POEMS

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POEMS.

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BY

AMANDA T. JONES.

33

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TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE "NAMELESS CLUB,"

I WOULD GRATEFULLY PRESENT THE RESULTS OF THAT LABOR WHICH THEY HAVE SO KINDLY ENCOURAGED AND APPROVED, PRAYING THEM TO ACCEPT THEREWITH EARNEST ASSURANCES OF MY SISTERLY REGARD.

A. T. J.

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PATRIOTIC POEMS.

ATLANTIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE, having made war with Athena for the possession of Acta, and being about to prevail, the noise of their conflict reached the ears of Zeus, monarch of the gods, who, descending, commanded that Neptune should inherit all lands, save only Acta; upon whose plains still should flourish the olive, symbol of the power of Athena, and whose people should worship only her forever.

The ocean-god, fain to submit to the unalterable fiat, sped thence across the Ionian and Tyrrhenian waters, passing beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and delaying not until the wheels of his chariot had swept the shores of that mid-sea island, Atlantis.

There abiding, with Amphitrite, his wife, all good fortune befell the island and the people thereof.

Nevertheless, having afterward permitted that his sons should rule in his stead, — receiving all kingly observances as became their divine birth, — they grew over-proud, murmuring among themselves against that decree of Heaven, and desiring tribute and adoration from the Athenians.

Their ever-loyal subjects, hearing their murmurings, and being concerned for the honor of their god, gathered themselves together with all the armaments of war, and voyaged toward Acta, designing to compel her people to forsake their queen, Athena, and worship only Neptune, — counted greatest among terrestrial powers.

But the children of Acta, having been warned to prepare for war by many signs and wonders in heaven and on earth, met them in great force when they had landed, and waged warfare with them mightily for the space of half a day. Being driven back, however, to the foot of their mountains, they must have utterly perished, had not Athena hastened to their rescue. Her following, they turned upon those Islanders, overcame and wholly slew them, so that all

the valleys were laden with dead. These, being upgathered, were cast upon the decks of their vessels, and, drifted by a miraculous tide, came at sunset to their own country, where was then great wonder and grief for what had befallen them.

Zeus, perceiving that the people of Atlantis had dealt guiltily by the Athenians, striving to make slaves of those himself had pronounced free, caused that an earthquake should rend their island, and utterly overwhelm it in the sea.

ATLANTIS.

PRELUDE.

I.

IF earth's lost youth thou hast revived in dreams,
Hast set swift sails and moored in ports of yore,
Up shining channels traced forgotten streams
Enriched with lilies white from rim to core;
Thou needs must know that strange barbaric shore,
(Nathless unhistoried now and long submerged,)
Where Neptune's sons imperial sceptres bore;
Against whose sparkling borders, blossom-verged,
Their fleet, wave-climbing steeds, the gods of ocean urged.

II.

Unkinged, Atlantis, are thy hapless guests;
They mourn, they wail for thee through ice-wrought caves;
By torrid isles they lift sea-burdened breasts,
They fail with grief, they sink in sobbing waves.
Ah, their rich temples loud with singing slaves —
Their tribute-yielding people prone to kneel!
Ah, their broad realm! the pathless deep it paves;
O'er its bold mountains reef-torn vessels reel:
No minstrels chant its woe and none recite its weal.

III.

Lo! yet our marvel-loving souls have caught
That old belief profanely scoffed as vain, —
"Beyond the heights of Hercules, 't is thought,
Of yore an island gorged the whelming main:
In sooth strange dyes the stagnant waters stain,
And all seafarers of the West aver,

There weedy shoals their urgent barks detain,
And rushes o'er the ruffled surface stir —
That seem of fearful matters always to confer."

IV.

So they — the careful scribes of ancient lore:
Thereat no visionist waves the doubting head;
For while rare dreams their precious chrisms outpour,
Our souls perceive the light of cycles fled, —
Breathe alien airs and traffic with the dead;
Drink of deep founts that erst in coolness welled;
Aye! with thine awful rulers, reverent tread
Across thy very meads, thou isle of Eld!
Thy name we have not scorned, nor faith therein withheld.

CANTO I.

I.

WHEN first Athena's wind-borne arrows sang
Through Acta's clouds and down its ranges grand,
At once to life her symbol olive sprang,
And Terra hailed her goddess of the land:
But mighty Neptune rushed upon the strand,
(Far-off the firm hills, trembling, felt the shock!)
His whirling trident left the sinewy hand,
It struck and tarried, vibrant in the rock,
And crested billows there did rise and round it flock.

II.

"Behold!" he cried, "mine are the rugged vales;
The fearful cliffs my dread approach attend;
Up the green slopes my foam-white sea-bird sails;

And briny founts these roofs of granite
rend!"
Straight did her bow the maiden-goddess
bend, —
"Mine are the plains," she echoed, "mine
the shores!
For me their songs the light cicadæ blend;
I call — from sun-dried chasms the torrent
pours,
While fruitful groves make haste to drop their
bloomy stores."

III.

Far flew the shaft through Acta's morning
air —
The bucklered breast of Neptune felt the
stroke:
Then burst such war as only gods may dare!
Then giants rose, then sluggish Triton
woke;
His wonted bound the reeking ocean broke,
And, mad with tides, went plunging down
the dales;
Wide rolled o'er all the crater's jetty smoke,
The hissing lava chased the valeward gales,
And through the seething floods did wreathe
its ruddy scales.

IV.

Strong were the wrathful gods — the strife was dire :
From glittering shield and helm and baldrick brave,
Their clashing javelins strewed the winds with fire ;
In onset swift they trode the frothing wave —
Till highest heaven an echoing clamor gave,
And Zeus, monarch of the gods, arose :
Down darkened steeps his dreadful bolts he drave —
They shook the brooding mists with sundering throes,
And, crashing, smote apart the fierce, unvanquished foes.

V.

From pale recoil immortal brows they reared,
In all the pride of majesty divine :
Howbeit their Titan minions fled afeared —
Deep caves received them and the boundless brine,
Whose tides, receding, sought their past confine ;
Volcano-springs their fiery rivers stayed ;

The whirlwind died along its scathful line;
The tempest-herded clouds did shrink and fade,
And rolling seas of light pursued the fleeting shade.

VI.

Lo, the sheen azure of the crystal vault
Rose, arch on arch, beyond the ravished sight!
Effulgent hues noon's glory did exalt
Of sapphire, ruby, and fair chrysolite,
Opal and pearl, and chalcedony white,
And pure, pellucid beryl; soft did blaze
Their sevenfold splendors: while from infinite height,
As one whose voice the skyey realm obeys,
Descended all serene the god of countless days.

VII.

Supernal radiance sphered his sovran head:
The lustrous sun before him paled and pined;
In golden rest the seas unbillowed spread,
And whelming light entranced the songless wind.
Worldward the Sire his awful eyes declined,

Where knelt the strivers, pale as snow-fed flowers:
"No more," he said, "the blasts of War unbind!
Still for Athena flourish Acta's bowers;
All else be thine, thou lord of sea-abiding powers!"

VIII.

He spake, and up receiving heavens he passed;
Beneath his feet there rolled a luminous brede
Of stars, whose vivid nebulæ, white and vast,
The swift-pursuing vision did impede.
Slowly the fading day, from shore and mead,
Soared zenithward, and, glimmering, died on high:
As saintly souls, so did from earth recede
Its tremulous flames, and night began to sigh
Along the desert wave and through the sunless sky.

IX.

Uprose the whilom warriors: free of use,
Helmet and shield and javelin cast aside,
Gleamed on the dusky strand in silent truce:
Nor might the darkness which did there reside

Those glowing shapes of beauteous godship hide:
But brow and breast and limb of ivory shone
Fair as the milk-white moons that rise and glide
O'er distant Herschel's night-involvèd zone,
And bid admiring spheres their veiling shades disown.

X.

Now grows the dim world voluble: the dells
With choral ranks of forest-dwellers gleam;
And fountain-nymphs, who peal their silver bells,
That make the sleeping hills of echoes dream.
Sweetly the hours from silence they redeem —
They cry "Athena comes! Behold, behold
The silver stars that o'er her break and beam!
Green olives high their singing boughs uphold;
They hail her Acta's queen with voices manifold."

XI.

Slow-waving flowers arise, as if the Spring
Had blown his reedy music far and wide —

And nightingales begin to wave the wing
And pant and thrill in ecstasies of pride;
Their welling raptures ripple and subside,
Till all the passing zephyrs swoon with song:
"Athena comes! more fair than crownèd bride!
With blast nor sleet, ye mounts, her presence wrong:
Breathe softly-loud her praise, afar the chant prolong!"

XII.

Now swells the sea its coming lord to greet:
From isle to isle full fast the tidings drift;
The speedy billows roll around his feet;
A crescent-shapen chariot high they lift;
They urge the steed from out the watery rift,
While foamy hands make haste to fling the rein;
Ascends the god — the dripping wheels are swift,
The glittering hoofs fast beat the charmèd main,
Whose surges crouch before and all their waves restrain!

CANTO II.

I.

HOW summer-fair, in central ocean, rose
Thy shore, Atlantis, wrought with fret and bay;
What time the orient banners might disclose
The azure-staining gules of dawning day!
How frail thy scarf of zephyr-wafted spray,
That glimmered while the sunshine yet was scant!
How green thy paths, where glancing lights did play
And softly sweep the forest-shades aslant!
How blest the soul were such its everlasting haunt!

II.

There grew all flowers the brightness to enhance;
There lyre-like winds did chime in every glade;
A thousand heights did shining streams elance,
From sun-lit crags to valleys steeped in shade;

A thousand lucent, winding rivers strayed
By fragrant mounds, where flights of golden bees
The leaf-enshielded chalices o'erweighed,
Spilling the dew to reach the honey-lees;
And there were verdant palms and many stately trees.

III.

There shells of crimson strewed the shadowy sands,
As sunset clouds on ashen skies afloat;
And there all birds that dwell in lightsome lands
Shook wings of flame, and sang and soared remote,
Till fain the senses ceased thereon to dote,
And but the happy heart with song was sweet;
And ah, the deepening floods of light that smote
The leafy gates of every dim retreat,
And on the waveless lakes made white each flowery fleet!

IV.

There ruddy fruits on lowly tendrils clung,
Spicing each breeze o'er field and fertile cape;

All tropic drupes from rustling branches hung,
Sun-steeped, delicious, fair of hue and shape;
And vines far-climbing, such as greenly drape
Unsightly rocks, o'er every boulder grew;
Dark waxed the crowded clusters of the grape,
Their swelling globes earth's rarest sweetness drew,
Till warm and rich they swung, a-drip with purple dew.

V.

Peace smoothed the velvet sward of every slope;
Earthquake nor avalanche dared the stillness shock;
By swift cascades the lithe-limbed antelope,
As fleetly vaulting, leaped from rock to rock;
Each glen did some pure fountain-source unlock,
Where panther, ounce, and tawny lion drank
Beside the antlered herd and fleecy flock;
No scarlet death might stain or wave or bank,
For none his fellow vexed — no menaced weakling shrank.

VI.

There human voices, ever soft and clear,
Framed murmuring speech or rose in wafts of song;
And tremulous laughters, light and sweet to hear,
Echo's fine bugles faintly did prolong:
Gentle and free the race, and brave and strong;
As blithe and kindly as the showers of Spring.
Its graceful youth the blossomed ways did throng,
With smiles and blushes bright as Love may bring:
In beauty bloomed they all, and none went sorrowing.

VII.

Sea-green of Eld, while thus the cymbals clash,
The lips unskilled assay the stately theme —
How all thy greatness did the world abash;
Thy rule, adoring kings account supreme;
How, for thy hurt, dared priest nor monarch scheme,
Till thine own deed the grievous ruin dealt —
Oh, may the rugged strain some sweetness seem

To gather, as the breezy echoes melt;
And grander bards forgive, who at thy grave
have knelt!

VIII.

No murky cloud his spotless disk to hide,
The sun, through surges vast his way had
cleft,
And all the crisping, restive waters wide,
Of twilight's wave-encumbering shades be-
reft,
Did glister as a snowy-threaden weft,
With flickering gems afloat in every fold,
And soft sea-colors interwoven deft:
I wis nor daisied path nor street of gold,
E'er shone as this whereon great Neptune's
chariot rolled.

IX.

All night its gleaming wheels had tracked
the waste;
Like serpents ran the ripples in their wake;
Their beamy coils the quivering furrows
traced,
As moonbeams, over crested billows, break
Through undulating shade and frothen
flake:
All night the ocean-steed, with tossing head
And speedful limbs no bird might overtake,

With streaming mane on buoyant winds outspread,
From Acta's coast, full far, his westward course had sped.

X.

Across the wild Ionian floods that pour
Libations low at burning Ætna's feet,
Where grand Charybdis breathes his sullen roar,
Where Tyrrhene gulfs their Alpine boundaries beat,
Through pillar-guarded straits that roll to meet
The deep Atlantic — cool with Arctic streams,
And sounding airs too swift for summer-heat,
Yet fresh and pure as childhood's morning-dreams —
He came, the god, for whom with life old ocean teems.

XI.

Around the reverent water-creatures trooped,
Nereid or nymph or siren, each unveiled
Her wondrous eyes, whose teary lashes drooped
O'er lovely cheeks with cavern-slumbers paled;

Down lapsing waves their filmy raiment sailed,
Nor scarce their half-emergent forms might screen;
Along the surf their white arms lightly trailed,
Or lifted high the sea-weed garland green:
They swam on either hand — the chariot rolled between.

XII.

And every naiad-voice at whiles out-breaking,
In bursts of songful sweetness pealed around;
Thereafter valley-groves and uplands, waking,
All resonant, air-enriching murmurs found.
No passing breath but bore its freight of sound,
And by unrifled roses, dying, sang;
Nor jarring note the eager ear might wound,
But clear and loud the choral pæans rang,
As up the pebbled beach the steed, unweary, sprang.

XIII.

To earth light leaped the god, while dale and plain,

And ledge-built cave where falling waters hide,
Thrilled with his lifted voice that rang amain,
And "Amphitrite! Amphitrite!" — wide
The bruiting winds his ardent summons cried,
With "Amphitrite!" startling all the strand:
Her name the dewy breeze, far-floating, sighed,
The crimson trouble of her cheek it fanned,
While, slow and love-constrained, she crossed the bounteous land.

XIV.

Majestic was her mien; her stately head
Enwreathed with silver flowers of lake and lea,
Wherefrom the fragrance-loaden drops were shed
Down all her hair that, circling, floated free;
It seemed as light and shade did there agree,
And, dimly-lustrous, blend and interlace:
Deep were her eyes and colored like the sea;

As wind-brought wave she moved with undulate grace,
And all the goddess shone resplendent in her face!

XV.

And wheresoe'er her feet did press the vales,
There snow-excelling asphodels did spring;
Her smile beholding, mild as are the gales
Of slumberous Iran grew the wreakful king;
Trident nor warring javelin might he fling,
But tuneful as celestial marriage-lyres
His rapturous song made all the æther ring,
Through azure spaces — far as Love aspires!
Abashed the ocean shrank and hushed its trembling choirs.

XVI.

"My bride," he sang, "the golden isle be ours!
From verge to verge its splendor shall exceed;
Its founts shall rise in youth-renewing showers,
Its blushful fruit undying lips shall feed.
Here Pan all day shall blow his river-reed,
All night shall oreads breathe their roundels sweet;

Their flitting shapes, from whispering cedars freed,
Shall haunt as dreams our shadow-veiled retreat,
Where slumber-silenced hours shall move with slothful feet.

XVII.

"Here while the cycles blissfully appear,
Our kingly sons their steadfast thrones shall climb:
Swift hands shall toil their templed halls to rear,
Whose cloud-hung bells on soaring winds shall chime;
No mystic scripture there shall threat of time,
No voice of prophet utter woes abroad:
But clang of harp and chant of lore sublime,
Shall heaven's high-vaulted roofs of peace defraud:
For always minstrels proud the island gods shall laud!

XVIII.

"Here shall the sphere-descended powers recline,

Their half-furled wings yet tremulous with flight;
Their rose-like cheeks aflush with nectarous wine,
Their locks afloat on aëry billows bright;
While mossy couches soft to rest invite,
By rills, whose brinks with crystal overflow,
Their love celestial shall the land requite,
Bid vaunting Death the beauteous clime forego,
And on its blooming race immortal life bestow.

XIX.

"And there shall be no darkness of despair,
No voice of wailing grief, no briny tear;
The flower, to-day half-budded, shall be fair
To-morrow, nor to-morrow disappear;
The strain melodious, willing ears shall hear
Unsated day by day; the laughing eye
Shall lose no light, though fleet year follow year;
There shall no beauty fade, no friendship die,
And ever sweetly kind shall Love to Love reply."

CANTO III.

I.

MYSTIC realm where ruled the deathless kings,
While times unmeasured rolled in light away!
Serene wert thou with oft-recurring springs,
And soft reflections of transplendent day.
Celestial heralds waved their bright array
Upon thy sunbeat mountain-peaks, aglow
With wandering clouds and drifts of shining spray;
Far soaring skyward, or descending slow,
Their silver-plumèd wings swept ever to and fro.

II.

Along thy rills there crept no boreal breath;
No sounding storm o'er tranquil valleys whirled;
Far-fleeting thence, that silent warrior Death,
O'er sunless snows his conquering banners furled,
Nor darkened noon nor crossed a withering world.

Oft through thy skies, with pomp imperial riven,
Great Zeus rode, his hissing bolts unhurled:
Down jasper ways his flying steeds were driven,
And all the isle was sweet with effluent airs of heaven.

III.

Alas, the sons of Neptune! proud were they,
Of princely step and beauty all divine;
Their word the fleet, capricious wind did sway,
Of rushing streams the boundaries did assign,
Nor less compelled the ever-moving brine:
Low at their feet the reverent people knelt,
With all translucent gifts of wave and mine:
'Neath pillared domes of wroughten ore they dwelt,
And tribute-burdened fleets their shelly coasts did belt.

IV.

For them the West its riches did unbar;
Kingdoms obeyed them from their island-throne:

Nathless, in Acta's glowing land afar,
Loved of the gods, Athena ruled alone!
Against her cliffs the fettered floods did moan;
Her opulent olives drooped with tawny fruit;
Her thousand fields with crystal torrents shone,
Where sylvan sirens smote the lightsome lute,
And held, with dulcet song, all wrackful tempests mute.

V.

Through groves where lentisk-boughs their fragrance breathed,
Like flitting birds abroad her arrows flew;
The whirring barbs in many a dell were sheathed,
Whose secret waters well the summons knew;
Elate they tossed their gemmy founts of dew —
Whereby the turf its sweetest flowers released:
Spray-cooled and fleet the delicate breezes blew,
Nor soft-blown pipes their light responding ceased,
While loitering nymph or goddess spread her fruity feast.

VI.

And all was rest! the deer unhunted ranged,
The archer's aim no circling wing assailed;
From bloom to bloom the dreamful seasons changed;
The moony nights but rarer sight unveiled,
Of blossom vapor-white, or rainbow paled,
Or faint and fleecy citadel of cloud,
Whose glimmering spires in ruddy flame exhaled,
What time to greet the sun mid harpings loud,
At once the glacial heights with beacon-fires grew proud.

VII.

The sea-born rulers murmured in their towers —
"Shall isles revere, shall North and South obey,
Shall heaven be red with gold of falling showers,
But Acta's clime no costly tribute pay?
Behold, afar, her haughty hills array
Their slopes in summer verdure: fair below
Sleep spicy groves and rivers warm with day,

Whose beds are gems, whose waters pure and slow,
Seem stained with yellow dates, where palms their shadows throw.

VIII.

"And lo, the stealthy leopard o'er her plains
Basks in the sun his lustrous black and gold;
And scarlet plumes and snow of feathery trains
Flicker among the grasses of the mold;
With many a graceful coil and flexile fold
Do gayly glittering serpents charm the sight;
Unstinted there are fadeless hues outrolled
Of amber, blushing rose, and lucid white —
So fair is Acta's land, so blooming-rich and bright!"

IX.

They murmured in their halls, and near and far,
From lip to lip in haste the tale was told,
With voice of rising wrath and vaunt of war,
Fast-gathering ranks and counsels manifold.
The laughing children at their games grew bold,
Commanding "Give us arrows, sharp and strong!

No more shall Acta's sons their wealth withhold."
And lance was wrought, with halberd, shield and thong,
Mid clang of steel and brass and burst of battle-song.

X.

In turbulent haste the caverned hills were rent,
Their marble pillars cleft and overturned,
Their firm rocks torn from gorge and deep descent,
Till all revealed their golden bases burned.
Vainly the lofty oak his fellows spurned —
Rived, from his lordly height, he, shrieking, fell;
Full soon the strong-built ships for ocean yearned,
With flashing prows that did the surf repel,
And wavering sails wherein the fair winds sought to dwell.

XI.

Dawned there a morn, and all with one accord
Their peaceful garb aside the people cast;
Their voiceful legions trod the lilied sward,

Loud as the floods where hurricanes have
passed;
At Neptune's shrine 'neath echoing arches
vast,
Thronging they bade the ivory gates divide:
"O thou whose arm withholds the win-
nowing blast,
Be ours thy strength, great king of seas!"
they cried—
"Thee shall nor mortals mock nor scornful gods
deride."

XII.

At once within the temple's sacred gloom,
O'er opalescent shrine and coral stair,
Swift-spreading flames brake forth in crimson
bloom,
And flushed their light along the dusky air.
The fragrant floors of sandal-wood did
wear
The hue of roses; arch and pictured wall,
Embossment, frieze, and wreathen column
rare,
Entablature and snowy statue, all
Shone fair as rifted clouds when suns of sum-
mer fall.

XIII.

And, faint and soft, a rippling sound began
Along the glowing corridors to steal:
Onward the ear-enchanting numbers ran,
Far-flowing, throbbing, swelling, peal on peal,
Till, music-whelmed, the floating sense did reel:
"He hears!" the people shouted, all attent;
"The grateful god approves our holy zeal:
With affluent glory lo, he smiles assent;
And his exulting voice foretells the glad event!"

XIV.

Thereat the surge-like din to silence fell:
But snatched on brazen clarions burst anew;
While reed and light bandore with gentle swell,
Did softly beat and harsher strains subdue.
Their seaward ways did rapturous throngs pursue:
The foam of striving waters at their feet
One long and glittering thread of silver threw;
And viewless aëry spirits, wild and fleet,
All merrily and loud their wings began to beat.

XV.

I ween it was a fair and goodly sight —
A thousand vessels rocking on the tide,
Like white swans half-afloat, half-poised for flight,
That not in wave nor yet in air abide;
And with the winds, that seemed their stay to chide,
Went streaming scarlet pennons, and the stir
Of yellow flag and silken awning wide,
And cleaving oar of hurrying Islander,
Did all with music soft the lingering morn deter.

XVI.

Followed the Noon, her white hand dipping low
To fret the goldened waters; sweet as sleep
Breathed parting songs that, trembling, drifted slow
From shores receded: eyes there were did weep,
In bowery haunts, to see the far sails sweep
Their snow against the azure of the East;
But well the proud ships rode the sunny deep,
Full well thereon the mirthful din increased,
And lofty-minded youth no vaunt of victory ceased.

XVII.

The skies were fair, the light mist swam above;
Under the lee the trooping billows laughed;
The breeze was gentle as the voice of love;
On dimpled waves the white crest waltzed abaft;
The seas, inebriate, still the sunlight quaffed,
And sank and sighed with luxury of wine:
Idle the seamen on their rocking craft,
That orientward did constantly incline,
And ever fleetly rode the unresisting brine.

XVIII.

Cuirass and graven helmet caught the sun,
Canopied throne and flashing crown were there;
Brave webs whose thread was of the fine gold spun,
And kingly forms adorned beyond compare.
Lightly they rode, nor did their speed forbear:
Ah, goodly was the sight, but first that day,
Death, in thy vales, Atlantis, spread the snare;
Hid under dewy flowers the sure dismay;
Drew his unfailing bow and set the shafts that slay.

XIX.

Then first within the bud the slow worm crawled;
Then vipers first were found and reptiles foul;
Then first the linnet's downy brood, appalled,
Shrank from the murdering talons of the owl:
Then beasts, grown terrible, began to prowl
Within the wood; then children learned to wail,
Maidens to sigh and vengeful youths to scowl.
Woe, woe, Atlantis, thou who didst prevail!
Where shall thy refuge be, when angry gods assail?

CANTO IV.

I.

IN Acta's realm a cry of fear was heard,
"What mean these troublous voices of the sea?
Wilder than shriek of battling ocean-bird
They utter prophecies of woes to be;
They call, they answer — 'Who shall help decree?
Behold the wings of swift despair outspread!
Sleep shall make bond the souls that yet are free:
Deep sighs there be, low-breathed among the dead,
With whisperings faint they rise, the dewless winds they tread!'"

II.

And pale were Acta's children: "Lo," they cried,
"The sun, at noon, has worn the veil of night!
Nor now in steadfast state the stars abide,

They break from bound, they cleave the skies in flight.
Drawn on the vaporous heaven are visions white
Of mighty ships with mimic sails, that dare
Aërial deeps, and loud on every height
Mysterious tidings sound, 'Prepare, prepare!
The ravening eagle flies, the lion leaves his lair!'

III.

"And fateful clouds that guard the Delphic shrine
Are quick with flames that threaten to devour;
And dismal cries and chantings sibylline,
Make terrible the midnight's moonless hour.
In haste, through every naiad-haunted bower,
Some herald, terror-pale, in shadow fleets:
'How dread,' they cry, 'how dread great Neptune's power!
With wanton speed he rides the billowy streets:
Prepare! Athena's voice the slumbering land entreats!'"

IV.

Straight flashed the steely barb; with borrowed fire
Shone burnished mail and golden-hilted glaive:
Slept on the sunny turf the fallen lyre;
And tocsin-peal, and blare of cornet brave,
And beaten tabret did the winds enslave:
Up from their homes the hurrying people pressed,
With wandering eyes that scanned the rolling wave,
Or pierced the vaulty azure of the West,
And sought, they knew not what, or, trembling, dimly guessed.

V.

Perchance no more than darkness of eclipse,
Or silver star beyond his fellows whirled;
Or far fantastic forms of mimic ships,
With frail, ethereal sails in air unfurled:
Or if Destruction o'er a darkening world,
Sped by the angry gods should whet his blade,
Ere yet the dire-impending wrath were hurled,
Might fair Athena, swift her sons to aid,
Arrest his crimson arm and bid their doom be stayed.

VI.

Such heavenly help the kneeling people sought;
At every shrine they breathed their reverent vows:
When, borne from far, on rising blasts, they caught
The noise of swelling floods and cleaving prows.
Uplifted they their earth-abasèd brows,
With breath that scarce, for wonder, heaved the breast;
As when his path the sparry iceberg plows
Through drifting deeps, fast rending crest from crest,
So that far-voyaged fleet the waters did molest.

VII.

And scarlet pennons floated on the gales,
And yellow flags were waving in the sun;
On glittering yards full whitely swung the sails —
Bay-wreathed were they, as Victory, lightly won,
Already smiled and told of battles done;
Loud were the singing crews, the dense array

Of armèd men, proud sire and princely son:
Their lances poised, their arrows winged for fray,
Bright-panoplied they stood, alert and strong to slay.

VIII.

On tides that did the verdant headlands threat
Their bounding ships rode up the whelmèd shore;
For rushing winds did rushing waves abet —
Those struck the mast, these at the helm did roar,
Till, cast on verdant meads, the keels forbore,
And eddying surges, sinking, swept the beach.
Not then did kneeling crowds their gods implore;
None made assay to daunten or beseech:
But swift as hurtling clouds each launched his bolts on each.

IX.

Then was there din that shook the crag-built land,
Upstartling every harp-lulled mountain-blast;
Then cavern-spirits shrieked from strand to strand,

While oreads fled, and giants stood aghast!
Front hurled on front with tramp of legions vast,
Clashing of shields and clang of flying spear;
With flame of far-flung missiles foeward cast;
With neigh of steed, wild shout of charioteer,
And rush of wheels on-rolled in battle's mad career.

X.

Ah, fair Atlantis, island of the blest,
What crystal fountain fed these fiery veins?
What sounding lyre of star-descended guest,
Chimed prelude soft to rouse these warring strains?
What purple bloom outbreathed in summer rains,
Foretold the hue of Acta's blushing soil,
When these, thy sons, should tread her lovely plains,
With fearful onslaught urging dire recoil,
Till flight and swift pursuit should Acta's strength despoil?

XI.

Against her hills the waning battle rolled,
Through shadowy grove, green glade, and dewy strath;

And tossing plumes and gleams of ruddy gold,
And flaunting banners flashed along its path.
The drowsy caverns caught the voice of wrath,
That shrieked from rank to rank, the fierce harangue,
The cheer, the dying wail on fields of scath,
The din of falling blades, the trumpet-clang,
That, grandly pealing forth, of certain victory sang.

XII.

Athena heard and snatched her ancient bow,
Whose shafts had cleft the round of many a shield;
Far down the heights of everlasting snow
The wingèd steeds her silver chariot wheeled.
Their fleet hoofs struck the gashed and bleeding field, —
O'er all the land celestial splendors ran, —
"Arouse!" she cried; "your idle javelins wield:
No coward foe shall smiling Neptune scan!"
And waved her standard white and led the whirling van.

XIII.

As when some strong wind smites an ocean's verge,
And buffets back the rage of rising tides,
And haling swell o'er swell and surge o'er surge,
(Afleck with foam down all their reeking sides ;)
On vaulting waves majestically rides —
So swept Athena's hosts, their strength unshorn,
Wild with the call of clarion-sounding guides :
So hurled her foes in headlong flight forlorn,
Triumphant o'er them rode and laughed their power to scorn !

XIV.

So perished all their glory ! in the vales,
Like new-mown flowers, the fallen heroes lay ;
Gules on the breast and down their shining mails,
As each his beauteous being gasped away :
Nor trampling steed nor legion might affray
Their dying eyes, slow-turning toward the West ;

Somewhat they seemed to see of isle and bay;
Green forest, silvery fount, and sun-bright guest,
Whereat in smiles they sank, with healing slumbers blest.

XV.

Not fairer are the lilies; every brow
In smooth repose seemed sculptured of the snow;
And many a palm-tree's victor-loving bough
Thereon did soft and wreathèd shadows throw.
Rolled Acta's pæans o'er her fallen foe,
Yet calm as restful conquerors were these,
Who, pale and battle-worn, their spoils forego,
Content with silence and with balmy ease,
Lulled by the rustling winds, and stir of whispering seas.

XVI.

White lip to lip the cavern-spirits sighed —
"And shall their morning songs resound no more,
Their laughter sweet the mourning zephyrs chide,
When ghostly Evening flits from shore to shore?"

Each sobbing wave the grievous burden bore, —
"And shall they perish, they who long did reign?
Shall ocean-kings nor heavenly powers restore?
Lo! where Athena triumphs o'er the slain —
'Their god shall aid them not — herein his might is vain!'

XVII.

"And hark! the people answer, — 'Who shall save?
From Acta's fields up-gather ye the dead;
Let proud Atlantis haste to build their grave,
And weave her linens white to deck their bed.
How is her hope despoiled, her greatness fled,
Her beauty faded, and her strength waxed old!
How are her vessels freighted — in the stead
Of silks and precious things, and slaves and gold!
They shall return, nor long their merchandise withhold.'"

XVIII.

O'er Acta's strand are tidal surges tossed;
The keel-rent swards each golden frigate spurn:

Woe, woe for those who wait the bannered host,
And dream of sails and prate of sweet return!
It skills not now that blushing love should yearn,
Or spread the feast, or honeyed nectar pour:
Full fair in heaven the sunset glories burn,
Against a scarlet west the white sails soar,
But from the prow no voice shall hail the rising shore.

XIX.

Yet happy eyes are watching while the spray,
Like filmy gossamer wavers in the air;
Where drive the ships along their homeward way,
As ever silently to land they fare.
Jocund are throbbing hearts and debonair
The rippling laugh, the lightly lifted face:
What soul the starless night of swift despair,
Beyond such soft and lustrous eve could trace —
Or, trembling, feel the doom whose terror comes apace?

XX.

Idly the fleet lay rocking in the bay —
None trimmed the mast or furled the silken sail;

There blazed no sun-lit shield, no gemmed array
Of armèd princes, mighty to prevail:
They slept, who erst made mirthful every gale —
Their death-drawn lids full heavy were with rest!
Then who for fear and wonder waxed not pale,
Nor shrieked with grief, nor beat the sobbing breast?
But hate nor weeping love the slumberers might molest.

XXI.

Alas, the pallid dead! they mutely slept,
Forever unaware of foe and friend:
If roses bloomed, if skies their grandeur kept,
If whirlwinds made the writhing seas contend,
If earthquakes all the panting hills did rend,
They recked not: Peace, to them, her quiet gave,
Wail, wail, Atlantis! since if Love must end,
No bounding heart shall wintry grief outbrave:
When fall the bolts of wrath, no god enthroned shall save.

XXII.

And soon shall Heaven its fiery vengeance wreak;
Destruction hastes, and none shall help decree,
Vainly the guilty people, kneeling, shriek —
Powerless the arm to thwart, the foot to flee.
O stricken island, dread thy doom shall be!
From verge to verge, lo, sudden darkness falls,
And utter silence, sealing land and sea.
An awful solitude the soul appalls —
No night-bewildered bird, or beast, his fellow calls.

XXIII.

Then through the desert spheres, one, soaring, sped,
Whose far-heard voice of wrath did prophesy:
"Shall proud Atlantis yet exalt her head,
Uprear her puny arm, the heavens defy,
Make mock afar and snatch what gods deny?
Behold the veilèd stars her judgment wait,
The unleashed thunders crouch within the sky!
Who shall the rage of whelming tides abate?
She shall be fallen, fallen, fallen, who was great!"

XXIV.

What dying prayers avail when gods revile?
Burst then the terrors of the hour of doom!
Ah, then how shook the river-nurtured isle,
Through all its dewy vales of summer bloom!
Hurled o'er its cliffs did briny surges loom,
Up-gathered from the valleys of the deep;
Yawned underneath the hills their welter-ing tomb,
And waves therefrom did cedarn harvests reap;
Sank glade and toppling dome, tall palm and cloven steep.

XXV.

Sank — while on high the sheeted lightnings burned,
And wasting clouds were white with bil-lowy fire —
Arose and sank, as yet the sea-queen yearned
For empire lost; with strife of strong desire
Lifting from midnight gulfs the shattered spire,
The city overthrown, the fallen height;
Till all revealed and shamed with ruin dire
The wrath-doomed realm, slow-sinking, van-ished quite,
With all her pride and pomp, her beauty and her might!

XXVI.

Rolled over all the devastating floods:
No more shall lovers haunt the babbling rills;
No more shall Summer dress her golden buds,
Or wind her misty wreaths among the hills;
No more shall breezy night be sweet with trills,
In light, delicious, music-morsels tossed:
But still the sea-born kings recount their ills,
Nor evermore their mournful theme exhaust,
Of all thine ancient worth, thou island loved and lost!

XXVII.

By torrid shores they breathe their constant plea —
"Arise, O thou of majesty serene!
Break from the prison-chambers of the sea,
Come forth in all thy jeweled garments green!"
And where, full far, the arctic ships careen,
Through ice-wrought caves their wailing sorrows swell:
"Where are thy templed hills, O fallen queen?
Arise, Atlantis, thou who didst excel!"
Light winds their voices waste: — proud isle of Eld, farewell.

EPODE.

I.

LOVED, my Country! there was one of old,
Whose chariot o'er the peace-charmed surges rode;
The morning sun was in his locks of gold,
And on his cheek rose-ruddy youth abode;
His ocean-steed thy sparkling borders trode;
The while his voice he reared, and rock and lea
On bruiting winds abroad their echoes strowed:
"Awake," he cried, "O goddess of the Free!
Reach forth thy sceptred hand, and rule from sea to sea."

II.

Uprose fair Liberty: her stately head
Enwreathed with snow-excelling fountain-flowers,
That lightly down her savage vesture shed
In honey-heavy drops their silver showers.

"My bride," he sang, "the golden land be ours!
Aflush with fruit its vines shall sunward climb:
Herein shall swift hands build our glittering towers,
Where bards shall chant their heaven-taught lore sublime;
Nor hand along the wall nor scripture threat of Time.

III.

"While blissful cycles rise and disappear,
Shall vaunting Death the beauteous realm forego:
Its stars shall shine though fleet year follow year,
Through bounteous vales its crystal rivers flow.
On all its dazzling mountain-peaks of snow
Shall blaze the beacons of celestial day;
From verge to verge their sun-lit fires shall glow,
Pierce the dun mists and burn the shades away:
Therewith shall field and flood themselves in light array."

IV.

My Country, thus with Truth and Freedom blest,
Who for thy hurt had dared to barb the dart,
Save that thine arm, far-reaching from the West,
Had plunged the knife in Afric's bleeding heart.
O guilty nation, jeering at the mart
Where men were scourged, and swarthy maidens sold,
When Vengeance rose what arm his bolts could thwart?
Unstayed the blood-dyed billows o'er thee rolled —
Down dropped the night of Death! Ah then what heart was bold?

V.

While yawned amid the deeps thy weltering tomb,
Lo, yet, thy late repentance winged the prayer;
Heaven smiling heard, blue skies began to bloom,
Dawn touched thy hills and wrapped thy valleys fair;

Woke all thy seers, of deepening light aware ;
Swift-falling flames thy crimson altars caught ;
Day crowned thy Ruler : he who, strong to dare,
Had long with hell-born Slavery, grappling, fought,
And hurled him down the pit, and thy salvation wrought.

VI.

On Freedom's golden threshold mute he stood,
And bore aloft the star-embroidered sign —
His drooping brow bedewed with sweat of blood,
His sad eyes steeped in tears of love divine ;
And sighing yet, "Thy will, O God, not mine,"
His clinging crown of thorns half-snatched away,
His wan lips wet with crucifixion-wine —
He stood — pale herald of millennial day,
While Judas paused afar and whispered, "Slay him — slay !"

VII.

O people wailing for the first-born, dead !
O morn transplendent, quenched in utter night !

O graves from which the sheeted sleepers fled!
O martyr, heavenward caught from Olive's height!
Yet in the book shall listening prophets write;
Yet through the heavens the seven swift angels soar;
Vials shall yet be given and swords shall smite;
On sea and land red Wrath his plagues shall pour:
Lo, Babylon the Great shall fall to rise no more!

VIII.

Come out of her, my Country — stand afar!
To heaven her smoke of torment shall be rolled;
Her thousand streets shall feel the earthquake's jar;
Her strong-built temples crumble, waxing old.
Woe for her fruits, her merchandise unsold,
Her precious wood, her pearls and linen fine,
Her slaves and souls of men, her silks and gold!

The kings of earth are drunken with her wine:
Partake not of her sins nor make her judgments thine.

IX.

Come forth! for thee the golden city waits,
Within whose guarded wall is found no night:
Of lucid pearl are all its shining gates;
Lo, its foundations garnished are and bright
With sardonyx and chalcedony white,
Topaz and crystal, jasper past compare,
Sapphire and sardius and chrysolite,
Jacinth and amethyst and beryl fair:
Who shall the length and breadth and height thereof declare?

THE PROPHECY OF THE DEAD.

APRIL, 1861.

IS the groaning earth stabbed to its core?
Are the seas oozing blood in their bed?
Have all troubles of ages before
Grown quick in those homes of the dead?
The red plagues of yore —
Must they to our season be wed?

We thought the volcano of War
Would belch out its flames in the East;
We knew where the winds were ajar
With the quarrel of soldier and priest;
We shuddered — though far —
To think how the vultures might feast.

We said, "We have Liberty's smile:
Go to! we are safe in the West!"
But the plague-spot was on us the while,
And the serpent was warm in our breast:
We can no more revile —
The ox is for sacrifice dressed.

Do ye hear, O ye Dead, in your tombs —
  Ye Dead, whose bold blows made us free —
Do ye hear the *reveillè* of drums?
  Can ye say what the issue shall be?
    Past the midnight that comes,
  Is the noon rising up from the sea?

Who whispered? Is life underneath
  Astir in the dust of the brave?
For there steals to my ear such a breath
  As can only steal out of the grave:
    "Ye must go down to death:
  Ye have drunk of the blood of the slave."

We have sinned, we have sinned, O ye Dead!
  Our fields with the out-crying blood
Of Abel, our brother, are fed:
  Must we therefore be drowned in the flood?
    Waits no Ararat's head?
  Is no ark guided there by our God?

"Ye must go down to death: have ye heard
  The tale of the writings of yore, —
How One in the sepulchre stirred,
  And cast off the grave-clothes he wore?
    In the flesh dwelt the Word —
  Inheriting life evermore.

"When the foes of the nation have pressed
To its lips the sponge reeking in gall;
When the spear has gone into its breast,
And the skies have been rent by its call;
It shall rise from its rest:
It shall rise and shall rule over all."

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

AWAKE, little daughter, awake!
The sad moon is weaving her shroud;
The pale, drooping lily-bells quake;
The river is sobbing aloud.
I want your sweet face in my sight,
While I open my room to the night:
The torn clouds are flying, the lupine is sighing,
The whip-poor-will wails in affright.

There 's a shadow just marked on the floor —
Now soaring and breaking its bond;
'T is the woodbine, perhaps, by the door,
Or the blooming acacia beyond.
Oh, pitiful weakness of grief!
Oh, trouble, of troubles the chief!
When shades can assail us, and terrors impale us,
At sight of a quivering leaf.

I weep, little daughter, I weep;
But chide me not, love, for I heard,
Three times in the depth of my sleep,
The clang of a terrible word.

"Your Harry is dying," it cried;
"Is dying" and "dying," it sighed;
As bells that, in tolling, set echoes to rolling,
Till fainting sound ebbs like the tide.

Then the walls of my room fell away;
My eye pierced the distance afar,
Where, by the plowed field of the fray,
The camp-fire shone out like a star.
And southward, unhindered, I fled,
By the instinct of motherhood led;
The night-wind was blowing, the red blood was flowing,
And Harry was dying — was dead!

I dreamed, little daughter, I dreamed —
Look! the window is lit by a face.
It is not? Well, how life-like it seemed!
Go, draw down the curtains of lace.
It may be 't was only a flower;
For fancy has wonderful power.
The loud wind is whirring — hark! something is stirring —
'T is midnight — the clock knells the hour.

The horseman had ridden all night;
His garments were spotted with gore;

His foot crushed the lily-bells white —
He entered the vine-covered door.
"Your Harry is dying," he said:
The mother just lifted her head,
And answered, unweeping, like one who is sleeping,
"Not dying, good soldier, but dead!"

FORT DONELSON.

FEBRUARY 16, 1862.

NOW what the tide of Right can stay?
The Southern demon cowers;
Our foes fling down their arms to-day —
Fort Donelson is ours!
Up with the Federal flag, my boys!
Down with the Stars and Bars!
Three times three cheers! — pale Treason hears,
And owns the Stripes and Stars!

Three days have loyal hearts and true
Poured out their crimson showers;
Oh, never fell such precious dew!
Fort Donelson is ours!
Up with the Federal flag, my boys!
Down with the Stars and Bars!
Three times three cheers! — our country hears:
All hail the Stripes and Stars!

Wild ran the fire along our veins,
  To nerve our failing powers;
We strewed with death the reeking plains;
  But — Donelson is ours!
    Up with the Federal flag, my boys!
      Down with the Stars and Bars!
    Three times three cheers! till Europe hears:
      All hail the Stripes and Stars!

The frowning hills above us stood
  Like doorless, granite towers:
There traitors lurked, athirst for blood;
  They and the hills are ours!
    Up with the Federal flag, my boys!
      Down with the Stars and Bars!
    Three times three cheers! — Creation hears:
      All hail the Stripes and Stars!

Down on our right their cannon-balls
  Dropped swift as summer showers;
On rushed our troops — right through their walls!
  Fort Donelson was ours!
    Up with the Federal flag, my boys!
      Down with the Stars and Bars!

Three times three cheers! — high Heaven hears:
All hail the Stripes and Stars!

Yes, Heaven and we have won the day —
The Southern demon cowers;
Now what the tide of Right can stay?
Fort Donelson is ours!
Up with the Federal flag, my boys!
Down with the Stars and Bars!
Three times three cheers! — three times three cheers!
God save the Stripes and Stars!

THE BATTLE OF GAINES' HILL.

JUNE 27, 1862.

INSCRIBED TO THE GALLANT PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

THE battle's last, long thunders rolled;
The witness-cloud to heaven was swept;
And night, the ghostly seer and old,
Around our blood-drenched borders crept:
Upon our arms we slept.

We slept: but night, that ancient seer,
Conned o'er us his prophetic lore;
And whispered low in many an ear,
"Thou art, but thou shalt be no more
When next the cannons roar."

Sleep, that should lift the rugged cross
From staggering souls, but deepened pain,
With conscious sense of coming loss,
That like a wind preceding rain
Blew cold across the brain.

But ah, the rain to come! No noise
  Within our guarded limits ran;
But heavy hands shook slumber's poise,
  And wearily, in rear and van,
    Our dark retreat began.

The stars, with crimson torches, sought
  Their darkened pathways through the skies,
When woke our challenge-guns, and brought
  From wary foemen's batteries
    The boom of quick replies;

As if fresh slaughter to prelude:
  The while — by stratagem discreet —
Receding, pausing, scarce pursued,
  With no disorder of defeat,
    So moved our slow retreat.

But when the sun his sword unsheathed,
  And smote us sore, at bay we stood —
To God, the Just, our lives bequeathed;
  Planted our guns by vale and wood,
    To wait the rain of blood.

It came! Full soon the war-fiend came —
  Stern as hell's king, and fiery-browed!
We saw him smite, with hand of flame,

The solemn battle-harp and proud,
Where rose the sulphurous cloud.

Behind our potent guns we stood —
Therefrom the awful war-bolts flew ;
Bomb following bomb, full many a rood
They plowed the smoking woodlands through,
And what beside — God knew.

We waited till the hour approved,
To hurl our forces undismayed,
Where Death in all his grandeur moved ;
God's cause and Liberty's to aid
By bayonet, ball, or blade.

There, fires that leap when patriots fall,
All startling sights that cowards shun ;
All sounds that hurtle and appall —
The bursting shell, the roaring gun —
O'er all, the seething sun !

Full closely swarmed the traitor horde ;
Across the hill their bullets sang ;
Along our yielding van they poured —
Their shouts like peals of victory rang —
Then, at the word, we sprang.

Sweeping into the front we came;
  Awhile along the hill-side bent,
Charged through the deep ravine, to claim
  Its walls, for none but heroes meant —
    God with us, as we went.

Then did War's crashing music roll!
  Then did the fire of battle-wrath
Rush hot through every loyal soul;
  And where we swept, o'er all the path,
    Was agony and scath.

The leaden hail smote left and right;
  The air was like a furnace red;
The sky was dizzy with the sight;
  The sun was reeling overhead:
    You could not count our dead.

We saw their broken columns swerve;
  They shook and faltered at the test;
New vigor shot through every nerve,
  And hand to hand and breast to breast,
    The glorious charge we pressed.

We drove them from the gory banks —
  Through forest-aisles their courses urged;
By field and wood their eddying ranks,

Like storm-tossed billows backward surged,
By Northern valor scourged.

. . . . . .

The battle's last, long thunders rolled;
And down the vaulted skies, once more,
Came night, the ghostly seer and old,
To read fulfillment of his lore,
In streams of stiffening gore.

And we, with weak and gasping breath,
With hearts that bled for comrades slain,
Reeled, shuddering, from the hill of death,
And laid us down to sleep again,
The soldier's sleep of pain.

But every step upon the ground,
And every whisper stealing near,
Smote us anew with crashing sound,
As if the cannons rent the ear,
So loud the dead might hear.

The stars their darkest pathways trod,
When we once more, with staggering feet,
Low whispering to ourselves and God,
"Only the sleep of death is sweet!"
Began our long retreat.

RICHMOND.

JULY, 1862.

RICHMOND, the summer that shines on thy towers
Will tremble and shudder and turn from her flowers,
Will creep over fields where our strong armies paused,
And die at the sight of the blood thou hast caused.
Thou city of slaves,
For thee and thy sins earth is teeming with graves.

For thee and thy dark sins, O Richmond, beware,
Lest the dread wings of Pestilence move in the air;
Lest Famine thy strength and thy loveliness blight;
Lest the arm of Jehovah be lifted to smite:
For never before
Such fair vines of promise such bitter fruit bore!

Death, death on the plains, in the vales, by the wave;
Death, ghastly and stiff without coffin or grave;
Death clutching the bayonet — grasping the gun —
And the heat of God's anger ablaze in the sun!
O Richmond, beware!
They die who the wrath of Omnipotence dare.

But the white dove of mercy above thee still flies,
And the rain of fire dashes not down the veiled skies:
'T is the lull, the long pause ere the vial is poured,
And the plagues are let loose that run after the sword.
Midway the bolt stays:
Love waits for repentance, and Justice delays.

Sink down in the dust; own thy sins of the past;
Let the bondman go free in thy borders at last;
While the hill-sides resound with thy suppliant cry,
Peradventure the Lord God will hear and reply:
If his grace thou deride
His arm will be lifted — then woe to thy pride!

For a voice from the "temple of Heaven" will
call, —
'It is done! it is done!" and the judgment
will fall;
And "voices and thunders" around thee will
blend,
The fire will consume and the earthquake will
rend:
In the hurricane's path —
Thou shalt drink of the "wine of the fierce-
ness of wrath!"

And lo! at thy gates there will fall a "great
hail;"
Thy men will blaspheme and thy women bewail;
For the plague thereof great and exceeding will
be:
But thy bondmen, O Richmond, shall rise and
go free;
And voices will cry, —
"The 'beast, scarlet-colored,' behold it must
die!"

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

AT last the dread cloud that hung over the gorges
Has sailed to the west and extinguished the sun;
At last, mid the mountains, war's thunderbolt-forges
Have ceased their loud labor; all fighting is done.

"My dearest, shrink not!" murmured he, when we parted,
"But pray that Jehovah our freemen may shield;
And if I should perish, be not heavy-hearted."
In haste, then, he kissed me and sped to the field.

So I have been calm, never weeping nor sighing,
While, yonder, my love rode in martial array;
The battle-tide breasting, or wounded, or dying;
With cheers sweeping on, or borne down in the fray.

Till noontide those grand, rhythmic thunders resounding,
Aroused into courage my patriot-zeal:
But *then* my quick pulse ceased at once from its bounding;
Pain entered my breast like the piercing of steel.

This is not the time for weak wailing and sobbing;
My heart must be patient though riven in twain.
This tent — how its quietness sets my veins throbbing!
This ghastly white moon — how it maddens my brain!

"Go not," so they said, "lest his courage should falter;
Stay under the fig-tree and nourish the vine;
His hearthstone keep bright, feed the fire on home's altar" —
But what with? my *heart*, love, torn bleeding from thine?

Ah well! let them chide! I have freely resigned thee;
Believing thee worthy those fathers of ours.

But how could I suffer Death's herald to find thee,
Alone, unconsoled, and I — tending my flowers!

How hushed is the camp-ground! the moonlight is waxing
More cruelly white and more deathly serene;
From far comes the cry of the whip-poor-will, taxing
The sense with a dulcitude, fearfully keen.

In the shadow anear me the sentinel paces;
The lightning-rent oak looms, in silence, above;
Wherever I turn gleam prophetic, wan faces;
That Banshee — or bird — chants the death-song of love.

Hist! the guard, at my right, stands to challenge the straying
That hasten with tidings concerning the strife;
They whisper! God! what are they saying?
"Since noon he is missing — small chance of his life.

"They saw him, when on to the charge he was rushing:
With valor superb he led forward his men;

The sods where they swept red as roses are blushing —
Their dead, all unburied, are strewing the glen."

Their dead — but not *mine!* for the death-blow, recoiling,
Had spared not my life had my lover been killed:
My spirit, with his, waits the final despoiling —
The cup, being broken, — is not the wine spilled?

He lives! on the cold clod he waits my appearing,
Ere love's golden glory can suffer eclipse;
He yearns for my smile, death's last agony cheering;
The clasp of my hand, and the touch of my lips.

Lead thou the way, friend, for the sake of the dying.
Now blest be the moon for its shining tonight!
Low down in the glen where my darling is lying,
How long ere I found him, except for its light!

Move faster! what! think you I shudder or tremble?
Not so! by the strength of my love I am led.
Press on — through the plains where the living assemble;
Press on — through the passes where slumber the dead.

And now, beyond all, where the sods blush the brightest,
(His valor exceeding all valor, to prove,)
Where moonlight's white tissue is blanched to its whitest,
Lo, tranquilly slumbering, here is my love!

Awaken! O waken! at last I have found thee,
Dear, never again from thee, never to part!
Awaken! O waken! my arms are around thee,
My cheek on thy cheek, and my heart on thy heart.

Deep peace on thy brow, like God's blessing, reposes;
With joy thy pulse fails, weakly striving to beat;
Oh, the patriots' death-couch is softer than roses!
'T is certain thy dreams have been heavenly sweet.

Yet waken; my presence is better than dreaming:
The sweetest completion of rapture it brings;
And ah, with new glory thy pale brow is gleaming —
Thy glad spirit hears me, just poising its wings!

Thine eye, with its lustre of love, is upon me —
Oh, never the sun with such affluence shone!
From the clasp of Death's merciless arms I have won thee:
I know thee forever — forever mine own.

For grief struck me cold ere thy fate had been told me;
My soul caught the news, and made ready for flight;
Now tenderly kiss me, love, sweetly infold me:
Heaven dawns with to-morrow — Good-night and good-night!

THE NIGHT-BATTLE UNDER LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN.

OCTOBER 28, 29, 1863.

BE silent, lute, long used at need, what time the heart seemed breaking;
And thou, my slumbering sylvan reed, forego thy wild awaking.
Such deeds have filled Columbian crypts, that, meet applause to grant them,
We want the trumpet at the lips and Gabriel's voice to chant them.

And yet so high through songful speech God's diapason rises,
Not even Gabriel's voice the reach of every stave comprises;
And we, who swell the lowest key, — albeit none revere us, —
Shall soar and sing till land and sea, aye, all their dead shall hear us!

Then wake from slumber, lute and reed! let no bravuras falter:

Oh, not to drown your moans who bleed, self-cast on Freedom's altar!
But when the shock and roar of War roll outward and diminish,
'T is meet that sylvan notes afar the lessening echoes finish.

When Hooker led his valiant men o'er rude and devious courses,
And northward turning, in the glen, encamped their weary forces,
The wary Rebel host, thereby, in upland haunts abiding,
All wolfishly did prowl and pry, from patriot-vengeance hiding.

No time did faithful soldiers waste, no chance they craved to dally,
But pitched the tent with cheery haste and fortified the valley;
Until the bleeding sun at eve sunk like a warrior wounded,
His mountain-lair dared Longstreet leave?—no answering cannon sounded.

But midnight poised her silver scale, with moon and planet freighted,

And suddenly the rising gale another tale related:
Swift battle-winds smote all the pines; through branch and root they tingled,
And down the length of martial lines a thousand volleys mingled.

On came the traitors in their might; their muskets crashed before us;
Their batteries smoked along the height, their shells did riot o'er us:
To break our lines and beat us back, or slaughter where they found us, —
Oh, all the wolves were on our track! we heard them howl around us.

Down into Geary's camp they pressed, and three to one assailed him;
Uprose his veterans from their rest, and not a warrior failed him;
But one to three they stood, to dare and face the direst sequel:
Nay! *three* to three — since Freedom there and God made numbers equal!

Now Hooker at the fearful noise of onset and resistance,
Cried "Forward, double-quick, my boys, dash on to their assistance!"

And into line fell Howard's corps; no storm-
lashed waves of ocean
E'er leaped from shoal to beach with more pre-
cipitance of motion.

The regal hills had drawn aside their purple
shades intrusive;
The dew-sown vales lay glorified with starry
gleams illusive;
The air was opulent with light, dissolving and
refining —
Was ever road to fame so bright? to Death so
fair and shining?

Their startled pulses rush like rills when rains
have made them greater!
They surge, they pour between the hills, like
lava from the crater.
Now they whose whip's chivalric lash made
woman's shrieks implore them,
Shall learn how freemen's weapons flash when
tyrants stand before them.

Huzza! they sweep through rocky glades in
serried order steady!
Their strong hands grasp their hilted blades,
their hearts are blithe and ready:

Ah! all at once throughout their flank the
powers of Hades enter;
And One of awful name and rank, unseen, is
in their centre!

Beneath yon mountain foliage dark, strange odors
cling and stifle,
And countless jets of scarlet mark the pits for
man and rifle;
While such a rushing, fateful breath has blown
through wood and hollow,
That but the fleet, frore wings of Death in track-
less speed can follow.

"Go, take the ridge," our generals cry, "and
safer passage warrant!"
Our columns rive in prompt reply like inter-
cepted torrent;
Those frontward, Victory's wreath to snatch
from brows of Freedom's haters;
These upward, loyal blades to match with blades
of lurking traitors.

And nimbly to the charge they leap, with gal-
lant Smith to lead them;
The pathless ridge is dark and steep — its tan-
gled boughs impede them.

The wind, half conscious, through the pines some
wailful strain is humming —
Where lurks the foe? his ambushed lines in
silence wait their coming.

But now, the keen-edged lighting darts athwart
confronting trenches;
But now, resounding thunder starts, the brood-
ing cloud it wrenches;
Hate bursts in yells (so over-bold, they hint of
Terror stronger:)
As if hell's gates had failed to hold its grappling
demons longer.

Thousands, intrenched, are on the height, our
clambering hundreds meeting,
With bolt on bolt to crush and blight (the South-
ron's brother-greeting:)
Such harvests of our men they reap, dismay —
defeat are wrought them!
Nay! — but they rally! up they sweep as if a
whirlwind caught them!

Up, reckless of the rifle's scope, from base to
brow they speed them:
Nor clinging brambles of the slope, nor fallen
trunks impede them;

Nor brutal Hatred's tig'rish yell, nor clouds that
choke and blind them;
Nor breastworks lined with fires of hell, nor
fiends that crouch behind them.

And lo you! where our little band the parapet
encumbers,
Assaulting madly hand to hand the foe's quad-
rupled numbers!
With whirring balls and cleaving blows, our
glorious soldiers wound them;
In headlong, driving strife they close; they har-
ass, they astound them.

Never such wild hurras before from distance
pealed to distance!
From rifle-pits the lurkers pour in terrified de-
sistance.
Down the rough steep they leap, they creep, as
murderers dumb they hide them,
And like avenging spirits sweep our men behind
— beside them.

The ridge is ours! but battle-gales are loudly
hurtling yonder:
Dash on, brave victors, down the dales! stay not
to rest or ponder!

Ten thousand Rebels, left and right, there closer,
closer plant them;
But Geary's ranks are grand in fight, and Howard's — who shall daunt them?

Press on, press on, rebellious horde! meet death
and dark disasters!
The drops that stain a Northman's sword free
slaves from scourging masters.
Press on, press on! bring all your guns — load
well and aim discreetly:
Yet know One sides with Freedom's sons whose
judgments follow fleetly.

Line crowding line, rank urging rank, steel
pressed to hearts unshielded:
An instant's hush from flank to flank — and
God his bolt has wielded!
A subtle thrill, a blanching dread — skies bowed,
earth quaking under —
And all the traitorous files are shred, are rent,
are hewn asunder!

Ah, Longstreet left his lair at night, no servile
cohorts lacking;
But by their gore his backward flight the scout,
at morn, was tracking.

While Northern hands were digging graves to
hide his fallen numbers,
Their widows weep — though not their slaves:
God grant them peaceful slumbers!

Be silent, echoing sylvan reed! for Death's wild
bell is knelling,
And hearts of mourners break and bleed in many
a loyal dwelling:
But when War's dread apocalypse has hushed
its sevenfold thunder,
Such light will flood Columbia's crypts that
Gabriel's self must wonder.

THE YEAR OF EMANCIPATION.

JANUARY 1, 1864.

SAW ye, when Azrael's sword of might
had touched the Old Year's heart,
Heaven's guarded gates at noon of night
in silent glory part?
Heard ye the angel's challenge ring from starry
heights sublime?
"What ho! thy finished records bring, thou
who art done with Time!"

Then rose the sovereign from his bier, pale as
the glaciers are
That on their mountain-levels hear the voice of
God afar:
With brow serene and eye that braved the sky's
supernal light,
His cloud-dividing wings he waved, in far, ma-
jestic flight.

"Hast thou no joyful news, O Year?" cried
that celestial voice:
"No word, that rolled from sphere to sphere,
shall bid the heavens rejoice?

No lance has bleeding Freedom hurled — her
life-long war to close?
Has Power yet leave to walk the world and
rend each wayside rose?"

"I stood on proud Columbia's strand — where
Night her stars had left —
And near and far I saw the land incarnadined
and cleft:
There ghoulish War's insatiate fire his feast of
horror signed,
And swept its forked flames ever higher the
heavenward gaze to blind.

"The nation's brimmed communion-cup had
spilled its holy wine;
The slave his sad eyes lifted up, still gyved at
Belial's shrine;
Pale under Treason's upas-shade, Truth, worn
and fainting, lay;
And Europe paused, with half-drawn blade, as
one who pants to slay.

"I saw, and thrilled the Ruler's heart — I
nerved the Ruler's hand;
And lo! he rent the gyves apart, on fair Co-
lumbia's strand!

'HENCEFORTH, FOREVER BE YE FREE!' (but
GOD had spoken first,)
And from the gulf to either sea, so died the
thing accursed!

"New vigor shot through Freedom's veins:
revived she trod the world;
Full far o'er Southern battle-plains her shining
lance she hurled:
Now shrinks the deadly upas-shade — its dews
of poison cease;
And Europe sheathes her thirsty blade and
smiles a treacherous peace!

"Now quails Rebellion's vaunted host: — with
sudden terror pressed,
From sea and gulf and river-coast they flee and
find no rest:
What god shall bid them rally back, Truth's
awful front to dare?
For Belial's shrines their victims lack; he sleeps,
nor answers prayer."

"Aye, wide ye pearl-wrought shafts be riven!"
sang that seraphic voice;
"For never news more worthy Heaven made
listening spheres rejoice.

Let hallelujahs roll afar! — when God the work
has done,
And smiled thereon, how fair a star shall bloom
beside the sun!"

Saw ye, when surged along the land the orient
flood of day,
The New Year on Atlantic's strand his silvery
wings delay?
Some effluent song harp-sweet and clear stole
down the depth profound,
"Lo! God hath sent thee, beauteous Year! go,
heal Columbia's wound!"

APRIL DAYS.

COME through mist and dashing rain,
April days, April days;
Break the last light crystal chain,
Teach the snowbird livelier lays,
Deck with verdure wood and plain,
April days, April days.

Years are long — the years are three,
April days, April days,
Since my love went forth from me;
Craving neither gold nor praise,
But free scope for valor free,
April days, April days.

Sun-bright flags for marshaled men,
April days, April days,
Flung ye out o'er hill and glen;
All your winds sang battle-lays;
Southward soared your eagles then,
April days, April days.

Flaunt your sun-bright flags once more,
April days, April days;
For the ship is near the shore,
And he comes whom all must praise:
Northward doth my eagle soar,
April days, April days.

Gayly shine, oh, brightly shine,
April days, April days!
Wounded in the vanward line,
Victor of a hundred frays,
Welcome home this love of mine,
April days, April days!

SHINE, SUN OF THE SUMMER.

JUNE, 1864.

SHINE, sun of the summer; bloom, roses of June!
Bring joy to the senses and health to the brain:
Our ears ache with cries from each Southern lagoon,
Our hearts ache with news from the fields of the slain —
Bring us balm for the pain.

Shine, sun of the summer; blow, wind of the west,
And hurl these black battle-clouds back to the wave,
Where, with seals of destruction on forehead and breast,
(The scourge of our nation, the shame of the brave,)
Charleston cowers by her grave.

Shine, sun of the summer; smite, sword of the free!
Smite well, till the coiled serpent, shuddering, dies;
Till war heaves no more the deep breast of the sea,
And the white rose of peace o'er our land shall arise,
Wooing dew from the skies.

Shine, sun of the summer; on, flag of our trust,
Wherever the fell flames of Treason have crossed!
Till earth hides with grass faces falling to dust,
And we — weep our lives out in woe for the cost,
As we number our lost.

Shine, sun of the summer; bloom, roses of June;
Blow, soft wind, and heal the hot fevers of hate;
Rise, rivers, and circle each Southern lagoon,
Till lilies are throned on your waters, in state,
Where blood ran, of late.

Shine, sun of the summer; sink, dews of the air!
Our wounded hearts ache for the hour of repose:

But the God of the nation has answered our prayer,
And the serpent lies dying, just under the rose —
This is balm for our woes.

IN "FOREST LAWN."

PORTER JONES, 2D N. Y. M. R., DIED OCTOBER 14, 1864, AGED 18 YEARS.

AH my brother!
Thou, of old so merry-hearted,
Wont our saddest hours to cheer —
Thine abundant life departed —
Thou must slumber here.

Ah my brother,
From the grave where first they bore thee,
When thy youthful lips were dumb,
With the bugles grieving o'er thee
And the burial drum; —

Ah my brother,
Thence at last with sobs we bring thee,
All thy soldier-work is done:
Here the long farewell we sing thee —
Thou hast fought — and won!

Ah my brother!
At thy games, the loud reveillè

Startling, roused thy spirit proud.
Thine no holiday regalia:
Battle-garb — and shroud.

Ah my brother,
Vain are all our broken phrases;
Down the cliffs of farthest time,
Shall for such roll hymns of praises,
Surge-like and sublime!

Ah my brother,
Thou, the loving boy and loyal,
From thy laughing life of late,
Hast arisen, more than royal,
Throned in grander state.

Ah my brother,
Through the sable years before us,
Heir of Heaven, thy soul of light
Shall, like Hesper burning o'er us,
Kindle all our night.

Ah my brother —
But alas! alas! to lose thee!
Ne'er to wake thee out of sleep!
Theme for praise let others choose thee —
We must weep — must weep!

THE YEAR OF VICTORIES.

JANUARY 1, 1865.

PALE-BROWED and breathless, flung in haste on Night's black shallop, lies the Year:
And rushing sails across the waste of Death's deep sullen tides we hear;
Oh, yet our mournful plea we urge — "Return! return! for thou wert brave;
And while we trod War's roaring surge, wert swift to reach and strong to save!"

Far, far he floats whose glories grew more bright with every hour that passed, —
Who loaded all the winds that blew with his triumphal bugle-blast;
But while his dirge in solemn flow goes wailing through our troubled reeds,
Break from the breathings of its woe and voice the grandeur of his deeds.

He rent resisting traitor-hosts, and filled with
righteous spoil our hands;
He smote their cannon-guarded coasts; he rode
victorious through their lands;
Our flag he flung from tower and mast o'er
many a conquered fort and mere;
Beneath the yawning seas he cast full many a
prowling privateer.

He touched the bondman, burden-bowed, long
taught the gory lash to dread —
Straight rose a SOLDIER, free and proud — oh
then it was the master bled!
He swept the harp of freemen's souls, till all
its rising murmurings
Rolled forth in thunder from the polls, and shook
the very thrones of kings!

From torrid plains to northern snows his
rhythmic praise of heroes rang,
Till swift, impetuous boyhood rose, and rushed
to dare the deeds he sang;
And ah, in lines of vivid light that gild our
grand Columbian lore,
What deathless names we saw him write beside
the deathless names of yore!

Farewell, farewell, O passing Year! thy wingèd
bark shall stay its flight

Beside that shore whose crystal pier with all
the angelhood is bright;
There they whose peace no tears may move,
whose smiles no more our eyes behold,
To hear thy story of our love lean silent on
their harps of gold.

Farewell, farewell! o'er tidal seas the shimmering light begins to creep,
And fleetly, in the laughing breeze yon white-sailed shallop rides the deep;
Lo! godlike on the silver prow he stands, the New Year — pure of wrong:
Fair shines the olive on his brow; his smiling lips o'erflow with song.

O loyal souls, in reverence kneel and hail the savior of the land!
Swift rolls the tide — the cleaving keel is swept in music up the strand.
Fling from your hearts their loads of fear; for by this beauteous dawn we know,
Around the footsteps of the Year, full soon the crescive day will flow.

Then shall fair Freedom's temple rise — from sea to sea our land invest!
Its flashing dome shall climb the skies, and there the rolling stars arrest;

'Neath its broad door shall nations throng, and
low their golden tributes pour;
There God's Republic, saved and strong, shall
wisely rule for evermore.

A REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE.

LET us bury our dead:
Since we may not of vantage
or victory prate;
And our army, so grand in the onslaught of late,
All crippled has shrunk to its trenches instead, —
For the carnage was great:
Let us bury our dead.

"Let us bury our dead.
Oh, we thought to surprise you, as, panting and
flushed,
From our works to assault you we valiantly
rushed:
But you fought like the gods — till we faltered
and fled,
And the earth, how it blushed!
Let us bury our dead."

So we bury our dead —
From the field; from the range and the crash
of the gun;

From the kisses of love; from the face of the sun!
Oh, the silence they keep while we dig their last bed!
Lay them in, one by one:
So we bury our dead.

Fast we bury our dead:
All too scanty the time, let us work as we may,
For the foe burns for strife and our ranks are at bay:
O'er the graves we are digging what legions will tread —
Swift, and eager to slay,
Though we bury our dead.

See, we bury our dead!
Oh they fought as the young and the dauntless will fight,
Who fancy their war is a war for the right!
Right or wrong, it was precious — this blood they have shed:
Surely God will requite,
And we bury our dead.

Yes, we bury our dead.
If they erred as they fought, will He charge them with blame,

When their hearts beat aright, and the truth was
their aim?
Nay, never in vain has such offering bled —
North or South, 't is the same —
Fast we bury our dead.

Thus we bury our dead.
Oh, ye men of the North, with your banner
that waves
Far and wide o'er our Southland, made rugged
with graves,
Are ye verily right, that so well ye have sped?
Were we wronging our slaves?
Well — we bury our dead!

Ah, we bury our dead!
And granting you all you have claimed on the
whole —
Are we spoiled of our birthright and stricken
in soul,
To be spurned at Heaven's court when its
records are read?
Nay, expound not the scroll
Till we bury our dead!

Haste and bury our dead!
No time for revolving of right and of wrong;

We must venture our souls with the rest of the
throng;
And our God must be Judge, as he sits over-
head,
Of the weak and the strong,
While we bury our dead.

Now peace to our dead:
Fair grow the sweet blossoms of spring where
they lie:
Hark! the musketry roars, and the rifles
reply;
Oh the fight will be close and the carnage be
dread —
To the ranks let us hie,
We have buried our dead.

FORT SUMTER.

OH, the flag is afloat over Sumter at last, —
Hurra!
From his refuge the serpent of Treason is cast —
Hurra!
Blow strong, O ye breezes, blow steady and bold,
Till we see our dear flag, without wrinkle or fold,
Fly abroad o'er the heights of the Rebel stronghold.
Hurra! hurra! and hurra!
It shall float till the last bolt of vengeance has rolled,
And then — float forever, hurra!

'T is the fort where our Anderson toiled at the guns, —
Hurra!
Where the South learned to blush for her traitorous sons, —
Hurra!

The sky was all crimson with flames of affray,
And crimson beneath were the waves of the bay,
Ere the banner came down that is floating to-
day,
Hurra! hurra! and hurra!
It shall float till these bomb-torn embrasures
decay,
And still float forever, hurra!

Oh, we made the air mad with the rushing
of balls, —
Hurra!
With the shrieking of shells and the crashing
of walls, —
Hurra!
Till its thunders were dumb and its cannons
o'erthrown,
And the foe fled at last from the ramparts of
stone;
It was this way our flag was restored to its
own,
Hurra! hurra! and hurra!
It shall float till the last king is dead on his
throne,
And still float forever, hurra!

Then resound, ye glad guns, over billow and
strand, —
Hurra!

Let the noise of rejoicing be loud in the land, —
Hurra!
For Washington's spirit rejoices on high
O'er Sumter the flag of his love to descry;
It shall float till the bed of the ocean is dry,
Hurra! hurra! and hurra!
It shall float till the last trumpet sounds in the sky,
And then — float in glory! hurra!

THE SOUTH WIND.

OH, the light south wind!
It brought us the odor of orange bowers,
Of citron-trees, and of all rare flowers,
As we sat by our doors in summery hours;
Did the light south wind.

Oh, the sweet south wind!
It brought us the oriole's love-breathing note;
The paroquet's praise of his pretty green coat;
The carols that gush from the mocking-bird's throat;
Did the sweet south wind.

Oh, the loud south wind!
It brought the rude song and the African's jest;
It brought us (oh, shame!) his deep sighs of unrest,
When the foot of his master bore hard on his breast;
Did the loud south wind.

Oh, the wild south wind!
It brought us the murmurs of bitterness first;
Then threats of the traitor (forever accursed;)
And the hum of a tempest just ready to burst;
Did the wild south wind.

Oh, the mad south wind!
It brought us the surge of the battle maelstrom;
The cracking of rifles, the cannons' deep boom;
The crashing of mortars, the thunders of doom;
Did the mad south wind.

Oh, the sad south wind!
It told us anew the dark story of Cain;
Rehearsing, to grieve us, again and again,
The groans of the dying, the dirge for the slain;
Did the sad south wind.

Oh, the glad south wind!
It brings the sweet bugle-note, piercing and strong,
Proclaiming the triumph of Right over Wrong;
And we lift up our voices to join in the song
Of the glad south wind.

THRENODY.

IN MEMORY OF CAPT. JOHN W. FALCONER, 41ST REGT. U. S. C. T., WHO FELL AT APPOMATTOX, APRIL 8, 1865.

I.

DREAD night of war, ah fade and fleet!
With those thy lurid phantoms fade;
Leave thou no shadow at our feet,
But such as erst the lilies made.
No longer pour on wave and shore
Thy vial-drops of Plague and Pain;
Let Peace her stainless dews restore,
And breathe her balms o'er dale and plain.

II.

Alas! but if the lilies blow,
Fast crowding through each clasping sheath,
They needs must gather all their snow,
From out the wintry graves beneath!
Or if the silver rains abound,
Or pure with balm be Summer's breath,
Dews will but damp the funeral mound,
And every wind will sing of death!

III.

O ardent soul that loved the Right —
  Most noble youth who grasped the brand,
When Freedom, from her towers of light,
  Called far and near, "Come, save the land!"
Friend, brother — in the rush and roar
  Of battle-tides swept out to sea —
We stand together on the shore,
  And all our hearts cry out for thee!

IV.

Oh lost! no more when feasts invite,
  And airs grow rich with jest and song,
When Sorrow, ghost-like, flits from sight,
  Wilt thou the cheery laugh prolong:
For thee shall roses bloom no more,
  Nor rivers roll, nor fountains play;
Nor sunsets blush, nor swift winds soar,
  Nor white moons charm the night away.

V.

And yet arise the glowing morns;
  The starry evenings yet return;
Still Love her golden shrine adorns,
  And bids the costly spices burn;
But if some far land stays the sea,
  If tides that sink will surely swell,

If costlier spices burn for thee,
  Oh, who the precious news will tell?

VI.

What stream our valley-shades will cleave,
  Crystal with leaping mountain-rills,
Some verdant laurel-shred to leave,
  And prove thee dweller on the hills?
What bird her snowy wing will launch,
  O'er floods where suns may never shine,
To bring the little, flowering branch,
  And prove the whole sweet summer thine?

VII.

Howbeit for these we vainly yearn,
  What song nor cymbal may recite,
Nor eager eye and ear discern,
  Our vibrant hearts will learn aright;
And sinking into sunless sleep,
  The glad refrain will murmur o'er, —
"Now drift us on, dark-rolling deep,
  A friend will meet us on the shore!"

VIII.

Phantoms of war, ah fade and fleet!
  The lilies lift their chaliced snow;
Soft are the dews, the balms are sweet;
  Some breath of heaven begins to blow,

And far and near the voice we hear
  Of Freedom chanting o'er her slain, —
"The night is past, the dawn is clear;
  O Sleepers pale, arise and reign!"

A BALLAD OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH.

OH, once the Southron's talk was bold:
He vaunted oft his fair estate,
His faithful slaves, his mansion old,
His heart that burned for love or hate.
"But spare our rights," the North replied,
"With equal worth ye have to deal."
"Up! fire the Southern heart!" he cried,
"We 'll teach these Yankees how to kneel!
The Southern heart begins to beat:
We 'll drop the whip, we 'll grasp the steel:
We 'll take no rest till 'neath our feet
These coward Yankees kneel!"

Then brought he forth his stolen guns,
With boastful speech and daring oath:
He laughed to scorn our brawny sons —
"So prone to toil, to fight so loath!"
Our Northmen laid their tools aside,
And listened — listened all alert:
"Come on, oh if ye dare!" he cried,
"But know our blades are sure to hurt!

The Southern heart begins to burn;
Our lordly nature we 'll assert:
Come, Yankees, one and all, but learn
Our blades are sure to hurt!"

O braggart Southron, wail the day
When Treason thus in arms did start:
For flames that roared o'er Charleston Bay,
Swept on and fired — the Northern heart!
Then flashed the sun on serried steel;
Then Northern words were proud to hear:
"Who dares to bid our Freemen kneel,
Shall meet a foe who cannot fear!"
The Northern heart began to beat;
The Northern voice rang far and clear:
"Who bids our Freemen kneel, shall meet
A foe who cannot fear!"

On marched our glorious Yankee lads,
Our craft the rolling billow cleft;
Loud crashed the grand columbiads,
The rifles rattled right and left.
The slave went free; the fair estate
In gore was drenched, with fire was girt;
The vanquished Southron learned too late
That Yankee blades were sure to hurt.

The Northern heart with courage burned;
Our equal rights we dared assert:
Too late the vanquished Southron learned
Our blades were sure to hurt!

THE REALM OF THE WEST.

HAVE ye heard of the beautiful Realm of the West,
Encircled by oceans and kissed by the sun?
Have ye heard of the nations that thrive on her breast,
Bright heirs of her grandeur, the "Many in One?"
Kings cannot govern this land of our choice:
Liberty loves us, and Peace is our guest:
Shout for the Union with heart and with voice —
God is our King in this Realm of the West!

Have ye heard of the wonderful conflict of old?
The lion was torn by the bird of the sun:
Through the world was the fame of our Washington rolled,
And Heaven sealed to Freedom the "Many in One!"
Kings cannot govern, etc.

Have ye heard of our armies, so valiant and true?
The flag of the serpent did writhe in the sun;
But they marched to the field with the "Red, White, and Blue,"
And saved from the traitor our "Many in One."
Kings cannot govern, etc.

'T is the psalm of the Free that is borne on the breeze:
It leaps from the heart of each patriot son,
While the full, surging chorus is sung by the seas, —
"FOREVER AND EVER — the 'MANY IN ONE!'"
Kings cannot govern this land of our choice:
Liberty loves us, and Peace is our guest:
Shout for the Union with heart and with voice —
God is our King in this Realm of the West!

THE YEAR OF PEACE.

JANUARY 1st, 1866.

MAKE room in heaven, ye starry choirs,
that loud your lofty anthems sing!
Here 's one whose voice shall drown
your lyres, and make the sky-built arches
ring:
While fleet as light he soars aloft, with milk-
white hand his harp he beats —
And hark! the midnight echo soft, some faint,
far-wandering strain repeats! —

"Cleft is the steel-wrought helm of Guilt, and
shattered is the brazen shield;
His sword lies broken at the hilt; prone sleeps
the giant on the field;
No more those bolts of battle smite, that, on-
ward crashing, shook the world;
And from the battlements of Right are all its
mad assailants hurled.

"Columbia lives! the mighty deeps whose purple
waves against her bore,

Roll back down Time's unsounded steeps, and,
darkly sinking, swell no more.
Columbia lives! behold her rise, with glistening
raiment pure as snow!
Her star of morning mounts the skies — she
sees the crimson glories grow.

"Enrapt, with heavenward gaze she stands
— God's oriflamme above her flung —
With Victory's roses in her hands, and songs
of triumph on her tongue.
The sapphire doors half open sway, where all
her martyrs passed from view, —
Reluctant yet to darken day nor let such kingly
warriors through.

"From mountain range to mountain range a
proud prophetic voice is rolled: —
'Though empires fall, though oceans change,
still shall Columbia wax not old!
Ere Time her throne shall overthrow, or aught
its broad foundations rock,
The crescent moon shall cease to grow, the
sun to lead his starry flock!'"

Make room, make room, ye sun-bright choirs —
swell the loud anthem of the Year!
Strike well your glad concordant lyres; the sky's
reverberant arches hear!

But hark! ere yet the echo fails that soft your
midnight strain repeats,
Pale Sorrow in her cavern wails, and wild her
solemn harp she beats: —

"O ye who strove when close and fast War's
flaming arrows hissed afar,
And where god Slavery rode, were cast to death,
beneath its gory car;
And thou great Chief, who, sure of God, within
the fiery furnace thrown,
Like those of old securely trod, nor walked the
burning path alone;

"Bay-crowned, the golden hills ye climb, and
holy hosts your ranks surround:
They lead your skyward march sublime, while
all heaven's pealing clarions sound;
The stars may linger in their spheres, the suns
may falter as they whirl,
Ye still will count your blissful years, — like sil-
ver shining flowers unfurl.

"But year on year shall roll away; while
blossoms blush or fade the leaves,
Ye shall not through our valleys stray, nor bind
again our rustling sheaves.

Ah people, rear your shafts of pride, loud hymns
and endless praises pour —
Their countless graves ye may not hide, and
Love sits weeping evermore!"

Peace, peace, ye midnight harpers wild! ye hills
your echoing sighs refrain!
All cherub-fair yon rosy child, star-heralded,
comes down to reign,
From heaven a voice the silence rends — while
crowned and sceptred on he moves —
"Columbians, lo! the fire descends, and God
your holocaust approves!"

THE SOLILOQUY OF LIBERTY.

NATION of my hope,
Prove true, I said:
The lines of thy horoscope
My Chaldean lore hath read:
And far through the night burns an arc of light,
Where the prophet-star hath sped:
Prove true, I said.

By God's most sacred hand,
(Prove true, I said:)
Into a bountiful land
Thine infant steps were led;
And the flower and the vine gave honey and wine,
Whereby thy life was fed:
Prove true, I said.

Hurt by the wrath of kings,
(Prove true, I said:)
Thou, under the eagle's wings,
Didst shelter thy drooping head,

While the rain of thy wound did cover the
ground,
Of lucid dew, in the stead:
Prove true, I said.

To the holy truth of God,
Prove true, I said:
Though struck by his chastening rod,
Or tried in the furnace dread,
Or chained, death-cold, to the rocks of old,
Where vulture flocks were fed,—
Prove true, I said.

O people of my love,
Be free, I said:
Till all the fires above
From the altars of heaven are fled;
Till its halls of light have sevenfold night,
And the spheres are dumb with dread,—
Be free, I said.

On Afric's golden strand,
(Be free, I said:)
The wild wind gave command,
And the ships before it fled,—
Till the Southern wine of this people of mine
With Afric's blood was red:
Be free, I said.

Ah, then fierce madness came;
(Be free, I said!)
The air was hot with flame,
The rivers below ran red;
For the guns did roar from shore to shore,
And the heart of the nation bled:
Be free, I said.

Down fell the slaver's whip,
(Be free, I said!)
And clanking chains did slip
From limbs that shook with dread;
While the burning breath of that wind of death,
At the smile of Jehovah, fled:
Be free, I said.

Then all the people bowed;
(Be free, I said:)
For the bolt that hissed in the cloud
From God's right hand had sped;
But heaven grew bright with sevenfold light,
For the sake of the royal dead:
Be free, I said.

O nation of my hope,
Live long! I said;
With the lines of thy horoscope
A threefold splendor is wed;

For thy stars with the moon, and the sun at
noon,
On golden wings have sped:
Live long, I said.

Live till the seas go dry, —
Live long, I said;
Till the sluices of the sky
Their last, wild rains have shed;
Till the roses pale, and the seasons fail,
And mountains bury the dead:
Live long! I said.

Thou nation of my heart,
Live long! I said:
Live till the stars depart,
By the wan moon deathward led;
Till the sun drops down like a shattered crown
From an old king's dying head:
Live long! I said.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE VISION OF THE EGYPTIAN PRIEST.

IN the midst of the desert, companion was none:
My bed was the sand, and my pillow a stone;
With my face to the East sought I slumber and rest,
While Osiris entered the house of the West.

I feared not the power of the spirits that slay,
For I wore the white robe of the priesthood of day;
But the whirring of arrows I heard from afar,
Where Chamsin the Southwind made ready for war.

By the fount where the gods wont to lave did I lie:
It had shrunk to its caverns; its channels were dry;
And I saw, in the dim skies, the Scorpion glare,
As the chariot of Night swept the zone of the air.

Then a shape from the earth rose, and darkened
and grew;
With wings like the wings of a dragon it flew;
The far constellations did tremble and reel:
Then knew I the Vexer of Heaven, Adbeel.

I rose — I, the mortal — confronting the Shade;
Nor quailed in his pathway, nor cried out for
aid:
Heaven was not, earth was not, time was not,
nor light;
But only Adbeel and my soul and the night.

His wild eyes I saw — eyes that never might
sleep —
Now lurid and baleful, now darkened and deep;
His breath scorched the air like the wind of
the East,
And the censer he bore, and the rod of the priest.

In silence most awful we stood soul to soul,
And a great cloud of incense around us did roll;
The smoke of the incense did bend overhead,
Like Buthos, the Black-winged, that broods o'er
the dead.

"And thou art the Servant of Typhon," I
thought.

"Is great Demiurgos then Ruler for nought?
Has Neith torn the veil from her virginal breast?
Is Osiris bound in the house of the West?"

The eye of the Vexer did lighten and gleam,
While, always, that smoke from the censer did
stream;
And lo, on its front, flames of scarlet did write,
"Great Typhon is Ruler — the god of the night.

"And *thou* art his servant: forever to dwell
By Ameles, the fountain and river of hell.
The robe of thine office strip from thee in dread,
For Osiris enters the house of the dead."

"I pay thee no homage, thou priest of the cloud,
Though Isis go mourning, and Ammon be
bowed:
Not Typhon is Ruler, while, daring his might,
One soul wears the robe of the priesthood of
light."

But symbols of fire ran anew on the scroll —
"Thou art sealed for *the death:* who shall
rescue thy soul?
For the signs of the zodiac tremble and reel
At the power of the Vexer of Heaven, Adbeel."

"Go, seal thou the stars in the zone of the sky;
Drag them down to the pit, from their houses on high;
At the feet of dark Typhon forever to roll:
But who, who shall darken the star of the soul?"

More lurid and awful, quick flames pierced the cloud,
"At the feet of great Typhon lies Neith in her shroud;
Demiurgos is fallen, Amenthe is won;
Then where is thy savior, thou priest of the sun?"

"Though the gods are asleep in the house of the dead,
Behold! I, the mortal, am god in their stead!
And thou in my presence shalt tremble and reel,
Like the far constellations, thou Vexer, Adbeel!"

Then white was that cloud with the heat of his ire;
He moved on, majestic, all shrouded in fire;
With the rod of his priesthood uplifted, he strode;
He called forth his slaves from their secret abode.

They heard — they came forth, at his mandate, in haste:
Uprose, in their pathways, the sands of the waste;
Their chariots, bird-drawn, through the desert were driven;
And wings shook the air, like the thunders of heaven.

Their arrows, like scorpions, hissed in my ears;
I was deaf with the clang and the whir of their spears:
But I wore the white robe of the priesthood of day —
They cowered at my feet, they fled, shrieking, away.

Adbeel was alone, with the heat of his wrath:
He smote with the rod, he divided the path;
The torn breast of earth gasped in audible breath,
Like the groaning of gods at the portals of Death.

From the chasm underneath gushed forth lava, like blood;
Beside me, around, ran the fire of the flood;
Overhead was the blaze of the pendulous cloud;
Before, stood that servant of Typhon the Proud.

I lifted the rod of my priesthood on high —
The smoke of the incense went out of the sky:
I touched the hot sand — it was healed of its scars;
For the earth knew Aseneth, the priest of the stars!

He saw: in deep silence we stood for a space;
His breath, like the breeze of hell, blew in my face;
His eyes, within mine, did concentre and steep;
They were subtle as Death, — as the pit they were deep.

In the strength of my godhood confronting the Shade,
I shook not, I quailed not, I shrieked not for aid;
My eyes, within his, did not waver nor veer:
He trembled, he reeled, he was smitten with fear.

He fled from before me — his pinions were fleet!
Lo, the fount of the gods sprang anew at my feet;
From the altar of Ammon, all stainless and white,
Came that mystical dove, the restorer of light.

And the lotus-flower out of the fountain was
born, —
Its azure and silver were fair as the morn:
Thereon, softly cradled, lay Horus the Wise —
Avenger of Osiris, Child of the skies.

I looked to the East — there had risen a star;
I saw the fair gates of Amenthe unbar;
I beheld (yet I lived) through the veil of their
shrine,
Demiurgos and Neith — One and ever Divine.

Their love did constrain me — it drew me
above,
Through the gates of Amenthe, drawn on by
their love;
There, prostrate, adoring the Centre of Day,
I was numbered with gods — I was holy as
they.

DAY AND NIGHT.

ONE eve my Margery and I
Sat watching — blissfully alone —
The splendor creeping down the sky,
The darkness climbing to its throne.

The sun was somewhere in the West;
We knew it by the jets of light
That leaped against the evening's breast;
But he was sunken out of sight.

And as we marked the gleams that gave
To twilight transient hues of dawn,
The Night, that painter pale and grave,
Brushed out the lines that Day had drawn.

On lake and landscape, cloud and sky,
With violet shades blurred all the parts,
Until we felt — my love and I —
An evening in our very hearts.

And so I said — her hand in mine,
Her head against my shoulder laid —

"Wise Nature oft inscribes some sign,
  Which, to interpret, makes afraid.

"While sunlight, Margery, always fair,
  Is symbol sweet of what thou art;
This hour, that darkens all the air,
  Portrays my own sad counterpart.

"Day dies with the approach of night:
  Thus do I read the fateful sign;
Thy life, with its transcendant light,
  Will perish if 't is linked with mine."

Straightway she answered, while a glance
  Of lustrous meaning lit her eye:
"The shades of life its lights enhance,
  And I, for love of thee, would die!

"Yet day dies not, but being drawn
  Beyond itself (so love is given)
Makes for the night a silver dawn,
  And gains — a twilight glimpse of heaven."

MORTA.

HITHER some conquering magnet brings
My soul, from shadowed haunts of Time:
Up through an empty space I climb —
I soar, and yet I wear no wings.

I pause, yet feel no earth beneath;
I see nor sun nor moon nor star;
I hear no murmurous seas afar;
I breathe no zephyr's perfumed breath.

Yet now a humming in my ears, —
A woful, wailing, wild refrain;
As if the Night, aware of wane,
Lamenting, woke the silent spheres.

And lo! a radiance intense
Spreads far and wide; so very white,
It seems the spirit of a light
Divorced by spirit-law from sense.

By spirit-law is given to me
  The excellence of spirit-sight:
  Ensphered by this undazzling light,
A silent, smileless group I see.

Two white-garbed spinners at a wheel
  Whence constant, mad complainings flow;
  And One, whose task I may not know,
Nor its significance unseal.

An ebon crown, of regal mold,
  Circles the grandeur of her head;
  The whiteness of her robe is dread;
And she is wan and very old.

No wind is in her silver hair;
  No breath from her pale mouth exhales:
  Yet, toward me, while she slowly sails,
My soul her answering speech will dare.

O woman of the shrouded eye,
  Of frigid mien and ashen brow,
  Speak: wherefore, whence, and who art thou?
Resolve this threefold mystery.

"By this calm brow — most dreary calm!
  By this white cheek — most deathly white!

By this closed eye that knows no sight,
Sister, thou readest all I am.

"From Time's dark fleece grave Nona's hand
Draws out the slender thread of life;
Whirling the humming wheel of strife,
Decima winds the tortured strand.

"But I am Morta, — she who rends,
With instant touch its length in twain;
And there is no more bliss nor pain
Forever, when the spinning ends.

"Who hears my solemn words, must rise
And follow, follow where I lead:
A captive, never to be freed,
With voiceless throat and sightless eyes."

And art thou Morta? O most rare,
Most piercing melody of voice!
As if the heart had sung, "Rejoice!"
Even while the lips had wailed "Despair!"

Nona, arise; put by the fleece, —
Life fails with torture overmuch;
Stay, Decima, thy guiding touch,
And let the troublous spinning cease:

Morta, I hear — I follow thee;
  I hold thee by thy robe of snow:
  Yet go where thou canst never go,
And see what thou canst never see.

A fleece of shining white unrolled;
  A wheel whose turning has no end;
  A joined thread thou canst not rend,
And One the gleaming strand doth hold.

Softly the singing wheel revolves;
  Softly my heart sings evermore:
  While, learned in Life's seraphic lore,
Death's threefold mystery it solves.

DO WE LOVE AS WE LOVED LONG AGO?

I.

IT was once, long ago, on the dawn-lighted river,
Our fairy canoe rode like foam down the tide;
White lilies afloat with the ripples did quiver,
But fairer than they was the girl at my side.
Now dost thou remember — ah dost thou remember
The garland I wove for that forehead of snow?
Forget the dead leaves of Life's frosty December,
And say, do we love as we loved long ago?

II.

The robin with song the glad morning was greeting;
No mist rolled above the young sun to eclipse;
"I love thee, I love thee," my heart kept repeating,

Till Love throbbed its way from my heart to my lips.
Now dost thou remember — ah dost thou remember
The blushes that mantled that forehead of snow?
Forget the dark days of our frosty December,
And say, do we love as we loved long ago?

III.

Oh loud trilled the robin! oh bright was the river!
The white lilies danced on its ripples in glee:
'Neath thy low-drooping lids though the tear-drops did quiver,
A smile, like the sunrise, flashed answer to me.
Now dost thou remember — ah dost thou remember
The kisses that fell on that forehead of snow?
Forget the cold winds of our frosty December,
And say, do we love as we loved long ago?

IV.

'T was long, long ago: all the sunbeams are dying;
Our roses have lost their red leaves in the blast.
But still thy sweet smile to my heart is replying,
"We love as we loved in the days that are past."
Thou still dost remember — yes, proudly remember
The veil of the bride on that forehead of snow!
'T will crown thee where Life has no frosty December:
We always shall love as we loved long ago!

SHIPWRECKED.

I.

WE two waited on the deck —
All around us rolled the sea ;
Helpless, on our reeling wreck,
Silent, wan, and worn were we.
Where the little boat went down,
Where the sun had plunged from sight,
Hope and light alike did drown —
O'er us, dark as Fate, was night.
Face to face we stood alone,
Dreary, still, and sad were we ;
Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea,
Rose the sea, rushed the sea,
Roared the wrathful sea !

II.

Cloudy shapes like hooded ghouls,
Flitted past our shuddering prow ;
Death was reaching for our souls,
Chill his breath upon the brow :

Then, oh then were we aware,
  Through all war below, above,
Of a face sublimely fair —
  Was it Death unveiled, or Love?
    Heart to heart we stood alone,
      Smiling and serene were we;
    Tortured by that wild cyclone,
      All around us strove the sea,
    Wailed the sea, mourned the sea,
      Sobbed the toiling sea.

III.

While we watched, a seething tide
  O'er our sinking vessel crossed;
Out among the waters wide,
  Smiling still, we two were tossed;
Tossed and drifted, overcome
  In a crowd of surges dread,
Bruised and beaten, blind and dumb,
  So we sank among the dead.
    O my love, and mine alone,
      Sweet it was to die with thee!
    Far beneath that dread cyclone,
      All around us rocked the sea,
    Crept the sea, sank the sea,
      Slept the silent sea.

IV.

Through our slumber sweet and deep,
  Stole the growing light of dawn;
Heart and brain its warmth did steep,
  Out of death our souls were drawn.
So we breathed, awoke, arose, —
  Heart to heart and lip to lip;
Where Love's golden ocean flows,
  Ever sails our snowy ship.
    Never sun so softly shone;
      Fair, in saintly robes are we!
    O'er us shrieks no mad cyclone,
      All around us sings the sea,
    Gleams the sea, glides the sea,
      Laughs the lovely sea!

HERTHA.

WITHIN my room, by heat oppressed,
(All morning shades being vanished quite,)
I loitered long — a favorite guest,
Right free to idle as I might;
Yet fretted sadly, void of rest,
And in no thought could take delight.

"Obscure thy sun, fair August day!"
My peevish lips did sighing plead;
"Drop down the shining, silvery way,
Yon far-drawn mists from rivers freed;
Nor let the tawny eve delay —
Thou givest warmth beyond the need."

My tempted soul took up the thought:
"On some thy heart is greatly bent,
Who cold and scant returns have brought,
And thou withal hast been content;
Perchance *they* sigh — 'O warmth unsought!
We would this noon of love were spent!'"

The birdling, happy in his cage,
  Trilled like Venetian boatman's flute;
Nor could the golden creature gauge
  His tireless voice my mood to suit;
"Sweet song," I cried, "but it were sage
  If now and then the bird were mute!"

"Aye!" said my soul, "and do thou note
  The same, lest thy belovèd sneer,
'Sweet may thy song be, but by rote
  We have its round of carols clear:
It were but wise to rest the throat,
  And trouble less the sated ear.'"

But white-browed Hertha, gentle child,
  Thereat came near, and, pleading, said,
"I know where waters undefiled
  Are over rocks and rushes shed;
And softest mosses near them piled,
  Make dewy cushions for the head.

"Dear lady, through so green a nook
  Your city pathways never strayed;
Then come!" so urged, her hand I took,
  And walked beside the little maid,
Through odorous clover, to the brook
  That did its flowery bank abrade.

O swift and pure! half bright, half dark,
  It trailed the supple willow bough;
Thence rose the grateful meadow-lark,
  Singing as but the lark knows how:
I looked therein, and blushed to mark
  The fretful line across my brow.

"My loving Hertha," then I sighed,
  "I am ashamed of grief to-day!
Be thou my mentor as my guide;
  Thy mood I 'll mirror, grave or gay."
She pondered, laughed, and she replied,
  "Then *half* yourself you 'll throw away!"

"Even so," quoth I, and laughed as well;
  Meanwhile the brooklet at our feet
Had plunged into a cooling dell,
  And under talking trees did beat:
Howbeit, though they had news to tell,
  Their speech to us was obsolete.

Despite the roughness of the way,
  With childish glee we wandered down;
The scented brier would lean and sway,
  And lightly pluck us by the gown;
Our steps did many a bird affray,
  Our laughter many a warble drown.

"Full densely here the boughs o'erlace,
  Now let us rest," I often said;
"Here, Hertha, is the loveliest place," —
  And, "Here are cushions for the head."
She only turned a willful face,
  And I, obedient, still was led.

But now a beech had turned the tide
  Through spicewood bowers where followed
    we;
It spread its silken meshes wide,
  And down a chasm went floating free.
Oh never veil of princess-bride
  In broidery half so rich could be!

There we on couches green did sink:
  No burning sun might rest deny;
But like a bird that chose to drink,
  One flake of light was flitting by,
And all the bubbles on the brink
  Therewith did rainbows multiply.

Then, after rest and reverie long,
  (For who could idly prattle there?)
I spake and did the sweetness wrong, —
  "Dear Hertha, life is full of care;
And we, who are not wise and strong,
  Have more of grief than heart can bear.

"But if we love — are loved in turn —
  How light becomes the largest weight!
Now tell me, for I fain would learn,
  How shall we find such gentle fate?
Alas! for love too many yearn,
  And all their days go desolate!"

No straight reply the maiden chose,
  But mused: "I saw a worm to-day
That slept and fed upon a rose,
  Till something prompted it to stray;
Slow creeping thence, it lost repose,
  And piercing thorns were in the way!"

Her thought I seized: God's love being ours,
  Still on a fadeless rose we feed!
We bask in light, we bathe in showers;
  No softer couch our spirits need.
Thence creeping — ah we find no flowers!
  But thorns are sharp and hearts must bleed.

Within my arms the child I drew;
  She kissed away my bursting tears;
"O Rose," I cried, "yet fair and new,
  Though left for thorns these many years!
My heart receives thy falling dew,
  My climbing soul thy beauty nears!"

THE BALLAD OF ETHEL LEE.

I.

FAIR Ethel, the hill-side is cold,
The pathway is rugged and bleak;
The whirling snows whiten thy cheek;
The north wind is ruthless and bold;
Hear the firs, how they shudder and shriek!
There is nought for a maiden to seek—
Not a blossom would dare to unfold!
Lovely Ethel, return
To thy place by the hearth, where the scarlet flowers brighten and burn!"

II.

"Oh barren and bleak is the hill!
Oh cruel and cold is the wind!
But the souls I am leaving behind
Are colder, less merciful still!
They have thrust me out rude and unkind;
Far I seek and no shelter I find;

Through my heart, through my heart creeps
the chill!
But I will not return!
Not for me on their hearth shall the scarlet
flowers blossom and burn!"

III.

"Now, why have they thrust thee away,
This death of the outcast to dree?"
"For the troth thou hast plighted to me,
Thy mother did spurn me to-day.
'He shall wed not the servant,' said she:
'Shall not stoop from his noble degree!'
Ride thou on to thy castle, and say
That I scorn to return
To the hearth of the proud, though the scarlet
flowers blossom and burn!"

IV.

Oh wroth was Laird William that hour!
And he sware, "Ere the daylight hath fled,
The son of her house thou shalt wed!
The bells shall peal out in yon tower;
The glad feast of our bridal be spread;
And thy truth and thy beauty," he said,
"Shall be counted rich treasure and dower!
And none shall dare spurn
My bride from the hearth where the scarlet
flowers blossom and burn."

V.

How vain is thy scorn, Ethel Lee!
He has snatched thee from sorrow and death;
Thy pale cheek is warm with his breath;
His steed gallops fleetly and free.
"Ho! my mother, make ready!" he saith;
So a merry, brave wedding he hath!
All the bells laugh aloud in their glee
At sweet Ethel's return;
And she smiles by the hearth where the scarlet flowers blossom and burn!

THE EVENING STAR.

LEAN from the lattice, lady bright;
Trifle no more with the pensive guitar;
For the sun in an ebbing ocean of light
Is anchored, to wait for the evening star.

And yonder the palace-windows blaze:
Such radiant gold from the west they win,
That you say, in a sort of pretty amaze,
"Surely, there must be a sun within!"

Over your head a rose-vine clings,
Deftly the long stems climb and lace;
And a full, red bud in the west wind swings,
Brushing the rose of your beautiful face.

Lean from the lattice, lady sweet;
The wind is blowing the bud apart;
And one is coming adown the street,
To open to you his princely heart.

But your lips are touched by a scornful smile:
"What is he, but a boy?" you say;

"If I bent to him for a little while,
  It was only the whim of a lady gay."

Trifle again with the vibrant guitar:
  But the boy you scorn has reached your side,
And, looking away at the evening star,
  You drop for a moment your sceptre of pride.

The star is leaning out of the skies,
  To hearken to passionate words and low:
"I love" — and "I love," your heart replies,
  Whether your lips assent or no.

What if you turn his fear to joy?
  Yield him the heart he dares implore?
Lean on the swelling breast of the boy,
  And love him and love him for evermore?

Your cheeks are hot, O lady proud!
  They prate of the pained heart's rapid throes;
But over the star there sweeps a cloud,
  And you — are crushing the half-blown rose.

Fine is the pride of the steady eye,
  Of the curving lip, and the stately head;
Measured and clear, with never a sigh,
  Are the words of the cruel falsehood said.

Now close the shutters and light the lamp;
  Recklessly toy with the merry guitar:
The wind of the west is cool and damp,
  And — what care you for the evening star?

And yet — and yet, O lady fair,
  If yonder palace you think to win,
With its windows blazing with gold, beware
  How you fancy there is a sun within!

Else, pierced by a life-long pain, I ween,
  Robbed of all love-light, cheated of joy,
Even *you*, lady, will pine to lean
  On the noble, burning heart of a boy.

MY GLADE IN THE WEST.

I DROP the drained pen ere the song is complete,
And sighing for solitude, silence, and rest,
I mind me, with sighs, of a tranquil retreat, —
A glade far removed, in the wilds of the West.

Sleep, world-weary senses! afflict me no more;
Too long has my soul by your fetters been weighed;
Like the freed dove, unhooded, I flutter, I soar,
My wings gather strength for their flight to my glade.

On I speed to the West: O ye forests of mine,
I enter your soft summer-twilight of rest;
Dumb with rapturous freedom, I sink, I recline
On the dew-nurtured mosses, your lover and guest.

The drooping beech-branches sweep low at my feet;
The trefoil spreads o'er me her tremulous screen;
The tubes of the partridge-vine lowly and sweet,
Are rosily flushing their tendrils of green.

The fair uniflora, in infantile white;
Lies crouched 'neath the royal-fern's plumiest crest;
We are buried in greenery, deep out of sight, —
This flower and my soul, — in the wilds of the West.

While the thrush — ah the thrush! if the flower of the rose
Spell-changed into music from vision should fade,
All her bountiful being, her raptures, her woes,
Would pour through the song of this bird of the glade.

Cease, minstrel of love! lift thy wings and depart;
Let the low, liquid cadences falter and close;
For their sadness and sweetness are brimming my heart;
I am filled with the soul of the flower of the rose.

It is I who arise from the grave of the mold, —
'T is I whom the wind and the rain have made strong;
'T is the bud of my heart that begins to unfold, —
'T is the flower of my being resolved into song.

Fly on, changeling throstle, the spell is complete:
Faint echoes, like fragrance, float far in the glade;
And oh, if the voice of my soul were as sweet,
From the sun and the dew it were heaven to fade!

In holy content to lie yielding the ghost,
Mid silence and solitude shadowed and gray;
While the rose of existence, in melody lost,
Would, fold after fold, vanish lightly away!

Hark! the pines are alert! from the South they have caught
A rustling, a surging, a soft rolling sound;
Now comes the wind! tearing the meshes of thought,
And waking my soul from its quiet profound.

Approaching, delaying, on-rushing with speed,
This secret, seraphic repose to invade,

With music of organ, harp, timbrel, and reed,
It sweeps through the grand gothic arch of my glade.

The wind — oh the wind! far above me it rolls;
The trefoil rocks not, leaning over my breast;
It breaks on the pines, like the sea among shoals,
They burst into song, they are tortured from rest.

Haste, wild winds of Poesy, hitherward roll!
Let me die not this soft-breathing death of repose;
Though I break in the blast, grant me music of soul,
For the torn pine grows nearer to heaven than the rose.

Wake, world-weary senses; fair visions, depart;
Green forest nor glade to the minstrel belong;
And a rapturous anthem is brimming my heart —
I suffer, I strive, I am vibrant with song!

DEATH IN THE FOREST.

EDDIE had folded his dimpled hands,
(Never so quiet heretofore!)
Shadows were dark through forest-lands,
Birds went mourning about the door:
But Eddie was still — ah stillness dread,
Through which the rustle of boughs they heard!
"He was done with life," so the neighbors said,
And the mother answered not a word.

Eddie had closed his dying eyes —
They looked when the last faint breath should fail;
But the eyelids thrilled with a sweet surprise,
And a flush ran over his forehead pale.
They saw the glory of Heaven flow
Down on the face so pure and meek;
And oh, the smile — like a flower on snow —
That sank through the curves of his pallid cheek!

"Eddie was done with life," they said,
  So they robed in white the beautiful clay;
They veiled their eyes, for the child was dead,
  And sighing and sobbing, went their way.
But say it had chanced they wore no veils,
  Methinks when the coffin slid below,
They had seen their boy through the forest-dales,
  With just that smile — like a flower on snow!

FLOATING ON THE LAKE.

I.

LIGHTLY floating on the lake
All the merry, merry day;
How the swells arise and break,
Flash and toss their pearly spray!
While I dream — float and dream
As the billows in my wake
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and vanish in the lake.

II.

Green the shore and fair the lake;
Here the bark and there the glade;
Here the ripple, there the brake;
Here the sun and there the shade.
While I dream — float and dream,
Would my heart might never wake!
Swell and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and sparkle, laughing lake.

III.

Sigh and murmur, swelling lake,
I 've a lover on the shore;

There he waits my hand to take,
  When my wayward mood is o'er.
    Still I dream — float and dream;
      Shall I never, never wake?
    Creep and bubble, glide and gleam,
      Sink and swell, O tossing lake!

IV.

Hark! the wind is on the lake;
  Shadows drift and veil the skies;
Yonder cloud begins to break,
  Forth the baleful lightning flies.
    Still I dream — float and dream;
      O my foolish heart, awake!
    See the billows roll and gleam,
      Rise and dash across the lake!

V.

Shoreward flying o'er the lake —
  Ah my friend, too long alone,
Faithful still though all forsake;
  Well my loving shall atone!
    While we dream — sweetly dream
      Suns may shine, or storms may break;
    Roll and bubble, glide and gleam —
      Love is brighter, swelling lake!

LEONORA.

I.

LEONORA, Leonora!
The chill drifts of winter thy bosom encumber;
The shrill tempest beats at the door of thy tomb:
Arise, O my love, from the silence of slumber,
Smile forth, and the glad world in roses will bloom!
Leonora, Leonora!
White soul of my bride, shall I lure thee in vain?
Draw near in the light of thy snowy array;
Sweet singer, breathe softly thine olden refrain:
"Let the seasons roll on, let the moons wax and wane,
But Love shall not perish, nor wither away."

II.

Leonora, Leonora,
The rushing winds thrill with the voice of my pleading:

I die with my sorrow — oh hear and awake!
See, cast at thy feet, how my torn heart is bleeding!
Smile forth, and the morning eternal will break,
Leonora, Leonora!
White soul of my bride, shall I lure thee in vain?
Draw near, and the midnight will burn like the day:
Oh breathe again softly thine olden refrain:
"Let the seasons roll on, let the moons wax and wane,
But Love shall not perish, nor wither away."

III.

Leonora, Leonora!
In their sun-guided ways all the stars look and listen —
What light breaks at last through the door of thy tomb?
I see thy white robes as they glimmer and glisten,
And lo! the sweet roses have burst into bloom!
Leonora, Leonora!
White soul of my bride, Death shall lure thee in vain, —
His snow-drifted midnight is burning with day:

Thy lips murmur softly their olden refrain:
"Let the seasons roll on, let the moons wax and wane,
But Love shall not perish, nor wither away."

WHITE VIOLETS.

MY sweetest friend I sought to please:
I led her down a cool descent,
Where trailed the boughs of ancient trees,
Most quaintly bent.

A glen we found all velvet-lined,
Whence, peering fifty fathoms down,
We saw the flashing rapids wind
Through boulders brown.

A light cascade flung crystal globes
O'er dense green moss and slender sedge;
Then flitting on, in gauzy robes,
Waltzed o'er the ledge.

Full softly shone, through leaves half furled
And filmy, frail, spray-silvered nets,
Those loveliest blossoms in the world, —
White violets.

Oh pure, oh fragrant woodland things!
My friend beheld them with delight;

She lightly brushed their snow-flake wings
With hand as white.

"Fair flowers; and is it sweet," she said,
"To dwell in such a glade of dews?"
Then lower drooped her faultless head,
And seemed to muse.

"But human hearts," she murmured then,
"With cause for constant sighs are weighed;
Wherefore we yearn, though green the glen,
For deeper shade.

"And, watching breezy water-jets
In mossy woods, we straightway crave
By their attendant violets,
A quiet grave."

"Kind Claire," I sighed, "the thought is thine;
Still should I pray for lengthened life,
If but that restless hand were mine —
Its queen — my wife!

"Yet softer sleep could never be,
When this my pilgrimage must end,
Than under flowers beloved of thee,
My sweetest friend."

She raised a rapt, transfigured face:
"Blest with thy love," the maiden said,
"No more shall Claire crave resting-place
Among the dead!"

Soft sang the wind through ancient bowers!
Light swayed the gauzy water-jets!
Loving and loved! — Oh rarest flowers, —
White violets!

FALLEN FRUIT.

I.

O WILD wind of the sea,
Blow on and mock my soul!
For the red fruit falls from the fading tree,
And the last wine drips from the crystal bowl.
I sit all day in my chamber door;
Over the sea the wind blows cold;
I miss the white sail by the shore,
And the merrily chanted songs of old:
But the waves roll ever —
Over my dead are the proud waves rolled!

II.

O blue waves of the sea,
Roll on and mock my soul!
For the sail was rent and the helm set free,
And the sailor hurled to his dreamless goal.
I sit alone in my chamber-door:
Over the sea the wind blows cold;
Alas for the white sail on the shore,
And the merrily chanted songs of old!

But the waves roll ever —
Over my dead are the proud waves rolled.

III.

O swift and angry sea,
Surge on and whelm my soul!
For the last bird flies from the barren tree,
And I yearn for the sailor's dreamless goal.
I will sit no more in my chamber door:
O billows of ocean swift and cold,
Ye shall drag me down from the rocky shore,
Where my love lies mute as the songs of old! —
So the waves roll ever:
Over the dead are the proud waves rolled!

FLOWERS OF AUTUMN.

AH, these are the last of my flowers!
These pansies of purple and white;
These mourning-brides, heavy with showers,
And veiled in the colors of night;
This perfume-distilling sweet-pea,
Where the honey, unrobbed, lingers yet;
Forget-me-nots, blue as the sea,
And sprays of the sweet mignonette.

The last of my flowers in the vase!
No more shall I steal out to view
Each fresh-budded, glad little face
A-nodding at me in the dew;
No more shall I kiss them apart
In childish impatience of time;
While the currents of love in my heart
Swell into the flower-buds of rhyme.

Ah me! when *my* summer shall die,
And Grief drops for me her sad showers,

O'er my poor lays some loved one will sigh,
  Saying, "These are the last of her flowers!"
Yet, softly rehearsing the lines,
  Forbearing to cavil or sneer,
Will murmur, "Her spirit repines
  No more at the fall of the Year.

"She has passed from the shade of the tomb;
  She has put off the colors of night;
All her flower-buds of thought are in bloom,
  And heavy with dews of delight!
Dear heart! so the season is sweet,
  For God's love enriches her hours;
No more will she, sighing, repeat,
  'Ah, these are the last of my flowers!'"

POEM.

READ AT THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVITIES OF THE "NAMELESS CLUB," OCTOBEB 27, 1863.

I.

WOULD mine were some celestial minstrel's art!
So should I charm with dulcitudes of rhyme
The Nameless Empress of our festal time;
Who, spirit-like, draws from the world apart,
But lights the pupils of our finer sight,
And dwells among us, palpable and bright,
Like Love within the chambers of the heart.

II.

For she is worthy sweeter song than mine
Who wins the fealty of souls like these;
And, deftly touching Friendship's organ-keys,
Draws forth the prelude meet for hymns divine;
With loyal souls, for her we gladly pour
Flower-scented honey from our summer store,
And bid our choicest palm-fruits yield their wine.

III.

Ye who remember in what guise she came, —
In darkness draped, a shade with starry eyes;
Till grown self-luminous, like boreal skies,
Ye saw her form of beauty limned in flame;
Ye know how then ye made, in sacred rite,
For love of her a covenant with night,
And gave yourselves the *shadow* of a name.

IV.

And we, of late adopted, whom she drew
By the strong magnet of her gracious will, —
Who, at the threshold of her throne-room, still
Have loitered, — touch, to-night, with reverence due,
Her sceptre: lo! like Aaron's rod of old,
It breaks in bud, its gradual flowers unfold,
And perfect almonds ripen in our view!

V.

For where is festive gathering like ours?
Fair Clio, muse of history, draws near,
And with new wine revives the dying year;
Here sings Euterpe, fresh from laurel-bowers;
Here Calliope, skilled the heart to reach,
From Thought's deep river flings the foam of speech;
And oh scorn not the Poet's scanty flowers!

VI.

No festival like ours: yet while we meet,
  We might discern, had we clairvoyant powers,
  The silent ecstasies of mingling flowers;
The electric currents in a kindling heat
  Of mutual joy; the sounding rush and jar
  Of reveling tides; mount greeting mount afar,
Through roar of avalanches white and fleet;

VII.

The soft attraction of June clouds, that shine,
  Yet hide the sun till day is tinged with dark;
  As cherub-wings, flung radiant o'er the ark,
Shielded from mortal eyes its light divine;
  And the recurrent, glad concourse above
  Of burning stars that still approach and love,
And lean from their curved orbit's golden line.

VIII.

But we have nobler union: being made
  Sentient of God and Truth and our own souls;
  And while each delicate pulse within us rolls
Quickened with friendly fervor, we are weighed
  In Heaven's just balance, and all things beside
  Found less than we, — flower, mount, electric tide,
Cloud, star, and sun, — through each material grade.

IX.

Linked sweetly, life with life, how glad should prove
  Our annual gathering! since one dear name
  We bear; and recognize the vital claim
Of strong resemblances, that strangely move
  With sense of adaptation each to each;
  Or sharp antagonisms, like wasps, that reach
Into the heart, to get the sweets of love.

X.

For transient raptures of the lesser kinds
  Of this, exceeding all, are but rude types;
  Or far-off echoes of these music-pipes,
Where lurk the rhythmic powers of poet-minds:
  Nature has myriad revelers; but we,
  Royally human, hold our jubilee
As princes do, whose hall no peasant finds.

XI.

Even thus the winds, that, all the season through,
  Ply their light wings, and toss the feathery spray
  Among the roses, or arise from play
To bend the giant larches, cool with dew,
  Merry and wild with aëry willfulness,
  In frequent, tuneful revelries congress,
And all their birthnight harmonies renew.

XII.

For once in central caverns, dark and dread,
  Dwelt winged Æolus, when the earth was new;
  There all his sons and daughters voiceful grew,
And shook with noise the mountains overhead:
  Till Saturn's son — the wave-controlling god —
  Vexed with their music, smote with cleaving rod
The rock, sea-shaken, and unleashed they fled.

XIII.

How rushed they forth, alert and strong and free!
  With dancing feet to thrid the dark-arched woods;
  To plow the sands on desert solitudes;
O'er drowsy plains to chase the flitting bee;
  Down dripping chasms the falling leaf to whirl;
  Cloud against cloud mid leaping flames to hurl;
To beat, with forceful wings, the frothy sea:

XIV.

But, back at last, in sudden joyful raids,
  They wheel into the caverns of their birth,

To fill with laughter all the vaults of earth, —
The secret, rayless, dewy haunt of shades;
To smite wild harps on every beetling ledge;
To pour libations unto Pan, and pledge
Eternal love, beside the sea-cascades.

XV.

So we, the Nameless, being loud in song,
In speech persistent, vexed the gods to smite
Our noisy souls from secret caves of night;
And restless as the winds, the sad year long
We beat the billows of opinion, caught
Mid storm and cloud the lightning-flames of thought,
Or teased the reed, or did the trumpet wrong.

XVI.

Small spheres are ours: but we, at least, aspire,
And by our diligence in labor, prove
Our right divine to life and hope and love;
And while we wield the sword or sweep the lyre,
And sculpture the serene designs of Fate,
Sure of the crown are we, and purple state,
In those high courts where dwells our Lord and Sire.

XVII.

And now all burdens from the heart we fling;
  We float from tempests, we are glad and free;
  We pass the turbulent whirlpools of the sea
Of human effort, poising every wing
  For flights ecstatic, while we toss the spray
  Of gleeful words, and pour with laughter gay
Libations to our queen, whose praise we sing.

XVIII.

Were seasons bitter in the bygone year?
  We feel no chill to-night from any cold:
  Crossed we the desert? back the sands have rolled,
And the Nile's lapsing symphonies we hear:
  Was love withheld? still we had love to give:
  Are loved ones dead? our dead shall surely live:
Has earth receded? ah, then heaven is near!

XIX.

And more to grace our natal night, behold
  A miracle! beside the honeyed hive
  Our sweetest flowers (for there were flowers) revive;
The autumn breeze, but lately waxing bold,

Dies in the fragrance of the bursting rose:
The Past bids all its emerald gates unclose —
Backward we glide and test the joys of old.

XX.

The flash of mind converging toward mind,
Caught and refracted in Love's crystal lens,
Lighting those vehement fires that melt and cleanse
The gold of character, else unrefined;
Harmonious wills that made all converse sweet,
Like bugles played in time with marching feet,
Or varying voices, tunefully combined;

XXI.

And that rare confluence of soul with soul, —
As meeting rivers that through valleys pour,
Will fret and chafe the intervening shore
Until it breaks and as one wave they roll
Through noontide splendor and through midnight shade,
And nevermore are wholly two, but made
Each heir of both and partner in the whole;

XXII.

And all the silent sympathies that rose
After the falling of some frost of grief —

Like violets that push the growing leaf
Against the lingering lines of April snows:
These joys were of the Nameless — still are ours,
And shall be till we lose the breath of flowers,
And find, on arctic plains, our long repose.

XXIII.

While we the Year's chrysalides unlace,
And all their silken threads around us creep,
What living memories start from shrouded sleep!
Upon whose broad, gold-dusted wings we trace
The penciled curves of many a pictured scene, —
Sun-copied hills, the river's rippling sheen,
And the soft hues of many a shadowy place.

XXIV.

For when the days were in their rosiest bloom
We shook away the dust of city marts;
And with a happy sense of lightened hearts,
Let fall awhile our heavy weights of gloom:
Right princely was our welcome to the wood,
The green-roofed paths, the valley and the flood,
And to the generous board and tasteful room!

XXV.

The moon came up that eve, full-orbed and fair —
That sovereign Cleopatra, — ruling Night,
And dropping ever in his loving sight
Her threaded pearls adown the wine-like air:
Half undissolved they sank through shadows gray,
Embroidered Mo-no-sha-sha's robe of spray,
And caught in Deh-ga-ya-soh's silver snare.

XXVI.

All night we heard the river-cataracts pour:
Their ceaseless timbrels smote the ear of sleep;
Till all our dreams, like waves that landward sweep,
Were wild and voluble with naiad-lore:
And we were reft of rest, and seemed to be
Kuhleborns and Undines, dripping with the sea,
Or knights and ladies drenched upon the shore.

XXVII.

Surely the water-witches tricked us well!
When the carved cuckoo made the morning hours
Finish their rounds with song, mid falling showers,

And rain-weighed rose-vines ; scarcely might we tell
Whether we had not lost our souls in dreams
Of that past night, and were but sprites of streams,
Oreads of hills, or elfs of knoll and dell.

XXVIII.

Upon the grass-fringed lakelet, fountain-fed
With cooling rills, just drained from hill-side wells,
Where, to the tinkle of sweet water-bells,
Aërial jets were waltzing overhead,
By sirens lured, how daintily we rode!
Till, drawn too near their crystalline abode,
What showers the fickle creatures o'er us shed?

XXIX.

We trod the dim cool windings of the trail
That through the forest led to secret nooks,
Where lightly laughed the ever-raptured brooks,
And the mitchella repens blossomed, pale
From love of shade and rich excess of dew;
Where pulsed the bubbling spring, and downward threw,
From tiny heights, its moss-entangled veil.

XXX.

We sauntered by the still, sequestered lake,
O'er which the trees leaned low and disallowed
Reflection of blue sky or tinted cloud:
Hushed were we into silence, or but spake
Half to recite, half chant some rhymèd phrase:
(Ah! such the witchery of those woodland ways,
The very lovers there their loves forsake!)

XXXI.

But thou, O Genesee! above thy tide
On grassy lawn we loitered in the shade,
And watched thy cascade-waves their network braid
Of sunny coils, the notched, rude rocks to hide;
And heard — as choir-sung hymns, past architrave
And frescoed arch, and pillar-narrowed nave —
Ever, O Genesee, thy songs of pride!

XXXII.

Vaunting, thou child of clouds, thy lineage high;
Thine ermine-bordered, rustling, gemmed attire;

Thy rainbow-wrought pavilion, fringed with fire
Of ardent suns when reigns the proud July;
Thy creeping, leaping, battling waterfalls;
Thine ancient, steadfast, most imperial halls,
Whose lofty chambers swell thy lightest sigh.

XXXIII.

O home of peace! O cedar-bowered land —
Glistening Glen Iris, beautiful as heaven!
O cloven hills, by flood or earthquake riven!
O riotous stream, impetuous and grand!
There while we dwelt, gay laugh and mimic feud
Our youth revived, our childhood half renewed,
And knit, forever one, our songful band.

XXXIV.

But shall we yield our souls to dreams of rest?
Floating on gossamer-memories, away
From dissonant life and all the sad to-day, —
To sink into the poppy's scarlet breast,
Crying "Here linger! there is need of sleep!"
When round us "deep is calling unto deep,"
Nation to nation in the East and West?

XXXV.

List to their passionate voices: "Wake, oh wake!
Our rulers rule not well: their yokes are hard;
Their palaces the very day retard
With lengthened shadows, when the mornings break:
Are we but slaves that thus we crouch the knee?
Hearken! God thunders 'Ye are men — are free!'
And dynasties beneath his judgments quake."

XXXVI.

How long shall Poland faint and Hungary sleep?
How long shall sultan smite and emperor plot?
How long shall tears of blood earth's records blot?
How long shall Afric, scourged, submissive creep
And drag the brutal trader's shameful chains?
How long shall Northern blood wet Southern plains?
How long shall heroes sow and dastards reap?

XXXVII.

O Power Supreme, thou knowest — thou alone!
But there are omens in the air and sky,

That prove the very gods are drawing nigh —
Touched to the heart by every human groan.
Cloud-veiled, they ride to end the doubtful fray;
Around their feet the obedient lightnings play;
Down mount and vale their heaven-forged bolts are thrown.

XXXVIII.

Wild battle-blasts have withered half our land,
And Freedom pants and pales in hellish toils;
But ah, above the dragon's stiffening coils,
The car of Victory rolls from strand to strand!
Its wingèd coursers cleave the smoke of strife;
O'er mortal dust blooms deathless spirit-life;
Dread War rides on — but rides toward issues grand.

XXXIX.

For God shall speak; and clash of cleaving sword,
And cherub-harps and archangelic songs
In larger sound shall merge unheard, while throngs
Of stars, made fair by his Creative Word,
Shall hark to the ineffable voiceful breath:
"Columbia, rise — thou conqueror of Death!
Savior of nations, counselor and lord!"

XL.

Comes not the hour? quake not the rock-based hills?
Falls not grief's darkness over sea and plain?
Are not the veils of temples rent in twain?
Have not the Dead grown quick with throes and thrills
Of actual life? — appearing, saintly pale,
Through faint aureola and shimmering veil,
While Sin his own death-measure over-fills?

XLI.

For us, who now all mournful thought forbear,
Weak, "Nameless," we are children ne'ertheless
Of Him, who ever waits in heaven to bless
With kind "Well done!" our sad laborious care.
There shall our lives, that find rough channels here,
Flow smoothly on, nor beat the shores of Fear;
And all their hours be sweet and debonair.

XLII.

Thus when our souls, ascending, seek the sun,
Each from new heights of social joy shall turn,

And, looking earthward, find the broken urn
Of his past life with myrtle overrun;
And hear some loiterer in the graveyard say,
"This soul was worthy of heaven's perfect day,
Who did the work God gave, and hindered none."

THE END

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