

FROM HEART AND NATURE

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# FROM HEART AND NATURE

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON



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TO  
S. K. B.



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## FROM HEART AND NATURE.



### ACORN CUPS.

ON tip-toe step, or you will wake  
The wood-nymphs in that hollow tree!  
Tread lightly, lest you heedless break  
The wine-cups of their revelry:  
But hark! I hear their little wings;  
Come softly now and look with me—  
'Twas but a sentinel, who brings  
The news of what he seems to see.

Just peep beneath this golden-rod,  
These purple asters, bending o'er  
The curling leaves and verdant sod,  
Where nymphs their tiny treasures store;

In little sets they've laid them here,  
Still wet with dews of day before;  
One all alone, ill-shaped, and near,  
This heap of acorns; ten or more.

Here two cups tied; perhaps there were  
Two lovers, telling love anew;  
One wont to plead, one to defer  
Her promise till she found him true:  
And here within are circles wrought,  
As though still lingering, darkness flew,  
And, loving late, before they thought,  
The sun's face rose their wine-cups through.

And here are three; three jovial friends  
Have supped together, laughed and sung  
Their legend tales, till present blends  
With times of long ago; among  
The haunts of Ida's steep decline,  
Or where Arcadian reed-notes rung,  
They boast of ancestry, and pine  
For boughs by Orient breezes swung.

Step lightly, now, and do not break  
The acorn cups the wood-nymphs hide;  
And quickly go before they wake  
And flee away up mountain side:  
But let us plant an acorn here,  
That, under branches spreading wide,  
Our fairy friends may year by year  
Their wine-cups fill at even-tide.

## HOPE.

IN the blackest night  
There are threads of light  
Which will weave a way  
To the realm of day;  
In the lashing sea  
Lurks melody;  
In the heart of wrong  
Is a cleansing song;  
From no soul once born  
Has the crushing scorn  
Of the world out-trod  
The life-germ of God.



AN INDIAN LEGEND.

ON autumn days  
A mellow haze  
Perfumes the languid air;  
And floats  
O'er tasseled corn and waving oats,  
And vineyards fair.

O'er hill and dale  
A purple veil  
It scintillates and gleams;  
And charms  
The picturesque New England farms  
And tranquil streams.

On mountain snows  
It seeks repose,  
Or in the verdant dell;

It lies  
Beneath the twilight's golden skies,  
On sea and fell.

Its origin  
Has often been  
The theme of legend art ;  
And still,  
Perchance, an Indian sometimes will  
This tale impart :

“When all the grain  
From frost and rain  
Is safe for winter days,  
And bare  
And shorn, the hill-side everywhere,  
Of yellow maize,

“There sits before  
His wigwam door  
Great Manabozho, ruler he  
Of all

The prairied West, and lakes, we call  
The inland sea.

“He sees the land  
From grain of sand,  
He fashioned for his own ;  
And here  
The rippled, blue-faced water, dear  
Companion grown.

“Contentment now  
Upon his brow,  
He murmurs, ‘It is good,’  
And takes  
His corn-cob pipe and fills, and makes  
A fire of wood.

“A living coal  
Within the bowl  
He puts, and smokes the pipe  
Of peace ;  
That long prosperity increase,  
With harvests ripe.

“O'er dells and dales  
His breath exhales  
The perfumed smoke for days.”  
'Tis thus,  
The legend says, there comes to us  
The autumn haze.

## THE ROSE'S SOUL.

THE rose's color soon shall fade,  
Like sunset pass away ;  
The first sweet flush of life that made  
Its beauty cannot stay.

The rose's form shall turn to dust,  
And withered, crumbling lie ;  
The tender leaves in silence, must  
Give up their joys and die.

But fragrance does not turn to earth  
At wintry winds' control ;  
It is a thing of heavenly birth, —  
It is the rose's soul.

## LAKE GENEVA.

ON thy waters, Lake Geneva,  
Where we ride, ride and row,  
Mighty mountains laced in snow,  
Blending shadows softly weave a  
Veil upon the waves below,  
Where we ride, ride and row.

Near thy shores, clear Lake Geneva,  
Where we glide, glide and row,  
Tinkling bell-notes come and go,  
Lights grow dim, and wild flowers leave a  
Fragrance on the air below,  
Where we glide, glide and row.

All is fair, dear Lake Geneva,  
Where we glide and ride and row;  
And as Alpine breezes blow,

In the gloaming we conceive a  
Paradise is here below,  
Where we glide and ride and row.

*Coppet, Switzerland.*

BEAUTY IN SORROW.

Souls that master sorrows,  
Bear and oft forbear,  
Find existence borrows  
Richness from Life's care;  
See each fresh to-morrow's  
Sky new beauty wear;  
Beauty born of sorrows  
Is most truly fair.



## THE MONASTERY.

DIM lights in the chancel play,  
Filtered by dust's decay ;  
    Where monk once read  
    All life is dead  
        To-day.

The flowers are faded away,  
Withered and gone for aye ;  
    Their fragrance sped,  
    Purple and red,  
        To-day.

No chants in those cloisters gray,  
No echo of call to pray ;  
    No prayers are said,  
    No choir is led  
        To-day.

No censers to God now sway,  
No servants left to obey ;  
Stones at each head  
Number the dead  
To-day.

Lit by a sunbeam ray,  
The saint and his shrine of clay  
Are overspread  
With mystic dread  
To-day.

The wind-blown leaflets stray,  
Rustling a dying lay ;  
God's peace is shed  
Over the dead  
To-day.

## THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

*Requiem aeternam*

*Dona eis, Domine;*

Softly rose the anthem;  
Peace eternal grant them,  
Holy Father; grant them  
Heavenly peace this day.

Reverently they circle  
Round the lifeless form;  
On the bank in crowds,  
In the midnight shrouds,  
Under angry clouds,  
Wolves foretell the storm.

Like a feeble protest  
Come the words of prayer:  
"Save our noble master —

Wilt thou drive us faster  
Onward to disaster,  
Onward to despair?"

Cold in death, De Soto  
Kissed the river's brine,  
Like a knightly lover;  
Waves he helped discover,  
Forming now the cover  
Of his earthly shrine.

And as I am sitting,  
Dreaming of that day,  
Still the tide is praying  
In its rippled playing;  
*Requiem*, 'tis saying,  
*Dona eis, Domine.*

## DANDELIONS.

“My child,” the pious father cried,  
“For you the blessed Saviour died;  
For you he seeks; the way is wide.

“But entering you must leave behind  
Your wealth, for there you ever find  
Those happiest who were truly kind.”

“But how, pray, father, may I be  
So kind,” the sinner said, “and see  
This palace which is kept for me?”

“My child,” the monk replied, “now sell  
Your lands, and giving, count it well  
Thus easy you are saved from hell.”

“Yes, yes, my father,” said the man,

“But what of earth, and never can  
I have reward?” — thus on he ran.

The priest in silence knelt, and prayed;  
Then rising said, “The Lord has made  
Your gold increasing, not to fade.”

They looked, when lo! once pale and white,  
The meadow, now one field of bright  
And gaudy yellow, met the sight.

The sinner turned, and weeping said:  
“My gold is His; let truth be spread  
Like this; let all the world be fed.

“Wherever yellow flower shall blow,  
There we must be to let men know  
Of Christ, and seeds of mercy sow.”

And still by peasants it is told  
How dandelions once of old  
Were changed from white to living gold.

## SHE AND I.

We stood alone together —

She and I —

Upon the sandy shore ;

The air was fresh as Eden weather ;

I wished for nothing more.

We spoke of life before us,

With toils and final rest ;

It seemed the quiet river bore us

Away upon its breast.

She looked across the water

That rippled at our feet ;

I thought the white-winged angels sought her,

To make their heaven complete.

The swallows seemed to love her,  
And like her presence there ;  
The sea-gulls nearer came to hover ;  
Sweet May-buds bound her hair.

She turned in silent pleasure  
And looked across the sea ;  
She asked me who could tell or measure  
How far that shore might be.

We talked of trifles, trifling,  
And homeward made our way ;  
It seemed that love was surely rifling  
My thoughts from me that day.

\* \* \* \*

We are no more together —  
She and I —  
The birds of song have fled ;  
The world for me is winter weather ;  
The heart of spring is dead.



And many times still standing,  
    *I* ask the question now :  
How far is that dim, distant landing,  
    Unknown to earthly prow?

## OLD OCEAN'S DAUGHTER.

ALONG the shore a little child,  
    Upon her knees was playing ;  
Was laughing at the surges wild,  
    Their snowy crests arraying :  
The breezes blew her golden hair,  
    And with her dress they bound her ;  
Her cheeks were red with salt sea air,  
    And there the ocean found her.

Old Father Sea came up the beach,  
    She quickly fled in laughter ;  
He slowly sank beyond her reach,  
    She followed nimbly after :  
And so upon the bright sea sands,  
    Old ocean gave his greeting ;  
He, ever loving, held his hands,  
    She, ever shy, retreating.

## A SONNET AT EVENING.

THE moon's pale light, between the half-closed  
shutter,  
Falls dimly on the book-shelves of my room ;  
While shadows, woven by an unseen loom,  
Are weirdly patterned as the leaflets flutter :  
The blue flames flicker in the grate, or mutter  
Their mystic words above the oak log's tomb ;  
While quiet reigns, and in the seeming gloom  
True happiness finds chance to think and utter.

I glance at many a volume grimed and old,  
Wherein are pictured triumphs ; but a line  
Unwritten there, dark histories could unfold :  
Success, life's rainbow, must with clouds com-  
bine  
To have its grandeur, and if all were told,  
Men might prefer this fireside peace of mine.

## MY WATERFALL.

WHERE the woodland vines are bending  
In canopies of green,  
And the locust-trees are blending  
Sweet blossoms in between ;  
Where the coot and cuckoo, calling,  
Their feathers ruff and preen,  
With a gentle, tuneful falling,  
My waterfall is seen.

With its fresh and sparkling water,  
It comes from far away ;  
It has kissed the blue sky's daughter —  
The cloud of yesterday ;  
It has bathed the drooping grasses,  
And eddied in its play,  
Fretting myriad mimic passes  
In shifting sand and clay.

It has caught the sunbeam arrows  
And flashed them back to me ;  
It has quivered through the narrows,  
And chattered in its glee ;  
And its breath is sweet with sipping  
The wild anemone,  
While the fern and cresses dipping,  
Send greeting to the sea.

In the midnight and the morning,  
Beneath the maples tall ;  
When the leaves their boughs adorning,  
Await the cold winds' call ;  
When I'm worn with work and weary,  
And shadows cover all,  
For its ripple, restful, cheery,  
I love my waterfall.

## WILD OATS.

THE youth who sows his wild oats at morn  
And believes their stalks will be scorched half  
grown,  
Forgets they are sheltered by lilies sown  
In his childhood hours; and will rise to scorn  
And choke the lilies and thrive alone.

## HOME.

THE winter winds may fiercely blow,  
And sweep like wolves across the snow;  
The wings of death may guide the storm,  
But what care I? My heart is warm,  
And home is home, no matter where,  
If love and hope are centred there.

## THE CYPRIOT SLAVE.

'Low lies the coast of Italy, beyond  
The strait that keeps its sands apart from those  
Wild headlands of Sicilian scar and strand—  
Shores laved by ocean tides and Euxine, where  
In meeting, great Charybdis is their tryst.  
Skies blue, unless enshrouded by dark clouds  
Of vapor from grim Ætna, where 'tis famed  
A wounded giant, prisoned, vomits fire.

'Twas here, two hundred years ago, in gyves  
That bound and bruised the tender flesh, a slave  
From far off Cyprus sat. A lovely copse,  
Whose stately elms and oaks around her threw  
Their changing shadows, closed her from the sight  
Of men. Vines clung about the mossy rocks,  
Or round the olive and the sumach boughs;  
While through the tangle of lush grasses came  
The rumble of the torrent Termini,  
Or now the distant howling of the wolves.

The Cypriot slave sat tearless in her chains,  
For tears had long refused to calm her soul.  
At last she rose, and peered across the sea,—  
The waste of water that was binding her  
More fast and cruelly than fetters could.

And as she mused of home all desolate—  
That Cyprus of her youth, where once she played  
About her mother, or on sunny days  
Stood in the fields and ate the fresh sweet grapes  
Whose fame for wine was known o'er mount and  
dale;

Or watched the proud Venetian galleys spread  
Their airy sails and sink below the sea;—  
The lingering color faded from her cheeks,  
As when the twilight glow, upon the pure  
And soft white clouds, fades out and slowly dies.  
A shudder shook the slender frame, that bore  
The rich brown curls across her eyes, and let  
Them fall about her shoulders, like the still  
Fresh laurel leaves amid the winter snow.  
The Cypriot slave sank back upon the ledge  
And threw her purple robe about her feet,



To hide the clanking shackles from her sight.  
Before her on the grass a flagon stood,  
Rich wrought of gold and jewels, and a dish  
Whereon her mistress had choice viands placed.

Alas, the day that Cosmo's galley came,  
And seized its freight of helpless souls! Alas  
The beauty that had made her Cosmo's gift  
To Duke Ossuna, lord of Sicily!  
The Duke took pity, and with pity close  
Allied is love. The Duchess saw, and wrath  
And envy fired her haughty breast. By stealth  
She had the Cypriot slave in fetters placed  
Beyond his sight, and ordered poison given.  
The poor girl cared for naught, e'en though it  
were

From golden bowls her mistress loved and prized.  
She leaned her cheek upon her slender hand —  
A hand great Phidias would have joyed to see.  
And there the snowy doves in lessening gyres  
Descended, as the flakes from heaven fall,  
And flew about upon the green. The girl's  
Heart warmed to see they feared her not, and  
soon

The tears traced down her cheeks. The birds  
around

The gold dish gathered, drinking to their fill,  
And prinked their wings and lifted up their bills  
In gratitude. A moment, and one stopped,  
Then staggered on, and gasping lay before  
Her feet; a shudder, and the dove was dead.

Alas for woman's cruelty! She saw  
The plot; the part she might have played, had  
been

Enacted by the quivering dove. She bowed  
And hid her face and wept most bitterly.  
Her eyes were blinded; all her girlish form  
Was trembling as she sobbed. The round, white  
arms,

Half covered by her hair, were wet with tears.  
Then cloudy Ætna gloomed the sky, and still  
She sobbed; the sunlight wove its path across  
The western waste of sea, and darkness came:  
The Cypriot slave wept on amid the doves.

Then Duke Ossuna through the tangle heard,  
And quick his heart was touched; he hastened  
through

The sumach and the mulberry boughs, and there  
He saw the poisoned flask. His face grew red  
With anger, and anon was calmed in grief.

“Who does this deed?” he said, and stood before  
Her prostrate form; then softly added, “Come,  
My child, why cry you so?” The Cypriot slave  
Looked through her tears and pointed; well he  
knew

The cause. The Duke was silent; then he said:  
“Arouse, my child; eight days and nights by oar  
And sail, and you once more have liberty  
To roam amid the vineyards of your home.”

Not long, and then there came a noble train  
In gold and purple clad, to bow farewell  
To her, a slave set free; and no one there  
Was sadder at her going, yet more glad  
To see the stately galley with her sails  
Sun-lit, and dipping banks of oars, sink down  
Beyond the ocean's rim, than that true knight,  
The Duke Ossuna, lord of Sicily.

## THE DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO.

SANTA ANNA'S men were raiding!  
Texan liberty seemed fading  
With a tyrant foe invading.

Travis was the patriot colonel,  
With a bravery supernal  
To make liberty eternal.

Scarce two hundred men commanding,  
In the convent quickly banding,  
At their head he soon was standing.

Santa Anna's restless pickets  
Paced amid the thorns and thickets,  
Scanning guns and fortress wickets.

"Death, no quarter!" fiercely sounded

Hostile bugles full and rounded ;  
Through the village it rebounded.

Then like tigers came the foemen,  
Brutal hosts restrained by no man,  
Twice repulsed by sturdy yeomen.

Hand to hand they writhed together,  
Gun to gun and arms in tether,  
Till they singed their helmet leather.

Then a ghastly cannon, plundered  
Of its rightful booty, thundered  
Till the solid walls were sundered.

With a frenzied shout men followed  
In the path the cannon hollowed,  
Mind and mercy lost or swallowed.

Texans fought with desperation,  
Fought for freedom as a nation,  
Dying in their desolation.

Thus the Alamo was taken,  
While that little band forsaken,  
Perished with its ranks unshaken.

When the glowing sun descended  
All was still; defence had ended;  
And the blaze of pyres was blended

With the moon's pale light, and rumbled  
Echoes came, and o'er the crumbled  
Ashes murmured: "Hushed, not humbled."

## ADÈLE.

### I.

'Twas where the cooling breezes of the Mediter-  
ranean meet  
With zephyrs from the great Sahara's suffocating  
heat,

A young and beardless soldier, clad about with  
red and blue,  
In silence and disheartened, to his quiet beat  
withdrew.

He sat him down and rested in the gloomy soli-  
tude,  
And there apart he thought and mused where  
no one could intrude.

And the billows from the ocean, and the breakers of the sea,  
Like voices in the wind, kept calling, "Come,  
O come to me!"

The restless picket, rising, paced his beat and then returned;  
The words were in his brain and filled his heart;  
his temples burned.

The cool winds whispered 'mid the roar of sea and palm-tree's wail,  
Until the air was filled with murmuring, "Adèle,  
Adèle."

The stifling desert's breath kept urging, "Go now, leave the land!  
Go back to France, O heartless youth! Return to win her hand!"

The new-born sun had kissed his pallid cheeks and lips, so pale;



The picket woke and whispered, "Is it you, my own Adèle?"

A mockery his dream had been, 'twas not his sunny France;  
'Twas rugged rocks instead of vines, a lonely, broad expanse.

## II.

Where breezes of the Mediterranean fan the vine-clad hills,  
And rock the leaves to sleep, or ripple o'er the babbling rills,

A young and sad-faced soldier, clad about with red and blue,  
Was standing by the bedside of a maiden fair and true.

"Adèle is dead; you came too late!" the picket stood and wept;

He gazed upon the calm sweet face ; he thought  
she only slept.

Her cheeks were red as sunset, lips so lifelike,  
he could kiss ;  
“She is not dead,” he cried, “she is alive, she  
surely is !”

All night he held the soft white hands, and  
watched the girlish face ;  
He kneeling, prayed to God for help, for mercy  
through His grace.

The sunlight, like an angel, came and lit his  
troubled brow ;  
An answer to his prayer, he thought, but still  
he knew not how.

The soft white fingers warmed within the sol-  
dier’s brawny hand ;  
The blue eyes opened, red lips quivered—did  
he understand ?

A smile was on the rosy cheeks ; he leaned upon  
the bed ;  
“Adieu, my love !” the pale lips whispered, and  
Adèle was dead.

## III.

A young yet haggard soldier, clad about with  
red and blue,  
Stood looking seaward where the cool, refresh-  
ing breezes blew,

And on that barren shore where naught is heard  
but pickets' tread,  
With lonely heart and softened, the manly sol-  
dier said :

“My lovely France, its hills and dales, my God  
to me has given ;  
I'll win renown and die for France, and wed  
Adèle in heaven !”

A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

LOUDLY blew the bugle note,  
As the soldiers, to their throat  
    In the water  
    And the slaughter,  
Struggled for the shore remote.

Hoarsely groaned the rolling drum,  
With the bullet's busy hum ;  
    And its beating  
    Meant retreating  
For the British overcome.

Mid the powder and the lead,  
Mid the wounded and the dead,  
    Strove they faster,  
    While disaster  
And destruction onward sped.

From the bank the Frenchmen shot  
At the fleeing, minding not  
    In the battle  
    And the rattle  
That their guns grew bursting hot.

But the British crossed at last,  
And all dripping downward cast  
    Rod and rifle,  
    And a trifle  
Seemed the chasm they had passed.

With a stream between, the cheers  
Of Napoleon's grenadiers  
    Were as jesting,  
    Which the resting  
British soon would turn to tears.

Then upon the hostile bank  
Stood a woman, and she shrank,  
    Overtaken  
    And forsaken,  
From the Frenchman's fatal rank.

She a Briton, hooted at!  
Cook or servant — what of that?  
    In a second  
    As she beckoned  
Not a soldier longer sat.

Weak and wan the woman stood,  
And imploring as she could,  
    She besought them,  
    And it wrought them  
Into stirring hardihood.

From the line a rider sprang,  
And the air with cheering rang;  
    And were centred  
    As he entered  
All the cannon smoke and clang.

Brave he buffeted the flood  
Which was tinged with crimson blood;  
    And with wonder,  
    In the thunder  
Frenchmen saw mid mire and mud,

Saw him grasp the woman there,  
Swing her quickly and with care  
    Up before him ;  
    Saw break o'er him  
Angry waters everywhere.

When they found a foeman brave  
Perilled life, a life to save,  
    Rifles lowered  
    And they poured  
Forth huzzaing wave on wave ;

And Napoleon's grenadiers  
Vied with Britons in their cheers,  
    As the rider,  
    Firm beside her,  
Proudly dried the woman's tears.

## CODRUS OF ATHENS.

WHERE shepherds sing their rustic, homely airs,  
And follow with their flocks, or fall asleep  
In forest groves to dream away their cares ;

Where long, lone valleys like the hollowed deep  
Stretch miles and miles, and scanty sedges  
spring,  
And stunted beeches dot the mountain steep ;

O'er crevice in the rock where censers swing,  
And Parian marble pillars grand protect  
Apollo's maidens as they work and sing,

The priestess on her tripod sat. There decked  
In laurel leaves, with flushing cheeks,  
And body by Castalian waters flecked,



She filled the temple with her frenzied shrieks ;  
Her fair lips quivered, as with flashing eye  
She rose and gave this message to the Greeks :

*If Athens triumph, Athens' king must die.*

By one who ran from dawn till eve of day  
The sad news spread, and then each passer-by

In Attica was pale with dread dismay,  
For noble Codrus, bravest of the brave,  
Was king and led Athenians to the fray.

Alone the ruler mused ; he could but crave  
His end ; the very silence of his hall  
Exclaimed, "Go, king, for Athens seek your  
grave !"

With sad heart Codrus viewed the city wall,  
The towers that he had learned to love, and  
then  
Her many massive temples, chaste and tall.

Disguised in common clothes, and slow, as when  
One looks at what he is to see no more,  
King Codrus passed unknown beyond his men ;

And weary, to the Dorian camp he bore  
Himself, and there in fierce dispute engaged,  
He struck a Dorian soldier ; then before

He could defend himself, his foe enraged,  
Rushed at his royal victim, beat and slew  
The stranger ere his wrath could be assuaged.

What horror then ! They looked and well they  
knew  
The face, the lifeless form. "The oracle !"  
They cried, and soon from Attica withdrew.

And when the news was spread, how Codrus  
fell  
And died for Athens, all the Greeks agreed  
No man in Attica had ruled so well ;

And all the nobles to a man, decreed  
There was none good enough to follow him,  
And no one should to Codrus' crown succeed.

## WARRIORS OF THE SOUDAN.

A NOBLE square  
Is marshalled there  
    Upon the desert's burning sand ;  
    At king's command  
    No artist's hand  
E'er painted scene that could compare.

The desert dry,  
With cloudless sky  
    And murky air, is in a dream ;  
    The sand-hills seem  
    A cooling stream  
For which the thirsty camels cry.

A rustle, hark !  
The dust clouds mark  
    The coming of an enemy ;

The soldiers see  
Most eagerly  
The dusky forms and features dark.

Without a swerve,  
With steady nerve,  
    The savage warriors onward come ;  
    No sound of drum,  
    Nor bullet's hum,  
The swarthy lines a moment curve,

Each gray haired sheik,  
As brave as Greek  
    Or Roman, holds his banner high ;  
    With psalm-book nigh,  
    Prepared to die,  
He chants his prayers with cadence meek.

What courage now !  
The volleys, how  
    From horse and infantry are played !

The columns fade,  
While mounds are made  
Of mangled men, as whole lines bow.

A Briton here  
By poisoned spear  
    Sinks slowly to the parching sand;  
    Without a hand  
    To bind a band,  
He sees his life-blood disappear.

Black warriors bare  
Leap through the air  
    And stand before the very guns;  
    The crimson runs  
    From sire and sons—  
Grim heroes in their deep despair.

A white-haired form  
Amid the storm  
    Upon his camel dashes in;

Amid the din  
About the thin  
Disordered lines the warriors swarm.

A moment there,  
With flowing hair,  
    Upon the desert's crimson sands,  
    With out-stretched hands  
    The proud sheik stands  
Within the broken English square.

'Tis no avail  
That blacks assail  
    Their deadly foes again, again ;  
    The Englishmen  
    Are victors ; then  
The warriors in their courage fail.

You know the story,  
How the gory  
    Battle raged that summer's day ;

How they lay —  
Thousands lay —  
White and black both crowned with glory.

When history tells  
Of generals  
And soldiers brave of every race,  
Give those a place, —  
The dark of face  
Who fought at Abu Klea Wells.



## A REVERY.

NIGHT hung so still upon her out-stretched wings,  
The very silence of the distant spheres  
Seemed scorn of me ; I saw the shuttled years  
Weave out again the endless sufferings  
Of burdened souls ; I saw in orbit rings  
Vast globes move on among their mighty peers,  
And said : "What care have these for mortal  
tears ?"  
What power has life crushed down by lifeless  
things ?"

The moon rose up beneath the maples red,  
And sent a glow of light along the glen ;  
A thrush broke out in joyous song that sped  
Through all the wood in melody, and then  
A voice unbound my fettered heart and said :  
"The spheres are naught compared with living  
men !"

## RECREATION.

IN the afternoon of a summer's day,  
When streets are thronged and life is gay,  
I love to watch the sun go down  
Beyond the smoke of the busy town.

On the distant bridge against the sky  
A line of pygmy men pass by ;  
Some slow, some fast, as ants will go  
Across the wheat-field to and fro.  
Upon the waves the sunlight flits,  
And back and forth the topmast knits  
Its shadow image through the bars  
Of phantom girders, leaving stars  
Of light to sparkle in the way.

With measured ring the hammers play  
About the steel-ribbed, infant ship ;  
While in the offing schooners dip  
To catch the foam upon their bows.

And now, with shaggy beard and brows  
The hearty fisher, yonder, moves  
The creaking reel upon its grooves,  
And as it joggles round and round,  
The dripping net is spread and wound  
Upon its arms.

Naught here destroys  
The dreamy scene. With easy poise  
Upon the drowsy, listless stream  
A steamship lies; her funnels gleam;  
And wreaths of cold, gray smoke ascend  
To tinge the sky and break and blend.

The shadows creep apace; the sun  
Goes down; the beacons one by one  
Flash out along the sinuous shore,  
And night is queen of earth once more.

## SUNSET.

A CLOUDLESS, silent sunset, cold,  
Is not the sunset I would choose;  
Without the crimson and the gold,  
Its grandest beauty it must lose.

An aimless, unaggressive life,  
Is not the life that I admire;  
Without the struggle and the strife,  
'Tis naught but clay—it lacks the fire!

PRINCE VICTOR OF ITALY.

*Viva l'Italia* came from every side,  
As dipped the ship to meet the brimming tide;  
The cannon roared their Cyclopean cheers,  
And ocean clasped its child with mother tears,  
While all the flags bespoke a country's pride.

Young Victor, curly-haired and azure-eyed,  
Stood by Queen Margherita, and defied  
The din, as came that sentence to his ears:

*Viva l'Italia.*

The boyish face looked in the muzzle wide,  
Of one great cannon, hundred-tonned, and cried  
With treble voice those words each man re-  
veres;

The gloomy, deep-toned fiend, as one who  
hears

The sweet-faced heir of Italy, replied:

*Viva l'Italia.*

## MORNING GLORIES.

LITTLE children of the sun,  
Joying in the day begun ;  
Swaying in its amber beams,  
Laughing as the sunlight streams ;  
Then before the day is done,  
Sweetly sleeping every one ;  
Smiling still in fairy dreams,  
Till the morning brightly gleams,  
    Little children of the sun !

Drowsy little morning glory,  
Tell to me your dreamy story ;  
Of the whispering zephyrs fairy ;  
Why with thee they never tarry ;  
What they say of winter hoary ;  
What of autumn transitory ;  
Prithee, tell me of the airy  
Breezes, and the tales they carry,  
    Drowsy little morning glory !

## JUGURTHA DYING.

AYE! thy dungeon, Rome, is gloomy,  
Parted from patrician scum ;  
How the cold is creeping through me ;  
How my feet and hands grow numb !  
Would this damp and mossy wall were  
Farther from the Tiber's wave ;  
Would these massive columns all were  
For a more imposing grave !

Marius, Sulla, ye are victors,  
But to serve the rabble will ;  
Men, I scorn ye ! when the lictor's  
Axe its duty shall fulfill,  
Though Jugurtha will be dying  
In these walls of Mamertine,  
Hate will live, and still defying,  
Fire men's souls as it has mine !

List ye, Romans! Leave unburied  
These few ashes I bequeath;  
Let me wander, still unferried  
Over stagnant Styx, and breathe  
Fire and blood in every portal,  
Viper sting in every part;  
O that ye were one, and mortal,  
With my dagger through your heart!

Traitor Bocchus, would I saw you  
In my dismal dungeon now!  
May Gætulian vultures gnaw you;  
Like Albinus may you bow:  
Shade of Cossus and Æneas!  
See! by Mars, a pretty view,  
Romans 'neath the yoke; Rome see us  
Herd thy cattle-legions through!

Gods, how cold! my limbs are quailing—  
Pollux! what a bath is here;  
Gold for votes was never failing,  
But this luxury is dear:



Tribune Memmius, thou art lonely  
In this city bought and sold ;  
Wretched people! Memmius only  
Represents the Rome of old.

O Numidia, how I love thee!  
Would I were unbound again ;  
Saddleless, with sky above me,  
Dashing on before my men ;  
Many miles of maddest riding,  
With the pale moon for my light ;  
Through the thicket softly gliding,  
Then the charge at dead of night!

Nay—I wish no food nor sleeping ;  
Six long days have left me here ;  
Many hours my children weeping,  
Wait and hope I will appear ;  
And the Tiber six days waking,  
Stretches downward to the sea ;  
Twice three times, the sunlight breaking,  
Gilds the temples over me.

Death, I feel thee, feel thee nearer,  
Chilling now my very heart !  
Rome, thou mask of shame, severer  
Foe one day shall make thee smart :  
City, bound by one desire,  
Soon to perish, if device  
Can but find for thee a buyer,  
And agree upon the price !

Sol is kissing drowsy Tiber,  
And descending in the west ;  
Gods ! I'm chilled in every fibre—  
Going naked to my rest !  
Wretched Senate, unrepenting  
I have fought and bribed and bled ;  
Still I hate thee, unrelenting—  
Rome, I'm fainting—dying—dead !

## ON A PICTURE.

IN the wide, wide world there is naught so dear  
As the happy heart of a noble girl;  
Not a gift so great has a belted earl  
As the wide, wide world in its homes each year:  
O'er the fragrant meadows the bees make cheer  
In the velvet petals of tinted pearl,  
Till the spotless folds of the frost unfurl—  
But they all give way to a more than peer.

Could a Christmas offering be received,  
That would give more joy than a girlish face?  
If these lines be slow and but poorly weaved,  
'Tis that heartfelt gratitude hinders grace,  
That a friend has paused from her tasks achieved  
To remember one in a far-off place.

## MY FATES.

[Suggested by a poem of Schiller.]

Ho, my sister, steady, steady!  
Seems I see your hand already  
Tremble with those gleaming shears,  
Ere they reach a score of years;—  
There! 'tis better, Lachesis.  
And you, Clotho, do not miss  
Spinning out that precious thread  
With a steady hand and head!  
I will string it full of roses  
Red and white: if she disposes  
To be hasty with her shears,  
May the perfume, like the spheres,  
Circle round her and confound her,  
And its blushing breath enrapture,  
And my ruse a respite capture  
From your sister Lachesis!

Clotho, dearest, when it is  
Time to cut that fatal thread,  
Pass the roses, white and red ;  
Joys are rare at most on earth ;  
Earth is better for its mirth ;  
Pass the roses rich, I pray,  
And where thread is barest, stay ;  
Rouse your sister and prepare  
To unloose me from all care.

## THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

THE yellow leaves lie scattered  
In the rock-bound grasses,  
    Growing sere,  
    Where the pilgrim year  
Drops loving kisses as he passes.

The elms and birches tattered,  
Throw their sun-rent tracing  
    On the hills;  
    Over blue-faced rills  
White-winged through rocky cañons racing.

The golden-rod and sumach  
Glow with splendor, shading  
    Grass-knit pools,  
    Where the herdsman cools  
His weary kine as day is fading.

The happy bird-note echoes  
Fill the woods with mellow sallies,  
    Where the blue  
        Agawam winds through  
The cheerful Berkshire hills and valleys.

TIME'S DARLING IS DEAD.

FROM out of the crystal snow,  
    A year ago,  
        The angels made her ;  
And the sentinel stars of night  
Gave his blue-eyed darling light ;  
Then they fashioned a pure white gown  
From the pale moon's storm-made crown ;  
And they circled her waist amain  
With the wisp of a comet's train.

From out of the eastern gray  
    Of a new-born day  
        They took a strand ;  
And they bound the silver line  
With a ray of the sun's decline ;  
And they wove them well in a loom,  
The threads of hope and of doom.



Then down from the gates above,  
A bit to love,  
    She came to his hand ;  
But the crimson and silver were one,  
And his hopes as a day of the sun.  
The clouds in their sorrow may weep,  
While the stars no more vigilance keep,  
As they search on planet and sphere  
For his darling, the dying year ;  
But they wearily wander in vain,  
To restore the living again ;  
For under the crystal snow  
    A night ago,  
        The angels laid her.

## WOMANHOOD.

THOUGH the painter work in his grandest mood,  
With a master's hand to portray the face  
That is pictured deep in the inmost place  
Of his mighty soul; though the painter should  
In the faultless cunning of art make good  
The soft tint of life in each subtle trace  
Of his brush; no skill can borrow the grace  
Of the winsome beauty of womanhood.

Through all ages virtue has been the pride  
And the prize that maidens are watchful of;  
And the form more fair than all else beside,  
With the purity of a spotless dove,  
Is the only form in the whole world wide  
That can wake and win an undying love.

## A BIRTHDAY ODE.

O WHO can teach us we are young  
Though white hairs sprinkle in among  
The strands of brown! There is no eld;  
Eyes never lose the light that held  
A maiden's heart when strength was whole;  
The child, the trembling man whose soul  
Is but a child's, both eagerly  
The same wide wonders ever see.

The greatest joy gray hairs can win  
Is memory; to revel in  
Sweet pictures of the years that live  
Anew in what their blessings give.  
What hours were those at close of day!  
To saunter up the path of clay,  
New-creviced by the fallen rain;  
To gaze skyward until the brain  
Seems lost in boundless vision. No,

God would not have us always grow  
Among our fellows, else why has  
He made us single? Often as  
We walk, a blessed friend is this  
Strange solitude, so simple is,  
And yet so full of restful thought  
And feeling.

How familiar aught  
Of childhood scenes! the pasture brook;  
The storm-stained oak; some quiet nook,  
Where man may lie and there receive  
The breath of flowers, and more believe  
Life worth the living. Then at night  
To sit before the wide hearth's light,  
And spend the hours in retrospect;  
To see once more the forks direct  
The new-mown hay aloft; to climb  
About the rafters, black with time,  
Where lime-built homes of wasp abound,  
And spiders' musty webs are found.

To live again the days of school,  
And half recall some hard learned rule

Whose very rhythmic rote unfolds  
A thousand smiles and tears and scolds;  
To see your first love's face again,  
To write her name with stealthy pen  
Upon your slate, and looking, blush  
And feel discovered in the hush.  
Boy love and trust are sweeter than  
All after joys that come to man.

Young life is strange; who can foresee  
Which leaf will have true symmetry?  
Of children which will prove the man?  
Lean not on chance or human plan,  
There is a spirit in the blood;  
No rose can bloom without a bud,  
And of two buds which has a blight,  
And which will blow and bloom aright?  
We can but work and do our best,  
The unknown spirit does the rest.

## THE SCULPTOR.

THE sculptor saw before his earnest gaze  
A form that earth had made supremely fair;  
A gentle brow, half hid by locks of hair;  
Eyes calm, yet changing in unwonted ways,  
And lips, thin-curved, beneath which lay a maze  
Of opal veins. The sculptor could but dare  
To trace the outer form that met him there;  
Man's soul must see the beauty life displays.

As some worn keepsake, long before made dear,  
Brings back a flood of memories of old,  
So all these outer forms must come to hold  
Their worth for greater things they make appear;  
This world is fair but while it can unfold  
Our hearts to nobler thought and living here.

BY THE SEA.

•  
LIKE a listless child that wanders away, away,  
With a smile where the last sweet kiss of his  
    mother lay,  
Comes the salt sea wind at the twilight hour  
    of day,  
And I feel it just from the lips of the ocean  
    spray.

A THREE-LEAF CLOVER.

O SISTERS three, in shady nook,  
    For friends you have the flowers and trees ;  
The four-leaf pressed in mouldy book,  
    With all its favors has not these.

## NATURE.

O NATURE, varied as the sea,  
In color, shape, thou art ;  
Yet changeless to eternity  
In purpose and in heart.

## OPPORTUNITY.

THE youth who sleeps with time on his hands,  
And longs for life in a noiser clime,  
Will strive one day to lay hands upon time,  
And restrain the flow of its numbered sands.

















