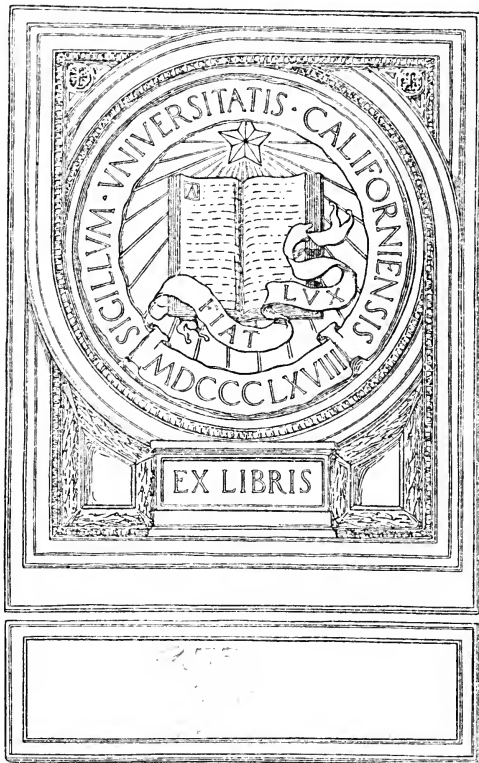


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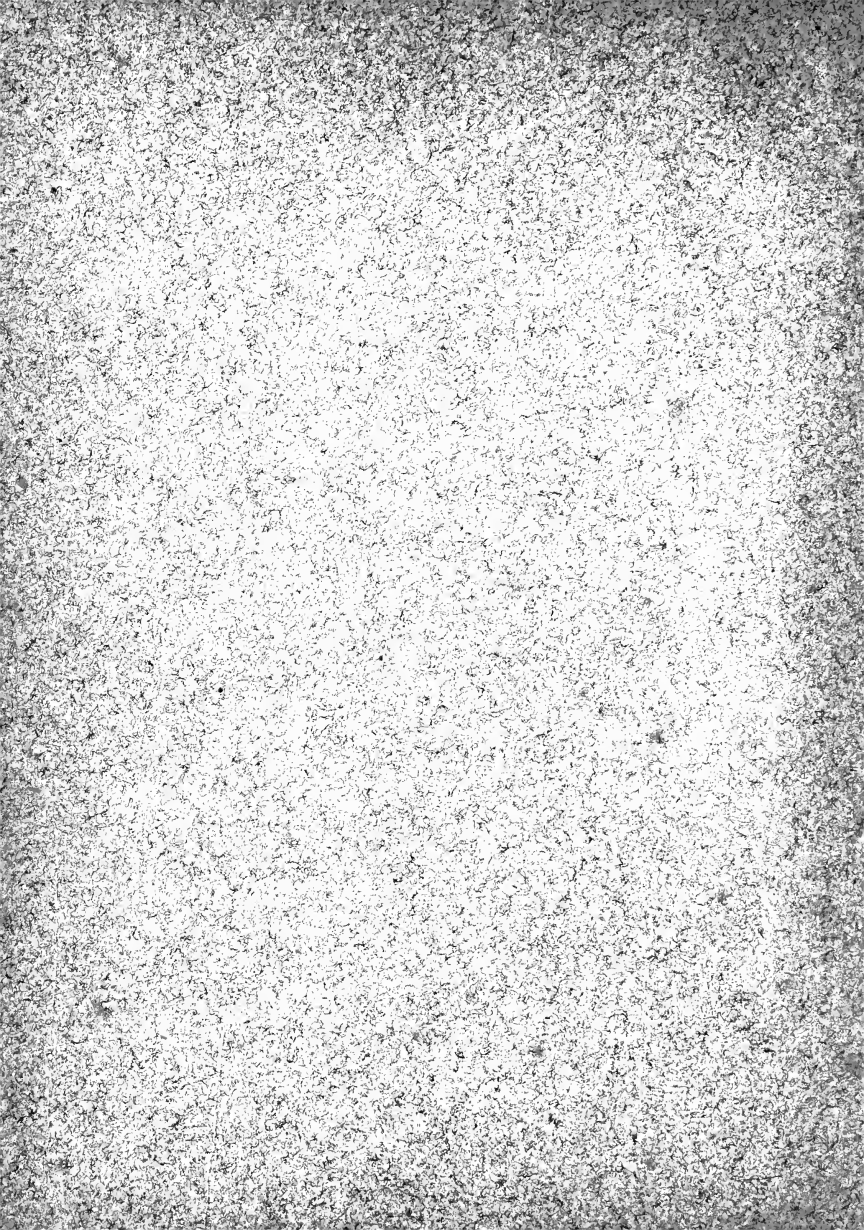


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To

Mrs J. S. Graham

Christmas 1893

Mary Eliza Furman





**By the same Author.**

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# MIDSUMMER DREAMS

BY

LATHAM C. STRONG

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE WINDOWS," AND "POKE O' MOONSHINE,"



NEW YORK

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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1879.

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TO

MY MOTHER

WITH FILIAL REVERENCE, FOND AFFECTION,  
AND TENDER MEMORIES.

912961



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THE  
OF  
CALIFORNIA

MIDSUMMER DREAMS

---

FLORETTE.

**T**HEY know my heroine was fair  
Because such memories do cling  
And leave their impress everywhere  
About the place of which I sing.—  
Shadow and sunshine on the wall  
Are flickering, fading, waving low,  
Sunset-castles aflame, and all  
The green sea-waters in a glow !  
O bonnie birds ye sang so sweet  
Down by the breeze-blown yellow wheat,  
And by the brook, where tinkling bells,  
And silver flutings down the dells,  
Were blending in such merry chime  
Through all that golden summer-time !

2 FLORETTE.

A path led sea-ward from the dell,  
 And from the little cottage old,  
 Where dwelt Florette, with close, and fold  
 Of poplar tree, and trough, and well  
 Of bubbling water trickling down  
 Gray sand-stone ledges to the lane  
 That wound to yonder sea-port town.  
 And round the house at sight of rain,  
 How seemed the flowers to scamper so,  
 Each one a little prince or nun—  
 And then at times to curt'sy low  
 With shy hid faces, in the sun!  
 And o'er the porch in silken sheen,  
 The vine-leaves hung and swung a maze,  
 In mellow shades of gold and green  
 Aslant the floor those summer days!

She's sleeping well—my poor Florette—  
 Alas, the little maid was blind!  
 Scarce seven summers when we met  
 Had bowed their roses in the wind,  
 Or filled the violets with dew.



Scarce seven summers old, and you  
Would have so loved her airy grace,  
Her gentle heart, and winsome face !

'Twas here we sat in days of rest,  
I, curate of a parish old—  
And she, poor lassie, striving best  
To understand the tales I told  
Of how the singing-birds do come  
And build their homes in summer trees,  
And why around the flowers hum  
The drowsy-droning yellow bees.  
Of how the nightingale doth sing  
By moonlight in the quiet dell,  
Of seed-time, and of harvesting,  
And what the lonely petrels tell  
When skimming o'er the billow's crest,  
And gray and gloomy grows the west.  
But most she loved to hear the tales  
From Scripture, and in holy eves  
Would walk with me through quiet vales  
And listen midst the warm green leaves

To Jacob's Dream of angels bright,  
Star-browed, and lightly floating down  
The ladder in the dazzling light  
Of snow-white wings, and shining crown ;  
Or of the child who sagely talked  
With wisdom more than man's can be ;  
Or of the Holy One who walked  
Upon the waves of Galilee.  
And so through many a pleasant day,  
We strolled together hand in hand,  
And sailed upon the sunny bay,  
Or wandered down the firm beach sand.

And are you sleeping gently yet?—  
Or do you see the kingdom bright,  
The lily and the rose, Florette,  
And white doves flying in the light?  
The violet trembles on thy grave  
And hides its face in sun or rain,  
The birds return across the wave  
And sing of thee in plaintive strain !

Aye—she was timid of the sea,  
When it upheld its voice of wrath,  
And shrieked, and hurled defiantly,  
Its strength across her sea-side path.  
And of the wind when overhead  
The summer thunders rolled across,  
That seemed to her like legions led  
By Satan, groaning o'er their loss.  
But ev'ry morn, come sun or rain,  
With dear old Gerald sitting there,  
(*Poor fellow! in his grief and pain,  
He seldom speaks for sheer despair—*)  
Florette would seek her brother's mill  
Across the sands and pasture grass  
Where high-tide waters rush and fill  
The meadow-lands, and wild morass,  
To bring each day his noontime fare.  
(*Nay Gerald, courage, strive to feel  
That she can see now over there!*)  
And every morn with gentle face,  
She used to pass my gate and say  
Some pleasant word with winning grace,

And wait a kiss, and trip away  
Tugging at Gerald's gaberdine,  
Across the salt-sea meadows green.  
And so it was, in cloud or sun,  
Each morn along the reaching sand,  
Out from the town of Templeton,  
They went together hand in hand.

One eve—it seems as if she knew  
The sorrow of that dreadful day—  
When skies were all aglow, we two  
Strolled down the beach of yonder bay  
Where lay a yawl upon the dune ;  
And sitting in the rising moon,  
She clasped her hands upon my knee,  
And turned a pale, sad face, and told,  
Softly, while o'er the summer sea  
The music of the waters rolled,  
Her dream of doves so seeming bright,  
Like snow, she thought, that round her flew ;  
And how there came a strange white light  
That, floating downward through the blue,

Approached her, when she saw, amazed,  
A crown that brightly burned and blazed,  
With all the glory of the sky.

“And do the angels wear a crown,  
And will I see them when I die?  
Oh, often when I’m lying down,  
And night has come, as people say,  
And all is dark the same as day,  
Around me angel faces seem  
Like those, you know, in Jacob’s dream—  
But last night one stood waiting long  
With lifted hand, and smiling gaze,  
While far away I heard the song  
They sing in church on Sabbath days!”  
*(And Gerald, in her evening prayer,  
She prayed that you might meet her there  
Beyond the silence where the skies  
Make bright the shores of Paradise.)*

Then came a day of parching heat,  
The very sea its cry forgot,  
The gray sands glimmered at my feet,

And all the air was still and hot.  
Florette had started for the mill  
Some time before, and up the hill  
Across the downs I faint recall  
Two fading forms, and that is all.  
Then to the rectory I turned  
While all the sky bright yellow burned,  
Save one long line of gray and brown  
That lay along the western sea ;  
And wearily I laid me down  
And slumbered, tossing restlessly.

I woke to feel the cold air sweep  
Across me through the open door—  
I rose, and looked upon the deep  
To hear the wild winds rage, and roar,  
And all the meadows blind with rain.  
And then there came a crackling sound,  
And wild against the window-pane,  
The tempest beat its baffled wings,  
And once I thought I heard a cry  
Afar off, but it ceased, and then

It faintly seemed to come again ;  
While deeply rolled across the sky  
The tempest's awful mutterings.  
I closed the door—and darker came  
The clouds, white-edged, beyond the trees,  
And then a blinding, crashing flame  
Rang down the level of the seas  
That surged like weird shapes up the hill !  
I thought of her—my poor Florette—  
With Gerald waiting at the mill,  
And safely housed from wind and wet,  
When once again a cry of pain—  
Then sound of voices far below—  
And from the window through the rain,  
I saw men running to and fro  
Beside the flooded meadow-lands.  
And some were leaning o'er the sands—  
And then I thought of poor Florette,  
And dashing madly through the door,  
Down where the gathering crowd had met,  
I found her dead upon the shore !

Gerald was there—but she had died—  
And he lay senseless at her side.  
Alas her fate!—the strongest arm  
Could not have borne her safe from harm  
In that wild flood.—

They laid her where  
The Sabbath music thrills the air,  
Where daisies white grow wild and free—  
In yonder churchyard by the sea.



THE LITTLE LADY IN WHITE.

**T**HE sun is out, and the rain is over,  
The streets are bright with a flood of gold,  
And fancies born of the swinging clover  
Come up again as they came of old.

In tall tree-towers the birds are singing,  
Burdened and bowed are the fields of grain,  
Softly the village bells are ringing,  
Slowly the cows come up the lane.

Under the garden-hedge the spider  
Crosses his bridge with its rain-drop lamps,  
The beetle falls where the path grows wider,  
Prone on his back in the web-spun camps.

A mellow glow through the forest clearing—  
Sinking now is the sun to rest—  
Like a silver boat in the blue is nearing  
Slowly the new moon towards the west.

By the open window to-night is lying  
My little lady robed in white,  
And she lifts a pale, sad face, and sighing,  
Longs to roam in the meadows bright.

Black bats whirl in the white-rose garden,  
Crickets chant in the meadows nigh,  
The owl from its oak like a watchful warden,  
Stares at the star in the southern sky.

Tinkle of bells in the rocky ledges !  
Tumbling the waters flash and flow—  
The frogs are out in the swamps and sedges,  
The watch-dog's bark sounds far and low.

Fast asleep on her pillow dreaming,  
Angel-voices she seems to hear  
And snow-white wings in the starlight gleaming,  
Flash through a glistening atmosphere.

Now she skips over golden meadows,  
Tossing her curls in the fragrant air,  
And behind the crystal rocks like shadows  
Hover the pixies here and there.

Up in a mountain a bright throng listens  
Unto the song to the rising moon,  
Over the waters a city glistens  
Like diamond skies of an eve in June

My little white-robed lady surely  
Fears not sprite, or bright-winged fay,  
With finger upon her lip demurely,  
Still she stands where the pixies play.

Often she gazes across the waters,  
Fretted with silver, and edged with gold,  
Often she watches the sea-bright daughters  
Walking so still in the waters cold.

Alas, at her side in hat and feather,  
In lace and satin and pointed shoon,—  
His milk-white steed is pawing the heather—  
She sees the Erl-king against the moon !

He tells of a beautiful land of flowers,  
Of children that stroll by the shining sea,  
Of streets of pearl, and of twinkling towers,  
And birds that sing in the bended tree.

He lifts her up on the steed that bore him—  
My little lady robed in white—  
And over the rippling waves before him,  
Dashes away through the dreamy night.

Over the twinkling reach of waters,  
Gallops the steed with my lady fair,  
Below in the depths are the sea-bright daughters  
With outstretched arms and with streaming hair.

White are the walls of the city yonder,  
Fair as the realm of the morning star,  
And she lifts her eyes with a look of wonder,  
And voices of old sound faint and far.

And a clear blue light on her path is falling,  
And all the gates swing wide and free,  
But ever she lists to her loved ones calling  
Sadly over the silent sea !

---

Morning breaks through the croft of beeches,  
The pansy pushes its hood aside,  
And peeps at the sun, and across the reaches  
Of meadow, the winding waters glide.

But the birds sing low with hearts forsaken,  
The roses are bowed with a weary pain,  
For my lady in white will never awaken,  
Nor over the waters return again !

## REMEMBRANCE.

**G**ONE are the guests from the banquet hall,  
And the music of harp and flute  
That thrilled the heart of the passionate rose  
In the garden, is hushed and mute.  
The moonlight falls on the velvet floor,  
And the wax-light glare is fled,  
But I see in the bloom of the violet light,  
The ghosts of the buried dead.

The marble statues in purple seem  
To shine through a tremulous mist,  
And the chandeliers like diamonds change  
To rose, and to amethyst.  
And phantoms come in the dreamy glow,  
And pass me with tender grace,  
With averted head, and with tearful eyes,  
But at times with a lifted face.

One by one through the arches dim,  
    They glide to the open door,  
And fade away where the moonlight falls  
    On the crimson-velvet floor.  
And I lean in the shade of the ilex here,  
    With a heart that is filled with woe,  
For I know they are memories pale and sad  
    Of the silent long ago !

## THE CHILDREN OF ROXBURGHSHIRE.

**A** PROUD heart had Sir Wallace Vaughn,  
The sturdiest clansman of all his peers ;  
Full seventy summers had come and gone,  
And now he had reached the twilight-years.  
Into his deep-stained windows came  
The purple and orange of sunset flame  
In a shaft of light on the oaken floor ;  
And he sat in his quaint old Gothic room  
Half in color, and half in gloom,  
With his deer-hound dozing beside the door.  
And what cared he for court or crown,  
From his castle-turrets his bonnie flag  
With its Wallace plaid looked bravely down  
Over Cheviot moor, and Eildon crag,  
And shook a menace like mailéd hands  
In the golden breeze to the border lands !  
And poor old Margery bowed with age,



With the castle-keys at her apron belt,  
What cared she for serf or page,  
Or how the equerry-in-waiting felt,  
As she mumbled her orders and hobbled away  
From the room of her master old and gray,  
Like herself, but still at seventy year  
The chief of his clan in Roxburghshire !

Twilight crept through the lonely hall,  
And the battered shield on the gloomy wall,  
The crossed swords over the carven door,  
The tall gold vases with silver wings,  
And the elk-skin mat on the polished floor  
Changed slowly to weird and eldritch things.  
Then the old man rose as the stars looked in,  
And he opened the door to the owlet-glow  
Of the single sconce, and the merry din  
Of the horse-boy's song in the courts below.  
And he leaned him against the window bars,  
And he bent his gaze on the twilight stars,  
Till the moon came up above the brae,  
Till he saw emerge from the forest dark

A monk from the Abbey of Achray,  
And cross the courtyard through the park.  
Up the wide winding stairs he came,  
While Margery bustled through the gloom  
Till the tapers burned with a snow-white flame,  
Throughout that ancient Gothic room.

And now the twain together stood—  
The monk in his hermit gown and hood,  
With folded arms, and with bended head,  
Pondered the words that the old chief said,  
As he led his guest in the ancient hall  
With its triple candelabra tall,  
And its knights in armor looking down  
With their steel teeth set in a sullen frown.

“You have heard;”—he said—“how peaceful toil  
Thrives but too well on Scotland’s soil  
At a time when men in deadly fray  
May meet at the pibroch’s sudden call.—  
At sight of their little bairns at play,  
At woman’s tears, and childhood’s thrall,  
Listless they bide with unnerved hand,

The buffet of a brave man's brand.  
As close as bees in the clover new,  
As wild as the birds about my door,  
That chatter and chirp the long day through,  
That screech and call over heath and moor  
And swarm in the vines of the castle wall,  
And hover about the brake and mere,  
Are the bairns of my clansmen about my hall,  
And throughout the braes of Roxburghshire.  
For this I called you to meet me here,  
That you herald my mandate near and far,  
By Hawick town, and by flowing Tweed,  
Wherever my thrifty clansmen are,  
That every mither and bairn proceed  
To the far-off fortress of Achray,  
Nor again set foot on fell or crag,  
Wherever floats the Wallace flag  
Till such a season as I shall say ! ”

About his castle in Roxburghshire  
The ivy had crept for many a year,  
And many an oak in the park had grown  
So huge that its age was scarcely known.  
And around the castle the children played,  
And thousands of birds flew out and in  
Through leafy courts in the tremulous shade  
Where the sun-gold weavers sit and spin.

The throstle, the jay, and the mavis brood  
Swarmed in the vines, or swung in flight  
In a wave of melody through the wood,  
Where the children romped through the gowan white.  
The wrens looked out from their peeping nests,  
The robins folded their wings and sat  
On the castle towers in garrulous chat  
With the templar mark on their ruffled breasts—

And be vies of black-birds about the ground  
In circle would stand for hours sedate,  
Like cowed inquisitors around  
Their leader discussing affairs of state.  
And the bullfinch after a few sweet words,  
Would bow to his fellows on either side,  
And squawk his contempt of other birds  
Puffed up with their bold conceit and pride.  
And through the meadows the bairns would stray,  
With rosy cheeks and with flaxen hair,  
Skipping and tripping here and there,  
And their feathered friends would join in play,  
And feed from their hands without a fear—  
So tame were the birds of Roxburghshire !

The banners drooped in the evening breeze,  
The moon shone clear, through the summer trees,  
Across the park with its satin sheen  
Of poplar groves on the village green.  
And the little ones were gathered all  
At the children's May-night festival.  
In plume and plaid neath the silver glow

The winsome shapes moved to and fro,  
And never did moonlight forest ring  
From Teviot's scaurs to the braes of Tyne,  
With the bonnie cheer of such gathering  
Since Llynarch sang in days lang syne.  
Lassies with golden curls and fair  
As fairies that sing on the Caldon Low,  
With eyes as bright as the throssle's are,  
Danced to the merry music's flow.  
And lads like the craggie sprites that toss  
Their caps in the rocks of the eerie folks  
Laughingly ran in their glee across  
The wide white spaces between the oaks.—  
But above at the castle a form looked down  
At the moonlight scene with a face a-frown ;  
And it muttered a curse as it turned away  
From the window, at sight of the bairns at play.  
And in dreams that night, Sir Wallace saw  
The foemen swarming by hill and glen,  
And he sprang to the midst of the fight again  
Where amid his clansmen his word was law.  
But his feet were bound and his arm was stayed,

And in vain he lifted his trusty blade,  
For about him were children by hundreds massed,  
Who tugged at his kilt, and who held him fast.  
Then he struck them down in their places dead,  
Till his strength was gone, and his hands were red,  
And their death-cries rang in his startled ear  
As the morning broke over Roxburghshire !

But a sad procession set out that day  
To the convent prison of old Achray,  
And fathers wept—those brave old men—  
For the ones they might not meet again,  
And the little bairns with their lifted hands  
At thought of a home in some distant lands  
Clung sobbing so with such hopes and fears,  
That it filled the bravest eyes with tears.  
And men looked on with folded arms,  
Who never had felt a home's sweet charms ;  
But at times they would glance at the castle gate,  
And grasp their swords with a frown of hate,  
And suppress an oath that grievous morn  
With a flashing eye, and a smile of scorn.

Slowly at last through the woods below  
The exiles wound on their weary way,  
With heavy hearts in their tearful woe,  
And little they said that words could say.  
But scarcely a league had they left behind  
The castle's walls with its banners fair,  
Ere they heard like the rush of a mighty wind  
The whirl of wings in the morning air.  
And thousands of birds in a cloud came down  
And swarmed like bees by the wayside green ;  
And behind as far as the distant town,  
The course of the flying birds was seen.  
They came and fluttered with wings outspread,  
And swung in the branches overhead,  
And chirped, and twittered, and led the way  
With dainty flights from spray to spray,  
In royal purple, and hermit brown,  
In scarlet mantle, and golden crown,  
They warbled the sweetest songs they knew,  
And about the children's pathway flew,  
And for many a mile they sang before,  
Till they came at last to the convent door.



And years rolled by, but never again  
Was heard their music in wood or glen—  
And to-day round the castle's crumbling wall,  
The hush of silence is over all !

## IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

**D**O you remember, darling mine,  
When of old we roamed together  
By the brook that rippled on  
Through the foxglove and the heather—  
Creamy daisies flecked the meadow,  
Sunset skies were all aglow,  
And your eyes to mine were lifted  
Gladly in that long ago ?

Oh, the years that since have faded,  
But a rainbow spans them all,  
Though the cottage with the woodbine  
Has not yet become a hall,  
And the garden, where the blossoms  
Pink and white in clusters grow,  
Is the same as when we wandered  
Down the meadows long ago.


Standing at the stile together—  
Where we stood in old lang syne,—  
Looking down the western hillside,  
Do you sorrow, darling mine ?  
True, the dear familiar faces  
That our fondest visions show,  
All are gone—but we shall see them  
As we saw them long ago.

Silver gleams among your tresses  
Do not change your gentle face,  
And the dying glow of sunset  
Fills your eyes with tender grace.  
Like the full moon fuller growing  
As the sun is sinking low,  
Is the light that softly lingers  
O'er the days of long ago.

Faith uplifts the weary spirit,  
All the strife is not in vain,  
And our sorrows seem to brighten,  
As the sunshine blends with rain.

For across the twilight waters  
Gates of pearl are bright as snow—  
Listen ! do you hear the voices  
That we heard, love, long ago ?

## WITCHERY.

AY-Belle, Adrian, and Flo,  
Under my window on the lawn,  
Out where the white-starred mignonette,  
The rose, the pansy, and violet  
Are sweet with dews of the early dawn,  
Romp in the sunshine to and fro,  
With tossing curls, and cheeks aglow,  
Blue-cap, Roseleaf, and Pigeon-feather,  
Under my window all together,  
May-Belle, Adrian, and Flo !

What are they doing, I want to know  
Under the vine-leafed portico,  
And out by the trees of the garden walk  
With the sunlight flickering under ?  
Something marvellous to be told  
Unto the bees with their packs of gold,  
That stop in their flight to hear them talk,  
With a sudden buzz of wonder.

Dancing around the willow tree,  
They are the laughing witches three,  
May-Belle, Adrian, and Flo—  
And the birds sit round in groups of twos,  
Waiting to hear some wondrous news  
That only the bees and birds will know  
In the bright midsummer weather.  
And all the place grows strangely still—  
And I lean and listen beside the sill,  
Till at last the birds break into song,  
And I hear the laughter loud and long  
Of Blue-cap, Roseleaf, and Pigeon-feather !

AT SUNSET.

**W**REATHE delicate blossoms about the bier,  
Such as she loved in the long ago,  
When the roses bloomed, and the birds were here,  
And the skies were bright in this world below.

It has grown so dark, since she left my side,  
But alas, I know I am growing old ;  
And my feeble steps I can scarcely guide,  
And somehow the sunshine is bleak and cold.

Here let me rest in this easy chair—  
It was her's through many a weary day,  
Where she sometimes sat, when the days were fair,  
Watching the ships come up the bay.

There is not a rose-bush, or shrub, or tree,  
In the garden bowers, now chilled with grief,

That has not some memory, sweet to me,  
With its fragrance folded in bud or leaf.

You see that cluster of violets blue ?  
They are faded now in their ancient vase—  
She was just as youthful at heart as you,  
Though you scarce would think it to see her face.

There is not one thing in the homestead old  
That has not its charm of the days that were—  
The work-box yonder, this curtain's fold,  
And that vase of flowers seem part of her.

Full fifty summers and winters gone,  
With her sunshine presence through cloud and  
gloom—

Ah me ! it is dark on the dreary lawn,  
It is lone—so lone—in the silent room !

You pity me friend, but the end is near—  
I have little to hope for, now below—  
The Reaper's harvest is well nigh here,  
And I wait with patience my time to go.



Full fifty years since the village bells  
Rang merrily on our wedding-day—  
And through the forest, and down the dells,  
How cheerily sang the birds of May !

She seemed the fairest in all the land—  
On the village green I can see her yet—  
Though the voice is silent, and cold the hand,  
She's as fair to me as when first we met !

Not one old friend of my youthful day  
Remains of those who were round me then—  
With the fleeting years they have passed away,  
And entered that country beyond our ken.

My life is crushed like a withered stalk  
In the hands of Time, and my strength is past,  
But I falter on in my feeble walk,  
With the joyful promise of rest at last.

A few more times to the house of prayer,  
A few more times to the old church ground,

And the grass will blossom above me there,  
And the world forget, and the years roll round.

Ah me ! but at times when I sit alone,  
The past comes back with a tender strain,  
As of Autumn breezes that faintly moan,  
As of waves that murmur a low refrain.

And I seem to wander beside the mill,  
Where of old I toiled with such willing hands,  
Till the sun sank under the western hill,  
And the moon rose over the summer lands.

And often I seem to stroll again  
On the village street in the sunset rays  
Through the maple-boughs, and along the lane,  
By the meadow-brook of our younger days.

And the roses we set by the garden wall  
Of our first new home seem strangely near,  
And the sweet young face that I oft recall,  
And the songs she sang that I sometimes hear.

And children were mine to kiss and hold—  
When these weak withered hands were strong—  
But alas ! they are dead—and I am old—  
And weary and worn, and the days are long !

By yonder path through the forest trees,  
At the edge of the brook we loved to rove,  
With the clover breath on the summer breeze,  
And the merry music of birds above.

But along life's pathway were thorn and flower,  
And sometimes the clouds were black with rain,  
But we felt that soon through the blinding shower,  
The sun would shine in our hearts again.

We fretted not at the ills of life,  
And we knew that the past was beyond recall,  
Our hearts grew kindlier for the strife,  
With patient feeling for one and all.

Our home with the sunshine of peace was filled,  
Till the shadow passed the threshold o'er,

And one by one, as the good Lord willed,  
Our loved ones crossed to a brighter shore.

But I'm only waiting with trustful heart,  
And low bowed head for the call at last ;  
But oft to my poor old eyes will start  
The tears as I sadly recall the past.

Nay, leave me alone a short half-hour  
By the side of her who was once so fair—  
Place in her hand the geranium flower,  
Smooth back the tresses of silver hair.

ON A PICTURE OF VENICE BY MOON-  
LIGHT.

**T**HE music of flute and tambour  
Where the southern moonbeams fall,  
And the sweet red roses clamber  
Over the garden wall !

In the glow of the moonlight tender  
O'er its liquid miles of gold,  
In her stately pride and splendor,  
Sits Venice, revealed of old.

A Venetian throng is boating  
On the dark blue waves aglow,  
And I hear sweet voices floating  
From the twinkling streets below.

Why the black-robed Abbess lingers  
On the staircase do you ask,

As she holds with trembling fingers  
To her flashing eyes a mask ?

Through the gloom of cypress yonder,  
By the marble balustrade,  
She sees two lovers wander  
Dreamily in the shade.

His bending plume just reaches  
Her hair with its one white rose,  
But of his impassioned speeches  
No word the lips disclose.

And the Abbess leans to listen  
Away from the tell-tale moon,  
And the hundred lamps that glisten  
In the palace's wide saloon.

But I hear the tinkling tambour,  
As I stand within this hall,  
With its tints of blue and amber,  
And that Rubens on the wall.

But I know this picture's meaning,  
For it comes in dreams at night,  
When softly intervening  
Falls a molten-golden light.

In one of their quaint old churches,  
At early mass they met,  
Where the light bloomed through the porches,  
Into rose and violet.

And with passionate dream these lovers,  
Stroll through the dark old hall ;  
Behind them an Abbess hovers  
In shadow from wall to wall.

For his life no prince might barter  
An urn of jewels bright—  
For the dagger in her garter  
Will pierce his heart to-night !

'Tis the bride of yon cavaliero—  
And his wedding ring she wears—


But to-morrow will find our hero  
At the foot of some secret stairs.

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Land where the sun reposes,  
Bride of a summer sea,  
Realm of the languid roses,  
Is the picture true of thee?



A NIGHT IN AN OLD ABBEY.

 VERDUROUS lawn with plants and flowers  
Set round a square of moated towers—  
A winding river where the yews  
On either side form avenues  
Whose mingled growth of leaf and vine  
Is thrilled with sunshine as with wine,  
Or chilled with mist of April rains  
That glimmer down the leafy lanes—  
A ruin quaint whose ancient wall  
And porch, and pave, and court and hall  
Have echoed to the clanging tread  
Of knights in time of Ethelred,  
Or clash of wassail-cups upheld\*  
By royal hands in days of eld,—  
A relic of that olden age  
Of lord and jester, prince and page—  
When barges slid in summer eves,  
Red-canopied with silver gleam

Of moonlight through the listless leaves  
That overhung the winding stream—  
When from the battlemented roofs  
The warden leaned to clang of hoofs,  
And heard the bell-gate swing ajar  
With sound of voices low and far,  
As from the chase a courtly train  
Wound slowly up the castle lane—  
When Saxon battle-axe and lance  
In tourney flashed at Carlyel  
Or Camelot, or rang perchance  
In fight against the infidel—  
When faint and sweet were softly heard  
The cithern strings in cadence stirred,  
With glimpse of dainty sword and plume,  
That vanished in the starlit gloom,  
Where roses slept in spicy vales  
Lulled by the far-voiced nightingales—  
When through the Abbey's gate of stone  
Sometimes a wax-light cortege shone  
With sable pall, and silent tread,  
And chanted service of the dead.

Through blue-stained windows glimmered faint  
The moonlight on the figures quaint  
Of mail-clad knight, and statued saint.

Two knights lay side by side at rest  
With coat-of-arms, and royal crest,  
And folded hands upon the breast.

No sound the utter silence stirred  
Of footstep, or of whispered word,  
Only the wailing wind was heard.

But when its voice had died away  
A glistening light of fitful ray  
Streamed upward where the two knights lay.

In hollow tones resounded through  
Each gloomy-vaulted avenue  
The words distinctly of the two.

One hoarsely spake : " The deed was done  
Returning home at set of sun  
From tourney at brave Caerleon.

“ I met at tilt for guerdon rare  
The boldest of her wooers there  
For favor of my lady fair.

“ Sir Ethelred my might defied,  
Sir Ethelred my right denied,  
And by his treachery I died.

“ Alas, by consecrated ground  
Hard by my castle I was found  
With cloven helm, and gaping wound !

What hap befell him—tell me, hast  
Thou known of curse to overcast  
His path within the fortnight past ?”

Replied the other : “ ’Tis a year  
That thy mailed shape has rested here  
Upon a deftly-carven bier.

“ A sheath of rust encrusts thy blade,  
None lately at thy tomb has prayed,  
Where I but yesterday was laid.

“ Sir Ethelred has won thy bride,  
Thy lady fair doth at his side  
The fairest in the kingdom ride.

“ He never hath a crime confessed,  
No curse doth on his movements rest,  
His face hath peace of heart expressed.

“ He mourned thee as a brother might,  
He praised thee for a valiant knight,  
And swore thy wrong to do aright.”

To this the voice made low reply :  
“ In vain the dead must question why  
Their wrongs should unrequited lie.

“ Yet, 'tis the manner of the earth,  
Our deeds are soon of little worth,  
Our deaths make often cruel mirth.

“ Hast yet a wondrous realm explored  
Or light of wing as Ariel soared  
Beyond the angel's flaming sword ?

Or hast through caverns dim below  
Beheld amid a tempest-glow  
Shapes of the damned flit to and fro ? ”

The iron form in silence lay,  
Till with the moon's declining ray,  
Its answer sounded far away :

Sleep, utter sleep.—I faintly mind  
A faith in something undefined—  
All else forgotten. Death is kind.

With all its train of pains and woes,  
A life well rounded to the close  
Brings man at last a long repose.

“ Great victory a solace brings  
To dying ones whose sufferings  
A change will work in many things.

“ But when the fevered pulse is stilled,  
Not wide proclaim of good fulfilled  
Can change the plan that nature willed.”

“And then? What hast thy vision found  
In life or death that doth surround,  
More welcome than a peace profound?”

Then fainter still the voice replied :  
“I have forgotten—naught beside  
The death I wis—*that* doth abide.”

## DEJECTION.

**I**'VE been where naught but Error gloried  
Over triumphs won,  
Have seen man's crimes in splendor storied  
From sun to sun.

I've felt the sorrow of hopes blighted  
With an aching breast,  
And like some traveller benighted  
Have sought to rest.

Love turns to tears at Life's bright portal  
And deep shadows cast  
A doubt upon the life immortal,  
Ere morn is past.

For Silence sits enthroned supernal  
In the far beyond,



And from the depths of space eternal  
    No lips respond.

Old age burns out its poor existence  
    When its hour is late,  
And frets not with a dull resistance  
    At what is fate.

And youth with early aspiration  
    Clutches sword and shield,  
Not reconciled to such invasion  
    Nor prone to yield.

But when it seeks the gentle faces  
    That are now no more,  
The soul its stumbling steps retraces  
    From that closed door.

Does great Pan sleep this Sabbath summer  
    With its Autumn haze,  
While Nature mourns him—tardy comer  
    Of other days?

No longer hears the reed-pipe calling—  
    While Echo grieves—  
No longer hears the footsteps falling  
    Through forest leaves ?

Where still Arcadian summers linger  
    Over grove and grot,  
The shepherds fain would hear the singer,  
    But hear him not.

Mine ears are burdened with false voices,  
    And sweet truth has fled,  
I call, but naught the heart rejoices,  
    For Pan is dead.

And Silence sits enthroned supernal  
    In the far beyond,  
And from the depths of space eternal  
    No lips respond.

OUR BRETON BRIDE.

**C**HIME, chime ye bells on the morning air,  
Birds, sing your wildest gladdest lay,  
And meadows your sweetest blossoms wear,  
For our loved Fifine is to wed to-day !  
The fairies swing on the stalks of wheat,  
The white-rose wakes, and the foxgloves stir,  
And the birds in the garden are crying Sweet,  
As she passes by, for their love of her !

Fair, Oh fair is her wedding-gown,  
Woven of silk and as white as snow—  
Emerald-green is the myrtle crown  
That wreathes her hair in its amber glow.—  
And the bridal party has gone away,  
The boat has sailed from the river pier,  
With a flood of light in the tossing spray,  
To the boatman's song, and the landsman's cheer !

Oh, sweet young face in the bridal lace  
Who now will lead in the village green,  
In the merry dance with your faultless grace,  
Since you left us to mourn your loss, *Fifine* ?  
With the lilies float, Oh golden boat,  
On the river of Time with its sparkling tide,  
Ever with joy to the years remote,  
With our Breton lad and his bonny bride !

THE BANSHEE.

**W**ITH loosened locks and features wild  
A weeping mother clasps her child ;  
The father weaves him to and fro,  
Acushla, crying in his woe,  
As, with the wailing wind and rain,  
A sound goes by the window-pane.

The bog-fire flickers in the gloom,  
The shadows hover round the room,  
The kettle sings a weary song,  
The crickets chirp the whole night long,  
But darkly down the gusty plain  
A shape sweeps past the window-pane.

It comes when moons are pale or red,  
From out the valley of the dead,  
Its hair is black, its face is white,

Its bright eyes star the shades of night,  
And wailing wild a weird refrain  
It hurries past the window-pane.

A horseman rides with speed afar,  
Black clouds are shrouding moon and star,  
The lightning flashes overhead,  
And man and horse lie prone and dead.  
And at his home the weird refrain  
Is hushed beneath the window-pane.

The crouching dog with lifted head,  
Is moaning by his master's bed,  
The storm is past—the night is still—  
The moon is shining on the hill ;  
But loved ones wait, and wait in vain,  
And listen at the window-pane.

EVENING.

**F**RESH are the fields with new-mown hay,  
The sun is sinking behind the hill,  
As I journey homeward at close of day,  
Along the lane in the evening still.  
Cottage windows across the pond,  
Brightly gleam through the woods beyond,  
    And low on the breezes rise  
The tinkle of bells from pastures green  
And over the bars the horses lean  
    With welcoming speechful eyes.

Up from the meadows with loaded wain,  
The haymakers come with weary tread,  
And chanticleer and his feathered train  
Are slowly seeking the barnyard shed.  
The sunlight fades and from yonder hill  
Faintly the far-off whippoorwill

It's lonely sorrow tells,  
And from the farm-house portico,  
In a sunset dream of long ago,  
I hear the village bells.

And now the bat in uncertain flight  
Is swooping under the twilight trees,  
As with star-tapers comes slow night  
With vesper chantings in the breeze.  
And the owl I hear from its leafy bower  
Like some lone ghost in some lonesome tower,  
Far over hill and dale,  
Where silver shields of the moonlight seem  
Upon the sentry oaks to gleam,  
With serried coat-of-mail.



MY LADY SLEEPS.

**I** MUST bind my lady's hair  
With a wreath of eglantere.  
Now her face is white as snow,  
I must charm and keep it so.  
Should she waken at my touch  
She would surely marvel much—  
Snow-white cheek would turn to red,  
Then I'd think my darling dead !

I must cross her lily hands  
Ere she wakes, and understands ;  
In the waxen fingers lay  
Calla-blossoms, and a spray  
Of the dainty mignonette.  
She is sleeping gently yet—  
Should she stir upon the bed,  
Then I'd think my darling dead !

I must on her feet to-night  
Draw her satin slippers white,  
Fold the drapery of lace  
In an idle form of grace ;  
Turn her face a little—so—  
While 'tis yet as white as snow,  
Should she move her gentle head,  
Then I'd think my darling dead !

ALL IN THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

**T**HE hearth is bright—the night is chill—  
The chimney breezes moan and die—  
The falling snowflakes crowd the sill,  
And creaking footsteps hurry by.  
The shop-lights glimmer down the street,  
Where shivering human creatures grieve—  
Gaunt shapes of misery that greet  
The passer-by this Christmas eve !

What songs of angels fill their hearts  
To quell the tumult of their woe ?  
Through glittering squares and crowded marts,  
Like Afrit shapes they come and go.  
Lone spirits that the world repels,  
What joy to them is that bright morn  
That ushers in with chiming bells  
The day the Prince of Peace was born ?

The day will come with kindly cheer,  
And pleasant dreams of olden times,  
Glad greetings charm the passing year,  
And blithely peal the Christmas chimes.  
The yule-log burn with lusty roar,  
The holly glitter in the blaze,  
While mirth and minstrelsy once more  
Revive the merry-making days.

All in the happy Christmas-tide,  
When castle walls were loud with song,  
When through the royal archways wide,  
Wandered a plumed and jewelled throng.  
When round the cottage board were quaffed  
Huge tankards of the nut-brown ale,  
And oft the stout-limbed swineherds laughed  
At some blithe Cedric's jocund tale.

All in the happy Christmas-tide—  
*(How weirdly sounds the wind to-night!)*  
Through chapel windows branching wide  
In purple grandeur falls the light.

I seem to hear the song of peace  
Float softly on the snowy air,  
And as the blended voices cease,  
The low responses to the prayer.

And here to-night I sit and pore  
Over a book of ancient time,  
A legend quaint of musty lore,  
That ripples on in golden rhyme  
About a castle Llenwyn hight  
Where under rafters bending low,  
A tall coifed lady robed in white  
Glides slowly neath the mistletoe.

All in the happy Christmas-tide—  
Chilled at the sight are lord and dame,  
And when that shape did past them glide,  
No soul could answer whence it came.  
Hushed was the harper's golden thrall,  
The dancers shrunk with trembling fear,  
And with white lips did watch the hall  
Through which they marked it disappear.

The tale goes on.—Long years ago  
A princess of the house was wed,  
And here beneath the mistletoe,  
That night she mourned her lover dead !  
And every Yule-tide from the tomb—  
( *Was that the lattice-screen that stirred ?* )  
She crosses o'er the banquet room  
But sees no face nor utters word.

But when the Gothic hall is passed,  
And from the moon twixt panes of gold,  
A silver splendor round is cast  
On twisted carvings dark and old,  
It turns a ghastly face amain,  
It lifts a weird and plaintive cry—  
( *That sound against the window-pane—  
Was that the night-wind sweeping by ?* )

It lifts a voice of keen despair,  
And turns and passes through the hall ;  
And moved as by a gust of air  
The banners flutter on the wall.

The guests in satin robe and shoon,  
And dight with jewels guard the door—  
The lights are out—full shines the moon  
On terrace, balcony, and floor.

Without a sign the pallid shade  
Comes slowly on with noiseless tread,  
Till one brave courtier undismayed  
Clasps in his arms the sheeted dead !  
When lo ! upon the marble pave,  
There sank with something like a sigh—  
*(How wild the winter night winds rave !  
And was that sound a human cry ?*

*I hear it o'er the stormy blast—  
'Tis at the door—nay, at the blind—  
The snow is gathering thick and fast,  
And bitter is the moaning wind \* \* \*  
O cruel fates that drive apace  
Of starving creatures such a host—  
But here beside the hearth I place  
One poor half-frozen shivering ghost !)*

## THE PASSING SCENE.

**W**HEN the low piping of the birds was heard  
At eve, he slept, but wakened with the moon—  
Too ill to talk, for days he spake no word,  
But now while faintly stirred the airs of June  
The curtains by the window, where he lay,  
We listened to a voice so passing strange,  
We knew at last would come ere break of day,  
Revealed in death the sad and solemn change.


We lifted up the pale face in the light,  
The cricket's changeless chirping thrilled the air,  
And all the plaintive voices of the night  
Blended in one sweet symphony of prayer.  
We listened to the gentle words he said  
Recalling years whereof he seemed to dream,  
And hopes and fancies of the dear days fled,  
Like withered flowers, on life's lapsing stream.



Again he heard the Sabbath evening bell  
Sound sweetly under twilight skies of gold,  
Or wandered down the quiet village dell  
Below the mill as in glad days of old.  
And lifting up his feeble hand the glow  
As of some far-off vision filled his eyes,  
As if he stood joy-radiant below  
The angel-terraced walls of Paradise !

The vision of the dear ones long years dead,  
The glory of the dawning after death,  
Upon his face a peaceful radiance shed,  
While faint and faltering grew his failing breath.  
Then to the Holy Book he turned once more,  
And while we read the passage that he loved,  
He clasped our hands—life's last sad scene was o'er,  
And leaning back, he neither spoke nor moved.

## WHISPERS OF THE ANGELS.

OMETIMES I think the angels listen  
Unto our little ones here below,  
And follow with eyes that tearfully glisten,  
Their wandering footsteps to and fro.  
And over our households in hamlet or city,  
And over the old familiar ways,  
There lingers, leaning with look of pity,  
Ever the angel of other days.

Ever the presence of those departed—  
The little darlings of long ago—  
And mothers who mourn and are broken-hearted,  
Look up in tears from their depths of woe.  
They may not see in the mist before them,  
The outstretched arms, or the tender gaze,  
But still in their sorrow is bending o'er them  
Gently the angels of other days.

You look in the eyes of the loved one left you  
And dream of the skies on that fairer shore,  
Where one stands waiting since death bereft you,  
And cast its shadow across your door.  
The past comes back, as with fond caresses,  
The little one to your heart you fold,  
But the tears will fall in the sunny tresses,  
As you mingle your gray hair with the gold.

In the last faint gleams of the embers burning  
You sit to-night in the easy chair,  
And your heart recalls with a throb of yearning  
The little head that was bowed in prayer,  
The little hands that were prest together,  
Meekly uplifted in homage true,  
And you stifle a sob as you wonder whether  
Those little arms are outheld for you.

And your thoughts go back to the days of anguish,  
To the time when your child grew strangely ill,  
When she left her playthings and seemed to languish  
With drooping eyes, in your arms so still ;

When she looked so pale on the pillow lying,  
With tangled locks, and her poor thin hand  
You held in yours, when you thought her dying,  
With a glow on her face of a brighter land.

You remember how in those gloomy hours,  
With whisper low on her couch of pain,  
She longed to look at her garden flowers,  
And asked if the roses would come again?  
But the days go by, and the silent river  
Sweeps on with never a token fond—  
But faith is yours, though the black racks quiver,  
And cloud the sky, and the stars beyond.

Those weary days—those days of sorrow—  
Your lifted hands that were clenched in woe—  
Your heart that yearned for that vague to-morrow  
To end its agony here below!  
And many a night with her long hair gleaming,  
She seemed to come to you unawares,  
And you heard her footsteps—dreaming—dreaming—  
Steal lightly down the crystal stairs.

How lone and drear with its silence lingers  
That snowy couch in your memory yet,  
How fair she seemed with her waxen fingers  
Upon her breast with the mignonette !  
'Twas a violet ray from the vase of roses  
That fell on her lily-bordered bed,  
And she seemed like one who in sleep reposes,  
When you lifted the face-cloth of the dead.

There's a little mound in the churchyard yonder  
Where the birds are singing the long day through,  
And thither in summer hours you wander  
With flowers like those she brought to you.  
For they all were hers with their tearful faces—  
The hooded pansy she called her nun—  
The valley lilies in bridal laces,  
The daisies that leaned to the summer sun.

And your eyes grow dim as across the meadow  
You catch a glimpse of the grove below,  
With its rustic arbor, and half in shadow,  
The brook where the water-cresses grow.

For often beneath the old oaks swinging  
You saw her white form through the trees,  
And heard her merry laughter ringing  
Sweet and clear on the morning breeze.

How fondly she looked in your eyes when weary  
You sat on the porch as the sun went down,  
When she drew your face to her own so cheery,  
And laughingly kissed away your frown !  
Sometime—you whisper with holy feeling—  
You will clasp her close, you will hear her speak,  
When the shadows lift from the shore, revealing  
The angel form of the one you seek.

Nay, weave not thoughts with the funeral garland,  
The sombre pall, or the shrouded urn,  
In a brighter land than the shining star-land  
Is dwelling the darling for whom you yearn.  
What of these flowers so brown and faded,  
With their ribbon she tied, in her love for you,  
Is the heart of the garden, you think, invaded  
By the biting thorn, and the bitter rue ?

Is it the touch of a presence holy  
That thrills you to-night with a tender grace ?  
Or is it the gate that is swinging slowly,  
Through which you can see her angel face ?  
The moonlight steals through the snow-white curtain,  
And softly falls on your silver hair,  
But the doubt has fled, and the hope uncertain  
Is changed to faith in your silent prayer.

Be trustful—the angels are ever near you,  
Their unseen pinions are rustling by,  
They come and go with their smiles to cheer you  
In saintly crowds from the silent sky.  
Ever descending with love and pity,  
To dear ones left on the earthly shore,  
Through the pure white gates of the shining city  
They pass and repass forevermore.

They come when the morning with touches tender  
Awakens the lilies in crowns of white,  
And the waves of dawn in their purple splendor  
Break into gold on the shores of night.

When the far-off evening bells are ringing,  
And a silence falls on the twilight sea,  
With voices low are the angels singing,  
As they sang by the waters of Galilee.



## MYSTERY.

**P**LEASANT it is these eves to sit  
On the wide old porch of the farmhouse here,  
While about the roof of the red barn flit  
The sidelong swallows twittering near ;  
    And across lots a mile away  
Towering over the fir-tree copse  
You can see the tall round chimney-tops  
    Of a mansion old and gray.

'Twas a curious structure in days of old—  
Nobody lived there—so they said—  
But the tale I remember the townsfolk told  
Was something of those who were long years dead.  
    And each Gothic window and door  
Was grim as the gates of a prison wall,  
And year after year the silent hall  
    A gloomy record bore.

Once by the cobwebbed entrance sat  
A man in the costume of years ago,  
In quaint brass buttons, and broad-rimmed hat,  
Who leaned on his staff, with head bent low  
    In the shade of the evening there,  
And when he lifted a weary face,  
Of sorrows many was seen the trace,  
    And of age the silver hair.

Over the mansion a spell was thrown—  
It seemed like an evil sprites' abode ;  
Under the moss-grown stepping stone  
The black snake hid, and the spotted toad.  
    And when the wind went by,  
The shutters uttered a doleful note  
Like the sounds that fill a chimney's throat,  
    A weird and plaintive cry.

The well was sunken, and over-run  
With a tangled growth of weed and flower,  
And the bat and owl that shunned the sun  
Haunted at night the crumbling tower.—

Out on the grass-grown lawn  
I remember the sun-dial stained with rust,  
And the fountain urn that was filled with dust,  
But the rustic seat is gone.

Long years it has stood neglected—dead—  
No hand has striven to break the spell  
That clothes it round with fear and dread,  
Nor can a soul its history tell,  
Or how, or when 'twas built.—  
Upon its piazza floor a mark  
They say discolored is, and dark,  
Where human blood was spilt.

And many a night the village folk  
Have seen a pale face through the pane  
Or followed a shape in muffled cloak  
Till it vanished down the lonely lane  
Below the fir-tree copse ;  
All day the birds fly in and out,  
At dusk the swallows skim about  
Those crumbling chimney tops.

No human footsteps are ever heard  
Within those lonesome walls of stone,  
But ever the attic-blind is stirred  
Where ghostly trees make doleful moan—  
    And at night through the willows tall,  
The moon peers in with tresses white  
And seems to rest long arms of light  
    Upon the window wall.

A film of dust lies on the floor,  
And silently from room to room  
Small shadowy footprints glide before  
The eye and vanish in the gloom.  
    And the staircase deep and wide  
Will creak with the sound of unseen feet  
And tremble as if some dread *affreet*  
    Had sought its depths to hide.

There's a witch whose constant theme is death—  
Who tells of a house where blood was shed—  
Of drabbled locks, and gasping breath  
Of an old man struggling upon his bed,

Where the curtains' tightening band  
With its choking folds to his throat is prest  
And a blood-stained dagger in his breast  
Is clutched by a small white hand !

## THE FEAST OF SAN MARCO.

**W**HY does that eremite sit at the feast,  
With his sharp black eyes, and his tonsured  
hair ?

Not jolly is he like that fat old priest,  
Or the white-faced notary lean and spare,  
With his elbows resting upon the board.  
A twinkling eye hath our liege, his grace,  
And the young court gallant with tilted sword  
Hath a roguish look in his fair young face—  
But the devil himself you would almost swear  
Leans back in that dark-browed hermit's chair !

His brow is wrinkled, his hand is thin,  
As it toys with the goblet of ruddy wine,  
So thin that the bones show through the skin  
And white as a woman's—I wis as fine  
As a high-born cavaliero's hand.

But the night before, in the narrow street,  
There swooped from the mountains a robber band,  
There were cries of murder—a hurry of feet—  
And this black-eyed hermit's hand was red,  
From shriving the dying—the good folk said.

A hermit's a hermit—and why should he  
In his Capucin cowl, and his priestly gown,  
Sit here at the feast, and as lordly be  
As the one patrician of all the town  
Who can melt his pearls in his wassail-cup ?  
Now listen ! I saw him a fortnight since—  
This pious recluse who has come to sup—  
Through the catacombs guiding our host, the prince.  
But what of these candlesticks quaint and old,  
And this antique plate, and those cups of gold ?

Above the Cathedral del Parto stands  
The home of a sculptor embowered in vines.  
Beyond it glimmer green meadow lands,  
Before it the far-twinkling water shines  
Of the blue bright bay of Naples. Here,  
(Now but a dream of the past, alas !)

Dwelt his daughter Carita, and year by year,  
She met with the black-eyed monk at mass.  
Then she disappeared—and that hermit there  
Was gone for a month and a day—but where?

If you wander by night in this city of ships,  
This town with its mountain that shadows the west  
Like a huge black giant that sits with its lips  
Drooling lambent fire down its rugged breast,  
Have a care for your life, for the veriest cur  
Can stand in a passage and strike you dead,  
And none but a priest might hear a stir  
As he passed on his lonely way to bed.  
A far faint sound by the dark sea wall,  
A splash in the water—and that is all!

But they say of this hermit in Capucin gown,  
Who sits at the feast looking solemn as fate,  
In this black grim castle just out of the town  
So famed for its wine, and its rare old plate,  
And its quaint-wrought silver of long ago,  
That a man like this they have sometimes seen




In the mountains watching the path below,  
Leaning over the rocks with his carabine.—  
And that dread volcano ! that red-mouthed hell !  
Who knows what secret its depths could tell ?

Did he know this prince in the years ago  
Till he met him starving and gave him bread ?  
Does he live in the catacombs down below  
In the dark deep vaults of the loathsome dead ?  
Where is his hermitage ? Who can tell ?  
And whence came his patron's treasures old ?  
Is his chamber of skulls a penance cell,  
Or hung with tapestry fringed with gold ?  
If they seek it, they'll find it, without a doubt—  
But I question their chances of getting out !

## AT THE OLD HOME.

*" We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold, the old associations."*

*Longfellow.*

TILL as of old the blue bird sings  
Over the winding woodland walk—  
In yonder meadow blithely swings  
The bobolink with tipsy wings  
Upon the bended mullein-stalk.

I see the old home through the leaves  
That twinkle in a maze of gold,  
And round its quaint old-fashioned eaves  
The woodbine still a mantle weaves  
The same as in the days of old.

Here by the brookside path I strayed  
In sunny hours when days were long,  
And birds the same sweet music made,  
Though now from cloistered grove and glade,  
There seems to come a sadder song.

The names we carved upon the tree  
Have disappeared this many a year ;  
And where the old oak used to be,  
Only the vision comes to me  
Of faces that were then so dear.

A bridge is built across the stream  
Where once we placed the stepping-stones ;  
I hear the waters now that seem—  
Like far-off music in a dream—  
To greet me in familiar tones.

Up yonder lane the schoolhouse old  
Still stands amid surrounding farms,  
And as I now the place behold  
What dreams of youth each scene enfold  
As with the clasp of loving arms !

The children play upon the green  
Light-hearted as in days of yore,  
But other faces seem to lean  
With tender gaze upon the scene,  
Whose step will come again no more !

And yonder is the churchyard keep,  
The close within whose sacred fold  
Some now in solemn silence sleep,  
Above whose graves the pansies peep,  
And lilies lift their crowns of gold.

And as the sunset's glory dies  
Above yon village spire aglow,  
I seem to hear with tearful eyes,  
A strain of music from the skies.  
And voices of the long ago !

THE CHEYENNE MASSACRE.

**L**IFT up your hands that clutch for gold,  
And spurn the heathen from your path—  
His hand is red, his heart is cold,  
He well deserves your Christian wrath !  
O bid him in his sorrow go,  
Take life and land and sate your greed  
Of gold though tears and blood should flow,  
Then justify your noble deed  
By any creed that you may know !

The Indian hath no rights to serve,  
Or sense to wrong, or soul to save,  
O never from your purpose swerve  
But hound the culprit to his grave !  
'Tis surely not the Christian way  
To take the red-man by the hand—  
Lift meek and humble eyes, and pray

For heathen in some other land—  
Some creatures on a foreign shore  
Who worship God in sun and stars,  
Let in the light through golden bars  
To them who need your service more !

The Master surely never taught  
Compassion for this savage race,  
So lift a mild beseeching face  
And steal what other men have bought.  
Go satisfy a greedy love  
Of gain, and slay your fellow-man,  
But sanctify the deed above  
By God's own teachings if you can !

THE LAST LETTER.



TAKE it away for it burns my brain,  
And my heart is breaking—no light—no  
day—

No love to soften the cruel pain  
That my spirit suffers—take it away !  
'Tis the last fond letter he wrote when ill,  
And could hardly lift his little hand—  
And when I found him so white and still,  
I cursed the God that had cursed the land !

The words are blurred, and I only see  
The large brown eyes, and the poor thin face  
So pitiful, waiting and watching for me,  
With his arms outheld for a last embrace.  
And this letter written with feeble pen  
Just as he left it here at his side  
To tell me over and over again  
How he longed to see me before he died !

How deep the silence that chills the gloom !  
No cheery footfall upon the stair,  
No gentle voice in the lonely room,  
No folded hands at my side in prayer,  
Nor the goodnight kiss that my heart has known,  
When I clasped him close with a mother's joy—  
But only to dream of the past—and alone  
To sit and weep for my darling boy !

And I lean at the window—across the way,  
On the pavement fronting the busy square,  
My little neighbor stops at his play,  
And looks at the house with a sober stare.  
And I see him sit with his cheek on his hand,  
And I know he is thinking of days that are fled,  
And vainly striving to understand  
What they mean by saying his friend is dead.

And oft when the weary day is done,  
And the far-off evening bells sound low,  
And through the shutters the sinking sun  
Is casting a radiant mellow glow,



I fancy I hear his voice, and seem  
To catch his face in the passing crowd,  
And I start and wake from a troubled dream,  
In the gathering darkness, and cry aloud !

And this is the book—the last he read—  
With the leaf turned down at the very page  
Where he ceased when weary—and there by his bed,  
Is the bird—his bird—in its lonely cage.  
But it does not sing with its old delight  
When the cheery voice of its friend was heard,  
For the room so desolate, once so bright,  
Brings a pang of sorrow to that poor bird !


O ever I list to a cry of pain,  
And to see through the blinding tears that rise,  
The arms that were lifted for me in vain,  
And the pale, thin face with the large brown eyes .  
And I clasp his letter, and kneeling low,  
I pray that the shadow may pass me by,  
But 'tis better a thousand times to go—  
To fold my hands in my grief—and die !

## POTS OF GOLD.

## A SLEEPY HOLLOW EPISODE.

"A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds in local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols."

*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

" RUIN of some ancient hall  
That overlooked the river wall—  
A ruin of some old chateau  
Built several hundred years ago,  
About which ghostly tales are told  
Of pirates, who, in days of old,

Along this weird romantic shore  
Buried huge chests of gleaming ore."

Thus spake the boatman unto me,  
One evening, on the Tappan Zee.

"This?—why the legend runs that when  
Old Hendrick Hudson and his men  
Sailed slowly up the river tide,  
They saw upon the starboard side  
Tall towers, and many-windowed walls,  
And heard men shout within the halls,  
But when its water-steps were neared,  
Enchanted-like, it disappeared!"

Thus spake the fisherman I met  
Intently toiling with his net.

"A fortress of the olden time,  
A relic of a golden clime,  
When caravels of Spanish seas  
Spread sail with treasure-laden hold,

The black flag flying in the breeze,  
And manned by swarthy men of old.  
Some say, a convent, old and gray,  
Where penitents did fast and pray  
Three hundred years ago, or more—  
For round its ancient Gothic door  
Were carven pious legends quaint  
Beneath its sculptured patron saint.”

Thus spake by Sleepy Hollow's brook  
The Dominie with learned look.

---

Green leaves were trembling in a maze  
Of violet light, and in and out  
Tall-towered oaks, the robins flew,  
While up each forest avenue,  
At times I heard the far-off shout  
Of ha ! ha ! ha ! that rose and died  
In echoes through the quiet woods.  
For all these hazy summer days,  
From early dawn to eventide,

Is Sleepy Hollow's drowsy glen  
Still haunted by the little men  
In blouses green, and tasselled hoods.  
And ho ! ho ! ho ! from every side,  
Their voices from the woodland rise  
Where willows old, with tresses sleek,  
And withered oaks, whose knots are eyes,  
Do seem with hollow tone to speak.

From twinkling brook, and bracken dense,  
Such summer sounds as lull the sense,  
Thrilled the warm air of one fair June  
Through all a drowsy afternoon.  
I strove to read, but o'er the book  
Nodded, and slept beside the brook,  
Until a voice above me spoke,  
That seemed to issue from the oak,  
Whose mantle's shining fret and fold  
Shimmered like cloth of green and gold.  
For now the moon above the woods  
Shone full upon a wondrous scene—  
Deep forest glades, and solitudes,

With boulders black that seemed to lean  
Over the hills, where softly shone  
The cascade-waters of a stream,  
Broke on my vision like a dream.  
Before me stood with ancient wall,  
Arch, bastion, turret, lifted tall,  
A huge portcullised pile of stone.  
A drawbridge wide was outward thrown  
Above a moat, while in the glow  
Of moonlight, men walked to and fro,  
Along the upper wards, or leant  
Over the steep-walled battlement.

But lo ! my very self in sooth  
Had suffered change from head to heel.  
I wore such garb as men in truth  
Once used in days of proud Castile,  
When in the reign of Ferdinand,  
Its Spanish pirates swept the seas,  
Or bandits scoured the mountain land.  
Huge leathern hose reached to my knees,  
A long knife glittered at my waist,

Beneath a doublet silver-laced,  
While near me in the spectral gloom,  
A musket lay with hat and plume.

“What vessel sails up yonder bay ?”  
I heard a voice ring on the air,  
As filled with terror and dismay,  
I watched the lights flash here and there  
Within that fortress weird and tall.  
I crossed the swinging drawbridge where  
The lamps streamed from the windowed wall,  
Athwart the mellow moonlight air,  
And stood within an ancient court  
Where loitered men with clanking sword,  
Or wildly clashed in boist'rous sport  
Their flagons, at the banquet board.

In high-heeled shoes, and doublets red,  
With belted steel, and Spanish hat,  
And clay-white features like the dead,  
They met my gaze and silent sat,  
As if rebuking with a stare,

The man who dared to trespass there.  
Till one above the ghastly crowd,  
Peered 'neath his hand, and cried aloud :  
“ 'Tis only poor dumb Winkelried  
Returned from hunting in the wold,  
So get ye fellows hence—make speed  
And safely house the pots of gold ! ”  
At once I strove to speak, but found  
My lips refused to utter sound,  
And quite as pale of face as they,  
Upon a bench beside the door,  
I watched the ghostly figures fade  
Deep in the shadow of the glade.  
The moonlight blue through arches gray,  
Gleamed on the forest-skirted shore  
Whence lightly came the dip of oar,  
While on the bosom of the bay  
A full-rigged bark at anchor lay.

The men returned with heavy tread,  
Bearing their burdens through the gate—  
Their features were as like the dead



As those beneath a coffin-plate.  
And from the Gothic underwall,  
The spectral glare of torches shone,  
Like flambeaux at a funeral  
Within some abbey's crypt of stone.  
The sound of mattock and of spade,  
Broke the dark stillness of the place,  
While through the deep rotunda's shade,  
At times I saw a pallid face.  
Again I heard a murmur low,  
That louder grew with every breath,  
Then clash of steel, blow after blow,  
With curses loud through arches wide,  
That echoing back, the walls replied—  
And then—a silence deep as death !

---

I woke beside the twilight stream,  
In Sleepy Hollow's haunted dell,  
And like strange voices in a dream  
The waters' murmur rose and fell  
Over the rocks beside the mill.

The boatman's song came up the bay,  
The fisher's skiff at anchor lay,  
While far-off o'er the distant hill,  
I faintly heard the village bell.

AT THE CHURCHYARD GATE.

**I**N a perfect moonlight night,  
(The warm south breezes flew  
Whispering through the leaves,  
And I heard the brook sing too  
Mournfully, mournfully,  
Like the voice of one that grieves)  
I saw in the yellow light,  
Come from its churchyard bed,  
Clothed in its grave-gown white,  
The ghost of my friend long dead.

And its shimmering tangled hair  
Down to its feet it shook,  
And its wax-white face did wear  
Such a wild and piercing look,  
That I shrank from its presence there,  
With fear, by the moaning brook.

Of the burden of secret tears,  
And the anguish of other years—  
It spake with a hollow sound,  
Under the cypress tall—  
Of its bed that was cold and wet,  
Of its long night underground,  
And the death-damp that lingered yet  
On its brow for the past, and all.


“They dug down deep,  
And covered me over,  
And left me to sleep—  
But I heard the clover  
Whisper, whisper through the night,  
When I started up with fright  
At the footsteps of my lover.

‘Why does he seek me dead,  
And weep above my mound?  
His tears come down, and I stir in bed,  
Wake in my cold bed underground,  
And rise, and seek him where,

On the garden seat, in the pale moonshine,  
Of old he smoothed my shining hair,  
And pressed his lips to mine.

“But he sees me not, nor lingers  
A moment, nor does he know,  
As I clasp in my thin cold fingers  
His hands, that I love him so.  
I kneel at his side to cheer him,  
In the gloaming and the dawn,  
But when he feels me near him,  
He rises—and is gone.  
The night grows old,—  
Oh, the earth is cold  
Under the cypress tall—  
But to-morrow, to-morrow  
For the sinning and the sorrow  
He shall know all !”

AN INCIDENT OF THE AUSTRIAN  
REVIEW.

IFT up the golden tassels,  
Let the floss run through your hands--  
In the sunlight how it glistens  
With its broad and purple bands!  
No lordlier bridle ever  
Was worn with coat-of-mail  
In the days of old with Arthur,  
Or glorious Percivale!

Softly the silver music  
Steals through the palace gate,  
And without, the Austrian standards  
And the royal guardsmen wait.  
To-day victorious heroes  
In the grand review will ride,  
Whom the Emperor and Empress  
Will greet with royal pride.

His majesty's steed is waiting,  
And he mounts, and the champing line  
Moves out to the hills beyond them,  
Where the steel-bright squadrons shine.  
And the Empress in her carriage,  
As it halts for the grand review,  
Is hailed with huzzas of homage  
From loyal hearts and true.

With nodding plumes and banners,  
And with flying eagles gay,  
Now legion after legion  
Sweeps by in proud array ;  
Chasseurs with lance and guidon  
Pass on with prancing tread,  
And tattered flags are lifted  
That veteran heroes led.

And across the shining levels,  
The mounted squadrons wheel,  
And with lances lifted proudly,  
They gleam long lines of steel.

Then like a gathered storm-cloud,  
They thunder down the plain,  
When from the watching thousands,  
Goes up a cry of pain !

For a little child has wandered,  
And stands demure and still,  
In the pathway of the troopers,  
As they swiftly round the hill.  
Then its little arms are lifted,  
As they touch the level plain,  
And with tottering feet it reaches  
To the shouting crowds in vain !

When behold, a stalwart horseman  
Drops his lance, and swinging round,  
O'er his charger's neck, in safety  
Lifts the maiden from the ground !  
Ten thousand ringing bravos  
For the hero and the man—  
And the little one is riding  
With the foremost in the van !



Soon back the trooper gallops  
With the little child before,  
And halts and yields the darling  
To a mother's arms once more.  
And joyfully the Empress  
Is smiling through her tears,  
And again the hills re-echo  
With the loud and ringing cheers !

Dismounted, stood the soldier  
At the Emperor's command,  
While all the army wondered  
As he clasped the hero's hand.  
With the proudest badge of valor  
The trooper's breast he starred,  
And bade him mount his charger  
As the captain of the guard !

Lift up the golden tassels,  
Let the floss run through your hands—  
In the sunlight how it glistens  
With its broad and purple bands !

No lordlier bridle ever  
Was worn with coat-of-mail,  
In the days of old with Arthur,  
Or glorious Percivale !

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

**W**ITH eyes ashine in the summer sun,  
A squirrel peeps through the branches down,  
And over their gossamer bridges run  
The spiders in jackets of blue and brown.  
And here in the grass under fleecy skies,  
Alone by the marge of the prattling brook,  
With a wonderful light in her big brown eyes,  
Sits a fairy reading a fairy book.

Across the way by an ancient oak,  
An outh is weaving a magic screen,  
In bent-grass feather, and sun-bright cloak  
He sits a glimmer of gold and green.  
The curious birds stand just aloof,  
And timidly gather about the place,  
And watch him toiling on warp and woof,  
But flutter back when he lifts his face.

Two by two from the mountain wall,  
Winding down through the drowsy glen,  
Two by two through the poplars tall,  
Are filing the troops of little men.  
And hark to the music far away,  
The singing of merry elves and trolls  
Comes like the linnet's moonlight lay  
Over the mossy woodland knolls !

In plumes, and jewels, and tasselled hoods,  
In pea-green doublets, from groves and lawns,  
Elves that toil in the cool green woods,  
With pointed ears like the dancing fauns,  
White-beard gnomes that guard the gold,  
And hide the diamond from mortal sight,  
Light-winged fay, and goblin old,  
Laughing pixie, and water-sprite !

Through a narrow passage and dark as night,  
They pass and their forms are hid from view,  
And still they follow with footsteps light,  
To a tinkling melody, two and two.


Down through the glistening under-walls,  
Where lifts a city its turret and dome,  
They journey on through the mystic halls  
To the summer land of the fairy's home.

When first the throbbings of life begin  
In the earth, and the frost escapes the sun,  
The wee folk silently sit and spin,  
And weave and wind till their task is done.  
They toil at the roots of the ancient oak,  
They fill with juices the secret cells,  
And millions of mattocks with silent stroke  
Loosen the ice of the crystal wells.

Through fibrous depths of the leafless trees  
With tiny buckets they come and go,  
Till the full leaves bow to the bending breeze  
And the ripe fruits burden the branches low.  
Down shining ladders of sun and rain,  
They bear full measures of warmth and cheer,  
To mountain, and meadow, and fertile plain,  
Through golden months of the passing year.


But the story ended abruptly there—  
A blue bird up in the old oak tree,  
Is pouring forth on the drowsy air,  
A jubilant melody wild and free.  
And a spider is running across the book,  
And a squirrel looks down with mute surprise,  
And here by the marge of the prattling brook,  
A fairy is rubbing her big brown eyes !

AT LAST.

OU will fold your hands,  
While fond ones weep,  
And with weary eyes  
Will go to sleep  
At last—  
Thinking perhaps of the morrow  
Or the years now past.

But the morning after,  
When the light draws near,  
Will your thought go back  
To the old days here,  
Now past?—  
We will not know in our sorrow,  
But we shall at last—  
At last!

## ON THE CAMPUS.

 O faces now, that erst were known  
Along the gray old seat of stone,  
But figures weird, and gaunt and old,  
Rise strangely up and frowning fade  
Before me through the cloistered shade.  
By arch, and corridor, and gate,  
Strange faces grow from out the gloom  
That once passed by in solemn state,  
Now long years buried in the tomb.  
Here Horace seems to loiter by,  
Half love, half satire in his eye,  
With old Anacreon, whose lyre  
Love ripples in its golden strings,  
Faints with the ardor of his fire,  
And dies among its echoings.  
There Sappho, ever fair and young,  
Plucks with low eyes some fancy sweet



That coyly hides itself among  
The tufted grasses at her feet.  
While yonder stretched upon the green,  
An old white-bearded man is seen  
With anxious face, and troubled look,  
Scanning the pages of a book.  
Beside him on his elbow propped  
Another form its book has dropped,  
And from the lips the smoke-wreaths rise  
And skyward lead the dreamy eyes.  
The first then turning grave and slow  
With accents neither high nor low,  
But in the middle voice, exclaimed :

“ O bard by seven cities claimed,  
It aches itself my weary head,  
To find out what I really said  
Though once I wrote it plain. Can you  
Tell me the thought *you* had in view  
In ‘bridge of battles?’ Was it ‘bridge’  
Or did you truly write it ‘ridge?’  
Bold metaphors I ween must needs

Be used to chronicle bold deeds,  
When Hector's plume exultant seeks  
Encounter with our father Greeks,  
Or Ajax bids his friends deploy  
Along the windy plains of Troy."

The bard shook out his long white hair,  
And said :

“ I little know, or care  
What Scalliger or Poppe wrote—  
You'll find it all in Anthon's note.  
Euripides, take my advice  
I'm Homer, lucid and concise.  
For centuries I groaned and grew  
Distracted more and more like you.  
Whenever I was certain quite  
Of what I'd truly meant to write,  
Some new edition would come out  
And plunge me deeper into doubt—  
And so Euripides, I say  
Let commentators have their way.

They've learned their trade, these men and know it.  
They want no guidance from the poet ;  
And if you wish to read your plays  
With easy mind, these summer days,  
Drop Leipsic texts, my trusty crony,  
And do as I do—use a pony.  
That's what I've learned.—And that is why  
I'm blowing smoke-wreaths to the sky.”

Thus with full heart revisiting  
The halls where hope and friendship grew,  
Though Time may still his triumphs bring,  
This moral still I sadly drew—  
Whatever braver poets sing,  
The old is better than the new !

## AN ANGEL'S FLIGHT.

**T**HREE shadows pass across the moon  
The solemn night is strangely still,  
The heart-throbs of the sleeping June,  
Do all the soul of beauty thrill.  
Three angels—on each brow a star—  
High heaven's arch are flying through,  
But one speeds downward peering far  
Across the crystal depths of blue.

Within a cottage lies the dead,  
Upon the face a starry glow—  
Tread softly ! for the spirit fled  
Scarcely a moment's time ago.—  
A fair-haired boy stands at the pane,  
And sees a star sweep down the sky—  
*'Mamma is coming back again'*—  
I heard the little darling cry.

WHAT IS LIFE?

(INSPIRED BY THE TEACHINGS OF ZAMBRI THE PARSEE.)



S AID the Poet folding his filmy wings

“Life is the song that my loved one sings!”

“Evolution is Life to the uttermost age!”

Said the Scientist growling and bristling with rage.

“It is *Vita!*”—the erudite Scholar replied,  
As he gnawed on a Chaldaic root at his side.

Which the queer Antiquarian met with a laugh,  
As he showed his white teeth at an old epitaph.

“My friends,”—the Philosopher croaked from a  
tree,

“’Tis a frightful disease!—we are symptoms,”—  
said he.

“Pooh-pooh!”—hissed the Doctor uncoiling for  
strife,

“When *we* remove symptoms, what then pray, is  
life?”

“’Tis a thistle”—the Warrior sententiously brayed,  
“Something pleasant to take”—and he searched for  
a blade.

“All wrong!”—cawed the Lawyer—“To live is To  
be!”

And he opened his bill for the usual fee.

“Life”—chattered the Sage—“why, of course,  
protoplasm!”

And curling his tail round a branch, had a spasm.

The Nonagenarian trumpeted loud

That Life was a cradle, some dust, and a shroud!

THE INQUISITION.

**B**ENEATH huge granite walls,  
In the heart of the Appenines,  
Where the sunlight never falls,  
And the moonlight never shines,  
Where the howl of the wolf is heard  
In the depths of the forest trees,  
But never the song of bird  
Is borne on the morning breeze,  
With its gates of triple locks,  
And its iron-windowed wall,  
Black-ribbed in the mighty rocks,  
Stands the Inquisition Hall.

Like fires from Vulcan's forge  
That flash through smoky skies,  
From the gates on cliff and gorge,  
A red light leaps and dies.

From a chamber grim and black,  
Through the windows barred with steel,  
Comes a cry from the creaking rack,  
And a groan from the turning wheel,  
As men with a hurried tread,  
Are tightening belt and brace,  
And Death from an iron bed  
Looks up with a ghastly face !

The cruel monk Felician  
In sable gown and hood,  
At the Court of the Inquisition  
Before his victim stood.  
And the hot and angry glow,  
From the furnace flames below,  
Through that chamber black and old,  
Fell full on the captive there,  
With eyes upturned in prayer,  
And a look of calm submission  
On his features white and cold.

Only another martyr  
For his heresy to bleed,



Who had spurned with scorn to barter  
His conscience for a creed !  
Fill up the flaming cresset,  
With cruel heart and cold,  
And with blood-stained fingers bless it  
In the tenets that ye hold !  
O sombre-browed confessors,  
Did thus the Master do  
That ye dare to judge transgressors  
By the laws that govern you ?

Before them firm and fearless  
Francisco Carro stands,  
With features pale and tearless,  
To hear the Court's commands.  
Shadowed in gloom behind him,  
The torturers in black,  
Await with ropes to bind him  
To the malefactor's rack.  
But ere the judge had spoken,  
Out stood the victim there,  
With voice subdued and broken,  
Half defiance, half despair :

“ Most potent worthies hear me—  
Ye to whom monarchs bow—  
But think not that I fear ye  
Or seek your pardon now !  
Where the peaceful moonlight glistens  
By the shores to me so dear,  
There’s one to-night that listens  
For a voice she will not hear.  
There’s one who weeping lingers  
By an anxious mother’s knee,  
And clasps her pleading fingers  
In prayerful love for me.  
And behold upon the morrow,  
In your torture-hall in state,  
Ye will care not for the sorrow  
Of that widowed mother’s fate.  
But mark me, haughty master,  
This heart will not deny  
Its faith, nor stern disaster  
Declare its life a lie !  
Did thus the Holy Teacher  
Reveal His gentle life,

That ye crush your fellow-creature  
In your bigotry and strife?"

Around that deep rotunda,  
Sat men in grim attire,  
Who heard his words with wonder,  
Whose hearts were filled with ire.  
But one whose teeth in anger  
Were set with tiger-hate—  
As the chains with deafening clangor  
Rang down the prison gate—  
Strode forth, a mighty giant,  
And the man's assumption cursed,  
Who spurned him back, defiant,  
And bade them do their worst!

Now fiercely those around him  
Had hurled the victim back,  
And with lightning speed had bound him  
At a signal to the rack.  
And with cruel torture straightway  
The huge weights slowly fell,

While flickering flames crept nearer,  
With a bluish glare and clearer,  
When, from the distant gateway,  
Loud clanged the castle bell !

At once the grim Confession  
Had stayed the massive wheel,  
As through the spectral arches  
In stately order marches  
A Capuchin procession  
From the Convent of Castile.  
But scarcely had it entered  
The weird and lurid glare,  
Ere round its chief it centred,  
With a strange and solemn air.  
Aside they flung their vesture,  
And in that lurid gloom,  
Men stood with threatening gesture,  
In helmet and in plume !

Swift in their places shifted,  
The massive bars slid back,  
And a senseless form was lifted

From the torture of the rack,  
And one with features rigid,  
Kneeling with quickened breath  
Above that figure frigid  
In the chill embrace of death,  
Upraised his blade before him,  
And swore upon its cross,  
By the sainted one who bore him,  
To avenge a brother's loss !  
Then to the chief Felician,  
He crossed the castle floor,  
And bade his Inquisition  
Fling wide each dungeon door !

Stout men-at-arms obeyed him  
And the inner gates swung back,  
To a scene whose sight dismayed him  
In those hollow walls and black.  
No stubborn creed or error  
In penance might atone  
For the cold and nameless terror  
That chilled those walls of stone.

For in the cells before them,  
Were shapes in ghastly crowds,  
With the pall of darkness o'er them,  
And clad in iron shrouds !

Then spake the brave Castilian  
To the cowed confessors there,  
While shadows fled affrighted,  
As the gloomy halls were lighted :—  
“ Though your council awes the million  
There are men ye cannot dare !  
Your fate behold before ye  
Your crimes may man forget—  
Doomed to the fate ye cherish  
For others, thus ye perish  
And these walls shall crumble o'er ye,  
Ere another sun shall set !  
For thus O mighty brothers  
Ye taught the lesson true,  
To do what unto others  
Ye would have them do for you ! ”

From the prison-walled Confession,  
From the Abbot's stern abode,  
That night a grim procession  
Wound down the mountain road.  
And where the moonlight drifted  
Above them through the trees,  
A cloud of smoke was lifted  
And borne upon the breeze.  
And lo, where flames ascending  
In wrath did writhe and toss  
Like stormy hosts contending—  
Was the shadow of a cross!

## EGLANTINE.

**A**H me ! so many years ago,  
It seemeth like a dream of mine—  
My little one with cheeks aglow,  
Merrily dancing to and fro,  
Through shade, and shine, and eglantine—  
Ah me ! so many years ago,  
It seemeth but a dream of mine !

It seemeth but a dream to me,  
With all the birds about the door,  
And leafy glimpse of rock and tree,  
And laughter ringing cheerily,  
As in the happy days of yore ;  
It seemeth but a dream to me,  
With all the birds about the door.

The winsome pansy tipt its hood  
Of purple, through the creeping vine,




And slanting through the leafy wood  
A swaying, golden ladder stood  
Of shade, and shine, and eglantine,  
And sweet the dreamy solitude,  
And drowsy shade of beech and pine !

But now the house so sad and still  
Is old, and falling to decay—  
The forest path, the droning mill,  
The spring where oft we drank our fill,  
Together, many a summer day,  
No longer now with pleasure thrill,  
But like a dream have passed away.

But yonder through the twinkling trees,  
Where stands the forest gray and old,  
'Twixt mountain skies, and forest seas,  
Is swaying lightly in the breeze,  
A shifting ladder's bridge of gold ;  
And through the mist the birds and bees  
Fly in and out the forest old.

And sometimes when the day is done,  
And evening skies are all aglow,  
Far up the bridge of mist and sun,  
I seem to hear my angel one  
In accents singing sweet and low,  
As, ere her life was scarce begun  
I heard her sing so long ago !

## INDIAN SUMMER.

OW come the Indian-summer days  
When violet colors fill the seas,  
When ghostly horsemen storm the trees  
With fibrous banners, and a haze  
Of gold high-walls the hollow hills.  
When goblets brimmed with sparkling dew  
Are poised by elves, and to the rills  
The sprites and warlocks bid adieu.  
When airy cradles swing in pines  
Dew-spangled through the pendent vines ;  
When haunted ruins, gray and old,  
Are mellowed in a mist of gold,  
When o'er the crumbling walls grotesque  
The vines are wrought in arabesque,  
And through the woods the quiet eves  
The footfalls sound in crush of leaves ;  
When tented witches warm the wine

That thrills the air with joy divine,  
And silence dreams to whispers low  
Of some sweet days of long ago,  
When yellow bees sang down the thyme  
Their burden of a summer clime ;  
And from the meadows hot and dry,  
Was heard the twang of harvest-fly,  
And gossip of the bubbling brooks ;  
And elbow deep in sunny nooks,  
You read a page, in quiet dale,  
Of some serene Arabian tale.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

*(Face p. 134.)*



A FOREST IDYL.

BLANCHE. MABEL.

*Blanche.*

**T**HIS is the spot, beneath these shady beeches  
Close by the lake we'll here our luncheon  
spread,

The blue waves glistening on the sandy reaches,  
The forest thrilled with bird-songs overhead.

*Mabel.*

Here in the shade we'll dine in sweet seclusion ;  
And then a glorious sail upon the lake—  
How nice it is away from man's intrusion,  
To be one's self and some true comfort take !

*Blanche.*

There's Aubrey Vane how much he'd like to share it,  
Our proud Hyperion with his lofty air—  
This cake's delicious with crushed ice and claret,  
So far away from dusty Burnham Square.

O here to sit beneath beech-branches spreading  
 Their cool shade with the sunlight flickering down—  
 You know the Vernons are to have a wedding  
 Sometime next Autumn at their house in town ?

*Mabel.*

Why yes, they've been engaged a year and over,  
 They met last season at the Springs, one day—  
 The groom-to-be is really such a rover—  
 But quite attentive to his *fiancée*.

And such a grand trousseau I hear is ordered,  
 The dress a satin with a *princesse* skirt,  
 Three yards of trail with snow-white roses bordered—  
 Just think, dear Blanche, and Fannie such a flirt !

*Blanche.*

I know, and who'd have thought that she would  
 marry  
 When last we met at Narragansett Pier,  
 But all the girls were there in love with Harry—  
 Behold this chow-chow—what a feast is here !



*Mable.*

Indeed, in wedding handsome Harry Percy  
I think that Fan at last has found her mate,  
He's rich, and talented, and handsome—*Mercy!*  
There goes a spider right across my plate!

*Blanche.*

I wonder where Ned Varden is—

*Mabel.*

Out boating—

I heard him say last night he'd try an oar.

*Blanche.*

Then possibly he may be near us floating—  
We'd better go more inland from the shore.

*Mabel.*

How tiresome are their hum-drum conversations  
At Germans, kettledrums and masquerades,  
Compared with those how sweet the recreations  
Here in the forest's deep delightful glades!

*Blanche.*

With nature's glorious temple o'er us bending,  
With drifts of music floating o'er the lake,

Sweet voice of birds and surge of waters blending—

O heaven preserve us!—there's a horrid snake!

*Mabel.*

Where shall we go?—we cannot leave our hamper,  
Here in the woods with bugs and snakes, O dear!  
What if it rains?—a most unpleasant damper  
'Twould be upon our jolly banquet here!

*Blanche.*

How dark it grows above the thick horizon—  
O, from this rock there's such a splendid view—  
The grandest sight that ever you laid eyes on,  
See how those white-caps lift above the blue!

*Mabel.*

Come, let us go to some retreat that's safer,—  
Dear me! I wish we'd asked them, after all;  
They both had really no excuse to stay for,  
We hinted that there might come up a squall!

*Blanche.*

No, no, dear Mabel—we would only quarrel,  
Ned Varden is so strangely over-nice,

We'd have to pucker up our lips with sorrel,  
And look demure, and be as still as mice.

*Mabel.*

No swinging on the overhanging branches—

*Blanche.*

No romping through the knee-deep clover then—

*Mabel.*

But Mabels prim, and sober-minded Blanches,  
To wait upon two vain, conceited men.

*Blanche.*

Is that a boat upon the lake I wonder?  
'Tis but a speck upon the water—hark!  
I thought I heard a distant peal of thunder—  
The sky is surely growing very dark!

*Mabel.*

What shall we do?

*Blanche.*

Hie to some mansion spacious,  
I see a house through yonder forest glade—

*Mabel.*

Quick then, and gather up the dishes—Gracious !  
A pinch-bug's crawling in the marmalade !

*Blanche.*

O this is dreadful !—what with fun and frolic  
And feast enough for half-a-dozen beaux,  
Not one of them with any taste bucolic  
But really might have joined us if he chose.

*Mabel.*

We hinted that we might expect their presence,  
But O the men are blind as bats, you know—

*Blanche.*

If they were here, they'd rather hunt for pheas-  
ants,  
Than on the lake to have a quiet row.

*Mabel.*

There comes the rain !—I'm sure I felt it sprinkle,  
We'll both be drenched ere shelter can be had—  
The storm will drive us like poor Rip Van Winkle  
Into the mountains thin and poorly clad !

*Blanche.*

Ye fauns and satyrs what a lonesome dinner

Ye revel over in your wild domain!—

But look dear Mabel!—sure as I'm a sinner

There's Ned and Aubrey coming down the lane!

## REVERIE.



SHIMMER of satins and pearls

A rustle of silk in the hall—  
And I wait for the dearest of girls  
Attired for the Charity Ball.

I watch for her coming and sigh,  
As she runs with a radiant face,  
To kiss her old father goodbye,  
In her glory of jewels and lace.

The moonlight shines bright on the lawn,  
The carriage awaits at the door,  
A slam—and my lady is gone,  
And the hurry and worry are o'er.  
Ah me ! what a change since the day  
Of Sir Roger of goodly repute,  
When we danced in the old-fashioned way,  
To the music of fiddle and flute.

How the rafters all echoed with fun !  
Aye ! those were the days of romance—  
And bless me ! how courtly each one  
Was in times when to dance meant to dance.  
Jenny Lind too was then all the rage,  
Castle Garden with lights was ablaze—  
'Twas really a musical age,  
And what music there was in those days !

When concerts were famous of song,  
And Mario's voice was divine,  
When rapt was the listening throng  
In singing enchantingly fine.  
Old ballads, old customs, and friends—  
What fond recollections are stirred,  
What glory of sentiment blends  
With the songs that no longer are heard !

How well I remember the night  
Of the famous Hungarian ball—  
When of beauty and fashion the sight  
Was a wonderful one at the hall.

And well I remember the pain  
It gave me to pick up a fan—  
In my tight-fitting coat I was vain—  
Too vain—for a corpulent man !


And now at reception or fête,  
What changes the fashions reveal,  
Money-musk is to-day out of date,  
And the grand old Virginia Reel ;  
The Tempest no longer is known,  
Speed the Plough is a thing of the past—  
I declare how the seasons have flown  
Since we danced the old favorites last !

I lounge in my library chair,  
While the flickering embers go out—  
As I cannot myself, I'm aware,  
Laid up as I am with the gout.  
But like foam of the champagne *rosé*  
Old memories sparkle to-night,  
And there lingers a fragrant bouquet  
Of the days that were filled with delight.



## MY PIPE AND I.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

LD pipe, gray-headed and serene,  
Thou Friar Tuck of ancient glory,  
What realms together we have seen,  
What lands explored of pleasant story !  
And if thy cheek be somewhat scarred,  
And that poor nose of thine be broken,  
Thy jolly face, albeit marred,  
Is still of royal cheer a token.  
Together by the drowsy glare  
Of winter faggots blithely burning,  
We've conned such lessons here and there,  
As surely might be worth the learning.

We've seen men enter glad of heart  
Aladdin's halls with lamps enchanted,  
Have watched them silently depart

Full oft without a favor granted ;  
Have learned that piety to pass  
Must needs be clothed in goodly raiment  
To worship well, each soul, alas !  
Must stand its share of ready payment.  
Have found that men are wiser far,  
Who strive to make each other better,  
And seen how eager creatures are  
To draw a sword, or forge a fetter.

We've learned that murder is a crime  
If poverty stands in the docket,  
But that the law will yield in time  
To him who pleads with well filled pocket.  
When at our doors the dying moan  
Is heard from lips of starving sinners,  
We pray the Lord in doleful tone  
To bless our own abundant dinners.  
And while our cities teem with those  
Whose rags betoken sad conditions,  
Without a stint the money goes  
By thousands to the Foreign Missions.

We know that for some purpose strange  
There still exists the scandal-monger,  
Doomed for a certain time to range  
The country through to sate his hunger,  
That churches oft are marts of trade,  
With games of chance at times the fashion,  
That men care not how money's made  
While cheating is the ruling passion.  
That folks pretend to be devout  
And church dissensions strive to kindle,  
That others pray in church and out  
While plotting some infernal swindle.

We've found that those we trusted most  
Who seemed at heart such true believers,  
Have proved to be a sorry host  
Of robbers, knaves, and base deceivers.  
We've learned that bigotry and cant  
Have each an influence pernicious,  
That fashions grow extravagant,  
And men become more avaricious ;  
That nothing ever can be done

To change the knowledge of the knowing—  
And that we care not—neither one—  
Old pipe you're out—and I am going.

## FLIRTATION.


*" Ah, when the thick night flares with drooping torches,  
 Ah, when the crush-room empties of the swarm,  
 Pleasant the hand that in the gusty porches  
 Light as a snowflake settles on your arm."*

*Dobson.*

COUSIN GEORGE.—COUSIN CLARA.—THE COUNT.—  
 THE MARQUISE.

## I.

*Clara.*

ET us to yonder arbor go  
 Away from the glare of the chandelier,  
 Where to the music sweet and low,  
 I will tell you about the Count, my dear.

*George.*

No, here in the shrubbery, just us two,  
 Where the moonlight falls through the trailing vine ;

I'm tired of dancing,—aren't you ?  
We'll discuss our friends o'er the cake and wine.

*Clara*, (absently).

But isn't he splendid ?—such heavenly eyes !  
And the badge he wears—for his rank you know—  
A ribbon with brilliants of gorgeous size,  
That the Emperor gave him long ago.

*George*.

O yes, I remember—but tell me, love,  
Were you vexed thus coldly to pass me by,  
On his arm—

*Clara*.

Why, what are you thinking of ?  
'Twas a trifle rude, I will not deny,  
But I was enchanted, *sans pensées*,  
By the glowing language in which he told  
Of his home in Italy, where they say  
His cellars are filled with heaps of gold !

*George*.

Heaps of rubbish !—for a louis d'or,

He'd mortgage his all—and a woman's hand  
He'd gladly exchange his title for  
Did it place a bank-book at his command.

*Clara.*

He wouldn't !

*George.*

He would !

*Clara.*

Hush, George, my dear,  
A nobleman's honor is quite *piqué*  
And should he happen to overhear—

*George.*

He could turn his head the other way.

*Clara.*

I wouldn't be jealous !

*George.*

Miss Stubborn I'm not—  
But people will talk—they know we're engaged—

*Clara.*

But surely Sir Spiteful it isn't the spot  
In which like a bear to become enraged.

*George.*

I simply ask you not to betray  
Such a strange predilection for Count Chalieu  
With his beautiful eyes, (he squints by the way,)  
And his wonderful badge ; (wears corsets too !)

*Clara.*

I wouldn't be foolish if I were you.

*George.*

O, do as you please—

*Clara.*

I would have you know  
That I'm not quite yet a tyrant's slave,  
To nod at his beck, or to do so, so,  
Or to bend at his feet and his pardon crave.  
Obey his orders, now here, now there,  
To plead for a smile, to receive a frown,  
And to hear him state with a pompous air



That he wants his slippers and dressing-gown ;  
To fill up his horrid old meerschaum—faugh !  
And if one should chat with a former beau  
In the street, on the drive, at the opera—pshaw !  
*She* wouldn't pay for it—O no—no !

*George.*

Clara, you wrong me in talking so—  
My honor, dear girl, I shall always hold  
Above reproach, and you ought to know  
That it cannot be flimsily bought and sold,  
The favor I asked you was surely small,  
But I will not press it—no matter how  
You have made me suffer—

*Clara.*

After the ball

I will talk to you dear, but I cannot now—  
You are easily hurt—and had better go  
And bask in some silly woman's glance,  
Who will be to your taste quite *comme il faut* ;  
But *now* I'm engaged for the coming dance.

## II.

*(An hour later—The Count and Clara on the veranda overlooking a moonlit terrace.)*

*The Count.*

'Tis a charming night—it would almost seem  
Like the dreamy nights 'neath a Southern moon,  
Where the twinkling lamps on the waters gleam,  
As you look from the porch on the wide lagoon,  
And hear the voice of the boatmen call,  
Or the chanted song to the dipping oar,  
While the moonbeams down through the arches fall  
In snow-white drifts on the palace floor.

*Clara, (deeply interested).*

Beautiful Venice !

*(After a pause.)*

Do you know I dream  
Of its mystic nights, and its sunset days,  
Of its tinkling lutes, and the doves that seem  
On the church of St. Mark to sound its praise ?  
Of its balconies hung with cloth-of-gold—

*The Count.*

Shy looks at mass with its artless maids—

*Clara.*

Its winding galleries dim and old—

*The Count.*

Moonlight flirtations, and serenades—

*Clara.*

And O the sea—the beautiful sea !  
With its flash of sail in the Western sun—  
When the doves fly home, and the revelry  
And the masquerade is but just begun !

*The Count.*

And stars like lilies upon the breast  
Of the slumbering waters rise and fall,  
And happy the woman—thrice happy and blest—  
Who can look from the porch of her palace hall,  
And know that its grandeur is all her own,  
That Venice is hers with its lion and dove,  
As it lordly sits on its granite throne  
With its swirl of waters and songs of love.

*Clara.*

To a Southern maid it would be sublime  
Whose home was Italy—

*The Count.*

True, indeed !  
And I fancy the maid of another clime  
Would like the picture—

*Clara.*

She might not lead  
A lonelier life on an Afric shore  
In the horrid hut of an Ashantee  
If that Southern life should yield no more  
Than a palace beside a romantic sea.

*The Count.*

But what if love should attend her there ?

*Clara, (reflectingly).*

Oh, some might like it—and—some might not—  
Love turns bleak walls to a marble glare  
In a frontier lodge, or a sea-side cot—  
Rough stones into pavements polished fine—

Wild vines into curtains of rich brocade,  
Or damask in all its golden shine—  
But (*wearily*)  
—better than all is a rich old maid !

*The Count.*

In the coldest of hearts love kindles its flame—  
Behold the Marquise in the garden here  
On the arm of a lover—she said the same,  
But she wedded her husband within a year,  
And survives the Marquis now three years dead.  
Has a castle at Pau—vast acres of land—  
And a fortune immense in Spain 'tis said—

*Clara*, (intently peering over the balcony).

('Tis George, as I live—and—he clasps her hand !  
O why did I leave him? what *did* I say—)

*The Count*, (continuing).

Reputed a grandee's daughter too—  
'Tis love at first sight—ah, well-a-day !  
Life is full of romance—

*Clara*, (nervously tapping the floor with her foot).

I listen to you—

But I fear I am not—

*The Count*, (starting up).

You are pale you are faint—

*Clara*.

It is nothing at all—you were going to tell—

(Oh dear ! it's enough to provoke a saint !)

Let us seek the *salon*. I am not—quite well.

### III.

(*On the garden terrace by the fountain, George and the Marquise.*)

*The Marquise*, (presenting a rose).

Will you wear this, *mon ami*, a white moss rose,  
And remember the meaning it has for you,  
That under its leaves you will not disclose  
What I tell you ?—then listen. She's truly true—  
But somewhat capricious, as all girls are ;

She fancies you jealous I think, and so,  
She loves to carry perhaps too far  
A little flirtation—

*George.*

But then, do you know  
This proud Chevalier in his thin gauze mask,  
Whose palace in *fact* is a castle in Spain,  
A Utopian villa—

*The Marquise.*

Pray, why do you ask?—  
I think you are now in a cynical vein—  
You cannot refer to the Count Chalieu  
Whose *fêtes* are so splendid on St. Mark's eve  
At his palace in Venice? Of course I do!

*George.*

The stories about him do *you* believe?

*The Marquise, (laughing.)*

Why, I knew the count in the days of old,  
Then a Monto Christo he seemed to be—

Whatever he touched he turned to gold,  
And he owned vast lands and had ships at sea.

*George, (dubiously).*

Then he *is* a count ?

*The Marquise.*

A fact—'tis true.

*George.*

Has a palace in Venice ?

*The Marquise.*

He has indeed.

*George.*

Of servants a lordly retinue ?

*The Marquise.*

More than a princely house might need.

*George.*

I'm surprised at this—

*The Marquise.*

Why didn't you know  
He's a Chevalier of the Golden Cross—



In the Pyrenees has a fine château—  
In business schemes never met with loss—  
And travels for pleasure?—come let's stroll  
On the moon-lit terrace—the night is warm  
And I know that waltz would enchant your soul  
Did not some fair one possess the charm.  
Now am I not right? (*looking up into his face.*)

But I somehow fear  
That you love another—

*George.*

That could not be.

*The Marquise.*

You think she is still to your heart so dear?

*George, (abruptly).*

Why, what do you mean?

*The Marquise.*

Oh, it seems to me  
That your heart might meet in the "madding crowd"  
Some other whose fealty you could not doubt.

*George*, (indignantly).

Of her truth and devotion I'm justly proud  
But I pray you Madam—

*The Marquise*, (coaxingly).

Let us not fall out—

I was only in jest—we must still be friends—  
I see her sweet face through the vines above,  
Pray seek her thither and make amends,  
I was only testing your strength of love.

*(Leaves him at the staircase of the veranda.)*

*George*.

*(Meeting Clara pale and agitated, leaning against one  
of the pillars of the conservatory.)*

I left you engaged for the dance, my dear—  
Are you ill—

*Clara*, (interrupting him).

I have sent for my carriage, sir—

*George*.

And where, O where is your cavalier ?

*Clara.*

If you mean the Count, he is seeking *her*  
*La grande Marquise* whom you flatter so  
With such tender grace, and whose rose you wear—

*George.*

I'm surprised indeed that you do not know—

*Clara*, (with a hint of tears).

Whose husband they say was a millionaire,  
Great nabob prince in some distant land,  
Who owned a palace across the sea—  
But I know it all—you would seek her hand  
For the wealth it brings, and be false to me !

*George.*

Are *you* aware they are friends indeed—  
The Count and the Lady—but neither knows  
That the other deceives—both friends in need.  
And love each other, as such love goes ?  
But you know too well that I could not forget  
The love that I bear you, if hope were dead.

*Clara.*

And did I offend you when last we met,  
And do you forgive me the words I said?

*George.*

Let all be forgotten—'twas I that erred—  
Let me hold your shawl—your carriage is here—

*Clara, (in the moonlight).*

Oh, you are so rude!—

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

(*Whispering*)—but just one word—  
I'll expect you to-morrow at tea, my dear!

A WATERING-PLACE IDYL.

*"So far beneath your soft and tender breeding?"*

*Twelfth Night.*

**W**ELL here we are at last in clover,  
Far from the city's dust and din ;  
I thank my stars the journey's over  
That I did dread so to begin !—  
Who was it on the front veranda,  
That smiled so sweetly when you met ?  
Was that young Buckingham, Amanda ?—  
Why he was never in our set !

Too bad we didn't reach the races—  
But O this noon, 'twas scorching hot !  
I wonder if we'll meet old faces,  
Or find them all a horrid lot !  
I heard it said Goodhopes was winner—  
That horse on which Matilda bet—

The Lloyds are here—they're now at dinner—  
But they were never in our set !

There goes the Stuyvesant's new carriage—  
Just come from France the other day—  
Was that Miss Paul?—again her marriage  
Has been postponed a year, they say.  
Am sorry—but she is so fickle—  
And he's in such an awful pet !  
The Pauls were always in a pickle—  
I'm glad that *they're* not in our set !

The Bluchers always spend the season  
At some old farm-house out of reach—  
Indeed for quite as good a reason,  
The Puffers go to Brighton Beach.  
I do declare !—why Mr. Hermanns !  
'Tis such an age since last we met—  
And all last winter at the Germans,  
We did so miss you in our set !

Yes—we remain until September,  
If so ordain the kindly fates—

The Duncans?—Oh, I do remember—  
I think they're stopping at the States.  
Good bye—now dear without appearing  
Too rude—I say it with regret—  
Fred Hermanns is so hard of hearing,  
We can't endure him in our set !

You know his sister Lily married  
The Marquis Cheatamseaux at Rome—  
But only with his lordship tarried  
A fortnight ere she sailed for home.  
He couldn't prove—and so they parted—  
His title to a coronet—  
The girl was almost broken-hearted—  
You know she wasn't in our set !

I wonder if Miss Vane is coming—  
Our Boston friend of bookish lore,—  
So fond of Kant, and always humming  
An aria from some classic score.  
Here come the Lanes, with horses prancing,  
And liveried footmen black as jet ;

They never dance—though fond of dancing—  
Unless in our exclusive set !

And Britain's princess—what a pity !—  
Can't come till August, if at all—  
We'll have to journey to the city  
To match our satins for the ball.  
You know in dress, without exception,  
There'll be such rigid etiquette !  
Of course 'twill be a grand reception,  
And quite *en règle* with our set !

It's growing dark—the band is playing—  
The shop-lights twinkle down the street—  
O dear !—I fear, as I was saying,  
That few have come we care to meet !  
Hand me my fan—this heat is torrid—  
It's hardly time to worry yet—  
But wouldn't it be downright horrid  
Not to meet any of our set ?



TO A COQUETTE.

**Y**OU remember when last we were boating  
On the beautiful river below,  
How sweet was our flirting and floating  
Together, a long time ago ?  
Where the lindens the avenue shaded  
You remember returning to tea,  
When the light of the sunset had faded  
You said you were tired of me ?

I thought you were charming and pretty,  
When afterward, down at the train  
I hoped you would stay in the city  
And not come to see us again.  
But the summers were bright with your beauty,  
You came every June to the place :  
I told you (in penance of duty)  
I hated the sight of your face !

My sister you thought so romantic,  
Her love was so tender and true ;  
But me you deemed slow and pedantic,  
From sonnets I'd written to you.  
You remember the mill in the meadow,  
That stood where the blue river ran ?  
It was there that we sat in its shadow,  
And the fun of your flirting began.

I read to you charming romances,  
The piano with fantasies rang ;  
You thrilled me with sweetest of glances,  
And laughed at a song that I sang.  
I met you again in the city,  
You called me your villager beau—  
I ventured to say you were witty,  
You ventured to tell me to go.

I remember the lover that met you,  
One evening below in the dell ;  
You left me abruptly—I let you—  
I couldn't do otherwise, well.  
I gave you a book, and some flowers,

You took them, and threw them aside ;  
I know you don't think of those hours,  
So thoughtless you are in your pride.

One night as the rain fell in torrents,  
We parted—I held to my heart—  
And journeyed to Paris and Florence,  
And Rome with its treasures of art.  
I took neither trinket nor token,  
To trouble my memory here ;  
I found that my heart was unbroken,  
And wondered you ever were dear.

Returning I find you unmarried,  
Your beauty's the same, I am told—  
For suitors you always have carried  
A heart that is icy and cold.  
But come to the Beeches to-morrow—  
We're leading the gladdest of lives ;  
I'm over my sickness and sorrow,  
And will show you the sweetest of wives !

## WEST POINT.

*Satins and laces and beautiful faces."*

**G**COMMENCEMENT eve!—and the ball-room  
belle

In her dazzling beauty was mine that night,  
As the music dreamily rose and fell,  
And the waltzers whirled in a blaze of light.  
I can see them now in the moonbeam's glance  
Across the street on a billowy floor,  
That rises and falls with the merry dance,  
To a music that floats in my heart once more.

A long half-hour in the twilight leaves  
Of the shrubbery—she with coquettish face,  
And dainty arms in their flowing sleeves,  
A dream of satins, and love, and lace.  
In the splendor there of her queenly smile,

Through her two bright eyes I could see the glow  
Of cathedral windows, as up the aisle,  
We marched to a music's ebb and flow.

All in a dream of Commencement eve—  
I remember I awkwardly buttoned a glove  
On the dainty arm in its flowing sleeve,  
With a broken sentence of hope and love.  
But the jewels that flashed in her wavy hair,  
And the beauty that shone in her faultless face,  
Are all I recall, as I struggled there  
A poor gray fly in a web of lace.

Yet a laughing, coquettish face I see,  
As the moonlight falls on the pavement gray,  
And I hear her laugh in the melody  
Of the waltz's music across the way,  
And I kept the glove, so dainty and small  
That I stole as she sipped her lemonade,  
'Till I packed it away I think with all  
Of those traps I lost on our Northern raid.

But I never can list to that waltz divine  
With its golden measure of joy and pain,  
But it brings like the flavor of some old wine  
To my heart the warmth of the past again.  
A short flirtation—that's all, you know—  
Some faded flowers,—a silken tress—  
Her letters I burned up years ago  
When I heard from her last in the Wilderness.

I suppose could she see I am maimed and old,  
It would soften the scorn that was changed to hate  
When I chose the bars of the gray and gold,  
And followed the South to its bitter fate.  
But here's to the lads of the Northern blue,  
And here's to the boys of the Southern gray,  
And I would that the Northern Star but knew  
How the Southern cross is borne to-day !









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