

SELECTIONS

FROM

SIDNEY
LANIER



VERSE AND PROSE

SELECTIONS
FROM SIDNEY LANIER

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Sidney Janier

SELECTIONS
FROM SIDNEY LANIER

PROSE AND VERSE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LANIER

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE OF LANIER

I. BOYHOOD—COLLEGE DAYS

1842-1860

A FEW years before the Civil War there was living in the town of Macon, Ga., a boy named Sidney Lanier. He was a slender fellow, with large gray eyes which harbored dreams yet easily flashed into quick humor or set to an almost fierce intentness—eyes that could look unblinking into the full blaze of the sun. He joined enthusiastically in the games of Macon boys, from marbles to the all-year-round coasting down steep Pine Hill with barrel-stave sleds, on which one sped over the slippery pine needles almost as fast as a Canada boy covers the toboggan slide; with his brother or other companions he spent many a Saturday in the woods, marshes, and “old fields” near the river, looking for Indian arrow-heads, picking haws and hickory nuts, hunting doves, snipe, and rabbits; but every now and then he liked to get off alone on a fishing trip, frequently stealing out of the house by dawn with his lunch in his pocket, to spend a solitary day on the banks of the Ocmulgee. He brought home fish from these excursions, but he brought also pictures

of placid river and starry water-lilies and tangled thicket and clambering jessamine vines, and vague young dreams that nestled in these coverts.

He was a favorite with other boys. To begin with, he was quick, electric, flashing, full of jokes and gaiety, full of ideas. He could mimic to the life a travelling showman, the slow "Crackers," some negro fun-maker; with his flute he could imitate the birds' calls with bewildering exactness. When he was only six, his first circus incited him to get up a home performance with his brother and sister. At twelve, after reading Froissart and Scott, he had organized a military company, uniformed in white and blue, which was armed first with bows and arrows, then with wooden guns. And so faithfully were they drilled that on one memorable Fourth of July, when the Floyd Rifles and Macon Volunteers, many of them veterans of the Mexican and Indian Wars, paraded in state, the boys' company turned out too, and made such a creditable showing that they were all invited to the big dinner, and their leader was called on to answer to a toast. Then he was at once brave and gentle: a striking mixture of sensitiveness with a spirit that stopped at nothing when aroused. Fifty years after it happened, a boyhood friend told of his wonder at the way in which Sidney, then just a little fellow, stood the pain of an accident, when a window fell on his finger and took the end right off; and in the only fight his school fellows remember—a formal challenge to meet and settle matters in the alley after school—the other fellow, finding himself get-

ting the worst of it, pulled out a big barlow knife: the circle of watchers were too much awed to do anything at first; but on seeing Sidney rush forward as determinedly as ever and tackle his opponent in spite of this wicked looking weapon, they all closed in and separated the pair.

Another thing which marked him out among the boys who were getting ready for college at the "Cademy," was a native musical ability. Before he was six he would rattle a rhythmical accompaniment on the bones in perfect time to his mother's piano music; at seven he had made himself a reed flageolet, and when Christmas brought a little one-keyed yellow flute he would shut himself up after school and practise by the hour on this. His mother taught him the notes on the piano, and he promptly passed on this new knowledge to John Booker, a musical negro barber of the neighborhood (who later had a famous troupe of darky minstrels which toured this country and Europe). Presently he had a minstrel troupe of his own among his boy friends, and learning to play passably well on half a dozen instruments before he could write legibly, he was always the centre of a gay quartet, an amateur band, or some more ambitious musical group.

Just before his fifteenth birthday he entered Oglethorpe College; but his father, who though devotedly fond of him, was always fearful of the quickness of his impulses and of his passion for music, withdrew him presently on hearing of him as leader in the serenading parties of the college boys. So he spent most of a year as a clerk in the

Macon post-office, entertaining family and friends with a host of comical stories of the queer back-country folk who came in for mail; and then, in 1858, he returned to Oglethorpe, entering as a Junior.

There were many evidences during these years of an unusual combination of mental qualities. He had the true scholar's passion for exact knowledge (much fostered by contact with James Woodrow, a man of rare quality, who became interested in the alert young student, and gave him something of his own confident outlook on the new world then opening in science through the work of Darwin and Huxley); hard work and quick intellect put him at the head of his classes, and he especially distinguished himself in mathematics; yet at the same time he was absorbing Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, and the other great poets, and beginning on quiet walks in the woods to try to express some of the poetic fancies to which his reveries had given birth—efforts resulting at that time in “mere doggerel,” according to one intimate; a keen delight in the picturesque romances of the days of chivalry, in the humor and whimsicalities and conceits of Montaigne, Burton, Don Quixote, Reynard the Fox, went side by side with a profound satisfaction in the mystical and metaphysical speculations of German philosophers, to whom he was drawn through his pleasure in Carlyle; he had begun to play the violin with such effect upon himself that he would at times lose consciousness and come to his senses hours later, much shaken in nerves.

His father was fearful of this musical stimulation, and induced him to give up that instrument; so, returning to the flute on which he had specialized since his childhood days, he soon had organized a quartet of gay flute and guitar players which, after much practising together, would sally forth on Friday evenings to serenade the pretty girls of the village. On these excursions he was the musical leader and the life of the party. When things went wrong they laughed at themselves:

“I recall on one very cold winter night,” says a college comrade, “when the serenading party, with benumbed fingers, had performed the three or four conventional tunes of the serenade at the house of General Lamar, whose daughter was one of the local belles, that the gray-haired butler appeared at the door, not to invite the chilled troubadours into a warm parlor for refreshments, but to announce that ‘Marsa an’ de young ladies done been down to de plantation ’bout a week.’ ”

Often the group would meet in the evening, and Lanier would start forth on an improvisation; calling out the key, he would dash into an endless stream of melody, his friends accompanying as best they could—the whole frequently ending in some uproarious darky breakdown. He was in the thick of all the jokes; one morning, at the boarding-house, a passage of wits between him and an excitable companion proved too much for the other’s nerves: he made an insulting remark. Lanier promptly struck him. The young man lost his head completely, pulled out a knife, and gave his adversary

a bad cut in the back—the affair ending in a hearty reconciliation, with the knife-wielder nursing Lanier while he was laid up. In those days Southern boys had the old time idea of resenting affronts, but in spite of a naturally quick temper, this is the only personal difficulty related of Lanier's college days, and, with a group of devoted friends, he seems to have had no enemies.

These years of hard study, reading, dreaming, music, serenading and college larks passed away. Lanier graduated at the head of his class, with an ambitious essay on "The Philosophy of History," dividing first honors with a fellow-senior, and on the day of his graduation was appointed tutor by the authorities. After a delightful summer of hunting and fishing and friends and music at his grandfather's estate in the Tennessee Mountains, he took up his new duties.

He was eighteen years old. The thoughtfulness which underlay his buoyant spirits is shown by a passage in his note-book at this time, when he was trying to decide upon his future:

"The point I wish to settle is merely by what method shall I ascertain what I am fit for. I am more than all perplexed by this fact: that the prime inclination—that is, natural bent (which I have checked, though) of my nature is to music, and for that I have the greatest talent; indeed, not boasting, for God gave it me, I have an extraordinary musical talent, and feel it within me plainly that I could rise as high as any composer. But I cannot bring myself to believe that I was intended for a musician,

because it seems so small a business in comparison with other things, which, it seems to me, I might do. Question here: 'What is the province of music in the economy of the world?'"

Sixty years ago, in Georgia, it would have been ludicrous to suggest music as a career for an ambitious young man. Lanier's look ahead presently resolved itself into a couple of years' hard study, mainly at Greek and German, while tutoring; then some more years in a German university; and then a professorship at an American college, where he might be able to work out some of his creative dreams, especially a musical drama of the peasant uprising in France in 1358, *The Jacquerie*, of which he had long been thinking (and a fragment of which is to be found in his complete *Poems*). He set himself resolutely towards this, and the next six months was a period of earnest study and teaching. His flute was still his ever present means of expression, and a friend of those days writes:

"Lanier's passion for music asserted itself at every opportunity. His flute and guitar furnished recreation for himself and pleasant entertainment for the friends dropping in upon him. As a master of the flute he was said to be, even at eighteen, without an equal in Georgia. 'Tutor Lanier,' I find myself recording at the time, 'is the finest flute-player you or I ever saw. It is perfectly splendid—his playing. He is far famed for it. . . . Description is inadequate.'"

This life of scholarship and music did not last long. The tension between North and South grew

to the breaking point in that fall of 1860. On December 1 South Carolina seceded. Georgia followed, January 16. There could be no question in the mind of a high-spirited boy when the call sounded: practically every teacher and student at Oglethorpe enlisted in the Confederate army, and Lanier joined the Macon Volunteers in the Second Georgia battalion at Norfolk, Va.

II. A SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR

1861-1865

It would be hard to imagine a human being more unfitted by nature to be a soldier. There was something in him that made it almost impossible for him to hate a fellow human being; his imagination and sympathy were so quick that he had given up hunting after once watching a large-eyed deer stand motionless before him at close range; it was no exaggeration for him to speak as he did in following years, of the "sisterly leaves," or "Cousin Cloud," for his heart seemed to vibrate in accord with all created things. But the very foundation of his character was a gallant buoyancy in meeting adequately whatever responsibility life set before him. In the face of convictions about war expressed in his one novel, *Tiger Lilies*, and in the essay, *The Devil's Bombs*, he set himself to discharge his new duties with all his powers.

During most of the first year the battalion was stationed near Norfolk, and Lanier's spare time was used in forming an orchestra of flutes, violins, 'cello,

cornet and guitar, and in reading German and poetry. He enlisted again when the year's term of his company was up, was at the battle of Seven Pines, in the fighting around Richmond, and engaged in making entrenchments at Drewry's Bluff—with plenty of forced marches, weather hardships, and chills and fever. In the fall he and his brother were transferred to Major Milligan's battalion of signalmen, doing mounted scouting along the James River from Petersburg to within thirty-five miles of Norfolk. It was adventurous work, for the enemy was liable to swoop down on them at any moment. He wrote of this period:

"Our life was as full of romance as heart could desire. We had flute and guitar, good horses, a beautiful country, splendid residences inhabited by friends who loved us, and plenty of hairbreadth 'scapes from the roving bands of Federals who were continually visiting that Debatable Land."

Knowledge of the Federal movements was gathered by observation of their ships through a telescope, and from a spy who came at midnight once or twice a week from Fortress Monroe; while out on the river after fish to reinforce their scanty table, the scouts were frequently chased by a gunboat; their headquarters was shelled repeatedly; and among the skirmishes was one in April, 1864, when the little band held back a landing party ten times its size, and Lanier and his brother were mentioned in Major Milligan's despatches for "conspicuous gallantry."

Companions of those days all testify to the dash,

resourcefulness, and gay disregard of hardships with which he met mishaps; how he would do double duty to relieve his younger brother,—and half carried him for hours one desperate night on a forced march through sleet and wind; how he refused promotion several times in order not to be separated from the latter; how the flute, which he managed to save always, was a sure comforter for himself and others in the cold, wet, hungry, weary evenings; how he kept on studying, and ever planned for the writing he was already beginning to experiment with in the shape of tentative poems and notes for his *Tiger Lilies*.

In 1864 he was appointed signal officer on the blockade-runner *Lucy*, at Wilmington. She was captured in October by the Federal cruiser *Santiago-de-Cuba*, on her first attempt to steal out of the harbor. His fellow officers, Englishmen, begged him to change his uniform and declare himself a British subject, to avoid imprisonment. He refused. Then the captain directed him to distribute the ship's money among the crew; and finding at the last moment that one old sailor had been overlooked, he gave him most of his own scanty share. With the rest of the crew he was taken prisoner and sent to Point Lookout.

A soldier's life in the field was paradise compared to those four months of horror in a military prison. Yet amid the darkness, filth, exposure, and despair, amid the recklessness of companions whose worst came out under the abandonment of hope, he again proved his mastery over any external conditions,

translating German songs, reading poetry, and cheering his companions with his flute-playing. He got up concerts, with two or three other musical performers, for the benefit of the poorer prisoners. As one said afterwards:

“The flute of Sidney Lanier was our daily delight. It was an angel imprisoned with us to cheer and console us. Well I remember his improvisations, and how the young artist stood there in the twilight. . . .

“In all those dreary months, under the keenest privations of life, exposed to the daily manifestation of want and depravity, sickness and death, his was the clear-hearted, hopeful voice that sang what he uttered in after years.”

And Father Tabb, the poet, who was also a prisoner there, wrote: “There was no room for pretence or disguise. Men appeared what they really were, noble or low-minded, pure or depraved; and there did one trait single him out. In all our intercourse, I can remember no conversation or word of his that an angel might not have uttered or listened to.”

In February he bought his release with some gold smuggled into prison in a friend’s mouth. Emaciated and ill, he almost died on the voyage to Fortress Monroe. But a child friend who happened to be on the boat heard of his presence, and her mother obtained permission to care for him:

“I can see his fellow prisoners now as they crouched and assisted to pass him along over their heads, for they were so packed that they could not make room to carry him through. . . . We got him into clean blankets, but at first he could not endure

the pain from the fire, he was so nearly frozen. We gave him some hot soup and more brandy, and he lay quiet till after midnight. Then he asked for his flute and began playing. As he played the first notes, you should have heard the yell of joy that came up from the shivering wretches down below, who knew that their comrade was alive."

A few days later, carrying blanket, satchel, and his precious flute, he set out on foot for Georgia. A comrade of this painful journey says:

"I recollect one morning that we came up to a farmer, who was hauling cotton to hide away from the enemy. We had a chat and asked for assistance along our journey, but this was refused. He, however, asked us up to his house to get refreshment, and while there Sidney took out his flute and began playing. The music was very sweet indeed, and so charmed the farmer and his wife that he at once hitched up a team and sent us on towards Edgefield, S. C., where we met up with a few Georgia cavalrymen. Sidney knew one of them who loaned us a horse."

They finally reached Augusta, and Lanier took the train to Macon, reaching home to go down into illness for two months. His brother returned from the war. His mother died.

"Then peace came, and we looked about over the blankest world imaginable."

III. LOOKING FOR A VOCATION

1865-1873

IT took some courage for a young man in the South to face either the present or the future in 1865. The war had changed comfort or wealth into poverty. Four million slaves, suddenly freed, were without provisions, and without prospect of labor in a land where employers were impoverished. Forty thousand Confederate soldiers had been disbanded after their terrible four years' struggle, at best to begin life over. Colleges, universities, and libraries were a thing of the past. The old governments were gone, and the new military rule was still chaotic. Every American can be proud of the way in which the mass of these men set to work to build upon the ruins.

Lanier's mind was full of poetry and music that clamored to be written down. But with his usual cheerful acceptance of life, he set about making a living in any way that offered. He tutored at a plantation near his home, thirty classes a day; he became clerk in a hotel in Montgomery, Ala., describing humorously to a friend the paralyzing deadness of business and of mental life; he buckled down to writing poems, essays, and his novel, *Tiger Lilies*, making a trip North in 1867 to arrange for the publication of the latter.

In December of that year he was married to Miss Mary Day, whom he had met in Macon during his stay there on furlough in 1863; and that winter

was spent as principal of an academy in Prattville, Ala., where drudgery and the first signs of his fatal disease, and the disheartening events of Reconstruction alike failed to keep him from his studies in German and Latin literature, or from pouring out his thoughts in essays on current happenings and metaphysical ideas, as well as in occasional poems.

Under his father's urging he went into the latter's law office late in 1868. Throwing his whole heart into the task, as usual, he was admitted to the bar, and for over three years he devoted himself to the intricacies of real estate titles, building and loan advances, trust estates, and other matters of legal principles and records. It was not work that would be chosen by a poet, musician and dreamer, longing for the field of scholarship and literature. But Chancellor Walter B. Hill, who joined the law firm later, declares: "I have had occasion to go over much work of that sort which he did, and I have been struck with its uniform correctness and carefulness. I never saw deeds better drawn than his;" and the other members of the firm said that he introduced a system of order into the office which made it a different place.

During these years ill health drove him away several times for short changes of climate. Three trips of business and health, to New York, opened to him glimpses of a world toward which his deepest nature strained. He heard Nilsson sing, and Thomas's orchestra play the "Tannhäuser" overture; and there kept growing in his mind a feeling

that only in these fields of music and poetry and study could he fulfil his true reason for existence.

This belief, which was but the recognition of creative powers demanding expression, deepened to conviction in 1873. Consumption, contracted at Point Lookout and fought against ever since, became so serious that he was forced to try a change to the dry air of Texas; and at San Antonio he was so near death that the facts of life ranged themselves before him in unmistakable values.

All the while, he had been keenly observing the new people and places about him, developing his *Jacquerie* by study of Michelet's *France*, reading and planning for a series of travel articles—one of which, on San Antonio, appears in his book, *Retrospects and Prospects*. His health presently improved under influences of the air and of a rigorously followed course of medical treatment. He experienced the joy of a musical triumph, his flute solo before the Männerchor producing a storm of applause amid which the leader, "an old man with long white beard and mustache," ran to him, grasped his hand and declared that he "hat never heert de flude accompany itself pefore!" He wrote down one of the musical improvisations on nature themes with which he was wont to delight his friends, "Field-larks and Blackbirds." And when he returned to Macon in April his mind was made up.

That September he set out for the North, with flute and pen as weapons. He was thirty-one years old; a wife and three children were to be provided for; his first efforts in literature offered little encour-

agement financially; his family and friends thought that in his state of health such a hazard of new fortunes was folly. But he had faced all the facts and was sure. He writes his father from New York, November 29, 1873:

"I have given your last letter the fullest and most careful consideration. After doing so, I feel sure that Macon is not the place for me. If you could taste the delicious crystalline air, and the champagne breeze that I've just been rushing about in, I am equally sure that in point of climate you would agree with me that my chance for life is ten times as great here as in Macon. Then, as to business, why should I, nay, how *can* I, settle myself down to be a third-rate struggling lawyer for the balance of my little life as long as there is a certainty almost absolute that I can do some other thing so much better? Several persons, from whose judgment there can be no appeal, have told me, for instance, that I am the greatest flute-player in the world; and several others, of equally authoritative judgment, have given me an almost equal encouragement to work with my pen. (Of course I protest against the necessity which makes me write such things about myself. I only do so because I so appreciate the love and tenderness which prompt you to desire me with you that I will make the fullest explanation possible of my course, out of the reciprocal honor and respect for the motives which lead you to think differently from me.) My dear father, think how for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness,

through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?”

IV. WRITER, MUSICIAN, AND LECTURER

1874-1881

LANIER'S undoubted musical genius won for him immediate recognition. On his way to New York he stopped in Baltimore and met Asger Hamerik, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music. This distinguished leader and composer was so delighted with his playing of his own "Blackbirds" that he at once offered him the position of first flute in the new orchestra being formed at the Peabody, which position Lanier filled through this and succeeding seasons. He told a friend that when he entered the orchestra he actually did not know the value of a dotted note; yet his musical instinct not only enabled him to hold his own with trained musicians, but he was repeatedly assured by experts that he was the best sight reader they had ever met.

He started to take lessons of the first flutist of Thomas's orchestra: after playing for this master, the latter complimented him, but told him he must get a Boehm flute and practise: "When you can do this, you'll pass," added the teacher, picking up his own instrument and executing some most difficult pyrotechnics. Without a word Lanier repeated the passage on his eight-keyed flute. The veteran stood open-mouthed. "Here," said he, "give up that old thing and take this Boehm. Aside from correcting some errors, there is nothing I can teach you."

Theodore Thomas arranged to offer him a place in his orchestra, a plan which failed because of Lanier's health at the time. Doctor Damrosch assured him he played his own "Wind Song" "like an artist," and that the performance was "wonderful" in view of his education. Director Hamerik said he had "not only the art of art, but an art above art," and afterwards wrote a striking picture of his triumph in a flute concerto with the Peabody orchestra. Whenever he played, with the orchestra, at church concerts, at the Germania Männerchor, at private musicales, the story was the same.

His success only stimulated him to fresh efforts. He practised and studied, beginning, as he writes, "in the midst of the stormy surges of the orchestra to feel my heart sure, my soul discriminating . . . presently my hand will be firm enough to hold the helm myself." He invented an improved long flute, which was about perfected when lack of strength and money forced him to stop pushing the obstinate

workman who was making the model. He delved into the physics of music, discovering a property of vibrating strings which helped to explain the difference in tone-color between wind and stringed instruments. He was full of a plan for a new form of orchestra to tour the smaller cities and educate people musically; and looked forward to working with all his heart to advance the time when music should be considered one of the fundamentals of culture and religion to be studied in every college. (Here, as in many other things, he was merely ahead of his time.) His letters (in "Letters of Sidney Lanier"—"A Poet's Musical Impressions") and the essays collected under the title of "Music and Poetry" present some idea of the answer he himself finally gave to his boyish question: "What is the place of music in the economy of the world?" And one of his most important prose works, *The Science of English Verse*, containing his theory that the laws of versification are simply special forms of the laws of music, could only have been written by one who had both felt music and studied it deeply. The same double artistic expression is, of course, shown most strikingly in one of his greatest poems, "The Symphony," where the essential character of each instrument in the orchestra is expressed in words with a subtlety rarely equalled.

In February, 1875, *Lippincott's Magazine* published "Corn," which first brought him to general attention as a poet—though a number of short poems in the *Round Table* during 1867 and 1868 had made a small circle of readers feel sure of his power.

It was followed by the "Symphony," the cantata written for the opening of the Philadelphia Centennial, and the enlarged hymn of America which grew from this cantata, "The Psalm of the West." (The last was to have music written by himself.) These three long poems and some shorter ones were gathered into a volume in the fall of 1876, and the young author found himself welcomed by Bayard Taylor and others of the best known authors and writers as one who had won his literary spurs. Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, a man of great knowledge and culture, gave him the most generous recognition and furthered his interests in many ways. "Corn" brought him, in addition, the friendship of that rare woman, Charlotte Cushman.

— By the fall of 1877 he had also written a sort of inspired guide-book, *Florida*, a series of articles descriptive of India, created by his quick imagination from a prodigious amount of hard work in the libraries, a number of other essays, and a dozen more poems, though he was forced to drop his orchestral work in the fall of 1876 and go to Florida and Georgia for six months, to keep alive.

The following winter he was back in Baltimore with his family, re-enforcing his knowledge of Elizabethan poetry with systematic study of early and middle English literature at the Peabody library. He wrote enthusiastically to Bayard Taylor: "The world seems twice as large." The fruits of these new conquests of his eager mind were given in lectures to private classes and at the Peabody Institute; and

much of his material is embodied in the posthumous work, *Shakspeare and His Fore-runners*. His enthusiasm led him on from this to the design of what he called "Schools for Grown People," an idea since carried out in popular lectures, University extension work, Chautauqua courses and a hundred other ways. It was years too soon for his plan, but his own power of making these things alive to his hearers gave a most stimulating quality to his talks.

His success in this work led to his appointment as lecturer in English literature at Johns Hopkins University, where more than one of the students has testified to the magic sympathy and enthusiasm with which he made the dry bones of the literary past take on form and beauty and freshness and meaning. Here too were delivered the dozen lectures on "The Development of Personality from Æschylus to George Eliot," afterwards published as *The English Novel*.

Meanwhile he was writing "The Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise," "The Crystal," "Individuality," "Owl Against Robin," and others of his greatest poems; editing the *Boys' King Arthur, Froissart, Mabinogion*, and *Percy*, planning buoyantly for the volumes of poems which crowded his mind, for new literary enterprises ever suggested by his vital interest in life and books—though it was clear that he was rapidly approaching the limit of his allotted working time.

In the spring of 1881 he went to the mountains of North Carolina for a final struggle with his old

enemy. Up to the last he poured out his strength into the work at hand. And when in September the end came, he met it as he had met life.

The critics differ much as to Lanier's final rank as a poet. General appreciation of his work has steadily increased during the thirty-three years since his volume of collected poems was issued, and it seems at least settled that he belongs among the ten chief poets America has produced.

To read a poem is more illuminating than to read a whole volume about it. Yet there are a few definite characteristics worth noting.

First of all, his poems always came from within. Whatever they are, they represent the surging feeling and true nature of the man, not a response to any external demand. As he himself said: "The difficulty with me is *not* to write poetry."

He was a singer of America. And he followed his conviction that the poet must be a prophet, a seer, bringing to his fellows visions of their highest possibilities. Though he had been a soldier in the Confederate Army, though his captivity in Point Lookout had fastened on him a physical ball-and-chain for the rest of his life, though the bitterness of Reconstruction still lay heavy on the South, Lanier could write in 1876 a dream of America and its future as lofty and confident as was ever penned. His "Psalm of the West" is a vision of the highest possibilities of freedom and true democracy, the brotherhood of man, the ultimate "birth of faith from knowing and loving." He had

no doubts about the "tall young Adam of the West":

"At heart let no one fear for thee:
Thy Past sings ever Freedom's song,
Thy Future's voice sounds wondrous free."

The Jacquerie, too, which was in his mind, waiting a chance to be written, for most of his working life, enthralled him because it dealt with "the first time that the big hungers of the *People* appear in our modern civilization." The most poignant note of the "Symphony" is his cry for the poor:

"Wedged by the pressure of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore:"

He was a passionate democrat. His ideal of democracy was simply that of Jesus Christ—the inevitable result of loving one's neighbor as one's self. He says, in a fervent passage, rejecting mere bigness as an object of pride:

"A republic is the government of the spirit; a republic depends upon the self control of each member; you cannot make a republic out of muscles, and prairies, and Rocky Mountains; republics are made of the spirit."

He had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. His extraordinary sensitiveness to the delicate, half-hidden beauties of nature was never troubled for fear that all he could learn about trees, flowers, microscopic life, or meteorology might lessen the

mystery or charm. (Every fact of nature, of science, of art was vital to him, was food for poetry, was building material for the palace of Truth which he conceived as the only adequate aim of the poet.) For some thousands of years the sun has been "rising" in poets' pictures of dawn; but in Lanier's "Sunrise,"

"The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing."

Surely there is but an increase of majesty in this adoption of one of the first facts of science. And the other stanzas in the same poem, hailing the sun as "Workman Heat"—

"Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
And be mixed in the death-cold oneness"—

are almost unique in poetry in their use of the knowledge of energy and matter which modern scientists have built up.

Over and over he sang the responsibility of the artist for his work, his belief that more, not less, should be demanded of the genius than of the ordinary man. And while he delighted in vigorous, red-blooded life, he not only upheld in all his work an ideal of cleanness and absolute purity as the most manly of qualities, but he lived his doctrine as few men have lived it.

And finally, everything he wrote is transfused with a belief in the best of man's nature. "Every man is as good as his best," was one of his favorite sayings. Everywhere there is humor, bravery, mag-

nanimity, knightliness, hope, faith, love. For he saw God in everything—or where he could not see, he trusted. His vision of the end of humanity was ever that of

“the Catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of stain.”

SELECTIONS FROM SIDNEY LANIER

POEMS

THE TOURNAMENT

JOUST FIRST

I

BRIGHT shone the lists, blue bent the skies,
And the knights still hurried amain
To the tournament under the ladies' eyes,
Where the jousters were Heart and Brain.

II

Flourished the trumpets: entered Heart, 5
A youth in crimson and gold.
Flourished again: Brain stood apart,
Steel-armored, dark and cold.

III

Heart's palfrey caracoled gayly round,
Heart tra-li-ra'd merrily; 10
But Brain sat still, with never a sound,
So cynical-calm was he.

IV

Heart's helmet-crest bore favors three
From his lady's white hand caught;

- 15 While Brain wore a plumeless casque; not he
Or favor gave or sought.

V

- The herald blew; Heart shot a glance
To find his lady's eye,
But Brain gazed straight ahead his lance
20 To aim more faithfully.

VI

They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled.
Brain rose again, ungloved,
Heart, dying, smiled and faintly said,
"My love to my beloved!"

CAMP FRENCH, WILMINGTON, N. C.,
May, 1862.

JOUST SECOND

I

A-many sweet eyes wept and wept,
A-many bosoms heaved again;
A-many dainty dead hopes slept
With yonder Heart-knight prone o' the plain.

II

- 5 Yet stars will burn through any mists,
And the ladies' eyes, through rains of fate,
Still beamed upon the bloody lists
And lit the joust of Love and Hate.

III

O strange ! or ere a trumpet blew,
Or ere a challenge-word was given, 10
A knight leapt down i' the lists; none knew
Whether he sprang from earth or heaven.

IV

His cheek was soft as a lily-bud,
His gray eyes calmed his youth's alarm;
Nor helm nor hauberk nor even a hood 15
Had he to shield his life from harm.

V

No falchion from his baldric swung,
He wore a white rose in its place.
No dagger at his girdle hung,
But only an olive-branch, for grace. 20

VI

And "Come, thou poor mistaken knight,"
Cried Love, unarmed, yet dauntless there,
"Come on, God pity thee !—I fight
Sans sword, sans shield; yet, Hate, beware !"

VII

Spurred furious Hate; he foamed at mouth, 25
His breath was hot upon the air,
His breath scorched souls, as a dry drought
Withers green trees and burns them bare.

VIII

Straight drives he at his enemy,
 30 His hairy hands grip lance in rest,
 His lance it gleams full bitterly,
 God !—gleams, true-point, on Love's bare breast !

IX

Love's gray eyes glow with a heaven-heat,
 Love lifts his hand in a saintly prayer;
 35 Look ! Hate hath fallen at his feet !
 Look ! Hate hath vanished in the air !

X

Then all the throng looked kind on all;
 Eyes yearned, lips kissed, dumb souls were freed;
 Two magic maids' hands lifted a pall
 40 And the dead knight, Heart, sprang on his steed.

XI

Then Love cried, "Break me his lance, each knight !
 Ye shall fight for blood-athirst Fame no more !"
 And the knights all doffed their mailed might
 And dealt out dole on dole to the poor.

XII

45 Then dove-flights sanctified the plain,
 And hawk and sparrow shared a nest.
 And the great sea opened and swallowed Pain,
 And out of this water-grave floated Rest !

LIFE AND SONG

“If life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

“Then would this breathing clarionet 5
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none o’ the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

“Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life, 10
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife;

“Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
Might each express the other’s all,
Careless if life or art were long 15
Since both were one, to stand or fall:

“So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land:
His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand !” 20

SONG FOR "THE JACQUERIE"

I

MAY the maiden,
Violet-laden
Out of the violet sea,
Comes and hovers
Over lovers,
Over thee, Marie, and me,
Over me and thee.

5

Day the stately,
Sunken lately
Into the violet sea,
Backward hovers
Over lovers,
Over thee, Marie, and me,
Over me and thee.

10

Night the holy,
Sailing slowly
Over the violet sea,
Stars uncovers
Over lovers,
Stars for thee, Marie, and me,
Stars for me and thee.

15

20

MACON, GA., 1868.

SONG FOR "THE JACQUERIE"

II

THE hound was cuffed, the hound was
kicked,

O' the ears was cropped, o' the tail was
nicked,

(*All.*) Oo-hoo-o, howled the hound.

The hound into his kennel crept;

He rarely wept, he never slept.

5

His mouth he always open kept

Licking his bitter wound,

The hound,

(*All.*) U-lu-lo, *howled the hound.*

A star upon his kennel shone

10

That showed the hound a meat-bare bone.

(*All.*) O hungry was the hound!

The hound had but a churlish wit.

He seized the bone, he crunched, he bit.

"An thou wert Master, I had slit

15

Thy throat with a huge wound,"

Quo' hound.

(*All.*) O, angry was the hound.

The star in castle-window shone,

The Master lay abed, alone.

20

(*All.*) Oh ho, why not? quo' hound.

He leapt, he seized the throat, he tore

The Master, head from neck, to floor,

25 And rolled the head i' the kennel door,
 And fled and salved his wound,
 Good hound!

(*All.*) U-lu-lo, *howled the hound.*

MACON, GA., 1868.

THAR'S MORE IN THE MAN THAN THAR IS IN THE LAND

I KNOWED a man, which he lived in Jones,
 Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones,
 And he lived pretty much by gittin' of loans,
 And his mules was nuthin' but skin and bones,
 5 And his hogs was flat as his corn-bread pones,
 And he had 'bout a thousand acres o' land.

This man—which his name it was also Jones—
 He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and
 stones

Fur he couldn't make nuthin' but yallerish cotton,
 10 And little o' *that*, and his fences was rotten,
 And what little corn he had, *hit* was boughten
 And dinged ef a livin' was in the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
 And he riz and he walked to the stable lot,
 15 And he hollered to Tom to come thar and hitch
 Fur to emigrate somewhar whar land was rich,
 And to quit raisin' cock-burrs, thistles and sich,
 And a wastin' ther time on the cussed land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Pertestin' that folks was mighty big fools 20
That 'ud stay in Georgy ther lifetime out,
Jest scratchin' a livin' when all of 'em mought
Git places in Texas whar cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he driv by a house whar a man named Brown 25
Was a livin', not fur from the edge o' town,
And he bantered Brown fur to buy his place,
And said that bein' as money was skace,
And bein' as sheriffs was hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would git the land. 30

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a waggin and tents,
And loaded his corn, and his wimmin, and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it tuck
His entire pile, with the best of luck, 35
To git thar and git him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones' farm,
And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the groun',
And he rooted it up and he plowed it down, 40
Then he sowed his corn and his wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown one day
(Which he'd got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a settin' down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see, 45
When one o' the children jumped on his knee
And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And thar was Jones, standin' out at the fence,
 And he hadn't no waggin, nor mules, nor tents,
 50 Fur he had left Texas afoot and cum
 To Georgy to see if he couldn't git sum
 Employment, and he was a lookin' as hum-
 Ble as ef he had never owned any land.

But Brown he axed him in, and he sot
 55 Him down to his vittles smokin' hot,
 And when he had filled hisself and the floor
 Brown looked at him sharp and riz and swore
 That, "whether men's land was rich or poor
 Thar was more in the *man* than thar was in the
land."

MACON, GA., 1869.

THE POWER OF PRAYER; OR, THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA

BY SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-
 roads does meet.
 De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis'
 into a seat.
 Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole
 nigger's feet.

It 'pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o'
 June.

I 'clar', I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de
fiddle soon ! 5

Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin'
in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blind for fo'ty year or mo',
Dese ears, *dey* sees the world, like, th'u' de cracks
dat's in de do'.

For de Lord has built dis body wid de windows 'hind
and 'fo.'

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is
sort o' dim, 10

But den, th'u' *dem*, temptation's rain won't leak in
on ole Jim !

De back ones show me earth enough, aldo' dey's
mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben,—bless de Lord, and praise His
holy name—

Dat shines in all de co'ners of dis cabin jes' de same
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar' a plank upon de frame ! 15

Who *call* me? Listen down de ribber, Dinah!
Don't you hyar

Somebody holl'in' "*Hoo, Jim, hoo*"? My Sarah
died las' y'ar;

Is dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim
f'om hyar?

My stars, dat cain't be Sarah, shuh! Jes' listen,
Dinah, *now* !

20 What *kin* be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a
row?
Fus' bellerin' like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a
sow?
De Lord 'a' mussy sakes alive, jes' hear,—ker-woof,
ker-woof—
De Debble's comin' round dat bend, he's comin'
shuh enuff,
A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his
hoof!

25 I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't
gwine run away:
I'm gwine to stand stiff-legged for de Lord dis
blessèd day.
You screech, and swish de water, Satan! I'se a
gwine to pray.

O hebbenly Marster, what thou willest, dat mus' be
jes' so,
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's
bound to go.
30 Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young
Dinah hyar below!

'Scuse Dinah, 'scuse her, Marster; for she's sich a
little chile,
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up de homeyard
stile,
But dis ole traveller's feet been tired dis many a
many a mile.

I'se wufless as de rotten pole of las' year's fodder-stack.

De rheumatiz done bit my bones; you hear 'em crack and crack? 35

I cain't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.

What use de wheel, when hub and spokes is warped and split, and rotten?

What use dis dried-up cotton-stalk, when Life done picked my cotton?

I'se like a word dat somebody said, and den done been forgotten.

But, Dinah! Shuh dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry tree, 40

De sap 's jes' risin in her; she do grow owdacious-lee—

Lord, ef you 's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down, cut me!

I would not proud persume—but I'll boldly make reques';

Sence Jacob had dat wrastlin'-match, I, too, gwine do my bes';

When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord he answered Yes! 45

And what for waste de vittles, now, and th'ow away de bread,

Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis
ole bald head?

T'ink of de 'conomy, Marster, ef dis ole Jim was
dead!

Stop;—ef I don't believe de Debbble's gone on up de
stream!

50 Jes' now he squealed down dar;—hush; dat's a
mighty weakly scream!

Yas, sir, he's gone, he's gone;—he snort way off,
like in a dream!

O glory hallelujah to de Lord dat reigns on high!
De Debbble's fai'ly skeered to def, he done gone
flyin' by;

I know'd he couldn' stand dat pra'r, I felt my
Marster nigh!

55 You, Dinah; ain't you 'shamed, now, dat you didn'
trust to grace?

I heerd you thrashin' th'u' de bushes when he showed
his face!

You fool, you think de Debbble couldn't beat *you* in
a race?

I tell you, Dinah, jes' as shuh as you is standin' dar,
When folks starts prayin', answer—angels drops
down th'u' de a'r.

60 *Yas, Dinah, whar 'ould you be now, jes' 'ceptin' fur
dat pra'r?*

THE SYMPHONY

“O TRADE! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
The Time needs heart—’tis tired of head:
We’re all for love,” the violins said.

“Of what avail the rigorous tale
Of bill for coin and box for bale? 5
Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope:

Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
And base it deep as devils grope:
When all’s done, what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that’s under the sun? 10
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love’s least, least ecstasy?”

Then, with a bridegroom’s heart-beats trembling,
All the mightier strings assembling
Ranged them on the violins’ side 15
As when the bridegroom leads the bride,
And, heart in voice, together cried:

“Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land, 20
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade’s hand
Against an inward-opening door

That pressure tightens evermore:
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh 25
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.

‘Each day, all day’ (these poor folks say),

- 30 'In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
 We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
 We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
 And thief much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
 To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
- 35 The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die;
 And so do we, and the world's a sty;
 Hush, fellow-swine: why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath no remedy
 Say many men, and hasten by,
- 40 Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.
 But who said once, in the lordly tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone
But all that cometh from the Throne?
 Hath God said so?
- 45 But Trade saith *No*:
 And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say *Go!*
There's plenty that can, if you can't: we know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
- 50 *Trade is trade.'"*
 Thereat this passionate protesting
 Meekly changed, and softened till
 It sank to sad requesting
 And suggesting sadder still:
- 55 "And oh, if men might some time see
 How piteous-false the poor decree
 That trade no more than trade must be!
 Does business mean, *Die, you—live, I?*
 Then 'Trade is trade' but sings a lie:
- 60 'Tis only war grown miserly.
 If business is battle, name it so:

War-crimes less will shame it so,
And widows less will blame it so.
Alas, for the poor to have some part
In yon sweet living lands of Art, 65
Makes problem not for head, but heart.
Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it:
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it."

And then, as when from words that seem but rude
We pass to silent pain that sits abroad 70
Back in our heart's great dark and solitude,
So sank the strings to gentle throbbing
Of long chords change-marked with sobbing—
Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
Than half wing-openings of the sleeping bird, 75
Some dream of danger to her young hath stirred.
Then stirring and demurring ceased, and lo!
Every least ripple of the strings' song-flow
Died to a level with each level bow
And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so, 80
As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go
To linger in the sacred dark and green
Where many boughs the still pool overlean
And many leaves make shadow with their sheen.

But presently 85
A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone 90
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide

And clarified and glorified
 The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
 95 From the warm concave of that fluted note
 Somewhat, half song, half odor, forth did float
 As if a rose might somehow be a throat:
 "When Nature from her far-off glen
 Flutes her soft messages to men,
 100 The flute can say them o'er again;
 Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
 Breathes through life's strident polyphone
 The flute-voice in the world of tone.
 Sweet friends,
 105 Man's love ascends
 To finer and diviner ends
 Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends,
 For I, e'en I,
 As here I lie,
 [110 A petal on a harmony,
 Demand of Science whence and why
 Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,
 When he doth gaze on earth and sky?
 I am not overbold:
 115 I hold
 Full powers from Nature manifold.
 I speak for each no-tongued tree
 That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,
 And dumbly and most wistfully
 120 His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
 Above men's oft-unheeding heads,
 And his big blessing downward sheds.
 I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,
 Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,

Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves; 125
Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,
And briery mazes bounding lanes,
And marsh-plants, thirsty-cupped for rains,
And milky stems and sugary veins;
For every long-armed woman-vine 130
That round a piteous tree doth twine;
For passionate odors, and divine
Pistils, and petals crystalline;
All purities of shady springs,
All shynesses of film-winged things 135
That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings;
All modesties of mountain-fawns
That leap to covert from wild lawns,
And tremble if the day but dawns;
All sparklings of small beady eyes 140
Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
All piquancies of prickly burs,
And smoothnesses of downs and furs
Of eiders and of minevers; 145
All limpid honeys that do lie
At stamen-bases, nor deny
The humming-birds' fine roguery,
Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
All gracious curves of slender wings, 150
Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings;
Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
Wherewith in every lonesome dell
Time to himself his hours doth tell; 155
All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine-cones,

Wind-sighings, doves' melodious moans,
 And night's unearthly under-tones;
 All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
 160 All cool reposing mountain-steeps,
 Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps;—
 Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
 And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
 Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,
 165 —These doth my timid tongue present,
 Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
 And servant, all love-eloquent.
 I heard, when '*All for love*' the violins cried:
 So, Nature calls through all her system wide,
 170 *Give me thy love, O man, so long denied.*
 Much time is run, and man hath changed his ways,
 Since Nature, in the antique fable-days,
 Was hid from man's true love by proxy fays,
 False fauns and rascal gods that stole her praise.
 175 The nymphs, cold creatures of man's colder brain,
 Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm heart was
 fain
 Never to lave its love in them again.
 Later, a sweet Voice *Love thy neighbor* said;
 Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
 180 Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.
 Vainly the Jew might wag his covenant head:
 '*All men are neighbors,*' so the sweet Voice said.
 So, when man's arms had circled all man's race,
 The liberal compass of his warm embrace
 185 Stretched bigger yet in the dark bounds of space;
 With hands a-grope he felt smooth Nature's grace,
 Drew her to breast and kissed her sweetheart face:

Yea, man found neighbors in great hills and trees
And streams and clouds and suns and birds and
 bees,
And throbbed with neighbor-loves in loving these. 190
But oh, the poor! the poor! the poor!
That stand by the inward-opening door
Trade's hand doth tighten ever more,
And sigh their monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside hills of liberty, 195
Where Nature spreads her wild blue sky
For Art to make into melody!
Thou Trade! thou king of the modern days!
 Change thy ways,
 Change thy ways; 200
Let the sweaty laborers file
 A little while,
 A little while,
Where Art and Nature sing and smile.
Trade! is thy heart all dead, all dead? 205
And hast thou nothing but a head?
I'm all for heart," the flute-voice said,
And into sudden silence fled,
Like as a blush that while 'tis red
Dies to a still, still white instead. 210

Thereto a thrilling calm succeeds,
Till presently the silence breeds
A little breeze among the reeds
That seems to blow by sea-marsh weeds:
Then from the gentle stir and fret 215
Sings out the melting clarionet,
Like as a lady sings while yet

- Her eyes with salty tears are wet.
 "O Trade! O Trade!" the Lady said,
 220 "I too will wish thee utterly dead
 If all thy heart is in thy head.
 For O my God! and O my God!
 What shameful ways have women trod
 At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!
 225 Alas when sighs are traders' lies,
 And heart's-ease eyes and violet eyes
 Are merchandise!
 O purchased lips that kiss with pain!
 O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!
 230 O trafficked hearts that break in twain!
 —And yet what wonder at my sisters' crime?
 So hath Trade withered up Love's sinewy prime,
 Men love not women as in olden time.
 Ah, not in these cold merchantable days
 235 Deem men their life an opal gray, where plays
 The one red Sweet of gracious ladies'-praise.
 Now, comes a suitor with sharp prying eye—
 Says, *Here, you Lady, if you'll sell, I'll buy:*
Come, heart for heart—a trade? What! weeping?
 why?
 240 Shame on such wooers' dapper mercery!
 I would my lover kneeling at my feet
 In humble manliness should cry, *O sweet!*
I know not if thy heart my heart will greet:
I ask not if thy love my love can meet:
 245 *Whate'er thy worshipful soft tongue shall say,*
I'll kiss thine answer, be it yea or nay:
I do but know I love thee, and I pray
To be thy knight until my dying day.

Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives !
Base love good women to base loving drives. 250
If men loved larger, larger were our lives;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives."

There thrust the bold straightforward horn
To battle for that lady lorn,
With heartsome voice of mellow scorn, 255
Like any knight in knighthood's morn.

"Now comfort thee," said he,

Fair Lady.

For God shall right thy grievous wrong,
And man shall sing thee a true-love song, 260
Voiced in act his whole life long,

Yea, all thy sweet life long,

Fair Lady.

Where's he that craftily hath said,
The day of chivalry is dead ? 265

I'll prove that lie upon his head,

Or I will die instead,

Fair Lady.

Is Honor gone into his grave ?
Hath Faith become a caitiff knave, 270
And Selfhood turned into a slave

To work in Mammon's cave,

Fair Lady ?

Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again ?
Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain 275

All great contempts of mean-got gain

And hates of inward stain,

Fair Lady ?

For aye shall name and fame be sold,

- 280 And place be hugged for the sake of gold,
 And smirch-robed Justice feebly scold
 At Crime all money-bold,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall self-wrapt husbands aye forget
- 285 Kiss-pardons for the daily fret
 Wherewith sweet wifely eyes are wet—
 Blind to lips kiss-wise set—
 Fair Lady?
 Shall lovers higgie, heart for heart,
- 290 Till wooing grows a trading mart
 Where much for little, and all for part,
 Make love a cheapening art,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall woman scorch for a single sin
- 295 That her betrayer may revel in,
 And she be burnt, and he but grin
 When that the flames begin,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
- 300 *We maids would far, far whiter be*
 If that our eyes might sometimes see
 Men maids in purity,
 Fair Lady?
 Shall Trade aye salve his conscience-aches
- 305 With jibes at Chivalry's old mistakes—
 The wars that o'erhot knighthood makes
 For Christ's and ladies' sakes,
 Fair Lady?
 Now by each knight that e'er hath prayed
- 310 To fight like a man and love like a maid,
 Since Pembroke's life, as Pembroke's blade,

I' the scabbard, death, was laid,

Fair Lady,

I dare avouch my faith is bright

That God doth right and God hath might, 315

Nor time hath changed His hair to white,

Nor His dear love to spite,

Fair Lady.

I doubt no doubts: I strive, and shrive my clay,

And fight my fight in the patient modern way 320

For true love and for thee—ah me! and pray

To be thy knight until my dying day,

Fair Lady."

Made end that knightly horn, and spurred away

Into the thick of the melodious fray. 325

And then the hautboy played and smiled,

And sang like any large-eyed child,

Cool-hearted and all undefiled.

"Huge Trade!" he said,

"Would thou wouldst lift me on thy head 330

And run where'er my finger led!

Once said a Man—and wise was He—

Never shalt thou the heavens see,

Save as a little child thou be."

Then o'er sea-lashings of commingling tunes 335

The ancient wise bassoons,

Like weird

Gray-beard

Old harpers sitting on the high sea-dunes,

Chanted runes: 340

"Bright-waved gain, gray-waved loss,

The sea of all doth lash and toss,

One wave forward and one across:
 But now 'twas trough, now 'tis crest,
 345 And worst doth foam and flash to best,
 And curst to blest.

Life! Life! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,
 Love, Love alone can pore
 On thy dissolving score
 350 Of harsh half-phrasings,
 Blotted ere writ,
 And double erasings
 Of chords most fit.

Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
 355 May read thy weltering palimpsest.
 To follow Time's dying melodies through,
 And never to lose the old in the new,
 And ever to solve the discords true—
 Love alone can do.

360 And ever Love hears the poor-folks' crying,
 And ever Love hears the women's sighing,
 And ever sweet knighthood's death-defying,
 And ever wise childhood's deep implying,
 But never a trader's glozing and lying.

365 And yet shall Love himself be heard,
 Though long deferred, though long deferred;
 O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred:
 Music is Love in search of a word."

BALTIMORE, 1875.

THE DISCOVERY

FROM "THE PSALM OF THE WEST"

Santa Maria, well thou tremblest down the wave,
 Thy *Pinta* far abow, thy *Niña* nigh astern:
 Columbus stands in the night alone, and, passing
 grave,

Yearns o'er the sea as tones o'er under-silence
 yearn.

Heartens his heart as friend befriends his friend
 less brave,

5

Makes burn the faiths that cool, and cools the
 doubts that burn:—

I

"Twixt this and dawn, three hours my soul will
 smite

With prickly seconds, or less tolerably

With dull-blade minutes flatwise slapping me.

Wait, Heart! Time moves.—Thou lithe young
 Western Night,

10

Just-crownèd king, slow riding to thy right,

Would God that I might straddle mutiny

Calm as thou sitt'st yon never-managed sea,

Balk'st with his balking, fliest with his flight,

Giv'st supple to his rearings and his falls,

15

Nor dropp'st one coronal star about thy brow

Whilst ever dayward thou art steadfast drawn!

Yea, would I rode these mad contentious brawls

No damage taking from their If and How,

Nor no result save galloping to my Dawn!

20

II

- "My Dawn? my Dawn? How if it never break?
 How if this West by other Wests is pieced,
 And these by vacant Wests on Wests increased—
 One Pain of Space, with hollow ache on ache
 25 Throbbing and ceasing not for Christ's own sake?—
 Big perilous theorem, hard for king and priest:
Pursue the West but long enough, 'tis East!
 Oh, if this watery world no turning take!
 Oh, if for all my logic, all my dreams,
 30 Provings of that which is by that which seems,
 Fears, hopes, chills, heats, hastes, patiences,
 droughts, tears,
 Wife-grievings, slights on love, embezzled years,
 Hates, treaties, scorns, upliftings, loss and gain,—
 This earth, no sphere, be all one sickening plane!

III

- 35 "Or, haply, how if this contrarious West,
 That me by turns hath starved, by turns hath
 fed,
 Embraced, disgraced, beat back, solicited,
 Have no fixed heart of Law within his breast,
 Or with some different rhythm doth e'er contest
 40 Nature in the East? Why, 'tis but three weeks
 fled
 I saw my Judas needle shake his head
 And flout the Pole that, East, he Lord confessed!
 God! if this West should own some other Pole,
 And with his tangled ways perplex my soul
 45 Until the maze grow mortal, and I die

Where distraught Nature clean hath gone astray,
 On earth some other wit than Time's at play,
 Some other God than mine above the sky!

IV

"Now speaks mine other heart with cheerier seeming:

Ho, Admiral! o'er-defalking to thy crew 50
Against thyself, thyself far overfew
To front yon multitudes of rebel scheming?
 Come, ye wild twenty years of heavenly dreaming!
 Come, ye wild weeks since first this canvas drew
 Out of vexed Palos ere the dawn was blue, 55
 O'er milky waves about the bows full-creaming!
 Come set me round with many faithful spears
 Of confident remembrance—how I crushed
 Cat-lived rebellions, pitfalled treasons, hushed
 Scared husbands' heart-break cries on distant
 wives, 60
 Made cowards blush at whining for their lives,
 Watered my parching souls, and dried their tears.

V

"Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,
Turn, turn: here be three caravels ahead,
From Portugal, to take us: we are dead! 65
Hold Westward, pilot, calmly I replied.
 So when the last land down the horizon died,
Go back, go back! they prayed: our hearts are
lead.—
Friends, we are bound into the West, I said.

70 Then passed the wreck of a mast upon our side.
 See (so they wept) God's Warning! Admiral,
 turn!—

Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.
 Then down the night we saw the meteor burn.

So do the very heavens in fire protest:
 75 *Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!—*
 Hold straight into the West, I said again.

VI

“Next drive we o’er the slimy-weeded sea.

Lo! herebeneath (another coward cries)

The cursèd land of sunk Atlantis lies:

80 *This slime will suck us down—turn while thou’rt*
 free!—

But no! I said, Freedom bears West for me!

 Yet when the long-time stagnant winds arise,

 And day by day the keel to westward flies,

My Good my people’s Ill doth come to be:

85 *Ever the winds into the West do blow;*

Never a ship, once turned, might homeward go;

Meanwhile we speed into the lonesome main.

For Christ’s sake, parley, Admiral! Turn, before

We sail outside all bounds of help from pain!—

90 *Our help is in the West, I said once more.*

VII

18 “So when there came a mighty cry of *Land!*

 And we clomb up and saw, and shouted strong

Salve Regina! all the ropes along,

 But knew at morn how that a counterfeit band

Of level clouds had aped a silver strand; 95
 So when we heard the orchard-bird's small song,
 And all the people cried, *A hellish throng*
To tempt us onward by the Devil planned,
Yea, all from hell—keen heron, fresh green weeds,
Pelican, tunny-fish, fair tapering reeds, 100
Lie-telling lands that ever shine and die
In clouds of nothing round the empty sky.
Tired Admiral, get thee from this hell, and rest!—
Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.

VIII

"I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night, 105
 From its big circling ever absently
 Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.
Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
 Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a
 Light.
 Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me. 110
 I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
 What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
 Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:
 What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
 Well! But I saw It. Wait! the *Pinta's* gun! 115
 Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear: 'tis done!
 Two dawns do break at once from Time's full
 hand—
 God's, East—mine, West: good friends, behold my
 Land!"

EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
 And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
 How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
 Ah ! longer, longer, we.

5 Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
 As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
 And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
 Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
 10 Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
 O night ! divorce our sun and sky apart,
 Never our lips, our hands.

1876.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

OUT of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 5 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 10 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide, 15
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide*,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall. 20

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold, 25
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall. 30

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone 35
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall. 40

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 45 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 50 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

1877.

THE MOCKING BIRD

SUPERB and sole, upon a pluméd spray
 That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
 He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew
 The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
 5 Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
 And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
 At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
 Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
 Then down he shot, bounced airily along
 10 The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
 Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
 Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
 How may the death of that dull insect be
 The life of yon trim Shakspeare on the tree?

TAMPA ROBINS

THE robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me 5
—Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears) 10
And thrid the heavenly orange-tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave— 15
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree
Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer-time; 20
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold
*Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange-tree."*

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the
bracken lay;

And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hill-side and sifted along through the
bracken and passed that way.

5 Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the
daintiest doe;

In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to
a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had
the form of a deer;

10 And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slower came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with
waiting and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock,
the hounds shot by,

The does and the ten-tined buck made a mar-
vellous bound,
15 The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the
quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy
to the hunt had waxed wild,

And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off
with the hounds

For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-
grounds:

"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight
of the wife and the child."

20

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his
chosen stand;

But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead:

"Go turn,"—

Cried Maclean—"if the deer seek to cross to the
burn,

Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest thy back be
red as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath
with the height of the hill,

25

Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck
and the does

Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose

His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs
were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded
away to the burn.

But Maclean never bating his watch tarried wait-
ing below

30

Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go

All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face
was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken
the eyeballs shone,

As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were
shame to see.

35 "Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon
the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke
Hamish, full mild,

"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was
blown, and they passed;

I was weak, for ye' called ere I broke me my fast."

40 Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in the sight
of the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought
me a snail's own wrong!"

Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and
clansmen all:

"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the
bite of thong!"

45 So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at
the last he smiled.

"Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it
still may be,

If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with
me,

I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the
wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that;
and over the hill

Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an in-
ward shame; 50!

And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-
backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and
about turns he.

"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!"
he screams under breath.

Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death, 55
He snatches the child from the mother, and clam-
bers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and
her heart goes dead for a space,

Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks,
shrieks through the glen,

And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up
in a desperate race. 60

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance re-
veals all the tale untold.

They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward
the sea,

And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that
shall hook him and hold

65 Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and ever she
 flies up the steep,
 And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they
 jostle and strain.
 But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
 Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles
 the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they
 all stand still.
 70 And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on
 her knees,
 Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but
 please
 For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the
 child, with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream,
 and a gibe, and a song,
 Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child if, in sight
 of ye all,
 75 Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
 And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at
 the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip
 that his tooth was red,
 Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it
 never shall be!
 Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
 80 But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child
 from the sea, if dead?"

Say yea!—Let them lash *me*, Hamish?”—“Nay!”
“Husband, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn
in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a
knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!” Then
Maclean ’gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he
jerked to the earth. 85
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—
would tremble and lag;
“Strike, hard!” quoth Hamish, full stern, from
the crag;
Then he struck him, and “One!” sang Hamish, and
danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each
stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a
pace down the height, 90
And he held forth the child in the heartaching
sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as re-
penting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with
the thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful
swift pace,

95 Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
 In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the
 child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the hor-
 rible height in the sea,
 Still screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush;
 and pallid Maclean,
 Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
 100 Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold
 of dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his
 back drip-dripped in the brine,
 And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he
 flew,
 And the mother stared white on the waste of
 blue,
 And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun
 began to shine.

BALTIMORE, 1878.

A SONG OF THE FUTURE

SAIL fast, sail fast
 Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
 Sweep lordly o'er the drownèd Past,
 Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
 5 Sail fast, sail fast.
 Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
 With news about the Future scent the sea:

My brain is beating like the heart of Haste:
 I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
 Go, trembling song,
 And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
 Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
 But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

10

BALTIMORE, 1878.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and
 woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-
 cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
 Emerald twilights,—
 Virginal shy lights,
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of
 vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through the green
 colonnades
 Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
 That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within 10
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

5

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
 Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
 Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras
 of leaves,—

- 15 Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul
 that grieves,
 Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
 wood,
 Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
 vine,

While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long
 did shine

- 20 Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
 mine;

But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
 And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the
 West,

And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
 seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—

- 25 Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the
 soul of the oak,

And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
 sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is
 low,

And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I
 know,

And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass
 within,

- 30 That the length and the breadth and the sweep of
 the marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
 me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnam-
able pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the
plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face 35

The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of
the dawn,

For a mete and a mark

To the forest-dark:— 40

So:

Affable live-oak, leaning low,—

Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the
land !)

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand 45

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the
shimmering band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh
to the folds of the land. 50

Inward and outward to northward and southward
the beach-lines linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and fol-
lows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into
sight,

Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray
looping of light.

55 And what if behind me to westward the wall of the
woods stands high?

The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the
sea and the sky!

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high,
broad in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light
or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,

60 To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal
sea?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of
sin,

By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

65 Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-
withholding and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer your-
selves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains
and the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain. 70

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of
God:

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen
flies

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the
sod 75

I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of
God:

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness
within

The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must
be: 80

Look how the grace of the sea doth go

About and about through the intricate channels
that flow

Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks
and the low-lying lanes, 85

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,

That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
 In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun !

- 90 The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
 'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-
 grass stir;
 Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward
 whirr;
 Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to
 run;
 And the sea and the marsh are one.

- 95 How still the plains of the waters be !
 The tide is in his ecstasy.
 The tide is at his highest height:
 And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters
 of sleep

- 100 Roll in on the souls of men,
 But who will reveal to our waking ken
 The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
 Under the waters of sleep ?
 And I would I could know what swimmeth below
 when the tide comes in
 105 On the length and the breadth of the marvellous
 marshes of Glynn.

BALTIMORE, 1878.

HOW LOVE LOOKED FOR HELL

- “To heal his heart of long-time pain
One day Prince Love for to travel was fain
With Ministers Mind and Sense.
‘Now what to thee most strange may be?’
Quoth Mind and Sense. ‘All things above, 5
One curious thing I first would see—
Hell,’ quoth Love.
- “Then Mind rode in and Sense rode out:
They searched the ways of man about.
First frightfully groaneth Sense. 10
“’Tis here, ’tis here,’ and spurreth in fear
To the top of the hill that hangeth above
And plucketh the Prince: ‘Come, come, ’tis here—,
‘Where?’ quoth Love—
- “‘Not far, not far,’ said shivering Sense 15
As they rode on. ‘A short way hence,
—But seventy paces hence:
Look, King, dost see where suddenly
This road doth dip from the height above?
Cold blew a mouldy wind by me’ 20
 (‘Cold?’ quoth Love)
- “‘As I rode down, and the River was black,
And yon-side, lo! an endless wrack
And rabble of souls,’ sighed Sense,
‘Their eyes upturned and begged and burned 25
In brimstone lakes, and a Hand above

Beat back the hands that upward yearned—
 ‘Nay!’ quoth Love—

“‘Yea, yea, sweet Prince; thyself shalt see,
 30 Wilt thou but down this slope with me;
 ’Tis palpable,’ whispered Sense.
 —At the foot of the hill a living rill
 Shone, and the lilies shone white above;
 ‘But now ’twas black, ’twas a river, this rill,’
 35 (‘Black?’ quoth Love)

“‘Ay, black, but lo! the lilies grow,
 And yon-side where was woe, was woe,
 —Where the rabble of souls,’ cried Sense,
 ‘Did shrivel and turn and beg and burn,
 40 Thrust back in the brimstone from above—
 Is banked of violet, rose, and fern:’
 ‘How?’ quoth Love:

“‘For lakes of pain, yon pleasant plain
 Of woods and grass and yellow grain
 45 Doth ravish the soul and sense:
 And never a sigh beneath the sky,
 And folk that smile and gaze above—’
 ‘But saw’st thou here, with thine own eye,
 Hell?’ quoth Love.

50 “‘I saw true hell with mine own eye,
 True hell, or light hath told a lie,
 True, verily,’ quoth stout Sense.
 Then Love rode round and searched the ground,
 The caves below, the hills above;

'But I cannot find where thou hast found
Hell,' quoth Love. 55

"There, while they stood in a green wood
And marvelled still on Ill and Good,
Came suddenly Minister Mind.
'In the heart of sin doth hell begin: 60
'Tis not below, 'tis not above,
It lieth within, it lieth within.'
('Where?' quoth Love.)

"I saw a man sit by a corse;
Hell's in the murderer's breast: remorse! 65
Thus clamored his mind to his mind:
Not fleshly dole is the sinner's goal,
Hell's not below, nor yet above,
'Tis fixed in the ever-damnèd soul—'
'Fixed?' quoth Love— 70

"Fixed: follow me, would'st thou but see:
He weepeth under yon willow tree,
Fast chained to his corse,' quoth Mind.
Full soon they passed, for they rode fast,
Where the piteous willow bent above. 75
'Now shall I see at last, at last,
Hell,' quoth Love.

"There when they came Mind suffered shame:
'These be the same and not the same,'
A-wondering whispered Mind. 80
Lo, face by face two spirits pace
Where the blissful willow waves above:

One saith: 'Do me a friendly grace—'
 ('Grace!' quoth Love)

85 "Read me two Dreams that linger long,
 Dim as returns of old-time song
 That flicker about the mind.
 I dreamed (how deep in mortal sleep!)
 I struck thee dead, then stood above,
 90 With tears that none but dreamers weep;
 'Dreams,' quoth Love;

 " 'In dreams, again, I plucked a flower
 That clung with pain and stung with power,
 Yea, nettled me, body and mind.'
 95 "'Twas the nettle of sin, 'twas medicine;
 No need nor seed of it here Above;
 In dreams of hate true loves begin.'
 'True,' quoth Love.

 " 'Now strange,' quoth Sense, and 'Strange,' quoth
 Mind,
 100 'We saw it, and yet 'tis hard to find,
 —But we saw it,' quoth Sense and Mind.
 Stretched on the ground, beautiful-crowned
 Of the piteous willow that wreathed above,
 'But I cannot find where ye have found
 105 Hell,' quoth Love."

BALTIMORE, 1878-9.

MARSH SONG—AT SUNSET

OVER the monstrous shambling sea,
 Over the Caliban sea,
 Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:
 Oh wait, oh wait, in the warm red West,—
 Thy Prospero I'll be. 5

Over the humped and fishy sea,
 Over the Caliban sea
 O cloud in the West, like a thought in the heart
 Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,
 And do a grace for me. 10

Over the huge and huddling sea,
 Over the Caliban sea,
 Bring hither my brother Antonio,—Man,—
 My injurer: night breaks the ban:
 Brother, I pardon thee. 15

BALTIMORE, 1879-80.

OWL AGAINST ROBIN

FROWNING, the owl in the oak complained him
 Sore, that the song of the robin restrained him
 Wrongly of slumber, rudely of rest.
 "From the north, from the east, from the south and
 the west,
 Woodland, wheat-field, corn-field, clover, 5
 Over and over and over and over,
 Five o'clock, ten o'clock, twelve, or seven,

Nothing but robin-songs heard under heaven:
How can we sleep?

- 10 *Peep!* you whistle, and *cheep! cheep! cheep!*
Oh, peep, if you will, and buy, if 'tis cheap,
And have done; for an owl must sleep.
Are ye singing for fame, and who shall be first?
Each day's the same, yet the last is worst,
- 15 And the summer is cursed with the silly outburst
Of idiot red-breasts peeping and cheeping
By day, when all honest birds ought to be sleeping.
Lord, what a din! And so out of all reason.
Have ye not heard that each thing hath its season?
- 20 Night is to work in, night is for play-time;
Good heavens, not day-time!

- A vulgar flaunt is the flaring day,
The impudent, hot, unsparing day,
That leaves not a stain nor a secret untold,—
- 25 Day the reporter,—the gossip of old,—
Deformity's tease,—man's common scold—
Poh! Shut the eyes, let the sense go numb
When day down the eastern way has come.
'Tis clear as the moon (by the argument drawn
- 30 From Design) that the world should retire at dawn.
Day kills. The leaf and the laborer breathe
Death in the sun, the cities seethe,
The mortal black marshes bubble with heat
And puff up pestilence; nothing is sweet
- 35 Has to do with the sun: even virtue will taint
(Philosophers say) and manhood grow faint
In the lands where the villainous sun has sway

Through the livelong drag of the dreadful day.
What Eden but noon-light stares it tame,
Shadowless, brazen, forsaken of shame? 40
For the sun tells lies on the landscape,—now
Reports me the *what*, unrelieved with the *how*,—
As messengers lie, with the facts alone,
Delivering the word and withholding the tone.

But oh, the sweetness, and oh, the light 45
Of the high-fastidious night!
Oh, to awake with the wise old stars—
The cultured, the careful, the Chesterfield stars,
That wink at the work-a-day fact of crime
And shine so rich through the ruins of time 50
That Baalbec is finer than London; oh,
To sit on the bough that zigzags low

By the woodland pool,
And loudly laugh at man, the fool
That vows to the vulgar sun; oh, rare, 55
To wheel from the wood to the window where
A day-worn sleeper is dreaming of care,
And perch on the sill and straightly stare
Through his visions; rare, to sail
Aslant with the hill and a-curve with the vale,— 60
To flit down the shadow-shot-with-gleam,
Betwixt hanging leaves and starlit stream,
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Silent, aimless, dayless, slow
(*Aimless? Field-mice? True, they're slain,* 65
But the night-philosophy hoots at pain,
Grips, eats quick, and drops the bones
In the water beneath the bough, nor moans

- At the death life feeds on). Robin, pray
 70 Come away, come away
 To the cultus of night. Abandon the day.
 Have more to think and have less to say.
 And *cannot* you walk now? Bah! don't hop!
 Stop!
 75 Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,
 O irritant, iterant, maddening bird!"
- BALTIMORE, 1880.

A SONG OF LOVE

- "HEY, rose, just born
 Twin to a thorn;
 Was't so with you, O Love and Scorn?
- 5 "Sweet eyes that smiled,
 Now wet and wild;
 O Eye and Tear—mother and child.
- "Well: Love and Pain
 Be kinsfolk twain:
 Yet would, Oh would I could love again."

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

- INTO the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 5 But the olives they were not blind to Him,
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him:

The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.
 Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content. 10
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last:
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last 15
 When out of the woods He came.

BALTIMORE, November, 1880.

MARSH HYMNS

BETWEEN DAWN AND SUNRISE

WERE silver pink, and had a soul,
 Which soul were shy, which shyness might
 A visible influence be, and roll
 Through heaven and earth—'twere thou, O light!
 O rhapsody of the wraith of red, 5
 O blush but yet in prophecy,
 O sun-hint that hath overspread
 Sky, marsh, my soul, and yonder sail.

CONTROL

O HUNGER, Hunger, I will harness thee
 And make thee harrow all my spirit's glebe.
 Of old the blind bard Hervé sang so sweet
 He made a wolf to plow his land.

SUNRISE

- IN my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
 Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main.
 The little green leaves would not let me alone in my
 sleep;
 Up-breathed from the marshes, a message of range
 and of sweep,
 5 Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties, drift-
 ing,
 Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting,
 Came to the gates of sleep.
 Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep
 Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
 10 Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling:
 The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
 Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter *yes*,
 Shaken with happiness:
 The gates of sleep stood wide.
- 15 I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I might
 . not abide:
 I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks,
 to hide
 In your gospelling glooms,—to be
 As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the
 sea my sea.
- Tell me, sweet burly-bark'd, man-bodied Tree
 20 That mine arms in the dark are embracing, dost
 know

From what fount are these tears at thy feet which
flow?

They rise not from reason, but deeper inconsequent
deeps.

Reason's not one that weeps.

What logic of greeting lies

Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of
the eyes?

25

O cunning green leaves, little masters! like as ye
gloss

All the dull-tissued dark with your luminous darks
that emboss

The vague blackness of night into pattern and plan,
So,

(But would I could know, but would I could
know,)

30

With your question embroid'ring the dark of the
question of man,—

So, with your silences purfling this silence of man

While his cry to the dead for some knowledge is
under the ban,

Under the ban,—

So, ye have wrought me

35

Designs on the night of our knowledge,—yea, ye
have taught me,

So,

That haply we know somewhat more than we
know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,

Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms, 40

Ye ministers meet for each passion that
 grieves,
 Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
 Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
 Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
 45 Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
 That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat
 Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought
 breath
 From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
 Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
 50 The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—
 And there, oh there
 As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the
 air,
 Pray me a myriad prayer.

My gossip, the owl,—is it thou
 55 That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,
 As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
 Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?

.

Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
 Old chemist, rapt in alchemy,
 60 Distilling silence,—lo,
 That which our father-age had died to know—
 The menstruum that dissolves all matter—thou
 Hast found it: for this silence, filling now
 The globéd clarity of receiving space,
 65 This solves us all: man, matter, doubt, disgrace,
 Death, love, sin, sanity,

Must in yon silence' clear solution lie.
 Too clear! That crystal nothing who'll peruse?
 The blackest night could bring us brighter news.
 Yet precious qualities of silence haunt 70
 Round these vast margins, ministrant.
 Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
 With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
 Just to be fellow'd, when that thou hast found
 No man with room, or grace enough of bound 75
 To entertain that New thou tell'st, thou art,—
 'Tis here, 'tis here thou canst unhand thy heart
 And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
 By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.

The tide's at full: the marsh with flooded streams 80
 Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
 Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
 A rhapsody of morning-stars. The skies
 Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
 The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie. 85

Oh, what if a sound should be made!
 Oh, what if a bound should be laid
 To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and si-
 lence a-spring,—
 To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of si-
 lence the string!
 I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam 90
 Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a dream,—
 Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of space and of
 night,
 Over-weighted with stars, over-freighted with light,

Over-sated with beauty and silence, will seem
 95 But a bubble that broke in a dream,
 If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
 Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery,
 where?

 In the leaves? in the air?

100 In my heart? is a motion made;
 'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on
 shade.

In the leaves 'tis palpable: low multitudinous stir-
 ring

Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly
 conferring,

Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so: they
 are still;

105 But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
 And look where the wild duck sails round the bend
 of the river,—

 And look where a passionate shiver

 Expectant is bending the blades

Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—

110 And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
 Are beating

The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady
 and free

Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—

 (Run home, little streams,

115 With your lapfulls of stars and dreams),—

And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,

For list, down the inshore curve of the creek

How merrily flutters the sail,—
And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed 120
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive: 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it; nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that dream of a
flush is uprolled:
To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling
gold 125
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of the
sea;
The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea. 130

Yet now the dew-drop, now the morning gray,
Shall live their little lucid sober day
Ere with the sun their souls exhale away.
Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summ'd morn shines complete as in the blue 135
Big dew-drop of all heaven: with these lit shrines
O'er-silvered to the farthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild, 140
Minded of nought but peace, and of a child.

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a
measure

Of motion,—not faster than dateless Olympian leisure

Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,—

145 The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
 Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
 Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise,—'tis done !
 Good-morrow, lord Sun !

With several voice, with ascription one,
 150 The woods and the marsh and the sea and my soul
 Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all mor-
 rows doth roll,
 Cry good and past-good and most heavenly mor-
 row, lord Sun.

O Artisan born in the purple,—Workman Heat,—
 Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
 155 And be mixed in the death-cold oneness,—innermost
 Guest

At the marriage of elements,—fellow of publicans,
 —blest
 King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
 The idle skies yet laborest fast evermore,—
 Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
 160 Of the heart of a man, thou Motive,—Laborer Heat:
 Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,
 With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,
 Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest hues
 Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
 165 Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
 In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,
 It is thine, it is thine.

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds
a-swirl

Or a-flicker the subtiler essences polar that whirl
In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a storm for a
heart,

170

Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part
From part oft sundered, yet ever a globéd light,
Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
Than the eye of a man may avail of:—manifold
One,

I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the face
of the Sun;

175

Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-
frown:

The worker must pass to his work in the terrible
town;

But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be
done;

I am strong with the strength of my lord the
Sun;

How dark, how dark soever the race that must
needs be run,

180

I am lit with the Sun.

Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,

Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee,

185

Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,

And ever my heart through the night shall with
knowledge abide thee,

And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath
tried thee,
190 Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done.

BALTIMORE, December, 1880.

POEM OUTLINES

THE courses of the wind, and the shifts thereof,
as also what way the clouds go; and that which is
happening a long way off; and the full face of the
sun; and the bow of the Milky Way from end to
end; as also the small, the life of the fiddler-crab, 5
and the household of the marsh-hen; and, more, the
translation of black ooze into green blade of marsh-
grass, which is as if filth bred heaven:

This a man seeth upon the marsh.

("Hymns of the Marshes.")

THE DYSPEPTIC

Frown, quoth my lord Stomach,
And I lowered.
Quarrel, quoth my lord Liver,
And I lashed my wife and children,
Till at the breakfast-table 5
Hell sat laughing on the egg-cup.
Lie awake all night, quoth my two Masters,
And I tossed, and swore, and beat the pillow,
And kicked with disgust,
And slammed every door tight that leads to sleep
and heaven. 10

("Credo, and Other Poems.")

I fled in tears from the men's ungodly quarrel
 about God: I fled in tears to the woods, and laid
 me down on the earth; then somewhat like the
 beating of many hearts came up to me out of the
 5 ground, and I looked and my cheek lay close by a
 violet; then my heart took courage and I said:

"I know that thou art the word of my God, dear
 Violet:

And oh the ladder is not long that to my heaven
 leads.

Measure what space a violet stands above the
 ground,

10 'Tis no farther climbing that my soul and angels
 have to do than that."

(Written on the fly-leaf of Emerson's "Representative
 Men," between 1874 and 1879.)

A man does not reach any stature of manhood
 until like Moses he kills an Egyptian (*i. e.*, murders
 some oppressive prejudice of the all-crushing Tyrant
 Society or Custom or Orthodoxy) and flies into the
 5 desert of his own soul, where among the rocks and
 sands, over which at any rate the sun rises clear
 each day, he slowly and with great agony settles
 his relation with men and manners and powers out-
 side, and begins to look with his own eyes, and first
 10 knows the unspeakable joy of the outcast's kiss
 upon the hand of sweet naked Truth.

But let not the young man go to killing his
 Egyptian too soon: wait till you know all the
 Egyptians can teach you: wait till you are master

of the technics of the time; then grave, and resolute, 15
and aware of consequences, shape your course.

I am but a small-wingèd bird:
But I will conquer the big world
As the bee-martin beats the crow,
By attacking it always from Above.

The United States in two hundred years has
made Emerson out of a witch-burner.

A Poet is a perpetual Adam: events pass before
him, like the animals in the creation, and he names
them.

Birth is but a folding of our wings.

It is always sunrise and always sunset somewhere
on the earth. And so, with a silver sunrise before
him and a golden sunset behind him, the Royal Sun
fares through Heaven, like a king with a herald and
a retinue.

Hunger and a whip: with these we tame wild
beasts. So, to tame us, God continually keeps our
hearts hungry for love, and continually lashes our
souls with the thongs of relentless circumstances.

Our beliefs needed pruning, that they might
bring forth more fruit: and so Science came.

PROSE

THE WAR-FLOWER

FROM "TIGER LILIES"

"Thou shalt not kill."

"Love your enemies."

"Father, forgive them: they know not what they do."
—CHRIST.

THE early spring of 1861 brought to bloom, besides innumerable violets and jessamines, a strange, enormous, and terrible flower.

This was the blood-red flower of war, which grows
5 amid thunders; a flower whose freshening dews are blood and hot tears, whose shadow chills a land, whose odors strangle a people, whose giant petals droop downward, and whose roots are in hell.

It is a species of the great genus, sin-flower,
10 which is so conspicuous in the flora of all ages and all countries, and whose multifarious leafage and fruitage so far overgrow a land that the violet, or love-genus, has often small chance to show its quiet blue.

15 The cultivation of this plant is an expensive business, and it is a wonder, from this fact alone, that there should be so many fanciers of it. A most profuse and perpetual manuring with human bones is

absolutely necessary to keep it alive, and it is well to have these powdered, which can be easily done 20 by hoofs of cavalry-horses and artillery-wheels, not to speak of the usual method of mashing with cannon-balls. It will not grow, either, except in some wet place near a stream of human blood; and you must be active in collecting your widows' tears 25 and orphans' tears and mothers' tears to freshen the petals with in the mornings.

It requires assiduous working; and your labor-hire will be a large item in the expense, not to speak of the amount disbursed in preserving the human 30 bones alive until such time as they may be needed, for, I forgot to mention, they must be fresh, and young, and newly-killed.

It is, however, a hardy plant, and may be grown in any climate, from snowy Moscow to hot India. 35

It blooms usually in the spring, continuing to flower all summer until the winter rains set in: yet in some instances it has been known to remain in full bloom during a whole inclement winter, as was shown in a fine specimen which I saw the other 40 day, grown in North America by two wealthy landed proprietors, who combined all their resources of money, of blood, of bones, of tears, of sulphur and what not, to make this the grandest specimen of modern horticulture, and whose success 45 was evidenced by the pertinacious blossoms which the plant sent forth even amid the hostile rigors of snow and ice and furious storms. It is supposed by some that seed of this American specimen (now dead) yet remain in the land; but as for this author 50

(who, with many friends, suffered from the unhealthy odors of the plant), he could find it in his heart to wish fervently that these seed, if there be verily any, might perish in the germ, utterly out
 55 of sight and life and memory and out of the remote hope of resurrection, forever and ever, no matter in whose granary they are cherished!

But, to return.

It is a spreading plant, like the banyan, and continues to insert new branch-roots into the ground,
 60 so as sometimes to overspread a whole continent. Its black-shadowed jungles afford fine cover for such wild beasts as frauds and corruptions and thefts to make their lair in; from which, often,
 65 these issue with ravening teeth and prey upon the very folk that have planted and tended and raised their flowery homes!

Now, from time to time, there have appeared certain individuals (wishing, it may be, to disseminate
 70 and make profit upon other descriptions of plants) who have protested against the use of this war-flower.

Its users, many of whom are surely excellent men, contend that they grow it to protect themselves
 75 from oppressive hailstorms, which destroy their houses and crops.

But some say the plant itself is worse than any hailstorm; that its shades are damp and its odors unhealthy, and that it spreads so rapidly as to kill
 80 out and uproot all corn and wheat and cotton crops. Which the plant-users admit; but rejoin that it is cowardly to allow hailstorms to fall with

impunity, and that manhood demands a struggle against them of some sort.

But the others reply, fortitude is more manly 85
than bravery, for noble and long endurance wins
the shining love of God; whereas brilliant bravery
is momentary, is easy to the enthusiastic, and only
dazzles the admiration of the weak-eyed since it is
as often shown on one side as the other. 90

But then, lastly, the good war-flower cultivators
say, our preachers recommend the use of this plant,
and help us mightily to raise it in resistance to the
hailstorms.

And reply, lastly, the interested other-flower 95
men, that the preachers should preach Christ; that
Christ was worse hailed upon than anybody, before
or since; that he always refused to protect him-
self, though fully able to do it, by any war-banyan;
and that he did upon all occasions, not only discour- 100
age the resort to this measure, but did inveigh
against it more earnestly than any thing else, as
the highest and heaviest crime against Love—the
Father of Adam, Christ, and all of us.

Friends and horticulturists, cry these men, stick- 105
ling for the last word, if war was ever right, then
Christ was always wrong; and war-flowers and the
vine of Christ grow different ways, insomuch that
no man may grow with both!

But these sentiments, even if anybody could have 110
been found patient enough to listen to them, would
have been called sentimentalities, or worse, in the
spring of 1861, by the inhabitants of any of those

States lying between Maryland and Mexico. An
 115 afflatus of war was breathed upon us. Like a great
 wind, it drew on and blew upon men, women, and
 children. Its sound mingled with the solemnity
 of the church-organs and arose with the earnest
 words of preachers praying for guidance in the
 120 matter. It sighed in the half-breathed words of
 sweethearts conditioning impatient lovers with war-
 services. It thundered splendidly in the impassioned
 appeals of orators to the people. It whistled through
 the streets, it stole in to the firesides, it clinked
 125 glasses in bar-rooms, it lifted the gray hairs of our
 wise men in conventions, it thrilled through the
 lectures in college halls, it rustled the thumbled
 book-leaves of the school-rooms.

This wind blew upon all the vanes of all the
 130 churches of the country, and turned them one way—
 toward war. It blew, and shook out, as if by magic,
 a flag whose device was unknown to soldier or
 sailor before, but whose every flap and flutter made
 the blood bound in our veins.

135 Who could have resisted the fair anticipations
 which the new war-idea brought? It arrayed the
 sanctity of a righteous cause in the brilliant trap-
 pings of military display; pleasing, so, the devout
 and the flippant which in various proportions are
 140 mixed elements in all men. It challenged the pa-
 triotism of the sober citizen, while it inflamed the
 dream of the statesman, ambitious for his country
 or for himself. It offered test to all allegiances and
 loyalties; of church, of state; of private loves, of
 145 public devotion; of personal consanguinity; of

social ties. To obscurity it held out eminence; to poverty, wealth; to greed, a gorged maw; to speculation, legalized gambling; to patriotism, a country; to statesmanship, a government; to virtue, purity; and to love, what all love most desires—a field 150 wherein to assert itself by action.

The author devoutly wishes that some one else had said what is here to be spoken—and said it better. That is: if there was guilt in any, there was guilt in nigh all of us, between Maryland and 155 Mexico; that Mr. Davis, if he be termed the ring-leader of the rebellion, was so not by virtue of any instigating act of his, but purely by the unanimous will and appointment of the Southern people; and that the hearts of the Southern people bleed to see 160 how their own act has resulted in the chaining of Mr. Davis, who was as innocent as they, and in the pardon of those who were as guilty as he!

All of us, if any of us, either for pardon or for punishment: this is fair, and we are willing. 165

THE CHARGE OF CAIN SMALLIN

FROM "TIGER LILIES"

Prince Henry : "I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot."

Falstaff : "I would it had been of horse. Well, God be thanked for these rebels."

—KING HENRY IV.

ON one of the last days of April, '64, six soldiers in gray, upon six horses in all colors, were riding down the road that leads from Surrey Court House toward the beautiful bay into which the James
5 spreads itself before it is called Hampton Roads.

It was yet early in the morning. The sun was rejoicing with a majestic tenderness over his little firstling—April.

Our six horsemen were in gay conversation; as
10 who would not be, with a light rifle on his shoulder, with a good horse bounding along under him, with a fresh breeze that had in it the vigor of the salt sea and the caressing sweetness of the spring blowing upon him, with five friends tried in the tempest
15 of war as well as by the sterner test of the calm association of inactive camp-life, and with the world's width about him and the enchanting vagueness of life yet to be lived—the delicious change-prospect of futurity—before him?

20 As they rode on, the beauty of the woods grew, nearing the river. The road wound about deep glens filled with ancient beeches and oaks, and carpeted with early flowers and heart-leaves upon

which still dwelt large bulbs of dew, so enchanted with their night's resting-place that they slept late, 25 loth to expand into vapor and go back home in the clouds.

Lieutenant Flemington spurred his horse forward and turned him round full-face to the party.

"Gentlemen, there's some mistake about all 30 this!" said he, as the men stopped, laughing at a puzzled expression which overspread his face: "for whereas, this honorable company of six has been for three years or more toilsomely marching on foot with an infantry regiment—but now rides good 35 horses: and whereas, this honorable company of six has been for three years feeding upon hard-tack and bacon which grew continually harder and also less and wormier—but now devours Virginia biscuit and spring-chickens and ham and eggs and 40 —and all the other things that came on, and went off, the table at mine host's of the Court House this morning:"—

"Not to speak of the mint-juleps that the big man-slave brought in on a waiter before we got out 45 o' bed," interposed Briggs.

"And whereas, we have hitherto had to fight through a press of from two to five hundred men to fill our canteens when we marched by a well—but now do take our several gentlemanly ease and 50 leisure in doing that same, as just now when the pretty girl smiled at us in the big white house yonder, where we

'Went to the well to get some water;'

55 and whereas, we have hitherto draggled along in
 pantaloons that we could put on a dozen ways by
 as many holes, have worn coats that afforded no
 protection to anything but the insects congregated
 in the seams of the same, have had shirts that—
 60 shirts that—that—at any rate we *have* had shirts
 —but now do fare forth pranked in all manner of
 gorgeous array such as gray jackets with fillimagree
 on the sleeves of 'em, and hussar-breeches, and
 cavalry-boots, and O shade of Jones of Georgia!
 65 with spurs to boot and clean white collars to neck:
 and whereas, we have been accustomed to think a
 mud-hole a luxury in the way of beds, and have
 been wont to beg Heaven, as its greatest boon to
 man, not to let the cavalry ride over us without
 70 waking us up to see 'em do it—but now do sleep
 between white sheets without fear of aught but
 losing our senses from sleeping so intensely: and
 whereas, finally, all these things are contrary to the
 ordinary course of nature and are not known save
 75 as dim recollections of a previous state of existence
 in itself extremely hypothetical, therefore, be it re-
 solved and it is hereby resolved”—

“Unanimously,” from the five.

“That this—figure—at present on this horse and
 80 clothed with these sumptuous paraphernalia of pom-
 pous war, is *not* B. Chauncey Flemington, that
 is to say (to borrow a term from the German met-
 aphysics) is Not-Me, that this horse is not *my*
 horse, this paraphernalia not *my* paraphernalia,
 85 that para-ditto not *your* para-ditto, that this road
 is *no* road, and the whole affair a dream or phantas-

magory sent of the Devil for no purpose but to embitter the waking from it, and

“Resolved, further, that we now proceed to wake up, and exorcise this devil. Cain Smallin, of the 90 bony fingers, will you do me the favor to seize hold of my left ear and twist it? Hard, if you please, Mr. Smallin!”

Cain seized and twisted: whereat went up a villainous screech from the twistee. 95

“Mark you, men, how hard the Devil clings to him!” quoth Briggs.

“Herr Von Hardenberg says, ‘when we dream that we dream, we are near awaking,’” said Rübetsahl, “but I am not awake and I surely dream 100 that I do dream!”

“I remember,” said Aubrey, “that Hans Dietrich did dream, upon a time, that the elf-people showered gold upon him, but woke in the morning and found his breeches-pockets full of yellow leaves. *A* 105 *fortiori*, this in my canteen, which I dimly dream was poured in there for home-made wine by an old lady who stopped me and blessed me the other side the Court House this morning—this, I say, in my canteen, should now be no wine, or at least, if 110 these present events be a dream, should be sour wine. I will resolve me of this doubt!”

The canteen rose in air, its round mouth met Aubrey’s round mouth, and a gurgling noise was heard; what time the five awaited in breathless 115 suspense the result of the experiment. The gurgling continued.

“I think Mister Aubrey must ha’ fell into another

dream, like," quoth Cain Smallin, "an's done for-
 120 got he's drinkin' an' the rest of us is dry!"

"Ah-h-h-h!" observed Aubrey as the canteen at
 last came down. "Gentlemen, this is as marvellous
 like to good wine of the blackberry as is one blue-
 coat to another. Albeit this be but a thin and
 125 harmful wine of hallucination, yet—I am a mortal
 man! at least I dream I am, wherefore I am fain
 exclaim with the poet

'Thus let me dream, forever, on!'"

"I think," modestly interposed Philip Sterling,
 130 "that I might perhaps throw a little light on the
 subject; at any rate, the number of experiments
 will increase the probability of our conclusions drawn
 therefrom. Now as I passed down the road, in this
 dream, I observed a still where they make apple-
 135 brandy; and propounding some questions as to the
modus agendi to a benevolent-looking lady who
 stood in the house hard by, she, if I dream not,
 begged that I would accept this bottle, which I now
 uncork, I think, and which, if all end well, will
 140 enable me to say, in the words of the song,

'I see her still in my dreams.'

But if it should be wild-wine of the Devil, or newt's-
 eye and frog-toe porridge, or other noxious *jigote* of
 hags and witches—stand around to receive me as I
 145 fall. I waive the politeness which requires I should
 offer this bottle first to my fellow-dreamers here,

Mr. Briggs and Mr. Smallin, in consideration that they should lose two such valuable lives. I request that I be decently buried and news sent home, if it prove fatal, as I fear. I drink! Friends, adieu, 150 adieu!"

"Why, this," quoth Briggs, "is surely much adieu about nothing!"

The bottle went up to the mouth, like its friend the canteen, and stayed, like its friend. While it 155 hung in mid-air—

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Aubrey, "the poison is taking effect! He has not strength to remove it from his mouth!"

"Gentlemen, all is over!" said Rübetsahl, and 160 groaned, and, seizing Philip, dragged him to the green bank of the road, when the draggee fell back in true stage-fashion, not forgetting to spread his handkerchief upon the hillock where he laid his dying head: "I would not die," muttered he, "with 165 my hair full of cockle-burrs!"

"Danged ef this 'ere ham aint mighty nigh as good as fresh ven'zun!" quoth sturdy Cain Smallin, who had dismounted and seated himself on a stump, while his lower jaw worked like a trip-hammer re- 170 versed, to the great detriment of a huge slice of bread and ham which he had produced from his capacious haversack. "'Pears, like as if I never was so horn'gry sence I was froze up over on old Smoky Mount'n, one Christmas. I b'leeve I haint 175 done nuthin' but eat sence we was detailed f'om the rigiment, t'other side o' Richmond! You better b'leeve now—Gentlemen!" he exclaimed suddenly,

“look at yan nigger down the road! He travels
 180 as peert as ef he was a-carryin’ orders to a *rigiment*
 to come down into the fight double-quick. Hornet
 must ha’ stung his mule; or sumthin’!”

At this moment a negro dashed up on a mule
 whose pace he was accelerating with lusty encour-
 185 agement of switch, foot, and voice.

“Halt there, *caballero* hot with haste and coal-
 black with speed!” cried Flemington. “What’s the
 matter?”

“Good God, Marster, de Yankee niggahs is play-
 190 in’ de devil wid old Mistis down de road yonder!
 Dey done hung old Marster up to a tree-limb to
 make him tell whah he put de las’ year’s brandy
 an’ he nuvver tole em; an’ I seed ’em a-histe-in
 him up agin, an’ I run roun’ to de stable an’ tuk
 195 out ole Becky here an’ cum a-stavin’; an’ I ’lowed
 to myse’f I’d save *one* mule for ole Marster anyhow
 ef he lives, which I don’t b’leeve he’s agwine to do
 it nohow; an—”

“Mount, men!” Flemington jumped into the
 200 saddle. “How far is it to the house? What’s
 your name?”—to the negro.

“Name Charles, sah: Charles, de ca’ige-driver.
 Hit’s about a half ur three-quarter thar, f’om here.”

“Have they got out a picket; did you see any of
 205 them riding this way while the others were in the
 house?”

“Yaas, sah; seed one cumin’ dis ways as I cum
 de back-way, out o’ de lot!”

“’Twon’t do to ride any further, then. Get off
 210 your mule, Charles. Boys, dismount and tie your

horses in the bushes here, off the road. We'll go round this back-way. Lead the way; and keep under cover of the hedge and the fence, yonder, everybody, so they can't see us."

While the words were being spoken the command 215
had been executed, and the party struck into a rapid walk down a path which led off from the road in the direction of the river. Presently they crossed a fence; and stopped to peep through the rails of another, running perpendicularly to the path. 220
A large house, part brick, part wooden, embowered in trees, appeared at a short distance.

"Dat's de place!" whispered Charles, the carriage-driver.

Flemington had already formed his plans. 225

"Men, they're all inside the house, except the picket out in the road yonder. I'm going to creep up close to the house just behind that brick garden-wall there, and see how things look. The rest of you keep down this side o' the fence, and get just 230
behind the long cattle-stable in rear of the house, —'t isn't twenty yards—and every man for himself! Come with a yell or two. Cain, you come with me. Here goes over the fence: quick!"

The minutes and the men crept on, like silent 235
worms. Flemington and Smallin gained their wall, which ran within a few feet of the house, unperceived.

"I'll stop here, Cain. You creep on, close down, old fellow, until you get to the front fence yonder, 240
and wait there till I shoot. Then come on like a big rock tumbling down Old Smoky!"

An old man was lying on the grass-plat, with a rope-noose still hanging round his neck. Over him
 245 bent a young girl. She was dashing water in his face and chafing his hands in the endeavor to restore the life which, by his bloodless face and the blue streak under his eyes, seemed to have taken its departure forever. Near them sat a corpulent
 250 old lady, on the ground, passive with grief, rocking herself to and fro, in that most pathetic gesture of sorrowing age.

Inside the house was Bedlam. Oaths, yells of triumph, taunts, and menaces mingled with the
 255 crash of breaking crockery and the shuffling of heavy feet.

Just as Flemington raised his head above the wall, four stout negroes staggered through a wide door which gave upon a balcony of the second story,
 260 bearing a huge old-fashioned wardrobe which they lifted over the railing and let drop. A wild shout went up as the wardrobe crashed to the ground and burst open, revealing a miscellaneous mass of the garments that are known to the other sex.

265 "Mo' good clo'es!" cried the four, and dived back into the door for new plunder.

Through the parlor-window, just opposite Flemington, appeared a burly black, with rolling eyes and grinning mouth, seated at the piano. With
 270 both fists he banged the keys, while he sang a ribald song at the top of a voice rendered hideously husky by frequent potations from a demijohn that stood on the centre-table. Suddenly the performer jumped from his seat.

"Damn ef you'll ever play on dat pianner agin, 275
you Becky Parven!" said he, and seized an axe and
chopped the instrument in pieces.

The raiders—unauthorized ones, as Flemington
knew—had evidently found the brandy. They were
already infuriated by it. It was with difficulty that 280
Flemington could refrain from firing long enough to
allow the rest of the party to gain their position.

Suddenly a huge negro, dressed in the tawdriest
of uniforms, which he had just been decorating with
all conceivable ornaments tied to whatever button 285
offered a support to dangle from, rushed out of the
house towards the group in front, exclaiming,—

"By de livin' God, I'm de Cap'n and I'm gwine
to do de kissin' fur de comp'ny! *You* needn't
shake, old lady Parven, I'm a'ter dem red lips over 290
yonder!"—pointing to Rebecca Parven.

Flemington could withhold no longer. He fired;
the black captain fell, an answering yell came from
the stable-yard, he leaped the wall and rushed
towards the house, meeting Aubrey, who exclaimed 295
hurriedly,—*"The rest ran into the back-door,
Flem; I ran round for fear they might be too many
for you in front, as they came out."*

Almost simultaneously three shots were fired in-
side the house, and eight or ten negroes in blue uni- 300
forms rushed through the front door and down the
steps. In their ardor Flemington and Aubrey gave
no ground. The foremost negro on the steps fell,
his companions tumbled over him, the whole mass
precipitated itself upon Flemington and Aubrey, 305
and bore them to the earth.

At this moment the black commander, whom Flemington's bullet had merely stunned for a moment, scrambled to his feet, and seeing the other
 310 three of Flemington's party running down the steps, called out, "Jump up, boys; de aint but five of 'em, we can whip de lights out'n 'em, yit!" Brandishing his sabre, he ran towards Flemington, who was just rising from the ground.

315 The surprised negroes took heart from the bold tone and action of their commander, and commenced an active scramble for whatever offensive weapons lay about. In the undisciplined haste of plunderers they had thrown down their arms in
 320 various places inside the house, the necessity of caution being entirely over-whelmed by the more pressing one of arm-room for the bulky articles which each was piling up for himself. To prevent them from grasping the axes and farming imple-
 325 ments about the yard, besides two or three guns and sabres that had been abandoned by the most eager of the plunderers before entering the house, now required the most active exertions on the part of the Confederates whose number was actually
 330 reduced to four, since Flemington was entirely occupied in repelling the savage onslaught of the colored leader.

To increase their critical situation, nothing was heard of Cain Smallin; and they could ill afford to
 335 lose the great personal strength, not to speak of the yet unfired rifle, of the mountaineer, in a contest where the odds both in numbers and individual power were so much against them.

Affairs grew serious. Flemington, for ten minutes, had had arms, legs, and body in unceasing play, to 340 parry with his short unbayoneted carbine the furious cuts of his antagonist. He was growing tired; while his foe, infuriated by brandy and burning for revenge, seemed to gather strength each moment and to redouble his blows. The others were too 345 busy to render any assistance to their lieutenant. John Briggs had just made a close race with three negroes for an axe that lay down the avenue, and was now standing over it endeavoring with desperate whirls of his carbine to defend at once the 350 front, flank, and rear of his position.

Flemington felt his knees giving way, a faint dizziness came over him, and in another moment he would have been cloven from skull to breast-bone, when suddenly John Briggs called out cheerily,— 355
“Hurrah, boys! Here’s help!”

All the combatants stopped to glance towards the gate that opened from the main road into the short avenue leading to the house. True! On the other side the hedge appeared a cloud of dust, from 360 which sounded the voices of a dozen men,—

“Give the nigs hell, thar, boys!” shouted a bass-voice. “Here we come; hold ’em thar, Flem!” came in treble, as if from a boy-soldier. “You four men on the right, thar, ride round ’em, cut 365 ’em off from the back-yard!” commanded the stentorian voice of Cain Smallin.

The tide of victory turned in an instant, and bore off, on its ebb, the colored raiders. Their commander hastily jumped over the garden wall and 370

made huge strides towards the woods, his followers scattering in flight towards the nearest cover.

Too weak to pursue his frightened opponent, Flemington sat down to rest, gazing curiously towards the reinforcing voices.

“Open the gate thar, you men in front!” came from the advancing dust-cloud. The gate flew open; in rushed a frightened herd of cows, sheep, horses, mules, hogs, and oxen, in whose midst appeared the tall form of Cain Smallin. Armed with a huge branch of a thorn-tree in each hand, he was darting about amongst the half-wild cattle, belaboring them on all sides, crowding them together and then scattering the mass, what time he poured forth a torrent of inspiring war-cries in all tones of voice, from basso-profundo to boy-soprano. On comes he, like an avalanche with a whirl-wind in it, down the avenue, all unconscious of the success of his stratagem, stretching out his long neck over the cows’ backs to observe the situation in his front, and not ceasing to dart to and fro, to belabor, and to utter his many-voiced battle-cries.

“Gad, he don’t see a thing!” exclaimed Briggs; “his eyes are mud-holes of dust and perspiration! He’ll run over the old gentleman there, boys: let’s get him into the porch;” and the four had barely lifted the still unconscious man up the steps when the cattle-cavalry thundered by, splitting at the house like a stream on a rock, and flowing tumultuously each side of it towards the back-yard.

“Hold up, Cain! Hold up, man!” shouted Flemington; “the enemy’s whipped and gone!”

Mr. Smallin came to a stop in his furious career, and, covered with the dust and sweat of grimy war, advanced at a more dignified pace to the steps 405 where his party were resting.

"Yo see, boys," said he wiping his face with his coat-sleeve, "I was a right smart time a-comin', but when I did come, I *cum*, by the Livin'! Phe-e-e-w!" continued he, blowing off his excitement. 410
"Reckin you thought I was a whole brigade, didn't ye? An' I'm blasted ef I didn't make mighty nigh as much rumpus as any common brigade, sure's you're born to die! Ye see, I was creepin' along to'rds the road out yan, an' I seed all them critters 415 penned up in a little pen just 'cross the road over against yan gate, an' I 'lowed to myself 'at the niggers had jest marched along the road an' druv along all the cattle in the country for to carry 'em back across the river. An' so I thought if I could 420 git them bulls thar—mighty fine bulls they is too!—git 'em right mad, an' let the whole kit an' bilin' of 'em through yan gate down to'rds the house, I mought skeer somebody mighty bad ez I didn't do nothin' else; an' so I jest lit in amongst 'em thar, an' 425 tickled 'em all right smart with yan thorn bushes till they was tolubble mad, an' then fotch 'em through the gate a-bilin'! I've druv cattle afore, gentlemen!" concluded Mr. Smallin, with a dignity which was also a generosity, since, while it asserted 430 his own skill, it at the same time apologized for those who might have attempted such a feat and failed from want of practice in driving cattle.

THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER

FROM "FLORIDA"

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat *Marion*—a steamboat which is like nothing in the world so much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated
5 back—had started from Palatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe unless words were themselves May mornings we had made the twenty-
10 five miles up the St. Johns, to where the Ocklawaha flows into that stream nearly opposite Welaka, one hundred miles above Jacksonville.

Just before entering the mouth of the river our little gopher-boat scrambled alongside a long raft of
15 pine logs which had been brought in separate sections down the Ocklawaha and took off the lumbermen, to carry them back for another descent while this raft was being towed by a tug to Jacksonville.

20 Observe that man who is now stepping from the wet logs to the bow of the *Marion*—how can he ever cut down a tree? He is a slim native, and there is not bone enough in his whole body to make the left leg of a good English coal-heaver; moreover,
25 he does not seem to have the least idea that a man needs grooming. He is disheveled and wry-trussed to the last degree; his poor weasel jaws nearly touch their inner sides as they suck at the acrid

ashes in his dreadful pipe; and there is no single filament of either his hair or his beard that does not 30 look sourly, and at wild angles, upon its neighbor filament. His eyes are viscidly unquiet; his nose is merely dreariness come to a point; the corners of his mouth are pendulous with that sort of suffering which does not involve any heroism, such as being 35 out of tobacco, waiting for the corn-bread to get cooked, and the like; his—but, poor devil! I withdraw all these remarks. He has a right to look disheveled, or any other way he likes. For listen: “Wall, sir,” he says, with a dilute smile, as he 40 wearily leans his arm against the low deck where I am sitting, “ef we did’n’ have ther *sentermentillest* rain last night, I’ll be dad-busted!”

He had been in it all night.

Presently we rounded the raft, abandoned the 45 broad and garish highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha, the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than a hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and 50 cypresses and palms and bays and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine-growths, a lane clean to travel along for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies, a lane which is as 55 if a typical woods-stroll had taken shape and as if God had turned into water and trees the recollection of some meditative ramble through the lonely seclusions of His own soul.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft even 60

seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the pole-man—a man of marvelous fine functions when we shall presently come to
65 the short, narrow curves—lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water-
70 turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really after all no monster, but only some day-dream of a mon-
75 ster. The stream, which in its broader stretches reflected the sky so perfectly that it seemed a riband of heaven bound in lovely doublings along the breast of the land, now began to narrow: the blue of heaven disappeared, and the green of the over-
80 leaning trees assumed its place. The lucent current lost all semblance of water. It was simply a distillation of many-shaded foliages, smoothly sweeping along beneath us. It was green trees, fluent. One felt that a subtle amalgamation and mutual
85 give-and-take had been effected between the natures of water and leaves. A certain sense of pellucidness seemed to breathe coolly out of the woods on either side of us; and the glassy dream of a forest over which we sailed appeared to send up exhalations of
90 balms and odors and stimulant pungencies.

“Look at that snake in the water!” said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just

come up from his watch. The engineer smiled.
"Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird 95
within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird,
he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members,
appurtenances and hereditaments thereunto apper-
taining as seem necessary to that end. He has just
enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his 100
neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with
his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck
from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light
colored, while the rest of him is black. When he
saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then 105
suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a
leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was
drowned—when presently the tip of his beak ap-
peared, then the length of his neck lay along the
surface of the water, and in this position, with his 110
body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back,
wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally
poked it into the east, the west, the north, and the
south, with a violence of involution and a contor-
tionary energy that made one think in the same 115
breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what
nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation
—for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-
snake!

But I make no doubt he would have thought us as 120
absurd as we him if he could have seen us taking
our breakfast a few minutes later: for as we sat
there, some half-dozen men at table, all that sombre
melancholy which comes over the American at his

125 meals descended upon us; no man talked, each of us
 could hear the other crunch his bread *in faucibus*,
 and the noise thereof seemed in the ghostly stillness
 like the noise of earthquakes and of crashing worlds;
 even the furtive glances towards each other's plates
 130 were presently awed down to a sullen gazing of each
 into his own; the silence increased, the noises be-
 came intolerable, a cold sweat broke out over at
 least one of us, he felt himself growing insane, and
 rushed out to the deck with a sigh as of one saved
 135 from a dreadful death by social suffocation.

There is a certain position a man can assume on
 board the steamer *Marion* which constitutes an
 attitude of perfect rest, and leaves one's body in
 such blessed ease that one's soul receives the heav-
 140 enly influences of the Ocklawaha sail absolutely
 without physical impediment.

Know, therefore, tired friend that shall hereafter
 ride up the Ocklawaha on the *Marion*—whose name
 I would fain call Legion—that if you will place a
 145 chair just in the narrow passage-way which runs
 alongside the cabin, at the point where this passage-
 way descends by a step to the open space in front of
 the pilot-house, on the left-hand side facing to the
 bow, you will perceive a certain slope in the railing
 150 where it descends by an angle of some thirty degrees
 to accommodate itself to the step aforesaid; and this
 slope should be in such a position as that your left
 leg unconsciously stretches itself along the same by
 the pure insinuating solicitations of the fitness of
 155 things, and straightway dreams itself off into an
 Elysian tranquillity. You should then tip your

chair in a slightly diagonal position back to the side of the cabin, so that your head will rest there-against, your right arm will hang over the chair-back, and your left arm will repose on the railing. 160
I give no specific instruction for your right leg, because I am disposed to be liberal in this matter and to leave some gracious scope for personal idiosyncrasies as well as a margin of allowance for the accidents of time and place; dispose your right leg, 165
therefore, as your heart may suggest, or as all the precedent forces of time and the universe may have combined to require you.

Having secured this attitude, open wide the eyes of your body and of your soul; repulse with a 170
heavenly suavity the conversational advances of the drummer who fancies he might possibly sell you a bill of white goods and notions, as well as the polite inquiries of the real-estate person who has his little private theory that you are in search of an orange- 175
grove to purchase; then sail, sail, sail, through the cypresses, through the vines, through the May day, through the floating suggestions of the unutterable that come up, that sink down, that waver and sway hither and thither; and so shall you have revelations 180
of rest, and so shall your heart forever afterwards interpret Ocklawaha to mean repose.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a 185
certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves,

placid, pellucid, curves round at the river edge into
 190 the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking
 for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house
 of my saurian is divided into apartments—little
 subsidiary bays which are scalloped out by the lily-
 pads according to the sinuous fantasies of their
 195 growth. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has
 but to lie down anywhere: he will find marvelous
 mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will
 be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the
 lily-pads will straightway embroider themselves to-
 200 gether above him for his coverlet. He never quar-
 rels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen,
 and his one house-maid—the stream—forever sweeps
 his chamber clean. His conservatories there under
 the glass of that water are ever and without labor
 205 filled with the enchantments of strange under-water
 growths; his parks and his pleasure-grounds are
 bigger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house
 the winds have no power, the rains are only a new
 delight to him, and the snows he will never see.
 210 Regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so
 he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements
 are the friends of my saurian's house. While he
 sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake
 sweetened and freshened by the sole careless act of
 215 sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and
 can change his dwelling as no human householder
 may; it is but a fillip of his tail, and lo! he is estab-
 lished in another place as good as the last, ready
 220 furnished to his liking.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees. Along the immediate edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, stump, or other projecting coign of vantage is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first, like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church these vine-figures stand. But presently, as one journeys, this nun-imagery fades out of one's mind, and a thousand other fancies float with ever-new vine-shapes into one's eyes. One sees repeated all the forms one has ever known, in grotesque juxtaposition. Look! here is a great troop of girls, with arms wreathed over their heads, dancing down into the water; here are high velvet armchairs and lovely green fauteuils of divers pattern and of softest cushionment; there the vines hang in loops, in pavilions, in columns, in arches, in caves, in pyramids, in women's tresses, in harps and lyres, in globular mountain-ranges, in pagodas, domes, minarets, machicolated towers, dogs, belfries, draperies, fish, dragons. Yonder is a bizarre congress—Una on her lion, Angelo's Moses, two elephants with howdahs, the Laocoön group, Arthur and Lancelot with great brands extended aloft in combat, Adam bent with love and grief leading Eve out of Paradise, Cæsar shrouded in his mantle receiving his stabs, Greek chariots, locomotives, brazen shields and cuirasses, columbiads, the

twelve Apostles, the stock exchange. It is a green dance of all things and times.

255 The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall, blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses; the pretty phalanxes of a species of "bonnet" which from a long
260 stem that swings off down-stream along the surface sends up a hundred little graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the
265 *testudo*, or tortoise, in attacking. All these border the river in infinite varieties of purfling and chase-ment.

The river itself has an errant fantasy, and takes many shapes. Presently we come to where it seems
270 to fork into four separate curves above and below.

"Them's the Windin'-blades," said my raftsmen. To look down these lovely vistas is like looking down the dreams of some pure young girl's soul; and the gray moss-bearded trees gravely lean over them in
275 contemplative attitudes, as if they were studying—in the way strong men should study—the mysteries and sacrednesses and tender depths of some visible reverie of maidenhood.

—And then, after this day of glory, came a night
280 of glory. Down in these deep-shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a baldrick of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame

flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-²⁸⁵
knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up
these dark sinuosities like a brilliant god that for his
mere whimsical pleasure calls the black impenetra-
ble chaos ahead into instantaneous definite forms as
he floats along the river-curves. The white columns²⁹⁰
of the cypress-trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns
of the maples, the green-and-white of the lilies along
the edges of the stream—these all come in a con-
tinuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness
and retire again: it is endless creation succeeded by²⁹⁵
endless oblivion. Startled birds suddenly flutter
into the light, and after an instant of illuminated
flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect
silence of these short flights one derives a certain
sense of awe. Mystery appears to be about to utter³⁰⁰
herself in these suddenly-illuminated forms, and then
to change her mind and die back into mystery.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and
leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell
tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, or³⁰⁵
rather doubling, the boat has run her nose smack
into the right bank, and a projecting stump has
thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out,
Dick! out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward
to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against³¹⁰
a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck
as if they were salaaming the god of night and ad-
versity, our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the
wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

Somewhere back yonder in the stern Dick is³¹⁵
whistling. You should hear him! With the great

aperture of his mouth, and the rounding vibratory-surfaces of his thick lips, he gets out a mellow breadth of tone that almost entitles him to rank as
 320 an orchestral instrument. Here is his tune:



It is a genuine plagal cadence. Observe the syncopations marked in this air: they are characteristic of negro music. I have heard negroes change a well-known melody by adroitly syncopating it in
 325 this way, so as to give it a *bizarre* effect scarcely imaginable; and nothing illustrates the negro's natural gifts in the way of keeping a difficult *tempo* more clearly than his perfect execution of airs thus transformed from simple to complex accentuations.

330 Dick has changed his tune: *allegro*!



Da capo, of course, and *da capo* indefinitely; for it ends on the dominant. The dominant is a chord of progress: no such thing as stopping. It is like dividing ten by nine, and carrying out the decimal
 335 remainders: there is always one over.

Thus the negro shows that he does not like the ordinary accentuations nor the ordinary cadences of tunes: his ear is primitive. If you will follow the course of Dick's musical reverie—which he now thinks is solely a matter betwixt himself and the 340 night, as he sits back yonder in the stern alone—presently you will hear him sing a whole minor tune without once using a semitone: the semitone is weak, it is a dilution, it is not vigorous like the whole tone; and I have seen a whole congregation of ne- 345 groes at night, as they were worshipping in their church with some wild song or other and swaying to and fro with the ecstasy and the glory of it, abandon as by one consent the semitone that *should* come according to the civilized *modus*, and sing in its place 350 a big lusty whole tone that would shake any man's soul. It is strange to observe that some of the most magnificent effects in advanced modern music are produced by this same method, notably in the works of Asger Hamerik of Baltimore, and of Edward Grieg 355 of Copenhagen. Any one who has heard Thomas's orchestra lately will have no difficulty in remembering his delight at the beautiful *Nordische Suite* by the former writer and the piano *concerto* by the latter.

—And then it was bed-time. Let me tell you how 360 to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that incloses the lower part of the deck, in front, and to the left, of the pilot-house. Lie 365 flat-backed down on the same, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head in consideration

of the night air, fold your arms, say some little
 prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking
 370 right down your eye.

When you awake in the morning, your night will
 not seem any longer, any blacker, any less pure than
 this perfect white blank in the page; and you will
 feel as new as Adam.

375 —At sunrise, I woke, and found that we were
 lying with the boat's nose run up against a sandy
 bank which quickly rose into a considerable hill. A
 sandy-whiskered native came down from the pine
 cabin on the knoll. "How air ye?" he sung out
 380 to the skipper, with an evident expectation in his
 voice. "Got any freight fur me?"

The skipper handed him a heavy parcel, in brown
 paper. He examined it keenly with all his eyes, felt
 it over carefully with all his fingers; his counte-
 385 nance fell, and the shadow of a great despair came
 over it.

"Look-a-here," he said, "*haint* you brought me
 no terbacker?"

"Not unless it's in that bundle," said the skipper.
 390 "Hell!" he said, "*hit's* nothin' but shot;" and he
 turned off into the forest, as we shoved away, with a
 face like the face of the Apostate Julian when the
 devils were dragging him down the pit.

I would have let my heart go out in sympathy to
 395 this man—for his agonizing after terbacker, ere the
 next week bring the *Marion* again, is not a thing to be
 laughed at—had I not believed that he was one of the
 vanilla-gatherers. You must know that in the low

grounds of the Ocklawaha grows what is called the
 vanilla-plant—a plant with a leaf much like that of 400
 tobacco when dried. This leaf is now extensively
 used to adulterate cheap chewing tobacco, and the
 natives along the Ocklawaha drive a considerable
 trade in gathering it. The process of this com-
 merce is exceedingly simple: and the bills drawn 405
 against the consignments are primitive. The officer
 in charge of the *Marion* showed me several of the
 communications received at various landings during
 our journey, which accompanied small shipments of
 the spurious weed. They were generally about as 410
 follows:

“DEER SIR

“i send you one bag Verneller, pleeze fetch one par
 of shus numb 8 and ef enny over fetch twelve yards
 hoamspin.

415

“Yrs trly

“&c.”

The captain of the steamer takes the bags to
 Palatka, barterers the vanilla for the articles specified,
 and distributes these on the next trip to their re- 420
 spective owners.

In a short time we came to the junction of the
 river formed by the irruption of Silver Spring (“Sil-
 ver Spring Run”) with the Ocklawaha proper. Here
 new astonishments befell. The water of the Ockla- 425
 waha, which had before seemed clear enough, now
 showed but like a muddy stream as it flowed side
 by side, unmixing for some distance, with the Silver
 Spring water.

430 The *Marion* now left the Ocklawaha and turned into the Run. How shall one speak quietly of this journey over transparency? The Run is very deep: the white bottom seems hollowed out in a continual succession of large spherical holes, whose entire contents of darting fish, of under-mosses, of flowers, of 435 submerged trees, of lily-stems, and of grass-ribbons revealed themselves to us through the lucent fluid as we sailed along thereover. The long series of convex bodies of water filling these white concavities 440 impressed one like a chain of globular worlds composed of a transparent lymph. Great numbers of keen-snouted, blade-bodied gar-fish shot to and fro in unceasing motion beneath us: it seemed as if the underworlds were filled with a multitude of 445 crossing sword-blades wielded in tireless thrust and parry by invisible arms.

The shores, too, had changed. They now opened out into clear savannas, overgrown with a broad-leaved grass to a perfect level two or three feet above 450 the water, and stretching back to boundaries of cypress and oaks; and occasionally, as we passed one of these expanses curving into the forest, with a diameter of a half-mile, a single palmetto might be seen in or near the centre—perfect type of that lone- 455 some solitude which the German names *Einsamkeit*—onesomeness. Then again, the cypress and palmettos would swarm to the stream and line its banks. Thus for nine miles, counting our gigantic rosary of water-wonders and lovelinesses, we fared on.

460 Then we rounded to, in the very bosom of the Silver Spring itself, and came to wharf. Here there

were warehouses, a turpentine distillery, men running about with boxes of freight and crates of Florida cucumbers for the Northern market, country stores with wondrous assortments of goods—fiddles, clothes, 465 physic, groceries, school-books, what not—and a little farther up the shore, a tavern. I learned, in a hasty way, that Ocala was five miles distant, that one could get a very good conveyance from the tavern to that place, and that on the next day—Sunday— 470 a stage would leave Ocala for Gainesville, some forty miles distant, being the third relay of the long stage-line which runs three times a week between Tampa and Gainesville, *via* Brooksville and Ocala.

Then the claims of scientific fact and of guide- 475 book information could hold me no longer. I ceased to acquire knowledge, and got me back to the wonderful spring, drifting over it, face downwards, as over a new world of delight.

It is sixty feet deep a few feet off shore, and 480 covers an irregular space of several acres before contracting into its outlet—the Run. But this sixty feet does not at all represent the actual impression of depth which one receives, as one looks through the superincumbent water down to the clearly 485 revealed bottom. The distinct sensation is, that although the bottom there *is* clearly seen, and although all the objects in it are of their natural size, undiminished by any narrowing of the visual angle, yet it and they are seen from a great distance. It is 490 as if depth itself—that subtle abstraction—had been compressed into a crystal lymph, one inch of which would represent miles of ordinary depth.

As one rises from gazing into these quaint pro-
 495 fundities and glances across the broad surface of
 the spring, one's eye is met by a charming mosaic of
 brilliant hues. The water-plain varies in color, ac-
 cording to what it lies upon. Over the pure white
 limestone and shells of the bottom it is perfect mala-
 500 chite green; over the water-grass it is a much darker
 green; over the sombre moss it is that rich brown and
 green which Bodmer's forest-engravings so vividly
 suggest; over neutral bottoms it reflects the sky's
 or the cloud's colors. All these views are further
 505 varied by mixture with the manifold shades of
 foliage-reflections cast from overhanging boscage
 near the shore, and still further by the angle of the
 observer's eye.

One would think these elements of color-variation
 510 were numerous enough; but they were not nearly all.
 Presently the splash of an oar in a distant part of the
 spring sent a succession of ripples circling over the
 pool. Instantly it broke into a thousand-fold prism.
 Every ripple was a long curve of variegated sheen.
 515 The fundamental hues of the pool when at rest were
 distributed into innumerable kaleidoscopic flashes
 and brilliances, the multitudes of fish became mul-
 titudes of animated gems, and the prismatic lights
 seemed actually to waver and play through their
 520 translucent bodies, until the whole spring, in a great
 blaze of sunlight, shone like an enormous fluid jewel
 that without decreasing forever lapsed away upward
 in successive exhalations of dissolving sheens and
 glittering colors.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ALAMO

EARLY on the morning of the 9th of December, 1835, General Cos sends a flag of truce, asking to surrender, and on the 10th agrees with the American general upon formal and honorable articles of capitulation.

5

The poor citizens of San Antonio de Bexar, however, do not yet enjoy the blessings of life in quiet; these wild soldiers who have stormed the town cannot remain long without excitement. Presently Dr. Grant revives his old project of taking Matamoros and soon departs, carrying with him most of the troops that had been left at Bexar for its defence, together with a great part of the garrison's winter supply of clothing, ammunition, and provisions, and in addition "pressing" such property of the citizens as he needs, insomuch that Colonel Neill, at that time in command at Bexar, writes to the Governor of Texas that the place is left destitute and defenceless.

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Soon afterward Colonel Neill is ordered to destroy the Alamo walls and other fortifications, and bring off the artillery, since no head can be made there in the present crisis against the enemy who is reported marching in force upon San Antonio. Having no teams, Colonel Neill is unable to obey the order, and presently retires, his unpaid men having dropped off until but eighty remain, of whom Col. Wm. B. Travis assumes command. Colonel Travis promptly calls for more troops, but gets none as yet, for the Governor and Council are at deadly quarrel, and the

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30 soldiers are all pressing toward Matamoros. Travis has brought thirty men with him; about the middle of February he is joined by Colonel Bowie with thirty others, and these, with the eighty already in garrison, constitute the defenders of San Antonio de
35 Bexar.

On the 23d of February appears General Santa Ana at the head of a well-appointed army of some four thousand men, and marches straight on into town. The Texans retire before him slowly, and finally shut
40 themselves up in the Alamo; here straightway begins that bloodiest, smokiest, grimiest tragedy of this century. William B. Travis, James Bowie, and David Crockett, with their hundred and forty-five effective men, are enclosed within a stone rectangle
45 one hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and twenty-two feet wide, having the old Church of the Alamo in the southeast corner, in which are their quarters and magazine. They have a supply of water from the ditches that run alongside the
50 walls, and by way of provision they have about ninety bushels of corn and thirty beef-cattle, their entire stock, all collected since the enemy came in sight. The walls are unbroken, with no angles from which to command besieging lines. They have four-
55 teen pieces of artillery mounted, with but little ammunition.

Santa Ana demands unconditional surrender. Travis replies with a cannon-shot, and the attack commences, the enemy running up a blood-red flag
60 in town. Travis despatches a messenger with a call to his countrymen for re-enforcements, which con-

cludes: "Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or 65 death!"

Meantime the enemy is active. On the 25th Travis has a sharp fight to prevent him from erecting a battery raking the gate of the Alamo. At night it is erected, with another a half-mile off at the powder- 70 house, on a sharp eminence at the extremity of the present main street of the town. On the 26th there is skirmishing with the Mexican cavalry. In the cold—for a norther has commenced to blow and the thermometer is down to thirty-nine—the Tex- 75 ans make a sally successfully for wood and water, and that night they burn some old houses on the northeast that might afford cover for the enemy. So, amid the enemy's constant rain of shells and balls, which miraculously hurt no one, the Texans 80 strengthen their works and the siege goes on. On the 28th Fannin starts from Goliad with three hundred troops and four pieces of artillery, but for lack of teams and provisions quickly returns, and the little garrison is left to its fate. On the morning of 85 the 1st of March there is doubtless a wild shout of welcome in the Alamo; Capt. John W. Smith has managed to convey thirty-two men into the fort. These join the heroes, and the attack and defence go on. On the 3d a single man, Moses Rose, es- 90 capes from the fort. His account of that day¹ must

¹ As transmitted by the Zuber family, whose residence was the first place at which poor Rose had dared to stop, and with

entitle it to consecration as one of the most pathetic days of time.

“About two hours before sunset on the 3d of
 95 March, 1836, the bombardment suddenly ceased, and the enemy withdrew an unusual distance. . . . Colonel Travis paraded all his effective men in a single file, and taking his position in front of the centre, he stood for some moments apparently
 100 speechless from emotion; then, nerving himself for the occasion, he addressed them substantially as follows:

““My brave companions: stern necessity compels me to employ the few moments afforded by this
 105 probably brief cessation of conflict, in making known to you the most interesting, yet the most solemn, melancholy, and unwelcome fact that humanity can realize. . . . Our fate is sealed. Within a very few days, perhaps a very few hours, we must all be in
 110 eternity! I have deceived you long by the promise of help; but I crave your pardon, hoping that after hearing my explanation you will not only regard my conduct as pardonable, but heartily sympathize with me in my extreme necessity. . . . I have continually
 115 received the strongest assurances of help from home. Every letter from the Council, and every one that I have seen from individuals at home, has teemed with assurances that our people were ready, willing, and anxious to come to our relief. . . . These assurances

whom he remained some weeks, healing the festered wounds made on his legs by the cactus-thorns during the days of his fearful journey. The account from which these extracts are taken is contributed to the *Texas Almanac* for 1873, by W. P. Zuber, and his mother, Mary Ann Zuber.

I received as facts. . . . In the honest and simple 120
confidence of my heart I have transmitted to you
these promises of help and my confident hope of
success. But the promised help has not come, and
our hopes are not to be realized. I have evidently
confided too much in the promises of our friends; 125
but let us not be in haste to censure them. . . .
Our friends were evidently not informed of our
perilous condition in time to save us. Doubtless
they would have been here by this time had they
expected any considerable force of the enemy. . . . 130
My calls on Colonel Fannin remain unanswered,
and my messengers have not returned. The prob-
abilities are that his whole command has fallen
into the hands of the enemy, or been cut to pieces,
and that our couriers have been cut off. [So does the 135
brave, simple soul refuse to feel any bitterness in the
hour of death.] . . . Then we must die. . . . Our
business is not to make a fruitless effort to save our
lives, but to choose the manner of our death. But
three modes are presented to us; let us choose that 140
by which we may best serve our country. Shall we
surrender and be deliberately shot without taking the
life of a single enemy? Shall we try to cut our way
out through the Mexican ranks and be butchered
before we can kill twenty of our adversaries? I am 145
opposed to either method. . . . Let us resolve to
withstand our adversaries to the last, and at each
advance to kill as many of them as possible. And
when at last they shall storm our fortress, let us kill
them as they come! kill them as they scale our wall! 150,
kill them as they leap within! kill them as they raise

their weapons and as they use them! kill them as they kill our companions! and continue to kill them as long as one of us shall remain alive! . . . But I
 155 leave every man to his own choice. Should any man prefer to surrender . . . or to attempt an escape . . . he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. This will I
 160 do, even if you leave me alone. Do as you think best; but no man can die with me without affording me comfort in the hour of death!’

“Colonel Travis then drew his sword, and with its point traced a line upon the ground extending from
 165 the right to the left of the file. Then, resuming his position in front of the centre, he said, ‘I now want every man who is determined to stay here and die with me to come across this line. Who will be first? March!’ The first respondent was Tapley Holland,
 170 who leaped the line at a bound, exclaiming, ‘I am ready to die for my country!’ His example was instantly followed by every man in the file with the exception of Rose. . . . Every sick man that could walk, arose from his bunk and tottered across the
 175 line. Colonel Bowie, who could not leave his bed, said, ‘Boys, I am not able to come to you, but I wish some of you would be so kind as to remove my cot over there.’ Four men instantly ran to the cot, and each lifting a corner, carried it across the line. Then
 180 every sick man that could not walk made the same request, and had his bunk removed in the same way.

“Rose, too, was deeply affected, but differently from his companions. He stood till every man but

himself had crossed the line. . . . He sank upon the ground, covered his face, and yielded to his own reflections. . . . A bright idea came to his relief; he spoke the Mexican dialect very fluently, and could he once get safely out of the fort, he might easily pass for a Mexican and effect an escape. . . . He directed a searching glance at the cot of Colonel Bowie. . . . Colonel David Crockett was leaning over the cot, conversing with its occupant in an undertone. After a few seconds Bowie looked at Rose and said, 'You seem not to be willing to die with us, Rose.' 'No,' said Rose; 'I am not prepared to die, and shall not do so if I can avoid it.' Then Crockett also looked at him, and said, 'You may as well conclude to die with us, old man, for escape is impossible.' Rose made no reply, but looked at the top of the wall. 'I have often done worse than to climb that wall,' thought he. Suiting the action to the thought, he sprang up, seized his wallet of unwashed clothes, and ascended the wall. Standing on its top, he looked down within to take a last view of his dying friends. They were all now in motion, but what they were doing he heeded not; overpowered by his feelings, he looked away and saw them no more. . . . He threw down his wallet and leaped after it. . . . He took the road which led down the river around a bend to the ford, and through the town by the church. He waded the river at the ford and passed through the town. He saw no person . . . but the doors were all closed, and San Antonio appeared as a deserted city.

"After passing through the town he turned down the river. A stillness as of death prevailed. When

he had gone about a quarter of a mile below the town, his ears were saluted by the thunder of the bombardment, which was then renewed. That thunder continued to remind him that his friends
 220 were true to their cause, by a continual roar with but slight intervals until a little before sunrise on the morning of the 6th, when it ceased and he heard it no more.”¹

And well may it “cease” on that morning of that
 225 6th; for after that thrilling 3d the siege goes on, the enemy furious, the Texans replying calmly and slowly. Finally Santa Ana determines to storm. Some hours before daylight on the morning of the 6th the Mexican infantry, provided with scaling-
 230 ladders, and backed by the cavalry to keep them up to the work, surround the doomed fort. At daylight they advance and plant their ladders, but give back under a deadly fire from the Texans. They advance again, and again retreat. A
 235 third time—Santa Ana threatening and coaxing by turns—they plant their ladders. Now they mount the walls. The Texans are overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers and exhaustion of continued watching and fighting. The Mexicans swarm into
 240 the fort. The Texans club their guns; one by one they fall fighting—now Travis yonder by the west-

¹ Rose succeeded in making his escape, and reached the house of the Zubers, as before stated, in fearful condition. After remaining here some weeks, he started for his home in Nacogdoches, but on the way his thorn-wounds became inflamed anew, and when he reached home “his friends thought that he could not live many months.” This was “the last” that the Zubers “heard of him.”

ern wall, now Crockett here in the angle of the church-wall, now Bowie butchered and mutilated in his sick-cot, breathe quick and pass away; and presently every Texan lies dead, while there in 245 horrid heaps are stretched five hundred and twenty-one dead Mexicans and as many more wounded! Of the human beings that were in the fort five remain alive: Mrs. Dickinson and her child, Colonel Travis's negro-servant, and two Mexican women. 250 The conquerors endeavor to get some more revenge out of the dead, and close the scene with raking together the bodies of the Texans, amid insults, and burning them.

The town did not long remain in the hands of the 255 Mexicans. Events followed each other rapidly until the battle of San Jacinto, after which the dejected Santa Ana wrote his famous letter of captivity under the tree, which for a time relieved the soil of Texas from hostile footsteps. San Antonio was nevertheless 260 not free from bloodshed, though beginning to drive a sharp trade with Mexico and to make those approaches toward the peaceful arts which necessarily accompany trade. The Indians kept life from stagnating, and in the year 1840 occurred a bloody 265 battle with them in the very midst of the town. Certain Camanche chiefs, pending negotiations for a treaty of peace, had promised to bring in all the captives they had, and on the 19th of March, 1840, met the Texan Commissioners in the Council-house 270 in San Antonio to redeem their promise. Leaving twenty warriors and thirty-two women and children outside, twelve chiefs entered the council-room and

presented the only captive they had brought—a little
275 white girl—declaring that they had no others.

This statement the little girl pronounced false, asserting that it was made solely for the purpose of extorting greater ransoms, and that she had but recently seen other captives in their camp. An awkward pause followed. Presently one of the chiefs
280 inquired, How the Commissioners liked it. By way of reply, the company of Captain Howard, who had been sent for, filed into the room, and the Indians were told that they would be held prisoners until
285 they should send some of their party outside after the rest of the captives. The Commissioners then rose and left the room.

As they were in the act of leaving, however, one of the Indian chiefs attempted to rush through the door,
290 and being confronted by the sentinel, stabbed him. Seeing the sentinel hurt, and Captain Howard also stabbed, the other chiefs sprang forward with knives and bows and arrows, and the fight raged until they were all killed. Meantime the warriors outside be-
295 gan to fight, and engaged the company of Captain Read; but, taking shelter in a stone-house, were surrounded and killed. Still another detachment of the Indians managed to continue the fight until they had reached the other side of the river, when they
300 were finally despatched. Thirty-two Indian warriors and five Indian women and children were slain, and the rest of the women and children were made prisoners. The savages fought desperately, for seven Texans were killed and eight wounded.

THE STORY OF A PROVERB

ONCE upon a time—if my memory serves me correctly, it was in the year $6\frac{7}{8}$ —His Intensely-Serene-and-Altogether-Perfectly-Astounding Highness the King of Nimporte was reclining in his royal palace. The casual observer (though it must be said that 5 casual observers were as rigidly excluded from the palace of Nimporte as if they had been tramps) might easily have noticed that his majesty was displeased.

The fact is, if his majesty had been a little boy, he would have been whipped and sent to bed for the 10 sulks; but even during this early period of which I am writing, the strangeness of things had reached such a pitch that in the very moment at which this story opens the King of Nimporte arose from his couch, seized by the shoulders his grand vizier (who 15 was not at all in the sulks, but was endeavoring, as best he could, to smile from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet), and kicked him down-stairs.

As the grand vizier reached the lowest step in the course of his tumble, a courier covered with dust was 20 in the act of putting his foot upon the same. But the force of the grand vizier's fall was such as to knock both the courier's legs from under him; and as, in the meantime, the grand vizier had wildly clasped his arms around the courier's body, to arrest 25 his own descent, the result was such a miscellaneous rolling of the two men, that for a moment no one was able to distinguish which legs belonged to the grand vizier and which to the courier.

30 "Has she arrived?" asked the grand vizier, as soon as his breath came.

"Yes," said the courier, already hastening up the stairs.

At this magic word, the grand vizier again threw
35 his arms around the courier, kissed him, released him, whirled himself about like a teetotum, leaped into the air and cracked his heels thrice before again touching the earth, and said:

"Allah be praised! Perhaps now we shall have
40 some peace in the palace."

In truth, the King of Nimporte had been waiting two hours for his bride, whom he had never seen; for, according to custom, one of his great lords had been sent to the court of the bride's father, where he
45 had married her by proxy for his royal master, and whence he was now conducting her to the palace. For two hours the King of Nimporte had been waiting for a courier to arrive and announce to him that the cavalcade was on its last day's march over the
50 plain, and was fast approaching the city.

As soon as the courier had delivered his message, the king kicked him down-stairs (for not arriving sooner, his majesty incidentally remarked), and ordered the grand vizier to cause that a strip of velvet
55 carpet should be laid from the front door of the grand palace, extending a half-mile down the street in the direction of the road by which the cavalcade was approaching; adding that it was his royal intention to walk this distance, for the purpose of giving his
60 bride a more honorable reception than any bride of any king of Nimporte had ever before received.

The grand vizier lost no time in carrying out his instructions, and in a short time the king appeared stepping along the carpet in the stateliest manner, followed by a vast and glittering retinue of courtiers, and encompassed by multitudes of citizens who had crowded to see the pageant. 65

As the king, bareheaded and barefooted (for at this time everybody went barefoot in Nimporte), approached the end of the carpet, he caught sight of his bride, who was but a few yards distant on her milk-white palfrey. 70

Her appearance was so ravishingly beautiful, that the king seemed at first dazed, like a man who has looked at the sun; but, quickly recovering his wits, he threw himself forward, in the ardor of his admiration, with the intention of running to his bride and dropping on one knee at her stirrup, while he would gaze into her face with adoring humility. And as the king rushed forward with this impulse, the populace cheered with the wildest enthusiasm at finding him thus capable of the feelings of an ordinary man. 75 80

But in an instant a scene of the wildest commotion ensued. At the very first step which the king took beyond the end of the carpet, his face grew suddenly white, and, with a loud cry of pain, he fell fainting to the earth. He was immediately surrounded by the anxious courtiers; and the court physician, after feeling his pulse for several minutes, and inquiring very carefully of the grand vizier whether his majesty had on that day eaten any green fruit, was in the act of announcing that it was a violent attack of a very Greek disease indeed, when the 85 90

bride (who had dismounted and run to her royal lord
 95 with wifely devotion) called the attention of the ex-
 cited courtiers to his majesty's left great toe. It was
 immediately discovered that, in his first precipitate
 step from off the carpet to the bare ground, his
 majesty had set his foot upon a very rugged pebble,
 100 the effect of which upon tender feet, accustomed to
 nothing but velvet, had caused him to swoon with
 pain.

As soon as the King of Nimporte opened his eyes
 in his own palace, where he had been quickly con-
 105 veyed and ministered to by the bride, he called his
 trembling grand vizier and inquired to whom be-
 longed the houses at that portion of the street where
 his unfortunate accident had occurred. Upon learn-
 ing the names of these unhappy property-owners, he
 110 instantly ordered that they and their entire kindred
 should be beheaded, and the adjacent houses burned
 for the length of a quarter of a mile.

The king further instructed the grand vizier that
 he should instantly convene the cabinet of councillors
 115 and devise with them some means of covering the
 whole earth with leather, in order that all possibility
 of such accidents to the kings of Nimporte might be
 completely prevented—adding, that if the cabinet
 should fail, not only in devising the plan, but in ac-
 120 tually carrying it out within the next three days, then
 the whole body of councillors should be executed on
 the very spot where the king's foot was bruised.

Then the king kissed his bride, and was very
 happy.

125 But the grand vizier, having communicated these

instructions to his colleagues of the cabinet—namely, the postmaster-general, the praetor, the sachim, and the three Scribes-and-Pharisees—proceeded to his own home, and consulted his wife, whose advice he was accustomed to follow with the utmost faithfulness. After thinking steadily for two days and nights, on the morning of the third day the grand vizier's wife advised him to pluck out his beard, to tear up his garments, and to make his will; declaring that she could not, upon the most mature deliberation, conceive of any course more appropriate to the circumstances. 130 135

The grand vizier was in the act of separating his last pair of bag-trousers into very minute strips indeed, when a knocking at the door arrested his hand, and in a moment afterward the footman ushered in a young man of very sickly complexion, attired in the seediest possible manner. The grand vizier immediately recognized him as a person well known about Nimporte for a sort of loafer, given to mooning about the clover-fields, and to meditating upon things in general, but not commonly regarded as ever likely to set a river on fire. 140 145

“O grand vizier!” said this young person, “I have come to say that if you will procure the attendance of the king and court to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock in front of the palace, I will cover the whole earth with leather for his majesty in five minutes.” 150

Then the grand vizier arose in the quietest possible manner, and kicked the young person down the back-stairs; and when he had reached the bottom stair, the grand vizier tenderly lifted him in his arms and 155

carried him back to the upper landing, and then kicked him down the front-stairs—in fact, quite out
 160 of the front gate.

Having accomplished these matters satisfactorily, the grand vizier returned with a much lighter heart, and completed a draft of his last will and testament for his lawyer, who was to call at eleven.

165 Punctually at the appointed time—being exactly three days from the hour when the grand vizier received his instructions—the King of Nimporte and all his court, together with a great mass of citizens, assembled at the scene of the accident to witness the
 170 decapitation of the entire cabinet. The headsman had previously arranged his apparatus; and presently the six unfortunate wise men were seen standing with hands tied behind, and with heads bent forward meekly over the six blocks in a row.

175 The executioner advanced and lifted a long and glittering sword. He was in the act of bringing it down with terrific force upon the neck of the grand vizier, when a stir was observed in the crowd, which quickly increased to a commotion so great that the
 180 king raised his hand and bade the executioner wait until he could ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

In a moment more, the young person appeared in the open space which had been reserved for the court, and with a mingled air of proud self-confidence
 185 and of shrinking reserve, made his obeisance before the king.

“O king of the whole earth!” he said, “if within the next five minutes I shall have covered the whole earth with leather for your majesty, will your gra-

eious highness remit the sentence which has been 190
pronounced upon the wise men of the cabinet?"

It was impossible for the king to refuse.

"Will your majesty then be kind enough to advance your right foot?"

The young person kneeled, and drawing a bundle 195
from his bosom, for a moment manipulated the king's right foot in a manner which the courtiers could not very well understand.

"Will your majesty now advance your majesty's left foot?" said the young person again; and again 200
he manipulated.

"Will your majesty now walk forth upon the stones?" said the young person; and his majesty walked forth upon the stones.

"Will your majesty now answer: If your majesty 205
should walk over the entire globe, would not your majesty's feet find leather between them and the earth the whole way?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"Will your majesty further answer: Is not the 210
whole earth, so far as your majesty is concerned, now covered with leather?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"O king of the whole earth, what is it?" cried the whole court in one breath. 215

"In fact, my lords and gentlemen," said the king,
"I have on, what has never been known in the whole
great kingdom of Nimporte until this moment, a
pair of—of——"

And here the king looked inquiringly at the young 220
person.

"Let us call them—shoes," said the young person.

Then the king, walking to and fro over the pebbles with the greatest comfort and security, looked inquiringly at him. "Who are you?" asked his majesty.

"I belong," said the young person, "to the tribe of the poets—who make the earth tolerable for the feet of man."

Then the king turned to his cabinet, and pacing along in front of the six blocks, pointed to his feet, and inquired:

"What do you think of this invention?"

"I do not like it; I cannot understand it; I think the part of wisdom is always to reject the unintelligible; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse it," said the grand vizier, who was really so piqued that he would much rather have been beheaded than live to see the triumph of the young person whom he had kicked down both pairs of stairs.

It is worthy of note, however, that when the grand vizier found himself in his own apartments, alive and safe, he gave a great leap into the air and whirled himself with joy, as on a former occasion.

The postmaster-general also signified his disapproval. "I do not like it," said he; "they are not rights and lefts; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse the invention."

The praetor was like minded. "It will not do," he said; "it is clearly obnoxious to the overwhelming objection that there is absolutely nothing objectionable about it; in my judgment, this should be sufficient to authorize your majesty's prompt refusal of the expedient and the decapitation of the inventor."

"Moreover," added the sachem, "if your majesty once wears them, then every man, woman and child will desire to have his, her, and its whole earth covered with leather; which will create such a demand for hides, that there will shortly be not a bullock or a cow in your majesty's dominions; if your majesty will but contemplate the state of this kingdom without beef and butter—there seems no more room for argument!"

"But these objections," cried the three Scribes-and-Pharisees, "although powerful enough in themselves, O king of the whole earth, have not yet touched the most heinous fault of this inventor, and that is, that there is no reserved force about this invention; the young person has actually done the very best he could in the most candid manner; this is clearly in violation of the rules of art—witness the artistic restraint of our own behavior in this matter!"

Then the King of Nimporte said: "O wise men of my former cabinet, your wisdom seems folly; I will rather betake me to the counsels of the poet, and he shall be my sole adviser for the future; as for you, live—but live in shame for the littleness of your souls!" And he dismissed them from his presence in disgrace.

It was then that the King of Nimporte uttered that proverb which has since become so famous among the Persians; for, turning away to his palace, with his bride on one arm and the young person on the other, he said:

"To him who wears a shoe, it is as if the whole earth was covered with leather."

THE LEGEND OF ST. LEONOR

ONCE upon a time St. Leonor, with sixty disciples, came to an inhospitable region at the mouth of the Rance in Armorica, and settled. Their food was of the rudest description, being only what they could
5 obtain from the woods and waters. One day the good Bishop Leonor, while praying, happened to see a small bird carrying a grain of wheat in its beak. He immediately set a monk to watching the bird, with instructions to follow it when it flew away. The
10 monk followed the bird, and was led to a place in the forest, where he found several stalks of wheat growing. This was probably the last relic of some ancient Gallo-Roman farm. St. Leonor, on learning the news, was overjoyed. "We must clear the forest
15 and cultivate the ground," he exclaimed, and immediately put the sixty at work. Now the work was hard, and the sixty disciples groaned with tribulation as they toiled and sweated over the stubborn oaks and the briery underbrush. But when they
20 came to plough, the labor seemed beyond all human endurance. I do not know how they ploughed; but it is fair to suspect that they had nothing better than forked branches of the gnarly oaks with sharpened points for ploughs, and as there is no mention
25 of cattle in the legend, the presumption is fair that these good brothers hitched themselves to the plough and pulled. This presumption is strengthened by the circumstance that, in a short time, the sixty rebelled outright. They begged the Bishop to
30 abandon agriculture and go away from that place.

But the stout old father would not recede. No; we must get into beneficial relations with this soil. Then the monks assembled together by night, and, having compared opinions, found it the sense of the meeting that they should leave the very next day, 35 even at pain of the abandonment of the Bishop. So, next morning, when they were about to go, behold! a miracle stopped them: twelve magnificent stags marched proudly out of the forest and stood by the ploughs, as if inviting the yoke. The monks 40 seized the opportunity. They harnessed the stags, and these diligently drew the ploughs all that day. When the day's work was done, and the stags were loosed from harness, they retired into the forest. But next morning the faithful wild creatures again 45 made their appearance and submitted their royal necks to the yoke. Five weeks and three days did these animals labor for the brethren.

When the ground was thoroughly prepared, the Bishop pronounced his blessing upon the stags, and 50 they passed quietly back into the recesses of the forest. Then the Bishop sowed his wheat, and that field was the father of a thousand other wheat-fields, and of a thousand other homes, with all the amenities and sweetnesss which are implied in that rav- 55 ishing word.

Now, here is the point of this legend in this place. Of course, the twelve stags did not appear from the forest and plough; and yet the story is true. The thing which actually happened was that the Bishop 60 Leonor, by his intelligence, foresight, practical wisdom, and faithful perseverance, reclaimed a piece

of stubborn and impracticable ground, and made it good, arable soil. (It is also probable that the story
 65 was immediately suggested by the retaming of cattle which the ancient Gallo-Roman people had allowed to run wild. The bishops did this sometimes.) This was a practical enough thing; it is being done every day; it was just as prosaic as any
 70 commercial transaction.

But, mark you, the people—for this legend is a pure product of the popular imagination of Brittany—the people who came after saw how the prosaic wheat-field of the Bishop had flowered into the
 75 poetical happiness of the rude and wild inhabitants who began to gather about his wheat-patch, and to plant fields and build homes of their own; and, seeing that the prose had actually become thus poetic, the people (who love to tell things as they really are,
 80 and in their deeper relations)—the people have related it in terms of poetry. The bird and the stags are terms of poetry. But, notice again, that these are not silly, poetic licenses; they are not merely a child's embellishments of a story; the bird and the
 85 stags are *not* real; but they *are* true.

For what do they mean? They mean the powers of Nature. They mean, as here inserted, that if a man go forth, sure of his mission, fervently loving his fellow-men, working for their benefit; if he adhere
 90 to his mission through good and evil report; if he resist all endeavor to turn him from it, and faithfully stand to his purpose—presently he will succeed; for the powers of Nature will come forth out of the recesses of the universe and offer themselves

as draught-animals to his plough. The popular 95
legend is merely an affirmation in concrete forms of
this principle; the people, who are all poets, know
this truth. We moderns, indeed—we, whose practical
experiences beggar the wildest dreams of
antiquity—have seen a wilder (beast) creature than 100
a stag come out of the woods for a faithful man. We
have seen steam come and plough the seas for Ful-
ton; we have seen lightning come and plough the
wastes of space for Franklin and Morse.

BOB: THE STORY OF OUR MOCKING-BIRD

NOT that his name *ought* to be Bob at all. In
respect of his behavior during a certain trying period
which I am presently to recount, he ought to be
called Sir Philip Sidney; yet, by virtue of his con-
duct in another very troublesome business which I 5
will relate, he has equal claim to be known as Don
Quixote de la Mancha; while, in consideration that
he is the Voice of his whole race, singing the passions
of all his fellows better than anyone could sing his
own, he is clearly entitled to be named William 10
Shakespeare.

For Bob is our mocking-bird. He fell to us out
of the top of a certain great pine in a certain small
city on the sea-coast of Georgia. In this tree and a
host of his lordly fellows which tower over that little 15
city, the mocking-birds abound in unusual numbers.
They love the prodigious masses of the leaves, and
the generous breezes from the neighboring Gulf

Stream, and, most of all, the infinite flood of the
20 sunlight, which is so rich and cordial that it will
make even a man lift his head toward the sky, as a
mocking-bird lifts his beak, and try to sing some-
thing or other.

About three years ago, in a sandy road which
25 skirts a grove of such tall pines, a wayfarer found
Bob lying in a lump. It could not have been more
than a few days since he was no bird at all, only an
egg with possibilities. The finder brought him to
our fence and turned him over to a young man who
30 had done us the honor to come out of a strange
country and live at our house about six years before.
Gladly received by this last, Bob was brought
within, and family discussions were held. He could
not be put back into a tree: the hawks would have
35 had him in an hour. The original nest was not to be
found. We struggled hard against committing the
crime—as we had always considered it—of caging a
bird. But finally it became plain that there was
no other resource. In fact, we were obliged to rec-
40 ognize that he had come to us from the hand of
Providence; and, though we are among the most
steady-going democrats of this Republic, we were yet
sufficiently acquainted with the etiquette of courts
to know that one does not refuse the gift of The
45 King.

Dimly hoping, therefore, that we might see our
way clear to devise some means of giving Bob an
education that would fit him for a forester, we ar-
ranged suitable accommodations for him, and he was
50 tended with motherly care.

He repaid our attentions from the very beginning. He immediately began to pick up in flesh and to increase the volume of his rudimentary feathers. Soon he commenced to call for his food as lustily as any spoiled child. When it was brought he would 55 throw his head back and open his yellow-lined beak to a width which no one would credit who did not see it. Into this enormous cavity, which seemed almost larger than the bird, his protectress would thrust—and the more vigorously the better he 60 seemed to like it—ball after ball of the yolk of hard-boiled egg mashed up with Irish potato.

How, from this dry compound which was his only fare, except an occasional worm off the rose-bushes, Bob could have wrought the surprising nobleness of 65 spirit which he displayed about six weeks after he came to us, is a matter which I do not believe I can account for. I refer to the occasion when he fairly earned the title of Sir Philip Sidney. A short time after he became our guest a couple of other fledglings 70 were brought and placed in his cage. One of these soon died, but the other continued for some time longer to drag out a drooping existence. One day, when Bob was about six weeks old, his usual ration had been delayed, owing to the pressure of other 75 duties upon his attendant. He was not slow to make this circumstance known by all the language available to him. He was very hungry indeed, and was squealing with every appearance of entreaty and of indignation when at last the lady of the house 80 was able to bring him his breakfast. He scrambled to the bars of the cage—which his feeble companion

was unable to do—took the proffered ball of egg-and-potato fiercely in his beak, and then, instead of swallowing it, deliberately flapped back to his sick guest in the corner and gave *him* the whole of it without tasting a morsel.

Now when Sir Philip Sidney was being carried off the battle-field of Zutphen, with a fearful wound in his thigh, he became very thirsty and begged for water. As the cup was handed him, a dying soldier who lay near cast upon it a look of great longing. This Sidney observed; refusing the cup, he ordered that it should be handed to the soldier, saying, “His necessity is greater than mine.”

A mocking-bird is called Bob just as a goat is called Billy or Nan, as a parrot is called Poll, as a squirrel is called Bunny, or as a cat is called Pussy or Tom. In spite of the suggestions forced upon us by the similarity of his behavior to that of the sweet young gentleman of Zutphen, our bird continued to bear the common appellation of his race, and no efforts on the part of those who believe in the fitness of things have availed to change the habits of Bob’s friends in this particular. Bob he was, is, and will probably remain.

Perhaps under a weightier title he would not have thriven so prosperously. His growth was amazing in body and in mind. By the time he was two months old he already showed that he was going to be a singer. About this period certain little feeble trills and experimental whistles began to vary the monotony of his absurd squeals and chirrups. The musical business and the marvellous work of feathering him-

self occupied his thoughts continually. I cannot but 115
suppose that he superintended the disposition of the
black, white, and gray markings on his wings and his
tail as they successively appeared: he certainly man-
ufactured the pigments with which those colors were
laid on somewhere within himself—and all out of 120
egg-and-potato. How he ever got the idea of ar-
ranging his feather-characteristics exactly as those
of all other male mocking-birds are arranged, is more
than I know. It is equally beyond me to conceive
why he did not—while he was about it—exert his 125
individuality to the extent of some little peculiar
black dot or white stripe whereby he could at least
tell himself from any other bird. His failure to
attend to this last matter was afterward the cause
of a great battle from which Bob would have 130
emerged in a plight as ludicrous as any of Don
Quixote's—considering the harmless and unsub-
stantial nature of his antagonist—had not this view
of his behavior been changed by the courage and
spirit with which he engaged his enemy, the gal- 135
lantry with which he continued the fight, and the
good faithful blood which he shed while it lasted.
In all these particulars his battle fairly rivalled any
encounter of the much-bruised Knight of La Mancha.

He was about a year old when it happened, and 140
the fight took place a long way from his native
heath. He was spending the summer at a pleasant
country home in Pennsylvania. He had appeared
to take just as much delight in the clover-fields and
mansion-studded hills of this lovely region as in the 145
lonesome forests and sandy levels of his native land.

He had sung, and sung: even in his dreams at night his sensitive little soul would often get quite too full and he would pour forth rapturous bursts of senti-
 150 ment at any time between twelve o'clock and day-break. If our health had been as little troubled by broken slumber as was his, these melodies in the late night would have been glorious; but there were some of us who had gone into the country specially
 155 to sleep; and we were finally driven to swing the sturdy songster high up in an outside porch at night, by an apparatus contrived with careful reference to cats. Several of these animals in the neighborhood had longed unspeakably for Bob ever since his ar-
 160 rival. We had seen them eying him from behind bushes and through windows, and had once rescued him from one who had thrust a paw between the very bars of his cage. That cat was going to eat him, art and all, with no compunction in the world.
 165 His music seemed to make no more impression on cats than Keats's made on critics. If only some really discriminating person had been by, with a shotgun, when *The Quarterly* thrust its paw into poor Endymion's cage!

170 One day at this country-house Bob had been let out of his cage and allowed to fly about the room. He had cut many antics, to the amusement of the company, when presently we left him to go down to dinner. What occurred afterward was very plainly
 175 told by circumstantial evidence when we returned. As soon as he was alone, he had availed himself of his unusual freedom to go exploring about the room. In the course of investigation he suddenly found him-

self confronted by—it is impossible to say what he considered it. If he had been reared in the woods 180 he would probably have regarded it as another mocking-bird—for it was his own image in the looking-glass of a bureau. But he had never seen any member of his race, except the forlorn little unfledged specimen which he had fed at six weeks of 185 age, and which bore no resemblance to this tall, gallant, bright-eyed figure in the mirror. He had thus had no opportunity to generalize his kind, and he knew nothing whatever of his own personal appearance except the partial hints he may have gained 190 when he smoothed his feathers with his beak after his bath in the morning. It may therefore very well be that he took this sudden apparition for some Chimæra or dire monster which had taken advantage of the family's temporary absence to enter the 195 room, with evil purpose. Bob immediately determined to defend the premises. He flew at the invader, literally beak and claw. But beak and claw taking no hold upon the smooth glass, with each attack he slid struggling down to the foot of the 200 mirror. Now it so happened that a pin-cushion lay at this point, which bristled not only with pins, but with needles which had been temporarily left in it, and which were nearly as sharp at the eye-ends as at the points. Upon these, Bob's poor claws came down 205 with fury: he felt the wounds and saw the blood: both he attributed to the strokes of his enemy, and this roused him to new rage. In order to give additional momentum to his onset he would retire toward the other side of the room and thence fly at the 210

foe. Again and again he charged; and as many times slid down the smooth surface of the mirror and wounded himself upon the perilous pin-cushion. As I entered, being the first up from the table, he was
 215 in the act of fluttering down against the glass. The counterpane on the bed, the white dimity cover of the bureau, the pin-cushion, all bore the bloody resemblances of his feet in various places, and showed how many times he had sought distant
 220 points in order to give himself a running start. His heart was beating violently, and his feathers were ludicrously tousled. And all against the mere shadow of himself! Never was there such a temptation for the head of a family to assemble his people
 225 and draw a prodigious moral. But better thoughts came: for, after all, was it not probable that the poor bird was defending—or at any rate believed he was defending—the rights and properties of his absent masters against a foe of unknown power?
 230 All the circumstances go to show that he made the attack with a faithful valor as reverent as that which steadied the lance of Don Quixote against the windmills. In after days, when his cage has been placed among the boughs of trees, he has not shown
 235 any warlike feelings against the robins and sparrows that passed about, but only a sincere friendly interest.

At this present writing, Bob is the most elegant, trim, electric, persuasive, cunning, tender, courageous, artistic little dandy of a bird that mind can
 240 imagine. He does not confine himself to imitating the songs of his tribe. He is a creative artist. I

was witness not long ago to the selection and adoption by him of a rudimentary whistle-language. During an illness it fell to my lot to sleep in a room alone with Bob. In the early morning when a lady, to whom Bob is passionately attached, would make her appearance in the room, he would salute her with a certain joyful chirrup which appears to belong to him peculiarly. I have not heard it from any other bird. But sometimes the lady would merely open the door, make an inquiry, and then retire. It was now necessary for his artistic soul to find some form of expressing grief. For this purpose he selected a certain cry almost identical with that of the cow-bird—an indescribably plaintive, long-drawn, thin whistle. Day after day I heard him make use of these expressions. He had never done so before. The mournful one he would usually accompany, as soon as the door was shut, with a sidelong inquiring posture of the head, which was a clear repetition of the lover's *Is she gone? Is she really gone?*

There is one particular in which Bob's habits cannot be recommended: He eats very often. In fact, if Bob should hire a cook it would be absolutely necessary for him to write down his hours for her guidance; and this writing would look very much like a time-table of the Pennsylvania, or the Hudson River, or the Old Colony Railroad. He would have to say: "Bridget will be kind enough to get me my breakfast at the following hours: 5, 5.20, 5.40, 6, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7, 7.20, 7.40, 8 (and so on, every fifteen or twenty minutes until 12 M.); my dinner at 12, 12.20, 12.40, 1, 1.15, 1.30 (and so on,

275 every fifteen or twenty minutes until 6 P. M.); my supper is irregular, but I wish Bridget particularly to remember that I *always* eat whenever I awake in the night, and that I usually awake four or five times between bed-time and daybreak." With all this
 280 eating, Bob never neglects to wipe his beak after each meal. This he does by drawing it quickly, three or four times on each side, against his perch.

I never tire of watching his motions. There does not seem to be the least friction between any of the
 285 component parts of his system. They all work, give, play in and out, stretch, contract, and serve his desires generally with a smoothness and soft precision truly admirable. Merely to see him leap from his perch to the floor of his cage is to me a never-failing
 290 marvel. It is so instantaneous, and yet so quiet: *clip*, and he is down, with his head in the food-cup; I can compare it to nothing but the stroke of Fate. It is perhaps a strained association of the large with the small; but when he suddenly leaps down in this
 295 instantaneous way, I always feel as if I suddenly heard the *clip* of the fatal shears.

His list of songs is extensive. Perhaps it would have been much more so if his life had been in the woods, where he would have had the opportunity to
 300 hear the endlessly various calls of his race. So far as we can see, the stock of songs which he now sings must have been brought in his own mind out of the egg—or from some further source whereof we know nothing. He certainly never *learned* these calls;
 305 many of the birds of whom he gives perfect imitations

have been always beyond his reach. He does not apprehend readily a new set of tones. He has caught two or three musical phrases from hearing them whistled near him. No systematic attempt, however, has been made to teach him anything. 310 His procedure in learning these few tones was peculiar. He would not, on first hearing them, make any sign that he desired to retain them, beyond a certain air of attention in his posture. Upon repetition on a different day, his behavior was the same: there was 315 no *attempt* at imitation. But some time afterward, quite unexpectedly, in the hilarious flow of his bird-songs, would appear a perfect reproduction of the whistled tones. Like a great artist he was rather above useless and amateurish efforts. He took 320 things into his mind, turned them over, and, when he was perfectly sure of it, brought it forth with perfection and with unconcern.

He has his little joke. His favorite response to the endearing terms of the lady whom he loves is to 325 scold her. Of course he understands that she understands his wit. He uses for this purpose the angry warning cry which mocking-birds are in the habit of employing to drive away intruders from their nests. At the same time he expresses his delight 330 by a peculiar gesture which he always uses when pleased. He extends his right wing and stretches his leg along the inner surface of it as far as he is able.

He has great capacities in the way of elongating 335 and contracting himself. When he is curious or alarmed, he stretches his body until he seems in-

credibly tall and of the size of his neck all the way.
When he is cold, he makes himself into a perfectly
340 round ball of feathers.

I think I envy him most when he goes to sleep.
He takes up one leg somewhere into his bosom,
crooks the other a trifle, shortens his neck, closes his
eyes—and it is done. He does not appear to hover
345 a moment in the border-land between sleeping and
waking, but hops over the line with the same superb
decision with which he drops from his perch to the
floor. I do not think he ever has anything on his
mind after he closes his eyes. It is my belief that
350 he never committed a sin of any sort in his whole life.
There is but one time when he ever looks sad. This
is during the season when his feathers fall. He is
then unspeakably dejected. Never a note do we get
from him until it is over. Nor can he be blamed.
355 Last summer not only the usual loss took place, but
every feather dropped from his tail. His dejection
during this period was so extreme that we could not
but believe he had some idea of his personal appear-
ance under the disadvantage of no tail. This was
360 so ludicrous that his most ardent lovers could
scarcely behold him without a smile; and it ap-
peared to cut him to the soul that he should excite
such sentiments.

But in a surprisingly short time his tail-feathers
365 grew out again, the rest of his apparel reappeared
fresh and new, and he lifted up his head; inso-
much that whenever we wish to fill the house with a
gay, confident, dashing, riotous, innocent, sparkling
glory of jubilation, we have only to set Bob's cage

where a spot of sunshine will fall on it. His beads 370
of eyes glisten, his form grows intense, up goes his
beak, and he is off.

Finally we have sometimes discussed the question,
is it better, on the whole, that Bob should have lived
in a cage than in the wildwood? There are conflict- 375
ing opinions about it; but one of us is clear that it *is*.
He argues that although there are many songs which
are never heard, as there are many eggs which never
hatch, yet the general end of a song is to *be* heard, as
that of an egg is to be hatched. He further argues 380
that Bob's life in his cage has been one long blessing
to several people who stood in need of him; whereas
in the woods, leaving aside the probability of hawks
and bad boys, he would not have been likely to gain
one appreciative listener for a single half-hour out of 385
each year. And, as I have already mercifully re-
leased you from several morals (continues this dis-
putant) which I might have drawn from Bob, I am
resolved that no power on earth shall prevent me
from drawing this final one. We have heard much 390
of "the privileges of genius," of "the right of the
artist to live out his own existence free from the
conventionalities of society," of "the un-morality of
art," and the like. But I do protest that the greater
the artist, and the more profound his piety toward 395
the fellow-man for whom he passionately works, the
readier will be his willingness to forego the privi-
leges of genius and to cage himself in the conven-
tionalities, even as the mocking-bird is caged. His
struggle against these will, I admit, be the greatest: 400

he will feel the bitterest sense of their uselessness in restraining *him* from wrong-doing. But, nevertheless, one consideration will drive him to enter the door and get contentedly on his perch: his fellow-
 405 men, his fellow-men, these he can reach through the respectable bars of use and wont; in his wild thickets of lawlessness they would never hear him, or, hearing, would never listen. In truth, this is the sublimest of self-denials, and none but a very great
 410 artist can compass it: to abandon the sweet, green forest of liberty, and live a whole life behind needless constraints, for the more perfect service of his fellow-men.

AN ENGLISH HERO OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

AND now who was Byrhtnoth? The chronicler, overmuch given to recording investitures and deaths of bishops and abbots, tells us but little; but from the Book of Ely, an abbey founded by
 5 Byrhtnoth himself, we get glimpses of him, probably from the hand of one who had seen him face to face. He was Ealdorman—that is, lord or general—of the East Saxons, and one of the greatest nobles in England. “He was,” says the monkish historian,
 10 “eloquent of speech, great of stature, exceeding strong, most skillful in war, and of courage that knew no fear. He spent his whole life in defending the liberty of his country, being altogether absorbed in this one desire, and preferring to die rather
 15 than to leave one of its injuries unavenged. And all

the leaders of the shires put their trust altogether in him."

After telling of several of his victories, the historian comes to his last fight. His force was far inferior to that of the invaders, but he hastened to meet them without waiting for reinforcements,—a piece of rashness like that recorded in the poem, where, from mere excess of haughty courage, he disdains to defend the ford of Panta, and lets the vikings cross unmolested, a fatal hardihood which cost him the battle and his life. On his march hither he stopped at Ramsey Abbey, and asked for provisions for his men. The abbot said that it was not possible for him to feed so great a number, but, not to seem churlish, he would receive as his guests the ealdorman himself and seven others. Byrhtnoth rejected the mean offer with scorn: "I cannot fight without them," he said, "and I will not eat without them," and so marched on to Ely, where Abbot Aelfsig bounteously entertained him and his force. "But the ealdorman, thinking that he had been burdensome to the abbey, would not leave it unrewarded; and on the following morning bestowed upon it six rich manors, and promised nine more, with thirty marks of gold, and twenty pounds of silver, on the condition that if he fell in the battle his body should be brought and buried there. To this gift he also added two crosses of gold and two vestments richly adorned with gold and gems, and a pair of curiously wrought gloves. And so, commending himself to the prayers of the brethren, he went forth to meet the enemy.

“When he met them, undeterred by the multitude of foes and the fewness of his own men, he attacked
 50 them at once, and for fourteen days fought with them daily. But on the last day, but few of his men being left alive, and perceiving that he was to die, he attacked them with none the less courage, and had almost put them to flight, when the Danes, taking
 55 heart from the small numbers of the English, formed their force into a wedge and threw themselves upon them. Byrhtnoth was slain, fighting valiantly, and the enemy cut off his head and bare it with them to their own country.”

60 In both the metrical and unmetrical portions of the translation I have discarded the arrangement into lines as interfering with the objects in view; the poem showing clearly enough, by the plane of its thought, that it *is* a poem, though presented in what-
 65 ever forms of prose.

The fragment begins with the last two words of some sentence, “brocen wurde” (was broken), and then proceeds as follows.

Bade then (that is, Byrhtnoth bade) each warrior
 70 loose him his horse and drive it afar, and fare thus on to the hand-fight, hopeful of heart.

Then straightway the stripling of Offa beheld that the earl would abide no cowardly thing; so there from his hand he let fly his falcon, belovèd, away
 75 through the wood and strode to the battle, and man might know that never that youth would fail from the fight when once he fell to his weapon. Thereat Eadric was minded to stand by his ealdorman fast in the fight; forth 'gan bear his javelin foe-ward,

manful in mood, whilever that he in his hands might 80
hold his buckler and broadsword; his vaunt he
avouched with his deeds, that there he should fight
in front of his prince.

Then Byrhtnoth began to array him his warriors,
rode and directed, counselled the fighters how they 85
should stand and steadfastly hold to their places,
showed them how shields should be gripped full hard
with the hand, and bade them to fear not at all.
When fairly his folk were formed he alighted in
midst of the liegemen that loved him fondliest; 90
there full well he wist that his faithfullest hearth-
fighters were.

Then stood forth one from the vikings, strongly
called, uttered his words, shouted the sea-rogues'
threat to the earl where he stood on the adverse 95
shore: "Me have the scathful seamen sent, and
bidden me say that now must thou render rings for
thy ransom, and better for you shall it be that ye
buy off a battle with tribute than trust the hard-
dealing of war. No need that we harm us, if only 100
ye heed this message; firm will we fashion a peace
with the gold. If thou that art richest wouldst
ransom thy people, pay, for a peace, what the sea-
men shall deem to be due; we will get us to ship
with the gold, and fare off over the flood, and hold 105
you acquit."

Byrhtnoth cried to him, brandished the buckler,
shook the slim ash, with words made utterance,
wrathful and resolute, gave him his answer: "Hear-
est thou, sea-rover, that which my folk sayeth? 110
Yes, we will render you tribute . . . in javelins—

poisonous point, and old-time blade—good weapons,
 yet forward you not in the fight. Herald of pirates,
 be herald once more; bear to thy people a bitterer
 115 message,—that here stands dauntless an earl with
 his warriors, will keep us this country, land of my
 lord, Prince Aethelred,—folk and field: the heathen
 shall perish in battle. Too base, methinketh, that
 ye with your gold should get you to ship all un-
 120 foughten with, now that so far ye have come to be in
 our land: never so soft shall he slink with your
 treasure away: us shall persuade both point and
 blade—grim game of war—ere we pay you for
 peace.”

125 Bade he then bear forward bucklers, and warriors
 go, till they all stood ranged on the bank that was
 east. Now there, for the water, might never a foe-
 man come to the other: there came flowing the flood
 after ebb-tide, mingled the streams: too long it
 130 seemed to them, ere that together the spears would
 come.

.

[There stood they in their strength by Panta's
 stream, the East-Saxon force and the ship-host: nor
 might either of them harm the other, save when one
 135 fell by an arrow's flight.

The tide outflowed; the pirates stood yare, many
 vikings wistful for war.]

Bade them the Shelter-of-Men a war-hardened
 warrior hold him the bridge, who Wulfstan was
 140 hight, bold with his kinsmen, Cola's son; he smote
 with his spear the first man down that stepped over-
 bold on the bridge. There stood by Wulfstan war-

rriors dauntless, Maccus, and Aelfere, proud-souled twain; they recked not of flight at the ford, but stoutly strove with the foe what while they could 145 wield their weapons. Then they encountered and eagerly saw how bitter the bridge-wards were; the hostile guests betook them to cunning: ordered to seize the ascents, and fare through the ford and lead up the line. Now the earl in his over-bold mood 150 gave over-much land to the foe. There, while the warriors whist, fell Byrthelm's bairn to calling over the waters cold:—

“Now there is room for you, rush to us, warriors to warfare; God wot, only, which of us twain shall 155 possess this place of the slaughter.”

Waded the war-wolves west over Panta, recked not of water, warrior vikings. There, o'er the wave they bore up their bucklers, the seamen lifted their shields to the land. In wait with his warriors, 160 Byrhtnoth stood; he bade form the war-hedge of bucklers, and hold that ward firm to the foe. The fight was at hand, the glory of battle; the time was come for the falling of men that were doomed.

There was a scream uphoven, ravens hovered, 165 (and) the eagle sharp for carnage; on earth was clamor.

They let from (their) hand (the) file-hard spears, (the) sharp-ground javelins, fly; bows were busy, shield caught spear-point, bitter was the battle-rush, 170 warriors fell, on either hand warriors lay. Wounded was Wulfmaer, chose (his) bed of death, Byrhtnoth's kinsman, his sister's son; he with bills was in pieces hewn. (But) there to the vikings was quittance

175 made; heard I that Edward slew one sheerly with
 his sword, withheld not the swing (of it), that to
 him at feet fell (the) fated warrior. For that his
 prince said thanks to him—to his bower-thane—
 when he had time. So dutiful wrought (the) strong-
 180 souled fighters at battle, keenly considered who
 there might quickliest pierce with (his) weapon;
 carnage fell on earth. Stood (they) steadfast.
 Byrhtnoth heartened them, bade that each warrior
 mind him of battle that would fight out glory upon
 185 (the) Danes.

Waded then (forward) (a) warrior tough, upheaved
 (his) weapon, shield at ward, and strode at the earl;
 as resolute went the earl to the earl: each of them to
 the other meant mischief. Sent then the sea-war-
 190 rior (a) Southern spear that the lord of warriors
 was wounded; he wrought then with his shield that
 the shaft burst in pieces and that spear broke that
 it sprang again. Angry-souled was the warrior;
 he with (his) spear stung the proud viking that gave
 195 him his wound. Prudent was the chieftain; he let
 his spear wade through the viking's neck; (his)
 hand guided it that it reached to the life of his dan-
 gerous foe. Then he suddenly shot another that
 his corselet burst; he was wounded in the breast
 200 through the ring-mail; at his heart stood the fatal
 spear-point. The earl was all the blither; laughed
 the valorous man, said thanks to the Creator for
 the day's work that the Lord gave him.

Then some (one) of the warriors let fly from his
 205 hand a dart that it forthright passed through the
 noble thane of Aethelred. Then stood him beside

an unwaxen warrior, a boy in fight; he full boldly plucked from the prince the bloody javelin (Wulfstan's son, Wulfmaer the young); let the sharp (steel) fare back again; the spear-point pierced that he lay on the earth who before had grievously wounded the prince. Ran there a cunning warrior to the earl; he wished to plunder the prince of (his) treasures, armor and rings and adorned sword. Then Byrhtnoth drew from sheath his broad and brown-edged sword and smote on the (warrior's) corselet: (but) too soon one of the pirates prevented him; he maimed the arm of the earl; fell to the ground the yellow-hilted sword; he might not hold the hard blade, not wield (a) weapon. There nevertheless some words spoke the hoary chieftain, heartened his warriors, bade the good comrades go forward; now no longer could he stand firm on (his) feet; he looked towards heaven:—

“I thank Thee, Ruler of nations, for all the delights that were mine in the world; now do I own, mild Creator, most need that Thou give good to my ghost, whereby my soul may depart unto Thee in Thy kingdom. Prince of (the) angels, may it fare forth in peace; I am suppliant to Thee, that the hell-foes may humble it not.”

Then the heathen-men hewed him and both the chieftains that stood by him; Aelfnod and Wulfmaer lay slain; by the side of their prince they parted with life.

And hereupon—as the next hundred and twenty-five lines go on to relate—there was like to be a most

sorrowful panic on the English side. Several cowards fled: notably one Godric, who leaped upon
 240 Byrhtnoth's own horse, and so cast many into dead despair with the belief that they saw—what no man had ever dreamed he saw before—Byrhtnoth in flight. But presently Aelfwine and Offa and other high-souled thanes heartened each other and led up
 245 their people, yet to no avail; and sothane afterthane and man after man fell for the love of Byrhtnoth and of manhood, and no more would flee.

Finally (at line 309, after which there are but sixteen lines more of the Fragment), we find Byrhtwold, an old warrior, sturdily bearing up his shield and waving his ash and exhorting the few that remained, beautifully crying:—

“Soul be the scornfuller, heart be the bolder, front be the firmer, the fewer we grow! Here, all hewn,
 255 lieth our chieftain, a good man on the ground; for ever let (one) mourn who now from this war-play thinketh to wend. I am old of life; hence will I not; for now by the side of my lord, by the so-beloved man, I am minded to lie!”

260 Then Aethelgar's son (Godric), the warriors all to combat urged; oft he (a) javelin let hurl—a balespear—upon the vikings; so he among the folk went foremost, hewed and felled, till that he sank in fight; he was not that Godric who fled from the battle.

THE STORY OF SILAS MARNER

FROM "THE ENGLISH NOVEL"

THE fullness of George Eliot's mind at this time may be gathered from the rapidity with which one work followed another. A book from her pen had been appearing regularly each year: *The Scenes of Clerical Life* had appeared in book form in 1858, *Adam Bede* was printed in 1859, *The Mill on the Floss* came out in 1860, and now, in 1861, followed *Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe*. It is with the greatest reluctance that I find myself obliged to pass this book without comment. In some particulars *Silas Marner* is the most remarkable novel in our language. On the one hand, when I read the immortal scene at the Rainbow Inn where the village functionaries, the butcher, the farrier, the parish clerk and so on are discussing ghosts, bullocks and other matters over their even-ale, my mind runs to Dogberry and Verges and the air feels as if Shakespeare were sitting somewhere not far off. On the other hand, the downright ghastliness of the young Squire's punishment for stealing the long-hoarded gold of Silas Marner the weaver always carries me straight to that pitiless *Pardoner's Tale* of Chaucer in which gold is so cunningly identified with death. I am sure you will pardon me if I spend a single moment in recalling the plots of these two stories so far as concerns this point of contact.

In Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale* three riotous young men of Flanders are drinking one day at a tavern.

In the midst of their merriment they hear the clink
 30 of a bell before a dead body which is borne past the
 door on its way to burial. They learn that it is an
 old companion who is dead; all three become sud-
 denly inflamed with mortal anger against Death;
 and they rush forth to slay him wherever they may
 35 find him. Presently they meet an old man. "Why
 do you live so long?" they mockingly inquire of him.
 "Because," says he,

"Deth, alas, ne will not han my lif;
 Thus walke I like a resteles caitif,
 40 And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
 I knocke with my staf erlich and late
 And say to hire 'Leve moder, let me in.'"

"Where is this Death of whom you have spoken?"
 furiously demanded the three young men. The old
 45 man replied, "You will find him under an oak tree
 in yonder grove." The three rush forward; and
 upon arriving at the oak find three bags full of gold
 coin. Overjoyed at their good fortune they are
 afraid to carry the treasure into town by day lest
 50 they be suspected of robbery. They therefore re-
 solve to wait until night and in the meantime to
 make merry. For the latter purpose one of the
 three goes to town after food and drink. As soon
 as he is out of hearing the two who remain under
 55 the tree resolve to murder their companion on his
 return so that they may be the richer by his portion
 of the treasure; he, on the other hand, whilst buy-
 ing his victual in town, shrewdly drops a great lump
 of poison into the bottle of drink he is to carry

back, so that his companions may perish and he take all. 60

To make a long story short, the whole plot is carried out. As soon as he who was sent to town returns, his companions fall upon him and murder him; they then proceed merrily to eat and drink what he has brought; the poison does its work; presently all three lie dead under the oak tree by the side of the gold, and the old man's direction has proved true: they have found death under that tree. In George Eliot's story the young English Squire also finds death in finding gold. You will remember how Dunstan Cass in returning late at night from a fox-hunt on foot—for he had killed his horse in the chase—finds himself near the stone hut where Silas Marner the weaver has long plied his trade, and where he is known to have concealed a large sum in gold. The young man is extraordinarily pressed for money; he resolves to take Marner's gold; the night is dark and misty, he makes his way through mud and darkness to the cottage and finds the door open, Marner being, by the rarest of accidents, away from the hut. The young man quickly discovers the spot in the floor where the weaver kept his gold; he seizes the two heavy leathern bags filled with guineas, and the chapter ends, "So he stepped forward into the darkness." All this occurs in Chapter IV. The story then proceeds: nothing more is heard of Dunstan Cass in the village for many years; the noise of the robbery has long ago died away; Silas Marner has one day found a golden head of hair lying on the very spot 70 75 80 85 90

of his floor where he used to finger his own gold; the little outcast who had fallen asleep with her head in this position, after having wandered into Marner's
 95 cottage, has been brought up by him to womanhood; when one day, at a critical period in Silas Marner's existence, it happens that in draining some lower grounds the pit of an old stone quarry, which had for years stood filled with rain-water near his house,
 100 becomes dry, and on the bottom is revealed a skeleton with a leathern bag of gold in each hand. The young man plunging out into the dark, laden with his treasure, had fallen in and lain for all these years to be afterwards brought to light as another phase
 105 of the frequent identity between death and gold. Here too, one is obliged to remember those doubly dreadful words in *Romeo and Juliet*, where Romeo having with difficulty bought poison from the apothecary cries:

110 "There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world
 Than these poor compounds which thou mayst not
 sell.
 I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
 Farewell: buy food and get thyself in flesh."

115 I must also instance one little passing picture in *Silas Marner* which, though extremely fanciful, is yet a charming type of some of the greatest and most characteristic work that George Eliot has done. Silas Marner had been a religious enthusiast of an
 120 obscure sect of a small manufacturing town of England; suddenly a false accusation of theft in which

the circumstantial evidence was strong against him brings him into disgrace among his fellow-disciples; with his whole faith in God and man shattered he leaves his town, wanders over to the village of Raveloe, begins aimlessly to pursue his trade of weaving, presently is paid for some work in gold; in handling the coin he is smitten with the fascination of its yellow radiance, and presently we find him pouring out all the prodigious intensity of his nature, which had previously found a fitter field in religion, in the miser's passion. Working night and day, while yet a young man he fills his two leathern bags with gold; and George Eliot gives us some vivid pictures of how, when his day's work would be done, he would brighten up the fire in his stone hut which stood at the edge of the village, eagerly lift up the particular brick of the stone floor under which he kept his treasure concealed, pour out the bright yellow heaps of coin and run his long white fingers through them with all the miser's ecstasy. But after he is robbed the utter blank in his soul—and one can imagine such a blank in such a soul, for he was essentially religious—becomes strangely filled. One day a poor woman leading her little golden-haired child is making her way along the road past Marner's cottage; she is the wife, by private marriage, of the Squire's eldest son, and after having been cruelly treated by him for years has now desperately resolved to appear with her child at a great merry-making which goes on at the Squire's to-day, there to expose all and demand justice. It so happens however that in her troubles she has become an opium-taker; just as

she is passing Marner's cottage the effect of an unusually large dose becomes overpowering; she lies down and falls off into a stupor which this time ends in death. Meantime the little golden-haired girl innocently totters into the open door of Marner's cottage during his absence, presently lies down, places her head with all its golden wealth upon the very brick which Marner used to lift up in order to bring his gold to light, and so falls asleep, while a ray of sunlight strikes through the window and illuminates the little one's head. Marner now returns; he is dazed at beholding what seems almost to be another pile of gold at the familiar spot on the floor. He takes this new treasure into his hungry heart and brings up the little girl who becomes a beautiful woman and faithful daughter to him. His whole character now changes and the hardness of his previous brutal misanthropy softens into something at least approaching humanity. Now it is fairly characteristic of George Eliot that she constantly places before us lives which change in a manner of which this is typical; that is to say, she is constantly showing us intense and hungry spirits first wasting their intensity and hunger upon that which is unworthy, often from pure ignorance of anything worthier, then finding where love *is* worthy, and thereafter loving larger loves, and living larger lives.

NOTES

THE TOURNAMENT (PAGE 1)

JOUST FIRST

A *joust* or *just* was a combat with spears or lances between two armed knights, and was usually a feature of a tournament. A tournament might extend over several days and include armed contests of various kinds.

LINE 1.—*lists*. The enclosed space in which tournaments were held. For a good description of such lists and of the encounters between armed knights see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Chapters VII and VIII.

9.—*palfrey*. Strictly speaking, a horse ridden by a lady or by a non-combatant, as opposed to a war-horse. *caracoled*. Pranced in zigzag fashion.

10.—*tra-li-ra'd*. Sounded his trumpet.

13.—*favours*. A favor was a scarf, glove, or some other small article given to a knight by his lady-love to be worn in a contest at arms.

15.—*casque*. Helmet.

16.—*or . . . or*. Either . . . or; poetical usage.

JOUST SECOND

9.—*or ere*. Literally, before ever; a poetical phrase.

15.—*hauberk*. Coat of mail.

17.—*falchion*. Sword. *baldric*. Belt worn over the shoulder.

20.—*for grace*. To win favor.

24.—*sans*. Without. Cf. Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act II, sc. vii, l. 166: "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

30.—*lance in rest*. The lance was placed in an iron rest attached to the right side of the breastplate. It extended back under the rider's arm and was grasped and aimed by the right hand.

43.—*doffed*. To *doff* means to do off or take off.

44.—*dole*. Charity offering.

LIFE AND SONG (PAGE 5)

19-20.—*His song*, etc. These lines were selected by Lanier's wife to be placed on his tombstone. They are a strikingly apt characterization of his life.

SONG FOR "THE JACQUERIE"—II (PAGE 7)

This fragment is striking partly because of the haunting swing of the verse and partly owing to the suggestion it gives of a larger and romantic story. It piques the curiosity.

13.—*Wit*. Sense or intelligence, as in the expression half-witted.

THAR'S MORE IN THE MAN THAN THAR IS IN
THE LAND (PAGE 8)

5.—*pones*. Flat cakes or loaves of corn meal.

11.—*boughten*. This form, now a provincialism heard in various parts of the United States, was in Shakespeare's time in the best of usage.

THE POWER OF PRAYER (PAGE 10)

Mr. Clifford A. Lanier was a younger brother of Sidney, and though not a writer by profession he was the author of a number of prose sketches and poems. The present poem was suggested to him by a brief newspaper notice. He wrote the poem and sent it to his brother Sidney, who revised it and published it under their joint authorship. A sketch by Mark Twain called *Uncle Daniel's Apparition and Prayer*, which appeared a year or two before *The Power of Prayer*, has a very similar plot. The Laniers did not know of the existence of this sketch, however, until Doctor Holland, then editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, in which the poem appeared, called Clifford Lanier's attention to the fact.

THE SYMPHONY (PAGE 15)

In a letter to his friend Gibson Peacock, dated March 24, 1875, Lanier thus speaks of *The Symphony*:

"About four days ago, a certain poem which I had vaguely ruminated for a week before took hold of me like a real James River ague, and I have been in a mortal shake with the same, day and night, ever since. I call it *The Symphony*: I person-

ify each instrument in the orchestra, and make them discuss various deep social questions of the times, in the progress of the music. It is now nearly finished; and I shall be rejoiced thereat, for it verily racks all the bones of my spirit."

This poem was the means of bringing about an acquaintance between Lanier and Bayard Taylor. Taylor was at that time one of the leading literary men of America while Lanier was comparatively unknown. Mr. Peacock, the warm friend and admirer of Lanier, had sent Taylor the newly published *Symphony*. The friendly criticism of the poem by Taylor brought a letter to him from Lanier which began a friendship that lasted until Taylor's death.

The Symphony first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in June, 1875. It is a protest against commercialism and an appeal for a return to a wider charity, purer ideals, and greater love. In championing the cause of the poor Lanier shows a singularly modern attitude. If he had lived to the present, we may be sure that he would have been intensely interested in the great social and economic questions now so fervently discussed, for he believed heart and soul in the universal brotherhood of man.

The *Trade* of the poem might well be the *capital* of the present day, and its reply to the appeal of the poor has a modern ring.

"Go!

There's plenty that can, if you can't: we know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade."

As also the lines:

"Does business mean, Die, you—live, I?
Then 'Trade is trade' but sings a lie:
'Tis only war grown miserly.
If business is battle, name it so:
War-crimes less will shame it so,
And widows less will blame it so."

102.—*polyphone*. A complex of many sounds.

145.—*minevers*. Minever was a fur often mentioned in early English writers; it is not certain from what animal it came.

161.—*lotos-sleeps*. The lotos if eaten was supposed to produce forgetfulness of the past. Read Tennyson's *The Lotos-Eaters*.

166.—*leal*. Loyal.

171-177.—*Much time is run*, etc. These lines allude to the days of pagan mythology when instead of loving Nature herself directly men gave their praise and worship to inferior divinities.

178-182.—*Later, a sweet Voice*, etc. The teaching of Christ with its message of human brotherhood.

180.—*confines of ethnic dread*. Boundaries imposed by the dread of or prejudice against people of other races than one's own.

181.—*covenant head*. Bound by the covenant or compact of the Jewish church.

240.—*mercery*. Trading. A mercer was originally a dealer in cloths.

241-248.—*I would my lover*, etc. An ideal of manly love worthy of Galahad himself.

254.—*lorn*. Lost, from the Anglo-Saxon past participle *loren*.

270.—*caitiff*. Originally meant captive; hence miserable, cowardly.

294-302.—*Shall woman scorch*, etc. Lanier was a firm believer in a single standard of virtue for men and women.

311.—*Pembroke*. Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1581-1648), who served in the English army in the Netherlands, was knighted by James I; author of *The Life of Lord Herbert*. A descendant of the Earl of Pembroke.

326.—*hautboy*. An oboe; a slender wood-wind instrument with a mouthpiece containing a reed.

332.—*Man*. Jesus Christ. Lanier may have had in mind the passage in Mark x, 15: "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein."

336.—*bassoon*. A wood-wind instrument with a heavier, deeper tone than the oboe.

340.—*runes*. Poetry of the early Teutonic peoples; more strictly, the alphabetic characters in which the poetry was written.

347.—*sea-fugue*. A fugue is a kind of musical composition in which different independent themes or melodies are developed through a succession of measures and at last are blended into a unified whole.

355.—*weltering*. Confused. *palimpsest*. A parchment that has been used several times, the earlier writings having been erased or merely written over.

364.—*glozing*. Deceits.

THE DISCOVERY (PAGE 27)

The following eight sonnets with the six introductory lines are merely a part of the complete poem. The poem first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1876.

41-42.—*Judas needle*, etc. An allusion to the variation in the compass which occurred during the voyage of Columbus and which so alarmed the crew.

50.—*o'er-defalking*. Over-yielding, too easy.

55.—*Palos*. The port in Spain from which, in 1492, Columbus set sail on his famous voyage of discovery.

63.—*Gomera*. One of the Canary Islands west of Africa.

64.—*caravels*. A kind of vessel with broad, blunt bows, high, narrow stern, and three or four masts. Two of the vessels of Columbus were caravels.

77.—*Slimy-weeded sea*. The Sargasso Sea, a section of the Atlantic west of Africa filled with vast masses of seaweed.

79.—*sunk Atlantis*. An allusion to the ancient belief that somewhere off the straits of Gibraltar there was an island that had been sunk deep in the sea by some great natural cataclysm.

93.—*Salve Regina*. The opening words of a hymn to the Virgin, much used in the Roman Catholic Church.

110.—*Pedro Gutierrez*. "A gentleman of the King's bed-chamber" who accompanied Columbus on the *Santa Maria*.

113.—*Sanchez of Segovia*. A gentleman sent by the King and Queen of Spain to accompany the expedition as an inspector.

EVENING SONG (PAGE 32)

This poem appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, January, 1877.

6-7.—*As Egypt's pearl*, etc. An allusion to the story that at a banquet given to Antony, Cleopatra once had a pearl dissolved in some strong liquid which she afterwards drank to the great Roman's health.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE (PAGE 32)

This is the most musical of Lanier's poems and one of the most musical in the whole range of English poetry. The remarkable effect of the poem is chiefly produced by skillful alliteration, or by repetition of words or of similar vowel sounds sometimes in the same line, sometimes in neighboring lines. The student should read, for purposes of comparison, Southey's *Cataract of Lodore* and Tennyson's *Brook*.

1, 2.—*Habersham, Hall*. Counties in the northeastern part of Georgia.

14.—*thrall*. Captive. The *thrall* was in early England a serf or bondman.

THE MOCKING-BIRD (PAGE 34)

3.—*summ'd the woods in song*. This may mean that he summed up in himself the musical life of the woods, or that he imitated in his songs all the birds of the woods.

3-7.—*or typic drew*, etc. Representing different types of birds, he imitated the cry made by hungry watching hawks, the notes of lonely, languid doves, etc.

7.—*bosky*. Bushy, wooded.

TAMPA ROBINS (PAGE 35)

18.—*Gramercy*. Thanks; from the French *grand merci*.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH (PAGE 36)

Lanier got the plot of this poem from William Black's novel *MacLeod of Dare*. In Chapter III MacLeod tells the story to his London host.

9.—*he stood as if Death had the form of a deer*. He stood still as death.

16.—*quarry*. Game.

17.—*waxed wild*. Grown very angry.

22.—*henchman*. Follower, attendant.

23.—*burn*. Brook.

28.—*nether*. Lower.

41.—*kern*. In Shakespeare this word is used of light-armed or irregular soldiers. See *Macbeth*, I, ii, 13; and V, vii, 17. Here used in the sense of mean or wretched fellow.

55.—*Lazarus*. The young man raised from the dead by Jesus. See John xi.

60.—*gillie*. In the Scotch Highlands, a servant or male attendant.

63.—*fee*. In the old feudal sense of a piece of landed property; explained in the next line "Yon castle and lands."

82.—*bonny*. The usual meaning is handsome, fine; here rather a term of endearment, "dear." *bairn*. Scottish for child.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN (PAGE 43)

39.—*mete*. Boundary.

MARSH SONG AT SUNSET (PAGE 53)

2.—*Caliban*. The huge misshapen half-man half-beast of Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

3.—*Ariel-cloud*. Ariel was the airy spirit of the *Tempest* who did the bidding of Prospero, the banished duke and worker of magic.

5.—*Prospero*. See above.

13.—*Antonio*. Brother of Prospero who usurps from him the dukedom and sets him and his daughter Miranda adrift on the sea.

OWL AGAINST ROBIN (PAGE 53)

48.—*Chesterfield stars*. The Earl of Chesterfield (1674-1773) was celebrated for his fine manners. His *Letters* to his son, containing advice as to manners and conduct, are famous.

49.—*wink at*. Fail to see, ignore.

51.—*Baalbec*. A famous ancient city of Syria about 35 miles northwest of Damascus. The center of worship of Baal, the sun-god.

71.—*cultus*. Cult; used of the worship of, or devotion to, a god or system of religion or philosophy.

SUNRISE (PAGE 58)

This was Lanier's last poem. It was written in Baltimore in December, 1880, when he was in an extremely weakened

condition. Mrs. Lanier says of the circumstances of its composition:

" . . . The lines of *Sunrise* were so silently traced that for successive days I removed the little bedside desk and replaced in its sliding drawer the pale-blue leaves faintly penciled, with no leisure for even mental conjecture of them. . . . That hand 'too weak to sustain the effort of carrying food to the lips,' I had propped to the level of the adjustable writing desk.

"After New Year the perfect manuscript was put into my hand, and I was bidden to read it."

17.—*gossiping*. Teaching truths, preaching.

26-28.—This is a very difficult passage to explain. The general drift of it is as follows:

Oh, you cunning green leaves! Just as you light up the darkness and bring some meaning out of it, just as you throw light on the mystery of man's existence, so you have lighted up the darkness of my mind and taught me that really we know more than we appear to know about the great questions of the universe.

32.—*purfling*. Embroidering, decorating.

59.—*alchemy*. The false science of the Middle Ages, which aimed at transmuting the baser metals into gold, finding a universal cure for disease and indefinitely prolonging human life.

62.—*menstruum*. Anything that will dissolve another body, a solvent.

72-79.—*Oh, if thy soul's*, etc. If your soul feels stifled from trying to live in a close spiritual atmosphere just because you craved the companionship of other men, when you have found no man wise or liberal enough to accept the new message you bring, then here in the free wide spaces of the marsh you can open your heart freely.

90.—*diaphanous*. Transparent.

96.—*If a bound of degree to this grace be laid*. If any attempt is made to measure or define its limits.

143.—*dateless Olympian leisure*. The leisure of the Olympian gods.

153.—*born in the purple*. Of imperial rank. Purple was the official color worn by the Roman emperors, hence, born in the purple or in the royal palace came to mean of unquestioned imperial birth or rank.

155.—*innermost Guest At the marriage of elements*. An allusion to the chemical action of the sun in the world of matter.

156.—*fellow of publicans*. One who associates with everybody, a thorough democrat. The publicans, or tax collectors, in the time of the Roman empire were a despised class.

POEM OUTLINES (PAGE 67)

The poem outlines which appear in the text are only a few out of a large number which Lanier left among his papers. "These poem sketches were jotted in pencil on the backs of envelopes, on the margins of musical programmes, on little torn scraps of paper, amid all sorts of surroundings, whenever the dream came to him. Some are mere flashes of simile in unrhymed couplets; others are definite rounded outlines, instinct with the beauty of idea, but not yet hewn to the line of perfect form; one, at least, is the beginning of quite a long narrative in verse."

These fragments are here given to show the student something of the way the poet's mind worked. From some such suggestions as these probably developed most of his finished poems.

THE WAR FLOWER (PAGE 70)

The War Flower is an interlude of nearly two chapters midway of Lanier's novel, *Tiger Lilies*, which was written and published in 1867. The subject has a special significance at the present time because of the great European war now in progress and the discussions that have grown out of a consideration of its many aspects.

THE CHARGE OF CAIN SMALLIN (PAGE 76)

This episode was based on a personal experience of Lanier's during the war.

98.—*Herr von Hardenberg*. George Friedrich Philipp von Hardenberg (1772–1801), whose pen-name was Novalis, was a noted German poet and prose writer.

102–105.—*Hans Dietrich*, etc. This allusion has not been identified.

105.—*A fortiori*. With the greater force.

136.—*modus agendi*. Mode of procedure, the thing to do.

143.—*jigote*. Mixture; usually spelled "gigot."

186.—*caballero*. Horseman, cavalier; a Spanish word used here humorously.

THE OCKLAWAHA RIVER (PAGE 90)

This selection was part of a book on Florida written during the early summer of 1875. The present chapter first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in November of that year; the book itself was published the following year.

26.—*wry-trussed*. Carelessly dressed.

126.—*in faucibus*. In [his] jaws.

156.—*Elysian tranquillity*. A tranquillity like that of the Elysian fields which, according to the mythology of the ancient Greeks, was the abode of the blessed after death.

187.—*Saurian*. A lizard-like reptile.

228.—*coign of vantage*. Corner or point, an echo from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act I, sc. vi, ll. 6-8:

"No jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle."

239.—*fauteuils*. A French word for easy chair.

244.—*machicolated towers*. Towers having openings at the top through which the defenders may throw down missiles on their assailants.

246.—*Una*. A character in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, supposed to be a personification of truth. *Angelo's Moses*. The celebrated statue of Moses by the great Italian painter and sculptor Michelangelo (1475-1564).

247.—*the Laocoön group*. The celebrated group of statuary representing Laocoön and his two sons being devoured by serpents. According to the story in Virgil's *Æneid* the priest Laocoön incurred the wrath of Athena when he attempted to dissuade the Trojans from taking into Troy the wooden horse which the Greeks had built and filled with armed men. In anger Athena sent three huge serpents which devoured Laocoön and his sons.

248.—*Arthur and Lancelot*. Characters in certain mediæval romances; the former a legendary king of Britain, the latter his bravest knight.

252.—*columbiads*. A kind of heavy, old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon.

266.—*purfling*. Border ornamentation. *Chasement*. Chasing, engraving.

321.—*plagal cadence*. A technical musical term difficult for any one but a trained musician to understand. *Syncopation*. A peculiar system of musical accent, much used in our modern "rag-time."

327.—*tempo*. Time as applied to music.

330.—*allegro*. A musical term meaning fast.

331.—*Da capo*. A musical term meaning to return to the beginning and repeat; usually indicated by the letters D. C.

332.—*dominant*. The fifth note in the scale of any musical key; so called because of its great importance in musical harmony.

350.—*modus*. Usage.

355.—*Asger Hamerik*. See Introduction, p. xxiii, for Lanier's relations with this noted musician. *Edward Grieg*. The well-known Norwegian composer (1843-1907).

356.—*Thomas's orchestra*. For many years Theodore Thomas (1835-1905) conducted a symphony orchestra, first in New York, and later in Chicago. He was one of the foremost musical conductors in America.

358.—*Nordische Suite*. Northern Suite. A musical suite is a composition consisting of several closely related movements or parts, usually written for the orchestra. See p. 74 of *Letters of Sidney Lanier*.

359.—*concerto*. An elaborate musical composition for the piano, usually with an orchestral accompaniment.

392.—*the apostate Julian*. The Roman emperor (361-363), under whose reign the empire relapsed into paganism.

441.—*lymph*. Pure, transparent liquid.

442.—*gar-fish*. A long-bodied, long-nosed fish found in southern waters.

499.—*malachite*. A kind of green stone used in making jewelry.

502.—*Bodmer*. Karl Bodmer, a Swiss landscape artist and etcher who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century.

506.—*boscage*. Foliage.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ALAMO (PAGE 107)

This chronicle of heroism is taken from a longer article on San Antonio which was written in 1875 and first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in October of the same year.

36.—*General Santa Ana*. Mexican general and for a time President of Mexico.

42.—*James Bowie*. Famous frontiersman and hunter; his name was given to a kind of hunting-knife that was very popular on the early western frontier.

43.—*David Crockett*. Famous hunter, politician, and humorist; for several terms member of Congress from Tennessee; author of an entertaining and humorous *Autobiography* (1786–1836).

THE STORY OF A PROVERB (PAGE 117)

This selection appeared in *St. Nicholas* in May, 1877.

15.—*grand vizier*. Chief minister; the name still given to the chief adviser of the Sultan of Turkey.

36.—*teetotum*. A child's toy, somewhat like a top to be twirled by the fingers.

THE LEGEND OF ST. LEONOR (PAGE 126)

3.—*Armorica*. In the geography of the Middle Ages the northwestern part of France, Brittany.

BOB: THE STORY OF OUR MOCKING-BIRD (PAGE 129)

4.—*Sir Philip Sidney*. Famous English soldier and writer; author of *Arcadia*, *Defense of Poesy*, and a series of sonnets, *Astrophel and Stella*; died of wounds received in the battle of Zutphen (1554–1586).

6.—*Don Quixote de la Mancha*. A romantic and half-deranged Spanish knight who is the hero of a famous work by Cervantes (1547–1616).

89.—*Zutphen*. A town in Holland, scene of a famous battle between the Dutch and English against the Spanish in 1586.

166.—*Keats*. John Keats, famous English poet (1795–1821). His death is said to have been hastened by a savage review of his long poem, *Endymion*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, in 1818.

194.—*Chimæra*. A monster which, according to Greek mythology, had the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.

296.—*the fatal shears*. An allusion to the belief of the ancient Greeks that the destinies of men were determined by three fates. One, Clotho, spun the thread of life; another, Lachesis, measured its length; and the third, Atropos, cut it off with her shears.

AN ENGLISH HERO OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO (PAGE 142)

This selection is from *Music and Poetry*, a collection of essays which appeared separately in various magazines and were collected and published in book form after Lanier's death.

The story herein told is from an Anglo-Saxon poem by an unknown author, dating about 993 A. D., and called the *Battle of Maldon*.

1.—*the chronicler*. The writer of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, an ancient record of historical events extending from about A. D. 449 to 1154. It is the work of many hands.

2.—*investitures*. The official investing or conferring of office on a church dignitary.

25.—*vikings*. The North Sea pirates who plundered the coasts of western Europe from the eighth to the tenth century.

30.—*churlish*. Rude, unobliging.

39.—*manor*. A landed estate.

40.—*mark*. A weight used in reckoning gold and silver, equivalent to about eight ounces.

79.—*javelin*. Short spear or dart to be thrown.

81.—*buckler*. Shield.

90.—*liegemen*. Sworn followers.

91.—*wist*. Knew.

96.—*scathful*. Bearing scath or harm.

97.—*render rings*. Pay with rings. The ancient chieftains often rewarded services by the giving of rings or armlets of gold or silver.

108.—*slim ash*. Slender spear.

117.—*Prince Aethelred*. King of the English (978-1016).

136.—*yare*. Ready.

138.—*Shelter-of-Men*. A complimentary epithet for Byrhtnoth.

144.—*recked not of*. Cared not for.

147.—*bridge-wards*. Guardians or defenders of the bridges.

151.—*gave over-much land*. Voluntarily withdrew so as to allow the vikings to cross the stream and approach to fight.

152.—*whist*. Were silent. *Byrthelm's bairn*. Byrhtnoth. *bairn*. Child.

155.—*wot*. Knows.

162.—*ward*. Defence.

173.—*bills*. Long-handled weapons with a hook and pike at the end.

174.—*quittance*. Payment.

175.—*sheerly*. Fairly, clearly.

178.—*bower-thane*. Literally chamber follower, something more intimate than mere follower.

188.—*carl*. Churl, common fellow.

199.—*corselet*. Breastplate.

201.—*blither*. Happier.

207.—*unwaxen*. Not fully grown.

257.—*wend*. Go.

261.—*bale-spear*. Death-bearing spear.

THE STORY OF SILAS MARNER (PAGE 151)

This selection is taken from one of a course of lectures which Lanier delivered at Johns Hopkins University in the spring of 1881. The original name for the course was *From Æschylus to George Eliot, The Development of Personality*, but when the lectures were published after Lanier's death the briefer title, *The English Novel*, was given to them.

14.—*farrier*. A man who combined the trade of a blacksmith with that of veterinary surgeon.

17.—*Dogberry*. The ignorant, self-important, and talkative constable in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. *Verges*. Another humorous character in the same play.

22.—*Chaucer*. The great English poet, sometimes called the father of English poetry, chiefly known as the author of *The Canterbury Tales* (1340-1400).

38-42.—*Death alas*, etc. Freely paraphrased, these lines run as follows: "Death alas will not take my life; therefore I walk about a miserable, restless fellow; and on the ground, which is my mother's gate, I knock with my staff early and late, and say to her, 'Dear mother, let me in.'"