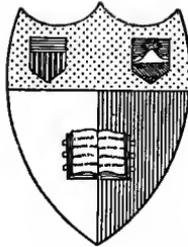




GEN. ALBERT PIKE'S
POEMS.





Cornell University Library
Ithaca, New York

FROM THE
BENNO LOEWY LIBRARY

COLLECTED BY
BENNO LOEWY
1854-1919

BEQUEATHED TO CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Cornell University Library
PS 2585.A1 1900

Gen. Albert Pike's poems /



3 1924 022 147 858

olin



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

Yours fraternally,
Lilian Pike R.



GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

GEN. ALBERT PIKE'S
POEMS.

WITH INTRODUCTORY BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

—BY—

MRS. LILIAN (PIKE) ROOME,

DAUGHTER OF THE AUTHOR.

ILLUSTRATED.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.:
FRED. W. ALLSOPP, Publisher.
1900.

M
~~THE~~

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

A595627

Copyrighted, 1899,
By MRS. LILIAN PIKE ROOME
AND
FRED W. ALLSOPP.

*When I am dead, I wish my monument to be builded
only in the hearts and memories of my brethren
of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.*

—ALBERT PIKE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I need offer no apology for presenting to the public this volume of Gen. Albert Pike's Poems; the poems are too good to be lost, and I wonder that a collection of the author's writings has not been published for general circulation long since. Being a great admirer of those of the poems which I had read, I sought and obtained the sanction of the celebrated author's daughter, Miss Lilian Pike, since become Mrs. Roome, to publish same, and induced her to write the accompanying splendid biographical sketch of her honored father.

I was encouraged to carry out a previous resolution to publish the book by reading the following tribute to the author, contributed to *The Gazette* in May, 1899, by Mrs. Eldridge Greening, of Camden, Ark., who regretted, "that with his unquestioned poetic genius, he did not give to the world a book of poems, such as he only could produce, and write his name on Fame's glorious temple, beside those of the greatest poets of the past and present age:—"

"The fugitive verses of Albert Pike, going the rounds of the press, did more to arouse a literary feeling throughout the State and direct attention to the literary capabilities of the South than volumes of Tennyson, in red and

gold, could have done. His name must necessarily stand at the head of the list of Arkansas authors, for it was in this State he composed nearly, if not all, of his famous poems, and it was of the State he loved so well he wrote and sang with exceeding sweetness. He gave us, more than any other writer, a distinct place in the literature of the country. His simple, melodious verses touched the hearts of thousands, and gave him and the State a world-wide fame. His record is made. With the fleeting years his name as a writer of standard, wholesome poetry will not vanish, but grow brighter and brighter. Arkansas will always honor the name of Albert Pike. '*Every Year*,' with its simple pathos, will forever enshrine itself in every Southern heart."

I trust that the volume may receive a welcome.

FRED. W. ALLSOPP.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
After the Midnight Cometh Morn.....	14
After Dinner.....	33
Annie.....	18
Ariel.....	9
As the Seasons Come and Go.....	36
At Midnight.....	21
Auld Lang Syne.....	13
Autumn.....	22
Biographical sketch of Gen. Pike, by Mrs. Lillian Pike.....	
Roome.....	1
Bridal, the.....	31
Brown October.....	30
Buena Vista.....	17
Carisima.....	27
Caroline.....	26
Christmas.....	19
Cleopatre.....	36
Cruiskeen Lan.....	34
Dead Chase, the.....	15
Dirge, a.....	28
Dying Wife, the.....	29
Ellen.....	30
Evening Conversation, an.....	11
Every Year.....	3
Fanny.....	24
Farewell to New England.....	17

Fine Arkansas Gentleman, the.....	331
First Wild Flowers of Spring, the.....	267
Fragment, a.....	271
Genevieve.....	236
Gertrude.....	283
Home.....	193
Hymns to the Gods.....	35
Invitation, an.....	231
Invocation.....	258
Jubilate.....	300
La Maitresse de la Poste... ..	274
Lament for Dixie, a.....	297
Latona.....	78
Les Marchandes.....	272
Light of Days Long Past, the.....	221
Lines Written on the Rocky Mountains.....	239
“ “ “ “ Mountains West of the Rio Del Norte	285
“ Written to a Lady.....	197
Love Blooms But Once.....	171
Magnolia, the.....	266
Ma Triste Cherie.....	242
Mignonne.....	255
Morning, a Lament.....	212
My Native Land, My Tennessee.....	140
Night, a Reverie.....	206
Night On the Arkansas.....	138
Noon In Santa Fe.....	184
Ode to the Mocking Bird.....	110
O Dearest, O Daintiest Mignonne.....	142
Old Canoe, the.....	87

Oh Jamie Brewed a Bowl of Punch.....	350
Ora Atque Labora.....	225
Reflections	247
Reunion	187
Rocky Mountains, the	239
Silver Wedding, the (A Masque)	305
Similes	279
Sonnet, a.....	355
Spree at Johnny Coyle's.....	320
Spring.....	130
Struggle for Freedom, the.....	136
Sunset in Arkansas	252
To a Robin.....	172
To Genevieve.....	236
To Mary.....	223
To the Mocking Bird.....	203
To the Moon.....	289
Voyage of Life, the.	125
Waif Returned, the.	362
When California Was a Foreign Land.....	356
Widowed Heart, The.....	147
Wilt Thou on Thy Sweet Bosom Wear.....	359

Biographical Sketch of Albert Pike.

BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. LILIAN PIKE ROOME.

Albert Pike was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 29th day of December, 1809. His father died when he was but a child; his mother was a woman of fine character, though somewhat austere in her ideas of training. He was of good lineage, descended from an old English family prominent in Devonshire in the fourteenth century. His ancestors in this country were men of mark, as thus attested in the History of Essex County, Massachusetts:

“The character of a man depends much on his ancestors, and to sketch one’s life, in such a manner as to have an appreciative knowledge of it, we must look back to the characteristics of his fathers. The Pikes, from the first settlement of the town of Newbury, to which they came pioneers with Parker and his followers in 1635, have been noted for intelligence, liberality of opinions and independence of action. We should expect to find the descendants of such men, what we have found them, energetic, not appalled at difficulties, determined for what was right in their minds, and brave in defense of their sentiments. Such was Nicholas Pike, author of the first arithmetic published in America, the friend of George Washington, and the planter of the liberty tree in front of his residence in 1775, the branches of which arch State street to this day. Such was General Zebulon Montgomery Pike,

who explored the Rocky Mountains, gave name to Pike's Peak, and died in battle in the war of 1812-15. Such is the poet-soldier, Albert Pike, one of the heroes at Buena Vista of whom General Taylor made honorable mention. The family has given us scholars, poets, clergymen, teachers, statesmen and jurists."

His father removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, when he was about four years of age, and he was reared there. He was educated, in part, at the primary and grammar schools there, at a private school, and at an academy at Framingham in the same state, in succession; and in August, 1825, passed an examination and entered the freshman class at Harvard. To earn money to pay for his board and tuition at college, it was necessary for him to teach and at the same time pursue his studies. He did so for six months, that fall and winter, at Gloucester, teaching young men seven or eight years older than himself; then returned home and studied there, fitting himself to enter the junior class. But when he went to Harvard, in the fall of 1826, to enter that class, and had passed the examination, he was informed that to enter the class he must pay the tuition fees for the two years, freshman and sophomore. This he declined to do, and afterwards educated himself, going through the junior and senior classes while teaching. He taught in the town of Fairhaven six months; then in the grammar school at Newburyport, first as assistant, then as principal; and afterwards for two or three years taught a private school there, until March, 1831.

Although he never in later years referred to it with any expression of bitterness, he lived constantly in an atmosphere of restraint when a boy; for he was by heredity and by nature a thinker, a student and a poet; large-

minded, high-strung, sensitive, chivalrous, munificent, communicative with those he loved, but reserved to strangers and uncongenial persons; ambitious and conscious of his powers, yet diffident and modest; easily depressed by unkind words and sneers, but steadfast in his determination to do something, to be a power in the world. Thrown with rigid Puritans, who had little toleration for sentiment, and scorned poetry and "flowery talk," as they called everything imaginative and ideal, it is not to be wondered at that he longed to breathe a freer air, to lead a wider life than the purely materialistic one of wage-earning and eating and drinking, with no thought of greater things, no interchange of ideas, no aspirations towards intellectual development.

All his efforts, therefore, tended to this end, to make money enough to go forth to the newer western world. The Pacific coast was the goal for which he started in March, 1831. He reached St. Louis, joined a party of pioneers, and went as far as Santa Fe; in September, 1832, joined a trapping party at Taos, and went down the Pecos River, and into the Staked plains; endured starvation and many hardships, found himself stranded among strangers with nearly all his money gone, concluded that he was not on the best road to fame and fortune, retraced his steps, and, with five of his companions, left the main party and on the 10th of December, 1832, reached Fort Smith, Arkansas, and stopped there. He taught school near Van Buren, Arkansas, and wrote articles for the local papers and a series of articles on the political topics of the day, under the *nom de plume* of Casca, which were published in the *Little Rock Advocate*, the organ of the Whig party. These attracted much attention by their admirable liter-

ary style, their pungent and epigrammatic tone and classical lore, and above all, the originality and virility that breathed in every line. Colonel Crittenden, the most prominent Whig in the state, came to see him; was as much attracted by his personality as by his writings, and caused him to be offered the position of associate editor of the *Advocate*. He accepted it, and moved to Little Rock and there abided. In that southern town he found the atmosphere he needed; he was loved and admired, his talents were appreciated, he was encouraged to put forth all his powers; there he found fortune and fame.

The Territorial Legislature was in session when he reached Little Rock, which was in October, 1833, and a few days after he was elected assistant secretary of the council, and served as such until the end of the session, making, as he said, many acquaintances and some life-long friends; at the same time working in the *Advocate* office, learning to set type and editing, and at intervals reading the first volume of Blackstone, until October, 1834. That winter, when he had read only the first volume, Thomas J. Lacy, of the Territorial Superior Court, gave him a license to practice law.

In the meantime, at the house of some friends, he had met a very beautiful young lady, Miss Mary Ann Hamilton. It was probably a case of love at first sight; for soon he was paying her devoted court, and writing poems to her, which he slipped into her hands whenever he could do so without attracting attention. These, I am sorry to say, she did not treasure as she should have done, for only one remains on record, the one entitled "To Mary," in his "Nugæ." His suit was prosperous, and they were married on the 10th of October, 1834, at the house of Colonel

Terrence Farrelly, her guardian, near the Post of Arkansas. Soon after this he erected a handsome dwelling in Little Rock, in which he and his family lived until after the close of the Civil War.

In 1831, he published "Hymns to the Gods," which were republished, with additions, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1839. Professor Wilson (Christopher North) appended to them a very complimentary notice, wherein he said, among other things: "These fine hymns entitle their author to take his place in the highest order of his country's poets." Professor Wilson also said of him to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie: "His massive genius marked him out to be the poet of the Titans." In 1834, he published "Prose Sketches and Poems"; "Ariel" appeared in 1834 or 1835; in 1836 appeared the "Ode to the Mocking Bird," which was republished in *Blackwood's* for March, 1840. From time to time other detached poems appeared in various publications and were always warmly welcomed by the readers. Finally, in 1854, he printed a collection of his poems, entitled "Nugæ," but only for distribution among his friends.

In 1836, he was employed to supervise the publication of the Revised Statutes of Arkansas, which he did with great credit.

In the spring of 1835, he bought the *Advocate* of Charles P. Bertrand, and soon afterwards entered into a partnership in the law with William Cummins, which continued for several years. He owned the *Advocate*, and was editor and typesetter, and generally useful in the office, for two years or more, and then sold it. He was his own teacher in the law; soon began to get together a law library, and in 1839 began to purchase other books

and to read them, never sleeping more than five or six hours, which was indeed his rule for more than forty years. In 1840, he was elected attorney of the Real Estate Bank, and in 1842, one of the trustees, holding the two offices in succession during some twelve years, one year of which he was in the military service of the United States, commanding a squadron in Mexico, in the regiment of Archibald Yell.

In 1846, he raised a squadron of cavalry which he commanded with the rank of captain, and served in Mexico with distinction, having received special mention from Generals Taylor and Wool. Here he met Major Robert E. Lee, afterwards Commanding General of the Confederate Army, with whom he corresponded for a while after the Mexican War.

Shortly after the close of that war there appeared in the columns of a Little Rock newspaper an article written by him, severely criticising the conduct of a part of the Arkansas regiment at the battle of Buena Vista, of which regiment John Selden Roane was Lieutenant-Colonel. The latter considered these criticisms as reflecting upon him personally, and immediately sent a challenge to Captain Pike. This was promptly accepted, and the meeting took place on the sandbar opposite Fort Smith, in the Indian Territory.

In the *Arkansas Gazette* of April 2, 1893, appeared a very interesting article from the pen of Dr. James A. Dibrell, Sr., of Van Buren, giving the particulars of the aforesaid duel. Dr. Dibrell wrote:

“On the bar opposite Fort Smith, Albert Pike as principal, with Luther Chase and John Drennen as seconds, and the writer as surgeon, accompanied by Pat. Far-

relly and Wm. H. Cousin and Dr. R. Thruston as friends on one side, and John S. Roane as principal, with Henry M. Rector and R. W. Johnson as seconds, and Dr. Philip Burton as surgeon, met in mortal combat to decide a controversy by the *code d'honneur*, so falsely called. Pike, to the best of my recollection, was the challenging party, at least, was so considered on my side of the ground. At call, both parties promptly stepped forward, distance ten paces, when duelling pistols were loaded and placed in their hands. Both stood firm and determined, neither displaying the least agitation. Pike was enjoying a cigar during the firing. At the word, both parties fired, but neither was wounded. A second fire was had, with the same result. Some one has said that Pike's beard was touched; if so, I have no recollection of it. After the second fire, Pike and myself were sitting on a cottonwood log on the edge of a forest that fringed the bar, when Dr. Burton was seen approaching us, with his usual slow and dignified step, and when within a few paces of us, beckoned to me to meet him. I did so. He remarked: 'Dibrell, it's a d—d shame that these men should stand here and shoot at each other until one or the other is killed or wounded. They have shown themselves to be brave men and would fire all day unless prevented. The seconds on neither side can interfere, because it would be considered a great disparagement for either to make a proposition for cessation of hostilities. So, let us, as surgeons, assume the responsibility and say they shall not fire another time; that unless they do as we desire we will leave the field to them helpless, however cruel it might seem.'

“I replied that I knew nothing about the code, but

would consult my principal. I stated Dr. Burton's proposition word for word as made to me. Pike remarked, 'I want one more fire at him and will hit him in a vital part; I believe he has tried to kill me; I have not tried to hit him.'

"After reflection, he said: 'Do as you think proper about it, but do not by anything compromise my honor.'"

The good offices of Drs. Dibrell and Burton in the interest of peace and humanity were so effective that the matter ended honorably to both parties.

As soon as he was admitted to the bar, he made a reputation as a lawyer; practiced with eclat in the courts of the state, and in the district and circuit courts of the United States at Little Rock; then entered upon a wider field, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1849, where later a high eulogy was passed upon him by Daniel Webster, one of his auditors. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin were admitted to the bar of that court at the same time that Albert Pike was. He practiced before that court with much distinction until the beginning of the war between the states, and won many cases, including some for the Creek Indians, some for the Choctaws, and a few for the Cherokees.

In 1847, Albert Pike threw out the first suggestion of a Pacific railroad, which should be the Southern Pacific. He says in his autobiography: "Permit me to add, what was long ago forgotten, that I was the first proposer of a Pacific railroad convention. At my suggestion the legislature of Arkansas invited the southern states to send delegates to Memphis to form such a convention, and it was held accordingly. I could not attend it, and William M. McPherson, of Chicot County (afterwards of St. Louis)

was sent as a delegate, I and others paying his expenses. The next year another was held there, which I attended, and then followed others at Charleston, New Orleans and Savannah, at which I was present, representing Louisiana at Savannah, where I opposed a resolution offered in favor of a renewal of the slave trade, and afterward declined to attend the one at Knoxville, because that subject had been agitated, and the resolution was likely to be offered again. After that at Charleston, I went to Baton Rouge; was invited to address the legislature, and did so, and obtained the passage of a charter for a Pacific railroad, with termini on the Pacific at San Francisco and Guaymas."

He says further in his autobiography: "In 1851 or 1852 I determined to exchange the practice in Arkansas for that in Louisiana, and proceeded to purchase the Pandects and the civil law books, Latin and French, and to study them; my first necessity being to learn both languages over again, for in twenty years' disuse I had become unable to read either. I was then in partnership with Ebenezer Cummins, and this partnership ceased in 1853, when I transferred my office to New Orleans and formed a partnership with Logan Hunton. It was required then that an applicant for admission to the bar of the supreme court should be first examined by a committee, and then in open court. In the former, the examination in regard to the civil law consisted of the one question, put by the venerable old French jurist (I cannot recollect his name), who was the representative of that law on the committee: 'What works have you read on the Roman law?' I answered: 'I have read the Pandects and made a translation into English in writing of the first book.' He was perfectly satisfied with this, and it was

true. I had also read the twenty-two volumes of Duranton, several volumes of Pothier, the five volumes of Marcade (the highest authority of all—higher than all the courts of France, and, out of sight, the most admirable of all writers on the law), and other works.

“I may add here that I never lost my fondness for the Roman law; and that after I came to Washington in 1868, to reside, I commenced, and with the labor of some years completed a work concerning all the maxims of the Roman and French law, with the comments upon them of the French courts and text-writers, and of the Pandects. It would make three volumes of goodly size; but it remains, with other unpublished works of mine, in the library of the supreme council.

“The examination in open court was waived, Mr. Chief Justice Slidell saying: ‘The court is well advised in regard to the legal examination of Mr. Pike, and knows it to be unnecessary to examine him,’ and so I was sworn and admitted. I have had but three compliments paid me that I valued more. One was in 1844, when going to the Pavilion at Louisville to listen to Whig speeches that were to be made there, not thinking of being known by any one, Ben. P. Gaines, of Chicot, began calling for me, and I *had* to speak, and the ladies sent me scarfs and a ring. One at Charleston (in 1835) at the Commercial Convention, when I carried, against strong opponents, the resolutions that I offered in regard to a Pacific railroad. And the third was in Washington, about 1856, when Major John F. Lee, Judge Advocate-General (whom some in Little Rock may recollect as in 1840, and before and after, in charge of the Arsenal there), introduced me to General Scott, who said: ‘Captain Pike! Oh, we don’t

consider him as being any better than one of ourselves.’

“I was engaged in the practice in New Orleans three seasons; but then abandoned it, because Indian claims, which I was prosecuting, compelled me to be in Washington the whole of the winters of 1855 and 1856, and prevented my attending the courts in New Orleans during the larger part of each season. I therefore resumed my practice in Arkansas in 1857.”

He became an Odd Fellow some time in the forties. In 1850, he entered the Masonic Fraternity; after that, gradually ceased to be active as an Odd Fellow. He soon became prominent in Masonry, and rapidly advanced to the highest honors. His Masonic record is as follows:

He was initiated in Western Star Lodge, at Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1850.

He was raised to the degree of Worshipful Master in Western Star Lodge No. 1, Little Rock, Arkansas, in July, 1850.

He became a charter member of Magnolia Lodge No. 60, Little Rock, Arkansas, at its formation; was Worshipful Master in 1853; held membership in that lodge at the time of his death, having been made Worshipful Master *ad vitam*.

He was exalted in Union Chapter No. 2, R. A. M., in Little Rock, Arkansas, in November, 1850.

He was greeted as a Royal and Select Master, at Washington, D. C., December 22, 1852.

He was created a Knight Templar, February 9, 1853, in Washington Commandery No. 1, K. T., in Washington, D. C.

He was elected Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Arkansas, in 1853, and so continued until

1856, in which year he met Brother Theodore S. Parvin, of Iowa, in Hartford, Connecticut.

He received the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite from the 4th to the 32d, inclusive, March 20, 1853. Was coroneted Honorary Inspector-General, April 25, 1857, and was crowned an Active Member of the Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction, March 20, 1858, at Charleston, South Carolina; and on the resignation of Brother John Henry Honour as Grand Commander, was elected M. P. Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, January 2, 1859.

I will state here what he told me himself, that Sovereign Grand Commander Honour, his predecessor, resigned that office expressly that he might be elected Sovereign Grand Commander: an action most honorable indeed in Mr. Honour, and a just matter of pride to the subject of this sketch.

Upon the instituting of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the United States of America of the Royal Order of Scotland, Sir and General Albert Pike was named in the warrant from Edinburgh, Scotland, bearing date October 4, 1877, as the Provincial Grand Master *ad vitam*.

He was an honorary member of the Supreme Councils of the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Hungary, Mexico, Brazil, Egypt, Tunis, Peru, Canada, Colon, Nueva Granada, and Honorary Grand Master and Grand Commander of the Supreme Councils of Brazil, Tunis and Egypt.

In 1859, the "Statutes and Regulations, Institutes, Laws, and Grand Constitutions of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; Compiled with Notes, from Authentic

Documents, for the Use of the Order (French and English), by Albert Pike, 33°, M. P. Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States," were published.

Through a mistake, he was reported as dead in December, 1859, which caused much distress to his family and friends. He had the opportunity, not often enjoyed by any one, of reading the eulogies and laments written upon his supposed death. In January, 1859, the "deeply lamented" appeared in Washington in life and health, to the great delight of his friends, who celebrated his return from Hades by a social festival entitled, "The Life-Wake of the Fine Arkansas Gentleman Who Died Before His Time." This was duly recorded in an exquisite volume printed in August, 1859.

In that same year he succeeded in obtaining the award of the Senate of the United States in what is known as the Choctaw Net Proceeds Claim, for which he was to have been paid a very large fee; but, with the exception of a small portion received in March, 1861, he never to the day of his death derived any benefit from it.

In 1861, when Arkansas severed her connection with the Union, he cast in his lot with her and with the Confederacy, and was foremost in that cause; was made a Brigadier General and placed in command of the Indian Territory. Against his earnest protests, the Indian regiments were ordered from the Indian Territory into Arkansas, and took part in some skirmishes and one battle under his command. This battle was fought contrary to his judgment and against his advice, and terminated disastrously for the Confederates; this was the battle called by them "Elk Horn."

Early in the Civil War, as Confederate Commissioner to the Indians, he made treaties of amity and alliance, not only with the civilized tribes, but with the Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas, Kickapoos, and another wild tribe. These treaties were the first that had ever been made with those wild tribes.

Tired of being commanded by men of inferior intellect and of being treated with injustice, he resigned from the Confederate Army. He was then for a time on the bench of the Supreme Court of Arkansas, and it is said by John Hallum, in his "History of Arkansas," that, "The few opinions he delivered are luminous expositions of law."

Immediately after the close of the Civil War he went to Canada for a short time, then returned to this country and settled in Memphis, Tennessee, for about two years. He practiced law there and was editor-in-chief of the *Memphis Appeal* at the same time; was also president of the bar association. In 1868, he removed to Washington City, where he remained until his death, except for a short period of time, when he lived in Alexandria, Virginia. During the years 1868, 1869 and 1870, he was associate editor of the *Patriot*, a Democratic newspaper published in Washington City; and some of his best editorials were contained in that paper.

Of his children, two or three died infants; one son, a beautiful boy, was drowned in the Arkansas River in 1858; another son, a young man of the greatest promise, was killed during the Civil War; and his eldest daughter, lovely in person and in disposition, died in 1869. This left but three children, two sons and a daughter, who all lived with him until 1876, when the sons (one of whom

was married) made a home for themselves, and only the daughter, Lilian, remained with her father, and was with him almost constantly until his death.

This occurred on the 2d day of April, 1891, at 8 o'clock in the evening. He had suffered greatly for many months, and was reduced almost to a shadow; but his mind remained clear, and he was occupied with thoughts of those he loved up to the very last day of his life. His death was perfectly peaceful: the sufferings which had so distressed his children and friends had ceased; and from moment to moment the change was so slight, the extinction of the vital flame so gradual, that it was scarcely perceptible when the last breath was drawn and his great spirit returned to God.

He had relinquished the active practice of the law about 1879, and after that appeared in the courts only by his briefs and pleadings in writing. He had been a fine Greek and Latin scholar, and had taught himself many languages and a great number of dialects; among them were Sanskrit, Hebrew, old Samaritan, Chaldean and Persian. From these he was led on to a study of the Parsee and Hindoo beliefs and traditions, and of the Rig-Veda and the Zend-Avesta, and finally became absorbed in these and in Masonry, to the exclusion of nearly everything else. He left fifteen large manuscript volumes of translations and commentaries of these great Aryan writings.

He was the most eminent Mason in the world, not solely by virtue of his position in the order, but by his scholarly attainments, his admirable treatises on Masonic Law and Symbolism, his profound knowledge of statecraft, theology and ethnology, his broad and comprehensive grasp of every subject, and the even balance of his

judgment. These great qualities enabled him to build up the Scottish Rite, and to make the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction the most influential body of the Rite, and himself to be constituted the arbiter and judge in all questions that concerned the Supreme Councils of the world.

Hallum calls him "the Homer of America; the Zoroaster of modern Asia, a profound philosopher, a great jurist, a great philologist, a profound ethnologist, and a great statesman; and without doubt or rival, the greatest of American poets."

In the appropriate words of Colonel P. Donan, delivered at Fargo, Dakota, April 9, 1891, before the Lodge of Sorrow, held by the members of the Scottish Rite in that city, in memory of the deceased Grand Commander:

"Albert Pike was a king among men by the divine right of merit. A giant in body, in brain, in heart and in soul. So majestic in appearance that wherever he moved on highway or byway, the wide world over, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him and admire him. Six feet two inches tall, with the proportions of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo. A face and head massive and leonine, recalling in every feature some sculptor's dream of a Grecian god; while his long wavy hair, flowing down over his shoulders, added a strikingly picturesque effect. The whole expression of his countenance telling of power, combined with gentleness, refinement and benevolence.

"He was the author of more than twenty volumes of Masonic literature, besides the volumes of prose and poetry that gave him general fame. His legal practice brought him several fortunes, one few some years ago amounting

to \$100,000. But his ear and heart and purse were ever open to the appeal of the needy or distressed, and his benefactions were beyond all enumeration. His bounty was reckless in its lavishness. In all the rush of his busy and eventful career he found time to counsel and assist every worthy man or woman who came to him. He was peculiarly kind and considerate toward young people.

“Glorious record of a glorious man! Great enough to succeed in nearly every line of human effort and ambition. A patient and faithful teacher, a brilliant editor, a lawyer of eminent ability and skill, an eloquent and impassioned orator, a gallant soldier, a profound scholar, a poet whose verses tingle with the true Promethean fire that comes from heaven alone, a prolific author, a wise counselor, a patriot, and a philanthropist whose charity was broad enough to take in all mankind. God never made a gentler gentleman, a better citizen, or a truer man! He was in himself the highest and grandest embodiment of the virtues and graces of Free Masonry, a living exemplification of the exalted and exalting principles of your great world-embracing brotherhood. He ran the whole gamut of earthly usefulness and earthly honors. He climbed Fame’s glittering ladder to its loftiest height, and stepped from its topmost round into the skies. He died, ‘with a sweet and placid smile upon his face,’ amid his books and pictures, his birds and flowers, with a full faith in a glorious immortality. The world is his mausoleum, and all mankind his mourners.

“His death is a loss and a grief to Masons, and to men not Masons, in every part of our country, and throughout Christendom. But to such a man himself,—a Christian man, exemplifying Christianity in deeds of

‘faith, hope, and charity,’ through nearly three generations of men,—faithful in the discharge of every duty to his family, his neighbors, his country, his God and humanity,— what we call Death is not death, but the glad beginning of Life.”

He wrote but little poetry during the last twenty years of his life; the griefs, the disappointments, the carking cares and burdens under which he labored, seemed, like rank weeds, to choke out the fine flowers of poesy. It was during this period, however, that he wrote his best known, and undoubtedly his most popular, poem, “Every Year;” of this, he wrote two versions, and destroyed as far as he could all copies of the first version as soon as he had written the last and best one.

His prose writings are by some more admired than his poetical works; they evince such depth of thought, such grandeur of imagery, such force and harmony of expression. Judge Jeremiah Black, a most admirable writer of English himself, said that “Albert Pike is one of the greatest masters of the English language.” To those who have not read his prose writings, they would be a revelation; they remind one of the writings of Bourdaloue, of Massillon, and of some of the old Latin writers; he writes as no one else writes, and yet he says the very things every one feels ought to be said and in the way they ought to be said.

Among his prose writings are the Rituals of the Masonic Degrees from the 4th to the 33d, inclusive, which were rewritten entirely, or almost entirely, by him; “Words Spoken of the Dead;” his Allocutions as Grand Commander; his Allocutions as Provincial Grand Master of the Royal Order of Scotland; the Rituals of Consecra-

tion, of Installation, of Lodges of Sorrow, and of other Masonic ceremonials; innumerable addresses and lectures on Symbolism and kindred Masonic subjects; "Morals and Dogma," written specially, but not exclusively, for Masons; his editorials in the various papers with which he had been connected; and a few political writings, which are marvelous in their foresight, their knowledge of humanity and the mainsprings of human conduct, their statesmanship, patriotism, grandeur of scope, and breadth of view. Besides these, he wrote many essays, translations and compilations which have never been printed.

Some of his prose writings are as truly poems as if they had been divided into lines and stanzas, and scanned according to rule and measure; witness the following:

"Death is the inexorable creditor, whose indulgence nothing in the world can purchase. Every moment that sees a newborn child laugh at the light sees also a man die, and hears the cry of a breaking heart, and the lamentations of those who sit lonely and in the desolation of affliction, no longer seeing the faces of dearly loved ones. Round the little island of our being, on which we follow our various pursuits of toil or craft, of usefulness or mischief, throbs the illimitable ocean of eternity, upon which, round the isle, a broad circle of impenetrable darkness brooding lies. But beyond that zone the outer ocean sparkles, and its white-crested waves dance in the light, and somewhere in the distance the islands of the blessed are dreaming, girdled by the peaceful waters. Here, in our present home, we live our little life, waiting to be called to other duties elsewhere, and one by one our loved ones and our cherished friends glide away from us unseen, and are swallowed up in the darkness which is the shadow

of the broad wings of Death. Each of us belongs to some little colony of hearts that hath a life of its own, its private and inner life, apart from that of the mass of humanity which eddies round it in endless agitations, having with it no sympathies, nor any memories of association. When one of its members dies, it is as if a limb were severed from the body. The wound heals, but the limb is missed as long as the body lives.

“Stand by the sapling for a lifetime, if you will, and watch it with a steady eye from morn till dewy eve, and you do not see it grow, or hear the unseen forces that are at work within it; and yet the air is feeding it, and the great earth and the liberal sun; and quietly it *DOTH* grow, with a calm indifference to praise or censure, and an utter disregard of public opinion, doing what God hath appointed for it. No, you do not see it grow, stand and watch as long as you may; but go you away, and remain a few short years, and lo! a noble tree, towering, a crowned monarch, above the patricians of the forest, stretching his large arms out with wide circumference, and covering acres with the thick shadow of his green foliage; a tree fit to furnish timbers for a ship to bear our country’s free flag proudly round the world, and speak the Great Republic’s will in the thunder of her guns.” 1849.

“In short, I rather incline to think that Providence has something to do with the fates and fortune of this great nation, and that its orderings in this matter, as in all others, are wise and good.”

“To my limited vision, as to yours, the system may appear unjust, as do all the sorrow and distress and calamity on earth. But we must become Atheists if we do not believe that He is just and wise, and that in all

the great phenomena of the universe He is working out a vast and beneficent purpose. The history of the world is full of evidences of this great truth.”

“The children of Israel were slaves in Egypt for more than four hundred years. No doubt they often murmured against the justice of God, and thought that the day of their deliverance was unnecessarily delayed. God saw fit not to break their chains until Moses had been adopted by the daughter of Pharaoh, and educated in all the learning of the Egyptians; nor even then, until, after remaining forty years in the desert, he had attained the age of eighty years. Then he led forth the Israelites, and gave them laws and a religion. And of that race, so delivered, came the Redeemer, and that faith which, preached by Him in Galilee, has civilized Europe and America, built up our free institutions, and given to human nature new dignity, and to the human intellect new powers.” 1852.

Let these words of his speak more eloquently than any feeble tribute of mine; and may they sink into the hearts of all those who read what has here been written.

LILIAN PIKE ROOME.

Washington, D. C., November 15, 1899.

Albert Pike's Poems

EVERY YEAR.

Life is a count of losses,
 Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
 Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
 Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
 Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
 Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
 Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
 Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
 Every year;

Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of Death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;

When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

“ You are growing old,” they tell us,
“ Every year;
“ You are more alone,” they tell us,
“ Every year;
“ You can win no new affection,
“ You have only recollection,
“ Deeper sorrow and dejection,
“ Every year.”

The shores of life are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;

Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its Morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

Hymns to the Gods.

No. 1.

TO HĒRA.

I.

Mother of Gods! devoutly we incline
Our willing knees before thy holy shrine,
Where Imbrasmus runs seaward, strong and swift,
Through the green plains of Samos. Lo! we lift
Gladly to thee our many-voiced strain,
Sung never to thy Majesty in vain.
The day wears on; the expanding sun stoops low;
While, in the east, thy Messenger's bent bow
Gladdens the eyes of eager worshippers.
A soft, sweet wind thy garlands lightly stirs,
Where thy loved flowers, dear Queen of Heaven, Divine!
White lillies with the dittany entwine,
And the gay poppy. Wilt thou deign to hear
Our solemn chant—loud, earnest, and sincere—
And grant our prayer? Come from Olympus down,
In regal glory, with thy starry crown,
And sceptre flashing with great gems, whereon
Thy cuckoo broods! Let not the reluctant sun
Dip in the sea, before our glad eyes greet
The distant glitter of thy snowy feet,

Sandaled with ivory,
That shame the fairest of our green isle's daughters,
And flash upon the undulating sea,
Like rays of star-light on a blue meer's slumbering
waters!

II.

Power, Empire, Virtue,—these are thy gift;
Inspired by thee, low men their eyes uplift,
As hawks to the sun, and aim at high estate,
And reach it; while the mighty and the great,
Toppling like towers, fall headlong. By thee urged,
Men in the sloughs of wretchedness immersed
Arm them anew with courage resolute,
Bear pain and evil with endurance mute,
And grow divine in virtuous fortitude.
Woman, by thee with constancy endued,
In ill report and evil fortune clings
More closely to her husband's side, and brings
Her lovely patience ever to his aid
In the world's fierce trials. Power and Empire fade
And are dissolved like a thin April cloud;
But Virtue is immortal. Men have bowed
A thousand years before thy lofty shrines,
Clamoring for Power; but rarely one inclines,
In prayer for Virtue, Truth and Constancy,
Before thine altars the obsequious knee.

We, prostrate at thy feet,
Of these—the only true and priceless treasure—
Do humbly and beseechingly entreat
Thy Majesty benign to grant us ample measure.

III.

Where tarriest thou, Cithæronæa, now?—
Perhaps, upon some mountain's regal brow—
Cyllene or Oromedon—reclined,
No cares of state disturbing thy great mind,
Thou gazest on our lovely Grecian isles,
Along whose shores the tranquil ocean smiles
Serene as thou: around thee hoary firs
Swing their tall heads, and many an old beech stirs,
And, dreaming, murmurs, and the grave oaks spread
Their leafy limbs; and, watching overhead,
Thy kingly hawk, scarce moving his wide wings,
Rocked by the mountain-breezes, idly swings:
Perhaps in some secluded, shady nook,
On the green margin of a happy brook,
Lulled by its music into tranquil sleep,
While thy young Nymphs demurely round thee keep
Their patient vigil. In whatever spot
Of rarest beauty,—cave, lawn, dell, or grot,
Cool glade, deep vale, or silver-sanded shore,
Or river-bank shaded with sycamore,—

Hearken, oh, lovely Queen!

To the loud echo of our plaintive voices:

Approach us while the laughing Earth is green,
And the young Spring in buds and golden flowers rejoices

IV.

Oh, Queen! beloved of all the laughing Hours,
Let snowy-shouldered Hebe, crowned with flowers,
Before the rising of the evening-star,
Harness the peacocks to thy jewelled car:
Leave, for a time, the mighty Thunderer's side,
And thy swift birds let dextrous Iris guide
To our fair shore. Stay not thy flashing wheels
On the dark Euxine, ploughed with many keels,
Or where the vexed Propontis hoarsely swells;
In Cos, or Naxos, or the Arcadian dells;
Come, Heaven's wonder! come to our island, first;
Where thou wast born, and by the Seasons nursed!
By those sweet hours when all thy virgin charms
Were first encircled by Jove's mighty arms,—
When thy large eyes, magnificently bright,
Looked into his with soft and loving light,
And, on his breast hiding thy blushing face,
Thou hadst no peer in loveliness and grace,—
By those sweet hours, come! while the sun yet slides
Down the sky's slant, and bless these innocent brides,

Who watch the western sky,
Their breasts with fear and rapture palpitating:
Come! thou, who must their virgin zones untie,
Lest they, despairing, weep, and faint with longer waiting
1845.

No. 2.

TO POSEIDŌN.

I.

God of the mighty deep! wherever now
The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow;
Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-winged and wild
Trample the storm-vexed waters round them piled,
Swift as the lightning-flashes that reveal
The quick gyrations of each massive wheel,—
While round and under thee, with hideous roar,
The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore,
Thundering like antique Chaos in his spasms.
In heaving mountains and deep-yawning chasms,
Fluctuates endlessly; while through the gloom,
Their glossy sides and thick manes flecked with foam,
Career thy coursers, neighing with mad glee,
In fierce response to the tumultuous sea:—

Whether they tread the sounding sands below,
Among wrecked ships, where the green sea-plants grow,
Broad-leaved, and sighing with eternal motion
Over the pale, cold tenants of the ocean:
Oh, come! our lofty altars for thee stand,
Smoking with incense, on the level strand.

II.

Perhaps with loose rein now thy horses roam
Over the Adriatic. No salt foam
Stains their fine limbs, but softly, leisurely,
They tread with silver feet that still, calm sea,
Fanning the waters with their floating manes,
That gleam like mist in sunshine; while shrill strains
From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring,
And green-robed sea-gods praising thee, their king,
Chaunt loudly; while Apollo bends his gaze
Lovingly on thee, and his soft, clear rays
Tame thy wild coursers' eyes. The air feels warm
On the sea's forehead, where the cold, harsh storm
So lately thundered, and the rebel winds
That Æolus in cave and den now bids,
Beat their broad wings. Perhaps long leagues below
Thou sleepest in green caves, where sea-flowers glow
Brighter than sapphires: many a monster cumbers
The sand around thee; aged Triton slumbers

Care-free and still; and glad, sweet, bright eyes peep
From many a nook, watching thy dreamless sleep.

III.

Perhaps thou art resting on some Indian isle,
Under a broad, thick tree, where, many a mile,
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands,
Piled in fantastic shapes by Naiads' hands;
Where the small waves come coyly, one by one,
And curl upon the beach, like molten gold,
Thick-set with jewellery, rare and old.
Sea-nymphs sit near, and with small delicate shells
Make thee such melody, as in deep dells,
Of a May-night, is by the Fairies made,
When, frolicking within some sober shade,
They sound their silver flutes, soft, faint, and sweet,
In strange but exquisite tunes; and delicate feet
Dance softly on the grass-blades gemmed with dew,
That bend, not break: all wanton airs that blew
So lately through the spice-trees, hover there,
With overladen wings that loan to the air
Wealth of perfume. Oh! wilt thou not arise,
And come with them to our new sacrifice?

1829.

No. 3.

TO DĒMĒTĒR.

I.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewey earth thy first tones fall,
And echo in its heart, each young green blade
Springs, wondering, into life; the dull, gray glade
Is liveried with new grass,—from each chill hole,
Where they had nestled, dumb, and dull of soul,
The glad birds come, and sing for joy to thee,
Among the thronging leaves; and fast and free
The rivers run, crushing their icy chains,
Broken by thee and by thine April rains,
Through green glad valleys: Thou who chiefly art
The Goddess of all beauty,—thou whose heart
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields,—
To whom the laughing earth looks up, and yields
Her choicest treasures: Thou, that in thy car,
Drawn by winged dragons, when the morning star
Sheds his cool light, dost touch the budding trees,
And all their blossoms woo the trembling breeze;
Oh! pour thy light
Of truth and joy upon our souls to-night,
And grant to us great plenty and sweet ease!

II.

Benignant Goddess of the rustling corn!
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Bind up gigantic sheaves of full-eared wheat;
While innocent maids, with little, dancing feet,
Bring thee gay poppies, weave for thee a crown
Of modest flowers, and gracefully bend down
To garland thy full baskets; at whose side,
Among the sheaves, young Bacchos loves to ride,
With bright, clear, sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
All wine-stained in the glad and sunny south!
Perhaps ye ride among the leafy vines,
While round thy neck one rosy arm he twines,
And with the other hand still gathers up
And presses the plump grapes, and holds the cup
To thy loved lips, then throws aside the wine,
And crowns thee with the green leaves of the vine,
Kisses thy brow, thy mouth, thine eyes most bright
With love and joy. If those dear eyes now light
 Some favored hill
 Of vine-clad Thrace, oh! come, while all is still,
And with them bless the coming of this night!

III.

Lo! the small stars rise from the silver ocean,
And wander up the sky. A sweet emotion
Stirs the white bosoms of the thin, soft clouds;
And the light mist, that the gray hills enshrouds,

Gleams like a rain of diamonds in the air.
Lo! a soft blush of light is rising there,
Like silver shining through a tint of red;
And soon the queenly moon her love will shed
Like pearl-mist on the islands and the sea,
Which thou wilt cross to view our mystery.
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
Where incense with delicious odor burns,
On altars piled with glowing fruit, as sweet
And ripe as thy sweet lips; with yellow wheat,
Flowers gathered while the Dawn lay half-asleep,
And Indian spices: patiently we keep
Our earnest watch for thee, bending before
Thy waiting altars, till to our fair shore
 Thy chariot-wheels
 Shall roll, while Ocean to the burden reels,
And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

183

No. 4.

TO DIÓNŪSOS.

Where art thou, Dionusos? On the hills
Of some fair land afar, where sweet wine fills
The clustered grapes, dost stain thy ripe lips red
With rich old juice, that men long ages dead—

Thy votaries — pressed and hid? Dost thou hold up
'Twixt thee and the sun thy jewel-cinctured cup,
With luminous rubies brimmed? Or doth thy car,
Lit by the blaze of the far northern star,
Roll over Thracia's hills, while all around
Shout thy mad bacchanals, and rings the sound
Of merry revelry, and distant men
Start at thy clamor? Or in some cool glen
Reclinest thou, under dark ivy leaves,
Idling the day off, while each mad Faun weaves
Gay garlands for thee, sipping a great bowl
Of stout, strong wine; and the dismaying roll
Of thy all-conquering wheels no more is heard,
But thy strong tigers, with no fierce dream stirred,
Crouch at thy feet?
Iacchos! come to meet
Thy worshippers, that here with merry word
Of olden song thy godhead long to greet.

II.

Oh, thou who lovest pleasure! at whose heart
Wine's warmth is always felt; who takest part
In all mad, wanton mirth; who in the dance
Of merry maidens joinest, where the glance
Of bright black eyes, and twinkling of white feet,
Of lovely girls delight thee, when they meet

Under the summer moon!—Giver of peace
To all careworn, sad men!—whose smiles make cease
The piercing pains of grief; for whom young maids
Weave ivy garlands, and in pleasant glades
Hang up thine image, and, with happy looks,
Go dancing round, while shepherds, with long crooks,
Join the glad company, and glide about
With merry laugh and many a hearty shout,
Staining with rich dark grapes each little cheek
That most they love; and then, with sudden freak,
Seizing the willing hand, and dancing on
About the green mound:—Oh, thou merry son
 Of supreme JOVE!
 Wherever thou dost rove,
Among the thick vines, come, ere day is done,
And let us too thy sunny influence prove.

III.

Where art thou, CONQUEROR!—before whom fell
The jewelled kings of Ind, when the strong swell
Of thy great multitudes came on them, and
The mystic thursos in thy red right hand
Was shaken over them, till every soul
Grew faint, as smit with lightning; when the roll
Of thy great chariot-wheels was on the neck
Of mighty potentates; till thou didst check

Thy tigers and wild lyuxes on the shore
Of the Indian sea, and still its angry roar
With sparkling and delicious Grecian wine
Poured on its waters, till the contented brine
Gave forth new odors, and a pleasant scent
Of rare perfume; and haggard men, all spent
With long, sharp sickness, drank in life anew,
When the rich sea-breeze through their lattice blew
Bacchos! who tramplest Care with thy soft feet,
Oh, hither turn thy tigers, strong and fleet,
 And light our happy isles
 With the radiance of thy smiles!
Come, with thy hair dewy with wine, and meet
Those who, for thee, have trod the weary miles.

IV.

Come to our ceremony! Lo, we rear
An altar of green turf, the sea-beach near,
And garland it with vine-shoots, and the leaf
Of glossy ivy. Come! and chase all grief
Far from us! Lo! upon the turf we pour
Full cups of wine, till all along the shore
Eddies the luscious odor. See! a mist
Is rising from the wine-stained turf—(Ah, hist!—
Alas! 'twas not his cry!)—Come with thy train
Of riotous Satyrs, pouring forth a strain

Of utmost shrillness on the noisy pipe.
Come, with thine eye and lip of beauty ripe
And wondrous rare, and let us hear thy wheels
Rolling along the hills, while twilight steals
Quietly up, and dusky sober Night
Is hindered from her star-track by the light
Of thy wild tigers' eyes! Cross the calm sea
With all thy mad and merry company!

 The stars shall wax and wane,
 And ere day comes again,
We'll wander over hill and vale with thee,
Sending afar a loudly joyous strain.

1829.

No. 5.

TO 'APHRODÍTÉ.

I.

Oh, thou most lovely and most beautiful!—
Wherever cooingly thy white doves lull
Thy bright eyes to soft slumber; whether on
The truant south-wind floating, or if gone
To some still cloud in dreamy sleep that swings,
And there reclining, while its snowy wings
Blush into crimson: whether thy delicate wheels,
Over green sward that scarce the pressure feels,

Brush the bright dewdrops from the bending grass,
Leaving the poor, green blades to look, alas!
With dim eyes at the moon,—(Ah! so dost thou
Dim other eyes and brighter!)— whether now
Thou floatest over the sea, while each white wing
Of thy fair doves is wet, and sea-maids bring
Sweet odours for thee,—(Ah! how foolish they!
They have not felt thy smart,
They know not, while in ocean-caves they play,
How cruel and strong thou art!)

II.

Hear, 'Aphrodite! Hear our rustic song!
Thalassia, hear! for unto thee belong
All pleasant offerings; ring-doves coo to thee,
While they entwine their arch'd necks lovingly,
Among the murmuring leaves; thine are all sounds
Of pleasure on the earth; and where abounds
Most happiness, for thee we surely look.—
In the dusk depths of some leaf-shaded nook
Thou hidest frequently, where soft winds wave
Thy sunny curls, and cool airs fondly lave
Thy radiant brow, and ruffle the delicate wings
Of thy tired doves; where his quaint love-tale sings,

With small, bright eyes, some little, strange, sweet bird,
In notes that never but by thee are heard.—

In some such spot dreaming thou liest now,

And with half-open eye,
Drinkest in beauty. Fairest of heaven, do thou
Hear kindly our faint cry!

III.

Doris! from whom all things upon this earth
Take light and life; for whom even laughing Mirth
Doubles his glee; thou, whom the joyous bird
Continually sings; whose name is heard
In every pleasant noise; at whose warm glance
All things look brighter; for whom wine doth dance
More merrily within the agate vase,
To meet thy lip; glimpsing at whose sweet face,
Joy leaps on faster, with a clearer laugh,
And Sorrow flings into the sea his staff,
And tossing back the hair from his dim eyes,
Looks up again to long-forgotten skies;
While Avarice forgets to count his gold,
And even offers thee his wealth untold,
Dear as his heart's blood. Thou to whose high might
All things are glad to bow,
Come unto us, and with thy looks of light,
Bless and console us now!

IV.

Hear us, 'Ourania! Thou whom all obey!
At whose sweet will rough Satyrs leave their play,
And gather wild-flowers to adorn the hair
Of the young nymphs, and nuts and berries bear
To those they fancy most. Paphia, to whom
They leap in awkward mood through the dusk gloom
Of darkening oak-trees, or at sunny noon
Play unto thee, on their rude pipes, a tune
Of wondrous languishment! Thou, whose great power
Brings up young sea-maids from each ocean-bower,
With many an idle song to sing to thee,
And bright locks floating mist-like on the sea,
And glancing eyes, as if in distant caves
They spied their lovers,—(so along blue waves
Small bubbles flit, mocking the genial sun;)—
Let cares no more oppress
Thy servitors! but, ere our feast is done,
Our new loves kindly bless!

V.

Oh, thou who once didst weep, and with sad tears
Bedew the pitying woods! by those great fears
That haunted thee when young Adonis lay
With dark eyes drowned in death;—by that dull day

That saw him, wounded, fall, with many a moan,
On the dead leaves, and sadly and alone
Breathe out his life;—deign thou to look upon
All maidens who for too great love grow wan
And pity them! Come to us when Night brings
Her first faint stars; and let us hear the wings
Of thy most beautiful and bright-eyed doves,
Fanning the breathless air. Let all the Loves
Fly round thy chariot, with sweet, low songs
Murmuring upon their lips. Come! each maid longs
For thy fair presence, Goddess of true Love!

Float through the odorous air,
And, as thy light wheels roll, from us remove
Sadness and love-sick care.

VI.

Lo! we have many kinds of incense here,
To burn to thee; wine as the sunshine clear,
Fit for young Bacchos; flowers we have here, too,
Gathered by star-light, when the morning-dew
Was fresh upon them; myrtle-wreaths we bear,
To place upon thy bright, luxuriant hair,
And shade thy temples. 'Tis the proper time
For all fair beauty. Thou, who lovest the clime
Of our dear isle, where roses bud and blow
With honey in their bosoms, and a glow

Like thine own cheek, lifting their modest heads,
To be refreshed with the transparent beads
Of diamond dew, paling the young moon's rays,—
Our altars burn for thee, and on the blaze,
We pour rich incense from great golden vases.

Queen Cypria! hear our words,
And hither urge, circled with all the Graces,
Thy team of snow-winged birds!

18

No. 6.

TO APOLLŌN.

I.

Bright-haired Apollon! Thou that ever art
A blessing to the world! whose generous heart
Aye overflows with love and light and life!
Thou, at whose glance all things on earth are rife
With happiness! to whom, in early Spring,
Flowers lift their heads, whether they laughing cling
To the steep mountain's side, or in the vale
Timidly nestle! Thou, to whom the pale
Chill, weary Earth looks up, when Winter flees,
With patient gaze, and the storm-shattered trees

Put forth fresh leaves, and drink deep draughts of light,
Poured from thy brilliant orb! Thou in whose bright,
Coruscant rays, the eagle feeds his eye
With flashing fire, and far, far up on high
Screams out his haughty joy! By all the names
And the high titles that thy Godhead claims,—
Phoibos, or Clarios, golden-haired Apollo,
Cunthios, or Puthios,—cease for a time to follow
The fleeing Night, and hear
Our hymn to thee, and smilingly draw near!

II.

Most exquisite poet! Thou, whose great heart's swell
Pours itself out on mountain, lawn, and dell!
Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
And make them for the Painter's use complete;
Inspired by whom the Poet's eyes perceive
Great beauty everywhere,— in the slow heave
Of the unquiet sea, or in the roar
Of its resounding waters,— on the shore
Of pleasant streams,— in the dark, jagged rift
Of savage mountains, where the black clouds drift,
Flushed with swift lightning,— on the broad, dark brow
Of silent Night, that solemnly and slow
Walks up the sky. Oh, thou, whose influence
Tinges all things with beauty, makes each sense
Double delight, and clothes with a delicate grace
All that is young and fair; while all the base

Flits far, like darkness!— thou that art in truth
Incarnate lordliness, hear! while our youth
 With earnest yearning cry;
 Answer our hymn, and come to us, Most High!

III.

In quaint disguise, with wondrous grace and fire,
Often thou makest, on thy golden lyre,
Exquisite music, on smooth, sunny glades,
Where on the greensward dance the village maids,
Their hair adorned with wild-flowers, or a wreath
Of thine own laurel; while, reclined beneath
Some ancient oak, thou smilest at these elves,
As though thou wert all human like themselves.
Sometimes thou playest in the darkening wood,
While Fauns glide forth, in dance grotesque and rude
Flitting among the trees with awkward leap,
Like their god, Pan; and from fir-thickets deep
Come up the Satyrs, joining the mad crew,
And capering for thy pleasure. From each yew,
And beech, and oak, the wood-nymphs shyly peep,
To see the revelry; and from its sleep
The merry laughter wakes the startled wood,
And music cheers its dusk, deep solitude.

 Oh, come, and let the sound
Of thy sweet lyre eddy our isle around!

IV.

Great Seer and Prophet! Thou that teachest men
The deepest-hidden lore, and from his den
Dost pluck the Future, so that he floats by
In visible shape, apparent to the eye,
But robed with visions: thou, in whose high power
Are health and sickness: thou who oft dost shower
Great plagues on impious nations, with hot breath
Withering their souls, and raining sudden death
Like fiery mist among them; or, again,
Like the sweet breeze after a summer rain,
That thrills the earth like love, thou sendest out
Health, like a lovely child, that goes about,
With soft, white feet, among the sick and weak,
Kissing with rosy lip each poor pale cheek,
Shaking perfume from its white wings, and through
The shrivelled heart stirring the blood, anew
To fill the abandoned veins. Oh, thou, whose name
Is hymned by all, let us too dare to claim

Thy holy presence here!

Hear us, bright God, and lend a gracious ear!

V.

Hear us! Thou master of the springing bow,
Who lovest in the gloomy woods to throw
Thine arrows to the mark, like the keen flight
Of those that fill the universe with light,

From the sun's quiver shot! From whom grim bears
And lordly lions flee, timid as hares,
To hide among safe mountains! Thon, whose cry
Sonnds in the autumn-woods, where whirl and fly
The brown dry leaves,—when with his riotous train
Bacchus is on the hills, and on the plain
Full-armed Demeter; when upon the sea
The brine-gods blow their shells, and langhingly
The broad world rings with glee. Then thy clear voice
Stills into silence every trnant noise,
Pealing with utmost sweetness on the hills,
And in the echoes of the dancing rills,
Over the sea and on the sounding plain,
And eddyng air, until all voices wane
 Before its influence:
Draw near, great God, before the day goes hence!

VI.

By that most fatal day, when with a cry
Young Huakinthos fell, and his dark eye
Was dimmed with blood,—when, dying, on a bed
Of his own flowers he laid his wounded head,
Breathing great sighs; by those heart-cherished eyes
Of long-loved Hnakinthos, by the sighs
That then, oh, young Apollon, thou didst pour
On every gloomy hill and desolate shore,

Weeping away thy soul, and making dull
Thine eyes with eclipse, till the chilled earth was full
Of sad forebodings, for thy radiance dimmed;
Prayers by pale priests in many a fane were hymned
To the pale-eyed Sun; the frightened Satyrs strayed
Long in dark woods, and then to the chill glade
Came to lament that thou wast still unkind;
Artemis wept for love, and plained and pined
For light and life: by that most fearful grief,
Oh! bright Apollon, hear, and grant relief
 To us who cry to thee!
And let us, ere we die, thy glory see!

182

No. 7.

TO ARTEMIS.

I.

Most graceful Goddess! whether now thy feet
Pursue the dun deer to their deep retreat
In the heart of some old wood, or on the side
Of some high mountain; where, most eager-eyed,
Thou glidest on the chase, with bended bow,
And arrow at the string, a wondrous glow
Of exquisite beauty on thy cheek, and feet

White as the silver moon, graceful and fleet
As her soft rays,—with quiver at thy back
Rattling to all thy steppings. If some track
In far-off Thessaly thou followest up,
Brushing the dew from many a flower's full cup,
With head bent forward, harking to the bay
Of thy good hounds, while in the deep woods they,
Strong-limbed and swift, leap on with eager bounds,
And from far hills their long, deep note resounds,
Thy sweetest music: Orthia, hear our cry,
And let us worship thee, while far and high
Climbs up thy brother,—while his light falls full
Upon the earth,—for when the night-winds lull
 The world to sleep, then to the lightless sky
Delia must glide, with robes of silver dew
 And sunward eye!

II.

Perhaps thou hiest to some shady spot
Among broad trees, while frightened beasts hear not
The clamor of thy hounds; there, dropping down
Upon green grass and leaves all sere and brown,
Thou pillowest thy delicate head upon
Some gnarled and moss-robed root, where soft winds run
Riot about thee, and thy fair Nymphs point
Thy death-winged arrows, or thy hair anoint

With Lydian odors; and thy strong hounds lie
Lazily on the ground, and watch thine eye,
And watch thine arrows, while thou hast a dream.
Perhaps in some deep-bosomed, shaded stream
Thou bathest now, where even the loving Sun
Catches no glimpse of thee; where shadows on
The water's dusk collect, and make it cool,
Like the wind-chilled wide sea, or some clear pool
Deep in a cavern; hanging branches dip
Their ringlets in the stream, or slowly drip
With tear-drops of clear dew: before no eyes
But those of flitting wind-gods, each nymph hies
 Into the deep, cool, rippling stream, and there
Thou pillowest thyself upon its breast,
 Queen Cynthia, the Fair.

III.

By all thine hours of pleasure!—when thou wast
Upon tall Latmos, moveless, tranced, and lost
In boundless pleasure, ever gazing on
Thy bright-eyed youngster; when the absent Sun
Was lighting remote seas, or at mid-noon
Careering through the sky! By every tune
And voice of joy that thrilled about the chords
Of thy great heart, when on it fell his words,

In that cool, shady nook, where thou hadst brought
And placed Endumion;—where fair hands had taught
All beauty to shine forth; where thy young maids
Had brought rare shells for him, and from the glades
All starry flowers, with precious stones, and gems
Of utmost beauty, pearly diadems
Of ancient sea-gods: birds were there, that sang
And carolled ever; living waters rang
Their changes at all times, to sooth the soul
Of thy Endumion; pleasant breezes stole
With light feet through the nook, that they might kiss
His dewy lips. Ah! by those hours of bliss,
Worth a whole life in heaven, come to us, fair
And beautiful Aricia! Take us under
Thy gentle care.

1829.

No. 8.

TO ARÉS.

I.

Great War-God! mighty Ares! Hear our hymn,
Sung to thee in the wood-recesses dim
Of dusky Caria, near the Icarian wave!—
When war's red storms in lurid fury rave,
And the fierce billows of his hungry tide
Over the groaning land sweep far and wide;—

When his thick legions, clad in gleaming steel,
And bristling thick with javelins, madly reel
In desperate conflict;—when the mighty roar
Peals upward, shaking heaven's great golden floor,
Even as the tumult of the maddened sea
Shakes granite towers;—when Fear, and Agony,
And Desperation, riot, hand-in-hand,
And Fire and Famine waste the lean, lank land:—
Then thou, rejoicing, ragest through the field;
Like mountain-thunder clangs thy brazen shield;
Thy falchion, like the lightning, flashes far;
The frightened Earth, under thy sounding car,
(Whirled swiftly by thy brazen-footed steeds,
Flight and mad Terror), shuddering, quakes and shivers
 And ever, as the war's red surge recedes,
Brooks swelled with blood run downward to red rivers.

II.

Turn thy wild coursers from our lovely land!
Let not their hoofs trample our golden strand!
Shake not thy spear above our fruitful hills,
Nor turn to blood the waters of our rills!
Crush not our flowers with thy remorseless wheels,
Nor let our grain be trod with armed heels,
That the poor starve! Let not thy sister ride,
With Pestilence and Famine, by thy side;

But come with Aphrodite in thy arms
Enfolded, radiant with a thousand charms,—
Her lovely head held on thy massive chest,
Her sweet eyes soothing into placid rest
Thy fiery passions; while her doves glide through
The sparkling atmosphere. Bring with thee, too,
Thy lovely children, at their mother's side;—
Eros, whose form expands, and wings grow wide,
When his sweet brother, Anteros, is near,
The God of tenderest love, and faith sincere;—
 With fair Harmonia clinging to thy neck,
And mingling music with her glad caresses;
 While the young Charites flit round, and deck
With dew-enjewelled flowers thy loved one's golden
 tresses,

III.

Let thy harsh wheels roll through Abarimon,
Where Mount Imaus glitters in the sun,
Throned like a king, in solitary state:
Make there more rugged and more desolate
The frozen Scythian wildernesses; grind
To dust the Indian rocks, and like the wind
Drive thy fleet coursers through the Median plains,
And over Bactria's barbarous domains;
But spare the isles of our beloved Greece,
And leave them sleeping tranquilly in peace.

Here, under an old, stately, branching oak,
Thine altar sendeth to the clouds its smoke,
Whereon the wolf and hungry vulture bleed,
The mággie, and the bold and generous steed.
We bow in adoration at thy shrine,
Dark-bearded God, majestic and divine!
Our incense, burning, loads the eddying air,
And Kuthereia joins us in our prayer.

Wilt thou not listen kindly to the strain
Which now around our vine-clad hills is pealing?

For when did Beauty ever sue in vain,
Even in his sternest mood meekly to Valor kneeling?

1845

No. 9.

TO PALLAS.

I.

Hear, blue-eyed Pallas! Eagerly we call,
Entreating thee to our glad festival,
Held in the sunny morning of the year,
On this our rosy isle, to thee most dear.
Thine altar, builded by young maidens' hands,
Near the Carpathian's sparkling water stands,
Upon the slant and sunny Rhodian shore,
Gracing the green lawn's undulating floor,

Walled in with trees, which, sweeping wide around,
Rampart the precincts of the holy ground.
Myriads of roses, flushing full in bloom,
Send to far Caria surge of rich perfume,
Like the glad incense of our prayer, which floats
Up to the trembling stars. The ringing notes
Of silver flutes roll through the echoing woods,
Startling the Fauns in their shy solitudes.
A hundred boys, each fairer than a girl,
Over the greensward, clad in armor, whirl
In thy wild mystic dance. A hundred maids,
In white and gold, come from the dusky glades,—
The loveliest of our beauty-blessed isle,—
Their small white feet gleaming like stars, that smile
In the dark azure of a moonless night.
They bear thy robe of pure and stainless white,
 Sleeveless, embroidered richly with fine gold,
 Whereon thy deeds are told,
 Those, chiefly, done of old,
When, blazing in the van, thou didst the Giants fight

II.

Brain-born of Zeus! Thou who dost give to men
Knowledge and wisdom; and hast brought again
Science and art, in renovated youth,
And taught fair Greece to love and seek the truth;

Thou to whom artist and artificer,
Fearing thy potent anger to incur,
Bend down beseechingly, and pray for aid,²
In all the cunning mysteries of their trade;
Inspired by thee, young men, immersed in cells,
Drink deep of learning, at Time's ancient wells,
Forget that Beauty's starry eyes still shine,
And love Athene only, the Divine:
Old gray-haired sages pore on antique scrolls,
And feed with wisdom's oil their burning souls,
Inspired by thee, the prophet sees afar
The signs of peace, the portents of grim war;
Foretells the strange and wayward destinies
Of nations and of men, and when the skies
With genial rains will bless the husbandman,
Or vex the earth with hail. Thy favor can
The life of those well loved by thee prolong,
And make hoar Eld youthful again and strong.
Oh, come to us! while glittering with dew
Young Day still crimson the horizon's blue!
 Come, Parthenos! to thy beloved home,
 Nor longer idly roam,
 Where hungry oceans foam,
Round barbarous continents and islands new.

III.

Oh, come not to us, clad in armor bright,
Intolerable unto mortal sight,

With flashing spear, and helm of blazing gold,
Crested with griffin-guarded sphynx! nor hold
Thine aegis, blazing with Medusa's eyes,
Wreathed with live serpents! Not in warlike guise,
As when against the Giants thou didst march,
With strong tread shaking earth and the sky's great arch
Terrific in thy panoply of war,
Jove's lightning in thy right hand flashing far;
Till, struck with fear and overpowering dread,
Heaven's baffled adversaries howling fled!
Come in thy garb of peace, with kindly smile,
Breathing new beauty on thy flowery isle;
With mystic veil over thy dazzling brow,
And soft feet, whiter than the mountain-snow!
Come to us over the exulting sea,
From thy Tegaeon shrine in Arcady;
Thy sacred dragon gliding o'er the waves,
While nymphs, emerging from deep ocean-caves,
Floating like stars upon the misty spray,
Carol around thee many a pleasant lay;
And grim Poseidon, smiling at the strain,
Gives thee glad welcome to his vast domain;
 And Aiolos bears incense from the shores,
 Where the mad Ganges roars,
 And his great torrent pours
I' th' Indian sea, and all the trees rich odors rain.

IV.

Thou who the daring Argonauts didst guide
Over the stormy sea's rebellious tide;
By Lemnos and by sunny Samothrace,
(Fair isles, that sit the waves with swan-like grace,)
By Troas and the dark Symplegades;‡
And send them, with a favorable breeze,
Through the wide Euxine into Colchis; hear!
Oh, Virgin Goddess! and come smiling near,
While here we wait upon the silver sands,
And stretch imploringly our suppliant hands!
Then shall our maidens, of long summer eves,
Embowered among the overshadowing leaves,
(While, taugth of thee, their sweet task they fulfill,
Plying the distaff with a curious skill,)
Tell of the time, when, brighter than a star,
Approaching on the azure sea afar,
Thou didst our humble ceremonies bless,
And smile upon their budding loveliness,—
When new flowers sprang in every sunny vale,
New odors loaded every pleasant gale,
And whiter corn, and richer wine and oil,
Thenceforward paid the husbandman's glad toil;
And blander breezes, and serener skies
Thereafter blessed the isle. Oh, good and wise!

Oh, radiant Goddess! Shall this sacred day
Glide mournfully away,
Fading to evening gray,
And thou not deign to glad our anxious, longing eyes?

1845

No. 10.
TO HERMĒS.

I.

Hear, white-winged Messenger! If thy swift feet
Loiter within Heaven's starry walls, where meet
The Gods, their nectar daintily to sip
At indolent leisure; where thy beardless lip
Utters such eloquence, that thine old foe,
Imperial Here, doth her hate forego,
And hang entranced on thy sweet accents, while
Cypria rewards thee with inviting smile,
And wise Athene's cup stands waiting by,
Till thou hast ended;—whether, near the sky,
Among the palpitating stars thou soarest,
Or foldest thy bright pinions in some forest
That crowns an Asian mountain;—if thy wings
Fan the broad sea, where sultry Afric flings
His hot breath on the waters, by the shore
Of Araby the blest; or in the roar

Of crashing Northern ice:—oh, turn, and urge,
Thy winged course to us! Leave the rough surge,
Or icy mountain-height, or city proud,
Or haughty temple, or dim wood, down-bowed
 With weakening age,
And come to us, thou young and mighty Sage!

II.

Thou who invisably dost ever stand
Near each high orator, and hand-in-hand
With golden-robed Apollon, touch the tongue
Of the rapt poet; on whom men have hung,
Strangely enchanted, when, in dark disguise,
Thou hast descended from cloud-curtained skies,
And lifted up thy voice to teach bold men
Thy world-arousing art! Oh thou, that when
The ocean was untracked, didst teach them send
Great ships upon it! Thou, who dost extend,
In storm or calm, protection to the hopes
Of the fair merchant! Thou, that on the slopes
Of Mount Kullene first mad'st sound the lyre
And the delicious harp,—with childish fire
And magical beauty playing, in dark caves
Marvellous tunes, unlike the ruder staves
That Pan had uttered; while each wondering Nymph
Came out from tree and mountain, and the nymph

Of mountain-stream, to drink each echoing note
That over the entranced woods did float,
 With fine clear tone,
Like silver trumpets on a still lake blown.

III.

Thou matchless Artist! Thou, whose wonderous skill,
In ages past the earth's wide bounds did fill
With every usefulness! Thou, who dost teach
Quick-witted thieves the miser's gold to reach,
And rob him of his sleep for many a night,
Getting thee curses! Mischievous, mad sprite!
Young Rogue-God Hermes! always glad to cheat
All Gods and men;— with mute and noiseless feet
Going in search of mischief; now to steal
The spear of Ares, now to clog the wheel
Of young Apollon's car, that it may crawl
Most slowly upwards! Thou, whom wrestlers call,
Whether they strive upon the level green
At dewy nightfall, under the dim screen
Of ancient oaks, or at the sacred games,
In fiercer contest! Thou, whom each then names
In half-thought prayer, when the quick breath is drawn
For the last struggle! Thou, whom, on the lawn,

The victor praises, and ascribes to thee
His fresh-reaped honors! Let us ever be
 Under thy care,
And hear, oh hear, our solemn, earnest prayer.

1829.

No. 11.

TO FLORA.

I.

Hear, lovely Chloris, while we sing to thee!
Thou restest now beneath some shady tree,
Near a swift brook, upou a mossy root;
All other winds with deep delight are mute,
While Euros frolics with thy flowing hair,
A thousand odors floating on the air,
And rippling softly through the dewy green
Of the thick leaves, that murmuringly screen
Thy snowy forehead. Struggling through their mass,
The quivering sunlight snows upon the grass
In golden flakes. Round thee a thousand flowers,
Still glittering with the tears of Spring's light showers
Offer the incense of their glad perfume
To thee, who makest them to bud and bloom,
With thy kind smile and influence divine.
Thine arms around young Zephuros entwine,

And his round thee. With roses garlanded,
On his white shoulder rests thy lovely head;
 Thy deep eyes gaze in his,
Radiant with mute, unutterable bliss,
 And, happy there,
 Oh, lovely, young, enamored pair,
Your rosy lips oft meet in many a long, warm kiss!

II.

Now the young Spring rejoices, and is glad,
In her new robes of starry blossoms clad;
The happy earth smiles like an innocent bride,
That sitteth, blushing, by her husband's side;
The bird her nest with earnest patience weaves,
And sings, delighted, hidden in the leaves;
From their high homes in cavernous old trees,
The busy legions of industrious bees
Drink nectar at each flower's enamelled brim,
Breathing in murmured music their glad hymn;
The Nereids come from their deep ocean-caves,
Deserting for a time the saddened waves;
The Druads from the dusky solitudes,
Of venerable and majestic woods;
The Naiads from deep beech-embowered lakes;
The Oreads from where hoarse Thunder shakes

The iron mountains;—wandering through cool glades,
And blushing lawns, when first the darkness fades,
 Before the crimsoning morn,
And ere the young Day's sapphire tints are gone,
 In glad haste all,
 Their lovers to enwreath withal,
Gather the fresh-blown flowers, gemmed with the tears
 of Dawn.

III.

Come, gentle Queen! we spill to thee no blood;
Thine altar stands where the gray, ancient wood,
Now green with leaves, and fresh with April rains,
In stately circle sweeping round, contains,
Embowered like a hill-environed dell,
A quiet lawn, whose undulations swell
Green as the sea-waves. Near a bubbling spring,
Whose waters, sparkling downward, lightly wring
On the small pebbles—round whose grassy lip
The birds and bees its crystal waters sip—
Thine altar stands, of shrubs and flowering vines,
Where rose with lilly and carnation twines.
We burn to thee no incense. These fresh blooms,
Breathe on the air more exquisite perfumes,
Than all that press the overladen wind
That seaward floats from Araby to Ind.

No priests are here prepared for sacrifice,
But fair young girls, with mischievous, bright eyes,
 With white flowers garlanded,
 And by their young, delighted lovers led,
 With frequent kisses,
 And fond and innocent caresses,
To honor thee, the victim and the priest instead.

1845.

No. 12.

TO HUPNOS.

I.

Kind Comforter of all the weary Gods,
With drooping eyelids, head that ever nods!
Thou silent soother, that with all thy train
Of empty dreams, dim tenants of the brain,
Vague as the wind, dost sleep in thy dark cave,
At whose mouth sluggishly white poppies wave,
In the light airs that saunter by thy bed,—
Thine only throne, with darkness tenanted,
And curtains black as are the eyes of Night!—
Thou, who dost sleep, when wanes the reluctant light,
Deep in lone forests, where gray Evening hides,
Trembling at sight of the sun; and Shadow glides

Through silent tree-tops: or if, half-awake,
Thou dozeest on the margin of some lake,
Land-locked, and still as the mute, cloudless sky;
While thy quaint Dreams, wayward and wanton, fly,
With mischievous pranks, fantastic tricks, mad mirth,
About the sluggard, Earth:

Oh, come, and hear the hymn that we are chanting,—
Here, where the shivered star light through thick leaves
is slanting!

II.

Thou lover of the banks of idle streams,
Shadowed by broad old oaks, with scattered gleams
From moon and stars upon them;—of the ocean,
When its great bosom throbs with no emotion,
But the round moon hangs out her lamp, to pour
A sparkling glory on its level floor!
Thou, that reclinest on the moist, warm sands,
While winds come dancing from far southern lands,
With dreams upon their backs, and wings that reek
And drip with odors; or upon a peak
Of cloud, that, like a hill of chrysolite,
Leans on the western sky, when the bland night
Comes late in summer; or beneath the sea,
Scarce conscious of the dim monotony
Of the great waves, here murmuring like the wings
Of swarming dreams, while the huge ocean swings

His bulk above thy listless, heavy head!

(As, chained upon his bed,
A conquered Titan, with unconscious motion,—
Even so respiring swings the mute and sleeping ocean.)

III.

Thou who dost bless sad mourners with thy touch,
And make sharp Agony relax his clutch
Upon the bleeding fibres of the heart,
Pale Disappointment no more mope apart,
And Sorrow dry her tears, and cease to weep
Her life away, gaining new cheer in sleep!
Thou who dost bless the birds, at evening gray,
When, tired of singing all the summer day,
They, longing, watch to see the evening star,—
Thy herald,— on the sky's blue slope! Where are
Thy flocks of fitting dream, dear God, by whom
All noise is most abhorred? Come to this gloom,
So cool, so fresh, where nought the silence stirs,
Except the murmur of the dreaming firs!
Touch our tired eyes! Make the dusk shades more dense!
Ah! thou hast come! We feel thine influence,
Forget our hymn, and sink in sleep away;

And so, till new-born Day
Climbs high in heaven, with fire-steeds swiftly leaping,
Here we'll recline, beneath the vine-leaves calmly sleep-

ing.

1830.

LATONA.

There was a sudden stir,
Ages ago, on the Ægean Sea.
With a loud cry, as of great agony,
The blue deep parted, and the angry roar
Of a great earthquake echoed round the shore;
The tortured waters, trembling, stood aghast;
Delos emerged, and anchored firm and fast
Among the Cyclades, lay calm and still.
In one brief moment, valley, plain, and hill
Were carpeted with verdure, and great trees
Sprung to full stature, shaking in the breeze
Their limbs and leaves; and fruits, and buds, and flowers
Longed for the sunshine and the summer showers.
Pursued by Here, poor Latona had
Till then been wandering, terrified and sad,
Round the great earth, and through the weltering seas,
Praying for mercy on long-bended knees,
But still denied. Many a weary day,
Above the shaggy hills, where, groaning, lay
Enceladus and Typhon, she had roamed,
And over volcanoes where lava foamed;
And sometimes in dark forests she had hid,
Where the lithe serpent through the long grass slid,

Over gray weeds and tiger-trampled flowers;
Where the grim lion couched in tangled bowers,
And the fierce panther, proud of his dappled skin,
Startled the woods with his deep, moaning din.
All things were there to terrify the soul;—
The hedgehog that across her path did roll,
Gray eagles, fanged like pards, old vultures bald,
Fierce hawks, and restless owls, whose hoot appalled;
Red scorpions, lurking under mossy stones,
And here and there great piles of rotting bones
Of the first men who won renown in wars;
Brass heads of arrows, javalins, scimitars,
Old crescent shield, and edgeless battle-axe;
Large yellow skulls, with wide and gaping cracks,
Too old and dry for worms to harbor in,—
Only the useless spider there did spin
His treacherous web.

Then would she stop, and lay
Her weary head among dead leaves, and pray
That she might die,—and fainting thus remain,
Pulseless, till thou, O Zeus! wouldest rise, and rain
Thy light upon her eyelids. Then the tide
Of life once more through her cold heart would glide,
Her soul grow strong, and once more fit to cope
With all her fate, and many a cheerful hope
Glow in her heart; then, O King Zeus! wouldst thou
With the bright terrors of thy frowning brow,

Scare every hateful creature far away.
Then would she rise, fairer than rosy Day,
And through the tiger-peopled solitudes,
And oderous brakes, and panther-guarded woods
Journey, until she reached the curving edge
Of the blue sea; and there, on some high ledge
Of porphyritic rock, sit long, and look
Into thine eye, nor fear that from some nook
The hideous shapes that haunted her would meet
Her startled eyes.

One day she cooled her feet
On a long, narrow beach. The encroaching brine
Had marked, as with an endless serpent-spine,
The hard, smooth sand with a long line of shells,
Like those the Nereids gather, in deep cells
Of the sea, for Thetis: such they pile around
The feet of cross old Nereus, having found
That this propitiates him; such they bring
To slippery Proteus as an offering,
When they would have him tell their destiny,
And what young God their first love is to be.
And there Latona paced along the sands,
Dreaming of journeys into unknown lands,
And persecutions to be suffered yet:
And when some wave, less shy than others, wet
Her rosy feet, she tingled as when Thou
Didst first thy lips press on her blushing brow.

Still she paced on over the firm, cool sand,
And the heaped shells, and, once or twice, would stand
And let her long, bright, golden tresses float
Over the waters. Lo! the threatening note
Of the fierce, hissing Dragon strikes her ear!
Startled, she shivers with a horrid fear,
And, mad with terror and insane despair,
Flees to the sea, and seeks destruction there.
But thy great Brother met her as she fell
Into the waves, and gave her power to dwell
Beneath the waters, like a Naiad, born
Within the sound of Triton's mellow shell,
That stills the waves. Then wandered she forlorn
Through many wonders:—coral-raftered caves,
Sunk far below the roar of clamorous waves;
Sea-flowers like masses of soft golden hair
Or misty silk; great shells, and fleshless spine
Of old Behemoth; flasks of hoarded wine,
Among the timbers of old, shattered ships;
Goblets of gold, that had not touched the lips
Of men a thousand years.

At length she lay,
Despairing, down, to weep her life away
On the sea's floor, alone;—and then it was
Thy mighty voice, the Deities that awes,
Lifted to light under fair Grecian skies
That lovely Cycladean Paradise,

And placed Latona there, when fast asleep,
With parted lips, and respiration deep,
And all unconscious. When, refreshed, she woke,
She lay beneath a tall, wide-branching oak,
Majestic, king-like,—from whose depths peeped out
All those shy birds whose instinct is to doubt
And fear mankind. Doves, with soft, patient eyes,
Did earnestly artistic nests devise,
Busy as bees under the sheltering leaves;
Thrushes that love to house beneath mossed eaves;
Merles, brought from the far Azores, with their clear,
Mellow, and fluty note;—the chaffinch, dear
To the rude Thuringian, for its mazy trills;
The mountain-finch, from Shetland's rugged hills,
With its brown eyes, and neck of velvet-black;
The sweet canary, yearning to flit back
To his own isles;—the small gold-crested wren,
Uttering its hurried trill of terror, when
Aught hostile came anear its elegant nest,
And pale-brown eggs;—the skylark, with his breast
Wet with the morning dews, who never sings
Upon the ground, but whose fine music rings
High in the heavens;—the golden oriole,
That mimics the rude flourishes which roll
From braying trumpets, with his flute-like notes;
Affectionate redstarts, who, with mellow throats,

First hail the dawn;—song-throstles, bold and fond
From Smyrna and from ancient Trebizond,
That sing in lofty tree-tops, at still noon,
A musical and melancholy tune;
The happy bulfinch, with his modest song,
Low, soft, and sweet,—rose-ouzels, and a throng
Of mountain linnets from the Orkney Isles,
And warbling ortolons, from where the smiles
Of the warm sun ripen the grapes of France;
The frisking white-throat, with his antic dance,
That sings at sultry summer-noon, and chases
The small aphides through the tangled mazes
Of rose and honeysuckle;—black-caps, nesting
In the white thorn; who, while the world is resting,
At midnight, wake with full, sweet melodies,
Wild, deep, and loud, the sleep-enchanted bees;
Blue-throated robins, bred near northern seas;
And pied fly-catchers, nesting in old trees;
And, last of all, the peerless nightingale.—
Cicadas sang, hid in the velvet grass;
Bees all around did their rich store amass,
Or clung together on a swinging bow,
In tangled swarms;—above her pale, fair brow
Hung nests of callow songsters; and so nigh
That she could touch it, lay, with lively eye,

A small, gray lizard; such do notice give
When serpents glide; and in all lands they live,
Even by the good-will of the rudest hind.
Close to her feet, an antelope reclined,
Graceful, large-eyed, white as the stainless fleece
Of snow upon the topmost Pyrenees,
And cropped the young buds of the sheltering trees
From the drooping limbs. In the deep, sombre woods
No voice stirred; nor in these sweet solitudes
Did aught disturb the birds, except the hymn
Sung by the fountain, from whose grassy brim
Its liquid light, in thin, clear, sparkling jets,
Rained ever on the thirsty violets;
The hum of leaves that whispered overhead,
The brook that sang along its pebbly bed,
The water-fall deep in the forest hid,
And the slight murmur of the waves, that slid
As softly up the firm, unyielding sand,
As gentle children, clasping hand and hand,
In the sick chamber of a mother grieve,
And glide on tiptoe.—

Here, O Zerus, one eve,
When thou didst shine high in the darkling west,
And bathe Night's glossy hair and ebon breast,
And gentle eyes with brightness,—while the Earth
Sent up soft mists to thee, thy maid gave birth

To bright Apollo, and his sister fair,
The ivory-footed Huntress;—such a pair,
Tall-statured, beautiful, as now they sit
On golden thrones, where, on Olympus met,
The austere Senate of the immortal Gods
Obeys and trembles if the Thunderer nods.—
And when the radiant wings of morning stirred
The darkness in the East, Latona heard,
Faint and far off, the well-remembered hiss
Of the great dragon. Bitter agonies
Shot through her soul, and she had swiftly fled,
And tried again old Ocean's friendly bed,
Had not Apollo, young, sun-bright Apollo,
Restrained her from the dark and perilous hollow,
And asked what meant the noise.

“It is,” she said,

“The monster Python, a great dragon, bred
After the Deluge, in the stagnant mud,
And thirsting for thy mother's innocent blood,
Sent by great Here, Heaven's vindictive Queen,
To slay us all.”

Upon the dewy green
Lay ready to the hand a nervous bow
And heavy arrows, eagle-winged, which thou,
Oh, Zeus! hadst placed within Apollo's reach.
These grasping, the young God stood in the breach

Of circling trees, with eye that fiercely glanced,
Nostril expanded, lip pressed, foot advanced,
And arrow at the string; when, lo! the coil
Of the great dragon came, with sinuous toil,
And vast gyrations, crushing down the branches,
With noise as when a hungry tiger cranches
Huge bones; and then Apollo drew the bow
Full at the eye, nor ended with one blow;
Dart after dart sped from the twanging string,
All at the eye: until, a lifeless thing,
The dragon lay.—

Thus the young Sun-God slew
The scaly monster; and then dragged and threw,
(So strong he was), the carcass in the sea,
Where the great sharks feasted voraciously,
Lashing the water into bloody foam
In their fierce fights.

Latona thence could roam,
With her brave children and defenders near,
In earth, air, sea, or heaven, free of fear;
Here forgave, and Zeus the twins did set,
To guide the sun and moon, as they do yet.

☆THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and the rushes are long and lank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its mooring the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done,
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen

*While the authorship of this beautiful poem has been credited to Gen. Pike, it has also been denied that he wrote it, and he himself is said to have stated that the honor did not belong to him but to a young lady, whose name has never been mentioned, to the knowledge of the editor of this volume. The verses were republished in the *Gazette* a few years ago with this reference:

“We do not know from what paper or magazine they were taken, but the editor of one, while crediting Gen. Pike with its authorship, makes this note: ‘Long before the war the appended simple but charming verses appeared, without signature or address, in a short-lived paper at Little Rock, but it was generally understood that the author was Gen. Albert Pike.’”

And the solemn owl with the dull "too whoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantels the falling tower,
While many a blossom of loveliest hue,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the twilight wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of the rusty chain;
Like the weary march of the hand of time,
That meet and part at the noon-tide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick
And laughed as I leaned o'er its rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,

To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.
But now, as I lean o'er its crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear is a sober tone,
The hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that sped,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

☆ARIEL.

I.

I had a dream: Methought Ariel came,
And bade me follow him; and I arose:
Lighter my body seemed than subtle flame,
Or than the invisible wind that always blows
Above the clouds. So upward I did aim,
With quick flight, as the sky-lark sunward goes,—
Led by the splendour of Ariel's wing,
Whose snowy light before fled, glittering.

II.

So, floating upward through the roseate air,
And through the wide interstices of cloud,
We climbed the mist-hills, till we halted, where
The frowning peaks beneath the azure glowed;
Then gazed I all around;—no sun blazed there,
But crimson light through the pure ether flowed,
And dimmed the moon's eye and the stars' white cones,
Till they were scarce seen on their golden thrones.

*This beautiful poem is said to have been written in the prairie while the author's horse was feeding by his side.

III.

Awhile we trod along the quivering peaks
Of foaming cloud; over entangled rifts
Of purple light; through crimson-misted breaks;
And saw blue lightning crouching in white drifts,
Restless and quivering, while the broad, deep lakes
Of vapor tremble as he stirs and shifts,
Waked by the diapason of the thunder,
That swells upon the wild wind rushing under.

IV.

And moored within a labyrinthine bay
Girded by massive foam-cliffs, rough, storm-worn,
On a flat shore of leaden vapour, lay
A boat carved out of orange mist, which morn
Had hardened into crystal, many a day,
Deep in a rift in a vast glacier torn:—
We stepped on board,—we loosed her from the bank
Our thirsty sail, spread wide, the breezes drank.

V.

And swiftly then our winged bark flew on,
While I sat looking downward from the prow;
Down broad, shade-margined rivers, dark and dun,
Over smooth lakes, sea-green, with golden glow,

Flecked with broad black spots, here and there, upon
Their mirrored surface:—now we float below
Like a fleet shadow, over the vext breast
Of boundless, billowy oceans of white mist.

VI.

Then rushed we into chasms, deep, wide and black,—
By huge, bleak, stormy mountains, of the foam
And rolling masses of the thunder-rack;
Dark, quivering precipices of deep gloom,
Aeries of brooding lightning;—and did tack
In narrow inlets, through which roared the boom
Of the mad wind; wherein did Thunder dream,³
And on the far blue waves his lightnings gleam.

VII.

And then we issued to the open vast
Of cloudless air above; and while the sail
Its silver shade upon my forehead cast,—
Like lightning or swift thought, before the gale
Fled our bright barque. Strange wonders there we passed
Currents of astral light, cold, thin and pale,
Strange, voiceless birds that never sink to earth,
And troops of fairies, dancing in mad mirth.

VIII.

Then we descended, till our barque did float
Above the peak of one lone mountain; and
Ariel furled the sail, and moored our boat
Upon the margin of a narrow strand
Of undulating mist, that from remote
And dangerous seas had come, o'er many a land,—
An amaranthine effluence of ocean,
Changing forever with eternal motion.

IX.

Then, bending from the helm, Ariel gazed
With keen eyes downward through the mighty vast,
And waved his hand. The piles of mist upraised,
That on the mountain's lofty crown were massed;
And, gazing earthward, eager and amazed,
While either way the rent clouds slowly passed,
I saw a mighty palace, reared upon
The grey, scarred summit of that towering cone.

X.

Columns of gold, with emerald inwrought,
Ruby and jasper, and infoliate
With leaves of silver, intricate as thought;
Statues of gold, intercolumniate;

Great altars, fed with costly odours, bought
With toil and blood; and round the rude doors wait
Large hosts of slaves, bending the patient knee,
As though they lingered there some King to see.

XI.

“Here,” said Ariel, “liveth Tyranny,
Remorseless reveller in war and blood;
And these that humbly bend the supple knee,—
Within whose inmost heart-cells ever brood
Hatred, despair, chill fear and misery,
Peopling with terrors the sad solitude,—
These are his slaves. They bow there, night and day,
And costly homage to his altars pay.

XII.

“And now, behold! forth from his broad gates ride
His kindred fiends, the tools of his fierce ire,
Your glorious Republic to divide,
Friend against friend, the son against the sire,
And near their graves who for your freedom died,
Slay with the sword and devastate with fire:
And I have brought thee here, that thou mayest tell
Thy countrymen to shun that purple Hell.”

XIII.

Then, with a roar like thunder, open flew
The brazen gates, and all the mountain quivered,
And trembled like a child; and far off, through
The distant hills, against the grey rocks shivered,
That awful sound; and a wild voice that grew
A terror to me, surging up, delivered,
In tones that like a brazen trumpet roared,
The order for the march:—Forth came the horde!

XIV.

First came Ambition, with his discous eye,
And tiger-sprung, and hot and eager speed,
Flushed cheek, imperious glance, demeanour high;—
He in the portal striding his black steed,
Stained fetlock-deep with red blood not yet dry,
And flecked with foam, did the wild cohort lead
Down the rough mountain, heedless of the crowd
Of slaves that round the altar-steps yet bowed.

XV.

Next came red Rashness, with his restless step,
In whose large eyes glowed the fierce fire that boiled
In his broad chest. Large gouts of blood did drip
From his drawn sword; the trembling slaves recoiled:

Scorn and fierce passion curled his writhing lip;

His dress was torn with furious haste, and soiled;—
So, springing on his reeking steed, he shook
The reins, and downward his swift journey took.

XVI.

Then came dark Disappointment, with the foam

Of rage upon his lips, sad step and slow,
Stern, wrinkled brow, clenched teeth, and heavy gloom,
Like a shadow on his eyes,— in these a glow
Like that of baleful stars within a tomb;

His tangled locks left in the wind to blow;
And so did he forth from the palace stride,
And stalk away down the steep mountain-side.

XVII.

Next followed Envy, with deep-sunken eye,

Glaring upon his mates. He beat his breast
And gnashed his teeth, with many a bitter sigh;
For in his heart, deep in its core, a nest
Of fiery scorpions gnawed, that never die,

Writhing and stinging ever;—on he pressed,
Mounted upon a pale and hound-eyed steed,
And down the mountain, snarling, did proceed.



STATUE OF GEN. ALBERT PIKE.
Erected in Washington, D. C.,
in 1899.

XVIII.

And then old Avarice, tottering out, appeared,
With wrinkled front and gray and matted hair,
And elfish eyes, blue-circled, small and bleared:
He slowly walked, with cautious, prying air,
Working his lips under his filthy beard,
Peering upon the ground with searching eye,
Clutching a purse with yellow, wasted hand,—
And so he followed the descending band.

XIX.

Then came Corruption, with his serpent-tongue,
Quick, hurried gait, and eye astute, yet bold;
And while, amid the crouching, base, bowed throng
Of suppliant slaves, he did his quick way hold,
He loudly hurried Avarice along,
Who crawled before him with his bag of gold;
Bestriding then his rich-apparelled steed,
He followed swiftly where his mates did lead.

XX.

Next, dark Fanaticism, his haggard face
Flushing with holy anger, down the track
Went, loud bewailing that the good old days
Of fire and faggot had not yet come back,

When Error was a crime, and to the ways
Of Truth men were persuaded by the rack;—
On either side, a little in advance,
Bigotry rode, and harsh Intolerance.

XXI.

Hypocrisy came next, prim, starched and staid,
With folded hands and upturned pious eyes,
As though God's law he punctually obeyed;
His sordid greed seeks its base end by lies;
He lusts for every ripe, voluptuous maid,
Then wrings his hands, and prays, and loudly cries
"Owner of men! stand off, afar, while I,
"Holier than thou art, piously pass by!"

XXII.

And next came Treason, with his blood-stained hand
Deep, black, fierce eye, and bold, unquailing air;
While even as he passed his hot breath fanned
The grovelling slaves into rebellion there:
His armour clashed, and his broad battle-brand
Did in the purple sheen like lightning glare;
And so his fiery courser he bestrode,
The echo of whose hoofs roared down the road.

XXIII.

Last came King Anarchy. His cold eyes flashed
With red fire blazing up from Hell's abyss;
His large white wolf-teeth angrily he gnashed,
His blue lips parted like a tigress's:
His dusky destrier was with foam besplashed,
And fiery serpents did around him hiss,
Writhing amid his war-steed's misty mane,
Whose hoofs the young grass scorched like fiery rain.

XXIV.

As he rode down, there mustered in the rear
A hideous flock, some few in human form,
Some shapeless. Here came, crouching by, pale Fear,
Revenge and Wrath, and Rapine, a base swarm;
And Cruelty and Murder, and their peer,
Red Persecution, pouring a hot storm
Of fire and blood from his relentless hand;—
All these are under Anarchy's command.

XXV.

When the horde passed below the mountain's brow,
With clashing hoof, mad turmoil and loud din,
Within the hall there rose a wild halloo,
As though a thousand fiends rejoiced therein;—

The upper air vibrated it unto,
The currents trembled of its crimson sheen;
The lightning-lofts were shaken; and our boat
Rocked on the strand where the harsh echo smote.

XXVI.

Then did Ariel lift the snowy sail,
Of our ethereal barque. The helm he took,
And up behind us sprang a gentle gale,
Murmuring astern, like a sweet summer-brook,
That broad-leaved water-plants from daylight veil;—
And, while the sail a snowy brightness shook
Upon the prow, I lay and watched the boat,
Steered by Ariel, on its voyage float.

XXVII.

Then, passing swiftly, with a favoring gale,
Round the grey forehead of the storm-scarred hill
We did descend. Near us the moonlight pale
Slept in thick masses, soberly and still,
In the deep nooks of many a purple vale,
Of frosted mist; and down a ringing rill
Of sunlight, flowing past a lofty bank
Of amber cloud, toward the green earth we sank.

XXVIII.

And then we passed by mountain-nourished rivers,
Vexed to white foam by rocks their sides that galled;
Near hoary crags, by lightning split to shivers,
Peopled by nervous eagles, grey and bald;
Forests wherein the wind-wave always quivers,
Shaking their deep hearts green as emerald;
Lakes that, like woman's bosom, panting swell,
Robed with the living foam of asphodel.

XXIX.

Within the shadow of old crumbling columns,
Along these lakes we sailed, and saw beneath
Great water-snakes rolling their scaly volumes
Among the water-vines that there did wreathe;—
Through chasms of purple gloom, with rivers solemn
Moaning between their jagged, rocky teeth;—
And then again above the earth we lifted,
And lowered the sail, and helmlessly there drifted.

XXX.

Below us, stretching from the broad green sea
Into wide prairies, did a fair land lie,
Studded with lakes as still as porphyry
And blue hills sleeping in the bluer sky,

From whose white cones' serene sublimity
The snowy lightning dazzled the sun's eye;
The amethystine rivers thence rolled down
To fling their foam on Ocean's hoary crown.

XXXI.

Great cities, queen-like, stood upon his shore,
And on the banks of those majestic rivers,
And near broad lakes, where at the awful roar
Of one great cataract the stunned earth shivers:
Ships went and came in squadrons, flocking o'er
That Ocean which the Old and New World severs
Shading the bays and rivers with their sails,
Their starred flags laughing at propitious gales.

XXXII.

Broad fields spread inland, robed in green and gold,
And waving with a mighty wealth of grain,
From where the bear snarled at the Arctic cold,
To the Mexique Gulf, and the Pacific Main;—
Far South, in snowy undulations, rolled,
With their white harvests many a treeless plain;
And where the Sierra westwardly inclines,
Gleamed a new Ophir, with its glittering mines.

XXXIII.

The Throne of Liberty stood in that land,
Its guards the Law and Constitution; these,
These and no other held supreme command,
And everywhere, through all the land, was peace.
Grim Despotism fast in his iron hand
Held all men's rights in the ancient Monarchies;
But Freedom reigned here undisturbed and calm,
Holding an eagle on her snowy palm.

XXXIV.

Then, as I gazed, it seemed men's hearts became
Transparent to me as the crimsoned air,
Or as the thin sheet of a subtle flame;
And I could see the passions working there
Like restless serpents; how they went and came,
And writhed or slept within their fiery lair;
So that I saw the cause of each vibration
That shook the heart-strings of that youthful nation

XXXV.

I watched the souls of all that people, when
That train of fiends did thitherward repair;
I saw old creeping Avarice crouch therein,
Like a caged panther; and his grizzled hair

Choked up the springs of Virtue, so that men
Were proud the Devil's livery to wear,
And did begin to count and calculate
That Union's value which had made them great.

XXXVI.

I saw red Rashness and Ambition urge
Men to ill deeds for office; with a wing
Like the free eagle's, lo! they swift emerge
From the dens and caves of earth, and upward spring,
With daring flight; but like the baffled surge,
That doth against a rock its masses fling,
They are repelled; some great, calm, kingly eye
Withers their plumes; a little while they fly,

XXXVII.

And then, still striving with their shrivelled wings,
Drop on the earth, and in each cankered soul
Pale Disappointment crouches, Envy clings,
Rage, Hate, Despair at the sweet sunlight scowl,
Revenge and fiery Anger dart their stings
Into themselves, and with the sharp pain howl;
Then forth these patriots go, a motley brood,
And preach sedition to the multitude.

XXXVIII.

Then Faction and the Lust for office shook
Their filthy wings over the whole land, lighting
On hill and plain, by river, lake and brook
The fires of discord, and new hates exciting;
And lean Corruption sneaked in every nook,
With Avarice's hoards to crime inviting;
Till men no longer saw that glittering Star,
The Constitution, shining from afar.

XXXIX.

Fanaticism preached a new crusade,
And Bigotry damned slavery as a crime;
Intolerance, braudishing his murderous blade,
Denounced the Southron in bad prose and rhyme;
The Pulpit preached rebellion; men, dismayed,
Saw the red portents of a bloody time
Burn ominous upon the Northern sky,
And sword-like comets, threatening, blaze on high.

XL.

Treason, without disguise, all clad in mail,
Stalked boldly over the distracted land:
Cries of Disunion swelled on every gale;
The Ship of State drew near the rocky strand,

With rent sails, through the lightning and the hail;
Her mariners a reckless, drunken band;
And Freedom, shuddering, closed her eyes, and left
Their vessel on the weltering seas to drift.

XLII.

Then Anarchy turned loose his maddened steed,
Whose iron hoofs went clanging through the land,
Filling men's hearts with fear and shapeless dread;
Then leaped on board, and with audacious hand,
Grasped he the helm, and turned the vessel's head
Toward unknown seas, and, at his fierce command,
Through the red foam and howling waves, the dark,
Ill-visaged mariners to ruin sailed the barque.

XLIII.

I shuddered for a time, and looked again,
Watching the day of that eventful dawn;
Wild War had broken his adamant chain,
Bestrid the steed of Anarchy, and drawn
His bloody scimiter; a fiery rain
Of blood poured on the land, and scorched the corn
Wild shouts, mad cries, and frequent trumpets rang,
And iron hoofs thundered with constant clang.

XLIII.

I saw and heard no more, for I did faint,
And would have fallen to the earth, had not
Ariel stooped and caught me as I went.
He raised the sail, and left that fearful spot;
And while into the soft, cool air I leant,
Drinking the wind that followed the swift boat,
He said to me, with gentle voice and clear,
Ringing like tones æolian in my ear:

XLIV.

“Thou has not seen the woes that are to come,
The long, dark days, that lengthen into years,
The reign of rapine, when the laws are dumb,
The bloody fields, the hearth-stones wet with tears
The starving children, wrangling for a crumb,
The cries of ravished maidens, that God hears,
And does not heed, the blackened walls that stand
Amid the graves, through all the wasted land.

XLV.

“Go, tell your misled people the sad fate,
The bitter woes and sharp calamities,
That in the swiftly-coming Future wait;
The fruit of Faction’s sordid villainies,

Of discord and dissension, greed and hate,
And all that in man base and brutal is;
Unless they guard, with sleepless vigilance,
Their liberties against such dire mischance.”

XLVI.

He said no more; meanwhile we kept along
The elemental greenness of the ocean,
Whose great breast throbbed and trembled with the strong
Stern pulses of its vibratory motion;
Across still bays, mid many a tangled throng
Of misty isles, sleeping like sweet devotion
In woman's heart, bordered with low white shores,
Running off inland with green level floors.

XLVII.

We saw grey water-plants that fanned the deep,
With golden hair, far down beneath the boat;
Caverns, shell-paven, where the Naiads sleep;
Clouds of thick light through the great Vast that float;
Great emerald-rifts, wherein the ripples keep
A constant murmur of æolie notes;
Broad beds of coral, rosy as the Dawn,
The radiant sea-flowers thick on many a lawn.

XLVIII.

And then we left the boat, and quick descended,
Through the clear air, as we had first arisen,
Unto my home, wherein I found extended
That which again became my sad soul's prison;
Then with a brief adieu he upward wended,
While far behind long lines of light did glisten;
Leaving me meditating on my dream,
Which still like deep and dark reality doth seem.

ODE TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide:
No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations: They have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing,
Over me, too, perhaps, as thy notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods; and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody, like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll
Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become,
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the songs of happy birds;
For the first vision that my boy-heart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed, when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with Nature!—but it may not be:
I have to struggle with the stormy sea

Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-chequered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet, why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard:
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me, within my humble home;
There is an eye; with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

1834.

AN EVENING CONVERSATION.

One day last Spring,—one sunny afternoon,—
Lapt in contented indolence, I lay
Within a pillared circle of old trees;
Deep-bedded in the smooth luxurious sward,
That, fed by dropping dew and faithful shade,
Grew green and thick under the stout, strong oaks
Around me the broad trees kept watch and ward,
Swinging their foreheads slowly in the air,—
Green islets in an eddying overflow
Of amber light. Among the emerald leaves
The broken waves from that enfolding sea
Struggled to reach the young birds in their nests,
As truth strives earnestly to reach the heart,
Often repulsed, yet still endeavouring.
One strip of light lay on the level grass,
Like a thin drift of pearl-snow, tinged with rose.
There I had lain since noon, stretched out at ease,
Reading, by turns, in this and that old book,
Fuller, Montaigne, and good Sir Thomas Browne,
Feltham and Herbert. Mingling with the light,
As in a song mingle two girls' sweet voices,
The song of many a mad bird floated up,
Dazzling my ears, to the high empyrean.
Breaking upon the blue sky's western beach,

Flung upward from the throbbing sea below,
The waves of light and cloud foamed up in spray,
Stained by the sun with all his richest colours,
Sapphire and sardonyx: floating forth, perfumes
From rose and jasmine wandered wide abroad,
Into the meadow, and along the creek,
That dances joyfully along its bed
Of silver sand and pebbles, through the glade.
And like a child, frightened at sudden dusk,
Stops, still as death, under yon dark gray crag,
Of thunder-scarred and overhanging rock,
Where in deep holes lurks the suspicious trout.
The locust-trees, with honey-dropping blooms,
Tempted the bees, that, darting to and fro,
Grew rich apace with their abundant spoil:
And the magnolia, with its sweet perfume,
Within large circle loaded all the air.
My children played around me on the grass,—
Sad rogues, that interrupted much my thought,
And did perplex my reading,—one in chief,
A little chattering girl with bright brown eyes,
Scarcely taught to speak distinctly, but my pet,
As she well knew, and of it took advantage.
While there I lay, reading in idle mood,
I heard a step along the shaded walk,
Where the clematis and the climbing rose,
The honeysuckle and the jasmine turned

Their bright eyes to the sun,—an emerald arch,
With golden flowers embroidered. Looking up,
I saw approaching, with his kindly smile,
And outstretched hand, the dearest of my friends,
Who played with me in childhood on the sands,
And on the sounding rocks that fringed the sea,
And on the green banks of the Merrimac;
Grew up with me to manhood, with me left
Our ancient home, and many a weary month,
Fast by my side, still toiled and travelled on,
Through desert, forest, danger, over mountains,
Amid wild storms, deep snows,—bore much fatigue,
Hunger and thirst, bravely and like a man.—
After warm welcome kindly interchanged,
Idly we stretched ourselves upon the sward,
And lightly talked of half a hundred things,
Each with a little head upon his arm,
Whose bright eyes looked as gravely into ours,
As though they understood our large discourse:
Until at length it chanced that Luther said,
Responding to some self-congratulation
That bubbled from the fountain of my heart,
At thinking of my humble, happy life:—

“We are all mariners on this sea of life;
And they who climb above us up the shrouds,
Have only, in their over-topping place,
Gained a more dangerous station, and foothold

More insecure. The wind, that passeth over,
And harmeth not the humble crew below,
Whistleth amid the shrouds, and shaketh down
These overweening climbers of the ocean,
Into the seething waters of the sea.
The humble traveller securely walks
Along green valleys, walled with rocky crags,
Deep-buried vales, in Alps or Apennine,
By Titans sentinelled, yet rich with flowers,
And gushing with cool springs;— a cloudless sun
Lighting his pathway;— while the venturesome fool,
Who climbed the neighboring mountain, sees, aghast
The purple drifts of thunder-shaken cloud
Roll foaming over the blue icy crags,
On which his feet slip,— feels the heavy spray
Dash, roaring like a sea, against his side,
And bitterly repents he climbed so high.
Sharp lightning flashes through the billowy dusk
Of the mad tempest. Through the lonely pines,
Far down below him, howls the exulting wind,—
The thunder crashes round his dizzy head,—
And smitten by the earthquake's mailed hand
The jut whereon he stands gives way, like Power,
And down a thousand fathoms headlong falls
The ambitious climber, a bruised, bloody mass,
Before the peaceful traveller below.
Better a quiet life amid our books,

Than, like mad swimmers in a stormy ocean,
To breast the roar and tumult of the world.”

“ I think so, too: and I am well content
To lead a peaceful, quiet, humble life,
Among my children and my patient books.
Disgrace and danger, like two hungry hounds,
Run ever on the track of those who do
Good service to their country, or achieve
Distinction and a name above their fellows.
And slander is an ever-current coin,
Easy of utterance as pure gold, deep-stamped
With the king’s image, in the mint of Truth.
What service to his country can one do,
In the wild warfare of the present age?
To gain success, the masses must be swayed;—
To sway the masses, one must be well skilled
And dexterous with the weapons of the trade.
Who fights the gladiator without skill,
Fights without arms. Why! he must lie and cheat
By fair pretences, double and turn at will,
Profess whatever doctrine suits the time,
Juggle and trick with words, in everything
Be a base counterfeit, and fawn and crouch
Upon the level of the baser sort.
I love the truth, because it is the Truth,
And care not whether it be profitable,
Or if the common palate relish it.

Of all things most I hate the Plausible:
An open knave's an open enemy;
But sleek Pretence with the stiletto stabs,
At dusky corners, of a starless night.
The True and Popular are deadly foes,
Ever at dagger's point, in endless feud.
If one could serve his country by success,
Or strengthen her defences, he might well
Endure abuse and bitter contumely,
Slander and persecution; but to fling
One's self down headlong from the vessel's prow
Into the angry chasms of the deep,
Without a hope to stay the ship's mad course,
Is the profoundest folly of the time.—
Behold how nobly sets the Imperial Sun!
The golden glories of his mellow rays
On the green meadow-level fall aslant;
On either side, the crests of snowy cloud,
With crimson inter-penetrated, shrink
And yield him room: no dusky bar obscures
The broad magnificence of his wide eye;
Though farther south, dark as a cataract
Of thundering waters, a great cloud lets down
Its curtain to the blue horizon's edge;
While, here and there, a wing of snowy foam,
Upon its front, glints like the shining sail
Of some aerial shallop, fleeing swift

Along the surface of the tranquil deep.—
Will truth at any time shine broadly forth,
Even as the sun shines, with no cloud of Error
To intercept a single glorious ray?"

“Truth is omnipotent, and will prevail;
And Public Justice certain.”

“Aye, my friend!

A great man said so. 'T is a noble thought,
Nobly expressed; itself a creed complete.
But in what sense is Truth omnipotent,
And at what time is Public Justice certain?—
Truth will avenge herself, for every wrong,
And for all treason to her majesty,
Upon the nation or the individual,
That doth the wrong, by those grave consequences,
Which do, from falsehood or in deed or word,
By law inflexible result. The cause
Why nations do so often topple down,
Like avalanches, from their eminence,
Why men do slink into disastrous graves,
In the stern sentence hath been well expressed;
'Ye would not know the truth or follow it.'
Truth has the power to vindicate itself;
But to convince all men that 't is the truth,
Is far beyond its reach: and public virtue
And public service eminent, are paid,
In life, by obloquy and contumely,

But, after death, by large obsequies,
And monuments and mausolea. Thus
Is public justice certain. We regard
With slight observance and a careless glance,
The Sun that now has closed his radiant eye,
Below the dim horizon's dusky verge,
So long as we behold him in the heavens,
And know that God's Omnipotence compels
His due return. We give no earnest thanks
Of heartfelt gratitude for this great gift
Of light, the largest blessing of them all.—
Lo! he has sunk beneath the glassy sea
Of the broad prairie, whose great emerald lid
Shuts slowly over him. If never more
That glorious orb should rise to light the earth,
Men, staggering blindly through unnatural night,
Would understand the blessing they had lost,
And public justice would be done the Sun."

“After a long, dark night, a starless night,
In which the thin moon early struggled down
To where the sky and desert met together,
Plunging with hard endeavor through the surf
And spray that gloomed along the tortured heaven
After a long, dark night of storm and sleet,
The daylight comes with slow and feeble steps.
How imperceptibly the Dawn begins,
After the storm has sobbed itself asleep,

To shine upon the eyelids of the East.
By slow degrees the distant snowy crests
Of the great mountains, where, for age on age,
Tempests have vainly thundered, are discerned
Upheaving their dim heads among the clouds.
The straining eye then makes the contour out
Of the near forests. Then a rosy mist
Spreads like a blush upon the purple clouds
Becoming by degrees a crimson light;
Until, at last, after a weary watch,
Kept by cold voyagers on disastrous seas,
Or storm-vexed travellers on wide desert plains,
The broad sun rushes through the eddying mist,
Flinging it off, as from a frigate's prow
Flash back the sparkling waves. The wakened world
Gladdened with light, rejoices in her strength,
And men adore the imperial Sun.
So shall it be with Truth. Long Ages are
The minutes of her twilight. The white sails
Of the Dawn's boat are crimsoned by her light,
Where it lies rocking near the eastern strand,
Waiting a pilot to assume the helm,
And steer it round the circle of the sky;
For Truth below the horizon lingers yet.
But after you and I are dead and cold,
Our bones all mouldered to a little dust,

Our monuments all crumbled into clay,
She, like the sun, shall rise and light the world,
Never to set. The humblest man has power
To accelerate her coming; and the words
We speak or write, in that effect shall live
Long after we are gathered to the dead.
Thought shakes the world, as the strong earthquake's tread
Shakes the old mountains and the impatient sea.
Each written word, teaching the humblest truth,
No matter in what homely garb arrayed,
Is one of those uncounted myriad drops
That make the stream of Thought, which first sprung forth
A slender, feeble rill, when all the earth
Was dark as midnight, from the inmost caves
And deep recesses of the human mind,
Where it was born. Think you one drop is lost
Of all by which that stream has grown so great?—
No longer trickling over the gray rocks,
Or foaming over precipice and crag,
It rolls along, a broad, deep, tranquil stream,
Resistless in calm energy and strength,
Through the wide plains,—and feels the giant pulse,
(So near it is to universal power),
Of Ocean throbbing in its great blue heart.
Let us work on!—for surely it is true
That none work faithfully without result.

What if we do not the result perceive?
God sees it; it is present now, to Him:
So that we know our labour is not lost.”

“ Content you friend! I shall not cease to work.
I am the harnessed champion of Truth,
Cuirassed and greaved, sworn to her glorious cause,
With Beauty’s favor glittering in my helm.
But henceforth I shall labour in the peace
And quietness of my beloved home.
No good is wrought by mingling in the fray
Of party-war. Under these kingly trees,
Encouraged by my children’s loving eyes,
Soothed to serene and self-possessed content,
By all the sights and sounds that bless me here,
Will I work ever in her noble cause.
The words of Truth should flow upon the ears
Of the unwilling world, until it heeds:
Even as the crystal waters of our spring,
That, night and day, all seasons of the year,
Indifferent to censure or to praise,
Seen and unseen, singing their quiet tune,
Leap joyfully over its grassy brim,
Starred with bright flowers; rain on the thankful sward
Where now the almond drops its rosy gems,
And the syringa trails its drooping twigs,
Fringed thickly with its small and snowy blooms;
And murmuring their gratitude to God,

Flow onward, seeking patiently the sea;
Not other now, than when, for many an age,
Primæval forests hid it from all sight,
Save the fond stars; no lip bent down to drink;
And since creation's morning, not an eye
Of man had seen it. 'T is a pregnant lesson."

"I see its waters gleaming in the light
Of the young moon, and hear the slender sound
Of the stirred pebbles in its narrow bed.
If men would do their duty, like the springs,
Committing the result and their reward
To God, who loveth all, the golden age,
That most delicious fable of old rhyme,
Would come indeed."

"I, for my single self,
Shall still live on in this, the peaceful calm
And golden ease of my dear humble home:
As in the sheltered harbor of some isle,
Enclosed by southern seas, the storm-worn ship
Escaped the waves, old ocean's hungry hounds,
That cry and chafe without, furls all her sails,
And sleeps within the shadow of the trees,
Rocked by the undulations caused by storm,
That vexes all the ocean round the isle.
Here will I make myself a golden age,
Here live content, and happier than a king.

Nor bird that swings and sleeps in his small nest,
Nor bee that revels in the jasmine-blooms,
Nor humming-bird, that robs the honeysuckle,
Nor cricket, nested under the warm hearth,
Shall sing or work more cheerfully than I.”
With this, the moon, opening one azure lid,
Had sometime poured her light upon the birds,
Among the green leaves of the ancient oaks;
The drops rained thick upon the bright green grass,
From the spring’s brim, like a swift silver hail;
The meadow seemed a wide, clear, level lake
Of molten silver, by her alchemy;
The shoulders of the northern mountains glittered
With a new glory, and one splintered peak
Shot up in bold relief against the sky,
With one large star resting upon his crown,
A beacon-light on a Titanic tower.
Around that peak, to north and east stretched out
The line of dusky forest, far away,
Bounding the prairie like a rampart there,
With curtain, bastion, scarp and counterscarp.
The thick stars smiled upon the laughing earth,
As bright and cheerful as a young child’s eyes.
The thin leaves, shaken by the southern wind,
Murmured in night’s pleased ear. The light dew fell
On bud and flower; and, wakened by the moon,

The locust and the katydid sang loud
And shrill within the shadows of the trees.
While in the thorn-tree, growing near the spring,
Hid in the drifted snow of its white blooms,
The merry mimic of our southern woods
Poured out large waves of gushing melody,
That overflowed the meadow many a rood,
And undulated through the pillared trees.
Our little audience, fallen fast asleep,
Reminded us of home. So we arose,
And slowly walking to the house, there sat
Near the large windows, where the moon shone in
Upon the carpets, and the Spring's warm breath,
Sweet as a girl's, came heavy with perfume;
And, with a bottle of bright, sparkling wine,
From sunny France, and fitful conversation,
Sustained awhile, then dying into silence,
Prolonged our sitting far into the night.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Our shallop, long with tempest tried,
Floats calmly down life's tranquil tide;
Blue skies are laughing overhead,
The river sparkles in its bed;
The sunbeams from the waters glancing,
On the white canvas flashing glisten;
The small waves round our vessel dancing,
Melt and dissolve in silver foam,
And we, in our frail home,
To the charmed water-music listen.

We and our little children float,
Dreaming, in this enchanted boat:
A gentle and propitious gale,
Follows, and fills the snowy sail,
From spicy Southern wildernesses,
And thickets of acacia blowing,—
Where dewy morning's golden tresses,
Shine through the darkling purple gloom
And, loaded with perfume,
The sea of air is overflowing.

Great trees their branches overhead
Thrust forth, with flowers thick-garlanded;

And while our little bark we steer
Through the bright rosy atmosphere,
 The thick leaves murmuringly quiver;
The golden sunlight, floating, flashes
 On green isles jewelling the river,
 On whose smooth, silver-sanded shore,
 Foaming up evermore,
The current musically plashes.

But westward a dark, frowning cloud
Veils the bright river, like a shroud;
Where, wandering under unknown skies,
 Its course is hidden from our eyes.
 We only know that onward ever,
Lapsing with fluctuating motion,
 The mighty and majestic river,
 To where the sunset glories fade,
 Through changiug light and shade
Runs to Eternity's broad ocean.

Between what bleak and desert shores,
Down what harsh cataracts it pours,
Over what rocks and treacherous shoals,
The fretted river hoarsely rolls,
 We know not: We are in God's keeping:
He loves and will protect us ever.

Now, while our little ones are sleeping,
Kneel we in earnest prayer to Him
To guide us through the dim
And unknown perils of Life's river.

1845.

SPRING.

O, thou delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
 Raining from clouds exhaled from dews that cling
To odorous beds of rare and fragrant flowers,
 And honeysuckle bowers,
That over grassy walks their tendrils fling:
 Come, gentle spring!

Thou lover of soft winds!
That wander from the invisible upper sea
 Whose foam the clouds are, when young May unbinds
Her dewey hair, and with sweet sympathy
 Makes crisp leaves dance with glee,
Even in the teeth of that old sober hind,
 Winter unkind.

Come to us! for thou art
Like the pure love of children, gentle Spring,
 Filling with delicate pleasure the lone heart;
Or like a modest virgin's welcoming;
 And thou dost bring
Fair skies, soft breezes, bees upon the wing,
 Low murmuring.

Red Autumn, from the South,
Contends with thee. What beauty can he show?
What are his purple-stained and rosy mouth,
And nut-brown cheeks, to thy soft feet of snow,
And exquisite fresh glow,
Thy timid flowers, in their sweet virgin growth
And modest youth?

Hale Summer follows thee,
But not with beauty delicate as thine;—
All things that live rejoice thy face to see;
But when he comes, they pant for heat, and pine
For Arctic ice, and wine
Thick-frozen, sipped under a shady tree,—
With dreams of thee.

Come, sit upon our hills,
Wake the chilled brooks, and send them down their side
To make the valleys smile with sparkling rills;
And when the stars into their places glide,
And Dian sits in pride,
I, too, will breathe thine influence that thrills
The grassy hills.

Alas! sweet Spring!—not long
Wilt thou remain, lament thee as we may;
For as rude Summer waxes stout and strong,
Thou wilt grow thin and pale, and fade away

As dreams flit, scared at day;
Thou wilt no more to us or earth belong,
Except in song.

So I, who sing, shall die,
Worn thin and pale, perhaps, by care and sorrow
And, fainting, with a soft, unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body that I borrow,
A long good-by,—to-morrow
To enjoy, I hope, eternal Spring on high,
Beyond the sky.

AULD LANG SYNE.

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

“And never brought to min’?”

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

“And Auld Lang Syne?”

“For Auld Lang Syne, my Jo!

“For Auld Lang Syne;

“We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet

“For Auld Lang Syne.”

“An’ surely ye’ll your glasses fill,

“An’ surely I’ll fill mine,

“An’ we’ll tak’ a right gude willy-wought

“For Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

’Tis mony a year sin’ first we met,

Wi’ song an’ jest an’ wine,

And aft we saw the day-star rise

In Auld Lang Syne,

For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

We a' hae had our ups an' doons,
Great sorrows, joys divine;
And some hae won, and some hae lost,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some hae foemen been, and charged
In column and in line,
Each fighting for his flag and faith,
And Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And they who lost, nae malice bear,
Nor murmur nor repine;
And they who won, the losers luvè,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some hae seen the simmer sun
On mony a broad land shine,
And wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

The laurel and the cypress on
Some grassy graves entwine,
Where those are laid who lo'ed us weel
In Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some we luvè, in foreign lands
 To see their ain land pine,
And backward look, wi' fond regret,
 To Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

We a' hae had our luvè and hates —
 The hates we a' resign,
But keep the luvè a' fresh and green,
 For Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

“ An' there's a han', each trusty frien',
 “ And gi'e's a han' o' thine!
“ An' we'll tak' a right gude-willy wought,
 “ For Auld Lang Syne.
 “ For Auld Lang Syne, etc.”

An' when we shut the book o' life,
 An' a' of earth resign,
The memories shall, if sad, be sweet,
 Of Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, etc

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

The Ancient Wrong rules many a land, whose groans
Rise swarming to the stars by day and night,
Thronging with mournful clamour round the thrones
Where the Archangels sit in God's great light,
And, pitying, mourn to see that Wrong still reigns,
And tortured Nations writhe in galling chains.

From Hungary and France fierce cries go up
And beat against the portals of the skies;
Lashed Italy still drinks the bitter cup,
And Germany in abject stupor lies;
The knout on Poland's bloody shoulders rings,
And Time is all one jubilee of kings.

It will not be so always. Through the night
The suffering multitudes with joy descry
Beyond the ocean a great beacon-light,
Flashing its rays into their starless sky,
And teaching them to struggle and be free,—
The light of Order, Law, and Liberty.

Take heart, ye bleeding Nations; and your chains
Shall shiver like thin glass. The dawn is near,

When Earth shall feel, through all her aged veins
The new blood pouring; and her drowsy ear
Hear Freedom's trumpet ringing in the sky,
Calling her braves to conquer or to die.

Arm and revolt, and let the hunted stags
Against the lordly lions stand at bay!—
Each pass, Thermopylæ, and all the crags,
Young Freedom's fortresses!—and soon the day
Shall come when Right shall rule, and round the thrones
That gird God's feet shall eddy no more groans.

1853.

NIGHT ON THE ARKANSA.^{*}

Night comes upon the Arkansa with swift stride,—
Its dark and turbid waters roll along,
Bearing wrecked trees and drift,—deep, red, and wide.
The heavy forests sleeps on either side,
To the water's edge low-stooping; and among
The patient stars the moon her lamp has hung,
Lit with the spirit of the buried sun.
No blue waves dance the stream's dark bosom on,
Glittering like beauty's sparkling starry tears;
No crest of foam, crowning the river dun,
Its misty ridge of frozen light uprears:
One sole relief in the great void appears—
A dark, blue ridge, set sharp against the sky,
Beyond the forest's utmost boundary.

Not so wast thou, O, brave old Merrimac!
As I remember thee; as thou art seen
By the Soul's eyes, when, dreaming, I go back
To my old home, and see the small boats tack
On thy blue waters, gliding swift between
The old gray rocks that o'er them fondly lean,
Their foreheads scarred with lightning. There, around

^{*}The author spelled Arkansas without the final "s," as it appears here, in his privately printed volume of poems, and it seems to have been the customary spelling then.

Grim capes the surly waterswhirl and bound;
And here and there grave patriarchal trees
Persuade the grass to clothe the reluctant ground
And frowning banks with green. Still villages
Sleep in the embraces of the cool sea-breeze:—
Ah, brave old stream!—thou seemest to infold
My heart within thy waters, as of old.

MY NATIVE LAND, MY TENNESSEE

[WRITTEN FOR MRS. WASHINGTON BARROW.]

The Sunset flings upon the Sea
Its golden gush of life and light;
The waves with pleasant melody
On the white sands are sparkling bright;
Old Ocean, round his many isles,
Like a fair infant sleeping smiles;—
So would I sleep, and dream of thee,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Tall mountains with their snowy cones,
Far inland, bathed in sunshine, blaze;
Like gray-haired giants on their thrones,
Crowned with the young dawn's golden rays.
Toward them I lean, and fain would lie
Guarded by those that pierce thy sky,
Thou dearest land on earth to me,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Landward and swift the sea-bird flies,
Dipping his strong and nervous wings
In the blue waves, as home he hies,
A truant from his wanderings.

He goes to seek his gentle mate,
His young with longing eyes that wait;
So would I fain haste home to thee,
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

Existence!—'tis but toil and strife,—
Yet I'll not murmur or repine,
So that the Sunset of my life,
Sweet day! be clear and calm as thine;—
So that I take my last, long rest,
Dear native land, on thy loved breast;
Land of the gallant and the free!
My own, my native land, my Tennessee!

1839.

O DEAREST, O DAINTIEST MIGNONNE!

O dearest, O daintest Mignonne!—

O Darling! most perfect and rare!—

What one of all Eve's fairest daughters

With Mignonne can claim to compare?

Your gray eyes take captive your lovers,

Your kisses are each worth a throne;

Your dear arms and hands would impassion

A statue of Parian stone.

Your voice thrills with exquisite pathos,

In every heart that can feel

The magic of song and sweet music,

And of all that these jointly reveal.

Your lips, curled in scorn, are delicious,

When you pout, you are lovelier still,—

When they part, as enchanted I kiss them,

My soul with glad rapture they thrill.

Your bosom—we see but its contour,

And dream of its beauties divine;

So was Paradise closed against Adam,

As Love veils his holiest shrine.

Your dear little lilly-stem fingers
Weave nets for the catching of hearts;
Your tresses make fetters to bind them,—
The slaves of your mischievous arts.

Your little feet make sweetest music,
Your ankle one's fingers can span;—
What exquisite charms do you hide from
The eyes of inquisitive man!

My heart struggles hard in your meshes,
Like a bird in a merciless hand;
I'm your captive, your servant, your bondman,
Obedient to every command.

Capricious and willful, but loving,
Offended, you quickly forgive;
For you know that I love you so dearly,
I must cease, if you do not, to live.

You smile, Heaven's golden gates open,—
With light heart all dangers we dare;
You frown,—and the gates shut behind us,
We sink in the pit of despair.

O dearest, O daintiest Mignonne!

O Darling! most perfect and sweet!—

On my heart, if you will, you can trample,

For 'tis under your delicate feet.

1868.

“AFTER THE MIDNIGHT COMETH MORN.”

[A SONG, DEDICATED TO SENORITA CAROLINA CASSARD.]

The Years come, and the Years go,
And the leaves of life keep falling,
Queridita!

And across the sunless river's flow,
With accents soft and whisper's low,
The friends long lost are calling,
Queridita!

While Autumn his red glory wears,
And clouds oppress the sky, like cares:—
*But the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And always after Midnight cometh Morn.*

The Years wake, and the Years sleep,
And the Past is full of sorrow,
Queridita!

The thoughtless laughs and the thoughtful weeps,
And each the fruit of his follies reaps,
For To-day is the Fate of To-morrow,
Queridita!

But new loves tempt us to forget
The old, and old friends love us yet:—
*So the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And always after Midnight cometh Morn.*

The Years laugh, and the Years sigh,
But the flowers for you are blowing,
Queridita!

As Girlhood's days go dancing by,
And Womanhood's blithe May is nigh,
With hopes and fancies glowing,
Queridita!

While Love his nets for you prepares,
And lurks to catch you unawares;—

*And the old griefs die, and new joys are born
And always after Midnight cometh Morn.*

The Years live, and the Years die,
And all they touch they sadden,
Queridita!

But still the heart can Time defy,
Hope still with purple flush our sky,
And sober friendship gladden,
Queridita!

And well as we have loved before,
In Autumn we can love once more:—

*For the old griefs die, and new joys are born,
And always after Midnight cometh Morn.*

Querida mia! 187

THE WIDOWED HEART.

LACHRYMÆ PONDERA VOCIS HABENT.
TRISTIS ERIS, SI SOLUS ERIS: DOMINÆQUE RELICTÆ
ANTE OCULOS FACIES STABIT, UT IPSA, TUOUS.

Thou art lost to me forever!—I have lost thee, Isadore!
Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more;
Thy tender eyes will never more look fondly into mine,
Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly entwine,—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art dead and gone, dear loving wife, thy heart is
still and cold,
And mine, benumbed with wretchedness, is prematurely old:
Of our whole world of love and joy thou wast the only
light,
A star, whose setting left behind, ah me! how dark a
night!—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

The vines and flowers we planted, Love, I tend with anx-
ious care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as though they wanted
air:

They cannot live without thine eyes to feed them with
their light:

Since thy hands ceased to train them, Love, they cannot
grow aright;—

Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their mother gone,—
What answer can I make to them, except with tears alone?
For if I say, “To Heaven,” then the poor things wish to
learn

How far it is, and where, and when their mother will
return:—

Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our happy home has now become a lonely, silent place;
Like Heaven without its stars it is, without thy blessed
face:

Our little ones are still and sad;—none love them now
but I,

Except their mother’s spirit, which I feel is always nigh!—

Thou lovest us in Heaven, Isadore!

Their merry laugh is heard no more, they neither run nor
play,

But wander round like little ghosts, the long, long Sum-
mer-day:

The spider weaves his web across the windows at his will,
The flowers I gathered for thee last are on the mantel still,—
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Restless I pace our lonely rooms, I play our songs no
 more,
The garish Sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings, O melancholy
 strain!
For my heart is like an Autumn-cloud that overflows
 with rain;
 Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Alas! how changed is all, dear wife, from that sweet eve
 in Spring,
When first my love for thee was told, and thou to me
 didst cling,
Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears, pressing thy
 lips to mine,
In our old arbor, Dear, beneath the over-arching vine;—
 Those lips are cold forever, Isadore!

The moonlight struggled through the leaves, and fell upon
 thy face,
So lovingly upturning there, with pure and trustful gaze;

The Southern breezes murmured through the dark cloud
of thy hair,

As like a happy child thou didst in my arms nestle there;—
Death holds thee now forever, Isadore!

Thy love and faith so plighted then, with mingled smile
and tear,

Was never broken, Darling, while we dwelt together here:
Nor bitter word, nor dark, cold look thou ever gavest me—
Loving and trusting always, as I loved and worshipped
thee;—

Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter in health,
So gentle and so constant, when our love was all our wealth:
Thy voice of music cheered me, Love, in each despondent hour,
As Heaven's sweet honey-dew consoles the bruised and
broken flower;—

Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art gone from me forever;—I have lost thee, Isadore!
And desolate and lonely I shall be forevermore:

Our children hold me, Darling, or I to God should pray
To let me cast the burthen of this long, dark life away,

And see thy face in Heaven, Isadore!

THE DEAD CHASE.

A LEGEND.

A morning of early June,—

The wind slept cradled in leaves,
And the throstles were singing a soft low tune,
In the ivy under the eaves.

The silver brooklets murmured

Sweet music in the grass;
As the faint tones of an organ
Swell at the evening mass.

The velvet sward, like a smooth, green sea,
Glittered and flashed incessantly,
With dewy diamonds of the dawn,
Through which went springing the spotted fawn
And the snake lay idly across the path,
That wound amid the vibrating swath.

Within the deep-green heavy glooms,
Were beds of orange and crimson blooms,
Whose sweet perfume and odor stole
To the inmost crypts of the grateful soul,
Like harmonies faintly heard, that seem
The sweet, sad memories of a dream.

The lily grew in the shade,
And the dew-drop lay in its blossom,
Like a rosy diamond, laid
On a virgin's snowy bosom:

The heart of the crimson rose was blushing
At the kisses of the sun;
Like the cheek of a timid maiden, flushing
After her heart is won.

A wall of cliffs half ringed the dell
That sheltered by it slept;
In one gray crag a hollowed cell
Near which a leaping torrent fell,
And a Hermit his vigils kept.

A snowy mountain, close behind,
Shot upward like a flame,
From which with a roar like a mighty wind
The headlong river came.

A man once proud and stately,
Now haggard with despair;
Whose scared eyes, straining, seem to see
Far off some great calamity;
Some terror, darkening all the air,
And armed with nameless agony.

The woodlark, from her low nest, toward
The sky shot, like a dart,
Gladly carolling as she soared
Into the sky's blue heart.

He neither heeds, nor hears, nor sees,
Nature to him is dumb,
And all her charming coquetries
Have odious become.

His face grows dark; no longer now
His soul its dread obeys;
His eyes that full of anguish were,
Like a hunted tiger's blaze.

A sound came clashing past,
On the wings of the startled air,
Like the sound of hoofs that far and fast.
A reckless rider bear.

The eagle rose from the trackless snows,
Where he sat like a king on his throne;
And high he flew, where the sunlight through
His dark gray plumage shone;
Unfolded his heart in a wild scream there,
And fanned with his wings the morning air.

A great steed came, like a mighty rain,
Down the steep mountain's side;
Thick as a storm his flowing mane,—
 A horse for a Prince to ride.
He stopped before the Hermit's cell,
Like a statue of stone, immovable.

And near this courser stood
A black hound, with fresh blood
 About his feet and upon his jaws;
His teeth were long, and sharp, and white,
Left by his curling lips in sight;
 His strong feet fanged with claws.

He bayed not, and he made no moan,
But beside the steed he sat like stone,
 And looked in the Hermit's eye:
What want they with the Hermit,
 That on him thus they stare,—
That hound so fiery-eyed, that steed,
 A stern and silent pair?

The Hermit shuddered at the sight,
 But never a word he said;
Only his lips became as white
 As the marble lips of the dead.

Slowly he comes to the steed that waits,
As men walk in their sleep;
As birds that a serpent fascinates
Into their jaws do creep.

Now springs he upon the courser's back,
Saddle and bridle none;
The hound has risen, and, baying loud,
Down the green slope has gone.

Uprose the sun; the steed sped on;
His hoofs the green sward tore;
Over stream and hill, through brake and dell,
While the hound bayed on before.

He came to a river broad and deep;
Its waves ran high, its banks were steep;
He made nor stop nor stay,
But plunging in, through the loud din
Of its rapids stretched away.

Over sharp rocks and hillsides bald,
Where the spotted adder sleeps,—
Through forests as green as emerald,—
As the tyrannous tempest sweeps,

All day, all day, he stretched away,
And the tramp of his hoofs was heard,

Like an earthquake's foot, when his fiery heart
In his adamant caves is stirred.

All day, all day, he stretched away,
Till the gentle moon uprose,
And her soft, pale rays kissed Night's sweet face,
The firs and the mountain-snows.

And then he was heard careering up
That mountain's rocky side;
The eternal ice-crag crowned its top,
And the streams that poured from the Giant's cup,
Rushed foaming down his side.

And now he follows the black sleuth-hound,
On a glacier's frozen sea,
Grinding to snow with his iron hoof
Its still, green waves' transparent woof,
That since God gave the world its form,
Defies the lightning and the storm.

Midnight ! midnight! The horse has stopped;
The moon stands still, likewise;
Without a mist, without a cloud,
The stars have shut their eyes.

The black hound circles round the steed:
Loud baying,—long and loud;

The Hermit sits as pale as Death:
But his eye is hard and proud.

A spectre comes athwart the moon;
Her light gleams through its bones
A cold wind rushes swiftly by,
All eddying with groaus.

The mist of its long yellow hair
Floats like a ragged cloud;
What does the skeleton, without
A winding-sheet or shroud?

Out-springs the great black hound again;
Once more the scent is won;
Leap after leap, bay after bay:
He and the horse stretch far away;—
They chase the skeleton!

Day comes at last. The night is past,
But still the hunt holds on;
On hound and horse and spectre shine
The red rays of the sun.

Slow, slow as Death, Time draws his breath;
'Tis a weary space to noon;
And high and high the sun's red eye
Shines, shadowy, like the moon.

A desert stretches every way;
Dawn's crimson and dusk Evening's gray
 Rest upon either edge;
The wind above it sighs alway;
 Like the sighing of thin sedge.

In the middle of the desert
 The horse and hound have stopped;
The hunted skeleton, likewise:
 Upon the earth has dropped.

The hound lies panting by its side:
With his red nostrils open wide;
 His eyes like torches glare:
The rider too has left his steed:
 And sitteth speechless there.

Through his long hair the sharp wind moans:
 But all beside is still;
He cannot choose but gaze upon
The green bones of the skeleton;
 Through which the breezes thrill.

All day they sat in the desert:
 Till the sun slid down the sky:
And in the west his lids of mist
 Were folded over his eye.

Then in the west a shape appeared:
Between them and the sun;
Nearer and nearer yet it drew:
Until an armed man it grew:
A mail-clad destrier on.

“What dost thou here with hound and horse:
“Without a shield or spear?
“And why dost watch that skeleton:
“So mossy, green, and sere?

“What dost thou here? Twilight draws near:
“The weary Day recedes;
“Night’s pilots her dark galley steer
“Among the trembling stars; while here
“Thou tellest over thy beads:—

“What dost thou here?” “Alight and learn:
“’Tis long to mirk midnight:
“Another sun will set, before
“Thou seest thy lady bright.

“Alight! I have a tale to tell:
“It will profit thee to hear:—
“That will vibrate in thy memory
“For many a long, long year.”

The Knight has leaped from his destrier,
And sits by the Hermit's side,
And listens to a strange, wild tale,
There in the desert wide.

“ A chase was held, long years ago,
“ On a sunny day of June,
“ Where a hundred noble horsemen rode,
“ From morning till high noon,

“ With wanton glee and revelry,
“ While the hounds before them ran;
“ For, clad in steel, on strong, fleet steeds,
“ They chased an outlawed man.

“ For many an hour we chased the game;
“ Hound after hound fell back,
“ Till, man by man, I passed them all,
“ And my strong hound led the pack.

“ All night led on the deep-mouthed hound;
“ And all night followed I;
“ The wayward moon went slowly down,
“ The white stars left the sky.

“ Uprose the sun; my hound kept on,
“ My good horse faltered not;
“ And when the sun was in the south,
“ I reached this desert spot.

“The Heretic lay here. Ah, God!

“That I that sight should see!

“His dead, dead eyes were opened wide,

“And sadly gazed at me.

“His flesh was torn, his bones were bare,

“All mangled was his head,

“And by his side my gaunt sleuth-hound

“Lay, with his jaws blood-red.

“I sate down by the dead man’s side;

“I had no power to go;

“Methought that Time also was dead,

“His feet went by so slow.

“My good hound fawned upon my breast,

“And kindly too I him caressed;

“My tears did freely flow;

“I thought he was my only friend,

“And God Himself my foe.

“Alas! that weary afternoon!

“Nor sight nor sound came by;

“Only the lonesome wind, that through

“The dead man’s hair did sigh.

“The moon uprist, swathed in gray mist,

“And up the heaven stole,

“While from the dead man’s eyes, her light

“Pierced to my inmost soul.

“The cold wind swept across the plain,
“And savored of the sea;
“It came from my dear, sunny home,
“Lost like a dream to me.

“The corpse’s pale lips then unclosed,
“His teeth in the moonlight shone,
“I sat and wept and beat my breast,
“Till close upon night’s noon.

“Out of the chalice of the east,
“Dark clouds began to rise,
“Mass upon mass, and broad and fast,
“Red currents crossed the skies;

“And a moaning sound grew up afar,
“Like music in the air;
“It circled round and round the dead,
“And wailed and murmured there;

“A star slid down from heaven’s roof,
“And nestled by his head;
“I knew it was his spirit, come
“With me to watch the Dead.

“And by its light,—oh, sad, sad sight!
“Two shadows I could see;
“One sate on either side, both gazed
“By turns on him and me.

“ A soft light from their snowy hair
“ Fell on his dead, pale face;
“ They were his mother and his sire,
“ Come from their heavenly place,
“ To watch their dead, dead, mangled son,
“ The last of all their race.

“ Ah, God! those eyes did search my soul,
“ So calm and sad they were;
“ They were a conscience unto me,
“ And yet I could not stir.

“ The dark clouds folded over the moon,
“ Like a wild rushing river,
“ The lightning in the stormy east
“ From bank to bank did quiver.

“ Peal upon peal the thunder spoke,—
“ My soul it did rejoice;
“ Me from that death in life it woke,
“ Like an old schoolmate’s voice.

“ That star still shone, in light or gloom,
“ Like light in a dead man’s eye;
“ Those white-haired shadows never stirred,
“ But still sat calmly by.

- “ Again I had the power to move,
“ And I turned away mine eye;
“ Between me and the clouds I saw
“ A troop come hurrying by.
- “ With eager course they, man and horse,
“ Like the wind of a tempest pressed;
“ The lightning glittered through their shapes,
“ As it glitters through the mist.
- “ This shadowy army of the dead,
“ Rushed by me like the wind,
“ Before, the thunder-hounds did bay,
“ And a tempest howled behind.
- “ And, as they swept by me, I knew
“ Each wan and ghastly face;
“ Oh, God! how changed, since I and they
“ Began that awful chase!
- “ The corse’s spirit-star was quenched,
“ As they came hurtling past,
“ And he uprose as if alive,
“ And before the troop fled fast.
- “ My hound sprang forward on the track
“ Of the dead, bay after bay,
“ My horse, too, joined the spectral host,
“ And madly dashed away.

“ All night the fierce storm roared around,
“ And the thunder’s constant roll;
“ But still the gray-haired shadow’s voice,
“ Was heard above the tempest’s noise,
“ Like moans within the soul.

“ And every year, this very night,
“ That chase is held again:
“ Again the skeleton flits fast
“ Before that phantom-train.

“ And every year, the very day
“ When we began the chase,
“ No matter where my weary heart
“ Has found a resting-place;

“ No matter where I dwell, my horse
“ And hound come back to me;
“ I cannot choose but mount, and thus
“ The horrid hunt have we.

“ And here, yea, even here, the chase
“ Fails never to be stopped;
“ And here, this day, these mouldering bones,
“ Moss-grown and green, have dropped.

- “ I am a wretched, lonely man,
“ No friend, no home, no God;
“ Who many a year, through many a clime,
“ My weary way have trod,—
“ Alas! I would that I could lay
“ My head beneath the sod!
- “ The white hair of those parents lies
“ Like a shadow on my soul;
“ In dreams his sightless eyeballs burn
“ My worn heart like a coal.
- “ I pray to Heaven by night and day,
“ My tears flow like the rain;
“ And yet my useless cries procure
“ No peace: I pray in vain.
- “ I dream that I was once a child,
“ No bird more blithe and gay,
“ My young heart, like a honey-bee,
“ That hums the live-long day:
“ But now it is a maimed bird,
“ That mourns its life away.”
- “ God help thee, man! Thy crime was great,
“ But in the eye of Heaven,
“ Repentance may atone for all,—
“ Thy great sin be forgiven.

“ So we must dig a grave, and lay
“ These mouldering bones therein,—
“ Perhaps they there may rest, until
“ The great assize begin.

“ And we must pray to God ou high
“ And his beloved Son,
“ To shed their gentle, genial rain
“ Of love thy heart upon.

“ So shall thy great sin be atoned,
“ The murdered so forgive;
“ And like the dead man touched by Christ,
“ Thou shalt arise and live.”

With sword and battle-axe, the twain
Full earnestly did work,
While round them from the eastern caves
Night gathered, thick and mirk.

The moon arose, the gentle stars
Opened their lustrous eyes;
The spirit-star sate near the dead,
The shadows came likewise.

Before the moon fared overhead,
The grave was hollowed deep,
And earnestly they cried to Heaven,

To pardon and to keep
The soul whose sin had been so great,
And its remorse so deep.

The Hermit kneeled by the skeleton,
His thick tears wet the bones,
Like echoes from his inmost soul,
He uttered earnest moans.

His tears fell on the spirit-star,
And it blazed like a shaft of fire;
While music stole from the shadows' lips
Like the murmuring of a lyre.

They laid the bones within the grave,
They piled the sods thereon,
And many a fervent prayer they prayed,
After this toil was done.

The white star circled thrice around
The sodded grave above,
And the Hermit felt a load of woe
From his anguished heart remove;
For the light of the shadows' glittering hair
Sank into his soul and nestled there,
Like a dream of gentle love.

The moon that stood right overhead,
Was quenched as 'twere a lamp,
And a cold wind woke, and flitted by,
Its dark wings chill and damp.

Afar upon the east raug out,
A wild, fierce, startling bay,
And through the misty fields of foam,
Careered the wild array.

Till, near the grave, like a rushing wave,
The spectral huntsmen halt,
And circling round, each shadowy hound
Bays loudly, as at fault.

The star, arising from the grave,
Slowly towards Heaven soared,
And from it a great snowy light
Upon the Hermit poured.

Faint music from the pale, sad lips
Of the gray-haired shadows stole,
And filled the mute, delighted air,
And soothed the Hermit's soul.

Shrill cries were heard, the air was stirred,
As if wings rustled there,
And the spectral huntsmen melted, like
Thin shadows, into air.

Then through the lonely desert rung

The Æolian harps of Heaven

And angel-voices sweetly sung,

“ *The guilty is forgiven;*

“ *Calm, calm thy troubled soul to peace!*

“ *Thy chains of woe are riven.*”

“LOVE BLOOMS BUT ONCE.”

A SONG.

When Autumn's chilly winds complain
And red leaves withered fall,
We know that Spring will laugh again,
And leaf and flower recall.

But when Love's saddening Autumn wears
The hues that death presage,
No Spring in Winter's lap prepares
A second Golden Age.

So when Life's Autumn sadly sighs,
Yet smiles its cold tears through,
No Spring, with warm and sunny skies,
The Soul's youth will renew.

Love blooms but once and dies—for all,—
Life has no second Spring:
The frost must come, the snow must fall,
Loud as the lark may sing.

O Love! O Life! ye fade like flowers,
That droop and die in June;
The present, ah! too short, is ours;
And Autumn comes too soon.

1865.

TO A ROBIN.

WRITTEN IN NEW MEXICO ON HEARING THE SONG OF THE ONLY
RED-BREAST I EVER SAW THERE.

Hush, where art thou clinging,
And what art thou singing,
Bird of my own native land?
Thy song is as sweet as a fairy's feet
Stepping on silver sand.
And thou art now
As merry as though thou wert singing at home,
Far away, in the spray
Of a warm shower raining through odorous gloom;
Or as if thou wert hid, to the tip of thy wing,
By a broad oaken leaf in its greenness of Spring,
With thy nest lurking 'mid a gray heaven of shade,
To protect thy dear young from all harm fitly made.

Hush, hush! Look around thee!
Bleak mountains impound thee,
Cliffs gloomy, rocks barren and dead;
A desolate pine doth above thee incline,
But yields not a leaf for thy bed,

And lo! below,
No flowers of beauty or radiance bloom,
But weeds,—grayheads,—
That mutter and moan when the wind-tides loom.
And the rain never falls in the warm, sunny Spring,
To freshen thy heart or to strengthen thy wing.
But thou livest a hermit these deserts among,
Where Echo alone makes reply to thy song.

And while thou art chanting,
With head thus up-slanting,
Thou seemest a thought or a vision,
That flits with quick haste o'er the heart's lonely waste,
With an influence soothing, elysian:
Or a lone sweet tone,
That sounds for a time in the ear of sorrow;—
Ah! soon, too soon,
I must bid thee a long and a sad good morrow:—
But if thou wilt turn to the South thy wing,
I will meet thee again at the end of Spring,
And thy nest may be made where the peach and the vine
Shall shade thee, and tendrils and leaf shall entwine.

Art thou not a stranger, and darer of danger,
That over these mountains hast flown?—
For the land of the North is the clime of thy birth,
And here thou, like me, art alone.
Go back on thy track;—

It were wiser and better for thee and me,
 Than to moan, alone,
So far from the waves of our own bright sea;—
Then the eyes that we left to grow dim, months ago,
Will greet us again with their idolized glow.
Let us haste, then, sweet bird, to revisit our home,
Where the oak-leaves are green, and the sea-waters foam.

1832.

FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND

Farewell to thee, New England!

Farewell to thee and thine!

Good-bye to leafy Newbury,

And Rowley's hills of pine!

Farewell to thee, brave Merrimac!

Good-by! old heart of blue!

May I but find, returning,

That all, like thee, are true!

Farewell to thee, old Ocean!

Gray father of mad waves!

Whose surge with constant motion

Against the granite raves.

Farewell to thee, old Ocean!

I shall see thy face once more,

And watch thy mighty waves again,

Along my own bright shore.

Farewell the White Hill's summer snow,

Ascutney's cone of green!

Farewell Monadnock's regal glow,

Old Holyoke's emerald sheen.

Farewell gray hills, broad lakes, sweet dells,
Green fields, trout-peopled brooks!
Farewell the old familiar bells!
Good-bye to home and books!

Good-bye to all! To friend and foe!
Few foes I leave behind;
I bid to all, before I go,
A long farewell and kind.

Proud of thee am I, noble land!
Home of the fair and brave!
Thy motto evermore should stand,
“Honor, or honor’s grave!”

Whether I am on ocean tossed,
Or hunt where the wild-deer run,
Still shall it be my proudest boast,
That I’m New England’s son.

So a health to thee, New England!
In a parting cup of wine!
Farewell to leafy Newbury,
And Rowley’s woods of Pine!

BUENA VISTA.

From the Rio Grand's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again:
Beneath their stern old mountains we have met them in
 their pride,
And rolled from BUENA VISTA back the battle's bloody tide;
Where the enemy came surging swift, like the Mississippi's
 flood,
And the reaper, Death, with strong arms swung his sickle,
 red with blood.

SANTANA boasted loudly that, before two hours were past,
His Lancers through Saltillo should pursue us fierce and
 fast:—

On comes his solid infantry, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver
 shine;
With thousands upon thousands,—yea, with more than
 three to one,—
Their forest of bright bayonets fierce-flashing in the sun.

Lo! Guanajuato's regiment, Morelos' boasted corps,
And Guadalajara's choosen troops!—all veterans tried
 before.

Lo! galloping upon the right four thousand lances gleam,
Where, floating in the morning wind, their blood-red
pennons stream;

And here his stern artillery climbs up the broad plateau:
To-day he means to strike at us an overwhelming blow.

Now, WOOL, hold strongly to the heights! for, lo! the
mighty tide

Comes, thundering like an avalanche, deep, terrible, and
wide.

Now, ILLINOIS, stand steady! Now, KENTUCKY, to their
aid!

For a portion of our line, alas! is broken and dismayed:
Great bands of shameless fugitives are fleeing from the
field,

And the day is lost, if Illinois and brave Kentucky yield.

One of O'BRIEN'S guns is gone!— On, on their masses
drift,

Till their cavalry and infantry outflank us on the left;

Our light troops, driven from the hills, retreat in wild
dismay,

And round us gathers, thick and dark, the Mexican array.

SANTANA thinks the day is gained; for, now approaching
near,

MINON'S dark cloud of Lancers sternly menaces our rear.

Now, LINCOLN, gallant gentleman, lies dead upon the field,
Who strove to stay those cravens, when before the storm
they reeled.

Fire, WASHINGTON, fire fast and true! Fire, SHERMAN,
fast and far!

Lo! BRAGG comes thundering to the front, to breast the
adverse war!

SANTANA thinks the day is gained! On, on his masses
crowd,

And the roar of battle swells again more terrible and loud.

NOT YET! —Our brave old General comes to regain the
day; —

KENTUCKY, to the rescue! MISSISSIPPI, to the fray!

Again our line advances! Gallant DAVIS fronts the foe,
And back before his rifles, in red waves the Lancers flow.

Upon them yet once more, ye brave!—The avalanche is
stayed!

Back roll the Aztec multitudes, all broken and dismayed.

Ride! MAY!—To Buena Vista! for the Lancers gain our
rear,

And we have few troops there to check their vehement
career.

Charge, ARKANSAS! KENTUCKY, charge! YELL, PORTER,
VAUGHAN, are slain,

But the shattered troops cling desperately unto that crimsoned plain;
Till, with the Lancers intermixed, pursuing and pursued,
Westward, in combat hot and close, drifts off the multitude.

And MAY comes charging from the hills with his ranks of
flaming steel,

While shattered with a sudden fire, the foe already reel:
They flee amain!—Now to the left, to stay the torrent there,
Or else the day is surely lost, in horror and despair!
For their hosts pour swiftly onward, like a river in the
Spring,

Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, good Artillery! bold Dragoons! Steady, brave
hearts!—be calm!—

Through rain, cold hail and thunder, now nerve each gallant
arm!

What though their shot fall round us here, yet thicker than
the hail?

We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against
the gale.

Lo! their battery is silenced! but our iron sleet still
showers.

They falter, halt, retreat!—Hurrah! the glorious day is ours!

In front, too, has the fight gone well, where, upon gallant

LANE,

And on stout Mississippi, the thick Lancers charged in
vain:

Ah! brave Third Indiana! you have nobly wiped away
The reproach that through another corps befell your State
to-day;

For back, all broken and dismayed, before your storm of
fire,

SANTANA'S boasted chivalry, a shattered wreck, retire.

Now charge again, SANTANA! or the day is surely lost—

For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes
are tossed.

Still faster roar his batteries,—his whole reserve moves on;
More work remains for us to do, ere the good fight is won.

Now for your wives and children, men! Stand steady yet
once more!

Fight for your lives and honors! Fight as you never
fought before!

Ho! HARDIN breasts it bravely! and heroic BISSELL there
Stands firm before the storm of balls that fill the astonished
air:

The Lancers dash upon them too! The foe swarm ten to
one:

HARDIN is slain; MCKEE and CLAY the last time see the sun:
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones, far
away.

Speed, speed, Artillery! to the front!—for the hurricane
of fire
Crushes those noble regiments, reluctant to retire!
Speed swiftly! Gallop! Ah! they come! Again BRAGG
climbs the ridge,
And his grape sweeps down the swarming foe, as a strong
man moweth sedge:
Thus baffled in their last attack, compelled perforce to yield,
Still menacing in firm array, their columns leave the field.

The guns still roared at intervals: but silence fell at last,
And on the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast.
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver
shield,
And patiently and pitying she looked upon the field,
While careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullenly by night SANTANA fled.

And thus on BUENA VISTA'S heights a long day's work
was done,
And thus our brave old General another battle won.

Still, still our glorious banner waves, unstained by flight
or shame,

And the Mexicans among their hills still tremble at our
name.

SO, HONOR UNTO THOSE THAT STOOD! DISGRACE TO THOSE
THAT FLED!

AND EVERLASTING GLORY UNTO BUENA VISTA'S DEAD!

February 28, 1847.

NOON IN SANTA FÉE.

The sun shines dull in the mist amid,
That, like a grief, is shading him;
And though the mountains be not hid,
Their distant blue is faint and dim,
Yet marking with their outline deep
The paler blue that bends above.
The winds have moaned themselves to sleep,
And scarcely now their soft wings move,
With an unquiet, slumberous motion,
Watched by the pale, mute, fitting Noon,—
That wanderer of Earth and Ocean,
Whose stay all men desire, but none obtain the boon

It is the hour for saddened thought,
When all things have a softened tone,—
A dream-like indistinctness, fraught
With all that makes man feel alone.
Perhaps the hour and time it is,
That in the sad and dreaming heart
Make gray Time's ancient images
Into a new distinctness start;

Till all that I have lost or left,
Or loved or worshipped in my youth,
Comes up like an unwelcome gift,
With all the sad and stern reality of truth.

The troubled image of the Past,
Its buried years, before me rise;
And gazing in the distant vast,
Dim shapes I see, with saddened eyes,
Like those that I have known before,
But altered, as I, too, have changed:
Many that near my heart I wore,
Some long ago from me estranged.
Ah! yes! I know that sad fair face,
That matchless form, that witchery,
Thy step of air, thy winning grace,—
I see thee, loved one! in the dim obscurity.

Fair Fancy, Memory's sister, weaves
No golden web of hope for me,
Or, if she smile, she still deceives
With all a wanton's mockery;—
She points me to a fireless hearth,
And,—that most sharp and bitter sting,
We feel upon the lonely earth,—
Cold looks and colder welcoming:

Friends washed off by life's ebbing tide,
Like sands along the shifting coasts,
The soul's first love another's bride;
And other melancholy thoughts that haunt like ghosts

Well, I have chosen my own rough way,
And I will walk it manfully;
And do the best that mortal may,
Wherever duty leadeth me.
No heart that is not wholly cold,
Can help but love, can help but hate;
What malice knows will sure be told,—
Libels on all distinction wait:
But as the misty mountain-mane
Doth not for ever shade its blue,
So vanishes each slander-stain
From all who earnestly and well their duty do.

RE-UNION.

Let us drink, together, fellows, as we did in days of yore,
And still enjoy the golden hours that Fortune has in store,
The absent friends remembered be, in all that's sung or said,
And Love immortal consecrate the memory of the dead.

Fill every goblet to the brim?—let every heart be filled
With kindly recollections, and all bitter ones be stilled!
Come round me, dear old fellows, and in chorus as we sing,
Life's Autumn days shall be as glad as were its days of Spring.

Drink, Brothers, to the absent who are living, first of all,
While each familiar name and face we lovingly recall!
The generous and brave and good! The kind, and frank,
and true,
Who knew not how false word to speak or what was base
to do.

We see the faces of the Dead; they hover in the air,
And looking on us lovingly, our mirth they seem to share;
O dearly loved! though ye have gone to other stars or
spheres,
We still have for you thoughts of love and consecrated
tears.

Pour a libation rich with love upon the graves that hold
The ashes of the gallant hearts that long ago grew cold;
And swear that never party feuds or civil war shall break
Our bonds of love, and enemies of friends and comrades
make.

The Dead are with us always, friends! let us their teachings heed!

“Forgive thy brother, if he err!” they eloquently plead:
“Let bygones be bygones!” they cry; “let the old love
revive!

“And on the altars of your hearts keep Friendship’s fire
alive.”

It is better far to love than hate, for Nations as for men;
Let us hope the good old humour soon will bless the land
again:

But if the politicians still should wrangle, scold, and fight,
Their quarrels shall not break the ties that we re-knit to-
night.

Our Autumn days of life have come, the frosts begin to fall,
Beyond the dark, deep river, hark! we hear old comrades call.
To the Dead and Living whom each loves, let each his
goblet fill;
And the memory of the dead shall make the living dearer still.

Washington, January, 1869.

ANNIE.

The golden, climbing jasmine grows
 Along the bright, clear Ouachita:
On each bewildered wind that blows,
Its sweet perfume there overflows,
 And, eddying, floats afar.
It is a wild, sweet, simple flower,
 Each leaf a glossy evergreen,—
And when the spring-rains softly shower,
 Its jewelled ringlets, gold and green,
 Float on the charmed air, between
 The stately trees, that overlean
 The sunny Ouachita.

Up each tall oak and sturdy ash,
 And elm, along the Ouachita,
Where dew-drops on the thick leaves plash,
Its flowers like beauty's glad eyes flash,
 Each a bright golden star,—
Tempting the mad bees there to roam,
 Great misers, adding to their store
Of honey, in their hollow home,
 In that great branching sycamore,
 Around whose knees the waters roar,
 A dozen centuries or more,
 On sunny Ouachita.

I love its simple flowers that gleam
 Along the silver Ouachita:
I love the bright, clear, dancing stream,
For there I dreamed a happy dream,
 Brief, as all such dreams are.
I met my little ANNIE there,
 A dear, sweet, lovely, blushing maid,
A flower as delicate and fair
 As those I twined with each dark braid
 Of glossy hair, while far we strayed,
 Wrapt in the green trees' pleasant shade,
 By sunny Ouachita.

Her soft eyes, and her angel face,
 Like sunshine, blessed the Ouachita:
And blushing in my fond embrace,
With childlike innocence and grace,
 Trusting, she wandered far.
There, hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Two souls together knit in one,
We lingered daily, loth to part,
 Nor noticed, as the green world spun
 Unceasingly around the sun,
 Time's river swiftly by us run,
 Like rapid Ouachita.

How fondly did her soft arms twine
 Around me on the Ouachita!
Her sweet lips chastely pressed to mine,
Her brown eyes radiant and divine,—
 Each brighter than a star.
She was my heart, my soul, my all;
 I loved her dearer than my life;
And ere the autumn leaves should fall,
 Shorn by the sharp frost's glittering knife,
 I hoped, escaping the world's strife,
 To make her my own darling wife,
 On sunny Ouachita.

Sadly, Ah! sadly by me glide
 Thy waters, clear, cold Ouachita!
My Annie, my betrothed bride,
That summer, sickened, drooped, and died!
 My Heaven lost its star.
A prayer for me was on her lips,—
 The last she ever uttered here;
Her sweet eyes, dark in death's eclipse,
 For me still glittered with a tear:
 Why could I not be with thee, dear,
 Or know that thou wast dying, near
 The sunny Ouachita?

Thy woods are green, thy flowers are bright,

Thy waters sparkle, Ouachita!

Thy glades still gleam with golden light;

But day to me is like a night

Moonless, without a star.

Dear Annie! while above thy grave

I sing this melancholy strain,

The wild-flowers that upon it wave

Are watered with my eyes' warm rain,

Yet does one happy thought remain:—

WE SHALL BE ONE IN HEAVEN AGAIN,

AS ON THE OUACHITA.

1844.

HOME.

How many a tongue
With words of wondrous eloquence, hath sung
Of "Home, sweet Home!" How the old memories throng,
Stirred by the sweet notes of the dear old song,
Into the heart, and tears suffuse the eyes,
Of high and low, the simple and the wise.
'Tis a trite theme: and yet if it impart
One new, fresh feeling to the wearied heart,
Why not sing of it, when the sad soul longs
To hear the old, familiar, simple songs?
Old memories that visit us in dreams
Are always most delicious; and old themes
The only beautiful. Whoever hath
No pleasant recollection of the path
He paced to school, of the orchard, the old mill
Clacking and clattering with a rare good will,
The fields and meadows, and the silver brooks
That often made him truant to his books,
The marshes where he shot, the clear cold streams
Where the trout lurks;—who never in his dreams
Drinks from the bucket at the deep old well,
Or in the old church hears the old organ swell;

Hath grown hard-hearted, needs must be unkind,
And deserves pity from the poorest hind.
All things whatever that we see or hear,
Contain Home's image, and to eye and ear
Bring back old things; as in pellucid lakes
The clouds are imaged, when the fresh dawn breaks
Is it because the heart to the harp is like,
The simple harp, which, on it though you strike
A hundred notes, has still its undertone,
The key-note of them all, that rings alone,
A pensive sound, after the rest are dead?
The fresh cool rain, that plashes overhead,
On the clay-covered roof, the music rude,
Invading suddenly my solitude,
With discord dire, true Aztec minstrelsy,
A barbarous music, murdered barbarously;
The delicate foot that glances past the door;
Bring vividly from memory's lumber-store,
The rains that often lulled me to sweet rest
In the old garret, where I lay and guessed
At the meaning of full many a puzzling book;
The music of the clear contented brook,
That over the pebbles, chafing into foam,
Ran rippling, half a mile or so from home;
The ancient well-sweep, older than my sire,
A stout and hale old age; the warm peat-fire

Of winter nights, when out of doors the sleet
And drifting snow at door and window beat;

The brave old house, fallen somewhat to decay,
Yet sound to the core, lusty, though mossed and gray,
With its dark rafters of good Yankee oak,
Seasoned by time, and blackened by much smoke;
Familiar fields walled round with massive rocks,
Where the autumn-harvest stood in sheaves and shocks
And every ancient and familiar thing,
That seemed to watch and love me slumbering:
The magic music of my old friend's flute;
So very soft, yet rich, and sound and clear;
Though, sweet as it was, when its fine tones were mute
His voice was still more pleasant to my ear.
The foot—but that's a dream:—
Yet one may keep alive a sunny dream,
In some green nook, deep in his inmost heart.
Ah! never may that priceless dream depart,
Or, fading, cease life's twilight-hours to bless!
That memory of the love and happiness,
That were the sunlight of life's golden dawn.
As summer-showers to the emaciated lawn;
Dews to sweet flowers; light to the sky-lark's eyes,
Who fain would sing at the gates of Paradise
His orisons, and thinks dawn comes too slow;
Leaves and cool shade to the nested throstle; so

To me that dream of early love is dear,
When frowning DESTINY is most austere;
Even when he chills the soul with cold eclipse,
The memory of long kisses on sweet lips,
The clear brown eyes, the gentle, loving look,
All soothe me, like some melancholy book
Of beautiful words, wherein enraged men read,
Until to passion gentle thoughts succeed,
And, as the book is, they are quiet too.

1832.

LINES TO A LADY.

The wind is low as woman's sigh,
The myriad stars are shining bright,
The pale moon, like a lustrous eye,
Smiles calmly on the brow of night;
And close beside her beams one star
Of love, like woman's deep devotion,
Of one shrined thought the worshipper;
Pouring its mellow light afar,
Mingled with moonbeams, on the prairie's waveless ocean

All sounds of mortal sense are still;
The earth is like a weary child,
That, having played and wept its fill,
Sleeps calmly in the forest wild;
For she, with all her myriad brood
Of fiery passions, sleeps like heaven;
While not a murmur stirs the wood,
Or the green prairie's solitude,
Nor over heaven's face one restless cloud is driven.

And moon, and star, and planet shine
Upon one home of happiness,
Flooding it with a light divine,
As though they would its inmates bless,

Where, by the night-breeze gently fanned,
Like giants calmly slumbering,
Old gnarled oaks, a sturdy band,
Around that lonely dwelling stand,
And o'er its roof their wild, grotesque arms fondly fling

This pleasant night will soon be gone,
As vanishes a sunny dream;
'Tis but a bubble, floating on
Old Time's resistless, rapid stream.
Yet shall thy sky, sweet lady, be
For ever cloudless, clear, and bright,
As this that now I joy to see
In all its glittering mystery,
Over thy home of peace wheeling its rapid flight.

1846!

CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas time is drawing near, the pleasant Christmas time;

Let us hail its coming cheerfully, with a song of rude old rhyme:

A good rough song, like those that when old England yet was young,

Under old Saxon rafters with a jolly chorus rung;

And round shall pass the merry glass, grim care we'll drive away,

And music and the dance shall greet the gladsome Christmas day.

Old feuds we'll bury fathoms deep, old friendships we'll renew,

And closer cling to those we love, as the ivy to the yew;

There may be Winter out of doors, the keen, cold wind may sing

Shrilly and sharply, but within the warm heart shall be Spring;

Kind feelings, like sweet jasmine buds and flowers shall come again,

And blossom like the summer rose, blessed with a morning rain.

Had we our way, the good old sports should be revived
once more;

Again should maiden's little feet dance twinkling on the
floor;

While overhead again should hang the dark-green mistleto,
And all lips that strayed under it the forfeit pay, we know.

The Yule-log should again be brought by many a stout,
strong hand,

And some fair girl should light it, with the last year's
sacred brand.

Once more should pass the wassail-bowl, of nut-brown ale
and old,

A sovereign panacea, that, against the winter's cold!

With the nutmeg, toast and ginger:—all the vintage of
the Rhine

Can neither warm the brain as well nor make dark eyes to
shine

With half as much mad mischief, or with half as merry
glee:—

So away with wine! good Yule-tide ale for MY sweetheart
and me!

“And both in town and country, in the cottage and the
hall,

There should be fires to curb the cold, and meat for great
and small.”

The neighbors should be bidden in, and all have welcome
true,
And think the good old fashions were far better than the new;
The roasted apples once again should cover all the hearth,
And many a good old-fashioned game make the rafters
ring with mirth.

And the boar's head dressed with a green silk scarf, and
with trumpets blown before,
Come marching solemnly along with a carol sung at the
door;
Then the maidens should the cake cut up, and she who
found the bean,
Should be, the whole long holidays, a lovely Christmas
Queen;
With pretty grace and modesty the coronal to wear,
That brings not to the youthful head uneasiness or care.

And the Christmas tree again should grow, and its golden
fruitage shine,
Around its dark-green glossy leaves; the ivy fondly twine
Its melancholy tendrils round the trunk and every limb,
As sad thoughts cling around the heart, when at night the
fire burns dim:
Not of holly, bay or laurel — we would have no royal tree—
But the lusty, green Magnolia, fit emblem for the free.

Alas! the good old days are gone! Time blows an adverse
gale;

On the waves of new strange oceans falls the shadow of
our sail;

No more old games we play, we crown no fair young
Queen or King;

'T was a mere idle dream, that through my mind went
wandering;

Like as the sea-wind softly blows through a shell upon
the shore,

And makes a low, sweet melody, echo of ocean's roar.

Not all a dream! We can forgive those that have done us
wrong,

Draw closer to old friends, and make affection's bonds
more strong;

Create more sunlight on Life's ways, more starlight in the
heart,

And get us ready for the time when we must hence de-
part;—

So may we live in peace with all, and when we pass away,
Look back without a bitter thought to this fair CHRISTMAS
DAY.

1849.

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Sweet bird! Thou singest in the lonely woods,
Far from great cities. There men dream of life,
And walk with blinded eyes, while grim Care broods
Upon their withered hearts; and snarling Strife,
Flaps her foul wings before the eyes of men,
Hate gnaws their hearts, and sordid Avarice halts
Out from his noisome, miserable den,
Clutching men's souls with yellow, shrivelled hands
Till each shrinks up, and filthy gods exalts
To proud dominion, worse than Pagan lands
Ever bowed down before;
While, grasping handfuls of his glittering ore,
He makes of it, oh, wonder! tough, strong bands,
To bind them to his sordid service and curst lore.

Thou knowest nought of this. Thy home is in
The thick green forests. There thou hast thy nest,
Where the leaves whisper with an earnest din,
And gentle winds cool thy harmonious breast,
And there thy music fills the listening wood,
And rings among the giant forest trees,
Waking up every slumbering solitude,
And sending out, with never-ceasing flow,

A different strain on the wings of every breeze,
Now loud, now soft, now rapid, and then slow,
With many a merry change;
And causing men, for thy wild, wondrous range,
Hault in their journeying, and seek to know
What emulous mad bird pours out a song so strange.

Thou small philosopher, who laughest at
All troubles of the world! I would that I
Thy mirth and merriment could imitate,
And high above all care and trouble fly.
Thou art not drunken with rich, rosy wine;
Joy ever nestles in thy happy heart,
Shaking a dewy influence divine
From his soft wings upon it. Thou, whose throat
Surpasses in its powers all human art,
Who startlest each lone bird with his own note,
As if thou wert his mate;—
Thou, whose fine song is heard, early and late,
Through the thick leaves and flowers to dance and
float;—
Teach me the joyful secret of thy happy state!

It cannot be that thou, who now dost sing
With so tumultuous melody, while round
All spirits of the woods are hovering
And drinking in with eager ears each sound,—

It cannot be that thou, too, dost conceal
 The sorrows of thy soul in stormy mirth,
Or that thou dost not in good earnest feel
 The joyance of thy song. That is for men
Who walk alone on the pain-peopled earth,
 And pour out melodies with tongue and pen
 That all the world admire;
While they with their own songs grow faint and tire
 And sadly droop and languish, even when
Their golden verse burns brightest with poetic fire.

NIGHT.

A REVERIE.

I cannot sleep; for many a dream of home
Through the dark caverns of the brain has come,
Peopling its desert with bright images
Of all that I have left or lost: there is
No sleep for me; and I will walk awhile.
'Tis midnight, and the thick stars brightly smile
Upon the slumbering earth; the deep clear stream
Glides noiseless by my feet; the still world dreams
Of its age of gold, long vanished. All around
The listening ear detects no passing sound,
Save the wild wolf's cry, that among far hills,
Afflicts night's ear with long, low, mournful thrills;
And the hoarse owl, that now and then booms out
His harsh, unearthly, melancholy shout,
And then is silent; while at intervals,
The watch-dog moans, and stirs, and once more falls
Into deep slumber. Still as infant death,
The broad and heavy forest sleeps beneath
The white foam of the Galaxy, which lies
Above its green waves, with its myriad eyes,
Patiently shining from its silver drifts.
No wind his wild and mournful voice uplifts,

Among the tree-tops; everything lies still.
Now is the hour for thought; the mind can fill
Itself with voices at this solemn hour.
The thoughts so dormant under daylight's power,
Like wingless bees, swarming about the heart,
With wild, uncertain, troubled melody,
Are shaped by midnight's calm, resistless art,
To forms that, coming from the shadowy sea
Of memory, people the quivering soul.
The echoes of the past roll through the heart,
With palpable and strange reality,
And shake its strings, as the wind shakes the chords
Of an Æolian harp, till from its roll
The keen vibrations of intensest thought.
The soul now wanders back to its old home,
And flits through every well-remembered spot,
Where I was used in olden time to roam;
And peers in many a much-loved face, that not
A thousand years could from my heart erase:
Wanders beneath old trees, by rustic wells,
And quaint old houses hidden in low dells,
And ancient orchards of old mossy trees,
And wheat-fields waving in the summer breeze,
And rude old bridges, spanning clear blue streams,
And many a lillied pond that idly dreams
Under great trees; so that, for some small space,
I leave this wild uncultivated place,

And am again, oh, blessed word! a boy:
The golden wings of peace, contentment, joy,
Wave over me again, and soothe the soul,
Hushing the passions I cannot control.

NIGHT! Thou art lovely and magnificent,
When down from heaven thou silently has leant,
Soothing earth, sea, and sky to gentle sleep,
While summer-clouds and stars their watches keep
Night! I have watched thee many a weary hour;
I have stood high on earthquake-rifted tower
Of granite mountain, in eternal snow,
And there have worshipped thee, and bended low
Before thy presence. Then thy stars were cold
And glittering, as the bright and heartless world.
Then sometime thou didst hang thy silver lamp
On the sky's wall; and like white flags unfurled,
Around the blue of heaven's star-tented camp,
The clouds shook in the wind, and with soft light
Thou fed'st thy lamp. Over unbounded plains,
The wolf-heart Indiau's broad and dry domains,
I have beheld thee in thy every guise,
Where thy caress has often soothed mine eyes
To quiet sleep upon the rugged ground,
And now, O Queen! as thus I pace around,
Holding with thee this converse, thou dost seem
To speak to me, like voices in a dream.

Is it the tree-tops moaning their low dirge?
The sweet, soft murmuring of the air-sea's surge
Among their tremulous leaves? Oh, no: it is
Thy spirit whispering to the charmed trees,
And thus it findeth words:

The stars are mine; and when I rise
To bless the weary earth and skies,
Then they lift up their lids of blue,
And gladly gleam heaven's black robes through.

Their radiant eyes, that were quenched all day
By the tyrant sun, at my coming gray
Are lighted, and sparkle with glee again,
Until at the dawn my dark tides wane.

The woods are mine, when they sleep so still,
That their pulses hardly throb or thrill:
And when their hearts, deep, dark, and dim,
Are stirred, and sing their awful hymn.

The sea is mine, when the thick stars 'lie
On its calm breast and wink at the sky;
Or tempest frets it into waves,
And shakes the dead in their deep-sea graves.

The mountains are mine,—each snowy cone
That lifts like a prayer toward God's high throne

And every cavern, dark and mirk
As those where the murderer does his work.

The mountains are mine,—around their peaks
I wrap my wings while the lightning leaks
From the gaping rifts of the thunder-rack,
And the starry snow has become jet-black.

The plains are mine, when they sleep as still
As a child that just has gained his will;
When I lift to the gale my broad, black sail,
And the winds behind my storm-ship wail.

The earth is mine, for my foe, the sun,
Continually circling her, runs on:
For many a long and weary age,
The sun and I our conflict wage:

And I am to overtake him yet,
When the earth will see his last long set:
When he will be quenched upon her brink,
And she will back to chaos sink.

Then will I reign for ever and ever,
When the stars are all sunk in heaven's river;—
It has been once,—it shall be again,—
For Time even now begins to wane.

I am a portion of choas, left
For long years over the earth to drift;
At times to be full of peace and calm;
Then alive with the lightning and thuuder-psalm

The earth will be my slave again,
But my victory will be all in vain;
There will be a brighter and better sphere,
Which I can never come anear.

While I shall hold Creation's shell,
Her myriad souls, I know full well,
Out of her eold, deep heart will rise,
And float like stars up to unseen skies.

And while over chaos and ruin I brood,
In the purple glooms of my solitude,
In heaven will God's great loving eye
Be the sun of a day that will never die.

MORNING.

A LAMENT.

I.

The dew steeps the heart of the flower,
And the green bending rays of the grass,
And there, in an unseen shower,
The mist and sweet odors mass:
The sensitive plant of the bosom,
Is quivering, shrinking, and pale;
No dews feed its withering blossom,
The winds through its parched leaves wail.

II.

The fast stream that runs from the mountain,
Is wreathing its white brow with mist;
And its edge, like the brim of a fountain,
With grass and sweet flowers is kissed:
The waves of the heart's crimson river
Flow on, unærowned with light;
The weeds on its dark banks shiver,
And shrink from the roar of its flight.

III.

The sunshine is cradled in leaves,
And rocked by the unseen air,
While the sea of emerald heaves,
With a slumberous motion there:
No cheerful sunshine sleeps
In the dark caves of the soul,
But the sad heart ever weeps
For a grief beyond control.

IV.

Morn's purple and crimson torrent,
Upon the mountain pours;
And still amid that current,
The sunlight rains its showers:
The fire of passion blazes,
Less hotly than of old;
And sorrow, like sea-mist, chases
The morning's purple and gold.

V.

The eagle sits on his eyrie,
A golden haze around him clings,
On a pyramid lone and dreary
He fans the snow with his wings:

The eagle Ambition remaineth,
 Fanning the icy heart;
His keen eye never waneth,
 Till the soul and its frail house part.

VI.

The thrush on his nest is brooding,
 His wings slowly winnow the air,
And a sea of music is flooding
 The great green forest there:
No cheerful song is ringing
 Through the sad heart's solitude;
Nor birds of joy soft-singing,
 Among its ruins brood.

VII.

The influence of the morning
 Is sweet after the recent rain;
To the heart it is only a warning,
 That night will come again:
The heart was once all glory,
 Till boyhood faded away;
Its course is now the story
 Of an evanescent day.

VIII.

The spirit of the morning burneth
 On his altar orient;
But the glooms that the sea inurneth,
 At night will be unpent:
The spirit of life is fainting,
 Pressed by the glooms of death;
Like moonlight on a painting,
 Life merely lingereth.

IX.

A shadow is on the soul,
 Like a shadow on the sea;
Though the songs of glory roll
 With a grave sublimity:
Like a current of pale moonlight,
 In the light of a flickering lamp,
A light like a shadow, half dark, half bright,
 Is life in this earthly camp.

X.

Pale Death is bending over
 The worn and weary heart;
Ah, what a constant lover,
 Grim Emperor, thou art!—

The soft, faint light of sorrow
Shines on the wasted scroll;
It will close, and the lamps go out to-morrow;
The arrow is near its goal.

1835.

AT MIDNIGHT.

A LAMENT.

I.

The stars are massing in heaven,
Lid after lid they unfold;
But the showers of light that are given
To the earth are frosty and cold:
The light of each earthly star,
Of Fortune, Honor, and Fame,
Is shining brightly afar,
But cold to the heart is their flame.

II.

The moon sitteth on the mountain,
Like a golden eagle alit
By the brim of a foaming fountain,
Where his wings with the spray are wet;
The moonlight of friendship has vanished,
From the crags that shadow my way,
The stars from my heaven are banished,
And wander sadly away.

III.

The cold wind wails through the flower,
Shaking its leaves to the ground,
And the grass receives the shower
With a melancholy sound:

The flowers of joy are shattered
By sorrow's tyrannous air,
And their crimson leaves are watered
By the night-dew of despair.

IV.

The sphered Venus resteth
Upon a western cone,
And coldly she investeth
With light her icy throne:
The sphered light of Love
Revolves within the heart,
And its wasting fountains move
With a convulsive start.

V.

The shadows of the ridges
Are massed upon the plain,
And there, from withered sedges,
The dying winds complain:
The heavy shades of anguish
Are massed upon the soul,
And there the death-notes languish,
And through its desert roll.

VI.

The snowy tents are sleeping
 Upon the dusky prairie,
Like white-winged eagles, keeping
 Watch over their lonely eyrie:
The shadows of the Past
 Are sitting by my side;
The world is else a vast,
 And I with them abide.

VII.

Thin spheres of dew are raining,
 Unseen, in the moonlit air;
And the grass, when night is waning,
 Bright crowns of frost will wear:
Death-frosts are swiftly chilling
 The pulses of the heart;
Slow, slow the harp is thrilling,—
 Its harmonies depart.

VIII.

The clouds are slowly steering
 Their fleets around the moon;
Amid them she is veering,
 To vanish, ah! too soon!—

The moonlight of existence
Is flickering and pale:
And darkly, in the distance,
Death spreads his shadowy sail.

IX.

The soul is slowly moaning
Her sad and stern lament;
Decay is fast dethroning
The passions Heaven lent:
Death's steps are sadly echoing
Its wasted cells within;
Far in its deepest caves they ring,
With melancholy din.

X.

The eagle, proudly soaring,
Mourns not the fleeting night,
When, on the mountains pouring,
Awakes the red daylight:
Why mourn this dream of Life
When happily 'tis waning,
And on its clouds of strife
The light of Death is raining?

THE LIGHT OF DAYS LONG PAST

Our afternoon of life has come,
Its darkening hours are here;
The evening shadows lengthen,
And the night is drawing near;
To some the sky is bright, to some
With clouds is overcast;
But still upon our Present smiles
The Light of Days long past.

The Autumn of our life is here,
Its summer flowers are dead;
But still the wine-cup charms us,
And young lips rosy-red.
What though the river to the sea
Runs steadily and fast?
Upon its shifting waves still smiles
The Light of Days long past.

We meet here as we met of old,
Kind words to say or sing;
Forgetting age, and all the cares
That age and losses bring:

The friendships sealed in younger days
Still firm and faithful last,
And newer friendships brighten in
The Light of Days long past.

1866.

☆TO MARY.

I ken a charming little maid,
As sweet and winsome as a fairy;
I wadna ask wi' wealth to wed,
If I could wed wi' thee, Mary!

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
As wanton as the winds that vary;
But ne'er was I sae truly blest,
As when I met wi' thee, Mary!

Like a wee purple violet,
That hangs its blushing head sae weary,
When wi' sweet dew its leaves are wet,—
Sae modest, sweet art thou, Mary!

Thy brow is white, as is the mist,
That sleeps on heaven's forehead starry;
Or mountain snow by sunrise kissed,—
Thy heart is purer still, Mary!

Thy e'en are like an eagle's e'en,
That sitteth proudly on his eyrie;
They glitter with a radiant sheen,*
Yet modest as thy heart, Mary!

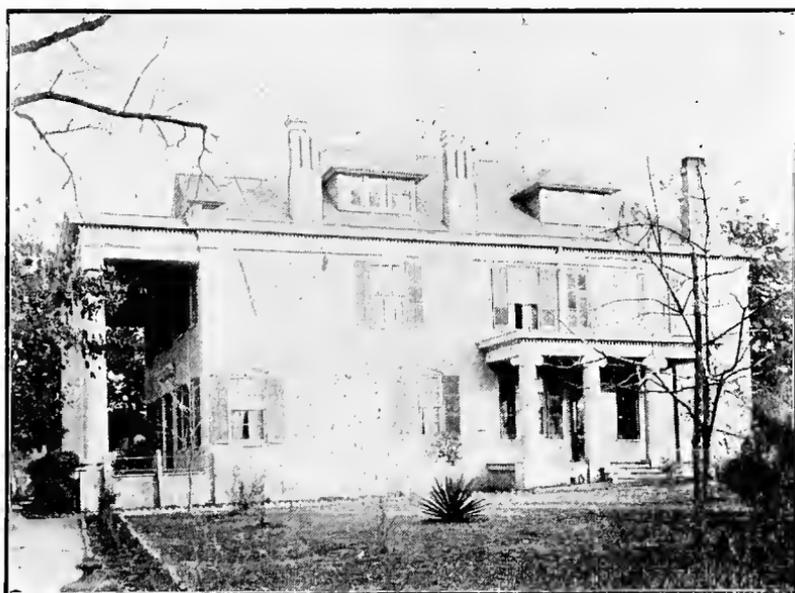
*Said to have been written to the author's future wife when he was courting her.

Upon thy rosy cheek, the soul
Seems in the gushing tide to vary,
And crimson currents in it roll,
As though they wad break through, Mary!

If I could press thee in my arms,
As my wee wife and bonnie fairy,
I wadna gi'e for thy sweet charms,
The world and a' its wealth, Mary!

How sweetly wad the hours gae by,
That noo sae solemn are and dreary,
If thou upon my heart didst lie,
My ain, my loving, dear Mary!

1834.



THE PLACE OF PIKE'S RESIDENCE IN LITTLE ROCK.
Now the Home of COL. JOHN G. FLETCHER,

ORA ATQUE LABORA.

PRAY AND WORK.

Swiftly flashing, hoarsely dashing,
Onward rolls the mighty river;
Down it hurries to the sea,
Bounding on exultingly;
Still the lesson teaching ever,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Trembling fountains on blue mountains,
Murmuring and overflowing,
Through green valleys deep in hills,
Send down silver brooks and rills;
Singing, while in sunlight glowing,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Onward flowing, ever growing,
In its beauty each rejoices;
While on Night's delighted ear,
Through the amber atmosphere,
Sounds the murmur of their voices,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Archly glancing, lightly dancing,
See its eddies chase each other;
Round old roots they flashing whirl,
Over ringing pebbles curl;
Each one singing to his brother,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Still descending, mingling, blending,
Lo! a broad, majestic river!
Under whose perpetual shocks,
Lofty crags and columned rocks
Shaken, echo as they quiver,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Hoarsely roaring, swiftly pouring
Through tall mountains cloven asunder,
Over precipices steep,
Plunging to abysses deep,
Loud the cataract's voices thunder,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Sunlight shifting, white mist drifting
On its forehead, thence it marches,
Swelled with freshets and great rains,
Shouting through the fertile plains,
Spanned with aqueducts and arches,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Thus Endeavour striveth ever
For the thankless world's improvement;—
Each true thought and noble word,
By the dull earth, though unheard,
Making part of one great movement,—
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

Work then bravely, sternly, gravely,—
Life for this alone is given;
What is right, that boldly do,
Frankly speak out what is true,—
Leaving the result to Heaven,
ORA ATQUE LABORA!

1844.

AUTUMN.

It is the evening of a pleasant day,
In these old woods. The sun profusely flings
His golden light through every narrow way
That winds among the trees: His spirit clings
In orange mist around the snowy wings
Of many a patient cloud that now, since noon,
Over the western mountain idly swings,
Waiting, when night-shades come, alas! too soon,
To veil the timid blushes of the virgin moon.

The trees with crimson robes are garmented,
Clad with frail brilliance by the wrinkling frost;
For the young leaves that Spring with beauty fed,
Their greenness and luxuriance have lost,
Gaining new beauty at too dear a cost,—
Unnatural beauty, essence of decay.
Too soon, upon the harsh winds wildly tossed,
Leaving the naked trees ghost-like and gray,
These leaf-flocks, like vain hopes, will vanish quite away

How does your sad, yet calm, contented guise,
Ye melancholy autumn solitudes!
With my own feelings softly harmonize;
For though I love the hoar and solemn woods,

In all their manifold and changing moods,
In gloom and sunshine, storm and quietness,
By day, and when the dim night on them broods,
Their lightsome glades, their deep, dark mysteries,
Yet a sad heart best loves a still, calm scene like this.

Soon will the year, like this sweet day, have fled
With swift feet speeding noiselessly and fast,
As a ghost speeds to join its kindred dead,
In the dark realms of that mysterious Vast,
The shadow-peopled, vague and infinite PAST.
Life's current downward flows, a rapid stream,
With clouds and shadows often overcast,
Yet lighted by full many a sunny beam,
Of happiness, like sweet thoughts in a gloomy dream.

Like the brown leaves our loved ones drop away,
One after one, into the dark abyss
Of sleep and death; the frosts of trouble lay
Their withering touch upon our happiness,
Even as the hoar-frosts of the Autumn kiss
The green life from the unoffending leaves;
And Love, and Hope, and Youth's warm cheerfulness,
Flit from the heart;—Age lonely sits and grieves,
Or sadly smiles, while Youth his day-dream fondly weaves

Day draweth to its close: Night cometh on:
Death, a dim shape, stands on Life's western verge,
Casting his shadow on the startled sun,
A deeper gloom that seemeth to emerge
From endless night. Forward he bends, to urge
His eyeless steeds, fleet as the tempest's blast;
Hark! hear we not Eternity's grave surge,
Thundering anear? At the dread sound aghast,
Time, pale with frantic terror, hurries headlong past

AN INVITATION.

Come out and sit with me, dear wife, beneath these branch-
ing trees,

And let our little children come, and clamber on our knees!

It is a sweet, soft, pleasant morn, the loveliest in May,

And their little hearts are beating fast, longing to be at play.

The shadows here are thick and cool, the south wind stirs
the leaves,

The martin sings a merry note upon the ivied eaves;

The crisp grass wears a richer green, from yesterday's soft
showers,

And is jewelled over thickly with the rarest of your flowers.

The odors of the jasmine and the roses fill the air,

And the bees, refreshed by Night's sweet rest, again begin
to bear

Rich freightage to their palaces under the locust trees,

Rejoicing in the influence of this sweet summer breeze.

The humming-birds are busy through the flower-encum-
bered vines,

Where the golden honeysuckle, from our own green woods,
entwines

With its paler foreign sisters, 'mid whose dark-green,
glossy leaves

The flowers profusely clustered there entice the tiny thieves.

Where the coral woodbine flauntingly displays its crimson
blooms,

And our native yellow jasmine pours abroad its rich per-
fumes;

Where the climbing roses cluster, painted rich with every hue,
And stem, and leaf, and bud, and flower, are glittering
with dew.

A hundred snowy doves upon the grass have settled down,
Like a drift of stainless snow upon a green hill's sunny
crown;

They wait to be, as usual, by our little children fed,
Who, idle ones, are playing here, under the trees, instead.

The mocking-bird, for many a week so busy, now can rest,
For yesterday I saw him give the last touch to his nest;
His eyes shine brightly now with joy, his song rings loud
and shrill;

Now here, now there, in mad delight, he's not a moment
still.

Behold! just overhead, his mate is sitting on the nest,
You can see above its edges, the gray feathers of her breast,

Ah, happy bird!—but we, dear wife, are happier than she;
For OUR young carol round us now, in childhood's merry
glee.

The sun's first rays are shooting up above the eastern
woods;

But here, among these circled trees, no prying light in-
trudes:

Five sturdy oaks are ranged around; five children round
us throng.

And after each we'll name a tree, that shall to each belong.

This tallest one for HAMILTON, our little manly boy,
Whose dark and thoughtful eyes are now so radiant with joy;
This, WALTER'S, whose bright, dancing ones with merry
mischievous shine,

But still, affectionate and kind, are images of thine.

This, for our silent little girl, the quiet ISADORE,
Who sits demurely working at her doll's new pinafore;
This, for our blue-eyed LILIAN, the merriest of all;
This smallest, for the babe, that by his father's name we call.

Life's spring has passed from us, dear wife; its summer
glides away,

And melancholy autumn comes, robed in its vesture gray;

We may linger on till winter; we may die before we are old;
But these young oaks will live and thrive when we are
dead and cold.

We have been very happy, dear, for more than ten long
years:—

How short, as we look backward, that long space of time
appears!

And if these dear ones all are spared, around our hearts
to cling,

The autumn of our life will be as happy as its spring.

For many a pleasant year, perhaps, to bless us, they may live,
Kind solace and assistance to our feeble age to give;—
May help us totter out beneath these interlocking trees,
Enjoying, as life fades away, the pleasant morning breeze.

We will make them virtuous, honest, true, kind, generous;
and when

They are grown to lovely women, and true-hearted, gallant
men,

Then, having done our duty, we, without a tear or sigh,
With cheerful resignation may be well content to die.

And after we are dead and gone, and buried many a year,
They, with THEIR children gathered round, may sit as we
do here;

New flowers will bloom around them then, though these,
like us, will fade;
But the green oaks we planted still will bless them with
their shade.

Then will they think of us, dear wife, with love and grief
sincere,
And sadly on our memory bestow a silent tear;
Let this our consolation be, while life shall swiftly wane,—
In our sweet children's virtues we shall live and love again.

TO GENEVIEVE.

Of all the rivers of the West,
I love the clear Neosho best;
For there was I first truly blest,
There first in my fond arms I pressed
My blushing Genevieve.

Her eyes were bright, yet black as night,
And radiant with love's holy light,—
A tender, melancholy pair,
Brilliant as if were throned there
Twin love-stars of the eve.

How dear to me that rosy mouth,
Sweet as the sweet-brier of the South,—
These little, graceful, dancing feet,
That flew so joyfully to meet
Me, on our old, rude, oaken seat,
Close to the clear Neosho!

On my fond heart her forehead fair
In trusting fondness pillowed there;
The sunshine, flashing from her hair,
With golden glory filled the air
That swam round Genevieve.

Her lips divine pressed close to mine,—
Nay, frown not, Dian!—pure as thine
Were soul and heart, and lip and eye;
Pure as an angel of the sky

Was my sweet Genevieve;—
Her bosom's snowy paradise,
Forbidden to unhallowed eyes,
Beat with devotion on my breast;
And, clasping fondly her slight waist,
Those rosy, loving lips I kissed,
Chaste as the cold Neosho.

The river murmured in its bed;
The scented clover round us spread;
The birds sang gladly overhead;
Bees at the honeysuckle fed;—

All loved my Genevieve.
Her petted deer was ever near,
A gentle thing, devoid of fear;
The flowering vines above us made
A silver dusk, half light, half shade,
From morn till dewy eve.
And there she murmured in my ear
The words I longed and hoped to hear,

Confessing she was all my own,
Which her dear eyes before had shown,
While often we sat there alone,
Close to the clear Neosho.

Over the lofty Cavanole
The crimson clouds still foam and roll
But she is gone that was the soul,
Illuming like a sun the whole,
My sweet young Genevieve.
Vanished are those bright hours that rose,
Like golden drifts at day's soft close;
That face no longer greets me here,
Which made these grassy banks so dear,
I stay behind to grieve.
Yet still I love the tranquil tide,
On which I wooed and won my bride.
Long years have passed since she was there,
Yet I preserve with jealous care,
Our old, rude, twisted oaken chair,
That hallows the Neosho.

1840.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The deep transparent sky is full
Of many thousand glittering lights,
Unnumbered stars that calmly rule
The dark dominions of the night;
The mild, sad moon has upward risen,
Out of the gray and boundless plain;
And all around the white snows glisten,
Where frost and ice and silence reign,
While ages roll away, and they unchanged remain.

These mountains, piercing the blue sky,
With their eternal cones of ice;
These torrents, dashing from on high,
O'er rock and crag and precipice,
Change not, but still remain as ever,
Unwasting, deathless and sublime,
And will remain, while lightnings quiver,
Or stars these hoary summits climb,
Or rolls the thunder-chariot of eternal Time.

It is not so with all. I change
And waste as with a living death,
Like one that has become a strange
Unwelcome guest, and lingereth

Among the memories of the past,
Where he is a forgotten name.
For time hath mighty power to blast
The hopes, the feelings, and the fame,
To make the passions swell, or their wild fierceness tame

The swift wind whistles shrill and loud,
And cools my fever-heated brow;
Such was I once, as free, as proud,
And yet, alas! how altered now!
And while I gaze upon the plain,
These mountains, this eternal sky,
The scenes of boyhood come again,
And pass before the vacant eye,
Still wearing something of the shape I knew them by.

Yet why lament? For what are wrong,
False friends, cold hearts, sharp words, deceit,
And life already spun too long,
To one who walks with bleeding feet
The world's rough paths? All will but make
Death sweeter, when he comes at last.
Although the outraged heart may ache,
Its agony of pain is past,
And patience makes it firm, while life is ebbing fast.

Perhaps, when I have passed away,
Like the sad echo of a dream,
There may be some one found to say
A word that will like sorrow seem.
THAT I would have—one genuine tear,
One kindly and regretful thought,
Grant me but that; and even here,
In this lone, strange, unpeopled spot,
To breathe away this life of pain I murmur not.

1832.

MA TRISTE CHÉRIE.

Your wondrous eyes look sadly into mine,
Look anxiously and eagerly in mine,—
Look like a sorrowing angel's into mine,
 Until mine ache and fill with bitter tears.
O, what a tale of sadness and of sorrows,
 Those dear eyes tell,—of days that seem like years,
Of nights of sighs, and of unwelcome morrows,
 Of doubts and pains and griefs and heavy fears!

Your amber eyes look, darkening, into mine,
Fixed and dilating, deeply into mine,
Look questioning, beseeching, into mine,
 Until my heart aches with a heavy pain.
I feel the pangs of your soul's crucifixion,
 And in the echoing chambers of my brain,
The words that told me of your great affliction
 Continually repeat their sad refrain.

Darling! the crown of thorns is yours to wear;
Life is a cross, that you must bravely bear;
A burthen of long griefs and constant care,—
 The penalty that Genius always pays.

Lean on my love! let it your burthen lighten!

When the clouds darken, hope for better days!—
Hath love no radiant influence to brighten,

For heavy hearts, the dark world's painful ways?

Look not so sadly, Darling, in my eyes!

Look not so mournfully into my eyes!

With piteous entreaty, in my eyes:

Yet turn not yours away, for in their light
Is all my life, and all my joy of living;

Is all that makes the day not sombre night!—
O eyes so true, so loving and forgiving,

Laugh once again, and make the dark world bright!

O sad, sweet eyes! O stars that light my soul!

O eyes that saturate with love my soul!

That fill with pain and sympathy my soul!

Ye hold me like a captive bound in chains.

O sweet, fair face, sweetest when melancholy!

Sweet lips that tremble with unuttered pains!

O Soul of Innocence, sublime and holy!

Your sorrows pass, but still the trace remains.

O helpless Love! that cannot help the one!

O fruitless Love! that cannot bless the one,

That cannot comfort or console the one,

Who is the idol of its adoration!

Why should there be no healing in caresses,
No power to comfort in my life's oblation,
When one kind word from you my tired heart blesses
One look of love gives me such consolation!

1869.

FANNY.

Through the broad, rolling prairie I'll merrily ride,
Though father may fume, and though mother may chide,
To the green, leafy island—the largest of three—
That quietly sleeps in that silent, green sea;
For there my dear Fanny, my gentle young Fanny,
My own darling Fanny, is waiting for me.

Ho! Selim! push on!—The green isle's still afar,
And morning's red blush dims the dawn's regal star;
Before the sun rises, she'll watch there for me,
Her eyes like twin-planets that soothe the vexed sea;—
My young, black-eyed Fanny, my winsome, sweet Fanny,
My own darling Fanny, will watch there for me.
Swift, Selim! swift, sluggard!—more swiftly than this;
There are ripe, rosy lips that I'm dying to kiss,
And a dear little bosom will throb with delight,
When the star on your forehead first glitters in sight;—
My glad, little Fanny, my arch, merry Fanny,
My graceful, fair Fanny,—no star is so bright.

Then her soft, snowy arms round me fondly will twine.
And her warm, rosy lips will be pressed close to mine,
And her innocent bosom with rapture will beat,
When again, and no more to be parted, we meet:

My lovely young Fanny, my own darling Fanny,
The flower of the prairie, so modest and sweet.

So, father may grumble, and mother may cry,
And sister may scold;—I know very well why;
'Tis that beauty and virtue are all Fanny's store,
That, while we are rich, she, alas! is quite poor;—
My lovely young Fanny, my faithful, true Fanny,
My own darling Fanny, I'll love you the more.

Ho, Selim! fleet Selim! bound fast o'er the plain!
The morning advances, the stars swiftly wane;
I see in the distance the green, leafy isle—
Between us and it stretch full many a mile—
Where my true-hearted Fanny, my own constant Fanny,
Shall welcome us both with a tear and a smile.

1842.

REFLECTIONS.

The stars shine sweetly in the skies,
Where, hours ago, they gently stole,
Even as a lady's lovely eyes
Look in upon her lover's soul:
The murmur of the mighty river,
Rolls on, a melancholy tune;
Over the eastern mountains quiver
The first rays of the wasted moon;
For daylight cometh, ah, too soon,
To end a pleasant night that ought to last for ever

In the dim starlight, all around,
Sleeps each deserted, lonely street,
Save when, at intervals, resound
Some watcher's melancholy feet.
High up in heaven one lovely star
Pours in upon my soul its light;
As, nested from the world afar,
A dove, with eyes clear, fond, and bright,
Gazes, with earnest, mute delight,
Upon its young, that all its life and treasure are.

It seems as if the stars could hear,
So soft, so still, so calm it is,
Each footfall, that, distinct and clear,
Rings through the city's passages.

The wild excitement of the day,
 Calmed by this sweet night's gentle power,
Like a strange dream has passed away,
 And now at this late, silent hour,
 The heart expands, as does a flower,
Fed by the light and dew of a soft morn in May.

The snows of Time fall cold upon
 The fountains that well up within
The boyish heart, and mock the sun
 With their bright, bubbling, merry din.
There comes no joyous summer-rain,
 That can unlock these frozen springs;
Nor can the southern breeze again
 Release them with its sunny wings:
 The icy mass that round them clings,
Through life's long winter grows, and growing doth
 remain.

Now the thick stars grow pale, and fade
 Before the moon's unclouded brow,
Whose light, encroaching on gray shade,
 Sleeps like a drift of mountain-snow.
How trivial now appear the fret
 And fever of this busy life!

The cares and troubles that beset,
The madness of this party-strife,
Wherewith all hearts are now so rife,
That even I, who blame, feel the wild fever yet.

But tree and leaf and bud and flower
Speak with a language eloquent;
And soothed by them and this sweet hour,
I feel how vainly life is spent;
How wretched and degrading all
This toil for power and office is,
In which one needs must crouch and crawl
If he expect or hope success;
The unwashed feet of thousands kiss,
And grovelling before strange idols prostrate fall

How little do mankind commune
With NATURE, or the truths regard,
Whereof, at all times, night or noon,
Her student reaps a rich reward!
We scarcely glance at that great book,
Whose bright leaves ever open lie;
Nor therein for instruction look,
With calm and philosophic eye.
Alas! that we should live and die
As if mankind no more of aught divine partook.

Out on this wretched party-war!

Where the best weapons, trick, chicane,

And perjury and cunning are,—

Its picked troops, scoundrelism's train,—

Where baser men outweigh the best,

Lies always over truth prevail,

Wisdom by numbers is oppressed,

Knavery at Virtue dares to rail,

Slanders the brightest name assail;—

Victory in such a war humble's the victor's crest.

Henceforth, myself I dedicate

To other service. Let me read

Thy pages, NATURE!—though so late

Thy voice of reprimand I heed.

From bud and leaf, from flower and bloom,

From every fair created thing,

Thy teachings will my soul illumine,

So long in darkness slumbering;

That when to Life's bright sunny Spring,

Autumn succeeds, it may not all my hopes entomb

My children, with their innocent looks,

My home, with modest, humble cheer,

My old, familiar, friendly books,

Companions faithful and sincere?—

What want I more, if I am wise,
To cheer me on my quiet way?
Honor and fame no more I prize,—
Let those THAT harvest reap who may.—
But lo! Dawn heralds blushing Day,
And now, contentedly, I close my weary eyes.

1844.

SUNSET IN ARKANSAS.

Sunset again! Behind the massy green

Of the continuous oaks the sun hath fallen,
And his last rays have struggled through, between
The leaf-robed branches, as hopes intervene

Amid gray cares. The western sky is walled

With shadowy mountains, built upon the marge
Of the horizon, from Eve's purple sheen,
And thin, gray clouds, that insolently lean

Their silver cones upon the crimson verge
Of the high Zenith, while their unseen base

Is rocked by lightning. It will show its eye
When dusky Night comes. Eastward, you can trace

No stain, no spot of cloud upon a sky,

Pure as an angel's brow.

The winds have folded up their swift wings now,
And, all asleep, high up in their cloud-cradles lie.

Beneath the trees, the dusky, purple glooms

Are growing deeper, more material,

In windless solitude. The young flower-blooms
Richly exhale their thin, invisible plumes

Of odor, which they yield not at the call

Of the hot sun. The birds all sleep within
Unshaken nests; save the gray owl, that booms
His plaintive cry, like one that mourns strange dooms

And the sad whip-poor-will, with lonely din.

There is a deep, calm beauty all around,
A heavy, massive, melancholy look,
A unison of lonely sight and sound,
Which touch us, till the soul can hardly brook
Its own sad feelings here.
They do not wring from the full heart a tear,
But give us heavy thoughts, like reading a sad book.

Not such thy sunsets, oh New England! Thou
Hast more wild grandeur in thy noble eye,
More majesty upon thy rugged brow.
When Sunset pours on thee his May-time glow,
He looks on capes and promontories high,
Gray granite mountain, rock and precipice,
Crowned with the white wreaths of the long-lived snow;
On sober glades, and meadows wide and low;
On wild old woods, gloomy with mysteries;
On cultivated fields, hedged with mossed rocks,
And greenening with the husbandman's young treasure;
On azure ocean, foaming with fierce shocks
Against stout shores, that his dominion measure;
On towns and villages,
And environs wealthy with flowers and trees,
Full of gray, pleasant shades, and sacred to calm leisure.

When Sunset radiantly unfolds his wing
Upon thy occident, and fills the clouds
With his rich spirit, while the laughing Spring
Leans towards the arms of Summer, like a king

He treads the West, and sends in glittering crowds
His flocks of colors forth upon the river
Of the blue sky, there spirit-like to cling
To the cloud-cliffs and waves, there wandering
And circling westwardly the world for ever.
Thy sunsets are more brilliant and intense
But not so melancholy or so calm,
As this that now is fast retreating hence,
Shading his heavy eyes with misty palm,
Lulled to an early sleep
By Thunder, from the western twilight's deep,
Under the far horizon muttering a stern psalm.

1833.

MIGNONNE.

In the sad evening of my life,
 A single star upon me smiles,
And makes the world's turmoil and strife
 Seem distant from me many miles,—
The Star of one great love, that gleams
 My solitary way upon;—
I love once more, and in my dreams
 I whisper one dear name—MY DARLING, CHERE
 MIGNONNE!

I love you with a man's great love,
 A loyal love, profound and true,
Pure as the star-light that above
 The low earth loves to shine on you:
A love that all my being fills,
 And cannot wane till life is done,
Whose passionate ardour through me thrills,
 And makes me all thy slave, MY DARLING,
 CHERE MIGNONNE!

No fancy 't is, no mere desire,
 No furious and fickle flame;—
Such love did Petrarch's soul inspire,
 And make immortal Dante's name:—

A love that finds its recompense
In serving the beloved one,—
So pure, so perfect, so intense,
My deathless love for you, MY DARLING, CHERE
MIGNONNE!

Your passionate love I cannot win;
Life's Autumn cannot be so blest:—
Lock up my secret, Darling! in
The sanctuary of your breast!
Let none my idle passion know!
No answering love I count upon,
Yet cannot help but love you so,
And wish for youth once more, MY DARLING,
CHERE MIGNONNE!

And if I sometimes chafe, because
You are indifferent and cold,
And Nature will not change her laws,
And teach the young to love the old;
I do not love you less, but more:
Of all the world of women none,
Though I have often loved before,
Has been so loved as you, MY DARLING, CHERE
MIGNONNE!

AM I ungenerous?—It is wrong;

But love that doubts is always so.

I bear the burthen, when the long,

Still 'watches of the sad night go

With slow steps by my sleepless eyes,

While your sweet kisses linger on

My lips, almost like agonies,

Because I cannot win MY DARLING, CHERE

MIGNONNE!

O Darling! love me lest I die!

Let not the cloud between us stay!

One kiss will chase it from my sky,

And make the dark night joyous day.

You are my love, my life, my all,

Yet never to be all my own;

For me the leaves of Autumn fall,

For you the Spring-flowers bloom, MY DARLING,

CHERE MIGNONNE!

INVOCATION.

What cheer, Imperial Mountain? Titan, hail!

Thy distant crest gleams in the morning-light,
Like a small shallop's broad and snowy sail,
Over still waters urging its swift flight.

What cheer, old thunder-scarred and wrinkled peak!
On which the elements in vain their fury wreak?

On thy wide shoulders rests the eternal snow,
Wherein broad rivers have their hidden springs;
Down thy rough sides impetuous torrents flow,
The cataract with sullen thunder rings,
And flashing fiercely round thine aged feet,
Against thy patient rocks the fretted waters beat.

Through the dark foam and fluctuating surge,
That ever dash thy rugged breast upon,
Thou dost in silent majesty emerge,
Lifting thy forehead proudly to the sun:
Like a great truth, simple, and yet sublime,
Gleaming above the surge of Error and of Time.

Thou standest there for ever, day and night,
Like a great man, calm, self-possessed, serene;
Who, doing what he knoweth to be right,
Stands up, firm-rooted, earnest, and sincere,
Calmly the suffrage of the world contemns,
Seeks not its worthless praise, nor heeds if it condemns

Above the Northern Cordilleras towers
Thy haughty crest, like some strong feudal King,
Elect of Principalities and Powers,
To whom far isles unwilling tribute bring;
Who holds with pomp and majesty his court,
Among the mail-clad Barons that his throne support.

Thou standest firm there, like an iron will,
Triumphant over time and circumstance,
Sternly resolved its duty to fulfill,
And ever towards its object to advance;
While careless of the clamorous hounds that bay,
Through all impediments it marches on its way.

How many ages is it, since the snows
First on thy forehead and wide shoulders fell?
How many since the wandering sun arose,
Wondering at thee, grim-visaged sentinel!
On the wide desert's western margin set,
To watch its solemn loneliness, as thou dost yet?

Wast thou an island in the overflow
Of the great flood? Did any from afar
Look wistfully to thy eternal snow,
Over new oceans gleaming like a star?
Or did the waves thee also overwhelm,
Last spot of earth in the wide waters' angry realm.

Howe'er it be, still thou art planted there,
As when the Deluge round thee ceased to roar;
Thy snows the bright hues of the morning wear:
The crimson glories of spring-sunrise pour
On thy white brow that proudly fronts the sky,
Bidding a calm defiance to Day's burning eye.

Fierce storms for centuries against thee dash,
On thy bare head rain torrents of sharp hail,
The baffled lightnings round thy temples flash,
Over thee roar the thunder and the gale.
What matter to the calm and well-poised soul,
Though round it slander howl, and persecution roll.

The tempests vanish. The round moon shines bright;
In Heaven's glad ear the cataract's grave hymn
Sounds, through the solemn silence of the night:
Around thy brow the white stars thickly swim,
Anxious thine aged solitude to cheer,
Even as a wife's fond eyes shine, earnest and sincere.

So all the storms and clouds that gather round
A great man's reputation, pass away,
And leave it with a brighter glory crowned;
Above the elemental surge and spray,
To shine on distant ages, far across
The stormy sea of Time, on whose wild waves they toss

CAROLINE.

They said that we should meet no more,
They said she never should be mine
They swore to see me dead, before
I should wed Caroline.
But rivers to the ocean run,
And none can stay their rapid course;
The springs gush upward to the sun,
With a resistless force;
Man cannot keep fond lips apart,
Nor sever loving heart from heart,
Nor me from Caroline.

What chains can fetter the fond soul,
Or bind the pre-determined will?
I left them in their wealth to roll,
I was a free man still.
I wandered to the far Southwest,
I labored manfully and long,
For Caroline inspired my breast,
Her promise made me strong.
And now, a free man still, I ride,
To claim my lovely, blushing bride,
My dark-eyed Caroline.

There is a green and cheerful spot,
Where, through a valley, ramparted
With mountains, the bright COSSITOR
Sparkles along its bed;
The forest, from the river's brim
In stately semicircle sweeps;
In which, imprisoned like a gem,
An emerald meadow sleeps;
Across it, through the columned green,
A pleasant cottage may be seen,
Built for Caroline.

No earl hath lovlier demesne
Than that fair valley's solitude;⁵
Nor looks on forests half so green
As that primeval wood.
And it is honestly my own,
Its price with my own hands I earned,
For long I labored there alone,
While still I often turned
Mine eyes to our old home, and knew
That there she waited, fond and true,
My constant Caroline.

My dear wife's loving, happy eyes,
Her cheerful voice and sunny looks,
Our love, that flower from Paradise,
And music, and old books;

With honest labor every day,
All blessing our sweet solitude,
Shall from our fireside scare away
All troubles that intrude.
And while life calmly journeys on,
Dearer with each returning sun
Shall be my Caroline.

1840.

THE MAGNOLIA.

SONG.

What, what is the true Southern Symbol,
The Symbol of Honor and Right,
The Emblem that suits a brave people
In arms against number and might?—
'Tis the ever green stately Magnolia,
Its pearl-flowers pure as the Truth,
Defiant of tempest and lightning,
Its life a perpetual youth.

French blood stained with glory the Lilies,
While centuries marched to their grave;
And over bold Scot and gay Irish
The Thistle and Shamrock yet wave:
Ours, ours be the noble Magnolia,
That only on Southern soil grows
The Symbol of life everlasting;—
Dear to us as to England the Rose.

Paint the flower on a field blue as Heaven,
Let the broad leaves around it be seen,
"SEMPERVIRENS" the eloquent motto,
Our colors the BLUE, WHITE and GREEN.

Type of Chivalry, loyalty, virtue,
In Winter and Summer the same,
Full of leaf, full of flower, full of vigor,—
It befits those who fight for a name.

For a name among Earth's ancient Nations,
Yet more for the Truth and the Right,
For Freedom, for proud Independence,
The old strife of Darkness and Light.
Round the World bear the flag of our glory,
While the nations look on and admire,
And our struggle, immortal in story,
Shall the free of all ages inspire.

What though many fall in the conflict,
And our blood redden many a field?,
The foe's on our soil, fellow-soldiers!
And God is our strength and our shield.
Through the fire and the smoke bear our banner
Ever on, while a fragment remains!
What though we are few and they many?
THE LORD GOD OF ARMIES STILL REIGNS.

THE FIRST WILD-FLOWER OF SPRING.

Young nursling of the Spring and southern mind!
Thou comest like tenderness fostered by neglect,
Or like new hope within a desert mind,
Lonely and beautiful. With new gladness decked,

The Earth is waking from her dreamless sleep
Of barrenness and winter. Warmer airs
Come hovering down from the great upper Deep,
And brood upon her. The wide azure wears

The semblance of a sleeping ocean, in
Its great blue eye, and wandering clouds spread out
Upon that upper sea their canvas thin,
And float, obedient to the winds, about

Over its depths, freighted with rain and dew,
Wherewith to bless the trees and struggling flowers,
When Night, in pensive silence, wanders through
The clustering stars, guarded by darkling hours.

Spring, gentle Spring! thou nurse of happiness!

 Cradled at first among cold winter winds,
And thronging clouds, gloomy and motionless!

 Thou comest like a dream of joy, that blinds
The heart with happiness; and thou dost bless
 The barren earth, and the deep sluggish minds
Of men benumbed by Winter. The glad ocean
Lifts his blue waves to thee, with deep emotion.

Aye! thou didst sleep, while Winter ruled, afar,

 In the calm greenness of the sea-girt isles;
While every wondering and impatient star

 Watched for the coming of thy many smiles,
And thy soft winds, that would the frosts unbar,

 Whereby the seed-girt flowers were held in piles
Of frozen earth. Yet still thy sleep was calm,
Beneath the olive and the graceful palm.

Then thou didst wake; thy genial influence poured

 From the unmeasured crystalline of heaven;
The winds of winter fled away, and roared

 Behind the western mountains; life was given
To the earth again; the quiet rains were showered

 On its cold brow; its frozen mass was riven,
And like awakening dreams, the flowers sprang up,
Each holding to the sun its thirsty cup

One sprang, as suddenly as first love springs
At times, within the lonely soul, from out
The mass of damp leaves and decaying things,
And shyly looked at the sun, in timid doubt;
And then great clouds opened their snowy wings,
And, eagle-like, sailed leisurely about,
So that the light rain and the lighter dew
Fell, like a spiritual influence, through

The chasm of air. The joyful earth vibrated;
Verdure shot up, like many a pleasant thought
Of universal joy; the sea, elated,
Quaked on his shores; with melody untaught,
The birds sang loud; and everything created
A new joy from the Spring's young spirit caught
And all, from man to the poor worm that crawls,
Felt like worn captives freed from Pagan thralls.

Spring, sweetest of the seasons! welcome here,
As calm is to the storm-tossed mariner,
Wine to the goblet, music to the ear,
Thou to the poet art,—aye! welcomer.
When Summer heralds thee unto thy bier,
As Autumn in his turn shall herald her,

Thy memory to me shall yet be sweet,
As of loved friends whom still we hope to meet.

But thou, the earliest of the young Spring's dreams,
Too early cam'st, and met'st the sharp white frost;
Lured by the Syren-song of babbling streams,
Venturing too soon, to thy most bitter cost.

The chill east wind thy tender petals froze,
And shy and pale thou nestlest quite away
Among thick leaves, and where the tall grass grows;—
Thou hast arisen like a starry ray

Of sudden thought within a poet's brain,
Or a swift flash of passionate love within
The soul of woman; and thou dost maintain
Thyself aloof from the monotonous din

Of the old twirling oak leaves, from the moan
Of the gray weeds, the dull monotony
Of the harsh winds, and the dead limb, that, lone
And dry, swings creaking from the leafless tree.

Thou droopest towards the earth again, like one
For life and its tumultuous storms unfit;
Now chilled and shivering; but the fiery sun,
Like a great censor in the sky uplit,

Will shrivel soon thy slight leaves with his fire,
And thou wilt vanish like a cloudy scroll;
As many a poet, fainting on his lyre,
Wastes with the fiery passions of his soul.

1

A FRAGMENT.

Like the young moon,
When, on the sunlit limits of the night,
Her white sheen trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,
Doth as the herald of her coming, bear
The ghost of her dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair.

LES MARCHANDES.

FOR A FAIR.

PRINTEMPS.

SWEET SPRING stands blushing 'mid the flowers,
Heralded by benignant showers,
 And soft airs through the young leaves sighing
While winter flits to northern skies,
But scowls back as he ice-ward hies,
Enraged at her sweet sunny eyes,
As she with merry scorn defies
 The grim old graybeard flying:
Her lovely head with rosebuds crowned,
Her little feet that glad the ground,
While flitting by the lilled lakes,
And dancing rivulets, she makes
The earth its frosty fetters break,
And everything to life awake,
 As when the world began;
Such, but still merrier, lovelier yet,
My loving, mischievous, dear pet,
 My blue-eyed LILIAN.

AVRIL.

Young APRIL! waking of a sweet spring morn,
When the fresh south-wind stirs the panting leaves;
And with loud welcome to the rose-lipped dawn,
The mocking-bird floats heavenward from the eaves;—
Young April, laughing with her dark, bright eyes,
Upon the timid flowers that scarce dare raise
Their jeweled foreheads toward the dewy skies,
Lit by the crimson of the sun's first blaze:—
April, all smiles and blushes,—such and more,
Is our dear, little, timid ISADORE.

MAI.

The merry, laughing, rosy-fingered MAY!
Whose snowy feet upon the thick grass tread,
As softly as the footsteps of young Day
Upon a patient mountain's frosty head:
Young May, all smiles, with flowers thick-garlanded,
And lips whose rich hue shames the envious rose,
Cheeks like carnations blushing through spring-snows;
A graceful gait, a lovely leaf-crowned head;—
Nor Spain nor Italy has ever seen
A rarer maiden than young JOSEPHINE.

JUIN:

JUNE! with her lap wealthy with golden fruit;
 Young frolic June, under the green trees sleeping!
Her small head pillowed on a mossy root,
And on a snowy arm; one rosy foot,
 Half-hidden, through the enamored flowers is peeping;
The cool west-wind, with rapture almost mute,
 Sings a low tune; and gliding softly there,
The timid sunshine kisses her sweet face,
 And turns the thick cloud of her soft dark hair
Into a glory. Lo! she wakes, and grace
 And beauty breathe in every movement. Where,
In all the world, in what most fortunate place,
 Is face more lovely, eyes that brighter shine?
Where shall we find a peer for CAROLINE?

LA MAITRESSE DE LA POSTE.

Let COLERIDGE sing his GENEVIEVE,
Who at his sad song could but grieve,
 And loved because she pitied;
And KEATS his lovely MADELINE,
With rosy mouth and eyes divine,
 And lips for kisses fitted;

That with her lover through the night,
Darkness without, within all light,

To far-off countries flitted.

Let TENNYSON his LILIAN sing

And lovely ORIANA,

And scale the skies with tireless wing,

In praise of MARIANA,

I sing one lovelier by far,

One pure and gentle as a star,

A modest, young, sweet creature,

In whose fair face a blushing grace

Illumines every feature.

Pure as the stainless Alpine snows,

And lovelier than the sweet moss-rose,—

What rhyme can, by what poet cannie,

Tell half the grace and beauty rare,

That fill like sunshine the glad air,

And float round LITTLE ANNIE?

CARISIMA.

“DO YOU NOT KNOW I LOVE YOU?”—So you cried,
And blessed my lips with kisses multiplied,
Sweeter than those for which Adonis died—
 Kisses that promised true love’s long endurance;
While your dear eyes in mine my soul were reading,
With wistful, anxious, eager question pleading,
 To know if I believed the sweet assurance.

“YES, I DO KNOW YOU LOVE ME,”—I replied,
“And in that love I am beatified;
“It is my wealth, my glory, and my pride,
 “The evening-glory of a clouded west:”—
Without it, earth were but a desert dreary,
Under life’s burthens I should faint and weary,
 And long to fall asleep and be at rest.

Darling! with what can I such love repay?
What can October give to delicate May?—
The afternoon hours of a waning day,
 The saddening Autumn of Life’s fading year.—
I can but give the love that sacrifices
Itself to bless the one it idolizes,—
 Itself, and all delights to lovers dear.

Sad recollections of the shadowy years,
Of radiant hopes fainting to gloomy fears,
Of smiles and laughter dying into tears,
 These, and no more, remain to me of life.
These and no more!—calamities and crosses,
Regrets and griefs, reverses, and the losses
 That were the bitter fruits of civil strife.

Sad memories of lost loves and broken trust,
Kisses from lips long mouldered into dust,
Short lived delights that ended in disgust,—
 These are the only treasures of the Past;
A Past of love, dreams, shadows, mirth and sadness
Of hours of reason and long days of madness;
 A morning-sky, with clouds soon overcast.

Youth, Beauty, Genius—more than queenly dower;
Over men's hearts a more than royal power;
The certainty of Fame's triumphal hour;
 An hundred worshippers before your throne;—
How can you, rich with these divine largesses,
Value my love, or care for my caresses?—
 And yet you are my darling and my own.

Like dark and rainy days on bitter sands
Or barren moors—long days in foreign lands,

To one who nothing spoken understands,
If I did doubt your love, my life would be,—
Aimless and hopeless, like a vessel drifting,
Shattered by storm, before the unquiet, shifting,
Capricious winds, on a dark Northern sea.

Father in Heaven! I thank thee for the gift
Of this dear love, my grateful soul to lift
Out of the depths!—no more I, blinded, drift
Alone, in darkness, towards the frowning portal
Beyond whose folds no difference of age is,
Where those who love may read the same bright pages,
In the mysterious Book of Love immortal.

April, 1869.

SIMILES.

I.

Above me snows and ice-crag, and around
The Cordilleras towering, grand and stern;—
Near me a stream over the black rocks bounding,
Its echoes from the caverned slopes resounding:—
Off in the distance a blue, grass-rimmed lake,
Through which the stream shoots, and the slight waves make
A soft, low music on the pebbled shore.

The sun's rays its blue bosom penetrate,
And still the thirsty waters beg for more;
And still the sun, from his exhaustless store,
Rains down his beams, until, with its full freight,
The lake appears a sheet of silver light
And liquid diamonds, flashing a full return
Back to the generous sun.

Thou, fair and bright,
Star of my soul! for whom for ever burn
The altars of my soul's idolatry,
Let thy soft rays of love into the sea
Of my sad soul sink and become a part
Of it and of its essence; then shall I,
Strong with thy strength, and struggling with stout heart,
Effect somewhat, before it comes to me to die.

II.

Lo! the great mountain's snowy shoulders gleam,
Above the clouds, high in the upper air;
Perpetual sentinels the giants seem
Of the lake's quiet. Their gray heads are bare
In God's great presence, which is mighty there,
In the ethereal, thin, keen element.
One floating cloud hath down from heaven leant,
Far down one slope, and feeds the springing leaves,
And silently condensing into dew,
Feeds the parched grass that gratefully receives
The welcome gift, and gladly grows anew,
And smiles in the light.

Dear lady of my love!

My soul's throned Queen, all empresses above!
Though distant from me half a continent,
Where other clouds are floating past the shores
Against which the Atlantic, dashing, roars;
Be thou like this one, which the Pacific sent,
As tribute to the haughty mountains. Here,
Like a soft cloud or rosy atmosphere,
Let thy dear love envelope me, and bless
My sad soul's thirsty desert and parched wilderness.

A DIRGE.

OVER A COMPANION, KILLED BY COMANCHES AND BURIED IN THE
PRAIRIE.

Thy wife shall wait
Many long days for thee;
And when the gate
Swings on its unused hinges, she,
Opening her dim and grief-contracted eye,
And still forbidding hope to die,
Longing for thee will look;
Till like some lone and gentle summer brook,
That pineth in the summer-heat away
And dies some day,
She waste her mournful life out at her eyes.
Vainly, ah! vainly we deplore
Thy death, departed friend! No more
Shalt thou be seen by us beneath the skies.
The barbed arrow has gone through
Thy heart, and all the blue
Hath faded from thy clay-cold veins, and thou,
With stern and pain-contracted brow,
Like one that wrestled mightily with death,
Art lying there.

Whether above the skies,
Thou at thy death didst soar,
And treadest Heaven's floor
With great joy beaming in thine eyes;
Or buried there
Commencest an eternal sleep,
And shalt in atoms only rise to the air, -
As thinks despair;—
We bid thee here a last, long, sad adieu!
Rest there, pale sleeper!
Another trophy of the grim old Reaper,
Cut down and withering under unknown skies.
Farewell! our course yet farther westward lies.
Thy grave is deeper than the wolf can go,
And we have driven the wheels above thee, so
That the Indian may not find thy sepulchre.
Farewell! for now the trains begin to stir;
And we with quivering lip,
And lingering and reluctant step,
Must leave thee here, alone. Once more, farewell!

1832.

GERTRUDE.

Many sweet flowers in the prairie shine,
 And many in the wood;
But the fairest flower of all is mine,
 My darling young Gertrude.
Her hazel eyes so roguish bright,
Filled with her dear soul's radiant light
Her rosy, pouting lips invite
 The long, warm kiss:
And yesterday, at last, I heard
From that sweet mouth the welcome word
 That makes existence bliss:
My promised wife, star of my life,
 My darling young Gertrude!

Many a bird in the prairie sings,
 And many in the wood:
But none whose song so sweetly rings
 As that of my Gertrude:
The happy day draws swiftly near,
When, trusting to my love sincere,
She will become tenfold more dear,—
 That bright, glad day,

When in my loving, loyal arms,
Enfolding all her glowing charms,
A thousand times I'll say,
“My dear, sweet wife! star of my life!
My darling young Gertrude!”

1843.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON THE MOUNTAINS WEST OF THE RIO DEL NORTE.

The sun's last light is in the sky,
His last warm breath is on my brow,
Dark shadows to the mountains high
Begin to stoop on swift wings now.
The rudy twilight quivers up
Above the line of snowy crests,
Like wine that in an agate cup
From tremulous motion never rests.
The great hills in the south grow blue
And indistinct, and far away
In the orient their silver hue
Is changing into sullen gray.
All objects, where the shadows play,
Grow dim and indistinctly deep,
Tired Nature's eyes now close, and she inclines to sleep

Into the soul sad fancies swarm,
As bees swarm, clinging to each other;
Or waves, when memories of storm
Excite them to devour each other.
The dreams of hope, at morning born
That love the daylight and the sun,
Have fled, and wander far, forlorn,
Or vanished slowly, one by one:

And all the painful thoughts that rested,
In deep calm slumber, in the breast
Which many a day they have infested,
Awake, and bitterly molest
The heart, their most unwilling nest,
Their home, and worse than all, the food
Of these, the vulture-eyed, and all their ravening brood

One thought of home is often there,
Like a lone bird, with sad, deep eyes,
Immovable as dull despair,
A grief profound that never dies.
Now when Death's influences seem
On all the universe around,
Now when the sleepy mountains dream,
Plunged into silence most profound;
When rock and pine, and snow and sky,
Sleep shaded by Night's dusky wing,
A sleep like death, to man's dim eye
The self-same awful, sombre thing;
All these sad influences bring
That melancholy thought again,
And on the heart it falls like a cold winter-rain.

Perhaps death now is busy there,
And some dear soul that I have loved,
Into the chill and desert air
Hath sadly from its home removed.

Perhaps they mourn some loved one dead
Thinking of me, the absent, too;
While I, unconscious, have not shed
A tear, nor even their sorrow knew.
Perhaps, whenever I return,
After my ordered task is done,
Instead of some loved face and form,
I may but find a simple stone,
A sister's cold heart set upon;
While they will long before have ceased
To mourn for her whom I shall mourn as just deceased

'Tis sad to wander all alone
Through the wide world, a homeless thing,
Like a lost wave that makes its moan,
And hastens to the land, to fling
Its life away upon the shore,
With nothing near to mourn its death;
But like the eagle far to soar,
While Fate his full nest shattereth;
Then to return, and fainting fly
Round a wrecked home made desolate,
Perhaps to hear his young's last cry,
The last sob of his dying mate;
This is the sharpest blow of Fate,
The most unutterable woe,
Crushing the heart and brain at one tremendous blow.

This must men bear, as men have borne
 A thousand giant woes beside;
And should this dearest hope be shorn
 Away, this light, that scarce descried,
Hath been my beacon-fire of late;
 Still I have much to do in life,
And manfully must front my fate:
 For duty is a constant strife.
The branchless tree still liveth on,
 The mastless ship still holds her way,
Nor heeds the wind, the storm, the sun:
 So will I work all life's brief day,
 Doing my duty as I may:
And some, perhaps, will mourn my death,
When neither hate prevents, nor envy hindereth.

1832.

TO THE MOON.

Oh, quickly rise,
Thou lovely and most welcome Moon!
Look into my sad eyes,
Ere sober Night too quickly hies;—
And bless me soon!

Here I have kept,
Watching to see thine advent bright,
While others lay and slept;
As I at other times have wept,
For day's fresh light.

Here I have lain,
And eastward kept my anxious gaze,
But all thus far in vain:
No shower of light like silver rain
Shines through the haze.

The evening star
Has chidden me, saying, "Get to bed!
She wanders yet afar,
Where the great Asian deserts are
Inhabited

“ By Scythian hordes;
Or where the springs of Indus rise;
Or flash the fiery swords
Of dry Sahara’s Arab lords;
Or where the skies

“ Smile on the shores
Of Teneriffe, or on old Rome:
Or where the Danube roars;
Or, tortured by Venetian oars,
The lagunes foam.”

That star has set
Behind the western hills; and thou
Hast not arisen yet,
Though all the silver stars are met
In heaven now.

Ah! here she comes!
And all those silver stars grow pale,
As, swimming through gray glooms,
The queen of love and light illumines
Crag, hill, and dale.

Now I can sleep,
If thou wilt but vouchsafe to shine
From heaven’s abysses deep,
And pleasantly mine eyelids steep
In light divine.

The stars that peer,
Like timid children, from on high,
(Small pilots they, that steer
Their sparkling boats around thy sphere),
Love not as I.

Adieu! Adieu!
My heavy lids begin to close,
And from thy domain blue,
Sleep's gentle and refreshing dew
Upon them flows.

Stay in thy fight!
In at my humble casement shine,
And bless with thy soft light,
Oh, silver nautilus of night,
All that is mine!

THE DYING WIFE.

Dear husband, raise me in thine arms,—the hour is drawing near

When I must part with thee, and these our little children dear.

Though froward often, I have been a loving, faithful wife,
And on thy breast I fain would rest, and breathe away
my life.

Nay, weep not! let me kiss the tears from thy dear eyes
away;—

They are dim with weary watching many a long sad night
and day:

It is our heavenly Father's will; I only go before
To that bright home, where we shall meet, to part again
no more.

The fresh world seems more beautiful, as life draws to its
close,

For death, like sunset, over it a mellow beauty throws.
All nature seems more lovely when life's day is nearly
gone,

Than when it radiantly glowed, in childhood's rosy dawn.

How pleasantly the soft Spring sky is brightening again!
How cheerfully the meadows smile, after the sweet soft
rain!

The waving corn-fields flash with light, like a forest of
green spears,
And on the flowers, like jewels, shine the light rain's
pearly tears.

The rustling leaves and pattering drops make music in
the air,
The odor of the grateful flowers swells heavenward like a
prayer,
The glad birds carol loudly, while they feed their happy
young,
And the bees are very busy, leafy labyrinths among.

Soon will fair sunset's golden feet trample the western hill,
With crimson light ensandaled,—soon the busy world be
still;
And long before the rosy morn wakes on the eastern sea,
Our little ones, dear husband, will be left alone with thee.

Alas, Alas! my children! Give me strength, dear God in
Heaven!

Thou knowest how most earnestly and truly I have striven
To bow my heart submissively unto thy will divine;
Oh, Father, aid and strengthen me!—for I would not repine.

Now, husband, let me clasp them in a last, long, sad
embrace,

While yet my dim eyes can discern each sweet familiar
face;

To-morrow they will wonder why their mother sleeps so
still,

And why they cannot wake her with sweet kisses at their
will.

Farewell, dear children! Bitter tears are filling my tired
eyes,—

I cannot speak the thousand words, out of my heart that
rise:

Your arms around your mother's neck no more will fondly
twine,

Your sweet eyes, gazing into hers, no more with gladness
shine.

She is going a long journey; many a Spring will come and
go,—

To Summer heat and Autumn frosts succeed the Winter
snow;

And still, from that far spirit-land, in which the bright
stars burn,

No more, when daylight glads the earth, your mother will
return.

But often, when, at night, your eyes are closed in gentle
sleep,

She by each little pillow will a constant vigil keep;
And while the silver moonlight on each forehead softly
streams,

She will visit all her little ones, and talk with them in
dreams.

You must love your kind, good father; you must love each
other well,

Nor ever say an angry word, nor any falsehood tell:
Be kind to everything that lives, and though I go before,
You shall come to me in Heaven, and be with me evermore.

Dear husband, love our little ones, when I am dead and
gone,

When the dewy grass and laughing flowers my grave are
growing on;

Oh, cherish and protect them, lest they sadly pine away,
Like buds on which no longer shines the blessed light of day.

Thine eyes may fondly look upon some sweet girl's sunny face;
A fair young wife may sleep upon thy bosom in my place;
Other children may be born to thee, THY love with these
to share,

But demanding and receiving ALL their youthful mother's
care.

Yet these will be as dear to THEE; for in each little face,
The features of thy first love thou wilt still delight to trace:
I leave them, a rich legacy, beyond all price, to thee,
And I know that thou wilt love them, for the love I bear
to thee.

Slow sinks the sun,—the world grows dark,—dear husband,
let us pray!

I am ready now resignedly to pass from earth away:
But a thought of thee, beloved, when all other thoughts
depart,
Will linger yet, within the cold, dark chambers of the heart.

1840.

A LAMENT FOR DIXIE.

Southrons, conquered, subjugated,
Mourn your country devastated!

Mourn for hapless, hopeless Dixie!
Homes once happy, desolated,
Church and altar desecrated;

Mourn for fallen, ruined Dixie!

Lament the fall of Dixie!

Alas! Alas!

On Dixie's land we'll sadly stand,

And live or die for Dixie,

Endure! Endure!

All ills endure for Dixie!

Endure! Endure!

All ills endure for Dixie!

Mourn your dead whose bones lie bleaching,
Courage to the living teaching;

Wail, but still be proud for Dixie!

Mourn your Southland, crushed and trampled,
Bearing sorrows unexampled;

Wail, but still be proud for Dixie?

Lament, &c.

Prey despoiled and victim bleeding,
Not to man for mercy pleading,

Unto God alone cries Dixie:
Cross of anguish bravely bearing,
Crown of thorns submissive wearing,
Patient and resigned is Dixie.

Lament, &c.

All our States lie fainting, dying,
Each to each with sobs replying,
Each still loving, honoring Dixie:
By the accurst scourge lacerated,
By her freed slaves ruled and hated,
She is still our own dear Dixie.

Lament, &c.

Dear to us our conquered banners,
Greeted once with loud hosannas;
Dear the tattered flag of Dixie:
Dear the field of Honor glorious,
Where, defeated or victorious,
Sleep the immortal Dead of Dixie.

Lament, &c.

Conquered, we are not degraded,
Southern laurels have not faded;
Mourn, but not in shame, for Dixie!
Deck your Heroes' graves with garlands,

Till the echo comes from far lands,
“Honor to the dead of Dixie!”

Lament, &c.

All is not yet lost unto us,—
Baseness only can undo us;
Mourn,—you cannot blush,—for Dixie!
Kneeling at your country's altar,
Swear your children not to falter,
Till the right shall rule in Dixie.

Lament, &c.

If her fate be sealed, we'll share it;
By our shroudless dead we swear it;
Ours the life or death of Dixie!
By her Past's all-glorious story,
By her loyal Martyrs' glory,
We will live or die with Dixie!

Lament, &c.

Shall there to our Night of Sorrow
Be no glad and bright To-morrow?
Is hope, even, lost to Dixie?—
Every dark night hath its morning,
Long, though, oft, delayed its dawning:
Wait! be patient! pray for Dixie!

Hope for dawn for Dixie!

Endure! Endure!

On Dixie's land we'll fearless stand,

And hope and pray for Dixie.

Endure! Endure!

All ills endure for Dixie!

Endure! Endure!

All ills endure for Dixie!

1868.

JUBILATE.

Now our night of terror endeth,

God his Rose of Dawn now sendeth,

Giving life and light to Dixie:

Arms no longer Fraud sustaining,

Knives and thieves no longer reigning,

Hope is once more born for Dixie.

Life has come to Dixie;

She's free! free!! free!!!—

On Dixie's land we now may stand,

No longer tortured Dixie:

She's free! free!! free!!!

Our own, dear, wasted Dixie:

She's free! free!! free!!!

For God is good to Dixie.

1877.

ELLEN.

We parted in the Spring,
When the flowers were all in bloom,
When the air was loaded with perfume,
And birds were on the wing:
Fondly the dear girl I caressed;
To her fair brow my lips I pressed,
Clasping her closely to my breast,
Then turned my sad eyes to the West,
And left my darling Ellen.

We parted at the spring,
Where first she told her love,
The thick stars shining bright above,
The waters murmuring.
We were so poor we could not wed,
Lest we and ours should want for bread;
And so my humble sail I spread,
And westward turned my shallop's head,
To work, and win my Ellen.

She was a young thing then;
Her bright eyes filled with tears:
Her bosom, then disturbed with fears,
Shall bound with joy again.

At last, my long probation's done;
Four weary years their course have run,
And, fame and fortune earned and won,
I come to my beloved one,
 My true love, my sweet Ellen.

 Ho, Soldan! Ho, good steed!
This is the last day's ride:
Bear me but safe to Ellen's side,
 And thou shalt rest indeed;
When, smiling through a rain of tears,
She pours in my enraptured ears
Her tale of many hopes and fears,
That haunted her for four long years,—
 My fond, my faithful Ellen.

 Then, parted nevermore,
Our life shall calmly glide,
Like a clear river's tranquil tide
 Along a grassy shore;
Or, if there come some carking care
Between us we'll the burden share,
Making it easier to bear:—
Ho, Soldan! we are almost there!
 Speed on to my sweet Ellen!

BROWN OCTOBER.

October, brown October, with his slow
And melancholy step, has left the hills
And comes upon the plains. The wild winds blow
Through the thick leaves, with cold and gusty thrills,
Turning their greenness to the sere red hues
Of sober Autumn. Through the murmuring dells,
Heralded by the frost, that wildly strews
The faded leaves along his way, strides on
The sober Month: and over the bright eye
Of the desponding sun,
The cold clouds fold their vesture dun,
Or on the bare gray hills like couching eagles lie.

The crimson heart of every summer flower
Has pined away; and round the withered stalks
The gray and faded leaves begin to shower
Into a rotting mass: uncertain flocks
Of winged seeds go floating through the air,
Steered by mad winds: struck by the noiseless shocks
Of the white frost, the long night busy there,
The nuts bestrew the ground. Fields mourn the loss
Of verdure; and the stubble, dry and gray,
That the chill wind-gusts toss,
While the dun clouds drift thick across,
Seems, with a useless life, to sadly waste away.

How well the time accordeth with the soul!

Autumn is in the heart: and these sere woods,
These winds that coldly through the valley roll,
These dull blue clouds, these withered solitudes,
Gray weeds and falling leaves, do all resemble

The lonely season on the soul that broods:
The winds of sorrow through its pale blights tremble,
Its falling hopes and passions in decay,
Like the dead leaves, give melancholy warning,

That life ebbs fast away
From the sad heart, once glad and gay
With the unsullied greenness of its life's young morning

And now, oh Life! it makes its calm farewell!

No peace or joy it hopeth for on earth,
The crimson fountain once did gladly swell,
But now it hardly throbs. The jocund mirth
Of boyhood's day has gone, and in its stead

Sit Weariness, and Loneliness, and Dearth:
The golden visions from the soul have fled,
And each has left a sombre shadow there,
Amid which memory sees the once-loved faces,

And in the whispering air
Hears soft, sweet voices say, "Prepare,
O weary one, to leave the old and well-known places."

THE SILVER WEDDING.

A MASQUE.

Personated at Washington, on the 8th of April
1878.

JAMES ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON:

ANN WHITFIELD GREGORY:

Married April 7, 1853.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Annus Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-three.

Annus Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-eight.

Content, the Nymph	<i>Autarke.</i>
Peace, the Nymph	<i>Eirene.</i>
Love, the Nymph	<i>Philotes.</i>
Confidence, the Nymph	<i>Pistis.</i>
Spring	<i>Earime.</i>
Summer	<i>Thereia.</i>
Autumn	<i>Phthinoporon.</i>
Winter	<i>Cheimon.</i>

THE SILVER WEDDING.

A MASQUE.

Annus 1853 loquitur.

Ho! Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Eight, what means this
concourse here?

Whereat we are by Father Time commanded to appear,
Your predecessors twenty-five, part of the long array,
Which waits for you to join it, at the close of your brief
day?—

We come from that dim land, the Past, thick-peopled
with dead years,

Which, born with smiles, grew old with cares, and died
with sobs and tears:

We come, as unto aged men the memories come, that
bring

Past joys to give delight, past griefs again the heart to
sting.

Guests welcome or unwelcome we, according as we bear
Remembrances, to Serf or King, of happiness or care,
Of joys or sorrows, weal or woe, of honour or of shame,
For which some glorify the Past, some bitterly defame.

VOICES, AFAR OFF.

NORTH—The Past is the Fate of the Present;
Is a Realm no change that knows;

SOUTH—Is the Lawgiver of the Future,
The source of its joys and woes;
EAST — The dead Years are diademed Monarchs,
Whom the Years that come after obey;
WEST — And yesterday is as remote from us,
As the Stars are far away.

Annus 1878 loquitur.

You bring, as every Year's ghost brings, sad memories
to all,
Of losses, disappointments, griefs, that rich and poor
enthrall;
Yet here you and your comrades bring remembrance of
Content,
Of good deeds done, of virtuous lives, of no days idly
spent,
Of much to be with pride reviewed, of little to regret,
Of plighted vows unbroken, and of love not weary yet.
You are welcome, Years of peace and war! in this Elysium,
where
Parents and children cheerfully life's chafing burdens bear;
Thou, Eighteen Fifty-three, who heardst the vows that
made these one,
And Ye who know how nobly they the work of life have
done.

You come as witnesses to prove that they have ever been
Fond husband, faithful, loving wife, patient, unvexed, serene;
As witnesses, renewal of those solemn vows to hear;
Though Ghosts, yet guests most welcome at the Silver
Wedding's cheer.

Annus 1853 loquitur.

Let, then, the Shades of all the dark, sad days,
That make large part of every dead Year's train,
Of every woe that stings and sin that slays,
Unto the Past's dark realm retire again!
But let the Shades of Sorrows here remain,
Which, born with patience, blessings proved and gain.
With these blest Shades let those appear that make
The home a heaven in which they do abide;
Let them here live, nor in all time forsake
The house by loving memories sanctified.
Come! fair Content, Peace, Love and Confidence,
Sisters of Hope, and born of Innocence.

Come! with the Seasons of the living Year,
And while these bring gay flowers and golden fruit,
For those who are to many friends so dear,
Let them not be indifferent or mute,
But with fair wishes kindly spoken bless
Those who so well do merit happiness.

* * Here enter, hand in hand, four young ladies, dressed in white representing CONTENT, PEACE, LOVE, CONFIDENCE; and two repre-

sending SPRING and SUMMER, with two men representing AUTUMN and WINTER; who all enclose the husband, wife and children in a circle; and Spring, Summer and Autumn crown them with wreaths of flowers, and set at their feet baskets of fruit, at the appointed times. * *

Loquitur Content.

I am the Nymph CONTENT:—

I come with treasures in my hands,—
Not gold nor gems from many lands,
But tranquil thoughts and gentle words,
That please like flowers and songs of birds;
To me the home enchantment owes,
The flowers that bloom amid the snows,
The heart's calm ease, to bravely bear
Reverses, wrongs, and daily care.

Hear what an English Poet sung,
In the days when Queen Elizabeth was young.

* *Some one at a distance reads:

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of Content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
That make homes happy, ever dwell in this!
The homely house that harbors peaceful rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The modest ways of maidens neatly drest,
The sweet consort of mirth and music rare,

These make the truest and most lasting bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Loquitur Peace.

I am the Nymph PEACE;—
There is peace in the lonely cells,
 In the Convent's cloisters grey,
Where, sweet as the chime of the Convent-bells,
 Life calmly glides away.
But better the peace that blesses
 The family in its home,
Where the grey hairs mingle with bright brown tresses
 And the Young care not to roam;
Where the eyes of one sister are bright,
 And the voice of another is sweet,
And the father reads in the soft still light,
 And the children play at his feet.
The home of a mother's delight,
 The haven of wedded bliss,
A home that is tranquil and gay and bright,
 Even such a home as this.

Loquitur Love.

I am the life of the household,
 The LOVE of the husband and wife,
The love between parents and children,
 The love that is dearer than life.

Eyes by me lighted grow brighter,
Hearts by me warmed are glad,
Homes where I live are lighter,
And sorrowing souls less sad.
When the bridal flowers have withered,
I do not pine away,
My flowers bloom and are gathered
In November as in May.
They fade not, this home perfuming,
As they did so long ago,
Here they shall still be blooming,
When Winter brings his snow.

Loquitur Confidence.

I am the Nymph CONFIDENCE:—

I drive away distrust and doubt,
That into homes like serpents crawl;
And jealousy, that coils about
The heart and turns the blood to gall.
Mine are the true and loving eyes,
Through which one looks in on the Soul,
The loyal troth that Time defies,
The faith that can mistrust control.
Here I abide, a constant guest,
With Peace and Love, and sweet Content
By us this home shall still be blest,
Beyond the reach of accident.

Annus 1878 loquitur.

Now let my seasons four their homage pay,
 Bringing their offerings meet;
First **SPRING**, a maiden sprightly, blithe and gay,
 With delicate dancing feet;
Then **SUMMER**, on whose lips departing May
 Pressed kisses long and sweet;
Then **AUTUMN**, sober-clad in russet grey,
 Then **WINTER**, white with sleet.

Loquitur Earine, Spring.

When the man was the maiden wooing,
 And life was a troop of bright hours,
I smiled on and favored the suing,
 And crowned them with garlands of flowers.
Again I bring roses and pansies,
 Carnations and hyacinths, too,
Fair types of all delicate fancies,
 To crown these now wedded anew.

[Giving Flowers.]

White rosebuds and lilies the rarest,
 Camellias, violets blue,
For these, among maidens the fairest,
 Whose eyes are so tender and true.

[Giving Flowers.]

May the world not for them lose its brightness,
As the years chase each other away,
Nor their hearts lose the innocent lightness,
That makes them so happy to-day.

Loquitur Thereia, Summer.

When the Spring died, and I was queen,
Twenty-five years ago,
And the flowers still bloomed, and the leaves were green,
And the birds sang loud or low,
The maiden was matron, and home was gay,
And the hours swifted-footed danced away.
To wife and husband I brought fruits then,
Golden and green and purple and red,
Now flowers and fruits I bring again,
After so many years have fled.
Their summer of life is ended,—
May its memories that remain,
Of joys and sorrows blended,
Give more of pleasure than pain.

Loquitur Phthinoporon, Autumn.

When the days in October grow shorter and colder,
And leaves are crimsoned by frost,

May these friends whom we love, growing grayer and older,
No days have to count as lost!
May the world still for them be a good world to live in,
With good in it always to do,
A good world to help and to comfort and give in,
With praise for the honest and true.

May they be never sick of hope deferred,
Nor in the field or vineyard toil in vain;
Nor words of kindness be by them unheard,
Nor thanklessness of children give them pain.

Loquitur Cheimon, Winter.

When I, with storm of snow and sleet
And wind loud-howling reign,
And pavements are icy in every street,
And rivers rebel in vain,
In the inter-spaces between the storms,
When the sky is cold and clear,
May these not want the fire that warms,
And the good old-fashioned cheer!
Nor the good old wishes become but forms,
“Merry Christmas” and “Happy New Year.”

For the Poet has said and sung

These words, that are wise and true,

“The Old need not envy the Young,

“The Old need not scorn the new ;

“For hearts can be warm when days are cold,

“And the night may hallow the day,

“Till the heart, though at even-tide weary and old,

“May rise in the morning gay,

“To its work in the bright new day.”

Loquitur Annus 1853.

Thus said the Poet, in the olden time,

When sense not sound builded the stately rhyme,—

“The cottage nestling in the lowly dale,

“Ill fortune never fears, because so low ;

“The anchored mind, dreading no fickle gale,

“Sleeps safe when Fate doth Princes overthrow ;”

Content still smiles, when portly statesmen feel

That fear and danger tread upon their heel.

If Fortune frowns and scowls, may that to these work good !

If Fortune flattering smiles, may it not prove a snare !

May crosses bravely borne, ills patiently withstood,

And length of peaceful days for new life them prepare !

May hope gild every cloud, Faith make the future bright,
And patience them maintain in quiet and delight;
While, till their changeless love shines into perfect day,
Bravely they hand in hand do walk their homeward way,
And hear, behind the bells in wintry Autumn ringing,
The soft sweet chorus of the loving angels singing.

THE BRIDAL.

Ring, bells! your glad carillons,
For two fond hearts made one,
The old, old story telling,
In Paradise begun.

To holy church now cometh
The soldier with his bride,
Up the aisle gravely pacing,
Unto the altar side.

Worth against many rivals,
Wins more than golden fruit:
Grace, virtue, genius, beauty,
Reward his patient suit.

Queen over hearts long reigning,
She lays her sceptre down,
One heart must now content her,
One love be all her crown.

Must we say "Good-bye!" Darling?
Ah! word so hard to say!
Must we, so long adoring,
Give you to him, to-day?

Dear heart of child so loving,
So tender and so true,
Heart that is ever seeking,
Some generous act to do:

Dear eyes so bright in gladness,
To loved ones' faults so blind,
So eloquent in sadness,
When fortune was unkind.

Hands that were never weary
Of toil for other's sake;
Tongue that with sweet tones pleading,
Bitter words never spake:

We part with her in sorrow,
We give her up with tears,
Losing with her the blessing
Of all the coming years.

Take, then, this gift most precious,
Be to her kind and true!
And as you guard and keep her,
May God be good to you!

May 28, 1878.

"ΕΙΙΟΣ .

CHAUNTED BY JACK SAVAGE, AT THE LIFE-WAKE OF THE FINE
ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN, WHO DIED BEFORE HIS TIME, 1859.*

A gentleman from ARKANSAW, not long ago, 'tis said,
Waked up one pleasant morning, and discovered he was
dead;
He was on his way to Washington, not seeking for the
spoils,
But rejoicing in the promise of a spree at JOHNNY COYLE'S.

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, one spree at Johnny
Coyle's;
And who would not be glad to join a spree at
Johnny Coyle's?

He waked and found himself aboard a rickety old boat;
Says the ferryman, when questioned, "on the Styx you are
afloat;"
"What! dead?" said he;—"indeed you are," the grim old
churl replied;
"Why, then, I'll miss the spree at Coyle's," the gentle-
man replied.

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

*Occasioned by a report that Gen. Pike had died a month previously.

Old Charon ferried him across the dirty, sluggish tide,
But he swore he would not tarry long upon the further
side;

The ancient ghosts came flocking round upon the Stygian
shore;—

“But,” said he, “excuse me; I must have at Coyle’s one
frolic more.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

Horace and old Anacreon in vain would have him stay;
From all those ancient fogies he made haste to get away;
For his Majesty, King Pluto, he was bound at once to see,
And at Johnny Coyle’s, on Friday night, alive or dead
to be.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

Old Cerberus growled savagely, as he approached the gate;
“But,” said he, “I’ve seen too many dogs for you to make
me wait;

“If you show your teeth at me, my dog, your windpipe I
shall twist;

“For if I were not to be at Coyle’s, I’m sure I should be
missed.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

He crossed the adamantine halls, and reached the ebon
throne,

Where gloomy Pluto frowned, and where his queen's soft
beauty shone.

“What want you here?” the Monarch said: “Your
Majesty,” said he,

“Permission at one frolic more at Johnny Coyle's to be.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

“As Orpheus came, and yet returned, to breathe the upper air,

“So I your royal bounty crave, once more to venture there;

“Give me one night—no more;—Alas! SUCH nights are
all too few!

“One more refection of the Gods; and then, good world, adieu!

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

“'Tis not for power, or wealth, or fame, I hanker to
return,

“Nor that love's kisses once again upon my lips may burn;

“Let me but once more meet the friends that long have
been so dear,

“And who, if I'm not there, will say, ‘Would God that he
were here!’”

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

“Are you not dead?” the King then said. “Well, what of that?” said he,

“If I AM dead, I’ve not been WAKED, and buried decently.”

“And why,” the Monarch cried, “desire again to share life’s toils,

“For the sake of one good frolic more, even at Johnny Coyle’s?”

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“We’ve Nectar and Ambrosia here; we do not starve the dead.”—

“Did you ever sample canvass-backs and terrapins?” he said:

“The table of your Majesty well served is, I dare say;

“But I wish you were at Johnny Coyle’s, to taste his St. Peray.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“If its good company you want,” the King said,

“We’ve the best—

“Philosophers, Poets, Orators, Wits, Statesmen, and the rest;

“The courtiers of the good old times, the gentlemen most rare.”—

Says he, “With those I’ll meet at Coyle’s your folks will not compare.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

Says the King, "There's Homer here, and all the
bards of ancient Greece,
"And the chaps that sailed away so far to fetch the
golden fleece ;
"We've Tully, Horace, and Montaigne." Says he, "I'll
match the lot,
"If you'll let me go to Johnny Coyle's, and fetch them
on the spot."

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

"Whom will you bring?" said Pluto.—"CHARLEY BOTELER
first I'll bring,
Facile princeps of good fellows, always ready for a ring,
In whose presence Alcibiades eclipsed shall hide his head,
And Charley shall take rank among the Past's illustrious
dead."

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

"The next shall WALTER LENOX be, the generous and true,
Who loves the old friends better than he e'er can love
the new;
JACK SAVAGE next, who, heart in hand, demands who wants
a friend?
Where Freedom is to fight for, where the Right is to defend?"

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

“I’ll bring you BURWELL, Prince of Wits and Prince of
Statesmen, too,

Who like Bayard, the dauntless Knight, reproach and
fear ne’er knew:

ASH. WHITE, whose heart, defying time, is always in its
youth;

GEORGE GIDEON, grand in honesty, grand in the simple
truth.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“I’ll bring you PHILIP BARTON KEY, the Roman Tully’s
peer,

And JONAH HOOVER, frank and brave, straight-forward
and sincere;

MCGUIRE, the generous, liberal friend, the patron of the
arts,

Who, not content with fortune, takes delight in winning
hearts.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“Modest, reserved and silent, ingenuous, bashful, shy,
SHELTON MCKENZIE shall descend, your drinkables to try;
The generous boon-companiou he, the genial humorist,
Who counts his friends by thousands, and ne’er drops one
from the list.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“And ALEXANDER DIMITRY’S great soul shall come to claim
Its place among the giants, and upon the roll of fame;
The noble by God’s patent he, the fiery and the frank,
Who at the living springs of Truth its inspiration drank.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“I’ll bring the Empresario, BEV. TUCKER, who shall win
From Pericles Aspasia, if he chooses to go in;
The man without an enemy, the wit, the Sheridan
In whom two continents confess the gallant gentleman.

One spree at Johnny’ Coyle’s, &c.

“The Barrow-Knight, BEN PERLEY POORE, shall come queer
tales to tell,
Who as writer, friend, wit, gentleman, all he aims to do,
does well;
GEORGE FRENCH, our paragon, shall come, to charm
your ghosts with song,
Till Tartarus seems Elysium, to the fascinated throng.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“HUGH CAPERTON shall come likewise, the generous Advocate,
Who never lets the Right upon Expediency wait;
And ARNOLD HARRIS, in whom all the manly virtues blend,
Good soldier, clever gentleman, frank foeman, loyal friend.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“If these will not content you, ROBERT JOHNSON, I’ll
bring, too,

The very bravest of the brave, the truest of the true;
Impulsive, generous, fearless, frank, the Senate’s Paladin,
Who never did ungenerous act a victory to win.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“And with him JOHNNY COYLE himself, who never left a
friend,

Nor harbored an ignoble thought, nor sought a selfish end;
The Arthur he among his knights, the pride of all his peers,
Whose soul but grows more generous, with the swift
revolving years.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“Enough!” old Pluto cried; “the law must be enforced,
'tis plain;

If with those fellows once you get, you’ll ne’er return
again;

One night would not content you, and your face would
ne’er be seen,

After that spree at Johnny Coyle’s, by me or by my
Queen.

One spree at Johnny Coyle’s, &c.

“And if all these fellows came at once, what would become of us?

They'd drown old Charon in the Styx, and murder Cerberus;

Make love to all the women here, and even to my wife;

Drink all my liquor up, and be the torment of my life.

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c,

“They'd laugh and sing and rollick here, and turn night into day;

While every one his best would do to drive dull care away;

We'll take them by instalments, sir; so you may e'en remain,

And dismiss all hope of visiting the upper world again.”

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

Now something rash would have been said by ARKANSAW, no doubt,

But the Queen winked at him, as to say, “take care what you're about!”

For very much elated was the fair Proserpine,

At the promise of unbounded fun with this good company.

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

So then she hung round Pluto's neck, and to her
snowy breast
She clasped the cross old vagabond, and fondly him
caressed;
And while her kisses warm and soft upon his lips
did rain,
She murmured, "Let him go, my love, he'll surely
come again."

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

Said he, "I won't;" said she, "Dear Lord, do let
me have my way!
Let him be present at his wake! How can you say
me nay?
I'm sure you do not love me; if you did, you'd
not refuse,
When I want to get the fashions, and you want to
hear the news."

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, &c.

And so at last the Queen prevailed, as women always do,
And thus it comes that once again this gentleman's
with you;
He's under promise to return, but that he means to break,
And many another spree to have, besides this present wake.

One spree at Johnny Coyle's, one spree at
Johnny Coyle's;
And who would not be glad to join a spree at
Johnny Coyle's?

"THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN."

This was written in the winter of 1852-3, at Washington.

The credit of originating it is due to WILLIAM M. BURWELL, then of Liberty, Virginia, now of New Orleans, who was that winter at Washington,—a person of infinite humor, a capital scholar and most original thinker. He composed three or four of the verses and handed them to ALBERT PIKE, who completed the song.

The subject of it, "The Fine Arkansas Gentleman," was Major ELIAS RECTOR, of Arkansas, long a resident of that State and living near the border, or the Choctaw and Cherokee lines, but who was that winter at Washington, seeking the position of Marshal of the Arkansas district, which he had before held for several years, but lost upon the accession of President TAYLOR.

Major RECTOR was a zealous Democrat, but with many warm friends on the other side. These friendships, which were lasting ones, he owed to his genial nature, his generosity, courage, high sense of honor, and abundant hospitality. He was a person of fine presence, of great intelligence, and of an excellent and most original quaint wit; one of his peculiarities being that he wore his hair long, and put up with a comb, like a woman's. In the earlier days of Arkansas, when the strife of politics was exceedingly bitter, he was a bold, daring partizan, often engaged in personal difficulties and making many enmities, all of which he outlived. No man had a kinder heart, warmer affections, or a more true, generous and loyal nature. Nor was any man more courtly and like an English gentleman in his manners.

The song was sung for the first time when he was present, and at a party given by ROBERT W. JOHNSON, then a member of the House of Representatives, and afterwards Senator from Arkansas.

Dr. WM. P. REYBURN was a physician residing in New Orleans, and at that time in Washington. He had, many years before, lived in Arkansas, and was an intimate friend of Major RECTOR. The Doctor was immensely corpulent, and brimful of joke, jest and anecdote, a gourmand, easy and indolent, but of vigorous intellect and great shrewdness, jovial, generous, and loyally trustworthy, a better Falstaff, in all the huge Knight's good qualities, including his wit, than Hackett himself. Dear old fellow! he returned to Arkansas in 1861, a Surgeon in the Confederate Army, after an absence of more than twenty years, to die and be buried there.

PRINDLE, though the keeper of a gaming house on Pennsylvania Avenue, was a good, true, honest, generous man, whose kindness of heart and lavish bounties and his own improvidence at last made him poor. He had often returned to young men the money they had lost to his Bank; and was therefore liked and respected by many who knew him well, and among whom many had National reputations.—
[Note by Gen. PIKE.]

I.

Now all good fellows, listen, and a story I will tell
Of a mighty clever gentleman who lives extremely well
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whisky, and immediately
sobers himself completely on the very best of
wine;

A fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

II.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will
be worth a great deal some day or other if he don't
kill himself too soon, and will only condescend to
wait;
And four or five dozen negroes that would rather work than
not,
And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and
other poultry, that he never pretends to know how
many he has got;

This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

III.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house
On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with
deer, and hares, and grouse;
And when he wants to feast his friends he has nothing
more to do
Than to leave the pot-lid off, and the decently behaved
birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot
them if they don't; and he has a splendid stew,
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

IV.

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred
bales,
Unless from drought or worm, a bad stand, or some other
damned contingency, his crop is short or fails;
And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it
on a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar,
and has a devil of a spree, while down to New
Orleans he and his cotton float,
This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

V.

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing store,

And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Veranda, and all the other hotels in the city, if he succeeds in finding any more;

Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats

Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and every other damned vagabond he meets!

This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

VI.

The last time he was down there, when he thought of going back,

After staying about fifteen days, more or less, he discovered that by lending and by spending, and being a prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hoosiers, tailors, servants, and many other individuals, white and black,

He distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,

And had nothing left to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an extremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans;

This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

VII.

Now, how this gentleman got home is neither here nor there,

But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his hair; And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards, and, moreover, for want of decent advisers, he fore-swore whisky and women both;

This fine Arkansas gentleman,
Close to the Choctaw line!

VIII.

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,

And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other equally comfortable thing;

But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,
He fell among thieves again, and could not win a bet
whether he copped it or not, so his cash was bound
to go—

 This fine Arkansas gentleman,
 Close to the Choctaw line!

IX.

So when his moneys all were gone, he took unto his bed,
And Dr. Reyburn physicked him, and the chamber-maid,
 who had a great affection for him, with her arm held
 up his head;

And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him
 adieu,

And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know
 at all, and didn't care a damn if he didn't, came
 praying for him too;

 This fine Arkansas gentleman,
 Close to the Choctaw line!

X.

They closed his eyes and laid him out all ready for the
 tomb,

And merely to console themselves they opened the biggest
 kind of a game of faro right there in his own room;

But when he heard the checks, he flung the linen off his face, and sung out, just precisely as he used to do when he was alive, “Prindle, don’t turn! hold on! I go twenty on the king, and copper on the ace!”

This fine Arkansas gentleman,

Close to the Choctaw line!

AFTER-DINNER.

EXPLANATION.

In the winter of 1859-1860, BEVERLY TUCKER, then Consul at Liverpool, sent JOHN F. COYLE, of Washington, a saddle of mutton, and sundry pheasants and other game. Upon this JOHN made up a dinner party of twenty, doing so on the condition that I should write *something* to be sung at table. The result was the following "verses," which were sung by JACK SAVAGE. In each verse after the sixth, a blank was left, where the person named in it was to write his name; which each did when the verse had been sung. A copy of it was transmitted to "BEV." by next mail. He had it lithographed, and sent over a few copies, of one whereof the following is a printed copy.

Of the twenty persons, eight only are now living. Worthless as a poem, the lines are priceless to me for the signatures and the memories they invoke.—[ALBERT PIKE.

*Heu! Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,
Quam istorum qui deciderunt meminisse.*

AFTER DINNER.

TO BEVERLEY TUCKER, ESQUIRE, GREETING:

Dear BEV. this greeting goes to you across the Atlantic brine,
From the little room at Johnny Coyle's where once we
used to dine,

And where we've met today, to eat your mutton and
your game,

Which lately over that same brine, a welcome present came.

Of course the Host himself presides, this memorable
night,

With "Jon" Kingman on his left, Will Hunter on his
right;

At the foot our genial Mayor, better known as Jim
Berrett,

On either hand of whom Clem Hill, and Walter Lenox sit.

Between these jovial chiefs, your friends around the
table throng;

Hugh Caperton, of martial fame, Jack Savage, full of song,
Arnold Harris, Charley Boteler, who was never known
to tire,

Buck Bayliss, Robert Johnson, Charley Winder, Jim
McGuire.

Knox Walker, from far Tennessee, by Jonah Hoover sits,
And Albert Pike, of Arkansaw the glass ne'er pretermits:
Ned Tidball, Major Donoho, and Royal Robert Ould,
Just twenty, BEV.! you recollect the room will no more
hold.

In Oeil de Perdrix, St. Marceaux, Veuve Chiquot, St.
Peray,
In Liebfraunmilch, Latour, Lafitte, and ruddy Romance,
In ripe Amontillado we remember you, old friend!
And Sercial and Buel to the feast enchantment lend.

Now while old songs are carrolled, and all hearts are
full of glee,
'Tis moved and seconded, and all without demur agree,
That each shall send you greeting, in these free and
easy rhymes,
That, redolent of fun, shall stir the memories of old times.

'Tis ordered that the host himself the first wish shall
express,
And I drain the brimming bumper, to your health, and
happiness;
Contented, prosperous, fortunate, unvexed by care or toil,
May your days glide gracefully away is the wish of JOHN
COYLE.

May heaven its richest blessings shed upon your house
and you!

Your enemies prove impotent, your friends prove staunch
and true,

May your Life's current smoothly flow, nor vainly chafe
and fret,

Against the impediments of fate! this drinks JAMES G.
BERRET.

May all your paths be pleasantness, your life be free
from care,

Your Evening' like your Morning and Meridian be fair,
And when Life's Sunset calmly comes, may all your Sky
be clear,

I, W. HUNTER, breathe this wish, heartfelt, and most sincere.

I like the good old fashioned Toast, Health, Peace and
Competence!

Health, on good terms, with social cheer, and foe of
abstinence;

Peace without dulness; Competence without frugality,
All this in loving kindness BEV., E. KINGMAN wishes thee.

May Heaven preserve you from all ills, this mortal state
that vex,

From all annoyances that sting, all troubles that
perplex!

May no great sorrow sadden you, and no bereavement
chill,

The generous heart we love so well! Thus wishes
CLEMENT HILL.

May Canvass-backs and terrapins still be within your
means!

May Pheasants not destroy your taste for homely jowl and
greens!

Nor English rolls, corn-bread displace, nor any royal fish,
Make you contemn Potomac shad! I, ARNOLD HARRIS,
wish.

May time take from you none you love, nor any friend
estrangle,

Nor kindness and confidence to cold indifference change!
Nor doubt, or dumb suspicion of an old friend's truth
spring up!

To this C. W. BOTELER drains an overflowing cup.

Let others wish you what they please, this wish, dear BEV.,
is mine;

Soon may your chimuey-corner be once more your only
shrine!

At home with loving hearts around, no longer an estray,
May you find happiness indeed! I, E. M. TIDBALL, pray.

When e'er you want to borrow, may you find a loyal
friend,

Who fortunately flush himself will be rejoiced to lend!

You'll never want the ready will, a friend in need to aid,
And may you never want the means, J. KNOX WALKER'S
wish is said.

May these familiar Signatures, these unpretending rhymes,
Sweet memories awaken, and bring back the good old
times!

Oh Barnum! may you soon return, our merriment to
share!

Vouchsafe this favour, Oh, ye Gods! is CHARLES H.
WINDER'S prayer.

If Fortune will be less than kind, may she not cruel be,
Nor in her wrath afflict you with the last calamity.

May you Congressional slavery 'scape, whatever else be-
tides:

This ROBERT W. JOHNSON asks, and asks no boon besides.

May you full long with appetite and palate unimpaired,
To feast on fish and flesh and fowl be mercifully spared!
Without that penalty the gout, which some for pleasure
pay,

May you that luxury enjoy! I, BUCKNER BAYLY, pray.

Health, Wealth and Happiness! may you this three-fold
boon attain!

May Envy, Hate, and Malice, seek to injure you in vain!
And if, dear BEV., between us, Power again is put to choose,
May you the wished for office win, and J. D. HOOVER lose!

May you ne'er lose your taste for Wine, nor then pota-
tions choose,

Nor off your feet or foundered, BEV., to drain your glass
refuse,

Long may the generous life-blood of the grape your wit
inspire,

And drive away dull care, old friend! wishes JAMES C.
MCGUIRE.

Whenever you're reported dead, and many a manly eye
With tears attest the soul's sharp pain, may it be proved
a lie!

May such a wake be given *you*, as once was given *me*,
And may I, ALBERT PIKE, and all these friends be there
to see!

When e'er again a President you help to nominate,
May *your* share of the pickings be at least a consulate!
Due need for loyal services, may none from you withhold
Nor those you help ungrateful prove! thus wishes ROBERT
OULD.

Should sorrows sadden you, my friend or fortune prove
 unkind,
Receive the buffets dealt by Fate, with firm and equal mind!
From whatsoever quarters ill-luck's cross-winds wildly blow,
May you as safe at anchor ride, as THOMAS DONOHO.

Dear BEV., I, JOHANN SAVAGE, drink with all my soul to this:
May all the arrows of hard fate your portly person miss!
Lord love you, BEV., and bless you with those blessings
 manifold,
Which round the home-hearth clustering, are more than
 place or gold.

May those dear ones at home be spared to make with their
 sweet eyes,
That home when to it you return, once more a Paradise!
May you with them to cherish you, long walk Life's pleas-
 ant ways,
And fall asleep in peace at last! Thus WALTER LENOX
 prays.

The last wish is assigned to me; and as when old friends part,
Hand lingers clasping hand, and heart seems clinging unto
 heart;
So I, HUGH CAPERTON, so *all* with one accord do cry,
While the voice falters at the word, *Dear BEV., old friend,*
 Good bye.

CRUISKEEN LAN.

Let the Statesman swarm like bees,
At Receptions and Levees,
 And Diplomats the drawing-room adorn;
Let Patriots grow gray,
Fretting, fuming life away—
 I'm contented with my Cruiskeen Lan.

 Gra ma cree ma Cruiskeen,
 Slanthe gal ma Vourneen,
 Gra ma cree ma Cruiskeen Lan;
 Gra ma cree ma Cruiskeen,
 Slanthe gal ma Vourneeu,
 Gra ma cree ma Colleen ban, ban, ban
 Gra ma cree ma Colleen ban.

Let the Great love pomp and show,
And Life's pleasures all forego,
 For Fame, that like a vapor soon is gone;
And sour old Cent-per-cent
Count his profits and his rents,—
 I am richer with my Cruiskeen Lan.

 Chorus.

Let him who great would be
Crook the hinges of the kuee,
 And on Senators and Secretaries fawn;

I cannot duck and bend,
But I'll always serve a friend,
And enjoy my little Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let him who fain would thrive,
Usurious bargains drive,
And what he calls his soul; to Satan pawn,
I'll freely give and lend,
And the rest as freely spend,
And enjoy my darling Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let the Fop exhale in sighs,
At the blaze of Beauty's eyes,
While her jewels reconcile him to her scorn
The melted rubies shine
For us in generous wine,
And diamonds in our Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let Plutus have his rout,
Where you're squeezed and knocked about,
And enjoy yourself immensely—in a horn;
Let the youthful and the gay
Enjoy the bal masque;
Give me a quiet Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Let the banker give his feeds,
Where the modest no man heeds,
 And Parvenus on pompous Dullness fawn;
Give me a jollier set,
Of clever fellows met,
 At a friend's to taste his Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

For no contracts we've to give,
Nor any posts by which to live,
 And politics we gayly laugh to scorn;
While like brothers here we stand,
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
 With our smiling little Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

More dear than gold to me
Shall the recollection be
 Of the glorious Attic nights that are gone,
When soul communed with soul,
As away the swift hours stole,
 While we drank our smiling Cruiskeen Lan

Chorus.

You may roam the world around
To old ocean's farthest bound;
 Visit every land the sun looks down upon

And fellows to compare
With our set you'll find nowhere,
When they meet to taste their Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

At JOHNNY COYLE'S, egad!
Many a frolic we have had;
At HOOVER'S, WALLACH'S, BERRY'S seen the dawn
At CHARLEY BOTELEER'S, too,
You with me, and I with you,
Have enjoyed our smiling Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

This evening with MCGUIRE,
Fun and frolic shall conspire
To dissipate the cares of daylight born;
And may we ne'er forget
That we here to-night were met,
To take a kindly Cruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

Be friend to friend more dear;
Let estrangements disappear
As the mists that flit away before the morn;
Good-bye to jars and feud,
Let the old ties be renewed,
As once more we take our Chruiskeen Lan.

Chorus.

“OH, JAMIE BREWED A BOWL
O’ PUNCH.”

A SONG.

Oh, Jamie brewed a bowl o’ punch,
And a’ his friends to help cam’ in;
A jollier set of chieils than they
Thegither ’ll ne’er be seen again.
They were na fu’, they were na fu’
But just a wee drap in their e’e;
The cock might craw and the day might daw’,
But where the punch was, aye they’d be.

Now brew the punch, MCGUIRE, said he,
And mak’ it strang and make it guid,
For naething i’ the warld’s like punch
To warm the heart or stir the bluid.
For we’re na fu’, we are na fu’,
But just a drappie in our e’e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw’,
But where the punch is aye we’ll be.

So CHARLEY BOTELER brought the bowl—
A huge big bowl, a mighty ane,
Wherein if ony man should fa’
He’d droon, if not himsel’, his pain;

For Charley, too, he was na fu',
But just a drappie in his e'e;
The cock might craw, the day might daw',
But where the punch was, aye'd be he.

And neist cam' JONAH HOOVER in,
And brought the lemons for his share,
And said "We'll ha'e a time to-night,
Gin I never drink a jorum mair,
For I'm na fu', I'm na that fu'
But just a drappie in my e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But where the punch is, aye I'll be."

GEORGE GIDEON wi' the sugar cam',
And dinged it i' the mighty bowl,
And cried "Mak' haste, boys, wi' your brew!"—
For George ye see 's a thirsty soul:
He was na fu', was na that fu',
But just a drappie in his e'e;
The cock might craw, the day might daw',
But where the punch was, aye'd be he."

And ARNOLD HARRIS brought the tea,
Sma' was the use he had for that,
Sin' when its taste and water's too,
He i' th' AULD SEVENTH had clean forgat.

He was na fu', was na that fu',
But just a drappie in his e'e;
The cock might craw, the day might daw',
But where the punch was, aye'd be he,

Then fu' of quips and jokes, and jests,
Cam' waubling in douce JOHNNY COYLE
Wi' ane big jug of Farintosh,
Auld as himself, and smooth as oil,
He was na fu' , &c.

GEORGE FRENCH popped in the lumps of ice,
Nae sigu was that his heart was cauld,
And aye he trilled a merry sang,
And syne a funny story tauld.
He was na fu', &c.

At last MCGUIRE lugs out a wheen
Great bottles filled wi' generous wine,
Whilk wi' the lave the brew completes,
A nectar glorious and divine.
They were na fu', they were na fu',
But just a drappie in their e'e,
The cock might craw, the day might daw',
But where the punch was aye they'd be.

So now the brew 's a' mixed and made,
We'll gather round it stoup in hand,
And a blither set ye shall na find
In Pagan or in Christian land.
For we're na fu', we're na that fu',
But just a droppie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But where the punch is, aye we'll be.

So here's to me, and here's to you,
To present and to absent friends,
And here's to him who patient takes
The ills misfortune to him sends.
For we're na fu', &c.

Time taks our friends aff fast eneugh,
And while we live we'll part wi' nane;
Aft as they err, we'll still forgi'e
Their errors, mindfu' o' our ain.
For we're na fu', &c.

Wha first shall fail to drain his cup,
Nae true man shall henceforth be ca'ed;
Wha last shall fill his goblet up,
And drink it, shall be Prince and Lord.

For we're na fu,' we are na fu',
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
But where the punch is, aye we'll be.

1860.

A SONNET.

Lo! the calm evening of a stormy life;
The Sun, unclouded, in the West declining;
Peace at the end of discontents and strife,
Peace to the heart long for affection pining;
The mellow radiance that October fancies,
On clouds no longer storm-vext softly shining,
Whose golden splendour on their blue peaks dances,
And paints with purple glow the silver lining.—
Mine! and, behold, in gentle splendour smiles,
Over the mountains and brown wildernesses,
The Evening Star, among the silver isles,
Star of the Love my autumn-eve that blesses,
That never changing, its sweet self expresses,
In loving looks, kind words and bashful kisses.

January, 1874

WHEN CALIFORNIA WAS A FOREIGN LAND.

READ BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF MEXICAN WAR
VETERANS, JANUARY 16, 1874.

“WHEN CALIFORNIA WAS A FOREIGN LAND!”

How many shadowy, ghost-like figures stand
Between that Then and Now!—forms of dead Years,
Old, meager, pale; and four all blood and tears,
With faces full of pain and agony,
And sitting bowed in speechless misery:
And three, the farthest from us, laurel-crowned,
The Years for victories over foreign foes renowned.

Comrades and Friends, the glorious Past recall;
Live in it again; in memory upon all
Your well-known fields of battle stand again,
Young, hopeful, eager, proud, as you were then.—
Rebels, against the tyranny of time,
Ride through the hills, the mountain-passes climb;
Camp on the streams through fertile vales that flow,
From the broad beds of everlasting snow;
Hear once again the Aztec eagle scream;
See once again Santana's lances gleam;
The toils and hardships of the march endure;
Win glory, and your country's thanks secure.

“WHEN CALIFORNIA WAS A FOREIGN LAND!”—

If time's not measured by the dropping sand
That counts the silent moments as they flit,
But by the great deeds that are done in it,
Then, Comrades, 't is a century or more
Since Yankee arms the flag of glory bore,
From Palo Alto, and from Vera Cruz,
Destined the day upon no field to lose;
To the Belen gate; and on its every fold
To have new glories added to the old;—
By Taylor's legions won at Monterey;
On Buena Vista's memorable day;
Where Kearney led to victory his command,
And Stockton's sailors learned to fight on land;
At Sacramento, where the brave troops, led
By Doniphan, the foe discomfited;
On Churucusco's bloody causeway won;
By deeds of valor at Contreras done;
When Worth and Quitman stormed Chapultepec
And Mexico lay stranded like a wreck.

After Resaca, when the Motherland,
With sword uplifted in her mighty hand,
Called on her sons to meet the braggart foe,
And bear her banners into Mexico,
Her trumpet-call, in every hamlet heard,
The North and South alike inspired and stirred.

Then from the icy hills of pine-clad Maine,
And the great lakes, rang out the same refrain.
To the Mexique Gulf and farthest Arkansas—
“Ready!” and “Forward to the seat of war!”

Then from the cities reigning by the sea,
And inland marts of earnest industry,
From the lone homes of hardy husbandmen,
Came forth the toilers with the plow and pen,
Idlers and artisans, to volunteer;
To all alike their country's honor dear.
Little they cared the cause of war to know;
Enough for them that far in Mexico,
Our little army, then the nation's pride,
Faced gallantly red war's advancing tide,
And if not shortly re-inforced would be,
It and the nation's flag, in jeopardy:—
The flag that tyranny abhors and hates,
Whose golden Stars the symbols were of States,
Each star a sun that with its own light shone,
Not planets, with reflected light alone,—
And making with their stellar harmony
The Constellation's radiant unity.

Then, one by one, the days of glory came,
That neither North nor South alone could claim,
Nor wished to; whose immortal memories are
The common heritage of every Star;

Until the conquest of a nation crowned
Our arms, and golden California found
No tyrant, by the right of conquest Lord,
To rule her by the tenure of the sword;
But Freedom, ruling by her right divine,
Making her, too, a Star, with ours to shine.
Nor did we take her by the sword alone,
But by fair purchase made her all our own.

England remembers, with no lessening pride,
The old fields by her sons' blood sanctified;
Remembers Agincourt, and Crecy, too,
And Poitiers, as well as Waterloo.
Shall the old glories of OUR arms grow pale,
Eclipsed by the later? Shall the names grow stale,
And dim, like stars veiled by an envious cloud,
Of which their country once was justly proud?
Let US, at least, in reverence hold these names,
And guard with jealousy their worthy fames;
Honoring, as then we honored; all the brave,
When Illinois strewed flowers on Butler's grave,
When Indiana mourned the fate of Yell,
And Mississippi wept when Hardin fell;
Remembering that we all were Yankees there,
And in the common glory had a share,
Consenting not that any State should claim
Exclusive right to any hero's fame.

**“WILT THOU ON THY SWEET BOSOM
WEAR?”**

Wilt thou on thy sweet bosom wear,
The cross I send to thee,
Disdaining not the gift that tells
How dear thou art to me?—
Threads of thy soft, brown, precious hair
Do therein intertwine,
Querida! by thy sweet consent,
With some gray threads of mine.

Sweetheart! perhaps, when I am dead,
It may kind memories wake,
Of one who little cares to live,
Except for thy sweet sake;
Who, hoping for such love alone,
As youth to age can give,
Could, losing even that, no less
Only to love you live.

Darling! upon my breast unseen,
Its match and mate I wear,
Thrilled with the same sweet influence,
As when thy head lay there:—

And those who find it there when I
Am silent, still and cold,
May say, perhaps, “this man still loved,
“Though he was gray and old.”

There let them leave the triple cross,
Of deathless love the sign,
Under the grass and on my heart,
For it is wholly mine:—
Though frost-sere leaf and soft spring-flower
Not fit companions be,
Yet I, grown old, O Darling! love
Beyond all measure thee.

November 13, 1874

THE WAIF RETURNED.

I send home your glove, my darling!

Darling! loving and true!

Yester-eve left where you sat by me;

And my heart goes with it to you.

Goes with it all love and devotion,

To win sweet looks from your eyes,

Like the flower which, thirsting in Summer,

For the sweet rain at noon-day sighs.

I send it, yet fain would keep it,

For the little hand that, in mine,

Yester-eve so lovingly nestled,

When your kisses were sweeter than wine.

Come back soon!—I pine, my darling!

For the clasp of your hand again;

Bring back, Dear! the heart that goes to you,

And struggles for freedom in vain.

August 16, 1875.

CLEOPÂTRE.

Go! woo the sweet South-wind, vain man!
The south-wind capricious and gay,
To be steadfast and constant and true,—if you can,
To you only, but for a day:
It will laugh at you, dancing away,
Other lovers to win with caresses;
Yet as easily keep the gay South-wind you may,
Bringing odors from maidens' soft tresses,
As her, whom so many have loved and adore,
That man's love, for her, has a value no more.

Go! sue for the rose's perfume,
That no one may share it with you!
And with blushes for you only ask it to bloom,
When fifty as ardently sue:
It will laugh with its bright eyes of dew,
Its graceful head coyly inclining,
As if weary of words that no longer are new,
And to win new adorers designing;
So she hears, whose eyes once her fondness revealed
And her lips sweet assurance of constancy sealed.

Go! vex, when the red Sunset dies,
The Evening-Star on her throne,
With your vows of devotion and vain tears and sighs,
To win her to love you alone!
Pour your heart out in songs all her own,
And exist only while you behold her!—
She will smile still, and shine as she always has shone,
Upon all who their folly have told her;
As the eyes that you love so, the bright sweet eyes,
Fain would make, every day, a new heart their prize.

Entreat the brown throstle, in May,
Staring gravely at you, where he swings
In the tree-top, to sing for you only, to-day,
The song that to hundreds he sings;
And the tremulous stir of his wings,
And the gay song say 'no' to your suing:
So your darling less fondly and close to you clings,
So, impatiently, half-hears your wooing;
While for new hearts to win with her soft pleading eyes,
And her sweet ways and words, she unconsciously sighs.

The bee ask, to haunt but one flower;
The fawn, at but one spring to drink;
Ask the down in the air to be still but one hour,
The Stars' diamond eyes not to wink!—

But be not so vain as to think
That the sweet May can long love November:
The Stars look not back to the brink
Of the blue Sea, lost loves to remember;
The bright-eyed and beautiful waste no regrets
On the Past, which the young heart soon gladly forgets.

Bring back the sweet face! Set it here,
With the roses a-near, where you write;
That the eyes which have blessed you so many a year,
May never be out of your sight,
When you work there, by day or by night.
It will change not, though SHE grow disdainful;
Do not Genius and Beauty to Youth give the right,
To the self-deceived victims though painful,—
To win and to waste a new heart every hour,
Like the breeze and the bird; like the star and the flower?

September 3, 1875.

AS THE SEASONS COME AND GO

The fresh young leaves are coming, Dear!
 In the genial prime of May;
And the bees in the blooms are humming, Dear,
 And the world is glad and gay;
Is gay and glad, in the ripe bright Spring,
 Forgetting the Winter-snow;
But Winter again the snows must bring,
 As the Seasons ebb and flow;
And so the world goes round in a ring,
 As the Seasons come and go.

As the Seasons come and go, and the years
 One after another die,
With wan sad faces wet with tears,
 And the laugh that ends in a sigh;
In a sigh,—and, sighing, our hopes and joys
 Pace after them, sad and slow,
With our manhood's baubles and childhood's toys,
 As the Seasons ebb and flow,
Leaving us only the pleasure that cloys,
 As the Seasons come and go.

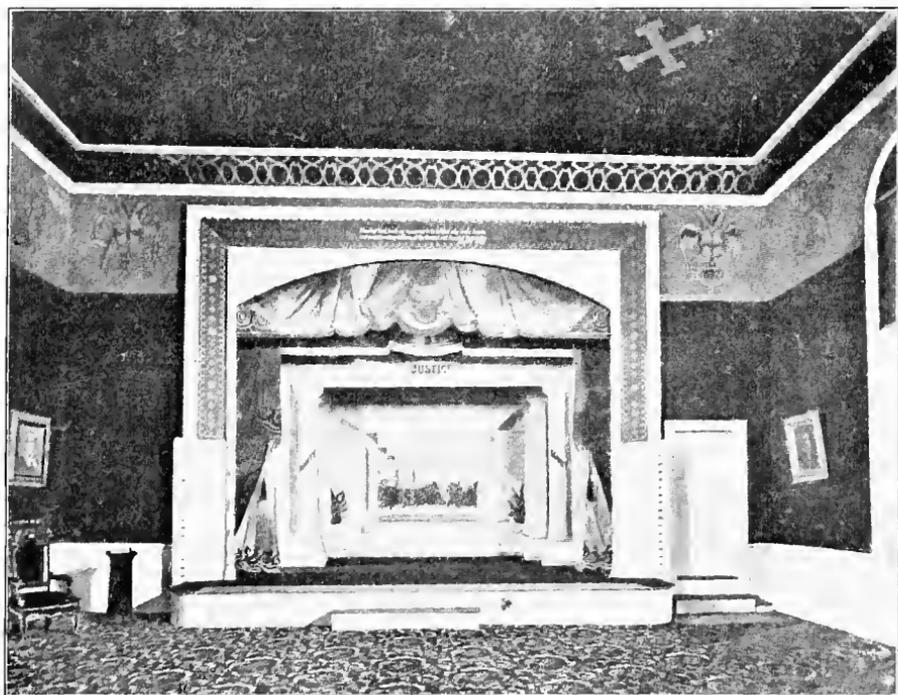
The lads are the fair girls wooing, Dear!
In the rath glad days of Spring,
And the graybeards for young loves suing, Dear!
While the thrushes, mating, sing.
They are wise,—for the Young grow old and gray,
And Time is a fair girl's foe;
And maids are fickle, and men will stray,
As the Seasons ebb and flow;
For Love's Forever is but a day,
As the Seasons come and go.

In the new Love's lap all the old are forgot,
When the mouth new kisses craves;
They are gone, like prayers remembered not,
One after one, like the waves:
On the dead Loves' ashes the live Loves tread,
And into its fires we throw
The false girl's pictures, the tress of the Dead!
As the seasons ebb and flow,
Forgetting the once-sweet lips so red,
As the Seasons come and go.

No! No!—there WERE Loves we CANNOT forget,
Charming faces, forever dear;
Sweet lips, with whose kissing ours tingle yet,
Loving words we shall always hear;

Eyes that we always shall look into,
Whether they love us or no;
Adorations immortal, tender and true,
Though the Seasons ebb and flow;
Immortal, O Darling! as mine for you,
While the Seasons come and go.

September 6 1875



INTERIOR OF ALBERT PIKE SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL, LITTLE ROCK.

ODE.

When shall the nations all be free,
 And Force no longer reign;
None bend to brutal Power the knee,
 None hug the gilded chain?
No longer rule the ancient Wrong,
The Weak be trampled by the Strong?—
How long, dear God in heaven! how long,
 The people wail in vain?

Do not th' Archangels on their thrones,
 Turn piteous looks to Thee,
When round them thickly swarm the groans
 Of those that would be free?
Of those that know they have the right
To Freedom, though crushed down by Might,
As all the world hath to the light
 And air which Thou mad'st free?

The ancient Empires staggering drift
 Along Time's mighty tide,
Whose waters, running broad and swift,
 Eternity divide:

How many years shall pass, before
Over their bones the sea shall roar,
The salt sand drift, the fresh rains pour,
The stars mock fallen Pride?

What then the Great Republic's fate?
To founder far from land,
And sink with all her glorious freight,
Smitten by God's right hand?
Or shall she still her helm obey
In calm or storm, by night or day,
No sail rent, no spar cut away,
Exultant, proud and grand?

The issues are with God. To do,
Of right belongs to us:
May we be ever just and true,
For nations flourish thus!—
JUSTICE is mightier than ships;
RIGHT, than the cannon's brazen lips;
And TRUTH, averting dark eclipse,
Makes fortunes prosperous.

July 4, 1853.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

She has sunken again into slavery's tomb,
Like a thunderbolt quenching itself in the sea;
And deeply and darkly engraved is her doom,—
“*Her existence is done! Let her never be free!*”

From the darkness that long eddied round her she rose,
And flinging her grave-clothes of bondage aside,
A brave, bold defiance she hurled at her foes;
And her shot-riddled flag flew once more in its pride.

'Twas the battle of RIGHT against Outrage and Wrong,
The last noble struggle for life and free laws;
And every heart to whose feelings belong
Any generous impulses, prayed for her cause.

As the clouds of a tropical hurricane roll
From horizon to zenith, so swelled her array;
As the broad fields of ice drifting south from the pole,
So gathered her forces, all fierce for the fray.

For each manly heart in which beat the free blood
Of a true Polack joyfully rushed to the ranks;
Then forth to the frontier they rolled, like a flood
That, swelled with great rains, overflows all its banks.

And lo! the old flag proudly waved in the air,
Over city and plain, as of yore was its wont;
And the souls of her mighty departed were there,
Like the shades of dead gods, marching on in the front.

But the fetters are clasped on her limbs once again,
And riveted strongly, and clenched there forever;
Sad, sad, is her soul, sharp and bitter her pain,
And dark the deep dungeons where light wandereth
never.

Oh, shame on you! shame on you, children of Gaul!
You had just become free, and you might have been
great;
But you suffered the noblest of nations to fall,
And lie bleeding and maimed at the merciless gate

Of the grim Northern Wolf, whose white teeth, dripping
red,
Yet mangle the corpse of the stag he has slain.
Shame! shame! a proud people were better be dead,
Than disgraced by ingratitude's ignoble stain.

When a word from your mouth, like the lightning's swift
flame,
Would have sent back the Wolf to his lair in the snow,
And made the dull hater of Freedom as tame
As his serfs, that smile thanks in return for a blow.

When you might have been hailed the true kings of the
world,

And your memory ever regarded with love;
Had you struck but one blow, but one cannon-shot hurled,
The thunders of God would have helped from above.

That then you should heed not their earnest appeal,
Who under Napoleon fought by your side,
Nor think that you saw, through the glitter of steel,
Brave Poniatowski rejoicingly ride!

Live on, then, and crouch to your Citizen King!
This tale of your baseness shall often be sung;
And its memory, a halo of shame, round you cling,
To be never thrown off while the world has a tongue.

1832.

MONOTONE.

Come, gentle Dian, show thy crescent in
The sea of fading light that floods the west:
Sit, like a white swan on a blue sea's breast;
A dying swan, that with sweet melody
Of her last song tames the rebellious sea,
To slumberous quiet. Oh, shine forth, amid
The paling light, like beauty's lovely eye,
Half-beaming from its slowly lifting lid!
Shine out, and bless the world, fair Moon! for I,
Like the young flowers and leaves, do watch for thee
As though thou wert the pleasant memory
Of a lost happiness.

I see her now,
And my heart quivers with a sudden glow
Of soothing sadness; as the still leaves move,
When the breeze stirs them with his voice of love.
Oh, gentle Moon! thy influence is like
A mother's love, thy light, a mother's eye.
Ah, mother, mother! how that dear name sends
Its echoes through the heart, and with them blends
The keen, fierce intonations of sharp woe!
Mother, dear mother! dark and sad is now
My path of life; heart-stricken and alone,
We tread our way in joyless unison.

Those that we loved so dearly, all are gone:
All, all are dead: and, mother, sadly thou
Thinkest of me, and weepst for thy son,
Toiling afar with the wild waves of life,
Stricken with tempest. Shall I ever steer
Homeward my shattered bark, and once more hear
Thy kind, calm tones of love, and feel thine eye
Beaming with deep affection, and the high
And holy spirit of a mother's love?
Yet even then how changed, how sad and stern
Will be my home, when anxiously I turn
Mine eyes around, to search for each lost face
That there should greet me!

Time, thy ceaseless pace
Tramples the heart and all its growth of hopes,
Like withering flowers. Go on, cold reveller!
And end thy work! I have had dreams, fond dreams
Bright hopes, wild, fiery graspings after fame,
Flashes of proud ambition in my heart,
But all are buried now in many graves.
For what were home to me, should I return?
A trampled hearth, whose fire has ceased to burn!
A silent desert! a monotony!
A voiceless echo! an unshapen void,
Lighted by one pale star! ah, bitter thought,

Perhaps all starless! Mother! can it be,
That I shall lose thee, too? the fearful thought
Crushes my soul. All? All?—Oh, spare me one!
Leave me one eye of love to light my soul,
When I return!

TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

Thou art a radiant and imperial star,
Planet! whose silver crest beams bright, afar
Upon the edge of yonder eastern hill,
That, nightlike, seems a third of heaven to fill.
Thou art most worthy of *a poet's* song,
One like a king above the common throng;
And yet thou smilest as if *I* might sing,
Weak as I am, my lyre unused to ring
Among the thousand harps that thrill the world.

The sun's last breath upon the sky has curled,
Flushing the clouds; and now thou hast arisen,
And in the East thy burning eye doth glisten:
Thou whom the ancients held to be a king
Among the gods. As though thou wast a spring
Of inspiration, I would soar and drink
While yet thou lingerest on the mountain's brink.
Who bade men say that thou, oh silver Peer!
Wast to the moon a servitor, anear
To sit, and watch her eye for messages
Like to the other silver-winged bees,
That swarm around her, when she sits her throne?
Out on the moon! She bringeth storm alone,

At new and full, and every other time;
She turns men's brains, making them madly rhyme,
And rave, and sigh away their weary life;
And shall she be of young adorers rife,
And thou have none?—Nay, *one* will sing to thee
In rudest strains, bending the humble knee.—
Lo! on the edge of the great Western Plain,
The Star of Love doth lingering remain,
She of the ocean-foam, watching thy look,
As one that gazes on an antique book,
Earnestly reading, in the deep, dead night,
Filching from Time his hours. Ah! sweet delay!
And now she sinks, pursuing the swift day,
Content with thy one glance of answering love:—
Where Venus worships, can I heedless prove?

Now as thou swimmest higher into sight,
Marking the water with a line of light,
 On wave and ripple quietly aslant,
Thy influences steal upon the heart,
With a sweet magic and resistless art,
 Like the still growth of a young vigorous plant
The mother, watching by her sleeping child,
Blesses thee, when thy light, serene and mild,
Falls through the lattice on her babe's pale face,
Tinging it with a sweet benignant grace,
Like the white shadow of an angel's wing.

The sick man that has lain for many a day,
And wasted like a lightless flower away,
Blesses thee, too, oh JOVE! when thou dost shine
Upon his face with influence divine,
Soothing his thin, blue eyelids to calm sleep.
The child its peevish murmuring will keep
In its vexed nurse's arms, till thou dost glad
Its eyes, and then it sleeps. The thin and sad
And patient student, closes his worn books
A space or so, to gain from thy kind looks
Refreshment: Prisoners in dungeons pent
Climb to the grates, and there with head upbent
Gaze long at thee; the timid deer awake,
And by thy light ramble through fell and brake,
Whistling their joy to thee, the speckled trout
From under his dark rock comes shooting out,
Turns his quick eye to thee, loves thy soft light,
And sleeps within it; the gray water-plant
Looks up to thee beseechingly, aslant,
And thou dost feed it there beneath the wave.
Even the tortoise crawls from his damp cave,
And feeds wherever, on the dewy grass,
Thy light has lingered: nay, thy mild rays pass
To water-depths, and the small coral-fly
Works cheerfully when flattered by thine eye.

Thou touchest not the rudest heart in vain;
Even the sturdy sailor and hard swain
Are grateful when, after a storm, thine eye
Opens amid torn clouds, and calms the sky.
The lover praises thee, to thy sweet light
Likens his love, so tender and more bright,
And tells his mistress thou dost kindly mock
Her radiant eyes. Thou dost the heart unlock,
With care and woe long dark and comfortless,
So that the wretched thy sweet soothing bless,
And cease to long for quiet in the grave.
The lunatic, that to the moon doth rave,
Sleeps in thy light, and is again himself;
The miser pauses as he counts his pelf,
When through the steel-barred windows flash thy glances
And even him thy loveliness entrances.
Ah! while thy silver arrows pierce the air,
And, far below thee, all the dark woods, where
The wind sleeps, and the mountains crowned with snow
And the great Sea, whose pulses come and go,
Are still as death,—ah! bring me back again
The bold and happy heart that blessed me, when
Life was delight; before one hope was veiled
By disappointment. Then my cheek was paled,

But not with care;—for late at night and long
I toiled and moiled to gain myself among
Old tomes some knowledge; as indeed I did.
I studied much, and things the wise had hid
In their quaint books I learned; and then I thought
Myself a poet, and I fondly wrought
My boyish feelings into verse, and rained
The loose leaves on the wind, and so I gained
Some praise, and a slight name.

And then I dreamed,—
Ah, me! how like reality it seemed!—
Of loving and being loved, of eyes that shone,
Bright as the Southern Cross, for me alone;—
But I awoke, the vision fled away,
And round me closed a long, cold winter day,
With frost and sleet, since when my poor feet bled
On the sharp flints:—Ah, Jove! couldst thou but lead
Me back to boyhood for a time, it were
Indeed a gift.

THOU, who didst thus *their* destiny control,
I worship thee, hoping that in my soul
Thy light may sink. Oh, JOVE, I am full sure,
None feel for thy fair star a love more pure,
Than I. Thou hast been, everywhere, to me
A source of inspiration. I should be

Sleepless, could I not first behold thine orb,
In East or West. Then doth my heart absorb,
Like other withering flowers, thy light and life.
For that neglect which cutteth like a knife,
Thou chill'st not with; unless the azure lake
Of heaven is clouded. Planet! thou wouldst make
Of me, as of thine ancient worshippers,
A poet; but, alas! whatever stirs
My tongue and pen, both are but faint and weak.
Apollo hath not, in some gracious freak,
Inspired me with the spirit of his lyre,
Or touched my soul with his ethereal fire.
So that whatever humble song I sing,
To thee is but a meagre offering.
All I can give is small. Thou wilt not scorn
My all. I give no golden sheaves of corn;
I burn to thee no rich and odorous gums;
I offer up to thee no hecatombs;
I build no altars: 'tis a heart alone;
Such as it is, receive it! 'tis thine own.

SHELLEY

Only a few short years ago, there sat
A youth on one of old Rome's seven hills,
Beneath a ruined temple, and upon
A broken fragment of a marble column.
Around, the stern and silent ruins cast
Their massive shadows, and a tangled maze
Of trees, and flowers, and shrubs, was rich along
The face of the declivity. The sun
Was setting upon Rome; and through the clouds
His glorious spirit revelled, lighting up
Their fluctuating drifts with all his hues
Of placid melancholy, and the deep
Calm beauty of a soft Italian eve.
Below him lay the city:—beautiful!
Dome, palace, spire, all radiant with the glow
And perfect beauty of that hour of peace.

The time accorded with his soul,—that deep,
Abundant fountain of impassioned thought,
Which the world in vain had striven to choke up
He came from England there, to feed his soul
With inspiration from those mighty ruins,
And to escape the cold, offensive sneer
And hatred of the world. Alas! he erred;

His dark and dreary creed was one that awes
All hearts that worship in our sacred faith.
Yet we should rather pity than condemn
The blind of heart, even as the blind of eye.
His pen, too bold, had warred with our belief:
His name was written on the traveller's page
On St. Bernard; and also, underneath,
With his own hand, the sad word, "*Atheos.*"

But he was moral, generous, pure of heart,
Gentle and kind as any innocent child;
And he was persecuted, and so fled.
The world, that should by kindest means have striven
To wean so fine a soul from its mad creed,
Had hunted him, and tortured his kind heart,
With calumny and hatred, as it ever
Hunts those who contravene its cherished faith.
This was not all; but poverty had worn,
Like a cold iron, to his soul. Oh, world!
Thou knowest not how many glorious sons
Of Poetry thy hard, cold heart has left
To faint and languish, with a living death!
He sat and mused, soothing his constant pain
With soft, sweet fancies, of the sunset born.
His melancholy wove its lovely thoughts
Into rich words, brilliantly beautiful,

Colored like one of Titian's master-pieces,
Or Guido's lovely faces. All his sorrows
Couched in his soul, and only tinged his verse
With imperceptible tints. His lovely songs
Were paintings,—masses of rich, glowing words,
Full of sweet feeling, and a 'singular power.
Like his own sky-lark, up at Heaven's gate,
Above the earth and all its meaner things,
He sang, and soared higher than mortal ken.
But at rare times a sudden thought would shoot,
Like a sharp pang of bitter agony,
Through his wronged heart, and dim the vivid fire
Of lofty thoughts and noble aspirations.
Then would he drop his pen. His slender form,
Attenuated, slight, ethereal, shook
With the vibrations of his spirit. Then
The fine, transparent, delicate, boyish face
Became still paler and more spiritual;
And the clear eye, that did relieve that look
Of boyishness, with its soft, brilliant light,
Contracted with a sudden spasm of pain:—
That eye, within whose wondrous depths you saw
The soul itself,—so tender, yet intense,
So bright and keen, and yet so melancholy.

But this went by; and conquering his sorrow,
He wrote again. Is it not very strange
How the strong soul can pour its golden thoughts,
Its musical words and bright imaginings.
In the world's ear, when round it lies the wreck
Of many hopes; when the poor, throbbing heart
Is weary of its struggle, and would fain
Lie down and sleep in that most peaceful couch,
Where ghastly dreams come not,—the quiet grave?
It is a sad, sweet pleasure to the heart
To watch its own decline. It wastes away,
But burns the brighter as it suffers more.
Perhaps to him his poetry, indeed,
Was its own sweet reward. As though we shared
Our secret sorrow with some dear old friend,
We do commune most intimately with
Our inmost heart; and all our deeper thoughts,
Which we could not have spoken, we can write:—
Not to display them to the world, but like
A man who, sitting by his fireside, talks,
Of a sharp winter night, with one who went
To school with him through many a drift of snow,
When they were careless and contented boys.
And he who terms this egotism, knows
No more the nature of a Poet's soul
Than do the stupid beasts that chew the cud.

Not many moons had changed, when SHELLEY sailed
On the calm sea that washes the fair shores
Of sunny Italy. Long hours he lay,
Leaving his boat to wander where it listed,
While all the memories of his past life floated,
Like memories of dreams, before his eyes.

The scene was changed. Clouds, wind, storm, rain, and fire
Howled angrily along the startled sea;
Blue lightning hissed upon the crested waves;
Winds from the bending forests on the shore
Lashed the mad waters. Still, through all the storm,
He had the same calm, spiritual look,
The same clear, bright, yet melancholy eye,
As when among the ruins of old Rome.
Perhaps there was a sick throb of the heart;—
A wish to win, before he died, more fame,
And some small portion of earth's happiness.

But who shall tell his thoughts? Perhaps he then
Doubted the truth of his dark, cheerless creed,
And shrank in horror from oblivion,
Decomposition, death, annihilation.—
Perhaps!—

The frail bark foundered, and the waves
Quenched a great light and left the world to mourn
It is enough to make the poet sick
Of his high art, and scorn the clamorous world,
And life, and fame, that guerdon dearly won
By broken hopes, sad days, and early death,
When he remembers the short, bitter life.
And sad end of poor SHELLEY.

Fare thee well,
Young star of Poetry, now set forever!
Yet, though eclipsed forever to this world,
Still thy light fills the earth's dull atmosphere,
A legacy inestimable. Man
Hath done thee wrong, wronging himself the more,
By cold neglect, and small appreciation
Of thy divinest songs. The day will come
When justice will be done thee. Adonais,
The bound Prometheus, will become great lamps
Lit on the edges of thick darkness, blazing
Over broad lauds and out on weltering seas,
Like glorious suns that midnight change to noon:
Great beacons on the fringes of the sea,
Speaking the glories of the hoary Past
To future ages, far in the womb of Time,
And flashing inspiration on that sea,
And all the earnest souls that journey there.

Then none of all the muse's younger sons
Will rival thee, except that glorious one,
Who burned thy corpse on Italy's fair shores.
But what is fame to thee? Small recompense
For persecution, obloquy, and wrong;
For poverty and shattered hopes, and life
Embittered till it was no pain to die!

1835.

FRAGMENTS.

FROM "THE BRIGAND." A POEM.

"Bring the wine-cup, companions! and let it go round!
At its bottom good humor and mirth will be found;
Bring the cup—we'll drink deep to the spirit of wine,
The true inspiration and nectar divine.

Boy! take round a draught to the brave *Lanzador*;
Ere another sun sets we his loss may deplore.
Pass not the *Tuerto*! His sword is as good
As the best, and has drunken as deeply of blood.

Take the cup to *San Pablo*! He seemeth to wink,—
His saintship has well earned a license to drink;
For his children, the priests, he has oft helped to heaven
By many a penance and stripe he has given.

No offence to *El Padre*!—oh, no! for his hand
Is acceptable, armed with the cup or the brand:
Drink deep to his health! and whenever we die,
In the camp or the field, may *El Padre* be nigh!

One draught to ourselves! To the League of the Free!
To the band that is feared from the hills to the sea!
Let the proud Viceroy fume! we his thunders defy,
And his treasures we confiscate under his eye.

The panther-trod mountains encircle our camp,
We descend like the wind at our bold leader's stamp;
And who would exchange the free life that he leads,
For the patter of prayers, and the counting of heads!

Drink deep to our captain, the brave and the true!
To the heart that chill fear and weak parley ne'er knew!
To him whose black plume, and the flame of whose brand,
Are watchwords of terror and fear through the land.

Valverde! Valverde!—The pale cowards quake,
And the rock-wallen cities and fortresses shake,
When his name rings around like the roar of the sea;—
Valverde! Valverde! The Sword of the Free.”

Such was the song that foamed along the rocks,
And echoed from the thunder-rifted blocks,
In many tongues. Such was the festal song
Of the Bandits.

The rugged cliffs among
They had their camp. On every side uplifted
Precipitous mountains, hoary with white foam sifted
Eternally upon their barren crows,
Forever braving the fierce Storm-God's frowns,
And the Sun's laugh. No foot, in all the time
Since the world's making, had essayed to climb
The mountains there, so steep and rough were they.

And here, encircled so on all sides, lay
Sleeping within, an oval, verdant vale,
From which descended but one narrow trail,
A rocky pass, leading to where, below,
The plains spread out;—and through that crooked pass
Fed in the vale by fountains brimmed with grass
And golden flowers, a silver streamlet ran.
The mountain-breezes never failed to fan
That narrow pass, and that most fertile vale.

The sun was down; but heaven had not grown pale,
For over it there flushed the million hues,
In rainbow cradles, out of the misty dews.
Here, on the summits of far-reaching hills,
The snow was stained with all those sunset thrills;
And there, thick-shaded, had a dim and gray
And misty look, as though dusk Eve did stray
Before her time, out from her eastern cave.
Around the mountain-bases thick did wave
Funereal firs; and in the vale there stood
A haughty and magnificent old brood
Of giant pines.

 Watch-fires around were built,
And here and there stood, leaning on the hilt
Of his good brand, a bearded sentinel,
Stern and immovable, while thickly fell

The shouts of revelry upon his ear.
Caution was there, although no sign of fear;
And if the eye glanced round among the crags,
It might perceive, behind projecting jags,
Dark forms, half-hidden, all along the pass,
Still as though portions of the mountain-mass.
Here stood a lance, there lay a spotted blade
Upon the sod,—plain emblems of the trade
Of those who revelled; each of whom yet wore
His pistols in his belt; while, close before
A watch-fire, stood some bulky stacks of arms,
Ready for grasping by the owners' palms.
Some, massive muskets of the Tower stamp,
And some the truer rifle. Through the camp,
There was an air of watchful discipline,
Most stern and strict; such as is rarely seen
With those who have no law but their own will.

Above, and where the narrow, flowering vale
Grew narrower, and where a shifting sail
Of mist was floating up among the rough
And rugged branches of the giant trees;
And where a tall, gray, overhanging bluff
Gave shelter to the dim obscurities,
That cowered beneath, dreading the evening breeze,

Sat the stern chief. A broad and gnarled root
Lent him a seat, where, at the mountain's foot,
He rested, hearing not the shouts below,
Wherewith the winds were burdened, that did blow
Drowning the voice, murmuring and musical,
Of the swift brook and slender waterfall,
That babbled near him, fed by faithful springs,
And by cold waters, dropping from the wings
Of crystallised snow. He had let fall his head
Upon his hands, as though he sadly fed
His memory with almost forgotten dreams,
Or winged Hopes, wherewith the Fancy teems.
And so he kept, until the crimson flush
Had vanished, at the Night-God's westward rush,
And the still stars began to tread the sky,
With their white feet, desiring to espy
The gentle moon in the far orient.
Why was the chieftain, like an old man, bent?
Why shook his frame with many a stifled sigh?
Why paled still more that pallid face? His eye,
Why is it dimmed with tears that will not fall,
As if the tenderness that unto all
Will cling, though far within the deepest nook
And inmost chambers of the dark heart, shook
His form, and raised the warm dew from his heart
Into his eyes?

When night and day did part,
Lingeringly, on the occidental marge,
And the sweet moon her silver orb did charge
With the sun's love; and shyly lifting not
Her eye, as yet, up from the shadowy grot
Behind the mountains, still shot up her spirit
Over their crowns; and the fair Star of Love,
Like some ethereal boat, when angels steer it,
Beamed brilliantly through the tall, gloomy grove
Of graceful firs that crowned the western hill;
Like a clear beacon set upon blue waves
To lighten sailors' hearts that fear cold graves;
He seemed to wander in the tangled maze
Of his own thoughts, as in a wilderness,
And on the glories of the Heavens gaze,
Like one who looks at things, but nothing sees,
Mingling them all in one misshapen blot;
Or, if he sees them, making them a part
Of the one thought, on which the burning heart
Is all centered, till it is all thought.

There is an old walled city standing near
The broad Pacific's curving, sandy verge;
Whose very walls are sometimes, by the surge,
Whitened with foam. Great palaces are there,
That glitter in the clear Peruvian air;

And grand cathedrals, with old towering spires,
Reflecting from gold ornaments the fires
Of the eternal sun. Along the streets
By day and night without cessation beats
The pulse of life, and flows the living tide,
Of pomp and poverty, and woe and pride.
There shaven monk and proud Hidalgo walk,
Or roll in state; and like the lamp-eyed flock
Of Houris that in Paradise are met
By all who truly worship Mahomet,
Fair women congregate, of pleasant eves,
When the bland sea-breeze stirs the orange leaves,
With delicate ankles, round, full, graceful forms,
And eyes as deeply black as midnight storms,
Lighted by lightning; and a gait that shames
Old Andalusian's slender-footed dames.
On all sides of the city, far and near,
Tall mansions, rich with Spanish pomp, appear;
And promenades, o'erarched with flowering trees,
Dropping their blooms at every passing breeze,
Or bent with olives. All the air is sweet,
For the light sea-winds, with their fairy feet,
Go in and out the honeyed orange-blooms,
And through the thick pomegranates purple glooms
Becoming partners with the thievish bees,
In bearing off rich odors.

Here was born

Ramon Valverde. Ere his head had worn
The weight of seven summers, he was sent
To gain, upon the mother continent
An education from her ponderous tomes,
And giant intellects, amid the homes

Of his dead ancestors, in fair Seville.

His name was not Valverde then; he bore
A prouder name and title, now no more.

There passed some dozen years, while he did fill
His brain with knowledge, such as few obtain,
And then his father called him home again.

Just when his youth bordered on manhood, ere
One hope, one spark of confidence had faded
In his young soul; while every sense was pained

With golden hues, he left Seville the fair,
And crossed the ocean to his native land,
Glad on the well-known shores once more to stand.
He stood there at the season when the soul
Is most impassioned; when the brilliant goal
Of hope looms up and seems within our reach;
Ere yet experience has begun to teach
His bitter lessons to the wounded heart:
Ere Time has chilled one feeling, in the mart

Of ruined hopes and shattered destinies.
Just at the time when that strange prism, romance,
Lures the glad soul to sunny reveries,
And makes life seem to youth's bold, ardent glance,
All happiness and joy: When Faith and Trust
Have lost not one of all their sunny plumes;
Before the generous nature has been cursed
With dark suspicion, or the frowning glooms
Of stern misanthropy.

Thus was Ramon:
And when he stepped his native shore upon,
His father was a bankrupt. Men whom he
Had trusted as true friends, had ruined him.
Alas! this friendship and this treachery!
How many an eye doth perjured friendship dim!—
It is the fortune of the honest man
To trust and be deceived. It almost seems
Wiser to float upon the troubled streams
Of the world alone, and give and ask no aid.
Who has not, at some season of his life,
Had hollow friends and false hearts to upbraid?—
Delayed by storms, Ramon did just arrive
In time to embrace his father while alive.
There was an age in that one parting grasp:
He watched his parent's last convulsive gasp,

And buried him, and mourned him many a day.
Thenceforth he struggled on his lonely way,
Friendless and poor. Men coldly looked him down
For 'tis a virtue in the rich, to frown
Upon the poor, and keep him underneath:
It is beneficence to let him breathe
The same good air as they, and tread the soil
Which they tread daintily.

In constant toil
And wrestling with his fate, Ramon bore up
A year or two, nor murmured at the cup
Of bitterness. 'Twas very hard for one
Whose spring was brilliant with a cloudless sun,
Full of romance, high hopes and splendid dreams,
Proud, ardent feelings, generous impulses,
To be thus dealt with.

One starry night,
He told his love.

The young Ramon upon Antonia gazed,
As one might on an angel, that could give
Him immortality. He did not live
Beyond her presence; for his other life,
Out in the world, was but an evanescence,
A dream of pain and care, of toil and strife,
Lit with the image of that lovely presence,

That peopled his lone heart, and made its cold,
Dark desert once again a Paradise.
So gazing into her deep earnest eyes,
As I have said, his tale of love he told,
Weaving all thoughts, all wishes, all desire,
All hopes and passion into words of fire,
That fell upon her heart, with the intense
Appealing power of love's own eloquence,
And would have won her, had her heart not been
His own already.

There, amid the green
And living foliage of the sleeping trees,
Their faith was plighted. While the impassive stars,
With their eternal calm monotony,
Seemed the soul's echo, deeply, fervently,
They vowed to be each other's evermore;
A sacred vow, Heaven's primal shrine before.
How long and happy their sweet conference
Of loving words, or of that most intense
And eloquent silence which is only known
To Love and his young votaries! From her throne
The waxing moon had gone before they parted,
Each to delicious slumber, each light-hearted,
Buoyant with hope. Thence forward, day by day,
Their love grew more intense. When morning gray

Awoke, he found her at the window, reading,
And when pale Eve the flowers with dew was feeding,
She still was there, watching to see his form
Among the busy and incessant swarm
That filled the street. She lived in him alone;
He was her life, a twin-soul to her own:
And when to Heaven she kneeled at twilight dim
And sung her matin song or evening hymn,
To Mary Queen, be sure the words of it
Breathed from *his* soul, and by *his* pen were writ.

Too soon

This dream of hope and happiness was broken:
It would have been by far too great a boon,
For Alvarez, the wealthy, pious-spoken,
Prouđ Hijo d'algo, to have given to one,
Poor as Ramon, his daughter. For the son
Of an old noble wooed her, through her sire,
And had his promise. Then the latent fire
That slumbers in the meekest bosoms woke,
And a new spirit in Antonio spoke
In resolute accents. She declared her love,
And gloried in 't, and vowed by Him above,
That neither prayers nor force should make her wed,
Save with Ramon, to whom her faith was plighted,
While life remained, unless her reason fled,

And she became like one that gropes, benighted
Along the terror-peopled waste of senseless dreams.

Henceforth Ramon was persecuted. He
Was represented by the priests to be
A favorer of things heretical.
Stoutly they toiled, bribed to effect his fall,
And to the councils did accuse the youth,
As one who was no votary of the truth,
But loved strange doctrines, and had learned to hate
The true belief, endangering the State.
By perjury the miscreants gained their ends;
The poor have seldom very many friends;
And he was soon condemned.

They chained him there,
And gave him to their alguazils to bear
Into the mountains three-score leagues or so,
And leave him on the rocks or frozen snow,
Bound hand and foot, to live as best he might,
Or die and feed the wolves. So did they write
Their stern decree. It fell upon his ear,
But stirred no nerve. He shed no womanish tear,
When 'twas pronounced, or when, next day, he took,
Before they bore him off, his last long look
At the proud palace where his love was kept
As in a cloister; for his eyes had wept

Their last tear now. That was the hour that changed
His inmost nature. That short hour estranged
From him all tender feelings that before
Had fluttered in his heart. The blow that tore
His hopes away, gave him a heart of steel:
Thenceforth he hardly knew what 'twas to feel.
He had been gentle and affectionate,
Most bounteous, though but limited of late;
A shy and modest boy, a genial man:
And his warm blood, although it swiftly ran,
Still throbbed with sympathy, whene'er distress
Called for relief, or wrongs required redress.
But from that hour his heart became austere,
And cold and stern: no passion thence was dear,
Except revenge.

One windy afternoon

In chilly autumn, when the full red moon
Stood on the ramparts of the hills, to gaze
At the veiled sun, just setting in thick haze,
They flung Ramon down on the rocky slope
Of a bleak mountain, and rode swift away,
Leaving him, like a helpless clod, to cope
With death and his despair; and so he lay,
While they rode off with many a jeer and jibe,
The common fashion of the vulgar tribe.

And so he lay, silent and speechless, there,
On the wild sky fixing a steady stare
Of utter hopelessness. The sun dropped down,
As a torch is quenched. Night came with heavy frown
And the gray haze grew thicker in the west,—
Sure indication that the restless ocean
Had sent forth tempest from his teeming breast,
To lash the winds and waters to commotion.
An hour or so the red moon labored through
The heavy masses of gray cloud that grew,
Weltering like billows, over the angry sky,
Until these surges, running mountain-high,
Broke over her, and hid her struggling form,
As when a vessel founders in a storm.
The winds awoke, and madly reeled about,
Shrieking amid the cedars, driving out
The hidden darkness from the deepest caves,
To cover the sky: like great engulfing waves,
The fir trees roared and rocked; blue lightning flashed,
Licking the dark crags with its fiery tongue,
And on the cliffs the awful thunder crashed,
And, echoing, to the precipices clung
With a moaning roar. And then the rain broke out,
The sharp white hail, and the great waterspout,
Hurling the rocks down. Swollen rivers bounded
Rejoicingly from crag to crag, surrounded
By crashing trees that fell in splinters there.

Yet he lay helpless. The electric glare
Blinded his eyes; the white hail cut to his bones;
The thunder mocked his agonized moans;
And the storm lulled only to rave again.
The scared wolves, issuing from cave and den,
Blinded with fear, howled loudly as they ran;
And eagles flew so low, their wings did fan
His wounded face. All night the mighty Storm
Haunted the mountains; but his eyeless form
Fled when the sun rose. Dimly, in a cloud
That veiled his brightness like a great, black shroud,
He rose; but soon his fiery, flashing rays
Melted the mist, and then his potent blaze
Became a torture;—so that, all that day,
And its chill night, Ramon despairing lay.
The next day came, with thirst, desire of death,
And restless dozing,—dreams of drinking seas,
Parched tongue, sharp headache, strained eyes, feverish
breath,
And horrible pangs and spasms; and, by degrees,
Frenzy and madness. So that day crawled by,
And cold Night came with all her icy stars,
Radiant with freezing splendor in the sky,—
Dear to the sailor, when his shattered spars
Sweep by the Orkneys or bleak Hebrides,
Or where into mountains the salt waters freeze,
By the stormy Cape, or Straits of Magellan.

That night passed also. Morning came again,
And with it madness. Then he bruised and beat
His head against the rocks, and tried to eat
His wasted arms, and then would lie and smile
At his poor mangled limbs; and all the while
The hot sun scorched his maddened brain away.
Another night of frost! and then, as day
And sunrise came again, his feeble breath
Flickered upon his lips, and, chilled by Death,
The current of his blood stood still, and he
Lost all sensation. There some robbers found
What seemed a lifeless body. Two or three
Passed on and left him; but a stifled sound,
A faint, low gasp, scarce heard, induced one young,
Compassionate novice, to whose soul still clung
Some feeling of humanity, to pour
Wine in his mouth; and then he ran, and bore
From a cold running spring a draught of water
In his broad hat. His eyes unclosed once more;
And, though their trade was robbery and slaughter,
They raised him, fed him, bore him to their camp.
Who shall say wherefore? Ruffians of their stamp
Will do such things at times. They thought, perchance
Thus to atone for some of their huge crimes;
For, after they had plied the sword and lance,
They told their beads, and chanted pious rhymes.

So life's book opened at another leaf.
Of his preservers he became the chief:
And soon his energy increased the band,
For many joined Valverde the Brigand.
Woe to the priests that met him in the way!
Small time he gave them to repent or pray;
Until his name into a war-cry grew,
Known, hated, dreaded, throughout all Peru.
For four long years he had pursued this trade,
And still victorious shone his flashing blade;
Prompt to resolve, and fitted to command,
Ready to plan, and readier his quick hand;
Cautious and bold, and wakeful as a deer,
He ruled his subjects less by love than fear.

Love's white star was down
Behind the hills, when slowly he returned,
And reached the camp. The watchfires brightly burned,
Casting their flickering light upon the trees,—
Those great, grim giants,—and upon the seas,
Of darkness-haunted element above.
And still the sentries through the pillared grove
Paced their slow rounds. White tents the trees amid
Gleamed in the torchlight, half in shadow hid,
And brooding on the grass; and here and there
Were rows of huts, built of great limbs of pine;

And one huge tent blazed with the brilliant glare
Of a great light, where merriment and wine
Flashed into shout and song,—a canvass house,
Vast as a palace, where the band carouse.
Valverde was attracted by the din,
And, flinging back the folds, went calmly in.
From tree to tree the snowy canvass spread;
And silver lamps, swinging far overhead,
Fed with perfume from Cathay and Cashmere,
Flooded with light the mountain-atmosphere.
Round one great table thronged a hundred faces,
Stamped with the characters of many races,
Dark-bearded visages, stern, resolute;
The stout old veteran, and the young recruit.
All was rude splendor: massive plates of gold,
Which hoarding monks long since had ceased to hold
Rich furniture of every costly wood,
Paid for with robber's price, the owner's blood;
Old tapestry of Spain; great gorgeous vases
Of lapis-lazuli and emerald made to hold
Old wine of Xeres; bottles of beaten gold,
Wrought by quaint hands, embellished with saints' faces
Tall crucifixes gleaming with costly stones;
Great piles of cushions, softer than kings' thrones;
Casks of old wine, bought for the sacrament,
But lost upon the way; rich armor, sent

By curious artisans to holy shrines,
Now swinging from unconsecrated pines;
Chains of gold beads, taken from devotees,
Now ornamenting sacriligious trees;
Cups made of solid agate, for the lip
Of holy abbot, whence the robbers sip
The sacred vintage;—everything, in short,
Which art had made and ample wealth had bought,
Was heaped in strange confusion all around.

The wild, reckless rhyme,
With its quaint words of old Castilian,
That so Valverde chanted, hardly can
Be well translated in our rougher tongue;
But something so it ran:
Up with the Crescent! Away to the hills!
We'll die, or save Granada,
The virgin moon her first horn fills,
Her purest light from heaven distills
On the city, as if to guard her.
Away! away! ere the bloody spray
Pour into our fastness by rock and crag;
Ere the fiery Cross its wild brilliance toss,
And blaze on our hills while inertly we lag,
At the ramparts of Granada.

Up, up with the Crescent! If we are to die,
 To die, or save Granada,
Two lives for one! be our battle-cry;
Each ounce of blood with a pound they shall buy;
 We will fight, and die the harder.
Up, up, and on! Let the rising sun
 See each a corse or a conqueror!
Up, spear and shield! The loud cymbal has pealed,
And 'tis time for Mahomet's sons to stir,
 From the ramparts of Granada.

On, on with the Crescent! The Christians come,
 They think to reach Granada;
And over the rocks to the beat of drum,
We hear their tramp and their busy hum;
 Hush! silence! but on with ardor!
Now, sons of heaven, let their ranks be riven!
 Revenge! Revenge! Do ye know the word?
Fight now like men, and the Crescent again,
Like the flap of the eagle's wing, shall be heard
 From the ramparts of Granada.

CANTO II.

The silver horn of the advancing tide
Had ploughed its highest furrow in the sand,
And was retiring. Noon, with hasty stride,
Had passed by forest, beach, and rocky strand,

And golden City, and was on the sea,
Journeying westward. Every leafy tree
Began to cast long shadows to the east,
And from old Ocean's quiet, deep blue breast,
The evening breeze was lifting more and more,
And slowly drifting toward the longing shore.
The sea-fowls lay, like orbs of silver foam,
On the still surface of their hollow home;
And from the deep transparent element,
Like spiritual echoes faintly went
A slow, sad, plaintive psalm, as if it moaned
To the absent stars, and the great sun enthroned
In the empyrean, and its waves had tongues.
In the blue distance lay some misty throngs
Of green isles sleeping on the emerald sea,
Loveliest of Nature's delicate jewelry.
And one great solitary monument
Of the old fires that shook the Continent,
A thunder-shattered peak, shot up afar,
With snowy head that glittered like a star,
Towering above the ocean. Toward the shore
White sails now glided, running free before
The freshening breeze; and, anchored firm and fast,
Great ships their lengthening shadows landward cast
The nautilus came up, and spread his sail
Proudly awhile before the gentle gale,

And then sank down like a dissolving dream,
Or bubble breaking on a dimpled stream.
Just at the edge of these voluptuous seas,
Ran a green pathway, canopied by trees,
Winding in labyrinthine intricacies,
With nooks amid gray trunks, and open spaces
Where lovers could retire, beneath thick vines
And drooping branches, from the common sight,
And breathe their vows. The rich fruits now were bright
With the sun's spirit, and the grass was green,
Abundant, level, and luxuriant,
And slightly now swept wavingly aslant
By the voluptuous sea-breeze, that began,
Breathing from ocean's cooler bosom, to fan
The forehead of old Tellus, and shake down
The pulpy fruit from the encumbered crown
Of ancient trees, upon the flowery sward.
The sun was slowly verging oceanward,
And, braving now his eye, the dusky shades
Began to gather shyly underneath
Continuous trees. Here amorous, star-eyed maids,
Like lillies floating on blue lakes, enwreath
Their shapely arms, clustering in merry bands,
And interlocking their small, delicate hands,
With tempting looks from the mantilla glancing,
And little feet that never cease their dancing.

And many a one clings to her lover's side
Alone and trustingly, and some even hide
Themselves in natural grotts of twisted vines,
Or of great trees that join their ponderous spines,
There listening to and whispering vows of love,
While ever and anon their bright eyes rove,
To see if any watch the stolen kiss,
And the succeeding blush.

In the abyss
Of apathy and care which men call life,
Who hath not passsd such hours? Who looks not back
Through long, dull days, and sleepless nights, and strife,
To such sweet hours? Who doth not sometimes track
The pathway of the past, and once more stand
Between life's gates, with Memory hand-in-hand,
And feel that one such dear, delicious hour
Outweighs the rest of life? The heart will cower
With shame, regret, sadness, remorse, and pain,
When Memory calls back other hours again;
That one alone is like a pleasant dream
Long vanished, yet more exquisite. We seem
To catch a faint glimpse of a former life,
Among the stars, before our exile here.

Many of these fair maids had tried in vain
To see the face of one who mutely leaned

Against a gnarled old tree, and partly screened
With his full Spanish cloak, his countenance;
And one that somewhat nearer did advance,
A laughing girl, and merrier than wise,
Was so rebuked by his deep mournful eyes,
She shrunk away abashed.

There came a gentle, almost noiseless step,
Pressing the green grass softly as the lip
Of virgin love. A fair young girl it was,
With slow and painful gait, and frequent pause,
As if from sickness feeble.

From his face

The dark cloak dropped; a moment more he stood
Irresolute; then with quick footsteps strode
After the maiden. Wearied, she had stopped,
Leaning against an orange tree, that dropped
Its blossoms on her hair. She rose to fly,
With a faint cry of terror; but her eye
Timidly looked in his, her forehead flushed,
Her sweet lips parted, and at once she rushed
Into his arms; her single cry, "Ramon!"
The big tears rained from his full eyes upon
Her wan white cheek and forehead, as he pressed
Her slender form to his broad manly breast.
Her soft eyes closed, and fainting quite away,
Like a fair child upon that breast she lay.

But soon with kisses he brought back her life,
Calling her his angel, his delight, his wife;
And, sitting on a rustic chair, long gazed
On her dear face, till she her sweet eyes raised,
And murmured once again his treasured name,
And kissed his forehead, and his eyes, and laid
Her head again upon his breast, and said,—

“They told me thou wast dead, and I
Believed the cunning, cruel lie.
They said the priests had borne thee, bound
To where the gloomy mountains frowned,
And left thee there, alone, to die;
To watch the dial of the sky
Measure thy fleeting hours of life;
To feel the keen and glittering knife
Of cold hail piercing to thy bones,
And fear to utter dying moans,
Lest to the fierce wolves thou shouldst call.
They told me this; they told me all
That cunning taught them would avail
To render plausible the tale,
I longed to seek thy poor remains,
But like a prisoner in chains,
Within my room was I confined,
Until for want of air I pined,

And wasted to a shadow there.
Like the pale flowers that, growing where
Light never ventures, in deep caves,
Above which thunder the hoarse waves,
Have neither color, scent or hue,
Thus pale, and weak, and faint I grew;
And then they brought thy mouldering bones,
The liars said so, from the thrones
Of storm and snow; and with a din
Of joy and triumph flung them in
The depths of the eternal sea.
And then they once more set me free.

But thou art greatly changed too. Yet
Thy pale cheeks with fresh tears are wet.”

“ ’Tis true, Antonia, I have wept;
The fountains that so long were dry,
Have overflowed once more, and I
Am young again. Thine eyes still shine
Upon my own, thy lips kiss mine,
And our past agonies now seem
Only a half-remembered dream.
The heart has many mysteries,
For thou hast lived to taste new bliss
If it be life, indeed, to crave
A sanctuary in the grave;

To loathe the dawn and hate the sun,
As I did, as thou must have done.
I thought thy woman's heart would break,—
I know not why it has not broken,
With grief, despair, and woe unspoken.
For me, I had a thirst to slake,
Within that deep and burning lake,
Revenge, which would not let me die.”

“ Ah, dear Ramon!” she said, “shall I
Love thee again? We will not part,
Will we, Ramon? ’Twould break my heart.

Promise; and I no more shall feel
The sickness that so long doth steal
My life-blood and my life away.
Let us not part! Thou canst not stay
Here, in a city where thy head,
For ancient wrong, hatred half-fed,
And villaiuy's continual fear,
If thou didst openly appear,
Would make a traitor's fortune. No!
Better the mountains and cold snow,
Better a frail canoe at sea,
Than danger, doubt, and treachery.
My stern, cold father entertains
All his old hatred; and the rains

Will sooner melt the dark basalt,
Than thou convince him of his fault,
Or soften him. Oh, let us flee
To some far island in the sea!
From care and pain and sorrow part,
Grow strong as giants at the heart,
With happy days and nights of love;
Build up our house in some thick grove;
And live as lovers lived of old.
Then in my arms will I enfold
And press thee, love; will watch thine eye,
And when thou sighest, I will sigh,
Will kiss thine eyes to placid sleep,
And danger from thy slumbers keep;
In life will I be always near,
Nor will I murmur, love, or fear
Cold Death himself. We'll die together,
Like clouds that melt in summer weather:
The gentle wind and summer sea
Shall sing our dirge."

CANTO III.

The twenty-fifth had come; Peru awoke;
One cry for freedom from her green hills broke,

From her wide plains and valleys; and the ocean
Re-echoed it. It was the first emotion
And pulse of her young heart, for LIBERTY.

Oh, holy Freedom! When, ah, when, will be
Thy triumph everywhere? When will the moan
Of the chained nations cease? When will there groan
No slave beneath the broad expanse of heaven?
When will all fetters of the oppressed be riven,
And Tyranny flee, howling, to the caves
Of the bleak mountains; or the mighty waves
All vestige of old slavery overwhelm?
When wilt thou sit, fair Freedom! at the helm
Of the whirling earth, and steer that mighty bark
Now manned by mariners austere and dark,
With cruel eyes, and wearing golden crowns,
Through the wild seas of chaos, where the frowns
Of savage clouds cast shadows on the waves,
Threatening the sailors with unwelcome graves?
Beneath those waves will then be seen the ruin
Of thrones and dominations, there bestrewing
The sandy floor of that engulfing sea,
Peopled with Fear, mad Terror, Agony,
And gaunt Destruction; steering over which,
Into calm bays and golden seas, will reach
The winged bark, where her storm-shattered sails,
No more will front the lightnings and the gales

Of tyranny and Kinghood. When! oh, when?—
'Tis sad to read the history of men,
And of men's strife for freedom,—see them rise
 From the black gulfs of slavery, and flash
The lightnings of their anger in the eyes
 Of trembling kings;—perhaps their tyrants dash,
Bleeding, beneath their feet, amid the crash
Of Bastilles and great palaces; and then
Sink like a wave to anarchy again.
Greece once was free;—how long? Rome, too, that wrote
Her name upon the front of nations, smote
Barbarian empires with unspairing hand,
And bent the world's will to her stern command.
Venice and England, France and Spain, in turn,
Have seen the golden fires of freedom burn.
On hill and plain, on rock and citadel;
In their large light have seen great armies swell,
And dash against the troops of Tyranny.
How often have these waves of Freedom's sea
Been baffled and borne back? How often has
Some stern avenger of the People's cause
On Despotism and Kings, himself become
A sterner lord! How often, from the foam
Of tumult and commotion, red with blood,
Some one has risen to ride the furious flood

Of the roused people's rage! How often hath
Some foreign tyrant, mighty in his wrath,
Swept quite away the ramparts of the free,
And trampled them to dust! Dost thou not see,
Oh, Freedom! In thy scroll of bloody names,
Of tiger-hearted men, whose fearful fames
Were from thy children won, wet with thy tears,
PHILIP and CÆSAR, CROMWELL, and that man
Mightier than all, the wondrous CORSICAN?
Futurity! hast thou a scourge like these
In store for us? Are stern Fate's dark decrees
Implacable? The cowering tiger-flelds
Are muttering even now, like restless winds,
Within the dim abysses where they brood,—
Tyranny, Priestcraft, Anarchy, and Feud;
And ever and anon they turn and writhe
Like agonized serpents, long and lithe,
Pressed down by mountains. Even now the storm
Of discontent is gathering in the warm
And sunny South. Great clouds the orient clasp,
Rearing their stormy crests, where the white asp
Of lightning quivers, angrily alive:
Freemen are seen too willingly to dive
In the accursed gulf of frantic treason, while
The foes of liberty recline and smile
Within the shadows of old hoary thrones,
Lulled by the music of starved paupers' groans.

Oh, holy Freedom! leave not yet our bark
To drift without a pilot on the dark
And stormy seas of anarchy, and then
To sink forever from the pleasant ken
Of these fair skies and sunny fields, to the home
Of nations tyrant-wrecked, states overthrown,
Republics self-slain! Our great fathers bled
And died for thee, and thy high altar fed
With the red incense of their own stout hearts;
And ere our rights are sold in the black marts
And dens of tyranny, there yet are left
Many to die for thee and thy dear gift.

The cause which made Leonidas eterne,
Embalming his great name within the urn
Of the world's heart,—which made Miltiades,
Pelopidas, and Hampden, and of these,
The twice ten thousand brothers, through all time
Immortal in stern annal and sweet rhyme,—
This cause aroused, and fired all young Peru.
The banner of the LIBERATORS threw
Its eagle shadow on the sunburnt plain,
Now peopled by a small but warlike train
Of Freedom's children. BLAS was there, with some
Five hundred men. BERNAL had left his home
Amid the mountains, with eight hundred more;
BARBON and GOMEZ to the plain did pour,

Each with his gallant regiment, of old
And veteran Catalonians, firm and bold.
ALVAREZ brought a thousand men, a part
Bold mountaineers, skilled in the hunter's art,
A part stout husbandmen, that tilled the plains,
And some old veterans who had stood through rains
Of lead and iron 'gainst Napoleon.
With them had also gathered many a one
Of smaller note; and, in the whole, the force
Amounted to five thousand, foot and horse.
PEPINA still was absent, and the band
Held in the mountains by the brave BRIGAND;
And long and anxiously through all that day,
The leaders looked to see him make his way
Into the plain;—vainly!—for until night
Nothing of him or his appeared in sight;
And when the stars near the young moon were met,
And round the camp the sentinels were set,
Still no troops came, and nothing more was known,
Except that he had failed them; haply, thrown
His weight into the Viceroy's serried ranks,
To obtain thereby pardon, perhaps, and thanks.
For four days all was conference and delay,
But on the thirtieth, just at break of day,
The scouts reported that the foe was near.

There were a few small hillocks in the rear,
Forming a broken ridge that faced the west:
Upon the left, this naked ridge did rest
On a sharp spur of the Andes, that there jutted
Into the plain; and on the right abutted
On a thick wood, protecting that extreme:
Along the front ran a small boggy stream.
To this ground they retired, and there displayed
Their troops in order for the battle, led
By ALVAREZ, whose trade it was of old;
And there, like one determined, cool and bold,
He waited for the enemy. BERNAL
Was placed upon the right, behind some small
And ragged cedars. BLAS was on the left,
His cavalry withdrawn behind a drift
Of granite boulders, from the mountain rent.
The veteran GOMEZ, with his regiment,
And old BARBON with his, the centre held.
One half the men of ALVAREZ were placed
With BLAS, the other with BERNAL. In haste
This being done, ALVAREZ took his post
Of leader, in the centre of the host.

They came like torrents swelling in the spring
Those brave and proven servants of the king;
In all the gaudy trappings of their trade,
Gay banners flying, bayonet and blade.

There was the Andalusian Regiment,
With dark green uniform; and near them went
Battalions from Galicia, and the brave
Biscayan cavalry; the old and grave
Artillery from Cordova;—troops, in fine;
From Spain's most eastern to her western line;
Their trumpets sounding an old Moorish tune.
Their leader, an old, gray-haired Catalun,
Who had learned tactics in Napoleon's school,
Threw out his heavy cavalry, to charge
The enemy's centre. Dashing out they came,
Lances and sabres glittering like keen flame.
Charge upon charge they resolutely made,
But were repulsed. Old Gomez, undismayed,
Stood stern as a rock, and poured his heavy fire
Into the squadrons with destruction dire.
And now the heavy infantry marched down,
And charged right on the centre. Brightly shown
The gleaming bayonets, as, still and swift,
It came, the musketeers unbroken drift.
Gomez fell wounded, at the first fierce crash,
But still Barbon poured in his steady flash.
Bernal wheeled out, and charged in flank the foe,
And Blas poured down, and did upon them throw
His veteran cavalry, but all in vain.
Bernal was scattered; Blas attacked again,
And still again; and still he was repulsed.

Still the old Catalun urged on his men
Against the centre. Alvarez had fought
Like a mad lion hemmed in his own den;
Provided all that his collected thought
Told him was needed; cheered his faltering troops;
Charged singly on the very thickest groups
Of the enemy; yet all in vain! Still back.
And back they pushed him; while his arm grew slack
With constant havoc, and his sight grew dim,
And by his side hung useless his left limb,
Struck by a sword whose owner struck no more.
Over red heaps, through puddles of dark gore,
The foe pressed onward, Hark! behind the hills
A single trumpet! At the echoing thrills
There was a pause; and sword and bayonet
Ceased their fierce work. Another trumpet yet!
And like the roar of a pine forest, came
A thousand horsemen. Many a heart grew tame
With doubt and fear. Not long was the delay,
For, as they came, like the hoarse thunders's bay,
A thousand voices shouted "LIBERTAD!"
Blas and Bernal their shattered squadrons led
To either side, and down the horsemen came.
Alvarez knew that eye of flashing flame
That glittered in the front, and grew again
Strong as a lion maddened by sharp pain.

Two leaders came careering in the front,
Foremost to meet the battle's fiery brunt.
The one he knew: the other, who was he?
On the black squadrons came: that charge of dree
What troops could stand? Not those who there withstood
That coal-black steed was soon streaked o'er with blood
Those serried riders rode down horse and man,
As trees are crushed before the hurricane.
In silence did they their fierce work of death,—
No shout, no cry, no wasting idle breath,—
But sudden wheel and fiery charge wherever
Their leader motioned,—he whose sabre never
Struck vainly in that fight,—whose arm ne'er slacked;
Whose course with dead and wounded wide was tracked
Short was the contest: Alvarez once more
The shattered foe his bayonets drove before;
And Blas had gathered quickly in the rear
Of the black squadrons, and was charging near
Their silent captain; till, like foam and spray,
Melting before the tempest's wrath away,
The routed foe at all points fought no more,
But fled the field, in utter rout, before
The bloody tide of battle.

Valverde's day at last had come;
And every hot and hissing bomb,

That flew as if in savage glee,
Into the city of the sea,
Filled with fierce triumph his wild heart.
Shortly that proud and gorgeous mart,
The King's last stronghold in the land,
Was one wide wreck and ruin, and
They took it one bright day by storm.

Through the long, dreary solitudes
Of the wide streets all day there fell
The tramp of the stern sentinel,
Who kept his steady pace among
The broken rafters, and the throng
Of lifeless corpses; and thick smoke,
Which from the smouldering ruins broke,
O'er wounded men, whose piteous moans,
Rose from blood-dabbled pavement stones.
Valverde's victory was won,
And he had wreaked his will upon
The golden city, which had flung
Him out to starve and die among
The icy mountains.

Such, oh War!
Thy triumphs and thy trophies are!
Such are the things that earn men fame.
Oh, it should make Ambition tame,

Cause it to strew its starry crown
With dust and ashes; to sit down
And weep the triumphs it has won.
When will such curse be rained upon
This free and happy land of ours?
When will mad Tumult's thunder showers
Crush our proud cities to the ground?
When the wild cry of Plunder sound
Along our streets?—our dead be piled
Round burning shrines; our hands defiled
With the abomination of
A brother's gore? Oh, God of love!
Avert the day! Thou hast thus far
Warded from our bright natal star
The clouds of suicidal war.
Desert it not, good God! but let
It still in peaceful heavens be set
To shine upon our homes, and be
A beacon to the struggling free,
 Until the last great fight is won,—
Till kings no more fear Liberty,
 Nor men remember Washington.

Some days had passed. The city was at rest,
After the tumults that had torn its breast.
Carnage no more through street and palace hurried
The ruins were removed, the dead were buried.

The living tide of busy human life
Again rolled on. Again the streets were rife
With splendor, wealth, pomp, beauty, as before.
The eagle flag was waving proudly o'er
Its domes and palaces; and here and there,
In the large squares stood the rude barracks, where
The soldiers quartered; and at every turn,
You met a sentinel, grim, silent, stern:
While now and then a sudden trumpet told
The city it was conquered.

From the cold

And snowy hills the golden sun had risen;
His rays rejoiced on dome and spire to glisten,
And danced into Antonia's chamber, through
The painted panes, taking therefrom a hue
Of soft, voluptuous, tender melancholy,
Such as we see within the dim and holy
Monotony of old cathedrals, where
The sanctity seems visible in the air;
Or in those fine old paintings, where you tell
At once the work of Titian or Raffaele.

In her own room Antonia sate once more
In listless silence. Her pale face still wore
The same sad look of utter desolation,
But there was something of stern elevation

And calm despair in her large, lustrous eyes,
A hopeless calm, that Fate's worst blows defies.
Her maiden dressed her for the bridal there,
And busied in the long, luxuriant hair
Her taper fingers, till she massed it round
A simple comb, and placed a rose or two
Amid the folds, whose white and creamy hue
Made the hair darker. Then Antonia spoke:

“Give over, sweet Rosita! 'Tis enough!
Thy gentle hands, to-night, seem all too rough:
Perhaps it may have been my own poor head
That made me fancy pain. I go to wed
With one who heeds not looks, or else he had
But little judgment in selecting me,
So thin, so wan, so very pale and sad:
He careth not for beauty in a bride.
Nay? let it go so! He hath little pride,
And mighty love,—this future lord of mine.
It needeth not that dextrous art of thine;
When I am married, I shall get good looks,
And health and strength. 'Tis reading in sad books
Makes maidens thin.”

“What books, my lady?”

“Those
Of the deep heart. When wedded, I shall close

The pages up, and will again be well.
I have lost too much sleep of late. The cell
To which I soon shall go hath sleep enough.
Nay, girl! I do not think thy hands are rough:
Weep not at that.”

“Lady, it pains my heart
To see one, sweet and gentle as thou art,
So pale and thin, and using these sad words.
'Tis like the wild note of the anguished birds,
When their hearts break that they have lost their young.”

“Weep on, then! I have wept, but long since flung
The last poor tear-drop from my heart; and now
I cannot weep. Weep on, Rosita! Thou
Art not a bride, or thou wouldst shed no tear.
Nay, thou wouldst laugh, as the glad hour drew near.
See! I can laugh, and do!”

“Dear lady, change
The tenor of thy words! Thy looks are strange;
Thine eyes are brighter, too, than is their wont.
Ah! why do grief and sorrow ever hunt
The best and fairest?”

“Hunted!—yes! 'tis so:—
By many wild-eyed hounds. Rosita! know
I have had strange surmisings in my brain
About my reason; and at times I fain

Could wish for madness, that my utter woe
Might be forgotten in its frenzies. Oh!
Madness would be indeed a very heaven!
For then the sad and tortured heart might even
Moulder away, nor know its swift decline.
Perhaps in frenzy this poor brain of mine
Might entertain sweet dreams, and in them lose
The bitter memory of its many woes.
Oh! I could pray for madness!”

He said; and, with one mute obeisance more,
Passed from the Palace, towards the curving shore
Of the great sea turning his thoughtful course.
Night was upon the waters, and the hoarse
Voice of the ocean urged the unquiet winds
To dash upon her like vindictive fiends,
And rend her azure bosom. Far in the west
Tempest and storm sat brooding on her breast;
Clouds lowered along the horizon's gloomy verge,
Like shadowy waves, cresting the thunder-surge,
And constantly the quick, unquiet tongue
Of lightning ran from crest to crest. There rung
No voice of thunder. The white gulls were out,
Wheeling in circles. All betokened storm.

Valverde stopped, and, gazing on the waste
Of the great sea, whose waves were shoreward cast,
And now boomed hollowly around his feet,
Uttered his thoughts aloud.

What of Antonia, this momentous night?
The waning moon was now some three hours high,
And struggled to unveil her ample eye
From the torn clouds. Through a broad window fell
At intervals, her gush of silver light
Into Antonia's chamber, through the bright
And varied staining of the gorgeous glass:
Borrowing from it, and from the heavy mass
Of damask curtains, more delicious hues,
And richer tints. There did the maiden muse,
Seated upon the tessellated floor,
In the fickle moonlight. As of one heart-sore,
Her wasted hands were crossed upon her breast,
Thin, and transparent as amethyst.
Her head hung drooping, like the heavy bud
Of a faint lily. When the abundant flood
Of the rich moonlight fell upon her face
It met in her large eye a changeless gaze,
A ghastly paleness on her brow and cheek,
Which, plainer than all words could do, did speak
Utter despair. Her glossy hair was wet,
And glittered in the moonlight like spun jet.

She had been wandering in the evening dew,
And her rich robes were with it dampened through;
For she had gone at moonrise to the spot
Where Ramon was to be, but found him not.
She waited till she grew heart-sick and faint,
With disappointment, and then sadly bent
Her slow steps homeward. There she sat, and filled
Her soul with strange conjectures, and with wild
And terrible thoughts of what had hindered him.
Then the suspicion, which, at first, a dim
And dreamy idea, undulated through
Her brain, returned, and soon and swiftly grew
Settled conviction;—she believed him gone
To his wild home the distant hill upon.
She shed no tear when this imagined truth
Came stunningly upon her. For sad youth
Seemed frail old age to her; and calm despair
Had dried the heart's springs; but she gasped for air,
Her aching eyes throbbled, but refused to shed
A single tear. Her bitter woes had led
Her soul to strange, dark, melancholy ways.
There was a slight, but still a palpable haze,
Of dull insanity upon her brain.
She shed no tear. Indeed, could one have looked
Into her heart, no single thought rebuked
Her lover for desertion. There she sate,
Utterly crushed, struck down by pitiless fate,

Too crushed for anger. Lightnings glittered through
The painted windows, and their lurid blue
Threw a death color on her pallid face.
The thunder-echoes that did wildly chase
Each other through the sky, smote on her ear
Unheeded, and her eyes closed not in fear,
But glittered in the lightning's blaze, and through
The utter darkness, with a fiery glow.

He left the priest at the great altar kneeling;
The organ through the lofty arches pealing,
The bridegroom, cleft to his chin upon the floor,
The father firmly held outside the door,
Raving as father never raved before.
On one strong arm his lovely mistress lay,
The other opened with his sword a way
Through the dead bridegroom's partisans, to where
His own dark riders in the open air
Waited his coming, ready for the march.

The black band left the City of the Sea,
With cheer, and shout, and joyful revelry,
For in the front their Captain slowly rode,
Towards the blue mountains, and their green abode;
And, blushing with delight, his lovely bride
Rode on a gentle palfrey by his side.

And well they understood their Captain's ear,
So occupied, their merriment could not hear,
Though loud and fast and furious it rung:
So, as they rode, this wild descant they sung:

ANDALUZ! ANDALUZ! *to the mountains!*

Away from the toils of the plain,
To the pine-kings and rock-sheltered fountains,
And our home of wild freedom again.
The eagle's free life we will follow once more,
And through fastness and valley for plunder we'll pour.

CATALUN! CATALUN! *sheathe the sabre!*

Till the Captain calls for it again;—
Until then, for a life free from labor,
From slavery, thralldom and pain.
We have given them freedom, and now 'tis but fair,
That we should be free, too, from trouble and care.

VISCAINO! VISCAINO! *a la frente!*

The gray mountains soon will stream up;
Hurrah! for the rock-hold of plenty,
And the bold rover's heaven, his cup!
Think not of the hills and green vales of Biscay,
With the wine's ruddy rain we'll wash that dream away

CORDOVAN! CORDOVAN! *atiende!*

Never turn up to heaven your eyes;

Our priest absolution shall lend you;
 Learn from him to be merry and wise
The city we leave cannot hope to compete
With the palace of rock that to-morrow we'll greet

And where is the coward would falter,
 When summoned to follow his chief?

His neck shall be wed to the halter,
 He shall die the foul death of a thief.

We will risk every drop of our life's purple tide,
For Valverde the brave and his new-rescued bride.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Thy anguished bosom heaves no sigh,
So well it can its woes control;
Yet, gentle angel! how thine eye,
With its calm sadness, racks my soul.

I brought thee from thy happy home,
To wed with want and wretchedness;
And dost thou to my bosom come,
And him who made thee wretched bless?

In all but love, how poor we are!
Yet thou wast cradled, dear, in ease;
And I—forgive me gentle star!
And bless me with one smile of peace!

And thou art dying!—well, too well
I see death's mark upon thy brow;
Thine eyes the fatal message tell,
That I must lose thee, even now,

Dear love! reproach me not! Too hard
Are now my own stern thoughts to bear
That I thy happiness have marred,
And dimmed the jewel that I wear.

Come, sing to me, as thou didst sing,
Ere life had grown all grief and pain;
Till sorrow to me cease to cling,
And I become a boy again.

Perhaps we may be happier,
And yet some days of gladness see;
If not,—ah,—death were welcomer
Than one reproachful look from thee.

THE ANSWER.

Think not, dear husband, that my heart
Hath ever blamed thee for its pains;
Dearer and closer still thou art,
As life's short day too swiftly wanes.

'Tis true I left my father's home;
I left it gladly, love, for thee:
And thou in sunshine and in gloom,
Hast been the universe to me.

'Tis true that we are poor, too poor,—
But there's a joy in poverty;
I well knew what we must endure;—
How can I murmur, then, at thee?

Twine thy loved arms around me, dear!
Pillow my head upon thy breast;
And while our pitiless fate draws near,
Let us prepare to take our rest.

And I will sing to thee, the song
By which my virgin heart was won,
Till thou shalt wander back, among
Those joys that now, alas! are gone.

So let our poor lives faint away,
Like the sad cadence of the strain;
And like twin stars at dawn of day,
Together we will calmly wane.

1833.

FANTASMA.

I sit, unconscious of all things around,
And look into my soul. Within it far
There is an image, dim and indistinct.
Of something that hath been,—I know not which
A dream or a reality. In vain
I strive to force it assume a visible shape,
And be condensed to thought and memory.
At times I catch a glimpse of it, behind
The clouds and shadows weltering in the chasm
Of the deep soul; and when I seem to grasp
The half-embodied echo of the dream,
When it hath almost grown an audible sound,
Then it retreats, seeking the inner caverns.
And undisturbed recesses of the mind,—
Recesses yet unpeopled by quick Thought,
Or Conscience, Hope, Love, Fear or Memory;—
And there it hides. Now, while I separate
Myself yet more from my external life,
And look within, I see the floating thoughts,
Quiver amid the chaos of the soul;
And slowly they assume a more distinct
And palpable appearance. One by one,
Dimly, like shadows upon ocean waves,
For a brief moment they are memory.

I see a boy, reading at deep, dead night:
The lamp illuminate's his pallid face,
Through the thin hand which shades his deep black eyes
Half-bedded in the clustering, damp, dark hair.
He closes up the book, and rising takes
A step or two;—and now I hear him speak
Unto himself, in low and murmuring tones:
“The fountain is unsealed. This ancient rhyme
Has shown my heart to me, and waked the tide
Of poetry that slept within the soul.
Now do I know my fate. The latent love,
At length revealed, of wild and burning song,
Will make me wretched. Never, until now,
Knew I the wish and bent of my own mind;
And now I look into it as a new
And inexhaustible treasure. Burning words,
Wild feelings, broken hopes, await me now.
If I win fame, ever unsatisfied,
If not, life's spring and summer gone in vain.
Ah! what a woe were gift of prophecy,
And foresight of the future! What one soul,
Knowing what waits it, could exist, and bear
The agonies that knowledge would create?
And yet, ah me! this gift of Pandora
Must be received, and Destiny have its way;
Though the heart, shivering all its idols, sit
Lonely and desolate and comfortless

In a great desert, peopled only with
Gray-headed hopes, and memories of joys
Dead long ago, and buried many years:
Though in its desolation the sad soul
Be like a house deserted, with the doors
And windows open to the winter wind,
The lamps extinct, cold moonlight shining in,
Through shattered casements and wind-shivered blinds
With haggard eye. So, Destiny, have thy way!"—
I see him hide his face within his hands:—
Was it to weep? It might be. He was young,
And tears fall freely in the spring of life.
In after years the brain becomes more dry,
The springs of the heart sink deeper, or, perhaps,
Choked up and more obstructed. He was young,
And had not known the bent of his own mind,
Until the mighty spells of COLERIDGE woke
Its faculties, as did the wondrous staff
Of God's own Prophet the sealed desert-rock.
He felt his fate: he knew that to a mind
Enthusiastic, wayward, shy as his,
Poetry would shape out an ideal world,
Living in which, he would become unfit
For this, our every-day and human life,
Unfit to struggle and to jostle with
The busy, selfish world; among the crowd,
Earning the pittance of a livelihood.

He did not know how, in new scenes, and lands
Remote in the west, even such a soul, compelled
To measure itself with others, and to wage
Industrious battle against circumstance,
Grows stout and strong, with energetic strength
And self-relying vigor, as the hands
Grow larger and robuster with long toil.
He knew not this and wept. It was not strange.

That shadow vanishes; and like a man,
That on the shore of a great weltering sea
Stands gazing dreamily across its waves,
To the distant indistinctness, I behold
Another shadow gathering in the chamber,
Where dwell old dreams and antenatal echoes:
And now its images, like thoughts, take shape.
I see the boy sit in a crowded room:
His eyes have still that melancholy look,
His cheek and brow are pale; his wasted form
Tells of long hours of study, and of lamps
Burned beyond midnight. Bright eyes smile upon him
That might make summer in a wintry heart;
Transparent cheeks are flushed, when his sad voice
Murmurs soft words, soft as of one at night
Holding communion with himself; for Praise
Has fed his eager spirit with her rain

Of dangerous sweetness. Songs of wild and stern
And energetic import, or low, sweet
Æolic tones, have in a few months gained
A name for the enthusiastic boy.
He, with the same intense and constant look
With which the eye looks inward on the soul,
And with a deep expression of devotion,
Gazes intensely on a single face.
She knows not of his love; yet cautiously
Steals looks at him, and seems to him more cold,
Because she loves him. For he has not told
His love, even when from his tumultuous heart
Passion has overflowed, and he has uttered
His feelings to the world. This rapturous one
He has kept hidden in his inmost soul,
Like a delicious and yet poisonous dew.
For only when the passions have by time
Lost some intensity, and grown more calm,
They shape themselves, in rhyme and measured verse
After a time it is a sad relief,
To weigh and ponder sorrow every way,
To view it in all lights, and thus to weave
Passion and sadness into poetry.
I lose the shadow. Will its place be filled?
Dark, darker yet grows the chaotic vast.

And now it seems a sea, with clouds above
That purple its dark waters, where they stretch
Far off towards unknown continents of mist,
Looming mysteriously along its edge,
On the grim surface of that dead sea moves
The half-embodied spirit of a dream,
Like an unshapen dread upon the soul,
A heavy fear, which has no visible cause.
When will the dream rise upward from the chasm,
And be revealed? Oh, when? I cannot yet
Express it to myself. The darkness now
Quivers like clouds by sudden lightning shaken;
And now more clearly I behold the dream:
I see the youth stand in a crowded street;
The shade of manhood is upon his lip,
His thin form has grown thinner, his dark eye
Speaks of a sharper and more urgent pain;
No muscle quivers in his stern, pale face,
His brow contracts not, though its swelling veins
Throb strongly under the transparent skin.
With downcast eyes immovably he leans
Against a pillar of a haughty house,
Holding no converse with the crowd, that flows
With steady current past him; but his eyes
Look inward, pitying his wounded soul.

Another shadow rises. Ah, it is
The lady of his love! I see her pass
Close by the youth; and as she passes him,
He, by the sympathy that doth connect
His soul with hers, raises his sad, dark eyes.
They meet his idol's look. His pallid face
Is flushed with pain, his slight frame shaken with
A quick, sharp agony, great beads of sweat
Start on his forehead, and his thin pale lips,
As if they strove to speak to a spirit, parting,
Utter a stifled, incoherent sound.
One mute, sad gesture is his last farewell.
The frost of poverty has frozen his hopes,
Withering their rainbow wings, as northern snows
Wither the Arabian jasmine's delicate blooms.
Weary of fruitless toil, he leaves his home,
To seek in other climes a fairer fate,
Which he will yet accomplish; for his soul
Will every day by adversity gain strength
To do with vigor his appointed task.
He leaves his home; henceforth, at least for a time
To wander like a withered, fallen leaf,
Borne idly by the currents of the air,
Or tossing unregarded on the waves;
Himself a wave of the universal ocean,
Bearing a star within its heart of love.

Gone like the spirit of an echo! Gone
Into the deep recesses of the soul!
But still the lamp of one white, glittering star
Lights up the dim abyss of memory.
Another shadow rises, under which
The wild, chaotic darkness waits, to overwhelm
It like the other dreams. I see a desert,
And thereupon our youth, now grown a man.
Great changes have been wrought upon his soul:
His sorrows still are there; but kindly now,
Like ancient friends, they people his strong heart.
Like shadows round the roots of sturdy trees,
Feeding them with an influence of love,
They have fed his soul, and made its pulses calm.
He has communed with nature, in her moods
Of stern and silent grandeur, and of sweet
And still content, of calm and frantic storm,
Among the peaks of mighty mountains, and
Upon the plains these Titans ever guard,
Like sleepless and untiring sentinels.
Alone with Nature, he has there communed
Most intimately with his soul, and traced
Its deep thought-fountains to their hidden source.
He is prepared to battle with the world,
And force his upward way through the wild surge

That swelters over him, and through the drift
That floats and eddies on the tossing tide.
Now stout of soul, and strong to dare and do,
He is prepared to hew himself a path
To fame and fortune; a firm-hearted man,
A full-grown energetic man; and now
No longer an enthusiastic boy,
Bending to every rough blast from the sky:
A lover still of all the beautiful,
And more than all, of one sweet pitying face
That comes to him in dreams, and even by day
Looks in his eyes and loves him more and more.
This is his nature.

I lose the dream. Again the purple clouds
Throng from the void, and fill the darkened soul
The glittering star of memory fades away:
The echoes ring no longer on the sea
Of dreams and dead realities.

Remember,
And lay to heart, ye young and ardent souls,
This lesson of a wayward, passionate youth,
Whom, almost ruined by the faithless tide
Of his own morbid feelings, solitude
And loneliness and labor have preserved!
Repine not, if ye have been born to toil
With poverty, and grieve for shattered hopes!

Gird up yourselves, and like good men and true,
Do manfully whatever is to do!
Front storm and tempest boldly, march straight on
In your determined path, and from the world
You shall force fame and fortune, and find new
And faithful friends to fill the places of the old.
Bright eyes and warm hearts everywhere are found;
 And while life lasts 'tis folly to despair,
Work then! work steadily on! Reward will come at last.

1833.

LIGHTNING.

The breath of the ocean my cradle is,
Which the sun draws up from the blue abyss,
And the upper cold gives it shape and form,
Till it peoples itself with living storm.

And when it has reached the upper air,
I hold its helm while it wanders there;
I lie in the shade of its lifted sail,
And my bark flies swift before the gale.

I coil myself like a quivering snake,
Invisible, on a chaotic lake;
And dwell unseen in the chasms of cloud,
And the vapors that even to earth are bowed.

I frown on the stars with my glittering eye,
And they hide away while the clouds go by;
And while my eye and shape are unseen,
The meteors down to my palace lean.

When my thin cradle is shaken by wind,
And moon and stars lag eyeless behind,
Then do I quiver, and thunders moan,
In their porphyry caves beneath my throne.

I look in the eyes of the winged stars,
And they whirl away in their orbal cars,
And hide afar in the deeps of heaven,
Like water-drops by the tempest driven.

I look on the sun, and he hideth under
The black plumes of my servant Thunder;
And the moon shuts down her silver lid
Over her eye by which tides are fed.

I take the shape of a fiery adder,
And gliding down the swinging ladder
Of cloud, I hiss on the ocean's breast,
And wake it in pain from its azure rest.

I take the form of an arrow of flame,
And pierce the clouds, and make darkness tame;
While the flap of Night's dark, drifting sail
Shakes to the earth the heavy hail.

I dash myself against granite rocks,
And the echoes rush abroad in flocks,
And each with his hoarse and rattling tongue
Hurls back the challenge that Thunder flung.

And often when heaven's cloudless floor
Is as brilliant and bright as the inmost core

Of an angel's snowy soul, I glide
From the lids of the west;—(thus the cheek of a bride

Blushes and burns when *his* step is heard;)—
And still my servant sleeps unstirred,
While the swift Sunset his broad wings shakes
Over horizon-hidden lakes.

And there, all night, I am seen to quiver,
And flash on the surface of Night's broad river,
Out of whose depths I come and go,
While my cradle of cloud is unseen below.

I inspire the earth, the air, the water,
I am parent of life and king of slaughter,
I green the earth, I open the flowers,
I paint them with blushes, and feed them with showers

I am the heart's ethereal essence,
All life existeth by my presence;
I am the soul of the mighty earth,
And give its myriad creatures birth.

I pierce to the heart of the sunken rocks,
And my fire awakens the earthquake shocks;
I am the life of the flowers and buds,
And feed them with air and vapor-floods.

I am eternal, yet change forever;
I wander always, and dissipate never;
Decay and waste no power possess
Over me, the deathless and fatherless.

Unelemental, immaterial,
Less gross than aught that is not ethereal;
And next to spirit in rank am I:
While matter exists I can never die.

1834.

THE SEA-SHORE.

THE SEA, THE SEA!

It rings as loud, it rolls as free,
As brightly flashes on this shore,
As where the deep, grave, calm vibration,
From its great heart's green, gushing core,
Washes the footprints of a nation
Of freemen, on New England's shore.

THE WIND, THE WIND!

Its spirit cometh, pure and kind,
Cooling the heated brow of care;
It sleeps upon the silent ocean,
Watching the storm-wolves in their lair;
But yet it calms not my emotion:
My sorrows scourge, and I must bear.

THE SUN, THE SUN!

It shines as bright my heart upon,
As in my own dear native land;
And inland far the snowy mountains,
By morning's crimson lightning fanned,
Are blazing like ethereal fountains;
Yet lone and desolate I stand.

THE SKY, THE SKY!

As brightly opens its blue eye,
As on New England's sunny hills:
Over it snowy clouds are stealing,
With tender, melancholy thrills,
As over souls sad drifts of feeling;—
Its beauty neither soothes nor stills.

THE WOODS, THE WOODS!

Their melancholy solitudes
Are deep and silent as at home,
Chequered with midnight intervening,
'Mid heavy green and purple gloom.
Alas! still deeper shades are screening
The heart that no sun-rays illum!

AH, HEART, SAD HEART!

'Tis thou that dull and heavy art!
'Tis thou that hast nor calm nor peace!
Nature is beautiful as ever,
But changed thyself; thou changest these:
Lost happiness returneth never,
Nor hope, nor boyish impulses.

MY NATIVE LAND!

Were this but home, 't were all grand,

All beautiful. It is not home:

The sky, the wind, the waves that shiver
Against the shore, the forest-gloom,

Whatever makes the heart-strings quiver,
All their vibrations echo "Home."

1833

DEATH IN THE DESERT.

The sun is sinking from the sky,
The clouds are clustering round the moon
Like misty bastions, mountain-high;
And night approaches, ah! too soon.
Around me the dark prairie spreads
Its limitless monotony,
And near me, in wide sandy beds,
Runs water, saltier than the sea,
Bitter as tears of misery.
And now the sharp, keen, frosty dew
Begins to fall upon my head,
Piercing each shattered fibre through;
By it my torturing wound with a fresh pain is fed.

Near me lies dead my noble horse:
I watched his last convulsive breath,
And saw him stiffen to a corse,
Knowing like his would be my death.
The cowards left me lying here
To die; and for three weary days,
I've watched the sunlight disappear:
Again I shall not see his rays;
On my dead heart they soon will blaze.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
 To be alone in this wide plain,
To hear the hungry vulture's wing,
And watch the fainting light of my existence wane.

Am I, indeed, left here to die?
 Alone! alone!—It is no dream!
At times I hope it is. Though nigh,
 Already faintly sounds the stream.
I *must* die!—and fierce wolves will gnaw
 My corpse before the pulse is still,
Before my parting breath I draw.
 This doth the cup of torture fill;
 This, this it is that sends a thrill
Of anguish through my inmost brain;
 This thought, far bitterer than death:
I care not for the passing pain,
But fain would draw in peace my last, my parting breath

And here, while left all, all alone,
 To die, (how strange *that* word *will* sound!)
With many a bitter, mocking tone
 The faces of old friends come round.
They tell of one untimely sent
 Down to the dark and narrow grave,
By Honor's code; of old friends bent

.

With grief, for causes that I gave:
And leaning on each misty wave,
I see the shapes I loved and lost
Gather around, with deep, dim eyes,
Like drowning men to land uptossed;
And here one mocks, and my vain rage defies.

Dear God! My children,—spare the thought!
Bid it depart from me, lest I
At length to madness should be wrought,
And cursing Thee, insanely die!
Hush! the cold pulse is beating slow,—
I see death's shadow close at hand;—
I turn from sunset's golden glow,
And looking towards my native land,
Where the dark clouds, like giants, stand,
I strain my eyes, and hope, perchance,
To see beneath the calm, cold moon,
Some shape of human-kind advance,
To give a dying man the last, the saddest boon.

In vain, in vain! No footstep comes!
All is yet lone and desolate;
Deeper and darker swell the glooms,
And with them Death and eyeless Fate.
Now am I dying. Well I know
The pains that gather round the heart.
The wrist's weak pulse is beating slow,

And life and I begin to part:
Vain now would be the leech's art:—
But death is not so terrible,
As it hath been. No more I see!
My tongue is faltering! Now all's well!
My soul,—'tis Thine, oh Father!—Take it unto Thee!

1883

FRANCE.

Wake! children of France! shall your tyrant forever
 Enslave and enchain you, and trample you down?
Do you fear the sharp fetters that gall you to sever,
 And tear from the brow of the despot his crown?

Up! children of France! Let the flag that you honor,
 Be once more the flag of the free and the brave!
Your country is chained; the Philistines are on her;
 Who heeds not her call is both coward and knave.

If you have but one spark of the spirit that lighted
 The souls of your fathers, exhibit it now;
And sheathe not the sword till your wrongs are all righted,
 Though blood to the reins of your horses should flow.

Ye fear not the throne, nor its base truckling minions;
 On, on to the contest with cuirass and lance!
Till your eagles again spread their conquering pinions,
 And peace and security reign over France.

Let the pale monarchs quake! for their thrones shall be
 shaken!
Let them league once again, as they leagued once
 before!

Their fury and madness, when France shall awaken,
Will be like the ocean-wave chafing the shore.

Up! men of gay France!—Your poor children upbraid you,
Your gray-headed parents cry out on your shame:

Up! up! and your ancestors' spirits will aid you;
Your tyrant to humble, your taskmaker tame.

Strike, children of France! strike for freedom and glory,
As ye and your fathers have stricken before;

Ye may fall, but your names shall be blazoned in story,
To beacon the free through the hurricane's roar.

Black Eagle of Russia! thy pride shall be lowered,
When France and her armies are roused for the fray;
And Austria shall cower again, as she cowered
When the Corsican swept her great armies away.

Up! arm for the contest! Your foes are around you;
The foot of your king presses hard on your hearts;
The Pigmies came, while you were sleeping, and bound you:
Strike once, ere occasion forever departs!

One blow! but one blow!—for your long years of anguish!
Your children, your parents, your own honest fame!
Or will you through ages of agony languish,—
To be cowards at heart. Frenchmen only in name?

SONG.

The day has passed, love, when I might
 Have offered thee this heart of mine,
As one whose yet unclouded light
 Was clear and pure, and bright as thine.
When, though I gazed on thee as one
 Who worships a bright distant star,
Thou didst not blush to be my sun,
 Mine, dear, thy Persian worshipper.

And now, although it be but shame
 To be adored by such as I,
That love in sadness yet will flame,
 Knows no decay, can never die.
Its soul of fire has no decline,—
 Rocks check not the abundant river;
And though thou never canst be mine,
 I'm thine, love, thine alone, forever.

1832.

APOSTROPHE.

Oh, Liberty! thou child of many hopes,
Nursed in the cradle of the human heart;
While Europe in her glimmering darkness gropes,
Do not from us, thy chosen ones, depart!
Still be to us, as thou hast been and art,
The spirit that we breathe! Oh, teach us still
Thine arrowy truths unquailingly to dart,
Until all tyrants and oppressors reel,
And despotisms tremble at thy thunder-peal!

Methinks thy daylight now is lighting up
The far horizon of yon hemisphere
With golden lightning. Over the hoary top
Of the blue mountains see I not appear
Thy lovely dawn, while Shame, and crouching Fear,
And Slavery perish under tottering thrones?
How long, oh Liberty! until we hear
Instead of an insulted people's moans,
The crushed and wreathing tyrants uttering deep groans?

Is not thy spirit living still in France?
Will it not waken soon in storm and fire?
Will earthquakes not 'mid thrones and cities dance,
And Freedom's altar be the funeral pyre
Of Tyranny and all his offspring dire?

In Hungary, Germany, Italia, Spain,
And Austria, thy spirit doth inspire
The multitude; and though, too long, in vain,
They struggle in deep gloom, yet slavery's night shall wane.

And shall *we* sleep, while all the earth awakes?
Shall *we* turn slaves, while on the Alpine cones
And vine-clad hills of Europe brightly breaks
The morning-light of Liberty? What thrones
Can equal those which on our fathers' bones
The demagogue would build? What chains so gall,
As those the self-made Helot scarcely owns,
Till they eat deeply; till the live pains crawl
Into his soul, who madly caused himself to fall?

Men's freedom may be wrested from their hands,
And they may mourn; but not like those who
throw
Their heritage away; who clasp the bands
On their own limbs, and creeping, blindly go
Like timorous fawns, to their own overthrow.
Shall we thus fall? Is it so difficult,
To *think* that we are free, yet *be* not so?
To shatter down in one brief hour of guilt,
The holy fane of freedom that our fathers built!

DISUNION.

Ay, shout! 'Tis the day of your pride,
Ye despots and tyrants of earth!
Tell your serfs the American name to deride,
And to rattle their fetters in mirth.
Ay, shout! for the league of the Free
Is about to be shivered to dust,
And the rent limbs to fall from the vigorous tree,
Wherein Liberty put her firm trust.
Shout! shout! for more firmly established will be
Your thrones and dominions beyond the blue sea.

Laugh ou! for such folly supreme
The world had yet never beheld;
And ages to come will the history deem
A tale by antiquity swelled:
For nothing that Time has upbuilt
And set in the annals of crime,
So stupid and senseless, so wretched in guilt,
Darkens sober tradition or rhyme.
It will be, like the fable of Eblis' fall,
A byword of mocking and horror to all.

Ye mad, who would raze out your name
From the League of the Proud and the Free,
And a pitiful, separate sovereignty claim,
Like a lone wave flung off from the sea;

Oh, pause ere you plunge into the chasm,
That yawns in your traitorous way!
Ere Freedom, convulsed with one terrible spasm,
Desert you forever and aye!
Pause! think! ere the earthquake astonish your soul,
And the thunders of war through your green valleys roll!

Good God! what a title, what name
Will History give to your crime!
In the deepest abyss of dishonor and shame,
Ye will writhe till the last hour of time;
As braggarts who forged their own chains,
Pulled down what their brave fathers built,
And tainted the blood in their children's young veins
With the poison of slavery and guilt:
And Freedom's bright heart be hereafter, tenfold,
For your folly and fall, more discouraged and cold.

What flag shall float over the fires
And the smoke of your patricide war,
Instead of the stars and broad stripes of your sires?
A lone, pale, dim, flickering star,
With a thunder-cloud veiling its glow
As it faints away into the sea:
Will the Eagle's wing shelter and shield you? Ah, no!
His wing shelters only the free.

Miscall it, disguise it, boast, rant as you will,
You are traitors, misled by your mad leaders still.

Turn, turn then! Cast down in your might
The pilots that sit at the helm;
Steer, steer your proud ship from the gulf which dark night
And treason and fear overwhelm!

Turn back!—From your mountains and glens,
From your swamps, from the rivers and sea;
From forest and precipice, cavern and den,
Where your brave fathers bled to be free,
From the graves where those glorious patriots lie,
Re-echoes the warning, “Turn back, or ye die!”

1834.

FRAGMENTS

(OF AN UNFINISHED POEM.)

Dear woman! star of sad life's clouded heaven,
I dedicate myself to thee again;
Fair woman! as man's guardian angel given,
Thou to the soul art like the summer rain,
Or gentle dew that falls at morn or even;—
Soother of woe, sweet comforter in pain;
Changing and beautiful like the sunset's hue,—
I dedicate myself again to you.

Myself, my pen, my heart, my hand,—yea, all,
All that I have or am, though valueless;
Despise it not, although the gift be small!
I swear my homage by the mystic tress,
The showers of light from radiant eyes that fall,
And soothe sick hearts in their sad loneliness;
By everything ethereal and human,
Which goes to constitute a perfect woman.

Man fell for thee, dear woman! it is said,—
And in thy arms it seemed to him but slight,
His loss of Heaven. For thee, too, he has bled,
And sunken cheerfully in death's long sleep;
For thee he has from fame and honor fled,
And counted shame, disgrace and pain but light,

While pressing thee to his enraptured breast,
And with the wealth of thy sweet kisses blest.

Thou hast inspired the poet's sweetest songs:

 And he who has not bowed before thy shrine,
Glowed in thy love, and angered at thy wrongs,
 Is no liege-man of poetry divine.

To thee the warrior's scimitar belongs,

 And leaps like lightning when the cause is thine;
And thou hast kingdoms, empires overthrown,
By the strong magic that is all thine own.

Thou art the soother of the sad man's dreams;

 Thy spirit comes to him when night is still,
Pressing soft fingers, like ethereal beams

 Of sunshine on his brow of pain, until
Under her influence again he deems

 That he is happy, and glad tears distil
Away the sadness of his wasted soul;—
And when the day-floods on his eyelids roll,

The memory of the vision still is sweet,

 Making his sorrows more benign and calm.

Thou to the weary traveller's aching feet

 Givest new strength, when, with expanded palm,
Sweet Faucy comes, and woman seems to greet;

 And then, unmoved, he hears the thunder-psalm,

And the stern wind's storm-gathering lament,
The roar of Nature's mighty armament.

So hast thou been to me, when I have stood
 On many a mountain's bald and snowy peak,
In the clear ether's silent solitude,
 Whereon the storms their sharpest auger wreak,
On cliffs of ice that there for ages brood,
 Feeding clear streams that far below outbreak.
There dreams of thee have lit the darkling mind,
And cheered the heart before so sad and blind.

When I have stood my long and weary guard,
 Upon the illimitable western plain,
While round me the harsh wind blew sharp and hard
 And not a star shone through the misty mane
Of the cold clouds that toward the thunder-scarred
 Old mountains hurried, big with hail and rain:
I saw in visions those dear amber eyes,
To gain whose love, life were small sacrifice.

And since I ceased my houseless wandering,
 Once more to live and toil amid mankind,
Still to the memory of those eyes I cling,
 Lost to whose light, I should be truly blind.
And thou, dear woman, art the only thing,
 That nerves the heart, and braces up the mind,

To struggle bravely with the selfish world,
Like a lone boat amid the breakers hurled.

For far off in the aisles of memory,
 I see the faces that I bowed before,
While wandering on the shore of life's blue sea,
 And playing with its waves:—those loved of yore
And still they have dominion over me,
 And day by day I worship them the more,—
The loved, the lost, the beautiful, and bright,
Whose radiant eyes would make mid-noon of night.

Ah, ye were made to lure mankind from sin,
 And lead to heaven,—ye blessed and beautiful!
And could one leave the great world's busy din,
 The selfish, the ill-natured, and the dull,
Finding a heaven your loving arms within,
 Life were all bliss: it were indeed to cull
Sweet flowers, rare fruits, unwounded by the thorn,
And make of life one long and lovely morn.

Woman is ever loved most, most adored,
 When gentle, trusting and affectionate:
Then avariciously her love we hoard
 As a miser's gold: we scoff at scowling Fate;
And like an argosy that has on board
 Of spices and rare silks a mighty freight,

We spread top-gallant sails, and plough the sea,
With confident keel, the fair winds blowing free.

And yet we love an under-current of pride,
 A flash of fire in the softest, bluest eye,
As even the quietest river's placid tide
 Will flash with foam when rocks beneath it lie!
For this the loveliest have been deified,
 And men to gain a smile been glad to die:
And these, in times of Knighthood and Romance,
Oft set in rest the warrior's trusty lance.

Often she's like some fragrant, thankless flower,
 That fed by the blushing dawn with honey-dew,
Gives her whole heart to the sun, at day's first hour,
 But when he shines most constant and most true,
And rains upon her an abundant shower
 Of light that is his love and being too,
Then closes her cold heart and turns away,
Ungrateful from the enamored god of day.

“Once more upon the ocean, yet once more,”
 Launched in my frail bark of unstudied rhyme;
Upon that deep along whose sandy shore
 Are strewed bright hopes, gay visions, schemes sublime,
Brilliant imaginings from fancy's store,
 Wild aspirations, follies, ghastly crimes:—

On this rough ocean I unfurl my sail,
And bend my cheek to feel the rising gale.

Here by a high and beaked promontory,
 Its name, Neglect, lie many a youngster, dead;
Some whose great griefs are told in piteous story,
 And some that ever from men's knowledge fled,
Toiled in still cells and solitudes for glory,
 With a miser's care night's long hours husbanded,
And startled the dull world with wondrous songs,
Filled with the sad tale of their many wrongs;

Until their life faded and paled away,
 Like one low wail of a long agony;
Or fever-fire turning their dark hair gray,
 Burned the tense brain into insanity,
Gloomy as night. For these, alas! are they
 That were the servitors of Poetry;
Unfit to embark in the mad world's furious strife,
They sank beneath the howling storms of life.

Here they all lie, as if almost alive,
 With deep, dark eyes, like lamps, that in the night
Within a deep recess for mastery strive
 With insolent darkness. Through the forehead's white
Veins blue as seas wherein pearl-fishers dive
 Yet swell transparent in the garish light;

While, as if life's long struggle were just o'er,
Nostril and lips are slightly stained with gore.

And these are they whose songs are now the food
 And inspiration of ten thousand souls;
And while this sea, in its great solitude,
 Laves their white feet, and, never quiet, rolls
The sad monotony of its blue flood,
 On their dead ears, they live in immortal scrolls,—
BYRON and SHELLEY, CHATTERTON and KEATS,
SAVAGE, and all their co-unfortunates.

On this great sea I dare to steer my bark;
 Sleep in its calm, nor tremble at its storm,
Dart through its mist and lightnings like the lark,
 And sing like him when the bright sun shines warm
Ride its wild swells, to its hoarse breakers hark;—
 For the great waves that crush the frigate's form,
Spare the small skiffs that over shallows glide,
And where the tall ship sinks, they safely ride.

Fame! Thou bright beacon set amid the shoals,
 Where, like the wrecker's light, thou lurest on,
The mariner to death!—Thou, to the souls
 Of poets and philosophers the sun,
By whose clear beams they write their golden scrolls,
 Drinking deep draughts at fabled Helicon;—

It were the falsest of all things, to say
That thou hast lured *me* not along my way.

For thee young poets from the world's vortex go,
 To dry their hearts up by the midnight lamp;
For thee the chemist labors, sure and slow,
 Sounding great nature's secrets: thou dost stamp,
And armies all the wide world overflow,
 Scale the grim breach, defend the desperate camp
Thou dost inspire the eloquent orator,
And senates, nations quake his voice before.

And yet thine empire is not absolute:—

 The love of gold and woman share with thee
The human heart, and thy control dispute.
 The latter thou o'ercomest frequently;
Thy fiery voice prevails against the mute
 And gentle eloquence of woman's plea;
Enticed by thee the soldier leaves his bride,
Hoping to be by glory deified.

Lo! the white shadow of my venturous sail
 Flits over thy waves. Fortune perhaps may fill
My canvass with a favorable gale,
 And so atone for all my want of skill.
If not, I shall not be the first to fail,
 And, baffled often, I will struggle still:

Open my heart when death has stiffened it,
And in its deepest core you'll find "Fame" writ!

Down with those stars and stripes that flout the sky!
 Off with that banner from the indignant deep!
Chain up your eagle from his flight on high,
 Bid him no more over the ocean sweep,
Scream to the wind, turn to the sun his eye!
 Down, down with Freedom from each rampart steep,
And promontory tall, and prairie wide,
Where she hath been, till now, so deified!

Listen! how Europe rings from end to end
 With scoff and jeer, and hatred's bitter scorn!—
Her Kings sit smiling at the clouds that bend,
 Threatening wild storm, over a land now torn
With mad^d dissension; ready all to lend
 Their hosts, still more to darken our bright morn,
And aid in this unhallowed, wretched strife,
So lately sprung of treason into life.

Think, think, dear brothers, of our days of glory,
 The splendid memories that cluster round
The names of those ancestral patriots hoary,
 Who fought to gain all that ye would confound:
Read of their great deeds the surpassing story,
 And turn again, before the awful sound

Of shame's dark ocean stun the startled soul,
And over you its raging surges roll!

Follow no longer where those madly lead

Whom crazed ambition and blind rage have brought
To do this traitorous work, this wicked deed!

Turn back! Along the path you tread is nought
But shame, disgrace and ruin! Ye will bleed,

Not like those heroes who in old time fought
And nobly bled in their dear country's cause:
Ye war against that country and her laws.

Look on the future with prophetic eye!

See on your green plains armies gathering,
As mists collect when a great storm is nigh!—

Mighty storm!—Along the hill-slopes cling
The light-horse, like dark flocks of birds, that fly
Before the wind with rapid, restless wing.
Here move the rifles, orderly and swift,
And there the musketeers' unbroken drift.

The battle!—Listen to the musketry!

While ever and anon amid its roll,
Roars the loud cannon: now the cavalry

Dash down, like waves against a rocky mole,
Built strong and far in the bosom of the sea.

The stern battalions charge as with one soul;

And now, like waves breaking in spray and rain,
The shattered ranks go floating back again.

The fight is over: misery scarce begun!

Count, if you can, the multitude of slain;
The hoary head lies glittering in the sun,
Pillowed upon the charger's misty mane;
And here, with hair like delicate moonlight spun,
A boy lies dying, with the crimson stain
Around his nostril and upon his lips;
While just below his heart the red rain drips.

The banner of your state in the dust lies low,
Rebellion draws to an untimely end;
Fair girls amid the horrid carnage go,
And anxiously above the corpses bend,
Seeking among your dead or those of the foe,
A father or a brother, or dear friend;
And constantly upon the tortured air
Rings the loud wail of agonized despair.

Where are your leaders, they who madly led
Your feet to this deep perilous abyss?
There lie the best and noblest, with the dead,
Happy in their entire unconsciousness:
The noisiest, like cowards, far have fled,
Pursued by scorn's indignant, general hiss,

To distant lands, that liberty disowns,
And crouch there in the shadows of old thrones.

Is this indeed to be your wretched fate?

Disgraced, degraded, humbled, and abased,
Fallen forever from your high estate,

To wander over Tyranny's dark waste,
Crouch like scared slaves around a despot's gate,

Bend at his nod, at his stern mandate haste?—

Oh, Thou, who once Thy favor to us lent,
Avert the doom, Father Omnipotent!

Turn then! before the final seal is set

To your apostacy!—before the flood

Waked by your madness, which it bears as yet,

Shall overwhelm you with a sea of blood!

Turn back! before your lovely land is wet

With crimson spray;—while treason's in its bud

Before the avenging angel spreads his wing,

Where whose dark shadow falls no grass will spring.

Turn! that whenever men have made your grave,

They say not, as they pile the parting sod,

“Here lies a traitor,” or, “Here rots a slave.”

Turn! lest old men some day above it nod,

And warn their boy to be no traitorous knave,

But reverence his country and his God,

Lest he deserve a doom as sad as yours,
The world's stern sentence, that like time endures.

Have ye been never troubled in your dreams,
 With spirits, rising from your fathers' tombs,
And in the darkness, or the moon's thin gleams,
 Warning you of those miserable dooms,
Which hunt the traitor to the world's extremes,
 As wolves hunt men, far in Siberian glooms?
Ah! these must haunt you,—these most noble ones,
These heroes, Liberty's illustrious sons.

Had I a sire who thus from the grave could rise,
 Point to his wounds, and say, "With these I bought
That freedom which you madly now despise,
 And sealed the compact that your hands have sought
To break and shatter,"—I would close mine eyes,
 For shame that I to sin had so been wrought,
And heap up dust and ashes on my head,
For knave corrupt, or idiot misled.

There is an isle, circled by southern seas,
 Far in a soft clime of perpetual spring,
Where the voluptuous odor-laden breeze,
 Is never chilled in its far wandering
By churlish frost; no winters ever free
 The delicate flowers, or numb the bee's thin wing,

As in this harsh, inhospitable clime,
Where we, unfortunate, do waste our time.

And all along its shores are sunny beaches,
 Paved smoothly with the golden, jewelled sand;
And deep among mossed rocks are narrow reaches,
 Where the lost waves frolic along the strand.
On every side the broad blue ocean stretches,
 Gemmed with no island, rimmed with no green land:
This diamond of the sea shines there alone,
The only jewel of that distant zone.

Within the isle are clustered great broad trees,
 With fruits and flowers, young buds and nested birds,
Fed by delicious winds from calm, far seas,
 With honey-dew. Like a fond lover's words,
Or music's most voluptuous harmonies,
 These winds float here and there in whispering herds.
Their light wings heavy with rich odors, where
Sedate bees ride, and their rich freightage bear.

Back from the shore the mountains overlook
 The island and the broad realm of the sea,
Haughty and high. The upper element shook
 His thick snows there, when time began to be,
And there, to the curious sun a close-sealed book,
 It coldly glitters. Sleeping silently

Below, great trees robe the rude mountain-side,
Through whose high tops the white clouds flocking ride.

And light and love ever inhabit here,

 Within this beautiful and happy isle:

Through the green woods wander the dappled deer,

 And feeds the snowy antelope; and while

Round the great trunks the frightened shadows peer,

 That bless the grass, and make the flowers to smile,

With its great laming eyes the shy gazelle

Looks out from every nook and ivied dell.

The simple people in that paradise

 Live as men lived when the young world was green,

In primitive innocence supremely wise;

 Rich with content. No 'prisons there are seen,

No palaces offend plebian eyes,

 Their simple laws say ever what they mean;

And happy under patriarchal sway,

They see glad hours and calm days glide away.

One of these islanders, some years ago,

 Seeking for pearls and rosy, wrinkled shells,

To deck his sweetheart's hair, took heart to row,

 By fair skies tempted, into the outer swells,

Beyond the coral-shoals, his light canoe;

 And diving there into the sea's deep wells,

Gathered white pearls and crimson coral-stems,
And blushing shells,—old ocean's favorite gems.

He noted not that one small, grayish cloud,

 Low in the west, the swift storm's harbinger,
Spread swiftly upward, like an unrolling shroud,

 Dark as its native midnight sepulchre:
That armies of wild winds did skyward crowd,

 Like shadowy cohorts riding with mad spur,
Scourging the cloud-surge, that in great waves piled
Grew every moment more sublimely wild.

He hurried towards the circling coral-reef,

 Urging his frail skiff on, with wild alarm;
But the storm stooped: there was a very brief

 And terrible stillness, a portentous calm,
Like stunned despair, or sudden, speechless grief,

 And then God's organ pealed its thunder-psalm,
And the whole sea seemed with one groan to lift
Into white foam, thick as an Alpine drift.

Then the gale smote him: seas of spray drove by;

 But not a wave could lift its struggling head
Into the air. From the black, boiling sky,

 Thick torrents poured like rivers filled and fed
With great spring-rains; sharp hail shot hissing by,
And with incessant blaze, around his head,

Flashed the white lightning, while the awful voice
Of thunder bade the hurricane rejoice.

And seaward sped the light, thin, frail canoe,
While he clung to it with a mute despair;
Long trained the ocean's realms to wander through,
His skiff capsized, he rose again to the air,
And still held fast, still onward with it flew:

And still the storm-god, from his western lair,
Urged on his slave, the furious hurricane,
Till night fell, when he called him home again.

And then the clouds began to break and part,
And soon shone out the broad, bright, patient moon,
But still the winds shrieked, and the sea's great heart
Swelled in vast waves. Lightnings, retreating soon,
Lingered upon the horizon yet, to dart

Their Parthian arrows; then came night's high noon,
And all the stars shone, trembling at the roar
Of winds and waves that smote the sky's blue floor,

Righting his skiff, till morning he outrode
The dying wind, and eastward still fled on;
And when above the orient barrier strode,
In all his summer pomp, the regal sun,
And while he journeyed on his westering road,
Till evening came when the long day was done,

Still it sailed there, that light and fragile thing,
Like the faint hopes that to a sad heart cling.

And all that night, thinking of home he lay,
For the ocean, like a stunned hope, now was still:
On the sea's verge he seemed to see the spray
Break over his loved coral-reefs,—the hill
That cast its shadow on his home,—the gray
And mist-crowned mountain,—the clear, dancing rill,
That fed his flowers,—the trees that over the eaves
Of his small cottage shook their sheltering leaves.

At dawn he slept, slept soundly, nor awoke,
Till noon was shining brightly on his eyes;
And still around no living object broke
The broad monotony of sea and skies.—
Yes!—scarce distinguished from the flickering smoke
Of the sun's heat, a something he descries:
Hope gleams once more, a feeble, fitful spark,
And once again he urges on his bark.

On the horizon soon the object grows
To a gallant ship, full-rigged,—ah, joyful sight!—
That while the fair breeze on her quarter blows,
Over the waters wings her steady flight,
Startling the sleepy monsters that repose
Deep in the sea: shaking her canvass white,

Near him she slides;—her sails are thrown aback,
She halts, as halts a racer on the track,

Tossing his mane back on the eager wind:

They cast a rope; the stranger gains the deck;
Tottering and weak, with hunger faint and blind.

Then spurning from her side the skiff's frail wreck
Onward she leaps, while on the deck reclined,
But little does the stranger know or reck
Whither they bear him, so he be with men,
And not cast forth upon the waves again.

A month or two they cruised about those seas,
Touching at many a green and flowery isle,
Where patient insects had by slow degrees

Done giants' work, and builded many a pile
Of rock and reef; then with a favoring breeze,

Homeward they turned, and voyaged many a mile,
And bent around the Southern Giant's Horn,
That Cape of dread to mariner's forlorn.

And so they northward sailed, until there grew

Cold on the iron visage of the sea;
Sharp hail fell thick, stinging their garments through,
Ice gathered on the cordage silently,
And then hove up the shores, long, low, and blue,
And one great promontory on the lee,

Where stood the homes of many in the ship.
Then quivered many a firm and manly lip.

And out of many a stern and fearless eye,
 Warm tears fell, on the weather-bronzed cheek
How the heart softens when its home is nigh!
 The iron nerves, like children's become weak!
Oh, that I too might feel before I die
 This blessed joy! If love again could speak
One word of gentle greeting in my ear,
How bright and sunny would the world appear!

JANE.

She is not beautiful, but in her eyes
 No common spirit manifests itself,
So mild, so gentle, so serenely wise,
 Yet gay as that of any dainty elf,
That dances on green turf, by starlit skies;
 And such a friend is she, so firm and true,
So free from envy, malice, prejudice,
 And constant as the sky's unchanging blue:
She shines like some most lustrous, lovely star,
 Which men adore because it dazzles not;—
And though I waste away my life afar,
 Yet in this mountainous and savage spot,
I think of her as one who soothed my care,
 And did her best to keep me from despair.

SONG.

Let the dreaming astronomer number each star,
That at midnight peeps over its pillow of blue;
A pleasanter study to me is, by far,
The orb that shines over a cheek's rosy hue.
Let the crazy astrologer search for his fates
In the cusps and the nodes of his dim luminaries;
He is wiser, like me, who his fortune awaits,
As told in the glance that in beauty's eye varies;
Who studies, as I do, the stars of the soul,
And cares not nor heeds how those over us roll.

I have studied them many a long summer eve,
When the leaves and bright waters were quietly singing,
The science and learning that thence we receive,
Is a joy and perfume to the memory clinging.
It is better than wasting the eyes and the brain,
And youth's sunny season, intended for pleasure,
In delving for knowledge more useless and vain
Than is to a squalid old miser his treasure.
I would give not one glimpse at the eyes that I love,
To know all the stars that are clustered above.

There was Lydia; no star was as bright as her eye,
So soft, yet so proud, in its black, misty lashes;
While Harriet's, set in the clear summer sky,
Would have shamed every orb in the azure that flashes;
There was Lizzy's, a gem 'neath her ivory brow,
And Kate's, like Love's planet in still waters dreaming;
And Lilian, whose soul seems to shine on me now,
As it shone of old time in her amber eyes beaming;
There was Mary, who kept me from conics and Greek,
While her eyes lit a love which the tongue could not speak.

There was Ann, whose dear smiles yet my visions inspire,
And whose eyes bless my dreams like a light in the distance,
That over rude waters shoots welcoming fire,
And to all good resolves and fair hopes lends assistance.
Let fate kindly light with such stars my dark way,
For the few fleeting hours of my life-dream remaining;
I'll ask not for science to help me grow gray,
I'll ask not for fame while my life-tide is waning;
I'll wish for no laurels, I'll ask for no prize,
But permission to study sweet lips and bright eyes.

1833.

LOVE.

I am the soul of the Universe,
 In Nature's pulse I beat;
To Doom and Death I am a curse,
 I trample them under my feet.

Creation's every voice is mine,
 I breathe in its every tone;
I have in every heart a shrine,
 A consecrated throne.

The whisper that sings in the summer leaves,
 The hymn of the star-lit brook,
The martin that nests in the ivied eaves,
 The dove in his shaded nook,

The quivering heart of the blushing flower,
 The thick Æolian grass,
The harmonies of the summer shower,
 The south wind's soft, sweet mass,

The psalm of the great grave sea,- are mine;
 The cataract's thunder tongue,
The monody of the mountain pine,
 Moaning the cliffs among.

I kiss the snowy breasts of the maiden,
 And they thrill with a new delight;
While the crimson pulses flush and redden,
 Along the forehead's white.

I fill the restless heart of the boy,
 As a sphere is filled with fire,
Till it quivers and trembles with hope and joy,
 Like the strings of a golden lyre.

I touch the poet's soul with my wing,
 It yields to my magic power,
And the songs of his mighty passions ring,
 Till the world is full of the shower.

The heart of the soldier bows to me,
 His arms aside are flung,
Unheeded the wild sublimity
 Of the silver trumpet's tongue.

I brood on the soul like a golden thrush,
 My music to it clings,
And its purple fountains throb and flush,
 In the crimson light of my wings.

Deep in a lovely woman's soul
 I love to build my throne,

For the harmonies that through it roll
Are the echoes of one tone.

The sounds of its many perfect strings
Have but one key-note ever,
Its passions are the thousand springs,
All flowing to one river.

1835.

HYMN.

Awake! awake! Hear Freedom calling
 Upon her sons to fly to arms;
While Treason's trumpet-tongue appalling
 Is madly sounding its alarms.
Behold the traitors darkly scheming,
 While Anarchy awakes again,
 Within the darkness of whose brain
Red crime and perjury are teeming.

 To arms! to arms! ye brave;
 The avenging sword unsheath!
 March on! march on! all hearts resolved
 On victory or death!

Is there a heart that now will falter?
 Live, base, ignoble heart, in chains!
Live, with low demagogues to palter!
 Disgrace the free blood in your veins!
Is there a man that strikes not for us,
 Within the shade of Freedom's throne?
 Pale traitor, recreant! fly, and moan
In Slavery's iron realm of horrors!

 To arms, &c.

Traitors and lunatics are aiming
 To break the Union's golden chain;

Secession's fires are fiercely flaming,
And Freedom's heart is racked with pain.
Her eye grows dim, her cheek is paling;
And shall we tamely sit and smile,
While Treason's feet our land defile,
And Anarchy is loudly railing?

To arms, &c.

Shall even our children execrate us,
That we have reared them to be slaves?
Our fathers' mouldering bones upbraid us,
Stirring in their deep, narrow graves?
Our wives and mothers hate and spurn us,
As basest of the base? No! no!
To liberty or death we go;
Free let them bless, or corpses mourn us!

To arms, &c.

Oh, sainted sires! look down upon us,
And aid us to defend the high
And sacred heritage ye won us!
Freemen we'll live, or freemen die.
The stars and stripes are floating o'er us;
Our fathers' spirits lead the front;
We welcome the fierce battle's brunt:—
Treason and crime shall flee before us!

To arms, &c.

TO AMBITION.

Cry on! full well I know the voice,
 For often it hath called on me,
Stirring my passions with the noise,
 As tempests stir the hungering sea.
Cry on, ambition! 'tis in vain!
 Thine influence hath passed away,
And mighty though thou art, again
 Thou canst not bend me to thy sway.

Thou wakest dreams of fame and power;
 Ha! I despise both thee and them;
They were illusions of an hour,
 Mere shadows now, remote and dim;
I scorn them all: they wake no thrill
 Within the heart where once they reigned
And revelled, and would revel still,
 But smote by love, Ambition waned.

For what is fame, that man should pour
 His life-blood for it, drop by drop;
And for a name, when life is o'er,
 Drain to the dregs misfortune's cup?

Fame! 'tis the wrecker's light, that lures
 The luckless wanderer of the deep,
To where, -upon disastrous shores,
 Ruin and wreck their vigils keep.

To waste away the burning heart,
 Pouring its bright thoughts on the sand
Of the regardless world; to part
 With mad and suicidal hand,
The ties that bind to life, and tread
 The desert of the world alone;
To leave no soul, when we are dead,
 Of grief for us to make one moan.

To be the mark for every base
 And slanderous miscreant's venom'd tongue,
Hiss'd at by all the adder race,
 Their poison on my garments flung:
My fair fame recklessly defiled
 With every crawling reptile's slime;
Slandered, belied, abused, reviled,
 Each action tortured into crime.

To fill the heart with scathing fire
 And bitter passions; to erase
The feelings holier and higher
 Which ruled there in our earlier days;

To make the soil a desert, burned
 And blasted with remorseless flame;
To be, at Life's best hour, inured
 Within this living death, called Fame:—

Will Fame, will Power, repay for this?
 Cry on, then!—Even now I feel
The infant hands of happiness
 Around my heart-strings gently steal,
And well I know that Fame has nought,
 Or Power, to pay the sacrifice,
If with this happiness I bought
 Their glorious uncertainties.

Give me Love's smile, my wife's fond eye,
 To light the pathway of my life;
And vainly may Ambition cry,
 And urge me to the stirring strife:
I would not sell my quiet home,
 And those I love, for all the fame
Of all the mighty who entomb
 - Their sorrows in a splendid name.

TAOS.

The light of morning now begins to thrill
 Upon the purple mountains, and the gray
Mist-robed old pines. Brightly upon the still
 Deep banks of snow looks out the eye of Day;—
 The constant stream runs plashing on its way,
As melted stars might flow along blue heaven,
 And its white foam grows whiter, with the play
Of sunlight, down its rocky channel driven,
Like the eternal splendor from God's forehead given

And tree, rock, pine, all are enveloped now
 With light, as with a visible soul of love:
Down the rough mountain sides the breezes blow,
 And in and out each grassy shaded cove,
Making the scared dark from its dens remove,
 To pine away amid the splendor-shower
That raineth to the depths of each dim grove,
 And under all the rocks that sternly lower,
And even in the caves and jagged grotts doth pour.

Yet a small cloud goes wandering here and there,
 Whose only care seems up the hill to float,
Until the sun be risen broad and fair;
 And then the unseen angel that takes note

To steer in safety this ethereal boat,
Will turn its helm toward heaven's untroubled seas,
Where its white sail will glimmer, like a mote,
One moment, and then vanish. Now the trees
Through it are seen, like shadows through transparencies

Now the sweet dew from the rich flower-bells,
And from the quivering blades of bended grass,
Begins to rise invisibly, and swells

Into the air,—the valley's humble mass;
Like the rich incense that to God doth pass
Out of the bruised heart: the cricket's hymn,
The bird's glad anthem, the cicada's bass,
All people with their influence the dim
Soul's solitude, in this most brief, sweet interim.

Now Sorrow, sitting quietly and still,
With look all gentle, and with sad smiles kind,
And sharing in all nature's joyous thrill,
Breathes a delicious influence on the mind,
A soothing melancholy, hope-inclined;
Like the faint memory of a painful dream,
At which the heart once wept itself stone-blind;
But now which doth part pain part pleasure seem,
Until we know not which the feeling most to deem.

But soon will Sorrow re-subject her own,
 Although this golden and delicious calm
Hath shaken her in her accustomed throne;
 Although she sleeps, like Peace, with open palm,
 And quiet eyelid, and relaxed arm.
Soon Memory again will learn to sting,
 Recovered from this most unusual charm,
And from the past will gather up, and bring
Into the heart sharp agonies, its cords to wring.

She will point back to home and hearth forsaken,
 To friends grown cold, perhaps inimical;
And Love again will shudderingly awaken
 From troubled slumber; poverty enthral,
 And shroud again, with dark and icy pall,
My hopes, my happiness, my fatherland;
 And I once more shall stand amid them all,
Cast them aside with rash and hasty hand,
Shiver my household gods, and 'mid the ruins stand.

Beloved New England! whom these jagged rocks,
 These chanting pines, this sea of snowy light,
These mountains, lifted by volcanic shocks,
 And now defying them; this hoarded white
 Of snows, that scoffs at the sun; this vale so bright,
And all the thousand objects here in view,
 Bring brightly forward into memory's sight

Thy hills, thy dells, thy streams, thy ocean blue,
Thy gorgeous sky, and clouds of so surpassing hue

I have gone from thee, and perhaps forever,
 Land of the free, the beautiful, the brave!
It was a mournful hour which saw me sever
 The ties that bound me unto thee; which gave
 Me living unto exile's narrow grave;
And now my heart is all, ay, all thine own:
 Again above me thy old forests wave,
Again I hear the Atlantic's deep grave tone;
I live with thee, and am even in the world alone.

Wherever I may roam, I shall be proud
 Of thee, old mother! and no less of thine:
Thy knee hath never to a tyrant bowed,
 Thou hast allowed no heresies to twine
 Around thee, as the gaudy poison-vine
Twines round the oak, and rots it to its core;
 I love thee, and my heart is ever thine:
And here, alone, I think of thee the more,
And pace these flinty hills, and on thy glories pore

For here, beneath these mountain-summits gray,
 I think of those old venerable aisles,
Where I have passed on many a holy day,

Into the sanctity of ancient piles,
To hear thy sober creed; of those green isles
That gem thy bays and quiet ocean-nooks;
Of the bright eyes and cheeks enwreathed with smiles,
That make thee famous: of still lakes and brooks;
And, more than all, I think of quietude and books.

What is there left, that I should cling to life?

High hopes that storms smote down when scarce
expanded;
A broken censer with faint odor rife,—
A waning sun,—a vessel half-ensanded,—
Life's prospects on sharp rocks and shallows stranded,—
A star just setting in a midnight-ocean,—
A smoking altar, broken and unbanded,—
Lit with the flame of hopeless love's devotion,—
A bosom shattered with its own intense emotion.

Unmanly Heart! Repine not, but be calm!

Take courage, Heart! Let us not madly mar
The effect of this sweet scene. Hope holds her palm,
Like an old friend, to me, and sets her star
Once more upon the waves of life afar;
It shall not sink again; but ever lift
Cheerily its eye above the stormy bar.
I thank thee, Hope, for thy most princely gift!
No longer, eyeless, on life's clashing waves I drift.

Farewell to thee, New England! Once again
The echo of thy name has reached my soul,
And it has vibrated: oh, not in vain,
If thou and thine shall hear. Now for the goal!
Dash through the waves, bold Heart, that madly roll
Across thy path! Much waiteth to be done,
Before Time's billows o'er my dead brain roll:
Behold the last complaining words of one,
Who has been, is, will ever be, New England's son.

1832.

MY SISTER.

And thou too, dearest sister! thou art dead!
The pitiless archer once again has sped
At our small circle an unerring dart.
Thus, one by one, alas! from me depart
The images that, in fond memory stored,
I count, as jealous misers count their hoard.
The first fierce stroke the trembling heart that crushed
The first wild feelings through the brain that rushed,
Are gone, and grief has now become more mild,
For I have wept, as though I were a child,—
I, who had thought my heart contained no tear.
I have returned from deserts wide and drear,
Prairie and snow and mountain eminent,
To hear that it has been thy lot to die,
To feel the snapping of another tie,
One of the few that bound me to the world.
For thou, whose lovely spirit now has furled
Its radiant wings, and folded close therein
Sleeps soundly in the grave, until the din
Of the archangel's mighty trump shall break
The silence of all sepulchres, and wake
All souls upon the resurrection morning;—thou
Didst ever love and trust in me, and now

Thy memory indeed is very dear;
My grief for thee most bitter and sincere.
Ah, heavy loss! ah, great calamity!
How sharp the blow that fate hath struck at me!
When I have climbed the slopes of the great mountains
Where from eternal snows break out clear fountains,
That grow to mighty rivers; when my feet
Have bled and frozen, and the storms have beat
Upon me pitilessly; when my head
Has made the ground, the rock, the snow its bed,
And I have watched the cold stars stare above:
Then my great solace was my sister's love.
When I have felt most sad and most alone,
When I have walked through multitudes and known
No one that I could greet for olden time;
Or in those spacious solitudes sublime
That flank the Cordilleras; when, among
Their crags the war-whoop in my ears has rung:
When I have fancied I was quite forgot
By ancient friends, my name remembered not,
My features even forgotten, as the dead
When once they slumber in their narrow bed
Pass from men's memories in a day or two:
Then has my wearied soul flown homeward, through
The mist, and darkness; and in most intense
And passionate sorrow, thy proud confidence,

Thy love and faith my comforters have been,
And weaned me from myself and from my spleen
Ah! sister dear! I have lost thee! thou art gone!
But yet thou hast not left me quite alone.
Perhaps before death closes my worn eyes,
I may again look on New England skies,
Weep at the graves, that like a miser's hoard,
Hold all my wealth, the loved and the adored;
And if, perchance, some one or two are left,
World-wanderers, by tyrannous Fate bereft
Of all that makes us loth with life to part,—
Mother or sister,—take them to my heart,
Shield them, protect them, so that when I die,
Some one above the truant's grave may sigh.

ODE.

(SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE I. O. O. F.)

The night cometh swiftly, the thick clouds are drifting
 Around the dark mountains that rampart the plain;
The storm, its tumultuous surges uplifting,
 Is calling its hosts to the foray again.

The surf, white with foam, round the sun madly dashes,
 As waves dash against a lone ship near the shore;
The lightning at intervals gloomily flashes,
 And over the plain moans the thunder's hoarse roar.

The night comes with darkness,—the night comes with terror
 The storm with his armies rides fast by her side,—
Wo, wo, to the way-farer wand'ring in error,
 To whom the glad sight of his home is denied!

Lo! weary and way-worn comes fainting a stranger,
 Whose feet with their blood stain the pitiless ground;—
Where, where shall we seek for a refuge from danger,
 Where hide when the storm hurls its arrows around?

Lo! feeble with terror his weak footsteps falter,
 He thinks with despair of the pleasures of home,
He seemeth a victim, the desert an altar,
 The far-flashing lightning his sentence of doom.

What is it that suddenly calms his emotions,
Gives strength to his feet that were ready to fail?
'Tis a tent gleams ahead, as far off on the ocean,
The foundering sailor descries a white sail.

Haste onward, lone brother, the storm howleth o'er thee,
Loud roars the wild wind, fiercely beats the cold rain;—
'Tis an Odd Fellows' Camp that lies calmly before thee,
And none there for shelter and food ask in vain.

The Sentinel hails, his lone vigil that keepeth;
The Stranger is welcomed, is sheltered and fed;
Without still the storm roars, but calmly he sleepeth,
While Love, Truth and Friendship encircle his bed.

Ho! wake thee up, Brother! the fresh day is dawning,
The storm that beset thee has fled far away;—
Eat, Brother, and drink! then set onward this morning
Thy children shall greet thee while yet it is day.

And henceforth when humbly and tearfully kneeling,
Thy heart with devotion and gratitude warm,
Forget not the night when the thunder was pealing,
And the Odd Fellows' Camp shone a star through the storm

AGAPOU PNEUMA.

Thou must have altered in the two long years
Which thou hast passed since I beheld thee, Ann!
For then thou wast just budding into life,
And Hopes, with fiery eyes, thy heart did fan,
And gray Grief's tears
Had not assailed thee. Thou wast very rife
With budding beauty, which is now full blown
In all the sunny spring of womanhood.
Thy spirit shone
Like an ethereal angel's in thy face:
There was a proud and an impassioned tone
Within thy voice, that breathed from off the soul
A strong enchantment on a heart like mine.
Thou wast a glorious being in thy bud;
But in thy blossoms, thou must be divine.
Oh! I can fancy thee in all thy power,
In all thy beauty and magnificence;
Thine eyes so beautiful and so intense,
Raining into the heart their starry shower;
Thy raven hair shining above a brow
Replete with Italy and with divinity;
Thy form so slight, so very delicate,
Yet swelling proudly with thy uncontrolled
And uncontrollable spirit. Oh! how cold

Seems beauty to me, when I think on thee,
Thou beautiful and bright and fiery star!
And I afar
Bow down before thee, though I have no hope
To win or wear thee near my withered heart.

Thou wast too full of uncontrolled romance,
Too full of Poetry's impassioned trance,
Too full of soul, to live amid the world.
Thy body to thy soul was like a cloud,
In which the silver arrows of the sun
Stay not, but pass wherever they are hurled;
'Twas like the clear transparent element,
That shows the emerald beneath it pent,
Nor robs one ray. Thy soul breathed in thy face
And lay upon it like a visible mist.
Thou wast not fit for life's realities;
The world all seemed too fair unto thine eyes;
Thou wast too full of hope, and faith, and trust—
And art, perhaps, ere this, most undeceived.
Thy heavenly eyes, perhaps, have been, and are
Dim with the dew which wastes away the heart—
And such a heart! Oh! it is sad to think
That all the richer feelings of the soul
Are but its torment; that the lustrous star
Which shines the brightest, soonest wastes away;

Yea—that the gifted soul, that will, must drink
Of poetry, romance, and glowing love,
Kindles a fire that must consume itself!
And thou wilt be unhappy. Never one
Was gifted with thy fervid, trusting soul,
And went through life unscathed and sorrowless.
And thou and I, too, soon will reach our goal.
The world, which ought thy glorious spirit bless,
Will chill thee, Ann! and make thy heart grow cold;
And thou wilt never, save in grief, be old.
This, this it is, which makes me love thee. I
Feel that there is between my soul and thine
A sympathy of feeling and of fate,
Which binds me to thee with a deathless tie,
Time has already seen *my* heart decay,
Where death has trod. Yet, though it waste away,
Daily and nightly, still the core is left,
And burns for thee with all its former fire;
There is centered all.

I would to God

Thou couldst be mine, Ann! for the few short years
Left me to live; that when my death was nigh,
Thou mightest be near me with thy glorious eyes,
Shining like stars into my waning soul—
Thy arms be wreathed around my neck—thy lip
Pressed to my throbbing brow—thy voice

Hushing Despair, and that unconquered fiend,
Ambition—till it were
No pain to die, and breathe upon the wind
My last low gasp. Methinks if thou wast mine,
I might forget the world, and wo, and care,
And let them wreak their worst on me: perhaps,
My heart might be too strong for them to crush:
It may not be.
My fate is fixed. I ask the world a boon,
I cannot, will not, Ann, demand of thee:
Henceforth I pray the world that it forget
That I have lived.

All that I now have left,
Is death and my own wo; and I will die,
Unknown, unnamed. The world shall not be nigh,
To mark the quivering lip—the stopping heart—
The closing eye—the fingers clenched in death—
The last low moan, when with the parting shiver,
I murmur *Ann*.

Arkansas Territory, 10th March, 1832.

LINES.

(IN ONE MONTH I SHALL BE IN THE PRAIRIE, AND UNDER THE
MOUNTAINS IN ANOTHER.)

Once more unto the desert! who
 Would live a slave, when he can free
His heart from thralldom thus? O who?
 Slave let him be.

Once more unto the desert! now
 The world's hard bonds have grown too hard
No more, oh heart! in dungeons bow,
 And caves unstarred.

Heart! bid the world farewell: thy task
 Is done;—perhaps thy words may live;—
Thou hast no favor now to ask,
 And few to give.

Thou hast writ down thy thoughts of fire,
 And deep communion with thine own
Sad spirit; now thy broken lyre
 Makes its last moan.

Thou hast laid out thy secrecy
 Before the world, and traced each wave
Of feeling, from thy troubled sea
 Unto its cave.

Within thy dim recesses, where
 The feelings most intense are hidden;
Thou hast outborne thence to the air—
 Thy thoughts, unbidden.

And now unto the desert! Why
 Am I to be a slave forever?
To stay amid mankind, and die
 Like a scorched river,

Wasting in burning sands away?
 Am I to toil, and watch my heart
And spirit, hour by hour decay,
 Still not depart?—

To pour the treasures of my soul
 Upon the world's parched wilderness,
And feel no answering echo roll
 My ear to bless?

Once more unto the desert! There
 I ask nor wealth, nor hope, nor praise,
Nor gentle ease, nor want of care
 On my dark ways;

Nor fame, nor friends, nor joy, nor leisure—
 Here I must have them all, or die,
Or lead a life devoid of pleasure—
 Such now lead I.

No life of pain and toil for me!
Of home unhopèd for—friends unkind!
Better the desert's waveless sea,
And stormy wind.

Better a life amid the wild
Storm-hearted children of the plain,
Than this, with heart and soul defiled
By sorrow's rain.

Out to the desert! from this mart
Of bloodless cheeks, and lightless eyes,
And broken hopes, and shattered hearts,
And miseries.

Out to the desert! from the sway
Of falsehood, crime, and heartlessness;
Better a free life for a day
Than years like this.

Once more unto the desert, where
My gun and steed shall be my friend:
And I shall ask no aidance there—
As little lend.

Farewell, my father-land! Afar
I make my last and kind farewell.
I did think to have seen thee—ah!
How hopes will swell!

Farewell, forever! Take the last
Sad gift, my father-land, of one
Struck by misfortune's chilling blast,
Yet still thy son.

Farewell, my land! Farewell, my pen!
Farewell, hard world—thy harder life!
Now to the desert once again!
The gun and knife!
Arkansas Territory, May 25, 1833.

HOME.

Though the heart hath been sunken in folly and guilt—
Though its hopes and its joys on the earth have been spilt—
Though its course hath become like the cataract's foam—
Still, still it is holy, when thinking on Home.

Though its tears have been shed like the rains of the spring—
Though it may have grown loath to existence to cling—
Oh, still a sweet thought like a shadow will come,
When the eye of the mind turns again to its Home.

Though the fire of the heart may have withered its core
Unto ashes and dust—though the head have turned hoar
Ere its time, as the surfs o'er the breakers that foam—
Still, a tear will arise when we think upon Home.

STANZAS TO ANN.

The spirit in my soul hath woken,
 And bids me speak to thee again;
And silence, many a day unbroken,
 Must cease, although it cease in vain.
As life approaches to its goal,
 And other passions seem to die,
The thoughts of thee that haunt the soul
 Decay not, sleep not, death defy.

Love's busy wings delight to fan
 A heart that hath been worn to ashes,
And, aided by thy spirit, Ann,
 Beneath his eye that heart still flashes.
Oh! why doth Love build up his nest
 A ruined palace aye within,
Hiding within the poet's breast—
 Why seeks he not a home more green?

He hath no aleyon power, to still
 The passions of the trampled heart,
Rob of its pain the torture-thrill,
 Bid sorrow, want, and pain depart:
Oh no! he adds a fiercer pang
 To every wo which rankles there,
Sharpens the scorpion's fiery fang,
 Adds wildness unto terror's glare.

Yet still, I love thee, and forever—

No matter what or where I be;

The blow which shall existence sever,

Alone can end my love for thee.

I love thee as men love but once—

As few have loved, can love a woman;

It seemeth strange, this perfect trance

Of love, for one that is but human.

But thou wast rich, and I was poor;

I never spake my love to thee;

And I could all my wo endure,

Nor ask thee, Ann, to wed with me.

To wed with me!—it were to wed

With Poverty, and Want, and Wo:

Rather than this, from thee I fled,

And still a lonely outcast go.

But day by day my love hath grown

For thee, as all things else decline;

And when I seem the most alone,

Thy spirit doth commune with mine.

I have no portion with the world,

Nor hath the world a part with me;

But the lone wave, now shoreward hurled,

Will turn, yea, dying, turn to thee.

I make to thee, thy love, no claim;
 I ask thee but, when I shall die,
To lay the world-forgotten name
 Within thy heart, and o'er it sigh.
Think that the love which I have felt,
 To which existence hath been given,
Has been as pure as stars that melt
 And die within the depths of heaven.

Fare thee well—it is forever!
 Thou hast heard my dying words;
Till the cords of life shall sever,
 Till the serpent Wo, that girds
The exile heart, its strings have broken,
 Bruised and crushed and shattered it;
Until this, to thee are spoken
 All my words—my dirge is writ.

Arkansas Territory, April 20, 1833.

TO ANN.

These lines are to thee; and they come from a heart,
Which hath never to thee spoken aught but the truth,
And which fain would, ere life from its fountains depart,
Speak to thee of the sorrows which clouded its youth.

And think not 'tis only to show a fair rhyme,
Or a glittering thought to the eyes of the world;
Oh no! 'tis a motive more purely sublime;
My wings of ambition forever are furled.

'Tis my love, my devotion, which *will* find a tongue,
And utter its thoughts before life and I sever;
'Tis the heart which was bruised, and then wantonly flung
On the shore of life's sea, to be trampled forever.

For its words, and its thoughts, and its feelings have been
Misconceived, misconstrued, and traduced for long years;
And 'twould fain, from the general calumny, win
One heart, that might water its grave-sod with tears.

For the world, I defy it and dare it; it hath
No power, no terror, no lash, over me;
I ask not the light of its smile in my path,
And its pity or frown might as well urge the sea.

I owe it, and ask it no favor; full well
I have proven its friendship, its mercy, its love;
But thou hast upon me a charm and a spell,
That through life and in death will be able to move.

I would show that the heart which the world hath reviled
Whose passions have been like the waves of the sea,
Whate'er it hath been—how ungoverned and wild—
Hath been constantly true in devotion to thee.

That devotion to thee, love, hath never been told:
Perhaps 'twas unnoticed; the feeling most deep
Has the semblance of something unfeeling and cold;
The grief most o'erwhelming but seldom can weep.

And readier tongues spake their tale in thine ear,
And told thee their love with full many a sigh;
Perhaps thou wast dazzled by that ard the tear,
And read not my love in the heart and the eye.

I told not my love—it were cruel to ask
One like thee, with misfortune and sorrow to wed,
To wear away life as an incessant task,
And pillow on Poverty's bosom thy head—

Till I turned from the green and the delicate lanes
Of home, love and joy, which were darkened with gloom,
And shiver'd, unflinching, the multiplied chains,
Which are woven round all when the heart is in bloom.

Since then, day by day, my lone heart hath decayed,
With a slow, but a certain, and deadly decline;
O'er its waste and its wilderness riseth no blade,
Which may say with its greenness—"Wo! all is not thine."

And though I must die ere my deity sphere
Be revealed from the storm which holds heaven at will,
I *must* turn to the place where it ought to appear,
And worship its light till my pulses be still.

It may be that I am to live till my cup
Of affliction be filled and o'erflow at the brim;
Till the mist and the blood from the heart shall rise up,
When its last hope is gone—its last vision is dim;

Till thou hast become, in thy beauty, the bride
Of some other less wild, and less passionate lover;
Then the beacon is merged in the hungering tide—
Then the heart hath been crushed, and its struggle is over.

Arkansas Territory, February 12, 1833.

SONG OF THE NABAJO.

Who rideth as fleet as a fleet Nabajo?
Whose arm is so strong with the lance and the bow?
His arrow in battle as lightning is swift;
His march is the course of the mountainous drift.

The Eutaw can ride down the deer of the hills,
With his shield ornamented with bald-eagle quills;
Our houses are full of the skins he has drest;
We have slaves of his women, the brightest and best.

Go, talk of the strength of a valiant Paiute,
He will hide in the trees when our arrows we shoot;
And who knows the wild Coyotera to tame,
But the bold Nabajo, with his arrow of flame?

The Moqui may boast from his town of the Rock:
Can it stand when the earthquake shall come with its shock?
The Suni may laugh in his desert so dry—
He will wail to his God when our foray is nigh.

Oh, who is so brave as a mountain Apache?
He can come to our homes when the doors we unlatch;
And plunder our women when we are away;
When met he our braves in their battle array?

Whose mouth is so big as a Spaniard's at home?
But if *we* rush along like the cataract foam,
And sweep off his cattle and herds from his stall,
Oh, then to the saints who so loudly can call?

Up, then, and away! Let the quiver be full!
And as soon as the stars make the mountain air cool,
The fire of the harvest shall make heaven pale,
And the priesthood shall curse, and the coward shall wail

And there will be counting of beads then to do—
And the Pueblos shall mount and prepare to pursue;
But when could their steeds, so mule-footed and slow,
Compare with the birds of the free Nabajo?

1832

WAR SONG OF THE COMANCHES.

Oh, who with the sons of the plains can compete,
When from west, south and north like the torrents they meet?
And when doth the face of the white trader blanch,
Except when at moonrise he hears the Comanche?

Will you speak in our lodge of a bold Caiawah?
He is brave, but it is when our braves are afar;
Will you talk of the gun of the Arapeho?
Go—first see the arrow spring off from our bow.

The white wolf goes with us wherever we ride;
For food there is plenty on every side;
And Mexican bones he has plenty to cranch,
When he follows the troop of the flying Comanche.

The Toyah exults in his spear and his shield,
And the Wequah—but both have we taught how to yield;
And the Panana horses our women now ride,
While their scalps in our lodges are hung side by side.

Let the Wawsashy boast; he will run like a deer,
When afar on the prairie our women appear;
The shaven scalps hang, in each lodge three or four—
We will count them again, and ere long there'll be more.

The Gromonts came down—'tis three summers ago—
To look for our scalps and to hunt buffalo;
But they turned to the mountains their faces again,
And the trace of their lodges is washed out by rain.

The Spirit above never sends us his curse,
And the buffalo never gets angry with us;
We are strong as the storm—we are free as the breeze
And we laugh at the power of the pale Ikanese.

The mountain Shoshones have hearts big and strong;
Our brothers they are, and they speak the same tongue
And let them in battle but stand by our side,
And we scorn Ikanese and black Spaniard allied.

Oo-no-ha! Come out from the Brazos Canon!
Let us range to the head of the salt Semaron!
For our horses are swift, and there's hair to be won,
When the Ikanese wagons their track are upon.

THE DEAD CHILD.

The young leaf lives in Spring its little hour,
And falleth from the limb—who knoweth why?

The fair young bud blooms not into a flower,
But sickening droops and hasteneth to die.

Who knoweth why?

Our Father knows, from whom the bud and leaf
Received their life, so beautiful and brief.

Those loved by us,—the young, fair, innocent,—
When like your dear ones they have grown more dear,
For but a little season to us lent,

He calleth home, letting us live on here—

Who knoweth why?

They in the early morning of Life's day
Do fade and fade, while we grow old and gray.

Our Father knows. He knew they did not need
Life's discipline and Sorrow's chastening pain
To make them fit for Heaven, and early freed
These pure white souls to Him returned again,

For us to intercede.

Thus we, amid Life's sorrows, toils and cares,
Have entertained His angels unawares.

Washington, March 28, 1884

THE END.

