
In the flush and the flower of her beauty,
We laid her to rest long ago—
Long ago—long ago—
And the winds and the waves sang her
requiem,
Long ago.

The refrain had scarce died to a murmur,
When a woman, well stricken in years,
Sang the song of Lynn's Station on Beargrass,
In tones that brought many to tears:—

LYNN'S STATION ON BEARGRASS.

As the clouds and the shadows are lifted,
And now roll from my vision away,
Lynn's Station appears on the Beargrass,
With the green groves around it that lay;
And I see gallant forms and sweet faces,
Such as brightened a day that is o'er,
And my ear catches faint and far echoes
Of voices I'll hear never-more—
Never-more—never-more—
Loved voices I'll hear again never,
Never-more.

Now my mind and my heart, in their fullness,
Wander back to the days that have been,
And my breast swells and throbs with emotion
Over memories of girlhood and Lynn.
Although dangers there threatened us often,
Man's strong arm was a shield and a spear;
And Woman's true heart made it stronger,
As she bravely sang out "Never fear!—
Never fear!—never fear!—
Though the strong win not always the
battle,
Never fear!"

And now I behold Nannie Allen,
Killed near by in her maidenly bloom,
And her gallant young lover, John Martin,
Who, in tears and alone, dug her tomb.

VII.

The tones of the violin lingered,
As if they were part of the air,
Impregning the place with the holy
And beautiful spirit of prayer:
Ere long, though, the murmur was broken
By a resonant clarion blast,
And before the enraptured assembly
The host and the hostess soon passed.
On their taking position together,
The clarion ended its play—
And he sang then this song of their Love-
Life
In Kentucky's old Pioneer Day:—

LOVE-LIFE ON THE ELKHORN.

We met first 'mid the horrors of battle,
While rang the red savage's yell,
Where some of our boldest and bravest
By rifle and tomahawk fell.
She stood by the door of a cabin,
Unshrinking, determined, and grand,
From a loophole surveying the struggle,
An ax duly poised in her hand.

I bridled a steed that was haltered
In a shed that stood haply behind,
And, pointing the way that was safest,
She mounted and rode like the wind.
With night the fierce battle was over,
And we cared for our wounded and
slain,
Yet till peace spread its wings o'er Kentucky
In beauty, we met not again.

But peace brought the triumphs of labor,
 And scattered the shadows of gloom,
 And the green fertile shores of the Elkhorn
 Soon reveled in beauty and bloom.
 And then, as if heaven-directed,
 We met where that cabin once stood,
 And walked hand-in-hand where our heroes
 Had gone down in battle and blood.

And we met there again, and there plighted
 Our faith to each other for life;
 And never on earth yet has Heaven
 Dealt kindlier with husband and wife.
 And in memory now we together
 Go back where that cabin once stood,
 And thank God that soon out of the evil
 We witnessed and shared, came the good.

VIII.

At the close came kind words and good
 wishes
 From all, that were fervent and true;
 And the drum and the fife and the trumpet
 Pealed out again, "Red, White, and Blue!"
 Then came, floating in from the porches,
 A smothered and twittering hum,
 And the young clapped their hands as they
 shouted—
 "The Pioneer Legion has come!"
 And a dozen in buckskin-breeches,
 By hunting-shirts overhung,
 Walked in under caps of 'coonskin,
 And saluted both old and young;
 And they beat then the stately marches
 Of time, on the notes of the years,
 As they sang, to a fitting melody,
 The Song of the Pioneers:—

SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

A song for the early times out West,
 And our green old forest-home,
 Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
 Across the bosom come:

A song for the free and gladsome life,
 In those early days we led,
 With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
 And a smiling Heaven o'erhead!
 Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
 And had a joyous flow,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
 The captured elk, or deer;
 The camp, the big bright fire, and then
 The rich and wholesome cheer:—
 The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
 By our camp-fires blazing high—
 Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
 And the panther springing by.
 Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
 Our wily Indian foe,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

We shunned not labor: when 'twas due
 We wrought with right good will;
 And for the homes we won for them,
 Our children bless us still.
 We lived not hermit lives, but oft
 In social converse met;
 And fires of love were kindled then,
 That burn on warmly yet.
 Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
 Pursued its constant flow,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

We felt that we were fellow-men;
 We felt we were a band,
 Sustained here in the wilderness
 By Heaven's upholding hand.
 And when the solemn Sabbath came,
 Assembling in the wood,
 We lifted up our hearts in prayer
 To God, the only Good.
 Our temples then were earth and sky;
 None others did we know,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

Our forest-life was rough and rude,
 And dangers closed us round;
 But here, amid the green old trees,
 Freedom was sought and found.
 Oft through our dwellings wint'ry blasts
 Would rush with shriek and moan;
 We cared not—though they were but frail,
 We felt they were our own!
 Oh, free and manly lives we led,
 'Mid verdure, or 'mid snow,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!

But now our course of life is short;
 And as, from day to day,
 We're walking on with halting step,
 And fainting by the way,
 Another Land more bright than this,
 To our dim sight appears,
 And on our way to it we all
 Are moving with the years.
 Yet while we linger, we may still
 Our backward glances throw,
 To the days when we were Pioneers,
 Fifty years ago!



IX.

The wedding-feast followed.—When evening
 Had quietly yielded to night,
 The grove at the front was found blazing,
 Every tree with its lantern a-light.
 And soon, from a garlanded terrace,
 The viol and trump made their din,
 Giving place, as the company gathered,
 To the notes of the gay violin.

Then the Country-Dance answered with
 spirit
 To old Rosin's familiar appeal,
 And Cotillions glode on, through the Gallop
 And Waltz, to Virginia's Reel.
 And the Past and the Present there mingled,
 As the old and the young thus met,
 That day throughout life to remember,
 And that night never, never forget.

X.

Thus ended that Golden Wedding
 An hour ere the dawn of day,
 On the Rolling-Fork of Hardin,
 In the flowery month of May;
 And before the bright sun had risen
 All the guests their conches pressed,
 By the murmur of winds and waters
 Wooed gently, and lulled to rest—
 All but one, whom the chains of memory
 Held so firm in their thralldom still,
 That a link even had not been broken
 By the waltz or the lithe quadrille:
 And from him, as the host and hostess
 At length their chamber sought,
 A low and a tremulous murmur
 Their ears for a moment caught;
 And soon, as they paused to listen,
 They heard, low-toned but free,
 This song of an old log-cabin
 On the banks of the Tennessee.

ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE.

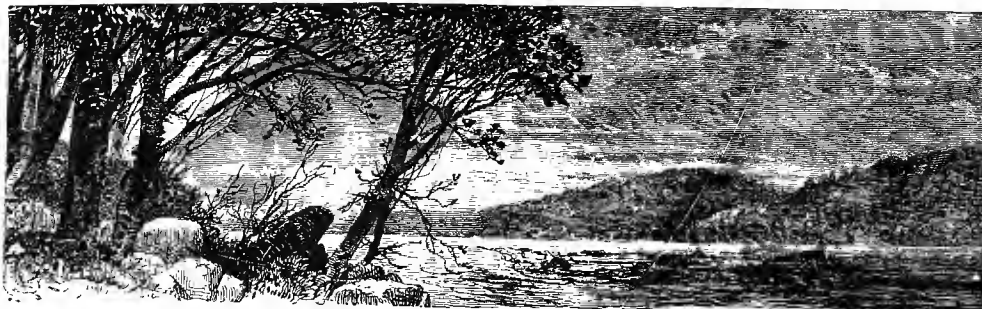
I sit by the open window,
 And look to the hills away,
 Over beautiful undulations
 That glow with the flowers of May;
 And as the lights and the shadows
 With the passing moments change,
 Comes many a scene of beauty
 Within my vision's range.
 But there is not one among them
 That is half so dear to me
 As an old log-cabin I think of,
 On the banks of the Tennessee.

Now up from the rolling meadows,
 And down from the hill-tops now,
 Fresh breezes steal in at my window,
 And sweetly fan my brow;
 And the sounds that they gather and bring me,
 From rivulet, meadow, and hill,
 Come in with a touching cadence,
 And my throbbing bosom fill;
 But the dearest thoughts thus wakened,
 And in tears brought back to me,
 Cluster 'round that old log-cabin
 On the banks of the Tennessee.

To many a fond remembrance
 My thoughts are backward cast,
 As I sit by the open window
 And recall the faded past;
 For all along the windings
 Of the ever-moving years,
 Lie wrecks of hope, and of purpose,
 That I now behold through tears;
 And, of all of them, the saddest
 That is thus brought back to me,
 Makes holy that old log-cabin
 On the banks of the Tennessee.

Glad voices now greet me daily,
 Sweet faces I oft behold,
 Yet I sit by the open window,
 And dream of the times of old—
 Of a voice that on earth is silent,
 Of a face that is seen no more,
 Of a spirit that faltered not ever
 In the struggles of days now o'er,
 And a beautiful grave comes pictured
 Forever and ever to me,
 From a knoll near that old log-cabin
 On the banks of the Tennessee.

William D. Gallagher.



THE HOOSIER'S NEST.

I'm told, in riding somewhere West,
 A stranger found a Hoosier's nest,
 In other words, a Buckeye cabin,
 Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in.
 Its situation low, but airy,
 Was on the borders of a prairie;
 And fearing he might be benighted,
 He hailed the house, and then alighted.
 The Hoosier met him at the door,—
 Their salutations soon were o'er;
 He took the stranger's horse aside,
 And to a sturdy sapling tied;
 Then, having stripped the saddle off,
 He fed him in a sugar-trough.

The stranger stooped to enter in,
 The entrance closing with a pin;
 And manifested strong desire
 To sit down by the log-heap fire,
 Where half a dozen Hoosieroons,
 With mush and milk, tin-cups and spoons,
 White heads, bare feet and dirty faces,
 Seemed much inclined to keep their places;

But madam, anxious to display
 Her rough but undisputed sway,
 Her offspring to the ladder led,
 And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.

Invited shortly to partake
 Of venison, milk, and johnny-cake,
 The stranger made a hearty meal,
 And glances round the room would steal.
 One side was lined with divers garments,
 The other, spread with skins of varmints;
 Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
 Where venison hams in plenty hung;
 Two rifles placed above the door,
 Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor:—
 In short, the domicil was rife
 With specimens of Hoosier life.
 The host, who centered his affections
 On game, and range and quarter sections,
 Discoursed his weary guest for hours
 Till Somnus' all-composing powers,
 Of sublunary cares bereft 'em;
 And then I came away, and left 'em.

John Finley.

MAY IN MASON, 1775.

[“MAY IN MASON” was written for the Centennial celebration of corn-planting by Simon Kenton, in Mason County, Ky.]

WHERE Limestone, with her gathered rills,
 A rocky passage follows;
 Where Lawrence, breaking through the hills,
 Beats down the lonesome hollows;
 The woods were dark and dense above,
 The canes were dank below,
 When houseless lay the city's cove,
 An hundred years ago.

In narrow way, by gulch and knoll,
 The brown deer broke his bearing;
 The gray wolf made the sloping mole
 An ambush for his faring;

The stately elk, with antlers wide,
 The nose-down buffalo,
 Their lickward way went side by side,
 An hundred years ago.

The blue Ohio, gulfward bound,
 Ran ripples on the border,
 Where nature gave the wanton ground
 Her winning, wild disorder.
 Nor sound of bell, nor sigh of steam,
 Nor oar-sweep creaking slow—
 The river lay a liquid dream
 An hundred years ago.

The web-fowl nested in the sloo
 Beside the sliding otter;
 The red maid, in her bark canoe,
 Just skimmed the slumb'rous water;
 The red man took the wareless game
 With sinew-twanging bow,
 Till Kenton's cracking rifle came,
 An hundred years ago.

An hundred years! What time! What change!
 To him who kept the tally,
 Till balder grew the bounding range,
 And busy grew the valley.
 There floats the smoke of forge and mill,
 That tireless ply below,
 Where stood the white cane, stark and still,
 An hundred years ago.

The willows died upon the shore,
 The beeches lost their glory;
 The giant, white-barked sycamore
 But lingers still in story.
 Now smoother ways go down the bank,
 To meet the water's flow—
 It never knew a steamer's plank
 An hundred years ago.

These fallow lands that laugh to-day
 In summer's mulling juices,
 From wanton sleep and idle play,
 Were brought to truer uses;
 And daring hands were on the plow
 That broke the primal row,
 To see the tasseled corn-tops bow,
 An hundred years ago.

The settler found his savage foes,
 In every copse appearing,
 And death was in the smoke that rose,
 Above the early clearing;
 The toil was hard, the danger great,
 The progress doubtful, slow;
 But these were men who made the State
 An hundred years ago.

Now closures grand and pastures green
 Are blocked about the granges,
 And goodly herds and homes are seen
 Along the olden ranges—
 The busy city rings with toil,
 The steamers come and go—
 God bless the brawn that broke the soil
 An hundred years ago.

No longer in her bark canoe,
 The red maid skims the river;
 The web-fowl's nestling from the sloo
 Has winged away forever;
 A single line these lands abrade,
 The lick-bound buffalo
 Has left till now the trace he made
 An hundred years ago.

So let us leave our trace behind,
 And wear it broader, deeper,
 That coming man may bring to mind
 The courses of the sleeper—
 That after days may see our toil
 And women praise us so;
 As brawny men who broke the soil
 An hundred years ago.

Henry T. Stanton.

GRANDFATHER WRIGHT.

HE knew of the great pioneering days,
 And the dread Indian times, that only live
 In dreams of old men when the ember-ghost
 Of long December evenings, Memory,
 Rising from the white ashes of the hearth
 And from the ashes of their outburnt lives,

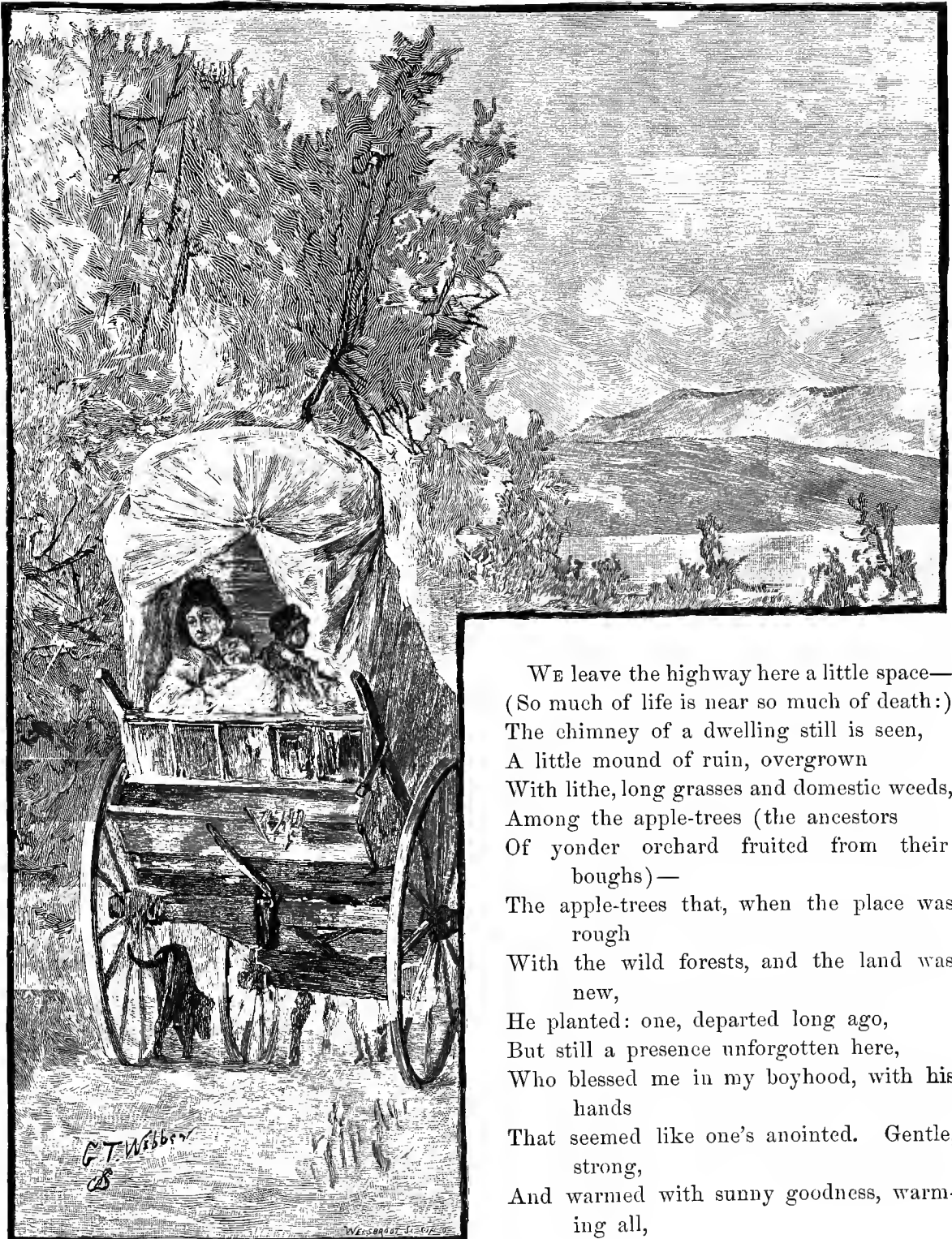
Haunts them, and fills them with a tender
 breath
 From the rough forests, full of wolves and
 deer,
 Where their young hearts made the fierce
 land their own.

John James Piatt.



John J. Piatt.

THE PIONEER'S CHIMNEY.



WE leave the highway here a little space—
 (So much of life is near so much of death:)
 The chimney of a dwelling still is seen,
 A little mound of ruin, overgrown
 With lithe, long grasses and domestic weeds,
 Among the apple-trees (the ancestors
 Of yonder orchard fruited from their
 boughs)—
 The apple-trees that, when the place was
 rough
 With the wild forests, and the land was
 new,
 He planted: one, departed long ago,
 But still a presence unforgotten here,
 Who blessed me in my boyhood, with his
 hands
 That seemed like one's anointed. Gentle,
 strong,
 And warmed with sunny goodness, warm-
 ing all,

Was he, familiar by the reverent name
Of Uncle Gardner in our neighborhood:
His love had grown to common property
By those quiet ties that Nature subtly knits,
And so at last had claimed the bond of blood.

He was an elder in the land, and held
His first proprietary right, it seemed,
From Nature's self; for, in an earlier day,
He came, with others who of old had reached
Their neighbor hands across New England
farms,

Over the mountains to this Western Land,—
A journey long and slow and perilous,
With many hardships and the homesick look
Of wife and children backward; chose his
farm,
Built his house, and cleared, by hard
degrees,
Acres that soon were meadows deep and
broad,
Or wheat-fields rocking in the summer heat.

His children grew, and son and daughter
passed
Into the world that grew around, and some
Into that world which, evermore unseen,
Is still about us; and the graveyard where
Their bodies slept (a few half sinking stones,—
A stranger's eyes would hardly see them,—
show
Seventy rods yonder in the higher ground)
Gave still a tenderer title, year by year,
To the dear places earned by earlier toil.

Meanwhile the years, that made these
woody vales
An eager commonwealth of crowding men,
Passed, one by one, and every thing was
changed;
And he, whose limbs were like the hickory's
when
He came with life's wrought vigor here,
was changed:
He heard the voice that tells men they are
old.
Yet not the less he moved his usual rounds,

Walked his old paths; not idle, sweated still
With scythe or sickle in the hay or wheat;
Followed his plow, when, in the April sun,
The blackbird chattered after, and the crow
Far-off looked anxious for the new-dropped
corn;

And gave the winter hours their services
With sheep abroad on slopes that, slanting
south,

Breathed off the snow and showed a warm-
ing green,

With cattle penned at home, or bounding
flail:

Thus,—not forgetting social offices
Throughout all seasons, (gaining so the love
That went acknowledged in his common
name,)—

He, like the Servant in the Parable,
Doing his duty, waited for his Lord.

The chimney shows enough for memory,
And, it may be, a traveler passing close,
If thoughtful, well might think a tender
thought

Of vanished fireside faces, in his dream
Suddenly lighted by a vanished fire;
And should the apple-trees that linger, loth
To end their blossoming, attract his eye,
Their fragrance would not pass unrecognized
For deeper gifts than fragrance. He is gone
Who planted them, and thirty years are gone.
Now, if you look a quarter-mile away,
Beyond the toll-gate and its lifted sweep,
You see a prouder house, not new nor old,
Beneath whose later roof no spirit dwells
That had its tenure here: a stranger holds
The secondary ownership of law.

It is a story, common though it seem,
Tender and having pathos for the heart
Which knows, but will not know, that he
who says

“My own,” and looks to-day on willing fields,
And sets his family tree in trusted ground,
To-morrow hears another answer “Mine.”
Listen, if you will listen. It is hard

To go an alien from familiar doors
 When we are young, to wrestle where we go,
 And win or lose quick-hearted — we are
 strong;

But it is pitiful when weak and old,
 When only for the near in life we seek,
 And Heaven, yearned after, is not thought
 afar,

To lose our shelter and to want for rest.

Of Uncle Gardner's children three were
 dead;

Yonder they lie. Their mother and two
 with him —

Two youngest: one a boy of fourteen years,
 His latest child; a girl of seventeen —
 Breathed in his still, contented atmosphere.
 An elder daughter, wedded years before,
 Lived far away in watery Michigan.

His eldest son, and the first-born of all,
 Thrived as a merchant in the city near, —
 Had thriven, at least, or so 't was said; and he
 For some shrewd scheme had got the old
 man's will

To be his bond. The father pledged the
 land —

Willing for the grown man, yet for the boy
 And for his girl at home reluctantly,
 Holding the chance a rash one. From that
 day

He wrought his daily labors ill-content,
 And with a trouble in his countenance.
 To things familiar came a subtle change.
 The brook that long ago, companion-like,
 Had grown acquainted with his solitude,
 And, later, made him music when he walked
 And led his children through the pasture-
 ground

Up to the haying or the harvest gap,
 A noisy mimic of their prattled words,
 Now seemed to lift a stranger's face at him,
 Wondering why he came there, who he was,
 Or murmured, with a long and low lament,
 Some undercurrent of an exile's song
 That is not on his lips but in his heart.
 Nothing was as it had been: something
 vague,

That Present of the Future which is born
 Within the bosom, whispering what will be,
 Met him and followed him, and would not
 cease

To meet and follow him: it seemed to say
 "The place that knew you shall know you
 no more."

And oftentimes he saw the highway stirred
 With slowly-journeying dust, and, passing
 slow,

The many who forever in our land
 Were going farther, driven by goads unseen,
 Or not content and looking for the new;
 And then he thought of how in those dear
 days

He, too, had ventured, and again he saw
 With steadfast eyes forgotten faces, known
 When he was young, and others dear to him
 From whom he parted with regret, but firm
 In the strong purposes which build the world;
 Thought of his consolation — she most dear
 Was with him, they most helpless with him,
 too,

For whom he sought a newer world of hope;
 — "But I am old," he murmured, "she is
 old,"

And saw his hand was shaken like his
 thought.

Such were his troubled fancies. When
 he slept,

In his slow dreams — with lagging team,
 the last

Of many that, in yonder meadows foaled,
 Grew and became a portion of the place —
 Journeying far away, and never more
 Reaching his journey's goal, (a weary road
 Whose end came only with the waking day.)
 He seemed to pass, and always 't was the
 same:

Through new-built villages of joyous homes,
 Homes not for him; by openings recent-
 made,

But not for him; by cultivated farms
 Of other men — and always 't was the same.
 Then, when he woke and found the dream
 a dream,

And through his window shone the sun, and
brought
The faint rich smell of the new-tasseled corn,
More fragrant from the dew that weighed
it down
He murmured of his fields: "For other men;
They are not mine. The mortgage will be
closed;
The mortgage goes wherever I shall go."

So passed the quarter of a year, and so
The old man, burdened with his little world,
Felt it upon his shoulders, stooping down,
Bent more with this than every other year.
And summer passed to autumn: in his door
He sat and saw the leaves, his friends of old,
Audible in the sunshine, falling, falling,
With a continuous rustle—music fit [came,
For his accompanying thought. At last it

The blow that reached his heart before it
came,
For all was lost: the son whose risk he placed
Both on his children's home and on his heart
Was ruined, as the careless worldlings say—
Ruined indeed, it seemed, for on his brain
The quick stroke flashed: for many years
the son
Breathed in a world in which he did not live.

The old man took the blow but did not
fall—
Its weight had been before. The land was
sold,
The mortgage closed. That winter, cold
and long,
(Permitted by the hand that grasped his all
That winter passed he here,) beside his fire,
He talked of moving in the spring, he talked,



While the shrill sap cried in a troubled blaze,
Like one whose life was not all broken down,
Cheerfully garrulous, with words that show
False witnesses of hope and seeming strength
When these are gone and come not. In
the spring,

When the first warmth was brooding every-
where,

He sat beside his doorway in that warmth,
Watching the wagons on the highway pass,
With something of the memory of his dread
In the last autumn; and he fell asleep.

Perhaps within his sleep he seemed again
Journeying far away for evermore,
Leaving behind the homes of other men,
Seeking a newer home for those he loved,
A pioneer again. And so he slept——

And still he sleeps: his grave is one of
those.

His wife soon joined his sleep beside him
there.

Their children Time has taken and the
world.

The chimney shows enough for memory,
The graves remain; all other trace is gone,
Except the apple-trees that linger, loth
To end their blossoming. In restless moods
I used to wander hither oftentimes,
And often tarried till the twilight came,
Touched with the melancholy wrought by
change;

And something in the atmosphere, I thought,
Remained of hours and faces that had been.
Then, thinking of the Past and all I knew

And all remembered of it—most of him
Whose vanished fireside blazed so near me
here—

My fancy, half unconscious, shaped the things
Which had been, and among the sleeping trees
The chimney from its burial mound arose;
The ruined farm-house grew a quiet ghost—
Its walls were thrilled with fitful murmurs
made

Within by voices scarcely heard without;
And from the window breathed a vaporous
light

Into the outer mist of vernal dark,
And lo! a crowd of sparks against the sky
Sprang suddenly, at times, and from the wood
(The wood?—no wood was here for forty
years!)

Barked the shrill fox and all the stars hung
bright;—

Till, busy with the silence far away,
(And whether heard or heard not hardly
known,)

First indistinct, then louder, nearer still,
And ever louder, grew a tremulous roar;
Then, sudden, flared a torch from out the
night,

And, eastward half-a-mile, the shimmering
train

Hurried across the darkness and the dream,
And all my fantasy was gone, at once—

The lighted window and the fireside sound:
I saw the heap of ruin underfoot,
And overhead the leaves were jarred awake,
Whispering a moment of the flying fright,
And far away the whistle, like a cry,
Shrill in the darkness reached the waiting
town.

John James Piatt.



THE MAIZE.

A SONG for the plant of my own native West,
Where nature and freedom reside,
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever
blessed,—

To the corn! the green corn of her pride!
In the climes of the East has the olive been
sung,

And the grape been the theme of their lays,
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods
be strung,

Thou bright, ever-beautiful Maize!

Afar in the forest, where rude cabins rise,
And send up their pillars of smoke,
And the tops of their columns are lost in
the skies,

O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak—
Near the skirt of the grove, where the
sturdy arm swings

The ax till the old giant sways,
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
Shoots the green and the glorious Maize.

There buds of the buckeye in Spring are
the first,

And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the cups of the dogwood that
burst

By the red-bud, with pink-tinted tears;
And striped the bowls which the poplar
holds up

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossom-
ing cup,

In the wood, near the sun-loving Maize.

When through the dark soil the bright
steel of the plow

Turns the mold from its unbroken bed,
The plowman is cheered by the finch on
the bough,

And the blackbird doth follow his tread.
And idle, afar on the landscape descried,

The deep-lying kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill-side
Are the sheep, hedged away from the
Maize.

With spring-time, and culture, in martial
array

It waves its green broadswords on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
And the sunbeams, which fall from the
sky;

It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs
at noon,

And at night at the swift-flying fays,
Who ride through the darkness, the beams
of the moon,

Through the spears and the flags of the
Maize.

When Summer is fierce still its banners are
green,

Each warrior's long beard groweth red,
His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed
and keen,

And golden his tassel-plumed head;
As a host of armed knights set a monarch
at naught,

They defy the day-god to his gaze;
And, revived every morn from the battle
that's fought,

Fresh stand the green ranks of the Maize.

But brown comes the Autumn, and sere
grows the corn,

And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,
And but for the cock, and the noontide's
clear horn,

Old Time would be tempted to rest;
The humming bee fans off a shower of gold,
From the mullein's long rod as it sways,
And dry grow the leaves which protecting
enfold

The ears of the well-ripened Maize.



"THE CORN-HUSKING."

At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth
come,

With its blue frosty nights, and days still,
When distantly clear sounds the waterfall's
hum,

And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill;
A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood,

And the hills are all mellowed in haze,
While Fall creeping on, like a monk 'neath
his hood,

Plucks the thick rustling wealth of the
Maize.

And the heavy wains creak to the barns
large and gray,

Where the treasure securely we hold,
Housed safe from the tempest, dry sheltered
away,

Our blessing more precious than gold!
And long for this manna that springs from
the sod,

Shall we gratefully give Him the praise,
The source of all bounty, our Father and
God,

Who sent us from Heaven the Maize!

William Whiteman Fosdick.

INDIAN GRAVES.

ALL along the winding river,
And adown the shady glen,
On the hill and in the valley,
Are the graves of dusky men.

We are garrulous intruders
On the sacred burying-grounds
Of the Manitou's red children,
And the builders of the mounds.

Here the powah and the sachem,
Here the warrior and the maid,
Sleeping in the dust we tread on,
In the forest we invade,

Rest as calmly and as sweetly,
As the mummied kings of old,
Where Cyrene's marble city
Guards their consecrated mold.

Through the woodland, through the meadow,
As in silence oft I walk,
Softly whispering on the breezes,
Seems to come the red men's talk;

Muttering low and very sweetly
Of the good Great-Spirit's love,
That descends like dews of evening,
On His children, from above;

Still repeating from the prophets,
And the sachems gray and old,
Stories of the south-west Aiden,
Curtained all around with gold:

Where the good and great Sowanna
Calleth all His children home,
Through the hunting-grounds eternal,
Free as summer winds to roam:

Singing wildest songs of wailing
For the dead upon their way,
On the four days' journey homeward
To the realms of light and day:

Chanting soft and gentle measures,
Lays of hope and songs of love,
Now like shout of laughing waters,
Now like cooing of the dove:

Then, anon, their feet make echo
To the war song's fiendish howl,
And revenge upon their features
Sets his pandemonian scowl.

See! again, the smoke is curling
From the friendly calumet,
And the club of war is buried,
And the star of slaughter set.

But alas! imagination,
 Ever weaving dream on dream,
 Soon forgets the buried red men
 For some more congenial theme.

But although their race is ended,
 And forever over here,
 Let their virtues be remembered,
 While we fervently revere

All their ancient burial-places,
 Hill and valley, plain and glen;
 Honor every sacred relic
 Of that fading race of men.

Gitche-Manito has called them
 From the chase and war-path here,
 To the mystic land of spirits,
 In some undiscovered sphere.

In a land of light and glory,
 That no sachem's eye hath seen,
 Where the streams are golden rivers,
 And the forests ever green;

Where the winter-sun descending
 Sets the south-west sky aflame,
 Shall the Indian race be gathered
 In the great Sowanna's name.

Benjamin S. Parker.

THE MOVERS.

PARTING was over at last, and all the good-
 byes had been spoken.
 Up the long hill-side the white-tented wagon
 moved slowly,
 Bearing the mother and children, while
 onward before them the father
 Trudged with his gun on his arm, and the
 faithful house-dog beside him,
 Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sor-
 rowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in its
 dewy awaking;
 Like a great flower, afar on the crest of
 the eastern wood-land,
 Goldenly bloomed the sun, and over the
 beautiful valley,
 Dim with its dew and its shadow, and bright
 with its dream of a river,
 Looked to the western hills, and shone on
 the humble procession,
 Paining with splendor the children's eyes,
 and the heart of the mother.

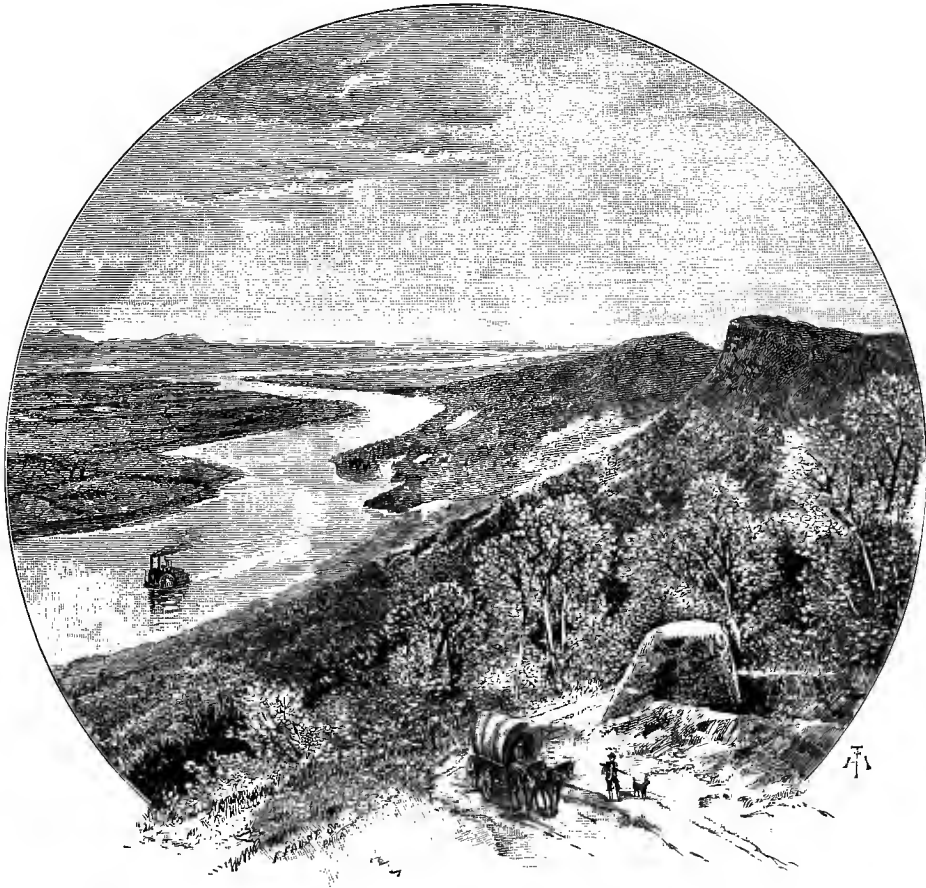
Beauty, and fragrance, and song filled the
 air like a palpable presence.
 Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves
 and the flowers in the wild-wood,

Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in
 the aisles of the forest.
 Glad of the spring, and of love, and of morn-
 ing, the wild birds were singing;
 Jays to each other called harshly, then
 mellowly fluted together;
 Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay
 as his plumage;
 Pensively piped the querulous quails their
 greetings unfrequent,
 While, on the meadow-elm, the meadow-
 lark gushed forth in music,
 Rapt, exultant and shaken, with the great
 joy of his singing;
 Over the river, loud-chattering, aloft in the
 air, the king-fisher
 Hung, ere he dropped like a bolt in the
 water beneath him;
 Gossiping, out of the bank, flew myriad
 twittering swallows;
 And in the boughs of the sycamore quarreled
 and clamored the blackbirds.

Never for these things a moment halted
 the movers, but onward,
 Up the long hill-side, the white tented
 wagon moved slowly,
 Till, on the summit, that overlooked all the
 beautiful valley,

Trembling and spent, the horses came to a
stand-still unbidden ;
Then from the wagon the mother in silence
got down with her children,
Came, and stood by the father, and rested
her hand on his shoulder

Long together they gazed on the beautiful
valley before them ;
Looked on the well-known fields that
stretched away to the woodlands,
Where, in the dark lines of green, showed
the milk-white crest of the dogwood,



Snow of wild plums in bloom, and crimson
tints of the red-bud ;
Looked on the pasture-fields where the cattle
were lazily grazing —
Softly, and sweet, and thin, came the faint,
far notes of the cow-bells ;
Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with their
elder and blackberry borders,
Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea, with
its billows of blossoms.
Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange
and all unfamiliar,

Like as the faces of friends, when the word
of farewell has been spoken.
Long together they gazed ; then at last on
the little log-cabin —
Home for so many years, now home no
longer forever —
Rested their tearless eyes in the silent rapt-
ure of anguish.
Up on the morning air, no column of smoke
from the chimney
Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading and
brightening ever ;

Shut was the door where yesterday morning
 the children were playing,
 Lit with a gleam of the sun, the window
 stared up at them blindly,
 Cold was the hearth-stone now, and the
 place was forsaken and empty.
 Empty? Ah no! but haunted by thronging
 and tenderest fancies,
 Sad recollections of all that had ever been,
 of sorrow or gladness.

Once more they sat in the glow of the wide
 red fire in the winter,
 Once more they sat by the door in the cool
 of the still summer evening,

Once more the mother seemed to be singing
 her babe there to slumber,
 Once more the father beheld her weep o'er
 the child that was dying,
 Once more the place was peopled by all the
 Past's sorrow and gladness!

Neither might speak for the thoughts that
 came crowding their hearts so,
 Till, in their ignorant sorrow aloud, the
 children lamented;
 Then was the spell of silence dissolved, and
 the father and mother
 Burst into tears, and embraced, and turned
 their dim eyes to the westward.

William Dean Howells.

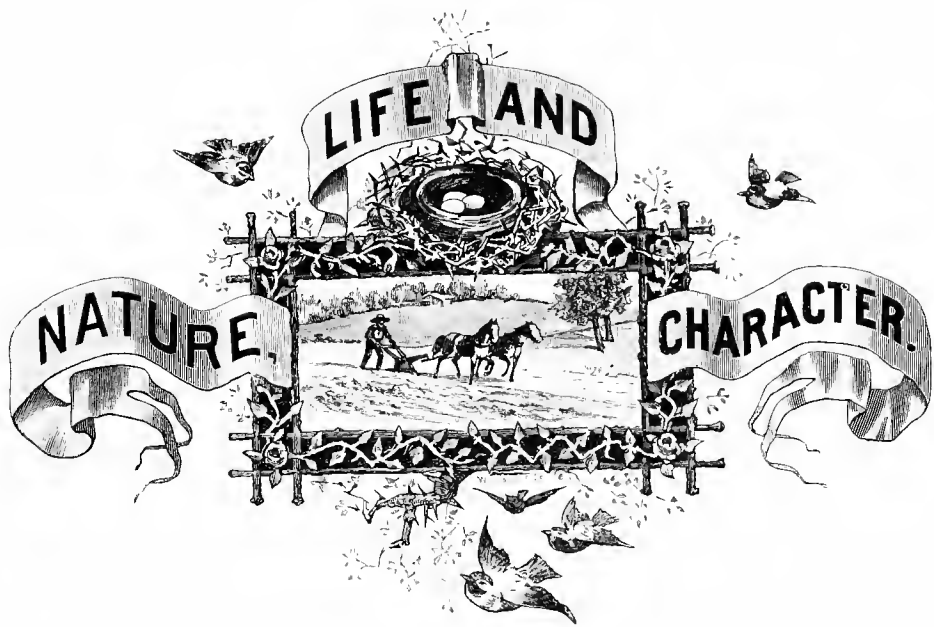
FARTHER.

FAR-OFF a young State rises, full of might:
 I paint its brave escutcheon. Near at
 hand

See the log cabin in the rough clearing
 stand;
 A woman by its door, with steadfast sight,
 Trustful, looks Westward,
 where, uplifted bright,
 Some city's Apparition,
 weird and grand,
 In dazzling quiet fronts the
 lonely land,
 With vast and marvelous
 structures wrought of light,
 Motionless on the burning
 cloud afar:—
 The haunting vision of a
 time to be,
 After the heroic age is ended
 here,
 Built on the boundless, still
 horizon's bar
 By the low sun, his gor-
 geous prophecy
 Lighting the doorway of the
 pioneer!

John James Piatt.







A SPRING-TIME.

ONE knows the spring is coming:
There are birds; the fields are green;
There is bahn in the sunlight and moonlight,
And dew in the twilights between.

But ever there is a silence,
A rapture great and dumb,
That day when the doubt is ended,
And at last the spring is come.

Behold the wonder, O silence!
Strange as if wrought in a night,—
The waited and lingering glory,
The world-old, fresh delight!

O blossoms that hang like winter,
Drifted upon the trees,
O birds that sing in the blossoms,
O blossom-haunting bees,—

O green, green leaves on the branches,
O shadowy dark below,
O cool of the aisles of orchards,
Woods that the wild flowers know,—

O air of gold and perfume,
Wind, breathing sweet and sun,
O sky of perfect azure—
Day, Heaven and Earth in one!—

Let me draw near thy secret,
And in thy deep heart see
How fared, in doubt and dreaming,
The spring that is come in me.

For my soul is held in silence,
A rapture, great and dumb,—
For the mystery that lingered,
The glory that is come!

William Dean Howells.
(367)

SPRING THUNDER.

WE know by the breath of the balmy air,
 By the springing grass and the sunshine
 fair,
 By the soft rain falling—as if in love
 The sleeping blossoms and bulbs above—
 By the tint of green on the forest brown,
 By the fallen tassels of aspen down,
 By the lilac bud and the tufted larch—
 That we have done with the wayward
 March.

We know by the call of the nestling bird,
 As she feels her mother impulse stirred,
 By the venturing forth of the lonely bee
 (Like the dove sent out o'er the olden sea),
 By the croak of the frog in his willowy pond,
 By the dove's low moan in the copse beyond,
 By the quickening pulse and the thrilling
 vein,
 That April laughs into life again.

But not the sunshine, the breeze, the showers,
 The tender green on the embryo flowers,
 The voices of birds, or the quickened sense,
 Appeal with such startling eloquence

To the heart that yearns for the Summer's
 reign
 (Weary and earth-sick from winter's chain),
 As that sound which seems through space
 to ring,
 The first low thunder of wakened Spring!

O marvel not that the men of old
 Deemed its deep music by gods controlled,
 And, by the power that within them strove,
 Called it the wrath of the mystic Jove—
 For we are stirred with an awe profound
 By that mysterious and sullen sound,
 Nor give we faith to the birds and bloom
 Till we hear that fiat of Winter's doom.

So in the Spring of our life's career
 We stand and gaze on the opening year,
 We feel the sunshine, we drink the breeze,
 But no source of feeling is stirred by these;
 Not till the voice of the stormy soul
 Swells like the sound of the thunder's roll—
 Not till the floodgates of sorrow break,
 In passionate tears, doth our Summer wake!

Catherine A. Warfield.

MAY.

WOULD that thou couldst last for aye,
 Merry, ever-merry May!
 Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
 Bursting buds, and breathing flowers,
 Dripping-locked, and rosy-vested,
 Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested;
 Girdled with the eglantine,
 Festooned with the dewy vine:
 Merry, ever-merry May,
 Would that thou couldst last for aye!

Out beneath thy morning sky!
 Dian's bow still hangs on high;
 And in the blue depths afar,

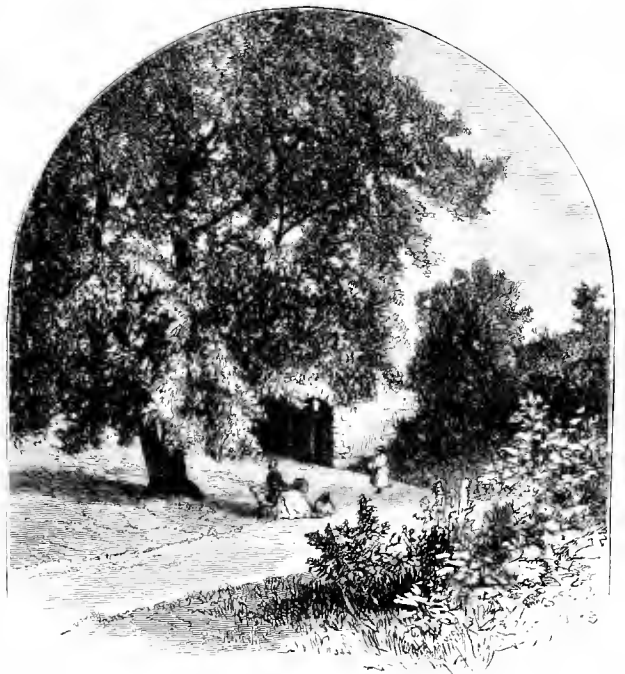
Glimmers, here and there, a solitary star.
 Diamonds robe the bending grass,
 Glistening early flowers among—
 Monad's world, and fairy's glass,
 Bathing fount for wandering sprite—
 By mysterious fingers hung,
 In the lone and quiet night.
 Now the freshening breezes pass—
 Gathering, as they steal along,
 Rich perfume, and matin song—
 And quickly to destruction hurled
 Is fairy's diamond glass, and monad's dew-
 drop world.
 Lo! yon cloud, which hung but now

Black upon the mountain's brow,
 Threatening the green earth with storm—
 See! it heaves its giant form,
 And, ever changing shape and hue,
 But still presenting something new,
 Moves slowly up, and spreading rolls away
 Toward the rich purple streaks that usher
 in the day;
 Brightening, as it onward goes,
 Until its very center glows
 With the warm, cheering light, the coming
 sun bestows:
 As the passing Christian's soul,
 Nearing the celestial goal,
 Bright and brighter grows, till God illumines
 the Whole.

Out beneath thy noontide sky!
 On a shady slope I lie,
 Giving fancy ample play:
 And there's not more blest than I
 One of Adam's race to-day.
 Out beneath thy noontide sky!
 Earth, how beautiful!—how clear
 Of cloud or mist the atmosphere!
 What a glory greets the eye!
 What a calm, or quiet stir,
 Steals o'er Nature's worshiper—
 Silent, yet so eloquent,
 That we feel 'tis heaven-sent—
 Waking thoughts that long have slum-
 bered
 Passion-dimmed and earth-encumbered—
 Bearing soul and sense away,
 To revel in the Perfect Day
 That 'waits us, when we shall for aye
 Discard this darksome dust—this prison-
 house of clay!

Out beneath thy evening sky!
 Not a breeze that wanders by
 But hath swept the green earth's bosom—
 Rifling the rich grape-vine blossom,
 Dallying with the simplest flower
 In mossy nook and rosy bower—

To the perfumed green-house straying,
 And with rich exotics playing—
 Then, unsated, sweeping over
 Banks of thyme, and fields of clover.
 Out beneath thy evening sky!
 Groups of children caper by,
 Crowned with flowers, and rush along
 With joyous laugh, and shout, and song.
 Flashing eye, and radiant cheek,
 Spirits all unsummed bespeak.
 They are in Life's May-month hours—
 And those wild bursts of joy, what are they
 but Life's flowers?



Would that thou couldst last for aye,
 Merry, ever-merry May!
 Made of sun-gleams, shade and showers,
 Bursting buds, and breathing flowers;
 Dripping-locked, and rosy-vested,
 Violet-slippered, rainbow-crested;
 Girdled with the eglantine,
 Festooned with the dewy vine:
 Merry, ever-merry May,
 Would that thou couldst last for aye!

William D. Gallagher.

THE BURNING TREE.

I REMEMBER the burning brushwood,
 Glimmering all day long
 Yellow and weak in the sunlight,
 Now leaped up red and strong,

And fired the old dead chestnut,
 That all our years had stood,
 Gaunt and gray and ghostly,
 Apart from the somber wood;

And, flushed with sudden summer,
 The leafless boughs on high
 Blossomed in dreadful beauty
 Against the darkened sky.

We children sat telling stories,
 And boasting what we should be,
 When we were men like our fathers,
 And watched the blazing tree,

That showered its fiery blossoms,
 Like a rain of stars, we said,

Of crimson and azure and purple.
 That night, when I lay in bed,

I could not sleep for seeing,
 Whenever I closed my eyes,
 The tree in its dazzling splendor
 Against the darkened skies.

I can not sleep for seeing,
 With closed eyes to-night,
 The tree in its dazzling splendor
 Dropping its blossoms bright;

And old, old dreams of childhood
 Come thronging my weary brain,
 Dear, foolish beliefs and longings:
 I doubt, are they real again?

It is nothing, and nothing, and nothing,
 That I either think or see:
 The phantoms of dead illusions
 To-night are haunting me.

William Dean Howells.

THE SHOWER.

THE landscape, like the awed face of a child,
 Grew curiously blurred; a hush of death
 Fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild
 The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glamour-work of light and
 shade
 Dappled the shivering surface of the
 brook;
 The frightened ripples in their ambuscade
 Of willows thrilled and shook

The sullen day grew darker, and anon
 Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky;

With rumbling wheels of wrath came roll-
 ing on
 The storm's artillery.

The cloud above put on its blackest frown,
 And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain,
 The lightning snatched it, ripped and flung
 it down
 In raveled shreds of rain,—

While I, transfigured by some wondrous art,
 Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod,—
 My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart
 Drenched with the love of God.

James W. Riley.

JIMMY'S WOOING.

THE wind came blowing out of the West,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 The wind came blowing out of the West:
 It stirred the green leaves out of their rest,
 And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 The swallows skimmed along the ground,
 And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
 Like children babbling all around —
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 Milly came with her bucket by,
 With wee light foot, so trim and sly,
 And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye —
 And Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth, in linsey gown —
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 A rustic Ruth, in linsey gown,
 He watched her soft cheeks' changing brown,
 And the long dark lash that trembled down,
 Whenever he looked that way.

Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 Oh! Milly's heart was good as gold;

But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
 And more he thought than e'er he told,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 The rain came pattering down amain;
 And, under the thatch of the laden wain,
 Jimmy and Milly, a cunning twain,
 Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
 Under the thatch of hay;
 The merry rain-drops hurried in,
 And laughed and prattled in a din,
 Over that which they saw within,
 Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
 Under the thatch of hay;
 For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
 Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest;
 And then I'll swear she looked her best
 Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
 Over the ruined hay —
 And when the sun came laughing out,
 Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
 And twittering birds began to shout,
 As if for a wedding-day.

William Wallace Hurney.

A SONG OF MEETING.

OH, passing sweet, my Bird, my Bird,
 Oh, passing sweet! —
 For thy strain is set to the sweetest word
 That ear of an exile ever heard:
 We meet, we meet!

Oh, sweet as shelter from the blast,
 Sweet, bosom-sweet!
 The long, long banishment is past —
 We meet at last, we meet at last!
 We meet, we meet!

Forcythe Willson.



THOU COMEST NOT.

Thou comest not! The sweet wild rose of
 Summer,
 Long days ago, its latest perfume shed;
 The harvest fruits have ripened and been
 garnered,
 The blithe bird-songsters from the bowers
 are fled.

Thou comest not! The rainbow tints of
 Autumn,
 Sprinkled, like shattered gems, o'er hill
 and dell,
 Are faded now, and through the leafless
 branches
 Rings out the wild wind his sepulchral knell.

Thou comest not! No longer fragrant
 blossoms
 Perfume the woodland and the garden
 bowers;

Their withered leaves speak to my heart
 of longings
 That filled the chalice of departed hours.

Thou comest not! And yet the pale, pure
 starlight
 Gleams, as on that sweet eve when first
 we met;

But on the ear the moan of wint'ry waters
 Falls, like the echo of some heart's re-
 gret.

Thou comest not! Alas! the hours are
 numbered
 In which our hearts might mingle, true
 and free.

To thee the world has many paths of glad-
 ness,

To me but one—the path to dreams of
 thee!

Amanda L. R. Dufour.

A SONG FOR OUR VALLEY.

'Tis a morning in summer-time, golden and still,
 And the radiance of Heaven illumines the land;
 Dear Vale of Mad-River, once more on the hill
 Looking down o'er thy far-spreading acres
 I stand,
 The blue sky above, and the green sward below,
 The stream in its winding and crystalline flow,
 And the songs of the birds—do I dream?
 —are the same
 As they were long ago when I hitherward came.

But the years, where are they? the long years that have flown,
 Since first, in my childhood, I gazed upon thee?
 In the gulf of the Past they are buried and gone,

As rivers are lost in a fathomless sea!
 Thy old men and matrons—those loved ones
 of yore—
 I ask not for them, they can greet me no more!
 But the young men and maidens?—ah,
 scattered and gone!
 I stand on the hill, and I gaze down alone!
 But thou art immortal, oh, beautiful vale;
 The years as they pass leave no mark upon thee;
 Till the sun and the stars and the seasons shall fail,
 This far-spreading valley will beautiful be.
 Still the harvester's song shall make merry the morn,
 The breezes blow soft o'er thy billowy corn,
 And thy spring-nurtured river forever shall flow,
 And gladden the fortunate valley as now.

William Hubbard.

EVENING.

WHEN the shadows of eve dim the landscape,
 'Tis a tranquil and pure delight
 To gaze down this lovely valley,
 Still touched with a lingering light.

From this bridge, the vale overhanging,
 Aloft, as if from a tower,
 The eye may perceive, in calm vision,
 Each vanishing charm of the hour.

The music of earth is ended,
 Or the strains come fitful and few,
 While the slender shadows, decaying,
 Fall faintlier 'mid the dew;

And Hesperus, risen in beauty,
 Like a maiden awakened from dream,

Flings lightly her silvery image
 In the mirror of yonder stream.

Fanning soft their invisible pinions,
 From their haunts of verdurous gloom
 Steal cool airs that wander fragrant
 With the odors of vernal bloom.

A spirit of love is ascending
 Thro' the veil of the purple even,
 And a pensive influence falling
 From the silent depths of heaven;

Till the moon, with her queenly presence,
 Rising out of her palace of light,
 Throws down o'er the dreaming landscape
 The radiant beauty of night.

Wilbur Dubois.

ARCHIE.

Oh to be back in the cool summer shadow
Of that old maple-tree down in the meadow;
Watching the smiles that grew dearer and
dearer,
Listening to lips that drew nearer and nearer;
Oh to be back in the crimson-topped clover,
Sitting again with my Archie, my lover!



Oh for the time when I felt his caresses
Smoothing away from my forehead the
tresses;
When up from my heart to my cheek went
the blushes,

As he said that my voice was as sweet as
the thrushes;
As he told me, my eyes were bewitchingly
jetty,
And I answered 't was only my love made
them pretty!

Talk not of maiden reserve or of dnty,
Or hide from my vision such visions
of beauty;
Pulses above may beat calmly and
even,—
We have been fashioned for earth,
and not heaven.
Angels are perfect, I am but a
woman;
Saints may be passionless, Archie is
human.

Say not that heaven hath tenderer
blisses
To her on whose brow drops the
soft rain of kisses;
Preach not the promise of priests or
evangels,
Love-crowned, who asks for the
crown of the angels?
Yea, all that the wall of pure jasper
incloses,
Takes not the sweetness from sweet
bridal roses!

Tell me, that when all this life shall
be over,
I shall still love him, and he be my
lover;

That 'mid flowers more fragrant than clover
or heather
My Archie and I shall be always together,
Loving eternally, met ne'er to sever;
Then you may tell me of heaven forever!

Phoebe Cary.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
 But, oh! believe it not;
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.
 Lady, though fate has bid us part,
 Yet still thou art as dear—
 As fixed in this devoted heart
 As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
 And smile to hear thy name;
 And yet, as if I thought aloud,
 They know me still the same;
 And when the wine-cup passes round,
 I toast some other fair;—
 But when I ask my heart the sound,
 Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
 And try to whisper love,
 Still will my heart to thee return,
 Like the returning dove.
 In vain! I never can forget,
 And would not be forgot;
 For I must bear the same regret,
 Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
 Its favorite bower to die,
 So, lady! I would hear thee speak,
 And yield my parting sigh.
 'Tis said that absence conquers love!
 But, oh! believe it not;
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.

Frederick W. Thomas.

PEACE-MAKING.

AFTER this feud of yours and mine
 The sun will shine;
 After we both forget, forget,
 The sun will set.

I pray you, think how warm and sweet
 The heart can beat;
 I pray you, think how soon the rose
 From grave-dust grows.

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

SONG.

ALL around and all above thee,
 In the hushed and charmed air,
 All things woo thee, all things love thee,
 Maiden fair!
 Gentlest zephyrs, perfume breathing,
 Waft to thee their tribute sweet,
 And for thee the Spring is weaving
 Garlands meet.
 In their caverned, cool recesses,
 Songs for thee the fountains frame;
 Whatsoe'er the wave caresses
 Lisps thy name.

Greener verdure, brighter blossom,
 Wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray,
 O'er the earth's enamored bosom
 Live away.
 Wheresoe'er thy presence lingers,
 Wheresoe'er its brightness beams,
 Fancy weaves, with cunning fingers,
 Sweetest dreams.
 And the heart forgets thee never,—
 Thy young beauty's one delight,
 There it dwells, and dwells forever,
 Ever bright.

Fortunatus Cosby

THE RAINBOW.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest
 hours,
 That lie on my heart like the dew on the
 flowers,
 Of a ramble I took one bright after-
 noon,
 When my heart was as light as a blossom
 in June;
 The green earth was moist with the late
 fallen showers,
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open
 the flowers,
 While a single white cloud to its haven of
 rest,
 On the white wing of peace, floated off in
 the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the
 cool breeze,
 That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled
 the seas,
 Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow un-
 rolled
 Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
 'T was born in a moment, yet, quick as its
 birth,
 It had stretched to the uttermost ends of
 the earth,
 And, fair as an angel, it floated as
 free,
 With a wing on the earth and a wing on
 the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its
 swell!
 Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it
 fell;
 While its light sparkling waves, stealing
 laughingly o'er,
 When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt
 down on the shore.

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of
 prayer,
 Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was
 there,
 And bent my young head, in devotion and
 love,
 'Neath the form of the angel, that floated
 above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful
 wings!
 How boundless its circle! how radiant its
 rings!
 If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in
 air;
 If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was
 there;
 Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and
 whole
 As the thoughts of the rainbow that cir-
 cled my soul.
 Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
 It bent from the cloud and encircled the
 world.

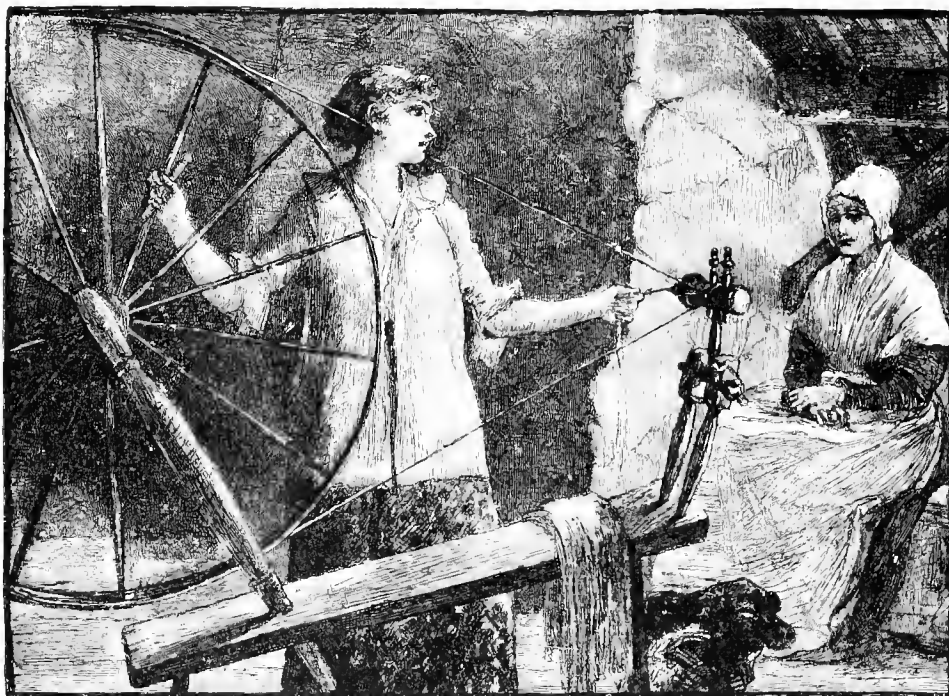
There are moments, I think, when the spirit
 receives
 Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten
 leaves;
 When the folds of the heart in a moment
 unclose,
 Like the innermost leaves from the heart
 of a rose.
 And thus, when the rainbow had passed
 from the sky,
 The thoughts it awoke were too deep to
 pass by;
 It left my full soul, like the wing of a
 dove,
 All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering
 with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
 But shortens the links in life's mystical
 chain;
 I know that my form, like that bow from
 the wave,
 Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in
 the grave;

Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom
 encloud,
 When I shrink at the thought of the coffin
 and shroud,
 May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit en-
 fold
 In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Amelia B. Welby.

A SPINSTER'S STINT.



Six skeins and three, six skeins and three!
 Good mother, so you stinted me,
 And here they be,—ay, six and three!

Stop, busy wheel! stop, noisy wheel!
 Long shadows down my chamber steal,
 And warn me to make haste and reel.

'Tis done,—the spinning work complete;
 O heart of mine, what makes you beat
 So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet?

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick
 My hat from brim to ribbon, thick,—

Slow hands of mine, be quick, be
 quick!

One, two, three stars along the skies
 Begin to wink their golden eyes,—
 I'll leave my thread all knots and ties.

O moon, so red! O moon, so red!
 Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed;
 Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands,—
 Stop trembling, little foolish hands,
 And stop the bands, and stop the bands!

Alice Cary.

THE DOUBT.

SHE sits beside the low window
 In the pleasant evening-time,
 With her face turned to the sunset,
 Reading a book of rhyme.

And the wine-light of the sunset,
 Stolen into the dainty nook,
 Where she sits in her sacred beauty,
 Lies crimson on the book.

O beautiful eyes so tender,
 Brown eyes so tender and dear,
 Did you leave your reading a moment
 Just now, as I passed near?

Maybe, 't is the sunset flushes
 Her features, so lily-pale;
 Maybe, 't is the lover's passion,
 She reads of in the tale.

O darling, and darling, and darling,
 If I dared to trust my thought;
 If I dared to believe what I must not,
 Believe what no one ought,—

We would read together the poem
 Of the Love that never died,
 The passionate, world-old story
 Come true, and glorified.

William Dean Howells.

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

I KNOW an ancient story of a maid
 Who broke her golden pitcher at the well,
 And wept therefor; when came a voice that
 said,
 "Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic
 spell
 Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!"
 Then through her tears she saw a shape of
 light
 Before her; and a lily, wet with rain
 Or dew, was in his hands,—all snowy white.
 Then stood the maiden hushed in sweet
 surprise,
 And with her clasped hands held her heart-
 throbs down,
 Beneath the wondrous brightness of his
 eyes—
 Whose smile seemed to enwreath her like
 a crown,
 He raised no wand; he gave no strange
 commands;
 But touched her eyes with tender touch
 and light,

With charmed lips kissed apart her folded
 hands,
 And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in sum-
 mer lands,
 He breathed upon the lily-bloom; and lo,
 Its curling leaves expanded in her hands,
 And shaped a magic pitcher, white as snow!
 Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew,
 And brimmed with overflows of running
 light.

Then came the voice, the mystic voice she
 knew;

"Drink of the lily waters, pure and bright,

"Thou little maiden by the well," it said,
 "And give to all who thirst the waters cool;
 So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;
 So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"

Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,
 He faded in the magic of the spell;

While, mute with joy, the little maiden stood,
 Claspings her magic pitcher by the well.

Elizabeth Conwell Willson.

PRESCIENCE.

I KNEW, I knew he was coming!
 Last night, as alone I lay,
 A pitying angel dropped her wings
 To bear my burden away.

A presence veiled, yet before it
 My lonely room grew so bright,
 The ashes that died on the hearth
 Were ashes of roses last night.

Strange music beat time with my pulses,
 In a low, exquisite thrill,
 Like the dying throb of the strain
 Ere the strings we struck are still.

I knew his spirit outran his feet,
 My Prince! Earth held not his peer:
 I slept; but my heart was awake,
 To listen. Hush,—he is here!

Susan E. Wallace.

JUNE.

AN afternoon as ripe with heat
 As might the golden pippin be
 With mellowness, if at my feet
 It dropped now from the apple tree
 My hammock swings in lazily.

The boughs about me spread a shade
 That shields me from the sun, but
 weaves
 With breezy shuttles through the leaves
 Blue rifts of skies, that gleam and fade
 Upon the eyes that only see
 Just of themselves, all drowsily.

Above me drifts the fallen skein
 Of some tired spider, looped and blown,
 As fragile as a strand of rain,
 Across the air, and upward thrown
 By breaths of hayfields newly mown;

So glimmering it is and fine,
 I doubt these drowsy eyes of mine.

Far off and faint as voices pent
 In mines, and heard from underground,
 Come murmurs as of discontent.
 And clamorings of sullen sound
 The city sends me, as I guess,
 To vex me, though they do but bless
 Me in my drowsy fastnesses.

I have no care. I only know
 My hammock hides and holds me here,
 In lands of shade a prisoner;
 While lazily the breezes blow
 Light leaves of sunshine over me,
 As back and forth, and to and fro
 I swing, enwrapped in some hushed glee,
 Smiling at all things drowsily.

James W. Riley.

'TIS MORNING, AND THE DAYS ARE LONG.

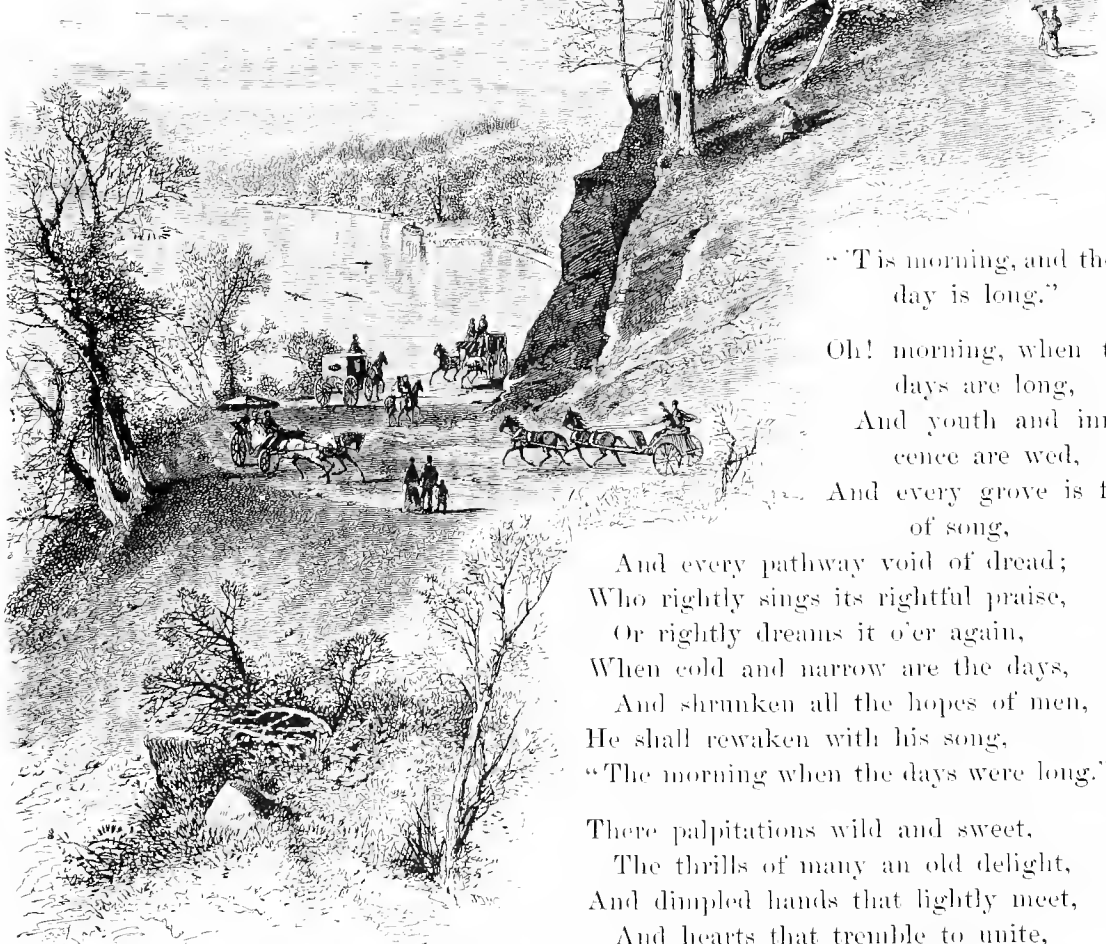
I HAD a dream of other days;
 In golden luxury shone the wheat,
 In tangled greenness shook the maize;
 The squirrels ran with nimble feet;
 And in and out among the trees,
 The hang-bird darted like a flame;
 The cat-bird piped her melodies,

Purloining every warbler's fame;
 And then I heard triumphal song,
 "'Tis morning, and the days are long."

They scattered roses, strewed the palms,
 And shouted down the pleasant vales;
 I heard a thousand happy psalms,

And laughing, wove a thousand tales
Of mimic revelry and joy,
They mocking well the worldly great,
Each tan-faced girl and bare-foot boy;
Dear shapers of my early fate—
And then again the Æolian song,
“Tis morning, and the day is long.”

Far-winding past the storied town,
The river ran through bosky groves;
Its floods we sailed our vessels down,
Full freighted with a myriad loves;



Our souls went floating to the gales
With scarlet leaves and shreds of bark;
We named them schooners, cutters, sails,
And watched them fade in shadowy dark;
Then down the waters flowed the song,

“Tis morning, and the
day is long.”

Oh! morning, when the
days are long,
And youth and inno-
cence are wed,
And every grove is full
of song,

And every pathway void of dread;
Who rightly sings its rightful praise,
Or rightly dreams it o'er again,
When cold and narrow are the days,
And shrunken all the hopes of men,
He shall awaken with his song,
“The morning when the days were long.”

There palpitations wild and sweet,
The thrills of many an old delight,
And dimpled hands that lightly meet,
And hearts that tremble to unite,
Arise upon the rosy morn,
Pass down the lovely vales and stand,
A picture of a memory born,
The mirage of a lotus land—
A land where once we trolled the song,
“Tis morning, and the days are long.”

Benjamin S. Packer.

THE OLD MILL.

LIVE and die, live and die;
 And all the weary, weary years go by,
 And the quaint old mill stands still.
 The sun-mixed shade, like a spotted snake,
 Lies half hidden in the bosky brake,
 And half across the rill.

The Summer comes, and the Winter comes,
 And the flower blooms, and the striped bee
 hums,

And the old mill stands in the sun;
 The lichen hangs from the walls aloof,
 And the rusty nails from the ragged roof
 Drop daily, one by one.

The long grass grows in the shady pool,
 Where the cattle used to come to cool,
 And the rotting wheel stands still;
 The gray owl winks in the granary loft,
 And the sly rat slinks, with a pit-pat
 soft,
 From the hopper of the quaint old
 mill.

The mill-wheel clicked, and the mill-wheel
 clacked,
 And the groaning grooves once creaked and
 cracked,
 And the children came and played;
 The lazy team, in the days of yore,
 Munched their fodder at the old mill door,
 Or drowsed in its grateful shade.

But the good-wife died, and the miller died,
 And the children all went far and wide
 From the play-ground by the dam;
 Their marble-ring is grass-o'ergrown
 As the mossy foot of the old grave-stone,
 Where the old folks sleep so calm.

But the miller's son, in the city thick,
 Dreams that he hears the old mill click,
 And sees the wheel go round;
 And the miller's daughter, through her
 half-shut eyes,
 Sees the miller in his dusty guise,
 And the place where the corn was ground.

William Wallace Harney.

THE BOATMAN'S HORN.

O BOATMAN! wind that horn again,
 For never did the listening air
 Upon its lambent bosom bear
 So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
 What though thy notes are sad and few,
 By every simple boatman blown,
 Yet is each pulse to nature true,
 And melody in every tone.
 How oft, in boyhood's joyous day,
 Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
 I've loitered on my homeward way
 By wild Ohio's bank of flowers;
 While some lone boatman from the deck
 Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
 As if to charm from storm and wreck

The boat where all his fortunes ride!
 Delighted Nature drank the sound,
 Enchanted, Echo bore it round
 In whispers soft and softer still,
 From hill to plain, and plain to hill,
 Till even the thoughtless frolic boy,
 Elate with hope, and wild with joy,
 Who gamboled by the river's side,
 And sported with the fretting tide,
 Feels something new pervade his breast,
 Change his light steps, repress his jest;
 Bends o'er the flood his eager ear
 To catch the sounds far off, yet clear—
 Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
 The tear of rapture fills his eye.

William O. Butler.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

Ah! sad are they of whom no poet writes
 Nor ever any story-teller hears—
 The childless mothers who on lonesome nights
 Sit by their fires and weep, having the chores
 Done for the day, and time enough to see
 All the wide floors
 Swept clean of playthings: they as needs
 must be
 Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
 Than ever any childless mother had;—
 You know them, who do smother nature's
 cries
 Under poor masks
 Of smiling, slow despair—
 Who put your white and unadorning hair
 Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
 Unblest with any praises of men's eyes,
 Till death comes to you with his piteous care
 And to unmarriageable beds you go,
 Saying, "It is not much—'t is well, if so
 We only be made fair
 And looks of love await us when we rise."

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
 And yet alike to me are storms, or calms:
 My life's young joy,
 The brown-cheeked farmer boy,
 Who led the daisies with him like his lambs,
 Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
 And cut my name upon his thrashing-flail,
 One day stopped singing at his plow—alas!
 Before that summer-time was gone, the grass
 Had choked the path which to the sheep-
 field led,
 Where I had watched him tread
 So oft on evening's trail,
 A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his head
 And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and, when it
 sped,

The emerald wave
 Swelling above my little sweetheart's grave
 With such bright, bubbly flowers was set
 about,
 I thought he blew them out,
 And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
 And hence believed whatever things I saw
 Were the expression of a hidden law;
 And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
 Evoked the simple meanings out of
 things
 By child-like questionings.

And he they named with shudderings of fear
 Had never, in his life, been half so near
 As when I sat all day with cheeks un-kissed,
 And listened to the whisper, very low,
 That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
 Was joined together like the seamless mist.

God's yea, and nay,
 Are not so far away,
 I said, but I can hear them when I please,
 Nor could I understand
 Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
 Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

And often yet, upon the shining track
 Of the old faith, comes back
 My childish fancy, never quite subdued;
 And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
 The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
 And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
 About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
 Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
 That makes a golden snarling in his tune,

I see my little lad
 Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
 Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
 Clad in a beauty I alone can see:
 Laugh, you, who never had

Your dead come back, but do not take
 from me
 The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
 That these, our mortal eyes,
 Which outwardly reflect the earth and
 skies
 Do introvert upon eternity:

And that the shapes you deem
 Imaginations just as clearly fall,
 Each from its own divine original,
 And through some subtile element of light,
 Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
 As do the things which round about them lie,
 Gross and material, on the external sight.

Alice Cary.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BIRD of the wild and wondrous song,
 I hear thy rich and varied voice
 Swelling the greenwood depths among,
 Till hill and vale the while rejoice.
 Spell-bound, entranced, in rapture's chain,
 I list to that inspiring strain;
 I thread the forest's tangled maze
 The thousand choristers to see,
 Who, mingled thus, their voices raise
 In that delicious minstrelsy;
 I search in vain each pause between—
 The choral band is still unseen.

'Tis but the music of a dream,
 An airy sound that mocks the ear;
 But hark again! the eagle's scream—
 It rose and fell, distinct and clear!
 And list! in yonder hawthorn bush,
 The red-bird, robin, and the thrush!
 Lost in amaze I look around,
 Nor thrush nor eagle there behold!
 But still that rich aerial sound,
 Like some forgotten song of old
 That o'er the heart has held control,
 Falls sweetly on the ravished soul.

And yet the woods are vocal still,
 The air is musical with song;
 O'er the near stream, above the hill,
 The wildering notes are borne along;
 But whence that gush of rare delight?
 And what art thou, or bird, or sprite?—

Perched on yon maple's topmost bough,
 With glancing wings and restless feet,
 Bird of untiring throat, art thou
 Sole songster in this concert sweet!
 So perfect, full, and rich, each part,
 It mocks the highest reach of art.

Once more, once more, that thrilling strain!—
 Ill-omened owl, be mute, be mute!—
 Thy native tones I hear again,
 More sweet than harp or lover's lute;
 Compared with thy impassioned tale,
 How cold, how tame the nightingale!
 Alas! capricious in thy power,
 Thy wood-note wild again is fled:
 The mimic rules the changeful hour,
 And all the soul of song is dead!
 But no—to every borrowed tone
 He lends a sweetness all his own!

On glittering wing, erect and bright,
 With arrowy speed he darts aloft,
 As though his soul had ta'en its flight,
 In that last strain, so sad and soft,
 And he would call it back to life,
 To mingle in the mimic strife!
 And ever, to each fitful lay,
 His frame in restless motion wheels,
 As though he would indeed essay
 To act the ecstasy he feels—
 As though his very feet kept time
 To that inimitable chime!

And ever, as the rising moon
 Climbs with full orb the trees above,
 He sings his most enchanting tune,
 While echo wakes through all the grove:
 His descant soothes, in care's despite,
 The weary watches of the night;

The sleeper from his couch starts up
 To listen to that lay forlorn;
 And he who quaffs the midnight cup
 Looks out to see the purple morn!
 Oh, ever in the merry Spring,
 Sweet mimic, let me hear thee sing.

Fortunatus Cosby.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SPRING-LEAVES.

UNDERNEATH the beechen tree
 All things fall in love with me!
 Birds, that sing so sweetly, sung
 Ne'er more sweet when I was young;
 Some shy fay (I *will* not see!)
 Steals to kiss me, lovingly;
 All the leaves, so blithe and bright,
 Dancing sing in Maying light
 Over me: "At last, at last,
 He is stolen from the Past."

Wherefore, leaves, so merrily mad?
 I am rather sad than glad.

"He is the happy child that played
 Underneath our beechen shade,
 Years ago; whom all things bright
 Gladdened, glad with his delight!"

I am not the child that played

Underneath your beechen shade;
 I am not the boy ye sung
 Songs to, in lost fairy-tongue.
 He read fairy dreams below,
 Legends leaves and flowers must know;
 He dreamed fairy dreams, while ye
 Changed to fairies, in your glee
 Dancing, singing, on the tree;
 And, awakened, fairy-land
 Circled childhood's magic wand!
 Joy warmed his heart, joy kissed his brow;
 I am following funerals now.
 Fairy shores from Time depart;
 Lost horizons flush my heart.
 I am not the child that played
 Underneath your beechen shade.

"'Tis the merry child that played
 Underneath our beechen shade
 Years ago,—whom all things bright
 Gladdened, glad with his delight!"

Ah! the bright leaves will not know
 That an old man dreams below!
 No; they will not hear nor see,—
 Clapping their hands at finding me,
 Singing, dancing, on their tree!
 Ah! their happy voices steal
 Years away;—again I feel,
 While they sing to me apart,
 The lost child come in my heart:

In the enchantment of the
 Past,
 The old man is the child at
 last!

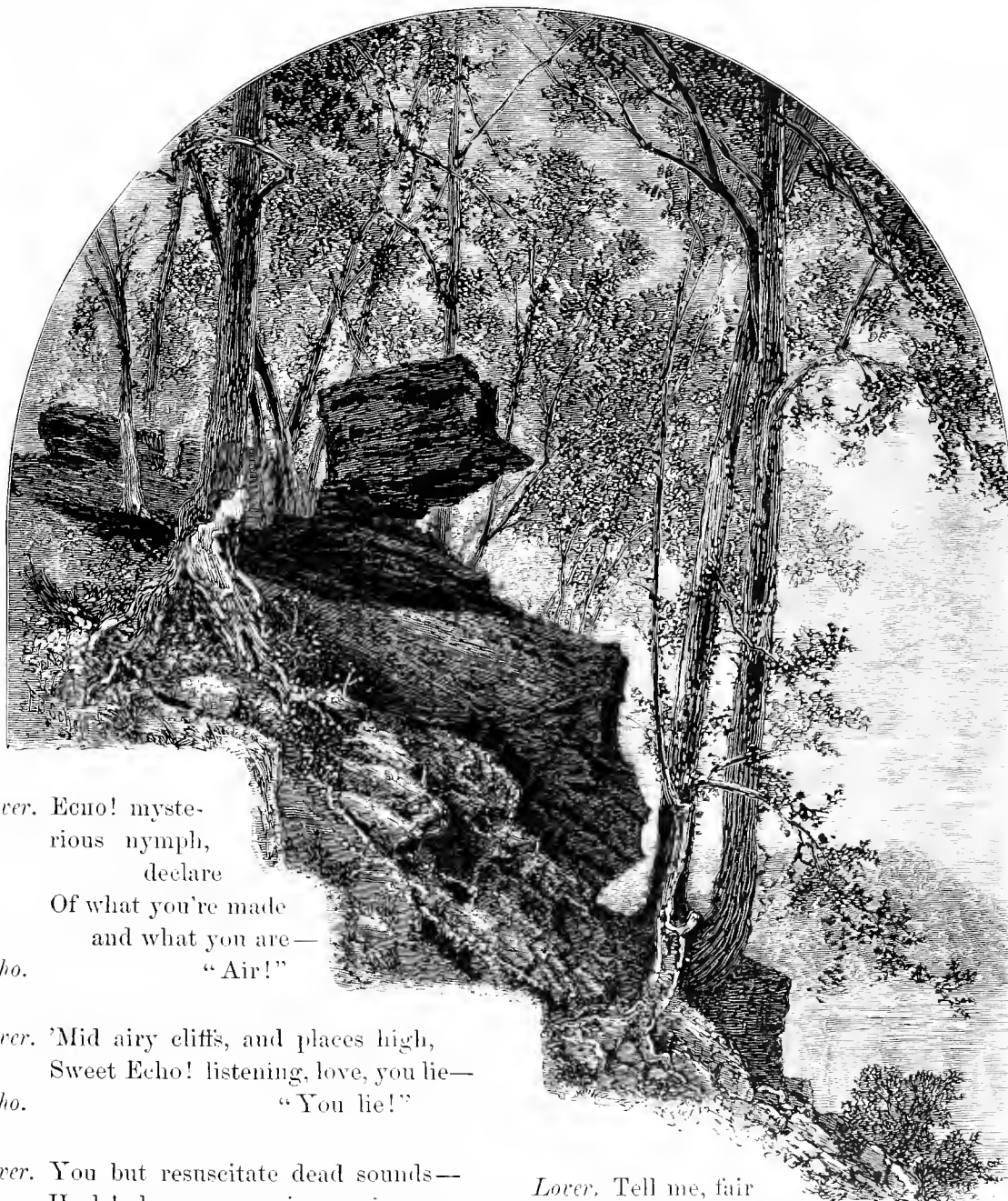
John James Piatt.





Alice Cary

ECHO AND THE LOVER.



Lover. Echo! mysterious nymph,
 declare
 Of what you're made
 and what you are—

Echo. "Air!"

Lover. 'Mid airy cliffs, and places high,
 Sweet Echo! listening, love, you lie—

Echo. "You lie!"

Lover. You but resuscitate dead sounds—
 Hark! how my voice revives, re-
 sounds!

Echo. "Zounds!"

Lover. I'll question you before I go;
 Come, answer me more apropos!

Echo. "Poh! poh!"

Lover. Tell me, fair
 nymph, if e'er you saw
 So sweet a girl as Phœbe Shaw!

Echo. "Pshaw!"

Lover. Say, what will win that frisking coney
 Into the toils of matrimony!

Echo. "Money!"

Lover. Has Phœbe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?

Echo. “Ass, no!”

Lover. Her eyes! Was ever such a pair?
Are the stars brighter than they are?

Echo. “They are!”

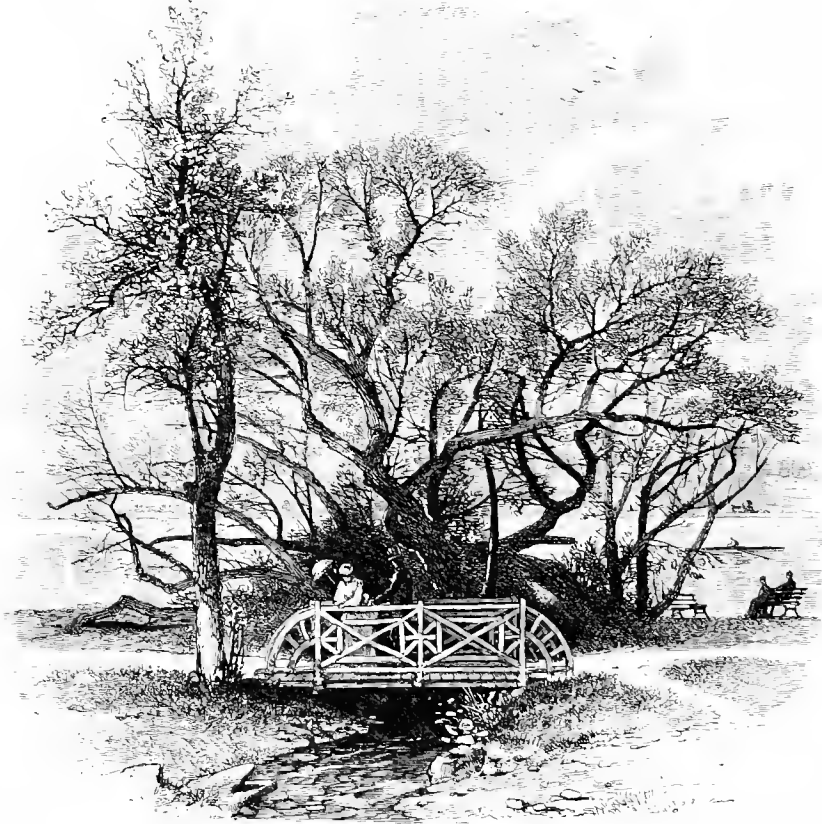
Lover. Echo, you lie, but can't deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me—

Echo. “Leave me!”

Lover. But come, you saucy, pert romancer,
Who is as fair as Phœbe? answer.

Echo. “Ann, sir!”

John M. Harney.



EVENING IN MIDSUMMER.

MIDSUMMER even! Heaven's blue
Has deepened to a richer hue;
In globules hangs the heavy dew.

Silent I watch the twinkling stars,
Night's flying host in golden cars,—
The eastern camp of blood-red Mars,

His beacon glowing. Comes a sound,
As sere leaves dropping to the ground
When they by autumn winds are browned;—

A tinkling as of silver bells,
Rising from meadows, marshes, dells,
In chime melodious dies and swells.

The flowers, as from censers swinging
To the rapt night their souls are flinging,
And, above the mournful singing

Of the sorrowing whippoorwill,
Sweet voices rise in bird-like trill,
And all my raptured senses thrill.

Eva Lee Matthews.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis Morn:—the sea-breeze seems to bring
 Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
 Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
 Are glittering in the early dew,
 And perfumes rise from every grove,
 As incense to the clouds that move
 Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear:
 But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep
 Is on the blue waves of the deep;
 A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
 Is floating over wood and stream;
 And many a broad magnolia flower,
 Within its shadowy woodland bower,
 Is gleaming like a lovely star:
 But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies
 Are painting their own Eden dyes;
 The stars come down, and trembling glow
 Like blossoms on the waves below;

And, like an unseen spirit, the breeze
 Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees,
 Breathing its music round the spot:
 But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell,
 The far tones of the ocean swell,
 Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
 Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
 And on each wandering breeze are heard
 The rich notes of the mocking-bird,
 In many a wild and wondrous lay:
 But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in dreams:—low sweet, and clear,
 Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
 Around my neck thy tresses twine—
 Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—
 Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
 Thy head is pillowed on my breast:
 Oh! I have all my heart holds dear,
 And I am happy—thou art here!

George Dennison Prentice.

THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

MAY you go to find it? You must, I fear;
 Ah, lighted young eyes, could I show you
 how —

“Is it past those lilies that look so near?”
 It is past all flowers. Will you listen now?

The pretty new moons faded out of the sky,
 The bees and butterflies out of the air,
 And sweet wild songs would flutter and fly
 Into wet dark leaves and the snow's white
 glare.

There were winds and shells full of lone-
 some cries,
 There were lightnings and mists along the
 way,

And the deserts would glitter against my
 eyes,
 Where the beautiful phantom-fountains
 play.

At last, in a place very dusty and bare,
 Some little dead birds I had petted to sing,
 Some little dead flowers I had gathered to
 wear,

Some withered thorns and an empty ring,
 Lay scattered. My fairy story is told.
 (It does not please her: she has not smiled.)
 What is it you say?—Did I find the gold?
 Why, I found the End of the Rainbow,
 child!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.



TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

BEAUTIFUL girl! I have wandered far
Toward the rising sun and the evening star;
I have roamed mid the northern wastes of snow,

And strayed where the soft magnolias blow;
But I never gazed on a face so bright
As thine, sweet spirit of young delight.

Beautiful girl! thou art bright and fair
 As an angel-shape in the moonlight air;
 No shadow rests on thy brow of snow,
 Save that of thy tresses drooping low.
 Love's own dear light is wandering oft
 O'er thy gentle lip of carmine soft.
 Thy lovely cheek, where the rich, red glow
 Of the warm blood melts through the virgin
 snow,
 Is sweetly blending in one bright dye
 The woven beauties of earth and sky.
 Truth, holy truth, in its freshness dwells
 Deep, deep in thy dark eyes' shaded wells,
 And fancies wild from their clear depths gleam,
 Like shadows of stars from a trembling
 stream;
 And thy thoughts are a dream of Eden's
 bowers,
 And thy words 'are garlands of flowers,
 bright flowers.

Beautiful girl! I have seen thee move,
 A floating creature of joy and love,
 As light as a mist on the sunrise gale,
 Or the buoyant sway of a bridal veil,
 Till I almost looked to see thee rise
 Like a soaring thought to the free blue skies,
 Or melt away in the thin, blue air,
 Like a vision of fancy painted there.
 Thy low sweet voice, as it thrills around,
 Seems less a sound than a dream of sound:
 Softly and wildly its clear notes swell,

Like the spirit tones of a silver bell;
 And the lip, whence the fairy music flows,
 Is to fancy's eye like a speaking rose.

Beautiful, beautiful girl! thou art
 A vision of joy to the throbbing heart;
 A star sent down from the world of bliss,
 And all undimmed by the shades of this;
 A rainbow pictured by love's own sun
 On the clouds of thy being, beautiful one!

Beautiful girl! 'tis a weary year
 Since thy sweet voice fell on my ravished ear;
 'Tis a long, long year of light and gloom
 Since I gazed on thy young cheeks' lovely
 bloom;

Yet thy gentle tones of music still
 Through the holiest depths of memory thrill
 Like tones of a fount, or breeze or bird,
 In the long gone years of childhood heard.
 And oft in my dark and lonely moods,
 When a demon wing o'er my spirit broods,
 Thine image seems on my soul to break
 Like the sweet young moon o'er a gloomy lake,
 Filling its depths, as the shadows flee,
 With beauty and love and melody.

Beautiful girl! thou art far away,
 And I know not where thy steps now stray;
 But oh! 'tis sweet, it is very sweet,
 In the fairy realms of dreams to greet
 Thy cheek of rose, thy brow of pearl,
 And thy voice of music, beautiful girl!

George Dennison Prentice.

THE WABASH RIVER.

THERE is a river singing in between
 Bright fringes of pawpaw and sycamore,
 That stir to fragrant winds on either shore,
 Where tall blue herons stretch their necks
 and lean
 Over clear currents, flowing cool and thin
 Through the clean furrows of the pebbly
 floor.

My own glad river! though unclassic still,
 Haunted of merry gods, whose pipings fill
 With music all thy golden willow-brakes,
 Above thee Halcyon rears his regal crest,
 The tulip-tree flings thee its flower-flakes,
 The tall flag over thee its lances shakes;
 With every charm of beauty thou art blest,
 Oh happiest river of the happy West!

James Maurice Thompson.

AN OWL.

WHAT art thou, say, a bird, or beast, or
 what?
 Leering from that old plane-tree's hollow
 stem!
 Thine eyes have something criminal in them,
 And thy hooked beak suggests a chilling
 thought
 Of midnight murder of sweet sleeping things,
 Dreaming with delicate heads beneath their
 wings,
 And of thy hideous presence knowing not,

Till thou dost swoop! . . . I scarce can look
 at thee
 Without a shudder, thinking how of old,
 In frightful dungeons far beyond the sea,
 The heathen kings their prisoners would
 hold
 For devilish wreaking of their cruelty,
 And, while the beasts lapped human blood
 as wine,
 Laughed in a husky, heartless voice, like
 thine!

James Maurice Thompson.

HARVEST DAYS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

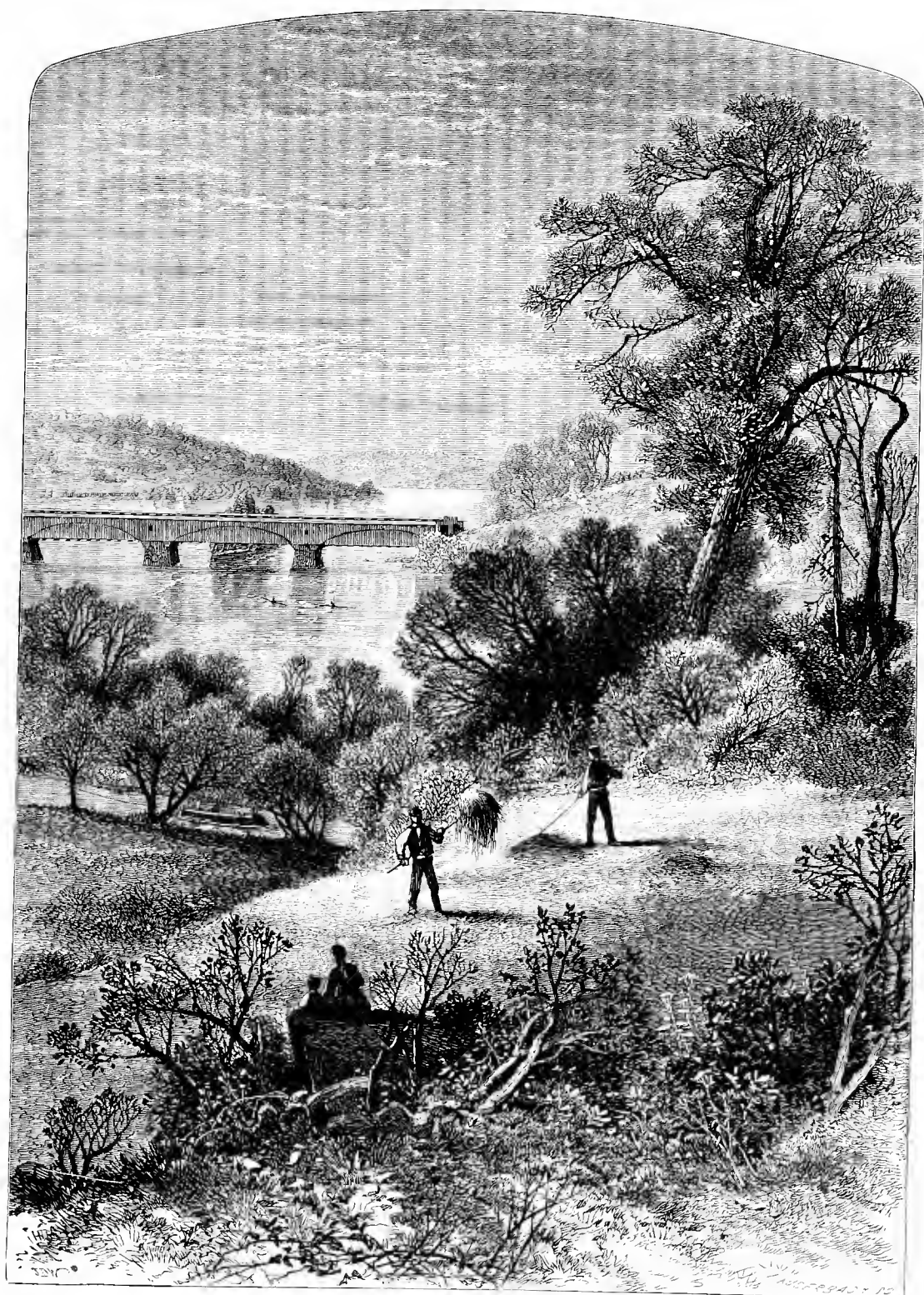
OH! the harvest days of the olden time!
 The ring of the sickles in merry rhyme!
 The wealth that fell at the reapers' feet,
 With the tinkling sound of a music sweet!
 My soul is wrapt in a dream to-day,
 And over my senses, from far away,
 There comes a rustle of grain, combined
 With the drowsy voice of the summer wind,
 And my heart o'erflows with a song of praise
 For the days—the days!
 The harvest time of my boyhood's days.

I stand again where the breezes toy
 With the tangled locks of the farmer boy;
 I hear the chorus of tuneful birds,
 The tinkling bells of the grazing herds,
 The happy shout and the joyous song,
 And the gladsome laugh of the reaping
 throng:
 The shout, the song, the merry peal—
 Attuned to the ring of the flashing steel—
 They come to me now through the dreamy
 maze
 From the days—the days!
 The harvest time of my boyhood's days.

Again I walk in the joyous train
 That follows after the loaded wain;
 Again to my heart, like an echo, come
 The gladsome shouts of the harvest home,
 When the merry, sun-browned lasses greet
 The reaper lads with the golden wheat.
 There was one, with hair of a sunnier hue
 Than the ripened grain of the harvest knew,
 Grew rosy as dawn at my ardent gaze,
 In the days—the days!
 The harvest time of my boyhood's days.

Alas! alas! how the years go by!
 How the young grow old and the lovely
 die!
 How sad the music, how marred the rhyme,
 Of the harvest songs of the olden time!
 For the rattling cog and the grinding
 wheel
 Rise over the ring of the reaper's steel,
 And Death, the harvester, low hath laid
 The golden hair of the sun-browned maid,
 And I sigh like one who vainly prays
 For the days—the days!
 The vanished dream of my boyhood's days.

Lee O. Harris.



“And I sigh like one who vainly prays
For the days—the days!
The vanished dream of my boyhood’s days.”

IN SUMMER DAYS.

In summer days, through fields of maize,
 And clover-bloom, I idling go,
 Where dimpling speeds through flags and
 reeds,
 And hazel-bush and tangling weeds,
 The river loved in childhood so.

I sit and think upon the brink,
 With folded hands and dreaming eyes,
 While now and then, from copse and fen,
 The timid hare or canny hen
 Slips by me with a mute surprise.

It is, I ween, a homely scene,—
 A near horizon, quiet sky,
 A reedy mere, a meadow near,
 Bestarred with daisies, barley here,
 And there a strip of ripened rye.

In later days, in famed highways,
 On lofty mounts, by storied streams,
 In fort and town of bold renown,
 I have with throbbing heart sat down
 To weave my thoughts and dream my
 dreams.

And it might seem, to those who deem
 No glory dwells in common things,
 That there is naught of tender thought
 To wed me to this nameless spot,
 Or give my errant fancy wings.

But yet, I own, I have not known,
 In all the world a place more sweet;
 For here was spent, in glad content,
 The hours of life's young merriment,
 On eager, dimpled, dancing feet.

Ah, passing strange it is to change
 From life's full grown realities,

And see, through years of mists and tears,
 Our little selves, with shouts and cheers,
 Come flying like the mindless bees.

Yet now and then e'en bearded men,
 So strange a thing is human sense,
 May lose all trace of time and place,
 And skip with childhood face to face,
 For raiding time a recompense.

A little thing the spell may bring,—
 A flower, a familiar toy;
 A rhyme or trill of bird-song thrill,
 The soul and drowsy senses fill,
 With young life's all-pervading joy.

And it is rest from hours oppressed,
 A glad escape from Argus age,
 Who sits and waits at all our gates,
 And trips our steps and shapes our fates,
 Unheeding both the fool and sage.

And so when I go idling by
 From crowding streets and shouting
 trade,
 I would go where the sky and air,
 And field and flower, all things fair,
 Repeat the impress first they made.

O souls, who seek, from week to week,
 A respite from despotic care,
 Who struggle in the toils of sin,
 Who faint in labor's smoke and din,
 Who carry burdens hard to bear,—

Heaven will you may, e'en one sweet day,
 In one tired year throw off the thrall,
 And from the shade of hill or glade,
 Read once again, where first you played,
 Dear Nature's lesson, "Love in all."

Kate M. Sherwood.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I'm standing by the window sill
 Where we have stood of yore;
 The sycamore is waving still
 Its branches near the door;
 And near me creeps the wild rose vine
 On which our wreaths were hung—
 Still round the porch its tendrils twine,
 As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead
 Down by the river shore,
 Is overgrown with brier and weed—
 Not level as before.

But there's no change upon the hill,
 From whence our voices rung—
 The violets deck the summit still,
 As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak tree,
 Beneath whose spreading shade,
 When our young hearts were light and free,
 In innocence we played;
 And over there the meadow gate,
 On which our playmates swung,
 Still standing in its rustic state,
 As when we both were young.

Louisa M. Chitwood.

CAPRICE AT HOME.

No, I will not say good-by—
 Not good-by, nor any thing.
 He is gone. . . . I wonder why
 Lilacs are not sweet this spring.
 How that tiresome bird will sing!

I might follow him and say
 Just that he forgot to kiss
 Baby, when he went away.
 Every thing I want I miss.
 Oh, a precious world is this!

. . . . What if night came and not he?
 Something might mislead his feet.
 Does the moon rise late? Ah me!
 There are things that he might meet.
 Now the rain begins to beat:

So it will be dark. The bell?—
 Some one some one loves is dead.
 Were it he——! I can not tell

Half the fretful words I said,
 Half the fretful tears I shed.

Dead? And but to think of death!—
 Men might bring him through the gate:
 Lips that have not any breath,
 Eyes that stare—— And I must wait!
 Is it time, or is it late?

I was wrong, and wrong, and wrong;
 I will tell him, oh, be sure!
 If the heavens are builded strong,
 Love shall therein be secure;
 Love like mine shall there endure.

. . . . Listen, listen—that is he!
 I'll not speak to him, I say.
 If he choose to say to me,
 "I was all to blame to-day;
 Sweet, forgive me," why—I may!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

TO A CHILD.

Oh, while from me, this tender morn, de-
part
Dreams vague and vain and wild,
Sing, happy child, and dance into my heart,
Where I was once a child!

Your eyes they send the butterflies before,
Your lips they kiss the rose;
O gentle child, Joy opes your morning
door—
Joy blesses your repose!

The fairy Echo-children love you, try
To steal your loving voice;
Flying you laugh—they, laughing while
you fly,
Gay with your glee rejoice.

Oh, while from me, this tender morn, depart
Dreams vague and vain and wild,
Play, happy child—sing, dance within my
heart,
Where I will be a child!

John James Piatt.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the showery vapors gather over all
the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps
in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage
chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain
overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo
in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy
being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their
bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter of the rain upon
the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother, as she used
to years ago,
To survey her darling dreamers ere she
left them till the dawn;
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen
to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the
patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings
and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,—a
serene, angelic pair,—
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their
praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain
on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her
eyes' delicious blue,—
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart
was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may
love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the
patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can
work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence
the holy passions well,
As that melody of nature,—that subdued,
subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles by the
patter of the rain.

Coates Kinney.

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
 Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue,—
 And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart
 As if to let its heavy throbbings through;



In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
 Deeper than that her careless girlhood
 wore;
 And her cheek crimsons with the hue that
 tells
 The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh
 Her soul hath turned from youth's lux-
 uriant bowers,
 And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
 That measured out its links of
 golden hours!
 She feels her inmost soul within
 her stir
 With thoughts too wild and pas-
 sionate to speak;
 Yet her full heart—its own inter-
 preter—
 Translates itself in silence on her
 cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's
 glowing flowers,
 Once lightly sprang within her
 beaming track;
 Oh, life was beautiful in those lost
 hours!
 And yet she does not wish to
 wander back!
 No! she but loves in loneliness to
 think
 On pleasures past, though never
 more to be:
 Hope links her to the future—but
 the link
 That binds her to the past, is
 memory!

From her lone path she never
 turns aside,
 Though passionate worshipers
 before her fall;

Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
 She seems to soar and beam above them
 all!
 Not that her heart is cold! emotions new,
 And fresh as flowers, are with her heart-
 strings knit,

And sweetly mournful pleasures wander
through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made
their hive

Of her soft bosom-cell, and eluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been,—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its
gloss;

And now she hovers like a star between
Her deeds of love—her Savior on the
Cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oftentimes drained its
bitter eup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,

And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in a lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
'Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart-
strings thrill

Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er en-
joyed,—

And then she dreams of love, and strives
to fill,

With wild and passionate thoughts, the
craving void.

And thus she wanders on—half sad, half
blest—

Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin
breast,

Never to find its lovely counterpart!

Amelia B. Welby.

SONG.

WHEN the full moon's light is burning
At its brightest, it is pleasant
Sometimes idly to sit yearning
For the slightness of the crescent;

When the finished rose is shining
In the sun with flushed completeness,
For the vanished bud repining,
Willfully to miss its sweetness.

Surah M. B. Piatt.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purga-
tory:

“Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

“I loved,—and, blind with passionate love,
I fell. [to Hell;
Love brought me down to death, and death
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

“I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

“Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were
fain

To pay a thousand years of fire and pain.”

Then said the pitying angel, “Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's
bent

Down to the last hour of thy punishment!”

But still she wailed, “I pray thee, let me go!
I can not rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!”

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted
wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer
sea

Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—

She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe
is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me
in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go
higher!

To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

John Hay.

HINCHMAN'S MILL.

LONELY by Miami's stream,
Gray in twilight's fading beam,
Spectral, desolate and still;
Smitten by the storms of years,
Ah! how changed to me appears
Yonder old, deserted mill.

While my pensive eyes behold
Mossy roof and gable old,
Shadowy through obscuring trees,
Memory's vision, quick and true,
Time's long vista looking through,
By-gone scenes more plainly sees.

Sees upon the garner floor
Wheat and corn in ample store,—
Powdery whiteness everywhere;
Sees a miller short and stout,
Whistling cheerfully about,
Making merry with his care.

Pleased, he listens to the whirr
Of the swift-revolving burr,
Deeming brief each busy hour;
Like a stream of finest snow
Sifting to the bin below,
Fall the tiny flakes of flour.

Once, with childhood's vague intent,
Down some furtive way I went,
Through a broken floor to peer;
Saw the fearful water drift
In a current dark and swift,
Flying from the angry weir.

Once, with timid steps and soft,
Stealthily I climbed aloft,
Up and up the highest stair;
Iron cogs were rumbling round,—
Every vague and awful sound
Mocked and mumbled at me there.

Wonder if those wheels remain,
And would frighten me again?
Wonder if the miller's dead?
Wonder if his ghost at night
Haunts the stairs, a phantom white?
Walks the loft with hollow tread?

Glides the river past the mill,
But the wheels are stark and still;
Worn and wasting day by day.
So the stream of years will run
When my busy life is done,
So my task-house shall decay.

W. H. Venable.

THROUGH THE LONG DAYS AND YEARS.

THROUGH the long days and years
 What will my loved one be,
 Parted from me?—
 Through the long days and years.

Always as then she was,
 Loveliest, brightest, best,
 Blessing and blest,—
 Always as then she was.

Never on earth again
 Shall I before her stand,
 Touch lip or hand,—
 Never on earth again.

But while my darling lives,
 Peaceful I journey on,
 Not quite alone,—
 Not while my darling lives.

John Hay.

THE MORNING STREET.

ALONE I walk the Morning Street,
 Filled with the silence vague and sweet:
 All seems as strange, as still, as dead,
 As if unnumbered years had fled,
 Letting the noisy Babel lie
 Breathless and dumb against the sky.
 The light wind walks with me, alone,
 Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
 Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat:—
 The dew is in the Morning Street!

Where are the restless throngs that pour
 Along this mighty corridor
 While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd
 Whose footsteps make the city loud?—
 The myriad faces, hearts that beat
 No more in the deserted street?
 Those footsteps, in their dreaming maze,
 Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
 Those faces brighten from the years
 In rising suns long set in tears;
 Those hearts—far in the Past they beat,
 Unheard within the Morning Street!

Some city of the world's gray prime,
 Lost in some desert far from Time,

Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
 Have only sifted sand and dew—
 Yet a mysterious hand of man
 Lying on all the haunted plan,
 The passions of the human heart
 Quickening the marble breast of Art—
 Were not more strange, to one who first
 Upon its ghostly silence burst,
 Than this vast quiet, where the tide
 Of Life, upheaved on either side,
 Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
 With human waves the Morning Street!

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
 Breaks through the charmed solitude:
 This silent stone, to music won,
 Shall murmur to the rising sun;
 The busy place, in dust and heat,
 Shall rush with wheels and swarm with
 feet;
 The Arachné-threads of Purpose stream
 Unseen within the morning gleam;
 The life shall move, the death be plain;
 The bridal throng, the funeral train,
 Together, face to face, shall meet
 And pass within the Morning Street!

John James Piatt.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.



Not for its
gnarled oaks
olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams

And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the Autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

ON the page that is immortal,
We the brilliant promise see:
"Ye shall know the Truth, my people,
And its might shall make you free!"

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whatsoever fate betide!

Long the boast that we are Freemen,
We have made, and published wide.

He who has the Truth, and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs;
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
 At the dangers he must brave,
 Is not fit to be a Freeman:
 He, at best, is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
 Its high promptings under ban,
 Loud may boast of all that's manly,
 But can never be a Man.

Friend, this simple lay who redest,
 Be not thou like either them,—
 But to Truth give utmost freedom,
 And the tide it raises stem.

Bold in speech, and bold in action,
 Be forever!—Time will test,

Of the free-souled and the slavish,
 Which fulfills life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Ancient—
 Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
 Speak!—no matter what betide thee;
 Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostles—
 Be thou like heroic Paul;
 If a free thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly! speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
 Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
 And, if thou hast Truth to utter,
 Speak! and leave the rest to God.

William D. Gallagher.

TAKING THE NIGHT-TRAIN.

A TREMULOUS word, a lingering hand, the
 burning
 Of restless passion smoldering—so we
 part;
 Ah, slowly from the dark the world is turning
 When midnight stars shine in a heavy
 heart.

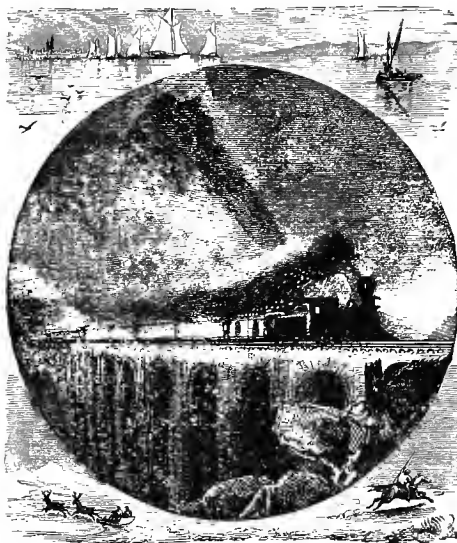
The streets are lighted, and the myriad faces
 Move through the gaslight, and the home-
 sick feet
 Pass by me, homeless; sweet and close em-
 braces
 Charm many a threshold—laughs and
 kisses sweet.

From great hotels the stranger throng is
 streaming,
 The hurrying wheels in many a street are
 loud;

Within the depot, in the gaslight gleaming,
 A glare of faces, stands the waiting crowd.

The whistle screams; the wheels are rum-
 bling slowly,
 The path before us glides into the light:

Behind, the city sinks in silence wholly;
 The panting engine leaps into the night.



I seem to see each street a mystery growing,
 In mist of dreamland—vague, forgotten air:
 Does no sweet soul, awakened, feel me going?
 Loves no dear heart, in dreams, to keep
 me there?

John James Piatt.

SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
 Be sure of your curb and rein:
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain.
 How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might
 And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze;
 When I marked the peasant faintly reel
 With the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's
 speed,
 The flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love,
 I could not but think how the world would
 feel,
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
 They invited me forth at length;
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-
 blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength.
 O then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and the ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurra! hurra! the waters o'er,
 The mountain's steep decline;
 Time—space—have yielded to my power;
 The world! the world is mine!

The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline;
 The giant streams of the queenly west,
 Or the orient floods divine!

The ocean pales where'er I sweep—
 I hear my strength rejoice;
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling, at my voice.
 I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of his god-like mind;
 The mind lags after my going forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless
 mine,
 My tireless arm doth play;
 Where the rocks never saw the sun de-
 cline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day,
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden caves below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made;
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
 I carry, I spin, I weave,
 And all my doings I put into print,
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to de-
 cay,
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage this world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

George W. Cutter.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is THERE no sweet place on the face of the
 earth,
 Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has
 birth?
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will
 heave,
 When the poor and the wretched shall ask
 and receive?
 Is there no place at all, where a knock from
 the poor,
 Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
 Ah, search the wide world wherever you can,
 There is no open door for a Moneyless
 Man!

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's
 light
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness
 of night,
 Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy
 fold
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings
 of gold,
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
 In long lighted vistas the 'wilderling view:
 Go there! at the banquet, and find, if you can,
 A welcoming smile for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching
 spire,
 Which gives to the sun his same look of
 red fire,
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous
 within,
 And the walls seem as pure as a soul with-
 out sin;
 Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and
 the great
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly
 estate;
 Walk down in your patches, and find, if you
 can,
 Who opens a pew to a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in the Banks, where Mammon has
 told
 His hundreds and thousands of silver and
 gold;
 Where, safe from the hands of the starving
 and poor,
 Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore!
 Walk up to their counters—ah, there you
 may stay
 Till your limbs grow old, till your hairs
 grow gray,
 And you'll find at the Banks not one of the
 clan
 With money to lend to a Moneyless Man!

Go, look to yon Judge, in his dark-flowing
 gown,
 With the scales wherein law weigheth equity
 down;
 Where he frowns on the weak and smiles
 on the strong,
 And punishes right whilst he justifes
 wrong;
 Where juries their lips to the Bible have
 laid,
 To render a verdict—they've already made:
 Go there, in the court-room, and find, if
 you can,
 Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man!

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
 The wife who has suffered too long for her
 bread;
 Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the
 death-frost
 From the lips of the angel your poverty lost:
 Then turn in your agony upward to God,
 And bless, while it smites you, the chas-
 tening rod,
 And you'll find, at the end of your life's
 little span,
 There's a welcome above for a Moneyless
 Man!

Henry T. Stanton.

PICNIC IN THE WOODS.



A BURST of picnic revelry
 From nature's concert summons me:
 A merry band of youths and maids
 Now gather in the sylvan shades,
 A fair and picturesque array,
 To spend a summer holiday.
 Some bending o'er the limpid creek
 For tinted shells or corals seek,
 Some find where native flowers hide
 Gnarled roots or mossy stones beside,

Some half-recline on grassy knolls,
 Or carve their names upon the boles
 Of beechen trees,—or, blindfold, tie
 Plucked grass to tell their fortunes by;
 And some romantic pairs explore
 Dim glens not often trod before,
 Repeating, to beguile the time,
 Old scraps of sentimental rhyme;
 And some their rustic science bring
 To improvise a grape-vine swing;
 Some haste with line and baited hook,
 And piscatorial, sober look,
 To angle in the glassy calm
 Above the steady-pouring dam.

And many join in social games,
 Familiar every-where as old,
 With quaint traditionary names,
 Of origin remote, untold,—
 The Roving Dukes, or What's Your Will?
 The Merry Miller at the Mill,
 The Buttoner, the Magic Key,
 The Hindmost of the Group of Three,
 King George's Bridge, the Hunted Glove,—
 Games oft the covert way of love,
 And perilous to blushing miss
 Who rashly risks the forfeit kiss.

And now the magic violin
 Sends through the woods a joyous din;
 Responsive to the signal sound,
 The gayest flock the dancing-ground;
 With native grace and ready will,
 They mingle in the light quadrille,
 Or, half-embracing, twain and twain,
 Glide waltzing o'er the level plain,

Nor note how swift the shadows pass
 Sun-dialed on the velvet grass—
 Swift shadows of the maples tall,
 That colonnade the forest hall.

When hangs the glowing sun o'erhead,
 And flecks the densest shade with light,
 The generous repast is spread
 On cloths of linen snowy-white,
 Within some chosen festal dell
 Near which perennial waters well;
 By gentle hand of tender maid
 The picnic banquet is arrayed,—
 Keen wit and sparkling repartee
 Regale the feasting company.
 When mirth and themes convivial fail,
 The charms of tuneful art prevail:
 The soft guitar's responsive chords
 Make answer to the singer's words,
 Or, by bewitching fingers wooed,
 Yield an impassioned interlude.

W. H. Venable.

THE RIVER IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Oh, dark, mysterious stream, I sit by thee
 In awe profound, as myriad wanderers
 Have sat before. I see thy waters move
 From out the ghostly glimmerings of my
 lamp

Into the dark beyond as noiselessly
 As if thou wert a somber river drawn
 Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream
 Of dim oblivion flowing through the lone
 And shadowy vale of death. There is no
 wave

To whisper on thy shore or breathe a wail,
 Wounding its tender bosom on thy sharp
 And jagged rocks. Innumerable mingled
 tones,

The voices of the day and of the night,
 Are ever heard through all our outer world,
 For Nature there is never dumb; but here
 I turn and turn my listening ear and catch
 No mortal sound save that of my own heart

That 'mid the awful stillness throbs aloud
 Like the far sea-surf's low and measured beat
 Upon its rocky shore. But when a cry
 Or shout or song is raised, how wildly back
 Come the weird echoes from a thousand
 rocks

As if unnumbered airy sentinels,
 The genii of the spot, caught up the voice,
 Repeating it in wonder—a wild maze
 Of spirit-tones, a wilderness of sounds,
 Earth-born but all unearthly.

Thou dost seem,
 Oh wizard stream, a river of the dead—
 A river of some blasted, perished world,
 Wandering forever in the mystic void.
 No breeze e'er strays across thy solemn tide,
 No bird e'er breaks thy surface with his wing,
 No star, or sky, or bow is ever glassed
 Within thy depths, no flower or blade e'er
 breathes

Its fragrance from thy bleak banks on the air.
 True, here are flowers, or semblances of
 flowers,
 Carved by the magic fingers of the drops
 That fall upon thy rocky battlements—
 Fair roses, tulips, pinks, and violets—
 All white as cerements of the coffined dead;
 But they are flowers of stone, and never
 drank
 The sunshine or the dew. Oh, somber stream,
 Whence comest thou and whither goest? Far
 Above, upon the surface of old earth,
 A hundred rivers o'er thee pass and sweep,
 In music and in sunshine, to the sea—
 Thou art not born of them. Whence
 comest thou
 And whither goest? None of earth can
 know.

No mortal e'er has gazed upon thy source—
 No mortal seen where thy dark waters blend
 With the abyss of Ocean. None may guess
 The mysteries of thy course. Perchance
 thou hast
 A hundred mighty cataracts thundering
 down
 Toward earth's eternal center; but their
 sound
 Is not for ear of man. All we can know
 Is that thy tide rolls out, a specter stream,
 From yon stupendous, frowning wall of rock,
 And, moving on a little way, sinks down
 Beneath another mass of rock as dark
 And frowning, even as life—our little life—
 Born of one fathomless eternity,
 Steals on a moment and then disappears
 In an eternity as fathomless.

George Dennison Prentice.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S HALL, what a quare-lookin'
 place it is!
 Kape me from such all the days of my life!
 Sure but I think what a burnin' disgrace
 it is,
 Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.
 Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commo-
 dities,
 Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;
 His cupboard's a storehouse of comical
 oddities,
 Things that had niver been neighbors
 before.
 Say the old bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,
 Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;
 Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad
 enough,
 If he were prisent, to fight with the squire!
 He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is
 scourin' it!

Sure, at a baste like that, swearin' 's no sin;
 His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are de-
 vourin' it—
 Tunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!
 When his male's over, the table's left sit-
 tin' so;
 Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can;
 Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye,—
 Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!
 Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',
 Say the old bachelor kneading his dough;
 Troth, if his bread he could ate without
 swallowin',
 How it would favor his palate, ye know!
 Late in the night, when he goes to bed
 shiverin',
 Niver a bit is the bed made at all;
 He crapes like a terrapin under the kiver-
 erin';—
 Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!

John Finley.

JONATHAN SNOW.

JONATHAN SNOW was decrepit and old,
 And his poor ragged form you had pitied
 to see,
 Yet a king, in his mantle of purple and
 gold,
 Was never so cheerful and happy as he.
 "My coat isn't new, but it's roomy and
 free;
 My hat isn't quite in the fashion, I know,
 If others have better it's nothing to me;
 They may wear them, and welcome," says
 Jonathan Snow.

He lived in a poor little hovel alone,
 And you'd scarcely feel safe in its tot-
 tering walls;
 Yet a lord, in his ivy-crowned castle of
 stone,
 Was never so proud of his tapestried halls.
 "Though opulence passes, and pride never
 calls,
 There's room, and to spare, for affection,
 I trow;
 If others delight in their parties and balls,
 They may have them, and welcome," says
 Jonathan Snow.

His old frame was bent, as he passed on
 his way,
 And his tottering limbs were distorted
 by pain;
 But the rich in their chaises were never
 more gay
 Than he as he stumped on his hickory
 cane.
 "My horse hasn't quite so much mettle,
 't is plain,
 But Death comes as soon to the swift as
 the slow;
 If others love better the whip and the
 rein,
 They may have them, and welcome," says
 Jonathan Snow.

His friends were the children, the poor, and
 the old,
 And his greeting was cheerful, his smile
 was benign;
 Not Cræsus, with all of his silver and gold,
 Could purchase a love of a purer design.
 "The friendship that dwells in the sparkle
 of wine
 Will break with its bubbles and die with
 its glow;
 If others want friends that are truer than
 mine,
 They may have them, and welcome," says
 Jonathan Snow.

He worshiped, in faith, the great Ruler above,
 Though builders of creeds would have
 thought him remiss,
 But he taught the sweet doctrine of patience
 and love,
 And he found in its practice a Heaven
 of bliss.
 "There is healing in kindness; a tear and
 a kiss
 Can lighten the heart that is heavy with
 woe;
 If others want better religion than this,
 They may have it, and welcome," says
 Jonathan Snow.

One evening Death entered his poor little hut,
 And Jonathan smiled, when he saw he
 was there,
 For be the door open, or be the door shut,
 The soul that is ready has naught to
 prepare.
 "The seed-time was pleasant, the summer
 was fair,
 The harvest was garnered a long time ago;
 There are only the gleanings awaiting my
 care,
 You may have them, and welcome," says
 Jonathan Snow.

EVERYTHING.

You'd call his room a pleasant place:
Satin and rose-wood, lights and lace,
And fruits and wines were there. (Ah, well!)
And yet the rich man rang his bell;—
When lo, he saw a fairy flit
From outside dusk to answer it!

Her flower-like eyes, so faint and blue,
Looked at him through her veil of dew;
Though every gracious thing he had,

His face was fretful, tired, and sad:—
“Pray, sir,” she whispered, “did you ring?”
He said: “Yes, I want—everything!”

The fairy laughed and walked away.
Ragged and rosy at his play,
A boy who had the grass, the dew,
Birds, bees, the sun, the stars, like you,
She met: “What do you want?” sighed she.
“Oh! I have everything,” said he.

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

THE weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around,
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:



“Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,—
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

“Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is loss,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,
Each evening, into dross.

“I squander on a barren field,
 My strength, my life, my all;
 The seeds I sow will never grow,
 They perish where they fall.”

He sighed, and low upon his hands
 His aching brow he prest;
 And o'er his frame, ere long there came,
 A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
 But started back aghast,—
 The room by strange and sudden change
 Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate hall, and one
 Addressed a listening throng;
 Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
 Applause rose loud and long.

The wildered teacher thought he knew
 The speaker's voice and look,

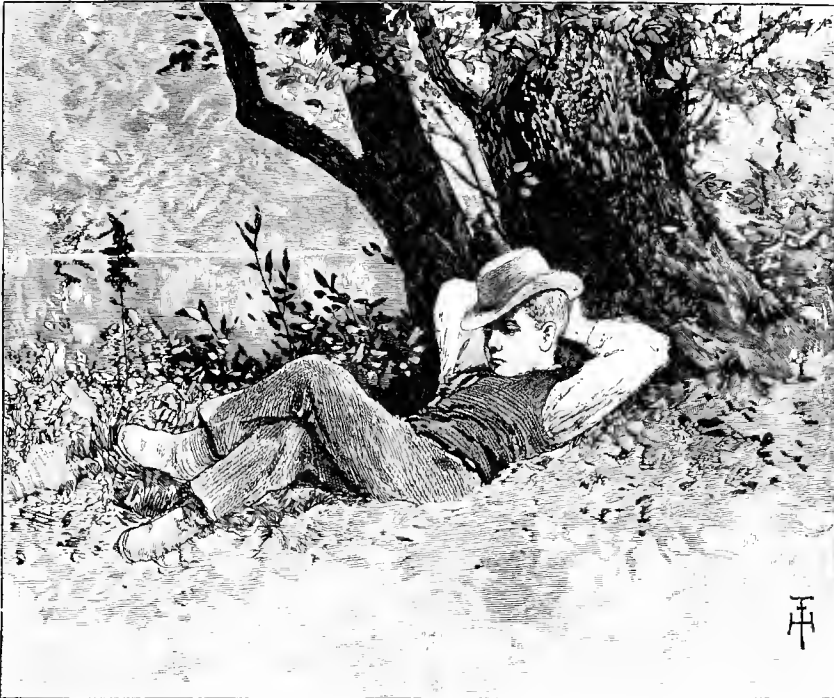
“And for his name,” said he, “the same
 Is in my record book.”

The stately Senate hall dissolved,
 A church rose in its place,
 Wherein there stood a man of God,
 Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
 And though his hair was gray,
 The teacher's thought was strangely wrought.
 “I whipped that boy to-day.”

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
 What saw the teacher then?
 In classic gloom of alcoved room,
 An author plied his pen.

“My idlest lad!” the teacher said,
 Filled with a new surprise—
 “Shall I behold *his* name enrolled
 Among the great and wise?”



The vision of a cottage home
 The teacher now descried;
 A mother's face illumed the place
 Her influence sanctified.

“A miracle! a miracle!
 This matron, well I know,
 Was but a wild and careless child,
 Not half an hour ago.

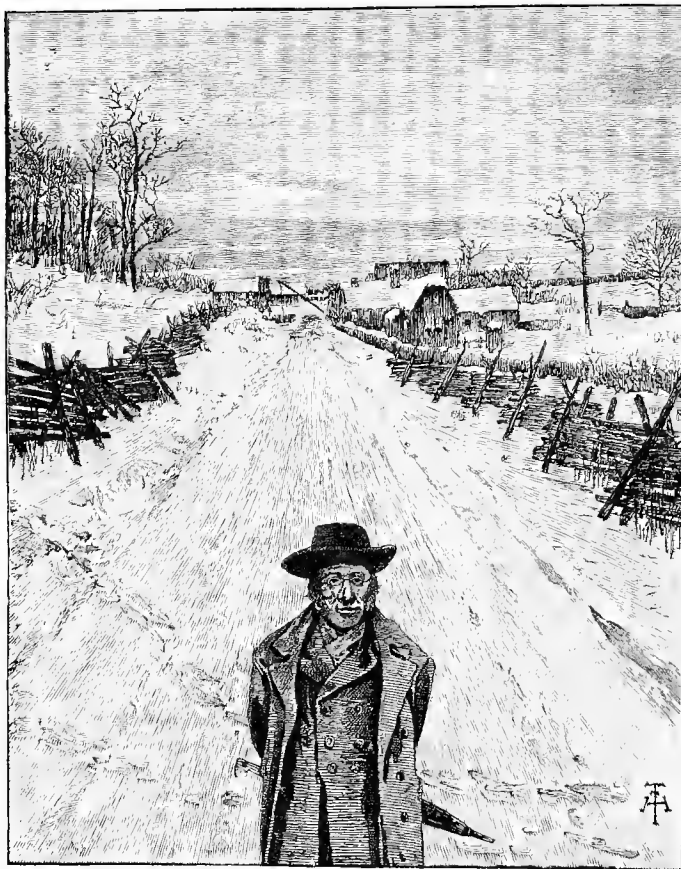
“And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school.”

The scene was changed again, and lo,
The school-house rude and old;
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

“A dream!” the sleeper, waking, said,
Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling slow and soft and low,
He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and love and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured, “After many days.”

W. H. Venable.



THE UPRIGHT SOUL.

LATE to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who, in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that shall endure.

It was not any thing she said,—
It was not any thing she did:

It was the movement of her head,
The lifting of her lid.

Her little motions when she spoke,
The presence of an upright soul,
The living light that from her broke,
It was the perfect whole.

We saw it in her floating hair,
 We saw it in her laughing eye;
 For every look and feature there
 Wrought works that can not die.

For she to many spirits gave
 A reverence for the true, the pure,
 The perfect, that has power to save,
 And make the doubting sure.

She passed, she went to other lands,
 She knew not of the work she did;
 The wondrous product of her hands
 From her is ever hid.

Forever, did I say? Oh, no!
 The time must come when she will look
 Upon her pilgrimage below,
 And find it in God's book,

That as she trod her path aright,
 Power from her very garments stole;
 For such is the mysterious might
 God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
 A simple thought, a common feeling,
 If He be present in the breast,
 Has from him powers of healing.

Go, maiden with thy golden tresses,
 Thine azure eye and changing cheek,
 Go, and forget the one who blesses
 Thy presence through the week.

Forget him: he will not forget,
 But strive to live and testify
 Thy goodness, when earth's sun has set,
 And Time itself rolled by.

J. H. Perkins.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

VOYAGER upon life's sea,
 To yourself be true,
 And where'er your lot may be,
 Paddle your own canoe.
 Never, though the winds may rave,
 Falter nor look back;
 But upon the darkest wave
 Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
 Stem the hardest gale,
 Brave of heart and strong of arm,
 You will never fail.
 When the world is cold and dark,
 Keep an aim in view;
 And toward the beacon-mark
 Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
 To the silent shore,
 From its sunny source has gone
 To return no more.

Then let not an hour's delay
 Cheat you of your due;
 But, while it is called to-day,
 Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denies you wealth,
 Lofty state and power,
 Honest fame and hardy health
 Are a better dower.
 But if these will not suffice,
 Golden gain pursue;
 And, to gain the glittering prize,
 Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
 From the hand of fate?
 Would you write a deathless name
 With the good and great?
 Would you bless your fellow-men?
 Heart and soul imbue
 With the holy task, and then
 Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
 In the world's free fight?
 With a spirit brave and strong,
 Battle for the right.
 And to break the chains that bind
 The many to the few—
 To enfranchise slavish mind—
 Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
 Nothing won is lost;
 Every good deed, nobly done,
 Will repay the cost.
 Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
 All you will to do;
 But if you succeed, you must
 Paddle your own canoe.

Sarah T. Bolton.

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE shall the dead, and the beautiful,
 sleep?
 In the vale where the willow and cypress
 weep;
 Where the wind of the west breathes its
 softest sigh;
 Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,

And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
 Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
 Where the sun's warm smile may never
 dispel
 Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
 In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
 Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;



Where the sky and the earth are softly fair:
 Bury her there—bury her there!
 Where shall the dead, and the beautiful,
 sleep?
 Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
 Where the sweet robes of spring may softly
 rest,
 In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
 Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,

Breathing notes of deep and undying love;
 Where no column proud in the sun may
 glow,
 To mock the heart that is resting below;
 Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever
 blest;
 Where wandering Peri love to rest;
 Where the sky and the earth are softly fair:
 Bury her there—bury her there!

John B. Dillon.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things that you never saw?
 Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
 The picture must not be over-bright,—
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-
 room

Under their tassels,—cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around,—
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)—
 These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide,—
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush:
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the self-same way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing
 herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
 That are beaming on me all the while!—
 I need not speak these foolish words:
 Yet one word tells you all I would say,—

She is my mother: you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir: one like me,—
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:
 At ten years old he went to sea,—
 God knoweth if he be living now;
 He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,—
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.
 Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her
 deck;
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck.
 And his face was toward me all the way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee:
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the
 shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still
 and far,—
 Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,
 And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
 That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax-field
 grew,—
 Dead at the top,—just one branch full

Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after
 day:—

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled
 eggs,—

The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat:
 The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me:
 I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
 But that's no matter.—paint it so;

The eyes of our mother—take good
 heed—

Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the
 legs,

But straight through our faces down to
 our lies,

And oh, with such injured, reproachful
 surprise!

I felt my heart bleed where that glance
 went, as though

A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,

That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
 Woods and cornfields and mulberry-tree,—
 The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at
 her knee:

But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

Alice Cury.

A GREEN HERON.

WHERE a bright creek into the river's side
 Shoots its keen arrow, a green heron sits
 Watching the sunfish as it gleaming flits
 From sheen to shade. He sees the turtle
 glide

Through the clear spaces of the rhythmic
 stream

Like some weird fancy through a poet's
 dream;

He turns his golden eyes from side to side,

In very gladness that he is not dead,
 While the swift wind-stream ripples overhead
 And the creek's wavelets babble under-
 neath!

O bird! that in a cheerful gloom dost live,
 Thou art, to me, a type of happy death;
 For when thou fliest away no mate will
 grieve

Because a lone, strange spirit vanisheth!

James Maurice Thompson.

AT NIGHT.

OH hear the waters murmur as they fall,
 And the sad night-wind whisper her reply;
 And hear the wild dove in the thicket call
 Her loved mate homeward from the alien
 sky.

As some tired child's my weary head is lain
 Upon thy heart: thy beating heart is
 warm!

I rest deep-sheltered from all grief and pain,
 Ith in the sacred cincture of thine arm.

Forcythe Willson.

AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
 Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
 A tarnish, as of rust,
 Dims thy late-brilliant sheen:
 And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and
 flower—
 Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
 Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy
 face:

And still and lazily run,
 Scarce whispering in their pace,
 The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
 A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
 With not so much of sweet air as hath
 stirred

The down upon the spray,
 Where rests the panting bird,
 Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
 With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
 And gossamer web-work on the sleeping
 trees!

E'en the tall pines, that rear
 Their plumes to catch the breeze,
 The slightest breeze from the unrefreshing
 west,
 Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
 Stretched on his back, in homely bean-vine
 bower,

While the voluptuous bee
 Robs each surrounding flower,
 And prattling childhood clammers o'er his
 breast,
 The husbandman enjoys his noonday rest.

Against the hazy sky
 The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.

Beneath them far, yet high
 In the dim, distant west,
 The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
 Sails, slowly circling through the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
 Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox,
 Or in the shoal stream wade,
 Sheltered by jutting rocks;
 The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless,
 rush
 Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
 And vegetation wilts, with blistered root,
 And droop the thirsting flowers,
 Where the slant sunbeams shoot;
 But of each tall old tree the lengthening
 line,
 Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's
 decline.

Faster, along the plain,
 Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's
 edge

The kine are forth again,
 Birds flitter in the hedge.
 Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
 Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
 Dew of the evening, to the crisped-up grass;
 And the curled corn-blades bow,
 As the light breezes pass,
 That their parched lips may feel thee, and
 expand,
 Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
 Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
 And the scathed heart, made whole,
 Turneth in joy above,
 To where the spirit freely may expand,
 And rove, untrammelled, in that better land.

William D. Gallagher.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture
 Up through the long, shady lane,
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields
 That are yellow with ripening grain;
 They find in the thick, waving grasses
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
 They gather the earliest snow-drops,
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

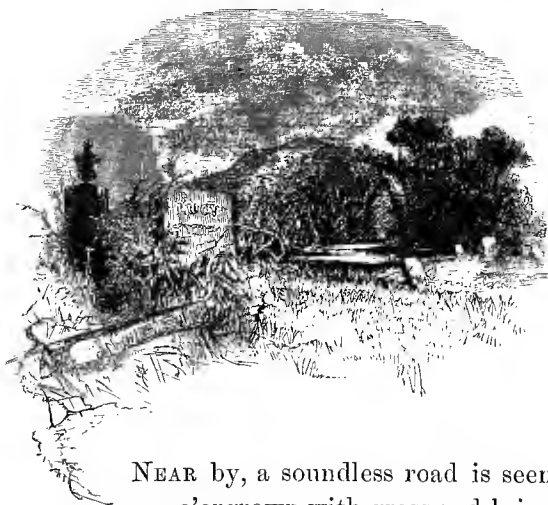
They toss the new hay in the meadows,
 They gather the elder-bloom white,
 They find where the dusky grapes purple
 In the soft-tinted October light.
 They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy wines;
 They know where the fruit clusters thickest
 On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
 And build tiny castles of sand,—
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,
 Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
 They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
 And at night-time are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
 The humble and poor become great,
 And from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
 The pen of the author and scholar,—
 The noble and wise of the land,—
 The chisel, the sword and the palette,
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Mary H. Krout.

A LOST GRAVEYARD.



NEAR by, a soundless road is seen,
 o'ergrown with grass and brier;
 Far off, the highway's signal flies— a hurrying
 dust of fire.

But here, among forgotten graves, in June's
 delicious breath,
 I linger where the living loved to dream
 of lovely death.

Worn letters, lit with heavenward thought,
 these crumbled headstones wear;
 Fresh flowers (old epitaphs of Love) are
 fragrant here and there.

Years, years ago, these graves were made—
 no mourners come to-day:
 Their footsteps vanished, one by one, moving
 the other way.

Through the loud world they walk, or lie—
 like those here left at rest—
 With two long-folded useless arms on each
 forgotten breast.

John James Piatt.



W. D. M. Noble.



SOMETIME.

WELL, either you or I,
 After whatever is to say is said,
 Must see the other die,
 Or hear, through distance, of the other
 dead,

Sometime.

And you or I must hide
 Poor empty eyes and faces, wan and wet
 With Life's great grief, beside
 The other's coffin, sealed with silence, yet,

Sometime.

And you or I must look
 Into the other's grave, or far or near,
 And read, as in a book
 Writ in the dust, words we made bitter
 here,

Sometime.

Then, through what paths of dew,
 What flush of flowers, what glory in the
 grass.

Only one of us two,
 Even as a shadow walking, blind may pass,
 Sometime!

And, if the nestling song
 Break from the bosom of the bird for
 love,
 No more to listen long
 One shall be deaf below, one deaf above,
 Sometime.

For both must lose the way
 Wherein we walk together, very soon:
 One in the dusk shall stay,
 The other first shall see the rising moon,
 Sometime.

Oh! fast, fast friend of mine!
Lift up the voice I love so much, and
warn;

To wring faint hands and pine,
Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn,
Sometime.

Say I may kiss through tears,
Forever falling and forever cold,
One ribbou from sweet years,

One dear dead leaf, one precious ring of
gold,
Sometime.

Say you may think with pain
Of some slight grace, some timid wish to
please,

Some eager look half vain
Into your heart, some broken sobs like these,
Sometime!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

IN AUGUST.

ALL the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June,
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sear grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

William Dean Howells.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

It is a beautiful belief, that ever round our
head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing, the spirits
of the dead.

It is a beautiful belief, when ended our
career,
That it will be our ministry to watch o'er
others here;

To lend a moral to the flower; breathe
wisdom on the wind;
To hold commune, at night's pure noon,
with the imprisoned mind;

To bid the mourners cease to mourn, the
trembling be forgiven;

To bear away, from ill of clay, the infant
to its heaven.

Ah! when delight was found in life, and
joy in every breath,

I can not tell how terrible the mystery of
death.

But now the past is bright to me, and all
the future clear;

For 'tis my faith, that after death I still
shall linger here.

James H. Perkins.

HAPPY WOMEN.

IMPATIENT women, as you wait
 In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
 The sound of steps that, soon or late,
 Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,
 And think in pity of the pain
 Of women who will never smile
 To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,
 Or cling to you in perfect trust,
 Think of the mothers left to weep,
 Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
 And all your world is full of light,
 Oh women, safe in happy homes,
 Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

Phoebe Cary.



LULLABY.

LIE down in my arms, sweet wonder!
 Be still, little feet, and rest:
 O violet eyes, hide under
 The lids when my lips are pressed:—
 O baby, lie close to my bosom,
 As the dew-drop lies in the blossom,
 Or the May-bud lies in the nest:—
 Rest, little darling, rest!

Hush, little mouth, from grieving!
 Hide, little hand, in my breast;
 Many a sweet believing
 I have o'er my baby's rest:
 Of angel-whispers that cover
 My darling's sweet mouth over
 With smiles that Love loves best:—
 Rest, little baby, rest!

Elizabeth Courell Willson.



THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ELDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN.

I HEARD the bob-white whistle in the dewy
breath of morn;
The bloom was on the elder and the tassel
on the corn.

I stood with beating heart beside the bab-
bling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep
her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded
 path along,
 And pause to pluck a flower, or hear the
 thrush's song.
 Refused by her proud father as a suitor to
 be seen,
 She came to me, with loving trust, my
 gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle
 maiden shone,
 For she was belle and wide beloved, and I
 a lad unknown.
 The rich and great about her thronged, and
 sought on bended knee
 For love this gracious princess gave with
 all her heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing
 eyes she stood
 With all the freshness of a girl in flush of
 womanhood;
 I trembled as I put my arm about her form
 divine,
 And stammered, as in awkward speech I
 begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that
 lulls a dim-lit dream;
 'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and
 sweet the rippling stream;
 'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear
 the South-winds sigh;
 More sweet than these and all beside was
 the loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I
 had of life,
 To mold its better destiny and soothe to
 sleep its strife.
 'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, com-
 missioned from above;
 My angel walked with me on earth, and
 gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my
 eyes are dim with tears—
 I think upon the loving faith of all these
 by-gone years,
 For now we stand upon this spot, as in
 that dewy morn,
 With the bloom upon the elder and the
 tassel on the corn.

Donn Piatt.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

"It came to pass while thy servant was busy hither and thither, the man was gone."

For I was busy hither and yon,
 And to and fro,
 Working the Master's work I thought.
 Ah me, I know—
 Looking aback across the years—
 It was not so.

Busy, pursuing with blinded zeal
 Some vague wild plan
 Whereby the world should be sooner freed
 From error's ban,
 And earth become Paradise once more
 For sinful man.

Over the bars of my garden gate,
 With wan, pale face,
 One, wistful, gazed on the summer bloom
 That filled the place,
 With hand outstretched as if entreating
 A moment's grace.

But I was busy with greater things,
 A whole world's fate—
 Should I turn from these to the beggar there
 Without my gate?
 And I said, "Not now, but another time;
 He will surely wait.

So I toiled at my task with fevered haste
 Till eve came on.
 Then I went my way in the sunset gleam,
 O'er the grass-clad lawn
 To my garden wicket;—but, lo! I found
 The man was gone.
 And the deeds which I wrought that busy day
 Proved vain the whole,
 And now, too late, ah me! I know

In my inmost soul,
 'Twas an angel that stood in beggar's guise
 And craved my dole.
 Now, the livelong day, with tristful heart
 I stand and wait,
 Gazing and gazing adown the path:
 But ah, too late!
 The blessed presence will pass no more
 Beside my gate.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE PATTERN OF LITTLE FEET.

UP with the sun at morning
 Away to the garden he hies,
 To see if the sleepy blossoms
 Have begun to open their eyes.
 Running a race with the wind,
 His step as light and fleet,
 Under my window I hear
 The patter of little feet.

Anon to the brook he wanders
 In swift and noiseless flight,
 Splashing the sparkling ripples
 Like a fairy water-sprite.
 No sand under fabled river
 Has gleams like his golden hair,
 No pearly sea shell is fairer
 Than his slender ankles bare,
 Nor the rosier stem of coral
 That blushes in Ocean's bed
 Is sweet as the flush that follows
 Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window, my neighbor
 Looks down on our little cot,
 And watches the poor man's blessing,—
 I can not envy his lot.
 He has pictures, books, and music,
 Bright fountains, and noble trees,
 Flowers that blossom in vases,
 Birds from beyond the seas,

But never does childish laughter
 His homeward footstep greet,
 His stately halls ne'er echo
 The tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
 A birdling that chatters and sings,
 Sometimes a sleeping cherub,—
 (Our other one has wings.)
 His heart is a charmed casket,
 Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
 And no harpstrings hold such music
 As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
 The highway by angels trod,
 And seems to unbar the city
 Whose Builder and Maker is God,
 Close to the crystal portal
 I see by the gates of pearl,
 The eyes of our other angel,
 A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
 To guide his footsteps aright,
 So that I be accounted worthy
 To walk in sandals of light;
 And hear amid songs of welcome
 From messengers trusty and fleet,
 On the starry floor of heaven
 The patter of little feet.

Susan Elston Wallace.

ANGEL WATCHERS.

ANGEL faces watch my pillow, angel voices
 haunt my sleep,
 And upon the winds of midnight, shining
 pinions round me sweep;
 Floating downward on the starlight two
 bright infant forms I see—
 They are mine, my own bright darlings,
 come from heaven to visit me.

Earthly children smile upon me, but those
 little ones above,
 Were the first to stir the fountains of a
 mother's deathless love,
 And, as now they watch my slumber, while
 their soft eyes on me shine,
 God forgive a mortal yearning still to call
 his angels mine.

Earthly children fondly call me, but no
 mortal voice can seem
 Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!"
 'mid the glories of my dream;
 Years will pass, and earthly prattlers cease
 perchance to lisp my name,
 But my angel babies' accents shall be ever-
 more the same.

And the bright band now around me from
 their home perchance will rove,
 In their strength no more depending on
 my constant care and love;
 But my first-born still shall wander, from
 the sky, in dreams to rest
 Their soft cheeks and shining tresses on an
 earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away the freshness, or
 some whelming grief destroy
 All the hopes that erst had blossomed, in
 my summer-time of joy;
 Earthly children may forsake me, earthly
 friends perhaps betray,
 Every tie that now unites me to this life
 may pass away;—

But, unchanged, those angel watchers, from
 their blessed immortal home,
 Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness of my
 darkened dreams shall come,
 And I can not feel forsaken, for, though
 'reft of earthly love,
 Angel children call me "Mother!" and my
 soul will look above.

Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.

THE LOST CHILD.

A CHILD is lost!
 A child whose gentle breath seemed drawn
 From holier atmosphere,
 So sweet the life it led; at dawn
 That sweet life vanished, wandering on
 Through sunward pathways clear.

A bird hath flown!
 A bird whose timid pinions seemed
 Too frail for distant flight!

He left us as the morning beamed;
 The night will bring him,—so we dreamed;
 But he came not at night!

He is not lost!—
 The child whose white feet never prest
 Earth's highway dust and dew!
 The bird that left our earthly nest
 In Heavenly Freedom sings the best
 The heavenly notes he knew.

Elizabeth Conwell Willson.

A REPROACH OF INDOLENCE.

HAST ever seen white arms extending high
 Out of the yawning bosom of the wave,
 And, clutching vainly from that gurgling
 grave
 With frantic fingers, towards the listless sky,
 In mute appeal for help that comes not nigh?

Even so, from out the yeasty void where lies
 My life-work—ever uncommenced—I see
 Imploring arms stretched upward unto me,
 Pallid and cold!—and sometimes drowning
 cries
 Startle my listless soul, and bid it rise!

Josephine Butler.



TO THE DAUGHTER OF AN OLD SWEETHEART.

I LOVE thee, Juliet, for thy mother's sake,
 And were I young should love thee for
 thine own.
 Afresh in thee her early charms awake,

And all her witcheries are round thee
 thrown;
 Thine are her girlhood's features, and I know
 Her many virtues in thy bosom glow.

Thou art as lovely, though not yet as famed
 As that bright maid, the beautiful, the true,
 The gentle being for whom thou wast named,
 The Juliet that our glorious Shakspeare
 drew.

Thine is her magic loveliness—but, oh,
 What fiery youth shall be thy Romeo?

Who'er he be, oh, may his lot and thine
 Be happier than the lot of those of old;
 May ye, like them, bow low at passion's
 shrine,
 May love within your bosoms ne'er grow
 cold;
 And may your paths be ne'er, like theirs,
 beset
 By strifes of Montague and Capulet.

Like his great prototype, thy Romeo,
 Half-frenzied by his passion's raging
 flame,
 And kindling with a poet's fervid glow,
 May fancy he might cut thy beauteous
 frame
 Into bright stars to deck the midnight sky—
 But, gentle Juliet, may he never try!

I paid the tribute of an humble lay
 To thy fair mother in her girlhood bright,
 And now this humbler offering I pay
 To thee, oh, sweet young spirit of delight.
 And may I not, tossed on life's stormy
 waters,
 Live to make rhymes, dear Juliet, to thy
 daughters?

George Dennison Prentice.

MY DAUGHTER NURSE.



I HEAR her still—that buoyant tread,
 How soft it falls upon my heart;
 I've counted, since she left my bed,
 Each pulse that told of time a part.

Yet in a dreamy calm I've lain,
 Scarce broke by fitful pain's strong
 thrill,
 As one who listening waits some strain
 Wont every troubled thought to still.

And o'er me yet in visions sweet,
 The image of my precious child,
 Plying e'en now with busy feet,
 Some tender task—for me has smiled.

Oh! youth and health: rich gifts and high
 Are those wherewith your hours are
 crowned;
 The balm, the breath of earth and sky—
 The gladsome sense of sight and sound.

The conscious rush of life's full tide,
 The dreams of hope in fairy bowers:
 Action and strength, their glee and pride,
 Are portions of your laughing hours.

But, still to dim and wasting life,
 You bring even dearer gifts than these:
 Gifts, that amid pale, suffering strife,
 Love, filial love, beside me wreathes.

Sweet draughts, fresh-drawn from love's
 deep spring,
 Still lull my many hours of pain,
 And not all summer joys might bring
 A draught so pure from earthly stain.

Why is it that thus faint and prone
 I may not raise my languid head?—
 A daughter's arms around me thrown
 Yet lift me from my weary bed.

And what have flowers or skies the while
 To waken, in a mother's breast,

Soft gladness like the beaming smile
 With which she lays me back to rest?

Those smiles, when all things round me
 melt

In slumberous mist, my spirit fill:
 As light upon closed eyelids felt
 Beneath their curtaining shadow still.

And still in happy dreams I hear,
 While angel forms seem o'er me bent,
 Her tones of ever-tender cheer,
 With their high whisperings softly blent.

But hush! that is her own light tread,
 It is her hand upon my brow;
 And leaning silent o'er my bed,
 Her eyes in mine are smiling now.

My child, my child, you bring me flowers—
 Spring's fragrant gift to deck my room;
 But through the dark, drear, wintery hours
 Love—love alone has poured perfume.

Julia L. Dumont.

LITTLE NELL.

SPRING, with breezes cool and airy,
 Opened on a little fairy;
 Ever restless, making merry,
 She, with pouting lips of cherry,
 Lisp'd the words she could not master,
 Vexed that she might speak no faster,—
 Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
 Mischief all her joys enhancing;
 Full of baby-mirth and glee,
 It was a joyous sight to see
 Sweet little Nell.

Summer came, the green earth's lover,
 Ripening the tufted clover—
 Calling down the glittering showers,
 Breathing on the buds and flowers:
 Rivaling young pleasant May,
 In a generous holiday!
 Smallest insects hummed a tune,

Through the blessed nights of June:
 And the maiden sung her song,
 Through the days so bright and long—
 Dear little Nell.

Autumn came! the leaves were falling—
 Death, the little one was calling:
 Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
 Bearing all her pains so meekly,
 That to us, she seemed still dearer
 As the trial-hour drew nearer;
 But she left us, hopeless, lonely,
 Watching by her semblance only:
 And a little grave they made her,
 In the church-yard, cold, they laid her—
 Laid her softly down to rest,
 With a white rose on her breast—
 Poor little Nell!

Rebecca S. Nichols.

THE FIRST CRICKET.

AH me! is it then true that the year has
waxed unto waning,
And that so soon must remain nothing
but lapse and decay,
Earliest cricket, that out of the midsummer
midnight complaining,
All the faint summer in me takest with
subtile dismay?

Though thou bringest no dream of frost to
the flowers that slumber,
Though no tree for its leaves, doomed of
thy voice, maketh moan;
With the unconscious earth's boded evil my
soul thou dost cumber,
And in the year's lost youth makest me
still lose my own.

Answerest thou, that when night winds of
December are blackest and bleakest,
And when the fervid grate feigns me a
May in my room,

And by my hearthstone gay, as now sad in
my garden thou creakest,
Thou wilt again give me all—dew and
fragrance and bloom?

Nay, little poet! full many a cricket I have
that is willing,
If I but take him down out of his place
on my shelf,
Me blither lays to sing than the blithest
known to thy shrilling,
Full of the rapture of life, May, morn,
hope and—himself:

Leaving me only the sadder; for never one
of my singers
Lures back the bee to his feast, calls back
the bird to his tree.

Hast thou no art can make me believe, while
the summer yet lingers,
Better than bloom that has been red leaf
and sere that must be?

William Dean Howells.

DROWNED.

SHE sat alone, on a cold gray stone
Where the river made a desolate moan.

The sycamore-trees stood white and bare,
Like sheeted ghosts in the dusky air.

A black cloud floated along the sky,
And a night-bird uttered a dismal cry.

Sadly she thought of the innocent time,
Wildly she wept for her shame and crime.

Darker and deeper the shadows grow:
He promised to meet her an hour ago.

She sat alone on the cold gray stone,
And the river flowed with a sadder moan.

She heard the hum of the distant town,
The patter of dead leaves falling down.

She heard the toad in the long dank grass,
But never his tread,—alas, alas!

The morning came with its golden light
To the sycamore-trees so bare and white.

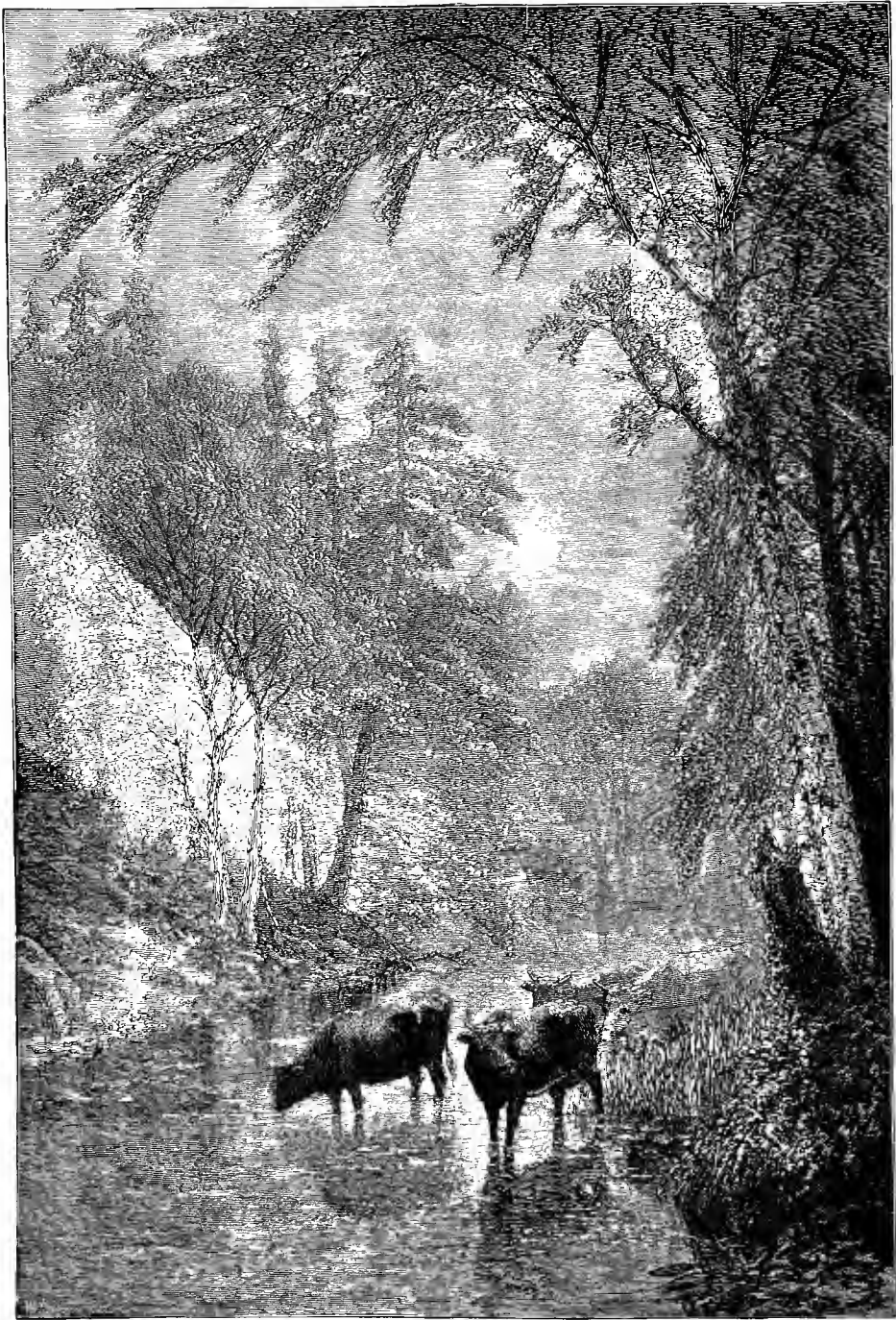
The mists that slept on the river's brim
Went up like the wings of the cherubim.

The water-lilies, so cold and fair, [hair.
Were tangled with tresses of bright brown

The osiers bent with a quiet grace
Over a form with a still white face.

The river flowed with a desolate moan,
And dead leaves fell on the cold gray stone.

Sarah T. Bolton.



From Appleton's "American Painters."

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

I LOVE the beautiful evening
 When the sunset clouds are gold;
 When the barn-fowls seek a shelter
 And the young lambs seek their fold:

When the four-o'-clocks are open,
 And the swallows homeward come;
 When the horses cease their labors,
 And the cows come home.

When the supper's almost ready
 And Johnny is asleep,
 And I beside the cradle
 My pleasant vigil keep:
 Sitting beside the window
 Watching for "Pa" to come,
 While the soft bells gently tinkle
 As the cows come home.

When the sunset and the twilight
 In mingling hues are blent,
 I can sit and watch the shadows
 With my full heart all content:

And I wish for nothing brighter,
 And I long no more to roam
 When the twilight's peace comes o'er me,
 And the cows come home.

I see their shadows lengthen
 As they slowly cross the field,
 And I know the food is wholesome
 Which their generous udders yield.
 More than the tropic's fruitage,
 Than marble hall or dome,
 Are the blessings that surround me
 When the cows come home.

Mary E. Nealey.

NIGHT BY THE OHIO.

A SCENE FROM PRICE'S HILL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Slow climbed the path, a breathless height,
 Till far above I sat me down,
 While all the fans of golden light
 Were closing o'er the distant town.

Dim shadows flecked the parting day,
 Darkling along Ohio's shore,—
 On bridge, on slope, on rock-cliff gray,
 With moss and vines all curtained o'er.

The twilight, the white moon-beam's sheen,
 Pale emerald hues, and amethyst,
 Shot through and through the deepening scene,
 And crowned the hill-top's grassy crest.

The solemn presence of the night
 Came slowly up the eastern sky,
 As waned the fainting western light
 On valley, stream, and forest nigh.

Fresh dropt from evening's azure shell,
 On the broad river's slumbering tide
 The stars like gleaming jewels fell,
 And flashed and shimmered side by side.

The harping winds, that all the day
 Played with the tree-tops on the hill,
 In sweet low murmurs swooned away,
 Closed their soft wings, and all was still.

Around me man and nature slept:
 Time's sands dropped with unnoted fall;
 Night's silent host their vigil kept;
 While Heaven seemed watching over all.

Oh, what a time for lofty thought!
 My spirit burned and felt its power;
 And deep within my soul had caught
 A holy pathos from the hour.

Thus did red Zoroaster stand
 Awe-struck, beneath night's mystic reign;
 Thus did the rapt Sabean bend,
 The living hills his mighty fane.

Wonders of night,—God's work sublime,
 His impress on the brow of even:
 Lifting the heart from cares of time,
 They fill the soul with thoughts of Heaven!

Charles C. Bronson.

AFTER WINGS.

THIS was your butterfly, you see.
 His fine wings made him vain?—
 The caterpillars crawl, but he
 Passed them in rich disdain?—
 My pretty boy says, "Let him be
 Only a worm again?"

Oh, child, when things have learned to wear
 Wings once, they must be fair
 To keep them always high and fair.
 Think of the creeping pain
 Which even a butterfly must bear
 To be a worm again!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

ANNIE.

THE summer is ended—
 Glad summer, and blended
 With visions that sweetly
 Arose with its dawn,
 Is one full of brightness,
 And fairy-like lightness,
 That thrills me completely,
 Though winter comes on.



She came with the sweetness
 Of soul, and the fleetness
 Of fancy that ever
 Gives beauty a charm;

Her laugh was the blithest,
 Her step was the lithest,
 And daintily clever
 Her speech to disarm.
 Her glad songs went thrilling,
 From heart to heart, filling
 Them full of the rapture
 And glory of life;
 And through all the dancing,
 Her light form went glancing,
 A born-queen to capture
 In Love's tender strife.

Pray tell her no truer
 Sends loving thoughts to her,
 Pray beg one sweet message,
 To quiet my pain,
 Through all the drear winter,
 Till spring-time shall splinter
 The ice-bonds, and presage
 Her coming again.

Sweet Annie! Sweet flower,
 In far Southern bower,
 Unfolding and flushing
 To sunshine and dew;
 My thoughts flutter to thee,
 One hour may they woo thee,
 And speak to thy blushing
 A message so true!

Kate M. B. Sherwood,

THE LAST WATCH.

THE stars shine down through the shivering
 boughs,
 And the moonset sparkles against the
 spire;
 There is not a light in a neighbor's house,
 Save one that burneth low,
 And seemeth almost spent!
 With shadowy forms in dark attire
 Flickering in it to and fro,
 As if in Pain and Doubt—
 And heads bowed down in tears!
 Hark!
 Was there not Lament?—
 Behold, behold the Light burns out!
 The Picture disappears!

Ye who with such sleepless sleight,
 In the chamber out of sight,

Whispering low,
 To and fro,
 Your swift needles secretly
 At the dead of night do ply,—
 What is it that ye sew!

Hark! Hark!
 Heard ye not the sounds aloof,
 As of winds or wings that swept the
 roof?
 Band of heavenly voices blending,
 Choir of seraphim ascending?
 Hark! Hark!

“Away! Away!
 Behold, behold it is the day!
 Bear her softly out of the door;
 And upward, upward, upward soar!”

Forceythe Willson.

THE OLD CHURCH ROAD.

WINDING through the everglade,
 Where my school-boy scenes were laid;
 Near the meadow where the bees
 Tell their thefts to every breeze;
 Where the woodland flowers bloom,
 Wasting all their sweet perfume;
 Passing by a cottage door,
 Now, alas, my home no more;
 Leading to the house of God,
 Is the blessed Old Church Road.

Ambushed in a bower of green,
 Yonder spire is dimly seen,
 Like a sentry from on high
 Pointing upward to the sky;
 In that pleasant ambuscade,
 Checkered with the sun and shade,
 Stands the church where first I trod
 In the way that leads to God;
 Now I drag life's weary load
 Up along the Old Church Road.

I have come to see once more
 The dear haunts I loved of yore;
 Comrades of my early years,
 Where are now your smiles and tears—
 Smiles of welcome, tears of joy,
 Greeting home the long-lost boy?
 Silence palls my listening ear,
 No familiar sound is here.
 On the grave-stone, gray and cold,
 The sad tale is briefly told;
 They have spent their latest breath
 In the holiday of death;
 Tired with life, they fell asleep
 Leaving me alone to weep,
 Who would fain lay down life's load
 With them, near the Old Church Road.

Cruel memory, let me deem
 This is but an idle dream!
 There was one—oh, heart, be still!—
 Wont to wander near the rill,

Murmuring yet along the glade
 Where our plighted vows were made—
 There was one, the maiden queen,
 Reigning o'er this sylvan scene,
 Who had strayed from paradise,
 With the splendor of its skies
 Sleeping in her dewy eyes.
 Never more must I rejoice
 In the music of her voice?
 Must the pilgrim's lonely tread
 Wake but echoes o'er the dead,

As he nears his last abode,
 On the blessed Old Church Road?

Where the modest violets bloom
 In the shadow of her tomb,
 Shall the wayworn wanderer rest,
 Deeming death a welcome guest?
 Life's last sleep were passing sweet
 Where his dust with thine shall meet—
 There, beneath the self-same sod,
 Lay him, near the Old Church Road.

William P. Brannan.

KING'S TAVERN.



FAR-OFF spires, a mist of silver, shimmer
 from the far-off town;
 Haunting here the dreary turnpike, stands
 the tavern, crumbling down.

Half-a-mile before you pass it, half-a-mile
 when you are gone,
 Like a ghost it comes to meet you, ghost-
 like still it follows on.

Never more the sign-board, swinging, flaunts
 its gilded wonder there:
 "Philip King"—a dazzled harvest shocked
 in Western sunset air!

Never, as with nearer tinkle through the
 dust of long ago,
 Creep the Pennsylvania wagons up the
 twilight—white and slow.

With a low, monotonous thunder, yonder
flies the hurrying train—
Hark, the echoes in the quarry!—in the
woodland lost again!

Never more the friendly windows, red with
warmth and Christian light,
Breathe the traveler's benediction to his
brethren in the night.

Old in name, The Haunted Tavern holds
the barren rise alone;—
Standing high in air deserted, ghost-like
long itself has grown.

Not a pane in any window—many a
ragged corner-bit:
Boys, the strolling exorcisors, gave the ghost
their notice—"Quit."

Jamestown-weeds have close invaded, year
by year, the bar-room door,

Where, within, in damp and silence gleams
the lizard on the floor.

Through the roof the drear Novembers trickle
down the midnight slow;
In the Summer's warping sunshine green
with moss the shingles grow.

Yet in Maying wind the locust, sifting sunny
blossom, snows,
And the rose-vine still remembers some dear
face that loved the rose,—

Climbing up a Southern casement, looking
in neglected air;
And, in golden honey-weather, careful bees
are humming there.

In the frozen moon at midnight some have
heard, when all was still—
Nothing, I know! A ghostly silence keeps
the tavern on the hill!

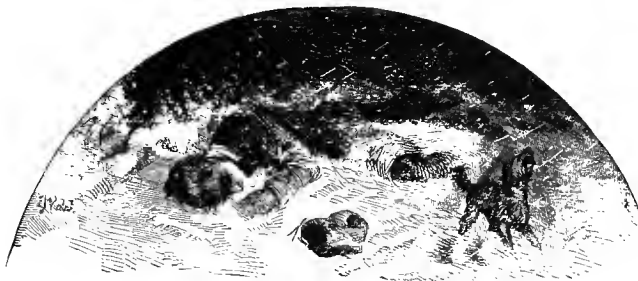
John James Piatt.

HOMELESS.

I HAVE a home no more. The humble cot,
That, like a modest bride half hid in
flowers,
Smiled all its blessings on life's morning
hours,
Has passed from earth—now strangers own
the spot.
The guardian power that holds my life in trust,
Still shows the picture to my loving view,
And paints the blessed forms, to memory
true,

Which long have slept in consecrated dust.
All things have changed—my home is home
no more;
The favorite haunts where hopes, despairs,
and loves
Once circled round my soul like cottage
doves,
The glass of Fancy only can restore.
The alien plowshare, for unnumbered years,
Has made deep furrows for my bitter
tears.

William P. Brannan.



TO A MOTHER.

THOU Spirit, dowered with immortal birth,
 Blest with new being, out of Heaven's
 completeness;
 Thou wast my childhood's Guardian Saint
 on earth,
 Nor deemed I Heaven could give thee
 holier sweetness!

How often in the twilight's lonely calms
 I dream of living in these hallowed places;

Feeling upon my heart Death's restful palms,
 And on my face—the quiet of dead faces!
 Of lying still—as thou! . . . Then, in my
 dreams,
 I feel a thrill, as of thy spirit's nearness,
 Awakening my soul. . . . And then, it
 seems,
 Thy saintly eyes look down, with perfect
 clearness.

Elizabeth Conwell Willson.

UNCLE JO.

I HAVE in memory a little story,
 That few indeed would rhyme about but
 me;
 'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
 Although a little colored with the three,—



In very truth, I think, as much, perchance,
 As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor
 To every one who had hard work to do;
 If he possessed a genius, 't was for labor,
 Most people thought, but there were one
 or two
 Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,
 "Come in again and see us, Uncle Jo!"

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave,—
 And felt they could afford to give to
 him,—
 Just as the master makes of some good slave
 An Aunt Jemima, or an Uncle Jim;
 And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad,—
 Poor fellow, it was all he ever had!

A mile or so away, he had a brother,—
 A rich, proud man that people did n't hire;
 But Jo had neither sister, wife, nor mother,
 And baked his corncake at his cabin fire
 After the day's work, hard for you or me,
 But he was never tired,—how could he be?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of
 quickness
 For every body that he could befriend;
 Said one and all, "How kind he is in sick-
 ness,"

But there, of course, his goodness had an
end.
Another praise there was might have been
given,
For, one or more days out of every seven—
With his old pickax swung across his
shoulder,
And downcast eyes, and slow and sober
tread—
He sought the place of graves, and each
beholder
Wondered and asked some other who was
dead;
But when he digged all day, nobody thought
That he had done a whit more than he ought.
At length, one winter when the sunbeams
slanted
Faintly and cold across the churchyard
snow,
The bell tolled out,—alas! a grave was
wanted,
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo;
His spade stood there against his own roof-
tree,
There was his pickax, too, but where was he?

They called and called again, but no reply-
ing;
Smooth at the window, and about the door,
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was
lying,—
He did not need the daylight any more.
One shook him roughly, and another said,
“As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead!”
And when they wrapped him in the linen,
fairer
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
They found a picture,—haply of the sharer
Of sunny hope some time, or where or when
They did not care to know, but closed his
eyes
And placed it in the coffin where he lies!
None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
Of the pure love that reached into the
grave,
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty
He kept, despite the dark; but men less
brave
Have left great names, while not a willow
bends
Above his dust,—poor Jo, he had no friends!

Alice Cary.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

How oft thy name, so dear to me,
Arises in my memory yet;
Thy form in all its grace I see,
And never, never can forget.
Thy fresh young heart was all my own,
Its purity was mine—all mine;
My soul was raised by the sweet tone,
That made thy accents so divine.
Had'st thou been spared to bless my life,
And smooth my rugged toilsome way,
How easy for me in the strife
Had victory been from day to day;

How small would all my trials seem,
With thee to help me meet the storm;
How more than lovely in my dream
Would shine thy glorious, beauteous form.
But death long since has closed thine eyes,
And stilled the pulses of thy heart.
To meet thee now I must arise,
For Heaven has claimed the better part.
Sometimes I think that thou art near,
That thy soft breath is on my face;
Oh tell me, is thy spirit here?
Or am I near thy resting place?

Ben. M. Piatt.

CONVENTION.

HE falters on the threshold,
 She lingers on the stair:
 Can it be that was his footstep?
 Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,
 And tender love is within;
 They can hear each other's heart-beats,
 But a wooden door is between.

William Dean Howells.

AUTUMN IN THE WEST.

THE autumn time is with us!—Its approach
 Was heralded, not many days ago,
 By hazy skies, that veiled the brazen sun,
 And sea-like murmurs from the rustling corn,
 And low-voiced brooks that wandered drow-
 sily
 By purpling clusters of the juicy grape,
 Swinging upon the vine. And now, 't is here!
 And what a change hath passed upon the face
 Of Nature, where the waving forest spreads,
 Then robed in deepest green! All through
 the night
 The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
 And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
 True wonders; and the winds of morn and
 even
 Have touched with magic breath the chang-
 ing leaves.
 And now, as wanders the dilating eye
 Athwart the varied landscape, circling far,
 What gorgeously, what blazonry, what
 pomp
 Of colors, bursts upon the ravished sight!
 Here, where the maple rears its yellow crest,
 A golden glory: yonder, where the oak
 Stands monarch of the forest, and the ash
 Is girt with flame-like parasite, and broad
 The dogwood spreads beneath, a rolling field
 Of deepest crimson; and afar, where looms
 The gnarled gum, a cloud of bloodiest red!

Out in the woods of Autumn!—I have
 cast

Aside the shackles of the town, that vex
 The fetterless soul, and come to hide myself,
 Miami! in thy venerable shades.
 Low on thy bank, where spreads the velvet
 moss,
 My limbs recline. Beneath me, silver-bright,
 Glide the clear waters, with a plaintive moan
 For summer's parting glories. High o'er-
 head,
 Seeking the sedgy lakes of the warm South,
 Sails tireless the unerring waterfowl,
 Screaming among the cloud-racks. Oft from
 where,
 Erect on mossy trunk, the partridge stands,
 Bursts suddenly the whistle clear and loud,
 Far-echoing through the dim wood's fretted
 aisles.
 Deep murmurs from the trees, bending with
 brown
 And ripened mast, are interrupted now
 By sounds of dropping nuts; and warily
 The turkey from the thicket comes, and swift
 As flies an arrow darts the pheasant down,
 To batten on the autumn; and the air
 At times, is darkened by a sudden rush
 Of myriad wings, as the wild pigeon leads
 His squadrons to the banquet. Far away,
 Where the pawpaw its mellow fruitage
 yields,
 And thick, dark clusters of the wild grape
 hang,
 The merry laugh of childhood, and the shout
 Of truant school-boy, ring upon the air.

William D. Gallagher.



From Appleton's "American Painters."

"All through the night
The subtle frost hath plied its mystic art;
And in the day the golden sun hath wrought
True wonders."

THE BETTER LAND.

ROUND me is the silent night—
 Starry heavens are in my sight—
 In the gloom of earth I stand,
 Longing for the Better Land.

Names of many an olden year
 Linger in my listening ear—
 Names of those that now, I ween,
 In the Better Land are seen.

There shall many pilgrims meet—
 There shall many mourners greet
 Lost ones, parted long before,
 Angels of the Better Shore.

There no sound of grieving word
 Shall be ever, ever heard—

Sounds of joy and love alone
 In the Better Land are known.

Voyager on the tide of time,
 Toiling for the Better Clime,
 Thither I am speeding fast,
 Where the toils of time are past.

Calmly leaving far behind
 Earth's dark memories, let me find
 Loving smile and greeting hand,
 Joyful in the Better Land.

Savior! let the falling tear
 Soon forever disappear:
 Guide me, weary and oppressed,
 Safely to the Land of Rest.

Otway Curry.

THE OLD HOME.

AN out-door quiet held the earth
 Beneath the winter moon,
 The cricket chirped in cosy mirth,
 And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
 A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
 With the clicking of the cricket,
 And red coals in the chimney-place
 Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
 Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
 And tiuware on the shelves
 Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
 In the flickering fire-light, as if
 They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
 Counted her stitches slowly,
 And the old man, with full many a gap,

Read from the big book on his lap
 The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked: the old man read,
 His deep voice pausing, lowering;
 The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
 The lids of both were heavy as lead—
 They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
 While—all the milk-pans tilting—
 Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
 Till John and the belated team
 Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May time, I pray, when falling years
 Make thin my voice and thrapple,
 Find my last days of life like theirs,
 As sweet with children's loves and pray-
 ers,
 And like a winter apple.

William Wallace Harney.



A DAY IN THE WOODS.

WE walked through the grand old forest,
 O'er drifts of withering leaves,
 And through the fields where the harvest
 Was gathered in shining sheaves;
 The sun was high in the heavens,
 Vailed with a luminous mist,
 And the clouds kept changing from amber
 gold
 To opal and amethyst.

The oak wore royal purple,
 The beech was in cloth of gold,
 The elm and hickory flecked with green,
 The maple in scarlet bold;
 Over the shining river
 There floated an azure haze,
 And the hills seemed fading away like dreams
 That we knew in the far-off days.

A brooding stillness was over all,
 And many an empty nest
 Where late the garrulous mother-bird
 Had warbled her young to rest;

And a silence fell between us,
 A feeling too deep for words,
 As we thought of the vanished summer,
 And the empty nests of the birds.

I gathered the maple's scarlet leaves
 That floated and fell at my feet,
 Content to walk in the silence,
 Feeling a joy complete;
 And out of the autumn forest
 With thoughtful hearts we came,
 When the sun was low in the western
 sky,
 Bathed in a crimson flame.

Our paths lay not together,
 We parted at eventide;
 I knew that the beautiful day was dead,
 And something I knew beside.
 I knew that the vanished summer
 No memory held for me
 So sweet as the bright October day,
 When I walked in the woods with thee.

Dora M. Jordan.

BOOK-MARKS.

HERE'S an old book of Shelley's. Years
ago
I mind me that she read it. Could she know
How much I loved her then, would any
thrill
Of sorrow or regret her warm heart fill?
Ah, here are marks! "*I love thee, and I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set to keep its waters bright and pure
For thee.*" O heart of mine! can I endure

To think these marks were meant to meet
my eye?
And did I pass the sweet, sweet fountain
by,
Fearing to ask for drink and be denied?
O dear one! I had better far have died
Than lose thy blessed love. Ah, coward
heart!
To doom two loving souls to dwell for aye
apart!

Mary E. Nealy.

IF SHE WERE HERE.

IF only she were here, who knew
The secret paths of fields and woods,
And where the earliest wild flowers through
Cool mosses push their dainty hoods;
Whose voice was like a mother's call
To them, and bade them wake and rise,
And mark the morning's splendors fall
In mists of pearl from tender skies:—

If only she were here, to see
The landscape freshening hour by hour,
And watch in favorite plant and tree
The bud unfold in leaf and flower;
To welcome back from sunny lands
The bluebirds that have tarried long,
Or feed with her own loving hands
The bright, red-breasted prince of song:—

If, brightening down the accustomed walk,
She came to welcome friend and guest,
To share our light, unstudied talk,
And sparkle at the rising jest;
Or, leading on to nobler themes,
In art and science play the sage,
And rapt, as in prophetic dreams,
Foretell the wonders of the age:—

Could she return, as now the spring
Returns in robes of green and gold,
When love and song are on the wing,
And hearts forget that they are old—
How bright were all the days! how fair
This miracle of life would be!
Whose pulsings thrill the glowing air,
And quicken over land and sea.

And shall we doubt thy presence here,
Spirit of light, because our eyes,
Vailed in this earthly atmosphere,
See not the heaven that near us lies?
More living thou than we, who stand
Within the shadow of the years,
Whose glimpses of a better land
Are caught through eyelids wet with tears.

And so in hope we wait and see
The springs return, and summers go,
That bring us nearer unto thee,
Who art beside us; since we know
Whatever range thy flight may take,
Its steps thou surely wilt retrace—
Love binds with cords death can not break,
And draws thee from the realms of space!

Florus B. Plimpton.

A PAWPAW.

IN dusky groves, where cheerily all day long,
 Mocking the nut-hatch and the cardinal,
 The trim drab cat-bird trolls its fitful song,
 I hear the mellow golden pawpaws fall.
 . . . What luscious fruit! scorned as of little
 worth

By those who long for guavas of the South,
 Figs and bananas, pining that the North

Is barren of the luxuries of the earth!
 Fruit that I sought in childhood with a
 mouth

Eager to taste thy wild delicious juice!
 What orange grown in groves of Italy,
 Or what pomegranate ripened in the dews
 Of Grecian isles, would I not now refuse
 For the rare-flavored, racy pulp of these?

James Maurice Thompson.

A POOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING.

LET him who eats not, think he eats.
 'Tis one to him who last year said,
 "My neighbor dines on dainty sweets
 And I on coarser bread."

He who on sugar angels fares
 Hath pangs beneath his silken vest;
 The rougher life hath fewer cares—
 Who fasts, hath sounder rest.

If lean the body, light the wings;
 His fancy hath more verge and room
 Who feasts upon the wind that brings
 The flowers of hope to bloom.

So, if no smoking turkey grace
 This day my clean but humble board,

I'll think what might have been my case
 If rich, and thank the Lord.

No gout awaits my coming age,
 No bulbous nose like lobster red,
 To vex my temper into rage,
 Or fill my days with dread.

Leave to the rich his roast and wine;
 Death waits on him who waits for all;
 The doctor will be there by nine,
 By twelve the priest will call.

Lord, in all wholesome, moderate ways
 Keep me, lest it should hap me worse,
 Teach one to fill his mouth with praise
 Who never filled his purse.

Flora B. Plimpton.

AUTUMN SONG.

IN spring the poet is glad,
 And in summer the poet is gay,
 But in autumn the poet is sad,
 And has something sad to say:

For the wind moans in the wood,
 And the leaf drops from the
 tree;

And the cold rain falls on the graves of
 the good,
 And the cold mist comes up from the sea:

And the autumn songs of the poet's soul
 Are set to the passionate grief,
 Of winds that sigh and bells that toll,
 The dirge of the falling leaf.

Forcythe Willson.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

'Tis sweet to think, when struggling
 The goal of life to win,
 That just beyond the shores of time
 The better days begin.

When through the nameless ages
 I cast my longing eyes,
 Before me, like a boundless sea,
 The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom
 Perpetual summer smiles,
 And gathers, like a golden robe,
 Around the emerald isles.

There in the blue long distance,
 By lulling breezes fanned,

I seem to see the flowering groves
 Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands
 That gem the wave serene,
 The image of the cloudless shore
 Of holy Heaven is seen.

Unto the Great Hereafter—
 Aforetime dim and dark—
 I freely now and gladly, give
 Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,
 When shadowy seas are passed,
 By angel hands its quivering sails
 Shall all be furled at last!

Otway Curry.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

IN my heart there liveth a picture,
 Of a kitchen rude and old,
 Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
 And reddened the roof's brown mold;
 Gilding the steam from the kettle
 That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
 Throughout all the livelong evening
 Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
 That frescoed that rude old room—
 Because of the voices echoed,
 Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
 Because of the feet on the fender,
 Six restless, white little feet—
 The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
 Are to me so fresh and sweet.

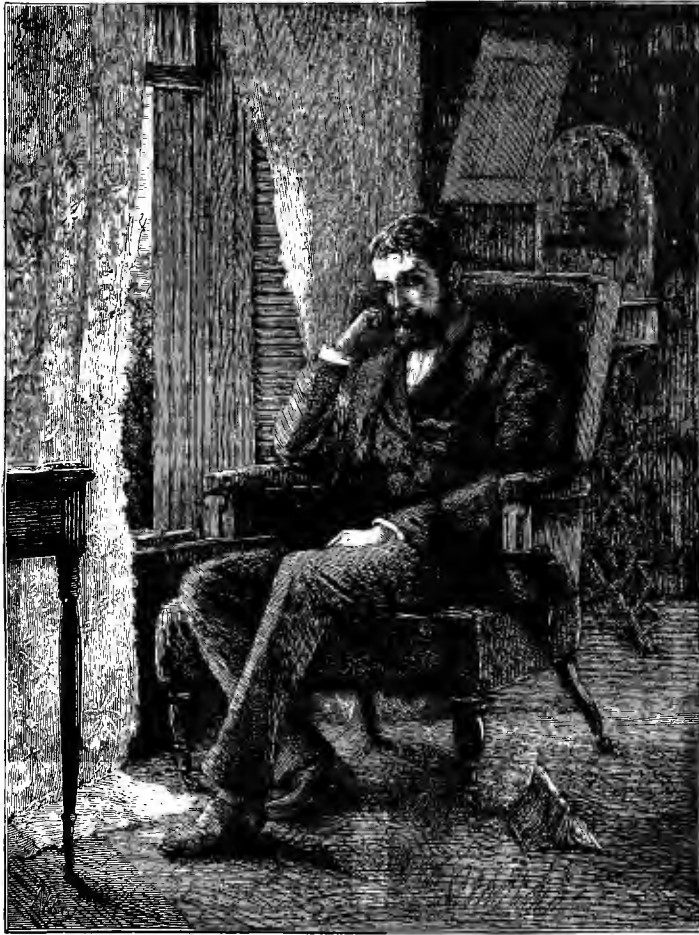
When the first dash on the window
 Told of the coming rain,
 Oh! where are the fair young faces,
 That crowded against the pane?

While bits of firelight stealing
 Their dimpled cheeks between,
 Went struggling out in the darkness,
 In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
 One dreary, dismal day.
 And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
 Leaving him there by the way.
 There was fresh clay on the fender
 That weary, wintry night,
 For the four little feet had tracked it
 From his grave on the bright hill's height.

Oh! why, on this darksome evening,
 This evening of rain and sleet,
 Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
 Oh! where are those other feet?
 Are they treading the pathway of virtue
 That will bring us together above?
 Or have they made steps that will dampen
 A sister's tireless love?

Cornelia W. Law.



FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By the dim and fitful fire-light
 Musing all alone,
 Memories of old companions
 Dead, or strangers grown;—
 Books that we had read together,
 Rambles in sweet summer weather,
 Thoughts released from earthly tether—
 Fancy made my own.

In my cushioned arm-chair sitting
 Far into the night,
 Sleep, with leaden wing, extinguished
 All the flickering light;

But, the thoughts that soothed me waking,
 Care, and grief, and pain forsaking,
 Still the self-same path were taking—
 Pilgrims, still in sight.

Indistinct and shadowy phantoms
 Of the sacred dead,
 Absent faces bending fondly
 O'er my drooping head,
 In my dreams were woven quaintly,
 Dim at first, but calm and saintly,
 As the stars that glimmer faintly
 From their misty bed.

Presently a lustrous brightness,
 Eye could scarce behold,
 Gave to my enchanted vision
 Looks no longer cold,
 Features that no clouds encumber,
 Forms refreshed by sweetest slumber,
 And, of all that blessed number,
 Only one was old.

Graceful were they as the willow
 By the zephyr stirred!
 Bright as childhood when expecting
 An approving word!
 Fair as when from earth they faded,
 Ere the burnished brow was shaded,
 Or the hair with silver braided,
 Or lament was heard.

Roundabout in silence moving
 Slowly to and fro—
 Life-like as I knew and loved them
 In their spring-time glow;—
 Beaming with a loving luster,
 Close and closer still they cluster
 Round my chair that radiant muster
 Just as long ago.

Once, the aged, breathing comfort
 O'er my fainting cheek,
 Whispered words of precious meaning
 Only she could speak,
 Scarce could I my rapture smother,
 For I knew it was my mother,
 And to me there was no other
 Saint-like and so meek!

Then the pent-up fount of feeling
 Stirred its inmost deep—
 Brimming o'er its frozen surface
 From its guarded keep,
 On my heart its drops descending,
 And for one glad moment lending
 Dreams of Joy's ecstatic blending,
 Blessed my charmed sleep.

Bright and brighter grew the vision
 With each gathering tear,
 Till the past was all before me
 In its radiance clear;
 And again we read at even—
 Hoped, beneath the summer heaven,
 Hopes that had no bitter leaven,
 No disturbing fear.

All so real seemed each presence,
 That one word I spoke—
 Only one of old endearment,
 That dead silence broke.
 But the angels who were keeping
 Stillest watch while I was sleeping,
 Left me o'er the embers weeping—
 Fled when I awoke.

But, as ivy clings the greenest
 On abandoned walls;
 And as echo lingers sweetest
 In deserted halls:—
 Thus, the sunlight that we borrow
 From the past to gild our sorrow,
 On the dark and dreaded morrow
 Like a blessing falls.

Fortunatus Cosby.

A PRETTIER BOOK.

"HE has a prettier book than this,"
 With many a sob between, he said;
 Then left untouched the night's last kiss,
 And, sweet with sorrow, went to bed.

A prettier book his brother had?—
 Yet wonder-pictures were in each.

The different colors made him sad;
 The equal value—could I teach?

Ah, who is wiser? . . . Here we sit,
 Around the world's great hearth, and look,
 While Life's fire-shadows flash and flit,
 Each wistful in another's book.

I see, through fierce and feverish tears,
 Only a darkened hut in mine;
 Yet in my brother's book appears
 A palace where the torches shine.

A peasant, seeking bitter bread
 From the unwilling earth to wring,
 Is in my book; the wine is red,
 There in my brother's, for the king.

A wedding, where each wedding-guest
 Has wedding garments on, in his,—
 In mine one face in awful rest,
 One coffin never shut, there is!

In his, on many a bridge of beams
 Between the faint moon and the grass,
 Dressed daintily in dew and dreams,
 The fleet midsummer fairies pass;

In mine unearthly mountains rise,
 Unearthly waters foam and roll,
 And—stared at by its deathless eyes—
 The master sells the fiend a soul!

. . . Put out the lights. We will not look
 At pictures any more. We weep,
 "My brother has a prettier book,"
 And, after tears, we go to sleep.

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its walls
 From the wayside aloof,
 Where the apple boughs could almost cast
 Their fruitage on the roof;
 And the cherry tree so near it grew,
 That when awake I've lain
 In the lonesome nights and heard the limbs,
 As they creaked against the pane;
 And those orchard trees—oh, those orchard
 trees—
 I've seen my little brother rocked
 In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-briar upon the window sill,
 Which the early birds made glad,
 And the dark damask rose by the garden
 fence
 Were all the flowers we had.
 I've looked at many a flower since then,
 Far brought, and rich, and rare,
 To other eyes more beautiful,
 But none to me so fair;
 For those roses bright—oh, those roses
 bright!
 I've twined them with my sister's locks,
 That are laid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
 Where the spring was never dry,
 And the cool drops down from the mossy
 stones
 Were falling constantly;
 And there never was water half so sweet
 As that in my little cup,
 Drawn up the curb by the rude old sweep
 Which my father's hand set up;
 And the deep old well—oh, that deep old well!
 I remember yet the splashing sound
 Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
 Where at night we loved to meet;
 There our mother's voice was always kind,
 And her smile was always sweet;
 And there I've sat on my father's knee,
 And watched his truthful brow,
 With my childish hands in his raven hair—
 That hair is silver now!
 But that broad hearth's light—oh, that
 broad hearth's light!
 And my father's look and my mother's
 smile
 They are in my heart to-night.

Phoebe Cary.

CHILDISH WISDOM.

'T WAS the hour of prayer; and the farmer
stood,

With a thankful heart and a lowly mind,
And prayed to the Author of every good,
That the Father of all would be very kind,
And bless His creatures with raiment and
food;

That the blessing each day might be re-
newed,

That every want might find relief,
And plenty for hunger, joy for grief,
Be measured out by the merciful One,
To all who suffered beneath the sun.

The prayer concluded, the godly man
Went forth in peace to inspect his farm;
And, by his side, delighted ran,
Glowing with every healthful charm,
His little son, a sprightly boy,
Whose home was love, and whose life was
joy.

And they rambled over the golden fields;
And the father said, "The harvest yields
A plentiful crop, my son, this year;
My barns are too small for the grain, I fear."

And they wandered on, through row upon
row

Of plummy sheaves, and at length the child,
With earnest look, and a rosy glow

On his shining cheek, looked up and
smiled,

And said, "My father, do you not pray
For the poor and needy day by day,
That God the good would the hungry
feed?"

"I do, my son." "Well I think, as you
plead"—

His eye waxed bright, for his soul shone
through it—

"That God, if he had your wheat, would
do it."

James W. Ward.

SHALL WE KNOW OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?

WE can not hear the fall of gentle feet
Beyond the river they may cross no more,
Nor see familiar faces, angel-sweet,
Through the dim distance, on the other
shore.

Where are the friends, companions, down
the years,

Who shared our care and labor, gain and
loss;

Who wept with us, in sorrow, bitter tears—
Who knelt beside us at the Savior's cross?

Some were a-weary of the world, and old,
And some had scarcely passed meridian
prime,

And some were gathered to the blessed fold
In all the beauty of life's morning time.

A few had climbed the heights not many gain,
And battled nobly for the good and true;
Many wrought humbly, on life's common
plane,

But all accomplished what they came to do.

And as we walked together, by the way,
They turned and left us, left us, one by
one,—

Love followed weeping, but they might not
stay,

For all her pleading, when their work
was done.

Shall we not meet again, or soon, or late?—

Meet at the entrance to the final goal?

Did the Pale Angel, at the shadowy gate,

Undo the tie that bound us soul to soul?

Nay, by the holy instincts of our love—
 By every hope humanity holds dear,
 I trust, in God, to meet my treasure trove,
 Tenderly loving, as we parted here.

It must be so, if deathless mind retain
 The noblest attributes that God has
 given:
 Love, hope and memory count but little gain,
 If what they win on earth be lost in heaven.

And if the human love, that underlies
 All that is true and good, in man's estate—
 All that remains to us of paradise—

Were lacking there, heaven would be
 desolate.

Nay, as the rich man knew, on Abraham's
 breast,

The whilom beggar at his palace gate,
 As Saul knew Samuel, when, at God's behest,
 He came to warn the monarch of his fate;

As Moses and Elias, heavenly bright,
 Were recognized upon the mount sublime,
 Shall we know our beloved, in the light
 That lies beyond the shores of death and
 time.

Sarah T. Bolton.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 I am nearer home to-day
 Than I ever have been before;
 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be;
 Nearer the great white throne
 Nearer the crystal sea;
 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown!
 But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,

Is the silent, unknown stream,
 That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
 Come to the dread abysm:
 Closer Death to my lips
 Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink;
 If it be I am nearer home,
 Even to-day, than I think:

Father, perfect my trust;
 Let my spirit feel in death,
 That her feet are firmly set
 On the rock of a living faith!

Phæbe Cary.

GHOST-STORIES.

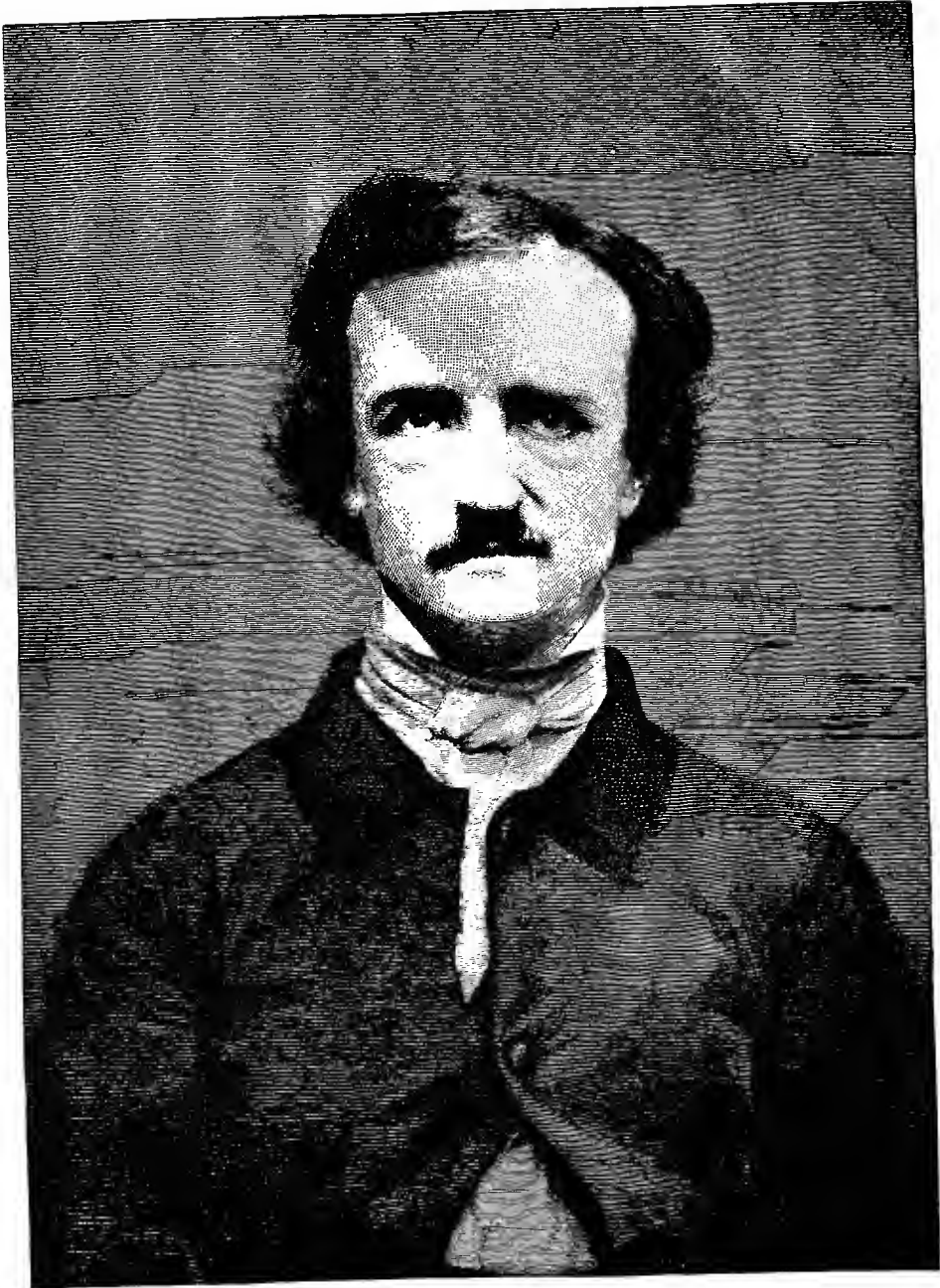
'T is the saddest time of the autumn night;
 The leaves and blossoms fall:
 The fire with a shadowy pencil writes
 Ghost-stories on the wall.

Elizabeth Conwell Willson.

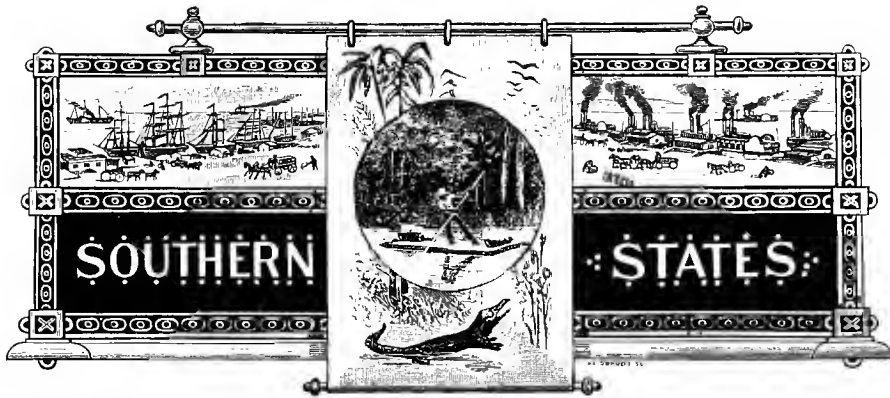
THE FALLING STAR.

SEE where yon star falls headlong, flashing
 Across the purple twilight air!—
 An angel, swift-winged, bears from heaven
 The answer to a mortal's prayer.

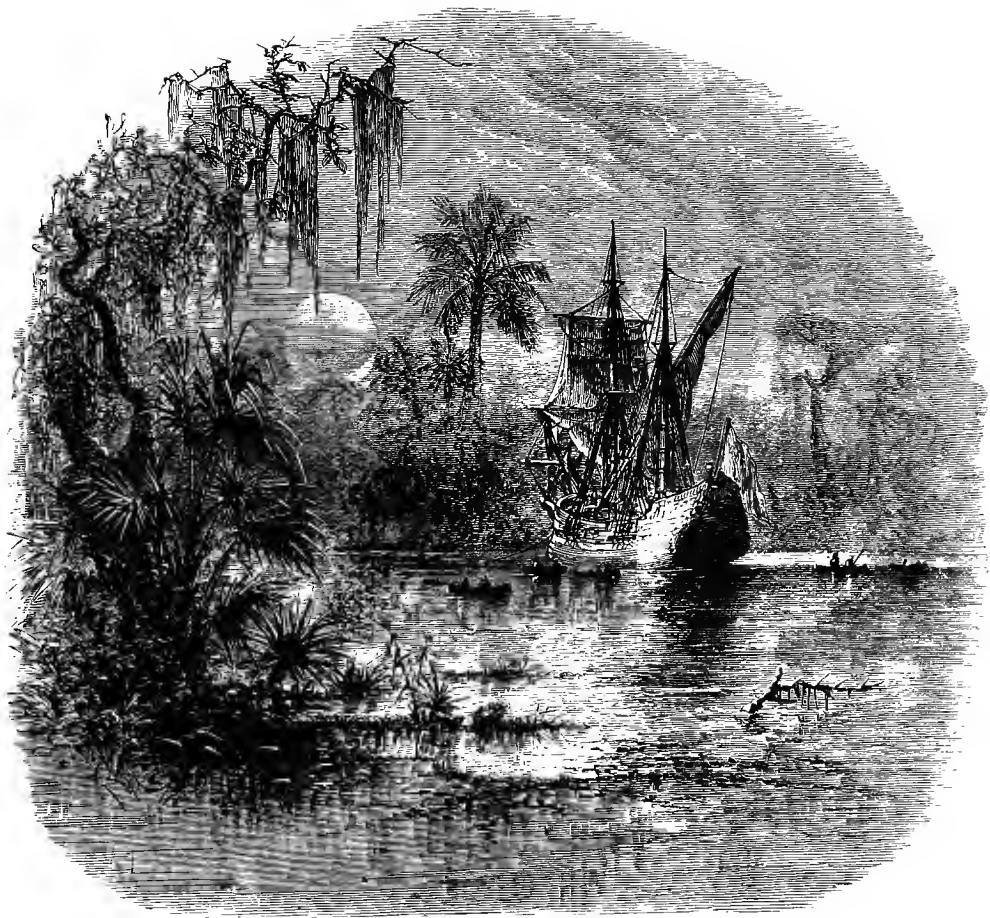
Alice Williams Brotherton.



Edgar Allan Poe







THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the Emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.

By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.
Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!

The shadowy world is behind us,
 The shining Cipango before;
 Each morning the sun rises brighter
 On ocean, and island, and shore.
 And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
 As prospects more glowing unfold;
 Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
 To the west, and the regions of gold!"

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
 Some Indian sages, who told
 Of a region so bright that the waters
 Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
 And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
 A fair land of grottoes and bowers,
 Is there; and a wonderful fountain
 Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
 That fountain gives life to the dying,
 And youth to the aged restores;
 They flourish in beauty eternal,
 Who set but their foot on its shores!"
 Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
 "I am withered, and wrinkled, and old;
 I would rather discover that fountain,
 Than a country of diamonds and gold."

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;
 Away with a wonderful glee,
 Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
 The dolphins more rare in the sea.
 Away from the shady Bahamas,
 Over waters no sailor had seen,
 Till again on his wondering vision,
 Rose clustering islands of green.
 Still onward he sped till the breezes
 Were laden with odors, and lo!
 A country embedded with flowers,
 A country with rivers aglow!
 More bright than the sunny Antilles,
 More fair than the shady Azores.
 "Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
 As feasted his eye on the shores,
 "We have come to a region, my brothers,
 More lovely than earth, of a truth;
 And here is the life-giving fountain,—
 The beautiful fountain of youth."

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
 Unfurled his old banner, and sung;
 But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
 All around was so fresh and so young.
 The palms, ever-verdant, were blooming,
 Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;
 O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers
 Hung deep from the branches of trees.
 "Praise the Lord!" sung De Leon, the sailor;
 His heart was with rapture aflame;
 And he said: "Be the name of this region
 By Florida given to fame.
 'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
 More lovely than earth, of a truth;
 I soon shall partake of the fountain,—
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
 In search of that fountain in vain;
 No waters were there to restore him
 To freshness and beauty again.
 And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
 As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
 "I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
 Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
 Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
 And back by the shady Azores,
 He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
 To the calm of his own native shores.
 And that he grew older and older,
 His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,
 Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

One day the old sailor lay dying
 On the shores of a tropical isle,
 And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
 And his face lighted up with a smile.
 He thought of the sunny Antilles,
 He thought of the shady Azores,
 He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
 He thought of fair Florida's shores.
 And, when in his mind he passed over
 His wonderful travels of old,
 He thought of the heavenly country,
 Of the city of jasper and gold.

“Thank the Lord!” said De Leon, the sailor,
 “Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
 I now am approaching the fountain,
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth.”

The cabin was silent: at twilight
 They heard the birds singing a psalm,

And the wind of the ocean low sighing
 Through groves of the orange and palm.
 The sailor still lay on his pallet,
 'Neath the low-hanging vines of the
 roof;

His soul had gone forth to discover
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

ALABAMA.

BRUISED and bleeding, pale and weary,
 Onward to the South and West,
 Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
 By relentless foemen pressed,
 Came a tribe, where evening, darkling,
 Flushed a mighty river's breast;
 And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
 “Alabama! Here we rest!”

By the stern steam-demon hurried,
 Far from home and scenes so blest;
 By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
 Sleepless, houseless, and distressed,

Days and nights beheld me hieing
 Like a bird without a nest,
 Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
 “Alabama! Here I rest!”

Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
 In the pale and darksome West,
 And my weary frame is sinking
 With its cares and woes oppressed,
 May I, as I drop the burden
 From my sick and fainting breast,
 Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,
 “Alabama! Here I rest!”

Charles T. Brooks.

THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

OVER the mountain-road all day we fared,
 Through woods where many a gorgeous
 hue was blent
 With the pines' vivid green: the firmament
 Wore a thin veil of cloud, nor once was bared
 The blue serene above; and yet we shared
 The calm content of Nature as we went
 Higher and higher, and our looks far sent
 Into deep vales, or up where grandeur laired.
 We fed our souls with the sublimity
 Of height on height; late-lingering au-
 tumn flowers
 Smiled on each cliff's edge through the
 misty air;
 The wild-grape's wine we quaffed from
 withering bowers;

When lo! each mountain round seemed
 dwarfed—bold, free,
 Up towered the Otter's Peak, with summit
 bare!

The great South Peak of Otter!—there it
 stood
 Alone in grandeur—for we saw but one—
 As some proud monarch, when the fight
 is done,
 Stands musing in a dark, inscrutable mood,
 His crown upon his brow—his foes subdued:
 Behind its shoulders vast had sunk the sun,
 And a mysterious whisper seemed to run
 Through the thick forest round—some spell
 to brood

Therein, or in the air above; our souls
 Felt the strong influence of its presence
 then;
 For something undefinable controls
 And sways us more than all the works
 of men,
 In heights beneath which oft the thunder
 rolls,
 And tempests war that foil the eagle's pen.

But ere we reached our hostelry, the rain
 Began to patter down; the shades of night
 With deeper gloom than usual, o'er each
 height
 Soon fell, and shelter we were glad to gain.
 The rain, ere long, was changed to snow:
 with pain
 We felt we should not, the next morn,
 delight
 Our sight with mountain-views, and that
 we might
 Be cabined long, and sigh for them in vain.
 We passed a dismal night in lodgings cold,
 And in the harassed woods the winds
 heard roar;
 But, when day came, the snow fell more
 and more,
 And clouds on clouds round Otter's Peaks
 were rolled:

Prisoned, we prayed the storm its rage would
 hold,
 And morn to us the banished sun restore.

With potent voice all night the wild winds
 roared
 Like some huge cataract, or the storm-
 vexed sea:
 From autumn into winter suddenly
 We seemed transferred: all night the thick
 snow poured,
 And on the mountain-sides fogs densely
 lowered,
 So that no mountains there appeared to
 be;
 And in our dreams the loud winds still
 heard we:
 But, ere the morning dawned, the fogs, un-
 moored,
 Floated away: out from the casement I
 Peered, and beheld Venus and Regulus
 Over the Flat-Top Peak beam bright and
 high.
 Then to the South Peak's top we clomb
 with glee,
 Through ice and snow: the sight was
 glorious—
 Vales, mountains, towns, streams, woods,
 far as the eye could see!

William L. Shoemaker.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

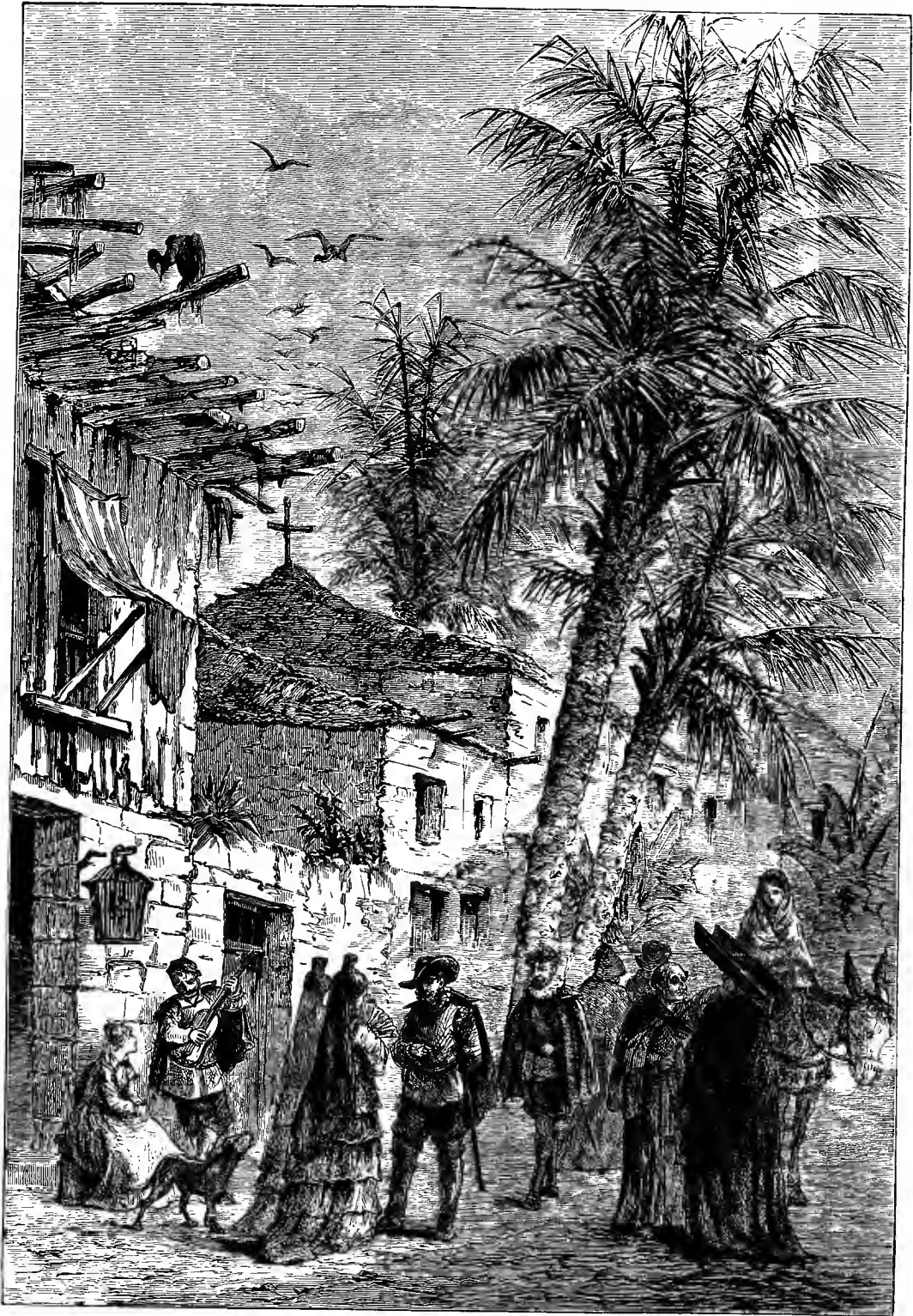
In the realm of flowers, a perfumed land,
 Girt by the sea, by soft winds fanned,
 Ravaged by war in years grown old,
 Its former glory a tale long told,
 Stands the quaint old Spanish city.

The scene of many a hard-fought fight,
 Of many a siege, when Spanish might
 Was o'er the land: in its decay
 It hath a beauty to live away,
 That quaint old Spanish city.

There's a charm in the ancient narrow street,
 Where lovely dames erst walked to meet
 Cavaliers in the days gone by,
 When strife of valor and love ran high
 In the quaint old Spanish city.

There's a charm in the convent's crumbling
 In old cathedral with turret tall, [wall;
 With moss-grown roof and merry chime,
 Man outliving, defying time,
 In the quaint old Spanish city.

Anonymous.



"There's a charm in the ancient narrow street,
Where lovely dames erst walked to meet
Cavaliers in the days gone by."

LAY OF A WANDERER.

WHERE Pablo to the broad St. John
 His dark and briny tribute pays,
 The wild deer leads her dappled fawn,
 Of graceful limb and timid gaze;
 Rich sunshine falls on wave and land,
 The gull is screaming overhead,
 And on a beach of whitened sand
 Lie wreathy shells with lips of red.

The jessamine hangs golden flowers
 On ancient oaks in moss arrayed,
 And proudly the palmetto towers,
 While mock-birds warble in the shade;
 Mounds, built by mortal hand, are near,
 Green from the summit to the base,
 Where, buried with the bow and spear,
 Rest tribes, forgetful of the chase.

Cassada, nigh the ocean shore,
 Is now a ruin, wild and lone,
 And on her battlements no more
 Is banner waved or trumpet blown;

Those doughty cavaliers are gone
 Who hurled defiance there to France,
 While the bright waters of St. John
 Reflected flash of sword and lance.

But when the light of dying day
 Falls on the crumbling wrecks of time,
 And the wan features of decay
 Wear softened beauty, like the clime,
 My fancy summons from the shroud
 The knights of old Castile again,
 And charging thousands shout aloud,—
 "St. Jago strikes to-day for Spain!"

When mystic voices, on the breeze
 That fans the rolling deep, sweep by,
 The spirits of the Yemassees,
 Who ruled the land of yore, seem nigh;
 For mournful marks, around where stood
 Their palm-roofed lodges, yet are seen,
 And in the shadows of the wood
 Their tall, funereal mounds are green.

William H. C. Hosmer.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

OLD cradle of an infant world,
 In which a nestling empire lay,
 Struggling awhile, ere she unfurled
 Her gallant wing and soared away;
 All hail! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
 Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruined
 nest!

What solemn recollections throng,
 What touching visions rise,
 As, wandering these old stones among,
 I backward turn mine eyes,
 And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
 Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall
 sound.

The wonders of an age combined
 In one short moment memory supplies;

They throng upon my wakened mind,
 As time's dark curtains rise.
 The volume of a hundred buried years,
 Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
 I see the lonely little bark
 Scudding along the crested wave,
 Freightened like old Noah's ark,
 As o'er the drownéd earth 't was hurled,
 With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
 Amid the desert, desolate,
 The fathers of my native land,
 The daring pioneers of fate,
 Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
 And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
 His woodland empire, free as air;
 I see the gloomy forest change,
 The shadowy earth laid bare;
 And, where the red man chased the bound-
 ing deer,
 The smiling labors of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
 In wonder or in scorn,
 As the pale faces sweat to raise
 Their scanty fields of corn,
 While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
 By sport, or hair-brained rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
 The red men are no more;
 The pale-faced strangers stand alone
 Upon the river's shore;
 And the proud wood-king, who their arts
 disdained,
 Finds but a bloody grave where once he
 reigned.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
 Of sturdy woodman's axe;
 The earth receives the white man's yoke,
 And pays her willing tax -
 Offruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
 And all that nature to blithe labor yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
 And gathering crowds expand,
 Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
 O'er many a boundless laud,
 Till what was once a world of savage strife
 Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
 Each happy, great, and free;
 One empire still another breeds,
 A giant progeny,
 Destined their daring race to run,
 Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
 The fount whence these rich waters
 sprung,

I glance towards this lonely place,
 And find it, these rude stones among.
 Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
 The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
 The stone, but not a word, remains;
 They can not live in deathless song,
 Nor breathe in pious strains.
 Yet this sublime obscurity to me
 More touching is than poet's rhapsody.

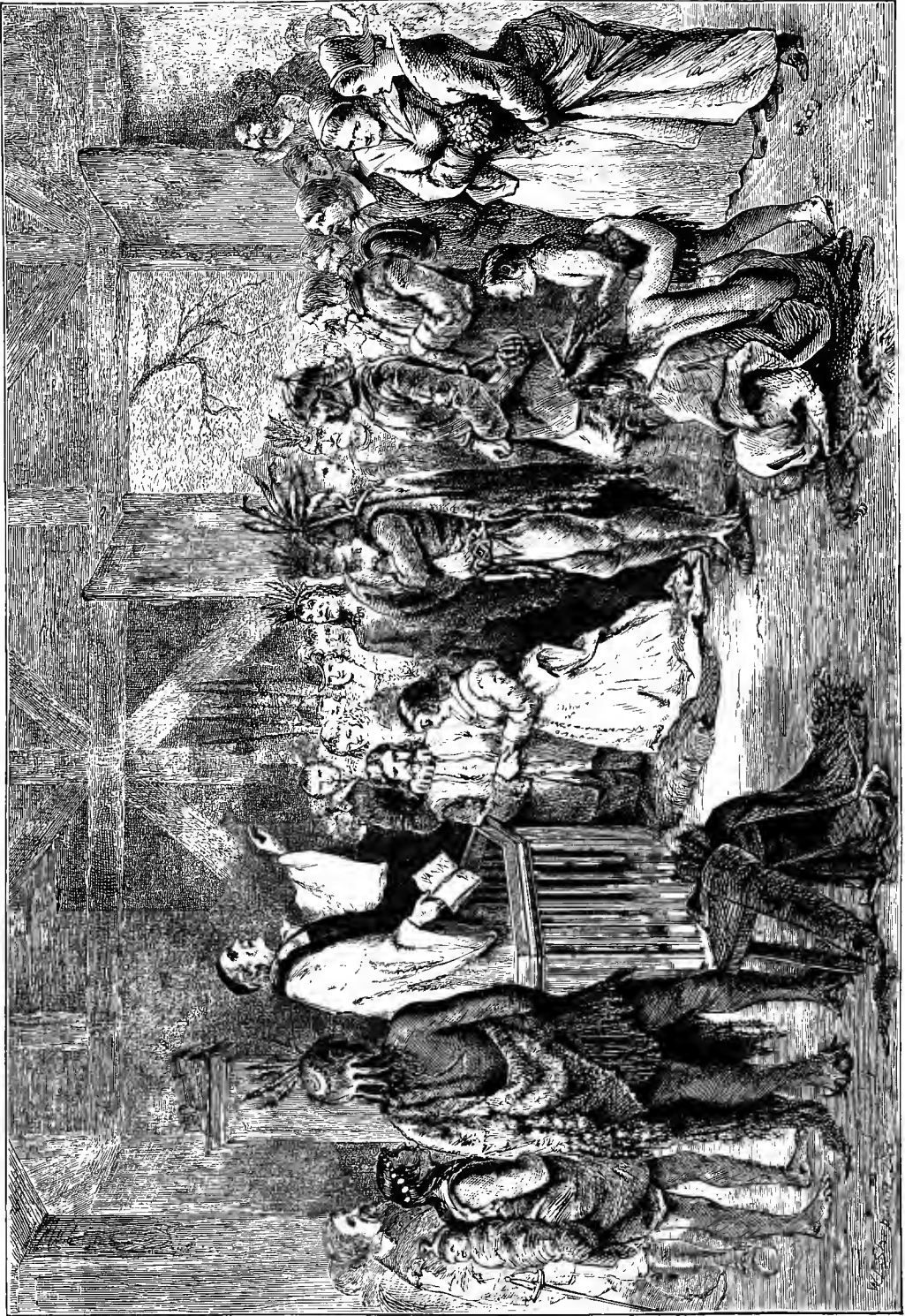
They live in millions that now breathe;
 They live in millions yet unborn,
 And pious gratitude shall wreath
 As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
 And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
 That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks;
 No one that loves his native land;
 No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
 Can mid these lonely ruins stand,
 Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
 Of reverent gratitude to those that molder here

The mighty shade now hovers round
 Of him whose strange, yet bright career
 Is written on this sacred ground
 In letters that no time shall sere;
 Who in the Old World smote the turbaned
 crew,
 And founded Christian empires in the New.

And she! the glorious Indian maid,
 The tutelary of this land,
 The angel of the woodland shade,
 The miracle of God's own hand,
 Who joined man's heart to woman's softest
 grace,
 And thrice redeemed the scourges of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
 Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide,
 Dear goddess of the sylvan grove,
 Flower of the forest, nature's pride,
 He is no man who does not bend the knee,
 And she no woman who is not like thee!



THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed
 rock
 To me shall ever sacred be,—
 I care not who my themes may mock,
 Or sneer at them and me.
 I envy not the brute who here can stand
 Without a thrill for his own native land

And if the recreant crawl her earth,
 Or breathe Virginia's air,
 Or in New England claim his birth,
 From the old pilgrims there,
 He is a bastard, if he dare to mock
 Old Jamestown's shrine or Plymouth's fa-
 mous rock.

James K. Paulding.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
 A gravestone stands to-day,
 Marking the place where a grave has been,
 Though many and many a year has it seen
 Since its tenant moldered away.
 And that quaintly carved old stone
 Tells its simple tale to all:—
 "Here lies a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare."

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 I wandered all alone,
 Thinking sadly on empty fame,
 How the great dead are but a name,—
 To few are they really known.
 Then upon this battered stone
 My listless eye did fall,
 Where lay the bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 It seemed as though the air
 Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
 Flitting along before my eye,
 So sad, so sweet, so fair;

Hovering about this stone,
 By some strange spirit's call,
 Where lay a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 Juliet seemed to love,
 Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
 Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
 Gleamed through the skies above,
 As here, beneath this stone,
 Lay in his narrow hall
 He who before had borne the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Freder-
 icksburg;
 Still did the tall grass wave,
 With a strange and beautiful grace,
 Over the sad and lonely place,
 Where hidden lay the grave;
 And still did the quaint old stone
 Tell its wonderful tale to all:—
 "Here lies a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare."

Frederick W. Loring.

THE UPRISING.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 And through the wide land every-where
 The answering tread of hurrying feet,



While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington.
 And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
 The church of Berkley Manor stood:
 There Sunday found the rural folk,
 And some esteemed of gentle blood.
 In vain their feet with loitering tread
 Passed mid the graves where rank is
 naught:
 All could not read the lesson taught
 In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
 The psalm was warrior David's song;
 The text, a few short words of might,—
 "The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
 He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for Freedom came,
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake;

And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
 When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor!
 cease!

God's temple is the house of peace!"
 The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause:
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers
 That frown upon the tyrant foe:
 In this the dawn of freedom's day
 There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
 The warrior-priest had ordered so—
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before:

It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's
 cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 "Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?"
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered "I!"

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE HANGING OF BLACK CUDJO.

1780.

"WELL, Maussa! if you wants to heer, I'll
 tell you 'bout 'um true,
 Doh de berry taut ob dat bad time is fit to
 tun me blue;
 A sort ob brimstone blue on black, wid jist
 a stare o' wite,
 As when dem cussed Tory come fur wuck
 deir hate dat nite!

"Mass Tom and me was born, I tink, 'bout
 de same year and day,
 And we was boys togedder, Boss! in ebbery
 sport and play—
 Ole Misses gib me to Mass Tom wid her
 las' failin' bret;
 And so I boun'—in consciance boun' fur
 stick to him till det.

"At las' ole Maussa, *he* teck sick wid chill
 and feber high,
 And de good Dokter shake 'e head, and
 say he sure fur die,
 And so true 'nuff, de sickness bun' and
 freeze out all he life,
 And soon ole Maussa sleep in peace long
 side 'e fateful wife.

"Den ebbery ting de lan' could show, de
 crap, de hoss, de cows,

Wid all dem nigger in de fiel', and all dem
 in de house,
 Dey b'long to my Mass Tom fur true, and
 so dat berry year,
 He pick *me* out from all de folks to meck
 me Ober'sheer!

"I done my bes', but niggers, sir—dey
 seems a lazy pack,
One buckra man will do mo' wuck dan
 five and twenty black;
 I jeered dem, and I wolloped dem, and
 cussed dem too—but law!
 De Debble self could nebber keep dem
 rascal up to tau!

"But still we done as good as mose, wid
 cotton, rice and corn,
 Till in de year dat "*Nuttin' tall*"* (my
 oldest chile) was born,
 De Tory war, de bloody war, 'bout which
 you've heerd dem tell,
 Come down on all de country yeh, as black
 and hot as hell!

"Mass Tom—he jine de Whig, you know;
 in course I follow him,
 And Gor' a mighty! how he slash dem Tory
 limb from limb.

* Nothing-at-all.

When fust I heer de war-cry shout and see
de flow ob blood —

I long fur hide dis woolly head like cootah
in de mud!

“But Lawd! I soon git n’used to blood,
de broadsword and de strife,

And did’nt care a pig-tail eend fur ’tudder
folk’s life;

Only, I heard my Maussa yell thro’ all dem
battle-call,

And sneaked dis big fat karkiss up betwixt
him and de ball!

“Well, sir! one day Mass Tom come home,
’e close and hoss blood-red,

And say, sense all dem Tory kill, he gwine
dat once to bed;

“I needs a long fine snooze,” sez he, “so
don’t you wake me soon,

But Cudjo! let me snore oncalled till late
to-morrow noon!”

“Somehow, my mine misgib me den; so
by de kitebin light,

I sot and smoked, wid open yez alistenen’
tru de nite;

And when de fus’ cock crow, I heer a fur
soun’ down de road,

And knowed ’um fur de hosses’ trot, and
de clash ob spur and sward:

“Quick I run outside in de yad, and quick
outside de gate,—

And dere I see de Tory come as fas’ and
sho’ as fate;

I run back to my Maussa room, and den
wid pull and push

I shub ’um by de side way out, and hide
’um in de bush!

“He only hab he nite-shut on, and how he
rabe and cuss!

“But Maussa! hush,” sez I, “before you
meck dis matter wuss;”

I tun to fin’ some hidin’ too, but de moon
shine bright as sun,

And de d—d Tory ride so swif’, dey ketch
me on de run!

“Den, dey all screech togedder, loud, “Boy,
is your Boss widin’?

Say where he hide, or by de Lawd! your
life not wut a pin!”

I trimblel at dese horrid tret, but sweer
my Boss was fled,

Yet, when, or where, poor Cudjo knowed
no better dan de dead.

“One Tory debble teck my head, another
teck my foot,

To drag me like a Chrismass hog to de
ole oak tree root;

Dey fling a tick rope roun’ my neck, dey
drawed me quick and high,

I seed a tousan’ million star a-flashin’ from
de sky.

“And den I choke, and all de blood keep
rushin’ to my head;

I tried to yell, but only groaned, and
guggled low instead,

Till ebbery ting growed black as nite, and
my last taut was, Sho,

Dis nigger is a gone ’coon now, he’ll see
de wuld no mo’!

“But, Boss! I was a hale man den, and
tough as tough could be;

Dey loose de rope, and let me down quite
saftly from de tree;

But when I seed and heerd agen, come de
same furious cry,

“Say where your Maussa hide, you dog,
quick, quick, or else you die!”

“I gib dem de same answer still, and so,
dey heng me higher;

I feel de same hot chokin’ sob; see de same
starry fire;

Dey heng me twice, tree time dey heng;
but de good Lawd was dere,

And Jesus self, *he* bring me safe from all
de pain and fear.

"Mose dead dey lef' me, stiff and cold,
stretched on de swashy groun',
While all de house, big house and small,
was blazin', fallin' roun'.

When pore Mass Tom from out de bush
creep in he half-torn shut,
To bless and ring me by bote han' dere in
de damp and dut!

"And when de war was ober, Boss, Mass
Tom, he come to me,
And say, I sabe he life dat time, and so,
he meck me free;
'I'll gib you house and lan',' (sez he,)
'and wid dem plow and mule'—
I tenk him kind, 'but, Boss,' (sez I,)
'wha' meck you tink me fool?"

"'If you, Mass Tom, was like,' (sez I,)
'some buckra dat I know,
Cudjo bin run and hug de swamp—Lor'
bless you!—long ago.

But I got all ting dat I want, wid not
one tax to pay;
Now go long, Maussa! wha' you wish fur
dribe ole Cuj away?"

"'I nebber see free nigger yet, but what he
lie and steal,
Lie to 'e boss, 'e wife, 'e chile, in cabbin,
and de fiel'—
And as fur tieffin', dem free cuss is all like
"light-foot Jack,"
Who carry de las' blanket off from he sick
mudder back!"

"'I stays wid you, (sez I agen,) I meck de
nigger wuck,
I wuck myself, and may be, Boss, we'll
bring back de ole luck;
But don't you pizen me no more wid talk
ob "freedom sweet,"
But sabe dat gab to stuff' de yez of de next
fool you meet!"

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

MACDONALD'S RAID, A. D. 1780.

AS NARRATED MANY YEARS AFTER BY A VETERAN OF "MARION'S BRIGADE."

I REMEMBER it well; 't was a morn dull and
gray,
And the Legion lay idle and listless that
day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the
soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten
the bowl,
When MacDonald arose, and unsheathing
his blade,
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades?
I'm hot for a raid.
Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness
ring,
Then swift death to the Red-coats, and down
with the King!"

We leaped up at his summons all eager and
bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in
fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men
and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be
strong as fourscore,
If you follow me fast wheresoever I
lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch
heart and bold steed.
Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits
ring,
Then swift death to the Red-coats, and down
with the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; MacDonald's
 tall form
 Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a
 storm
 When the clouds on Ben Lomond hang
 heavy and stark,
 And the red veins of lightning pulse hot
 through the dark;
 His left hand on his sword-belt, his right
 lifted free,
 With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch
 from the knee,
 His lithe Arab was off like an eagle on
 wing—
 Ha! death, death to the Red-coats, and down
 with the King!

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in
 insolent pride
 Of their disciplined numbers, their works
 strong and wide,
 The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and
 arms,
 A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming
 of harms,
 When fierce yells, as if borne on some
 fiend-ridden rout,
 With strange cheer after cheer, are heard
 echoing without,
 Over which, like the blasts of ten trump-
 eters, ring,
 "Death, death to the Red-coats, and down
 with the King!"

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-
 stroke and shout,
 That the foemen made straight for their
 inmost redoubt,
 And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits,
 quoth they:
 "Lord the whole rebel army assaults us to-
 day.
 Are the works, think you, strong? God
 of heaven, what a din!
 'Tis the front wall besieged—have the
 rebels rushed in?

It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant
 ring
 Of 'Death, death to the Red-coats, and down
 with the King!'"

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirl-
 wind we sped,
 And ere long, be assured, that our broad-
 swords were red;
 And the ground here and there by an
 ominous stain
 Showed how the stark soldier beside it was
 slain:
 A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a
 goose,
 With his waddling bow-legs and his trap-
 pings all loose,
 By one back-handed blow the MacDonald
 cuts down,
 To the shoulder-blade cleaving him sheer
 through the crown,
 And the last words that greet his dim
 consciousness ring
 With "Death, death to the Red-coats, and
 down with the King!"

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy
 left
 Whose heart was not pierced, or whose
 head-piece not cleft,
 What should we do next, but—as careless
 and calm
 As if we were scenting a summer morn's
 balm
 'Mid a land of pure peace—just serenely
 drop down
 On the few constant friends who still stopped
 in the town.
What a welcome they gave us! One dear
 little thing,
 As I kissed her sweet lips, *did* I dream of
 the King?—

Of the King, or his minions? No; war and
 its scars
 Seemed as distant just then as the fierce
 front of Mars

From a love-girdled earth; but alack! on
 our bliss,
 On the close clasp of arms and kiss show-
 ering on kiss,
 Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush
 thick and fast
 Of the Britons, made 'ware of our rash *ruse*
 at last;
 So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we
 fling
 The old watch-words abroad, "Down with
 Red-coats and King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard-
 beaten track
 We had traversed that morn, we glanced
 momentarily back,
 And beheld their long earth-works all com-
 passed in flame:
 With a vile plunge and hiss the huge
 musket-balls came,
 And the soil was plowed up, and the space
 'twixt the trees
 Seemed to hum with the war-song of
 Brobdingnag bees;
 Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously
 ring
 The shouts, "Death to the Red-coats, and
 down with the King!"

Ah! *that* was a feat, lads, to boast of!
 What men

Like your weaklings to-day had durst cope
 with *us* then?
 Though I say it who should not, I am ready
 to vow
 I'd o'ermatch a half score of your fops
 even now—
 The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing
 down
 Through the whole wasted day the thronged
 streets of the town:
 Why, their dainty white necks 't were but
 pastime to wring—
 Ay! *my* muscles are firm still; I fought
 'gainst the King!

Dare you doubt it? well give me the
 weightiest of all
 The sheathed sabers that hang there, up-
 looped on the wall;
 Hurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to
 my clasp;
 Do you see, with one hand how I poise it
 and grasp
 The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long
 hissing sweep
 I have smitten full many a foeman with
 sleep—
 That forlorn, final sleep! God! what mem-
 ories cling
 To those gallant old times when we fought
 'gainst the King!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

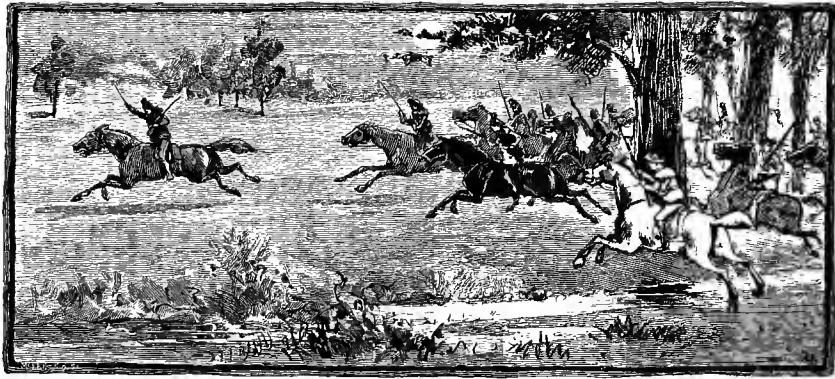
OUR band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good green-wood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.
 Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When waking to their tents on fire
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us

Are beat to earth again;
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil:
 We talk the battle over,

And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.



Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads,—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts the tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp,—
 A moment,—and away,
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs,
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.

William Cullen Bryant.

ST. CATHERINE'S.

HE that would wish to rove awhile
 In forests green and gay,
 From Charleston Bar to Catherine's Isle
 Might sigh to find the way!
 What scenes on every side appear,
 What pleasure strikes the mind,
 From Folly's train, thus wandering far,
 To leave the world behind.

The music of these savage groves
 In simple accents swells,
 And freely here their sylvan loves
 The feathered nation tells;
 The panting deer through mingled shades
 Of oaks forever green
 The vegetable world invades,
 That skirts the watery scene.

Thou sailor, now exploring far
 The broad Atlantic wave,
 Crowd all your canvas, gallant tar,
 Since Neptune never gave
 On barren seas so fine a view
 As here allures the eye,
 Gay, verdant scenes that Nature drew
 In colors from the sky.

Ye western winds! awhile delay
 To swell the expecting sail,—
 Who would not here, a hermit, stay
 In yonder fragrant vale,
 Could he engage what few can find,
 That coy, unwilling guest
 (All avarice banished from the mind),
 Contentment, in the breast!

Philip Freneau.

OCONEE.

OCONEE! in my tranquil slumbers,
 At the silent dead of night,
 Oft I see thy golden waters
 Flashing in the rosy light:
 And flashing brightly, gushing river,
 On the spirit of my dream,
 As in moments fled forever,
 When I wandered by thy stream,—

A forest lad, a careless rover,
 Rising at the dawn of day,
 With my dog and gun,—a hunter,
 Shouting o'er the hills away,—
 And ever would my shoeless footprints
 Trace the shortest path to thee;
 There the plump squirrel ever
 Chuckled on the chestnut-tree.

And when, at noon, the sun of summer
 Glowed too fiercely from the sky,
 On thy banks were bowers grateful
 To a rover such as I,
 Among the forest branches woven
 By the richly-scented vine,
 Yellow jasmine, honeysuckle,
 And by creeping muscadine.

And there I lay in pleasant slumber,
 And the rushing of thy stream
 Ever made a gentle music,
 Blending softly with my dream,—

My dream of her who near thy waters
 Grew beneath my loving eye,
 Fairest maid of Georgia's daughters,—
 Sweetest flower beneath her sky!

With snowy brow, and golden ringlets,
 Eyes that beggared heaven's blue,
 Voice as soft as summer streamlets,
 Lips as fresh as morning dew!—
 Although she played me oft the coquette,
 Dealing frowns and glances shy,
 These but made her smiles the dearer
 To a rover such as I.

What if the earth by fairer river
 Nursed more beauteous maid than she,—
 He had found a slow believer
 Who had told that tale to me;
 And sure I am, no knighted lover
 Truer faith to lady bore,
 Than the little barefoot rover,
 Dreaming on thy pleasant shore.

The happiest hours of life are vanished;
 She has vanished with them, too!
 Other bright-eyed Georgia damsels
 Blossom where my lily grew;—
 And yet the proudest, and the sweetest
 To my heart can never seem
 Lovely as the little Peri
 Moldering by thy murmurous stream!

Henry R. Jackson.

TOCCOA.



CAN I forget that happiest day,
 That happiest day of all the year,
 When on the sloping rock I lay,
 Toccoa dripping near?
 The lifted wonder of thy eyes
 The marvel of thy soul expressed.
 Aloft I saw serenest skies,
 Below, thy heaving breast.
 On wings of mist, in robes of spray

Long trailed, and flowing wide and white,
 Adown the mountain steep and gray
 We saw Toccoa glide.
 Her garments sweeping through the vale
 Began the whispering leaves to wake,
 And wafted like a tiny sail
 A leaf across the lake.

The murmur of the falling shower,
 Which did the solitude increase,
 We heard; the cool and happy hour
 Filled our young hearts with peace.
 Thou satest with a maiden grace,
 Thou sawest the rugged rocks and hoary,
 As with a half-uplifted face
 Thou listenedst to my story.

How many of the banished race,
 Those old red warriors of the bow,
 Have slumbered in this shadowy place,
 Have watched Toccoa flow!
 Perchance, where now we sit, they laid
 Their arms, and raised a boastful chant,
 While through the gorgeous Autumn shade
 The sunshine shot aslant.

One night, a hideous howling night,
 The black boughs swaying overhead,
 Three painted braves across the height
 A false Pe-ro-kah* led.
 Bright were her glances, bright her smiles,
 Wondrous her waving length of hair,
 (Ye who descend through slippery wiles,
 A maiden's eyes beware!)

What saw these swarthy Cherokees
 In the deep darkness on the brink?
 They saw a red fire through the trees,
 Through the tossed branches wave and wink;
 They saw pale faces white and dreaming,
 Clutched their keen knives, and held their
 breath,
 —All this was but a cheating seeming,
 For them, not for the phantom's death.

* Evil-child.

Spoke then the temptress (maid or devil),—
 "Let the pale sleepers sleep no more!"
 Whoop!—three good bounds on solid rock,
 Then empty blackness for a floor.
 Yelled the fierce braves with rage and fright,
 With fright their bristling war-plumes rose:
 On these down fluttering, did the night
 Her jaws sepulchral close.

These rocks tall-lifted, rent apart,
 This Indian legend old
 To thee, enchantress as thou art,
 A warning truth unfold.
 Who love, mid midnight dangers stand,
 To them false fires wink:
 Accursèd be the evil hand
 That beckons to the brink.

J. M. Legaré.

THE DEATH OF JASPER.

'T WAS amidst a scene of blood,
 On a bright autumnal day,
 When misfortune, like a flood,
 Swept our fairest hopes away;
 'T was on Savannah's plain,
 On the spot we love so well,
 Amid heaps of gallant slain,
 That the daring Jasper fell!

He had borne him in the fight,
 Like a soldier in his prime,
 Like a bold and stalwart knight
 Of the glorious olden time;
 And unharmed by saber-blow,
 And untouched by leaden ball,
 He had battled with the foe,
 Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,
 For he knew the strife was o'er,
 That in vain on freedom's ground
 Had her children shed their gore;
 So he slowly turned away,
 With the remnant of the band,
 Who, amid the bloody fray,
 Had escaped the foeman's hand.

But his banner caught his eye,
 As it trailed upon the dust,
 And he saw his comrade die,
 Ere he yielded up his trust.
 "To the rescue!" loud he cried,
 "To the rescue, gallant men!"
 And he dashed into the tide
 Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose,
 O'er its field of brodered gold,
 And the blood of friends and foes
 Stained alike its silken fold;
 But, unheeding wound and blow,
 He has snatched it midst the strife,
 He has borne that flag away,
 But its ransom is his life!

"To my father take my sword,"
 Thus the dying hero said,
 "Tell him that my latest word
 Was a blessing on his head;
 And when Death had seized my frame,
 And uplifted was his dart,
 That I ne'er forgot the name
 Which was dearest to my heart.

"And tell her whose favor gave
 This fair banner to our band,
 That I died its folds to save
 From the foe's polluting hand;
 And let all my comrades hear,
 When my form lies cold in death,
 That their friend remained sincere
 To his last expiring breath."

It was thus that Jasper fell,
 'Neath that bright autumnal sky;
 Has a stone been reared to tell
 Where he laid him down to die?
 To the rescue, spirits bold!
 To the rescue, gallant men!
 Let the marble page unfold
 All his daring deeds again!

Robert M. Charlton.

THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

I SAT upon the lofty Tryon's brow,
 While yet the sun was struggling up the east;
 Broad was the realm around, fragrant below
 The plains, with summer fruits and flowers
 increased.

The soul and eye were at perpetual feast
 On beauty; and the exquisite repose

Of nature, from the striving world released,
 Taught me forgetfulness of mortal throes,
 Life's toils, and all the cares that wait on
 mortal woes.



Never was day more cloudless in the sky,
 Never the earth more beautiful in view:
 Rose-hued, the mountain-summits gathered
 high,
 And the green forests shared the purple
 hue;
 Midway the little pyramids, all blue,
 Stood robed for ceremonial, as the sun
 Rose gradual in his grandeur, till he grew
 Their God, and sovereign devotion won,
 Lighting the loftiest towers as at a service
 done.

Nor was the service silent; for the choir
 Of mountain winds took up the solemn
 sense
 Of that great advent of the central fire,
 And poured rejoicing as in recompense
 One hardly knew their place of birth, or
 whence
 Their coming; but through gorges of the hills,
 Swift stealing, yet scarce breathing, they
 went thence
 To gather on the plain, which straightway
 thrills
 With mightiest strain that soon the whole
 wide empire fills.

From gloomy caverns of the Cherokee;
 From gorges of Saluda; from the groves
 Of laurel, stretching far as eye may see,
 In valleys of Iselica; from great coves
 Of Tensas, where the untamed panther
 roves,

The joyous and exulting winds troop forth,
 Singing the mountain strain that freedom
 loves,—

A wild but generous song of eagle birth,
 That summons, far and near, the choral
 strains of earth.

They come from height and plain, from
 mount and sea,—

They gather in their strength, and, from
 below,

Sweep upwards to the heights,—an empire
 free,

Marching with pomp and music,—a great
 show

Triumphal,—like an ocean in its flow,
 Glorious in roar and billow, as it breaks
 O'er earth's base barriers: first, ascending
 slow,

The mighty march its stately progress takes,
 But, rushing with its rise, its roar the mount-
 ain shakes.

Anonymous.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FELL AT EUTAW.

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
 Their limbs with dust are covered o'er,
 Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
 How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
 Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
 Oh, smite your gentle breast, and say,
 The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
 If goodness rules thy generous breast,
 Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
 Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
 You too may fall, and ask a tear:
 'Tis not the beauty of the morn
 That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe;
 The flaming town, the wasted field;
 Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
 They took the spear, — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
 The Britons they compelled to fly:
 None distant viewed the fatal plain;
 None grieved, in such a cause to die.



But like the Parthians, famed of old,
 Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
 These routed Britons, full as bold,
 Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
 Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
 We trust they find a happier land,
 A brighter sunshine of their own.

Philip Freneau.

YORKTOWN.

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
 'Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
 Who curbs his steed at head of one?
 Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
 Who bends his keen, approving glance
 Where down the gorgeous line of France
 Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
 Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
 Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
 Plowed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
 Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel:
 October's clear and noontide sun
 Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
 And down night's double blackness fell,
 Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
 Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
 While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
 The conquered hosts of England go:
 O'Hara's brow belieis his dress,
 Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
 Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
 Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
 Let all thy sister States rejoice;
 Let Freedom, in whatever clime
 She waits with sleepless eye her time,
 Shouting from cave and mountain wood
 Make glad her desert solitude,
 While they who hunt her quail with fear;
 The New World's chain lies broken here!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHARLESTON RETAKEN,

DECEMBER 14, 1782.

As SOME half-vanquished lion,
 Who long hath kept at bay

A band of sturdy foresters
 Barring his blood-stained way—



Sore smitten, weak and wounded—
 Glares forth on either hand;
 Then, cowed with fear, his cavernous lair
 Seeks in the mountain-land:

So when their stern Cornwallis
 On Yorktown heights resigned
 His sword to our great leader
 Of the stalwart arm and mind—

So when both fleet and army
 At one grand stroke went down,
 And Freedom's heart beat high once more
 In hamlet, camp and town,

Through wasted Carolina,
 Where'er from plain to hill
 The Briton's guarded fortresses
 Uprose defiant still,

Passed a keen shock of terror,
 And the breasts of war-steeled men
 Quailed in the sudden blast of doom
 That smote their spirits then.

"Our cause is lost!" they muttered,
 Pale-browed, with trembling lips;
 "Our strength is sapped, our hope o'er-
 whelmed,

In final, fierce eclipse;
 And what to us remaineth
 But to blow our earthworks high,
 And hurl our useless batteries
 In wild-fire up the sky?"

'T was done! each deadly fastness
 In flaming fragments driven
 Farther than e'er *their* souls could climb
 Along the path to heaven,—
 Coastward the Britons scurried,
 In reckless throngs that flee
 Wild as December's scattered clouds
 Storm-whirled toward the sea.

In Charleston streets they gathered,
 Each dazed wisacre's head
 Wagging, perchance in prophecy,
 Or more, perchance, in dread.
 Horsemen and footmen mingled;
 They talked with bated breath
 Of the shameful fate that stormed the gate,
 Of wreck, and strife, and death!

Meanwhile our squadrons hastened,
 Keen as a sleuth-hound pack
 That near their destined quarry
 By some drear wild-wood track.
 Ah, Christ! what desolation
 Before us grimly frowned!
 The roadways trenched and furrowed,
 The gore-ensanguined ground,
 With many a mark (oh! deep and dark!)—
 Made ghastlier by the star-white frost—
 'T wixt broken close and thorn-hedgerow,
 Of desperate charge and mortal blow
 In conflicts won or lost!

Proud mansions, once the center
 Of jubilant life and mirth,
 Now silent as the sepulcher,
 Begirt by ruin and dearth;
 Their broad domains all blackened
 With taint of fire and smoke,
 And corpses vile, with a death's-head smile,
 Swung high on the gnarled oak!

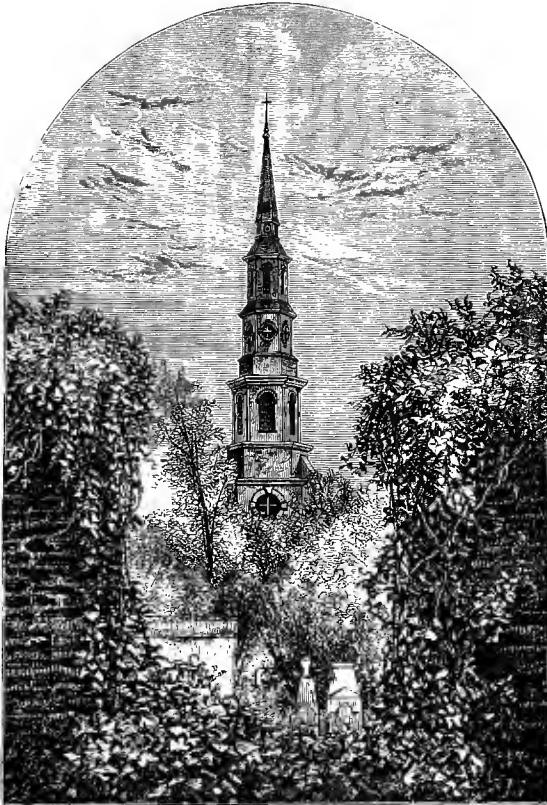
No sportive flocks in the pasture,
 No aftermath on the lea;
 No laugh of the slaves at labor,
 No chant of birds on the tree—
 But all things hodeful, dreary,
 As a realm by the Stygian flood,
 With odors of death on the uplands,
 And a taste in the air of blood!

On, on our squadrons hastened,
 Sick with the noisome fumes
 From man and beast unburied,
 Through the dull, funereal glooms;
 Till in unsullied sunshine
 One glorious morn we came
 Where far aloof, o'er tower and roof,
 We viewed our brave St. Michael's spire
 Flushed in the noontide flame!

Without their ruined ramparts,
 Beyond their shattered lines,
 Just where the soil, bowed seaward,
 In long, low slopes declines,
 The foe had sent their messengers,
 Who vowed the vanquished host
 Would leave unscathed our city,
 Would leave unscathed our coast!

Only—due time they prayed for
 (Meek, meek, our lords had grown!)
 To range their broken legions,
 And rear ranks overthrown—
 So that, though smirched and tainted
 Their martial fame might be,
 In order meet their stately fleet
 Should bear them safe to sea:

Who win, may well be gracious;
 We did not stint their boon,
 Though the white kerchiefs of our wives
 Were fluttering in the noon—
 On house-top and on parapet
 Each token fair and far
 Shone through the golden atmosphere
 Like some enchanted star!



Next morn their signal-cannon
 Roared from the vanward wall,
 And to the ranks right gleefully
 We gathered, one and all.
 Our banners, scarred in many a fight,
 Could still flash back the winter light,
 And proud as knights of old renown,
 With sunburnt hands, and faces brown,
 Borne through the joyous, deepening hum
 'Mid ring of fife, and beat of drum,

'Neath purpling silk, and flowery arch,
 Our long, unwavering columns march;
 And yet (good sooth!) we almost seem
 Like weird battalions of a dream;
 Our souls bewildered scarce can deem
 We tread once more,
 Released, secure,
 With fetterless footsteps as of yore,
 The pathways of the ancient town!

And still, as borne through dreamland,
 We glance from side to side,
 While mothers, wives, and daughters, rushed
 To greet us, tender-eyed;
 Each hoary patriot proudly
 Lifted his brave, gray head,
 And the forms of care-worn captives rose
 Like specters from the dead—

Like specters whom the trumpets
 Of freedom's cohorts call
 To burst their grave-like dungeon,
 And spurn their despot's thrall;
 To take once more the image
 Of manhood's loftier grace,
 And, chainless now, the universe
 Look boldly in the face!

And the young girls scattered flowers,
 And the lovely dames were bright
 With something more than beauty,
 In their faithful hearts' delight;
 The very babes were crowing
 Shrill welcome to our bands,
 And perched on matron shoulders clapped
 Blithely their dimpled hands:

And naught but benedictions
 Lightened that sacred air,
 Freed from the awful burden
 Of two long years' * despair—
 Two years so thronged with anguish,
 So fraught with bitter wrong,
 They seemed in mournful retrospect
 Well nigh a century long.

* The precise period of the British occupation of Charleston was two years, seven months and two days.

But if years of mortal being
 Trebled threescore-and-ten,
 At the last our souls exultant,
 Would recall that scene agen,
 With its soft "God bless you, gentlemen!"
 Its greetings warm and true,
 And the tears of bliss our lips did kiss
 From dear eyes, black or blue.

Nathless, despite our rapture,
 Down to the harbor-mouth
 We dogged the Britons doomed to fly
 Forever from our South!
 They left as some foul vulture
 Might leave his mangled prey
 And pass with clotted beak and wing
 Reluctantly away.

Three hundred noble vessels
 Rode on the rising flood,
 Wherein with sullen apathy
 Embarked those men of blood;

Then streamed their admiral's pennant—
 The north-west breeze blew free;
 With sloping mast, and current fast,
 Out swept their fleet to sea.

We strained our vision waveward,
 Watching the white-winged ships,
 Till the vague clouds of distance
 Wrapped them in half eclipse:
 And still we strained our vision
 Till, dimmer and more dim,
 The rearmost sail, a phantom pale,
 Died down the horizon's rim.

Thus, o'er the soul's horizon,
 Did thoughts of blood and war,
 Through time's enchanted distances
 Receding, fade afar.

Thus o'er the soul's horizon,
 Our strife's last ghastly fear,
 Like all the rest, down memory's west
 Did slowly disappear!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

THE GEORGETOWN HILLS.

THERE's many a classic mount the Muse
 Has loved and honored long,
 About whose brow the pilgrim views
 The sacred light of song:
 Parnassus still the poet moves,
 And Helicon yet thrills;
 But my untraveled heart more loves
 Our own, our Georgetown Hills.

They do not tower up to the skies—
 No Atlas heights are they;
 But light as pure upon them lies
 As e'er on Atlas lay.
 Pierus had no greener trees,
 Its vales no clearer rills
 Than those that weave their melodies
 Amid our Georgetown Hills.

They boast no wondrous Hippocrene,
 No fount of Castaly;

But many a modest spring serene
 In their cool nooks ye see;
 And flowers, as sweet as those wherefrom
 The Hyblan bee distills
 His liquid honey, brightly bloom
 O'er all our Georgetown Hills.

Who slept on forked Parnassus' height,
 Had dreams of poesy,
 That filled his soul with fancies bright,
 His ears with harmony.
 Methinks like marvels here are done—
 His soul like dreaming fills,
 Who sleeps, 'neath stars as fair, on one
 Of our own Georgetown Hills.

Oh, pleasant, pleasant 'tis to see,
 At morn or shut of day,
 Potomac's waves flash far and free,
 Slow journeying to the bay!

To hear the toiling city's hum,
 The droning of the mills,
 As they, commingled, softly come
 To our old Georgetown Hills!

Auld Scotia's heathered hills are fine—
 Her "banks and bonny braes,"—
 And vocal those along the Rhine
 With legends of old days;
 But nowhere could I, more content,
 Meet all life's joys and ills,
 Than, where my childhood's years were spent,
 Among our Georgetown Hills.

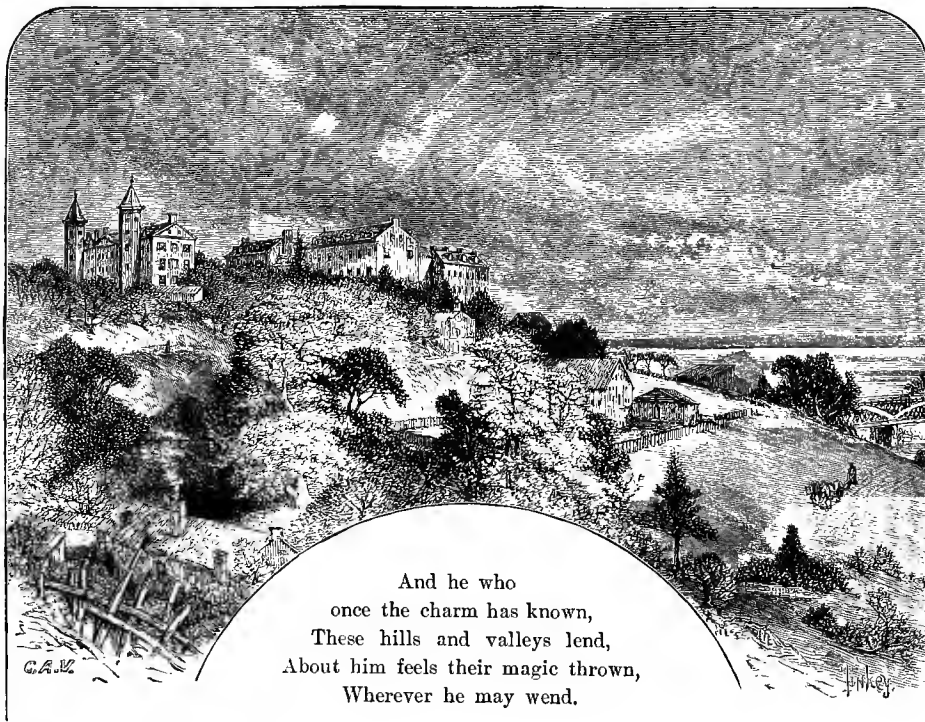
Yes, many a far-off mount the Muse
 Has loved and cherished long,
 About whose brow the pilgrim views
 The halo-light of song;
 And I would gladly, if I may,
 Ere death my music stills,

Some glimmering of the Muse's ray
 Throw round our Georgetown Hills.

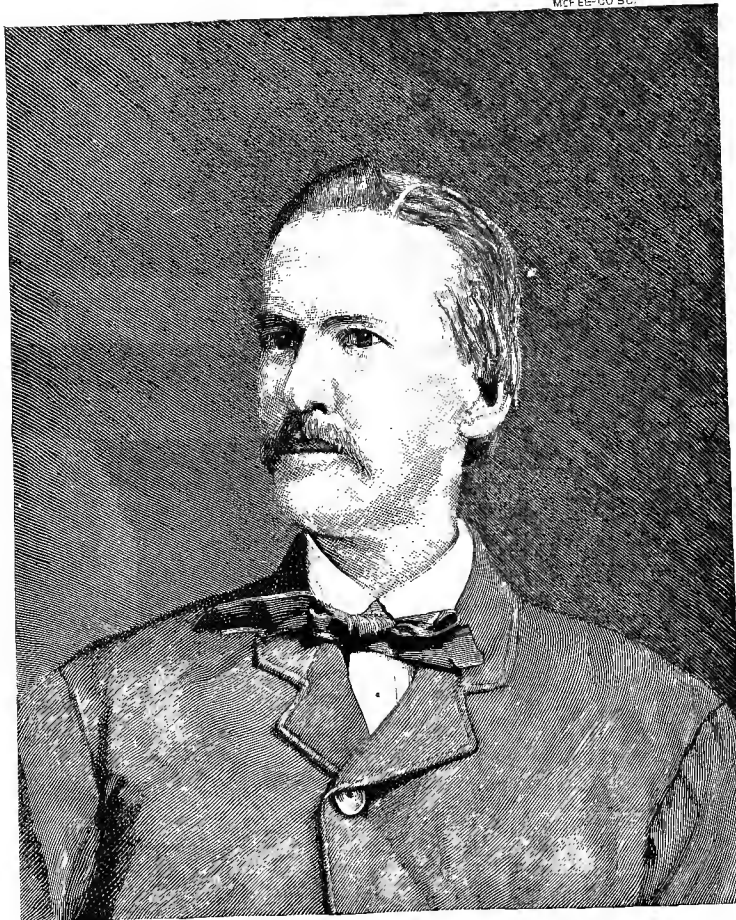
For all the springs of song are here,
 As on more famous heights;
 Birds, brooks, bees, flowers, and comrades dear
 And pleasure-haunted nights;
 And maidens, fair as ever bound
 In bondage mortal wills,
 Like flowers of beauty, blooming round
 Our own, our Georgetown Hills.

And he who once the charm has known,
 These hills and valleys lend,
 About him feels their magic thrown,
 Wherever he may wend.
 Though he the world may wander o'er,
 Him home-sick longing fills
 To breathe their air, and tread once more
 Our own old Georgetown Hills.

William L. Shoemaker.



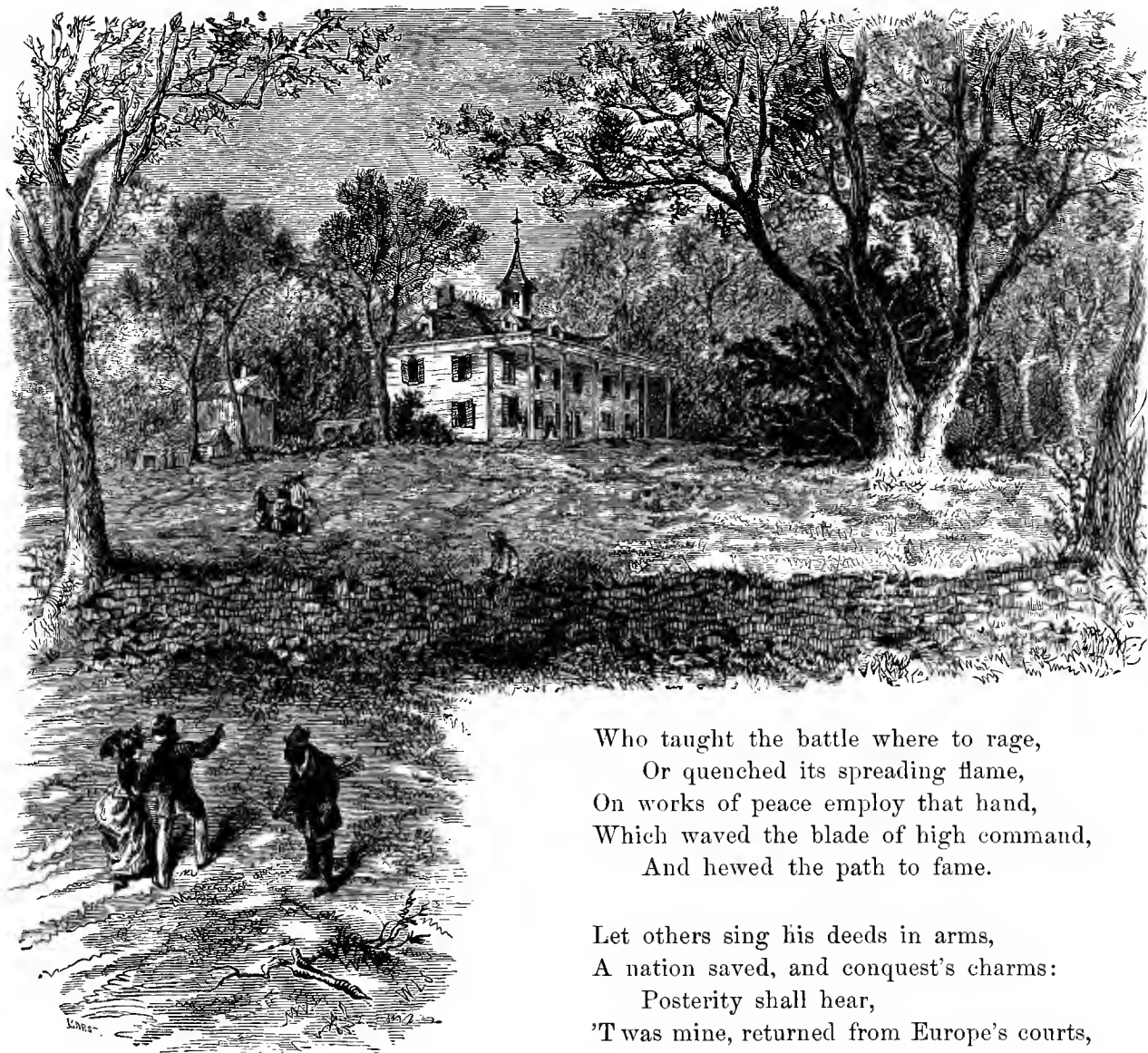
And he who
 once the charm has known,
 These hills and valleys lend,
 About him feels their magic thrown,
 Wherever he may wend.



Paul Hamilton Hayne.

MOUNT VERNON.

WRITTEN AT MOUNT VERNON, AUGUST, 1786.



By broad Potomac's azure tide,
 Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
 Displays its beauties far,
 Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
 Where no unhallowed wish invades,
 Retired from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,

Who taught the battle where to rage,
 Or quenched its spreading flame,
 On works of peace employ that hand,
 Which waved the blade of high command,
 And hewed the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
 A nation saved, and conquest's charms:
 Posterity shall hear,
 'Twas mine, returned from Europe's courts,
 To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
 And soothe his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong:
 Thy happy seat inspires my song,
 With gay, perennial blooms,
 With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
 Whose bowery wilderness of sweets
 The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
 Here latest on the leafless sprays
 The plummy people sing;
 The vernal shower, the ripening year,
 The autumnal store, the winter drear,
 For thee new pleasures bring.

Here, lapped in philosophic ease,
 Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
 Amidst thine ample farms,
 No vulgar converse heroes hold,
 But past or future scenes unfold,
 Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wondrous era have we seen,
 Placed on this isthmus, half between
 A rude and polished state!
 We saw the war tempestuous rise,
 In arms a world, in blood the skies,
 In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calmed, serenely the heaven,
 And mildly o'er the climes of even
 Expands the imperial day:
 "O God, the source of light supreme,
 Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 To guide our doubtful way!

"Restrain, dread Power, our land from crimes!
 What seeks, though blest beyond all times,
 So querulous an age?
 What means to freedom such disgust;
 Of change, of anarchy the lust,
 The fickleness and rage?"

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
 To find that country still despise
 The legacy he gave,—
 And half he feared his toils were vain,
 And much that man would court a chain,
 And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind;
 Yet, still on Providence reclined,
 The patriot fond believed,
 That power benign too much had done,
 To leave an empire's task begun,
 Imperfectly achieved.

Thus buoyed with hope, with virtue blest,
 Of every human bliss possessed,
 He meets the happier hours:
 His skies assume a lovelier blue,
 His prospects brighter rise to view,
 And fairer bloom his flowers.

David Humphreys.

THE PHANTOM-DRUMMER.

A LEGEND OF THE LITTLE FALLS OF THE POTOMAC.

THE Little Falls are wild and rough, and
 white with foam and spray,
 Where, roaring, leaps, and swiftly sweeps the
 river on its way,
 By rugged heaps of huge gray rocks, like
 ruins of a world,
 As by some mighty earthquake shocks in
 wide confusion hurled.

Here, once, the Indian speared the fish, and
 urged his light canoe;
 Along the craggy banks afar echoed his
 loud halloo;

And, from his wigwam perched above, the
 soft blue smoke arose,
 Where with his pipe he sat in peace, or
 armed him for his foes.

But he has gone, and scarce a trace of all
 his race remains;
 The white man now has taken his place, and
 plows his hills and plains;
 Unchanged his native stream, below, its
 sparkling torrent pours,
 But pale-faced fishers dip the net, or angle
 from the shores.

Yet him Potomac's name recalls, and legends,
 vague and dim,
 Still lingering, float about the Falls, beloved
 of yore by him;
 And even now one haunts me, like a spirit
 of the Past,
 And I will seize it in my verse, and there
 will bind it fast.

Long years ago, when bloody hate 'twixt
 red and white was rife,
 And startled oft the silent woods the tumult
 of the strife,
 Here reached the river on their march a
 band who sought to gain
 The swift Monongahela, and the far-off fort
 Du Quesne.

They fain would aid the chief who there,
 unfortunate, though brave,
 O'ercome by Indian strategy, found in the
 wilds a grave.
 They all, in safety, crossed the stream, all
 gained the rocky shore,
 Save one, who from the ferry fell, was
 drowned and found no more.

He was the drummer of the band, and,
 with his noisy drum,
 Was caught amid the rushing waves, and
 strangled 'mid the foam.
 With slow and solemn footsteps then they
 silently passed on,
 And grieved for him who from their ranks
 for evermore had gone.

'Tis said, that night, with thunder's crash,
 there came a furious storm,
 And, by the lightning's lurid flash, was seen
 the drummer's form;
 And all with fear and trembling were the
 red men stricken dumb,
 As 'mid the airy war, they heard his loud-
 esounding drum.

And often since that time, 'tis said, when
 the elements are stirred

To fight at night, he may be seen, his ghostly
 drum be heard;
 But terrors chill each listener fill, who hears
 the drum beat then,
 Lest one of them the drummer calls, must
 pass away from men.

Nay, e'en on calmest Summer days, comes
 that foreboding sound,
 And pales the lonely fisherman when all is
 hushed around,
 Save but the stream's unceasing roar and
 cawing of the crow—
 A sound that seems not in the air, but in
 the deeps below.

And gray Tradition still will tell, with low,
 mysterious tone,
 Of those who, having heard the drum, the
 drummer's fate have known;
 Who, summoned by the doleful roll of that
 prophetic drum,
 Have fallen in the waters and to shore have
 never come.

Not always fatal 'tis to hear that drummer,
 heard with dread,
 Who, with his startling drum, would call
 the living to the dead;
 For, warned by wise Tradition's voice, the
 fishers shun the shore,
 And cease awhile their toilsome trade, and
 cease to ply the oar.

And there is living yet, a wight says, once
 upon a time,
 Into his boat, one moonlight night, a shadowy
 form did climb,
 That long his spectral drum-sticks twirled,
 and beat a shadowy drum,
 Though faint, as from another world, the
 notes that rose therefrom.

In this guise me the legend haunts, which
 they all hold as true,
 Who, on the river's foamy waves, the finny
 tribes pursue;

For those who have at no time yet that
drummer seen or heard,
Their credence give to what of him their
grandsires have averred.

I pray, ye hardy fishermen, that ye may
never hear
That ancient drummer's weird tattoo, that
phantom-sound of fear:
By him unsummoned, bait your hooks—
secure, your nets still cast,

And on your grassy hills be yours to find
dry graves at last!

Mayhap, of drowned men there has been,
at length, so large a host
As satisfies with company that drummer's
restless ghost:
Howe'er it be, thus floats to me this legend
of the Past,
And I have seized it in my verse, and
there have bound it fast.

William L. Shoemaker.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now,—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks,—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him——";
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way." [well,

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
 Old Blue-Light's going to pray.
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
 Attention! it's his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
 In *forma pauperis* to God:
 "Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
 Steady! the whole brigade!
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade!
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 "Quick-step! we're with him before morn!"
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
 Of morning, and by George!
 Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Yankees, whipped before;
 "Bay'nets and grape!" near Stonewall roar;
 "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
 Is "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
 That ring upon thy hand.
 Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

Anonymous.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
 Out of the hospital walls as dire;
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
 (Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
 Specter! such as you seldom see
 Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons
 said!
 Little the doctor can help the dead!
 So we took him; and brought him where
 The balm was sweet in the summer air;
 And we laid him down on a wholesome
 bed—
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated
 breath,—
 Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
 Months of torture, how many such?
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
 And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
 Told of a spirit that would n't die.

And did n't. Nay, more! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton "learned to write:"
Dear Mother, at first, of course; and then
Dear Captain, inquiring about the men.
 Captain's answer: of eighty-and-five,
 Giffen and I are left alive.

World of gloom from the war, one day;
 Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
 Little Giffen was up and away;
 A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
 "I'll write, if spared." There was news of
 the fight;
 But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I a king
 Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
 And the tender legend that trembles here,
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,
 For "Little Giffen" of Tennessee.

Frank O. Tickner.

MY MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland!
 Avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My mother State! to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland!
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland!
 Come! with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland!
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland!
 Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland!
 Come! to thine own heroic throng,

That stalks with Liberty along,
 And give a new Key to thy song,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland!
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland!
 She meets her sisters on the plain:
Sic Semper, 'tis the proud refrain,
 That baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland!
 Arise in majesty again,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland!
 But thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland!
 But lo! there surges forth a shriek
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek,—
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland!
 Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland!
 Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

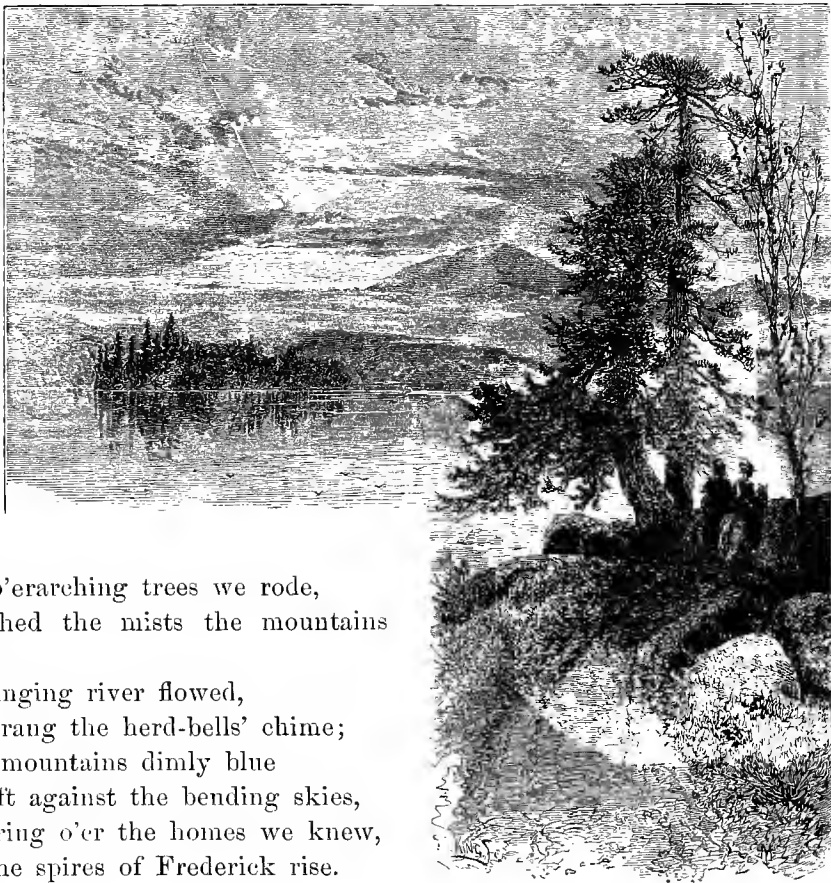
I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland!
 The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
 Maryland!
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
 Hazza! she spurns the Northern scum!
 She breathes,—she burns! she'll come! she'll
 Maryland! My Maryland! [come!

James R. Randall.

THE HILLS OF LINGANORE.

THE evening wind blew sweet and cool
 O'er hills and vales of Maryland,
 And swept the dimpling stream and pool,
 Aglow with sunset splendors grand;
 While leaves of crimson, gold and brown,
 And silvery tufts that float and soar,
 Along our path came fluttering down
 Among the hills of Linganore.

Then, musing as we homeward went,
 "Oh! friend," I said, "how fair would seem
 A life in some low cottage spent
 Beside yon softly flowing stream!
 My robins there should build and sing,
 My roses bloom, my ivies climb,
 And every golden moment ring
 Some note in joy's bewildering chime."



'Neath tall o'erarching trees we rode,
 And watched the mists the mountains
 climb;
 Below the singing river flowed,
 Above us rang the herd-bells' chime;
 The distant mountains dimly blue
 Leaned soft against the bending skies,
 While, towering o'er the homes we knew,
 We saw the spires of Frederick rise.

The flock went bleating to the fold;
 The song-bird fluttered to her nest,
 And purple waves of twilight rolled
 O'er all the crimson-flooded west—
 As fast we rode o'er hill and dell,
 The river rambling on before;
 While night and silence softly fell
 Upon the hills of Linganore.

Ah! well, if these things might be so;—
 But who shall ask, and who can tell,
 How smooth the stream of life may flow,
 By mountain crag, or dreamy dell?
 Far back among the peaceful years
 A maiden roamed these pathways o'er,
 And trilled her songs for happy ears
 Among the hills of Linganore;

The violets brightened as she passed,
 The daisies nodded sweet good-day,
 And perfumed cups of clover cast
 Their honey-dew along her way;
 The mocking-bird with merriest trill
 Sang sonnets to her star-like eyes,
 And every wondering brook and rill
 Leaped laughing up in glad surprise;

Till, standing where her roses grew,
 One summer's eve beneath the stars,
 She felt the eyes of one she knew
 Beam on her through the lattice bars;
 Then glancing up with timid gaze
 She answers what those eyes implore, —
 A pledge of love for future days —
 Alas! sweet maid of Linganore!

Alas! sweet maid, for who may know
 What depths of sorrow love must sound?
 Or whence shall come, or whither go
 The issues of its life profound?
 Ah me! ere one sweet moon was past,
 With quaking heart, o'er hill and glen
 They heard the warrior's bugle blast,
 They heard the tramp of armed men.

Upspringing from his calm retreat,
 To strong heroic manhood grown,
 The lover gained his war-horse fleet
 To sound the battle-cry alone:
 Then fast and far the brave ranks filled,
 Dark plumes went fluttering on the breeze,
 And war-drums beat, and armies drilled,
 And women wept on bended knees.

Where hold Catoctin's rugged crest
 Looms dark against the western sky,
 They knew the bravest and the best
 Went boldly forth that day to die;
 They saw the black cloud rise and swell,
 They heard Antietam's battle-roar,
 And night and sorrow shuddering fell
 Upon the hills of Linganore.

Alas! sweet maid, the west wind brings
 No tale of hope to charm thine ear;
 The wood-dove in the shadow sings,
 But sings no song for thee to hear;
 The air is full of wails and groans,
 The sky with smoke is shrouded o'er,
 And breeze and bird in plaintive tones
 Bewail the lost of Linganore.

Ah! dreary days that come and go, —
 Long nights that wear away in tears,
 While heavy clouds hang dark and low
 O'er all the sorrow-burdened years,
 Till rose and ivy kindly grow
 O'er many a cruel battle-scar,
 And graves oft hid by friendly snow
 As things in dreams remembered are.

Yet still the maiden's fancy sees
 Her lover's plume go down the west,
 And still she watches, through the trees,
 Catoctin's dim and clouded crest;
 And "Tell me when the soldiers come,"
 She moans and falters o'er and o'er,
 Nor knows his lips are pale and dumb
 Among the hills of Linganore.

M. W. Hackelton.



ROCK CREEK.

To THIS small stream, where once was wont
to glide
The dusky native in his light canoe,
That swept with bird-like swiftness, silent,
through
Its deeper waters, later, thoughtful-eyed,
A famous mechanic came, and tried
The models of his strange inventions
new—
Wheeled boats, by power of steam made
to pursue

Their way, victorious, 'gainst both wind
and tide.
From Kalorama's* shades, near by, where he,
Sojourned awhile, day after day he came
To launch his sailless vessels in the creek;
And now, methinks, when river, and lake,
and sea,
Earth o'er, show huge descendants of the
same,
Of Fulton's fame its murmuring waves,
too, speak.

William L. Shoemaker.

ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

I.

HERE let me pause by the lone eagle's nest,
And breathe the golden sunlight and sweet
air,
Which gird and gladden all this region fair
With a perpetual benison of rest;
Like a grand purpose that some god hath
blest,
The immemorial mountain seems to rise,
Yearning to overtop diviner skies,
Though monarch of the pomps of East and
West;
And pondering here, the Genius of the height
Quickens my soul as if an angel spake,
And I can feel old chains of custom break,
And old ambitions start to win the light;
A calm resolve born with them, in whose
might
I thank thee, Heaven! that noble thoughts
awake.

II.

THE rainbows of the heaven are not more
rare,
More various and more beautiful to view,

Than these rich forest rainbows, dipped in
dew
Of morn and evening, glimmering everywhere
From wooded dell to dark blue mountain
mere;
O Autumn! marvelous painter! every hue
Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through
With essence of divinity; how bare
Beside thy coloring the poor shows of Art,
Though Art were thrice inspired; in dreams
alone
(The loftiest dreams wherein the soul takes
part)
Of jasper pavements, and the sapphire throne
Of Heaven, hath such unearthly brightness
shone
To flush, and thrill the visionary heart!

III.

HERE, friend! upon this lofty ledge sit down,
And view the beauteous prospect spread
below,
Around, above us; in the noonday glow
How calm the landscape rests!—yon distant
town,

*Kalorama, near Washington, D. C., was the home of Joel Barlow.

Enwreathed with clouds of foliage like a
 crown
 Of rustic honor; the soft, silvery flow
 Of the clear stream beyond it, and the show
 Of endless wooded heights, circling the
 brown
 Autumnal fields, alive with billowy grain;—

Say, hast thou ever gazed on aught more
 fair
 In Europe, or the Orient?—what domain
 (From India to the sunny slopes of Spain)
 Hath beauty, wed to grandeur in the air,
 Blessed with an ampler charm, a more
 benignant reign?

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
 Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
 Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn
 moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above, with their glittering
 eyes,
 Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's
 tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-
 bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and
 grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children
 asleep,—

For their mother,—may Heaven defend
 her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly
 as then,
 That night, when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips,—when low, mur-
 mured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his
 eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-
 tree,—
 The footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad
 belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled
 the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the
 dead,—
 The picket's off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

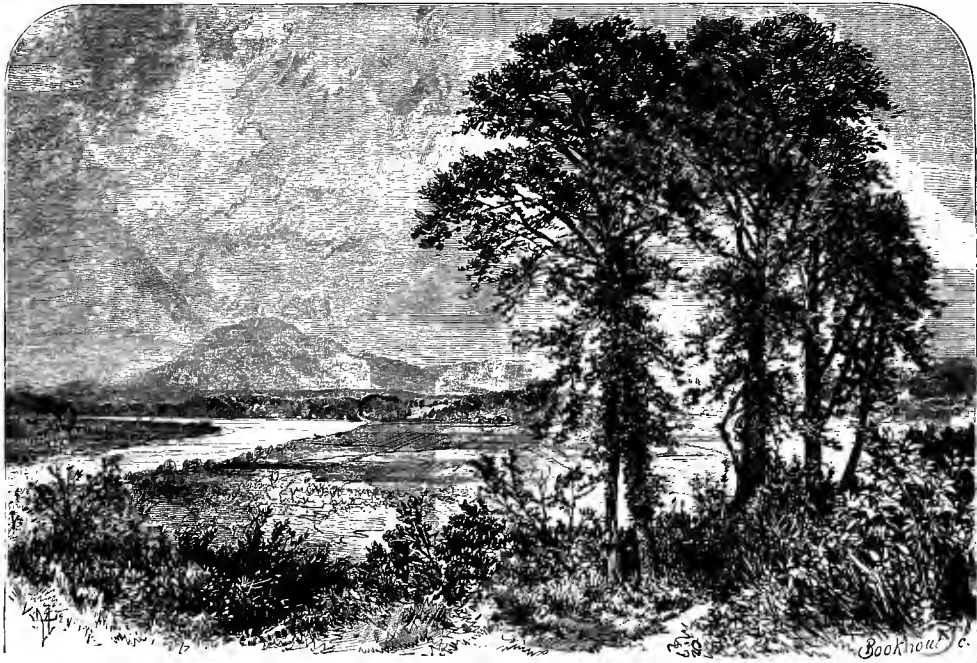
THE knightliest of the knightly race
 That, since the days of old,
 Have kept the lamp of chivalry
 Alight in hearts of gold;
 The kindest of the kindly band
 That, rarely hating ease,
 Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
 And Raleigh round the seas;
 Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
 Against embattled foes,
 And planted there, in valleys fair,
 The lily and the rose;

Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
 Whose beauty stores the earth,
 And lights the hearths of happy homes
 With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
 The names of noble sires,
 And slumbered while the darkness crept
 Around their vigil fires;
 But aye the Golden Horseshoe Knights
 Their old Dominion keep,
 Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
 And not a knight asleep!

Frank O. Tickner.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



HISTORIC MOUNT! baptized in flame and blood,
 Thy name is as immortal as the rocks
 That crown thy thunder-scarred but royal
 brow.
 Thou liftest up thy aged head in pride

In the cool atmosphere, but higher still
 Within the calm and solemn atmosphere
 Of an immortal fame. From thy sublime
 And awful summit, I can gaze afar
 Upon innumerable lesser pinnacles,

And oh! my wingéd spirit loves to fly,
Like a strong eagle, 'mid their up-piled crags.
But most on thee, imperial mount, my soul
Is chained as by a spell of power.

I gaze

From this tall height on Chickamanga's field,
Where Death held erst high carnival. The
waves

Of the mysterious death-river moaned;
The tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-
roar

Of red-breathed cannon, and the wailing cry
Of myriad victims, filled the air. The smoke
Of battle closed above the charging hosts,
And, when it passed, the grand old flag no
more

Waved in the light of heaven. The soil
was wet

And miry with the life-blood of the brave,
As with a drenching rain; and yon broad
stream,

The noble and majestic Tennessee,
Ran reddened toward the deep.

But thou, O bleak

And rocky mountain, wast the theater
Of a yet fiercer struggle. On thy height,
Where now I sit, a proud and gallant host,
The chivalry and glory of the South,
Stood up awaiting battle. Somber clouds,
Floating far, far beneath them, shut from
view

The stern and silent foe, whose storied flag
Bore on its folds our country's monarch-bird,
Whose talons grasp the thunderbolt. Up, up
Thy rugged sides they came with measured
tramp,

Unheralded by bugle, drum, or shout,
And, though the clouds closed round them
with the gloom

Of double night, they paused not in their
march

Till sword and plume and bayonet emerged
Above the spectral shades that circled round
Thy awful breast. Then suddenly a storm
Of flame and lead and iron downward burst,

From this tall pinnacle, like winter hail.
Long, fierce, and bloody was the strife—
alas!

The noble flag, our country's hope and pride,
Sank down beneath the surface of the clouds,
As sinks the pennon of a shipwrecked bark
Beneath a stormy sea, and naught was heard
Save the wild cries and moans of stricken men,
And the swift rush of fleeing warriors down
Thy rugged steeps.

But soon the trumpet-voice

Of the bold chieftain of the routed host
Resounded through the atmosphere, and
pierced

The clouds that hung around thee. With
high words

He quickly summoned his brave soldiery
back

To the renewal of the deadly fight;
Again their stern and measured tramp was
heard

By the flushed Southrons, as it echoed up
Thy bald, majestic cliffs. Again they burst,
Like spirits of destruction, through the
clouds,

And 'mid a thousand hurtling missiles swept
Their foes before them as the whirlwind
sweeps

The strong oaks of the forest. Victory
Perched with her sister-eagle on the scorched
And torn and blackened banner.

Awful mount!

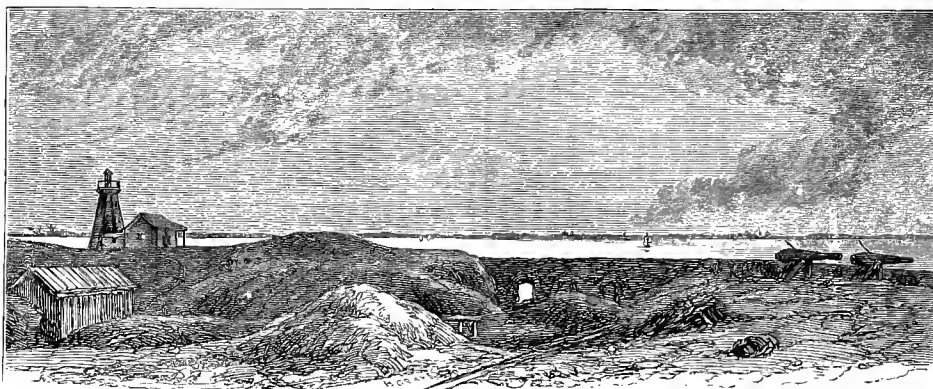
The stains of blood have faded from thy
rocks;

The cries of mortal agony have ceased
To echo from thy hollow cliffs; the smoke
Of battle long since melted into air;
And yet thou art unchanged. Aye, thou
wilt lift

In majesty thy walls above the storm,
Mocking the generations as they pass,
And pilgrims of the far-off centuries
Will sometimes linger in their wanderings,
To ponder, with a deep and sacred awe,
The legend of the fight above the clouds.

George Dennison Prentice.

TWILIGHT ON SUMTER.



STILL and dark along the sea
 Sumter lay:
 A light was overhead,
 As from burning cities shed,
 And the clouds were battle-red,
 Far away.
 Not a solitary gun
 Left to tell the fort had won,
 Or lost the day!
 Nothing but the tattered rag
 Of the drooping Rebel flag,
 And the sea-birds screaming round it in
 their play.

How it woke one April morn,
 Fame shall tell;
 As from Moultrie, close at hand,
 And the batteries on the land,
 Round its faint but fearless band
 Shot and shell
 Raining hid the doubtful light;

But they fought the hopeless fight
 Long and well,
 (Theirs the glory, ours the shame!)
 Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
 Then their flag was proudly struck, and
 Sumter fell!

Now—oh, look at Sumter now,
 In the gloom!
 Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
 (Hark! the ruined rampart falls!)
 There's a justice that appalls
 In its doom;
 For this blasted spot of earth,
 Where Rebellion had its birth,
 Is its tomb!
 And when Sumter sinks at last
 From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
 Hell shall rise in grim derision and make
 room!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 't is drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,

And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave
 it:
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take that banner down, 'tis tattered!
 Broken is its staff and shattered!
 And the valiant hosts are scattered,
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it!
 Hard to think there's none to hold it;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner—furl it sadly—
 Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousands wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave—
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave!

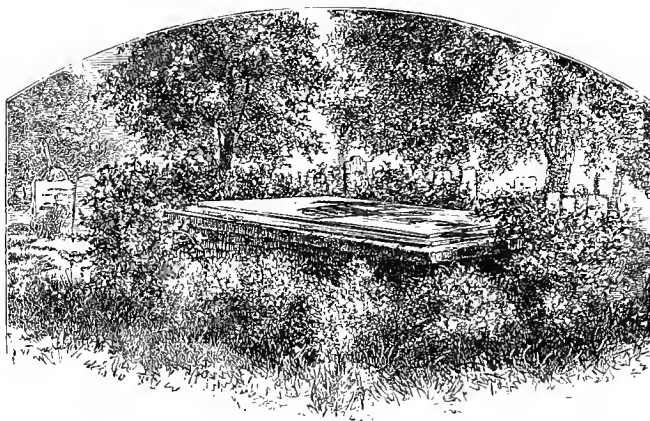
Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;
 And that banner—it is trailing!
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
 Weep for those who fell before it!
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
 But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
 Now, who furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 't will live in song and story
 Though its folds are in the dust:
 For its fame on brightest pages,
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly;
 Treat it gently—it is holy,
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not—unfold it never—
 Let it droop there, furled forever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!

Abram J. Ryan.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS IN GEORGIA.

YE glorious Alleghanies! from this height
 I see your peaks on every side arise;
 Their summits roll beneath the giddy sight,
 Like ocean billows heaved among the skies.
 In wild magnificence upon them lies

The primal forest, kindling in the glow
 Of this mild autumn sun with golden dyes,
 While, in his slanting ray, their shadows grow
 Broad o'er the paradise of vale and wood
 below.

How beautiful! though, fresh from Nature's
 God,
 They show no footstep of an elder race;
 No human hand has ever turned their sod,
 Or heaved their massive granite from its
 place:
 The green banks of their floods bear not
 a trace
 Of pomp and power, which have come and
 gone,
 And left their crumbling ruins to deface
 The virgin earth. Here Nature rules alone;
 The beauty of the hill and valley is her own.

Nor might the future generations know
 Aught of the simple people, who have made
 Their habitations by the streams that flow
 So fresh and stainless from the forest
 shade;
 Who built their council fires on hill and
 glade,
 And in you pleasant valleys, by the fall
 Of crystal founts, perchance, their dead
 have laid,—
 But for the names of mountain, river, cat-
 aract, all
 Significant of thought, and sweetly musical.

Henry R. Jackson.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided
 and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that
 myriad-cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
 Emerald twilights,
 Virginal shy lights,
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the
 whisper of vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through
 the green colonnades
 Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark
 woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
 That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach
 within
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday
 fire,—
 Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire;
 Chamber from chamber parted with waver-
 ing arras of leaves,—
 Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer
 to the soul that grieves,
 Pure with a sense of the passing of saints
 through the wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with
 good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven
 shades of the vine,
 While the riotous noonday sun of the June-
 day long did shine,
 Ye held me fast in your heart and I held
 you fast in mine;
 But now when the noon is no more, and
 riot is rest,
 And the sun doth wait at the ponderous
 gate of the West,
 And the slant yellow beam down the wood-
 aisle doth seem
 Like a lane into heaven that leads from a
 dream,—
 Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken
 the soul of the oak,
 And my heart is at ease from men, and the
 wearisome sound of the stroke
 Of the scythe of time and the trowel of
 trade is low,
 And belief overmasters doubt, and I know
 that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly great
 compass within,



From Appleton's "American Painters."

That the length and the breadth and the
 sweep of the marshes of Glynn
 Will work me no fear like the fear they
 have wrought me of yore
 When length was fatigue, and when breadth
 was but bitterness sore,
 And when terror and shrinking and dreary
 unnamable pain
 Drew over me out of the merciless width
 of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
 The vast sweet visage of space.
 To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I
 am drawn,
 Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as
 a belt of the dawn,
 For a mete and a mark
 To the forest-dark:—
 So:
 Affable live-oak, bending low—

Thus—with your favor—soft, with a
 reverent hand,
 (Not lightly touching your person, Lord of
 the land!)
 Swinging your beauty aside, with a step I
 stand
 On the firm-packed sand,
 Free
 By a world of marsh that borders a world
 of sea.
 Sinuous southward and sinuous northward
 the shimmering band
 Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the
 marsh to the folds of the land.
 Inward and outward to northward and south-
 ward the beach-lines linger and curl
 As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and
 follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
 Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again
 into sight,
 Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim
 gray looping of light.
 And what if behind me to westward the
 wall of the woods stands high?
 The world lies east: how ample, the marsh
 and the sea and the sky!
 A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-
 high, broad in the blade,
 Green, and all of a height, and unflecked
 with a light or a shade,
 Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant
 plain,
 To the terminal blue of the main.
 Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the
 terminal sea?
 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad
 discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the sweep
 of the marshes of Glynn.
 Ye marshes, how candid and simple and
 nothing-withholding and free
 Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer
 yourselves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the
 rains and the sun,
 Ye spread and span like the catholic man,
 who hath mightily won
 God out of knowledge and good out of in-
 finite pain,
 And sight out of blindness and purity out
 of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the
 watery sod,
 Behold I will build me a nest on the favor
 of God:
 I will fly in the favor of God as the marsh-
 hen flies
 In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt
 the marsh and the skies:
 By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends
 in the sod
 I will heartily lay me a hold on the favor
 of God.
 Oh, like to the favor of God, for the large-
 ness within,
 Is the range of the marshes, the liberal
 marshes of Glynn.
 And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo,
 out of his plenty the sea
 Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood
 of the tide must be:
 Look how the grace of the sea doth go
 About and about through the intricate
 channels that flow
 Here and there,
 Everywhere,
 Till his waters have flooded the uttermost
 creeks and the high-lying lanes,
 And the marsh is meshed with a million
 veins,
 That like as with rosy and silvery es-
 sences flow
 In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
 Farewell, my lord Sun!
 The creeks overflow: a thousand riv-
 ulets run
 'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of
 the marsh-grass stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that
 nestward whir:
 Passeth, and all is still: and the currents
 cease to run;
 And the sea and the marsh are one.

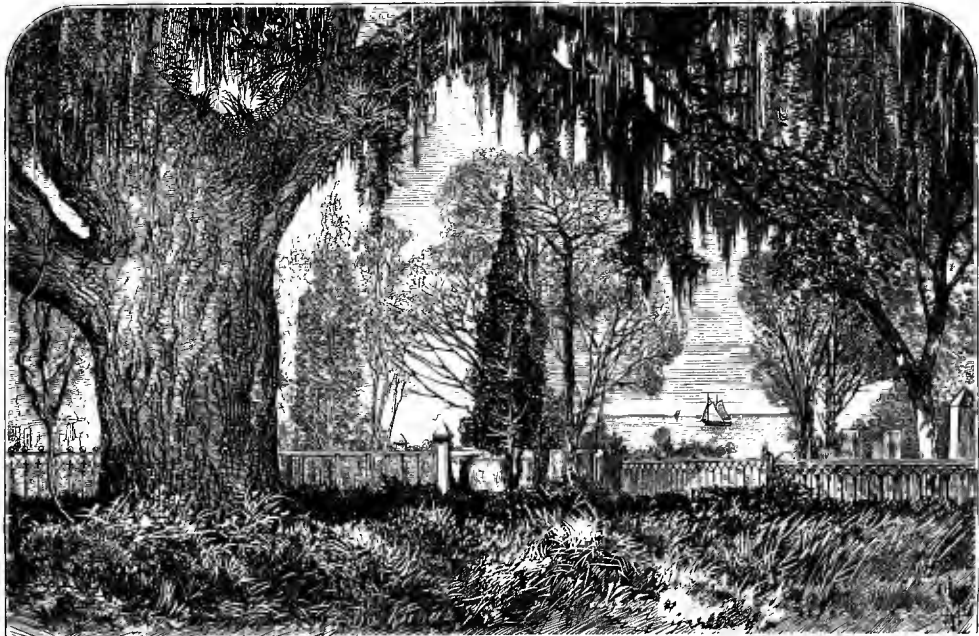
How still the plains of the waters be.
 The tide is in his ecstasy.
 The tide is at his highest height:
 And it is night.

And now from the vast of the Lord will
 the waters of sleep
 Roll in on the souls of men,
 But who will reveal to our waking ken
 The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
 Under the waters of sleep?
 And I would I could know what swimmeth
 below when the tide comes in
 On the length and the breadth of the mar-
 velous marshes of Glynn.

Sidney Lanier.

ODE:

ON DECORATING THE GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN MAGNOLIA CEMETERY,
 CHARLESTON, S. C.



SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,—
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
 Though yet no marble column craves
 The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
 The blossom of your fame is blown,
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
 The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
 Which keep in trust your storied tombs,

Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
 And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
 More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
 Than when some cannon-molded pile
 Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
 There is no holier spot of ground
 Than where defeated valor lies,
 By mourning beauty crowned!

Henry Timrod

BONAVENTURE BY STARLIGHT.

ALONG a corridor I tread,
 High overarched by ancient trees,
 Where, like a tapestry o'erhead,
 The gray moss floats upon the breeze;—
 A weary breeze, that kissed to-day
 Tallulah's falls of flashing foam,
 And sported in Toccoa's spray,
 Brings music from its mountain home.



The clouds are floating o'er the sky,
 And cast at times a fitful gloom—
 As o'er our hearts dark memories fly—
 Cast deeper shade on Tatnall's tomb;—
 While glimmering onward to the sea,
 With scarce a rippling wave at play,
 A line of silver through the lea,
 The river stretches far away.

It is the hour when stars above
 Reflect the spirit's inner light,
 And the lost Pleiads of my love
 Are kindling in my heart to-night.
 I hear a footfall on the sand,
 I feel an arm within my own;—
 Full often in a distant land
 I've listened to that trembling tone.

Night darkens into deeper shade,
 As on, with solemn pace, we stroll;—
 I hear the teachings of the dead,
 Like sacred music in my soul.
 So live and act while thou art here,
 That when thy course of life is done,
 Above the stars thou may'st not fear
 To meet thy father's face, my son!

Henry R. Jackson.

THOUGHTS ON THE FAR PAST.

MISSION SAN ANTONIO.

AMID these ruins, gloomy, ghostly, strange,
 The weird memorials of an elder time,
 The sacred relics of dead centuries,
 I stand in utter loneliness; and thoughts
 As solemn as the mysteries of the deep
 Come o'er me, like the shadow of a cloud
 O'er the still waters of a lonely lake,
 Or like the mournful twilight of eclipse
 O'er the dim face of Nature.

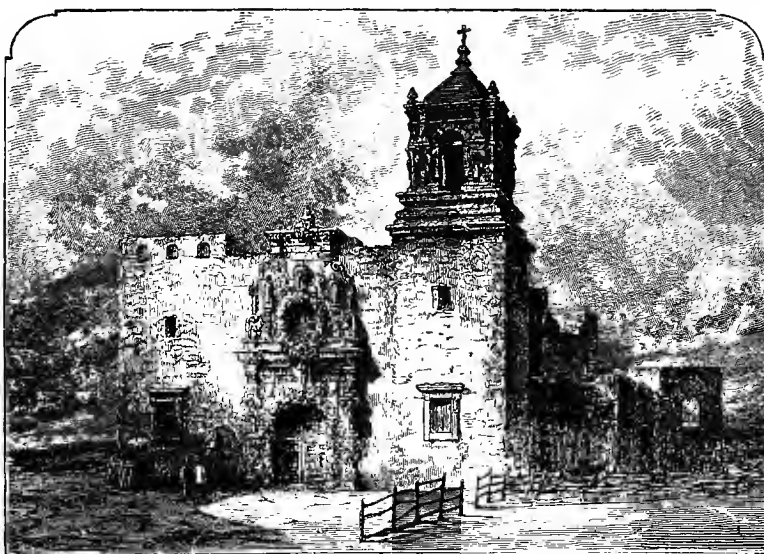
Ye were reared,
 O ruins old, by stern and holy men,—
 God's messengers unto a new-found world,—
 Whose voices, like the trumpets of the blast,
 Resounded through the forest, and shook
 down,
 As by an earthquake's dread iconoclasm,
 The idols that men worshiped. Their great
 lives

Were given to awful duty, and their words
 Swelled, breathed, and burned and throbb'd
 upon the air
 In solemn majesty. They did not shrink
 Or falter in the path of thorn and rock
 Their souls marked out. Their moldered
 relics lie
 Beneath yon humble mounds; but ah, their
 names,
 There rudely sculptured upon blocks of stone,
 Are breathed on earth with reverential awe,
 And written by God's finger on His scroll
 Of saints and martyrs.

Age has followed age
 To the abysses of Eternity;
 And many generations of our race
 Have sprung and faded like the forest leaves;
 The mightiest temples reared by human pride
 Have long been scattered by a thousand
 storms,—
 But ye remain. Ah yes, ye still remain,
 And many pilgrims yearly turn aside
 From their far journeyings, to come and
 pause

Amid your shattered wrecks, as lone and
 wild
 As those of Tadmor of the desert. Wolves
 Howl nightly in your ghostly corridors,
 And here the deadly serpent makes his home.
 Yet round your broken walls, your fallen
 roofs,
 Your many crumbling, shattered images,
 Your sunken floors, your shrines with grass
 o'ergrown,
 And the unnumbered strange, mysterious
 flowers,
 That stand, pale nuns, upon your topmost
 heights,
 Wild chants and soul-like dirges seem to
 rise,
 And the low tones of eloquence and prayer
 Seem sounding on the hollow winds; and
 here
 I kneel as lowly as I could have knelt,
 If I had listened to the living words
 Your grand old founders uttered in the
 name
 Of God, who sent them to proclaim his will.

George Dennison Prentice.



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Under the roses, the Blue;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch, impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all;

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Broided with gold, the Blue;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Under the blossoms, the Blue;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

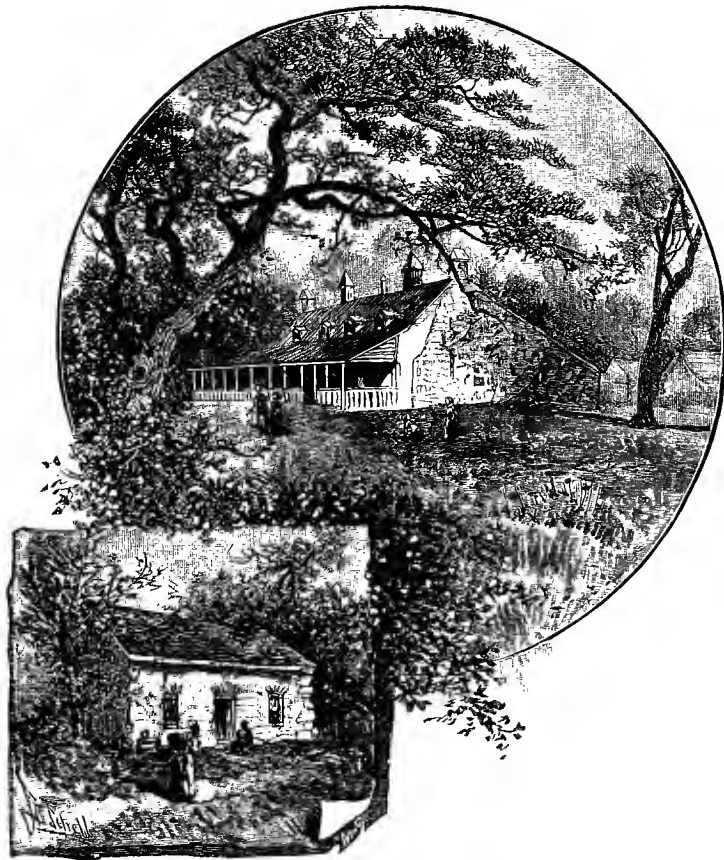
No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis M. Finch.





THE PLANTATION.



THE PLANTATION.

FAREWELL awhile the city's hum,
 Where busy footsteps fall,
 And welcome to my weary eye
 The Planter's friendly hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,
 And list the mock-bird's lay,
 That, warbling near our lowland home,
 Sits on the waving spray;

Then tread the shading avenues
 Beneath the cedar's gloom,
 Or gum-tree, with its flickered shade,
 Or chincapin's perfume.

The myrtle-tree, the orange wild,
 The cypress' flexile bough,

The holly with its polished leaves,
 Are all before me now.

There, towering with imperial pride,
 The rich magnolia stands,
 And here, in softer loveliness,
 The white-bloomed bay expands.

The long gray moss hangs gracefully—
 Idly I twine its wreaths,
 Or stop to catch the fragrant air
 The frequent blossom breathes.

Life wakes around,—the redbird darts
 Like flame from tree to tree,
 The whippoorwill complains alone,
 The robin whistles free.

The frightened hare sends by my path,
 And seeks the thicket nigh;
 The squirrel climbs the hickory-bough,
 Thence peeps with careful eye.

The humming-bird, with busy wing,
 In rainbow beauty moves,
 Above the trumpet-blossom floats,
 And sips the tube he loves.

Triumphant to yon withered pine
 The soaring eagle flies;
 There builds her eyry 'mid the clouds,
 And man and heaven defies.

The hunter's bugle echoes near,
 And see, his weary train
 With mingled howling scent the woods,
 Or scour the open plain.

Yon skiff is darting from the cove,
 And list the negro's song,
 The theme his owner and his boat,
 While glide the crew along.

And when the leading voice is lost,
 Receding from the shore,
 His brother boatmen swell the strain
 In chorus with the oar.

Caroline Howard Gilman.

PLANTATION LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

AND yet the life, so unassailed by care,
 So blessed with moderate work, with ample
 fare,
 With all the good the starving pauper needs,
 The happier slave on each plantation leads.

Safe from harassing doubts and annual fears,
 He dreads no famine in unfruitful years;
 If harvest fail from inauspicious skies,
 The master's providence his food supplies;
 No paupers perish here for want of bread,



Or lingering live, by foreign bounty fed,
 No exiled trains of homeless peasants go,
 In distant climes to tell their tale of woe:
 Far other fortune, free from care and strife,
 For work, or bread, attends the Negro's life,
 And Christian slaves may challenge as their
 own

The blessings claimed in fabled states alone—
 The cabin home, not comfortless, though
 rude,
 Light daily labor, and abundant food,
 The sturdy health that temperate habits
 yield,
 The cheerful song that rings in every field,

The long, loud laugh, that freemen seldom
 share,
 Heaven's boon to bosoms unapproached by
 care,
 And boisterous jest and humor unrefined,
 That leave, though rough, no painful sting
 behind;
 While, nestling near, to bless their humble
 lot,
 Warm social joys surround the Negro's
 cot:
 The evening dance its merriment imparts,
 Love, with his rapture, fills their youthful
 hearts;
 And placid age, the task of labor done,
 Enjoys the summer shade, the winter sun,
 And, as through life no pauper want he
 knows,
 Laments no poor-house penance at its close.
 Safe, in Ambition's trumpet-call to strife
 No conscript fears harass his quiet life;
 While the crushed peasant bleeds—a worth-
 less thing,
 The broken toy of emperor or king.
 Calm in his peaceful home the slave prepares
 His garden-spot, and plies his rustic cares;
 The comb and honey that his bees afford,
 The eggs in ample gourd compactly stored,
 The pig, the poultry, with a chapman's art,
 He sells or barter at the village mart;
 Or, at the master's mansion, never fails
 An ampler price to find, and readier sales.
 There, when December's welcome frosts re-
 call
 The friends and inmates of the crowded hall,
 To each glad nursling of the master's race
 He brings his present, with a cheerful face
 And offered hand;—of warm, unfeigning
 heart,
 In all his master's joys he claims a part;
 And, true as clansman to the Highland chief,
 Mourns every loss, and grieves in all his
 grief.
 When Christmas, now, with its abundant
 cheer

And thornless pleasure, speeds the parting
 year,
 He shares the common joy—the early morn
 Wakes hunter, clamorous hound, and echo-
 ing horn,—
 Quick steps are heard, the merry season
 named,
 The loiterers caught, the wonted forfeit
 claimed,
 In feasts maturing busy hands appear,
 And jest and laugh assail the ready ear;
 Whose voice, than his, more gayly greets
 the dawn,
 Whose foot so lightly treads the frosty lawn,
 Whose heart as merrily, where mirth prevails,
 On every side the joyous season hails?
 Around the slaughtered ox, a Christmas
 prize,
 The slaves assembling stand with eager eyes,
 Rouse, with their dogs, the porker's piercing
 cry,
 Or drag its squealing tenant from the sty;
 With smile and bow receive their winter
 dues,
 The strong, warm clothing and substantial
 shoes,
 Blankets adorned with stripes of border red,
 And caps of wool that warm the woollier
 head;
 Then clear the barn, the ample area fill,
 In the gay jig display their vigorous skill;
 No dainty steps, no mincing measures here—
 Ellsler's trained graces—seem to float in
 air,
 But hearts of joy and nerves of living steel
 On floors that spring beneath the bounding
 reel;
 Proud on his chair, with magisterial glance
 And stamping foot, the fiddler rules the dance;
 Draws, if he nods, the still unwearied bow;
 And gives a joy no bearded bands bestow.
 The triple holiday, on angel wings,
 With every fleeting hour a pleasure brings;
 No *ennui* clouds, no coming cares annoy,
 Nor wants nor sorrows check the Negro's joy.

William J. Grayson.

UNCLE MELLICK DINES WITH HIS MASTER.

OL' marster is a cur'us man, as sho as yo'
is born!

I's wukkin' in de crib one day a-shellin' o'
some corn,

An' he was standin' at de do';—I "knowed
it"? no, sah, not!

Or, fo' de king! dese jaws uv mine, I'd
sh'ly kept 'em shot.

But to Bru. Simon, shellin' too, what should
I do but say·

"I's starvin' sence I lars has eat—a week
ago to-day."

Den marster cussed and hollered: "Here's
a shame an' a dusgrace!

I, so long a planter,—a starved nigger on
my place!

Come, Mellick, drap dat corn an' walk
straight to de house wid me;

A starvin' nigger on my place 's a thing
shall nebber be."

"Hi! *me* eat 'long de white folks, sah?"

"Yes, Mellick, take a seat."

Den to missis: "Dis starved nigger I's done
fotch to make 'im eat,"—

An' he drawed a big revolvah an' he drapped
it by he plate,—

"Gub 'im soup! an' 'twixt de swallers, don'
lemme see yo' wait."

Dat soup was fine, I tell yo', an' I hide it
mighty soon;—

One eye sot on de pistol an' de turrer on
de spoon.

"Fish for Mellick, in a hurry, he's a-starvin',
don't yo' see?"

(Dem mizable house-niggers tucked dar
heads an' larfed at me.)

An' I went for dat red-snapper like de big
fish for de small;—

Glarnced at de navy-shooter onet, den
swallered bones an' all.

"Gub 'im tucky, ham an' aigs, rice, taters,
spinach, sparrergrars,

Bread, hom'ny, mutton, chicken, beef, corn,
turnips, apple-sars,

Peas, cabbage, aig-plant, artichoke"—(Dat
pistol still in view,

An' de white folks dey all larfin', an' dem
silly niggers, too)—

"Termaters, carrots, pahsnips, beets"—
("When *is* he gwine git done?")—

"Squash, punkin, beans an' kercumbers,—
eat, Mellick, don't leabe none;

For dis here day's done brung to me a shame
an' a dusgrace;—

I, so long a planter,—a starved nigger on
my place!"

Dem things ef I'd be'n by myself, I'd soon
put out o' sight;

But de com'cal sitiuation dar, it spile my
appetite:

I had to wrastle wid dem wittles hard enough
dat day!

Till "Now champagne for Mellick!" I heard
ole marster say.

When dat nigger shoot de bottle by my
hade—I's sho'ly skeered;

Dat stuff it look so b'ilin' hot, to drink it
I wuz feared;

But arter I'd done swallered down a glars,
I feel so fine,

I 'gin de sitiuation not so very much to
min';—

An' den a little restin' spell I sorter tried
to take,

But, Lor'! ole marster hollered: "Gub 'im
puddin', pie an' cake!"—

—Wid he han' upon de pistol an' de debble
in he eye!—

"An', Mellick, down wid all!—onless yo'
is prepar'd to die."

I hurried home dem goodies like I hudn't
eat dat day;
Tell marster see I couldn't pack anoder
crumb away;
An' den he say: "Now, Mellick, to de crib,
git up an' go!

An' de naix time yo' is starvin' come to me
an' lemme know."
But, Lor', in dat ar bizniss I kin nebber
show my face;—
An' dar's nebber been anoder starvin' nigger
on de place!

J. R. Eggleston.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME



'Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dare's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dare's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam;
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.
All around de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;

Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dare let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love;
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good home.

Stephen C. Foster.

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS AT "DE PLANTATION ON
DE JEEMS," 1854.

[*Uncle Spotswood, Major-Domo, loquitur.*]

Shoo! niggars. Wot yo' waitin' for,
A-sittin' dere in rows
On top de fence, for all de worl'
Jes' like a flock o' crows;
Wot thinks dere's nothin' else to do
Sence ebba dey was born
But perk up sassy on de rails
An' scratch up Masta's corn?

Git down, dis minit, all ob yo',
An' shet yo' grinnin' lips,
An' pile yo' baskits on yo' nap
An' go an' gadder chips.
De reeson Masta would n't have
His hick'ry sawed, he own,
Was dat yo' doodle-bugs might pick
Up chips and yearn yo' pone.

So fill de barls onto de poach,
No matter how ye tires,
An' split a lot o' rich, fat pine,
To light de Christmas fires.
Now skite, or dat new housekeepah,
Miss Jane, will sarve yo' right;
She'll lock you in the 'bacca-barn
An' keep yo' dere all night.

Hi, Pete, you lazy 'possum, yo',
Hit reely makes me larf
To see yo' haint yit barely got
Yo' woodhouse full by harf.
Dere's twenty chambers to be warmed,
So grease yo' jint's an' whack;
I tote about some hick'ry ile,
Dat's good to grease de back.

Aunt Winnie, is de cuppen full
Wid jes' de freshest cows?
Yo' knows hit takes 'em ebbery one
To milk an' cream de house.

La, sakes! Yo' haven't harf attend;
Dey looks so lean an' po',
I b'lieves dat good for-nothin' Sam
Been feedin' dem on snow!
I tell yo', when ole Mistis want
De silva cream-pot full
Six time at breakfas', an' no cream,
Miss Jane 'll tar yo' wool.
So jes' you tell the overseea
Hit's Uncle Spot's command
Dat Blossom here, an' Tib' an' Rose
Should have dey fill o' bran.

Ole Granny, how's de poultry-yard?
How many turkeys—hey?
Brud' Tuck mus' have two roasts, two
boils,
He vow, for ebery day;
An' pullets thick as chincapins,
An' now an' den a goose,
An' 'Poleons widout count. Oh! yes,
Yo' 'gin to make excuse,
Of gaps and chol'ra an' de likes;
But la! dere's plenty here.
Yo' need'nt keep 'em back to breed;
No matter 'bout nex' year.
Jes' stuff 'em till dey fai'ly busts;
Dere's twenty-five or so
Folks to be here all Christmas week,
An' dey mus' eat, yo' know.
An' den we needs sich piles of eggs,
For pitchers of egg-nog;
Dose hunters likes to keep dey throats
As wet as any frog.

Pomp, whar's de gard'ner? Has he got
His cel'ry tall an' white?
Ole Mistis love to see hit snap
Like pipe-stem, when she bite.

Is all de ashme* 'tatoes stored?
 Is all de sweet 'uns dry?
 An' wot about de fruit-bins, sah?
 Dere 'll be no end o' pie.
 See ef de apples, pears, an' grapes,
 An' figs is keepin' fine;
 Ole Masta like de very bes'
 Wen he have friends to dine.

I 'clar dat brannew housekeepah,
 She 'nuff to make me swar;
 Wen I's jes' fixin' to begin
 To go, she think I'm *dar'*.
 Yo' po' white trash is always mean
 An' close as dey can be.
 Yah! yah! as close as black-oak bark
 Onto a black'oak-tree.
 Ole Mistis nebba grab de keys,
 As *she* do, by a deal;
 Right po' white folksy like to think
 Fust fam'ly servants *steal!*

Yo' here, Miss Jane? Why, Madam, I
 Was jes' a-sayin' how
Fust fam'ly servants feels dere own
 Deep 'sponsibil'ty now.
 I'se been my roun's, as yo' acquired,
 An' of the twenty-two
 House-servants not a one don't strain
 For mo' nor he can do.
 De little piccinninies waits
 For orders from yo' lips;
 An' see! Dey's on dey very heads,
 A-racin' after chips;
 An' den dey's gwine for Christmas-greens,
 To train about de wall,
 For Mistis wants a Christmas-tree
 For we uns, in de hall.

Hi! hi! how my ole 'oman larfs,
 An', winkin', says to Liz:
 "I feels hit in my bones—a shawl!
 To help my rheumatiz.
 (I 'clar, I done forgot one thing
 Ole Masta tole me 'bont,
 Miss Annie's pony's in the stall,
 An' Jim mus' turn him out.)
 "Not ready?" La, Miss Jane, yo' hush!
 See how we'll scurry. Seems
 We know some things, we does, at dis
 Plantation on the Jeems.
 Yo' nebba fear. We'll all be slick
 Befo' de comp'ny comes;
 Yes, Madam, we'll be sittin' dyked,
 A-twirlin' of our thumbs.

Hi! Hes she gone? I wonder wot
 Ole Mistis think about;
 Sich no-count housekeepah as *det!*
 I wish she'd do widout.
 Yo' can't make ladies ob white trash,
 Dey shows from root to stem,
 Dat oranges has nebba growed
 Onto pawpaws like *dem!*
 Now dere's my Mammy. *She* have airs
 She wa'n't ashamed to show,
 Larnt of ole Mistis' grandmamma,
 Of Col'ny times, yo' know.
She'd keep de fam'ly credit up,
 Wot needs some proppin', seems;
She'd 'flect some honor roun' dis ole
 Plantation on de Jeems.
 La, bless me! dat's Miss Jane wot
 calls.
 Yes *maum!* I'se comin' straight.
 Beg pardon, but I did n't mean
 To make de missus wait.

Margaret J. Preston.

* Irish potatoes.



THE BLACK PRINCESS.

A TRUE FABLE OF MY OLD KENTUCKY NURSE.



I KNEW a Princess: she was old,
 Crisp-haired, flat-featured, with a look
 Such as no dainty pen of gold
 Would write of in a Fairy Book.

So bent she almost crouched, her face
 Was like the Sphinx's face, to me,
 Touched with vast patience, desert grace,
 And lonesome, brooding mystery.

What wonder that a faith so strong
 As hers, so sorrowful, so still,
 Should watch in bitter sands so long,
 Obedient to a burdening will!

This Princess was a Slave—like one
 I read of in a painted tale;
 Yet free enough to see the sun,
 And all the flowers, without a vail.

Not of the Lamp, not of the Ring,
 The helpless, powerful Slave was she
 But of a subtler, fiercer Thing:
 She was the Slave of Slavery.

Court-lace nor jewels had she seen:
 She wore a precious smile, so rare

That at her side the whitest queen
 Were dark—her darkness was so fair.

Nothing of loveliest loveliness
 This strange, sad Princess seemed to lack!
 Majestic with her calm distress
 She was, and beautiful though black:

Black, but enchanted black, and shut
 In some vague Giant's tower of air,
 Built higher than her hope was. But
 The True Knight came and found her there.

The Knight of the Pale Horse, he laid
 His shadowy lance against the spell
 That hid her Self: as if afraid,
 The cruel blackness shrank and fell.

Then, lifting slow her pleasant sleep,
 He took her with him through the night,
 And swam a River cold and deep,
 And vanished up an awful Height.

And, in her Father's House beyond,
 They gave her beauty robe and crown:
 ——On me, I think, far, faint, and fond,
 Her eyes to-day look, yearning, down.

Sarah M. B. Piatt.



Henry Timrod

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.



THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky
home;

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in
the bloom,

While the birds make music all the
day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin
floor,

All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm-by hard times comes a knocking at
the door,—

Then, my old Kentucky home, good
night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; O, weep no
more to-day!

We'll sing one song for my old Ken-
tucky home,

For our old Kentucky home far a-
way.

They hunt no more for the possum and the
coon,

On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
moon,

On the bench by the old cabin-door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come, when the darkies have
to part,

Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have
to bend,

Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar-can'es grow;
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

Stephen C. Foster.



REVIVAL HYMN.

Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day
comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin'
er de drums?

How many po' sinners 'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer,—
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier—
O Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a standin'
all aroun',

Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter w'ar
de glory-crown?

Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',
En answer to der name at de callin' er de
roll?

You better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin'—
Oh, come 'long, sinners, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners
oughter hide!

Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a
lookin';

Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git
took in;

You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo'
face;

Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en
fight late,

En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun mus'nt set on yo' sorrer,—
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

Joel Chandler Harris.

MAHSR JOHN.

I HEAHS a heap o' people talkin', ebery whar
 I goes,
 'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech
 genuses as dose:
 I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de
 p'int I's bettin' on—
 Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to
 Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de grates' man de country
 ebber growed—
 You better had git out de way when *he*
 come 'long de road!
 He hel' his head up dis way, lik' he 'spised
 to see de groun';
 An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr
 John wuz 'roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it
 seems to me
 I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he
 use' to be,
 A-settin' on de gal'ry lookin' awful big an'
 wise,
 Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away
 de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters'
 linen suits,
 An' kep' a nigger busy jes a-blackin' ob
 his boots;
 De buckles on his galluses wuz made of
 solid gol',
 An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shu't as
 thick as it would hol'.

You heered me! 't was a caution, when he
 went to take a ride,
 To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis
 by his side—

Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on
 behin';
 An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin'
 whar dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned
 a heap o' lan';
 Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in
 Loozyan';
 He had a thousan' nigger—an' he worked
 'em, shore's you born!
 De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin'
 ob de morn.

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time
 you seed de fun;
 De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar,
 ebery one;
 Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to
 play for 'em to dance,
 An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a 'tickler
 sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed! De war it come
 an' sot de niggers free,
 An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf
 as much as me;
 He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is
 mos'ly gone—
 An' I declar' I's sorry for pore ol' Mahsr
 John

But when I heah 'em talkin' 'bout some
 sullybrated man,
 I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all
 dey can,
 An' den I 'lows dot in dem days, 'at I
 remembers on,
Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol'
 Mahsr John!

Irwin Russell.

AUNT KIZZIE'S CREED.

YES, Mistis, I'll come to de Bible-class
 Yo'se a-gwine to hab foh we;
 But why yo' should ax de ole folks in—
 Tell yo', dat passes me!

De young uns, be sho', will need me dar,
 To quiet 'em wid a slap;
 An' den I ken watch ef dey falls asleep,
 An' waken 'em wid a rap.

Ole Mistis, she call we into de house
 Sometime at de mornin' pra'r,
 W'en Parson were makin' his parish roun's,
 An' stop foh he breakfast dar.

She had n't no use for a Bible-class,
 Foh offen I heerd her say
 Dat de souls ob de black folks does n't go
 To Heaben by de white folks' way.

Young Misteses tink dey knows a heap;
 Dey doos, an' I don't deny;
 But la! dat larnin' ken nebba help
 My biscuit an' bread an' pie.

My 'sperience be, dat hit's berry well
 I habn't de call to choose;
 Ole Mastah above, he knows I'se mo'
 Religion dan I ken use.

I b'lieves in Him: I b'lieves dat He made
 Creation foh we-all's sakes,

An' every ting else. (Do' some doos say
 Dat Sattan, he made de snakes.)

I b'lieves dat He see I done my bes',
 Accordin' to w'at I knew;
 An' He's not a-gwine to bodder me 'bout
 W'at He nebba hab bid me do.

Why, Mistis, yo' don't hol' me to 'count
 'Bout chammbahs an' kitchen bofe;
 Yo' 'spects me to hab my bread jes so,
 An' to chippen my breakfas' loaf.

He's not de ole Mastah I tink he be—
 So tendah, as I'se ben tole;
 He's not de ole Mastah I takes him foh,
 Ef He's rough on de black folks' soul.

He'll call me up from my kitchen-ha'th,
 Some day w'en I'se troo wid sin;
 An' He'll say: "Pore Kizzie! She do her bes'!
 Go, Gab'rel, and tote her in."

Yes, Mistis, I'll come, sence yo' wants me to,
 An' heah w'at yo' hab to say;
 But I dunno about dese cu'rus truves
 An' dis bodderin' kind o' way.

Too much ob de lightes' sort o' yeast
 Will bittah de bread, yo' see;
 An' I feels I'se as much religion now
 As is good foh de likes ob me.

Margaret J. Preston.

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he's old enough
 to trabble;
 I nebber digs my taters till they plenty big
 to grabble;
 An' when you sees me risin' up to structify
 in meetin',
 I's fust clumb up the knowledge-tree an'
 done some apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o'
 what dey wearin';
 Its well you isn't apples, now, yo' better
 be declarin'!
 For when yo' heerd yo' markit price, t'd
 hurt yo' little feelin's;
 You would n't fotch a dime a peck, for all
 yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs—leetle apples (for you're r'a'lly
mighty like 'em)—
I lubs de ol' time russets, dough its suldom
I kin strike em;
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace an'
not yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y
how it tas'es.

Is dey a Sabbaf scholah heah? Den let him
'form his mudder
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off
upon dey brudder!
Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he
struck de prison;
Dat combed ob Joseph struttin' in dat
streaked coat of his'n.

My Christian fren's, dis story proobes dat
eben men is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd a
been a 'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he found out
all about it;
An' yit he was a Christian man, as good
as ever shouted.

It larned him! An' I bet you when he
comes to git his riches
Dey didn't go for stylish coats or Phila-
delphy breeches;
He didnt was'e his money when experunc
taught him better,
But went aroun' a lookin' like he's waitin'
fer a letter!

Now sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won't
you take a lesson,
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin
ob fancy dressin'?
How much yo' spen' upon yo' sef! I wish
you might remember
Yo' preacher aint been paid a cent sence
somewhar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's
kinder hittin',
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near
whar dey's a sittin';
To look at dem, an' listen at dey onrepec'-
ful jabber,
It turns the milk ob human kineness mighty
nigh to elabber.

A-A-A-Men!

Irwin Russell.

IT 'LL NEBBER COME NO MO'.

I'se been waitin' long for de good old time
Dat 'll nebbber come no mo',
When I used to work, an' rock an' sing
In de little cabin do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle,
Po' Sam—he's gone—done dead:
Dead for de want ob food an' clothes,
An' de shelter ober head.

An' little Mose, well, he's dead too;
How he used to dance an' sing,
While Jim, an' Polly, an' all de res',
Went roun' an' roun' de ring.

Old Missis—bless her dear ole soul—
Would laff till her sides gib way,
An' Massa'd stop at my cabin jest
To say: "How's old Mammy to-day?"

De boys—I mean ole Massa's boys—
Dey lubbed old Mammy too,
Who nussed 'em eb'ry blessed one,
Clean down to little Mass' Loo.

Po' Massa Loo! he went to fight,
But he nebbber come back no mo':
We heard dat he fall wid a ball in de breast
In front of de battle roar.

He'd put his arms aroun' my neck,
 An' say: "Mammy, I love you so;"
 He didn't see no harm in dat,
 Do' his Mammy was black an' po'.

Ole Missis died wid a broken heart
 When de las' ob de boys was killed,

An' Massa bowed his head an' cried,
 Dat his cup ob sorrow was filled.

An' yere I've sot awaitin' an' watchiu'
 For de good time comin' no mo',
 An' I see ole Missis a callin' Mammy
 Across from de odder sho'.

F. G. DeFontaine.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
 The hunted Negro lay;
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,



And heard at times a horse's tramp
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms
 shiue,
 In bulrush and in brake;
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green morass
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
 Great scars deformed his face;
 On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
 And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
 Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
 All things were glad and free;
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
 And wild birds filled the echoing air
 With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
 From the morning of his birth;
 On him alone the curse of Cain
 Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
 And struck him to the earth!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



MISCELLANEOUS.

The image features a decorative title 'MISCELLANEOUS.' enclosed in a rectangular frame. On the left side of the frame is a large, ornate initial letter 'M'. The 'M' is filled with intricate floral and foliate patterns, including what appears to be a stylized plant or tree. The word 'MISCELLANEOUS.' is written in a classic, blackletter-style serif font. The entire title is flanked by two horizontal decorative borders, each consisting of a repeating geometric pattern of small, interlocking shapes. The background within the frame has a subtle, textured appearance.



THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

“My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!”

Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

A PICTURE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

John R. Thompson.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows,
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;

And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

MAY.

Has the old glory passed
 From tender May—
 That never the echoing blast
 Of bugle horns merry, and fast
 Dying away like the past,
 Welcomes the day?

Has the old Beauty gone
 From golden May—
 That not any more at dawn

Over the flowery lawn,
 Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
 Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
 Of the fairy May?—
 Ah! the sad tear-drops unshed!
 Ah! the young maidens unwed!
 Golden locks—cheeks rosy red!
 Ah! where are they?

John Esten Cooke.

A KISS FOR ELLIE.

A kiss for thee, Ellie! my heart-love, my
 own!

Sweet rose in life's garden, but only half
 blown!—

A kiss for thee, Ellie! my heart-love, my own!

A kiss for thee, Ellie! unmet and unseen!
 Though rivers and prairies our paths lie
 between,

A kiss for thee, Ellie! unmet and un-
 seen!

To thee in the West-land, from me in the
 South,

A kiss for thine eyes, and a kiss for thy
 mouth!

To thee in the West-land, from me in the
 South.

Esmeralda Boyle.

AGNES.

SHE has a tender, winning way,
 And walks the earth with gentle grace,
 And roses with the lily play
 Amid the beauties of her face.

Whene'er she tunes her voice to sing,
 The song-birds list, with anxious looks,
 For it combines the notes of spring
 With all the music of the brooks

Her merry laughter, soft and low,
 Is as the chimes of silver bells,
 That, like sweet anthems, float and flow
 Through woodland groves and bosky dells.

And when the violets see her eyes,
 They flush and glow with love and shame,

Then meekly droop with sad surprise,
 As though unworthy of the name.

But still they bloom where'er she throws
 Her dainty glance and smiles so sweet,
 And e'en amid stern winter's snows
 The daisies spring beneath her feet.

She wears a crown of Purity,
 Full set with woman's brightest gem,—
 A wreath of maiden modesty,
 And Virtue is the diadem.

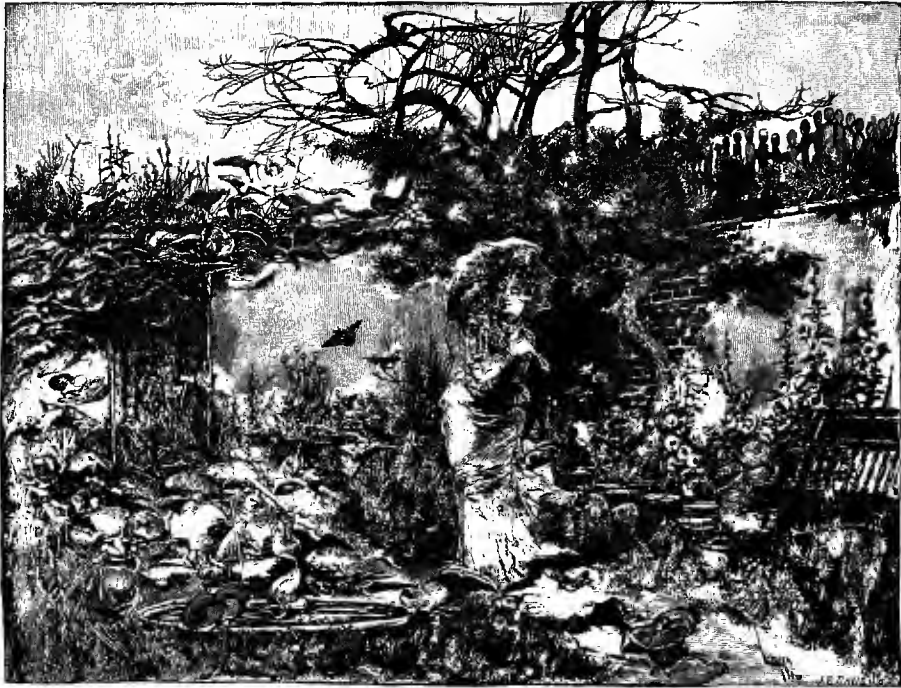
And when the pansies bloom again,
 And spring and summer interwine,
 Great joys will fall on me like rain,
 For she will be forever mine!

Joel Chandler Harris.

WHO HAS ROBBED THE OCEAN CAVE?

Who has robbed the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who, from India's distant wave,

For thee those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?



Thousand charms thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne:
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth could ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart:
Fairest, wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

John Shaw.

WHO WAS IT?

I MET—when was it? Oh! between
The sunset and the morn
Of one indelible day as green
As memory's oldest born.
I met her where the grasses grow—
Away from tower and town—
Whose gypsy bonnet clipt the glow
Of chestnut isles of brown!

I asked the rose to breathe her name;
She pouted and she said,
She could not speak of her who came
To pale her richest red.
I asked the lily, ripple-rimmed—
A flake-like curve of snow—
She sighed her glory had been dimmed
By one she did not know.

I stooped beside a tufted bed
 Of leaflets moist with dew,
 Where one sweet posy hung its head
 Of deep, divinest blue;

And asked the violet if her power
 Could reach that spell of flame.
 She smiled, "I am her favorite flower,
 And—Lizzie!—is her name."

Augustus J. Requier.

SWEETHEART BIRD-SONG.



THERE is a little bird that sings —
 "Sweetheart!"
 I know not what his name may be;
 I only know his notes please me,
 As loud he sings, and thus sings he —
 "Sweetheart!"

I've heard him sing on soft spring days —
 "Sweetheart!"
 And when the sky was dark above,
 And wintry winds had stripped the grove,
 He still poured forth those words of love —
 "Sweetheart!"

And, like that bird, my heart, too, sings —
 "Sweetheart!"
 When heaven is dark, or bright or blue,
 When trees are bare, or leaves are new,
 It thus sings on — and sings of you —
 "Sweetheart!"

What need of other words than these —
 "Sweetheart!"
 If I should sing a whole year long,
 My love would not be shown more strong
 Than by this short and simple song —
 "Sweetheart!"

William L. Shoemaker.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew in my fond vision
 My heart's dear pain,
 My hopes and thy derision,
 Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
 The ruin old,



Where thou didst hark my story,
 At even told,—
 That spot, the hues elysian
 Of sky and plain,
 I treasure in my vision,
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main,—
 Would I had loved thee never,
 Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under;
 Alas the day!
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain,
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep,
 The daisies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep:
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,
 Never wane
 Where thine earthly part is lying,
 Florence Vane!

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

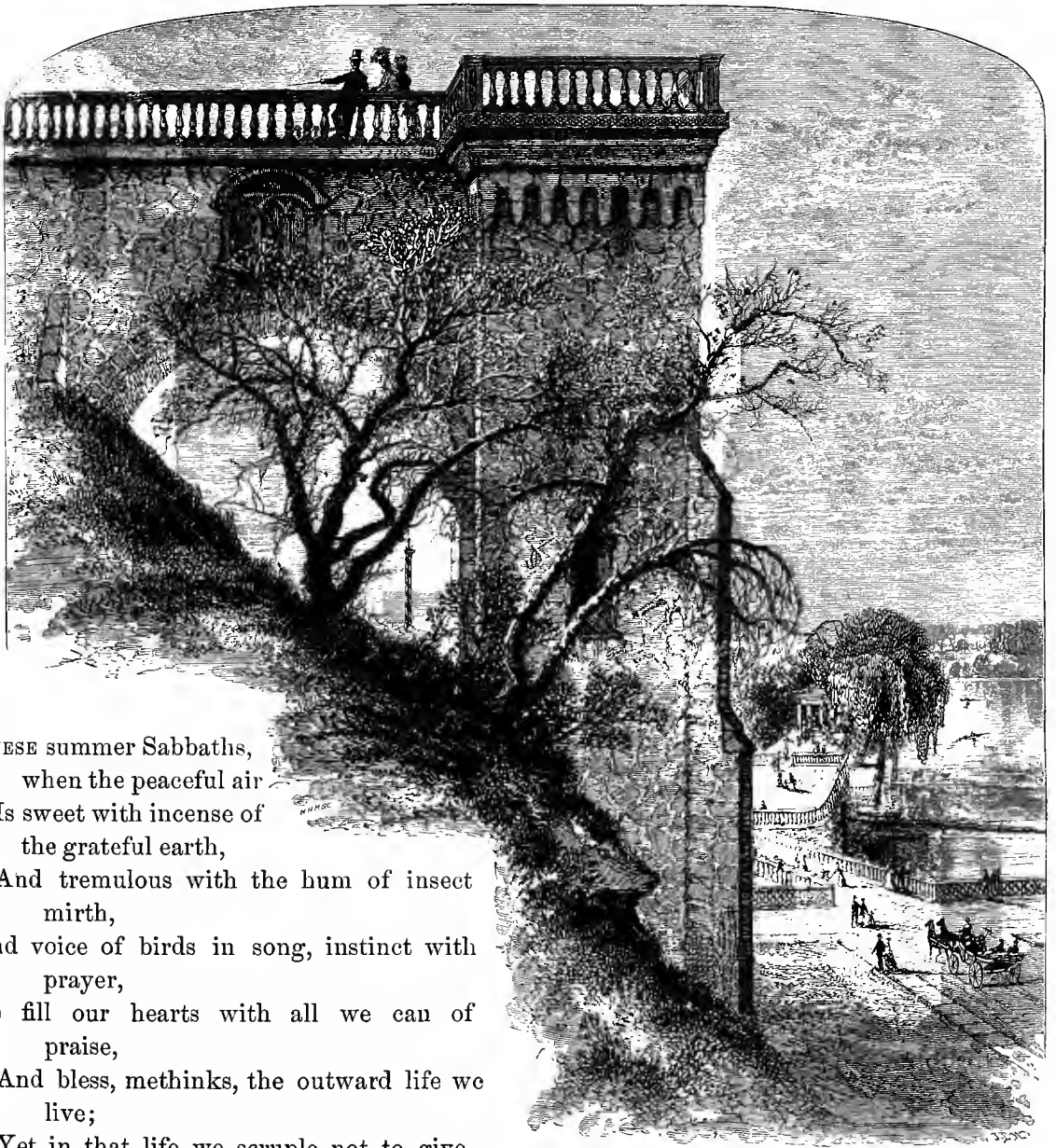
TO A FAIR LADY.

FAIREST! mourn not for thy charms
 Circled by no lover's arms,
 While inferior belles you see
 Pick up husbands merrily.
 Sparrows, when they choose to pair,
 Meet their matches anywhere;

But the Phoenix, sadly great,
 Can not find an equal mate.
 Earth, though dark, enjoys the honor
 Of a moon to wait upon her;
 Venus, though divinely bright,
 Can not boast a satellite.

William Maxwell.

SONNET.



THESE summer Sabbaths,
 when the peaceful air
 Is sweet with incense of
 the grateful earth,
 And tremulous with the hum of insect
 mirth,
 And voice of birds in song, instinct with
 prayer,
 Do fill our hearts with all we can of
 praise,
 And bless, methinks, the outward life we
 live;
 Yet in that life we scruple not to give
 To cares and lusts and idleness our days,
 And think our God well worshiped if we
 come,
 At stated periods, to endure His house
 And list His word. Oh! heart-felt prayers
 and vows,

Stern self-denial, toil to win our home,
 His cross to bear, to kiss His chastening
 rod—
 These are to live, these are to worship
 God!

William Gilmore Simms.



TO NATURE, MY MOTHER.

O NATURE, powerful, smiling, calm,
 To my unquiet heart,
 Thy peace distilling as a balm,
 Thy mighty life impart.

O Nature, mother, still the same,
 So lovely mild with me,
 To live in peace, unsung by fame,
 Unchanged I come to thee;

I come to live as saints have lived,
 I fly where they have fled,

By men unholy never grieved,
 In prayer my tears to shed.

Alone with thee, from cities far,
 Dissolved each earthly tie;
 By some divine magnetic star
 Attracted still on high.

Oh! that my heart, inhaling love
 And life with ecstasy,
 From this low world to worlds above
 Could rise exultingly!

Adrian Rouquette.

WHAT SHE BROUGHT ME.

THIS faded flower that you see
 Was given me, a year ago,
 By one whose little dainty hand
 Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
 And she's a blonde, and very fair,
 And sunset-tints are not so bright
 As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks
 That come and go like living things;
 Her voice is softer than the brook's
 That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes,
 And rosy flushes of the cheek,
 That told of tender thoughts her tongue
 Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
 And she was mine as long as life;
 I gently laid the flower aside,
 And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up, with earnest look,
 And said, "Oh, prize the flower,"—
 And tender tears were in her eyes,—
 "It is my only dower."

She brought me Faith, and Hope, and Truth,
 She brought me gentle thoughts and love,
 A soul as pure as those that float
 Around the throne above.

But earthly things she nothing had,
 Except this faded flower you see;
 And though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
 'Tis very dear to me.

Henry Lynden Flash.



LIFE.

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But, ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die!

Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see,—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Richard Henry Wilde.

A YEAR'S COURTSHIP.

I saw her, Harry, first, in March—
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbling arch?—
Just where it leaves the dusty town.

A lonely house stands grim and dark—
You've seen it? then I need not say
How quaint the place is—did you mark
An ivied window? well, one day,

I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in a poet's idlest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam—
A shutter opened—there she stood

Training the ivy to its prop.
Two dark eyes and a brow of snow
Flashed down upon me—did I stop?
She says I did—I do not know.

But all that day did something glow
Just where the heart beats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

And April saw me at her feet,
Dear month of sunshine and of rain!
My very fears were sometimes sweet,
And hope was often touched with pain.

For she was frank, and she was coy,
A willful April in her ways;
And in a dream of doubtful joy
I passed some truly April days.

May came, and on that arch, sweet mouth
The smile was graver in its play,
And, softening with the softening South,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ere I spoke the month was June—
One warm still night we wandered out
To watch the slowly-setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on heaven—a star, perchance,
Or some bright drapery of the skies,
Had caught her earnest upper glance.

And as she paused—Hal, we have played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just touched me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her:

And as she paused—I know not why—
I longed to speak, yet could not speak;
The bashful are the boldest—I—
I stooped and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (else some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start—
O Hal! we were the happiest pair!
O Hal! I clasped her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that gushed;
But how she trembled, timid dove,
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love.

Since then a happy year hath sped
 Through months that seemed all June
 and May,
 And soon a March sun overhead
 Will usher in the crowning day.
 Twelve blessed moons have seemed to
 glow
 All summer, Hal,—my peerless Kate!

She is the dearest—"Angel?"—no!
 Thank God!—but you shall see her—
 wait.

So all is told! I count on thee
 To see the priest, Hal. Pass the wine!
 Here's to my darling wife to be!
 And here's to—when thou find'st her—
 thine!

Henry Timrod.

THE WIFE.

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
 And borne the rich one's sneer,—
 Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
 Nor shed a single tear;
 I could have smiled on every blow
 From life's full quiver thrown,
 While I might gaze on thee, and know
 I should not be alone.

I could—I think I could—have brooked,
 E'en for a time, that thou
 Upon my fading face hadst looked
 With less of love than now;
 For then I should at least have felt
 The sweet hope still my own
 To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
 On earth, not been alone.

But thus to see from day to day
 Thy brightening eye and cheek,
 And watch thy life-sands waste away,
 Unnumbered, slow, and meek;
 To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
 And catch the feeble tone
 Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
 And feel I'll be alone;

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
 And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
 As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
 Earth may not claim thee longer;
 Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
 Must break when thou art gone;
 It must not be; we must not part;
 I could not live alone.

Anna Peyre Dinnies.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet,
 In the dust of flowers to be,
 In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
 Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
 I behold it dawn in mist,
 And I hear a sound of sobbing
 Through the darkness—hist! oh hist!

In a dim and musky chamber,
 I am breathing life away;
 Some one draws a curtain softly,
 And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
 As it brightens on the lawn;
 There's a hush of death about me,
 And a whisper, "He is gone."

Henry Timrod.

THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
 And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,
 I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys
 And sit me down beside this little brook;
 The waters have a music to mine ear
 It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
 Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,
 That spread their giant branches, broad and
 free,
 The silent growth of many centuries;
 And make a hallowed time for hapless
 moods,
 A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter,—none, like me,
 Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
 Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,
 And listening as the voiceless leaves re-
 spire,—
 When the far-traveling breeze, done wan-
 dering,
 Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
 And sweet companions from their bound-
 less store,
 Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,
 Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,
 Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
 I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch—the root of an old oak
 Whose branches yield it moss and canopy—
 Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke
 Secure, shall never be resigned by me;
 It hangs above the stream that idly flies,
 Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward
 bent,
 Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,

While every sense on earnest mission sent,
 Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom
 and flower;
 Pursuing, though rebuked by those who
 moil,
 A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
 Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
 Yielding sweet music, which the leaves
 repeat,
 Above them, to the gay breeze gliding
 by,—
 Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
 Through the thick copse around.

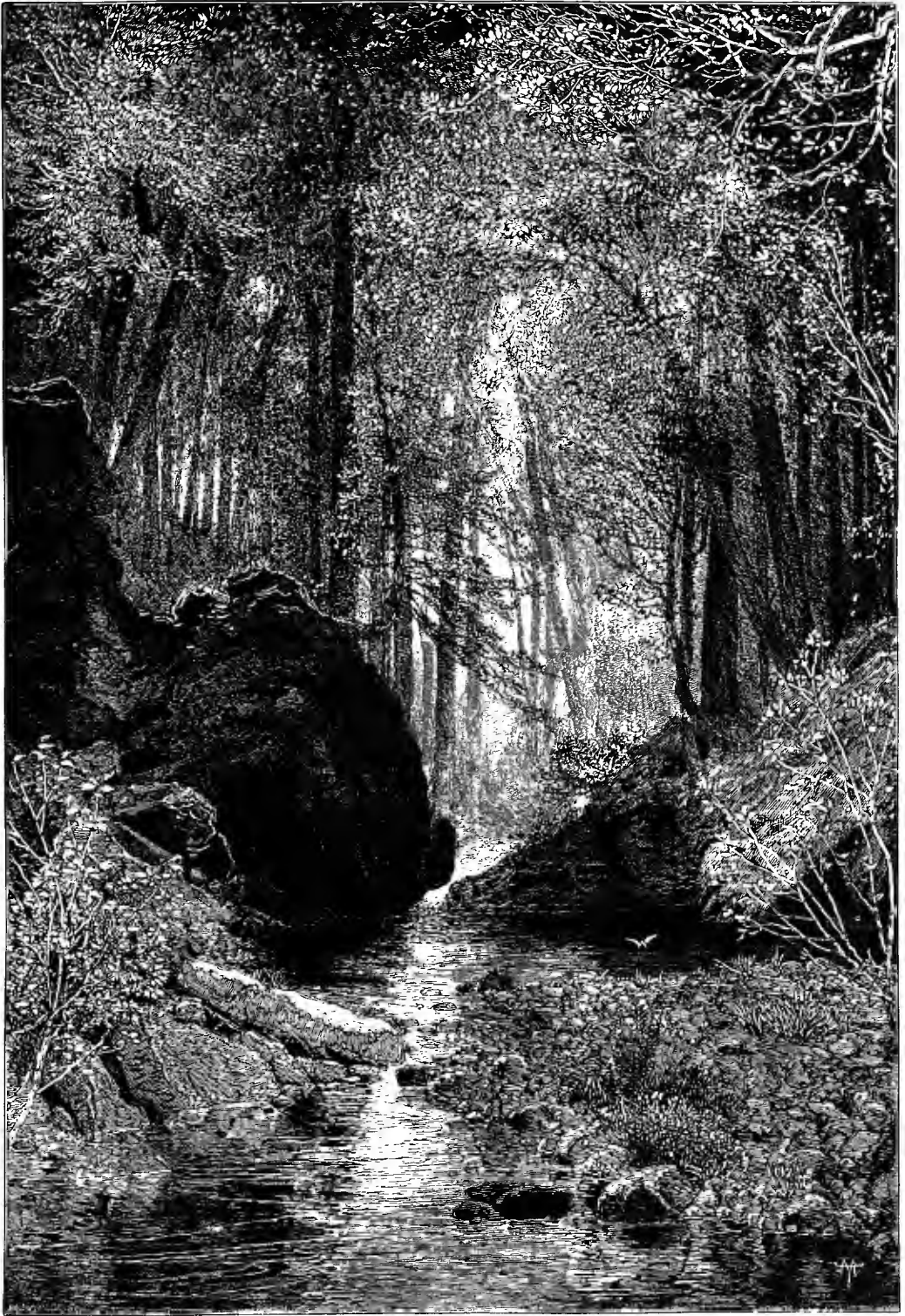
Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the
 rest
 Hangs o'er the archway opening through
 the trees,
 Breaking the spell that, like a slumber,
 pressed
 On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,—
 And with awakened vision upward bent,
 I watch the firmament.

How like its sure and undisturbed retreat—
 Life's sanctuary at last, secure from
 storm—
 To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
 The bending trees that overshadow my
 form!

So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
 Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy
 The young bird teaches, who, with sudden
 flight,
 Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
 Until I lose him from my straining sight,—
 With a most lofty discontent to fly
 Upward, from earth to sky.

William Gilmore Simms.



"It is a quiet glen, as you may see."

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and
 within—
 It was the loveliest picture!—a sweet child
 Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,
 In pauses, from the fountain,—the white
 round
 Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,
 Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm
 Of so much rapture, as green shadowing
 trees
 With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red
 lips
 Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast
 Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the
 flower,
 Wore the same color, rich and warm and
 fresh:—
 And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,
 A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,

Looked archly on its world,—the little imp,
 As if it knew even then that such a wreath
 Were not for all; and with its playful hands
 It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,
 And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid
 Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,
 And, laughing, slept. And while it slept,
 the tears
 Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek,—
 Tears such as fall from April skies, and
 bring
 The sunlight after. They were tears of joy;
 And the true heart of that young mother
 then
 Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously
 The silliest ballad-song that ever yet
 Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought
 sleep
 To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

William Gilmore Simms.

FOREST QUIET.

So DEEP this sylvan silence, strange and
 sweet,
 Its dryad-guardian, virginal Peace, can
 hear
 The pulses of her own pure bosom beat;

And her low voice echoed by elfin rills,
 And far-off forest fountains, sparkling
 clear
 'Mid haunted hollows of the hoary hills;

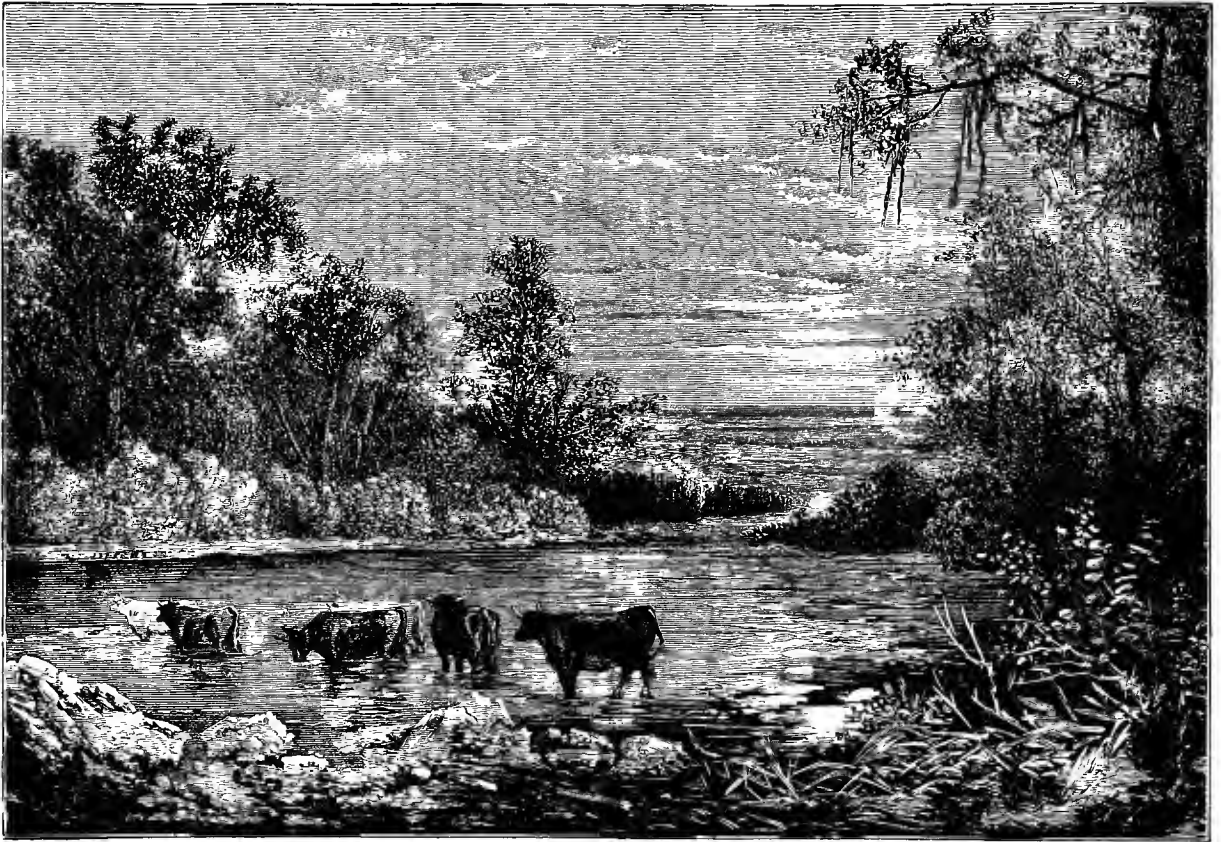
No breeze, nor wraith of any breeze that
 blows,
 Stirs the charmed calm; not even yon gos-
 samer-chain,
 Dew-born, and swung 'twixt violet and
 wild rose,

Thrills to the airy elements' subtlest breath;
 Such marvelous stillness almost broods like
 pain
 O'er the hushed sense, holding dim hints
 of death!

What shadows of sound survive, the waves
 far sigh,
 Drowsed cricket's chirp, or mock-bird's
 croon in sleep,
 But touch this sacred, soft tranquillity

To yet diviner quiet; the fair land
 Breathes like an infant lulled from deep to
 deep
 Of dreamless rest on some wave-whispering
 strand!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



NOON.

OVER the farm is brooding silence now,—
 No reaper's song, no raven's clangor harsh,
 No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cow,
 No croak of frogs within the spreading
 marsh,
 No bragging cock from littered farm-yard
 crows,—
 The scene is steeped in silence and repose.
 A trembling haze hangs over all the fields,—
 The panting cattle in the river stand,
 Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce
 yields.
 It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy
 land;
 So hushed is all beneath the Summer's spell,
 I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

The leaves are motionless, the song-birds
 mute;
 The very air seems somnolent and sick:
 The spreading branches with o'er-ripened
 fruit
 Show in the sunshine all their clusters
 thick,
 While now and then a mellow apple falls
 With a dull thud within the orchard's walls.
 The sky has but one solitary cloud,
 Like a dark island in a sea of light;
 The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows
 plowed
 Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
 While over yonder road a dusty haze
 Grows luminous beneath the sun's fierce blaze.

James Barron Hope.

THE REAPER.

How still earth lies!—behind the pines
 The summer clouds sink slowly down,
 The sunset gilds the higher hills
 And distant steeples of the town.

Refreshed and moist the meadow spreads,
 Birds sing from out the dipping leaves
 And standing in the breast-high corn
 I see the farmer bind his sheaves.

It was when on the fallow fields
 The heavy frosts of winter lay,
 A rustic, with unsparing hand,
 Strewed seed along the furrowed way.

And I, too, walking through the waste
 And wintry hours of the past,
 Have in the furrows made by griefs
 The seeds of future harvests cast:

Rewarded well, if—when the world
 Grows dimmer in the ebbing light,
 And all the valley lies in shade,
 But sunset glimmers on the height—

Down in the meadows of the heart
 The birds sing out a last refrain,
 And ready garnered for the mart
 I see the ripe and golden grain.

James M. Legaré.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

THE tattoo beats; the lights are gone;
 The camp around in slumber lies;
 The night with solemn pace moves on;
 The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
 But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
 And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh dearest one!
 Whose love my early life hath blest:
 Of thee and him—our baby son—
 Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
 God of the tender, frail and lone,
 Oh! guard that little sleeper's rest!

And hover, gently hover near
 To her whose watchful eye is wet—
 The mother-wife, the doubly dear,
 In whose young heart have freshly met
 Two streams of love so deep and clear,
 And cheer her drooping spirit yet.

Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
 Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies,
 That, while by thy behest alone

Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
 No tear is wept to thee unknown,
 No hair is lost, no sparrow dies;

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
 Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
 That only by Thy stern command
 The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
 That from the distant sea or land
 Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
 Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
 May happier visions beam upon
 The brightening currents of her breast;
 Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
 Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Wherever fate those forms may throw,
 Loved with a passion almost wild,
 By day, by night, in joy or woe,
 By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled;
 From every danger, every foe,
 O God! protect my wife and child!

Henry R. Jackson.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away:
 Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray:
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no
 more:
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all
 o'er:
 Strength of my youth, all your vigor is
 gone:
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions
 are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall:
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should
 fall:
 Eyes of my youth, you much evil have
 seen:

Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you
 have been:
 Thoughts of my youth, you have led me
 astray:
 Strength of my youth, why lament your
 decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past:
 Pains of my age, yet awhile you can
 last:
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight:
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light:
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold
 sod:
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your
 God.

St. George Tucker.

SAME SICKNESS.

My mountains curve against the sky,
 A line of beauty pure and true,
 Beyond what English Hogarth drew;
 And yet I watch with half a sigh
 Their changing lights, and wonder why
 I weary of their depth of blue.

No greener valley, forest-walled,
 This land of hill and dale can show:
 Thro' Summer's shine, thro' Winter's snow,
 Its loveliness has never palled
 Upon the senses it enthralled,
 Till now;—and now it tires me so!

What rippling river ever ran
 More like a river in a dream,
 Than this, whose sliding waters gleam,
 Beneath the bridge's airy span,
 As silvery as waters can?
 And yet, to-day, how dull they seem!

The sheen of window-panes, that catch
 The glint recurrent morning's trace
 On yonder hill-side dwelling-place,
 So irksome grows, I'm fain to snatch
 My vision from the square bright patch
 That always stares me in the face.

And yet the mountains have not lost
 One grace out of their splendid line;
 And yet the valley forests shine
 More brilliant through the jeweled frost;
 And yet the stream has never tossed
 Back flashes that were more divine.

My eye is just as clear to note
 Nature's processions, great and small,—
 These oaks whose leaves refuse to fall—
 That meadow where the shadows float:
 But then—I've learned the scene by rote,
 And spoiled the meaning of it all.

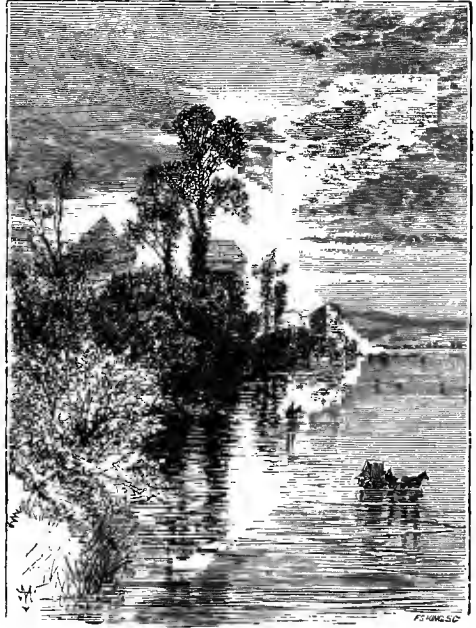
Margaret J. Preston.

MEMORIES.

THE flush of sunset dies
 Far on ancestral trees:
 On the bright-booted bees:
 On cattle-dotting leas!
 And a mist is in my eyes—
 For in a stranger land
 Halts the quick-running sand,
 Shaken by no dear hand!

How plain is the flowering grass—
 The sunset-flooded door;
 I hear the river's roar
 Say clearly "Nevermore;"
 I see the cloud-shadows pass
 Over my mountain meres;
 Gone are the rose-bright years:
 Drowned in a sea of tears.

John Esten Cooke.



ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden lived, whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other
 thought
 Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more
 than love,
 I and my Annabel Lee—
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of
 heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsman came,
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me.
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men
 know),
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 The wind came out of a cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than
 the love
 Of those who were older than we,
 Of many far wiser than we;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing
 me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the
 bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide I lie down by
 the side
 Of my darling, my darling, my life, and
 my bride,
 In her sepulcher there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE CHILDREN THAT ARE NOT.

THE children—the children that are not!
 Ah, why
 From the ends of the earth swells that
 desolate cry?
 Has the dull earth a glory, the bright skies
 a gloom,
 That a wail should arise at the gates of
 the tomb?

Ah! deem ye the sparrow its pathway may
 hold,
 Yet a lamb of Christ's love be lost from
 his fold?
 That the diamond's sparkle should never
 burn dim,

Yet a spirit be quenched that was kindled
 by Him?

Are the husbandman's tears with his toil
 in vain?
 From the scattered seed shall there spring
 no grain?
 Hath the chrysalis wings as its shroud is
 wound?
 Hath the violet breath in the dull cold
 ground?

Yea! bless ye God, as ye bend above
 The broken lilies of tears and love,—
 That not without witness the hope was given
 That a little child should be first in Heaven.

Frank O. Tickner.



BEN BOLT.

Do n't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her
a smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben
Bolt,

In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so
gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill:
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls
as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley
limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?

The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben
Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were school-mates
then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben
Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the
new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a
truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

Thomas Dunn English.

ALONE.

THERE is a sound in all the land
Of the wind and the falling rain,
And a wild sea breaking on dead white sand
With a desolate cry of pain,
As if its mighty and terrible heart
Were heaved with a human pain.
I stand alone with the wind and rain,
As many a poet hath stood,
Soul-lit with the beautiful inner light,
And a sense of a higher good,

But feeling, because of the world, as if
My life were written in blood;
And my soul keeps sobbing a sorrowful song,
Like a brook in an autumn wood.
Blow wind! blow wind! fall, desolate rain,
And cry, oh, sorrowful sea!
To the dumb, dead sand thy merciless pain,
For such has my heart for me.
Pitiless! pitiless! homeless and pitiless!
Such is the world to me.

Emma Alice Browne.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

TALL, somber, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy
airs

Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, somber, grim, they stand with dusky
gleams

Brightening to gold within the woodland's
core,

Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil
beams,

But the weird winds of morning sigh no
more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's
surcease,

And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted
peace.

Last, sunset comes,—the solemn joy and
might

Borne from the west when cloudless day
declines,—

Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of
light,

And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens
afar,

To faint when Twilight on her virginal
throat

Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



UNKNOWN.

THE prints of feet are worn away,
No more the mourners come;
The voice of wail is mute to-day
As his whose life is dumb.

The world is bright with other bloom;
Shall the sweet summer shed

Its living radiance on the tomb
That shrouds the doubly dead?

Unknown! Beneath our Father's face
The starlit hillocks lie;—
Another rose-bud! lest His grace
Forget us when we die!

Frank O. Tickner.

LOVE'S AUTUMN.

I WOULD not lose a single silver ray
Of those white locks which, like a milky way,
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O Sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of
thine,
Whence love looks forth, touched by the
shade of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear
mouth,
The lips less dewy red than when the south—
The young south-wind of passion—sighed
o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that
blows
On thy wan cheek, like soft September's
rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace,
Which, breathed divinely from thy patient
face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in
rest.

Naught would I lose of all thou hast, or art,
O friend supreme! whose constant, stainless
heart
Doth house, unknowing, many an angel
guest.

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers
pure;
While the flesh fails, strong love grows
more and more
Divinely beautiful, with perished years.

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening
sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet, repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thank-
less tears.

Love's Spring was fair, love's Summer brave
and bland,
But through love's Autumn mist I view the
land—
The land of deathless Summers yet to be;
There I behold thee young again, and bright,
In a great flood of rare, transfiguring light;
But there, as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

BENNY.

I HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

“But we'll be good, won't we, moder?”
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid,

While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
With a dainty drink brimmed over,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loath,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely,
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
 Gathering up the precious store
 He had busily been pouring
 In his tiny pinafore,
 With a generous look that shamed me,
 Sprang he from the carpet bright,
 Showing, by his mien indignant,
 All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
 As he held his apron white,
 "You shall have my candy wabbit";
 But the door was fastened tight.
 So he stood, abashed and silent,
 In the center of the floor,
 With defeated look alternate
 Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
 Quickly ran he to the fire,
 And while eagerly his bright eyes
 Watched the flames go high and higher,
 In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
 Like some lordly little elf,
 "Santa Caus, come down de chinney,
 Make my moder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
 Said I, feeling the reproof;
 And straightway recalled poor Harney,
 Mewing on the gallery roof.
 Soon the anger was forgotten,
 Laughter chased away the frown,
 And they gamboled 'neath the live-oaks
 Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
 Harney purred beneath my chair,
 And my play-worn boy beside me
 Knelt to say his evening prayer:
 "God bess fader, God bess moder,
 God bess sister,"—then a pause,
 And the sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmured, "God bess Santa Caus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
 Lie the lashes, long and meek,
 Like caressing, clinging shadows
 On his plump and peachy cheek;
 And I bend above him, weeping
 Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
 For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child.

Annie C. Ketchum.

LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.

SUMMER has gone,
 And fruitful autumn has advanced so far
 That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad
 sun,
 And you may look, with naked eye, upon
 the ardors of his car;
 The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks
 embolden,
 Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendor
 Is in the October air! How rich, and clear,
 And bracing, and all-joyous! we must ren-
 der
 Love to the spring-time, with its sproutings
 tender,

As to a child quite dear;
 But autumn is a thing of perfect glory,
 A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods
 In this good season of the liberal year;
 I love to seek their leafy solitudes,
 And give myself to melancholy moods,
 With no intruder near,
 And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,
 In every natural wonder.

But not alone,
 As Shakespeare's sensitive courtier loved
 Ardenne,
 Love I the browning forest; and I own



John Hay

I would not oft have mused, as he, but
 flown
 To hunt with Amiens—
 And little thought, as up the bold deer
 bounded,
 Of the sad creature wounded.

A brave and good,
 But world-worn knight—soul-wearied with
 his part

In this vexed life—gave man for solitude,
 And built a lodge, and lived in Wantley
 wood,
 To hear the belling hart.
 It was a gentle taste, but its sweet sadness
 Yields to the Hunter's madness.

What passionate
 And keen delight is in the proud swift chase!
 Go out what time the lark at heaven's red gate



Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate
 With the high pride of his place;
 What time the unrisen sun arrays the
 morning
 In its first bright adorning.

Hark! the quick horn—
 As sweet to hear as any clarion—
 Piercing with silver call the ear of morn;
 And mark the steeds, stout Curtal and
 Topthorne
 And Greysteil and the Don—

Each one of them his fiery mood displaying
 With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse,
 After the crying hounds in this fresh hour,
 Vanquish high hills—stem perilous streams
 perforce,
 On the free plain give free wings to your
 course,
 And you will know the power
 Of the brave chase—and how of griefs the
 A cure is in the forest. [sorest

Or stalk the deer;
 The same red lip of dawn has kissed the
 hills,
 The gladdest sounds are crowding on your
 ear,
 There is a life in all the atmosphere:—
 Your very nature fills
 With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring
 You climb with limbs untiring.

It is a fair
 And goodly sight to see the antlered stag,
 With the long sweep of his swift walk, repair
 To join his brothers; or the plethoric bear
 Lying on some high crag,
 With pinky eyes half closed, but broad head
 shaking,
 As gad-flies keep him waking.

And these you see,
 And seeing them, you travel to their death
 With a slow stealthy step, from tree to tree,
 Noting the wind however faint it be.
 The hunter draws a breath
 In times like these, which, he will say,
 repays him
 For all care that waylays him.

A strong joy fills
 (A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power)
 My heart in autumn weather—fills and
 thrills!
 And I would rather stalk the breezy hills,
 Descending to my bower
 Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace at-
 tended,
 Than pine where life is splendid.

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

CREDO.

I BELIEVE if I should die,
 And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
 Cold, dead and dumb to all the world
 contains,
 The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
 And from its exile in the isles of death
 Life would come gladly back along my
 veins!

I believe if I were dead,
 And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
 Not knowing what the poor clod chanced
 to be,
 It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
 Of him it ever loved in life so much,
 And throb again, warm, tender, true to
 thee.

I believe if on my grave,
 Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
 Your eyes should drop some warm tears
 of regret,

From every salty seed of your dear grief,
 Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
 To prove death could not make my love
 forget!

I believe if I should fade
 Into those mystic realms where light is made,
 And you should long once more my face
 to see,
 I would come forth upon the hills of night,
 And gather stars, like fagots, till thy sight,
 Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on
 me!

I believe my faith in thee,
 Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
 I would as soon expect to see the sun
 Fall like a dead king from his height sub-
 lime,
 His glory stricken from the throne of time,
 As thee unworth the worship thou hast
 won.

I believe who hath not loved
 Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved;
 Like one who, with the grape within his
 grasp,
 Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
 And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
 Out from his careless and unheeding
 clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
 Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
 That gems life's petals in its hours of
 dusk—
 The waiting angels see and recognize
 The rich crown jewel, love, of Paradise,
 When life falls from us like a withered
 husk.

Mary Ashley Townsend.

A NOVEMBER NOCTURNE.

THE autumn air sweeps faint and chill
 Across the maple-crested hill,
 And on my ear
 Falls, tingling clear,
 A strange mysterious woodland thrill.
 From outmost twig, from scarlet crown,
 Untouched with yet a tint of brown,
 Reluctant, slow,
 As loath to go,
 The loosened leaves come wavering down.
 And not a hectic trembler there,
 In its decadence, doomed to share
 The fate of all,
 But in its fall
 Flings something sob-like on the air.
 No drift nor dream of passing bell,
 Dying afar in dusky dell,
 Hath any heard

Whose chimes have stirred
 A tenderer pathos of farewell.
 A silent shiver, as of pain,
 Goes quivering thro' each sapless
 vein.
 And there are moans
 Whose undertones
 Are sad as autumn midnight rain.
 Ah, if without a dirge-like sigh
 No lightest-clinging leaf can die,
 Let him who saith
 Decay and death
 Should bring no heart-break, tell me why,
 Each gravestone gives the answer: There,
 I read Resurgam everywhere:
 So easy said
 Above the dead—
 So weak to anodyne despair!

Margaret J. Preston.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

A RIVER went singing, adown to the sea,
 A-singing—low—singing—
 And the dim rippling river said softly to me,
 "I'm bringing, a-bringing—
 While floating along—
 A beautiful song
 To the shores that are white where the
 waves are so weary,

To the beach that is burdened with wrecks
 that are dreary.
 A song sweet and calm
 As the peacefulest psalm;
 And the shore that was sad
 Will be grateful and glad,
 And the weariest wave from its dreariest
 dream

Will wake to the sound of the song of the
stream:

And the tempests shall cease
And there shall be peace."
From the fairest of fountains
And farthest of mountains,
From the stillness of snow
Came the stream in its flow.

Down the slopes where the rocks are gray,
Thro' the vales where the flowers are
fair—

Where the sunlight flashed—where the
shadows lay
Like stories that cloud a face of care,
The river ran on—and on—and on—
Day and night, and night and day;
Going and going, and never gone,
Longing to flow to the "far away,"

Staying and staying, and never still;
Going and staying, as if one will
Said "beautiful river, go to the sea,"
And another will whispered, "stay
with me:"

And the river made answer, soft and
low—

"I go and stay"—"I stay and go."
But what is the song, I said, at last?
To the passing river that never passed;
And a white, white wave whispered,
"list to me,

I'm a note in the song for the beauti-
ful sea,

A song whose grand accents no earth-din
may sever,

And the river flows on in the same mystic key
That blends in one chord the 'forever and
never.'"

Abram J. Ryan.

READ TO SLEEP.

FOR threescore years and ten,
Burdened with care and woe,
She has traveled the weary ways of men;
She is tired, and wants to go.

So musing, one afternoon,
With knitting upon her lap,
She hears at her door a drift of tune,
And a quick, familiar tap.

In flashes a child's fresh face,
And her bird-like voice sounds gay,
And she asks, "Shall I find you a pretty
place
And read you a Psalm to-day?"

"Aye, read me a Psalm—'The Lord
Is my Shepherd'—soft, not fast;
Then turn the leaves of the Holy Word
Till you come to the very last—

"Where it tells of the wondrous walls
Of jacinth and sapphire-stone,

And the shine of the crystal light that falls
In rainbows about the throne;

"Where never are any tears—
You see how the verse so saith—
Nor pain nor crying through all God's years,
Nor hunger, nor cold, nor death;

"Of the city whose streets are gold;
Ah! here it is not my share
One single piece in my hand to hold,
But my feet shall tread on it there!

"Yes, read it all; it lifts
My soul up into the light,
And I look straight through the leaden
rifts,
To the land where there's no more night!"

Rising, she nearer stepped—
How easy it all had been!
The gates had unclosed as the sleeper slept
And an angel had drawn her in.

Margaret J. Preston.

DEATH.

Out of the shadows of sadness,
 Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest;
 Out of a land very dreary,
 Out of the world very weary,
 Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
 Into a blissful to-morrow,
 Into a day without gloom;
 Out of a land filled with sighing,
 Land of the dead and the dying,
 Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
 Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
 Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,
 Into a land calm and quiet,
 Never a storm cometh nigh it,
 Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
 Perish and fade all the flowers;
 Out of the land of decay,
 Into the Eden where fairest
 Of flowerets, and sweetest and rarest,
 Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing
 Thronged with the anguished and ailing;
 Out of the world of the sad,
 Into the world that rejoices—
 World of bright visions and voices—
 Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful,
 Out of a land very lornful,
 Where in bleak exile we roam,
 Into a joy-land above us,
 Where there's a Father to love us—
 Into our home—"Sweet Home."

Abram J. Ryan.

SNOW-FLAKES AT THE SOUTH.

I SEE them through the crystal pane,
 Descending fast on hill and plain—
 Spirits of dead autumnal rain!

Soon their transforming touch is laid
 On every forest nook and glade,
 The haunts of rustic man or maid.

They clothe each rugged vale and slope,
 Shining like transient gleams of hope
 To souls that in doubt's darkness grope.

Trees, by time rendered tall and hale,
 Now glimmer through the landscape pale,
 Like giants clad in heavenly mail.

Where stretches yonder whitening lawn,
 These tender spirits do not scorn
 To sheathe the sharpness of the thorn.

All Nature's children, young or old,
 These guardian angels of the cold
 In soft, celestial arms enfold.

Alas, how soon their course is run!
 Beneath the ardor of the sun,
 They vanish ere the day is done!

William H. Hayne.



SIXTY YEARS AGO.

WRINKLED and yellow and old!
 And are these the lips that he loved to kiss?
 And are these the hands that he loved
 to hold?

At last, at last, is it come to this,—
 Wrinkled and yellow and old?

“Beautiful hands!” he said;—
 “Shaped as the hands of a queen should
 be;

White, with the faintest tint of red,
 And a hint of the blue veins’ tracery;—
 Beautiful hands!” he said.

“Ripe, ruddy lips!” he said,—
 But what does it matter, ruddy or white?—
 What does *any thing* matter? He is
 dead,—

Yet his praise still rings in my dreams at
 night,—

“Ripe, ruddy lips!” he said.

’Tis sixty years ago!
 Since he kissed my hands and kissed my
 lips,—

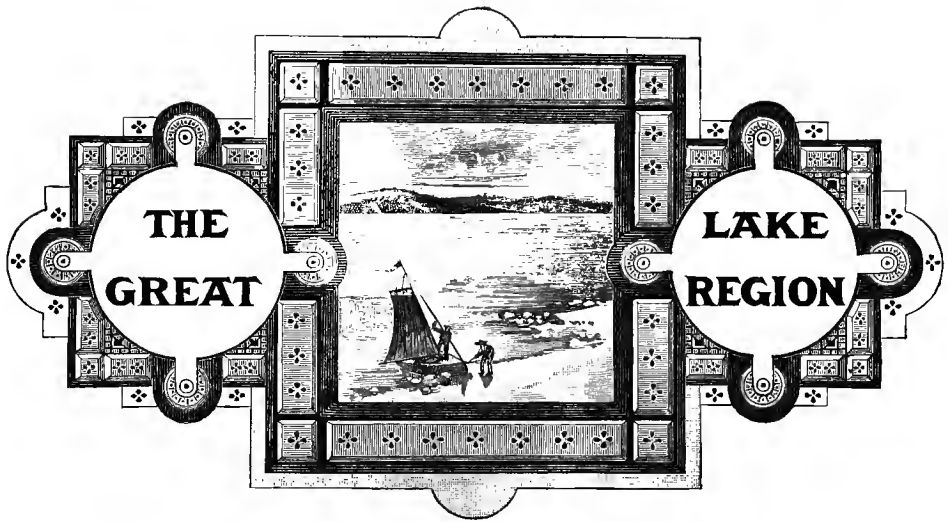
Since they laid him to sleep where the
 violets grow,—

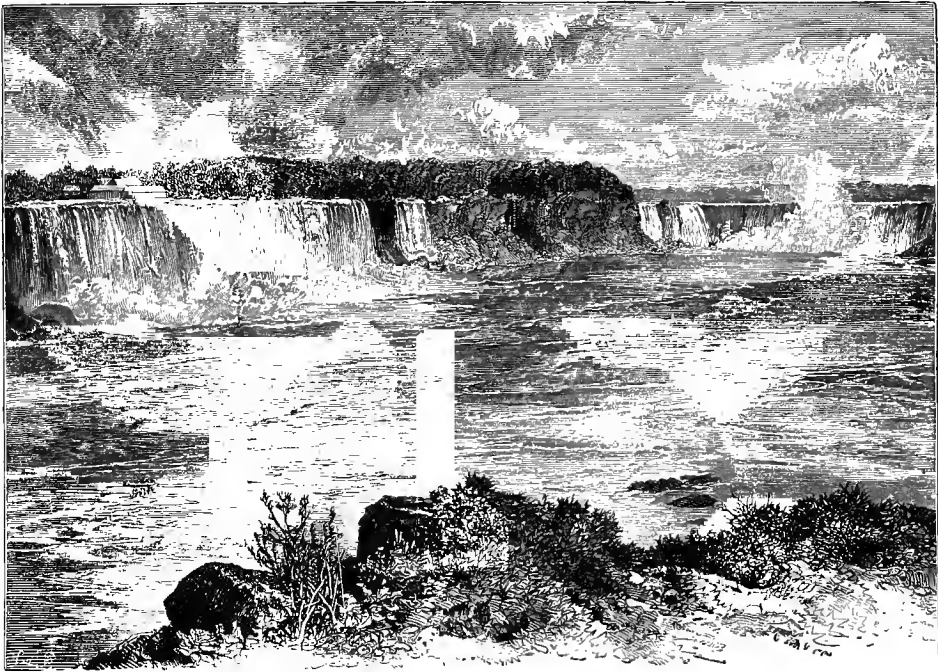
Since the light of my life went out in
 eclipse,—

Sixty years ago!

Wrinkled and yellow and old!
 And is he still young? am I old alone?—
 And how will it be when all is told?—
 I fear I shall go to him all unknown,
 Wrinkled and yellow and old!

Berry Benson.





NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
 Eternally,—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence,—and upon thy rocky altar
 pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare

To lift the insect-trump of earthly hope,
 Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean
 shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his
 waves
 Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes
 seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall

His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle calm; but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,
 Dost rest not, night or day. The morning
 stars,
 When first they sang o'er young creation's
 birth,
 Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking
 fires,
 That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
 This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
 Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
 On thine unending volume.

Every leaf,

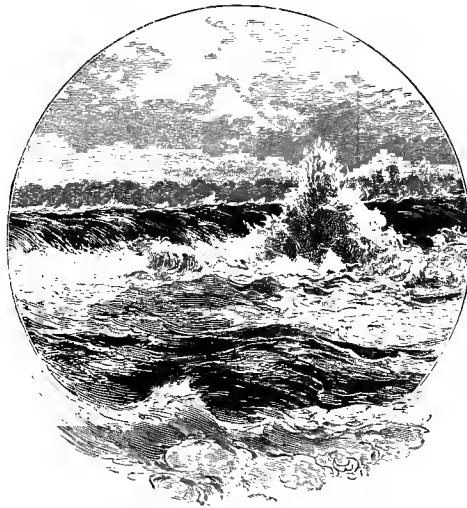
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
 Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
 Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds
 Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wings
 Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for
 them

To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly
 stir
 The snowy leaflets of thy vapor-wreath,
 For they may sport unharmed amid the
 cloud,
 Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
 Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to
 speak
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
 Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,

Or woo thee to the tale of a song,
 Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty,
 But as it presses with delirious joy
 To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
 And tame its raptures with the humbling
 view
 Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
 In the dread presence of the Invisible,
 As if to answer to its God through thee.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.



THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into
 my brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would
 seem
 As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
 And spoke in that loud voice which seemed
 to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake
 The sound of many waters; and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
 Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,

That hear the question of that voice sublime?
 Oh, what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering
 side?

Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
 And yet, bold babler, what art thou to Him
 Who drowned a world, and heaped the
 waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains?—a light
 wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's
 might.

John G. C. Brainard.

LAKE ERIE.

THESE lovely shores: how lone and still
 A hundred years ago,
 The unbroken forest stood above,
 The waters dashed below,—
 The waters of a lonely sea,
 Where never sail was furled,
 Embosomed in a wilderness,
 Which was itself a world.

A hundred years! go back; and lo!
 Where, closing in the view,
 Juts out the shore, with rapid oar
 Darts round a frail canoe.
 'Tis a white voyager, and see,
 His prow is westward set
 O'er the calm wave; hail to thy bold,
 World-seeking bark, Marquette!

The lonely bird, that picks his food
 Where rise the waves, and sink,
 At their strange coming, with shrill scream,
 Starts from the sandy brink;
 The fishhawk, hanging in mid sky,
 Floats o'er on level wing,
 And the savage from his covert looks,
 With arrow on the string.

A hundred years are past and gone,
 And all the rocky coast
 Is turreted with shining towns,
 An empire's noble boast.
 And the old wilderness is changed
 To cultured vale and hill;
 And the circuit of its mountains
 An empire's numbers fill.

Ephraim Peabody.

OVER THE BANISTERS.

OVER the banisters bends a face
 Daringly sweet and beguiling;
 Somebody stands in careless grace
 And watches the picture, smiling.

The light burns dim in the hall below—
 Nobody sees her standing
 Saying, "Good-night" again, soft and
 slow,
 Half-way up to the landing.

Nobody, only the eyes of brown,
 Tender and full of meaning,
 That smile on the fairest face in town
 Over the banisters leaning.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
 I wonder why she lingers

Now when the good-night's all are said?
 Why, somebody holds her fingers.

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
 Suddenly growing bolder,
 Till her loose hair drops in masses brown
 Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the banisters soft hands fair
 Brush his cheek like a feather;
 Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
 Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift
 caress,
 She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
 But over the banisters drops a "Yes,"
 That shall brighten the world for him away.

Ella Wheeler.



PERRY'S VICTORY.

BRIGHT was the morn,—the waveless bay
Shone like a mirror to the sun;
Mid greenwood shades and meadows gay,
The matin birds their lays begun:
While swelling o'er the gloomy wood
Was heard the faintly echoed roar,—
The dashing of the foamy flood,
That beat on Erie's distant shore.

The tawny wanderer of the wild
Paddled his painted birch canoe,
And, where the wave serenely smiled,
Swift as the darting falcon, flew;
He rowed along that peaceful bay,
And glanced its polished surface o'er,
Listening the billow far away,
That rolled on Erie's lonely shore.

What sounds awake my slumbering ear?
What echoes o'er the waters come?
It is the morning gun I hear,
The rolling of the distant drum.
Far o'er the bright illumined wave
I mark the flash,—I hear the roar,
That calls from sleep the slumbering brave,
To fight on Erie's lonely shore.

See how the starry banner floats,
And sparkles in the morning ray:
While sweetly swell the fife's gay notes
In echoes o'er the gleaming bay:
Flash follows flash, as through yon fleet
Columbia's cannons loudly roar,
And valiant tars the battle greet,
That storms on Erie's echoing shore.

Oh, who can tell what deeds were done,
When Britain's cross, on yonder wave,
Sunk 'neath Columbia's dazzling sun,
And met in Erie's flood its grave?
Who tell the triumphs of that day,
When, smiling at the cannon's roar,
Our hero, mid the bloody fray,
Conquered on Erie's echoing shore?

Though many a wounded bosom bleeds
For sire, for son, for lover dear,
Yet Sorrow smiles amid her weeds,—
Affliction dries her tender tear;
Oh! she exclaims, with glowing pride,
With ardent thoughts that wildly soar,
My sire, my son, my lover died,
Conquering on Erie's bloody shore!

James Gates Percival.

EQUINOX.

FIRST, winds of March must blow, and rains
 must beat,
 Thick airs blend wood and field and distant
 hill,
 Before the heavy sky has wept its fill;
 And, like a creeping sloth, the chill must eat
 Down close to Nature's core; in dull repeat
 The days move on with scant light. until,
 Far shining from his western window-sill,

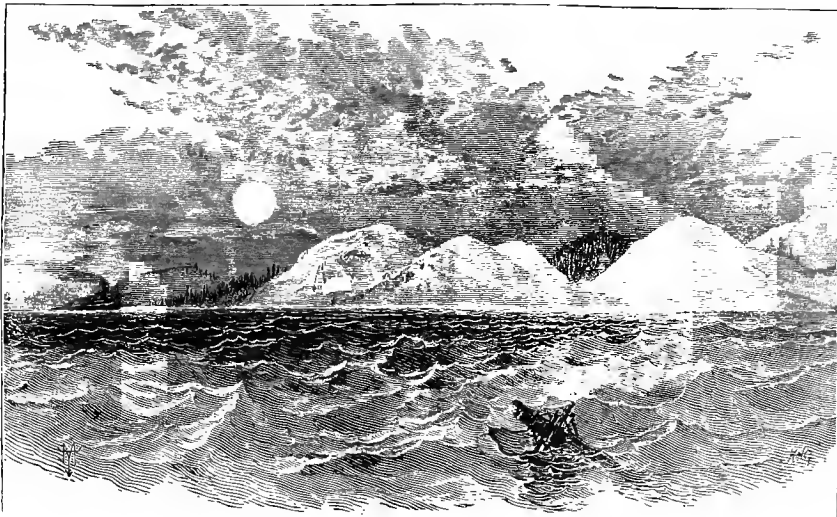
Some evening sun full face to face we meet!
 And then we say the line is crossed: the
 feud
 Between Old Night and Day adjusted stands,
 As in a balance swung by airy hands
 Above the clouds. Our fancies are but crude,
 And lightly gossip of infinitude:
 None knows how wide the arch of Night
 expands!

Edith M. Thomas.

GEEHALE: AN INDIAN LAMENT.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
 As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
 For he knows to his mate he at pleasure
 can hie,
 And the dear little brood she is teaching
 to fly.

The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
 And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a
 light
 As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
 When my skies were the bluest, my dreams
 were the best.



The fox and the panther, both beasts of
 the night,
 Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
 And they spring with a free and a sorrow-
 less track,
 For they know that their mates are expect-
 ing them back.

Each bird and each beast, it is blessed in
 degree:
 All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in
 despair; [my hair;
 I will paint me with black, and will sever

I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane
 blows,
 And reveal to the god of the tempest my
 woes;
 I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
 For my kindred are gone to the hills of
 the dead;
 But they died not by hunger or lingering
 decay;
 The steel of the white man hath swept
 them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly
 wore,
 I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten
 shore:
 Its charms I no longer obey or invoke,
 Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
 I will raise up my voice to the source of
 the light;
 I will dream on the wings of the bluebird
 at night;
 I will speak to the spirits that whisper in
 leaves,
 And that minister balm to the bosom that
 grieves;

And will take a new Manito,—such as
 shall seem
 To be kind and propitious in every dream.

Oh, then I shall banish these cankering
 sighs,
 And tears shall no longer gush salt from
 my eyes;
 I shall wash from my face every cloud-
 colored stain;
 Red—red shall alone on my visage remain!
 I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my
 oak bow;
 By night and by day I will follow the foe;
 Nor lake shall impede me, nor mountains,
 nor snows;
 His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was
 black: [track;
 I heard not their coming, I knew not their
 But I saw, by the light of their blazing
 fusees,
 They were people engendered beyond the
 big seas: [the tale!—
 My wife and my children,—oh, spare me
 For who is there left that is kin to Geehale?

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.

HE DREAMED OF HOME.

He dreamed of home—aye, while the clue
 Of life so thin and straightened drew,
 A breath might sever it in two!

He dreamed of home; amid the press
 Of those old shadows death doth dress
 In mist, and cold and heaviness,—

He dreamed of home! Sweet in his ear
 The sound of rustling grain-fields near,
 The orchard oriole's fluted cheer.

Before his dim and lidded eye
 The Lake's crisp billow flickered high
 On azure deeper than the sky.

Slipped thence from all uproar and strife
 Once more the looks of child and wife
 Shone as the lamps of household life:—

He dreamed of home! The vision flew,
 Wavered, reshaped itself anew,
 Smiled, spake, as visions never do:

Still wide of home, he saw, instead,
 Its angel standing by his bed,
 Unshaken in the hour of dread.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical
rhyme,
And a broadening sweep and a surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of
snow,
And the Summers like buds between;
And the year's in the sheaf—so they come
and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;—
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as vesper chime
When the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of
snow—

There are heaps of dust, and we love them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody
sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without
strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garment that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the
fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the tur-
bulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the days of our life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful
smile,

And our eyes are closed to slumber a while,
May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers: "All is well!"
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signaled round that sea of fire;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

John Greenleaf Whitier.

MARQUETTE.

COMPOSED ON LAKE MICHIGAN, BY THE RIVER WHERE MARQUETTE DIED.

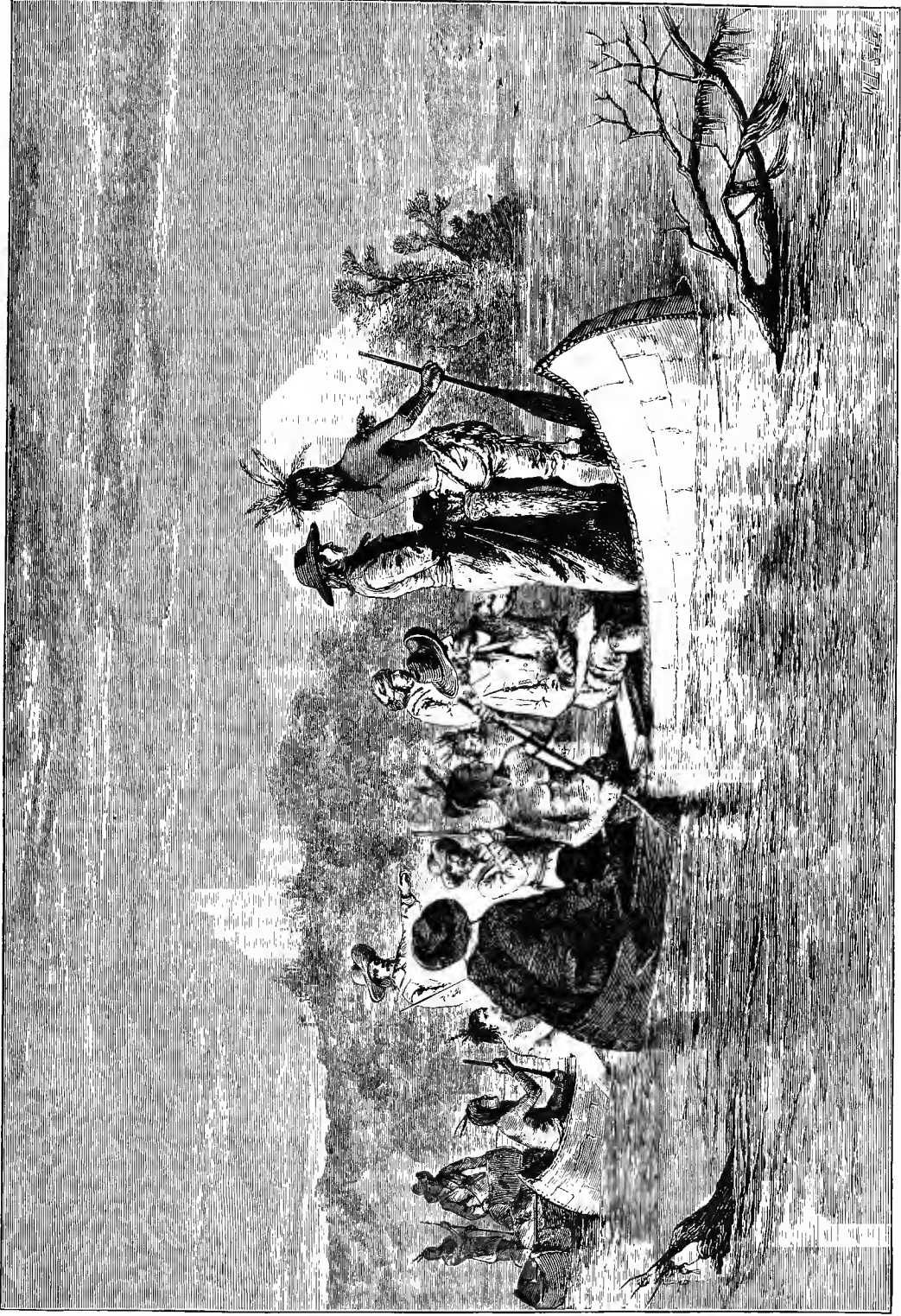
SINK to my heart, bright evening skies!

Ye waves that round me roll,
With all your golden, crimson dyes,
Sink deep into my soul!
And ye, soft-footed stars,—that come
So silently at even,
To make this world awhile your home,
And bring us nearer heaven,—
Speak to my spirit's listening ear
With your calm tones of beauty,
And to my darkened mind make clear
My errors and my duty.

Speak to my soul of those who went
Across this stormy lake,
On deeds of mercy ever bent
For the poor Indian's sake.
They looked to all of you, and each
Leant smiling from above,
And taught the Jesuit how to teach
The omnipotence of love.
You gave the apostolic tone
To Marquette's guileless soul,
Whose life and labors shall be known
Long as these waters roll.
To him the little Indian child,
Fearless and trustful came,
Curbed for a time his temper wild,
And hid his heart of flame.
With gentle voice, and gentle look,
Sweet evening star, like thine,

That heart the missionary took
From off the war-god's shrine,
And laid it on the Holy Book,
Before the Man Divine.
The blood-stained demons saw with grief
Far from their magic ring,
Around their now converted chief,
The tribe come gathering.
Marquette's belief was their belief,
And Jesus was their king.
Fierce passions' late resistless drift
Drives now no longer by;
'Tis rendered powerless by the gift
Of heaven-fed charity.

Speak to my heart, ye stars, and tell
How, on yon distant shore,
The world-worn Jesuit bade farewell
To those that rowed him o'er;
Told them to sit and wait him there,
And break their daily food,
While he to his accustomed prayer
Retired within the wood;
And how they saw the day go round,
Wondering he came not yet,
Then sought him anxiously, and found,
Not the kind, calm Marquette,—
He silently had passed away,—
But on the greensward there,
Before the crucifix, his clay
Still kneeling, as in prayer.



"On deeds of mercy ever bent
For the poor Indian's sake."

Nor let me as a fable deem,
 Told by some artful knave,
 The legend, that the lonely stream,
 By which they dug his grave,
 When wintry torrents from above
 Swept with resistless force,
 Knew and revered the man of love,
 And changed its rapid course,
 And left the low, sepulchral mound
 Uninjured by its side,
 And spared the consecrated ground
 Where he had knelt and died.
 Nor ever let my weak mind rail
 At the poor Indian,
 Who, when the fierce north-western gale
 Swept o'er Lake Michigan,
 In the last hour of deepest dread

Knew of one resource yet,
 And stilled the thunder overhead
 By calling on Marquette!

Sink to my heart, sweet evening skies!
 Ye darkening waves that roll
 Around me,—ye departing dyes,—
 Sink to my inmost soul!
 Teach to my heart of hearts that fact,
 Unknown, though known so well,
 That in each feeling, act, and thought
 God works by miracle.
 And ye, soft-footed stars, that come
 So quietly at even,
 Teach me to use this world, my home,
 So as to make it heaven!

James H. Perkins.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

FATHER of Lakes! thy waters bend
 Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
 When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
 Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
 Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
 And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
 Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
 With listening ear, in sadness broods;
 Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
 Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
 Across thy breast like things of air,
 Chase from thy lone and level tide
 The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
 Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
 That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
 To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
 Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
 A sudden, startling image brings
 To the lone traveler's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
 Their dim forms in the forest shade,
 Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
 Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
 Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
 For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
 Till the wild chorus is their own.

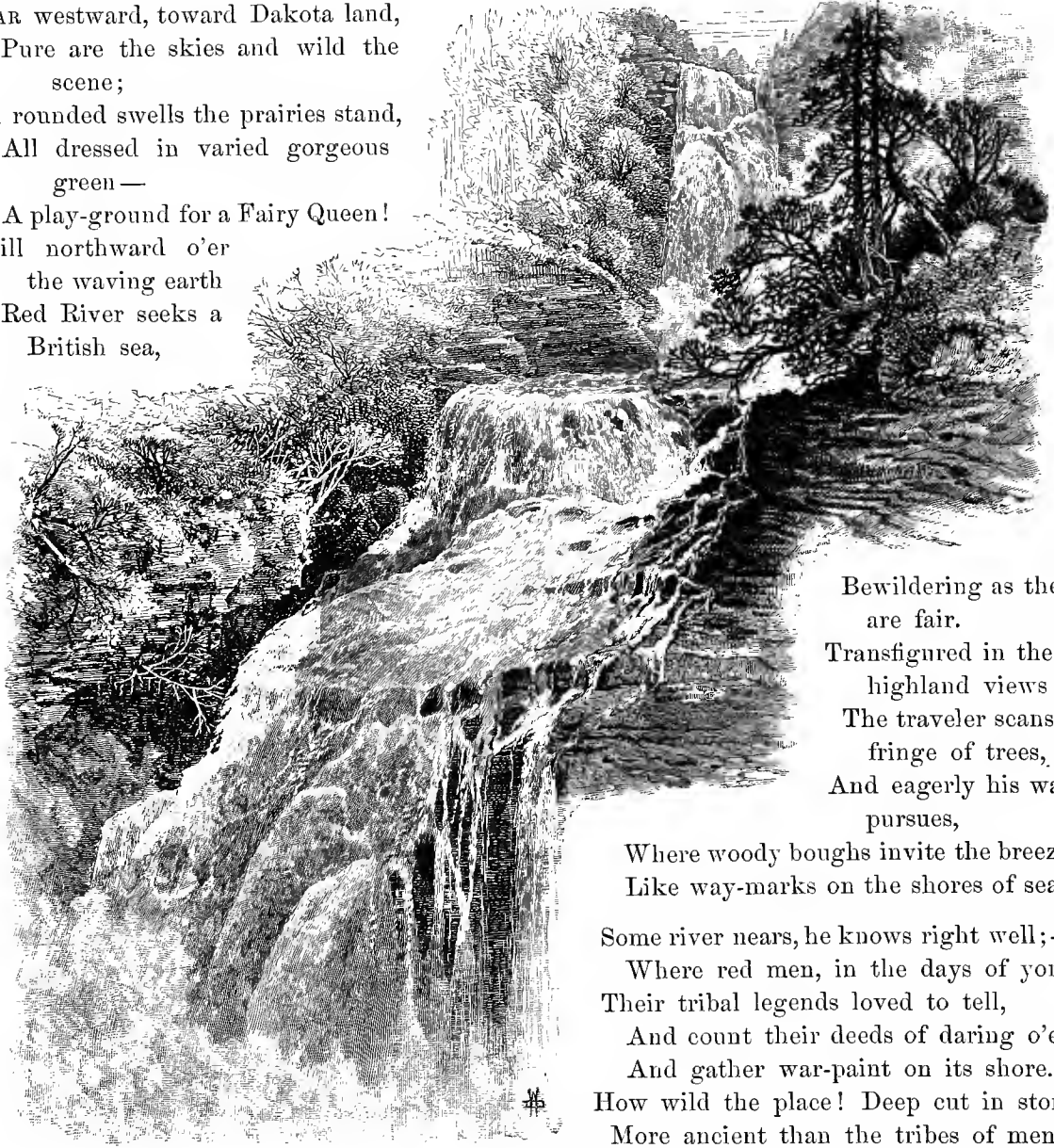
Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
 Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods!
 Roll on, thou element of blue,
 And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man,—
 God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
 Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
 Deems as a bubble all your waves!

Samuel G. Goodrich.

REDWOOD FALLS.

FAR westward, toward Dakota land,
 Pure are the skies and wild the
 scene;
 In rounded swells the prairies stand,
 All dressed in varied gorgeous
 green —
 A play-ground for a Fairy Queen!
 Still northward o'er
 the waving earth
 Red River seeks a
 British sea,



Bewildering as they
 are fair.
 Transfigured in these
 highland views
 The traveler scans a
 fringe of trees,
 And eagerly his way
 pursues,

Where woody boughs invite the breeze,
 Like way-marks on the shores of seas.

Some river nears, he knows right well;—
 Where red men, in the days of yore,
 Their tribal legends loved to tell,
 And count their deeds of daring o'er,
 And gather war-paint on its shore.

How wild the place! Deep cut in stone
 More ancient than the tribes of men,

A fretting stream goes sighing on
 O'er granite gray, by cedars green,
 Whereon the eagle's nest is seen!

Here hermit Nature, old and wild,
 Had thought to make the scene her own,
 And age on age the sun had smiled,
 And cedars red in granite grown,
 And foot of man had never known.

And Minnesota claims her birth
 With western highlands on her lea,
 'Mid wandering ocean breezes free.

Here, miraged in the morning light,
 When cooling frosts condense the air,
 Wide glows the picture on the sight,
 Till distant views are mingled there,

Waters had leaped from rock in spray,
 Then plunged in whirlpool deep and low,
 Then in sharp angles hid away
 'Neath rocks on which no foot could
 go,

Gray, granite rocks where cedars grow.

But tides of life must onward roll,
 Search out and conquer all the earth;
 And hidden wealth of iron and coal
 In ages past had here their birth,
 Could Nature hide from man their worth?
 The hum of life falls on the air,
 And onward sweeps the tide of man;—

For the "poor Indian," who shall care?
 It was his lot to lead the van.
 And perish in the race he ran.

Scarce now the red man comes to view
 This granite gray, this water-fall;
 To gaze on cliffs where erst he knew
 From cedar tops the eaglets' call;
 Or try his war-paint on this wall.
 How strangely sad to him the doom:
 The pale-face shall these treasures own,
 And all his fields shall lose their bloom,
 For fields of grain by white man sown,
 When all his hunting-grounds are gone!

Charles S. Bryant.

THE BRILLIANT NOR' WEST.

LET Araby boast of her soft spicy gale,
 And Persia her breeze from the rose-scented
 vale;
 Let orange-trees scatter in wildness their
 balm,
 Where sweet summer islands lie fragrant
 and calm;
 Give me the cold blast of my country again,
 Careering o'er snow-covered mountain and
 plain,
 And coming, though scentless, yet pure, to
 my breast,
 With vigor and health from the cloudless
 Nor' West.

I languish where suns in the tropic sky glow,
 And gem-studded waters on golden sands
 flow,
 Where shrubs, blossom-laden, bright birds
 and sweet trees
 With odors and music encumber the breeze;
 I languish to catch but a breathing of thee,
 To hear thy wild winter-notes, brilliant and
 free,
 To feel thy cool touch on my heart-strings
 oppress, [West.
 And gather a tone from the bracing Nor'

Mists melt at thy coming, clouds flee from
 thy wrath,
 The marsh and its vapors are sealed on thy
 path,
 For spotless and pure as the snow-covered
 North,
 Their cold icy cradle, thy tempests come forth.
 The blue robe is borrowed from clearest of
 skies,
 Thy sandals were made where the driven
 snow lies,
 And stars, seldom seen in this low world,
 are blest
 To shine in thy coronet—brilliant Nor' West.

For ever, for ever, be thine, purest wind,
 The lakes and the streams of my country
 to bind;
 And oh! though afar I am fated to roam,
 Still kindle the hearths and the hearts of
 my home!
 While blows from the polar skies holy and pure
 Thy trumpet of freedom, the land shall
 endure,
 As snow in thy pathway, and stars on thy
 crest,
 Unsullied and beautiful—glorious Nor' West.

John K. Mitchell.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

THE apple-trees with bloom are all aglow,
 Soft drifts of perfumed light—
 A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
 A laugh of Spring's delight!

Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
 The valley's pure repose;
 On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they
 heap
 Surges of frosted rose.

Around old homesteads, clustering thick,
 they shed
 Their sweets to murm'ring bees,
 And o'er hushed lanes and way-side fount-
 ains spread
 Their pictured canopies.

Green-breasted knolls and forest edges wear
 Their beautiful array:
 And lonesome graves are sheltered, here
 and there,
 With their memorial spray.

The efflorescence on unnumbered boughs
 Pants with delicious breath;
 O'er me seem laughing eyes and fair, smooth
 brows,
 And shapes too sweet for death.

Clusters of dimpled faces float between
 The soft, caressing plumes,
 And lovely creatures 'mong the branches
 lean,
 Lulled by faint, flower-born tunes.

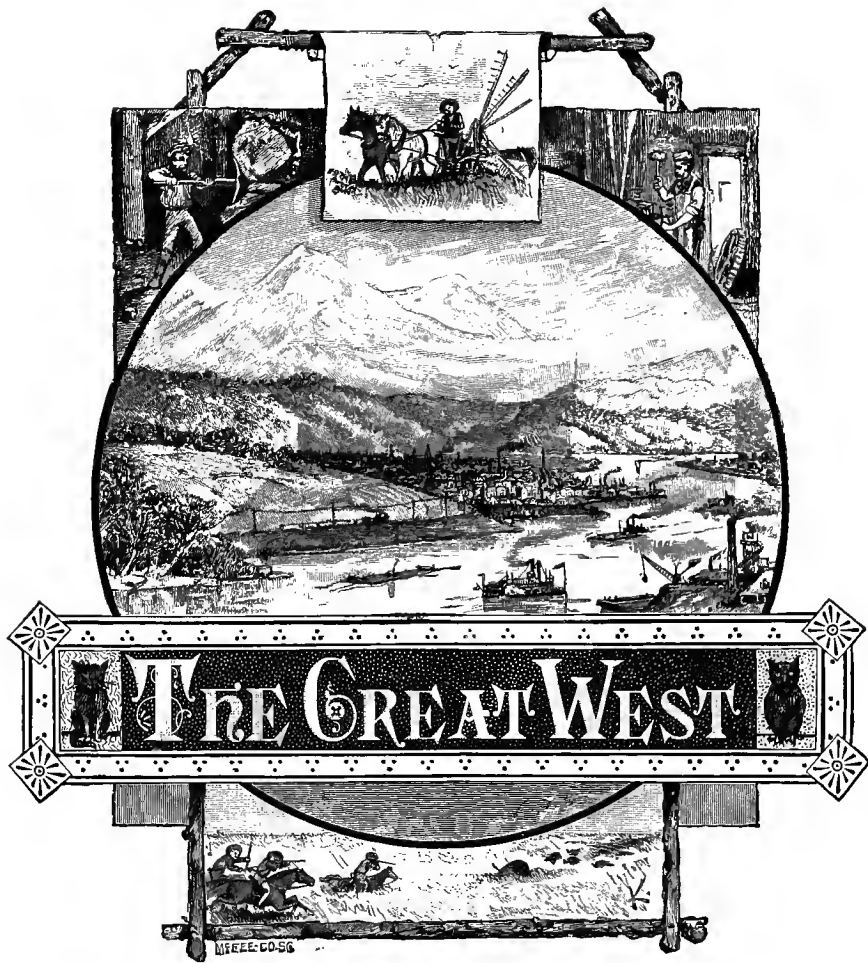
A rude wind blows, and, as the blossoms
 fall,
 My heart is borne away:
 Fainter and fainter tender voices call
 Of my enamored May.

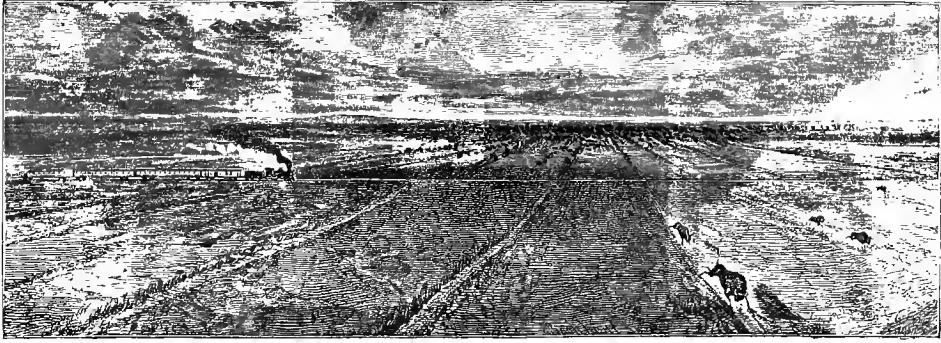
Fainter and fainter—oh, how strange it
 seems,



With so much sweetness fled!
 I go like one who dreams within his
 dreams
 That, living, he is dead!

Horatio Nelson Powers.





THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the Gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no
name,—

The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they
stretch

In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever.— Motionless?
No,—they are all unchained again. The
clouds

Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like
flowers,

And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on
high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not,—ye
have played

Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific,—have ye fanned

A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath
heaved

And smoothed these verdant swells, and
sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island
groves,

And hedged them round with forests.
Fitting floor

For this magnificent temple of the sky,
With flowers whose glory and whose mul-
titude

Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in
love,—

A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern
hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my
steed,

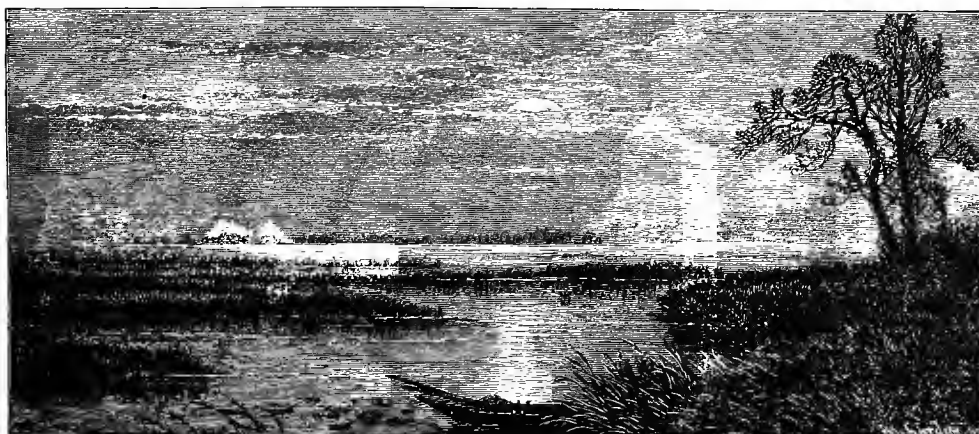
Among the high rank grass that sweeps
his sides,

The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they
here,—

The dead of other days?—and did the dust

Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
 And burn with passion? Let the mighty
 mounds
 That overlook the rivers, or that rise
 In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
 Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
 Built them; a disciplined and populous race
 Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while
 yet the Greek
 Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
 Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
 The glittering Parthenon. These ample
 fields
 Nourished their harvests, here their herds
 were fed,
 When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
 And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.
 All day this desert murmured with their toils,
 Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked,
 and wooed
 In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
 From instruments of unremembered form,
 Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man
 came,—
 The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and
 fierce,
 And the mound-builders vanished from the
 earth.
 The solitude of centuries untold
 Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie
 wolf
 Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug
 den
 Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the
 ground
 Where stood their swarming cities. All is
 gone,—
 All, save the piles of earth that hold their
 bones,
 The platforms where they worshiped un-
 known gods,
 The barriers which they builded from the
 soil
 To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
 The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by
 one,

The strongholds of the plain were forced,
 and heaped
 With corpses. The brown vultures of the
 wood
 Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchers,
 And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
 Haply some solitary fugitive,
 Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
 Of desolation and of fear became
 Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
 Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly
 words
 Welcomed and soothed him; the rude con-
 querors
 Seated the captive with their chiefs; he
 chose
 A bride among their maidens, and at length
 Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the
 wife
 Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
 Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his
 race.
 Thus change the forms of being. Thus
 arise
 Races of living things, glorious in strength,
 And perish, as the quickening breath of
 God
 Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man,
 too,
 Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so
 long,
 And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
 A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
 No longer by these streams, but far away,
 On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave
 back
 The white man's face,—among Missouri's
 springs,
 And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
 He rears his little Venice. In these plains
 The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty
 leagues
 Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp
 Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
 The earth with thundering steps,—yet here
 I meet



His ancient footprints stamped beside the
pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear
of man,

Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The
bee,

A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern
deep,

Fills the savannas with his murmurings,

And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From
the ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft
voice

Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshipers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my
dream,

And I am in the wilderness alone.

William Cullen Bryant.

ON THE BLUFF.

O GRANDLY flowing river!
O silver-gliding river!
Thy springing willows shiver
In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious river!
O sunset-kindled river!
Do you remember ever
The eyes and skies so blue

On a summer day that shone here,
When we were all alone here,
And the blue eyes were too wise
To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive river!
O still unanswering river!
The shivering willows quiver
As the night-winds moan and rave.
From the past a voice is calling,
From heaven a star is falling,
And dew swells in the bluebells
Above her hill-side grave.

John Hay.

SENATCHWINE'S GRAVE.*

HE sleeps beneath the spreading shade,
 Where woods and wide savannas meet,
 Where sloping hills around have made
 A quiet valley green and sweet.

A stream that bears his name, and flows
 In glimmering gushes from the West,
 Makes a light murmur as it goes
 Beside his lonely place of rest.

And here the silken blue-grass springs, †
 Low bending with the morning dew,
 The redbird in the thicket sings
 And blossoms nod of varied hue.

Oh, spare his rest! Oh, level not
 The trees whose boughs above it play,
 Nor break the turf that clothes the spot,
 Nor clog the rivulet's winding way.

For he was of unblenching eye,
 Honored in youth, revered in age,

Of princely port and bearing high,
 And brave, and eloquent, and sage.

Beyond the broad Atlantic deep,
 In mausoleums rich and vast,
 Earth's early kings and heroes sleep,
 Waiting the angel's trumpet-blast.

As proud in form and mien was he,
 Who sleeps beneath this verdant sod,
 And shadowed forth as gloriously
 The image of the eternal God.

Theirs is the monumental pile,
 With lofty titles graved in stone,
 The vaulted roof, the fretted aisle—
 He sleeps unhonored and alone.

Then leave him still this quiet nook,
 Ye who have grasped his wide domain,—
 The trees, the flowers, the grass, the brook,—
 Nor stir his slumbering dust again.

John Howard Bryant.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

OH, my baby, my child, my darling!
 Lost and gone in the prairie wild;
 Mad gray wolves from the forest snarling,
 Snarling for thee, my little child!

Lost, lost! gone forever!
 Gay snakes rattled and charmed and sung;
 On thy head the sun's fierce fever,
 Dews of death on thy white lip hung!

Dead and pale in the moonlight's glory,
 Cold and dead by the black oak-tree;
 Only a small shoe, stained and gory,
 Blood-red, tattered,—comes home to me.

Over the grass that rolls, like ocean,
 On and on to the blue, bent sky,
 Something comes with a hurried motion,
 Something calls with a choking cry,—

“Here, here! not dead, but living!”
 God! Thy goodness—what can I pray?
 Blessed more in this second giving,
 Laid in happier arms to-day.

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!
 Wolf and snake and the lonely tree
 Still are rustling, hissing, snarling;
 Here's my baby come back to me!

Rose Terry Cooke.

*SENATCHWINE was an eminent chief of the Pottawatomies in Illinois;—he died in 1830.

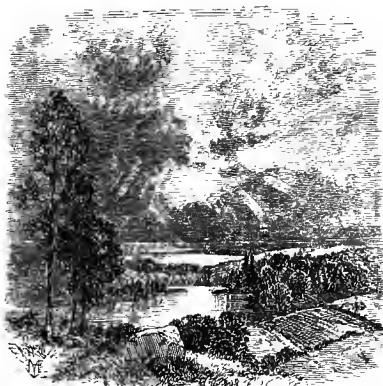
†Western people have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian has stepped.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT soft autumnal time
Is come, that sheds, upon the naked scene,
Charms only known in this our northern
clime—

Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gathered by the wild November blast;
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough
Are fallen, to the last.



The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn;
But the sear grass stands white o'er all the
plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these are thy charms—
Mild airs and tempered light upon the
lea;

And the year holds no time within its arms
That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine,
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
And hues that in the flushed horizon shine
At eve and early light.

The year's last, loveliest smile,
Thou comest to fill with hope the human
heart,
And strengthen it to bear the storms a while,
Till winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains, that lie
A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread,
And nightly on the dark walls of the sky
A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a sheltered nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook,
At the quiet noontide's hour:

And something told my mind,
That, should old age to childhood call me
back,
Some sunny days and flowers I still might
find
Along life's weary track.

John Howard Bryant.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE lives of other great men, oftentimes,
Are crowned and glorified with golden light
By time and distance. Abraham Lincoln, he
By holy martyrdom, untimely slain,
Was lifted to the highest reach of fame.
—Thus, standing in relief against the sky,

Bathed in the light of immortality,
There is, in the bent head and yearning
eyes,
Something so human that we can but feel
He is vouchsafed of the good Lord to watch
Over our country now and evermore.

Laura Ream.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THE shades of evening closed around
 The boundless prairies of the west,
 As, grouped in sadness on the ground,
 A band of pilgrims leaned to rest:
 Upon the tangled weeds were laid
 The mother and her youngest born,
 Who slept, while others watched and prayed,
 And thus the weary night went on.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky,—
 When on the whispering winds there
 came
 The Teton's shrill and thrilling cry,
 And heaven was pierced with shafts of
 flame!

The sun seemed rising through the haze,
 But with an aspect dread and dire:
 The very air appeared to blaze!—
 O God! the Prairie was on fire!

Around the center of the plain
 A belt of flame retreat denied,—
 And, like a furnace, glowed the train
 That walled them in on every side:

And onward rolled the torrent wild,—
 Wreaths of dense smoke obscured the sky!
 The mother knelt beside her child,
 And all,—save one,—shrieked out, "We
 die!"

"Not so!" he cried.—"Help!—Clear the
 sedge!

Strip bare a circle to the land!"
 That done, he hastened to its edge,
 And grasped a rifle in his hand:
 Dried weeds he held beside the pan,
 Which kindled at a flash the mass!
 "Now fire fight fire!" he said, as ran
 The forkèd flames among the grass.

On three sides then the torrent flew,
 But on the fourth no more it raved!
 Then large and broad the circle grew,
 And thus the pilgrim band was saved!
 The flames receded far and wide,—
 The mother had not prayed in vain:
 God had the Teton's arts defied!
 His scythe of fire had swept the plain!

George P. Morris.

BY THE MISSISSIPPI.

BUT, oh what vision of the Golden Year,
 As from their trance thy slumbering billows
 started!

To see, across the solitudes austere
 Adventurous bark thy regal empire near—
 A stalwart band, rude-girt yet fearless-
 hearted,—

The kindling dawn the misty night-gloom
 parted—

Dawn of the Golden Year:

When he, the knight with snowy locks,
 but still

His fiery heart with youthful ardor burning,
 Sought on thy Gulf's far shores the mystic rill,

The legend-promised fount whose springs
 distill

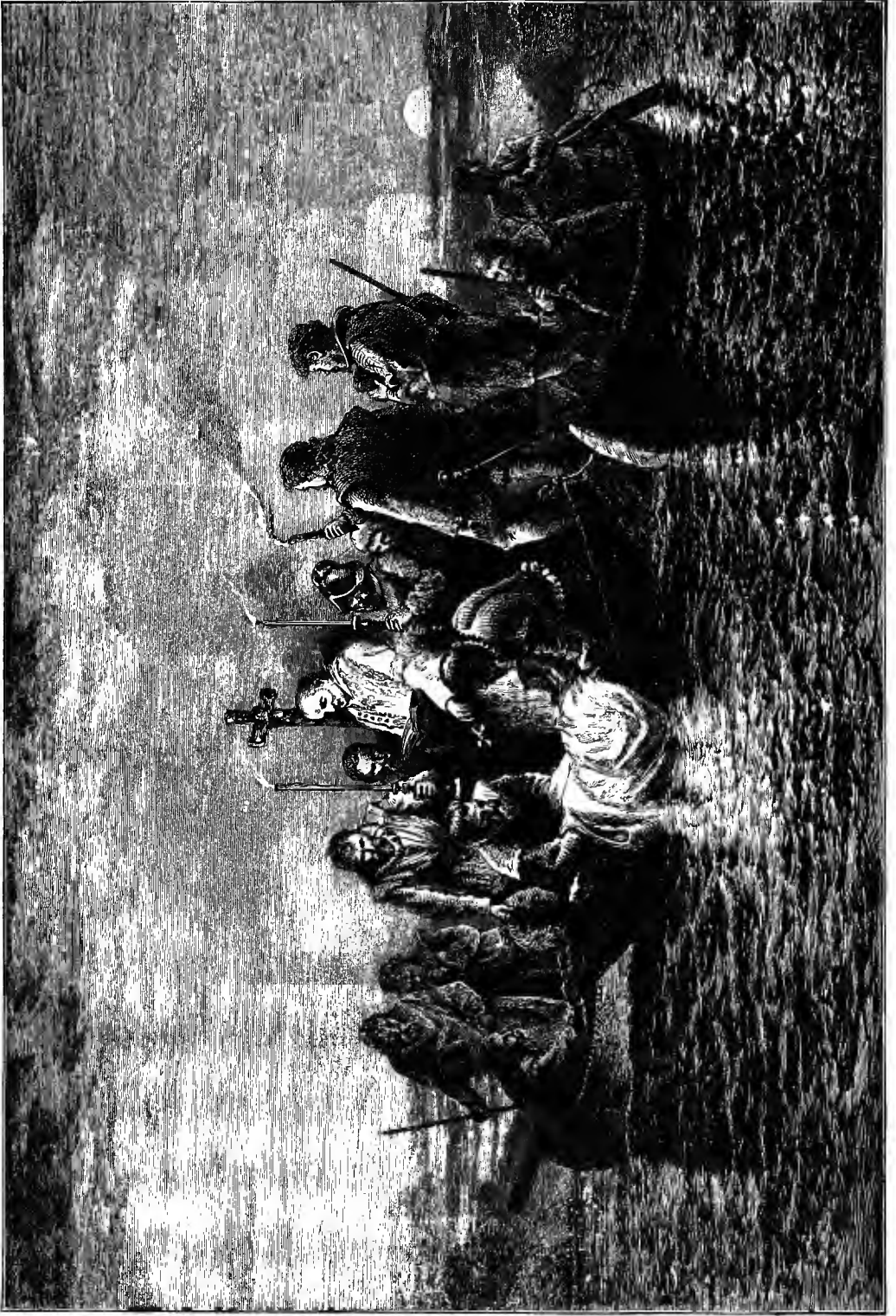
Perpetual youth, its vernal bloom returning.
 He came—he went—with disappointed
 yearning,

His white locks whiter still.

And he, grim seeker, further on—his quest
 The Fount of Youth, of Eldorado dreaming,
 Glad hailed thee, sinking on thy banks to rest;
 Full with exultant joy his great heart
 teeming:—

"Behold, more rich than treasured Ophir
 gleaming,

The object of our quest."



"His comrades left him to thy billows' caring."



J. Burt Hunt

W. S. Wood
C. W.

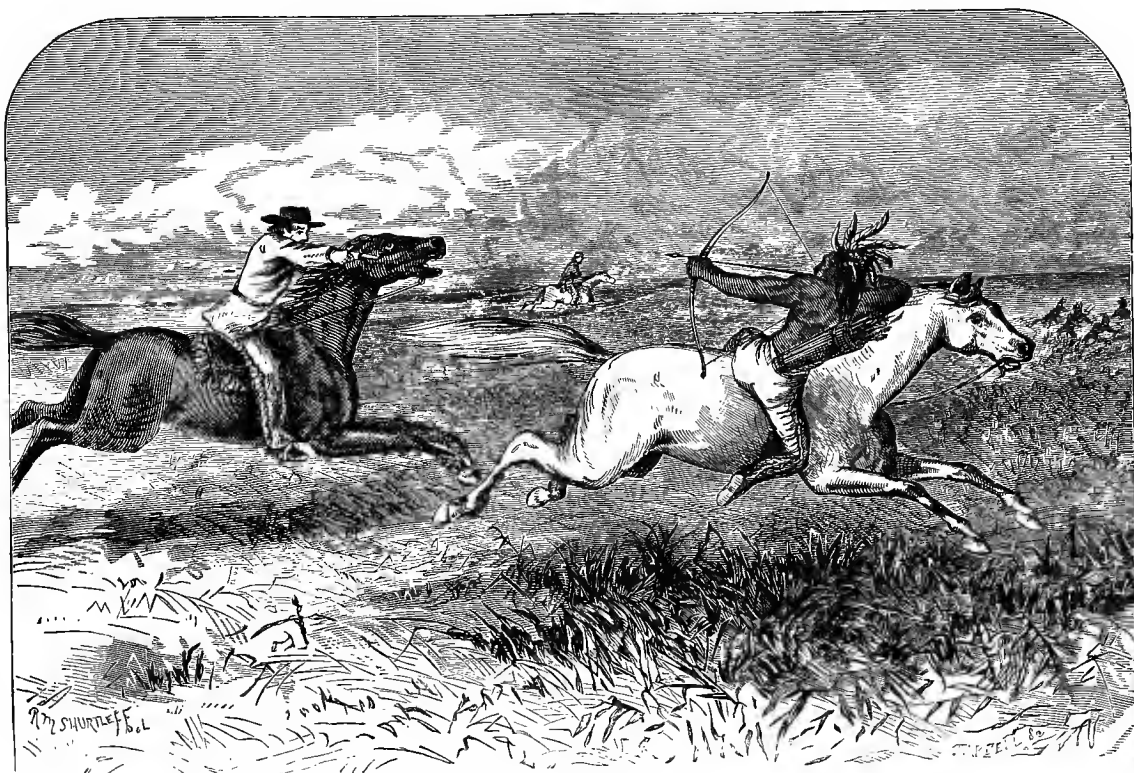
As though transported to thy farthest shore,
 In rarer light, his mortal vision failing,
 He gazed in wonder on each hidden store;
 On wealth immeasured of the glittering ore,
 These later years to outer sight unveiling;
 And heard the hosts of tramping miners
 trailing
 To-day thy farthest shore.

But he, too, sought the hidden spot in vain;
 His comrades left him to thy billows' caring;
 Then, mournful turning from that task of
 pain,
 With thoughts that whispered of their
 native Spain,—

Of dark eyes weeping, of love's long de-
 spairing,—
 Went sorrowing on, but saddened memories
 bearing
 Of that wild vision vain.

Wild vision vain?—that was prophetic
 dream;
 The meaner type of man's prophetic yearning,
 And here by thee, De Soto's mighty stream,
 Shall yet the long-sought Eldorado gleam;
 Where all shall find the golden day's re-
 turning,
 The truest wealth; the deeper import learn-
 Of that wild-fabled dream. [ing
 Benjamin Hathaway.

THE FAR WEST.



FAR in the West there lies a desert land,
 where the mountains
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty
 and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where
 the gorge, like a gateway,
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the
 emigrant's wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walle-
 way and Owyhee.
 Eastward, with devious course, among the
 Wind-river Mountains,
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate
 leaps the Nebraska;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout
 and the Spanish sierras,
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by
 the wind of the desert,
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound,
 descend to the ocean,
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud
 and solemn vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are the
 wondrous, beautiful prairies,
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow
 and sunshine,
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and
 purple amorphas.
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and
 the elk and the roebuck;
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds
 of riderless horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that
 are weary with travel;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of
 Ishmael's children,
 Staining the desert with blood; and above
 their terrible war-trails
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic,
 the vulture,
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain
 slaughtered in battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
 heavens.
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps
 of these savage marauders;
 Here and there rise groves from the margins
 of swift-running rivers;
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite
 monk of the desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for
 roots by the brook-side,
 While over all is the sky, the clear and
 crystalline heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted
 above them.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

JIM BLUDSO,

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you have n't heard folks tell
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
 And another one here, in Pike;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore,
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
 And her day come at last,—
 The Movaster was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *would n't* be passed.
 And so she come tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

THE GREAT WEST.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
yelled out,

Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,

And knowed he would keep his w
And, sure's you're born, they all got
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He were n't no saint,—but at jedgmen
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with hi
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a mau that died for men.

John

DONE FOR.

A WEEK ago to-day, when red-haired Sally
Down to the sugar-camp came to see me,
I saw her checked frock coming down the
valley,

Far as any body's eyes could see.
Now I sit before the camp-fire,
And I can't see the pine-knots blaze,
Nor Sally's pretty face a-shining,
Though I hear the good words she says.

A week ago to-night I was tired and lonely,
Sally was gone back to Mason's fort,
And the boys by the sugar-kettles left me
only;

They were hunting 'coons for sport.
By there snaked a painted Pawnee,
I was asleep before the fire;
He creased my two eyes with his hatchet,
And scalped me to his heart's desire

There they found me on the dry tussocks
lying,

Bloody and cold as a live man could be;
A hoot-owl on the branches overhead was
crying,
Crying murder to the red Pawnee.

They brought me to the camp-fire,
They washed me in the sweet w
spring;

But my eyes were full of flashes,
And all night my ears would sing.

I thought I was a hunter on the prair
But they saved me for an old blind c
When the hunting-grounds are cool
airy,

I shall lie here like a helpless log.
I can't ride the little wiry pony,
That scrambles over hills high and l
I can't set my traps for the cony,
Or bring down the black buffalo.

I'm no better than a rusty, bursted rifl
And I don't see signs of any other t
Here by the camp-fire blaze I lie
stifle,

And hear Jim fill the kettles with
pail.

It's no use groaning. I like Sally,
But a Digger squaw would n't have
I wish they had n't found me in the valle
It's twice dead not to see!

Rose Terry



THE BISON-TRACK.

STRIKE the tent! the sun has risen; not a
 cloud has ribbed the dawn,
 And the frosted prairie brightens to the
 westward, far and wan:
 Prime afresh the trusty rifle—sharpen well
 the hunting-spear—
 For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise
 of hoofs I hear!

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as they
 snuff the morning's fire,
 And their flashing heads are tossing, with
 a neigh of keen desire;
 Strike the tent—the saddles wait us! let
 the bridle-reins be slack,
 For the prairie's distant thunder has be-
 trayed the bison's track!

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the
 onward-surging roar,
 Like the din of wintry breakers on a sound-
 ing wall of shore!
 Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort
 the foremost of the van,
 And the stubborn horns are striking, through
 the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us—let the
 maddened horses go!
 We shall ride the living whirlwind, though
 a hundred leagues it blow!
 Though the surgy manes should thicken,
 and the red eyes' angry glare
 Lighten round us as we gallop through the
 sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our
 wild, resistless race,
 And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder
 down the desert space:
 Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor
 the rider's eye look back—
 Death to him whose speed should slacken,
 on the maddened bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and
 the chase is close and warm
 For the giant bull that gallops in the edges
 of the storm:

Hurl your lassoes swift and fearless—swing
 your rifles as we run!
 Ha! the dust is red behind him: shout, my
 brothers, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers—'t is the
 last shot he will need;
 More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we
 run the bold stampede—
 Ere we stem the swarthy breakers—while
 the wolves, a hungry pack,
 Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on
 the bloody bison-track!

Bayard Taylor.

THE PLAINS.



I look along the valley's edge,
 Where swings the white road like a swell
 Of surf, along a sea of sedge
 And black and brittle chaparral,
 And enters like an iron wedge
 Drove in the mountain dun and brown,
 As if to split the hills in twain.

Two clouds of dust roll o'er the plain,
 And men ride up and men ride down,
 And hot men halt, and curse and shout,
 And coming coursers plunge and neigh.
 The clouds of dust are rolled in one,—
 And horses, horsemen, where are they?
 Lo! through a rift of cloud and dun,

Of desolation and of rout,
 I see some long white daggers flash,
 I hear the sharp, hot pistols crash,
 And curses loud in mad despair
 Are blended with a plaintive prayer
 That struggles through the dust and air.

The cloud is lifting like a veil:
 The frantic curse, the plaintive wail
 Have died away; nor sound nor word
 Along the dusty plain is heard
 Save sounding of yon courser's feet,
 Who flies so fearfully and fleet,
 With gory girth and broken rein,
 Across the hot and trackless plain.
 Behold him, as he trembling flies,
 Look back with red and bursting eyes
 To where his gory master lies.
 The cloud is lifting like a veil,
 But underneath its drifting sail
 I see a loose and black capote
 In careless heed far fly and float
 So vulture-like above a steed
 Of perfect mold and passing speed.

Here lies a man of giant mold,—
 His mighty right arm, perfect bare
 Save but its sable coat of hair,
 Is clutching in its iron clasp
 A clump of sage, as if to hold
 The earth from slipping from his grasp;
 While, stealing from his brow, a stain

Of purple blood and gory brain
 Yields to the parched lips of the plain,
 Swift to resolve to dust again.

Lo! friend and foe blend here and there
 With dusty lips and trailing hair:
 Some with a cold and sullen stare,
 Some with their red hands clasped in prayer.

Here lies a youth, whose fair face is
 Still holy from a mother's kiss,
 With brow as white as alabaster
 Save a tell-tale powder-stain
 Of a deed and a disaster
 That will never come again,
 With their perils and their pain.

The tinkle of bells on the bended hills,
 The hum of bees in the orange trees,
 And the lowly call of the beaded rills
 Are heard in the land as I look again
 Over the peaceful battle-plain.
 Murderous man from the field has fled,
 Fled in fear from the face of his dead.
 He battled, he bled, he ruled a day,—
 And peaceful Nature resumes her sway.
 And the sward where yonder corpses lie,
 When the verdant season shall come again,
 Shall greener grow than it grew before;
 Shall again in sun-clime glory vie
 With the gayest green in the tropic scene,
 Taking its freshness back once more
 From them that despoiled it yesterday.

Joaquin Miller.

THE LITTLE LONE GRAVE ON THE PLAINS.

Two days had the train been wait-
 ing,
 Laid off from the forward tramp,
 When the sick child drooped
 And died, and they scooped
 Out a little grave near camp.
 Then clad in its scanty garments,
 And wrapped in a threadbare shawl,

They laid it away
 From the light of day,
 Amid tears and sobs from all.
 Then silently covered it over,
 And heaped up the sandy ground,
 And gathered a pile
 Of small stones meanwhile,
 And placed o'er the little mound.

God pity the poor young mother,
 For her heart is wrung full sore,
 And the fresh tears start
 As she turns to part
 From the grave for evermore

Bereft of her heart's young idol,
 And robbed of a mother's joy,
 How could she but grieve
 Forever to leave
 The grave of her darling boy?

Oh, it was bleak and so lonely!
 Oh, it was so sad and so drear!
 Must her loved one sleep
 There, where none could keep
 A friendly vigil near?

Outside of civilization,
 Far from the abodes of men,
 Where the cactus blows
 And the wild sage grows,
 In the haunts of the wild sage-hen;

No tree in range of the vision,
 No beautiful flowers bloom,
 But a waste of sand,
 In a desert land,
 Surrounds the little tomb.

No birds are there to warble,
 No sounds on the breezes float,
 Save the vulture's "caw,"
 Full of dismal awe,
 And the howl of the gray coyote.

John B. Kaye.

A SUNSET AT LONGMONT.

WE'VE journeyed through the mountains.
 There they stand
 Broad-based, majestic in a grand repose,
 Some three leagues westward. Longmont
 welcomes us;

And while we rest, this balmy summer eve,
 At hospitable thresholds, all the sky,
 As if to consecrate our holiday,
 And make our precious memories more dear,
 Puts on unwonted glory; and our eyes,
 Like those of Moses in the mount, are smit
 With sudden splendor. For the sinking sun,
 Hidden, is not repressed, but pours its light
 Upward and far aslant on flocks of cloud.
 Along the clear horizon's narrow rim,
 Down the great gulfs of everlasting rock,
 O'er shining peaks, the distant Snowy Range,
 And Long's high crown, while all the nearer
 hills

In tender shadow watch the miracle.
 Spread to the right, and gleaming fold on
 fold,

Vermilion, saffron, pink and pearly white,
 The gorgeous banners of the clouds are flung,
 Waving and tossing in resplendent surge,

Above yon belt of deep, delicious sky,
 Whose liquid opal, perfect, passionless,
 Runs to a field of luminous emerald,
 Brodered with marvelous fringe of crimson
 fire.

More southward, fleecy draperies touched
 with rose
 Float on the air, and here and there droop low
 Upon the shoulders of the purple peaks.
 O'erhead the arrows of the hidden sun
 Flash, now and then, on cliffs of ragged cloud;
 And plumes of radiance, like strange tropic
 birds,

Flit through the open spaces of the blue.
 High up amid the awful gaps of rock,
 Between the ranges, a soft sea of bloom,—
 The lustrous pollen of this sunset-flower,—
 Throbs wave on wave against the granite
 shore.

Wondrous the billows of this golden mist,
 Sweet, tender, lucent, as if purest dews
 Of Paradise had washed the starry sheen
 From heaven's choicest blossoms, and poured
 all

Into the porphyry basin of the mount,

A perfect incense to the unseen God.
 Unasked we join the worship of the hour,
 Breathless with indescribable applause.
 The sacred spell of Beauty on us lies,
 And power that dwells in Light's essential
 throne,
 And Love in which all that is good is born.

The curtains of the glowing deep are drawn,
 And through the vista, garlanded with gold,
 O'er amethystine herbage, lawns of rose,
 Pure streams where lilies of the angels blow,
 Far toward the sightless glory of the Lord,
 Our hearts are borne in measureless content,
 Renewed and resting on the Infinite!

Horatio Nelson Powers.

MONTANA.

A land of mountains! Like stern sentinels
 The towering ridges guard the vales be-
 tween,—
 Brown, barren peaks, encircling fairy dells
 And meadows green.
 I stand upon the high divide, and view
 The straggling regiment of hills in sight,—
 Now dull in rebel gray, now loyal blue,
 Now plumed in white.

No sound I hear in all those solitudes,
 Save brooklets tinkling on their beds of
 stone,
 Where "westward rolls, in the continuous
 woods,
 The Oregon";
 Or eastward, falling from the self-same steeps,
 Two oceans drinking from the self-same
 source,
 Where the "Nebraska precipitate leaps
 In devious course."

I ponder legends weird and marvelous tales,
 Round miners' camp-fires by old trappers
 told;
 Peopling with fairy life the enchanted vales
 Where lurks the gold;
 Regions where Indians tell of travelers lone,
 And trees whose fruit is many a price-
 less gem,
 But straightway turneth the rash hand to
 stone
 That graspeth them.

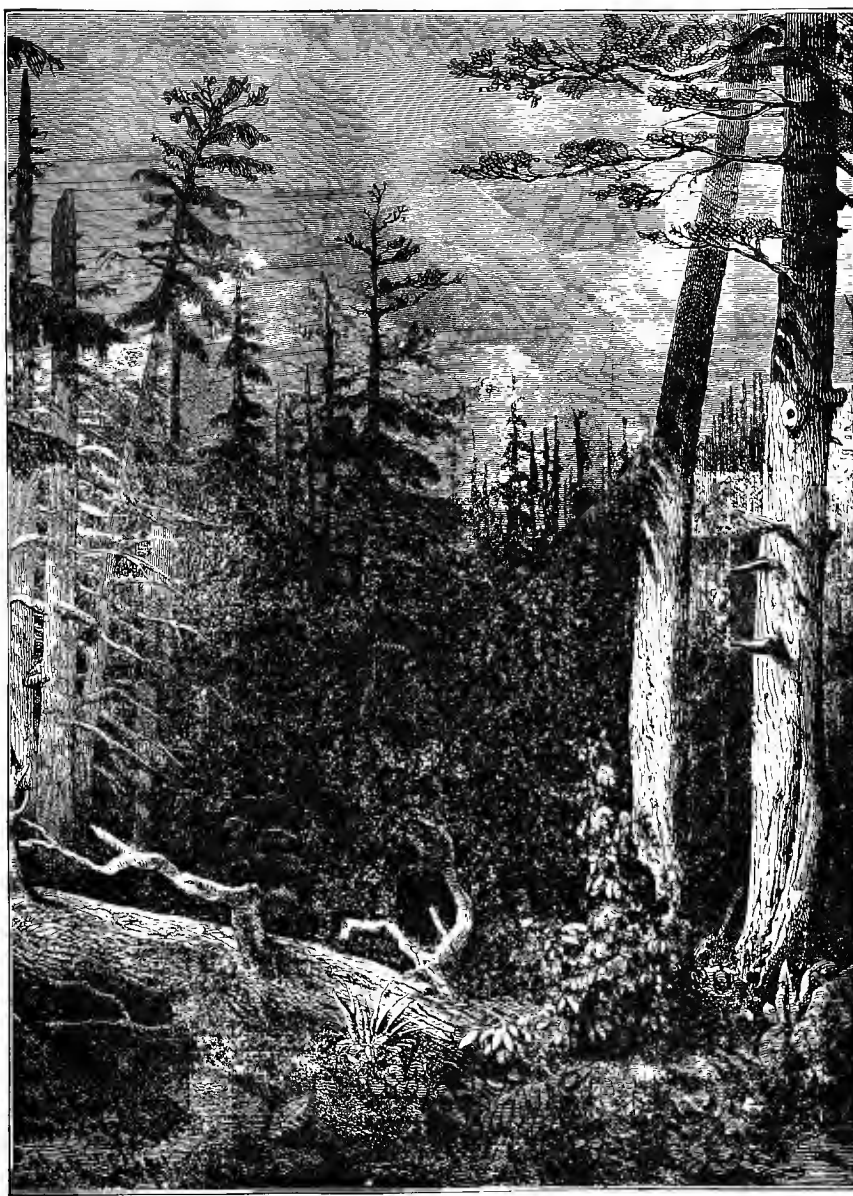
I half believe the legends strange and rude,
 I feel their 'witching influence in the
 breeze,—
 The mystery of the somber solitude
 Of brooks and trees;
 And half repent the golden dream of gain
 That hither led my vagrant wanderings;
 And almost deem my search a theft profane
 Of sacred things.

Edward Bowdoin Nealley.

GRIZZLY.

Coward,—of heroic size,
 In whose lazy muscles lies
 Strength we fear and yet despise;
 Savage,—whose relentless tusks
 Are content with acorn husks;
 Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared

O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
 Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
 Claws of steel on baby toes,—
 Here, in solitude and shade,
 Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,
 Be thy courses undismayed!



Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
 Let thy rude, half-human tread
 Point to hidden Indian springs,
 Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
 Hovered o'er by timid wings,
 Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
 Where the wild bee holds her sweets,—
 Epicurean retreats,
 Fit for thee, and better than
 Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
 Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
 Thou mayst levy tithe and dole;
 Thou shalt spread the woodland
 cheer,
 From the pilgrim taking toll:
 Match thy cunning with his
 fear;
 Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;
 Yet remain an outlaw still!

Bret Harte.

A SAVAGE.

DIXON, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
 Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
 Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb
 their rage,
 And watch him stride in freedom from
 the hall.

“Return on Friday, to be shot to death!”
 So ran the sentence—it was Monday night.
 The dead man’s comrades drew a well-pleased
 breath,
 Then all night long the gambling dens
 were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
 And flocked the miners to the shooting
 ground;

They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
 And with low voices sat and lounged
 around.

“He will not come;” “He’s not a fool.”
 “The men
 Who set the savage free must face the
 blame.”

A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
 Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon
 came.

Silent and stern—a woman at his heels;
 He motions to the brave, who stays her
 tread. [reels
 Next minute—flame the guns: the woman
 And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead.

John Boyle O’Reilly.

MILES KEOGH’S HORSE.

ON the bluff of the Little Big-Horn,
 At the close of a woful day,
 Custer and his Three Hundred
 In death and silence lay.

Three hundred to three thousand!
 They had bravely fought and bled;
 For such is the will of Congress
 When the White man meets the Red.

The White men are ten millions,
 The thriftiest under the sun;
 The Reds are fifty thousand,
 And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting men
 Lay under the evening skies,
 Staring up at the tranquil heaven
 With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday
 In that fiery scorpion ring,
 Miles Keogh’s horse at evening
 Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter,
 Where lay the three hundred slain,
 The horse Comanche wandered,
 With Keogh’s blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,
 Which future times shall read,
 While the love and honor of comrades
 Are the soul of the soldier’s creed.

He said:
*Let the horse Comanche,
 Henceforth till he shall die,
 Be kindly cherished and cared for
 By the Seventh Cavalry.*

*He shall do no labor; he never shall know
 The touch of spur or rein;
 Nor shall his back be ever crossed
 By living rider again.*

*And at regimental formation
 Of the Seventh Cavalry,
 Comanche, draped in mourning, and led
 By a trooper of Company I,*

Shall parade with the regiment!

Thus it was
 Commanded, and thus done,
 By order of General Sturgis, signed
 By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,
 In his disastrous fall,
 Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world
 And glorified his pall,

This order, issued amid the gloom
 That shrouds our army's name,
 When all foul beasts are free to rend
 And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people
 That the sense of a soldier's worth,
 That the love of comrades, the honor of
 arms,
 Have not yet perished from earth.

John Hay.

A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.

ONE night a band of Indians attacked us,—
 Crossing the Rocky Mountains once by
 stage,—
 And left us horseless in a waste of cactus
 And parched wild sage:
 A desert region,—dreary desolation,
 Where never flower bloomed or grass grew
 green,
 As if accursed of God from the creation
 The land had been.

Yet here, remote from man, unused to tillage,
 Afar from human joy and human strife,
 We walked the road-sides of a thrifty village
 Of busy life,
 And saw the people resting from their
 labors:—
 Snug houses theirs, well filled with winter
 stores;
 And matrons, chattering gossip with their
 neighbors,
 Stood at the doors.

“The little prairie-dog here builds his
 burrow,”
 Our driver said, “and here the rattle-
 snake
 And solemn owl, helpmates in joy and sorrow,
 Their dwelling make.
 The snake, strong-armed and fierce, keeps
 out the stranger;

The owl, Minerva's bird, sage counsel gives;
 And so the prairie-dog, in haunts of danger,
 In safety lives.

“And in these burrows, snug in every weather,
 Secure each one in all his rights, the three,
 A happy family, consort together
 In unity.
 And all unfettered by your laws of iron,
 Each lending cheerful help their homes
 they build;
 Together thus lie down the lamb and lion,
 God's word fulfilled.”

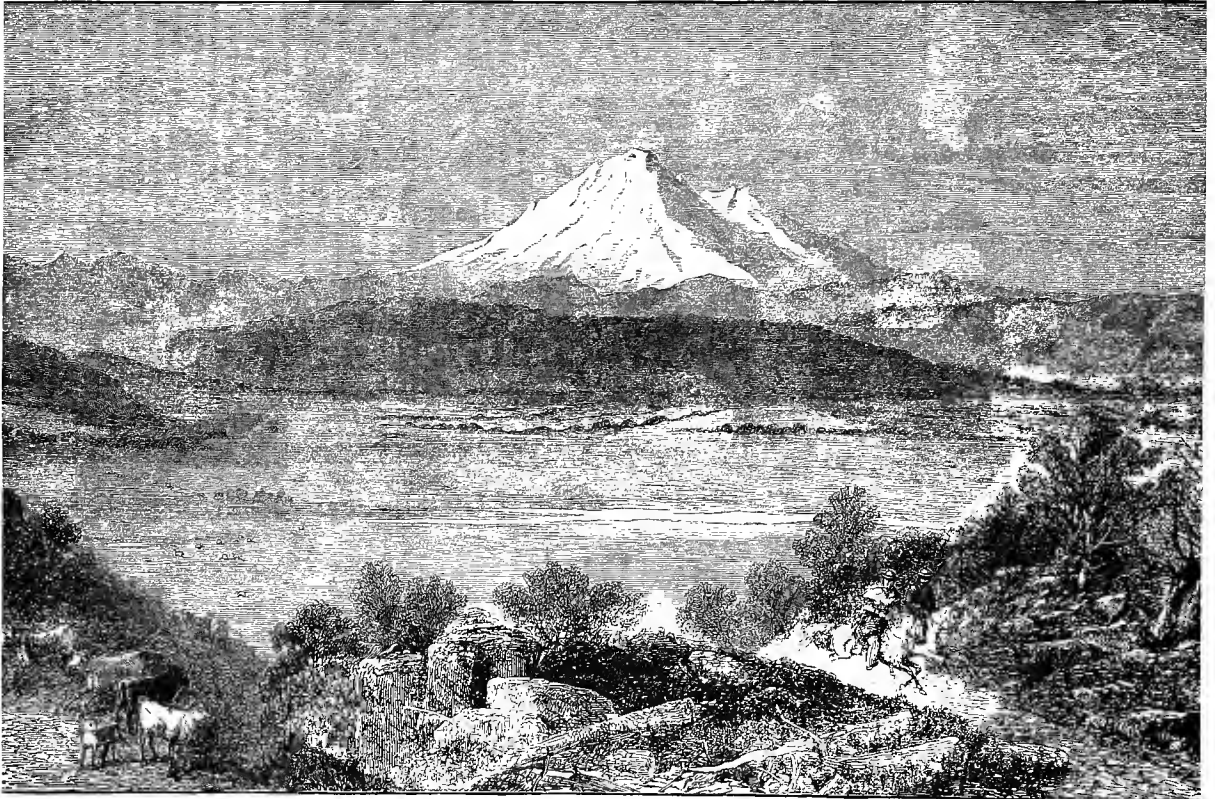
But in our party was a Yale professor.
 “You overpraise,” said he, “this wilderness;
 The rattlesnake is but a vile oppressor,
 The owl scarce less;
 The prairie-dogs are patient little toilers,
 Who build their homes with slow and
 painful care,
 When, uninvited, come these two despoilers
 And harbor there.

“Where toil has garnered up a scanty pittance,
 Labored the livelong day for rest at night,
 Cometh the stronger, forcing an admittance,
 And might makes right;—
 The old, old story all through history's pages,—
 These wilds are but the world uncivilized,
 Where honest labor's rights in barbarous ages
 Were lightly prized.

“There is no freedom without law and order;
 To license liberty degenerates;
 The weaker have no rights — to guard whose
 Are builded states. [border

And Justice, royal in her robes of ermine,
 Sits, loved of all, secure upon her throne,
 With power to give, and wisdom to determine
 To each his own.”

Edward Bowdoin Nealley.



MOUNT SHASTA.

How shall I near thee, gray old guardian of
 the plain?

Or lift my faltering notes aloft to thee?
 How shall the evanescent voice of song attain
 To heights so far above my world and me?

Alone, incomparable, thy pathless steeps un-
 trod,

Wrapped in thy white, eternal robes of
 snow,

Thy mighty head uplift and bare to Nature's
 God,

Thou lookest serene upon the world below.

Thou seest hoar old Lassen only dwarfed by
 thee,

And Burney's dusky crater, snowy-
 crowned;

And green umbrageous ranges rolling to the
 sea,

In many a haughty hill and swelling
 mound.

Thou seest the broad tree-dotted valleys
 stretch away,

The bosky dingles, dark with shadowy
 pine,

The circling hills, like grim fantastic gnomes
at play,
And deeps where man bends toiling in the
mine.

Thou hear'st the fretful voice of stream on
rocky scaur,
And bolder river flowing to the main,
The wild, fierce shriek of struggling ocean-
winds at war,
And the weird tone of ocean's pensive
strain.

Thick clouds and storms and wintry winds
envelope thee,
Warm suns of summer kiss thy forehead
hoar,

Soft dews of night upon thy breast fall noise-
lessly,
And strange, still birds thy steeps go
sailing o'er.

Yet what to thee the soft, benignant dews
of night?
And what the spell of sun and summer
shower?
No song-bird rests upon thy bleak and treeless
height,—
Upon thy rugged breast no opening flower.

Oh, still, immutable, untouched of ages past,
Beyond the power of ages yet to be,
With foot on earth and head to heaven upcast,
Gray Shasta, time itself is lost in thee!

Fanny M. Chappell.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE deep, transparent sky is full
Of many thousand glittering lights,—
Unnumbered stars that calmly rule
The dark dominions of the night.
The mild, bright moon has upward risen,
Out of the gray and boundless plain,
And all around the white snows glisten,
Where frost and ice and silence reign,—
While ages roll away, and they unchanged
remain.

These mountains, piercing the blue sky
With their eternal cones of ice;
The torrents dashing from on high,
O'er rock and crag and precipice;
Change not, but still remain as ever,
Unwasting, deathless, and sublime,
And will remain while lightnings quiver,
Or stars the hoary summits climb,
Or rolls the thunder-chariot of eternal Time.

It is not so with all,—I change,
And waste as with a living death,
Like one that hath become a strange,
Unwelcome guest, and lingereth

Among the memories of the past,
Where he is a forgotten name;
For Time hath greater power to blast
The hopes, the feelings, and the fame,
To make the passions fierce, or their first
strength to tame.

The wind comes rushing swift by me,
Pouring its coolness on my brow;
Such was I once,—as proudly free,
And yet, alas! how altered now!
Yet, while I gaze upon yon plain,
These mountains, this eternal sky,
The scenes of boyhood come again,
And pass before the vacant eye,
Still wearing something of their ancient
brilliancy.

Yet why complain?—for what is wrong,
False friends, cold-heartedness, deceit,
And life already made too long,
To one who walks with bleeding feet
Over its paths?—it will but make
Death sweeter when it comes at last,—
And though the trampled heart may ache,

Its agony of pain is past,
And calmness gathers there, while life is
 ebbing fast.

Perhaps, when I have passed away,
 Like the sad echo of a dream,
There may be some one found to say

A word that might like sorrow seem.
That I would have,—one saddened tear,
 One kindly and regretting thought;
Grant me but that!—and even here,
 Here, in this lone, unpeopled spot,
To breathe away this life of pain, I murmur
 not.

Albert Pike.

ON RE-CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN WINTER,
AFTER MANY YEARS.

LONG years ago I wandered here,
In the midsummer of the year,—
 Life's summer too;
A score of horsemen here we rode,
The mountain world its glories showed,
 All fair to view.

These scenes, in glowing colors drest,
Mirrored the life within my breast,
 Its world of hopes;
The whispering woods and fragrant breeze
That stirred the grass in verdant seas
 On billowy slopes,

And glistening crag in sunlit sky,
Mid snowy clouds piled mountains high,
 Were joys to me;
My path was o'er the prairie wide,
Or here on grander mountain-side,
 To choose, all free.

The rose that waved in morning air,
And spread its dewy fragrance there
 In careless bloom,
Gave to my heart its ruddiest hue,
O'er my glad life its color threw
 And sweet perfume.

Now changed the scene and changed the
 eyes,
That here once looked on glowing skies,
 Where summer smiled;

These riven trees, this wind-swept plain,
Now show the winter's dread domain,
 Its fury wild.

The rocks rise black from storm-packed
 snow,
All checked the river's pleasant flow,
 Vanished the bloom;
These dreary wastes of frozen plain
Reflect my bosom's life again,
 Now lonesome gloom.

The buoyant hopes and busy life
Have ended all in hateful strife,
 And thwarted aim.
The world's rude contact killed the rose,
No more its radiant color shows
 False roads to fame.

Backward, amidst the twilight glow
Some lingering spots yet brightly show
 On hard roads won,
Where still some grand peaks mark the way
Touched by the light of parting day
 And memory's sun.

But here thick clouds the mountains hide,
The dim horizon, bleak and wide,
 No pathway shows,
And rising gusts, and darkening sky,
Tell of the night that cometh, nigh,
 The brief day's close.

John C. Frémont.



"The mountain world its glories showed,
All fair to view."

DOW'S FLAT.

Dow's FLAT. That's its name.
 And I reckon that you
 Are a stranger? The same?
 Well, I thought it was true,
 For thar is n't a man on the river as can't
 spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
 Which the same was an ass;
 And as to the how
 Thet the thing kem to pass,—
 Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and
 sit ye down here in the grass:

You see, this 'yer Dow,
 Hed the worst kind of luck:
 He slipped up somehow
 On each thing that he struck.
 Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail, the
 derned thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
 Till he could n't pay rates;
 He was smashed by a car
 When he tunneled with Bates;
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his
 wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
 But the boys they stood by,
 And they brought him the stuff
 For a house, on the sly;
 And the old woman,—well, she did washing,
 and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
 Was so powerful mean,
 That the spring near his house
 Dried right up on the green;
 And he sunk forty feet down for water, but
 nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
 And the boys would n't stay;
 And the chills got about,

And his wife fell away;
 But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his
 usual ridikilous way.

One day,—it was June,—
 And a year ago, jest,—
 This Dow kem at noon
 To his work like the rest,
 With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and
 a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well;
 And he stands on the brink,
 And stops for a spell
 Jest to listen and think:
 For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir!) you
 see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
 In the gulch were at play,
 And a gownd that was Sal's
 Kinder flapped on a bay;
 Not much for a man to be leavin', but his
 all,—as I've heer'd the folks say.

And— That's a peart hoss
 Thet you've got,—ain't it now?
 What might be her cost?
 Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—
 Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave was n't
 his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
 Sorter caved in the side;
 And he looked, and turned sick,
 Then he trembled and cried.
 For, you see, the dern cuss had struck—
 "Water?"—Beg your parding, young
 man, there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,
 And it ran all alike;
 And I reckon five oughts
 Was the worth of that strike;
 And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—
 which the same is n't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
 And the thing of it is,
 That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness.
 For 't was *water* the derved cuss was seekin',
 and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
 To the left of yon tree;
 But—a—look h'yur, say?
 Won't you come up to tea?
 No? Well, then the next time you're passin';
 and ask after Dow,—and thet's *me*.

Bret Harte.

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,
 A fog hung over the seas,
 And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
 Were torn by the mountain trees;
 No sound was heard but the dashing
 Of waves on the sandy bar,
 When Pablo of San Diego
 Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador, out in his shallop,
 Gathering his harvest so wide,
 Sees the dim bulk of the headland
 Loom over the waste of the tide;
 He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
 Wind round on the terrible wall,
 Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
 Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
 Rode down from the hills behind;
 With the bells on his gray mule tinkling
 He sang through the fog and wind.
 Under his thick, misted eyebrows
 Twinkled his eye like a star,
 And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
 Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,
 Had traveled the shore since dawn,
 Leaving the ranches behind him,—
 Good reason had he to be gone!
 The blood was still red on his dagger,
 The fury was hot in his brain,
 And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
 Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily round him,
 He mounted the dizzying road,
 And the chasms and steeps of the headland
 Were slippery and wet, as he trod:
 Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
 Rolling the fog from afar,
 When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
 Midway on the Paso del Mar.

“Back!” shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
 And “Back!” shouted Pablo, in wrath,
 As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
 On the perilous line of the path.
 The roar of devouring surges
 Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
 And, “Back, or you perish!” cried Bernal,
 “I turn not on Paso del Mar!”

The gray mule stood firm as the headland:
 He clutched at the jingling rein,
 When Pablo rose up in his saddle
 And smote till he dropped it again.
 A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
 And brandished his dagger, still red,
 While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
 And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
 Shone red through the misty blast;
 Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
 The broad breast of Bernal at last.
 And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
 Closed on him with terrible strength,
 And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
 Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
 On the slippery edge of the wall;
 They swayed on the brink, and together
 Reeled out to the rush of the fall.

A cry of the wildest death-anguish
 Rang faint through the mist afar,
 And the riderless mule went homeward
 From the fight of the Paso del Mar.

Bayard Taylor

TWO.

ONE sang all day, more merry than the lark
 That mounts the morning skies:
 One silent sat, and lifted patient eyes.
 One heart kept happy time, from dawn to
 dark,
 With all glad things that be:
 One, listless, throbbed alone to memory.

To one all blessed knowledge was revealed,
 And love made clear the way:
 One thirsted, asked, and still was answered
 nay.

To one, a glad, brief day, that slumber sealed
 And kept inviolate:

To one, long years, that only knew to wait.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

THE ANGELUS,

HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten
 music
 Still fills the wide expanse,
 Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
 With colors of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
 On rock and wave and sand,
 As down the coast the Mission voices blend-
 ing
 Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
 No blight nor mildew falls;
 Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambi-
 tion
 Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves re-
 ceeding,
 I touch the farther Past,—
 I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
 The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission
 towers,
 The white Presidio;
 The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
 The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
 Above the setting sun;
 And past the headland, northward, slowly
 drifting
 The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
 Recall the faith of old,—
 O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight
 music
 The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,
 Break, falter, and are still;
 And veiled and mystic, like the Host de-
 scending,
 The sun sinks from the hill!

Bret Harte

LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

THIS is that hill of awe
That Persian Sindbad saw,—
 The mount magnetic;
And on its seaward face,
Scattered along its base,
 The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies
Blown by each idle breeze,
 To and fro shifting;
Yet to the hill of Fate
All drawing, soon or late,—
 Day by day drifting;—

Drifting forever here
Barks that for many a year
 Braved wind and weather;
Shallops but yesterday
Launched on yon shining bay,—
 Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:
Sun thyself by the wall,
 O poorer Hindbad!
Envy not Sindbad's fame:
Here come alike the same,
 Hindbad and Sindbad.

Bret Harte.

THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

LITTLE the goodly fathers,
 Building their missions rude,
By the lone, untraversed waters,
 In the western solitude,
Dreamed of the wonderful city
 That looks on the stately bay,
Where the bannered ships of the nations
 Float in their pride to-day;
Dreamed of the beautiful city,
 Proud on her tawny height,
And strange as a flower upspringing
 To bloom in a single night;
For, lo! but a moment lifting
 The veil of the years away,
We look on a well-known picture
 That seems but as yesterday.
The mist rolls in at the gateway,
 Where never a fortress stands,
O'er the blossoms of Saucelito,
 And Yerba Buena's sands,
Swathing the shores, where only
 The sea-birds come and pass

And drifts with the drifting waters
 By desolate Alcatraz.
We hear, when night drops downward
 And the bay throbs under the stars,
The ocean-voices blending
 With ripple of soft guitars;
With chiming bells of the Mission;
 With passionate minors sung,
Or a quaint Castilian ballad,
 Trilled in the Spanish tongue.
Fair from thy hills, O city,
 Look on the beautiful bay!
Prouder far is the vision
 Greeting our eyes to-day;
Better the thronged waters,
 And the busy streets astir,
Purple and silken raiment,
 Balsam and balm and myrrh—
Gems of the farther Indies,
 Gold of thy own rich mine,
And the pride and boast of the peoples,
 O beautiful queen, are thine! . . .

Praise to the goodly fathers,
 With banners of faith unfurled!
 Praise to the sturdy heroes
 Who have won thee to the world!

That was a day to dream of—
 That was a life we led;
 Bleeding the veins of the mountains,
 Draining the torrent's bed;

Searching the dusky cañon,
 Tracking the pathless glen—

The shot, the knife, and the struggle,
 With savage beasts and men!

But blest in the rest that follows
 Is thought of a labor past;
 Blessed in the homes we have builded
 The peace and the rest at last.

And blessed, indeed, the winter
 That nurses a smiling spring,
 When hands that the seed have scattered
 May gather the blossoming.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE air is chill, and the day grows late,
 And the clouds come in through the Golden
 Gate:

Phantom fleets they seem to me,
 From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
 Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
 Unshattered, have weathered a thousand
 gales:

Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
 They part, and hasten along the bay;
 Each to its anchorage finding way.
 Where the hills of Saucelito swell,
 Many in gloom may shelter well;
 And others—behold—unchallenged pass
 By the silent guns of Alcatraz:
 No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
 The armèd isle and the cruisers strange.
 Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
 Were blazoned in a land unknown;
 So, charmed from war or wind or tide,
 Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what
 freight,

Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
 Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
 And withered hopes to the poor heart-
 broken:

Oh, how many a venture we
 Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!

How many an hour have you and I,
 Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
 While our eager, longing thoughts were
 roving

Over the waste, for something loving,—
 Something rich and chaste and kind,
 To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
 And only waited to behold
 Ambition's gems, affection's gold,
 Return as remorse, and a broken vow,
 In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
 And the clouds come in through the Golden
 Gate,

Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
 But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
 To-morrow shall be all aglow!
 In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
 Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
 Will brighten and shine, and soar to heaven,
 In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
 For Heaven is kind, and every thing,
 As well as a winter, has a spring.
 So, praise to God! who brings the day
 That shines our regrets and fears away;
 For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
 While the clouds come in through the
 Golden Gate.

Edward Pollock

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
 Head to foot where I am lying;
 When not any wind that blows,
 Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
 Shall awake me to your sighing:
 Close above me as you pass,
 You will say, "How kind she was,"
 You will say, "How true she was,"
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
 Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
 While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
 Nevermore, for any thing;
 You will find in blade and blossom,

Sweet small voices, odorous,
 Tender pleaders in my cause,
 That shall speak me as I was—
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
 Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
 Very patient, I can wait,
 Knowing that, or soon or late,
 There will dawn a clearer morrow:
 When your heart will moan: "Alas!
 Now I know how true she was;
 Now I know how dear she was"—
 When the grass grows over me!

Ina D. Coolbrith.

ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

O FAIR young land, the youngest, fairest far
 Of which our world can boast,—
 Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
 Illumes thy golden coast,—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the
 Of savage beauty still! [pride
 How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
 To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
 In indolent repose;
 Or pourest the crystal of a thousand rills
 Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees
 in gold,
 The plowman drives his share,
 And where, through cañons deep, thy streams
 are rolled,
 The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
 A nobler seed shall be:
 Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
 Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
 Gone with thy fallen pines;
 The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
 Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
 Thy untamed energies;
 And Art and Science, with their dreams
 superb,
 Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
 Shall live in sculptures rare;
 Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,—
 Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple
 wine,
 Thy valleys yield their oil;
 And Music, with her eloquence divine,
 Persuade thy sons to toil;

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
 No happier land shall see,
 And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
 Restored again in thee!

Bayard Taylor.





UPON THE BEACH.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go:
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach;
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

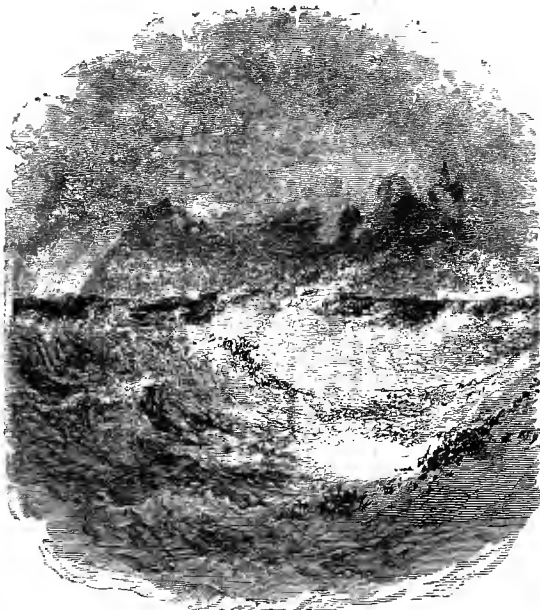
My sole employment is, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
 They scorn the strand who sail upon the
 sea;
 Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
 Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse;
 Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view:
 Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
 And I converse with many a shipwrecked
 crew.

Henry D. Thoreau.

GULF WEED



A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
 Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
 Soaring high and sinking low,
 Lashed along without will of mine;

Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear;
 Mark my manifold mystery,—
 Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
 Rootless and rover though I be;
 My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
 Arboresece as a trunkless tree;
 Corals curious coat me o'er,
 White and hard in apt array;
 Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore—
 Something whispers soft to me—
 Restless and roaming for evermore,
 Like this weary weed of the sea;
 Bear they yet, on each beating breast,
 The eternal type of the wondrous whole:
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
 Grace informing with silent soul.

Cornelius G. Fenner.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

WHEN the tide comes in,
 At once the shore and sea begin
 Together to be glad.
 What the tide has brought
 No man has asked, no man has sought:
 What other tides have had
 The deep sand hides away;
 The last bit of the wrecks they wrought
 Was burned up yesterday.

When the tide goes out,
 The shore looks dark and sad with doubt:
 The landmarks are all lost.
 For the tide to turn
 Men patient wait, men restless yearn.
 Sweet channels they have crossed,
 In boats that rocked with glee,
 Stretch now bare stony roads that burn
 And lead away from sea.

When the tide comes in
 In hearts, at once the hearts begin
 Together to be glad.
 What the tide has brought
 They do not care, they have not sought.
 All joy they ever had
 The new joy multiplies;
 All pain by which it may be bought
 Seems paltry sacrifice.

When the tide goes out,
 The hearts are wrung with fear and doubt:
 All trace of joy seems lost.
 Will the tide return?
 In restless questioning they yearn,
 With hands unclasped, uncrossed,
 They weep on separate ways.
 Ah! darling, shall we ever learn
 Love's tidal hours and days?

H. H.



PARTED.

ONE sails away to sea,
 One stands on the shore and cries;
 The ship goes down the world, and the light
 On the sullen water dies.

The whispering shell is mute,
 And after is evil cheer:

She shall stand on the shore and cry in vain
 Many and many a year.

But the stately wide-winged ship
 Lies wrecked on the unknown deep;
 Far under, dead in his coral bed,
 The lover lies asleep.

William Dean Howells.

ON LYNN TERRACE.

ALL day to watch the blue wave curl and
 break,
 All night to hear it plunging on the
 shore,—
 In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
 I can not ask for more.
 Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
 The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
 That long wave bears me softly back to Spain
 And the Alhambra's towers!
 Once more I halt in Andalusian pass,
 To list the mule-bells jingling on the
 height;
 Below, against the dull esparto grass,
 The almonds glimmer white.
 Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays
 and browns,
 Invite my fancy, and I wander through
 The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
 The world's first sailors knew.
 Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
 Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
 Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
 Venice salutes my eyes.
 Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
 I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
 And catch, through slits of windows here
 and there,
 Blue glimpses of the Rhine.
 And now I linger in green English lanes,
 By garden-plots of rose and heliotrope;
 And now I face the sudden pelting rains
 On some lone Alpine slope.
 Now at Tangier, among the packed bazaars,
 I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
 Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like
 stars,
 And curved knives of the Moors;
 Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;
 What would Howadji . . . silver, gold, or
 stone?
 Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the
 gates
 The camels make their moan.
 All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
 High on the windy terrace, day by day;
 And mine the children's laughter, sweet and
 Ringing across the bay. [clear,
 For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
 For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
 And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
 And hollow caves of night!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
 Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
 Faded, wrinkled,
 Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
 Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
 When the bloom was on the tree:
 Spring and winter,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.
 Not a neighbor
 Passing nod or answer will refuse
 To her whisper,
 "Is there from the fishers any news?"
 Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
 On an endless voyage gone!
 Night and morning,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews,
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.



Twenty seasons:—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

THE LOST ANCHOR.

THERE lies a rusted anchor
Deep in the white sea-sand;
Where trails the good ship's cable
That parted, strand by strand?

The north-wind roared and thundered,
The leaping waves ran high;
Dark on the foaming water
Shut down the stormy sky.

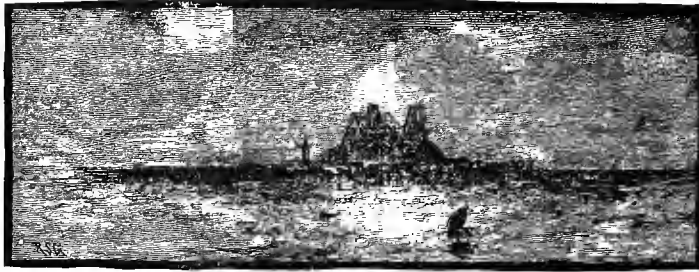
But still the lithe mast quivered
Under the flapping sail;

The cordage shrieked and rattled,
And yelled the furious gale.

One strain—one plunge—one struggle—
The mighty strands give way—
Now far from home and harbor,
Away, away, away!

Beyond the sight of shelter,
Far out her stern-lights shine.
Poor ship, to lose thine anchor,—
Poor broken hope of mine!

Rose Terry Cooke.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
 And on its outer point, some miles away,
 The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
 Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkness, lo! how bright,
 Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
 Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
 With strange, unearthly splendor in the
 glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
 And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
 Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
 Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
 They wave their silent welcomes and fare-
 wells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their
 sails
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
 On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
 And when, returning from adventures wild,
 He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
 Year after year, through all the silent night
 Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
 Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of
 peace;
 It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid form
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the
 din
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
 And with your floating bridge the ocean
 span;
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
 Sad as the evening's tender gray,
 By the latest luster of sunset kissed,
 That wavers and wanes through an amber
 mist,—

There cometh a dream of the past to me,
 On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
 And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,
 And there rises a wind from the chill north-
 west,

That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
 And the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
 Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides
 Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;
 And above the gleam of her topmost spar

Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star
 That shine with an angel's ruth on me,—
 A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly sea-bird's gleam
 Through the shimmering surf, and the
 curlew's scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;
 The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
 Breathes low through the sedge and the
 blasted tree,

With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

Oh, sky-enshadowed and yearning main,
 Your gloom but deepens this human pain;
 Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
 That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
 As I linger and muse by the somber lea,
 And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

PRESAGE.

LIKE a bird of evil presage,
 To the lonely house on the shore,
 Came the wind with a tale of shipwreck,
 And shrieked at the bolted door;

And flapped its wings in the gables,
 And shouted the well-known names,
 And buffeted the windows
 Afeared in their shuddering frames.

It was night, and it is morning,—
 The summer sun is bland,
 The white-cap waves come rocking, rocking
 In to the summer land.

The white-cap waves came rocking, rocking,
 In the sun so soft and bright,
 And toss and play with the dead man
 Drowned in the storm last night.

William Dean Howells.

MINOT'S LEDGE

LIKE spectral hounds across the sky,
 The white clouds seud before the storm;
 And naked in the howling night
 The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
 The waves with slippery fingers clutch
 The massive tower, and climb and fall,
 And, muttering, growl with baffled rage
 Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
 The keeper of the crimson light:
 Silent and awe-struck does he hear
 The imprecations of the night.
 The white spray beats against the panes
 Like some wet ghost that down the air
 Is hunted by a troop of fiends,
 And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud, the lonely man,
 For every soul that night at sea,
 But more than all for that brave boy
 Who used to gayly climb his knee,—
 Young Charlie, with his chestnut hair
 And hazel eyes and laughing lip.
 "May heaven look down," the old man cries,
 "Upon my son, and on his ship!"

While thus with pious heart he prays,
 Far in the distance sounds a boom:
 He pauses; and again there rings
 That sullen thunder through the room.

A ship upon the shoals to-night!
 She can not hold for one-half hour;
 But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
 And trust in the Almighty Power!

On the drenched gallery he stands,
 Striving to pierce the solid night:
 Across the sea the red eye throws
 A steady crimson wake of light;
 And, where it falls upon the waves,
 He sees a human head float by,
 With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
 And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
 Adown the wind the long rope curls.
 Oh, will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
 While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
 A steady pull; it tightens now:
 Oh! his old heart will burst with joy,
 As on the slippery rocks he pulls
 The breathing body of his boy.

Still sweep the specters through the sky;
 Still seud the clouds before the storm;
 Still naked in the howling night
 The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
 Without, the world is wild with rage;
 Unkenned demons are abroad;—
 But with the father and the son
 Within, there is the peace of God.

Fitz-James O'Brien.



Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
 Why with that boding cry
 O'er the waves dost thou fly?
 O, rather, bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea;
 Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had shared
 The doom of us. Thy wail—
 What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st
 the surge,
 Restless and sad: as if, in strange accord
 With the motion and the roar

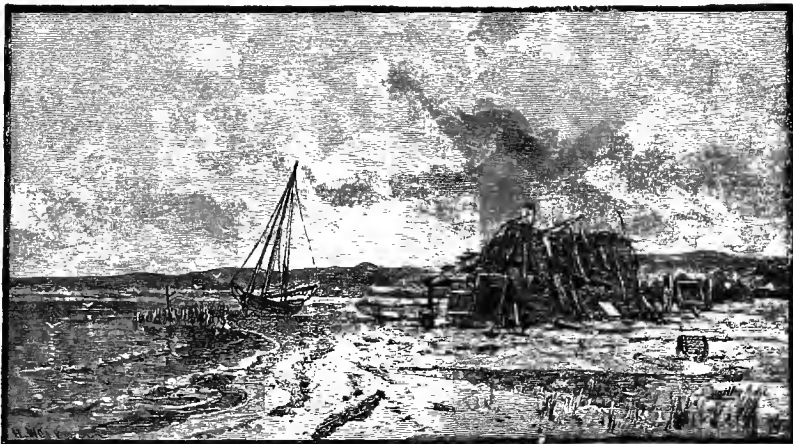
Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge—
 The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou both sepulcher and pall,
 Old ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
 From out thy gloomy cells
 A tale of mourning tells—
 Tells of man's wo and fall,
 His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness
 bring
 Thy spirit never more.
 Come, quit with me the shore,
 For gladness and the light
 Where birds of summer sing.

Richard H. Dana.

TWILIGHT.



THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,

And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,
 Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending low.
 What tale do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,

As they beat at the crazy casement,
 Tell to that little child?
 And why do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,
 Drive the color from her cheek?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled
 wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
 streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
 dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
 sealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the
 new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway
 through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
 the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
 by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear
 a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
 vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
 resting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FLOOD-TIDE AND EBB-TIDE.

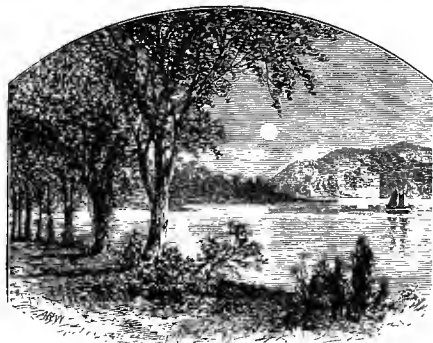
THE tide came laughing into the bay,
 Two children were laughing on the sands,
 So busily scooping one round well,
 With their four dimpled hands.

The ebb-tide through the rushes crawls,
 On tiptoes slow it steals away,—
 Bonnets are those the mother sees
 Far out on the bay.

George Houghton.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

ON the lone rocks of Rye,
 When the day grows dimmer,
 And the stars from the sky
 Shed a tremulous glimmer,
 While the low winds croon,
 And the waves, as they glisten,
 Complain to the moon,
 I linger and listen.



All the magical whole
 Of shadow and splendor
 Steals into my soul,
 Majestic yet tender;
 And the desolate main,
 Like a sibyl intoning
 Her mystical strain,
 Keeps ceaselessly moaning.

I hear it spell-bound,
 All its myriad voices,—
 Its wandering sound,—
 And my spirit rejoices;
 For out of the deep
 And the distance it crieth,
 And, deep unto deep,
 My spirit replieth. *Thomas Durfee.*

IN THE SEA.

THE salt wind blows upon my cheek
 As it blew a year ago,
 When twenty boats were crushed among
 The rocks of Norman's Woe.
 'T was dark then; 't is light now,
 And the sails are leaning low.

In dreams I pull the sea-weed o'er,
 And find a face not his,
 And hope another tide will be
 More pitying than this.
 The wind turns; the tide turns:
 They take what hope there is.

My life goes on as thine would go
 With all its sweetness spilled:
 My God! why should one heart of two
 Beat on, when one is stilled?
 Through heart-wreck or home-wreck
 Thy happy sparrows build.

Though boats go down, men build anew,
 Whatever winds may blow;
 If blight be in the wheat one year,
 We trust again, and sow,
 Though grief comes, and changes
 The sunshine into snow.

Some have their dead, where, sweet and soon,
 The summers bloom and go.
 The sea withholds my dead: I walk
 The bar, when tides are low,
 And wonder the grave-grass
 Can have the heart to grow.

Flow on, O unconsenting sea!
 And keep my dead below:
 Though night, O utter night! my soul,
 Delude thee long, I know,
 Or Life comes, or Death comes,
 God leads the eternal flow.

Hiram Rich.

THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky:
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white light-houses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery;
 He has no thought of any wrong,
 He scans me with a fearless eye.
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood-fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter caust thou fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter.

BOAT-SONG.

OH, sweet the flight at dead of night,
 When, up the immeasurable height,
 The thin cloud wanders with the breeze
 That shakes the splendor from the star,
 That stoops and crisps the darkling seas,
 And drives the daring keel afar,
 Where solitude and silence are!

To cleave the crested wave, and mark
 Drowned in its depths the shattered
 spark,
 On airy swells to soar and rise,
 Where nothing but the foam-ball flies,
 O'er freest tracks of wild delight,—
 Oh, sweet the flight at dead of night!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

SHIPS AT SEA.

I HAVE ships that went to sea
 More than fifty years ago;
 None have yet come home to me,
 But are sailing to and fro.
 I have seen them in my sleep,
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,
 While around them screamed the gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed
 From me, sailing round the world;
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."
 Great the treasures that they hold,
 Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
 While the spices that they bear
 Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea,
 Of the waves and winds the sport,
 And the sailors pity me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I put my fears aside,
 And, contented, watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
 Gazing for them down the bay,
 Days and nights for many years,
 Till I turned heart-sick away.
 But the pilots, when they land,
 Stop and take me by the hand,
 Saying, "You will live to see
 Your proud vessels come from sea,
 One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
 Nor let hope or courage fail;
 And some day, when skies are fair,
 Up the bay my ships will sail.
 I shall buy then all I need,—
 Prints to look at, books to read,
 Horses, wines, and works of art,
 Every thing—except a heart
 That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
 Richer, too, than I am now,
 Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
 Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
 There was one whose heart was mine;
 But she's something now divine,
 And though come my ships from sea,
 They can bring no heart to me
 Evermore, evermore.

Robert B. Coffin.

MY SAILOR.

HE lay at my side on that eastern hill,
 My brave sweet lad with the gold-lit hair:
 And gazed at the vessels which seemed to
 fill
 The rippling breadth of the harbor there:
 The black-hulled vessels from over the sea,
 The white-sailed vessels that came and
 went;
 "I am going to sail away!" said he,
 "To sail some day to my heart's content.
 "I shall see the waving of southland palms,
 The dark fierce fronts of the icebergs tall,
 And gather the grapes in my outstretched
 arms,
 From vines on some Spanish convent's
 wall."
 Then he drew my hand from beneath his
 chin,
 And trailed my fingers across his lips,—

"Yes, we both will sail from this town of
 Lynn,
 In one of those staunch old black-prowed
 ships."

So one summer evening his ship set sail,
 And floated off in the twilight grim;
 I heaped up the vessel with blossoms pale,
 And wept that I could not follow him.

And I can not say that the palms are there,
 Nor icy mountains he longed to see;
 But I know he sailed into lands more
 fair,
 And stronger arms, when he went from
 me.

O my brave, sweet lad! how his angel
 eyes
 Will gaze out over the ocean dim,
 That reaches from earth unto Paradise,
 Till I set my sail and follow him.

James Berry Bense.

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND.

THEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt
thou dare,"

He asked her, "brave the loneliness with
me?"

"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art
there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim

Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly
sign;

They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their
home

Among the wild waves and the sea-birds
wild;

The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and
smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in
sight

With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island
light!"

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy
hands,

"Shine far and through the dark, sweet
light," they cried;

"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love,—wife, mother, sister,
bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many
a storm

Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by
day.



Said I no chill
could find
them? There
is one
Whose awful
footfalls every
where are
known,
With echoing

sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to
stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest

At every hearth, before whose footsteps
flee

All joys, who rules the earth, and, without
rest,

Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the
sea.

Death found them; turned his face and passed
her by,

But laid a finger on her lover's lips,

And there was silence. Then the storm ran
high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant
ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme de-
spair?

Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning
light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding
stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she
heard;

She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that-
spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon
Island light?"



Out from the coast toward her high tower
they sailed;

They found her watching, silent, by her
dead,

A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was
said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to
destroy

She turned, and backward gazed across the
bay,—

Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

Celia Thaxter.

WATCHING.

IN childhood's season fair,
On many a balmy, moonless summer night,
While wheeled the light-house arms of dark
and bright
Far through the humid air;

How patient have I been,
Sitting alone, a happy little maid,
Waiting to see, careless and unafraid,
My father's boat come in;

Close to the water's edge
Holding a tiny spark, that he might steer
(So dangerous the landing, far and near)
Safe past the ragged ledge.

I had no fears—not one;
The wild wide waste of water leagues around
Washed ceaselessly; there was no human
sound,
And I was all alone.

But Nature was so kind!
Like a dear friend I loved the loneliness;
My heart rose glad as at some sweet caress
When passed the wandering wind.

Yet it was joy to hear, [last,
From out the darkness, sounds grow clear at
Of rattling row-lock, and of creaking mast,
And voices drawing near!

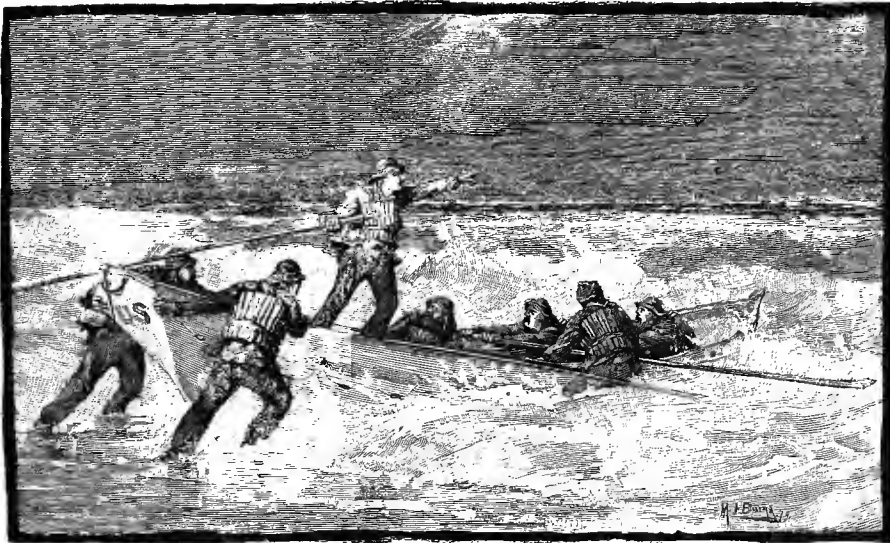
“Is't thou, dear father? Say!”
What well-known shout resounded in reply,
As loomed the tall sail, smitten suddenly
With the great light-house ray!

I will be patient now,
Dear Heavenly Father, waiting here for Thee:
I know the darkness holds thee. Shall I be
Afraid when it is Thou?

On Thy eternal shore,
In pauses, when life's tide is at its prime,
I hear the everlasting rote of Time
Beating for evermore.

Shall I not then rejoice?
O never lost or sa'l should child of Thine
Sit waiting, fearing lest there come no sign,
No whisper of Thy voice!

Celia Thaxter.



THE WRECK OF THE HURON.

Rocks and shoals of the sea,
Tide of the under-waves,
Surf of the moaning lee,
Where the hurricane raves,—
Green steeps that are storm-rent and sterile,
Wild-sown with the spoils of the shore,—
The night has passed on and the peril,
And the mariners struggle no more.

Sing for the brave ship lost:
Chant for the lives that lie
In unknown haven tossed,
Under a sobbing sky.

Sing requiem, praise to the valor
Unshaken though Fate held the scourge;
But dawnlight unveils the stern pallor—
Of faces swept cold by the surge.

Wreck on the sullen bar,
Never in battle a-sea,
Iron-girted for war,
Challenge shall echo from thee:
Storm, darkness, and depths are thy foemen,
And each hero stood to his post;
But master and sailor and yeomen,
Their names shall give fame to the coast.

Gulfs and caves of the deep,
 Aged seas without pulse,
 Let them sleep well who sleep
 Lapped in sea-weed and dulse;

They miss not the legend engraven,
 The delicate springing of flowers,
 They miss, who, by inland and haven,
 Sit still through the sorrowful hours!

Edith M. Thomas.



TIDES.

O patient shore, that canst not go to meet
 Thy love, the restless sea, how comfortest
 Thou all thy loneliness? Art thou at rest,
 When, loosing his strong arms from round
 thy feet, [sweet
 He turns away? Knowest thou, however
 That other shore may be, that, to thy breast,
 He must return? And when in sterner test
 He folds thee to a heart which does not beat,

Wraps thee in ice, and gives no smile, no kiss,
 To break long wintry days, still dost thou
 miss
 Naught from thy trust? Still wait, unfaltering,
 The higher, warmer waves which leap in
 spring?
 O sweet, wise shore, to be so satisfied!
 O heart, learn from the shore! Love has a
 tide!

H. H.

THE SURVIVORS.

In this sad hour, so still, so late,
 When flowers are dead and birds are flown,
 Close-sheltered from the blasts of Fate,
 Our little love burns brightly on,

Amid the wrecks of dear desire
 That ride the waves of life no more;
 As stranded voyagers light their fire
 Upon a lonely island shore.

And though we deem that, soft and fair,
 Beyond the tempest and the sea,

Our hearts' true homes are smiling, where
 In life we never more shall be,—

Yet we are saved, and we may rest;
 And, hearing each the other's voice,
 We can not hold ourselves unblest,
 Although we may not quite rejoice.

We'll warm our hearts and softly sing
 Thanks for the shore whereon we're driven;
 Storm-tossed no more, we'll fold the wing,
 And dream forgotten dreams of heaven,

Harriet W. Prescott.

UNANSWERED PRAYER.

THE headwind to the outward crew
 Is prosperous to those homeward due;
 Perhaps your prayer is thus denied

In answer to some sailor's bride,
 Who called more fervently than you,
 Or knelt with more of faith, less pride.

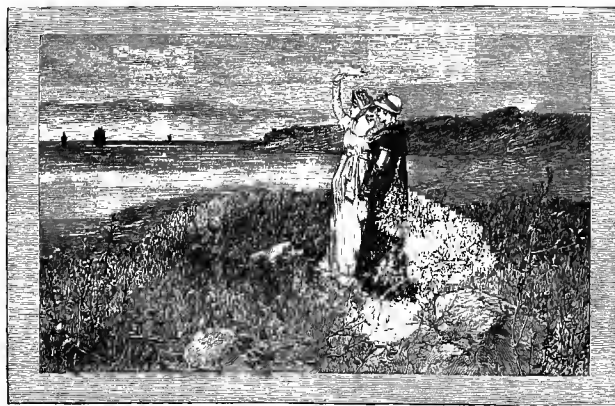
George Houghton.

TWO WATCHERS.

Two ships sail on the ocean,
 Two watchers walk the shore:
 One wrings wild hands and cries
 "Farewell for evermore!"

One sees, with face uplifted,
 (Soft homes of dream her eyes,)
 Her sail beyond the horizon
 Reflected in the skies!

John James Piatt.







AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee I sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our King.

Samuel Francis Smith.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won!
 Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.

While offering peace sincere and just,
 In heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
 Let WASHINGTON'S great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause:
 Let every clime to Freedom dear
 Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill and godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands
 Once more to serve his country stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat:
 But, armed in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
 When Hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty,

Firm—united, etc.

Joseph Hopkinson.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not;
 While the grenadiers were lunging,

And like hailstones fell the plunging
 Cannon shot!
 Where the files
 Of the Isles,



From the smoky night encampment,
 Bore the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn;

And grummer, grummer, grummer,
 Rolled the "roll" of the drummer,
 Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in flames flashing redly,
 Blazed the fires;
 As the swift
 Billows drift,
 Drove the dark battle breakers
 O'er the green sodded acres
 Of the plain;
 And louder, louder, louder,
 Cracked the black gunpowder,
 All amain!

Then like smiths at their forges,
 Labored the red St. George's
 Cannoneers.
 And the villainous saltpeter
 Rung a fierce, discordant meter
 Round our ears;
 Like the roar

On the shore,
 Rose the horse-guards' clangor,
 As they rode in roaring anger
 On our flanks;
 And higher, higher, higher,
 Burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder cloud,
 And his broadsword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud!
 And the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper jackets redden
 At the touch of the leaden
 Rifle's breath!
 And rounder, rounder, rounder,
 Roared the iron six-pounder,
 Hurling death!

Guy Humphrey McMaster.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early
 light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
 last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through
 the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so
 gallantly streaming?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs burst-
 ing in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag
 was still there;
 O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave?
 On the shore, dimly seen through the mists
 of the deep

Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the tower-
 ing steep
 As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half
 discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
 first beam;
 Its full glory reflected now shines on the
 stream:
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may
 it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of
 the brave.
 And where is the band who so vauntingly
 swore,
 Mid the havoc of war and the battle's
 confusion,

A home and a country they'd leave us no
more?

Their blood hath washed out their foul
footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of
the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between our loved home and the war's
desolation!

Blessed with victory and peace, may the
heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and
preserved us a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our
trust;"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,

When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn

To where thy sky-born glories burn;

And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall

Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;

Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And covering foes shall sink beneath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave

Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;

When death, careering on the gale,

Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back

Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea

Shall look at once to heaven and
thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly

In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 The stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!—
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

OLD IRONSIDES.

[WRITTEN WHEN IT WAS PROPOSED TO BREAK UP THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION, AS UNFIT FOR SERVICE.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!
 Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!
 Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,—
 The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 The brave and daring few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead.
 No answer of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;
 No braying horn nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
 Their plumèd heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud;
 And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
 The trumpet's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are past;
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that never more shall feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.

Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.

The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,—
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE Volunteers! the Volunteers!
I dream, as in the by-gone years,
I hear again their stirring cheers,
And see their banners shine,
What time the yet unconquered North
Poured to the wars her legions forth,
For many a wrong to strike a blow
With mailed hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! ah, where are they
Who bade the hostile surges stay,
When the black forts of Monterey
Frowned on their dauntless line;
When undismayed amid the shock
Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock,
They stood, or rushed more madly on,
Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan?

On Angostura's crowded field,
Their shattered columns scorned to yield,
And wildly yet defiance pealed
Their flashing batteries' throats;

And echoed then the rifle's crack,
As deadly as when on the track
Of flying foe, of yore, its voice
Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs,
How grandly from the dim past comes
The roll of their victorious drums,
Their bugles' joyous notes,
When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades, of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop,
Of lion heart, and eagle swoop,
But you alone remain;
On all the rest has fallen the hush
Of death; the men whose battle rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrents' flow
From Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! the Volunteers!
 God send us peace, through all our years;
 But if the cloud of war appears,
 We'll see them once again.

From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
 From where the Manmee pours its tide;
 From storm-lashed Erie's win'try shore,
 Shall spring the Volunteers once more.

William H. Lytle.

HYMN:

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward
 creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are
 gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, or leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

OH, MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

OH, mother of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints thy morning hills with red;
 Thy step—the wild-deer's rustling feet
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,—
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
 They do not know how loved thou art,—
 How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
 Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
 What virtues with thy children bide;
 How true, how good, thy graceful maids
 Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
 What generous men
 Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
 By the lone rivers of the West;
 How faith is kept, and truth revered,
 And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
 And where the solemn ocean foams!

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
 For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
 A shelter for the hunted head,
 For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
 Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
 Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
 Deep in the brightness of thy skies
 The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
 Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
 Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
 And when thy sisters, elder born,
 Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
 Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
 Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And Fame shall never know her story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

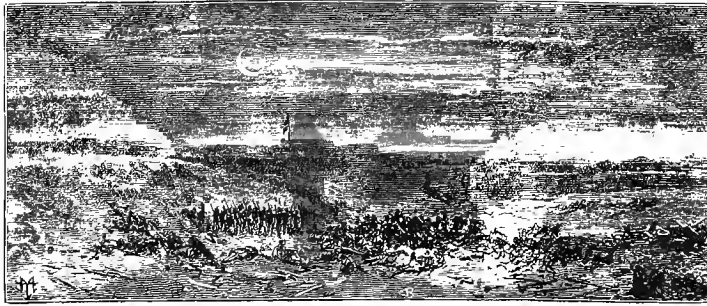
CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon or set of sun,
 Hand of man or kiss of woman?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he can not know;
 Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he can not know;
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars?—
 What but death-bemoeking folly?
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he can not know;
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by;
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? he can not know;
 Lay him low!

George H. Boker.



BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the
evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished
rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with
you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the
serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be
jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

THE Carrier can not sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go,
Rhyiming the glad rounds of the happy New
Years
That are now beneath the snow:

For the same awful and portentous Shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the Carrier hears Beethoven's mighty
death-march
Come up from every mart;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his
bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarred and weather-beaten
veteran,
Again he comes along,

To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story;
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon
Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh:

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on
the *Adams*,
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant-
Surgeon,
On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the
ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night.

“Come a little nearer, Doctor,—thank you,
—let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just
another little sup!
May-be you may think I'm better; but I'm
pretty well used up,—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but
I'm just a going up!



“Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it
ain't much use to try”—

“Never say that,” said the Surgeon, as he
smothered down a sigh;

“It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier
to say die!”

“What you *say* will make no difference,
Doctor, when you come to die.

“Doctor, what has been the matter?” “You
were very faint, they say;

You must try to get to sleep now.” “Doctor,
have I been away?”

“Not that any body knows of!” “Doctor—
Doctor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and
you won't have long to stay!

“I have got my marching orders, and I'm
ready now to go;

Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it
couldn't ha' been so,—

For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was
wounded at Shiloh,

I've this very night been back there, on
the old field of Shiloh!

“This is all that I remember: The last time
the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and
the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before
something called my name:

‘ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!’
—just that way it called my name.

“And I wondered who could call me so
distinctly and so slow,
Knew it could n’t be the Lighter,—he could
not have spoken so—
And I tried to answer, ‘Here, sir!’ but I
could n’t make it go;
For I could n’t move a muscle, and I
could n’t make it go!

“Then I thought: It’s all a nightmare, all
a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine**—and it
won’t come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the
same way as before:

‘ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!’
—even plainer than before.

“That is all that I remember, till a sudden
burst of light,
And I stood beside the River, where we
stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs
opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell
was opposite!—

“And the same old palpitation came again
in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from
some celestial Tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: ‘IT IS
THE ELEVENTH HOUR!’
ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT
IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!’

“Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?” “It
is Wednesday night, you know.”

“Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year’s, and
a right good time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?” “Nearly
twelve.” “Then do n’t you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all
this—not an hour ago!

“There was where the gunboats opened on
the dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns
upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the
same, or else their ghost,—
And the same old transport came and took
me over—or its ghost!

“And the old field lay before me all de-
serted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—
there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and
where Hurlbut’s heroes died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them,
and kept charging till he died.

“There was where Lew Wallace showed
them he was of the canny kin;
There was where old Nelson thundered, and
where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent ’em to breakfast, and
we all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me,
just as we began to win.

“Now, a shroud of snow and silence over
every thing was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the
old hat on my head
I should not have even doubted, to this
moment, I was dead,
For my footsteps were as silent as the
snow upon the dead!

* *Canard*.

