

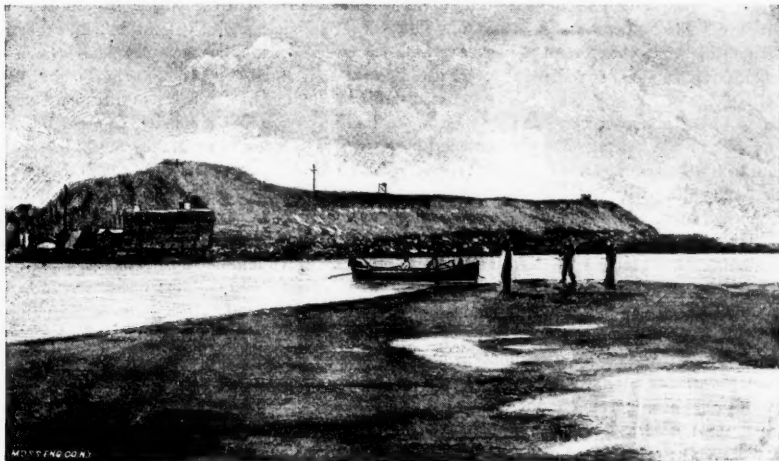
THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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THE SECOND DAY OF THE WAR.



SUMTER AFTER THE EVACUATION, 1865.

APRIL 13, 1861. With the drawing aside of the curtains of the night, the day was ushered in clear, balmy, and refreshing. The storm-clouds had disappeared, the earth was cool and moist, and the air laden with the perfume of April rain and blossoms. The flags of each of the combatants were still flying with stately defiance, and the first sunbeams were heralded by the thundering intonations of heavy artillery again engaged in strife.

The effect of the first day's bombardment upon Fort Sumter could now be distinctly seen. The south and east *façades*, to which fire from Cumming's Point had been directed, and the northern *façade*, which had been the mark of Fort Moultrie, the floating battery, and neighboring works, were thickly pitted by balls. The edge of the parapet was cut away, several of the guns dismounted or knocked from their position, and many of the embrasures so battered that the regularity of their outline could scarcely be distinguished.

It was subsequently recorded that within the fort the last of the rice was cooked that morning, and served with the pork, the only other

article of food left in the mess-room. After this meager breakfast the garrison was divided into three reliefs, and the first relief, under the command of Captain, afterward General, Abner Doubleday and Lieutenant G. W. Snyder, opened the return fire about seven o'clock. Then again the battle raged with vigor, gun answering gun spitefully. Again the air was filled with the angry whirl of missiles, and from the exploding shells burst miniature clouds, white as cotton bolls, and in the perspective scarcely larger, which, slowly unfolding, took fairy shapes, and drifted upward to join their fleecy cohorts in the skies. Again the wharves, steeples, and housetops in the city were filled with wondering spectators who divided their attention between the active combatants and a scene far in the offing, where eight vessels of war and thirteen hundred and eighty men, sent by the government to the rescue of Major Anderson, lay idly at anchor and made no sign of help.

From Fort Moultrie Colonel Ripley was throwing hot shot, and about eight o'clock there was observable on the southern portion

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THERE are other pens in this Southern land of ours that might do more justice to the character and genius of the man whom to-day the South mourns—the man who has won for himself, as none other ever did, the name of Southern Poet. But no one can bring to the task deeper appreciation of his heroic and noble qualities; a higher estimate of his superior worth; a more profound consciousness of his intellectual and poetic gifts; a warmer sympathy, cemented by years of intimate correspondence, or a tenderer throb of heart over his unexpected departure, than the writer who attempts to give below some of the salient features of this brave and beautiful life.

Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in Charleston, January 1, 1830. Of gentle English blood and lineage, his ancestors came from Shropshire, England, in the colonial days, and settled among the Huguenots, in Charleston, South Carolina. He would seem to have been

"A dreamer of dreams born out of his due time,"

and much better fitted by his native instincts for old-world culture and lore, by his keen sympathies with the scholarship and the literature of the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century worthies, and by his passionate love for the land of his ancestors, for a birthplace among English meads and lanes than amid the new and undeveloped civilization of this western world. I recall a sonnet which he sent me years ago in manuscript, in which his yearning after the old home finds expression:

"I dream—I dream of Shropshire's meadow grass,
Its grazing herds and sweet hay-scented air;
An ancient hall near a slow rivulet's mouth:
A church vine-clad; a grave-yard glooming south.
These are the scenes through which I fain would
pass:
There lived my sires, whose sacred dust is there."

But, born an American and a South Carolinian, he was loyally true to his birthright bonds, as all the history of his later manhood nobly testifies. His family, from its first introduction into South Carolina, occupied a prominent place in civil and military affairs; and Revolutionary annals furnish proof of the heroism with which some of the Haynes laid down their lives for their adopted country. They were always more or less conspicuous in public affairs. His uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, was one of the most noted Southern statesmen

of his day; he was governor of South Carolina at a period when to hold such an office was more of an honor than it has been in these later times, the friend and coadjutor of John C. Calhoun, and the well-matched opponent of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States. Lieutenant Hayne, the father of the poet, was a naval officer, and died early, at sea, when his only child was an infant. His mother was of the best English stock; and to her gentle guidance the whole training of the boy was intrusted, and well did she perform the double parental office toward him. There lie before me letters written in her beautiful old age (for it is but a few years since she died), full of Christian tenderness and pride in this, her only child. In one of her son's letters, speaking of the lovely characteristics and exquisite softness of mind, manner, and appearance, which was so observable in his mother, Mr. Hayne says: "An artist who came to Copse Hill once, to paint a portrait of myself which had been ordered by a friend, was so struck by the high-bred gentleness and purity and refinement of my mother that he could only liken her to an old piece of rare Sevres china, a little touched and veined by the use and wear of years, but, nevertheless, a bit of rare Sevres still."

Mr. Hayne was educated in his native city of Charleston. At the period of which we write this city was probably one of the most refined and cultivated in America. Its original settlement had been largely of English and Huguenot stock, and to the traditions of their ancestry the inhabitants clung tenaciously, so that up to the period of the late war there was, perhaps, less intermingling of other blood than in any other city on the continent. This gave a certain bias and tone to its peculiar society, and few cities could boast a more literary atmosphere than existed in the days of Legaré, Robert Y. Hayne, John C. Calhoun, the Pinckneys, the Middletons, the Grimkes, the Mannings, the Ravanel, and other names scarcely less distinguished.

After his graduation at South Carolina College Mr. Hayne studied law, and was admitted in his early manhood to the bar. But nature did not intend that he should follow the traditions of his family and become a statesman. There was a distinguished knot of bright spirits about him who sympathized with him in his

absorbing love for literature. It was not long before young Hayne discovered that it would not be easy to yoke himself to his profession. Already he had begun to be known as an ambitious and vigorous writer, who had drunk so deeply of the pure "well of English undefiled" as to unfit him, in a degree, for the writs and the briefs of a lawyer's desk.

Along with Henry Timrod and others he became a constant contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the well-known *belles-lettres* monthly so long published in Richmond, Virginia. But, not content with this outlet for their teeming literary abundance, these young poets and scholars determined to have a literary organ of their own. Accordingly, *Russell's Magazine* was established, and Paul Hayne, then not more than twenty-three, was chosen its first editor. The enterprise was successfully carried on, and this enthusiastic band of young writers gave themselves up with keen delight to literary life.

William Gilmore Simms, himself a South Carolinian, and one of our earliest Southern novelists, was the Coryphæus of these young aspirants after literary fame; and at "the little suppers" which he was accustomed to give at his beautiful home, where wit and wine, philosophy, poetry, and literature gave wings to the fitting hours, these authors of the future spent many evenings of rare enjoyment.

Mr. Hayne first appeared in 1855 as an author in book form. His earliest volume of poems was brought out by Ticknor & Co., Boston. Two or three years previous to this he had been married to Mary Middleton Michel, of his own city, the only daughter of an eminent French physician, and a granddaughter of General De Michel, of the Imperial Army of France. A fairer path has rarely opened before any one than now seemed to stretch smooth and radiant before our young poet. Every aspiration of his soul seemed to be within his reach, every reasonable requirement had fulfillment. He had the advantage of quite a distinguished appearance, was slightly built, and of medium height, with a graceful, lithe figure, a fine oval face, with starry, magnetic eyes that glowed with responsive sympathy. He had abundant dark hair, thrown back from a high, fair forehead, and his manners were urbane and courteous to a remarkable degree. He was the possessor of a beautiful home, the old mansion in which he was born, with its extensive and embowered grounds in the heart of his native city; a fine, large library; ample, if not luxurious

provision for all the future; a finished education; a chastened ambition, yet so full of fervor that it was ready to dare whatever might lead it up the steep of coveted fame; wide leisure, without which the true poet can hardly breathe; troops of responsive friends; an unworked field of poetic adventure before him, and, above all, a lovely wife whose sympathies were in such perfect unison with his own that her very being seemed bound up in his success. Could any human eye have foreseen at this period of unalloyed enjoyment what reverses were to try this buoyant soul, what losses were to leave him wrecked of fortune, what dire catastrophes were to sweep away home, friends, hope, all, before this young singer should become, through the stress of fiery trial and bitter ordeal and of nobly borne misfortunes through which the iron was wrought into his blood, that which he had from his boyhood aspired to be, the Poet of his Southern Land?

Mr. Hayne's first venture was so well received by the critical public that it was followed by a second volume of poems in 1857. This book also had such recognition that in 1860 a third collection was brought out. All these combined to give him a foremost position among younger Southern writers. The established poets of the North, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others accepted him as one of the literary guild, and held out to him a hand of kindly welcome. His acquaintance with these and other leading literary men of the North began early, and continued unbroken, despite the fortunes of war, which threatened the disruption of all kinds of ties, to the very close of Mr. Hayne's life. Several times before the war had he made pilgrimages to the homes of these men, bringing to them such appreciation as never can be unwelcome to the heart of genuine genius.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Hayne did not, as his always somewhat frail health might have induced him to do, seclude himself among his books; but with manly resolution and unselfish ardor he turned his back upon all beloved pursuits and threw himself, like the patriot he was, into the contest. His delicacy of constitution unfitted him for the rougher service of the field, but he served as a defender of Fort Sumter, and was a staff officer as long as his health would permit him to remain on duty. Like the German warrior-poet, Körner, whose lyre was more than his sword, his war-lyrics stirred the Southern heart like the blast

of a trumpet during all the four years' struggle; and by many a camp-fire did the Southern soldiers pore over them, gaining strength from their mettled lines for the trials they were called to bear. Who does not remember his poem on Stuart; his fine ode, "My Motherland;" his stirring lines, "Beyond the Potomac;" his "Battle of Charleston Harbor"? It would not be easy to estimate the influence of such poems as these upon the soldiers who read them by their pitch-pine fires, as they lay waiting for the morrow's fight; and, like the German poet's war-songs too, they wielded more influence than the stoutest blade.

During the bombardment of Charleston Mr. Hayne's beautiful home fell a sacrifice in the conflagration of the city. Nothing was saved from the general devastation but the ancestral silver, the accumulations of many generations, reaching back probably to the old Shropshire manor-house. This had been some time before deposited for safe-keeping in the vaults of a bank at Columbia, South Carolina. But, as if to make the wreck of fortune as supreme as possible, in General Sherman's memorable "march to the sea" even this silver also was swept along in the train of the conqueror. Never but once did I know of my friend making any allusion to this loss. Some years after, in one of his letters, he wrote with some little sparkle of humor, "All the silver at present in my house has come from the Cornwall mines." He had not even the satisfaction of bartering it for bread, as did his friend Timrod. In Mr. Hayne's *Life* of him he pathetically wrote, "We have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and—a huge bedstead!" These Charleston exiles were denied the comfort, if comfort it could be, of saying, "We have devoured one great salver, two tankards, and our old silver soup-tureen!"

But our brave-hearted poet had no thought of giving himself up to sullen gloom, useless defiance, or vain regrets. A little patrimony remained to him among the pines of Upper Georgia, and, having erected in the midst of these eighteen acres a simple wooden cottage, he carried thither his wife, his mother, and only child, the son who has, in a measure, inherited his father's gift of verse, and settled himself down with the determination to struggle single-handed with his fate, and compel his brains to support him. In the hard years which followed the war the struggle at times became desperate, and my heart has often

ached over the eloquent pages in which, with the intimacy of friendship, he would detail the trying odds against which he fought. Practical friends would sometimes entreat him to engage in some active business whereby bread might be easier won than by brain-work, for which at that time there was no demand in the South, and no outlet for Southern writers in the North. But, true to his vocation and the spiritual instincts of the poet, he turned a deaf ear to all their pleadings. In one of his letters he wrote to this effect: "They would have me rush into the rough arena, where men are fighting for their living, and be mixed up with the jostle and the jar. What am I, to encounter such odds as this? It would be to none effect, for the throng would rush over me. No! no! by my brain—by my literary craft—I will win my bread and water; by my pen I will live, or I will starve!"

But as the years went on, "Copse Hill" (the name of his little domain) began to assume a cheerful, sunny aspect under the fostering and skillful hand of the heroic wife, whose courage never failed, aided as she was by the faithful servant, Edmund, who still clung to them through their years of misfortune. The cottage became embowered in jasmine, honeysuckle, and wild roses; the inclosures were green and fragrant with shrubberies and flowers, and the virgin soil of the garden yielded every thing in the way of vegetables, strawberries, melons, peaches, and grapes that the little household could desire. Within doors the bright-hearted, loyal wife made "a sunshine in a shady place." She became her husband's helper, not only as *châtelaine* of his little establishment, but as his amanuensis and private secretary. As correspondence poured in upon him from most of the literary people of his own country, as well as many of those best known abroad, it fell to her lot to answer hundreds of letters in her husband's behalf, a task she was glad to assume in order to spare the tax on his delicate health.

A letter from a gentleman in the neighborhood tells me of the picture that often met his eye as he entered the little library of the cottage on a summer morning: "Mr. Hayne, sitting apart at his desk, absorbed in literary work which had to go off probably by the evening's post; the busy little wife with a great basket, containing the morning's mail before her, opening scores of papers to observe for what purpose they were sent, and to mark in them what she thought should meet her hus-

band's eye; unsealing letters, making herself mistress of their contents, and laying aside such as she herself could answer without troubling him; her nimble scissors by her side, making clippings, like any editor, of such material as might be wanted for reference."

How much is due to this frail, yet brave-hearted woman for all our Southern poet has been able to accomplish, none can estimate. Her unceasing care was to keep the delicate spirit from being fretted by the moil and wear of the *res angustæ domi*, and this she continued to do to the very end.

But in this seclusion, which indeed became a very oasis of peace and rest amid the desert of misfortunes that had swept like a simoom over the poet's life, he did not lose sight of the great world beyond. Occasionally he came forth from his retreat, and made Northern tours, visiting the White Mountains, looking in upon Dr. Holmes, at Boston, Longfellow, at Nahant, and Whittier, at Danvers or Amesbury, being received every where with the same cordiality as of old.

His first volume published after the war was a collection of his friend Timrod's poems, enriched by as pathetic a biographical sketch of him as the annals of literature can show. As Southey may be said to have made the fame of Kirke White by his *Life of him and the rescue of his Literary Remains*, so Mr. Hayne may be said largely to have erected Timrod's fame. He would never have been widely known in the South, and not at all in the North, but for this volume.

Mr. Hayne's literary labors went on unremittingly. Two more volumes of poems were published in the course of the next few years. His contributions to Northern magazines and journals were more frequent as he became more widely known; and the recognition he so patiently waited for was granted, though too grudgingly, at last. One could hardly open the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, *Harper's*, or other well-known publications, without meeting poems from his pen. Indeed, within the last few years of his life, literary engagements were pressed upon him beyond his strength to meet; and, although the wolf was no longer at the door, still the same bread-winning necessity was laid upon him. How often has he plaintively written, "I am languid, ill, and weak; I am not fit for work, yet work I must, for there are emergencies to be met which common manliness dares not shrink. I would lie fallow, as you entreat that I should,

but I wish you could see the demands that lie on my table for poems; and poems to me are more than the idealities of life. This they are, for I could not live without their sustaining influence, but they mean bread and meat as well."

Unburdened hours and broad margins of leisure, so necessary to the unwarped development of the poet's ideal life, belonged in a measure to Mr. Hayne, under the shadow of his pines. But still he was in large degrees cut off from the society of cultured men, and from that attrition of mind with mind which is in itself a source of inspiration. His nearest large town, the city of Augusta, was sixteen miles away; and he was constantly separated from libraries, the very tools of his craft. He managed to gather together, however, a fresh library of his own, which nevertheless could but poorly take the place of the one burnt in Charleston. But there is little evidence of these lacks in his writings, for he kept himself in every respect fully abreast of the age. They are rich with

"The still, sad music of humanity,"

even though there were probably days together in which no face met his beyond those of his own household. Indeed, the life that he led at Copse Hill was singularly fitted to develop and foster that keen love for nature, which is his most striking characteristic. Not Wordsworth himself ever drew closer to her heart, or won from her coy reserve so successfully the inner secrets of her being; and as

"She never does betray
The heart that loves her,"

we know that this life of seclusion was full of a quiet happiness which no wealth could purchase. Here he gave himself up to that intimate communion with woods and streams and hills and vales, and all that goes to make up the charm of this beautiful outward world, with a rapture only known to the real poet's heart. He held the key to all Nature's moods and phases, especially interpreting them to the Southern heart, which had never before known such interpretations.

We do not think that as yet our Southern people are roused to a full sense of what Hayne has done for their fatherland in this respect. We challenge the country at large to show us a poet who stood as a high-priest of Nature so near her altar as he. Bryant has been called our truest native singer, whose verse finds its

best inspiration amid forests and hills; but his worship is colder, his enthusiasm less fervid and hearty, and his insight into the heart of things less minute and keen than Hayne's. The latter had a naturalist's patience of investigation and observation. Not White of Selborne himself, nor Thoreau, nor John Burroughs had a quicker eye for or a more microscopic research after the veiled mysteries which Nature only reveals to her few most loving worshippers. None of her phases were indifferent to him; and there was not an hour, from dawn to midnight, which he did not compel to yield up the secret of its charm.

His birth upon the sea-coast bred in him a love for ocean sights and sounds, and he often wrote with rapture on

"The sharp, sweet kisses of the sea."

Many are the fine lyrics that are haunted all through by the moan of the billows or the booming dash of the waves. Who has caught with lighter touch and color the changeable beauty of sky and cloud and water? The beating rain and the stridulous wind were to him Nature's great organ-pipes, from which his deft hand drew the most reverberant music. He found meanings in the "Mists," in "The Life Forest," in "Woodland Phases," in "Midnight Thunder," in "Winter Night Winds," in "Midsummer Twilight," in "The Song of the Mocking-bird," and a thousand such themes as other American poets have but faintly whispered of.

But for the pines of his adopted State he seemed to have a special passion. In turning over the leaves of the large, handsome volume of his collected work (published by Lothrop, Boston, 1882), one is struck with the number of poems suggested by them, and with the variety of moods which the study of them has engendered. We may name here a few of the finer ones: "The Aspect of the Pines," "The Pine's Mystery," "The Dryad of the Pines," "The Voice of the Pines," and still others in which the musical chord, while held throughout to the minor key, has yet in each poem a distinct music of its own. Were space allowed we would quote in full one or more of these poems; but we must content ourselves with a touch of their quality, taken from the one last named:

"Ah! can it be the antique tales are true?

Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange unearthly music of despair?

"Or can it be that ages since, storm-tossed

And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean spirit, worn and lost,
Here through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost
Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of the sea?"

"Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,

Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum—
Scarce heard for that strange, sorrowful voice forlorn!"

His fine poem "Muscadines" is marked with an Ariel-like fancy, suggestive of Keats or Shelley; its imagery is of the most delicate tissue that the imagination can weave, and it is informed through and through with an idyllic grace that leads one's thoughts back to Theocritus. And this is only one, cited as an example of not a few of the same class.

As the poet of classic themes, there is something about Mr. Hayne that reminds one very strongly of William Morris; and we can say this with perfect freedom, inasmuch as most of his classic poems were written before "The Earthly Paradise" was republished in this country. There is the same simplicity of diction, the same archaic inversions, and fully as deep an insight into the magical changes of the outdoor world. "Daphnes," "The Mountaintain of the Lovers," "Glaucus," "Cambyses," "The Vengeance of Diana," and still others, belong to this class. We would like to linger over them, and point out their beauty and their strength, but our space does not admit of any minute criticism.

Among the very sweetest and most tender of our poet's lyrics are those which have some kinship with the themes of which Longfellow is so fond, Home, Heart, and Heaven. To one who holds a clew to the inner meaning of many of these poems, they are very touching; for in few of his moods could the lover-like husband ever forget the tender wife who proved to his muse a constant inspiration. Read "The Bonny Brown Hand," "Sweetheart, Good-bye," "The Anniversary," and poems of this character, and see what occult meanings lie between their lines.

As a writer of odes for special occasions Mr. Hayne was happy and skillful to an unusual degree, and no poet in the country had, perhaps, so frequent demands upon his gifts. His "Ballad of the Battle of King's Mountaintain" is all alive with patriotic enthusiasm. His "Yorktown Centennial Ode" burns with the same fire. His odes read at Charleston and Savannah were very grateful to the peo-

ple of those cities, and won him high praise by their classic elegance. Within two months of his death he had two invitations to prepare similar odes for public occasions in the North, which his frail condition of health forbade him to accept.

It is not often that a writer excels both in prose and poetry. Mr. Hayne wrote many essays, reviews, and various biographical sketches, but his forte was the measured line, and we do not think that his prose has quite the vigor and raciness of his poetry. It is a little too poetic, and has a certain quaintness of style which would seem to remand it back to the days of Izaak Walton and the seventeenth-century writers. He was a very painstaking and just reviewer, and never wrote a bitter judgment for the sake of being true to the critic's art of fault-finding when a kind one could be truthfully uttered. He was too thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the old writers, such as Drayton, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Massinger, Carew, and all the brotherhood of them, to be able to rid himself of their peculiar flavor, and consequently his prose was not a modernized prose, though it was always eminently graceful.

As a letter-writer he was supreme, never grudging any number of sheets for the entertainment of his correspondent. He was vivacious, witty, sincere, affectionate; and from a correspondence of eighteen years I might select such keen criticism, such weighing of literary merits, such wisdom about books and authors, such delightful gossip about men and things as would make a delicious volume of *ana*. His intercourse with the first men of his time, at home and abroad, in an epistolary way was very extensive; and the letters that were constantly passing between him and the literary men of England were to the little circle at Copse Hill a source of unfailing pleasure; with Dean Stanley and Mr. Tennyson, with Richard Blackmore, Algernon Swinburne, Philip Bourke Marston, and many others he was in the habit of frequent correspondence. I have known of his receiving letters of thirty pages written by the dear blind hand of the last-named poet, and in pages that lie under my hand now I might quote expressions of the highest appreciation, and even enthusiastic admiration as well as friendship, for the poet of Copse Hill. "I have a dream of coming to America some day," Marston writes, in one of these letters, "and to me coming to America largely means meeting and talking with Paul Hayne."

As a helper to young literary aspirants, Mr. Hayne deserves special mention. There was scarcely any amount of trouble which he was not willing to take to advance the interests of those whom he thought really worthy; and many a writer, whose name is now recognized in the realm of letters, owes, perhaps, his first encouragement to this most genial of men and poets. He was utterly devoid of that sensitive jealousy which sometimes marks the literary man. He rejoiced in the prosperity of all, and I verily believe that a sentiment of envy or rivalry never suggested itself to his noble heart. He was in all respects a man of very chivalrous and high-bred feeling, incapable of a sordid thought or a selfish and petty act. John R. Thompson, for years the accomplished editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and one of our most approved Southern writers, said of him long since, in a letter on which I can not now lay my hand, that he was a veritable Sir Philip Sidney as to high-hearted courtesy, and the purest specimen of what he conceived to be the truest type of a chivalrous knight that he knew.

But this long struggle of the buoyant and elastic mind with the fettering frailties of the delicate frame began to draw to a close during the past winter. In one of his latest letters, replying to one written to him giving some account of places I had recently visited abroad, he says:

"Meanwhile, your friend here at Copse Hill sits in his poor cottage among the pines, listening now for the twentieth winter since fate exiled him from his State and stripped him of every thing but the means of a bare support, wondering no longer whether destiny will relent and give him an opportunity, even at the eleventh hour, of realizing with one he loves his youthful dream, and visiting the land of his fathers, far over the gray Atlantic waves; wondering no longer, for the final decision has been against him, and his hair grows white and his hands thinner, and the music in the pines speaks now of the moaning of seas without a shore, billows waste and darkening with no green branches from a San Salvador to tell him of a fair coast at hand.

"But, no! let me think that there is something better on the waste and through the darkness than the verdure of the island that greeted the eyes and crowned the dream of the Genoese. I see the star on the forehead of that wonderful angel, beheld of St. John in Patmos—the angel whose name is Faith—the

faith born of the vision of things to be, and of dreams to be fulfilled in the fullness of the days, and of the glory still waiting in the unclouded revelation. The beauty and the splendor of the ancient places of the earth, these after which, perhaps, I have yearned too deeply, it has not pleased the All-wise to let me see and enjoy. But what matter, O friend of mine! what matter? If, after the voyage we all must take, I am permitted to pass up the shining shores of the country imperishable, and to enter a temple fairer than the York Minster you describe, and a tabernacle more majestic than Westminster, there to worship, not amid dead men's ashes and fugues of broken music, but amid such light and harmony as occasionally, in moments of lofty but still fleeting spirituality, have overwhelmed while they enchanted me.

"How small I often think this earth-life will look to us hereafter: its gratification and disappointment, its triumph and defeat! We may smile half-pityingly over them, and especially over our trifling ambitions, as one remembers and smiles over the wonderful pettiness of his far-off childhood, once so momentous to him, and fraught with such heart-break."

It will be seen how his beautiful and firm faith sustained the poet when the hour of trial came. Indeed, those who knew him best knew all along that but for this strong and overcoming trust in the goodness and mercy of his God and Savior, he never would have been able to sustain so manfully his single-handed conflict with the misfortunes of life. At times his weariness made him long to lay aside the mantle of the flesh. He looked into the future with a calm, unblenching eye, and was ready to stand face to face with death without a tremor. One of his last poems, published in the May number of *Harper*, is touching in the extreme, exalted as its tender pathos is with such ecstatic visions as lift him above earthliness. With the knowledge of all that this poem (Face to Face) reveals, it is hard to read it without a dimming of the eye. We should like to give it entire, but we can only find space for two or three verses.

FACE TO FACE.

Sad mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of truth be born;

But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

* * * * *
Through the splendor of stars imperaled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring, world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat;
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the luster of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals.
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with breatheless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death.

Again and again his watchful wife writes that "He sits languidly in his chair, striving to finish up literary work which has been engaged;" or that, "He has laid aside his pen for a season, because his hand is too weak to hold it;" or that, "He drives abroad daily in the May sunshine, trying to gather strength and freshness under his pines."

The last week in May he went with his wife to Macon, Georgia, on the invitation of its citizens, to a reception tendered him on the anniversary of his marriage day. The cordiality with which he was received was extremely gratifying to him. "They lavish," writes Mrs. Hayne, "every delicate and tender attention upon him. One old veteran, with his arm resting upon my husband's shoulder, said, on the evening of the reception, 'Here is a man who can not be bought—a man true to the past, a man true to his own!'" Mr. Lanier, the father of Sydney Lanier, said to me, "Your husband is as beloved here as my son was in Baltimore." Speeches and music, introductions and recitations from Mr. Hayne's own poems, filled up the enjoyable evening. Altogether, this visit to Macon was one of rare pleasure, and can never be forgotten."

The travelers returned to Copse Hill in early June, and Mr. Hayne seemed for a few days to be improved; but it was only the last flicker of the candle in its socket. About three weeks after a friend and neighbor wrote me as fol-

lows: "For months our dear friend Hayne has been very delicate; through the winter and spring literary work has completely absorbed him, to the overtaking of his physical powers. A fortnight since he had a slight season of unconsciousness, which caused great anxiety to the watchful wife and loving son. Drs. Campbell and Baker, of Augusta, and Dr. Michel, of Montgomery, a brother of Mrs. Hayne, were telegraphed for after some days. They pronounced this unconsciousness an attack of paralysis, caused by a clot of blood on the brain, and gave reason to his family to fear that there was no hope. . . . I have known Mr. Hayne intimately for twenty years, and to him can be truly applied the term chivalric. He has ever been a knightly gentleman, generous, courtly, hospitable, devoid of envy, jealousy, or conceit; brave, manly, refined, and

gentle; tender to the weak and sympathetic toward the sorrowful, responsive to the calls of duty, distress, or sorrow, and loyal to every body."

The fears of the physicians proved too true, hope was at an end. The summer days went on; but the undaunted and undismayed spirit, that had gone so resolutely forward to meet every call and obligation of duty, now paused and ceased the struggle. He saw the beckoning hand more clearly than those around him did, and he became eager to depart. "Do not seek to detain me," he whispered; "I long for rest." But within the sacred shadow of these last days we may not intrude. They are consecrated to "the solemn dignities of death."

On the 7th of July came a telegram freighted with the brief but fateful words, "*Paul H. Hayne is dead.*"

Margaret J. Preston.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.*

When the lids of the virgin Dawn unclose,
 When the earth is fair and the heavens are calm,
 And the early breath of the wakening rose
 Floats on the air in balm,
 I stand breast-high in the pearly wheat
 That ripples and thrills to a sportive breeze
 Borne over the field with its Hermes feet,
 And its subtle odor of Southern seas;
 While out of the infinite azure deep
 The flashing wings of the swallows sweep,
 Buoyant and beautiful, wild and fleet,
 Over the waves of the whispering wheat.

Aurora faints in the fulgent fire
 Of the Monarch of Morning's bright embrace,
 And the summer day climbs higher and higher
 Up the cerulean space;
 The pearl-tints fade from the radiant grain,
 And the sportive breeze of the ocean dies,
 And soon in the noontide's soundless rain
 The field seems graced by a million eyes;
 Each grain with a glance from its lidded fold,
 As bright as a gnome's in his mine of gold,
 While the slumbrous glamor of beam and heat
 Glides over and under the windless wheat.

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