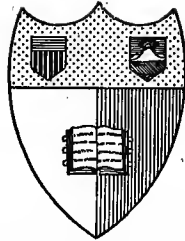


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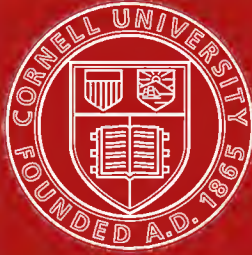
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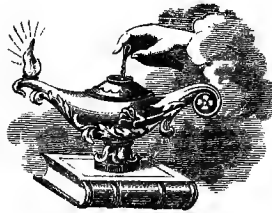
The Forging
of the Sword
and
Other Poems
by Juan Lewis
Illustrated by
Charles Bradford Hudson.

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JUAN LEWIS.

POEMS

BY

JUAN LEWIS.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

1892.

B

PRESS OF
WOOD BROTHERS
308 TENTH STREET, N. W.
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PREFACE.

A gentleman distinguished for his ability and learning once said to me that he had never read a verse of poetry in his life, and that an orator could not offend him more than by quoting a line of poetry in his presence. Notwithstanding this warning, I venture.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEDGER, WASHINGTON STAR, FRANK
LESLIE'S MONTHLY, WASHINGTON POST, YONKERS
GAZETTE, NEW YORK SUN, AND OTHER
JOURNALS,

have found room for an occasional poem of mine, and if the reader recognize any familiar stanzas, it is because I have reclaimed them here. But most of these poems are now published for the first time.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUAN LEWIS.

Discipline.

The gale may through the cordage whistle,

The salt spray smite the cheek it kissed,

The sails be blown like down from thistle,

But not one heart that shall be missed!

Queen Seivis.



The Forging of the Sword.

[*South Carolina, April, 1865.*]

A low-roofed shed, with house set back,
A cross where four roads meet,
A tall, square chimney, painted black,
That leaned towards the street ;
And close beyond, a purling brook,
And near, a field of grain,
That in the mellow sunshine took
A shape like battle-plain.

The Forging of the Sword.

A mirage of the mind, perhaps,
And yet the cornfield near,
The orchard in its leafy wraps,
Brought up a vision clear ;
Antietam's field by sun-light kissed,
The clouds that' rose on high,
The light winds turned to crimson mist,
The bugle call to die.

But here, I see the blacksmith stand.
With brawny arm up-raised,
While on the anvil lay a brand,
That flashed out molten rays ;
And quick beneath his sturdy stroke,
The fiery mass took form,
As Eden out of Chaos broke,
Or sunshine follows storm.

His helper at the forge was one,
Scarce sixteen summers through,
Yet beauteous as the summer sun,
Or throne, or cot e'er knew ;
With eyes as scintillant as night,
A form of Beauty's seal,
An innocence, at heart as light,
And pure as saints may feel.

Fast fell the strokes, quick grew the blade,
To highly tempered steel,
And well he wrought, as one who made,
Both men and Nations reel.



With steady hand and eagle eye,
He forged and watched by turns,
As if *his* were blows for Liberty,
And thus her watch-fire burns.

The Forging of the Sword.

The sparks flew out, the anvil rung,
The bellows blew its blast.
The maiden raised her voice and sung,
Of Freedom's skies o'er cast,
Of battle-fields, of men who died,
Of blood, and wounds and war,
Of patriots' hopes, whose rights denied,
Flamed upward like a star;

Of glory such as victors sing,
Of countless numbers slain,
Of hospitals where Pain was king,
Of mothers' tears, all vain.
And as she sang her sweet voice grew
To wondrous melody,
Recalled great heroes lives anew,
Their struggles to be free.

And then her voice new pathos took,
Her tones new feeling lent,
She sang of those whom friends forsook,
Whose homes the war had rent.
And as she sang the forge-light fell,
The finished blade grew cold,
Sweet songs a better tale can tell,
Than that of warriors bold.

And this the sturdy blacksmith felt,
And through his veins there ran,
A thrill, as if himself had knelt,
Where man had died for man;
“Yet here,” “he cried,” ’mid pines and oaks,
And civilization rude,
Our hearts have been in battle-strokes,
Not in this solitude.

“O vision of the Past, stand back,
Of three long, bitter years,
In which the victor’s bloody track,
Could never bring these tears!
Too old to take the field, yet not
Less sturdy at the forge,
Than was my grandsire when he fought,
With Hampden for King George.

“I’ve wrought good blades for other’s use,
Believing each would shine,
A harbinger of victory,
In younger hands than mine;
Oh, child, you know how I have borne,
With other ills—neglect,
Now, when our Cause was most forlorn,
I kept my head erect.

The Forging of the Sword.

“My hand as firm, my heart as true,
As compass to the star,
And this the country owes to you,
My darling, that you are!
For I—God help me!—flesh is weak,
Have seen you wan and thin,
Yet never flinch, and always speak,
As if our Cause must win.

“But, oh, the power that comes with song,
I see it clearer, now,
The forging of the sword was wrong,
It should have been the plow!
On battle fields our loved lie dead,
War's glory trails in dust,
For Peace is in the sky o'erhead,
And God alone is Just.”

He spurned the steel with saddened brow,
Like one whose soul abhorred,
The task his hands enjoyed till now,
The forging of the Sword.
He turned to where his darling stood,
But started at the sight,
The girl, up-sprung, had snatched her hood,
And bird-like poised for flight.

The beauty of the Orient,
Was in her form and face,
As framed within the forge she bent,
Her glance beyond on space;
A moment more with thund'rous tread,
A horseman dashed in view,
Oh, why that joyous shout and dread,
It was a form they knew!

A phantom soldier, long a corse,
If field reports were true,
And yet he sprang from off his horse,
With a cheery, wild hallo!
And "Sister," "Brother," "Father," "Son,"
Fond cries that fill the air,
All one in three, and three in one,
Which rise to Heaven—a prayer.

NOTE.—Fisher, the "deaf" sword-maker of the Confederacy, is dead. He passed away at Cove Spring Ga., recently, at an advanced age. He was born in England, but came to this country with his parents when only a few years old. His family settled at Harper's Ferry, where he learned the art of sword-making. He was educated at Hartford, Conn., where in 1840 he was married to a young lady, a deaf mute. At the outbreak of the war he went to Atlanta and superintended the forging of weapons of warfare. At the close of the war he became an instructor in the deaf and dumb institution at Cove Spring.—*Southern Paper*, 1889.

My Ship Comes In.

With sails drawn taut above, below,
My ship comes in to port,
The weary waiting days were slow,
For hope was at the ebb or flow,
And never crowned at court.

God bless the breeze that blew her in,
And brought her up the bay,
The wealth she bears to kith and kin,
Is naught to me, nor could it win,
One smile from him this day.

Be still my heart, swift furl the sail,
The anchor quick let fall,
Love's eager hand is on the rail,
I meet a glance Doubt cannot quail,
For Faith can conquer all.

Great heroes of the world are ye,
Who bring our ships to port,
From inland by-ways, or from sea,
Yet breezes spiced all wait for thee,
For Love is King at Court!



ong the S of Sea.

THE sea-foam is kissing my
lips,

The salt is blown loose thro
my hair,

Through the crest of the waves'
snowy tips,

White hands seem to beckon
me there.

O syren from under the main,

Shall I yield to thy luring embrace?—

If I go I shall come not again,

No foot-prints are left to retrace.

And yet this were nothing to dread,

For what to the many is one?—

Like the sand that the storm-wind has spread,

Like the rain on the sea when it's done!

Song of the Sea.

O sea, never silent nor sad.

My life offers homage to thee,
 In thine arms I would lie and be glad,
 In thy bosom find life that's to be!

I yield, then, I go, I depart,

O, spirit that's born of the wave,
 Cling close, lovely syren, this heart
 Must find a new life or a grave!

**Alice's Birthday.**

ALICE, name of all the sweetest,
 Love, of all life's hopes completest,
 In thee unite, like air and light!--
 Could wish of mine bring happier day,
 Endless were thy joys alway!

Her Name, or Mine.



HE wrote two words upon the sand,
I stood remote and saw her do it ;
Her name and mine ? Along the strand
I swiftly sped, yet felt I knew it !
My name, or her's ? 'Tis thus love writes,
Unconscious in her adoration,
As morning's mist, or fancy's flights,
Or — Laured Cæsar ! — (Peroration.)

Not mine ! nor hers, the name she wrote ;
But just the Deacon's exhortation,
When on bent pin, in tail of coat,
He sat in church — a brief oration.
Can such things be ? I reach her side,
To read the name fond love discloses,
My name or her's ; above the tide
I see it yet ; 'twas " Holy Moses ! "



Masked Faces.

WE sit behind our daily masks,
 Expressionless as Egypt's sphinx,
 We bend to greed-appointed tasks,
 Our aims scarce nobler than the lynx.

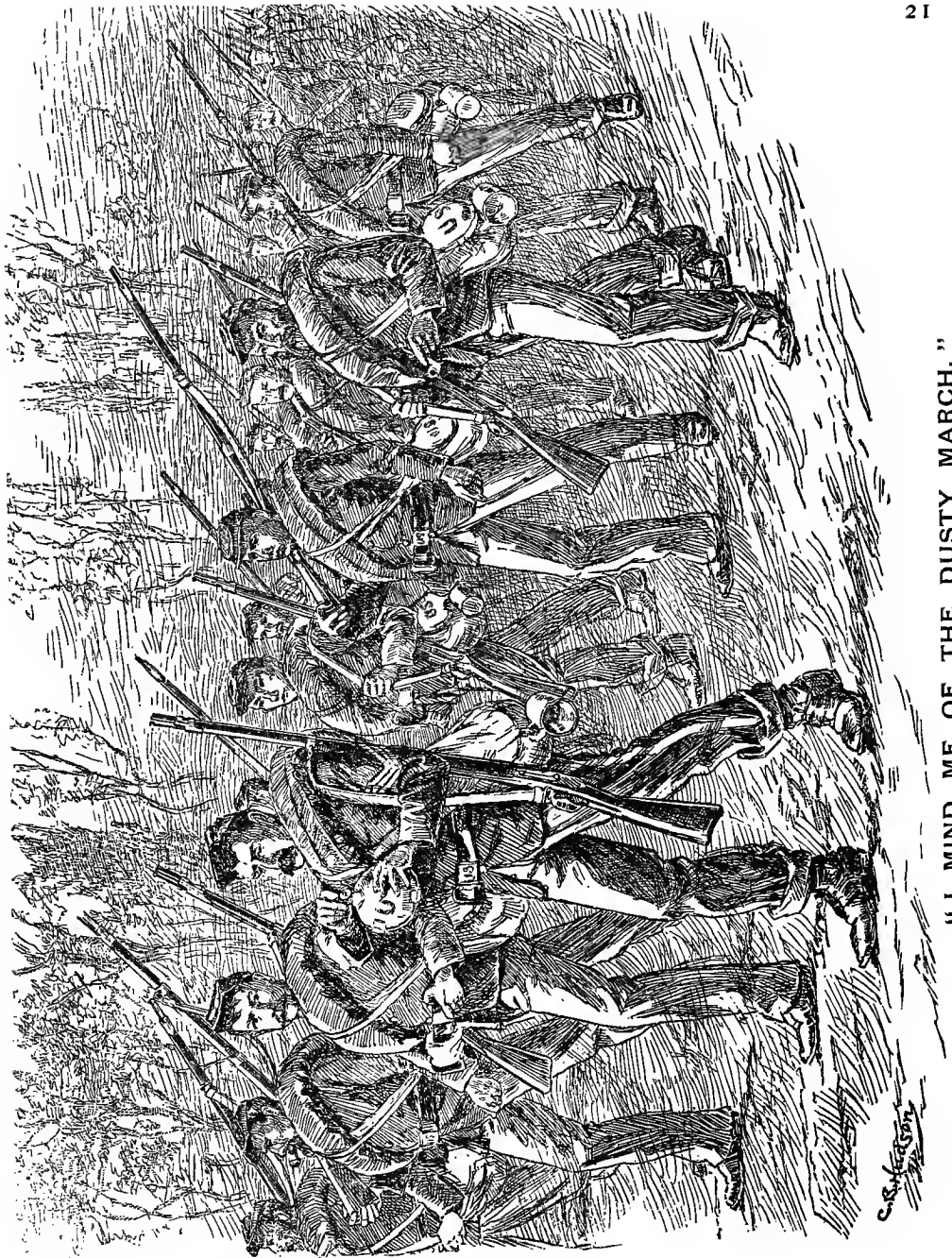
Oh, is this all of life to live?—

Men born to Spirit-truth, you ask,
 Must still the false be all we give,
 The Man be hid behind a mask?

If this be all bring out the sword,
 Cut down the slave, no longer bask,
 Where idling Self finds full accord,
 And drop for aye that facial mask!

**A Memory.**

ONLY a four-leaf clover,
 Yet plucked by her dear hand,
 A joy to the absent lover,
 Only love can understand.



"I MIND ME OF THE DUSTY MARCH."

C. S. H. 1871

The Old Canteen.

[Found by the author on the field twenty-five years after the battle.]

FROM the bivouac and battle,
 From the dying and the dead,
 Shriek of shell, and muskets' rattle,
 Where the parting soul is sped ;
 Dost thou rise, a rusty vision,
 A shadowed past that falls between,
 My joys of peace and hours elysian,
 And link my soul to thine, canteen?

I mind me of the dusty march,
 When such as thou no gold could buy,
 And when the bridge that spans the arch,
 'Twixed life and death scarce spanned a sigh ;
 I mind me of the wounds, the blood,
 Of comrades dear and tried, and true,
 Of soil they trod to crimson mud,
 And, dying, drank from such as you !

Canteen! canteen! to thee we owe,
Success that merged in victory then,
Without thee, arm had failed its blow,
And with thee, courage came again ;
On sunny fields, in hot by-ways,
Begrimed by smoke, indent by ball,
O faithful friend, through all those days,
You stood First Love of comrades all !

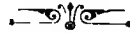
In camp, on guard, or where the dead
In silence slept in Glory's pall,
Grim witness! say **how** heroes bled,
And **fighting** fell, as patriots fall ;
Yet, no! bid hence the shadowed years,
For who would live them o'er again,
The doubt, the agony, the tears,
With love, one long-drawn sigh of pain?

Canteen, thy shine is lost in rust,
Thy day of use long since has passed,
But yet, from out the battle's dust,
Evoke a spirit that shall last ;
Not that of war, and wounds, and death,
Or ruined homes, or battle plain,
But one of peace, as Freedom's breath,
Blows free o'er fields of waving grain.

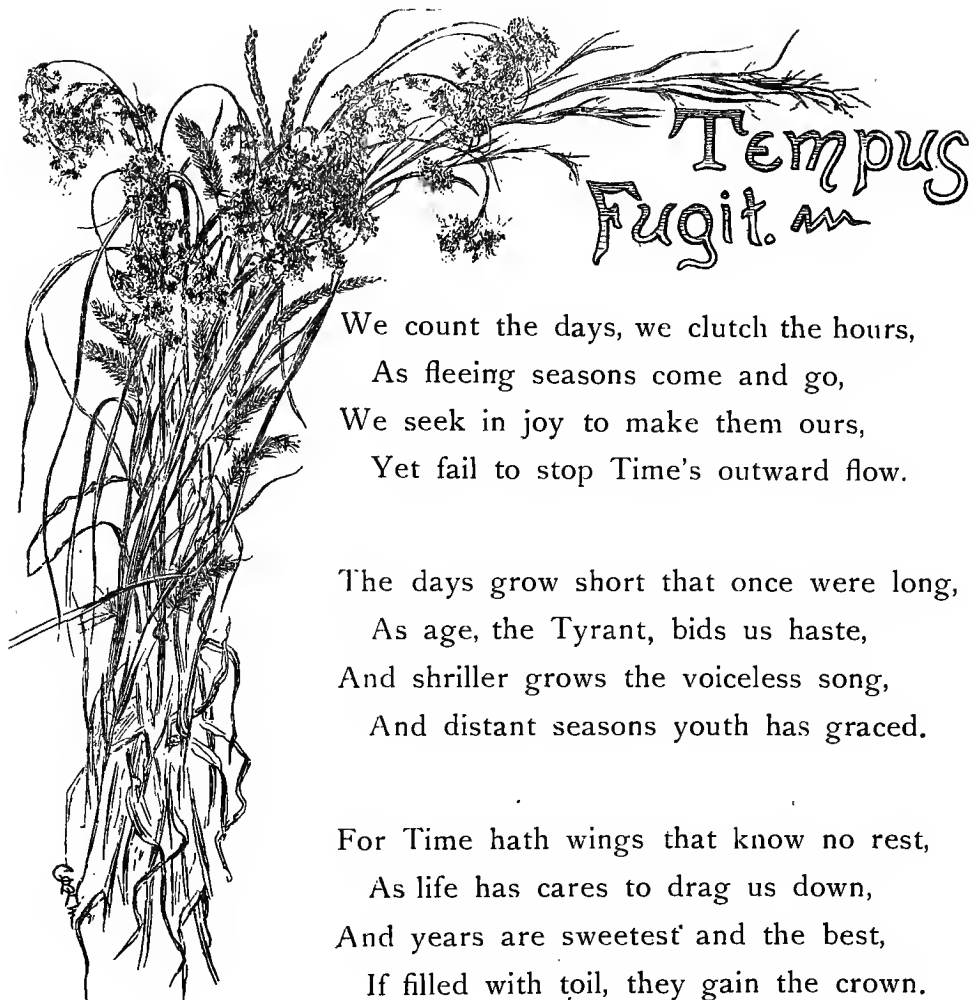
The Old Canteen.

Bid Hope her bow of promise raise,
 Bid Faith again her arms uplift,
 Bid Love rejoice with songs of praise,
 And hearts respond to Freedom's gift ;
 For once again, like those of old,
 Who walked the fires the prophets trod,
 We view a land whose purest gold,
 Is welded by the hand of God.

Canteen ! canteen ! no more we drink,
 The Wine of Life from out thy kind,
 Thy march is o'er, and millions think
 The march of years, is march of mind !
 Hang in the fire-light on the wall,
 Reminder of the soldier-day,
 While love and friendship guides us all,
 And wisdom points a nobler way.

**A Summer Longing.**

QH, sea ! oh sky ! that beckons me,
 Oh, sail ! white-winged across the foam,
 I drop my pen and follow thee,
 Thou harbinger of rest, of home !



Tempus
Fugit. m

We count the days, we clutch the hours,
As fleeing seasons come and go,
We seek in joy to make them ours,
Yet fail to stop Time's outward flow.

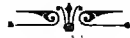
The days grow short that once were long,
As age, the Tyrant, bids us haste,
And shriller grows the voiceless song,
And distant seasons youth has graced.

For Time hath wings that know no rest,
As life has cares to drag us down,
And years are sweetest and the best,
If filled with toil, they gain the crown.

The crown of Good—the full content,
The all that is of worth—of strife—
The Love that bears the best intent,
Transmutes to gold the humblest life.

Tempus Fugit.

So fly, old Time, nor lag behind,
 As flee the shadows we pursue,
 You cannot catch the immortal mind,
 That shall outlive both death and you.



Thank God for Tears.

THANK God for tears!—
 That when sorrowing the most,
 Through the desolated years,
 And storms lower upon life's coast,
 The clouds may break thro' all,
 And tears, blessed tears may fall;
 Thank God for tears!

Thank God for tears!—
 As in desert wastes the dew,
 The weary wanderer cheers,
 With hopes and life anew,
 So tears, to souls storm-swept,
 Still are divine as when Jesus wept;
 Thank God for tears!

The Wedding Day.



SUM and crown of happy life,
O day that dwarfs the years so small,
When merges Maiden in the Wife,
And love, itself, is all in all!

Great hopes take color from to-day,
Tho' precious tears are gem'd to fall,
Love's rainbow spans life's arc always,
For love, indeed, is all in all!

I know not how the child may love,
Whose ties of Being yet must wake,
Unfledged for flight the snowy dove,
Knows not the height its wings may take;

Nor yet how rugged man may choose,
In all the splendor of his power,
To live alone and love refuse,
When love alone is Heaven's dower;

I know not how old age may love,
When voices from the past may call,
But love I know is from above.

What e'er its years, 'tis all in all!

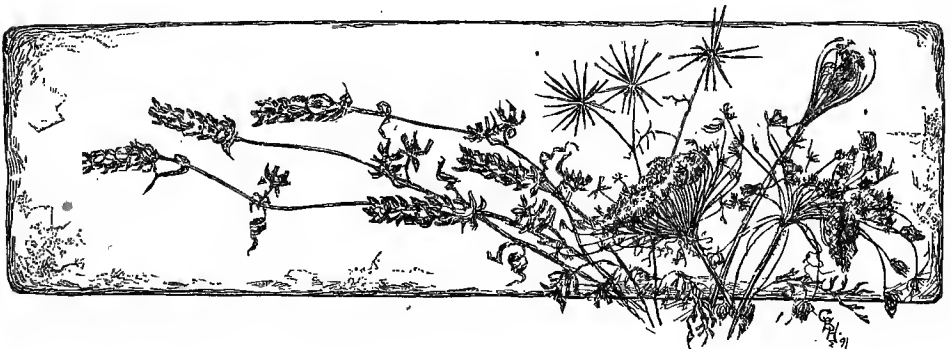
The Wedding Day.

It may be Youth it may be Age,
Or ripened Manhood's early morn,
When e'er it comes life's brightest page,
Is golden with a faith new born!

Oh, birthright of the chosen one,
Oh, guerdon that survived the Fall,
All else may perish!—but the sun
Of Love outlasts!—'tis all in all!

Then drink to beauty in its bloom,
To manly promise in its youth
The budded rose yields sweet perfume,
And souls that love unite in truth,

Oh, sheaves of Fruitage! bind them fast.
With golden words beyond recall,
Oh, summer skies forever last,
And love to each be all in all!



Gettysburg: A Battle-Ode.

[Delivered at the dedication of the Battle Monument, representing a kneeling Soldier, at Culp's Hill, July 2, 1888.—Twenty-fifth anniversary of the meeting of the Blue and Gray.]

O GETTYSBURG, fair Gettysburg!
From out the gloom of gathered years,
From homes of peace that love endears,
 With shattered ranks we come:
Not now, as when a hell of men,
And blood and tears, in murderous years,
 We left thee silent, dumb!

O Gettysburg, stern Gettysburg!
Before thy storms of fire and death,
And leaden hail, and cannon's breath,
 We were not dumb that day:
For Freedom spoke in battle smoke,
As now, in peace—Christ's blessed Peace—
 Pray God she speaks alway!

O Gettysburg, loved Gettysburg!
Here shall thy future pilgrims meet,
With clasping hands and staying feet,
 And joy-songs of the morn:
For not in vain, this battle plain,
If War's red root brings Freedom's fruit,
 To freemen yet unborn!

Gettysburg: A Battle Ode.

O Gettysburg, dear Gettysburg !
Yon marble lips in voiceless speech,
A far-off reverent age shall reach,
 In Wisdom's nobler plan ;
And they shall kneel, and steadfast feel,
The Patriot's hope have larger scope,
 They, too, can die for man !

O Gettysburg, sad Gettysburg !
Thy turf is billowed o'er with graves,
Of friend and foe, alike—our braves—
 Our hero-souls, new—born :
For every sheaf, and bud, and leaf,
Proclaim an hour, true souls shall flower,
 This resurrection morn !

O Gettysburg, bright Gettysburg !
Thy fire-scathed hills to-day are calm,
The lapsing years—Time's healing balm,
 Rest lightly on thy sod :
Shine out, glad sun, where Valor won,
And sound o'er all Life's bugle call,
 Of Love, of Home, of God.





Town and Country.

LEADEN sky and dripping roof,
In rubber shoes and water-proof,
I go about the city:
Or glaring sun, or horrid noise,
Disturbs my brain and equipose,
And wakes my neighbor's pity.

For he, unlike myself, may go,
Where flowers and fruits invite me so,
From city dull and dreary:
From dust and heat, and odors stale,
To country breeze, and hill and dale,
Where life can never weary.

Then let us hence, not stay our feet,
But answer from this garish street,
Like bugle calls to duty:
We go where roses blush and blow,
And skies and woods in splendor glow,
We seek suburban beauty!

Discipline.

THE gale may through the cordage whistle,
 The salt spray smite the cheek it kissed,
 The sails be blown like down from thistle,
 But not one heart-beat shall be missed.

Not his the head that droops for pillow,
 Not his the wish that sighs for land,
 In calm or storm he rides the billow,
 Supreme in action and command.

O disciplined, and skillful leader!—
 Afloat, ashore, on sea or sod,
 What is thy lesson?—patient reader,
 Duty, faith and trust in God!

**Blue Sky Beyond.**

WHAT matter if the low clouds drift
 Across the brightness of the sun,
 For as they drift they sunward lift,
 And show the blue sky far beyond.

Oh, world of toil, of cares and tears,
 Why should we at the clouds repine,
 Our skies will clear in coming years,
 Beyond the drift is Love divine.

Her Birthday—To Baby Rose.

SUCH a joy as blew into my haven of calm,
Twas a ripple of sunshine only heaven discloses,
Though fleeting the rift,
Love's angels were swift,
To sing in my heart of a Rose of all roses !

Oh June was the month bringing incense and balm,
With the flower of all flowers that life's petals uncloses,
So blessed the day.
Its recurrence always
Is like wine in a desert, my Rose of all roses !

Then give me your hand, with your soul in its palm,
While I pledge you a day that love ne'er discloses,
Need I say it is thine ?
Or that while life is mine,
Thy birthday is love's and thou—Rose of all roses !



*Grip and Tip.***Grip and Tip.**

[For the Children.]

GRIP and Tip two neighbors are,
 Little Grip, big Tip,
 Such friendly dogs, so free from care,
 Yet watchful too, that unaware,
 No tramp may come, they skip,
 The sturdy Tip, spry Grip.

And when, if either has a bone,
 Big Tip, or little Grip.
 Each helps each maintain his own,
 As vested rights in him alone,
 No outside dog dare nip,
 Or tackle Tip or Grip.

We may not know what they may think,
 Little Grip, big Tip,
 But near the border line or brink,
 'Twixt men and dogs we need not shrink,
 To know one sense may ours outstrip,
 In sturdy Tip, quick Grip,

If we could see in human kind,
 Such friends as Grip and Tip,
 A something that is more than Mind,

And yet has in it ties that bind,
As Faith and Truth in them we find,
The flippant world might flip,
And learn from Grip and Tip.



Love and Duty.

MAN hath his limits ; with no wings,
To soar aloft through Time and space,
His Thought when'er it upward springs,
Will people deserts with the race.

Man hath his limits ; still he keeps,
The cycling ages as his own,
His path leads upward to the steeps,
Where Mind is monarch of the throne.

Man hath his limits ; yet he gives,
A glow of his immortal fire,
To all that breathes, or moves or lives
Or lifts to Heaven a fond desire.

Man hath his limits ; all we know,
Or need to know, in paths we trod,
Is simple Duty ; Times o'erthrow,
Will find this duty Love to God.

Men of Action.

QH, men of soul who dare and do,
 The hour is close at hand,
 The world hath need of such as you,
 Come out with sword in hand.
 Too long ye've lingered by the way,
 Seen knaves and puppets dance,
 Till bursts in dawn a brighter day,
 Whose watchword is advance!

Come out, come out, oh, men of soul,
 And bring the promised ark,
 The battle waits the bugle roll,
 And Truth her shining mark.
 The world is weary of the frauds,
 The dawdling shams in view,
 Oh, give us those, against all odds,
 Who noble deeds will do.

Oh, men of action, strong and true,
 Your swords of soul must shine,
 In farthest years among the few,
 Who made their lives divine.
 Come out in deeds, in action come,
 And charge with shining lance,
 Mere words are nothing, thought is dumb,
 But progress means advance!

A Draught Divine.



POUR for me a draught divine,
A sweet libation freely pour,
The only cup thy ripe, red lips,
Which brimming o'er with love, eclipse
All wines that man or god e'er sips,
Yet makes the drinker thirst for more,
And pledge anew to thee and thine.

O pour for me a draught divine,
And fill the cup to overflow,
Nor spill one drop of nectared bliss,
From thee to me, as this—or this—
[The echo sweet where all joys meet,]
O thrill that still asks kiss for kiss,
My cup of love that trembles so;

O glowing lips, add flame to mine,
And pour for me a draught divine!



Strike Out.

STRIKE out! The days are fleeting fast,
 Strike hard, as one who means to win,
 Strike blows, each harder than the last,
 Strike down all selfishness and sin.

O, man of truth, of sense, of brain,
 Stay not thy hand, thy skill, thy force,
 But make the whole earth ring again.
 With praise of thy unselfish course.

All things are his who wills to grasp,
 The earth is his with wish to own,
 But wish, and will, and power to clasp,
 Lives in the stroke, from hut to throne!

Strike out, strike fast! Strike hard and long,
 Strike off the fetters of the mind,
 Strike for the Right against the Wrong,
 Strike out for Good, and all Mankind!

Her Sixteenth Birthday.

[To Blanche.]



LET others sing the charm of Age,
When calmer Reason sways between
Our hopes and fears—Life's gilded page
Reflects no fears at sweet sixteen!

The power of gold, the joy of youth,
The love that brings a golden mean,
All years may bring; but once in truth,
Will come the charm of sweet sixteen!

The joyous past, the future good,
The friendships dear, the loves serene,
The splendid dawn of womanhood,
Take brighter lights from sweet sixteen!

And this, thy hour, has come to-day,
A day of smiles and flowers, I ween,
That big with promise, holds away,
The joys and hopes of sweet sixteen.

And though the charm may pass away,
In riper beauties' varying sheen,
The envious graces all shall pray,
For one more hour of sweet sixteen.

It's In Love, That I Am.

[Irish Song.]

IT'S in love that I am, with ye darling,
 In love, and I wish ye were mine,
 Yet how can I hope that my being,
 With one that's so blessed may twine?
 Ye have all the rich beauty, my darling,
 Sweet graces that come from above,
 While in lover-like duty, my darling,
 I have only an ocean of love

Its in love that I am with ye, darling,
 Oh, accept, then, a homage like mine,
 A heart that's all tender and bursting,
 With its burden of promise divine.
 Ye know I lack polish in wooing,
 My phrases, at best are but weak,
 Tho' my heart may throb tears in the sueing,
 Still answer, my darling, oh, speak!

It's the love that is with ye, my darling,
 It's the soul that is kneeling to you,
 That cries to the heart in your bosom,
 For answer to mine that is true!
 Oh, a smile on thy lips I see breaking,
 Like the dawn on a roseate sea,
 O Rapture! the blissful awaking,
 To a love so long hidden from me!

Return of the Regiment.

DO you forget
The crowd that met
Three years ago—historic years?
Marching along, a patriot throng,
Gath'ring with loud hurrahs and cheers;
The music of bands, the grasping of hands,
The partings, freighted with hopes and fears,
The waving of scarfs, and love's bright tears,
While under the flag each heart reveres,
Gay as the day,
In sunny Broadway,
Our gallant boys went marching along,
"Off for the war!"—one thousand strong!

We then all thought,
That e'er we fought,
One-third three years the war would end;
One battle's rush, we thought would crush
It out and send us home again!
Twas not to be, for "strategy"
Just then was "chief" and to extend
His lines remote and *there* defend,
He'd march twice 'round to gain the end!
Putting a cordon
'Round the rebel Jordan,
Was mere child's play for old strategy then,
In the days we numbered a thousand men!

Return of the Regiment.

Ah nevermore,
 Upon Time's shore,
 Will march that thousand strong in life!
 The gallant few, to-night with you,
 Speak silently of deadly strife;
 Of Southern sun, of battles won,
 Where, next the foe, our banners stream—
 Symbols of Hope for Freedom's realm—
 As God's avenging lightnings gleam;
 "Charge" from throat,
 And bugle note!—
 Hushed the breath and fix'd the eye,
 "Forward," to death or victory!

Where muskets' flash,
 And cannons' crash,
 Made grimest music sink and swell,
 Nor could arrest our boys who pres't
 Through withering storms of shot and shell,
 And clashing steel, and peal on peal,
 That smites, and shrills, and shrieks a knell,
 While files closed up as comrades fell,
 Mid sighs and groans, and wild farewell;
 On, through breath,
 Of cannon's death;
 Through "white, infernal powder-cloud"—
 A warf and woof for battle-shroud!



“Forward!”—To Death or Victory.

C. S. [unclear]
1864

Return of the Regiment.

We turn his flanks ;
 His shattered ranks
 Refuse to rally, begin to yield ;
 And swooping past his batteries blast,
 We storm his works and sweep the field !
 The battle's won ; the day our own !
 The musketry dies slowly out ;
 Our Horse pursue the flying few,
 And ends the day by total rout !
 Night follows day,
 Tears victory !
 In one such hour of deadly strife,
 Compress ten years of peaceful life !

 Green on the wall
 Of Memory's hall,
 Twine garlands of laurel and myrtle for those
 Who, passing the door of bright evermore,
 Fell as they fought, each face to the foe's.
 Silent the drum, and rusty the sword,
 But down History's aisles, in the future appears
 Names, looking dim thro' the mist of our tears,
 Yet glowing as martyr's immortal with years !
 In silence the glass,
 To their memory pass ;
 Another, a bumper, and with it a cheer,
 Let us give to the battle-scarred veterans here !

O Come and be Kissed.

[To a Little Child.]



COME and be kissed,
With thy long lashes drooping,
The shyest expectancy
Veiled in thine eyes:

O come and be kissed,
As if angels were stooping,
And love was outpouring
On earth from the skies.

O come and be kissed,
For the world it is lonely,
Its years are enshadowed,
Love only is true:

O come and be kissed,
As if you and I only
Made the world for ourselves,
And my half was for you!



A Song for Labor.

OH, a song for patient labor,
A word for those who wait,
A helping hand to neighbor,
For the toiler at the gate!

A Song for Labor.

The world has many a mission,
That in the shadows lurk,
But few above suspicion,
That Self is in the work.

Oh, a song for patient labor,
A cry for pallid want,
Still rusts the idle saber,
With rags the idlers flaunt.

Ho! Hoist the Toiler's banner,
Your colors nail to mast,
Let voice and speech and manner,
Proclaim you rouse at last!

There's something to be fought for,
Oh, win it ye who can,
What every age has sought for,
God's heritage in man!

Up, then, and grasp the weapons,
That wait your ready hand,
The sound of combat deepens,
Yourself must make the stand.

With vote, or sword, or bullet,
'Tis You must fight the wrong,
If law is weak annul it,
God's right is man's! Be strong!

There Cometh a God-given Man.

[Dedicated to the Women of the C. T. U.]

PUT the Past with its issues behind you,
Nor the shadows receding recall,
Let the work of humanity bind you,
To that which is greatest of all,
For the pure and the true are before you,
And progress is leading the van,
Not alone waits the world to adore you,
It waits for a God-given man.

And comes he in armour or fustian,
Or comes he in riches or rags,
He must be of the gold—not the gilded,
If a soldier—of soul—not of flags!
A victor his great heart will greet you,
The hope in humanity's plan,
A spirit of love that will meet you,
With the Truth of a God-given man!

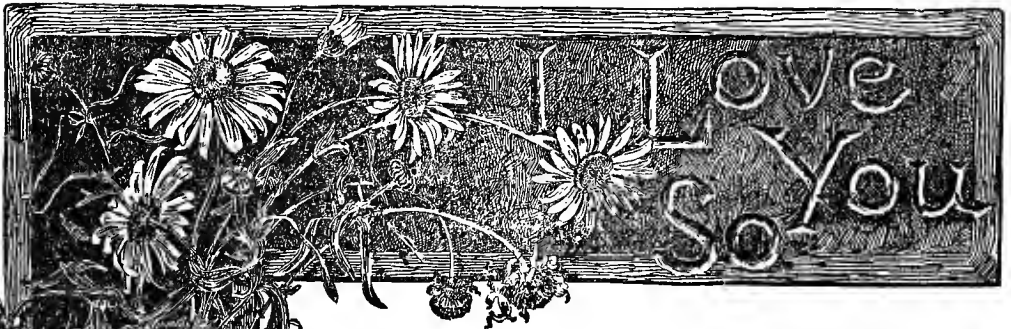
There Cometh a God-given Man.

Then forget man's follies, oh, Woman!

The ashes, the weakness, the tears,
Lift souls from the wastes of the human,
Grow strong in more beautiful years!
The light of a great hope has found you,
May it gladden, and freshen, and ban,
All the evil and sorrow that bound you,
And herald a God-given man!

It is true other duties may claim you,
It is true, other deeds must be wrought,
It is true, the unthinking may blame you,
Yet duties and deeds follow thought!
Then advance! With the dead bury idols,
For Woman the Future must scan,
Where the scythe of the Reaper is waiting,
The grasp of a God-given man!

For in you is the hope of the nations,
As in you was the Sanctified birth,
And in you are the Soul's obligations,
That are noblest and dearest on earth!
Then rise in thy might, blessed woman!
Like the sea that from rivulets ran,
Not in vain shall you toil for the human,
There cometh a God-given man!



I love you! But you ne'er can know,
So sternly is the secret kept,
How warm, in fancy, South winds blow,
As through my heart the thought is swept:
O queen of grace,
Love fills all space—
I love you—love you so.

I love you! By those lustrous eyes,
Twin stars of beauty and delight,
That glimpse the bounds of Paradise,
Yet fill my soul with vague affright,
Lest you should know,
My joy, my woe—
I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, a life's surprise,
A vision of immortal morn,

I Love You So.

Is in my heart and in mine eyes,
Yet sadness in my soul is born :
 You cannot know,
 I must not show,
 I love you—love you so.

I love you! Yet on desert sands
The sphinx of Silence sets his seal ;
On me are laid his stern commands,
And voiceless years bring no appeal :
 But dead Sea fruit
 For one thus mute—
 I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, the Orient flame,
Slow-kindled in a heart like mine,
Springs up, electric, at thy name,
Rose-flushed, rare water, unto wine :
 Despair would drink,
 Poised on the brink—
 I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, what art can limn
The splendor of a golden dawn?
What muse the old, old tale re-hymn?
What bliss restore a heaven withdrawn?
 With loss what gain!
 With joy what pain!
 I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, the gates of bliss
Were wide indeed, if you but knew
The Eden of one thrilling kiss
Would pledge eternal truth to you:
 But, oh, the glass,
 Tear-brimmed, alas!—
I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, could love more pure,
A calmer faith, or cooler brain,
Repel despair, all things endure,
Or day by day repress, refrain:
 Lest tone or glance,
 Should show, perchance,
I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, upon life's gale,
When films with dark my sky of blue,
And seas of whelming passions pale,
I turn to dream of peace and you:
 And love's last breath
 Would welcome death—
I love you—love you so.

I love you! Oh, thou shoreless deep,
Whose waves are love, whose drops are fire,
Thy treasures yield, thy secrets keep,
Yet crown sweet soul, her hearts desire:

I Love You So.

And oh, recall,

'Tis all in all—

I love you—love you so.

I love you darling, in my dreams,

What e'er betide my waking day ;

And hand in hand, by sylvan streams,

We list and love and live away :

For then you know,

The vast outgrow—

I love you—love you so.

I love you—though the song end here,

Should sadness sign and sigh no more,

Yet thrill when conscious steps are near,

And not for aye will seal love's lore :

For time will show,

What Heaven must know—

I love you—love you so.

I love you! And the years will teach,

Erstwhile the voiceless shadows fall,

That Silence may have gift of speech,

And Thought be still beyond recall :

For cycling years,

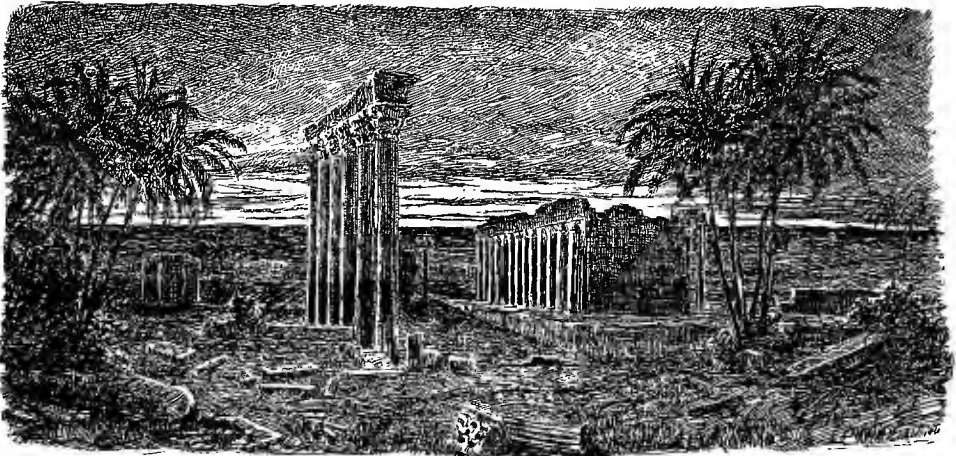
Bud hopes with fears--

I love you—love you so.

On An Old Coin.

I.

INSENSATE tribute from the imperial mint !
By what faction coined, for what cause begotten,
Thou dost sway men's lives, yet reflect no hint,
Of thy existence still ; or of men forgotten !



"When the Creator is Lost in Vanished Years."

II.

Yet such the fact—the creation still survives,
When the creator is lost in vanished years ;
Oh, could this coin bear record of our lives,
Would it be of heart-breaks, pleasures, or of tears?

Age to Youth.

IF youth still glorified my brow,
Instead of age and snow-white hair,
I know not what would be my vow,
To one so lovely young and fair.

But this I know that womanhood,
In all its charms appears in thee,
And all that's brightest, best and good,
In Friendship's wish, you have from me.

I would that birth-days ne'er grew cold,
I would all joys were mine to give,
O deem my heart not over bold,
Yet Love is all of life to live!

For love, like sunshine, over all,
Should fill our lives—for this 'tis given;
Let this thy birth-day, dear, recall,
And shape thy life—and mine—for Heaven.

Her Seventeenth Birthday.

AND so the day is here again,
You find it slow to come, no doubt,
But time with yearly lengthening train,
Will speed the days too soon about.

Oh, era of a woman's hope,
The day that ushered in her birth,
When Promise had its fuller scope,
Fulfillment nothing then of worth.

Yet buds of promise flower and bloom,
And girls will grow in woman's ways,
And dreams will come of Bride and groom,
And ring, and veil, and bridal days,

Let wedding bells ring when they may,
That happy hour can bide the time.
But this, the joyous natal day,
When Love is Peace in every clime.

Then welcome to the happier day,
Which e'er it be—and welcome this,
The poet greets thy birth alway,
With joy and pride, and would—a kiss!

O Keep Me Hope.

[Song.]

I.

Quickly seize the harp and sing
 The songs of love that once were dear,
 O gently touch the chords and bring,
 The star of hope to greet me here.

II.

For I have felt the wavering Doubt—
 The curse of Faith—within me rise,
 Until I walk like one without,
 The restful walls of Paradise!

III.

O keep me Hope, from doubt and gloom,
 Her love, I know, cannot be dead,
 O better far the truthful tomb,
 Than doubt or fear that love hath fled!

IV.

Then cheer my heart with Music's strain,
 With songs of love and lovers true;
 My tortured soul exults again.
 And flies with Hope, my sweet, to you!

The City of the Dead.

“Of all the days in the year we will turn our faces towards that City on Christmas-day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the Presence that is here among us according to the promise we will receive, and not dismiss thy people who are dear to us!”—CHARLES DICKENS.



Mecca where all journeys end,

Oh, City of the silent host,

To thee our wayward footsteps tend;

Tired voyagers on Life's stormy coast :

As children, wearied, long for rest,

Turn backward to the Mother's breast.

And what are we but children all,—

We run our course beneath the sun,

And when it fades, the nightly pall

Is welcome as the glare we shun :

For, oh, then comes the sweet repose,

The love, the peace, and all—God knows !

Though mound and stone, and column tall,

Their wasting tributes still must bring

To crown the Spoiler ; over all

Love wakes to life immortal Spring :

For youth and grace, and hope will rise,

Where dry, forgotten dust now lies.

Samuel Jackson Randall.

[1888.]



WHEN men are wanted at the front,
Where Right and Justice make a stand;

When freemen in the battle's brunt,
Strike home for God and Native Land,

When souls are wanted in the breach,
Where danger is, to guard the wall;

Thank God! the people have in reach,
A Randall, at his country's call!

No bannered knight of pomp and plume,
No soldier this for holiday,

But one for whom the foe makes room,
And Wrong and Error clear the way:

A fearless statesman, tried and true,
Who holds the people all in all,
Thank God! there's one such left to view,
A Randall, at his country's call!

He seeks no compromise with frauds,
But, like a Jackson in his might,
Steadfast for Truth against all odds.
Strikes sturdy blows for God and Right!

Oh, ring anew the old refrain,
The noblest Roman of them all!
A man, of fire, of heart, of brain,
A Randall, at his country's call!

To a Jewess.

I.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
So rare Ben Jonson sung;
O poet-soul to beauty true,
Thy praise to eyes of fire and dew,
Down all the years hath rung!

II.

From diamond age to age of gold,
The dearest wells of thought,
Still spring in loving woman's eyes—
The unsummed sweetness of the skies—
In liquid music wrought!

III.

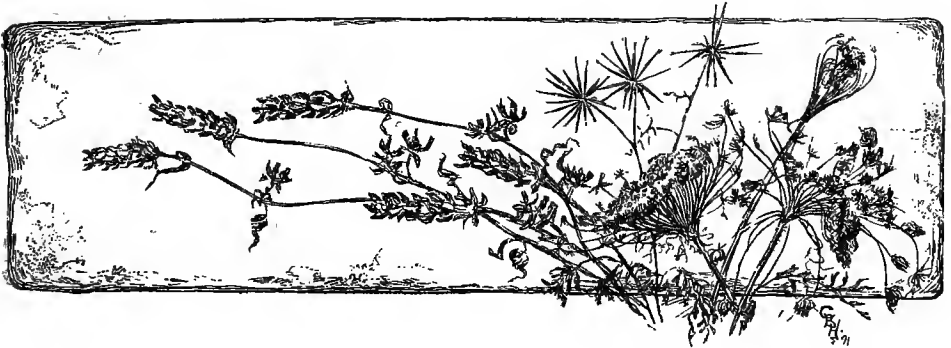
Still as of old the Orient creed,
Immortal now as then,
Who drinks will live—love never dies—
And stronger in self sacrifice,
Become as gods not men.

IV.

O temple of the living soul,
Divinest beauty, if we knew,
When life shall burst its narrow bounds,
And reach Love's consecrated grounds,
That angels perfect were as you !

V.

Fair Jewess ! child of ancient race,
Endowed with all for which love sighs,
Is there within thy heart one nook,
Wherein a lover's glance might look,
Or is it yet a close-sealed book !—
I read my answer in thine eyes.



Why I See Her.

I.

IF you ask me why I see her,
When my inmost soul is torn—
When my heart is overborne
With a whisper or a breath,
'Tis because I love her, love her!—
I so far unworthy of her,
This alone the reason why,
No other choice have I,
Though the penalty were death!

II.

But why I see her, and why I flee her,
Ask the lady's glorious eyes—
Ask the depths that in them lies,
That secrets keep of Paradise—
An angel shrined by love unsought!—
A love like sea-bound river,
That ebbing, flowing, ever
Rising keeps forever,
As restless and as deathless,
Her image in my thought.

Their Silver Wedding.

QOLDER skies like colder weather,
 Only makes them question whether,
 They are not closer drawn together,
 Drawn the closer evermore.
 For, while flying years are fleeting,
 And rosy youth is fast retreating,
 Age can never dim their meeting,
 Now far fonder than before.

Oh, 'tis love makes life a blessing,
 All Earth's selfish Self repressing,
 Till their spirit-lips caressing,
 Thus a purer passion pour.
 And the heart will cease its beating,
 Ere the voice shall cease repeating,
 Each to each the tender greeting,
 That of lovers who adore.

Oh, if our flippant days of Being,
 Could have more of God-like Seeing,
 How would now the hours be fleeing,
 That have wasted from their store?
 Nay answer not, the hours regretting,
 Smiles or tears, or hopes or fretting,
 The sums of life, its crosses,—letting
Love adjust *them* evermore!

Jacob Lundy Brotherton.

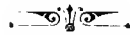
[1810-1887]

HIS heart was sunshine as he walked
The daily round of duty,
His soul was peace whene'er he talked,
Of life, of love, of beauty :
Of Duty to his fellow man,
Of Love for every being,
The beauty of God's larger plan,
The Faith that grows far seeing !
For him these themes could cover all,
Of life that's worth the living,
And these he felt as of God's call,
And answered in the giving :
Not how to die, but how to live,
His noble life was teaching,
Not how to save but how to give,
His practice—not his preaching !
Oh, later Franklin ! we shall miss,
For Truth thy strong conviction,
Which like thy presence, ne'er remiss,
Seemed goodly benediction !
And so, farewell ! The sword may win,
In righteous conflict, glory,
But the warfare of thy life has been,
For all a nobler story !

Fifteen To-day.

JUST Fifteen to-day! Oh, roseate hours!
 Love, Youth and Beauty all kneel to thy shrine,
 And garlanded flowers, from hearts that are ours,
 Speak mystical language in homage to thine!

Just Fifteen to-day! Oh, swift-footed years,
 That flee and are fleeing for all of us too;
 May no shadows, no fears, but all that life cheers,
 Agree, and agreeing, be loving with you!

**To My Wife, Theresa.**

[Written on the opening page of *Memoirs of General Grant.*]

I write thy name and mine upon a page, or portal,
 Where Fame has written his in an age immortal.
 O grand was he alike in peace or war,
 The simplest virtues in mold heroic cast;
 This book, his noblest monument, by far,
 Will be youth's incentive while Time shall last!

The Sailor's Parting.

THE slow waves wash the restless shore,
As at Creation's dawn,
The cloudless sky seems night before,
The hour I must be gone.
Thy curls are waving in the breeze,
Thine eyes with tears are dim,
And God's own harp, the wind and trees,
Ring out a mournful hymn.

For here upon this sea-beat strand,
To say farewell we meet,
To take again the parting hand,
And kiss adieu, my sweet.
Oh, oft upon fair fancy's wing,
Shall I recall this spot,
And, strong in spirit, I shall bring,
To thee my loving thought.

And oh, to thine, through storm or wreck,
This heart will fondly cling,
For though rude winds should sweep the deck.
Thy name a calm would bring.
And sand and surf will each recall,
The hour we met to thee,
While joys to come shall whisper all,
Love promised by the sea :

Again on shore—safe housed at home,
 Life—through, go hand in hand,
 With ship in port no more to roam,
 Bright skies, and sunset land !
 Cheer up, beloved, great heart of thine,
 Heave, yo !—the deep-sea lead !—
 Heart-soundings, these for me and mine,
 Yet—God is overhead !



To a Lady Contributor.

[By the Tired Editor.]



WHEN you write for the Press, and your fancies express,
 Please remember the Editor's time,
 And that weakest of muses, is one that diffuses,
 And that worst of all gabble is rhyme,
 Then give us ideas, as you can without chaff,
 Thoughts noble and true like a woman,
 But revise and condense, till your frown is a laugh,
 Yield the crown of your patience to no man.
 And thus when Equality's flag is unfurled,
 And the new dawn gives place to the dark,
 Though Man's was the shot *heard* round the world,
 'Tis woman's will center the mark !

Young was the Love.

[Song.]

I.

QH, young was the love now sung by grim hoariness,
Sweet fled the fleet hours as ages have flown,
On the music thus made for us,
The joys that were swayed for us,
Two passionate hearts with one kingdom one throne.

II.

Oh, dream of fair youth and sweet theme without weariness,
Love's rapture and passion evened all of Life's odds,
For the love then enfolding us,
Shut eyes from beholding us,
And made the first kiss seem the nectar of gods!

III.

Oh, the kiss of ripe lips was then bliss of all happiness,
And a dawn of new worlds was foreshadowed in this
Oh, twin loves of one flesh of us,
Twin hopes in one mesh of us,
Twin souls in one song set to Ecstasy's kiss.

Not Dead but gone Before.

IN the dewy flush of morning,
 With Hope's sparkle in her eye,
 She has passed from earth to Heaven,
 To the better life on high.

Would you, brother, thence recall her,
 To a world of toil and strife?—
 Bind again the ransomed spirit
 To its grosser years of life?

Would you, from her home of glory,
 And the raptures of the blest,
 Ask her to re--share the story
 Of this duller life's behest?

No—ah, no! For, in the blending
 Of the past with future life,
 Love is crowned with bliss unending;
 Soul meets soul—and husband, wife,

In the mellow hush of evening,
 With Life's duties trials o'er,
 Oh, the immortal joy of greeting
 Friends, not dead, but gone before!

Christmas Chimes.

I.

CHIMES, chimes, chimes!—
What merry Christmas times,
Come ringing on the memory to-day,
With a ring, ring, ringing.
All the old love is clinging,
To the Present it is bringing,
While the Future dawns as radiant as May,

II.

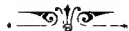
Chimes, chimes, chimes!—
Oh, lonely Christmas times,
That sadden on our memories to-day;
Thoughts that rise the faster,
With the chiming of the Master,
Who in sorrow and disaster,
Bears the burden of all times, grave or gay.

III.

Chimes, chimes, chimes!—
Oh, blessed Christmas times,
Appeal gentle hearted, in song, gift and rhyme;
Oh, the wishes warm and glowing,
Oh, the hearts all over-flowing
With love that passeth knowing,
In the merry, merry, merry Christmas time!

IV.

Chimes, chimes, chimes!--
 Oh, hallowed Christmas times,
 That recall the loved departed, gone before;
 Oh, in the great hereafter,
 As now from roof and rafter,
 Let us hope that baby-laughter,
 May ring a golden Christmas on that Shore!



The Lady of My Thought.



SEEK her where Love's torches burn,
 The Lady of my Thought,—
 And see her deep brown tresses turn
 To tawniest gold inwrought!
 For in those depths of light and shade,
 I know that hearts are lost,
 Like ships a-wreck by false light laid,
 On some tempestuous coast,
 Her glorious hair! A woman's crown!
 It is no false light's gleam;
 In every thread of shimmering brown,
 I see sweet love's young dream!
 O sheen! O web! O silken woof!
 Kiss-covert! long, long sought—
 O could I win a heart aloof,
 The lady of my Thought!

Resurrexi.

[Gardner B. Chapin.—Journalist.]

THE veil that hangs 'twixt life and Life,
Has parted since we met ;

And thro' the rift—'twixt peace and strife,
A farewell glance I get.

I see a young heart struggling on,
To generous impulse given ;
Great thoughts a-wreck, a work undone,
A home by anguish riven.

I see dim eyes for hopes thus lost,
Sad hearts where all were gay—
But for the pilgrim, tempest-tossed,
Light from the Hills of Day !
It bathes in splendor, gloom and night,
Lifts souls as Sorrow's leaven—
A light Divine—a spirit light—
Which hallows earth and heaven.

To each—to all—it comes ; it must,
Touch hearts like sun on dew.
And life to Life—' not dust to Dust—
It consecrates anew !

“He is not here !” Bowed souls look up !
Morn breaks ! from pain and prison,
To love and hope, and Truth's glad cup,
The spirit freed hath risen.

Married ?

SO Medora is married?—'tis well,
 If she wished it, I'm heartily glad,
 Though once if such news were to tell,
 'Twould have driven me hopelessly mad,
 But the world a strange world is at best,
 We live, and we love, and we sigh,
 For one we console with the rest,
 And barter fair truth for a lie.

Though Jenny, and Polly, and Bet,
 And Sally, and Bertie may each,
 Spin joy from life's loom with its fret
 And a truer philosophy teach ;
 Still rises the thought of the past,
 Of Medora thus early to wed—
 Of the heart I thought mine now the last
 To leave me not living, but dead !

For is it not death, or far worse,
 To know that all love must now end,
 That no longer in fact, nor 'in verse,
 Can I properly call her my friend?
 But, oh, if the gossips were wrong,
 Not married, but rumored to be?—
 There is hope, love and life in the song,
 Married? Ay, married—to me !

Her Eighteenth Birthday.



WITH days so well worth living,
Would my gifts were worth the giving,
With which to fitly celebrate,
This birth-day joy of thine!—
But I can nothing offer,
No coin within my coffer,
I fear would fully compensate,
A maiden so divine!

But still, in or out of season—
Since true love can never reason—
I shall bless in inmost thought,
This natal day of thine!—
And now when hopes are going,
With a passionate outflowing,
In waves of wishes fancy-wrought,
Here garlanded are mine!

For days like this will last forever,
When life's tempestuous river
Winds outward in a calm,
In a memory of all years!—
Of birth-day hopes and fears,
Of happy smiles and tears,—
All blended like a psalm,
Which Age and Time endears!

Then let this day be golden,
 And all days like the olden,
 Blessed story days of rhyme!—
 And life's most rhythmic measure,
 Be threaded by our Treasure,
 In all the girlish pleasure!
 Of Youth's most merry time!
 While no shadow falls between,
 Morn and eve of dear eighteen.



Time the Test.

I.

Q Time thou test of fame,
 Of love, which last endures,
 Of praise, and joy, and fame,
 Of Faith, which Heaven secures.

II.

O Time, thy task is done,
 When love, and hope and faith,
 Resplendent rise, the last goal won,
 And triumph over death!

Truepenny Trot.

[For the Children.]

QN the divan in a corner,
Lay Truepenny Trot,

And near her, asleep,

Lay her wonderful cat.

A pleasanter picture

May often be sought,

And never be found,

I think than was that!

For the fire-light on both,

Had a frolicsome shine,

While shadows played 'round

Like wings of the blest.

And the tick of the clock,

Was waltzing towards nine,

And the sleigh-bells, outside

Were speeding to rest.

And the type-writer keys,

They vied with the clock,

In re-shaping ideas

That are hard as a rock,

By which, understand,

Though formed into words,
So quickly from hand,

As to seem flight of birds ;

These stereotyped facts,
Like Tennyson's throstle,
Are as old as the Acts
Of the oldest Apostle ;
For what new is the fire-light,
When old is its shine ?
Or is it the Home-light,
That love makes Divine ?

Oh, anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world,
When doubts are the burden,
Let fancies be hurled ;
And Truth be the guerdon,
And trust be the prize,
That makes life in living,
A true paradise !

But the night is advancing,
With sleep as it ought,
And so from the sofa
Rouse Truepenny trot ;
But bless us, and save us!—
A tiger, is that—
Whose shadow would brave us ?
No—that wonderful cat !

Mrs. Harriet Lewis.

[1841-1878.]



I.

CHEERFUL sister, gone before,
With years but half completed ;
Why should we stay the opening door,
With clinging clutch that clasps no more,
Or deem life's aims defeated?
What matter whether early, late,
If all thy record compensate?

II.

O studious life, which spent aright,
Re-lives angelic natured,
Thy earnest words relume death's night—
Thy laurel'd page sheds living light—
For souls that grow full statured !
What matter, then, call'd soon or late,
If all thy record compensate?

III.

O youthful days, now grown so long,
That crown and sum thy story,
The fleeing years to thee belong,
For Time itself would blush to wrong
Thy short, full life of glory !
For, few or many-early, late—
What matter, if they compensate?

At the Depot.

A whistle blows—down sweeps the train,
In last embrace I press you,
The parting hand we clasp again,
Good bye, my girl, God bless you!

The moistened eye—the trembling lip,
With love and grief caress you,
The tender heart—the closer grip,
The earnest words, God bless you,

The moments fly—the signal bell!
Let no sad thoughts depress you;
We part to meet—“Adieu!” “Farewell!”
Good bye, my girl, God bless you!

A waving scarf—the train speeds on—
A card—where to address you,
And “all aboard”—you, too, are gone,
But memory holds, God bless you!

And thus through life, by separate ways,
We go till death assess you,
And change, my girl, the parting phrase,
To meet for aye!—God bless you!

Her very Smile is a Caress.

[Song.]

HER very smile is a caress,
That wins me e'er she speak,
And so love need not confess,
The charm of eyes and cheek.
Yet her lips are roses sweet,
While her star-lit eyes repress
The flitting glance more fleet,
Than her smile—a shy caress!

Yet I stand before her mute,
Dumb with joy I would express,
Wanting words to urge my suit,
Though her smile is a caress.
Oh if golden words were mine,
My thoughts that linger there,
With her glances would entwine,
And kiss the mazes of her hair.

They would fan the hopes that bless,
Like sunshine as we meet,
For her smile is a caress,
That is heaven itself to greet.
Oh, sweet lips with pearly gate,
Perfect form with Love's impress,
That glance has sealed my fate,
Her very smile is a caress!

To the American Eagle.

[As the author was walking along the Atlantic coast, one early morning, he saw an eagle flying far aloft drop a quill, which the surf cast up at his feet. He at once converted it into a pen.]



Eagle of the early morn,
 Abroad on tireless wing,
 Thy standard I have always born,
 And to thy shield I cling.

My blood has flowed thy flag beneath,
 The red blood of my youth,
 My keen sword leaped from out its sheath,
 In strong support of Truth.

Yet, Eagle, if my voice could reach,
 Beyond thy farthest flight,
 My cry for Peace should Nations teach,
 A nobler course than Might.

Good will to men! Let love endure,
 And War's fierce clouds be dry,
 Let justice rule, and lives be pure,
 With Hope in every sky!

I Love Another.

I.

I love another! Is it wrong,
That I, a married man,
Should light of heart, burst into song,
And happy as the whole day long,
Declare what others ban?

II.

I love another! Whisper? dare?
Why should I hide my love?
For such as we true lovers are,
Each heart aglow—each hope laid bare,
All other joys above.

III.

I love another! Oh, so proud!
No monarch on his throne,
Could' happier be, if from the crowd,
The high-born pressed with homage loud,
Than I, when comes my own!

IV.

I love another! If her kiss,
Were like the mystic ring,
To shield, protect from all amiss—
All ills of Eld—all woes of this—
Heaven to earth 'twould bring.

V.

And who is she? This heart of gold,
That binds itself to me?
A wee, wee thing, our two-year old,
Full bud of blessing unfortold,
That clings about my knee.

VI.

And so, although new love has burst,
Like sunshine in my life,
No jealous thought disturbs her first,
Who, always true, sweet love immersed,
Crowned, laureled mother!—wife.



Hymn to Peace.

[Gettysburg Revisited.]

I.

COME o'er the sunlit sea,
Thou high born goddess, come!
Bring all life's joys with thee,
Bring song where all is dumb:
Come o'er the sun-lit sea.

II.

Oh, Peace. the years grow long,
Since Strife himself was slain,
Yet Love will right the wrong,
As time has banished Pain:
Come o'er the sun-lit sea.

III.

Oh, come to our eager sight,
On dusk-dim heights break way,
Spent forces of the night,
Grow pale in rising day:
Come o'er the sun-lit sea.

IV.

To-day thy blessed light,
Falls on bud and blossomed rose,
Where raged the battle's might.
I see the wild flower grows:
Come o'er the sun-lit sea.

V.

Come to the bereaven heart,
 As sunshine on this sod,
 Love-crowned with healing art,
 For the living, and for God :
 Come o'er the sun-lit sea.

**To One Beyond.**

THOU dead and I alive? No—no,
 For like some gray crag tottering from its bed,
 Dropping rain like tears and crumbling slow,
 I, and not thou art dead.

Thou gone, while I remain? Nay,
 For when did twin souls part and no warning give,
 If one of us is dead, I bid thee stay :
 'Tis I, not thou hast ceased to live.

And yet not so ; thy love and mine,
 Was of the Spirit, quenchless as the stars,
 That knew no parting—imperishable, divine.
 That neither Time, absence, chaos mars.

Thou livest! O mystery of life not death ;
 Thy soul relumes the lamp that flickers to decay,
 Not dead, my vanished darling! but rosy with the breath
 Of resplendent morn that comes to perfect day

Nó Love is Lost for Death is True.

QH, hearts of youth, of love, of truth,
Of days, that vanished long ago,
Where are ye all? Beyond recall
In Eden lands? I do not know,
But this is true, that I—that you—
Were happy in that long ago,
Oh, hearts of truth, oh, loves of youth,

For the joy, the wit the laughter,
The bliss that cometh after,
The rapturous lips, that day eclipse,
The balmy night, the rare moonlight,
The joyous song that echoed long
From arch, and groin and rafter ;

Are yet all mine all still are thine!
And thus I do not now repine,
If like the palm on arid plain,
I stand alone—not all bereft—
At life's high noon, yet no heart left,
Which beat with mine on life's incline.

What then was true is truer still,
We hoped, we loved, with Nature grew,
And toy'd with life as infants do,

No Love is Lost for Death is True.

We knew no ill that friendships chill,
But each in each found full content,
For lives and loves were innocent!

And if "better to have loved" we knew,
Ah, better now, for death is true!
And come what may, as come what must,
This heart will be forgotten dust.
When I forget, oh, hearts of truth,
Thy loves and hours, immortal youth.



Hail on the In-bound Tack.

[President Garfield.]

HAIL, noble voyager, on the in-bound tack!
The Pilot is aboard, the port in view,
The sun, no longer, lonely, illumes the clouds of black,
For love, and hope and prayers have brought thee back,
And the whole Nation sails with you!

New courage, great heart! thine the country cheers;
Fair blows the breeze for thy returning sail,
The Far-coast of Life recedes and disappears,
From gaze of watching millions in mist of grateful tears.
And Past, and Present, Future send a loving Hail!

There was a favorable change in the President's symptoms, and a general expectation that he would recover, at the time this was written—July 9, 1881.

A Battle Prelude.

A slumberous calm, air breathing balm,
A sky of blue, that gave no clue,
Of what must come, for fate was dumb,
Yet full of grim expectancy.

Tho' closed in tears that day of fears,
The morning bright was white with light,
Reflecting all as I recall,
Our bannered pomp and brilliancy.

Our stern array was massed that day,
In front and flank by rank on rank,
Our rows of steel could almost feel
The patriot's sigh of urgency.

Like wave on wave, or grave on grave,
Our columns close, file, wheel, dispose
To make the game when lights the flame
Of warfare's dread emergency.

And who shall win? 'mid battle's din,
A thought like this is all amiss;
For when 'tis set the bayonet,
No question asks expediency.

No matter who, the soldier true,
 Ne'er asks the Right, 'tis his to fight.
 And if he fall—death covers all—
 All errors and delinquency.



The Magdalen.

TO her has been the punishment,
 To him should be the banishment,
 But, oh, the world!—it never can
 Forgive the woman! though the man
 Is held the higher—greater yet,
 For her alas the sun has set!
 This social verdict is not mine,
 True guidance is a Life Divine.

O Thou who wrote upon the dust,
 And blotted out a sin as great;—
 Let equal justice—sternly just—
 Here, Thy compassion emulate!
 Till he, like her, shall wear the brand,
 And in the light [or dark] shall stand,
 Or fall beside her! nothing loth
 To own the truth that claims them both,
 As Thy great Love, which knows no leaven,
 Accords to each an equal Heaven.

In Memoriam.—E. A. C.

[Atlantic City 1886.]

I.

I look far out beyond the sea,
I catch a gleam of distant sail ;
One moment—all that's left to me,
Then drops between night's misty veil.

II.

Oh, God! that life should be so brief!
A farewell glance—a vision dear—
We catch a gleam, then turn in grief,
To mourn the one no longer here.

III.

And she is gone, but not afar,
Her teachings linger where she trod,
With those she loved—a guiding star,
Her spirit rests in peace with God.

IV.

That God whose love omnipotent,
Our frail, weak faith can scarce conceive,
Who knows our ills—our best intent—
Uplifts our souls, forbids to grieve.

V.

O blessings on the brain that thinks,
And blessings on the heart and mind,
That leaves us rich in kindly links,
That binds in bonds of love mankind.

VI.

A gentle soul! a perfect life!
 That wrought much good in humble ways,
 A sweet, grand woman, noble wife,
 Who charmed with goodness all her days.

VII.

And still I look across the foam,
 And sea of years beyond the tide,
 To where she waits the harvest home,
 When Love's vast gates shall open wide.

 Arithmetic.

MINE the sum of life computing,
 Thine the love makes it divine,
 All its baser joys transmuting.
 Turning water into wine.
 We might add with satisfaction
 But not divide for loss or gain.
 For any sum that shows subtraction,
 Rule of three is tried in vain.

 Acrostic.

DEAD! O Heaven! we envy you
 A comrade tried and staunch and true!—
 Valor, worth and Love must tell,
 In after years the Fame his due.
 Since grief alone now says—farewell!

Sumpter.

[April 14, 1881.]

SULLEN clouds the night o'er-cast,
But in the murky gloom,

An eager host is gathering fast,
Impatient for the bugle's blast—
The martial note—to some the last,
That summons to the tomb.

Hark, that roar! Night thrills, and quakes!

It is the signal gun!

That booming from the Battery wakes
The mother's hopes and fears, and makes
The patriot heart, for loved one's sakes,
Weep tears for War begun!

And now the guns from Sumpter tell
Back the answering tale.

And from the shores adjacent knell,
The doom of men by shot and shell,
While battle smoke, like pall of hell,
Makes new born widows pale!

Oh, shattered hopes! Oh night of tears!

Do not thy curse extend!

By all the Future's coming years,
By all humanity dreads and fears—
By all a noble heart reveres—
May God the Right Defend!

Love of Drink is a Disease.

THE same old tale is told again,
 When he comes back from town,
 He tries to keep his spirits up,
 By putting spirits down.
 And this is all that need be said,
 In spite of sneer or frown,—
 Malt takes no place of beef and bread—
 And at the best he'll soon be dead,
 Who puts the spirits down.

For why?—He burns the candle at both ends,
 Ring-master is and clown,
 And drinks to keep his spirits up,
 And fails with spirits down.
 We think reform would bring release
 From ills that paint the town,
 But love of drink is a disease,
 Not easy banned, because they please,
 Who cry its victims down.

Ye Little Story of Ye Pyg.

THIS is ye story of ye Pyg,
Who came to Washington,
He said I'm pork, and will be big,
Or burst in rushing on ;
With bristles smooth, and curly tail,
He flew along the track,
The people thought as he passed by,
Some comet had come back.

He reached the House, he climbed the stair,
He took his seat within,
He found himself right welcome there,
They saw that he could "chin;"
'Twas better than if mild or meek,
And favored on the floor,
They want no Pyg with pygmy cheek,
But want a hog with more.

He took the speaker by the hand,
He heard the chaplain's prayer,
Saw the old lady's peanut-stand,
And mourned the bar-room there ;
Of words, of wisdom he heard much,
Of wit he drank his fill,
And in night session in his clutch,
He held his little bill.

And when he rose to make his speech,
Or squall his little squeal,
He found most members out of reach,
Engaged in poker deal.
And much he marveled at the same,
But got from one a hint,
To give his eloquence to flame,
Or else get leave to print.

And so to custom nothing loth,
He sent to the G. P.,
Enough for House and Senate both,—
Too much for you and me ;
And yet this plan is very good,
You are not forced to read,
Nor listen, be it understood,
To Mr. Pyg, his breed.

And then the bill that fails to pass,
May thus be simmered down,
His bray unlike another ass,
Brings cent. per cent. per pound ;
For though in legislation he,
May prove a perfect flunk,
His contributions to G. P
Means business in old junk.

'Tis not unusual you should know,
That tons of printed bills,
Are carted from the G. P. O.,
Direct to paper mills ;
For rather than be "short" on call,
They print to an excess,
And fearing lest some waste befall,
Cash buys it in recess.

And thus did he the season through,
Grow bigger, bigger, big,
And fattening on his clients due,
Soon grew Old Pork from Pyg ;
Yet still the strangest thing perhaps,
In all his strange career,
Was never ending jobs from chaps,
Who sought to catch his ear,

But had his ear been twice as large,
As the shadow of the dome,
These chaps would still assume the charge,
Of running things at home ;
For many a better man than he,
Ambitious to make laws,
They urged, had better climb a tree,
Or stay at home for cause,—

Than fail to have their mighty aid,
In setting things to rights,
And tried to prove it as they said,
By frequent poker nights.
But education has its use,
And soon as Pyg was Shoat,
With wily craft he shunned abuse.
And won by lard the vote.

He "chinned" his way where'er he went,
And lobbied night and day,
Nor deemed the time at all ill-spent,
If he could grease his way ;
And, when others thought his future bleak,
He smiled, for eloquence
Lay in his admantine cheek,
Which dollars wrought from cents.

And with him Mrs. Pyg, the while,
Reflected borrowed light,
The honors gained for porcine style,
She deemed so foreign, quite !
And then the brood of little Pygs,
Like stairs, successive steps,
Soon bristled o'er like social prigs,
In hoggish ways adepts.

In drive or walk, in doors or out,
Wherever chance might lead,
There never was or could be doubt
Of Madam Pyg's, indeed ;
The high cut sleeve, the low cut neck,
That Fashion's follies prize,
The flush of rouge to faintly deck,
Such charms—for infant eyes !

And yet the whirligig of Time,
Brings in revenge for all,
Pyg's vote drops off, his upward climb,
Turns back to sudden fall.
The boodle district counts him out,
His flitting no one knows,
The unpaid bills of ball and rout,
Goes with him as he goes.

The cynic Editors may laugh,
But party Bristlers mourn,
And write Poor Pyg, his epitaph :
"Full of years—and corn."

ENVOY.

How sweet is fame, great intellect !
Yet sweeter, greater cheek and neck !

To a Quaker Friend.

I.

QH, sailor on the unknown sea,*
 Oh, pilot bearing light and chart,
 The poet hymns a thought of thee,
 That we with burdens, may take heart!

II.

Some souls are born to human needs,
 And true as needle to the pole,
 They live for truth and plant the seeds,
 Whose growth is beauty of the soul!

III.

Though some in barren by-ways toil,
 And die, perchance, unknown to fame,
 'Tis not in vain, the cultured soil
 Bears fruit that after tillers claim.

IV.

Not ours to tell how far good deeds,
 May reach when springing from the heart,
 God's hand from which the prophet feeds,
 Is not withdrawn from such apart.

V.

The lightest word, the kindest smile,
 That e'er to fainting soul was given,
 Reward may bring, on angel's wing,
 That opes the golden gates of heaven.

VI.

And when a man like this has passed,
His fruitful days in doing good—
Has myriad millions' wealth amassed
In loving hearts, that understood;

VII.

When such as he has gone from view—
Has disappeared behind the veil—
Why should we mourn that one so true,
Is homeward bound with snowy sail!

VIII.

Oh, sailor on the unknown sea,
Oh, pilot bearing light and chart,
I would that we might follow thee,
With courage new in Custom's mart.

IX.

For Use and Custom overmuch,
Doth mask men's faces in the world,
I would for Truth that all of such
Smug hypocrites were outward hurled:

X.

And plainer words and plainer thought,
Were recognized in manner due,
And that the principles that ought,
To sway mens live's were always true.

To a Quaker Friend.

XI.

I would, O God, that holier lives,
 Like his that's gone, might rise to-day,
 And all that's pure that still survives,
 Make life and love but one, alway!

XII.

The kindly word, the generous hand,
 The help in secret, good by stealth
 Would cheer as if an angel band,
 Wrought from all ill the rosiest health!

XIII.

Why should we weep, for such a day?—
 Life's skein of ill is not rewound;
 Our little creeds are not God's way;
 The cycling ages still go round.

XII.

O Friend of progress! thy farewell,
 Bespeaks the onward march of Time,
 The midnight cry of "All is well!"—
 The Spirit hears from heights sublime.

*"The unknown Sea that rolls around all this world."—DICKENS.

Ready for Burial?

[Night on the Battlefield.]



LIFT high the torch so light may fall,
Such sleepers will not wake,
Thank God! these silent ones are all,
That mother-hearts can break.

Lift higher yet. Let the lady pass.—
The dear, dead boys uncloak;
“I seek my son.” Your son, alas!—
“*Her son?*”—’twas the dead-line spoke.

A tall form rose, blood warmed like wine,
The torch waved high in air,
A shout that reached the rebel line,
Thrilled every soldier there.

Her voice had roused, her love had won,
Revived the flitting breath,
Back from the dead had called her son,
And triumphed over death.

Oh, mother-love! I would that song,
Had power to witness thine,
For with our first, last sigh we long,
For Love that’s *all* Divine.

Again Face to Face.

IT may be, I know not, in that tyrannous city,
We glutted the tigers that mangled us there,
Condemned as two Christians, and torn without pity,
From the home and the life fate blessed us to share.

Not less thou, I know, than a princess most royal,
And I, of the Legion, a general, then,
In kingliest circles we had been the most loyal,
And pledged to each other, dared all that has been.

Oh, spirit immortal, what hopes we have cherished,
What joys and what sorrows together have borne,
What lives led together, while Nations have perished,
From the chaos of ages through twilight to morn.

And hark! to the striking again of the hour.
Two thousand years later, again face to face,
Once more the old struggle of people and power,
Hear the step in advance, see the march of the race!

But we may not tarry; eons of ages on ages,
Our spirits have toiled and loved for our kind,
Say, is it not written, oh, Soul, in thy pages,
Shall we not again live in the triumph of Mind?

Parting Song.

I.

BRING out the rare wine, vintage Eighteen and Two,
And take an old song e're you go,
Though I may not here offer you anything new,
Yet friendship as rare as the wine and as true,
Is ours my old friends, as you know.

II.

Bring out the rare wine, drops of years that have run,
And sing an old song e'er you go,
Its heart true as ours, mist of gold from the sun,
Cementing old friendships affection has won,
And doubling Life's joys—let it flow!

III.

Bring out the rare wine, let our parting re-knit,
Loving bonds that forever shall shine,
Fewest words are befitting when love is more fit,
And while the lamp burns that Infinity lit,
Let it flame with a glory divine!



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