

# BRET HARTE

COMPLETE  
POETICAL  
WORKS

**Bret Harte**  
**Complete Poetical Works**

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*Complete Poetical Works:*

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# **Bret Harte**

## **Complete Poetical Works**

### **BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH**

Although Bret Harte's name is identified with Californian life, it was not till he was fifteen that the author of "Plain Language from Truthful James" saw the country of his adoption. Francis Bret Harte, to give the full name which he carried till he became famous, was born at Albany, New York, August 25, 1839. He went with his widowed mother to California in 1854, and was thrown as a young man into the hurly-burly which he more than any other writer has made real to distant and later people. He was by turns a miner, school-teacher, express messenger, printer, and journalist. The types which live again in his pages are thus not only what he observed, but what he himself impersonated in his own experience.

He began trying his pen in *The Golden Era* of San Francisco, where he was working as a compositor; and when *The Californian*, edited by Charles Henry Webb, was started in 1864 as a literary newspaper, he was one of a group of brilliant young fellows—Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Webb himself, and Prentice Mulford—who gave at once a new interest in California beside what mining and agriculture caused. Here

in an early number appeared "The Ballad of the Emeu," and he contributed many poems, grave and gay, as well as prose in a great variety of form. At the same time he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, holding the office till 1870.

But Bret Harte's great opportunity came when *The Overland Monthly* was established in 1868 by Anton Roman. This magazine was the outgrowth of the racy, exuberant literary spirit which had already found free expression in the journals named. An eager ambition to lift all the new life of the Pacific into a recognized place in the world of letters made the young men we have named put their wits together in a monthly magazine which should rival the *Atlantic* in Boston and *Blackwood* in Edinburgh. The name was easily had, and for a sign manual on the cover some one drew a grizzly bear, that formidable exemplar of Californian wildness. But the design did not quite satisfy, until Bret Harte, with a felicitous stroke, drew two parallel lines just before the feet of the halting brute. Now it was the grizzly of the wilderness drawing back before the railway of civilization, and the picture was complete as an emblem.

Bret Harte became, by the common urgency of his companions, the first editor of the *Overland*, and at once his own tales and poems began, and in the second number appeared "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which instantly brought him wide fame. In a few months he found himself besought for poems and articles, sketches and stories, in influential magazines, and

in 1871 he turned away from the Pacific coast, and took up his residence, first in New York, afterward in Boston.

"No one," says his old friend, Mr. Stoddard, "who knows Mr. Harte, and knew the California of his day, wonders that he left it as he did. Eastern editors were crying for his work. Cities vied with one another in the offer of tempting bait. When he turned his back on San Francisco, and started for Boston, he began a tour that the greatest author of any age might have been proud of. It was a veritable ovation that swelled from sea to sea: the classic sheep was sacrificed all along the route. I have often thought that if Bret Harte had met with a fatal accident during that transcontinental journey, the world would have declared with one voice that the greatest genius of his time was lost to it."

In Boston he entered into an arrangement with the predecessors of the publishers of this volume, and his contributions appeared in their periodicals and were gathered into volumes. The arrangement in one form or another continued to the time of his death, and has for witness a stately array of comely volumes; but the prose has far outstripped the poetry. There are few writers of Mr. Harte's prodigality of nature who have used with so much fine reserve their faculty for melodious verse, and the present volume contains the entire body of his poetical work, growing by minute accretions during thirty odd years.

In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, and after that date he resided, with little interruption,

on the Continent or in England. He was transferred to Glasgow in March, 1880, and remained there until July, 1885. During the rest of his life he made his home in London. His foreign residence is disclosed in a number of prose sketches and tales and in one or two poems; but life abroad never dimmed the vividness of the impressions made on him by the experience of his early manhood when he partook of the elixir vitae of California, and the stories which from year to year flowed from an apparently inexhaustible fountain glittered with the gold washed down from the mountain slopes of that country which through his imagination he had made so peculiarly his own.

Mr. Harte died suddenly at Camberley, England, May 6, 1902.

# I. NATIONAL

## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

Have you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well:  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns.  
He was the fellow who won renown,—  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town;  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townsfolk ran away.  
That was in July sixty-three,  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how but the day before  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,  
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk that fell like a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail red as blood!  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,  
Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, as some folk say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heady fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass,—  
Difficult music for men to face  
While on the left—where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all that day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept—  
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air;  
The very trees were stripped and bare;

The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.  
How do you think the man was dressed?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;  
And buttoned over his manly breast  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—  
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since old John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—  
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—  
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,

Then at the rifle his right hand bore,  
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:  
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"  
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"  
Called him "Daddy,"—begged he'd disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off,—  
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;  
And something the wildest could understand  
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,  
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;  
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe  
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,  
In the antique vestments and long white hair,  
The Past of the Nation in battle there;  
And some of the soldiers since declare  
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,  
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:

How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,  
Broke at the final charge and ran.  
At which John Burns—a practical man—  
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;  
This is the moral the reader learns:  
In fighting the battle, the question's whether  
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

# "HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?"

Down the picket-guarded lane  
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,  
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,  
    Soldier-like and merry:  
Phrases such as camps may teach,  
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,  
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"  
    "Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew  
As the car went lumbering through,  
Quick succeeding in review  
    Squadrons military;  
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,  
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these,—  
"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!"  
    "Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on  
Till the battle front was won:  
Then the car, its journey done,  
    Lo! was stationary;  
And where bullets whistling fly  
Came the sadder, fainter cry,  
"Help us, brothers, ere we die,—

Save us, Sanitary!"

Such the work. The phantom flies,  
Wrapped in battle clouds that rise:  
But the brave—whose dying eyes,  
    Veiled and visionary,  
See the jasper gates swung wide,  
See the parted throng outside—  
Hears the voice to those who ride:  
    "Pass in, Sanitary!"

# BATTLE BUNNY

(MALVERN HILL, 1864)

"After the men were ordered to lie down, a white rabbit, which had been hopping hither and thither over the field swept by grape and musketry, took refuge among the skirmishers, in the breast of a corporal."—

*Report of the Battle of Malvern Hill.*

Bunny, lying in the grass,  
Saw the shining column pass;  
Saw the starry banner fly,  
Saw the chargers fret and fume,  
Saw the flapping hat and plume,—  
Saw them with his moist and shy  
Most unspeculative eye,  
Thinking only, in the dew,  
That it was a fine review.

Till a flash, not all of steel,  
Where the rolling caissons wheel,  
Brought a rumble and a roar  
Rolling down that velvet floor,  
And like blows of autumn flail  
Sharply threshed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,  
Raised his soft and pointed ears,  
Mumbled his prehensile lip,  
Quivered his pulsating hip,  
As the sharp vindictive yell  
Rose above the screaming shell;  
Thought the world and all its men,—  
All the charging squadrons meant,—  
All were rabbit-hunters then,  
All to capture him intent.  
Bunny was not much to blame:  
Wiser folk have thought the same,—  
Wiser folk who think they spy  
Every ill begins with "I."

Wildly panting here and there,  
Bunny sought the freer air,  
Till he hopped below the hill,  
And saw, lying close and still,  
Men with muskets in their hands.  
(Never Bunny understands  
That hypocrisy of sleep,  
In the vigils grim they keep,  
As recumbent on that spot  
They elude the level shot.)

One—a grave and quiet man,  
Thinking of his wife and child  
Far beyond the Rapidan,

Where the Androscoggin smiled—  
Felt the little rabbit creep,  
Nestling by his arm and side,  
Wakened from strategic sleep,  
To that soft appeal replied,  
Drew him to his blackened breast,  
And— But you have guessed the rest.

Softly o'er that chosen pair  
Omnipresent Love and Care  
Drew a mightier Hand and Arm,  
Shielding them from every harm;  
Right and left the bullets waved,

—

Saved the saviour for the saved.  
Who believes that equal grace  
God extends in every place,  
Little difference he scans  
Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

# THE REVEILLE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
And of armed men the hum;  
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered  
Round the quick alarming drum,—  
Saying, "Come,  
Freemen, come!  
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming  
drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:  
War is not of life the sum;  
Who shall stay and reap the harvest  
When the autumn days shall come?"  
But the drum  
Echoed, "Come!  
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-  
sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,  
What of profit springs therefrom?  
What if conquest, subjugation,  
Even greater ills become?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee

answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,  
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,  
When my brothers fall around me,  
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant.—  
Come!"

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,  
Some in faith, and doubting some,  
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,  
Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum,

Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,  
"Lord, we come!"

# OUR PRIVILEGE

Not ours, where battle smoke upcurls,  
And battle dews lie wet,  
To meet the charge that treason hurls  
By sword and bayonet.

Not ours to guide the fatal scythe  
The fleshless Reaper wields;  
The harvest moon looks calmly down  
Upon our peaceful fields.

The long grass dimples on the hill,  
The pines sing by the sea,  
And Plenty, from her golden horn,  
Is pouring far and free.

O brothers by the farther sea!  
Think still our faith is warm;  
The same bright flag above us waves  
That swathed our baby form.

The same red blood that dyes your fields  
Here throbs in patriot pride,—  
The blood that flowed when Lander fell,  
And Baker's crimson tide.

And thus apart our hearts keep time  
With every pulse ye feel,  
And Mercy's ringing gold shall chime  
With Valor's clashing steel.

# RELIEVING GUARD

**THOMAS STARR KING. OBIT MARCH 4, 1864**

Came the relief. "What, sentry, ho!  
How passed the night through thy long waking?"  
"Cold, cheerless, dark,—as may befit  
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save  
The plover from the marshes calling,  
And in yon western sky, about  
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."  
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,  
Somehow it seemed to me that God  
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

# THE GODDESS

## CONTRIBUTED TO THE FAIR FOR THE LADIES' PATRIOTIC FUND OF THE PACIFIC

"Who comes?" The sentry's warning cry  
Rings sharply on the evening air:  
Who comes? The challenge: no reply,  
Yet something motions there.

A woman, by those graceful folds;  
A soldier, by that martial tread:  
"Advance three paces. Halt! until  
Thy name and rank be said."

"My name? Her name, in ancient song,  
Who fearless from Olympus came:  
Look on me! Mortals know me best  
In battle and in flame."

"Enough! I know that clarion voice;  
I know that gleaming eye and helm,  
Those crimson lips,—and in their dew  
The best blood of the realm.

"The young, the brave, the good and wise,  
Have fallen in thy curst embrace:  
The juices of the grapes of wrath  
Still stain thy guilty face.

"My brother lies in yonder field,  
Face downward to the quiet grass:  
Go back! he cannot see thee now;  
But here thou shalt not pass."

A crack upon the evening air,  
A wakened echo from the hill:  
The watchdog on the distant shore  
Gives mouth, and all is still.

The sentry with his brother lies  
Face downward on the quiet grass;  
And by him, in the pale moonshine,  
A shadow seems to pass.

No lance or warlike shield it bears:  
A helmet in its pitying hands  
Brings water from the nearest brook,  
To meet his last demands.

Can this be she of haughty mien,  
The goddess of the sword and shield?  
Ah, yes! The Grecian poet's myth  
Sways still each battlefield.

For not alone that rugged War  
Some grace or charm from Beauty gains;  
But, when the goddess' work is done,  
The woman's still remains.

# ON A PEN OF THOMAS STARR KING

This is the reed the dead musician dropped,  
With tuneful magic in its sheath still hidden;  
The prompt allegro of its music stopped,  
Its melodies unbidden.

But who shall finish the unfinished strain,  
Or wake the instrument to awe and wonder,  
And bid the slender barrel breathe again,  
An organ-pipe of thunder!

His pen! what humbler memories cling about  
Its golden curves! what shapes and laughing graces  
Slipped from its point, when his full heart went out  
In smiles and courtly phrases?

The truth, half jesting, half in earnest flung;  
The word of cheer, with recognition in it;  
The note of alms, whose golden speech outrung  
The golden gift within it.

But all in vain the enchanter's wand we wave:  
No stroke of ours recalls his magic vision:  
The incantation that its power gave  
Sleeps with the dead magician.

# A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY

I read last night of the grand review  
In Washington's chiefest avenue,—  
Two hundred thousand men in blue,  
    I think they said was the number,—  
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,  
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,  
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,  
The cheers of people who came to greet,  
And the thousand details that to repeat  
    Would only my verse encumber,—  
Till I fell in a reverie, sad and sweet,  
    And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand  
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand  
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand  
Its columns ranged like a martial band  
Of sheeted spectres, whom some command  
    Had called to a last reviewing.  
And the streets of the city were white and bare,  
No footfall echoed across the square;  
But out of the misty midnight air  
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,

And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear  
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread  
For into the square, with a brazen tread,  
There rode a figure whose stately head  
O'erlooked the review that morning,  
That never bowed from its firm-set seat  
When the living column passed its feet,  
Yet now rode steadily up the street  
To the phantom bugle's warning:

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,  
And there in the moonlight stood revealed  
A well-known form that in State and field  
Had led our patriot sires:  
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,  
Afar through the river's fog and damp,  
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,  
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,  
With never a sound of fife or drum,  
But keeping time to a throbbing hum  
Of wailing and lamentation:  
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,  
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,  
The men whose wasted figures fill  
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead,—the men  
Who perished in fever swamp and fen,  
The slowly-starved of the prison pen;  
    And, marching beside the others,  
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,  
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;  
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—  
    They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the nation's dead,  
With never a banner above them spread,  
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;  
No mark—save the bare uncovered head  
    Of the silent bronze Reviewer;  
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;  
With never a flower save those that lie  
On the distant graves—for love could buy  
    No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array,  
So all night long till the morning gray  
I watched for one who had passed away;  
    With a reverent awe and wonder,—  
Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning line,  
And I knew that one who was kin of mine  
Had come; and I spake—and lo! that sign  
    Awakened me from my slumber.

# THE COPPERHEAD

(1864)

There is peace in the swamp where the Copperhead sleeps,  
Where the waters are stagnant, the white vapor creeps,  
Where the musk of Magnolia hangs thick in the air,  
And the lilies' phylacteries broaden in prayer.  
There is peace in the swamp, though the quiet is death,  
Though the mist is miasma, the upas-tree's breath,  
Though no echo awakes to the cooing of doves,—  
There is peace: yes, the peace that the Copperhead loves.

Go seek him: he coils in the ooze and the drip,  
Like a thong idly flung from the slave-driver's whip;  
But beware the false footstep,—the stumble that brings  
A deadlier lash than the overseer swings.  
Never arrow so true, never bullet so dread,  
As the straight steady stroke of that hammer-shaped head;  
Whether slave or proud planter, who braves that dull crest,  
Woe to him who shall trouble the Copperhead's rest!

Then why waste your labors, brave hearts and strong men,  
In tracking a trail to the Copperhead's den?  
Lay your axe to the cypress, hew open the shade  
To the free sky and sunshine Jehovah has made;  
Let the breeze of the North sweep the vapors away,

Till the stagnant lake ripples, the freed waters play;  
And then to your heel can you righteously doom  
The Copperhead born of its shadow and gloom!

# A SANITARY MESSAGE

Last night, above the whistling wind,  
I heard the welcome rain,—  
A fusillade upon the roof,  
A tattoo on the pane:  
The keyhole piped; the chimney-top  
A warlike trumpet blew;  
Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife,  
A softer voice stole through.

"Give thanks, O brothers!" said the voice,  
"That He who sent the rains  
Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew  
That drips from patriot veins:  
I've seen the grass on Eastern graves  
In brighter verdure rise;  
But, oh! the rain that gave it life  
Sprang first from human eyes.

"I come to wash away no stain  
Upon your wasted lea;  
I raise no banners, save the ones  
The forest waves to me:  
Upon the mountain side, where Spring  
Her farthest picket sets,  
My reveille awakes a host

Of grassy bayonets.

"I visit every humble roof;  
I mingle with the low:  
Only upon the highest peaks  
My blessings fall in snow;  
Until, in tricklings of the stream  
And drainings of the lea,  
My unspent bounty comes at last  
To mingle with the sea."

And thus all night, above the wind,  
I heard the welcome rain,—  
A fusillade upon the roof,  
A tattoo on the pane:  
The keyhole piped; the chimney-top  
A warlike trumpet blew;  
But, mingling with these sounds of strife,  
This hymn of peace stole through.

# THE OLD MAJOR EXPLAINS

*(RE-UNION, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, 12TH MAY, 1871)*

Well, you see, the fact is, Colonel, I don't know as I can come:

For the farm is not half planted, and there's work to do at home;

And my leg is getting troublesome,—it laid me up last fall,—

And the doctors, they have cut and hacked, and never found the ball.

And then, for an old man like me, it's not exactly right, This kind o' playing soldier with no enemy in sight. "The Union,"—that was well enough way up to '66; But this "Re-Union," maybe now it's mixed with politics?

No? Well, you understand it best; but then, you see, my lad, I'm deacon now, and some might think that the example's bad.

And week from next is Conference.... You said the twelfth of May?

Why, that's the day we broke their line at Spottsylvania-i-a!

Hot work; eh, Colonel, wasn't it? Ye mind that narrow front:

They called it the "Death-Angle"! Well, well, my lad,  
we won't

Fight that old battle over now: I only meant to say  
I really can't engage to come upon the twelfth of May.

How's Thompson? What! will he be there? Well, now  
I want to know!

The first man in the rebel works! they called him "Swearing  
Joe."

A wild young fellow, sir, I fear the rascal was; but then—  
Well, short of heaven, there wa'n't a place he dursn't lead  
his men.

And Dick, you say, is coming too. And Billy? ah! it's true  
We buried him at Gettysburg: I mind the spot; do you?  
A little field below the hill,—it must be green this May;  
Perhaps that's why the fields about bring him to me to-day.

Well, well, excuse me, Colonel! but there are some things  
that drop

The tail-board out one's feelings; and the only way's to stop.  
So they want to see the old man; ah, the rascals! do they,  
eh?

Well, I've business down in Boston about the twelfth of  
May.

# CALIFORNIA'S GREETING TO SEWARD

(1869)

We know him well: no need of praise  
Or bonfire from the windy hill  
To light to softer paths and ways  
The world-worn man we honor still.

No need to quote the truths he spoke  
That burned through years of war and shame,  
While History carves with surer stroke  
Across our map his noonday fame.

No need to bid him show the scars  
Of blows dealt by the Scaean gate,  
Who lived to pass its shattered bars,  
And see the foe capitulate:

Who lived to turn his slower feet  
Toward the western setting sun,  
To see his harvest all complete,  
His dream fulfilled, his duty done,

The one flag streaming from the pole,

The one faith borne from sea to sea:  
For such a triumph, and such goal,  
Poor must our human greeting be.

Ah! rather that the conscious land  
In simpler ways salute the Man,—  
The tall pines bowing where they stand,  
The bared head of El Capitan!

The tumult of the waterfalls,  
Pohono's kerchief in the breeze,  
The waving from the rocky walls,  
The stir and rustle of the trees;

Till, lapped in sunset skies of hope,  
In sunset lands by sunset seas,  
The Young World's Premier treads the slope  
Of sunset years in calm and peace.

# THE AGED STRANGER

## AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;  
Said the farmer, "Say no more,  
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,  
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;  
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—  
I prithee sit at my frugal board,  
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,  
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?  
I warrant he bore him gallantly  
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,  
"And, as I remarked before,  
I was with Grant"— "Nay, nay, I know,"  
Said the farmer, "say no more:

"He fell in battle,—I see, alas!

Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—  
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,  
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he? With his face to the foe,  
Upholding the flag he bore?  
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced  
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,  
"And should have remarked before.  
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—  
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,  
But beat with his fist full sore  
That aged man who had worked for Grant  
Some three years before the war.

# THE IDYL OF BATTLE HOLLOW

(WAR OF THE REBELLION, 1884)

No, I won't,—thar, now, so! And it ain't nothin',—no!  
And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer don't know;  
And it's "Belle, tell us, do!" and it's "Belle, is it true?"  
And "Wot's this yer yarn of the Major and you?"  
Till I'm sick of it all,—so I am, but I s'pose  
Thet is nothin' to you.... Well, then, listen! yer goes!

It was after the fight, and around us all night  
Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;  
And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo was abed,  
And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed:  
And I ran out at daybreak, and nothin' was nigh  
But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing, as I ran to the spring,  
But a splintered fence rail and a broken-down swing,  
And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,  
As if it was lonesome, and glad to see me;  
And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,  
When up comes the Major a-canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw  
On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do

But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,  
And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell THAT;  
'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,  
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted—a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,  
You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad,—  
You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,  
When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,  
And he says, "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear!  
But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,  
Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,  
When thar flashed on my sight a quick glimmer of light  
From the top of the little stone fence on the right,  
And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all  
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Then I felt in my dread that the moment the head  
Of the Major was lifted, the Major was dead;  
And I stood still and white, but Lord! gals, in spite  
Of my care, that derved pistol went off in my fright!  
Went off—true as gospil!—and, strangest of all,  
It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall!

Thet's all—now, go 'long! Yes, some folks thinks it's  
wrong,

And thar's some wants to know to what side I belong;

But I says, "Served him right!" and I go, all my might,  
In love or in war, for a fair stand-up fight;  
And as for the Major—sho! gals, don't you know  
Thet—Lord! thar's his step in the garden below.

# CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD

*(NEW JERSEY, 1780)*

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height  
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right  
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall,—  
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.  
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow,  
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment: you've heard  
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the word  
Down at Springfield? What, no? Come—that's bad; why,  
he had

All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name  
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,  
For he loved the Lord God—and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day  
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way  
At the "farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,  
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew  
But God—and that one of the hireling crew  
Who fired the shot! Enough!—there she lay,  
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him as you stand  
By the old church to-day,—think of him and his band  
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat  
Of that reckless advance, of that straggling retreat!  
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—  
And what could you, what should you, what would YOU  
do?

Why, just what HE did! They were left in the lurch  
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,  
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the  
road

With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load  
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots  
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em! Boys, give 'em  
Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,  
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.  
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball—  
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

# POEM

## DELIVERED ON THE FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF CALIFORNIA'S ADMISSION INTO THE UNION, SEPTEMBER 9, 1864

We meet in peace, though from our native East  
The sun that sparkles on our birthday feast  
Glanced as he rose on fields whose dews were red  
With darker tints than those Aurora spread.  
Though shorn his rays, his welcome disk concealed  
In the dim smoke that veiled each battlefield,  
Still striving upward, in meridian pride,  
He climbed the walls that East and West divide,—  
Saw his bright face flashed back from golden sand,  
And sapphire seas that lave the Western land.

Strange was the contrast that such scenes disclose  
From his high vantage o'er eternal snows;  
There War's alarm the brazen trumpet rings—  
Here his love-song the mailed cicala sings;  
There bayonets glitter through the forest glades—  
Here yellow cornfields stack their peaceful blades;  
There the deep trench where Valor finds a grave—

Here the long ditch that curbs the peaceful wave;  
There the bold sapper with his lighted train—  
Here the dark tunnel and its stores of gain;  
Here the full harvest and the wain's advance—  
There the Grim Reaper and the ambulance.

With scenes so adverse, what mysterious bond  
Links our fair fortunes to the shores beyond?  
Why come we here—last of a scattered fold—  
To pour new metal in the broken mould?  
To yield our tribute, stamped with Caesar's face,  
To Caesar, stricken in the market-place?

Ah! love of country is the secret tie  
That joins these contrasts 'neath one arching sky;  
Though brighter paths our peaceful steps explore,  
We meet together at the Nation's door.  
War winds her horn, and giant cliffs go down  
Like the high walls that girt the sacred town,  
And bares the pathway to her throbbing heart,  
From clustered village and from crowded mart.

Part of God's providence it was to found  
A Nation's bulwark on this chosen ground;  
Not Jesuit's zeal nor pioneer's unrest  
Planted these pickets in the distant West,  
But He who first the Nation's fate forecast  
Placed here His fountains sealed for ages past,  
Rock-ribbed and guarded till the coming time

Should fit the people for their work sublime;  
When a new Moses with his rod of steel  
Smote the tall cliffs with one wide-ringing peal,  
And the old miracle in record told  
To the new Nation was revealed in gold.

Judge not too idly that our toils are mean,  
Though no new levies marshal on our green;  
Nor deem too rashly that our gains are small,  
Weighed with the prizes for which heroes fall.  
See, where thick vapor wreathes the battle-line;  
There Mercy follows with her oil and wine;  
Or where brown Labor with its peaceful charm  
Stiffens the sinews of the Nation's arm.  
What nerves its hands to strike a deadlier blow  
And hurl its legions on the rebel foe?  
Lo! for each town new rising o'er our State  
See the foe's hamlet waste and desolate,  
While each new factory lifts its chimney tall,  
Like a fresh mortar trained on Richmond's wall.

For this, O brothers, swings the fruitful vine,  
Spread our broad pastures with their countless kine:  
For this o'erhead the arching vault springs clear,  
Sunlit and cloudless for one half the year;  
For this no snowflake, e'er so lightly pressed,  
Chills the warm impulse of our mother's breast.  
Quick to reply, from meadows brown and sere,  
She thrills responsive to Spring's earliest tear;

Breaks into blossom, flings her loveliest rose  
Ere the white crocus mounts Atlantic snows;  
And the example of her liberal creed  
Teaches the lesson that to-day we heed.

Thus ours the lot with peaceful, generous hand  
To spread our bounty o'er the suffering land;  
As the deep cleft in Mariposa's wall  
Hurls a vast river splintering in its fall,—  
Though the rapt soul who stands in awe below  
Sees but the arching of the promised bow,  
Lo! the far streamlet drinks its dews unseen,  
And the whole valley wakes a brighter green.

# MISS BLANCHE SAYS

And you are the poet, and so you want  
Something—what is it?—a theme, a fancy?  
Something or other the Muse won't grant  
To your old poetical necromancy;  
Why, one half you poets—you can't deny—  
Don't know the Muse when you chance to meet her,  
But sit in your attics and mope and sigh  
For a faineant goddess to drop from the sky,  
When flesh and blood may be standing by  
Quite at your service, should you but greet her.

What if I told you my own romance?  
Women are poets, if you so take them,  
One third poet,—the rest what chance  
Of man and marriage may choose to make them.  
Give me ten minutes before you go,—  
Here at the window we'll sit together,  
Watching the currents that ebb and flow;  
Watching the world as it drifts below  
Up the hot Avenue's dusty glow:  
Isn't it pleasant, this bright June weather?

Well, it was after the war broke out,  
And I was a schoolgirl fresh from Paris;  
Papa had contracts, and roamed about,

And I—did nothing—for I was an heiress.  
Picked some lint, now I think; perhaps

Knitted some stockings—a dozen nearly:  
Havelocks made for the soldiers' caps;  
Stood at fair-tables and peddled traps  
Quite at a profit. The "shoulder-straps"  
Thought I was pretty. Ah, thank you! really?

Still it was stupid. Rata-tat-tat!

Those were the sounds of that battle summer,  
Till the earth seemed a parchment round and flat,  
And every footfall the tap of a drummer;  
And day by day down the Avenue went  
Cavalry, infantry, all together,  
Till my pitying angel one day sent  
My fate in the shape of a regiment,  
That halted, just as the day was spent,  
Here at our door in the bright June weather.

None of your dandy warriors they,—

Men from the West, but where I know not;  
Haggard and travel-stained, worn and gray,  
With never a ribbon or lace or bow-knot:  
And I opened the window, and, leaning there,  
I felt in their presence the free winds blowing.  
My neck and shoulders and arms were bare,—  
I did not dream they might think me fair,  
But I had some flowers that night in my hair,  
And here, on my bosom, a red rose glowing.

And I looked from the window along the line,  
Dusty and dirty and grim and solemn,  
Till an eye like a bayonet flash met mine,  
And a dark face shone from the darkening column,  
And a quick flame leaped to my eyes and hair,  
Till cheeks and shoulders burned all together,  
And the next I found myself standing there  
With my eyelids wet and my cheeks less fair,  
And the rose from my bosom tossed high in air,  
Like a blood-drop falling on plume and feather.

Then I drew back quickly: there came a cheer,  
A rush of figures, a noise and tussle,  
And then it was over, and high and clear  
My red rose bloomed on his gun's black muzzle.  
Then far in the darkness a sharp voice cried,  
And slowly and steadily, all together,  
Shoulder to shoulder and side to side,  
Rising and falling and swaying wide,  
But bearing above them the rose, my pride,  
They marched away in the twilight weather.

And I leaned from my window and watched my rose  
Tossed on the waves of the surging column,  
Warmed from above in the sunset glows,  
Borne from below by an impulse solemn.  
Then I shut the window. I heard no more  
Of my soldier friend, nor my flower neither,

But lived my life as I did before.  
I did not go as a nurse to the war,—  
Sick folks to me are a dreadful bore,—  
So I didn't go to the hospital either.

You smile, O poet, and what do you?

You lean from your window, and watch life's column  
Trampling and struggling through dust and dew,  
Filled with its purposes grave and solemn;  
And an act, a gesture, a face—who knows?—  
Touches your fancy to thrill and haunt you,  
And you pluck from your bosom the verse that grows  
And down it flies like my red, red rose,  
And you sit and dream as away it goes,  
And think that your duty is done,—now don't you?

I know your answer. I'm not yet through.

Look at this photograph,—"In the Trenches"!  
That dead man in the coat of blue  
Holds a withered rose in his hand. That clenches  
Nothing!—except that the sun paints true,  
And a woman is sometimes prophetic-minded.  
And that's my romance. And, poet, you  
Take it and mould it to suit your view;  
And who knows but you may find it too  
Come to your heart once more, as mine did.

# AN ARCTIC VISION

Where the short-legged Esquimaux  
Waddle in the ice and snow,  
And the playful Polar bear  
Nips the hunter unaware;  
Where by day they track the ermine,  
And by night another vermin,—  
Segment of the frigid zone,  
Where the temperature alone  
Warms on St. Elias' cone;  
Polar dock, where Nature slips  
From the ways her icy ships;  
Land of fox and deer and sable,  
Shore end of our western cable,—  
Let the news that flying goes  
Thrill through all your Arctic floes,  
And reverberate the boast  
From the cliffs off Beechey's coast,  
Till the tidings, circling round  
Every bay of Norton Sound,  
Throw the vocal tide-wave back  
To the isles of Kodiak.  
Let the stately Polar bears  
Waltz around the pole in pairs,  
And the walrus, in his glee,  
Bare his tusk of ivory;

While the bold sea-unicorn  
Calmly takes an extra horn;  
All ye Polar skies, reveal your  
Very rarest of parhelia;  
Trip it, all ye merry dancers,  
In the airiest of "Lancers;"  
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,  
One inch farther to the tide,  
Nor in rash precipitation  
Upset Tyndall's calculation.  
Know you not what fate awaits you,  
Or to whom the future mates you?  
All ye icebergs, make salaam,—  
You belong to Uncle Sam!

On the spot where Eugene Sue  
Led his wretched Wandering Jew,  
Stands a form whose features strike  
Russ and Esquimaux alike.  
He it is whom Skalds of old  
In their Runic rhymes foretold;  
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,  
See the real Northern Thor!  
See the awful Yankee leering  
Just across the Straits of Behring;  
On the drifted snow, too plain,  
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain,  
Just beside the deep inden-  
Tation of his Number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer  
Stands the hero of this drama,  
And above the wild-duck's clamor,  
In his own peculiar grammar,  
With its linguistic disguises,  
La! the Arctic prologue rises:  
"Wall, I reckon 'tain't so bad,  
Seein' ez 'twas all they had.

True, the Springs are rather late,  
And early Falls predominate;  
But the ice-crop's pretty sure,  
And the air is kind o' pure;  
'Tain't so very mean a trade,  
When the land is all surveyed.  
There's a right smart chance for fur-chase  
All along this recent purchase,  
And, unless the stories fail,  
Every fish from cod to whale;  
Rocks, too; mebbe quartz; let's see,—  
'Twould be strange if there should be,—  
Seems I've heerd such stories told;  
Eh!—why, bless us,—yes, it's gold!"

While the blows are falling thick  
From his California pick,  
You may recognize the Thor  
Of the vision that I saw,—

Freed from legendary glamour,  
See the real magician's hammer.

# ST. THOMAS

*(A GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY, 1868)*

Very fair and full of promise  
Lay the island of St. Thomas:  
Ocean o'er its reefs and bars  
Hid its elemental scars;  
Groves of cocoanut and guava  
Grew above its fields of lava.  
So the gem of the Antilles—  
"Isles of Eden," where no ill is—  
Like a great green turtle slumbered  
On the sea that it encumbered.

Then said William Henry Seward,  
As he cast his eye to leeward,  
"Quite important to our commerce  
Is this island of St. Thomas."

Said the Mountain ranges, "Thank'ee,  
But we cannot stand the Yankee  
O'er our scars and fissures poring,  
In our very vitals boring,  
In our sacred caverns prying,  
All our secret problems trying,—  
Digging, blasting, with dynamit

Mocking all our thunders! Damn it!  
Other lands may be more civil;  
Bust our lava crust if we will!"

Said the Sea, its white teeth gnashing  
Through its coral-reef lips flashing,  
"Shall I let this scheming mortal  
Shut with stone my shining portal,  
Curb my tide and check my play,  
Fence with wharves my shining bay?  
Rather let me be drawn out  
In one awful waterspout!"

Said the black-browed Hurricane,  
Brooding down the Spanish Main,  
"Shall I see my forces, zounds!  
Measured by square inch and pounds,  
With detectives at my back  
When I double on my track,  
And my secret paths made clear,  
Published o'er the hemisphere  
To each gaping, prying crew?  
Shall I? Blow me if I do!"

So the Mountains shook and thundered,  
And the Hurricane came sweeping,  
And the people stared and wondered  
As the Sea came on them leaping:  
Each, according to his promise,

Made things lively at St. Thomas.

Till one morn, when Mr. Seward  
Cast his weather eye to leeward,  
There was not an inch of dry land  
Left to mark his recent island.  
Not a flagstaff or a sentry,  
Not a wharf or port of entry,—  
Only—to cut matters shorter—  
Just a patch of muddy water  
In the open ocean lying,  
And a gull above it flying.

# OFF SCARBOROUGH

(SEPTEMBER, 1779)

## I

"Have a care!" the bailiffs cried  
From their cockleshell that lay  
Off the frigate's yellow side,  
Tossing on Scarborough Bay,  
While the forty sail it convoyed on a bowline stretched  
away.

"Take your chicks beneath your wings,  
And your claws and feathers spread,  
Ere the hawk upon them springs,—  
Ere around Flamborough Head  
Swoops Paul Jones, the Yankee falcon, with his beak and  
talons red."

## II

How we laughed!—my mate and I,—  
On the "Bon Homme Richard's" deck,

As we saw that convoy fly  
Like a snow-squall, till each fleck  
Melted in the twilight shadows of the coast-line, speck  
by speck;  
And scuffling back to shore  
The Scarborough bailiffs sped,  
As the "Richard" with a roar  
Of her cannon round the Head,  
Crossed her royal yards and signaled to her consort: "Chase  
ahead"

### III

But the devil seize Landais  
In that consort ship of France!  
For the shabby, lubber way  
That he worked the "Alliance"  
In the offing,—nor a broadside fired save to our  
mischance!—  
When tumbling to the van,  
With his battle-lanterns set,  
Rose the burly Englishman  
'Gainst our hull as black as jet,—  
Rode the yellow-sided "Serapis," and all alone we met!

## IV

All alone, though far at sea  
Hung his consort, rounding to;  
All alone, though on our lee  
Fought our "Pallas," stanch and true!  
For the first broadside around us both a smoky circle drew:  
And, like champions in a ring,  
There was cleared a little space—  
Scarce a cable's length to swing—  
Ere we grappled in embrace,  
All the world shut out around us, and we only face to face!

## V

Then awoke all hell below  
From that broadside, doubly curst,  
For our long eighteens in row  
Leaped the first discharge and burst!  
And on deck our men came pouring, fearing their own  
guns the worst.  
And as dumb we lay, till, through  
Smoke and flame and bitter cry,  
Hailed the "Serapis:" "Have you

Struck your colors?" Our reply,  
"We have not yet begun to fight!" went shouting to the sky!

## VI

Roux of Brest, old fisher, lay  
Like a herring gasping here;  
Bunker of Nantucket Bay,  
Blown from out the port, dropped sheer  
Half a cable's length to leeward; yet we faintly raised a  
cheer  
As with his own right hand  
Our Commodore made fast  
The foeman's head-gear and  
The "Richard's" mizzen-mast,  
And in that death-lock clinging held us there from first  
to last!

## VII

Yet the foeman, gun on gun,  
Through the "Richard" tore a road,  
With his gunners' rammers run  
Through our ports at every load,

Till clear the blue beyond us through our yawning timbers  
showed.

Yet with entrails torn we clung  
Like the Spartan to our fox,  
And on deck no coward tongue  
Wailed the enemy's hard knocks,  
Nor that all below us trembled like a wreck upon the rocks.

## VIII

Then a thought rose in my brain,  
As through Channel mists the sun.  
From our tops a fire like rain  
Drove below decks every one  
Of the enemy's ship's company to hide or work a gun:  
And that thought took shape as I  
On the "Richard's" yard lay out,  
That a man might do and die,  
If the doing brought about  
Freedom for his home and country, and his messmates'  
cheering shout!

## IX

Then I crept out in the dark  
Till I hung above the hatch  
Of the "Serapis,"—a mark  
For her marksmen!—with a match  
And a hand-grenade, but lingered just a moment more  
to snatch  
One last look at sea and sky!  
At the lighthouse on the hill!  
At the harvest-moon on high!  
And our pine flag fluttering still!  
Then turned and down her yawning throat I launched that  
devil's pill!

## X

Then a blank was all between  
As the flames around me spun!  
Had I fired the magazine?  
Was the victory lost or won?  
Nor knew I till the fight was o'er but half my work was  
done:  
For I lay among the dead  
In the cockpit of our foe,  
With a roar above my head,—  
Till a trampling to and fro,  
And a lantern showed my mate's face, and I knew what

now you know!

# CADET GREY

## CANTO I

### I

Act first, scene first. A study. Of a kind  
Half cell, half salon, opulent yet grave;  
Rare books, low-shelved, yet far above the mind  
Of common man to compass or to crave;  
Some slight relief of pamphlets that inclined  
The soul at first to trifling, till, dismayed  
By text and title, it drew back resigned,  
Nor cared with levity to vex a shade  
That to itself such perfect concord made.

### II

Some thoughts like these perplexed the patriot brain  
Of Jones, Lawgiver to the Commonwealth,  
As on the threshold of this chaste domain

He paused expectant, and looked up in stealth  
To darkened canvases that frowned amain,  
With stern-eyed Puritans, who first began  
To spread their roots in Georgius Primus' reign,  
Nor dropped till now, obedient to some plan,  
Their century fruit,—the perfect Boston man.

### III

Somewhere within that Russia-scented gloom  
A voice catarrhal thrilled the Member's ear:  
"Brief is our business, Jones. Look round this room!  
Regard yon portraits! Read their meaning clear!  
These much proclaim MY station. I presume  
YOU are our Congressman, before whose wit  
And sober judgment shall the youth appear  
Who for West Point is deemed most just and fit  
To serve his country and to honor it."

### IV

"Such is my son! Elsewhere perhaps 'twere wise  
Trial competitive should guide your choice.  
There are some people I can well surmise

Themselves must show their merits. History's voice  
Spares me that trouble: all desert that lies  
In yonder ancestor of Queen Anne's day,  
Or yon grave Governor, is all my boy's,—  
Reverts to him; entailed, as one might say;  
In brief, result in Winthrop Adams Grey!"

## V

He turned and laid his well-bred hand, and smiled,  
On the cropped head of one who stood beside.  
Ah me! in sooth it was no ruddy child  
Nor brawny youth that thrilled the father's pride;  
'Twas but a Mind that somehow had beguiled  
From soulless Matter processes that served  
For speech and motion and digestion mild,  
Content if all one moral purpose nerved,  
Nor recked thereby its spine were somewhat curved.

## VI

He was scarce eighteen. Yet ere he was eight  
He had despoiled the classics; much he knew  
Of Sanskrit; not that he placed undue weight

On this, but that it helped him with Hebrew,  
His favorite tongue. He learned, alas! too late,  
One can't begin too early,—would regret  
That boyish whim to ascertain the state  
Of Venus' atmosphere made him forget  
That philologic goal on which his soul was set.

## VII

He too had traveled; at the age of ten  
Found Paris empty, dull except for art  
And accent. "Mabille" with its glories then  
Less than Egyptian "Almees" touched a heart  
Nothing if not pure classic. If some men  
Thought him a prig, it vexed not his conceit,  
But moved his pity, and ofttimes his pen,  
The better to instruct them, through some sheet  
Published in Boston, and signed "Beacon Street."

## VIII

From premises so plain the blind could see  
But one deduction, and it came next day.  
"In times like these, the very name of G.

Speaks volumes," wrote the Honorable J.  
"Inclosed please find appointment." Presently  
Came a reception to which Harvard lent  
Fourteen professors, and, to give esprit,  
The Liberal Club some eighteen ladies sent,  
Five that spoke Greek, and thirteen sentiment.

## IX

Four poets came who loved each other's song,  
And two philosophers, who thought that they  
Were in most things impractical and wrong;  
And two reformers, each in his own way  
Peculiar,—one who had waxed strong  
On herbs and water, and such simple fare;  
Two foreign lions, "Ram See" and "Chy Long,"  
And several artists claimed attention there,  
Based on the fact they had been snubbed elsewhere.

## X

With this indorsement nothing now remained  
But counsel, Godspeed, and some calm adieux;  
No foolish tear the father's eyelash stained,

And Winthrop's cheek as guiltless shone of dew.  
A slight publicity, such as obtained  
In classic Rome, these few last hours attended.  
The day arrived, the train and depot gained,  
The mayor's own presence this last act commended  
The train moved off and here the first act ended.

## CANTO II

### I

Where West Point crouches, and with lifted shield  
Turns the whole river eastward through the pass;  
Whose jutting crags, half silver, stand revealed  
Like bossy bucklers of Leonidas;  
Where buttressed low against the storms that wield  
Their summer lightnings where her eaglets swarm,  
By Freedom's cradle Nature's self has steeled  
Her heart, like Winkelried, and to that storm  
Of leveled lances bares her bosom warm.

## II

But not to-night. The air and woods are still,  
The faintest rustle in the trees below,  
The lowest tremor from the mountain rill,  
Come to the ear as but the trailing flow  
Of spirit robes that walk unseen the hill;  
The moon low sailing o'er the upland farm,  
The moon low sailing where the waters fill  
The lozenge lake, beside the banks of balm,  
Gleams like a chevron on the river's arm.

## III

All space breathes languor: from the hilltop high,  
Where Putnam's bastion crumbles in the past,  
To swooning depths where drowsy cannon lie  
And wide-mouthed mortars gape in slumbers vast;  
Stroke upon stroke, the far oars glance and die  
On the hushed bosom of the sleeping stream;  
Bright for one moment drifts a white sail by,  
Bright for one moment shows a bayonet gleam  
Far on the level plain, then passes as a dream.

## IV

Soft down the line of darkened battlements,  
Bright on each lattice of the barrack walls,  
Where the low arching sallyport indents,  
Seen through its gloom beyond, the moonbeam falls.  
All is repose save where the camping tents  
Mock the white gravestones farther on, where sound  
No morning guns for reveille, nor whence  
No drum-beat calls retreat, but still is ever found  
Waiting and present on each sentry's round.

## V

Within the camp they lie, the young, the brave,  
Half knight, half schoolboy, acolytes of fame,  
Pledged to one altar, and perchance one grave;  
Bred to fear nothing but reproach and blame,  
Ascetic dandies o'er whom vestals rave,  
Clean-limbed young Spartans, disciplined young elves,  
Taught to destroy, that they may live to save,  
Students embattled, soldiers at their shelves,  
Heroes whose conquests are at first themselves.

## VI

Within the camp they lie, in dreams are freed  
From the grim discipline they learn to love;  
In dreams no more the sentry's challenge heed,  
In dreams afar beyond their pickets rove;  
One treads once more the piny paths that lead  
To his green mountain home, and pausing hears  
The cattle call; one treads the tangled weed  
Of slippery rocks beside Atlantic piers;  
One smiles in sleep, one wakens wet with tears.

## VII

One scents the breath of jasmine flowers that twine  
The pillared porches of his Southern home;  
One hears the coo of pigeons in the pine  
Of Western woods where he was wont to roam;  
One sees the sunset fire the distant line  
Where the long prairie sweeps its levels down;  
One treads the snow-peaks; one by lamps that shine  
Down the broad highways of the sea-girt town;  
And two are missing,—Cadets Grey and Brown!

## VIII

Much as I grieve to chronicle the fact,  
That selfsame truant known as "Cadet Grey"  
Was the young hero of our moral tract,  
Shorn of his twofold names on entrance-day.  
"Winthrop" and "Adams" dropped in that one act  
Of martial curtness, and the roll-call thinned  
Of his ancestors, he with youthful tact  
Indulgence claimed, since Winthrop no more sinned,  
Nor sainted Adams winced when he, plain Grey, was  
"skinned."

## IX

He had known trials since we saw him last,  
By sheer good luck had just escaped rejection,  
Not for his learning, but that it was cast  
In a spare frame scarce fit for drill inspection;  
But when he ope'd his lips a stream so vast  
Of information flooded each professor,  
They quite forgot his eyeglass,—something past  
All precedent,—accepting the transgressor,  
Weak eyes and all of which he was possessor.

## X

E'en the first day he touched a blackboard's space—  
So the tradition of his glory lingers—  
Two wise professors fainted, each with face  
White as the chalk within his rapid fingers:  
All day he ciphered, at such frantic pace,  
His form was hid in chalk precipitation  
Of every problem, till they said his case  
Could meet from them no fair examination  
Till Congress made a new appropriation.

## XI

Famous in molecules, he demonstrated  
From the mess hash to many a listening classful;  
Great as a botanist, he separated  
Three kinds of "Mentha" in one julep's glassful;  
High in astronomy, it has been stated  
He was the first at West Point to discover  
Mars' missing satellites, and calculated  
Their true positions, not the heavens over,  
But 'neath the window of Miss Kitty Rover.

## XII

Indeed, I fear this novelty celestial  
That very night was visible and clear;  
At least two youths of aspect most terrestrial,  
And clad in uniform, were loitering near  
A villa's casement, where a gentle vestal  
Took their impatience somewhat patiently,  
Knowing the youths were somewhat green and "bestial"—  
(A certain slang of the Academy,  
I beg the reader won't refer to me).

## XIII

For when they ceased their ardent strain, Miss Kitty  
Glowed not with anger nor a kindred flame,  
But rather flushed with an odd sort of pity,  
Half matron's kindness, and half coquette's shame;  
Proud yet quite blameful, when she heard their ditty  
She gave her soul poetical expression,  
And being clever too, as she was pretty,  
From her high casement warbled this confession,—  
Half provocation and one half repression:—

## NOT YET

Not yet, O friend, not yet! the patient stars  
Lean from their lattices, content to wait.  
All is illusion till the morning bars  
Slip from the levels of the Eastern gate.  
Night is too young, O friend! day is too near;  
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear.  
Not yet, O friend, not yet!

Not yet, O love, not yet! all is not true,  
All is not ever as it seemeth now.  
Soon shall the river take another blue,  
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow.  
What lieth dark, O love, bright day will fill;  
Wait for thy morning, be it good or ill.  
Not yet, O love, not yet!

## XIV

The strain was finished; softly as the night  
Her voice died from the window, yet e'en then  
Fluttered and fell likewise a kerchief white;

But that no doubt was accident, for when  
She sought her couch she deemed her conduct quite  
Beyond the reach of scandalous commenter,—  
Washing her hands of either gallant wight,  
Knowing the moralist might compliment her,—  
Thus voicing Siren with the words of Mentor.

## XV

She little knew the youths below, who straight  
Dived for her kerchief, and quite overlooked  
The pregnant moral she would inculcate;  
Nor dreamed the less how little Winthrop brooked  
Her right to doubt his soul's maturer state.  
Brown—who was Western, amiable, and new—  
Might take the moral and accept his fate;  
The which he did, but, being stronger too,  
Took the white kerchief, also, as his due.

## XVI

They did not quarrel, which no doubt seemed queer  
To those who knew not how their friendship blended;  
Each was opposed, and each the other's peer,

Yet each the other in some things transcended.  
Where Brown lacked culture, brains,—and oft, I fear,  
Cash in his pocket,—Grey of course supplied him;  
Where Grey lacked frankness, force, and faith sincere,  
Brown of his manhood suffered none to chide him,  
But in his faults stood manfully beside him.

## XVII

In academic walks and studies grave,  
In the camp drill and martial occupation,  
They helped each other: but just here I crave  
Space for the reader's full imagination,—  
The fact is patent, Grey became a slave!  
A tool, a fag, a "pleb"! To state it plainer,  
All that blue blood and ancestry e'er gave  
Cleaned guns, brought water!—was, in fact, retainer  
To Jones, whose uncle was a paper-stainer!

## XVIII

How they bore this at home I cannot say:  
I only know so runs the gossip's tale.  
It chanced one day that the paternal Grey

Came to West Point that he himself might hail  
The future hero in some proper way  
Consistent with his lineage. With him came  
A judge, a poet, and a brave array  
Of aunts and uncles, bearing each a name,  
Eyeglass and respirator with the same.

## **XIX**

"Observe!" quoth Grey the elder to his friends,  
"Not in these giddy youths at baseball playing  
You'll notice Winthrop Adams! Greater ends  
Than these absorb HIS leisure. No doubt straying  
With Caesar's Commentaries, he attends  
Some Roman council. Let us ask, however,  
Yon grimy urchin, who my soul offends  
By wheeling offal, if he will endeavor  
To find— What! heaven! Winthrop! Oh! no! never!"

## **XX**

Alas! too true! The last of all the Greys  
Was "doing police detail,"—it had come  
To this; in vain the rare historic bays

That crowned the pictured Puritans at home!  
And yet 'twas certain that in grosser ways  
Of health and physique he was quite improving.  
Straighter he stood, and had achieved some praise  
In other exercise, much more behooving  
A soldier's taste than merely dirt removing.

## XXI

But to resume: we left the youthful pair,  
Some stanzas back, before a lady's bower;  
'Tis to be hoped they were no longer there,  
For stars were pointing to the morning hour.  
Their escapade discovered, ill 'twould fare  
With our two heroes, derelict of orders;  
But, like the ghost, they "scent the morning air,"  
And back again they steal across the borders,  
Unseen, unheeded, by their martial warders.

## XXII

They got to bed with speed: young Grey to dream  
Of some vague future with a general's star,  
And Mistress Kitty basking in its gleam;

While Brown, content to worship her afar,  
Dreamed himself dying by some lonely stream,  
Having snatched Kitty from eighteen Nez Percés,  
Till a far bugle, with the morning beam,  
In his dull ear its fateful song rehearses,  
Which Winthrop Adams after put to verses.

### XXIII

So passed three years of their novitiate,  
The first real boyhood Grey had ever known.  
His youth ran clear,—not choked like his Cochituate,  
In civic pipes, but free and pure alone;  
Yet knew repression, could himself habituate  
To having mind and body well rubbed down,  
Could read himself in others, and could situate  
Themselves in him,—except, I grieve to own,  
He couldn't see what Kitty saw in Brown!

### XXIV

At last came graduation; Brown received  
In the One Hundredth Cavalry commission;  
Then frolic, flirting, parting,—when none grieved

Save Brown, who loved our young Academician.  
And Grey, who felt his friend was still deceived  
By Mistress Kitty, who with other beauties  
Graced the occasion, and it was believed  
Had promised Brown that when he could recruit his  
Promised command, she'd share with him those duties.

## XXV

Howe'er this was I know not; all I know,  
The night was June's, the moon rode high and clear;  
"'Twas such a night as this," three years ago,  
Miss Kitty sang the song that two might hear.  
There is a walk where trees o'erarching grow,  
Too wide for one, not wide enough for three  
(A fact precluding any plural beau),  
Which quite explained Miss Kitty's company,  
But not why Grey that favored one should be.

## XXVI

There is a spring, whose limpid waters hide  
Somewhere within the shadows of that path  
Called Kosciusko's. There two figures bide,—

Grey and Miss Kitty. Surely Nature hath  
No fairer mirror for a might-be bride  
Than this same pool that caught our gentle belle  
To its dark heart one moment. At her side  
Grey bent. A something trembled o'er the well,  
Bright, spherical—a tear? Ah no! a button fell!

## XXVII

"Material minds might think that gravitation,"  
Quoth Grey, "drew yon metallic spheroid down.  
The soul poetic views the situation  
Fraught with more meaning. When thy girlish crown  
Was mirrored there, there was disintegration  
Of me, and all my spirit moved to you,  
Taking the form of slow precipitation!"  
But here came "Taps," a start, a smile, adieu!  
A blush, a sigh, and end of Canto II.

## BUGLE SONG

Fades the light,  
And afar  
Goeth day, cometh night;

And a star  
    Leadeth all,  
    Speedeth all  
        To their rest!

Love, good-night!  
    Must thou go  
    When the day  
And the light  
    Need thee so,—  
Needeth all,  
Heedeth all,  
    That is best?

## CANTO III

### I

Where the sun sinks through leagues of arid sky,  
    Where the sun dies o'er leagues of arid plain,  
Where the dead bones of wasted rivers lie,  
    Trailed from their channels in yon mountain chain;  
Where day by day naught takes the wearied eye  
    But the low-rimming mountains, sharply based  
On the dead levels, moving far or nigh,

As the sick vision wanders o'er the waste,  
But ever day by day against the sunset traced:

## II

There moving through a poisonous cloud that stings  
With dust of alkali the trampling band  
Of Indian ponies, ride on dusky wings  
The red marauders of the Western land;  
Heavy with spoil, they seek the trail that brings  
Their flaunting lances to that sheltered bank  
Where lie their lodges; and the river sings  
Forgetful of the plain beyond, that drank  
Its life blood, where the wasted caravan sank.

## III

They brought with them the thief's ignoble spoil,  
The beggar's dole, the greed of chiffonnier,  
The scum of camps, the implements of toil  
Snatched from dead hands, to rust as useless here;  
All they could rake or glean from hut or soil  
Piled their lean ponies, with the jackdaw's greed  
For vacant glitter. It were scarce a foil

To all this tinsel that one feathered reed  
Bore on its barb two scalps that freshly bleed!

#### IV

They brought with them, alas! a wounded foe,  
Bound hand and foot, yet nursed with cruel care,  
Lest that in death he might escape one throe  
They had decreed his living flesh should bear:  
A youthful officer, by one foul blow  
Of treachery surprised, yet fighting still  
Amid his ambushed train, calm as the snow  
Above him; hopeless, yet content to spill  
His blood with theirs, and fighting but to kill.

#### V

He had fought nobly, and in that brief spell  
Had won the awe of those rude border men  
Who gathered round him, and beside him fell  
In loyal faith and silence, save that when  
By smoke embarrassed, and near sight as well,  
He paused to wipe his eyeglass, and decide  
Its nearer focus, there arose a yell

Of approbation, and Bob Barker cried,  
"Wade in, Dundreary!" tossed his cap and—died.

## VI

Their sole survivor now! his captors bear  
Him all unconscious, and beside the stream  
Leave him to rest; meantime the squaws prepare  
The stake for sacrifice: nor wakes a gleam  
Of pity in those Furies' eyes that glare  
Expectant of the torture; yet alway  
His steadfast spirit shines and mocks them there  
With peace they know not, till at close of day  
On his dull ear there thrills a whispered "Grey!"

## VII

He starts! Was it a trick? Had angels kind  
Touched with compassion some weak woman's breast?  
Such things he'd read of! Faintly to his mind  
Came Pocahontas pleading for her guest.  
But then, this voice, though soft, was still inclined  
To baritone! A squaw in ragged gown  
Stood near him, frowning hatred. Was he blind?

Whose eye was this beneath that beetling frown?  
The frown was painted, but that wink meant—Brown!

## VIII

"Hush! for your life and mine! the thongs are cut,"  
He whispers; "in yon thicket stands my horse.  
One dash!—I follow close, as if to glut  
My own revenge, yet bar the others' course.  
Now!" And 'tis done. Grey speeds, Brown follows; but  
Ere yet they reach the shade, Grey, fainting, reels,  
Yet not before Brown's circling arms close shut  
His in, uplifting him! Anon he feels  
A horse beneath him bound, and hears the rattling heels.

## IX

Then rose a yell of baffled hate, and sprang  
Headlong the savages in swift pursuit;  
Though speed the fugitives, they hope to hang  
Hot on their heels, like wolves, with tireless foot.  
Long is the chase; Brown hears with inward pang  
The short, hard panting of his gallant steed  
Beneath its double burden; vainly rang

Both voice and spur. The heaving flanks may bleed,  
Yet comes the sequel that they still must heed!

## X

Brown saw it—reined his steed; dismounting, stood  
Calm and inflexible. "Old chap! you see  
There is but ONE escape. You know it? Good!  
There is ONE man to take it. You are he.  
The horse won't carry double. If he could,  
'Twould but protract this bother. I shall stay:  
I've business with these devils, they with me;  
I will occupy them till you get away.  
Hush! quick time, forward. There! God bless you, Grey!"

## XI

But as he finished, Grey slipped to his feet,  
Calm as his ancestors in voice and eye:  
"You do forget yourself when you compete  
With him whose RIGHT it is to stay and die:  
That's not YOUR duty. Please regain your seat;  
And take my ORDERS—since I rank you here!—  
Mount and rejoin your men, and my defeat

Report at quarters. Take this letter; ne'er  
Give it to aught but HER, nor let aught interfere."

## XII

And, shamed and blushing, Brown the letter took  
Obediently and placed it in his pocket;  
Then, drawing forth another, said, "I look  
For death as you do, wherefore take this locket  
And letter." Here his comrade's hand he shook  
In silence. "Should we both together fall,  
Some other man"—but here all speech forsook  
His lips, as ringing cheerily o'er all  
He heard afar his own dear bugle-call!

## XIII

'Twas his command and succor, but e'en then  
Grey fainted, with poor Brown, who had forgot  
He likewise had been wounded, and both men  
Were picked up quite unconscious of their lot.  
Long lay they in extremity, and when  
They both grew stronger, and once more exchanged  
Old vows and memories, one common "den"

In hospital was theirs, and free they ranged,  
Awaiting orders, but no more estranged.

## XIV

And yet 'twas strange—nor can I end my tale  
Without this moral, to be fair and just:  
They never sought to know why each did fail  
The prompt fulfillment of the other's trust.  
It was suggested they could not avail  
Themselves of either letter, since they were  
Duly dispatched to their address by mail  
By Captain X., who knew Miss Rover fair  
Now meant stout Mistress Bloggs of Blank Blank Square.

## II. SPANISH IDYLS AND LEGENDS

### THE MIRACLE OF PADRE JUNIPERO

This is the tale that the Chronicle  
Tells of the wonderful miracle  
Wrought by the pious Padre Serro,  
The very reverend Junipero.

The heathen stood on his ancient mound,  
Looking over the desert bound  
Into the distant, hazy South,  
Over the dusty and broad champaign,  
Where, with many a gaping mouth  
And fissure, cracked by the fervid drouth,  
For seven months had the wasted plain  
Known no moisture of dew or rain.  
The wells were empty and choked with sand;  
The rivers had perished from the land;  
Only the sea-fogs to and fro  
Slipped like ghosts of the streams below.  
Deep in its bed lay the river's bones,  
Bleaching in pebbles and milk-white stones,

And tracked o'er the desert faint and far,  
Its ribs shone bright on each sandy bar.

Thus they stood as the sun went down  
Over the foot-hills bare and brown;  
Thus they looked to the South, wherefrom  
The pale-face medicine-man should come,  
Not in anger or in strife,  
But to bring—so ran the tale—  
The welcome springs of eternal life,  
The living waters that should not fail.

Said one, "He will come like Manitou,  
Unseen, unheard, in the falling dew."  
Said another, "He will come full soon  
Out of the round-faced watery moon."  
And another said, "He is here!" and lo,  
Faltering, staggering, feeble and slow,  
Out from the desert's blinding heat  
The Padre dropped at the heathen's feet.

They stood and gazed for a little space  
Down on his pallid and careworn face,  
And a smile of scorn went round the band  
As they touched alternate with foot and hand  
This mortal waif, that the outer space  
Of dim mysterious sky and sand  
Flung with so little of Christian grace  
Down on their barren, sterile strand.

Said one to him: "It seems thy God  
Is a very pitiful kind of God:  
He could not shield thine aching eyes  
From the blowing desert sands that rise,  
Nor turn aside from thy old gray head  
The glittering blade that is brandished  
By the sun He set in the heavens high;  
He could not moisten thy lips when dry;  
The desert fire is in thy brain;  
Thy limbs are racked with the fever-pain.  
If this be the grace He showeth thee  
Who art His servant, what may we,  
Strange to His ways and His commands,  
Seek at His unforgiving hands?"

"Drink but this cup," said the Padre, straight,  
"And thou shalt know whose mercy bore  
These aching limbs to your heathen door,  
And purged my soul of its gross estate.  
Drink in His name, and thou shalt see  
The hidden depths of this mystery.  
Drink!" and he held the cup. One blow  
From the heathen dashed to the ground below  
The sacred cup that the Padre bore,  
And the thirsty soil drank the precious store  
Of sacramental and holy wine,  
That emblem and consecrated sign  
And blessed symbol of blood divine.

Then, says the legend (and they who doubt  
The same as heretics be accurst),  
From the dry and feverish soil leaped out  
A living fountain; a well-spring burst  
Over the dusty and broad champaign,  
Over the sandy and sterile plain,  
Till the granite ribs and the milk-white stones  
That lay in the valley—the scattered bones—  
Moved in the river and lived again!

Such was the wonderful miracle  
Wrought by the cup of wine that fell  
From the hands of the pious Padre Serro,  
The very reverend Junipero.

# THE WONDERFUL SPRING OF SAN JOAQUIN

Of all the fountains that poets sing,—  
Crystal, thermal, or mineral spring,  
Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth,  
Wells with bottoms of doubtful truth,—  
In short, of all the springs of Time  
That ever were flowing in fact or rhyme,  
That ever were tasted, felt, or seen,  
There were none like the Spring of San Joaquin.

Anno Domini eighteen-seven,  
Father Dominguez (now in heaven,—  
Obiit eighteen twenty-seven)  
Found the spring, and found it, too,  
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;  
For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's ass—  
Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,  
And bent his lips to the trickling flood;  
Then—as the Chronicles declare,  
On the honest faith of a true believer—  
His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,  
Filled like a withered russet pear

In the vacuum of a glass receiver,  
And the snows that seventy winters bring  
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news  
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.  
The Church, of course, had its own views  
Of who were worthiest to use  
The magic spring; but the prior claim  
Fell to the aged, sick, and lame.  
Far and wide the people came:  
Some from the healthful Aptos Creek  
Hastened to bring their helpless sick;  
Even the fishers of rude Soquel  
Suddenly found they were far from well;  
The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo  
Said, in fact, they had never been so;  
And all were ailing,—strange to say,—  
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in,  
With leathern bottles and bags of skin;  
Through the canyons a motley throng  
Trotted, hobbled, and limped along.  
The Fathers gazed at the moving scene  
With pious joy and with souls serene;  
And then—a result perhaps foreseen—  
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of faith alone  
The good effects of the water shone;  
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,  
Of rough vaquero and muleteer;  
Angular forms were rounded out,  
Limbs grew supple and waists grew stout;  
And as for the girls,—for miles about  
They had no equal! To this day,  
From Pescadero to Monterey,  
You'll still find eyes in which are seen  
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,  
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this;  
None went abroad to roam or stay  
But they fell sick in the queerest way,—  
A singular *maladie du pays*,  
With gastric symptoms: so they spent  
Their days in a sensuous content,  
Caring little for things unseen  
Beyond their bowers of living green,  
Beyond the mountains that lay between  
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came  
The trunks of madrono, all aflame,  
Here and there through the underwood  
Like pillars of fire starkly stood.  
All of the breezy solitude

Was filled with the spicing of pine and bay  
And resinous odors mixed and blended;  
And dim and ghostlike, far away,  
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.  
Then of a sudden the mountains swam,  
The rivers piled their floods in a dam,  
The ridge above Los Gatos Creek  
Arched its spine in a feline fashion;  
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,  
And Nature shook in a speechless passion;  
And, swallowed up in the earthquake's spleen,  
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin  
Vanished, and never more was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk  
Out of their rosy dream awoke;  
Some of them looked a trifle white,  
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake fright.  
Three days: there was sore distress,  
Headache, nausea, giddiness.  
Four days: faintings, tenderness  
Of the mouth and fauces; and in less  
Than one week—here the story closes;  
We won't continue the prognosis—  
Enough that now no trace is seen  
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

## **MORAL**

You see the point? Don't be too quick  
To break bad habits: better stick,  
Like the Mission folk, to your ARSENIC.

# THE ANGELUS

*(HEARD AT THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868)*

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music  
    Still fills the wide expanse,  
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present  
    With color of romance!

I hear your call, and see the sun descending  
    On rock and wave and sand,  
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,  
    Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation  
    No blight nor mildew falls;  
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition  
    Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,  
    I touch the farther Past;  
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,  
    The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,  
    The white Presidio;  
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,

The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting  
Above the setting sun;  
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,  
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses  
Recall the faith of old;  
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music  
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—  
Break, falter, and are still;  
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,  
The sun sinks from the hill!

# CONCEPCION DE ARGUELLO

(PRESIDIO DE SAN FRANCISCO, 1800)

## I

Looking seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands the fortress,  
old and

quaint,

By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint,—  
Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to the creed,  
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's golden  
reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon brushed  
away;

And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wandering eye,  
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious passer-by;  
Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its threads of gold  
With the plain and homespun present, and a love that ne'er  
grows old;

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the meaner

dust,—

Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and trust.

## II

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the mighty  
Czar,

Stood beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen  
cannon are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held serene  
debate

On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of state;

He from grave provincial magnates oft had turned to talk  
apart

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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