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BRET  
HARTE'S  
POEMS

B.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

A-4

4

21

ROUTLEDGE

BIBLIOTECA DE  
LA ALHAMBRA

Est. A-4

Tabl. 4

N.º 21



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

POEMS

BY

BRET HARTE



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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CONSEJO DE CULTURA



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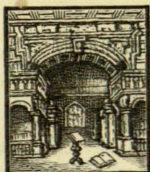
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
BRET HARTE



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



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JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

# POEMS.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

Poems.

SAN FRANCISCO.

*From the Sea.*

SERENE, indifferent of Fate,  
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights so lately won  
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,  
O Warder of two Continents!

And scornful of the peace that flies  
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

Thou drawest all things, small or great,  
To thee, beside the Western Gate.

. . . . .

O lion's whelp ! that hidest fast  
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

I know thy cunning and thy greed,  
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell  
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog ! and hide  
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride.

Wrap her, O Fog ! in gown and hood  
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame ;  
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame !

So shall she, cowlèd, sit and pray  
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog! and raise  
The glory of her coming days;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas  
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place  
To stranger speech and newer face;

When all her throes and anxious fears  
Lie hushed in the repose of years;

When Art shall raise and Culture lift  
The sensual joys and meaner thrift,

And all fulfilled the vision, we  
Who watch and wait shall never see,—

Who, in the morning of her race,  
Toiled fair or meanly in our place,—

But, yielding to the common lot,  
Lie unrecorded and forgot.



*THE ANGELUS.*

*Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868.*

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten  
music

Still fills the wide expanse,

Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present

With colour of romance :

I hear your call, and see the sun descending

On rock and wave and sand,

As down the coast the Mission voices

blending

Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation

No blight nor mildew falls ;



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSERVATORIO DE BULONIA

Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambi-  
tion

Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves  
receding,

I touch the farther Past,—  
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,  
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission  
towers,

The white Presidio ;  
The swart commander in his leathern  
jerkin,

The priest in stole of snow.

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

The freighted galleon

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses

Recall the faith of old,—

O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight  
music

The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the dark-  
ness,—

Break, falter, and are still;

And veiled and mystic, like the Host de-  
scending,

The sun sinks from the hill!



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-  
EASE.*

By scattered rocks and turbid waters  
shifting,

By furrowed glade and dell,

To feverish men thy calm, sweet face  
uplifting,

Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that cannot find  
expression,

For ruder speech too fair,

That, like thy petals, trembles in posses-  
sion,

And scatters on the air.

10 THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

The miner pauses in his rugged labour,  
And, leaning on his spade,  
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neigh-  
bour

To see thy charms displayed ;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,  
And for a moment clear,

Some sweet home face his foolish thought  
surprises

And passes in a tear.

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,  
Of uneventful toil,

Where golden harvests followed quiet  
tillage

Above a peaceful soil :

One moment only ; for the pick, uplifting,  
Through root and fibre cleaves,  
And on the muddy current slowly drifting  
Are swept thy bruised leaves.



THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.      II

And yet, O poet ! in thy homely fashion  
    Thy work thou dost fulfil ;  
For on the turbid current of his passion  
    Thy face is shining still.



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*GRIZZLY.*

COWARD,—of heroic size,  
In whose lazy muscles lies  
Strength we fear and yet despise ;  
Savage,—whose relentless tusks  
Are content with acorn husks ;  
Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared  
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard ;  
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,  
Claws of steel on baby toes,—  
Here, in solitude and shade,  
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,  
Be thy courses undismayed !

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,  
Let thy rude, half-human tread  
Point to hidden Indian springs,

Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,  
Hovered o'er by timid wings,  
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,  
Where the wild bee holds her sweets,—  
Epicurean retreats,  
Fit for thee, and better than  
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry  
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;  
Thou mayst levy tithes and dole;  
Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,  
From the pilgrim taking toll;  
Match thy cunning with his fear;  
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;  
Yet remain an outlaw still!



*MADROÑO.*

CAPTAIN of the Western wood,  
Thou thatapest Robin Hood !  
Green above thy scarlet hose  
How thy velvet mantle shows ;  
Never tree like thee arrayed,  
Oh, thou gallant of the glade !

When the fervid August sun  
Scorches all it looks upon,  
And the balsam of the pine  
Drips from stem to needle fine,  
Round thy compact shade arranged,  
Not a leaf of thee is changed !

When the yellow autumn sun  
Saddens all it looks upon,



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CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

Spreads its sackcloth on the hills,  
Strews its ashes in the rills,  
Thou thy scarlet hose dost doff,  
And in limbs of purest buff  
Challengest the sombre glade  
For a sylvan masquerade.

Where, oh! where, shall he begin  
Who would paint thee, Harlequin?  
With thy waxen burnished leaf,  
With thy branches' red relief,  
With thy poly-tinted fruit,  
In thy spring or autumn suit,—  
Where begin, and oh! where end,—  
Thou whose charms all art transcend?



*COYOTE.*

BLOWN out of the prairie in twilight and  
dew,

Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all  
through ;

Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to  
stay,

He limps in the clearing,—an outcast in  
gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the  
wall,

Now leaping, now limping, now risking a  
fall,

Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway  
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow,—he's one of your  
kind,—

Go, seek him, and bring him in out of the  
wind.

What! snarling, my Carlo! So—even  
dogs may

Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will,—though it be  
on the sly,

Marauding, or begging,—I shall not ask  
why;

But will call it a dole, just to help on his  
way

A four-footed friar in orders of gray.



TO A SEA-BIRD.

*Santa Cruz, 1869.*

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,  
Careless vagabond of the sea,  
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,  
The bar that thunders, the shale that  
rings,—  
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new ;  
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee ;  
Sick am I of these changes too ;  
Little to care for, little to rue,—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,  
Bring thee at last to shore and me ;

All of my journeyings end them here,  
This our tether must be our cheer,—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,  
Something in common, old friend, have  
we ;

Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,  
I to the waters look for rest,—

I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA



*HER LETTER.*

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
Dressed just as I came from the dance,  
In a robe even *you* would admire,—  
It cost a cool thousand in France ;  
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,  
My hair is done up in a cue :  
In short, sir, " the belle of the season "  
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;  
I left in the midst of a set ;  
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,  
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.  
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows  
up,—  
And then he adores me indeed.

And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
Three thousand miles off as you read.

“And how do I like my position?”

“And what do I think of New York?”

“And now, in my higher ambition,  
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?”

“And isn't it nice to have riches,  
And diamonds and silks, and all that?”

“And aren't it a change to the ditches  
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?”

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving  
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—  
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving  
To look supernaturally grand,—  
If you saw papa's picture, as taken  
By Brady, and tinted at that,—  
You'd never suspect he sold bacon  
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting  
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—  
In the bustle and glitter befitting  
The “finest *soirée* of the year,”—  
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,  
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—  
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “Ferry,”  
And the dance that we had on “The  
Fork ;”

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster  
Of flags festooned over the wall ;  
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre  
And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;  
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;  
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;  
And how I once went down the middle  
With the man that shot Sandy M'Gee ;  
Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
On the hill, when the time came to go ;

Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
From under their bedclothes of snow ;  
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest ;  
Of—the something you said at the gate :  
Ah, Joe ! then I wasn't an heiress  
To “the best-paying lead in the State.”

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny  
To think, as I stood in the glare  
Of fashion and beauty and money,  
That I should be thinking, right there,  
Of some one who breasted high water,  
And swam the North Fork, and all that,  
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,  
The Lily of Poverty Flat !

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !  
(Mamma says my taste still is low,)  
Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho !



And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—  
Whatever's the meaning of that,—  
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel  
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night,—here's the end of my paper ;  
Good-night,—if the longitude please,—  
For may be, while wasting my taper,  
*Your* sun's climbing over the trees.

But know, if you haven't got riches,  
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
That my heart's somewhere there in the  
ditches,  
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.



*DICKENS IN CAMP.*

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly  
drifting,

The river sang below ;

The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting

Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour,  
painted

The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that drooped  
and fainted

In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant  
treasure

A hoarded volume drew,

And cards were dropped from hands of  
listless leisure

To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows  
gathered faster,

And as the firelight fell,

He read aloud the book wherein the  
Master

Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the  
reader

Was youngest of them all,—

But, as he read, from clustering pine and  
cedar

A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the  
shadows,

Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with "Nell" on  
English meadows

Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken

As by some spell divine—

Their cares drop from them like the  
needles shaken

From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;

And he who wrought that spell?—

Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish  
spire,

Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story

Blend with the breath that thrills

With hop-vines' incense all the pensive  
glory

That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and  
holly

And laurel wreaths entwine,

Deem it not all a too presumptuous  
folly,—

This spray of Western pine !

*July 1870.*



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
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## WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

### *Opening of the Pacific Railroad.*

WHAT was it the Engines said,  
Pilots touching,—head to head,  
Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back?  
This is what the Engines said,  
Unreported and unread.

With a prefatory screech,  
In a florid Western speech,  
Said the Engine from the WEST,  
“I am from Sierra’s crest ;  
And, if altitude’s a test,  
Why, I reckon, it’s confessed,  
That I’ve done my level best.”

Said the Engine from the EAST,  
“ They who work best talk the least.  
S’pose you whistle down your brakes ;  
What you’ve done is no great  
shakes,—

Pretty fair,—but let our meeting  
Be a different kind of greeting.

Let these folks with champagne stuffing,  
Not their Engines, do the *puffing*.

“ Listen ! Where Atlantic beats

Shores of snow and summer heats ;

Where the Indian autumn skies

Paint the woods with wampum dyes,—

I have chased the flying sun,

Seeing all he looked upon,

Blessing all that he has blest,

Nursing in my iron breast

All his vivifying heat,

All his clouds about my crest ;

And before my flying feet  
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"  
And a long, low whistle blew.  
"Come now, really that's the oddest  
Talk for one so very modest.

You brag of your East! *You* do?

Why, *I* bring the East to *you*!

All the Orient, all Cathay,  
Find through me the shortest way;

And the sun you follow here

Rises in my hemisphere.

Really,—if one must be rude,—

Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or  
I'll run over some Director."

Said the Central, "I'm Pacific;

But, when riled, I'm quite terrific.



Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,  
Just to show these folks this moral,  
How two Engines—in their vision—  
Once have met without collision.”

That is what the Engines said,  
Unreported and unread ;  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.



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“*THE RETURN OF  
BELISARIUS.*”

*Mud Flat, 1869.*

So you're back from your travels, old fellow,

And you left but a twelvemonth ago :

You've hobnobbed with Louis Napoleon,  
Eugenie, and kissed the Pope's toe.

By Jove ! it is perfectly stunning,

Astounding, and all that, you know :

Yes, things are about as you left them

In Mud Flat a twelvemonth ago.

The boys !—They're all right,—Oh ! Dick

Ashley,

He's buried somewhere in the snow ;

He was lost on the Summit, last winter.

And Bob has a hard row to hoe.

34 "THE RETURN OF BELISARIUS."

You knew that he's got the consumption?

You didn't! Well, come, that's a go:

I certainly wrote you at Baden,—

Dear me! that was six months ago.

I got all your outlandish letters,

All stamped by some foreign P.O.

I handed myself to Miss Mary

That sketch of a famous château.

Tom Saunders is living at 'Frisco,—

They say that he cuts quite a show.

You didn't meet Euchre-deck Billy

Anywhere on your road to Cairo?

So you thought of the rusty old cabin,

The pines, and the valley below;

And heard the North Fork of the Yuba,

As you stood on the banks of the Po?

'Twas just like your romance, old fellow;


But now there is standing a row

Of stores on the site of the cabin  
That you lived in a twelvemonth ago.

But it's jolly to see you, old fellow,—  
To think it's a twelvemonth ago!  
And you have seen Louis Napoleon,  
And look like a Johnny Crapaud.  
Come in. You will surely see Mary,  
You know we are married. What, no?  
Oh, ay! I forgot there was something  
Between you a twelvemonth ago.



*“TWENTY YEARS.”*



BEG your pardon, old fellow! I think  
I was dreaming just now, when you spoke.  
The fact is, the musical clink  
Of the ice on your wine-goblet's brink  
A chord of my memory woke.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

And I stood in the pasture-field where  
Twenty summers ago I had stood ;  
And I heard in that sound, I declare,  
The clinkings of bells on the air,  
Of the cows coming home from the wood.

Then the apple-blooms shook on the hill ;  
And the mullein-stalks tilted each lance ;  
And the sun behind Rapalye's mill

Was my uttermost West, and could thrill  
Like some fanciful land of romance.

Then my friend was a hero, and then  
My girl was an angel. In fine,  
I drank buttermilk ; for at ten  
Faith asks less to aid her, than when  
At thirty we doubt over wine.

Ah well, it *does* seem that I must  
Have been dreaming just now when you  
spoke,

Or lost, very like, in the dust  
Of the years that slow fashioned the  
crust

On that bottle whose seal you last broke.

Twenty years was its age, did you say?

Twenty years? Ah, my friend, it is  
true!

All the dreams that have flown since that  
day,  
All the hopes in that time passed away,  
Old friend, I've been drinking with you!



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*FATE.*

“THE sky is clouded, the rocks are bare ;  
The spray of the tempest is white in air ;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

“The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb ;  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.”

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in  
glee ;  
And the town that was builded upon a  
rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.





JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

# IN DIALECT.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## In Dialect.



“JIM.”

SAY, there! P'r'aps la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA  
Some on you chaps

Might know Jim Wild?

Well,—no offence:

Thar ain't no sense

In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum

Up on the Bar:

That's why I come

Down from up yar,

“JIM.”

Lookin' for Jim.

Thank ye, sir! You

Ain't of that crew,—

Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much;

That ain't my kind:

I ain't no such.

Rum?—I don't mind,  
Secin' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,

Did you know him?—

Jess 'bout your size;

Same kind of eyes?—

Well, that is strange:

Why, it's two year

Since he came here,

Sick, for a change.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
COMISIÓN DE CULTURA

Well, here's to us :

Eh ?

The h—— you say !

Dead ?—

That little cuss ?

What makes you star,—

You over thar ?

Can't a man drop

's glass n yer shop

But you must rar' ?

It wouldn't take

D—— much to break

You and your bar.

'Dead !

Poor—little—Jim !

—Why, thar was me,

Jones, and Bob Lee,



## "JIM."

Harry and Ben,—  
 No-account men :  
 Then to take *him* !

Well, thar—Good-bye,—  
 No more, sir,—I—  
 Eh ?

What's that you say?—  
 Why, dern it !—sho !—  
 No? Yes ! By Jol

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

Sold !

Sold ! Why, you limb,  
 You ornery,  
 Derved old  
 Long-legged Jim !



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

*CHIQUITA.*

BEAUTIFUL ! Sir, you may say so. Thar  
isn't her match in the county.

Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my  
beauty ?

Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet !

Whoa ! Steady,—ah, will you, you  
vixen !

Whoa ! I say. Jack, trot her out ; let the  
gentleman look at her paces.

Morgan !—Shé ain't nothin' else, and I've  
got the papers to prove it.

Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hun-  
dred dollars won't buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you  
know Briggs of Tuolumne?  
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out  
his brains down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack!  
that'll do,—quit that foolin'!

Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got  
her work cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise,  
too, jockeys is jockeys;

And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows  
what a hoss as got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly  
got Flanigan's leaders?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty  
rough ford in low water!

Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and  
the Jedge and his nevey

Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain,  
and the water all round us ;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattle-  
snake Creek just a bilin',  
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a  
bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan,  
and his nevey, Chiquita ;

And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed  
from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switchn, we came to the ford ;  
and Chiquita

Buckled right down to her work, and, afore  
I could yell to her rider,

Took water jest at the ford ; and there was  
the Jedge and me standing,

And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh  
afloat, and a driftin' to thunder !



Would ye b'lieve it? that night that hoss,  
that ar' filly, Chiquita,  
Walked herself into her stall, and stood  
there, all quiet and dripping :  
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle  
of harness,  
Just as she swam the Fork,—that hoss,  
that ar' filly, Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss! and—What did  
you say?—Oh! the nevey?

Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never  
kem back to deny it.

Ye see, the derved fool had no seat,—ye  
couldn't have made him a rider ;  
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and  
hosses—well, hosses is hosses !



*DOW'S FLAT.*

1856.

Dow's FLAT. That's its name

And I reckon that you

Are a stranger? The same?

Well, I thought it was true,

For thar isn't a man on the river as can't

spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—

Which the same was an ass;

And as to the how

Thet the thing kem to pass,—

Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and

sit ye down here in the grass :

You see, this 'yer Dow,  
 Hed the worst kind of luck :  
 He slipped up somehow  
 On each thing that he struck.  
 Why, ef he'd a straddled that fence-rail,  
 the derved thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
 Till he couldn't pay rates ;  
 He was smashed by a car  
 When he tunnelled with Bates ;



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

And right on the top of his trouble kem his  
 wife and five kids from the States.


It was rough,—mighty rough ;  
 But the boys they stood by,  
 And they brought him the stuff  
 For a house, on the sly ;  
 And the old woman,—well, she did washing,  
 and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean,  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green ;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but  
nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys wouldn't stay ;  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away ;  
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his  
usual ridikilous way.

One day,—it was June,—  
And a year ago, jest,—  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and  
a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well ;  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen and think :  
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir !),  
you see, kinder made the cuss blink.



His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay ;  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his  
all,—as I've heer'd the folks say.

And—That's a peart hoss  
Thet you've got,—ain't it now ?  
What might be her cost ?  
Eh ? Oh !—Well, then, Dow—  
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't  
his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side ;  
And he looked, and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For, you see, the dern cuss had struck—  
“ Water ? ”—Beg your parding, young  
man, there you lied !

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike ;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike ;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—  
which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat ;  
And the thing of it is,  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness :  
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin',  
and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way

To the left of yon tree ;

But—a—look h'yur, say ?

Won't you come up to tea ?

No? Well, then the next time you're  
passin' ; and ask after Dow,—and thet's  
*me.*



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalitat  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*IN THE TUNNEL.*

DIDN'T know Flynn,—  
Flynn of Virginia,—  
Long as he's been 'yar?  
Look'ee here, stranger,  
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel  
He was my pardner,  
That same Tom Flynn,—  
Working together,  
In wind and weather,  
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!  
Well, that *is* queer;  
Why, it's a sin  
To think of Tom Flynn,—



Tom with his cheer,  
Tom without fear,—  
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,  
Back to the wall,  
He held the timbers  
Ready to fall ;  
Then in the darkness

I heard him call :

“Run for your life, Jake!  
Run for your wife's sake!  
Don't wait for me.”

And that was all  
Heard in the din,  
Heard of Tom Flynn,—  
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about  
Flynn of Virginia.



That lets me out.

Here in the damp,—  
Out of the sun,—  
That 'ar derved lamp  
Makes my eyes run.  
Well, there,—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll  
Hear the next fool  
Asking of Flynn,—  
Flynn of Virginia,—  
Just you chip in,  
Say you knew Flynn ;  
Say that you've been 'yar.



“CICELY.”

*Alkali Station.*

CICELY says you're a poet ; may be ; I ain't  
much on rhyme ;

I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and  
beat me every time.

Poetry!—that's the way some chaps put  
up an idee,

But I takes mine “straight without sugar,”  
and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry!—just look round you,—alkali, rock,  
and sage ;

Sage-brush, rock, and alkali : ain't it a  
pretty page ?

Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west  
 at night,  
 And the shadow of this 'yer station the  
 on'y thing moves in sight.

Poetry!—Well now—Polly! Polly, run to  
 your mam ;  
 Run right away, my pooty! By by!  
 Ain't she a lamb?

Poetry!—that reminds me o' suthin' right  
 in that suit:

Jest shet that door thar, will yer?—for  
 Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly,—the baby? A month  
 afore she was born,  
 Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like  
 and forlorn ;  
 Out of her head and crazy, and talked of  
 flowers and trees :

Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know  
what a woman be's.

Narvous she was, and restless,—said that  
she "couldn't stay."

Stay,—and the nearest woman seventeen  
miles away.

But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he  
said he would be on hand ;

And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and  
fenced in that bit o' land.

One night,—the tenth of October,—I woke  
with a chill and fright,

For the door it was standing open, and  
Cicely warn't in sight ;

But a note was pinned on the blanket, which  
it said that she "couldn't stay,"

But had gone to visit her neighbour,—  
seventeen miles away !



When and how she stampeded, I didn't  
 wait for to see,  
 For out in the road, next minit, I started  
 as wild as she ;  
 Running first this way and that way, like  
 a hound that is off the scent,  
 For there warn't no track in the darkness  
 to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore  
 I kem to this spot, —

Lost on the Plains in '50, drowned almost,  
 and shot ;

But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a  
 crazy wife,

Was raly as on-satis-factory as anything  
 in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I  
 held my breath ;

And "Cicely!" came from the canyon,—  
and all was as still as death.

And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came  
from the rocks below;

And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!"  
down from them peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious; but I jest  
looked up to the sky,

And—this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and  
may be ye think I lie.

But aw away to the east'ard, yaller and big  
and far,

I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind  
of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to  
beckon to me;

Yaller and big and dancing, such as you  
never see:

BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

"CICELY."

65

Big and yaller and dancing,—I never saw  
such a star ;

And I thought of them sharps in the Bible,  
and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled  
and pushed ahead :

Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever  
it led.

It might hev been for an hour, when,  
suddent and peart and nigh,

Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a  
baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music ; but her  
lungs they are stronger now

Than the day I packed her and her mother,  
—I'm derved if I jest know how.

But the doctor kem the next minit ; and  
the joke o' the whole thing is,



That Cis never knew what happened from  
that very night to this !

But Cicely says you're a poet ; and may be  
you might, some day,

Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that  
was born in a curious way.

And see what she says ; and, old fellow,  
when you speak of the star, don't tell

As how 'twas the doctor's lantern,—for  
may be 'twon't sound so well.



*PENELOPE.*

*Simpson's Bar, 1858.*

So you've kem 'yer agen,  
And one answer won't do?

Well, of all the derved men

That I've struck, it is you.

O Sal! 'yer's that derved fool from  
Simpson's, cavortin' round 'yer in  
the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*.

Thar,—quit! Take a cheer.

Not that; you can't fill

Them theer cushings this year,—

For that cheer was my old man's, Joe  
Simpson; and they don't make  
such men about 'yer.

He was tall, was my Jack,

And as strong as a tree.

Thar's his gun on the rack,—

Just you heft it, and see.

And *you* come a courtin' his widdler. Lord!

where can that critter, Sal, be?

You'd fill my Jack's place?

And a man of your size,—

With no baird to his face,

Nor a snap to his eyes,—

And nary—Sho! thar! I was foolin',—I

was, Joe, for sartain,—don't rise.

Sit down. Law! why, sho!

I'm as weak as a gal,

Sal! Don't you go, Joe,

Or I'll faint,—sure, I shall.

Sit down,—*anywhere*, where you like, Joe,

—in that cheer, if you choose,—

Lord, where's Sal?

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM  
TRUTHFUL JAMES.

*Table Mountain, 1870.*

WHICH I wish to remark,—

And my language is plain,

That for ways that are dark,

And for tricks that are vain,

The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—

Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.

And I shall not deny

In regard to the same

What that name might imply ;

But his smile it was pensive and childlike,

As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;  
And quite soft was the skies :  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise ;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand :  
It was euchre. The same  
He did not understand ;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
With the smile that was childlike and  
bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve.  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve :

Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinee,  
And the points that he made,  
Were quite frightful to see.—  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me ;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, " Can this be ?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour ;"  
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand ;  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand

With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs,—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts ;  
And we found on his nails, which were  
taper,

What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,

And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chineese is peculiar,—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

*THE SOCIETY UPON THE  
STANISLAUS.*

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name  
is Truthful James,

I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful  
games ;

And I'll tell in simple language what I  
know about the row

That broke up our society upon the Stanis-  
low.

But first I would remark, that it is not a  
proper plan

For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-  
man,



74 THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

And, if a member don't agree with his  
peculiar whim,  
To lay for that same member for to "put  
a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more  
beautiful to see

Than the first six months' proceedings of  
that same society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of  
fossil bones

That he found within a tunnel near the  
tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he  
reconstructed there,

From those same bones, an animal that  
was extremely rare ;

And Jones then asked the Chair for a  
suspension of the rules,

Till he could prove that those same bones  
was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and  
said he was at fault.

It seemed he had been trespassing on  
Jones's family vault :

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet  
Mr. Brown ;

And on several occasions he had cleaned  
out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific  
gent

To say another is an ass,—at least, to all  
intent :

Nor should the individual who happens to  
be meant

Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great  
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point  
of order—when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in  
the abdomen ;

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and  
curled up on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings interested  
him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every  
member did engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a  
palæozoic age ;

And the way they heaved those fossils in  
their anger was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the  
head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these  
improper games :

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS. 77

For I live at Table Mountain, and my  
name is Truthful James ;  
And I've told in simple language what I  
know about the row  
That broke up our society upon the  
Stanislow.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA





JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

## POEMS

*From 1860 to 1868.* de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

# Poems

*From 1860 to 1868.*

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## JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well!  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:  
He was the fellow who won renown,—  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native  
town,  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townsfolk ran away.

That was in July, sixty-three,  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.  
I might tell how, but the day before,  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,  
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet ;  
Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood !  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,

Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed  
kine,—

Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.

That was the reason, as some folk say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

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



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

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed ?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron,—but his best ;  
And buttoned over his manly breast  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling  
collar,  
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—  
With tails that the country-folk called  
“ swaller.”

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned  
hat,

White as the locks on which it sat.

Never had such a sight been seen

For forty years on the village green,

Since old John Burns was a country beau,

And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,

Veterans of the Peninsula,

Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;

And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—

Clerks that the Home Guard mustered  
in,—

Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he  
wore,

Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;

And hailed him, from out their youthful  
lore,

With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :

“How are you, White Hat!” “Put her  
through!”

“Your head’s level,” and “Bully for you!”  
Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his  
clothes,

And what was the value he set on those ;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off,—

With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown  
hat,

And the swallow-tails they were laugh-  
ing at.

’Twas but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices  
checked ;

And something the wildest could under-  
stand

Spake in the old man’s strong right hand ;

And his corded throat, and the lurking  
frown

Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;

Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe

Through the ranks in whispers, and some  
men saw,

In the antique vestments and long white  
hair,

The Past of the Nation in battle there ;

And some of the soldiers since declare

That the gleam of his old white hat  
afar,

Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,

That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :

How the rebels, beaten, and backward  
pressed,

Broke at the final charge, and ran.

At which John Burns—a practical man—

88 JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
And then went back to his bees and cows.

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



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*THE TALE OF A PONY.*

NAME of my heroine, simply " Rose ; "

Surname, tolerable only in prose ;

*Habitat*, Paris,—that is where

She resided for change of air ;

*Ætat.* xx. ; complexion fair,

Rich, good-looking, and *débonnaire*,

Smarter than Jersey-lightning—There !

That's her photograph, done with care.

In Paris, whatever they do besides,

EVERY LADY IN FULL DRESS RIDES !

*Moire antiques* you never meet

Sweeping the filth of a dirty street ;

But every woman's claim to *ton*

-Depends upon

The team she drives, whether phaeton,

Landau, or britzka. Hence it's plain  
That Rose, who was of her toilet vain,  
Should have a team that ought to be  
Equal to any in all *Paris*!

“Bring forth the horse!”—The *commissaire*  
Bowed, and brought Miss Rose a pair  
Leading an equipage rich and rare:  
“Why doth that lovely lady stare?”  
Why? The tail of the off grey mare  
Is bobbed,—by all that's good and fair!  
Like the shaving-brushes that soldiers wear,  
Scarcely showing as much back-hair  
As Tam O'Shanter's “Meg,”—and there  
Lord knows she'd little enough to spare.

That stare and frown the Frenchman knew,  
But did,—as well-bred Frenchmen do:  
Raised his shoulders above his crown,  
Joined his thumbs, with the fingers down,

And said, " Ah, Heaven ! "—then, " Made-  
moiselle,

Delay one minute, and all is well ! "

He went ; returned ; by what good chance  
These things are managed so well in France  
I cannot say,—but he made the sale,  
And the bob-tailed mare had a flowing  
tail.

All that is false in this world below  
Betrays itself in a love of show ;  
Indignant Nature hides her lash  
In the purple-black of a dyed moustache,  
The shallowest fop will trip in French,  
The would-be critic will misquote Trench ;  
In short, you're always sure to detect  
A sham in the things folks most affect ;  
Bean-pods are noisiest when dry,  
And you always wink with your weakest  
eye :



And that's the reason the old grey mare  
 For ever had her tail in the air,  
 With flourishes beyond compare,

    Though every whisk

    Incurred the risk

Of leaving that sensitive region bare :

She did some things that you couldn't but  
 feel

She wouldn't have done had her tail been  
 real.

Champs Elysées : Time, past five ;

There go the carriages,—look alive !

Everything that man can drive,

Or his inventive skill contrive,—

Yankee buggy or English "chay,"

Dog-cart, droschky, and smart coupé,

A *désobligeante* quite bulky

(French idea of a Yankee *sulky*) ;

Band in the distance, playing a march ;



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Footmen standing stiff as starch ;  
Savans, lorettes, deputies, Arch-  
Bishops, and there together range  
*Sous-lieutenants* and *cent-gardes* (strange  
Way these soldier-chaps make change),  
Mixed with black-eyed Polish dames,  
With unpronounceable, awful names ;  
Laces tremble, and ribbons flout,  
Coachmen wrangle, and gendarmes shout,—  
Bless us! what is the row about?  
Ah! here comes Rosey's new turn-out!  
Smart! You bet your life 'twas that!  
Nifty! (short for *magnificat*) ;  
Mulberry panels,—heraldic spread,—  
Ebony wheels picked out with red,  
And two grey mares that were thorough-  
bred.

No wonder that every dandy's head  
Was turned by the turn-out; and 'twas  
said

That Caskowhisky (friend of the Czar),  
A very good *whip* (as Russians are),  
Was tied to Rosey's triumphal car,  
Entranced, the reader will understand,  
By "ribbons" that graced her head and  
hand.

Alas ! the hour you think would crown  
Your highest wishes should let you  
down !

Or fate should turn, by your own mis-  
chance,

Your victor's car to an ambulance ;  
From cloudless heavens her lightnings  
glance

(And these things happen, even in France) ;  
And so Miss Rose, as she trotted by,—  
The cynosure of every eye,—  
Saw to her horror the off mare shy,—  
Flourish her tail so exceeding high,

That, disregarding the closest tie,  
And without giving a reason why,  
She flung that tail so free and frisky  
Off in the face of Caskowhisky !

Excuses, blushes, smiles : in fine,  
End of the pony's tail, and mine !



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*THE MIRACLE OF PADRE  
JUNIPERO.*

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

The heathen stood on his ancient mound,  
Looking over the desert bound  
Into the distant, hazy south,  
Over the dusty and broad champaign,  
Where, with many a gaping mouth,  
And fissure cracked by the fervid drouth,  
For seven months had the wasted plain  
Known no moisture of dew or rain.  
The wells were empty, and choked with  
sand ;

The rivers had perished from the land ;  
 Only the sea-fogs, to and fro,  
 Slipped like ghosts of the streams below.  
 Deep in its bed lay the river's bones,  
 Bleaching in pebbles and milk-white stones,  
 And tracked o'er the desert faint and far,  
 Its ribs shone bright on each sandy bar.

Thus they stood as the sun went down  
 Over the foot-hills bare and brown ;  
 Thus they looked to the South, wherefrom  
 The pale-face medicine-man should come.

Not in anger, or in strife,  
 But to bring—so ran the tale—  
 The welcome springs of eternal life,  
 The living waters that should not fail.

Said one, " He will come like Manitou,  
 Unseen, unheard, in the falling dew."  
 Said another, " He will come full soon  
 Out of the round-faced, watery moon."

And another said, "He is here!" and  
lo,—

Faltering, staggering, feeble, and slow,—  
Out from the desert's blinding heat  
The Padre dropped at the heathen's feet.  
They stood and gazed for a little space  
Down on his pallid and careworn face,  
And a smile of scorn went round the band  
As they touched alternate with foot and  
hand

This mortal waif, that the outer space  
Of dim mysterious sky and sand  
Flung with so little of Christian grace  
Down on their barren, sterile strand.

Said one to him: "It seems thy god  
Is a very pitiful kind of god;  
He could not shield thine aching eyes  
From the blowing desert sands that rise,  
Nor turn aside from thy old grey head

The glittering blade that is brandishèd  
By the sun he set in the heavens high ;  
He could not moisten thy lips when dry ;  
The desert fire is in thy brain ;  
Thy limbs are racked with the fever-pain :  
If this be the grace he showeth thee  
Who art his servant, what may we,  
Strange to his ways and his commands,  
Seek at his unforgiving hands ?”

“Drink but this cup,” said the Padre,  
straight,

“And thou shalt know whose mercy bore  
These aching limbs to your heathen door,  
And purged my soul of its gross estate.  
Drink in His name, and thou shalt see  
The hidden depths of this mystery.  
Drink !” and he held the cup. One blow  
From the heathen dashed to the ground  
below



100 THE MIRACLE OF PADRE JUNIPERO.

The sacred cup that the Padre bore ;  
And the thirsty soil drank the precious store  
Of sacramental and holy wine,  
That emblem and consecrated sign  
And blessed symbol of blood divine.  
Then, says the legend (and they who doubt  
The same as heretics be accurst),  
From the dry and feverish soil leaped out  
A living fountain ; a well-spring burst  
Over the dusty and broad champaign,  
Over the sandy and sterile plain,  
Till the granite ribs and the milk-white stones  
That lay in the valley—the scattered  
bones—  
Moved in the river and lived again !

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

*AN ARCTIC VISION.*

WHERE the short-legged Esquimaux  
Waddle in the ice and snow,  
And the playful polar bear  
Nips the hunter unaware ;  
Where by day they track the ermine,  
And by night another vermin,—  
Segment of the frigid zone,  
Where the temperature alone  
Warms on St. Elias' cone ;  
Polar dock, where Nature slips  
From the ways her icy ships ;  
Land of fox and deer and sable,  
Shore end of our western cable,—  
Let the news that flying goes  
Thrill through all your Arctic floes,

And reverberate the boast  
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,  
Till the tidings, circling round  
Every bay of Norton Sound,  
Throw the vocal tide-wave back  
To the isles of Kodiak.

Let the stately polar bears  
Waltz around the pole in pairs,  
And the wálrus, in his glee,  
Bare his tusk of ivory ;  
While the bold sea-unicorn

Calmly takes an extra horn ;  
All ye polar skies, reveal your  
Very rarest of parhelia ;  
Trip it, all ye merry dancers,  
In the airiest of lancers ;  
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,  
One inch farther to the tide,  
Nor in rash precipitation  
Upset Tyndall's calculation.

Know you not what fate awaits  
you,

Or to whom the future mates you ?

All ye icebergs, make salaam,—

You belong to Uncle Sam !

On the spot where Eugene Sue

Led his wretched Wandering Jew

Stands a form whose features strike

Russ and Esquimaux alike.

He it is whom Skalds of old

In their Runic rhymes foretold ;

Lean of flank and lank of jaw,

See the real Northern Thor !

See the awful Yankee leering

Just across the Straits of Behring ;

On the drifted snow, too plain,

Sinks his fresh tobacco stain

Just beside the deep inden-

Tation of his Number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer  
Stands the hero of this drama,  
And above the wild-duck's clamour,  
In his own peculiar grammar,  
With its linguistic disguises,  
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises :  
"Wa'll, I reckon 'tain't so bad,  
Seein' ez 'twas all they had.  
True, the springs are rather late,  
And early Falls predominate ;  
But the ice crop's pretty sure,  
And the air is kind o' pure ;  
'Tain't so very mean a trade,  
When the land is all surveyed.  
There's a right smart chance for fur-chase  
All along this recent purchase,  
And, unless the stories fail,  
Every fish from cod to whale ;  
Rocks too ; mebbe quartz ; let's see,—  
'Twould be strange if there should be,—

Seems I've heerd such stories told :  
Eh !—why, bless us,—yes, it's gold !”

While the blows are falling thick  
From his California pick,  
You may recognise the Thor  
Of the vision that I saw,—  
Freed from legendary glamour,  
See the real magician's hammer.



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TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

*A Geological Address.*

“ SPEAK, O man, less recent ! Fragmentary  
fossil !

Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,  
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest  
stratum

Of volcanic tufa !

“ Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæo-  
therium ;

Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami ;  
Older than the hills, those infantile erup-  
tions

Of earth's epidermis !

“Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene'  
was

That those vacant sockets filled with awe  
and wonder,—

Whether shores Devonian or Silurian  
beaches,—

Tell us thy strange story !

“Or has the professor slightly antedated  
By some thousand years thy advent on this  
planet,

Giving thee an air that's somewhat better  
fitted

For cold-blooded creatures?

“Wert thou true spectator of that mighty  
forest

When above thy head the stately Sigillaria  
Reared its columned trunks in that remote  
and distant

Carboniferous epoch?



“Tell us of that scene,—the dim and  
watery woodland

Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird  
or insect

Veiled with spreading fronds and screened  
with tall club-mosses,

Lycopodiacea,—

“When beside thee walked the solemn  
Plesiosaurus,

And around thee crept the festive Ichthyo-  
saurus,

While from time to time above thee flew  
and circled

Cheerful Pterodactyls.

“Tell us of thy food,—those half-marine  
refections,

Crinoids on the shell, and Brachipods *au  
naturel*,—

Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor  
Hugo

Seems a periwinkle.

“Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth’s  
creation,—

Solitary fragment of remains organic!

Tell the wondrous secret of thy past exist-  
ence,—

Speak! thou oldest primate!”

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,

And a lateral movement of the condyloid  
process,

With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mas-  
tication,

Ground the teeth together.

And from that imperfect dental exhibi-  
tion.

Stained with expressed juices of the weed  
Nicotian,  
Came these hollow accents, blent with  
softer murmurs  
Of expectoration ;

“ Which my name is Bowers, and my crust  
was busted

Falling down a shaft in Calaveras county :

But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the  
pieces

Home to old Missouri ! ”



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*THE BALLAD OF THE  
EMEU.*

OH, say, have you seen at the Willows so  
green,—

So charming and rurally true,—

A singular bird, with a manner absurd,  
Which they call the Australian Emeu ?

Have you

Ever seen this Australian Emeu ?

It trots all around with its head on the  
ground,

Or erects it quite out of your view ;  
And the ladies all cry, when its figure they  
spy,

Oh, what a sweet pretty Emeu !

Oh ! do

Just look at that lovely Emeu !

One day to this spot, when the weather  
was hot,

Came Matilda Hortense Fortescue ;

And beside her there came a youth of high  
name,—

Augustus Florell Montague :

The two  
Both loved that wild, foreign Emeu.

With two loaves of bread then they fed it,  
instead

Of the flesh of the white cockatoo,  
Which once was its food in that wild  
neighbourhood

Where ranges the sweet Kangaroo :

That, too,

Is the game for the famous Emeu !

Old saws and gimlets but its appetite whets,  
 Like the world-famous bark of Peru :  
 There's nothing so hard that the bird will  
 discard,  
 And nothing its taste will eschew,  
That you
 Can give that long-legged Emeu !

The time slipped away in this innocent play,  
 When up jumped the bold Montague :  
 "Where's that specimen pin that I gaily  
 did win  
 In raffle, and gave unto you,  
Fortescue ?"
 No word spoke the guilty Emeu !

"Quick! tell me his name whom thou  
 gavest that same,  
 Ere these hands in thy blood I imbrue!"

“Nay, dearest,” she cried, as she clung to  
his side,

“I’m innocent as that Emeu !”

“Adieu !”

He replied, “Miss M. H. Fortescue !”

Down she dropped at his feet, all as white  
as a sheet,

As wildly he fled from her view :

He thought ’twas her sin ; for he knew not  
the pin

Had been gobbled up by the Emeu ;

All through

The voracity of that Emeu !



THE AGED STRANGER.

*An Incident of the War.*

“ I WAS with Grant ”—the stranger said.

Said the farmer, “ Say no more,

But rest thee here at my cottage porch,

For thy feet are weary and sore.”

“ I was with Grant ”—the stranger said.

Said the farmer, “ Nay, no more :

I prithee sit at my frugal board,

And eat of my humble store.

“ How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,

Of the old Ninth Army Corps ?

I warrant he bore him gallantly

In the smoke and the battle's roar ! ”



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

“He fell in battle,—I see, alas !  
Thou’dst smooth these tidings o’er,—  
Nay ; speak the truth, whatever it be,  
Though it rend my bosom’s core.

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

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

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



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*"HOW ARE YOU,  
SANITARY?"*

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

Right and left the caissons drew,  
As the car went lumbering through,  
Quick succeeding in review  
Squadrons military ;  
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,  
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these,—

“HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?” 119

“U. S. San. Com.” “That’s the cheese!”

“Pass in, Sanitary!”

In such cheer it struggled on  
Till the battle-front was won :  
Then the car, its journey done,  
Lo ! was stationary ;  
And where bullets whistling fly,  
Came the sadder, fainter cry,

“Help us, brothers, ere we die.—

Save us, Sanitary !”

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

*THE RÉVEILLE.*

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
And of armèd men the hum ;  
Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered  
Round the quick alarming drum,—  
Saying, “ Come,  
Freemen, come !

Ere your heritage be wasted,” said the quick  
alarming drum.

“ Let me of my heart take counsel :  
War is not of Life the sum ;  
Who shall stay and reap the harvest  
When the autumn days shall come ? ”

But the drum  
Echoed, “ Come !

Death shall reap the braver harvest,” said the  
solemn-sounding drum.



“ But when won the coming battle,  
What of profit springs therefrom?  
What of conquest, subjugation,  
Even greater ills become?”

But the drum

Answered, “ Come !

You must do the sum to prove it,” said the  
Yankee-answering drum.

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

But the drum

Answered, “ Come !

Better there in death united, than in life a  
recreant,—come !”

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,  
Some in faith, and doubting some,

Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,  
Said, "My chosen people, come!"  
Then the drum,  
Lo! was dumb,  
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,  
answered, "Lord, we come!"



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*OUR PRIVILEGE.*

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

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

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



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

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

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

*RELIEVING GUARD.*

*T. S. K. Obiit March 4, 1864.*

CAME the relief. "What, sentry, ho!  
How passed the night through thy long  
waking?"

"Cold, cheerless, dark,—as may befit  
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing  
save

The plover from the marshes calling,  
And in yon Western sky, about  
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."

"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,  
Somehow it seemed to me that God  
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."



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## PARODIES.

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## Parodies.

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### A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

*After Herrick.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair ;  
I know where the fossils abound,  
Where the footprints of *Aves* declare  
The birds that once walked on the  
ground ;  
Oh ! come, and—in technical speech—  
We'll walk this Devonian shore,  
Or on some Silurian beach  
We'll wander, my love, evermore.

I will show thee the sinuous track  
By the slow-moving annelid made,  
Or the trilobite, that, farther back,  
In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid.  
Thou shalt see, in his Jurassic tomb,  
The plesiosaurus embalmed ;  
In his oolitic prime and his bloom,—  
Iguanodon, safe and unharmed !

You wished—I remember it well,  
And I love you the more for that wish—  
For a perfect cystedian shell  
And a *whole* holocephalic fish.  
And oh ! if Earth's strata contains  
In its lowest Silurian drift,  
Or palæozoic remains,  
The same,—'tis your lover's free gift !

Then come, love, and never say nay,  
But calm all your maidenly fears :

We'll note, love, in one summer's day  
The record of millions of years ;  
And though the Darwinian plan  
Our sensitive feelings may shock,  
We'll find the beginning of man,—  
Our fossil ancestors in rock !



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*THE WILLOWS.*

*After Edgar A. Poe.*

THE skies they were ashen and sober,  
The streets they were dirty and drear;  
It was night in the month of October,  
Of my most immemorial year;  
Like the skies I was perfectly sober,  
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear,—  
At the Nightingale,—perfectly sober,  
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here once in an alley Titanic  
Of ten-pins,—I roamed with my soul,—  
Of ten-pins,—with Mary, my soul;  
They were days when my heart was  
volcanic,

And impelled me to frequently roll,  
And made me resistlessly roll,  
Till my ten-strikes created a panic  
In the realms of the Boreal pole,  
Till my ten-strikes created a panic  
With the monkey atop of his pole.

I repeat, I was perfectly sober,  
But my thoughts they were palsied and  
sear,—

My thoughts were decidedly queer;  
For I knew not the month was October,  
And I marked not the night of the year:  
I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber  
That the band oft performèd down here;  
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber  
With the Nightingale's music by Shear.

And now as the night was senescent,  
And star-dials pointed to morn,  
And car-drivers hinted of morn,



At the end of the path a liquescent  
And bibulous lustre was born :  
'Twas made by the bar-keeper present,  
Who mixèd a duplicate horn,—  
His two hands describing a crescent  
Distinct with a duplicate horn.

And I said : “ This looks perfectly regal ;  
For it's warm, and I know I feel  
dry,—  
I am confident that I feel dry.”

We have come past the emeu and eagle,  
And watched the gay monkey on high ;  
Let us drink to the emeu and eagle,—  
To the swan and the monkey on high ;  
To the eagle and monkey on high ;  
For this bar-keeper will not inveigle,—  
Bully boy with the vitreous eye ;  
He surely would never inveigle,—  
Sweet youth with the crystalline eye.”

But Mary, uplifting her finger,  
Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—  
I fear that this bar does not trust.  
Oh, hasten! Oh, let us not linger!  
Oh, fly!—let us fly,—ere we  
must!"

In terror she cried, letting sink her  
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—  
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary, and kissed her,  
And tempted her into the room,  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the warning of  
doom,  
By some words that were warning of  
doom.

And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,  
At the opposite end of the room?"

She sobbed, as she answered, "All liquors  
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober,  
As the streets were deserted and drear,—  
For my pockets were empty and drear;

And I cried, "It was surely October,  
On this very night of last year,  
That I journeyed—I journeyed down  
here,—

That I brought a fair maiden down here,  
On this night of all nights in the year.

Ah! to me that inscription is clear:  
Well I know now, I'm perfectly sober,  
Why no longer they credit me here,—  
Well I know now that music of Auber,  
And this Nightingale, kept by one  
Shear."

*NORTH BEACH.*

*After Spenser.*

Lo! where the castle of bold Pfeiffer throws  
Its sullen shadow on the rolling tide,—

No more the home where joy and wealth  
repose,

But now where wassailers in cells abide,—

See yon long quay that stretches far and  
wide,

Well known to citizens as wharf of Meiggs :

There each sweet Sabbath walks in maiden  
pride

The pensive Margaret, and brave Pat, whose  
legs

Encased in broadcloth oft keep time with  
Peg's.

Here cometh oft the tender nursery-maid,  
 While in her ear her love his tale doth  
 pour :

Meantime her infant doth her charge evade,  
 And rambleth sagely on the sandy shore,  
 Till the sly sea-crab, low in ambush laid,  
 Seizeth his leg, and biteth him full sore.

Ah, me! what sounds the shuddering  
 echoes bore,

When his small treble mixed with Ocean's  
 roar.

• Hard by there stands an ancient hostelrie,  
 And at its side a garden, where the bear,  
 The stealthy catamount, and coon agree  
 To work deceit on all who gather there ;  
 And when Augusta—that unconscious  
 fair—

With nuts and apples plieth Bruin free,  
 Lo! the green parrot claweth her back hair,

And the grey monkey grabbeth fruits that  
she

On her gay bonnet wears, and laugheth  
loud in glee!



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*THE LOST TAILS OF  
MILETUS.*

High on the Thracian hills, half hid in the  
billows of clover,

Thyme, and the asphodel blooms, and lulled  
by Pactolian streamlet,

She of Miletus lay; and beside her an aged  
satyr

Scratched his ear with his hoof, and play-  
fully mumbled his chestnuts.

Vainly the Mænid and the Bassarid gam-  
balled about her,

The free-eyed Bacchante sang, and Pan—  
the renowned, the accomplished—

Executed his difficult solo. In vain were  
their gambols and dances:

High o'er the Thracian hills rose the voice  
of the shepherdess, wailing.

“Ai ! for the fleecy flocks,—the meek-nosed,  
the passionless faces ;

Ai ! for the tallow-scented, the straight-  
tailed, the high-stepping ;

Ai ! for the timid glance, which is that  
which the rustic, sagacious,

Applies to him who loves but may not  
declare his passion !”


Her then Zeus answered slow, “ O daughter  
of song and sorrow,—

Hapless tender of sheep,—arise from thy  
long lamentation !

Since thou canst not trust fate, nor behave  
as becomes a Greek maiden,

Look and behold thy sheep.”—And lo !  
they returned to her tailless !





**EAST AND WEST POEMS.**

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
**CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA**

**JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA**

## PART I.

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JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

# East and West Poems.

PART I.

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## A GREYPORT LEGEND.

(1797.)

THEY ran through the streets of the sea-  
port town :

They peered from the decks of the ships  
that lay :

The cold sea-fog that came whitening down  
Was never as cold or white as they.

“Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Ten-  
terden !

Run for your shallops, gather your men,  
Scatter your boats on the lower bay.”

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday  
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,  
Filled with the children in happy play,  
Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—  
    Drifted clear beyond the reach or call,—  
    Thirteen children they were in all,—  
    All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!

She will not float till the turning tide!"

Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my*  
    call,

Whether in sea or heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and  
    high,

Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,

Till they shuddered and wondered at  
    her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,  
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:

There was not a sound but the breath they  
drew,

And the lap of water and creak of oar ;

And they felt the breath of the downs,  
fresh blown

O'er leagues of clover and cold grey  
stone,

But not from the lips that had gone  
before.

They come no more. But they tell the  
tale,

That, when fogs are thick on the harbour  
reef,

The mackerel fishers shorten sail ;

For the signal they know will bring relief :

For the voices of children, still at play

In a phantom hulk that drifts away

Through channels whose waters never  
fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,  
A theme for a poet's idle page ;  
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,  
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,  
We hear from the misty troubled shore  
The voice of the children gone before,  
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.



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