

•AFTER•MANY•YEARS•

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•RICHARD•HENRY•SAVAGE•

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AFTER MANY YEARS







*Richard Henry Savag*



# AFTER MANY YEARS

BY

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"THE MASKED VENUS," ETC.



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DEDICATED TO MY WIFE

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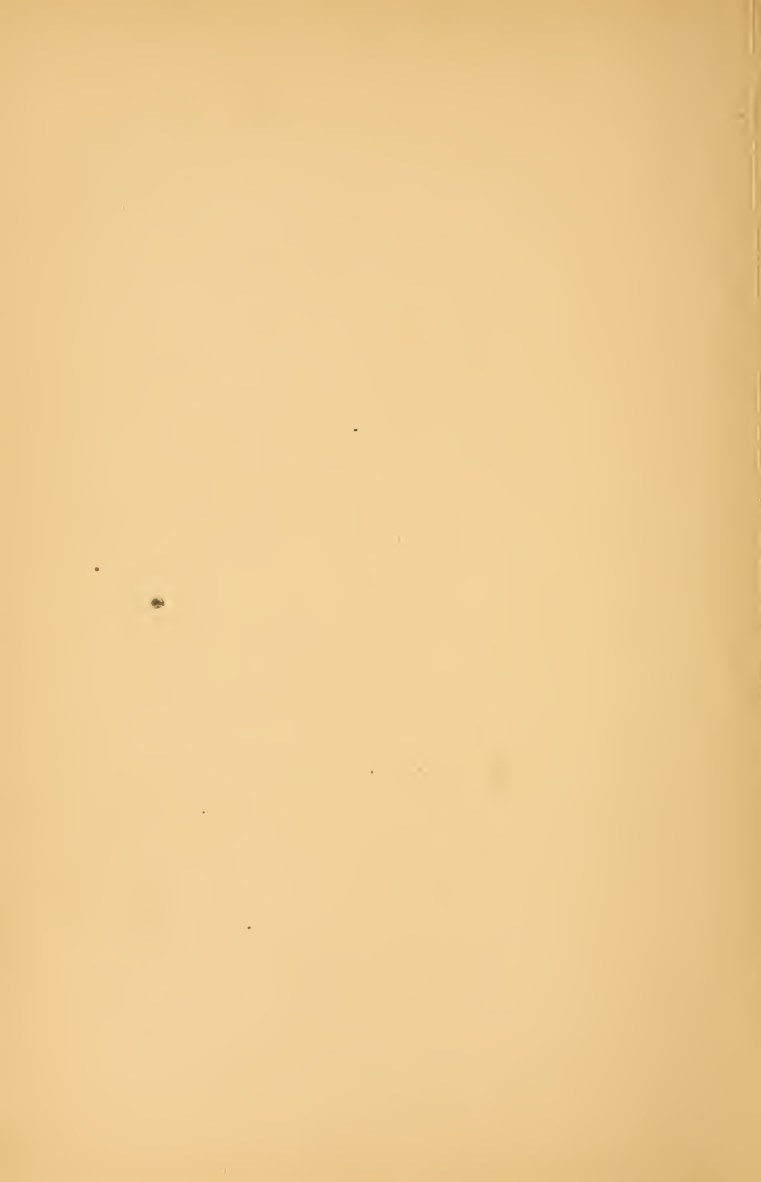


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PART I.  
REFLECTION.





PART I.  
REFLECTION.

---

The "Night Watch" at Amsterdam.

---

PROUD is the city of Amsterdam, high fenced  
from the angry sea,  
With its towering masts, and heaped-up wealth,  
hard by the Zuyder Zee.

For Nature's frown could not beat down the  
burghers stout and true  
Who held the town for centuries, while loud  
war's tocsin blew.

And naught could fright the men of might who  
curbed the swelling main ;  
They fought against the foreign foe, and humbled  
haughty Spain !

Here the stout Dutchmen long have kept the  
trust with bosoms bold,  
And fathers guarded for their sons the city's keys  
to hold.

In counsel grave, with mustering bands, and  
 men of war at hand,  
 The burghers saw their argosies blown back  
 from every land.

While empires tottered to their fall—Rome knew  
 the battering ram—  
 The city's colors floated free on the walls of Am-  
 sterdam.

And, in the great commercial mart, in pictured  
 splendor, see—  
 To-day, the faces of the brave who ruled the  
 Zuyder Zee.

Beyond the diamond's glittering flash, or reddest  
 gold sequin,  
 Shines out to-day the deathless name of great  
 Rembrandt van Rhyn.

Here, in a marble palace high, his priceless pict-  
 ure glows :  
 The "Night Watch"—as it went the rounds—to  
 baffle civil foes !

Fair is the hall where, shining yet, upon the  
 trophied walls,  
 The "Night Watch" gleams ! The City's pride !  
 Its lesson never palls !

For pictured there, the train-band stout, the  
 Captain at their head,  
 Go forth in arms, with beating drums, the city  
 walls to tread !

Lest foreign foe, or civil broil, or inroad of the  
sea,  
Should break the golden peace which reigned  
upon the Zuyder Zee.

Great Rembrandt sleeps—immortal, though—his  
lesson ne'er forgot—  
Still, the true burghers zealous watch for foemen  
coming not !

Though on the tranquil land and sea no hostile  
bugles sound,  
The trust is kept, in simple faith, and still the  
Watch goes round.

There is no treasure which could win the "Night  
Watch" from its place,  
And solemn Dutchmen con the lessons Time  
can not efface.

When all is still, at midnight's hour, the picture  
comes to me ;  
And oft I dream of that grave quest by the low  
Zuyder Zee.

My Country ! Torn with factions now, where  
are the mighty great  
Whose shades should stalk, a warning band, to  
watch the threatened state ?

4    *THE "NIGHT WATCH" AT AMSTERDAM.*

For civil jars, corruption's worm, the anarch's  
poisoned speech,  
The cold contempt of haughty rich—gross evils  
beyond reach!

Make every day a wider gap between Columbia's  
sons  
Than lanes of slaughtered dead, struck down, be-  
neath the foemen's guns!

Come forth! Immortal Washington! Great  
Lincoln! Grant, the True!  
And walk the country's boundaries, and lessons  
teach anew!

That brother love makes brother blood—that  
Union strength imparts,  
And, in the night which shades us now, keep  
watch upon our hearts!

We still can mock at foreign foes—but bid the  
signal sound  
To rally for the Land we Love—and, let the  
"Watch" go round!

### The Veiled Muse.

---

SHE haunts this misty world, we know,  
Though veiled to mortal eyes—  
The muse who heard the bright stars sing  
That morn in Paradise.  
Her footsteps strewed the Asian world  
With Song's eternal flowers,  
Which bloomed—the lotus of the heart—  
In brighter days than ours.

For all was peace, and all was love—  
The sword slept in its sheath,  
And God the Father then smiled down  
On heavenly peace beneath ;  
But, passion soon woke Sorrow's lyre,  
The ark o'er man's grave sailed,  
And her eternal shining face  
Now hovers o'er us, veiled !

mystic halls, in ages dead,  
The " King " old China's lays  
Swelled out in notes whose spirit voice  
Is lost in later days.

A silence wrapped the Flowery Land  
For, west to India's strand,  
The Veda's solemn song rang out  
Beneath her magic hand !

And Persia and Assyria knew  
That one immortal face :  
The singing muse, who in our hearts  
Still holds the highest place.  
But Babel's mound the wolf's howl mocks,  
And, Egypt's songs are done ;  
Yet, muses nine were born—in love—  
Beneath a Grecian sun !

The bright-browed Isis, whose grand eyes  
Shone down on Philæ's isle,  
Knew every trace of her veiled face,  
Her all-entrancing smile ;  
But, Death and Silence rule to-day  
Old Egypt's caverned halls !  
No more by Babylonian streams  
The Hebrew harp enthralls !

Great Homer, honey-lipped, well knew  
The goddess, fond and kind ;  
She lingered, star-eyed, at his birth,  
Yet the great Greek was blind !  
No man may know why veiled she walks,  
From our eyes, sealed apart,  
But, with her sacred loving hand  
She touched that Grecian's heart !

The shrines of Brahma, Vishnu too,  
Are silent in our days ;  
And, echo no more in the groves  
The old Castalian lays !  
For Sin crept in, Man's heart grew black,  
And, in those days of old,  
A finger touched the gods of Greece,  
Then, Art and Song lay cold !

The laughing muses vanished then,  
Great Pan died racked with pain !  
To pale-faced Christ, with hand of power,  
They bowed, yet—all in vain !  
For fled the song, and veiled the muse,  
From Man's heart proud and wrong !  
The human soul a burden bears  
Too sad for olden song !

The gods are dead ! The muses fled !  
Still the veiled goddess clings  
Unto our better nature, singing  
Bright eternal things !  
Grave Milton felt her fond caress !  
She haunted Dante's dreams !  
And wandered with our Shakespeare, by  
Those winding English streams !

Great Mother veiled ! Dear Goddess ! All  
Before your altar bow !  
In fadeless beauty, you are still  
A presence near us now !

For, stooping from your heavenly clouds,  
Though Goethe wooed—in pride—  
You leaned and kissed that friendless lad,  
Pale Schiller, at his side!

You linger near us, here below,  
Though still you walk apart ;  
And thrill the tides which come and go  
In the fond human heart !  
For, leaving kings and fortune's fools  
To mock at all you bring,  
You waked the slumbering heart of Burns  
And bade that peasant sing !

Be near us in these later days !  
Our hearts your mandates hold  
As God's own law ! You touch the bays  
Of Song, with heaven-sent gold !  
Friend of the poor and friendless ! Still  
Unto a dark world bring  
That mystic smile which wreathes your lips  
In God's eternal Spring !



## Beneath the Pyramid.

*"The Treasury of the Kings of the Twelfth Dynasty Unearthed."*—NEW YORK HERALD, March 9, 1894.

---

FAR in the dreamy land of Nile,  
Hard by the fringing Libyan sand,  
Where the stern Sphinx keeps aye its watch,  
The Pyramids in silence stand.

Blown off from great Napoleon's field,  
Upon their rocky faces clings  
The dead slaves' ashes, mingling now  
With sacred dust of Egypt's kings!

The thought which framed the pyramid  
Still to its veiled mystery clings;  
And haunting genii whisper there  
Of dark, unfathomable things.

The magic of masonic art  
Is hidden in its squares and lines,  
Its mystic shape, with artful craft,  
A long-lost secret lore confines.

Still, as the north star crawls its course  
In cycles, round the boreal pole,  
Through galleries dark, a gleaming spark  
Recalls the great inventive soul.

His very art is dead to us,  
The secrets buried now for aye ;  
While underneath, in rift and crypt,  
The human spoiler delves to-day.

Beneath the sparkling Southern Cross  
Where God's great stars gleam calmly down,  
Far 'neath the fabric Reason raised,  
They find, to-day, an earthly crown !

A crypt, where in the royal tomb  
Lie gems and gold, the signs of power—  
Man's kingly crown prized here below,  
As mark of one triumphal hour.

'Tis well! The cunning magic art,  
The web of thought, proud Reason's work,  
Is lost—To-day, in Christ's own land  
Flies proud, the crescent of the Turk !

The minion of an earthly king  
With joy brings forth the badge of Power—  
Which clattered from a drooping head  
Prone once in Death's imperial hour !

Ah ! Fool and blind ! To only find  
Where Reason's arts are lost for aye,  
The crown of man's dominion brief,  
Poor puppets of a summer day !

Lay down the dross ! Let the dead sleep !  
Lift up your eyes to nobler things !  
When Reason fails, then turn the heart  
To God—the King of earthly kings !

His treasure gleams in Heaven's blue skies  
Above the baffled reasoner's pride—  
Where pyramid weighs down the king  
His dust heaped there, his crown beside.

Look up ! See there above us all  
The Southern Cross eternal swing !  
In golden flames it still proclaims  
Of Power and Reason, God is King !

**At Rubens' Tomb.**

*Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp.*

---

IT seems that something half immortal  
Around his memory clings  
Peter Paul Rubens' magic pencil  
Made him the peer of Kings

They die. They vanish. And their haughty  
names  
Are lost with meaner dust ;  
But, Antwerp's pride stern Time defies,  
And mocks at moth and rust

Here, o'er his tomb, the Virgin smiles  
With softly dreaming eyes,  
And, in Her arms, the Holy Child points out  
The path to Paradise.

Wrought by his hand—in faith and trusting  
love—  
Above the painter, sleeping nigh,  
'Tis Love Eternal tells the worldling here  
That Art can never die !

In reverence the Christian gazes, awed  
To see that sad "Descent"  
He painted, after Death had stopped  
The way Our Saviour went !

Oh ! Mystery of Faith and Art !  
His fame has endless youth !  
Where Rubens sleeps—a graceful shade—  
There's Art and Love and Truth !

### The Record.

---

YOUTH laid its glowing hand upon my brow,  
The fire it lent is chilled and sinking now !

Love sang its song, and showed one face—a  
star—  
Its music sadly echoes down Memory's halls  
afar !

Hope smiled and flattered, to the very last—  
And from my side, unseen, went smiling past !

Life rushed on gaily, varied banks beside—  
And now, the harbor near, I float upon the tide !

The record, all summed up ! Howe'er the story  
ran—  
Of joys that thrilled, or hopes that failed, "There  
lived a man !"

**The Unfinished Window in Aladdin's Tower.**

---

I LINGERED by the flowing Rhine in vacant  
mood, at falling eve,  
Reluctant, at the beck of night, the ever-witching  
scenes to leave ;  
And on the crag of Drachenfels, as purple shades  
began to lower,  
A ruined arch brought back to me, the story of  
Aladdin's Tower !

A score of years have silvered o'er the temples  
bright with gayest youth,  
Since last I marked the view I loved, and age  
brings now a solemn truth,  
That nothing perfect comes to us, it hovers just  
beyond our power,  
And every one a window owns, unfinished, in  
Aladdin's Tower !

The crystal vase, the faultless face, the rhyme  
which rings with dying fall,  
The form we strain unto our breast, the pleas-  
ures which must always pall.

The dreams we wove, our cherished friends, the  
sweets which slowly turn to sour,  
Are proofs of that unfinished window gaping in  
Aladdin's Tower.

We strain and grasp and just do pass the perfect  
in its ideal truth,  
And hoary age, a boy again, repeats the heedless  
faults of youth.  
The world is patched with perfect creeds, and  
codes to meet the changing hour,  
But every point of view shows still that faulty  
window in the Tower.

That something short of perfect peace, that last  
ambition sorely missed,  
The chain which galls in secret 'neath the ropes  
of pearl upon the wrist,  
The world chase for the happy man, the evils  
under which we cower,  
Are standing proofs of ownership, in common, of  
Aladdin's Tower !

We seek the best, the better flies ! We crave  
perfection's glowing mould,  
And on the wearying chase we drag, with halt-  
ing steps and pulses cold.  
Would you be happy, wise, and true ? Would  
you be braver, better men ?  
Turn inward every critic eye ! Scan not Alad-  
din's Tower again !



That one unfinished window gapes forever o'er  
your neighbor's wall.

Now, when the royal secret's learned, it is not in  
his tower at all !

Go on your way with brighter heart ! Be good !  
and covet not his pelf !

Turn your eyes inward, and begin to finish your  
own Tower yourself !

**Paul and Virginia.**

---

I MET them again this evening,  
For they haunt me where'er I go,  
As over the beaten path of Life  
I wander to and fro !

To-night they were straying, happy,  
Beneath the Thiergarten trees :  
Paul, youthful but sturdy and manly ;  
Virginia, a merry tease !

'Twas clear from the roses she gazed on  
They had made it up for life,  
And the flaxen-haired Teuton Romeo  
Had chosen his little wife !

Ah ! Their faces bring back others  
I've watched in Life's morning hour :  
The procession of happy lovers,  
The maid with the simple flower.

The youth, with his stainless brow lit up  
With boyhood's unsullied fire ;  
The dreaming maiden's downcast eyes,  
A stranger to Desire !

I sigh as I see them wander  
Away in the summer land ;  
But I smile, as I watch them, from afar,  
Still clinging hand to hand !

For often I've seen with sadness  
In the noon, on Life's broad highway  
Paul in the strangest company  
And Virginia—led astray !

I mind me of little feet I knew  
That stopped on the lengthening track :  
A mist of the vanished years brings tears  
When I think of looking back !

Poor little Virginia ! Somewhere, perhaps,  
Beyond that sparkling star,  
She leans, with an infinite pity,  
For the shadows we mortals are !

'Tis better so ! For I've sometimes seen Paul  
Alone, with no friend at hand,  
And Virginia's voice heard ringing  
At the head of the devil's band !

But my heart goes out to the trusting ones  
Love-pledged, walking here to-night ;  
And I try to feel, in my inmost soul,  
Some way it will come out right !

For there's nothing as sweet as the first true love,  
And, this truth is known to all ;  
But I learn it anew, as my kindly eyes  
Bless Virginia and ardent Paul.

### Ben Hafiz, the Muezzin.

---

FAR lifted from the city's jar and fret  
Ben Hafiz watched upon the minaret ;

And gazing where the Prophet's city stands,  
A benediction waved from wrinkled hands.

His prayerful voice was raised—the hour was  
nigh—  
To Allah lifted his imploring eye.

Below him, sparkled many a twinkling fire,  
Where pilgrims camped around the sacred spire.

“Oh ! Where is God ?” The old muezzin  
cries,  
With eagle glance, he scans the vaulted skies.

All silent trembled the thin realms of air—  
Ben Hafiz vainly sought an answer there !

Beneath his feet, stretched far the sapphire sea—  
“Lo ! In its depths—Divinity may be !”

The blue waves ripple on the lonely shore,  
No token reached him in their hollow roar !

The camp fires leaped, their red glow mounting  
higher.

He pondered: "There! Perchance, is Allah  
nigher!"

Bright gleams lit up the sleeping host in vain—  
Not a response! Ben Hafiz asked again.

The mountains, hung above him, crested round,  
Caught his quick eye—"Is God, there, hidden  
found?"

But scarp'd rocks and peaks all silent lay—  
With no reply, Ben Hafiz turned away!

"Alas! All silent!" The muezzin cried.  
The hopes which warmed his heart, in sadness  
died!

"Earth, air and fire—the waters, I explore—  
"For God, whose footsteps here return no  
more!"

When, like a lark, a sweet voice thrilled above!  
An angel sang—"Ben Hafiz! God is Love!"

### The Dead Singers.

---

FAINTER, still fainter, echoes far  
The world's refrain of deathless song—  
Their fingers mouldered now, who swept  
The lyre, with matchless touch, so long !

Gray distance veils that primal shore  
Which gave us Music, lost no more.  
We listen to the lovers' lute ;  
Yet—the eternal stars are mute !

The laurel swept from Homer's brows  
Lies 'neath the sands of Hermes' tomb ;  
On Omar Khayvan's hidden mound  
The roses breathe their faint perfume !

From far Cathay there steals, to-day,  
Across our world, so time-scarred grown,  
The fateful burden of the Past—  
That weird Confucian monotone !

Egyptian, Persian, bright-browed Greek,  
The Aryan, choir of storied past,  
With laureled Roman bards of old  
Have solved Life's mystery—at last !

The lips are pallid all, which gave  
The Troubadour a lover's prize ;  
And Skald and Minnesinger fade,  
In mystic cycles, from our eyes !

By life's unending road, Death-led,  
The Singers sleep—a mute array ;  
While bard and beauty blend their dust,  
Their songs thrill in our hearts to-day !

In newer life, with Passion's breast  
Of fire, the later poet sings  
With strains caught up by spirit voice,  
The memory of forgotten things !

Brave men who strove—bright eyes that shone—  
True hearts that loved, or sadly beat—  
Pass in a shadow dance, while dust  
Of Kings clings to the peasant's feet !

Thus—the great singers, chanting, go  
To Silence :—all mankind among !  
Their ashes blown in viewless winds—  
But Death can never still the Song !

### In the Guest Chamber.

---

FULL many a tent's Arabian fold  
Has lifted to my weary foot,  
And, now the days are growing cold,  
The music of the lover's lute

Dies far away ! A pilgrim, tired  
With trudging in Life's caravan,  
No more by glowing hope inspired,  
I mark the road where it began !

For, winding down in boyhood's days  
The purple mountains stretched afar,  
A hand clasped mine in Love's blind maze,  
And o'er me swung a sparkling star !

I lingered where the shining light  
Of sweet Fatima's diamond eyes  
Lit up the gardens of my youth,  
And turned those days to Paradise !

The trumpet sound of manhood called  
To life each drop of bounding blood ;  
And, by no craven fears appalled,  
I joined Man's earnest brotherhood !



By lonely paths, in Life's bazaars,  
I struggled in the busy crowd !  
To-day, content, I wear my scars !  
I've chummed with humble and with proud !

Yet many a kindly hand was oped  
For me the hair-tent's grateful shade ;  
And, when in blinding storms I groped,  
My brothers cheered " Be not afraid ! "

And round me wrapped the mantle oft  
Of comradeship to guard and guide ;  
And, when the skies were dark aloft,  
I've found staunch pilots at my side.

The silver star-beams, once beloved  
Have frosted o'er my storm-tossed hair,  
But yet I gaze and still rejoice  
To greet the star still sparkling there !

High o'er me, once, that singing star  
Breathed songs of Hope—and then, of Love !  
But now in Heaven it trembles far,  
The lamp of Faith, firm-poised above !

From caravansera to town  
I've lingered many a chamber in,  
And trustfully have laid my head  
Where'er my lot to rest has been !

Abdallah, in his palace halls,  
Once, but a striving friend of mine—  
Lists as the loud muezzin calls,  
To lowing voice of myriad kine.

For him the harem fountains flow,  
For him, the priceless jewel shines,  
For him, the white sails southward blow,  
For him, slaves toil in mart and mine !

But, singing on my way, I go,  
Content with all my varied lot !  
The last guest-chamber where we sleep  
Will see us equal—and, forgot !

Before Rothschild's house in Frankfort.

---

IN treading Life's contracted round,  
 My wandering footsteps turn again  
 To Frankfort, loved in early youth—  
 That pleasant city on the Main !

I pause, and rub astonished eyes  
 Beneath my gray and bushy brows :  
 The city fair seems strangely young ;  
 But, here, stands Meyer Rothschild's house !

Vain quest of gold has made *me* old !  
 The power of gold has made *it* young !  
 For, newer palaces now throng  
 The crumbling landmarks there among !

The Palmengarten's tropic sham  
 Draws maid and lover, 'neath the stars ;  
 And still the Ariadne gleams—  
 Time's tooth no fleck its beauty mars !

The vast Cathedral yet enshrines  
 The crumbling tombs of knight and dame ;  
 And fainter grow the Latin lies  
 Encircling each Archbishop's name.

I mark the helm of Sieur Lameth;  
A noble once, of high degree ;  
Upon his breast the laureled sword  
Still heralds Glory's mockery !

So Nature, art and Romance old  
Speak yet! The town is rich and proud !  
But all must yield to Gold the palm;  
'Tis Meyer Anselm draws the crowd !

Down in the little narrow street,  
The gate-barred alley of the Jew,  
Troop throngs of eager human dolts,  
To give to Wealth its homage due !

'Tis true that, high in honor raised,  
The form of Goethe nobly stands ;  
There, Schiller's rapt face thrills me yet,  
The youth with lyre in nervous hands !

A bookworm, here and there, may halt  
To see the roof whence Luther went  
To face Rome's thunders, with a heart  
Of steel, his brows in anger bent !

The house of Goethe, trim and neat,  
Attracts the wanderer's passing eye ;  
But Rothschild was borne down the street,—  
And, quick the traveler hurries by !

Oh, Frankfort ! faithful to the creed !  
The cold hard creed of later days !  
Tear down the homes of seer and sage—  
Pluck off the poet's withered bays !

The age of Iron now is past ;  
Lameth's vain sword is gnawed with rust ;  
The mighty soul to far realms fled  
Which animated Luther's dust !

The haughty dames who lived and loved  
Have found, in stone, eternal rest ;  
And violets spring unmarked to-day  
From pretty Gretchen's lowly breast !

Let gaping crowds in raptures loud  
Bend low before the banker's den ;  
Next door, a dealer sells old clothes—  
And Gold is King, to-day as then !

### The Ariel of the Past.

*A Memory Dream.*

---

GRACEFUL and exquisite, hovering near, she  
waits,

The one I love so well—

Dear, dreaming Memory, in her slender hands  
She clasps her hollow shell !

Dainty-shaped Ariel ! Truest now of all  
The vanished friendly sprites,  
She saw the passing time of Love and Hope  
Yet, still her spell delights !

Lingering, yet faithful to the one she served,  
In youth's time of bright eyes, and hopes once  
dear,  
Within the shadow of the evening, faithfullest of  
all,  
Fondly she watches near !

What voices loved, whose notes have died away,  
Her magic shell calls up !  
Still in her eyes I see the tender glance  
Of her who shared Life's cup !

The cup of Love ! Drained in the hours of bliss,  
The one I called mine own—  
Dear sprite of Memory, you alone bring this  
Sweet shade back to her throne !

All of the unforgotten past whose pearls lie  
scattered  
Along Life's winding shore—  
You paint for me, with tender artist touches,  
The days that come no more !

Round me your dear enchantment ever flinging  
Through weary day and lonely night,  
Nepenthe's draught, in loving-kindness bringing,  
Sweet sprite, with brows of light

Still linger with me, Ariel of the Past,  
On your rich lips one dainty finger pressed—  
And, pointing to the sunlight far beyond the  
river,  
Lead, lead me on to rest !

No more the jar of earthly things can fret  
As down the river to its mouth I glide—  
For you call up her my soul worships yet,  
And bring her back, dear Ariel, to my side

**Before Schiller's Statue.**  

---

HERE, in the lovely Thiergarten,  
Shaded by nodding trees,  
Stands Friedrich Schiller carved in stone,—  
Near beautiful Louise.

No passion fills the pulseless heart !  
All sightless, gleam his eyes !  
Yet Genius breaks that dreamless rest !  
With noblest harmonies !

His lifted hand and sunlit brow  
Are potent now—as when,  
With patriot fire and manly song,  
He cheered his fellow-men !

For Schiller's proud and loyal soul  
Raised his land's courage high,  
When Goethe dangled at a court,—  
To catch a pigmy's eye.

He saw Germania's flag trailed low !  
The tears of Queen Louise,—  
And strongly smote on Freedom's lyre,  
The battle-call that frees !



Warm blood, hot head, and loving soul,  
He points the German sword :  
To strike again for Vaterland,  
And stay the invading horde !

His deathless words ring down the years  
For, living thoughts are things,—  
Which shine, eternal, far above  
The diadems of kings !

Beloved by maid,—by gallant youth,—  
Free, headlong, brave, and bold !  
Fame gilds the bays on that cold brow,  
With glints of heaven-sent gold !

**Frederick the Great.**

---

HERE sleeps below, in silence grim,  
Frederick the Great, on whom Fate poured  
A wealth hard-won, and sharply fought for—  
With the hungry Prussian sword !  
The coldest Hohenzollern heart—  
A man of “ philosophic parts,”  
Who lived and died—shunned—feared—alone,  
A “ dilettante of the arts !”

“ Kingship divine ” led him to fill  
A hundred thousand battle graves.  
He much improved the soldier’s drill  
And—neatly uniformed his slaves !  
Of keen, bright brain, it seems he had  
No heart—less sterling honesty  
Than Alexander, who “ passed out ”  
In drunken fit, at thirty-three !

The victor Greek bequeathed “ The World  
Unto the Strongest,” with no claim  
But wholesale butchery, to gild  
The “ glory of *his* deathless name !”  
And Cæsar and Napoleon, too—

Devoid of hypocritic rant—  
Scourged all mankind, yet both disdained  
To use this “philosophic” cant !

Yet, “*Suum Cuique*” shines out to-day,  
Upon the Prussian soldier’s brows ;  
But still, Silesia’s stolen lands  
Its application hardly shows !  
When Polish peasants shrieked and yelled  
Beneath the Prussian’s armèd heel,  
Did Frederick then the candid sage  
Or “royal robber” most reveal ?

Ah ! Cain’s hand, spattered with the blood  
Of brother, to the first grave sent,  
Proved murder—but, ’tis different  
When killing’s done by regiment !  
The moping hours—the wailing flute—  
His scorn for toiling burgher fool—  
Shows this philosopher, “old Fritz,”  
Had never conned “The Golden Rule !”

His heirs, to-day, would happier sit  
Upon a somewhat narrower throne,  
If Frederick’s motto guided them—  
“Let every man enjoy his own !”  
Is the one title to high fame—  
The art, by blood, to build the realm ;  
And count no head a noble one,  
Which does not wear the warrior’s helm ?

Ah ! Sickening sham of tyrant craft  
What stuff of King Stork or King Log

Where is the land where labor groans ?  
The woman toiling with the dog ?  
Where half a million idle drones  
With useless sabres clank the streets !  
The cringing burgher seeks the gutter  
When the bold " man at arms " he meets !

Tear off the flaunting falsehood here !  
'Tis only good men who are great !  
The honest brow, alone, should shine  
Oak-wreathed, in a happy state !  
Greater the heir of freedom's crown  
Who plows with prairies, peaceful dressed,  
And sees a happy wife, afar,  
With babe upon her loving breast !

Count me the men as great, who herald  
Science, knowledge—yet unborn !  
I love the song the free winds breathe  
Through tasselled lances of the corn !  
That wily churchman, Richelieu,  
Red-robed, throned in his wisdom gray,  
Cried " States without it can be saved ! "  
" So ! Take the needless sword away ! "

The Germans great ! where Luther leads !  
And Goethe, Humboldt, grand array !  
With Heine, Schiller, Lessing, Kant !  
All matchless in the world to-day !  
These human pearls on sands of Time,  
Upon Germania's shores were poured !

Their deathless names shine out beyond  
The man of war who bears the sword !

The Great ! Where's Edison and Morse ?  
Who gave to Thought its swiftest wings ?  
Old Homer—Milton—Shakespeare—who  
Revealed imperishable things ?  
The Great and Good ! where's Lincoln's name ?  
All malice-proof—Immortal his !—  
Old John Brown—gallows hallowed—with  
That negro babe's mute parting kiss !

You call him "great" who ruled in blood !  
In battle's flame and frantic jar ?  
Who cleared a path with robber sword  
Among his neighbors near and far !  
Far greater Russia's manly Czar  
Who held *his* millions from the field,  
And never lit the torch of war !  
Whose stainless soul King Death revealed !

**Purity.**

---

UPON the heights, now, side by side,  
We walk, with senses purified.  
No human passion whispers there,  
In sparkling depths of crystal air.

Far down below us, earthly love  
Still strives the human heart to move ;  
But, one in soul, we stand apart  
From passion's storms, with tranquil heart !

From whence this power ? This chastened  
love ?

Look, clear-eyed, up to God above !  
With blameless thought,—for Thoughts are  
Things !

Where, round His brow, the rainbow clings !

The once frail love, now purified,  
Leaves us no darkening sin, to hide !  
And, stronger love than man e'er sought,  
Burns in our Heaven-sent higher thought !

**Shakespeare.**  

---

ABOVE a cringing world he clings  
To Heaven's eternal walls—  
An eagle eye, a voice that sounds  
A strain which never falls !

It lingers—ringing far above—  
A herald from the sky—  
To dower the weaklings of the earth  
With thoughts that cannot die !

**Burns.***[Impromptu.]*  

---

THE gentlest heart, with kindest thought,  
Unto his memory turns—  
Love's sweetest raptures thrilling yet  
The tender lyre of Burns.



**Robert Devereux.**

---

IN the heart of Berlin town,  
Where the human hive swarms round,  
Passing an old graveyard through,  
I saw "Robert Devereux."

Underneath a huge black stone,  
Hidden from our mortal eyes,  
These two words, in faded gold,  
Tell of him, who 'neath it lies !

Nothing more ! The simple name !  
But these solemn words are true !  
You and I, my passing friend,  
Will be soon like Devereux !

There he sleeps ! No line to tell  
If another loved him well !  
Strangers pass, like I and you,  
Heedless of poor Devereux !

Yet, as soundly sleeps he there,  
As if the loyely Taj in air,  
Rose above him, in the blue !  
Naught complains poor Devereux !

Sleeps as softly 'neath the sod !  
Just as near to man and God,  
As if the Invalides' dome threw  
Shadows over Devereux !

King and peasant, pale shades passed,  
Equal meet in Death at last !  
Read this lesson ! If we knew  
What is known to Devereux !

Friendless ! No ! For God's love holds  
Him wrapped up in Mercy's folds !  
Some one, once loved !—Some one knew  
Vanished Robert Devereux !

## The Sword.

THERE, on an olden field, it lay—  
As it dropped from a nerveless hand :  
Where the harvest of death was long gathered,  
A rusting and blood-stained brand !  
Around it the grass was waving fair,  
The fields with new riches stored.  
But, never a tender shoot sprang up,  
Under the blade of the sword !

Still, by the fortified castle walls  
The shadows hang black as night !  
There's never a fruit to tempt the hand !  
There's never a blossom bright !  
There are deserts—blood-hallowed—stretching  
far,  
Where Nature its wealth outpoured,  
But, the blackened rafter and hearthstone lone,  
Mark the path of the hungry sword !

In kingly courts of Vanity Fair,  
The sword, at a loiterer's side,  
Tells of noble rank—but it seems to me,  
Only murder glorified !

Accursed be the hand that forged  
The first heart-piercing blade !  
May that curse be deepened by the wail  
Of the widows its work has made !

The sobbing child,—the home defiled,—  
Man's heritage of woe :—  
Still, over the earth,—the grim hell-birth  
Of slayers, go to and fro !  
But, the falchion's gleams are Hell's own  
beams,  
Let him bear the blade who can !  
There's a curse above, from the God of Love,  
On who slays his fellow-man !

Ah ! The world is old, and our hearts grown  
cold,  
Or some thrill of a spark divine,  
From the King of Kings, to these crowned  
things,  
Might thunder these words benign :  
“Thou shalt not kill !” A heaven-born law  
By the warrior craft ignored,  
There's a curse on that glittering devil of steel !  
The brother-devouring sword !

PART II.  
SENTIMENT.



PART II.  
SENTIMENT.

---

“Love Haunted.”\*

---

YOUR face is with me in the night  
Out on the sea,  
And all I dreamed of heaven bright—  
It brings to me,  
A star to guide, a hope to bless,  
A mystery of loveliness !

Your love has sealed our souls for aye,  
Dear one, afar,  
My heart, unswerving, turns each day  
To where you are,  
That other soul my being knows,  
And seeks within your breast repose !

Your voice, is stealing on me now,  
With passion's thrill.

\* Music by Sebastian Bach Schlesinger.—Published by J. H. Schroder.

Love's fadeless light upon your brow,  
You hold me, still,  
In bonds whose sway, I now confess,  
Love's magic charm of tenderness !

Some day——



**To a Friendly Pagan God.**

---

HO ! Somnus ! Great veiled god of sleep ! To  
me the poppy bring !  
Throw down the dying torch of Day, its last  
spark lingering !  
In deep Cimmerian darkness wreath the locks  
around my brow ;  
I hear her footfalls echo ! My Love ! She  
cometh now !

Ye mystic three, who rule the shifting shapes of  
fleeting dreams,  
Quench every star and drive afar the moonlight's  
glancing beams !  
Come ! Morpheus and Phobetor ! Phantasmus !  
Hear my vow !  
My soul is yours, magicians three ! Call her  
back to me now !

Nay ! Not your awful brother Death who claims  
mankind his prey !  
His shrouded face I will not brook, his straggling  
locks of gray !

His sable cloak floats not above my vanished  
darling's form ;  
Come ! Somnus ! At thy feet I kneel ! Quell  
this heart's racking storm !

For blessed Sleep, with iris dreams, alone can  
bring her near !  
The one whom every bounding pulse-throb hails  
more fondly dear !  
Her Dian form—her love-kissed lips—the eyes of  
tender light !  
Bring back the lost one ! Call her to my dark-  
ened soul, to-night !

One night of dreams ! Filled with rapt love, and  
fairy minstrelsy !  
Nay ! Turn not ! Somnus ! Grant this loving  
cheat but once, to me !  
Here ! Bring the poppy bowl ! I see her memory-  
painted charms !  
Hail, Somnus ! For I clasp her now, within my  
loving arms !

Ah ! Linger with me, dreamy shades, soft  
ministers of Night !  
Turn back thy dial, Time ! for she must vanish  
with the light !  
Upon her heart in happy sleep still let me, rapt,  
incline !  
She comes ! The Darling of my soul ! Her  
heart beats close to mine !

For far the path, and long the cruel stretch of  
Life's strange way  
Her little feet have wandered, and I walk alone  
to-day!  
Great Somnus! At your shrine I kneel! Oh!  
Pagan god of might!  
My soul is yours when to my heart my dearest  
comes at night!

**Under The Rose!***The Story of a Picture.*  

---

YOU fain would read her story, as she stands  
With downcast eyes, and clasps her slender  
    hands,  
Pressed to the warm breast, where wild rapture  
    glows ;  
That secret deep is hidden—'neath the rose !

For Love has sealed her dainty lips from all ;  
She hears ! But, only answers to one call.  
You crave to know to whom her spirit goes  
Out in Love's silent pledge? Ah ! ask the rose !

For one alone she waits with dreaming eyes ;  
A sigh. A smile ! Two arms in glad surprise  
Would clasp him to that throbbing heart ! Who  
    knows  
That happy lover's name ? Only the rose !

For one now absent, in her heart of hearts  
She longs in Love's sweet pain ! Its thrill im-  
    parts  
The only pain that fairest bosom knows.  
When will he come ? She only asks the rose !

In clinging white, youth's light upon her brow,  
She stands, my heart's own darling, waiting  
now;

A dream of Love! Her color comes and goes!  
She guards my life—my soul—under the rose!

### On Revient Toujours.

---

WE watched the sunset fires burn out  
Upon the hills ; the meadow  
Slept quiet ; far below us there  
The river ran in shadow.

The nodding branches kissed the tide,  
Where white sails faintly gleaming,  
Slow drifted by ; the mountains high,  
In silence stern lay dreaming.

Each chiselled crag its dark shade threw,  
In quaint lines on the river.  
The song the laughing ripples sang  
That night, will haunt me ever.

Her eyes met mine, and then dropped down ;  
Their sweet glance told the story ;  
Hope promised then a future bright,  
With more than sunset glory.

Her little hand lay long in mine,  
Her voice in cadence tender,  
Thrilled all my soul with feeling grand,  
Nor tongue nor pen can render.

Long since that Summer night is fled ;  
The grass comes to the meadow,  
Sweet Spring leaves tremble on the trees,  
Sleeps on the stream the shadow.

Fond nature gives, with artist hand,  
Each year some newer splendor,  
To make more rare and lovely still,  
The landscape's outlines tender.

I bridge the intervening years,  
Call back the sunset glory ;  
But may not mend the broken threads  
Of life's unfinished story !

### The Last Forget-Me-Nots.

---

THESE, for your breast, my darling one—  
The simple flowers that near you dwell.  
They bloomed beneath your summer suns,  
And—Autumn brings our sad farewell.  
Close clinging to your tender heart,  
Their mute caress may backward bring  
A joy we shared, and still impart  
That thrill of Love which came with Spring ;  
And, as the Winter days decline,  
Still whisper from my heart to thine !

Still in your throbbing bosom glows  
The love which brought your head to rest,  
With blushes brighter than the rose,  
Upon my true and faithful breast.  
There's not a smile has lost its light !  
There's not a sigh you breathed in vain !  
For, read their message, Love, aright,  
The Spring will bring its flowers again.  
And I—shall find in your dear eyes  
The love that in them, dreaming, lies !

Once more, my own, before we part,  
I clasp your slender hand in mine !



Once more, I strain you to my heart,  
And kiss your eyes that softly shine !  
In lonely days these little flowers  
May speak of joys that were our lot,  
Bring back the heaven of those hours  
When you were my " Forget-me-not."  
A deathless love our life shall bless  
Again, in all its tenderness !

Pressed to your breast these blossoms keep,  
My love of sweetest summer days !  
And in the dreams of blessed sleep  
The heart which thrills, and fondly prays  
For you, shall watch ! For you shall wait !  
And hover where your dear feet stray !  
Still to your service consecrate  
Shall burn with brighter love, each day,  
For God has joined your soul to mine ;  
So, let them on your bosom shine !

## TO DAMON, AN "OLD CADET."

1864-1894.—E. O. F.—2d Artillery.

---

IT shines upon my hand, while far from home  
I'm lingering—

The quaintly chosen motto, carved upon our old  
class ring—

"Cor unum—viae diversae" was the chorus sung  
elate,

When "sixty-four" had shed its chains, in joyous  
sixty-eight!

The pendulum of thirty years has swung us far  
apart,

But yet the clock is running on, and ticks within  
my heart.

Although my life-blood feebler throbs than when,  
in fighting clothes,

We stood up in Fort Clinton, and punched our  
bitter foes!

I don't forget, dear Damon, how we "boned our  
math," at night,

That Billy Coombs and I backed you in the big  
"Casey fight."

He held the watch, and I the sponge, while you  
with angry frown  
Stood up through all those weary rounds, and  
made your man "lie down!"

The happy days in dear old "D,"—the corporal's  
stripes we won,  
The swims in the cool Hudson, alone, when day  
was done,  
Our "wrestle" with the Sanscrit "Var," those  
bareback rides of pain—  
I'd give a world of weary sighs to live those days  
again!

That "yearling camp," those dusty drills with  
Piper and with "Dad,"  
The singing voice of Lancaster—it always drove  
me mad!  
And "Lanky" Smith, the sturdy bear who ever  
banged us round—  
Dear "Forrest" Black, who slumbers there, in  
the old burying-ground!

The things we learned have vanished, and the  
men who taught them low  
Are lying, on the West Point hill, in the "Pro-  
fessors' Row."  
The lonely stars have glittered down on me for  
thirty years,  
And here your waited letter lies, and brings me  
sudden tears!

For I have never learned, old boy, the Calculus  
of Heart,  
And in my bosom's throbbing there's no Philo-  
sophic art.  
I long have sunk the "Engineer," though the  
"castle" was my pride,  
I would give my faded laurels, now, if you were  
by my side !

The songs were sung in summer camp, "Lore-  
na's" southern wail—  
When Treason's guns came booming North,  
upon the summer gale—  
"In the skies the bright stars glittered," "Float-  
ing down the Tennessee,"  
In Pompey Olmstead's mellow voice—It all comes  
back to me !

I think I see the bayonet's flash, as when in one  
grand line  
We swept along that grassy plain, your shoulder  
next to mine,  
As Grant "reviewed the Corps," when Lee laid  
down the Southern sword,  
When in our "Alma Mater," loud the guns of  
Victory roared !

I know the words which falter on my lips will  
bring again  
Those shadowy faces smiling sweetly, Damon, on  
us then.

But all our paths divided strange at "Benny  
Havens, Oh!"  
And one remembered sunny head, has long been  
lying low!

I feel again the pain which wrung my soul as we  
both heard  
The Adjutant, whose voice rang out the long-  
expected word,  
"First Class, Fall out!" the last class line, the  
music, "Home Sweet Home"—  
Then forth we went, on different paths, the  
world's strange ways to roam!

There's not a land that man can tread beneath  
the sweeping sun  
Our wandering feet have not roamed o'er—our  
quest is never done!  
Yet tossed afar by breakers wild, upon Life's  
angry sea,  
I bless the wave which swings you near, and  
brings you back to me!

Before me, as I scan your lines, the desert  
stretches drear,  
Its thousand miles of horrors, the lurking red  
fiends near,  
The long three months we marched forgot, the  
mutiny, the days  
When Arizona was a hell, beneath the sun's  
fierce rays!

So hail! with every heart-throb that friendship's  
name endears,  
Dear Damon, loved for all the drift of thirty  
sundered years!  
There's sunshine glowing in my soul! My heart  
is beating fast!  
I brim the cup we quaffed once, to "The Mem-  
ory of the past!"

"Do Swidanya."

---

UNDER the wreaths of welcome—green once, but  
golden now—  
You stand, my heart's own darling, with fair  
uplifted brow ;  
The wind which stirs the forest moans its sum-  
mons to depart,  
So bend your dear eyes once on me, while  
clasped unto my heart.

Here, on the portal where you waited, with love's  
kindled eye,  
Your faltering footstep lingers, and fears my last  
"Good-Bye."  
I kiss the trembling lips I love, in silence !  
Speech is vain—  
For every throb of your true heart now bids me  
"Come Again !"

Nay ! Do not speak, Beloved ! Fate's decree  
can harm us not !  
Our souls have mingled in the thrills which  
hallowed that dear spot.

Our tryst among the Saxon hills, the dancing  
river there,  
And sprinkled far—forget-me-nots—upon the  
uplands fair.

Again, Beloved, in my soul those sparkling love  
stars shine,  
We watched upon the swift blue Elbe—they—  
led us to the Rhine !  
We wandered 'neath their mellow light, in sweet  
Volhynian shades,  
They twinkle in this autumn night, their splendor  
never fades !

We cannot lose the golden past ! I never care  
to seek  
The summer rose which blessed us then ! It  
blushes on your cheek !  
The wooing winds which lulled to rest upon your  
breast of snow  
Are singing still within my heart, in murmurs  
sweet and low.

The hours which passed with flying feet, and  
marked the happy round  
Of all the heaven which we shall know, shall be  
eternal found ;  
The deathless spark which flashed its light, the  
aureole of Love—  
Will linger round your fair, dear head until we  
meet above !



For proof against the tyrant's will, or fortune's  
rolling wheel,  
My kisses give again the love your bosom's sighs  
reveal,  
For we are one, eternal sealed ! This is no part-  
ing day !  
I hold you prisoned in my heart, so both will go  
away !

And as my heart is chained to yours, though I  
stray to the west,  
We cannot part, Beloved,—for it beats within  
your breast !  
Lift up your eyes, and let your arms close round  
me, sweetest one,  
As in that hour you pledged your love, before  
the dying sun !

It is that sun which lights me—though my soul  
does not depart—  
The sun of Love which burns upon the altars of  
my heart !  
"You are my own forever," this I whisper ere I  
go !  
But wait to hear your murmur back, "I always  
loved you so !"

We reaped the golden harvest, waiting all these  
weary years !  
Our garnered grain is safe ! Our love is proof  
against all fears !

Then, "Do swidanya!" Smiling eyes take up  
the dear refrain,  
And flash their tender signals back—"Good-  
Bye, but,—Come Again!"

**His Letters.**

---

SHE sat beside the dying fire,  
A loving woman fair,  
And watched the letters from her hand  
Crisp into ashes there !

Ah ! Every light flame flashing out  
From those fond words of love,  
Brought tears into her gentle eyes  
As she leaned there above !

T'was in the silence of the night !  
The city round her dreamed—  
His whispered words her pulses thrilled,  
The grave of Love it seemed !

Those tender words, when hastening far  
He sued her heart to win—  
His last fond pledge of life-long truth  
She kissed, yet—threw it in !

With shining eyes her bosom's sighs  
Breathed a fond requiem there,  
For all those vanished hours of bliss,  
And, then—she knelt in prayer !

There, in that lonely room, his face  
Still lingered in her heart,  
And distance could not keep that hour  
Their loved-sealed souled souls apart !

She breathed a prayer for him that night  
Whose faithful heart afar  
Was haunted by her pictured face  
Beneath the lover's star !

He kissed that face of wondrous grace  
As, at his darling's feet,  
Life's ashes lay ! She turned away  
In dreams again to meet !

Her sweet brown eyes brought back the hour  
When first, upon his breast,  
Her graceful head came fluttering down  
In Love's eternal rest !

For, heart to heart, Love's spirit held  
Their souls that lonely night.  
"God Bless You, Darling !" echoed low  
And both their hearts were light !

**In the Woods.**

---

HERE, once, with me, my darling strayed  
Down these dim forest aisles ;  
I list to-day her foot-fall light ;  
Again, love-thrilled, she smiles.

'Tis true, I am alone, yet from  
The viewless world wherein she hides  
Her gracious spirit lingers with me—  
A blessing which abides !

Dear unforgotten face beloved,  
With softly shining eyes,  
The rustling leaves are murmuring low  
Of our lost Paradise !

Ah ! God ! In yon far sunset skies  
I see a golden glow,  
Which hides beyond the world's confines  
That love of long ago !

'Tis deathless ! For her spirit shines  
Down from the trembling stars,  
And, heart to heart, the pulse of love  
Beats past their mortal bars !

So, with my steadfast heart still true,  
My longing soul here waits !  
My footsteps threading these dear paths  
Her memory consecrates !

### After Many Years.

---

'TIS fourteen years, yet all comes back ! I think  
I see to-day  
The lazy porpoises again in blue San Pedro  
Bay !

The jutting crags hung o'er the ocean's rim of  
misty blue ;  
And on the golden hills I sat, and watched that  
scene with you !

Deep-freighted ships that slowly left the smiling  
Golden Land—  
The flitting fisher-boats which skimmed along the  
silver strand—

The valley smiled below us green, the bright  
skies domed above—  
And there, my friend, we talked of life—of all  
our dreams,—of Love.

The fresh salt breeze sang round us there, our  
thoughts far onward ran,  
To where the sparkling ocean hides the islands  
of Japan !

And here, in Russian forests lone, my soul strays  
back to-day—  
To meet you, friend, still heart to heart, by fair  
San Pedro Bay !

What matters it, if Fortune poured for you its  
shining store ?  
There have been kisses in our cup ! We dream  
those dreams no more.

I've had my share of all that comes ere silver  
streaks the brow,  
And yet, with all that Life has brought, the old  
days haunt me now !

I'm lingering over hopes that filled each ardent  
youthful brain ;  
I hunger for your clasping hands ! Those days  
come back again !

And fourteen years have flitted by ! Still smiles  
the azure sea,  
Where Memory builds its fairy bridge to bring  
you back to me !

That bosom stirred with passion's touch ! The  
promise of your eyes !  
And, softer than the summer wind, your mur-  
muring replies !

The dashing waves unmastered, fling their white-  
ness on the sea,  
And, on their breeze, your old-time thrall is cast  
again on me !



All hail beyond your mountains far ! The dim  
Sierras there  
Still raise their silvered heads aloft, in depths of  
bluest air !

Their murmuring pines, the stars that shine, are  
calling me to-day  
Back where we kissed and parted, once, by lone  
San Pedro Bay !

## Woman.

---

ALL that's best and sweetest lies  
Hidden deep in woman's eyes !  
All that's truest, gleaned apart  
Lingers in the woman heart !  
Every blessing from great Jove  
Thrills within her pulse of Love !  
Throughout Life, for good or ill  
Woman, woman, rules us still !  
Double happiness she gives  
When her better nature lives !  
Conqueror ! There's but one rest !  
Pillowed on your loving breast !

**From Her Glass.**

---

BRING me the cup she kissed !  
Fill of the very same  
Rich-hearted grape, and, let me breathe  
Deep,—in my heart,—her name !

Now ! while the bubble softly breaks  
On the dainty crystal rim !  
While yet her voice my spirit wakes,—  
While still my eyes are dim !

Up every glass ! Her health !  
Queen of this hour of mirth !  
Hail to the one I love !—  
The sweetest girl on earth !

Round her Love's mantle clinging !  
Flowers at my darling's feet !—  
Fresh joys each bright hour bringing !  
Hail,—and God bless you, Sweet !

### To La Grande Duchesse !

---

I DRINK the loving and the loved !  
A Queen ! No foreign ruler ! Mine !—  
I serve the one whose rosebud lips  
Are richer than this wine !

Unto her sparkling eyes I drink !  
Each thread of silken golden hair !  
And to the sea-shell's glowing tint,  
Which dyes her cheek so fair !

I hide her name within my heart !  
Would that my song might grow divine !  
The grape's rich heart, when pressed for her,  
Is thrilling now, with blood of mine !

The promise of her love-lit eyes !  
Her passion-haunted breast of snows !  
The witching glance which tells to me  
Her secret, whispered to the rose !

The Lady of Nimovitch.

---

SHE moves among her garden walks, my eyes her  
footsteps note  
And dreams beside the silent lake, of other days  
remote.  
She draws my heart in golden chains, a dainty,  
sweetest witch.  
“Forget-me-nots,” her bosom bears, to-day, at  
Nimovitch.

My pulses bound to greet her step, with joy my  
heart is stirred,  
For happy Love is thrilling now in each endear-  
ing word.  
There's all that makes this lovely earth, with  
Love's sweet treasures rich  
To bless the day she came, in grace, to rule at  
Nimovitch !

The fleeting years her form endures, new graces  
linger near  
The loving one whom every day I hold more  
fondly dear.

There are no words to paint a love, which mocks  
at simple speech,  
For heart and soul, lie at your feet, Beloved—at  
Nimovitch !

**At Parting.**

---

THE sad hour brings at last, the time of trial,  
For, it is time to part !  
And grim browed Fate brooks no denial,  
These words are from my heart !

Do you remember, Love of mine, you came first  
To me, in time of snows,—  
And now, while my heart throbs in rapture,  
You are my winter rose !

You come and go, but your dear face will linger  
Within my heart's locked cell,  
Your name is carved there by Love's finger,  
You cannot read "Farewell !"

No ! Darling ! For the lonely room you leave  
me  
Will whisper still of you !  
"God bless you, my own Darling !" does not  
grieve me,  
From your dear voice so true.

For you are mine,—in dreams I hold you ever,  
Locked up within my heart !

And, there's no doom our joined lives can sever,  
Nor tear our souls apart !

I linger in delicious pain, in wonder,  
To see your face anew,—  
As when I first your magic spell came under  
And, woke, to love of you !

I thought it was an angel, softly stealing  
On me, with tender eyes,  
But, dearest one, my soul beguiling  
You made life Paradise !

For every heart-throb, every pledge so tender,  
My soul waits at your feet !  
And all my life is yours,—to always render  
Your happiness complete !

So ! On your breast, your dear eyes sweetly  
shining,  
I seal the love you know,  
And, Hope, with rosy finger, all repining  
Forbids ! Love ! as you go.—



To a Prima-Donna.  

---

JUST lean back ! Shut your eyes one moment !  
Let your warm heart throb on, and beat ;  
As if I were the first man, Diva !—  
You, the first woman ! Sweet !

Oh ! what a royal empire of old  
If we knew all,—and lived then !  
Humanity crowned, you, genius starred—  
To begin all,—once again !

Drift out of your world a moment !  
Down, down Life's tide with me !  
Think of a man who is honest and true !  
A woman noble and free !

Look out from your soul's bright windows,  
And see things as they are !  
And never gaze back on that dizzy track  
You climbed,—to be a star !

I'll not speak of myself ; what am I ?  
A flash in the evening dark !—  
A bubble tossed on the waves of Life,  
A glint of a flying spark !

But you, Madonna, a star that shines,—  
A queen of your hard-won art ;  
And, over your head, the mystic crown  
Of Genius ! you walk apart !

Join hands, my comrade, across the gulf  
Of the warring natures we hold,—  
And drop out of all the base fetich,  
The woman-chase of old !

Still on your way go singing clear,  
Your eye on the zenith high,—  
Still, in your breast, the warm woman heart,  
Beating in harmony !

Brave as the boldest ! True to yourself !  
And, with every high-souled note,  
Strike on the ringing Harp of Fame,  
To the future, dim, remote !

Live for yourself ! Drink of Life's cup !  
Kiss the bubble on the brim !—  
And keep but a single throb for me,—  
While we both are in the swim !

Drop out the false ! For, beneath the garb  
Of a world of conventional lies,  
The great inviolate human heart  
Rules, hidden from mortal eyes.

Be bold ! be brave ! be free ! Madonna !—  
Be a woman, and, yet, be strong !  
With a woman's charms, and a loving heart  
Still sing as you drift along !

Fight the battle of Life as you find it !  
Your woman's weapons at hand ;—  
Be queen of yourself !—your life will be  
One anthem of music grand !

### Under the Red Light.

---

THE weary hours creep on ! Without,  
A wild storm crashes on the pane.  
I sit alone and dream, my own,  
Of hours that may not come again !  
My faithful heart, "So Happy !" wanders  
Out into the wild black night,  
To hover near you, where you dream  
Afar, below the one red light !

No matter where that taper gleams,  
Its softened radiance only shows,—  
The pearl of all the world to me,  
Bright-hearted sister of the rose !  
May God be with you, every hour,  
Though distance veils you from my sight,  
My heart is throbbing, in a prayer,  
For you, beneath that rosy light !

I know how tenderly its glance  
Upon your sleeping face now gleams.  
There, may the gods and fairies aid,  
I wander with you in your dreams ;

Each heart-throb echoes, every breath,  
My soul goes back, in love, to-night,—  
And, lingers, rapt, where softly sleeps  
My Dearest, under that red light !

True woman heart ! Its rise and fall  
Beneath your bosom's moulded snows,  
But marks the current of my love  
Which round you ever ebbs and flows.  
For, Love is all in all, and proof  
'Gainst Distance, Sorrow. There's no might  
Of King, no Fates can tear my soul,  
From your rose-aureole of light !

Ah ! Whisper ! Angels bright and fair,  
The love which watches, longs and waits,  
To my own darling, dreaming there,  
Of cloudless days, of kindest fates.  
Those parted lips, in murmurs fond,  
'Their greetings faltered, on this night,  
When, far away, you thought of me,  
And blessed me 'neath that soft red light !

**To the "Nameless," with a Book.**

---

FOR you—whose dear face, though afar,  
Still, in my heart's locked casket shines,  
Beneath our own beloved star ;  
You smile—and—read between the lines !

The kindling thoughts your love gave birth,  
Are here, in feeble words, expressed,  
Forget them, Darling ! Only share  
The memories thrilling in my breast !

Your love-lit eyes, the hand that waved  
A parting to my burdened soul ;  
Our commune in those forest aisles,  
The dreamy peace which round us stole !

The singing voice which waked, at last  
A heart, that long had vainly wept,  
That evening, by the world forgot,  
While, far below, the river slept !

Again, your face in tenderest love  
Upon me, unforgotten, beams !  
Your light foot breaks, in ecstasy,  
The mocking rapture of my dreams !

If there be secret, here entwined,  
The one inwoven thread of gold ;  
Under the rose, upon your breast,  
Unto your heart, its message fold !

So happy ! There, it lightly lies  
Soft pillowed in your snowy breast  
Where my song falters ; close your eyes,  
'Till memory tells you all the rest !

Ah ! Near or far ! I hold you fast,  
Deep prisoned in a faithful heart.  
Beneath your own red light, pray read,  
" Beloved, worshipped,"—as thou art !

### Open Sesame.

---

WHAT was it broke the spell, dearest ?  
You ask of my heart, to-day.  
What from the tomb of the sleeping years,  
Rolled the gray stone away ?

Was it the brooding promise  
Hid in your tender eyes,—  
When, down the leafy path, you led  
The way to Paradise ?

Was it the smile on lips that clung,  
So love-thrilled to my own ?  
Was it that one word whispered, "Come,"  
That rolled away the stone ?

Love's flame leaping through bounding pulses,  
When your dear hand met mine !  
Ah ! who shall tell what, from the rock,  
Flashed out the spark divine !

Was it the clasping arms which drew  
You, home, to a loving breast ?  
Was it the glance that met mine,  
When the Sun-god sank to rest ?



No ! For the Conqueror, in her heart,  
Knows a sweeter secret, a better  
Charm that broke the seals of years,  
Hid in that shy, sweet letter !

Take it and read it. Open Sesame !  
Only her true heart knows—  
Where it lay hidden,—that magic word,  
Only herself,—and the rose !

Only the rose which nestles there,  
Close to my darling's breast,  
Knows of the charm the Conqueror wrought,  
A watch-word,—the tenderest !

### To a Wayward Goddess.

---

AH ! Let some other foot linger,—turn off,  
And take the branching path !  
Let some cold stranger's eye harden,—  
In selfish wrath !  
Think of the love which round you clings,  
And, all endures.  
Let other lips speak all the bitterest things,  
Darling,—not yours !

Yes ! Let the callous worldling heart  
In pride and anger beat :  
But, think of all, the love of years has  
Laid at your feet !  
The hours when heart beat close to heart,—  
One kindly thought insures !  
Let others' scorn drift souls apart,—  
Dearest ! Not yours !

So ! In your quick estrangement,  
The hour of wounded pride :  
Let Love's still gentle hand, the tangling meshes,  
Quick draw aside !

Look in my faithful heart, which beats for you !

Where love allures!

You back to see one face, still throned,—

Darling ! 'Tis yours !

### Her American Majesty's Visit.

---

HERE I am sitting alone to-night,—  
Her picture is facing me now ;  
There's a thrill in her shining eyes,  
I can almost bring back her bow  
Of mocking entreaty, " Her American Majesty,"  
Just as she curtsied then,  
At that very door, and faltered,  
" May I visit your favorite den ? "

There, on that crimson velvet chair,—  
" Her Majesty " found a throne.  
Queen of all hearts, she did not forget  
To carry by storm, my own !  
A vision of laughing life and love,  
Set in the sombre scene  
Of my daily life, in Penworld,—  
Where so many dark hours have been !

Over the curious litter,  
Which we men of the " Shadowland " love,—  
Her dainty fingers wandered,  
While searching for treasure trove.

In every nook and corner,  
She fathomed my strange retreat,  
Affecting the utmost unconcern,  
While, my heart, lay under her feet !

Ah ! But that wise little woman  
" Her American Majesty," knows  
I worship her very shadow !  
Yet, that secret is " Under the Rose !"  
How these unforgotten moments  
Too brief flitted happily by !  
And she paused near the threshold, and, fixed  
me,  
With the glance of a love-lit eye !

" I'm going !" she whispered ! The rest  
By mortal was never heard :  
For, clasped in my arms, she stood there,  
And never uttered a word !  
I found a few violets,—there,—on my desk,  
A holly sprig,—I know to-day,—  
Only this, that her visit has turned my head,—  
And,—she carried my heart away !

Yes ! That's her picture ! The very one !  
" Her American Majesty,"—there !  
" How did I get it ? " It was an exchange,—  
And,—Cupid would call it fair !  
" My heart is with you !" she pencilled,—  
" I left it in your old den !"  
And,—I wait " Her American Majesty"  
To come back, and—get it again !

**"Before the Kaiser."**

---

BEFORE the Kaiser, Elsa stands  
With softly dreaming eyes ;  
High soars her prisoned angel voice,  
While wildest plaudits rise !

She shares the laurels drifted down  
On Hohenzollern's brows—  
His gift by birth, by genius hers,  
Fair daughter of the snows !

Before them all, Columbia's child !  
Queen by divinest right,  
With crown of beauty's native dower,  
Hailed Empress of the night !

'Twas graceful that the monarch owned  
The sway her art imparts,  
He lord of the Germanic sword—  
But she, a "queen of Hearts."

When battle's smoke has drifted far,  
The soldier lonely sleeps,  
Her name will shine in Art's bright page  
Which green her memory keeps !

Fair country-woman ! Nature blessed !  
As her song dies away,  
Here in our bosom's shaken thrones  
The woman-heart holds sway !

Sing on ! Bright star ! shine out for all !  
With Art's enkindled light !  
Those graceful laurels truly won,  
Dear Empress of the night !

### Waiting !

---

BESIDE the fire My lady stands,  
Her dainty eyes in thought downcast—  
The jewels on her blue-veined hands  
Flash memories of a storied past.

The room is stilled, soft shadows steal  
From purpling hills down to the sea—  
Hard by the mantel's garnered wealth  
My Lady keeps her tryst with me !

Around her, spoils of all the earth  
And pictured faces, glowing, bring  
All forms of beauty to her there,  
Sweet Hebe of Life's rosy spring !

Upon the stair, I linger rapt—  
The living picture works its spell !  
Her bright young brows, the Dian form,  
The tender eyes, I love so well !

Her beauty makes the room a shrine !  
Dear priestess of the fading light !  
But, mark—she bends her eyes on me !  
Love ! Do I read their message right ?



The world may run its course in vain—  
I linger! Never more to part!  
But kiss those carven lips again  
As Hebe's welcome thrills my heart!

### A Dream.

---

YES, 'tis the room, and I mark the spot  
Where her little arched feet rested.  
There in the shadowed corner lay  
Her dear head—golden-crested.—  
The priests all lie! These days gone by  
Have witchcraft's magic power,  
And my wild heart's beat, and my wandering feet  
Will bring her back this hour!

She has left me long! She will come again  
With her sapphire eyes of blue;  
And whisper, with white arms 'round my neck,  
"I love you! Only you!"  
There are snapping cords in my heart of  
hearts,—  
I know her step full well;  
She swore she would come to me once again!  
But, this waiting hour is hell!

Hark, soft at the drifted leaf's light fall,—  
Her foot is on the stair!  
She comes once more! That bright-eyed girl!  
She is surely standing there!

And, I know the bloom upon her cheek  
The gold threads of her hair,  
Her smiling lips, her graceful form,  
Her light step on the stair.

Cold ! And the room is dreary !  
No stir in the silent hall,  
And yet I know that she stood there !  
I wonder if, after all,  
There is a world beyond the tide,  
Where she will wait for me ;  
Where heart to heart we will never part,  
But will dream in ecstasy ?

## "Yo me Recuerdo."

(From the Spanish.)

---

YON star which far above me gleams,  
But speaks, my own, of thee !  
The night winds whispering soft and low  
In murmured melody ;  
The thrill which my fond bosom owns—  
Beloved as thou art—,  
Is life-blood pulsing true to thee  
Within my faithful heart.

Come to the arms which wait for thee !  
May thy dear head soon rest,  
In dreamless slumber, still beloved,  
Upon this lonely breast !  
The hour we loved, that star we watched,  
The breezes sighing low,  
Bring back our love, eternal sworn,  
The bliss we only know.

### To a Lady's Picture.

---

BESIDE the smiling group of three  
Who reign upon my chamber wall,  
One friendly face beams down on me,  
One, treasured, kept by me from all,  
I've idly scattered in pleasure's race—  
Alone, I've kept your face !

In years gone by I've sadly learned  
How thin the gilding sometime grows,  
Seen fading oft, quick friendship's glow,  
And marked a canker on the rose  
To which I've given the proudest place !—  
Still I will keep your face.

Bright stars of beauty rise and pass  
And Venus burns not every night,  
And cracked is often Fancy's glass.  
But one star shines unchanging bright.  
The Pole star holds the world in place,  
And I will keep your face.

A steady star lift up to shine  
And show the way o'er land and sea ;  
And when your glance is bent on mine  
I think and feel I almost see

My own dear love these lonely days,  
And so I keep your face.

Bright links of friendship forged by you  
Bind three in firm uniting chain ;  
And every glance seems to renew  
Our hopes of meeting once again  
Around your fireside, happy place.  
I fondly keep your face.

For days glide by, dear friend, to show  
You true and rich as tested gold.  
In years to come, as long ago,  
My heart's best shrine shall ever hold.  
Next to its queen an altar high  
Where no unworthy rival by,  
I'll worship one dear face.

That Darling Girl.

---

ACROSS the world's commotion,—  
 Its maddening whirl,  
 A waif upon Life's ocean,  
 I see that darling girl !  
 Her Dian form, her wistful eyes,—  
 With looks of melting love,  
 Which mirrored, in this world below,  
 The sparkling heavens above.

Chill clouded years have burdened eyes  
 Which long have vainly wept.  
 The sweet lost love, I dreamed of,—  
 In the years my spirit slept.—  
 And, yet,—across that weary waste,—  
 And pangs which rend my heart,  
 That girl, within my bosom's core,  
 Has her own throne apart !

For, still above the skies of Fate,  
 Though mist and mirk may whirl,  
 I cherish in my loyal soul,  
 That loved and darling girl !

She may be naught to all besides,  
But, all in all me :—  
Across the wasted years I mourn,  
That girl is all I see !



**Good Night.**

---

SLOW fades along the level sea  
The shimmer of the failing light,  
Dark shadows gather—warning sails  
Sink in the wave, far specks of white.  
Upon the mountain, lingers yet  
In glowing tints, the sunset rare,  
The forest fringing yon dark crag  
Is whispering, in wild music, there.

Soft silence wraps the sleeping world,  
A brooding silence strangely sweet.  
Along the shore, the breakers roar,  
But die in wavelets at my feet.  
One star peeps out, a herald star,—  
Till all the heavens in brightness glow.  
Far light-houses, for weary souls,—  
Their twinkling flashes come and go.

These silvered pages of Heaven's court  
Precede the peerless queen of night,  
Who moulds yon distant purpled hills  
In lines of living argent light.

Ah! Brighter than the crescent moon,  
And lovelier than the throbbing sea,—  
A vision floats before my eyes,  
And brings her face once more to me!

I fain would know, if at this hour,  
She strays her garden haunts among,  
And dreams of hours we've blessed like this,  
The words we faltered, songs we sung,  
Her wistful brown eyes glancing far  
Down future happy years to be,  
Grow tenderer, still,—Beloved Eyes,—  
Their lone watch keeping still—for me!

**At Sea.**

---

I WATCHED the gray and lonely waste  
Of ocean, drift unheeded by ;  
The distant glowing sunset flamed ;  
I gazed—but with a lover's eye !

Sad was the burden of the dirge—  
The mocking distich of the sea ;—  
As angry surges sweep me on  
They sang, “ we hide her, far from thee ! ”

**"After Many Days!"***At Schandau—In Bohemia.*  

---

WE climbed the purpled mountains, your slender  
hand in mine,  
And saw beyond the Elbe blue the golden sun  
decline ;  
Behind grim-crested Konigstein, he sought the  
western skies,  
And Love walked with us, darling, hid in your  
dreaming eyes !

It was in far Bohemia, our erring feet had  
strayed ;  
The cares of Life had fallen away, and you were  
not afraid  
To face the gathering clouds of night, when that  
sun sank to rest ;  
For Love was holding royal court within your  
happy breast !

Away with fears, away with tears ! Nor time  
nor tide can blight  
The love that kindled in our hearts, upon that  
happy night.

A bird was singing to his mate, hid in the blossomed tree ;

My heart awoke, beloved, as you turned your eyes to me !

Oh ! Speechless joy ! the world forgot, your secret then confessed,

With laughing eyes and low replies, your head upon my breast !

The winding Elbe below us shone ! All nature seemed to smile,

When Life's book was unrolled, for lo ! you loved me all the while !

By strangest paths, in parted years, stern fate had led our feet

Around the world, a weary road, in love at last to meet.

But on this fairy night I knew your faithful heart was mine,

And clasped unto my throbbing heart, the Queen of Konigstein !

For so, in frolic sport, you chose a title for that hour

When, hearts aflame, we lingered till the night began to lower ;

Then, hand in hand, we wandered back—for parting there was not—

We met in dear Bohemia, where sorrow is forgot !

## AD ASTRA NORDICA.

---

A STAR—a star that shines  
Upon the sea at rest ;  
A star that gleams in fire  
Upon her snowy breast !

A star which decks the brave,  
In battle's dangers won ;  
A star that loves to linger  
Near to the dying sun !

A flow'ret star that breathes  
Its incense in the wood !  
The morning star which sang  
The coming of the Good !

These stars be dear, but loved  
The most the star that sings :—  
The evening star—the lover's star  
Close to my bosom clings !

Shine on, dear star ! Still sing  
A world to sweetest rest !  
A note of joy ! a song of Spring !  
Then, linger on my breast !

Under her Spell.

*In the Berlin Museum.*

*The head of Erynys of Pergamus.*

---

STAY! Warder! Hold off your hand!  
 Wait there—wait at the door!  
 And leave me here, in the shadows—  
 I must see her face once more!

All that is left of the sculptor's dream.  
 Only a woman's head.  
 Erynys! There! with the dreaming face!  
 The queen of the deathless dead!

I knew her! I know her! My soul is her slave  
 For, ages—long ages ago  
 I have bent, in her maddening worship,  
 Where the palm-trees nod and glow.

You smile! I rave! 'Tis the goddess  
 Of men's hearts,—the witch of their lives!  
 Still, on those proud imperial lips,  
 For speech, her weird nature strives!

In Pergamus,—by the Euxine,—  
 She waked,—with her marble heart.

That cruel crescent-browed goddess,—  
And, Fate holds us still apart !

You smile ! Ah ! I know her too well !  
She has cursed my life for long years ;  
And the conquering glance of those stony eyes  
Has swept my dark soul with tears !

Cold and cruel, false as Faustine,  
Or Burgundy's Marguerite,  
She poisons the lover's hot kisses,—  
This demon of glances sweet !

The Conqueror ! Only a face !  
Yet, I writhe again—for the dart  
Of an old, lost love has riven again  
The depths of a sorrowing heart !

You laugh ! A mere sculptor's fancy !  
And—the earthquake shock threw down  
The marble fanes and palaces,  
Of the grand old Grecian town !

Only her head ! She stands in the gloom.  
That woman, without a heart !  
And I worship you, demon of stone,—  
Fair mocking devil thou art !

But, how came you here, in stone,—  
Ah ! Soulless beauty, I know.  
For, you live in the world to curse me  
With the spell of long ago !



Ah! Now I remember! 'Tis she!  
Eryny's frail child—of her own,—  
You angel-faced devil I met in the flesh,  
With a missing heart of stone!

Here! Warder! This gold is yours  
For the shadows have veiled her cold eyes!  
The hell of Love's mockery vanishes now,—  
My curse on her memory lies!

Take, take me away! Some kind word  
Of the Fates may release me! So!  
I bend and avoid her unpitying glance,  
And,—shuddering, onward go!

### Off Charleston.

---

LONG drags the watch and still the night,—  
    Slow rocking on the tide,  
The oak-ribbed battle-ships moored near,  
    But faintly are descried.  
This happy hour, a single ray  
    Of joy the vigil cheers,  
Hark! Stealing o'er the tropic waves  
    The songs of other years !

Far from the leaguered hostile port,  
    Again I seem to roam.  
My longing heart still fondly turns  
    Back to my northern home.  
In vain, I strive to mark my watch,  
    To dry the misty tears,  
While float across the heaving waves  
    These songs of other years !

Bright thoughts of unforgotten days  
    Are wakened,—happier hours  
I've known return, while miseries  
    Forget these blighting powers

Blest be this chance—the happy chance  
That this lone hour endears :  
When evening breezes murmur low  
The songs of olden years !

### II Balen.

---

FAINTLY through the evening stealing,  
Bringing thoughts of you, appealing  
To the tenderest memories, locked within an ever-  
faithful breast,  
Ah ! How magical their chiming,  
With my heart-throbs sweetly rhyming,  
Sounds that thrilled my soul ecstatic, when the  
keys your fingers pressed.

Oft I've caught their soft intoning—  
When the ocean billows moaning,  
Told of weary leagues, my darling,  
That our loving hearts divide :  
Fancy, taking up the measure,  
Of each song I e'er shall treasure,  
Melodies that held me spell-bound in those old  
days at your side.

## Good-Bye.

---

“GOOD-BYE !” I vainly from my heart  
Your pictured image would efface !  
For, on my bosom’s highest throne,  
My Darling holds the royal place,  
Good-Bye ! I cannot falter now,  
For, though by doubt and sadness torn,  
We never yet have parted, cold,  
But, blissful meeting came with morn !

Like stars in skies, your shining eyes,—  
Have beamed on me for many a year,  
Heart close to heart. Beloved, still  
I feel your tender presence near.  
Be mine yet, though the gathering storm,  
In angry clouds may darkly lower,  
I clasp you in my loving arms,  
To shield you,—Dearest,—evermore !

Come ! For the star we love, on high,  
His sparkling nightly signal swings,  
Each blissful moment gliding by,  
When Love, to me, your dear face brings.

Here, on this breast, your rest shall be,  
Your lips their promise shall renew :  
Sweet listening roses ! Hear my vow !  
Good-Bye ! My own ! I love but you !

### Her Soldier.

---

SHE loved him more than ever maid  
Who, clasping lover to her breast,  
Breathed sigh for sigh,—with love-lit eye,  
With faltered vows—the tenderest !  
She watches where he sleeps to-day,  
Under the old flag's heaven-dyed fold,  
The blue of Heaven o'er him there,  
Lit with the dying sunset's gold !

Bright, brave, and sunned in Fortune's smile,  
He held his breast to battle's storm,  
And, in her brooding heart, the while,  
Dwells but that one beloved form !  
His manly grace, his vanished face,—  
Haunt her lone hours,—his voice still rings  
Upon her listening ear, these dreams,  
Are imperishable things !

Ah ! Not in faded, riper years,  
He sought the far and misty shore.  
She lingers, while each heart-beat brings  
Her darling to her side, once more !

The sheathed sword, the knightly spurs  
Tell of his earthly battles won.—  
With tenderest heart, she walks apart,—  
Still dreaming of that gallant son !



## To Helen R \* \* \*

*(Aged sixteen.)*  

---

UPON the stair, you said "Good-Night,"  
With smiling lips, you turned to me  
A girlish face of tender grace,—  
A nymph to-day,—a queen to be !  
Ah me ! I mourn the vanished years,  
The charm of youth that quickly parts.  
But I am past the danger line,—  
Dear little budding Queen of Hearts !

The laughing light which fills your eyes  
Will kindle flames in fresher breasts !  
Still, with a loving benison,  
My hand, upon your fair head, rests !  
The future stretches bright and fair,  
Beneath your lightly falling feet :  
Love's signal flutters at Life's prow,  
And,—the kissed cup is passing sweet !

But you are mine, dear pretty lass !  
The coming Prince must still forbear,  
To rob me of your charming face,  
Your graceful form upon my stair,—

For dreams and visions hold you near.  
Is it your blushing face I see ?  
A dream of First Love ! On the stair,  
You kiss your finger-tips—to me ?

Dear little one ! I wake ! I've had  
My share of hours that quickly fled,  
And I forget ! Your shadowy kiss  
Is but the kiss which wakes the dead !  
Time's roses still their fragrance hold !  
Those golden moments quickly ran.  
Ah ! well-a-day ! My race is run !  
That kiss is for—the coming man !

**As Ships That Pass.**  

---

YOUR soul its fluttering signals showed,  
My Darling ! In those dreaming eyes,  
Whose fringing lashes could not hide  
The depths of Love's sweet Paradise.  
Far from the world you came to me,  
A sea-born vision ! Memory's glass  
Will bring you back,—though swept away,—  
Like ships that pass—like ships that pass !

I may not read the blushes sweet,  
Which mantled on your glowing cheek.  
I dare not linger at your side,  
'Twere vain to hope ! 'Twere mad to speak !  
Gray distance hides you now afar,  
My griefs a love-racked soul harass !—  
Good-Bye ! Hope's ensign flutters down,  
Like ships that pass ! Like ships that pass !

Perhaps some favoring gale of Life,  
On the uncertain heaving sea  
Of Fate, may blow from happier shores,—  
And waft you, Dearest, back to me.

Your head at rest, upon my breast,  
Your eyes, twin guiding stars,—alas !  
'Tis vain to dream ! Their light is lost !  
Like ships that pass ! Like ships that pass !

**Alone.**  

---

THAT star swings single now on high  
Which gleams upon the lone tree nigh,  
Alone I trust you whispering pine,  
This message from my heart to thine !

Beloved One ! My soul's one star !  
Veiled from mine eyes—where'er you are,  
Alone ! I breathe your name, in love,  
Unto yon star-lamp, there above !

Blest be that spot, lost darling mine,  
Where trembling rays upon you shine.  
Alone ! I whisper in my heart,  
“ We meet, one day, to never part ! ”

Go ! happy Star, and find my love !  
Your rays shall thrill her from above,  
Alone !—There's yet one throb divine  
Which quivers from my heart to thine !

Down the dark mountain sweeps the wind,  
And leaves me lingering here behind !  
Alone !—Ah ! Take these words in fee !  
My greeting ! Loved and Lost ! To Thee !

**Off Shore.**

---

AROUND, a dark and starless sea  
Throbs in its wind-swept minor strain,—  
The rising gale sings in the sail,  
In varying tones that ring again!

The vault unflecked by silvery star,  
Domes high above! Ah! Lost we are!  
Beyond all thralls of earthly calls,  
The breaking surge, at intervals,—

Throws phosphor sparks of gold on high!  
Here, with no lingering cares hard by,  
We drift! Sweep on! Oh, happy sea!  
My Love is nestling near to me!

The land we knew is lost to view!  
There's not one gleaming spark in sight.—  
Our heart-throbs golden moments note,  
As, shadowed in the night we float!

Sing on, Wild Winds! Sing in my heart!  
Ah, Love! For never shall we part.  
But sail on Life's o'er shadowed main,  
Till Love shall waft us "Home Again!"

For our love knows nor bounds nor lines,—  
No stretch of Time, nor World's confines,—  
The heart which throbs alone for me—  
Is mine,—to all Eternity!

### Julie Beatrice.

---

I READ no message in your eyes,—  
For, Love still in them, dreaming lies !  
These happy days, a magic seek  
To bid your eyes their story speak.  
Unspoken words, to thrill the heart  
That waits, in cloudland, yet for thee !  
That Soul now lingering far apart,  
But, thine,—to all eternity !

For Love's sweet domain is now decreed,—  
The fairy Prince, from slumbers freed,  
Is wandering, with longing eyes,—  
To meet yours, in Love's sweet surprise !  
Julie Beatrice ! Queen ! Somewhere,  
A fairy realm waits ! Love alone  
Will break the waiting charm which binds,  
- And, bid you to a golden throne !

I know the prison where you wait  
For his touch, at the fairy gate.  
The garden of my heart now holds  
You, till that future sweet unfolds !



And forth with him, then, hand in hand,  
You wander to the golden west,—  
Your wakened heart thrilled with Love's Song  
Your wandering feet seek happy rest !

### To Molly.

---

*A Bewitching Young American Matron at the German Court.*

ROBERT BURNS sang long ago, wi' a sweet  
Scottish lassie in his een.

“Molly's meek ! Molly's sweet !  
Molly's modest and discreet,  
Molly's rare, Molly's fair,  
Molly's everything that's neat.”

“Which I wish to remark—”

Molly's pretty ! Molly's witty !  
She's the toast of all the city.  
Molly's form takes by storm.  
Molly can't be mine—a pity !

Molly lays the “fremden” out,  
As they gape and stare about.—  
Molly made the Kaiser's eyes,  
Bulge in “Kaiserliche” surprise !

Molly is our very best !  
When she's in her “war-paint” drest,—  
Go and gaze in mute surprise !  
Venus,—with Minerva's eyes !

For Molly's sake the oath I'd take  
To love her sisters and her brothers!—  
I'll go jump into the lake!  
Hang it! Molly is another's!

Just my Luck!!!

### Star of the East.

---

LEAN Low ! Sweep low ! Down to the western  
sea,  
Star of the East ! Thou bringest my dearest,  
near to me !

Over her darling face pillowed far, thy trembling  
light,  
Has stolen in, at her window, to kiss her my last  
“ Good Night ! ”

Over my dearest's sleeping form, thy pale white  
halo glows,  
As moonlight searches the secrets hid, in the  
heart of the dreaming rose !

Happy bright star ! That droopeth down to the  
throbbing sea !  
Bring me the shining message, her eyes gave  
unto thee !

Sweetest eyes I've often kissed, under her own  
red light,—  
Their loving message thou tellest me ! “ My  
Dearest One ! Good Night ! ”

Sweep up, once more, from under the world ! oh !  
faithful star, and tell  
Her I dream, in rapture, of meeting ! Star of the  
East ! Farewell !

### To the Conqueror.

---

I WANT to feel you love me only,  
My conqueror ! So happy now,  
I want to know, when you are lonely,—  
Love's light lingers on your brow.  
A double happiness our treasure,—  
The boon denied to crowned kings.  
I want Love's cup filled beyond measure  
When your dear hand the chalice brings.

I want no other form beside me,  
No eyes to speak to mine, but yours,—  
If Fortune all else has denied me,  
Love's sweet empire still endures.—  
I want your soul ! Its mystic blessing  
Which round my heart its magic flings !  
I want your lips, their love expressing,—  
I want that voice, whose music rings !

I want no song, upon me stealing,  
In which your love-thrill echoes not !  
My heart, its tender trust revealing,  
Heaven with you,—the world forgot !

I want your head—upon my breast, Love,—  
Your eyes which sweetly, softly shine !  
I want to share that blissful rest, Love,  
Your fond heart beating, close to mine !

**Drifting in the Night.**

---

OUR white sail gleamed, on summer seas, beneath  
bright skies

We drift, but slowly now !

Love held the helm,—the course marked by your  
eyes,—

We drift, in darkness now !

And if your heart is loving yet, still true to me,—  
Dear one ! The sail is trembling,—and,—I can-  
not see !

I know the joys which smiled, beside that pur-  
pled shore !

We drift, in silence now !

The love-light in your eyes which thrills my soul  
no more,

We drift, to leeward now !

I hear the sullen breakers roar,—the land I can-  
not see,—

But, my fond heart is wildly whispering, “ Dan-  
ger ! ” now to me !

The night is dark, and cruel rocks hem in the  
narrow bay,

We drift at midnight, now !



The sunlight of your smile may come at break  
of day !

We drift, toward ruin now !

Your arms, my dearest, cling once more, the long  
night past !

Your sweet eyes flash their message bright :

“ Safe,—safe—at last ! ”

**Auf Wiederschen! Susse Vogelchens.***To my Lovely American Musical Neighbors.*

AUF Wiederschen! My Vogels dear!—  
 Although I had to move, one day,—  
 I loved you,—though you mixed my plot,  
 And shadow figures, in strange way!  
 My hero,—“o'er the dark abyss,”  
 My heroine, with tearful eyes!—  
 Your “Sing Akademie” knocked out  
 The “Writing Bureau!”—“That's the size!”

For, how could “fiction weaver” work,  
 At “lovers' troubles,” and “sich” things,  
 When, next to me, Dear Vogels, there,—  
 I heard the rustling of your wings?  
 You were sweet birds! I never marked  
 That strident voice which anger speaks,—  
 Your chummy gossip reached me oft,  
 But, not, the clashing of your beaks!

Dear Vogelchens American!  
 Forgive the man who slipped away!  
 For in my fond and “manly heart”  
 There's now the very deuce to pay!

My book is done. I must "fly forth."  
May no bright joys your future lack!  
But, if you hold me in your hearts,  
I'll give up scribbling,—and move back!

Dear Vogelchens! My winter mates!—  
Whose "Sing Akademie," next door,  
Has made the "Ecke" loudly ring,  
Your neighbor's heart is very sore!  
Chateau de Herzberg's walls will fade,  
As southward, joyous, I depart;  
But, the sweet racket you have made  
Will linger in my loving heart!

To save my life I could not choose  
"Twixt Katie's fairy minstrelsy,  
Or, that light and fantastic touch,  
"Sally Cremona's" sweet high E!  
I love you both, as mortal man  
Who tries "the subject to embrace."  
Dear woman, in her varied forms,  
I love the smile on each dear face!

It would not stop the world's wild swim  
If all my readers "took a rest;"  
The laurels shine on many brows,  
Believe me, Vogels! Love is best!  
But should I lay the pen away,—  
This thought now makes my brain to whirl!  
If I twanged on the "Lover's Lute,"  
God bless me! Could I choose the girl?

Ah! No! Sing on! I love you both!  
I'll write a song for Katie G,—  
And Sally Cremona's "rosin" buy  
To still tone up that sounding E,—  
May your sweet wings still bear you up  
In happiest flights, good fortune nigh;  
Long live your "Sing Akademie!"  
I kiss you both! Sweet girls, good-bye!

PART III.  
HISTORY AND PLACE.



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HISTORY AND PLACE.

---

“At Rowno.”

*In the old Chateau de Lubomirski.*

---

HERE in the banquet hall I stand, where the  
White Eagle gleams,  
Still, on the frescoed ceiling, with its bare and  
blackened beams,  
The lordly crest of Polish rank, the Lubomirskis  
bear—  
Shines 'mid the wreck and ruin, to point its moral  
there.

Upon its island high upborne, the huge Chateau  
stands yet,  
Around it smiles the valley, rich with rose and  
mignonette ;  
Fair Rowno's gardens nestle under frowning  
scarped hills  
Where now the victor Russian camps the farther  
landscape fills.

The lordly pile still shelters peasant maid and  
timid hind,  
Yet, through the gaping casements sweeps the  
scented summer wind ;  
" My Lady's " rooms send echoes back, now  
fraught with many a sigh,  
The Prince's empty audience hall is open to the  
sky !

Still the huge columns bear aloft the great ma-  
norial pile,  
And the grand marble stairway guards its  
splendor all the while ;  
Dull gold, dim crystal deck these walls whose  
glories are forgot,  
While far the scented lawn is starred with blue  
" forget-me-not ! "

The river dreams of bygone days among its  
whispering reeds,  
Where once Napoleon's train of kings sat mute  
upon their steeds ;  
As underneath yon giant oak the arch magician  
bent  
His wondrous eyes on women fair, ere forth to  
fight he went !

The year of eighteen seven, he came, from  
Austerlitz in pride,—  
And Jena's rout, the story told, of Europe all  
defied.



Here—in these halls, the glass he raised, with a  
 world-conquering glance,  
 And smiled at Rowno's princess, while Napoleon  
 drank to France !

"Tout passe,—tout casse,—tout lasse,"—they  
 say—Duroc is slumbering near  
 The master whos heart trembled in Love's witch-  
 ing frenzy here ;  
 Gay Caulaincourt and brave Bessières have mixed  
 with kindred dust,  
 And, buried deep in Russian wastes, the French-  
 man's sword is rust !

The Princess sleeps, all dreamless now, beneath  
 yon bending trees,  
 And Russia's black and hungry eagle woos the  
 summer breeze.  
 Gone is the light of love-lit eyes, the glory of that  
 hour,  
 When Poland's nobles madly cheered the Iron  
 Man of Power !

Napoleon rode to Bronie, far, where sweet  
 Walewska's eyes  
 Betrayed a soul mad Love had doomed to be the  
 monarch's prize.  
 The Eagle White no longer meets the sun's first  
 kindling glance,  
 And Rowno's hall is haunted by the mighty  
 ghosts of France !

There, on the esplanade to-day, in chiseled classic  
art,  
A crumbled Venus smiles at Mars, who bears a  
stony heart.  
But Mars has dropped the sword he held, and  
Venus' arms are gone ;  
Napoleon and his loves are shades—yet, still the  
world runs on !

On the Weidendammer Brücke.

---

ON the Weidendammer Brücke, each day I see her  
stand,  
With her glowing cheeks, and violets clasped  
within her slender hands :  
A fair young girl with eyes of light, and youth  
upon her brow,  
She lingers—and her heart leaps up, for they are  
coming now !

A down the busy Friedrichstrasse their loud re-  
sounding feet  
Tell of the Zweiter Garde's parade, the rolling  
war drum's beat ;  
The music swells in chorus grand, as with ex-  
pectant eye  
The waiting maiden bends her head till he comes  
riding by !

The Kaiser's soldiers—stern and strong ! Their  
Colonel at their head,  
A thousand men in flower of youth, march on  
with springy tread.

Though all are brave, and soldiers true, she waits  
but to descry  
The first love of her dreaming heart, as they go  
marching by !

He comes ! And crimson blushes tell her secret,  
thus confessed :  
The Captain is the handsomest—and, braver than  
the rest !  
There is but one beneath the sun—their eyes in  
rapture meet !  
And, thrilled with love, she lingers as they sweep  
along the street !

Now, day by day, this grand array the Friedrich-  
strasse fills,  
But from my eyrie, gazing down, a pang my  
bosom thrills :  
The Captain's eyes are fixed and stern, as o'er  
the bridge he goes,  
For lingers there no more, that girl with cheeks  
of velvet rose !

Ah ! Autumn now is casting down the dry  
leaves at my feet,  
In the Thiergarten's lonely shades no more that  
maid I meet.  
But, from my casement looking out, at mid-watch  
of the night,  
I saw a dark form lingering near, beneath the  
pale moonlight.

A lonely woman on that bridge was gazing down  
below  
Into the flowing river chill, where broken star-  
gleams glow.  
Her face was turned away, from where the soldier  
bent his eye,  
To greet the darling of his heart, as he went  
riding by !

Oh, loving maid ! Ah, woman lone ! In sun-  
light and in shade  
Are you but one ? 'Tis winter now ! Is this the  
wistful maid ?  
The river runs unanswering by, down to the dis-  
tant sea,  
And silent stars deny the truth which they could  
tell to me !

I close the casement with a sigh ! For it is  
ever so !  
Fond woman waits upon Life's bridge, to greet  
her dearest foe !  
Though Love betrays, and sorrows tear each  
gentle, loving breast,  
Eve's daughters linger on the bridge, and suffer  
as the rest !

**The Old Cabin.***Secret Camp, in the Sierras.*

1887.

---

ONLY a lonely cabin—  
Its door swings to and fro ;  
The leaky roof is no longer proof  
'Gainst the rain or the winter snow,—  
And on the mat of pine-needles here  
The squirrels come and go.

Its rude old chimney yawns wide  
To the sapphire-tinted sky ;  
No foot the dim trail presses  
To the gurgling spring near by ;—  
Here broken bench, long-unused tools,  
In sad confusion lie.

Down in the canyon, rippling,  
The river sings its song ;  
The chorus of sweet rustling pines  
In wild notes sweeps along,—  
And I hear the scream of the pirate jay  
The other birds among.

I know how at night in beauty  
The moonlight tints these hills ;  
I know how the flush of early dawn  
The Eastern distance thrills ;—  
It gilds the dark fringes of pine tops  
And dances upon the rills.

Lost is the story we seek for—  
The riddle of Fortune sought—  
And whether the hearts here vainly broke  
Or riches dearly bought ;  
It's all the same—in thirty years—  
At last, it comes to naught.—

Down the dim ravine far dashing,  
The stream sings the same old tune ;  
The tiger lily deepens  
Under the breath of June ;  
And far o'er the crested mountains  
There sails the silver moon.

A breeze from the far Sierra  
Sweeps down with a ghostly chill ;  
Grim shadows are black in the canyon  
And creep o'er the towering hill.  
I hear a far voice which whispers :  
“ 'Tis finished, for good or ill ! ”

The race is run ! The fight is fought !  
And their place knows them no more ;  
For their graves the stranger would vainly  
seek—

With brambles covered o'er !  
In sadness I leave the old cabin,  
With its open and creaking door !

The wild rose and the laurel leaf  
Lie light on their breasts to-day ;  
The sunlight tints with its earliest glints  
Their graves, and its latest ray  
Shines tenderly down on the long forgotten,  
Who came to the camp "to stay !"

Light on your manly breasts I throw  
A chaplet of careless song—  
For the brave and true and tender hearts  
Your phantom crew among—  
For whose yet unreturning feet  
Loved ones have waited long.



“Shine on, Galveston Light!”

*An old pilot's memory of the engagement of the U. S. Str. Hatteras and the Confederate cruiser Alabama off Galveston Bar, January 11, 1863.*

---

BY my side stood the hardy seaman,  
And laughed “Ah! There you are!  
My will-o'-the-wisp! Yon harbor light  
Upon Galveston Bar!

“Years thirty-one the sun has burned  
The red on my sailor cheek,  
Since I gazed from the Hatteras deck, and hailed  
The stranger that did not speak!

“When the answering cry was lost on the wind  
We knew, by her quick broadside,  
'Twas the Alabama's growling voice!—  
My brother dropped and died!

“The thunder guns of that battle fierce,”  
He cried, with an angry frown,  
“His requiem boomed on the fatal night  
In the dark when our flag went down!

“But, I lived to see the star flag float  
Again on the Texan shore;

And the sea-gull's scream o'er, the waters dark  
Cries for 'Peace forevermore !

" The Hatteras lies ten fathom deep  
And deeper still, her foe ;—  
The beaten Alabama sank  
Off Cherbourg long ago !

" Now, my heart is light, for the sacred blood  
Of the brave has sealed the bond  
Of our new-born love for the Fatherland,  
Whose flag flies there beyond !

" Yon strand was then the foeman's shore,  
Galveston light was dark ;—  
And seaward loomed in the evening gray  
The hull of a hostile bark.

" ' Old Glory ' floats o'er the land to-day  
And tells, in its gathering stars,  
Of the bright-eyed sisters born to all !  
Not a rent its beauty mars !

" Shine on ! Galveston Light ! and aye,  
As from every point we steer  
On the wave-tossed sea, for Liberty—  
May we find you watching here !"

**A Memory.**

*The following poem is the acceptance by Col. Richard Henry Savage of an invitation to the Annual Feast of the Tribe of Ismail at the Union League, Philadelphia, February 21, 1894.*

---

A SCORE of years has slipped away—  
My heart was innocent of guile,  
Since far I wandered to the East  
And drank the waters of Old Nile!

I strayed along the Appian Way,  
Brundisium quitted with no sigh,—  
In Alexandria's harbor lay.  
And saw the Pharos gleaming nigh.

My foot has pressed the sifted sands  
Where Pompey's ashes, wind-swept, were,—  
And paused before the silent Sphinx,  
Still seeking an interpreter!

The breeze from soft Ægean seas  
Awaked the river's dreamy rest,  
Where sands from Ammon lightly fall  
From Alexander's mouldered breast,

I marked the ruined pagan fanes—  
The gods, their altars prone beside—  
And lingered where the Roman, stern,  
In Love's bewitching madness died !

From Cheops' pyramid I gazed  
Upon Napoleon's foughten field,  
The ribboned green swept far below  
An earthly paradise revealed.

I listened in the moonlit night,  
The bulbul, calling to his mate,—  
From out a Pasha's garden old,  
With swelling throat and voice elate.

Now musing here, those days return,  
And Thebes and Philae lone I see,—  
I hear the Arab girls in song,  
The wild bazaar returns to me !

I wore the fez ! I dreamed the dreams  
Of Love and Youth, heart beating high  
And treasured Hermes' wisdom less  
Than one glance of Fatima's eye !

A score of years has ploughed my brow,—  
Yet tower and kiosk and minaret,  
Come back upon my fancy now,  
With memories dearly treasured yet !

The grave and hospitable Turk,  
With kindness, pressing to a fault—  
The shelter 'neath the stranger roof—  
The sparkle of Arabian salt—

All these are dear, yet *there*, as *here*,  
My intuitions are aright ;  
The board might be a paradise,  
But one small thing would set it right !

The Moslem spreads with open hand  
A feast so rich my fancy whirls.  
But dallies with tha. golden key,  
Which carefully locks up his girls !

In joining then your happy tribe,  
The time propitious, fortunes fair—  
It only racks my gentle breast  
To know Fatima can't be there !

Oh ! Tribe renowned of Ismaïl !  
The girls of Penn, demure and sweet,  
If *they* could grace your festal board,  
The Masque of Life would be complete !

*Nevertheless*, I will come,—for peradventure, I  
may at some later day meet some of the ladies of  
the Quaker City !

THE HADJI,

RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

**The Last of the Hunting Pack.***Nimovitch—1894.*

---

THERE by the great hall door, his spectral form  
I see,

In the evening gray, the poor old hound, who  
turns sad eyes on me !

Still, in these three long years, he haunts that  
opening door,

To greet, with his merry gambols, the man who  
comes back—no more.

“Chic !” Poor old white foxhound ! The last  
of the hunting pack,

Waits there, and greets each comer, to welcome  
his master back !

Alas ! The days are gone, when Folly ruled  
here at its pitch.

For—women and wine and song, slew the Master  
of Nimovitch !

Fast as his hounds ran on, in the breath of the  
forest wind,

The Baron could never outride those viewless  
hounds behind !

The hounds of Ruin and Misery, shadowing each disaster !

They outstripped poor old "Chic," as he led on his headlong master !

For, Meyendorf comes not to the great hall's arching door,

His grave is a lone and forgotten one, by far Odessa's shore.

And, other women laugh to-day, in the Château hall,

For, fresher lips taste the wine, which sparkles there for all !

Forgot in the song, his last card played,—the serfs too can even forget

The man who ruled over them ! Poor old "Chic" is true and faithful yet !

Here, where the laugh loud echoes, and the dance rings out in the hall :

I see the old dog, still there on guard, found faithful over all !

'Tis bitter true ! For the women betrayed, and his comrades fell away,

But, the dog, who bears no human heart, is true as steel to-day !

Mute friend ! I offer the hand in caress, for I've grown to love you quite,—

But,—he only looks for dead Meyendorf, and vanishes in the night !

### From the Towers of Notre Dame.

---

WHO shall raise up the song in thy praise ?  
 For thee what words are meet ?  
 Oh ! Thou of the fickle woman heart !  
 Low crouching, with panther feet !

Bright-eyed queen of the world's Light Loves !  
 Pitiless, passionate, strong,—  
 Thou killest the fiery lovers  
 Who tarry with thee long !

High up in air, I dream o'er thy lights,  
 Swarming as golden bees :  
 The restless million creeping below,  
 Like ants through the stunted trees.

Here hung the foundling and glowered,  
 " Quasimodo,"—long years ago :—  
 And the passion tide as strong to-day  
 Sweeps in eddies to and fro.

Cursed with the blood of Bartholomew Day,—  
 Built on the Parisü's graves ;  
 Brother blood, alien blood, royal blood  
 Thickened the gray Seine's waves !



Ah ! Streets of Paris, stretching far,  
Flint-fanged, for the weary feet,  
Crimson of morn, gold of high noon,  
And—stars of the night, repeat

Thy bold-eyed summons to all mankind !  
Come to my bosom ! Haste !  
For, all men shall know and possess thee,—  
Lutetia ! Thou human waste !

Hark ! A dull heavy boom rings out !  
Is it the guns of Valérien ?  
Stones of St. Roch ! Can the gray-eyed  
Corsican come back again ?

Forty palaces glimmer below,  
Where the Children of France once played !  
Over the Mighty One—stilled at last,—  
The Invalides casts its shade.

Ah ! My fond eyes can still call up,  
Eugénie—from blue hilled Spain !  
Who reigned from her summer throne, in grace,  
And, crownless fled again !

Haunts of Pleasure ! Lovers' nests !  
Marts for the busy fool !  
Paris, with bared breast, longs to-day,  
For a master, steel-hearted, to rule !

Blood, wine-mixed, veiled in powder wreaths,  
Incense of Pleasure and Sin !

Seethes round the Place de la Concorde,  
Where Louis, Death's gate went in !

Ah ! The fair heads ! The proud heads that  
fell,

Beneath la Guillotine's kiss !  
Bright-faced was the haughty Austrian  
Would you know Lamballe, in this—

Pale sweet dead woman's mask, tossed high  
Aloft on the point of a spear !  
Peerless Danton, Robespierre grim,  
All came to the death-mill here !

Foeman, stranger, victor, throng,  
Madman and "sans culotte,"—  
To play at this fierce game of Paris life,—  
Where all things come to naught !

Hungry, still hungry, this Paris !  
Gay mistress of arts and graces,—  
Breaking the hearts of her cast-off kings,  
Branding the loveliest faces !

Captured flags of the world  
Gleam in thy marble halls !  
All thine own trophies scattered,  
Torn with the victor's balls !

Wreck of a yearning nation's hopes !  
Grave of its beating heart !  
Pitiless, wicked—and—beautiful !  
Sin-crowned, thou standest apart !

Say ! Who shall rule thee, now, Paris ?  
Whose king's ashes lie in the fosse :  
Withered the heart, dimmed the bright eyes  
That once thy dark barriers cross !

Give of thy mystic cup forever !  
Thou Nesle tower of the world !  
Thy lovers shall drink and shall kiss thee !  
Down from thy battlements hurled,—

All will lie prone at thy altar !  
Venus Victrix ! Still of thy name,—  
Men shall, in shuddering rapture,  
Covet the glory and shame !

### In the Salon of the Old Chateau.

---

HERE in a recessed niche I muse,  
 The fire before me brightly gleaming ;  
 The old trees bend low to the lake  
 Wherein the whitest stars are gleaming.

The hall is lone—its waxen floor now  
 Echoes back no footsteps olden ;  
 And in a dusk red gleams light up  
 The ceiling's splendor, dimmed but golden.

From haunts which once hid lovers fond  
 The song-bird to his mate is calling ;  
 O'er moor and fell, on forests bare,  
 The lonely hush of night is falling.

While nature sleeps my pulses thrill  
 When fancy brings back to my vision  
 Countess Cecile, whose light foot trod  
 The flower-paths of this realm Elysian !

Bright gleams the mirrors on the walls  
 Wherein my lady found her double,—

A pictured Venus glowing there,  
By birth held safe from cares and trouble.

And yet, her lovers sighed and went  
To join the troops, all deathward creeping,—  
And War sent rule old Davoust once,  
Beside this fire, his grim watch keeping.

Born in the princely ermine near,  
The lady, led by love, descended,  
To wed a simple border count,  
And, left the court so gay and splendid.—

The room is lone yet echoes back  
To me, to-night, her happy laughter ;  
I see her graceful form once more,  
The grand hall rings to sounding rafter.

Bright, beautiful and gay she passed !  
And, now, her soul gone to God's keeping,  
Where the rank grass waves o'er her grave  
The beauty of the court is sleeping !

In the old chapel on the hill  
Cecile Wistockieh's name now shining  
Upon a quaint carved silver shield,  
Tells she has passed beyond repining !

Yet, on these walls, in Directoire,—  
She smiles and rules—her eyes immortal  
Are speaking to me now ! I hear  
Her dainty footsteps at the portal !

Her slender finger on mute lips  
Hides what mankind has sought for ages,  
The ghostly beauty holds the key  
To the unanswered cry of sages !

## Sunset at Nimovitch.

*Volhynia-Russia.*

---

FAR down to the fringing forests  
The emerald prairie sweeps,  
And from the west, beyond the marsh,  
A golden glory creeps—  
A dying radiance lingering round  
A harvest land that sleeps.

Rooks in the birch trees are calling,  
The lowing herds drag on,  
And the peasant chants an olden song  
Of glories that are gone.  
The greenest eastern skies are wrapped  
In mist-wreaths gray and wan.

Down in the park's dim reaches  
The Chateau's white walls tower,  
And the church of the Russ there bears aloft  
Its cross of conquering power—  
The old men chat in the cabined streets  
In the hush of the evening hour.

Tania, with milk-pail, pauses  
To smile on her loving swain ;  
In the rye-thatched cabin doors the crones  
All chatter, in dull refrain,  
Of that day in the future dim and far  
When Poland will rise again !



### In the Sierras.

---

Do you remember, friend of mine long parted,—  
Bear Canyon, in the hills :—  
Its masses of far waving pines, the plashing  
Of sunlit, icy rills :—  
Gray rocks—embattled crags far o'er us raising,  
Their pinnacles in the clear sky :  
And, happy-hearted, in these depths amazing,  
We wandering—you and I.

At morn when golden gleams the hills were paint-  
ing,  
New tints the cliffs took on.  
And while the song-bird's matin note was sound-  
ing  
He flashed past, and was gone !  
From pine and old madroña, fragrant zephyrs  
Your fair cheek softly fanned :—  
God's day came up in magic splendor  
Into that far, lost land !

We lingered in those forest shadows tender,  
Where Mother Nature's magic lay !  
With skill no mortal touch could ever render  
She tinged the growing day !

Each happy hour its joyous fellow followed,  
Ah!—cares could not abide ;  
There,—hid in the great Heart of the Sierras,—  
For,—you were by my side !

Down echoing vistas of the wooded reaches,  
Our wandering steps oft strayed :  
When all the beauty of the virgin forest  
Before us was arrayed !  
Down to the bluest waters of the Ocean  
The Day God slowly fell,—  
And, hand in hand, Love led us there together  
At sunset, in the dell.

When through the giant redwood's spreading  
branches  
A silver moonlight streamed :  
As bright as diamonds, Love of mine—your dear  
eyes  
Upon me, starlike, beamed !  
By the red camp fire,—sweetest song,—old story,  
Their romance wove around :  
And, all your woman arts and gentle graces,  
Made that, enchanted ground !

Long years have fled ! afar, your light step  
wanders  
In paths now strange to me !  
The gulf between our sundered hearts, Lost Dar-  
ling !  
Is deeper—than the sea !  
And, still the singing pines are ever breathing

Their anthem sweet as then ;—  
Where once your light foot pressed the vine  
    leaves,  
The roses bloom again

Some day ! when all that holds you from me  
Has faded from my sight,  
I may seek out that forest tryst, Love,  
And—wait your footstep light !—  
Your thrilling voice hear in its promise,  
Yet echoing in my heart ;  
And, there, in those dim arches,—  
Swear nevermore to part !

Not part in sorrow, or in cold estrangement !  
For, still I bear your spell :—  
And, by the song the tossing pines sang o'er us,  
I cannot say,—Farewell !—  
Through weary years, I have held you folded  
Deep in a loving breast !  
And, Love can yet bring back your dear head,  
Down, on my heart, to rest !

### Watching alone in Camp.

---

ALONE ! while o'er the mountain brow  
The brightening moon is creeping !  
Alone ! For all around me now  
The soldier band lie sleeping !

The cool breeze whispers from the hill,  
Its freshness to me bringing !  
The surf's soft roar along the shore  
In music sweet is ringing !

The silver tide slow ripples past  
In curves of sinuous motion,  
A lovely smile that beams upon  
The wrinkled face of Ocean !

Alone ! Ah ! No ! In memory change  
The chimes of sweetest measures !  
Bright from the past, are conjured up  
My life's vignettes of pleasures !

Strange chances of the bygone time  
That still around me linger ;  
Heart treasures, sheltered from the touch  
Of Time's effacing finger !

The shadowy smile of her whose face  
Shall be with me forever.  
The music of her laughing voice  
I lose from memory—never !

**Fourteenth of April,—1867.**

---

Two years ago this day,  
Blind treason struck the blow,  
Aimed at the noblest in the land,  
Laid Abram Lincoln low,  
A hush went o'er the land ;  
We felt a gathering gloom,  
Clouding the sunny day of Spring  
We laid him in the tomb.

Time winged his ceaseless, silent flight,  
Full bitterly we thought it o'er,  
That Spring would smile on us again,  
But we should see his face no more ;  
The kindly face that never frowned  
Whene'er his cause the poor man plead,—  
The quiet smile, the honest heart,  
Are gone ; his memory's dear instead !

The Ship of State, whose helm he held  
With firm and skilful guiding hand,  
Now helpless floats 'midst angry waves,  
And fails to reach the promised land.

We miss our pilot—grand old Abe,  
How dear to us we never guessed,  
Until this day—two years ago,  
We laid him in his place of rest.

Green be the grass that o'er him waves,  
As green his memory ever be,  
Until we meet him in the land  
That smiles beyond the silent sea.  
In the fair cycles yet to come,  
His name shall shine on History's page,  
All other glorious names among,  
The grandest, brightest of the age !

### Our Alma Mater.

---

WHERE Hudson pours his silver flood  
In chorus grand along,  
And Cro' Nest's rocky-seamed sides  
Re-echo e'er his song,  
Dear Alma Mater's walls arise  
'Neath fairer than Italian skies,  
And brighter scenes among !

Four years, a little span of life,  
A little space of time,  
I lingered in her ancient halls,  
Wooed by her scenes sublime.  
The brightest joys that youth can bless,  
Or early manhood know,  
Smiled on me in the dear old place,  
In days of " Long Ago."

Dear Alma Mater, reverently,  
On thy fame-lighted brow,  
I lovingly my tribute leave,  
And breathe a blessing low ;



May glory gild thy honored age,  
Thy sons e'er worthy be  
To guard thy name with jealous care,  
And dying, honor thee !

**The California Theatre.**

*"Old Drury" in its decay.*

---

*A Memory—1867-1887.*

---

"TIS twenty years, and moth and rust  
Have gnawed their sad and bitter way ;  
Bright hues are dulled and fond hopes fled  
Since poor old Drury's natal day.  
Yet still I feel a kindly touch :  
Old passions thrill my pulses cold ;  
Faint whispers in lone memory's halls  
Revive the " Romance of the Old ! "

Young life ! First love ! The bloom and flush  
Of mimic skill lies prone and dead.  
The sifted sands drift sadly down  
Around poor Ralston's stately head !  
I grieve to see the lonely fane,  
The home of true and classic art,  
For genius made these walls a shrine—  
Old glories linger in my heart !

The days of gold, of youth and hope,  
Ere yet the frost of twenty years  
Had turned bright beauty's temples white.  
The splendid storied past appears.  
Dear eyes long fixed dance once again ;  
A magic voice all loved once wakes  
My heart's lone echoes ; on my eyes  
The fairy scene in splendor breaks.

Why name the past ? Why call the roll ?  
The loved and lost we surely know.  
The poor old temple has forgot  
Its dignities of long ago !  
But, faded scene and curtain torn,  
And dome and arch in sad decay,  
Bear witness mute of one lone grave  
'Neath England's daisies far away !

The "gifted, beautiful," she rests  
No more in tender trance to draw  
All hearts to bow at beauty's shrine—  
To make each mirrored thought a law  
Of classic grace in form and face,—  
To hear our praise in thunders loud !  
Sweet Neilson rests in alien earth,  
Deep buried "from the madding crowd."

May genius, talent, social grace  
Around this tomb the curtain close !  
The fragrance of its art has fled ;  
We "smell the mould above the rose."

These lonely walls and sounding steps  
Recall bright eye and bounding foot.  
"Fled is the music"—silent all—  
The very echoes now are mute !

There's many a laughing voice is stilled  
Since "Drury" rose, these buried years.  
Ah ! many a joyous note has failed  
And crystallized in bitter tears.  
For men may come, may rule or die,  
And women change from queens to slaves.  
Poor "Drury" in its last decay  
Alone its coming ruin braves !

No, not alone ! one reverent foot  
Shall linger at the once loved door ;  
An hour I wait ; my breath attends  
The despot's sentence—"Nevermore !"  
There, where one dear face used to shine,  
I'll sit and muse the time away.  
Break not the spell ! Still let me dream  
Of roses blushing in their May.

It will not down ! The choking throb !  
A tribute of this heart to fate—  
These faint and fragrant dreams of old  
Their fervor never will abate !  
In fond affection still I press  
The boards of beauty's olden round.  
For graces fled and glories dead  
Have made this stage a holy ground.

PART IV.  
POLITICS AND MILITARY.



PART IV.  
POLITICS AND MILITARY.

---

**Samson.**

*Berlin, 1894.*

---

HERE, by the Brandenburg Gate to-day, the  
Prussian sentry stands,  
And grasps the ready needle-gun, within his  
sinewy hands.  
Above his head the brazen steeds drag Victory's  
car along ;  
And at defeated foes, they sneer and raise  
triumphant song !

Far down the Linden avenue, young Samson's  
troops parade ;  
The Kaiser's flag woos every breeze, in  
haughtiest pride displayed ;  
A million armed men are nigh, to brave an  
anxious world ;  
" The watch is on the Rhine " to-day ! The battle  
flag unfurled !

Young Samson of our later day! The fierce  
young Kaiser stands!  
But holds the truncheon of his line in yet un-  
practised hands;  
Still, maddest pride his bosom swells—the  
Victory column nigh,  
The Reichstag's wonder palace shines before the  
Imperial eye!

Carpe diem! A proverb true! Samson forgets  
the past,  
When Prussia's flag drooped feebly in defeat's  
unkindest blast;  
When Jena's rout sent back in fright, a helpless,  
bleeding horde,  
And Louis nobly died beneath a common troop-  
er's sword!

Samson forgets the tears that filled those sainted  
queenly eyes  
When bold Napoleon gave the rose, but made  
the realm his prize!  
By Frederick's rifled tomb he sees not Louise, on  
her knees!  
And, Austerlitz, wild tumult wails no longer on  
the breeze!

Samson forgets the Russian saved the crown  
upon his head,  
And, only Nelson's cannon foiled that mighty foe  
now dead.



Yes ! even Austria has helped to save the Prussian  
crown ;  
And yet, at Konigratz, her armies dragged her  
ally down !

Look at the trophy column there ! Its triple  
cannon rows  
Her gilded shrine, though blood-stained, when  
you tore them from your foes.  
But, Samson ! Turn away your eyes from little  
Denmark's spoil,  
And even feeble Austria's guns which cost you  
bloody toil !

It is not great or generous to triumph o'er the  
weak,  
And if a warrior's laurels still your haughty line  
must seek,  
When you ride by, with pitying eye cast one  
regretful glance  
To where they shine in mockery—the captured  
guns of France !

Ah, Samson ! Prussia never hurled Napoleon  
from his throne ;  
The Gallic Cæsar played a game some day may  
be your own !  
Pride goes before a fall they say, and you may  
well beware  
The eagle soaring past the Rhine, and watch the  
Russian bear !

For Hatred never sleeps, and swords are sharp-  
ened in the night !  
One Cæsar in imperial Rome awoke in sudden  
fright ;  
His life blood in the quick surprise great  
Pompey's statue dyed ;  
It was in full imperial state he perished—in his  
pride !

Great Samson, armed and mailed, rules and  
stretches out his hands ;  
The arbiter of Europe now, the Hohenzollern  
stands !  
Beware the Ice King's smothered wrath ! It  
dragged Napoleon down,—  
And France with ringing battle cry may strike  
at Samson's crown !

For Fortune is a fickle jade ! A woman some-  
times kind ;  
And often, ready to betray her lover fond and  
blind !  
Delilah's arts delivered once great Samson to his  
foes,  
And, haughty pride before a fall, in ostentation,  
goes !

"The Broken Shield."

[By the open grave of General Ulysses S. Grant, United States Army, Ex-President of the United States, August 7-8, 1885.]

---

Now break his shield and cast it in yon grave—  
That battered buckler, worn in honor long—  
'Tis useless ! Death has thrown his dart !

Ah ! let him sleep !

Around his couch the sable curtains draw.  
Now, what to him is name or fame,  
The smile of woman, fond affection's tear,  
Or plaudit of the fickle common voice ?  
No hollow honors thrill that weary breast ;  
No strife of man nor earthly tumult wakes.  
Death's silent sentinels, posted for all time,  
Their vigils keep beside the mighty dead !  
With broken arms, in faded blue and gray,  
They hold our country's watch to-night !  
There's not a whisper by that yawning grave  
Where Fame and Honor, shrouded handmaids,  
wait.

And bowed in grief, Columbia's royal form,  
In sable state, with every bright star veiled  
Which glittered on her fair and virgin brow,  
Kneels prostrate in an agony of grief.

Above, one changeless star of "Union" burns,  
Fixed in our country's midnight skies !  
Those awful shades—the mighty Three—  
Who stand enwrapped in Death's imperial woe !  
What silent chieftains call ye them ?  
The glorious three we knew of old ?  
'Tis great Virginia's royal son, the mighty Wash-  
ington !

And Lincoln—all our country's child !  
Brave Garfield, with his faded laurels damp  
Upon his cold and manly brow !  
What means this group of giant warrior shades,  
Who lock their marble hands, fixed in a friendly  
grasp ?

There stands the knightly Lee and waits apart,  
To drop a wreath of Southern cypress dark  
Into the hungry grave. Grand Thomas leans  
Upon the shoulder of once fiery Hood !  
Here, Sedgwick clasps the cold, cold hand  
Which once held Stonewall Jackson's mighty  
sword !

From Shiloh's shades see noble Johnston comes  
To cast a spray of Western pine upon  
His silent rival's tomb. Meade and McPherson,  
too,—

The steady Hill, the peerless Farragut, are  
there !

Cleburne and Reynolds olden hate forget ;  
And in the ranks of this sad friendly muster,—  
See dashing Stuart, and the gallant Custer !  
While—far away—the ghostly armies stand,

No blade stretched toward a daring brother's  
breast.

The guns all silent ! All is peace and rest !  
There's brother love abroad, on land and sea,  
From Maine's dark forests to the Golden Gate,—  
From Texan prairies to our silver lakes.  
And from the distance of the drowsy East  
Faint flashes come which tell us of the morn !  
And far sweet angel voices seem to chime,  
In murmured songs of Hope and Love !  
The eastern light is streaked with red and white,  
The distant sky gleams friendly blue. Look—  
far—

Away upon our country's dome we trace all of  
our stars !

Beside this open grave leave all that's cold and  
and dark,  
Which tells of ancient sorrow—struggles done—  
Our country's sons ! the loved and lost have  
here

Clasped hands for Time and for Eternity.

Last of his orders—let all battle cease !

In generous rivalry his words we falter now,  
Who said in darkest times of old to all—

"Let us have peace !" "Let us have peace !"  
Amen !

## That Old Check-Book.

1864-1892.

AN OLD CADET'S MEMORIES.

OLD BOOK ! you now admonish me,  
My race of life is nearly run,—  
A score of years have slipped away,  
Since last I heard the morning gun !

And yet, at forty-six, the man,—  
In Fancy's glass can sometimes see :—  
The bright-faced boy, who crawled out *slow*,  
At rattling drums of réveillé !

The Point is changed ! the men are gone  
Who ruled or toiled, who flanked and drilled.—  
Some passed beyond the stars, and some  
By the wild "blooming Injuns" killed !

The sons of these, in jackets gray  
Now shadow forth their father's faces,—  
And bright-eyed girls, in shady walks  
Reflect their lovely mothers' graces !

And still, the moonlight sleeps as soft  
 On sculptured hill and flowing river  
 The bugles sink, the "old flag" flies!—  
 And "boning math" goes on forever!

The budding spring its sunshine casts  
 On worn and jaded student brows,—  
 And leafy June her mantle rare  
 Of beauty, round the "old Point" throws!

I've traveled round the weary world,  
 And roamed the plains, with princes dined,  
 Whatever fate has brought my way,  
 I've held my faith and ne'er repined!

There may be sorrows in my path  
 To throw their shadows o'er me yet!  
 But, faithful to the ancient creed  
 I'll meet them like an "old Cadet!"

As round my grizzled head the smoke  
 In fairy cloud-puffs curls and wreathes,—  
 Again from Crow Nest's beetling cliff  
 The purest air of Heaven blue, breathes!

I think I see the dear gray line,  
 Hear Forrest Black's rich voice once more,—  
 Again I sit with aching brow  
 And bone my mathematics o'er!

Those welcome gallops "down the road"  
 The love maze of Flirtation's walks;—

And while the music sweetly sounds  
From "Hop room," those sweet stolen talks !

That darling girl who smiled on me,  
Lies cold with violets on her breast !  
Her voice still thrills me from the past  
Her gentle heart is long at rest !

There's touches here of dark and light—  
Friends passed away, some cold, and yet,  
My heart is thrilling wild to-night  
With "Memories of an old Cadet !"



"Going Out."

---

FILL up with merry hearts, dear friends,  
And mock the hours too fleeting,  
This night for parting makes amends—  
I give my final greeting ;  
May memories of the olden times  
Be ever dear as now—  
Stand up and drink it every one—  
The old times, boys : Here's "how !"

The flag, the dear old flag we loved,  
That braved the storm and rattle,  
Of troublous times, when fortune frowned,  
And chance gave way the battle ;  
That fluttered o'er us as we scaled  
Old Lookout's beetling brow.—  
Up, up ; and drain a parting glass !  
God bless the flag. Here's "how !—"

Silence ! Remember all the men  
Our comrades ever cherished  
Who dropped so silently away ;  
The gallant hearts who perished—

On many fields. The men we loved,—  
Whose memories thrill us now,—  
God bless them in their honored graves !  
Our comrades gone. Here's "how !"

The ladies ! fill your goblets high,  
All honor to them giving :  
The soldier's constant champions,  
They make our life worth living.  
With loyal hearts in reverence,  
Each to his idol bow  
Tender and true. Up : every one,—  
"Sweethearts and wives !" Here's "how !"

Now, while each eye is kindling bright,  
Each warm heart quickly beating,  
A last word, mine, to say "good-bye,"  
Good luck, and hopes for meeting.  
In the dim future all of you :—  
My voice will scarce allow  
The words ; but drink my parting toast—  
Good-bye the mess : Here's "how !"

Custer's Luck."

---

WHERE the far Rosebud steals its way  
By the thickets' tangled blind,  
The dying echoes murmur  
On the fitful prairie wind.

The rattling sabre's martial clank,  
The ring of the charger's heel,  
A cheery sound of a voice beloved  
Heard high o'er the sounding steel.

A voice we knew and hailed of old,  
Our knight of the golden hair,  
More true than the furnace-tested gold,  
"George Custer"—the "debonair."

'Tis "Custer's Luck!"—the fluttering flag  
Sinks close to the trooper's hand,  
And a silken shroud it makes for him  
Under clinging prairie sand.

Let the voice of woe be mute and hushed,  
The kindling eye be dry,  
As we learn from the trooper peerless  
The way for a man to die!

And "Forward!" "Forward!" "Forward!"  
His cry rings on the wind;  
'Twas "Custer's Luck" to leave no man  
With a bolder heart behind!

Oh! brave young General fallen—  
True hearts in rusty blue—  
Your story thrills the heart's warm core;  
But where!—ah! where are you?

Out on the lonely prairie wild,  
Under God's circling sky,  
The sentinel stars our only guide  
To where our fallen lie!

### The Irish Soldier.

---

FLUNG off as free as the wild wave's foam  
From the crags of her stormy coast—  
'Neath alien skies—they sleep to-day,  
The men of Ireland's host,  
The shamrock green their monument,  
In silent ranks they lie,  
As calm as her bright and dreaming lakes  
Sleep under their native sky.

All cold the warrior's nerved hands,  
All stilled the springing feet.  
No more they storm the yawning breach  
Or whirl in squadrons fleet.  
Their tattered banners borne afar,  
In every land remain,  
In honor wreathed round Irish tombs  
O'er swords without a stain.

Above their graves the kinsmen tread  
In pride on Patrick's day,  
With shamrock green in memory worn  
Of heroes passed away.

As every true heart wears its bit  
Of green and lovely shoots,  
He knows beneath the Emerald sod  
The dead clutch at its roots !

You cannot drive from Ireland's hearts  
A love of sword and song ;  
You cannot smother fires long-lit  
By cold and brutal wrong !  
The native gold of Irish wit,  
Of truth and honor rare,  
Lies deep in Patrick's chosen isle—  
The stranger finds it there.

Far from the " sod " her soldiers sleep,  
Beneath soft Spanish skies ;  
Or, buried 'mid the springing corn  
Of Belgium, Paddy lies !  
Where, side by side with England's pride,  
In bloody Death's confines,  
True to their flag, against their friends,  
The Irish held the lines !

The sand slopes of the dark Redan  
Are built o'er Irish bones ;  
In India many a trooper lost  
The trumpet's signal tones,  
As, cold in death, he fell beneath  
The English flag to save  
A sordid crowd who live to bind  
Their fetters on the slave !

We know their worth—these Irish lads—  
Who oft their truth to show,  
Have borne our star-flag high aloft  
From Maine to Mexico—  
And honors mantle bright around  
These Celtic knights who lie  
Dead under the blue of the northern lights,  
Or the gray of a southern sky.

Here's to their honored memory—bless  
The land which gave them birth.  
These Irish soldiers, staunch and true,  
Free lances of the earth.  
Long may their children keep in mind  
These men who “showed the way”—  
Who charged to “Garryowen,” and  
All cold round “Custer” lay.

Stout hearts, true hands, we fill our glass  
To Ireland and her sons !  
In silence drain ! To honor all  
Who fell beside their guns !  
The sunburst flag may never wave  
On earth, yet will be seen  
For ages wrapped in Fame's brightest wreath,  
The Irish Standard green !

### They're Voiceless Now.

---

UPON the lonely, still parade  
Shines down a Winter moon,  
In peace the old guns stand arrayed  
By fort and demi-lune.

There's many a Summer rose has bloomed,  
Since silent, back, they came ;  
Their thunder stilled, no more they scream  
With bronze lips breathing flame.

Bright eyes are closed, the voices mute  
Which bade their hoarse throats tell  
How much we loved the starry flag ;  
They served their country well.

A spell of blessed, holy peace  
Broods o'er us all. Amen !  
God help the foe who makes us wake  
Their echoes once again !



**"Pelham's last Fight."**

*A Story of a Gallant Foeman.*

---

THEY lay beside the warworn guns,  
As bold as men may be,—  
The Horse Artillery—Stewart's pride—  
The pets of Robert Lee.

Above them, sighed the Southern pines ;  
The river sang below.  
Far glittered on a thousand heights  
The watchfires of the foe.

Came thundering hoofs—a dashing aid ;  
"Move out, sharp, to the front ;  
'Tis Uncle Robert calls you there  
To take the battle's brunt."

The moonbeams showed the mustering Horse ;  
Their boy commander stood  
And leaned—a stripling—on his sword  
Hard by the gloomy wood.

A daring boy, the raiders fought  
By sound of Pelham's guns—

The youngest, brightest, bravest  
Of old Alabama's sons !

On Bull Run's bloody plains that lad  
Had held his battery well,—  
While wood and valley echoed back  
Hoarse screams of shot and shell.

Calm, quiet, gentle, Pelham moved,  
The darling of the fight ;  
The Southern laurels on his brow  
To cypress changed that night.

Freemantle spoke, that Guardsman tried :  
" My lad ! our colors here,  
A symbol at my neck I've worn  
For many a weary year.

" This regimental badge we guard  
In honor, England's sons—  
Come, wear it in this fight for me ;—  
I'll think of Pelham's guns ! "

The fair boy twined the Coldstream's scarf  
Around his breast so true ;  
And faintly smiled when asked he might  
Some deed of daring do.

Bright morning brought the battle's roar.  
When that long day was done  
John Pelham lay, a mangled corpse,  
Beside his favorite gun.

A stricken Colonel dropped the flag  
Old Alabama gave ;  
Quick, Pelham caught the falling staff,  
His state's renown to save.

He turned his horse. He led them on—  
The red upon his breast,  
The Coldstream's ribbon, redder grew,  
Dyed with his heart's blood best !

Montgomery knows the marble shaft  
Which cons his glory o'er ;  
The English Colonel treasures yet  
That ribbon Pelham wore !

And Southern friend and Northern foe—  
Seek the young raider's grave—  
The boy artillerist—loved by all—  
The bravest of the brave !

## "On the Brink."

[*What the Workingman has to say to our new Chinese Embassador. A Rough Song for Rough Times.*]

---

## I.

LAY down your gilded chop-sticks,  
Leave Ah Sing's banquet fine,  
Step out of the Chinese Joss house  
And look at this home of mine.  
Gaze on our empty workshops,  
You hear the toilers shout,  
If that brown cancer broadens,  
We mean to cut it out.

## II.

We go to empty larders,  
Our idle children throng  
The silent streets, and you may find  
Though we have waited long,  
That labor's sons will gather  
The filthy horde to rout ;  
We loathe that Chinese cancer,  
And swear to cut it out !

III.

We've waited hopeless, heartsick,  
And see our paper laws  
Fly tattered in the ocean breeze—  
The Chinese dragon claws—  
Crawl nearer every dreary day,  
We mean to end all doubt,  
And now you hear the people cry,  
We'll cut the cancer out.

IV.

Curse on the politician,  
Who clutches Chinese gold !  
We tire of fine-spun pleading,  
Wise saws and maxims old !  
Let on the bench each dreamy judge  
In grave abstraction pout ;  
They'll wake in fright when maddened men  
Shall cut this cancer out.

V.

Who holds the breast to battle ?  
Who delves in steaming mines ?  
Who pushes Labor's car ahead  
Where peace and freedom shines ?  
Go ask your filthy heathens  
Our country's foes to rout !  
They sap our walls—the traitor horde—  
We'll drive the brown scum out !

## VI.

Now by the wives whose bread we earn,  
The children at the knee—  
By helpless age and sorrow's voice,  
This land is for the free !  
And white and black are on their track,  
The workers face about,  
And swear by Christian manhood true  
To dig that cancer out !

## VII.

Be warned in time ! The idle shop,  
The squalid white man's home,  
And mutterings loud 'neath trouble's cloud,  
Tell of a storm to come ;  
And when it bursts, as burst it will,  
Nor gun nor Russian knout  
Can tame the men who swear to God  
To cut that cancer out !

## VIII.

Dark festering dens, all pagan-crammed—  
Disease and filth there reign—  
Make foul our town. We stopped them once,—  
The tide pours in again.  
But venal gold may lose its power,  
And corporations doubt  
Their pluck and power to meet the hour  
We drive the Chinese out.

IX.

We watch the course of failing trades—  
See skill and talent wait  
In idle loss, and count each month,  
Here at our Golden Gate !  
A fresh invasion—opium-smeared  
Each dirty Chinese lout.  
There comes a bloody day and dark  
To drive the villains out !

X.

Shall pagan crime our children slime—  
And mongrel races breed—  
With empty mouth and idle hands  
Our starving ones to feed.  
We listen to Desperation's voice  
And bare our right arms stout,  
There'll be a crash the day we rise  
And cut the cancer out !

XI.

These voices rise from men who love  
Their children, homes and wives—  
And to a holy cause and great  
We dedicate our lives.  
Just is our claim, on triumph bent,  
In peace or else without,—  
From honest hearts an oath goes up—  
We drive these devils out !

## XII.

Oh ! swimmers in the golden tide  
Of wealth, look out ahead—  
The day will come when death is cheap !  
There's ten per cent. on bread.  
When not an earthly power can stem  
These floods when once let out !  
The passions wild of maddened men,  
Who scourge these rascals out.



“Think of Lee and Jackson.”

*Waiting for the battle, November 1, 1880.*

---

TO-NIGHT, in mystic watch beside the armor of  
her sons,  
The spirit of Columbia waits and mourns her  
fallen ones.

With eagle glance to pierce the gloom and read  
our fate aright,

She kneels at Freedom's altar now—the priestess  
of the night.

Sad gazing on our war-worn ranks, where vacant  
files there be,

She whispers, with a trembling lip—My children,  
think of Lee !

Think of the dreadful battle years ! think of our  
country's woe ;

Think of the poor, down-trodden black you freed  
so long ago ;

Think of the wasted homes lit up with reason's  
blazing brands ;

Think of the rebel raising now his murder-reek-  
ing hands !

Think of your God and country, of the smiling  
land you see  
Spread out to-day in sweet array—the land of  
Robert Lee.

Who sold the bondsman's offspring? Who  
burned our ships afloat?  
Who held the slaver's bowie knife at Freedom's  
shrinking throat?  
Who failed to beat in battle, but now steal within  
our lines  
To babble Treason's folly in the shade of  
Northern pines?  
Who bids a bribe for traitors? My children,  
look and see  
Embattled on to-morrow's field the men who rode  
with Lee!

Think yet again of Robert Lee! Our country's  
ward in youth,  
With place and power and genius great! alas,  
not great in truth!  
Who turned the sword Virginia gave against his  
country's breast,  
And rode in civil war's mad whirl with Jackson  
and the rest!  
Ah! Better had he died a child by a fond  
mother's knee,  
Than bled his country's mother breast!—my  
children, think of Lee!

Turn ! turn again, ye veterans of many Southern  
fights !

And range round freedom's fastnesses beneath  
the northern lights.

Meet once again ! our flag above in steadfast  
manly calm—

Wait for the battle shock of old—"the Pine  
against the Palm !"

Think of the homes you love, of right, of law and  
liberty,

And deal a blow as long ago you gave the hosts  
of Lee.

Enough ! I hear the gathering hosts who stand  
for God and right ;

The Northern eagle leaves his pine and circles in  
the night ;

The morning mists roll far away ! Close up !  
Your ranks I scan.

Firm as a rock ! A leader's there who's every  
inch a man.

Our Grant, who smote them hip and thigh, this  
battle morn I see,

Point there the way to victory with the captured  
sword of Lee !

The spring shall bring its blossoms forth and  
peaceful harvests yield

Their golden gains on many a once blood-reeking  
battle-field ;

The swallows build in silent guns when victory's  
salvos die,  
And evening stars of thankfulness shall light our  
Northern sky !  
Bring, then, in peace your offerings ! Bend at  
our graves the knee,  
And breathe a Heaven imploring prayer for  
Jackson and for Lee !

**Kaiser William Reviews his Guards.**

*Templehof, Berlin, August 18, 1894.*

---

HEAVENS ! How it stirs the blood to see,  
Far stretching, the emerald band  
Of Templehof—for here the Guards,  
Full twenty thousand, stand.

Ready ! The wind shakes the linden leaves,  
The Uhlans' pennons wave ;  
And the lines, embattled, sweep afar  
In a silence stern and grave.

Out from the busy city pours  
A sullen burgher crowd,  
And a hundred thousand, breathless, wait  
To hear the clarion loud.

To the west, the palace barracks  
Shames the toiler's hovel mean ;  
And prince and beggar throng to-day  
To view the heart-thrilling scene.

Far stretches the doubled battle line :  
The flower of the Prussian Foot

Is here, with the horsemen ranged behind ;—  
Then the guns—with their voices mute !

Brilliant hussar and the lancers gay ;  
The steel-sheathed cuirassier ;  
The Kaiser's Guards, and with star and plume  
The Generals hover near.

Out on the green he dashes now  
By "divinest right of Kings"—  
The eagle-eyed German Kaiser  
Whose pawns are these senseless things !

For he, is the Hohenzollern chief ;—  
And it made me hold my breath  
To think that one wave of his lordly hand  
Could send all these men to death !

Bursting in wild acclaim, the bugles  
Wail to the echoing sky ;  
And "Hoch !" yells the loyal soldier  
As his Kaiser goes riding by !

Golden his sash, the silver eagle  
Soars over his kingly head,  
And the star on his cuirass flashes—  
His black has a stately tread.

After her lord, in a robe of white,  
Rides the winsome Kaiserin,  
And a sparkling train of nobles ;  
The music has ceased its din.

Now—the Emperor looks toward Russia,  
As they wait the imperial glance  
Or one wave of his hand ; but that battle line  
Is sternly facing France !

And now they break into column  
In knightly passage, they own  
The awful oath that binds them down  
To the steps of the German Throne !

The dazzle of colors and glitter  
Of stars blinds my dreaming eye,  
And I lose for a moment this passion play  
In a vision of years gone by.

I see them ! Those fair-haired English lads  
Who lay by the dark Redan,—  
The peerless French horse who withered  
In the hell fire of Sedan !

The darlings of Russia lying  
At Plevna, with sightless eyes,  
And the thousands who bled at Majenta  
“To please their Majesties.”

Our land has its holy of holies  
Where we “tried out our case” by might,  
And brothers’ heart’s blood long watered  
Our fields, where both fought for the right !

The lean, gray-eyed Virginians  
Whom peerless Pickett led—

Ah ! That field of Spottsylvania,  
With its piles of brave Yankee dead !

“ Why are there so many soldiers ? ”  
Asks the little maid at my side—  
And I start, and dare not answer,  
“ Just to flatter a monarch’s pride ! ”

For death stops the path to glory !  
I muse—“ Does he understand  
He must not that royal sword unsheath,  
Save for the Fatherland ? ”

Ah ! Prussia ! Your days of greatness  
Came with Frederic the Wise,  
And ’tis only the Sword of the German State,—  
That before the Kaiser lies !

He passes beneath my window !  
And—a shuddering burgher band  
Gaze anxiously on their Kaiser,  
With that sword so near his hand !



The Song of the Cavalry Bugle.

1861-1865.

*AN OLD SOLDIER'S REVERIE.*

---

IN the hush of the calm and peaceful night,  
When all is lone and still,  
I think I hear an old-time strain,  
An echo from the hill ;  
My heart beats fast—my pulses bound—  
Old friends I seem to see—  
The ringing, singing bugle brings  
The old days back to me !

I care not for the serried ranks—  
The battery's rumbling noise—  
The patter of fleet chargers' hoofs  
Alone—bids me rejoice—  
With old-time saucy yellow crests  
We swept across the lea—  
When the ringing warrior bugle sang  
Its sweetest note to me !

I know its voice—each clarion note  
That bade my heart-strings thrill !

There's "Réveillé,"—and "Stables"  
 With "Taps" when all is still!  
 The "Forward"—now—the "Rally"—  
 And "Charge"—it used to be—  
 In olden days through battle-smoke—  
 The bugle sang to me!

I heard that voice above the fight  
 At "Aldie" when with pride  
 We drove the foe, it sadly sang  
 When Philip Kearny died!—  
 At Yellow Tavern, too, it wailed  
 A requiem, wild and free—  
 And, how it thrilled at "Opequan"  
 The loyal blood in me!

Great God! that day and grand array  
 Crowds back from buried years!  
 With Custer's face—the scene to grace  
 And Lowell's name brings tears!  
 With Bayard, Buford and the rest—  
 Gone to Eternity.  
 The ringing singing bugle's note  
 Has magic power of me!

Kilpatrick! daring gallant soul  
 And Dahlgren's graceful shade—  
 With Sheridan—still in the van  
 In battle-garb arrayed!  
 They've ridden to the silent night—  
 Yet oft their forms I see—

When the ringing singing bugle brings  
The old days back to me !

Oh ! Loved and lost on every field,  
Your heads are lying low ;  
Some where the roses bloom in peace  
And some 'neath prairie snow—  
The olden music calls you up,  
Again I seem to see—  
The men I loved to follow when  
The bugle sang to me !

**"There's Rosemary—That's for Remem=  
brance."**

1894.

---

AGAIN the solemn day returns  
When, round the graves of brave and true,  
We wreath our gallant soldiers' urns,  
With rosemary and rue

For thirty-three long years have seen  
Our flag stream out on every sky :  
No other banner o'er our dead,—  
No brighter stars their canopy.

Since last the Stars and Bars came down,  
When hostile cannon ceased to roar,  
The stars that glitter o'er our dead,  
Once thirty-six—are forty-four !

And "Round the flag"—we rally still,  
The veterans brought by maid and wife  
To wreath the shrines where brothers lie,  
Who gave our Land each precious life

They held their breast to battle's blast,  
That we might live in peace, to-day ;

And, as our country's songs we voice,  
We brush the bitter tears away.

Flowers for the Brave ! And Love's fond wreath,  
Lie lightly on their gallant breasts !  
For tender maid and gallant youth,  
Mourn where the silent hero rests !

Raise high the song ! Lift up the hand !  
Beside the soldiers' flower-decked sod,  
Be ours to-day, to keep the oath  
They kept—to Country and to God !

The myrtle and the laurel twine  
Around the rosemary and rue !  
Let children's voices raise to-day,  
Hosannas for the brave and true !

These crumbling names on mossy stones  
Recall the void in aching hearts,  
But all the pride our country owns  
To us a newer flame imparts !

The patriot here,—the hero there,  
Deep hidden from our mortal eyes,—  
Unite to-day in grateful prayer,  
Where every silent soldier lies !

The ranks grow thin we muster here,  
For comrades gather up above ;  
And take their places once again,  
In blue lines, golden linked, in Love !

**The Dead Speak for the Living.**

*Veterans' Home, San Francisco, Thanksgiving Day, 1881.*

---

THERE'S a voice from the death-haunted forests—  
A sound by the storied shore—  
A note in the breeze through the lonely trees,  
That speaks of the days no more.

Our war-flags are worn and tattered,  
The bright swords gnawed by rust,  
And the men who swung them feeble now,  
Or mute in their kindred dust.

The grim, loud-speaking cannons,  
Are muzzled near twenty years—  
Ah! side by side with the foeman's pride,  
Lie the silent volunteers!

Some sleep in the proudest warrior rest,  
Hold yet their dead ranks in line;  
Some to sunnier lands by friendly hands,  
Borne in tenderness divine.

We rear for the dead the marble shaft,  
We wreath their graves with flowers—  
Our dimmed eyes glisten—in vain we listen  
For the gallant boys "of Ours."

Yet, to-day, beyond their ghostly lines,  
Where their silent watch they keep,  
Where'er our flag is consecrate,  
On land or 'neath the deep !

A cry swells like the ocean's moan,  
From lips we cannot see—  
The last appeal from brothers lost,  
Our country's chivalry.

They call from the gloomy gravepits,  
And whisper from out the tomb ;  
“ Our brothers ! torn and shattered !  
Say ! Shall they have a Home ? ”

**In the Ranks.***The Major's Story.*

---

“How did I get in the ranks?  
Well! Major, I'll tell you the truth!  
I was born very far above this,  
And Fortune smiled on my youth!”  
So “Gentleman Burke,” said slowly, his eyes  
    fixed full on mine,  
As, hid in a Bad Lands canyon,  
We watched the red sun decline.  
'Twas a desperate ride, for, man to man,  
We had stood the Sioux off all day,  
And the trooper and I were stealing out  
To bring help from far away.  
“Why was I there?” ’Twas my duty,  
And high time some one should go,  
So, I chose Trooper Burke, the best rider,  
Beyond any man I know!  
There was a hint of Galway,  
Or the Curragh of Kildare,  
The old Enniskillens—in his hand—  
The lightest rider there.  
Game! All the devils from Hell



Could not show him a soldier's work !  
All the men of the regiment knew full well  
The nerve of " Hard Riding Burke !"  
I had often tried to win him  
Across the thin golden line  
Of rank, but a silent pride would still,  
In his fearless gray eyes shine !  
But, on this night, it was man and man,—  
For rank was a mockery then !  
As we clutched our " Winchesters " tightly,  
While hid in the Devil's Den.  
" We may not both get through—so, I'll tell  
you,—  
There's a child,—there,—far away,—  
And, she'll be a Burke of Clanricarde—  
God bless her !—I hope, some day.  
There's the address ! I'd have them know  
If anything chance to me ;  
'Twill settle the score of long ago !  
That letter from over the sea !"  
Hid in the deep gully—waiting night—  
In this hour of the dying day,  
We crouched in fear, lest a charger's whinny  
Should give us " dead away !"  
For the bold " dog soldiers " were riding  
In war-paint, near and far,  
And, we braced ourselves for a rattling run  
Beneath the blue North-star !  
We crunched the broken-up hard-tack  
And pork from the scanty store,  
They forced upon their messengers,

The men they might see no more !  
And, the shadows crept down, then blackening  
The slopes of each towering hill,  
And that trooper lay there beside me,  
I think I can see him still !

“Here’s the address, now, Major !” he handed a  
well-worn card.

“Don’t use it, unless you can answer, if you  
meet me afterward.

I’ve lived like a devil, just as hard, as any mortal  
can,

But, only let little Aileen know, her father died  
like a man !

“You see ! I was young, when I met her  
In Her Majesty’s Service, then,—  
Ah ! Major ! Don’t ask the Regiment,  
For, you’d have to guess again !

“I was the younger son,—and going a rattling  
pace,

When, all my soul leaped up at the sight of that  
woman’s face !

One of those goddess women, who make the  
unhappiest wives,

Fatally born to rule over, and wreck we mad  
men’s lives !”

And while the night winds wailed, he bowed his  
head and then

His bitter tears fell fast, on the stones of the  
Devil’s Den !

“She was another man’s wife, the old, old story, you know!—

He was a brute! I loved her! oh! God! and—she would not go!

Every day the flame grew fiercer within my heart,—

Was there never a pitying storm of Life to drift our souls apart?

No! For that lily face,—the violet eyes were still  
In my daily life, in my tossing dreams, they hovered for good or ill.

I shunned her walks! I tried to tear her out of my fiery heart.

She saw my struggle! It woke her love! We could not live apart!

We tried the old, old fiction—you know—to play with love’s mad fire,

But every clasp of our burning hands only drew our two souls nigher!

Of course she was happy! I was blind! He saw the love in her eyes!

He struck her, the brute, in my presence!—I know how a craven dies!

For the fatal chance had come on us! He knew we were in his power,

And, that stained my hand with blood! The curse of that luckless hour!

I fled? ah! yes! You can guess the rest! Disgraced! a family shame.

And then, from the rolls of the Horse Guards, they struck out my blackened name.

It was all my fault ! I was the man, and—I could  
not keep away  
From the woman I loved ! Her sweet face haunts  
me, unto this very day !  
Young, and too good for sorrow, a prey to the  
canting rules,  
That break the hearts of the loving,—and cover  
the knaves and fools !  
Lighter step did never the listening roses wake ;  
And her eyes had a tender sheen, like the  
dreaming star on the lake.  
Dian and Venus tinted her cheek, and gave her  
her wind-blown hair.  
A gentler heart never fluttered beneath a bosom  
as fair !  
There was no one knew my track, but a priest  
whom I loved in my youth.  
He shielded me, God bless him, but spoke out  
the bitter truth,—  
'Breaking heart, and blood-stained hand, your  
passion's work this day.  
I'll watch over her, though,' he said, 'when  
you are far away !  
When you are safe in hiding,—when you've  
your reason quite,—  
Let me tell her you are living—only for that you  
can write.'—  
So, where the wild waves fling their crests,  
over an alien sea,  
I hid for three weary years ! By Heaven, she  
came over there, to me !

For never the priest was born could withstand  
Aileen's eyes ;  
And, the black robe hides a human heart, though  
buried deep it lies !  
There was a glimpse of Heaven on Earth ! God  
bless her, I married her then.  
And little Aileen came to us ! I lifted my head  
again,—  
But, there was a viewless devil too, that walked  
unseen at my side,  
And, her arms clung close round my neck, in love,  
on that winter night she died.  
Ah ! But the heavy heart I bore, as I laid my  
dead love to rest,  
And my little Aileen dropped the last rose on her  
'pretty mamma's' breast !  
I covered my dead from the sight of men ! I sent  
the child away,  
To where the purpling shadows wreath the  
craggs of Galway Bay.  
And up and down the wide world, I wandered,  
a price on my head,—  
For the priest is the one man faithful, and,—Aileen  
thinks I am dead.  
So ! There you are ! A broken heart,—a man  
with a stain on his life—  
Who is dead and buried already, in the grave of  
his vanished wife !  
I tried all the world's hard ways,—but a trooper's  
jacket's the best,—  
'It covers a multitude of sins,' out here in the  
trackless west !"

There was no sound but the night wind, wailing  
soft and low,  
As Burke unhobbled the horses, and whispered  
“ It's time to go ! ”  
For red Aldebaran hung over us, up there in the  
gloomy sky,  
And as we swung into our saddles, I caught the  
bold trooper's eye.  
He tossed up his carbine lightly, marked the star  
to fix his north,  
And gaily cried “ Now, Major ! Good luck to  
the dear old Fourth. ”  
He turned his eyes away from me then, to cover an  
outcast's pride !  
As I grasped his hand, for the only time, as I  
galloped along at his side !  
Down, down into the gulf of night, we rode with  
bated breath,  
And sped along where each moment might bring  
us to our death.  
For even the horses knew it, as the wolf's long  
howl rang out,  
And the sneaking coyotes barked afar like the  
dogs of an Indian scout !  
Burke had a second set of the messages, hid in  
my breast  
And he rode as light as a race rider, with his  
carbine poised at rest.

I thought of a dear face watching, afar in the  
East, for me,

And I dreamed, as I rode, of my boyish days, of  
camp and réveillé ;  
Of my youthful soldier fancies, before the frontier  
I knew,—  
Of those girls at the Point, whose glances were  
deadlier than the Sioux !  
Still, still at my side, in that awful ride, the  
trooper lithe sped on,  
With his yearning dreams of that vacant chair,  
and the loved one dead and gone !  
Perchance, his thoughts had wandered far, to  
Aileen, there, at play—  
Where the yeasty surges whiten round the  
smiling Galway Bay.  
And a silence wrapped these dreamy hours where  
only the charger's feet  
Kept time to the agony that thrilled in my care-  
worn heart's quick beat.  
Far, far behind us, leaguered sore, our blue-clad  
brothers lay,  
Who looked to us to send the help, with the dawn  
of their battle-day.  
As mile after mile receded, Burke raised his head  
in pride,  
“ By Jove ! I think we'll make it, Major ! a lucky  
ride ! ”  
For there, before us, distant loomed, a point  
which both well knew,—  
And down behind it lay the camp, with help to  
fight the Sioux !

Mile after mile we covered until rose the star of  
Hope!—

Alas! for our self-confidence, we vainly round  
did grope—

It was the blindest riding there without a glint of  
light,

When we ran into a hostile camp, screened in  
the gloom of night.

“Indians!” was Burke’s last startled cry,  
“Major! Don’t wait! Ride on!”—

And as the rifles rang out sharp, I felt all hope  
was gone! [gray,—

Wheeling in a mad dash, I spurred the frightened  
And wildly he sprang out through the night and  
swiftly raced away.

I dared not turn or draw my rein, or even look  
behind,

For the fate of a whole command was gaged on  
that race in the chill night wind!

Crack! crack! behind! I knew it well,—the  
rattling carbine’s ring!—

And then, the Indian’s frantic yells around a  
senseless thing!

I drew no rein until I rode into camp with blood-  
shot eyes,—

And roused them there upon the Platte, an hour  
before sunrise!

The gallant gray had never lowered his graceful  
racing head,

But, when he reached the picket line, he staggered  
—and fell dead!



My pistols empty ! Both ! By God ! I hope I did  
some harm !—

They told me I rode fifteen miles with a broken  
bridle-arm.

“ You shall be named in orders,” said the Colonel,  
“ for this work ;”

As he ordered “ Boots and Saddles,” but my heart  
was back,—with Burke !

The story drove all frantic ! I told where the  
village lay,—

And they rode out as the crow flies, before the  
break of day.

There were ringing cheers and sudden tears as  
the sun on that fight went down,

And the leaguered troopers saw afar their  
comrades gaunt and brown.—

With fluttering guidons on they rode, and drove  
the Brulés far,—

The quest was done ! The lucky chance, of that  
stern frontier war.

Before the fever left me, the surgeon at his  
work,

Growled “ You had lost your reason,—and, only  
called for Burke !”

Alas ! My trooper comrade ! When they bore  
the poor shell back ;

It told of tortures far beyond grim Torquemada’s  
rack.

We gave him soldiers’ honors, with ringing  
volleys three,

Laid there beside the Platte, to wait the Last  
Great Réveillé !

It was a month before my eyes gazed on a  
brighter scene !

I had Father Cullen's letter, with the sweet face  
of Aileen !

'Twas my hand sent her mother's picture to the  
little maid ;

I kept a curl of baby hair, and thought what  
Burke had said,

The "dandy Fourth" my secret shared, and  
then we all began

To show the Galway maiden, that her father  
died a man !

"God rest him !" Father Cullen wrote. "His  
soul is white again !

He gave the life he shadowed once, to save his  
fellow-men.

Love in their ashes lingers, who paid the price  
on earth,

So back to Galway send him, to the spot that  
gave him birth !"

To-day a tombstone bearing "Burke of the  
Fourth," in pride—

Shines out in that far chapel, his by vanished  
Aileen's side !

Yes ! There were dear eyes waiting, afar, to  
shine on me !

A slender hand, with wedding ring, clasped mine  
upon the sea.

We wandered to the land that's loved, "the  
dearest and the most,"—

And in the Galway hills, we knew the priest, a  
gentle host.

Tears hovered in my darling's eyes, the kindest,  
in their mien,

As to her breast she clasped in love,—the  
trooper's child, Aileen !

"She is her mother's picture ! God's child !  
fair, and innocent !"

He raised his hand ! in blessing, and, forth in  
peace, we went !—

The little maid wears "sabres crossed," which  
bear our number, "Four,"—

And dreams in pride of Trooper Burke, whose  
battle-days are o'er !

**A Wail from Afar!**

*A Ballad of '94.*

---

'TIS "sweet" to hear the honest watch-dogs  
"bark,"

"Tis sweet to own a bark—"upon the sea,"  
'Tis sweet to go upon a private lark  
And have a frolic, on the "strict q. t." ;—  
But sweetest joy of all, beyond the pond,  
The lean-eyed Yankee, chancing far to roam,  
Finds, is to sit down in a lonely hour,  
And energetically howl for Home!

"Breathes there a man"—there does, an "awful  
lot,"

Who care not for the land which gave them  
birth,

But, when they wander, by their friends forgot,  
They are the greatest "kickers" on the earth!  
The things they hated when in Podunkville—  
They growled at all the universe—  
Become delightful as the kicker finds,  
That over here all things are worse!

You miss the papers and the telegrams,  
The very " ads " at which we roar—  
The face of the Cosmetic Man—  
And Lydia Pinkham, greet no more !  
In strange old " burls," of lingo harsh—  
The boring tour you stumble through,  
Alone and sad, you'd hail as friend  
The man of the Three Dollar Shoe !

The towns you scorned in Yankeeland  
Shine out with fond affection's tints.  
Your enemies you also miss,  
Who are howled at in the daily prints !  
For all seems dear when over here,  
Though beer is cheap, and food is bad.—  
For the old " flesh-pots " come to you,  
Which once in Yankeeland you had !

Those Yankee girls away at home,  
Love shining in their sparkling eyes !  
The roar of Broadway, and—the Cops,  
The journals with delightful lies !  
The telephone with " git up git,"  
The hackmen's howl discordant, far,  
Our Yankee drinks, our Yankee yachts  
And even, the festive Pullman car !

For chilly Boston smiles—at last,—  
And—Washington draws from afar,  
And slumbrous Philadelphia shines  
Out as a " bright particular star ! "

And, even at—Chicago's—name—  
The exile does not stand aghast,  
St. Louis is a rattling burg—  
And Cincinnati charms—at last !

The “ good square meal ” you'd like to feel,  
Enshrined within you where you are,—  
The magazines you throw away,  
The journals with their daily jar,  
The newsboy, and the shackling L,  
The vilest nuisances are dear—  
For when you rove alone and sad  
You pay to find there's nothing here !

You catch the “ home disease ” at once  
When met with blooming British scorn,  
Among the plodding Germans, too,  
You learn to wish you'd not been born !  
The smiling Frenchman, “ Voila tout,”  
The wild Italian “ hairy man,”  
And, driven through uncouth Russia far,—  
The unspeakable cold Austrian !

The dreary plays, the heavy wit,  
The prima-donnas by the ton !—  
The tower of Babel crowding round  
Who scalp the Yankee, every one !  
The fights at frontier and the way  
That people live in these far lands—  
Then, howls of wild profanity  
Break out which no one understands !

You meet upon some dirty lane  
A strange, dejected, bearded man—  
And quarrel, kiss, and then make up,  
Because he's an American !  
Pent up, harassed you madly hear  
The land you love so, always mocked,  
And suffer all the woes of life  
The fanes of Justice tightly locked !

Think, after six months rolls around,  
Of all the comforts that you left !  
Of your pet "girl," your cozy club,  
Of all the joys you're now bereft !  
And then you learn that distance lends  
A fond enchantment to the view,  
You cash your credit, buy a berth  
And cry "Now ! Captain ! Put her through !"

Oh ! Friends at home who fondly paint  
One in the arms of Dukes and Earls,  
And "having the most royal time"—  
Be happy with your Yankee girls,  
Your Yankee joys, and all that makes  
Columbia what we fondly love !  
If anything you lack at home  
Wait till you reach the realms above !—

A yearner now from "Yearnerville !"  
How gladly out my cash I'd fork,  
And even through winter's storms be glad  
"To take the back track" to New York !

Yes! Every word wells from my heart!  
I've tried my feelings to express!  
I close this with a bitter sigh  
And seal it "Fondly—R. H. S.!"



### Looking Backward.

---

THERE'S many a friend grim Time has stolen  
And worlds of feeling sadly changing,  
Hopes, dearly cherished winged afar  
And cloudland's visions farther ranging ;  
Of all that marks the passing years,  
Recalling each eventful scene,—  
Yet dearer growing every day,  
The treasure is my old "dhudeen !"

A gift in vanished college days !  
My feelings then were warm and plastic,  
As on Life's way I sped along  
With sunlit brows, youth's step elastic.  
I've roughed it through a varied world,  
Felt many a blow, and, unforeseen,  
Have struck the treacherous hidden snag—  
But stuck fast to the old "dhudeen."

Oh ! boyhood's dreams ! Ah ! vows of love !  
Sweet brightest eyes ! What follies spoken !  
Of heads and hearts and good resolves  
A goodly number I've seen broken !

Long dropped the golden threads I prized  
And seen strange fortunes intervene :—  
Where'er I roamed, let come what would  
I've carried off my old " dhudeen ! "

Old Pipe ! I've borne you 'round the world  
Have puffed, in silence, many seasons  
Have sought your comfort, gained from you  
For every folly thousand reasons !  
Whenever from the straight path I  
Have wandered in dull error, often,  
You for my blindness made amends,  
And strove my bitterness to soften!

We've seen the radiant sun go down  
On many a vista, famed in story.  
We've dreamed our dreams and seen the light  
Fade from sweet visions, lit with glory.  
Whatever fate has dealt me out,  
Of many things it has bereft me !  
Dear faithful servitor of old !  
I'm happier now that you are left me !

By woodland trail, on ocean's waste,  
Along the desert grim and sandy,  
We've made the world wide tour " in style "   
Sahara to the Rio Grande !  
Through love-lit bowers, by paths of flowers,  
To where the way was dark and sterile,—  
In changing sunshine and in showers—  
In scenes of joy and hours of peril !

We've travelled "first class ;"—we have trudged  
The frontier—foemen to distress us.  
We've "shone" in Paris, we have known  
The flattering schemer to caress us !  
We've had our agony in Rome,  
Alone,—each fevered day, grown thinner—  
We've cashed our chips in ringing gold—  
And "shared the luck" with saint and sinner !

We've stood up to these turns of fate,  
When fortune smiled and friends were eager,  
Dark days in sickness we have passed  
Away from home, in bivouac meagre,—  
And yet in looking back, old friend,  
We cannot say life's cards have lacked us,  
And might have played a brilliant game  
If prudent wisdom always backed us !

I've watched with you the anxious night—  
No star its blackness to illumine,  
Your friendly incense comfort lone  
When far from consolations humane.  
Mute, ready, faithful to my will,  
Your quiet service still to render,  
Though battered like your master now,  
Old friend ! For you, my heart is tender !

We've seen fond, bright eyes fade in death !  
And heard Sin's wildest laughter ringing !  
We've watched lost friendship's flickering breath  
And marked the hush in joyous singing !

Long years have scattered, stern and grave,  
The friends and comrades of our choosing !  
Ah yes ! We've drained the cup of life  
With not one bitter drop refusing !

To-night, alone, I sit with you,  
Dim distance parts ! Time backward rolling—  
I see, through smoke-wreaths, graceful dream,  
Lost youth ! No funeral knells are tolling !  
All the old friends and loves I've known  
Come back in gentle troops together !  
The darkness lightens, life seems bright !  
And there is naught but sunny weather !

'Tis ever so ! Our happiest hours  
Are creatures of some fond delusion !  
When throng upon the softened heart  
Bright glimpses in a wild confusion !  
So let it be ! I dream away  
In perfect bliss : While slowly breathing  
Your incense rare the blue smoke clouds  
Around my frosted locks are wreathing !

We'll let the world go by us, friend !  
We hold in heart still cause to love it !  
For what is base, mean, slavish, low,  
Why! you and I can rise above it !  
Far lifted over petty jars—  
A peace with every wanderer sharing,  
And, in our hearts down out of sight  
A glowing coal of feeling bearing !

The sunlight eyes ! the songs of old !  
The lips I've kissed, you bring back ever !  
The fond communion of long years,  
'Twixt you and I, no blow can sever !  
And when your friendship I've resigned  
The record's closed ! A last sad token !  
We struggled on 'till life was vain—  
And heart and pipe were cold and broken !



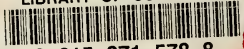








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