

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
(I tell the tale as 'twas told to me);
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French:

It was nearly a hundred years ago

When he sailed away from her arms—poor
wench!

With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase

Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,

At what golden-laced speech of those
modish days

She listened—the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave ; and ever as their bloom
 failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped
 a shroud

Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes
 two,

She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtile, sad perfume.

The delicate odour of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,

Is all that tells of her story ; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way ?

.

I sit in the sad old house to-night,—
Myself a ghost from a farther sea ;
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the
hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes
two ;
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long verandah dripping with dew,
And in the waïnscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out .
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small
doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret ?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odour of mignonette !

I open the window, and seem almost—
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbour's windows the gas-lights
flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss ;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odour of mignonette there is
But the breath of morn on the dewy
lawn ;

And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtile, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say,
outlast

The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my
youth,

Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door ;

For now that the ghosts of my heart are
laid,

She is viewless for evermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night!



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



THE HAWK'S NEST.

(*Sierras.*)

WE checked our pace,—the red road sharply
rounding ;

We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the cañon lifted,
The grey hawk breathless hung ;
Or on the hill a wingèd shadow drifted
Where furze and thorn-bush clung ;

Or where half-way the mountain side was
furrowed
With many a seam and scar ;

Or some abandoned tunnel dimly bur-
rowed,—
A mole-hill seen so far.

We looked in silence down across the distant
Unfathomable reach :
A silence broken by the guide's consistent
And realistic speech.

“ Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through
Peters

For tellin' him he lied ;
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the long Divide.

“ We ran him out of Strong's, and up
through Eden,
And 'cross the ford below ;
And up this cañon (Peters' brother leadin',
And me and Clark and Joe).

“He fou’t us game: somehow, I disre-
member

Jest how the thing kem round;
Some say ’twas waddin’, some a scattered
ember

From fires on the ground.

“But in one minute all the hill below
him

Was jest one sheet of flame;
Guardin’ the crest, Sam Clark and I called
to him,

And,—well, the dog was game!

“He made no sign: the fires of hell were
round him,

The pit of hell below.

We sat and waited, but never found him;

And then we turned to go.

“ And then—you see that rock that’s grown
so bristly

With chaparral and tan—

Suthin’ crep’ out : it might hev been a
grizzly,

It might hev been a man ;

“ Suthin’ that howled, and gnashed its
teeth, and shouted

In smoke and dust and flame ;

Suthin’ that sprang into the depths about it,
Grizzly or man,—but game !

“ That’s all. Well, yes, it does look rather
risky,

And kinder makes one queer

And dizzy looking down. A drop of
whisky

Ain’t a bad thing right here !”

IN THE MISSION GARDEN.

1865.

FATHER FELIPE.

I SPEAK not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me ; is it not so, my Pancha ?

Eh, little rogue ? Come, salute me the
stranger

Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the
heart is,

There live the speech." Ah ! you not
understand ? So !

Pardon an old man,—what you call "ol
fogy,"—

Padre Felipe !

Old, Señor, old ! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you
think, Señor?

Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, Señor, just
fifty

Gone since I plant him !

You like the wine? It is some at the
Mission,

Made from the grape of the year Eighteen
Hundred ;

All the same time when the earthquake he
come to

San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-
tree ;

And I am the olive, and this is the garden :
And Pancha we say ; but her name is
Francisca,

Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her*? No? Ah! it is a
story;

But I speak not, like Pachita, the English :
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American come to the Mission,
Many arrive at the house of Francisca :
One,—he was a fine man,—he buy the
cattle

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw
him :

And it was Love,—and a very dry season ;
And the pears bake on the tree,—and the
rain come,

But not Francisca ;

Not for one year ; and one night I have
walk much

Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca :

Comes to me here, with her child, this
Francisca,—

Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad ; . . . but I speak not the
English ;

So ! . . . she stay here, and she wait for
her husband :

He come no more, and she sleep on the
hillside ;

There stands Pachita.

Ah ! there's the Angelus. Will you not
enter ?

Or shall you walk in the garden with
Pancha ?

Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.

Adios, Señor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about
mother !

Bless you, he tells it to every stranger :
Folks about yer say the old man's my
father :

What's your opinion ?



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



THE OLD MAJOR EXPLAINS.

*(Re-Union, Army of the Potomac,
12th May 1871.)*

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

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

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

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

“And then, for an old man like me, it's
not exactly right,

This kind o' playing soldier with no enemy
in sight.

'The Union,'—that was well enough way
up to '66 ;

But this 'Re-Union,'—may be now it's
mixed with politics?

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

And week from next is Conference.

You said the 12th of May?

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

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

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

Fight that old battle over now : I only
meant to say

I really can't engage to come upon the
12th of May.

“How's Thompson? What! will he be
there? Well, now, I want to know!
The first man in the rebel works! they
called him ‘Swearing Joe:’

A wild young fellow, sir, I fear the rascal
was; but then—

Well, short of heaven, there wa'n't a place
he dursn't lead his men.

“And Dick, you say, is coming too. And
Billy? ah! it's true

We buried him at Gettysburg: I mind the
spot; do you?

A little field below the hill,—it must be
green this May;

Perhaps that's why the fields about bring
him to me to-day.

THE OLD MAJOR EXPLAINS. 169

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

The tail-board out one's feelings; and the
only way's to stop.

So they want to see the old man; ah, the
rascals! do they, eh?

Well, I've business down in Boston about
the 12th of May.”



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



“SEVENTY-NINE.”

Mr. Interviewer interviewed.

KNOW me next time when you see me,
won't you, old smarty?

Oh, I mean you, old figger-head,—just the
same party!

Take out your pensivel, d—n you; sharpen
it, do!

Any complaints to make? Lots of 'em—
one of 'em's *you*.

You! who are you, anyhow, goin' round
in that sneakin' way?

Never in jail before, was you, old blather-
skite, say?

Look at it; don't it look pooty? Oh, grin,
and be d—d to you, do!

But, if I had you this side o' that gratin',
I'd just make it lively for you.

How did I get in here? Well, what 'ud
you give to know?

'Twasn't by sneakin' round where I hadn't
no call to go:

'Twasn't by hangin' round a spyin' un-
fortnet men.

Grin! but I'll stop your jaw if ever you do
that agen.

Why don't you say suthin', blast you?
Speak your mind if you dare.

Ain't I a bad lot, sonny? Say it, and call
it square.

Hain't got no tongue, hey, hev ye? O
guard! here's a little swell,

A cussin' and swearin' and yellin', and
bribin' me not to tell.

'There, I thought that 'ud fetch ye. And
you want to know my name?

"Seventy-nine" they call me; but that is
their little game.

For I'm werry highly connected, as a gent,
sir, can understand;

And my family hold their heads up with
the very furst in the land.

For 'twas all, sir, a put-up job on a pore
young man like me;

And the jury was bribed a puppos, affurst
they couldn't agree.

And I sed to the judge, sez I,—Oh, grin!
it's all right, my son!

But you're a werry lively young pup, and
you ain't to be played upon!



Wot's that you got—tobacco? I'm cussed
but I thought 'twas a tract.

Thank ye. A chap t'other day—now,
look'ee, this is a fact,

Slings me a tract on the evils o' keepin' bad
company,

As if all the saints was howlin' to stay here
along's we.

No: I hain't no complaints. Stop, yes; do
you see that chap,

Him standin' over there,—a hidin' his eyes
in his cap?

Well, that man's stumick is weak, and he
can't stand the pris'n fare;

For the coffee is just half beans, and the
sugar ain't nowhere.

Pérhaps it's his bringin' up; but he sickens
day by day,

And he doesn't take no food, and I'm seein'
him waste away.

And it isn't the thing to see; for, whatever
he's been and done,

Starvation isn't the plan as he's to be saved
upon.

For he cannot rough it like me; and he
hasn't the stamps, I guess,

To buy him his extry grub outside o' the
pris'n mess.

And perhaps if a gent like you, with whom
I've been sorter free,

Would—thank you! But, say, look here!

Oh, blast it, don't give it to ME!

Don't you give it to me; now, don't ye,
don't ye, don't!

You think it's a put-up job; so I'll thank
ye, sir, if you won't.

But hand him the stamps yourself: why,
he isn't even my pal;
And if it's a comfort to you, why, I don't,
intend that he shall.



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*HIS ANSWER TO "HER
LETTER."*

Reported by Truthful James.

BEING asked by an intimate party,—

Which the same I would term as a friend,—

Which his health it were vain to call hearty,

Since the mind to deceit it might lend;

For his arm it was broken quite recent,

And has something gone wrong with his
lung,—

Which it is why it is proper and decent

I should write what he runs off his
tongue:

First, he says, Miss, he's read through
your letter

To the end,—and the end came too soon;

That a slight illness kept him your debtor
(Which for weeks he was wild as a loon);
That his spirits are buoyant as yours is;
That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate
(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer,
For once being held in your thought;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
Than ever by gold-seeker sought
(Which are words he would put in these
pages,

By a party not given to guile;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,
Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him,—that very
Same rose he is treasuring now

178 HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk,

Miss,

And insists on his legs being free ;

And his language to me from his bunk,

Miss,

Is frequent and painful and free) ;

He hopes you are wearing no willows,

But are happy and gay all the while ;

That he knows (which this dodging of
pillows

Imparts but small ease to the style,

And the same you will pardon),—he

knows, Miss,

That though parted by many a mile,

Yet were he lying under the snows, Miss,

They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your
pleasures,

In your brief twilight dreams of the past ;

In this green laurel-spray that he treasures,
It was plucked where your parting was last;
In this specimen,—but a small trifle,—
It will do for a pin for your shawl
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle
Was his last week's "clean up,"—and
his all).

He's asleep, which the same might seem
strange, Miss,

Were it not that I scorn to deny

That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,

In view that his fever was high ;

But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive.

And now, my respects, Miss, to you ;

Which my language, although compre-
hensive,

Might seem to be freedom,—it's true.

Which I have a small favour to ask you,

As concerns a bull-pup, which the same,—

180 HIS ANSWER TO "HER LETTER."

If the duty would not overtask you,—

You would please to procure for me,
game;

And send per express to the Flat, Miss,

Which they say York is famed for the
breed,

Which though words of deceit may be that,
Miss,

I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P.S.—Which this same interfering

Into other folk's way, I despise ;

Yet if it so be I was hearing

That it's just empty pockets as lies

Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers,

That, having no family claims,

Here's my pile ; which it's six hundred
dollars,

As is yours, with respects,

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM
TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(*Nye's Ford, Stanislaus.*)

1870.

Do I sleep? do I dream?

Do I wander and doubt?

Are things what they seem?

Or is visions about?

Is our civilisation a failure?

Or is the Caucasian played out?

Which expressions are strong;

Yet would feebly imply

Some account of a wrong—

Not to call it a lie—

As was worked off on William, my
 pardner,
And the same being W. Nye.

He came down to the Ford
On the very same day
Of that lottery drawed
By those sharps at the Bay ;
And he says to me, " Truthful, how
 goes it ?"
I replied, " It is far, far from gay ;

" For the camp has gone wild
On this lottery game,
And has even beguiled
' Injin Dick ' by the same."
Which said Nye to me, " Injins is
 pizen :
Do you know what his number is,
 James ?"

I replied "7,2,
9,8,4, is his hand ;"
When he started, and drew
Out a list, which he scanned ;
Then he softly went for his revolver
With language I cannot command.

Then I said, "William Nye!"

But he turned upon me,

And the look in his eye

Was quite painful to see ;

And he says, "You mistake : this poor

Injin

I protects from such sharps as you
be!"

I was shocked and withdrew ;

But I grieve to relate,

When he next met my view

Injin Dick was his mate,

And the two around town was a-lying
In a frightfully dissolute state.

Which the war-dance they had
Round a tree at the bend
Was a sight that was sad ;
And it seemed that the end
Would not justify the proceedings,
As I quiet remarked to a friend.

For that Injin he fled

The next day to his band ;
And we found William spread
Very loose on the strand,
With a peaceful-like smile on his
features,
And a dollar greenback in his hand ;

Which the same when rolled out,
We observed with surprise,

That that Injin, no doubt,
Had believed was the prize,—
Them figures in red in the corner,
Which the number of notes specifies.

Was it guile, or a dream?
Is it Nye that I doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?

Is our civilisation a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?



*THE WONDERFUL SPRING
OF SAN JOAQUIN.*

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

Anno Domini Eighteen-seven,
Father Dominguez (now in heaven,
Obiit Eighteen twenty-seven)
Found the spring, and found it, too,
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;


For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's
ass—

Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,
And bent his lips to the trickling flood ;
Then—as the chronicles declare,
On the honest faith of a true believer—
His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,
Filled like a withered russet-pear
In the vacuum of a glass receiver,
And the snows that seventy winters bring
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.
The Church, of course, had its own views
Of who were worthiest to use
The magic spring ; but the prior claim
Fell to the aged, sick, and lame.
Far and wide the people came :

Some from the healthful Aptos creek
 Hastened to bring their helpless sick ;
 Even the fishers of rude Soquel
 Suddenly found they were far from well ;
 The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo
 Said, in fact, they had never been so :
 And all were ailing,—strange to say,—
 From Pescadero to Monterey.



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

Not in the eyes of Faith alone
 The good effects of the waters shone ;

But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,
 Of rough vacquero and muleteer;
 Angular forms were rounded out,
 Limbs grew supple, and waists grew
 stout;

And as for the girls,—for miles about
 They had no equal! To this day,
 From Pescadero to Monterey,
 You'll still find eyes in which are seen
 The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

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

Beyond the mountains that lay between
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

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

Was filled with the spicing of pine and
bay
And resinous odours mixed and blended,
And dim and ghost-like far away
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.
Then of a sudden the mountains swam,
The rivers piled their floods in a dam,
The ridge above Los Gatos creek
Arched its spine in a feline fashion ;
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,
And Nature shook in a speechless pas-
sion;

And, swallowed up in the earthquake's
spleen,
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin
Vanished, and never more was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk
Out of their rosy dream awoke.
Some of them looked a trifle white;
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake
fright.

Three days: there was sore distress,
Headache, nausea, giddiness.

Four days: faintings, tenderness
Of the mouth and fauces; and in
less

Than one week,—here the story closes;
We won't continue the prognosis,—
Enough that now no trace is seen
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

MORAL.

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



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



ON A CONE OF THE BIG
TREES.

Sequoia Gigantea.

BROWN foundling of the Western wood,

Babe of primeval wildernesses !

Long on my table thou hast stood

Encounters strange and rude caresses ;

Perchance contented with thy lot,

Surroundings new and curious faces,

As though ten centuries were not

Imprisoned in thy shining cases !

Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days

Of grateful rest ; the week of leisure,

The journey lapped in autumn haze,

The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure,

194 ON A CONE OF THE BIG TREES.

The morning ride, the noonday halt,
The blazing slopes, the red dust rising,
And then—the dim, brown, columned vault,
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Once more I see the rocking masts
That scrape the sky, their only tenant
The jay-bird that in frolic casts
From some high yard his broad blue
pennant.

I see the Indian files that keep
Their places in the dusty heather,
Their red trunks standing ankle deep
In moccasins of rusty leather.

I see all this, and marvel much
That thou, sweet woodland waif, art able
To keep the company of such
As throng thy friend's—the poet's—
table:

The latest spawn the press hath cast,—
The “modern Pope’s,” “the later
Byron’s,”—
Why e’en the best may not outlast
Thy poor relation,—*Sempervirens*.

Thy sire saw the light that shone
On Mohammed’s uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
And deed forgotten in the present;
He saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic larches;
And saw from forest domes like these
The builder bring his Gothic arches.

And must thou, foundling, still forego
Thy heritage and high ambition,
To lie full lowly and full low,
Adjusted to thy new condition?

196 ON A CONE OF THE BIG TREES.

Not hidden in the drifted snows,
But under ink-drops idly spattered,
And leaves ephemeral as those
That on thy woodland tomb were
scattered.

Yet lie thou there, O friend ! and speak
The moral of thy simple story :
Though life is all that thou dost seek,
And age alone thy crown of glory,—
Not thine the only germs that fail
The purpose of their high creation,
If their poor tenements avail
For worldly show and ostentation.

A SANITARY MESSAGE.

LAST night, above the whistling wind,

I heard the welcome rain,—

A fusillade upon the roof,

A tattoo on the pane :

The key-hole piped ; the chimney-top

A warlike trumpet blew ;

Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife,

A softer voice stole through.

“Give thanks, O brothers !” said the voice,

“That He who sent the rains

Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew

That drips from patriot veins :

I've seen the grass on Eastern graves

In brighter verdure rise ;

But, oh! the rain that gave it life
Sprang first from human eyes.

“I come to wash away no stain
Upon your wasted lea

I raise no banners, save the ones
The forest wave to me :

Upon the mountain side, where Spring
Her farthest picket sets,

My *réveille* awakes a host
Of grassy bayonets.

“I visit every humble roof ;
I mingle with the low :

Only upon the highest peaks
My blessings fall in snow ;

Until in tricklings of the stream,
And drainings of the lea,

My unspent bounty comes at last
To mingle with the sea.”

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



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



THE COPPERHEAD.

1864.

THERE is peace in the swamp where the
Copperhead sleeps,

Where the waters are stagnant, the white
vapour creeps,

Where the musk of magnolia hangs thick
in the air,

And the lilies' phylacteries broaden in prayer;

There is peace in the swamp, though the
quiet is death,

Though the mist is miasm, the upas-tree's
breath,

Though no echo awakes to the cooing of
doves,—

There is peace : yes, the peace that the
Copperhead loves !

Go seek him : he coils in the ooze and the
drip

Like a thong idly flung from the slave-driver's
whip ;

But beware the false footstep,—the stumble
that brings

A deadlier lash than the overseer swings.

Never arrow so true, never bullet so dread,

As the straight steady stroke of that hammer-
shaped head ;

Whether slave, or proud planter, who braves
that dull crest,

Woe to him who shall trouble the Copper-
head's rest !

Then why waste your labours, brave hearts
and strong men,

In tracking a trail to the Copperhead's den ?
Lay your axe to the cypress, hew open the
shade

To the free sky and sunshine Jehovah has
made;

Let the breeze of the North sweep the
vapours away,

Till the stagnant lake ripples, the freed
waters play;

And then to your heel can you righteously
doom

The Copperhead born of its shadow and
gloom!

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



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



*ON A PEN OF THOMAS
STARR KING.*

This is the reed the dead musician dropped,
With tuneful magic in its sheath still
hidden ;

The prompt allegro of its music stopped,
Its melodies unbidden.

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

His pen ! what humbler memories cling
about
Its golden curves ! what shapes and
laughing graces

Slipped from its point, when his full heart
went out

In smiles and courtly phrases!

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

The golden gift within it.

But all in vain the enchanter's wand we
wave:

No stroke of ours recalls his magic vision;
The incantation that its power gave
Sleeps with the dead magician.

‡

LONE MOUNTAIN.

(Cemetery, San Francisco.)

THIS is that hill of awe
That Persian Sindbad saw,—

The mount magnetic ;

And on its seaward face,

Scattered along its base,

The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies

Blown by each idle breeze,

To and fro shifting ;

Yet to the hill of Fate

All drawing, soon or late,—

Day by day drifting ;—

Drifting forever here
Barks that for many a year
 Braved wind and weather ;
Shallops but yesterday
Launched on yon shining bay,—
 Drawn all together.

This is the end of all :
Sun thyself by the wall,
 O poorer Hindbad !
Envy not Sindbad's fame :
Here come alike the same,
 Hindbad and Sindbad.



P.C. Incentivos de la Ahorro y Generalife
CONSEJO DE LA CULTURA

*CALIFORNIA'S GREETING
TO SEWARD.*

1869.

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

No need to quote those truths he spoke
That burned through years of war and
shame,

While History carves with surer stroke
Across our map his noon-day fame ;

No need to bid him show the scars
Of blows dealt by the Scæan gate,

208 CALIFORNIA'S GREETING TO SEWARD.

Who lived to pass its shattered bars,
And see the foe capitulate ;

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

The one flag streaming from the pole,
The one faith borne from sea to sea,—
For such a triumph, and such goal,
Poor must our human greeting be.

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

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

CALIFORNIA'S GREETING TO SEWARD. 209

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



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



THE TWO SHIPS.

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,

Looking over the ultimate sea,

In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies
at rest,

And one sails away from the lea :

One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching
track,

With pennant and sheet flowing free ;

One hides in the shadow with sails laid
aback,—

The ship that is waiting for me !

But lo, in the distance the clouds break
away !

The Gate's glowing portals I see ;

And I hear from the outgoing ship in the
bay

The song of the sailors in glee :
So I think of the luminous footprints that
bore

The comfort o'er dark Galilee,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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



THE GODDESS.

For the Sanitary Fair.

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

A woman, by those graceful folds ;
A soldier, by that martial tread :

“Advance three paces. Halt ! until
Thy name and rank be said.”

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

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

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

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

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

The sentry with his brother lies
Face downward on the quiet grass;

And by him, in the pale moonshine,
A shadow seems to pass.

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

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

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



ADDRESS.

*Opening of the California Theatre, San
Francisco, Jan. 19, 1870.*

BRIEF words, when actions wait, are well :

The prompter's hand is on his bell ;

The coming heroes, lovers, kings,

Are idly lounging at the wings ;

Behind the curtain's mystic fold

The glowing future lies unrolled,—

And yet, one moment for the past ;

One retrospect,—the first and last.

“The world's a stage,” the master said.

To-night a mightier truth is read :

Not in the shifting canvas screen,

The flash of gas, or tinsel sheen ;

Not in the skill whose signal calls
From empty boards baronial halls ;
But, fronting sea and curving bay,
Behold the players and the play.

Ah, friends ! beneath your real skies
The actor's short-lived triumph dies :
On that broad stage of empire won,
Whose footlights were the setting sun,
Whose flats a distant background rose
In trackless peaks of endless snows ;
Here genius bows, and talent waits
To copy that but One creates.

Your shifting scenes : the league of sand,
An avenue by ocean spanned ;
The narrow beach of straggling tents,
A mile of stately monuments ;
Your standard, lo ! a flag unfurled,
Whose clinging folds clasp half the world,-

This is your drama, built on facts,
With "twenty years between the acts."

One moment more : if here we raise
The oft-sung hymn of local praise,
Before the curtain facts must sway ;
Here waits the moral of your play.
Glassed in the poet's thought, you view
What *money* can, yet cannot do ;
The faith that soars, the deeds that shine,
Above the gold that builds the shrine.

And oh ! when others take our place,
And Earth's green curtain hides our face,
Ere on the stage, so silent now,
The last new hero makes his bow :
So may our deeds, recalled once more
In Memory's sweet but brief encore,
Down all the circling ages run,
With the world's plaudit of "Well done!"

THE LOST GALLEON.

IN sixteen hundred and forty-one,
The regular yearly galleon,
Laden with odorous gums and spice,
India cottons and India rice,
And the richest silks of far Cathay,
Was due at Acapulco Bay.

Due she was, and over-due,—

Galleon, merchandise, and crew,
Creeping along through rain and shine,
Through the tropics, under the line.
The trains were waiting outside the walls,
The wives of sailors thronged the town,
The traders sat by their empty stalls,
And the viceroy himself came down ;
The bells in the tower were all a-trip,
Te Deums were on each father's lip,

The limes were ripening in the sun
For the sick of the coming galleon.

All in vain. Weeks passed away,
And yet no galleon saw the bay :
India goods advanced in price ;
The governor missed his favourite spice ;
The señoritas mourned for sandal,
And the famous cottons of Coromandel ;
And some for an absent lover lost,
And one for a husband,—Donna Julia,
Wife of the captain, tempest-tossed,
In circumstances so peculiar :
Even the fathers, unawares,
Grumbled a little at their prayers ;
And all along the coast that year
Votive candles were scarce and dear.

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry ;

Never a lip is curved with pain
 That can't be kissed into smiles again :
 And these same truths, as far as I know,
 Obtained on the coast of Mexico
 More than two hundred years ago,
 In sixteen hundred and fifty-one,—
 Ten years after the deed was done,—
 And folks had forgotten the galleon :
 The divers plunged in the Gulf for
 pearls,
 White as the teeth of the Indian girls ;
 The traders sat by their full bazaars ;
 The mules with many a weary load,
 And oxen, dragging their creaking cars,
 Came and went on the mountain road.

Where was the galleon all this while :
 Wrecked on some lonely coral isle ?
 Burnt by the roving sea-marauders,
 Or sailing north under secret orders ?

Had she found the Anian passage famed,
By lying Moldonado claimed,
And sailed through the sixty-fifth degree
Direct to the North Atlantic sea?
Or had she found the "River of Kings,"
Of which De Fonté told such strange things
In sixteen forty? Never a sign,
East or West or under the line,
They saw of the missing galleon;
Never a sail or plank or chip,
They found of the long-lost treasure-ship,
Or enough to build a tale upon.
But when she was lost, and where and
how,
Are the facts we're coming to just now.

Take, if you please, the chart of that day
Published at Madrid,—*por el Rey*;
Look for a spot in the old South Sea,
The hundred and eightieth degree

Longitude, west of Madrid : there,
Under the equatorial glare,
Just where the East and West are one,
You'll find the missing galleon,—
You'll find the "San Gregorio," yet
Riding the seas, with sails all set,
Fresh as upon the very day
She sailed from Acapulco Bay.

How did she get there ? What strange spell
Kept her two hundred years so well,
Free from decay and mortal taint ?
What but the prayers of a patron saint ?
A hundred leagues from Manilla town,
The "San Gregorio's" helm came down ;
Round she went on her heel, and not
A cable's length from a galliot
That rocked on the waters, just abreast
Of the galleon's course, which was west-
sou'-west.

Then said the galleon's commandante,
General Pedro Sobriente
(That was his rank on land and main,
A regular custom of old Spain),
"My pilot is dead of scurvy: may
I ask the longitude, time, and day?"
The first two given and compared;
The third,—the commandante stared

"The *first* of June? I make it *second*."
Said the stranger, "Then you've wrongly
reckoned;

I make it *first*: as you came this way,
You should have lost—d'ye see—a day;
Lost a day, as plainly see,
On the hundred and eightieth degree."

"Lost a day?" "Yes: if not rude,
When did you make east longitude?"

"On the ninth of May,—our patron's day."

"On the ninth?—*you had no ninth of May!*

Eighth and tenth was there ; but stay"—
Too late ; for the galleon bore away.

Lost was the day they should have kept,—
Lost unheeded and lost unwept ;
Lost in a way that made search vain,
Lost in the trackless and boundless main ;
Lost like the day of Job's awful curse,
In his third chapter, third and fourth verse.
Wrecked was their patron's only day ;
What would the holy fathers say?

Said the Fray Antonio Estavan,
The galleon's chaplain,—a learned man,—
" Nothing is lost that you can regain :
And the way to look for a thing is plain
To go where you lost it, back again.
Back with your galleon till you see
The hundred and eightieth degree.,
Wait till the rolling year goes round,
And there will the missing day be found ;

For you'll find—if computation's true—
That sailing *east* will give to you
Not only one ninth of May, but two,—
One for the good saint's present cheer,
And one for the day we lost last year."

Back to the spot sailed the galleon ;
Where, for a twelvemonth, off and on
The hundred and eightieth degree,
She rose and fell on a tropic sea ;
But lo ! when it came to the ninth of May,
All of a sudden becalmed she lay
One degree from that fatal spot,
Without the power to move a knot ;
And of course the moment she lost her way,
Gone was her chance to save that day.

To cut a lengthening story short,
She never saved it. Made the sport

Of evil spirits and baffling wind,
She was always before or just behind,—
One day too soon, or one day too late ;
And the sun, meanwhile, would never wait ;
She had two eighths, as she idly lay,
Two tenths, but never a *ninth* of May.
And there she rides through two hundred
years
Of dreary penance and anxious fears ;
Yet through the grace of the saint she
served,
Captain and crew are still preserved.

By a computation that still holds good,
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,
The " San Gregorio " will cross that line
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine,—
Just three hundred years to a day
From the time she lost the ninth of
May.

And the folk in Acapulco town,
Over the waters, looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting
sun

The sails of the missing galleon,
And the royal standard of Philip *Rey*;
The gleaming mast and glistening spar,
As she nears the surf of the outer
bar.

A *Te Deum* sung on her crowded deck,
An odour of spice along the shore,
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck,—
And the yearly galleon sails no more,
In or out of the olden bay;
For the blessed patron has found his day.

Such is the legend. Hear this truth:
Over the trackless past, somewhere,

Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint.
Each lost day has its patron saint !



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



*A SECOND REVIEW OF THE
GRAND ARMY.*

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

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand

Far stretched the portico ; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.

And the streets of the city were white and
bare ;

No footfall echoed across the square ;
But out of the misty midnight air

I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to
bear

The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and
dread ;

For into the square, with a brazen
tread,

There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat-

When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
 To the phantom bugle's warning :

Till it reached the Capitol square, and
 wheeled,

And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in State and field

 Had led our patriot sires ;

Whose face was turned to the sleeping
 camp,

Afar through the river's fog and damp,

That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,

 Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,

With never a sound of fife or drum,

But keeping time to a throbbing hum

 Of wailing and lamentation :

The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
 The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead,—the
 men

Who perished in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly-starved of the prison-pen.

And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright:
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moon-
 light—

They looked as white as their brothers !

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandishèd ;
No mark—save the bare uncovered head
 Of the silent bronze Reviewer ;

With never an arch save the vaulted sky ;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array ;
So all night long, till the morning grey,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,—

Till a blue cap waved in the length'ning
line,

And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come ; and I spake—and lo ! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.



PART II.

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



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

BEHIND the footlights hangs the rusty baize,
A trifle shabby in the upturned blaze
Of flaring gas, and curious eyes that gaze.

The stage, methinks, perhaps is none too wide,
And hardly fit for royal Richard's stride,
Or Falstaff's bulk, or Denmark's youthful pride.

Ah, well ! no passion walks its humble boards ;
O'er it no king nor valiant Hector lords :
The simplest skill is all its space affords.

The song and jest, the dance and trifling play,
The local hit at follies of the day,
The trick to pass an idle hour away,—

For these, no trumpets that announce the Moor,
No blast that makes the hero's welcome sure,—
A single fiddle in the overture !

*THE STAGE-DRIVER'S
STORY.*

It was the stage-driver's story, as he stood
with his back to the wheelers,

Quietly flecking his whip, and turning his
quid of tobacco;

While on the dusty road, and blent with
the rays of the moonlight,

We saw the long curl of his lash and the
juice of tobacco descending.

“Danger! Sir, I believe you,—indeed, I
may say on that subject,

You your existence might put to the hazard
and turn of a wager

I have seen danger? Oh, no! not me, sir,
indeed, I assure you :

'Twas only the man with the dog that is
sitting alone in yon waggon.

“It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a
half from the summit :

Black as your hat was the night, and never
a star in the heavens.

Thundering down the grade, the gravel and
stones we sent flying

Over the precipice side,—a thousand feet
plumb to the bottom.

“Half-way down the grade I felt, sir, a
thrilling and creaking,

Then a lurch to one side, as we hung on
the bank of the cañon ;

Then, looking up the road, I saw, in the
distance behind me,

The off hind wheel of the coach just loosed
from its axle, and following.

“One glance alone I gave, then gathered
together my ribbons,
Shouted, and flung them, outspread, on the
straining necks of my cattle;
Screamed at the top of my voice, and lashed
the air in my frenzy,
While down the Geiger Grade, on *three*
wheels, the vehicle thundered.

“Speed was our only chance, when again
came the ominous rattle:
Crack, and another wheel slipped away, and
was lost in the darkness.
Two only now were left; yet such was our
fearful momentum,
Upright, erect, and sustained on *two* wheels,
the vehicle thundered.

"As some huge boulder, unloosed from its
 rocky shelf on the mountain,
 Drives before it the hare and the timorous
 squirrel, far-leaping,
 So down the Geiger Grade rushed the
 Pioneer coach, and before it
 Leaped the wild horses, and shrieked in
 advance of the danger impending.

"But to be brief in my tale. Again, ere
 we came to the level,

Slipped from its axle a wheel; so that, to
 be plain in my statement,
 A matter of twelve hundred yards or more,
 as the distance may be,
 We travelled upon *one* wheel, until we drove
 up to the station.

"Then, sir, we sank in a heap: but picking
 myself from the ruins,

I heard a noise up the grade ; and looking,
I saw in the distance
The three wheels following still, like moons
on the horizon whirling,
Till, circling, they gracefully sank on the
road at the side of the station.

“This is my story, sir ; a trifle, indeed, I
assure you.

Much more, perchance, might be said ; but

I hold him, of all men, most lightly
Who swerves from the truth in his tale—No,
thank you—Well, since you *are* pressing,
Perhaps I don't care if I do : you may give
'me the same, Jim,—no sugar.”

ASPIRING MISS DE LAINE.

A Chemical Narrative.

CERTAIN facts which serve to explain
The physical charms of Miss Addie De Laine,
Who, as the common reports obtain,
Surpassed in complexion the lily and rose;
With a very sweet mouth and a *retroussé* nose;
A figure like Hebe's, or that which revolves
In a milliner's window, and partially solves
That question which mentor and moralist
pains,
If grace may exist *minus* feeling or brains.
Of course the young lady had beaux by the
score,
All that she wanted,—what girl could ask
more?

Lovers that sighed, and lovers that swore,
Lovers that danced, and lovers that played,
Men of profession, of leisure, and trade ;
But one, who was destined to take the high
part
Of holding that mythical treasure, her
heart,—

This lover—the wonder and envy of town—
Was a practising chemist,—a fellow called
Brown.

I might here remark that 'twas doubted by
many,
In regard to the heart, if Miss Addie had
any ;
But no one could look in that eloquent face,
With its exquisite outline, and features of
grace,
And mark, through the transparent skin,
how the tide

Ebbed and flowed at the impulse of passion
or pride,—

None could look, who believed in the blood's
circulation

As argued by Harvey, but saw confirmation,
That here, at least, Nature had triumphed
o'er art,

And, as far as complexion went, she had a
heart.

But this *par parenthesis*. Brown was the
man

Preferred of all others to carry her fan,
Hook her glove, drape her shawl, and do
all that a belle

May demand of the lover she wants to treat
well.

Folks wondered and stared that a fellow
called Brown—

Abstracted and solemn, in manner a clown,

Ill dressed, with a lingering smell of the
shop—

Should appear as her escort at party or hop.
Some swore he had cooked up some vil-
lainous charm,

Or love philter, not in the regular Pharm-
Acopea, and thus, from pure *malis prepense*,
Had bewitched and bamboozled the young
lady's sense ;

Others thought, with more reason, the
secret to lie

In a magical wash or indelible dye ;
While Society, with its censorious eye
And judgment [impartial, stood ready to
damn

What wasn't improper as being a sham.
For a fortnight the townfolk had all been
agog

With a party, the finest the season had
seen,

To be given in honour of Miss Pollywog,
Who was just coming out as a belle of
sixteen.

The guests were invited : but one night
before,

A carriage drew up at the modest back-door
Of Brown's lab'ratory; and, full in the glare
Of a big purple bottle, some closely-veiled
fair

Alighted and entered : to make matters
plain,

Spite of veils and disguises,—'twas Addie
De Laine.

As a bower for true love, 'twas hardly the
one

That a lady would choose to be wooed in
or won :

No odour of rose or sweet jessamine's sigh
Breathed a fragrance to hallow their pledge
of troth by,

Nor the balm that exhales from the odorous
thyme ;

But the gaseous effusions of chloride of lime,
And salts, which your chemist delights to
explain

As the base of the smell of the rose and
the drain.

Think of this, O ye lovers of sweetness !
and know

What you smell, when you snuff up Lubin
or Pinaud.

I pass by the greetings, the transports and
bliss,

Which, of course, duly followed a meeting
like this,

And come down to business ;—for such
the intent

Of the lady who now o'er the crucible
leant,

In the glow of a furnace of carbon and
lime,

Like a fairy called up in the new panto-
mime ;—

And give but her words as she coyly looked
down,

In reply to the questioning glances of
Brown :

“ I am taking the drops, and am using the
paste,

And the little white powders that had a
sweet taste,

Which you told me would brighten the
glance of my eye,

And the depilatory, and also the dye,

And I'm charmed with the trial ; and now,
my dear Brown,

I have one other favour,—now, ducky,
don't frown,—

Only one, for a chemist and genius like you

But a trifle, and one you can easily do.

Now listen : to-morrow, you know, is the
night

Of the birthday *soirée* of that Pollywog
fright ;

And I'm to be there, and the dress I shall
wear

Is *too* lovely ; but"—“ But what then, *ma
chère ?*”

Said Brown, as the lady came to a full
stop,

And glanced round the shelves of the little
back shop.

“ Well, I want—I want something to fill
out the skirt

To the proper dimension, without being
girt

In a stiff crinoline, or caged in a hoop

That shows through one's skirt like the bars
of a coop ;

Something light, that a lady may waltz in,
or polk,
With a freedom that none but you masculine
folk
Ever know. For, however poor woman
aspires,
She's always bound down to the earth by
these wires.

“Are you listening? nonsense! don't stare
like a spoon,

Idiotic; some light thing, and spacious, and
soon—

Something like—well, in fact—something
like a balloon!”

Here she paused; and here Brown, over-
come by surprise,

Gave a doubting assent with still wondering
eyes,

And the lady departed. But just at the door

Something happened,—'tis true, it had
happened before

In this sanctum of science,—a sibilant sound,
Like some element just from its trammels
unbound,

Or two substances that their affinities found.
The night of the anxiously-looked-for *soirée*
Had come, with its fair ones in gorgeous
array ;

With the rattle of wheels, and the tinkle
of bells,

And the "How do you do's," and the
"Hope you are well's ;"

And the crash in the passage, and last
lingering look

You give as you hang your best hat on the
hook ;

The rush of hot air as the door opens wide ;
And your entry,—that blending of self-
possessed pride

And humility shown in your perfect-bred
stare

At the folk, as if wondering how they got
there;

With other tricks worthy of Vanity Fair.

Meanwhile that safe topic, the heat of the
room,

Already was losing its freshness and bloom;

Young people were yawning, and wonder-
ing when

The dance would come off, and why didn't
it then:

When a vague expectation was filling the
crowd,

Lo, the door swung its hinges with utter-
ance proud!

And Pompey announced, with a trumper-
like strain,

The entrance of Brown and Miss Addie De
Laine.

She entered: but oh, how imperfect the
verb

To express to the senses her movement
superb!

To say that she "sailed in" more clearly
might tell

Her grace in its buoyant and billowy swell.

Her robe was a vague circumambient space,

With shadowy boundaries made of point-
lace.

The rest was but guess-work, and well might
defy

The power of critical feminine eye

To define or describe: 'twere as futile to try

The gossamer web of the cirrus to trace,

Floating far in the blue of a warm summer
sky.

'Midst the humming of praises and the
glances of beaux,

That greet our fair maiden wherever she
goes,

Brown slipped like a shadow, grim, silent,
and black,

With a look of anxiety, close in her track.

Once he whispered aside in her delicate ear,

A sentence of warning,—it might be of fear :

“Don't stand in the draught, if you value
your life.”

(Nothing more,—such advice might be
given your wife

Or your sweetheart, in times of bronchitis
and cough,

Without mystery, romance, or frivolous
scoff.)

But hark to the music: the dance has
begun.

The closely-draped windows wide open are
flung ;

The notes of the piccolo, joyous and light,

Like bubbles burst forth on the warm
summer night!

Round about go the dancers; in circles
they fly;

Trip, trip, go their feet as their skirts eddy
by;

And swifter and lighter, but somewhat too
plain,

Whisks the fair circumvolving Miss Addie
De Laine.

Taglioni and Cerito well might have
pined

For the vigour and ease that her movements
combined;

E'en Rigelboche never flung higher her
robe

In the naughtiest city that's known on the
globe.

'Twas amazing, 'twas scandalous: lost in
surprise,

Some opened their mouths, and a few shut
their eyes.

But hark! At the moment Miss Addie
De Laine,

Circling round at the outer edge of an ellipse,
Which brought her fair form to the window
again,

From the arms of her partner incautiously
slips!

And a shriek fills the air, and the music is
still,

And the crowd gather round where her
partner forlorn

Still frenziedly points from the wide window-
sill

Into space and the night; for Miss Addie
was gone!

Gone like the bubble that bursts in the sun;

Gone like the grain when the reaper is done;

Gone like the dew on the fresh morning
grass;

Gone without parting farewell; and alas!

Gone with a flavour of Hydrogen Gas.

When the weather is pleasant, you frequently
meet

A white-headed man slowly pacing the
street;

His trembling hand shading his lack-lustre
eye,

Half blind with continually scanning the
sky.

Rumour points him as some astronomical
sage,

Reperusing by day the celestial page;

But the reader, sagacious, will recognise

Brown,

Trying vainly to conjure his lost sweetheart
down,

258 ASPIRING MISS DE LAINE.

And learn the stern moral this story must
teach,
That Genius may lift its love out of its
reach.



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



CALIFORNIA MADRIGAL.

On the Approach of Spring.

OH, come, my beloved ! from thy winter
abode,

From thy home on the Yuba, thy ranch
overflowed ;

For the waters have fallen, the winter has
fled,

And the river once more has returned to
its bed.

Oh, mark how the spring in its beauty is
near !

How the fences and tules once more re-
appear !

How soft lies the mud on the banks of yon
slough

By the hole in the levee the waters broke
through !

All Nature, dear Chloris, is blooming to
greet

The glance of your eye, and the tread of
your feet ;

For the trails are all open; the roads are
all free,

And the highwayman's whistle is heard
on the lea.

Again swings the lash on the high moun-
tain trail,

And the pipe of the packer is scenting the
gale ;

The oath and the jest ringing high o'er the
plain,

Where the smut is not always confined to
the grain.

Once more glares the sunlight on awning
and roof,

Once more the red clay's pulverised by the
hoof,

Once more the dust powders the "outsides"
with red,

Once more at the station the whisky is
spread.

Then fly with me, love, ere the summer's
begun,

And the mercury mounts to one hundred
and one;

Ere the grass now so green shall be with-
ered and sear,


In the spring that obtains but one month
in the year.



ST. THOMAS.

A Geographical Survey.

(1868.)



VERY fair and full of promise
Lay the island of St. Thomas :
Ocean o'er its reefs and bars
Hid its elemental scars ;
Groves of cocoa-nut and guava
Grew above its fields of lava.
So the gem of the Antilles,—
“ Isles of Eden,” where no ill is,—
Like a great green turtle slumbered
On the sea that it encumbered.
Then said William Henry Seward,
As he cast his eye to leeward,
“ Quite important to our commerce

Is this island of St. Thomas."
Said the Mountain ranges, "Thank'ee,
But we cannot stand the Yankee
O'er our scars and fissures poring,
In our very vitals boring,
In our sacred caverns prying,
All our secret problems trying,—
Digging, blasting, with dynamit
Mocking all our thunders! Damn it!
Other lands may be more civil,
Bust our lava crust if we will."

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

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

So the Mountains shook and thundered,
And the Hurricane came sweeping,
And the people stared and wondered
As the Sea came on them leaping :
Each, according to his promise,
Made things lively at St. Thomas.

Till one morn, when Mr. Seward
Cast his weather eye to leeward,

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



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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



THE BALLAD OF MR. COOKE.

*A Legend of the Cliff House, San
Francisco.*

WHERE the sturdy ocean breeze
Drives the spray of roaring seas
That the Cliff-House balconies

Overlook:

There, in spite of rain that balked,
With his sandals duly chalked,
Once upon a tight-rope walked

Mr. Cooke.

But the jester's lightsome mien,
And his spangles and his sheen,
All had vanished, when the scene

He forsook ;

Yet in some delusive hope,
In some vague desire to cope,
One still came to view the rope
Walked by Cooke.

Amid Beauty's bright array,
On that strange eventful day,
Partly hidden from the spray,
In a nook,
Stood Florinda Vere de Vere;
Who with wind-dishevelled hair,
And a rapt, distracted air,
Gazed on Cooke.

Then she turned, and quickly cried
To her lover at her side,
While her form with love and pride
Wildly shook,

“ Clifford Snook ! oh, hear me now !
 Here I break each plighted vow :
 There’s but one to whom I bow,
 And that’s Cooke ! ”

Haughtily that young man spokē :
 “ I descend from noble folk.
 ‘ Seven Oaks,’ and then ‘ Se’nnoak,’
 Lastly Snook,

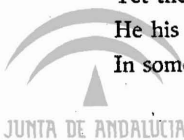
Is the way my name I trace :
 Shall a youth of noble race
 In affairs of love give place
 To a Cooke ? ”

“ Clifford Snook, I know thy claim
 To that lineage and name,
 And I think I’ve read the same
 In Horne Tooke ;
 But I swear, by all divine,
 Never, never to be thine,

Till thou canst upon yon line
Walk like Cooke."

Though to that gymnastic feat
He no closer might compete
Than to strike a *balance-sheet*
In a book;
Yet thenceforward, from that day,
He his figure would display
In some wild athletic way,
After Cooke.

On some household eminence,
On a clothes-line or a fence,
Over ditches, drains, and thence
O'er a brook,
He, by high ambition led,
Ever walked and balanced;
Till the people, wondering, said,
"How like Cooke!"




de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

Step by step did he proceed,
 Nerved by valour, not by greed,
 And at last the crowning deed

Undertook :

Misty was the midnight air,
 And the cliff was bleak and bare,
 When he came to do and dare

Just like Cooke.



Through the darkness, o'er the flow,
 Stretched the line where he should go
 Straight across, as flies the crow

Or the rook :

One wild glance around he cast ;
 Then he faced the ocean blast,
 And he strode the cable last

Touched by Cooke.

Vainly roared the angry seas ;
 Vainly blew the ocean breeze •

But, alas! the walker's knees
 Had a crook;
 And before he reached the rock
 Did they both together knock,
 And he stumbled with a shock—
 Unlike Cooke!

Downward dropping in the dark,
 Like an arrow to its mark,
 Or a fish-pole when a shark
 Bites the hook,
 Dropped the pole he could not save,
 Dropped the walker, and the wave
 Swift engulfed the rival brave
 Of J. Cooke!

Came a roar across the sea
 Of sea-lions in their glee,
 In a tongue remarkably
 Like Chinook;

And the maddened sea-gull seemed
Still to utter, as he screamed,
"Perish thus the wretch who deemed
Himself Cooke !"

But, on misty moonlit nights,
Comes a skeleton in tights,
Walks once more the giddy heights
He mistook ;

And unseen to mortal eyes,
Purged of grosser earthly ties,
Now at last in spirit guise
Outdoes Cooke.

Still the sturdy ocean breeze
Sweeps the spray of roaring seas,
Where the Cliff-House balconies
Overlook ;

And the maidens in their prime, .
Reading of this mournful rhyme,
Weep where, in the olden time,
Walked J. Cooke.



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



*THE LEGENDS OF THE
RHINE.*

BEETLING walls with ivy grown,
Frowning heights of mossy stone ;
Turret, with its flaunting flag
Flung from battlemented crag ;
Dungeon-keep and fortalice
Looking down a precipice
O'er the darkly glancing wave
By the Lurline-haunted cave ;
Robber haunt and maiden bower,
Home of Love and Crime and
Power,—
That's the scenery, in fine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine.

One bold baron, double-dyed
 Bigamist and parricide,
 And, as most the stories run,
 Partner of the Evil One ;
 Injured innocence in white,
 Fair but idiotic quite,
 Wringing of her lily hands ;
 Valour fresh from Paynim lands,
 Abbot ruddy, hermit pale,
 Minstrel fraught with many a tale,—
 Are the actors that combine
 In the Legends of the Rhine.

Bell-mouthed flagons round a board ;
 Suits of armour, shield, and sword ;
 Kerchief with its bloody stain ;
 Ghosts of the untimely slain ;
 Thunder-clap and clanking chain ;
 Headsman's block and shining axe ;
 Thumbscrews, crucifixes, racks ;

Midnight-tolling chapel bell,
 Heard across the gloomy fell,—
 These, and other pleasant facts,
 Are the properties that shine
 In the Legends of the Rhine.

Maledictions, whispered vows
 Underneath the linden boughs;
 Murder, bigamy, and theft;
 Travellers of goods bereft;
 Rapine, pillage, arson, spoil,—
 Every thing but honest toil,
 Are the deeds that best define
 Every legend of the Rhine.

That Virtue always meets reward,
 But quicker when it wears a
 sword;
 That Providence has special care
 Of gallant knight and lady fair;

That villains, as a thing of course,
Are always haunted by remorse,—
Is the moral, I opine,
Of the Legends of the Rhine.



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



MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

(*Being the only Genuine Sequel to "Maud Muller."*)

MAUD MULLER, all that summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,

She hoped the judge would come again.

But when he came, with smile and bow,
Maud only blushed, and stammered "Ha-
ow?"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered
whether

He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then
Begged that the judge would lend him
“ten ;”

For trade was dull, and wages low,
And the “craps,” this year, were some-
what slow.

And ere the languid summer died,
Sweet Maud became the judge's bride.

But, on the day that they were mated,
Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated ;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
Were very drunk at the judge's hall.

And when the summer came again,
The young bride bore him babies twain.

And the judge was blest, but thought it
strange

That bearing children made such a change :

For Maud grew broad and red and stout !

And the waist that his arm once clasped
about

Was more than he now could span. And

he
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that which in Maud was native
grace

In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place ;

And thought of the twins, and wished that
they

Looked less like the man who raked the
hay

On Muller's farm, and dreamed with
pain

Of the day he wandered down the lane,

And, looking down that dreary track,
He half regretted that he came back.

For, had he waited, he might have
wed

Some maiden fair and thoroughbred ;

For there be women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden ! alas for judge !
And the sentimental,—that's one-half
“ fudge ; ”

For Maud soon thought the judge a
bore,

With all his learning and all his lore.

And the judge would have bartered Maud's
fair face

For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

More sad are these we daily see :

"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



AVITOR.

An Aerial Retrospect.

WHAT was it filled my youthful dreams,
In place of Greek or Latin themes,
Or beauty's wild, bewildering beams ?

Avitor ?

What visions and celestial scenes
I filled with aerial machines,
Montgolfier's and Mr. Green's !

Avitor !

What fairy tales seemed things of course !
The roc that brought Sindbad across,
The Calendar's own winged-horse !

Avitor !

How many things I took for facts,—
 Icarus and his conduct lax,
 And how he sealed his fate with wax!

Avitor!

The first balloons I sought to sail,
 Soap-bubbles fair, but all too frail,
 Or kites,—but thereby hangs a tail.

Avitor!

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What made me launch from attic tall
 A kitten and a parasol,
 And watch their bitter, frightful fall?

Avitor?

What youthful dreams of high renown
 Bade me inflate the parson's gown,
 That went not up, nor yet came down?

Avitor?

My first ascent, I may not tell :
Enough to know that in that well
My first high aspirations fell.

Avitor !

My other failures let me pass :
The dire explosions ; and, alas !
The friends I choked with noxious gas.

Avitor !

For lo ! I see perfected rise
The vision of my boyish eyes,
The messenger of upper skies.

Avitor !



A WHITE-PINE BALLAD.

RECENTLY with Samuel Johnson this occasion I improved,

Whereby certain gents of affluence I hear were greatly moved ;

But not all of Johnson's folly, although multiplied by nine,

Could compare with Milton Perkins, late an owner in White Pine.

Johnson's folly—to be candid—was a wild desire to treat

Every able male white citizen he met upon the street ;

And there being several thousand—but this subject why pursue ?

'Tis with Perkins, and not Johnson, that
to-day we have to do.

No : not wild promiscuous treating, not the
wine-cup's ruby flow,
But the female of his species brought the
noble Perkins low.

'Twas a wild poetic fervour, and excess of
sentiment,

That left the noble Perkins in a week with-
out a cent.

“Milton Perkins,” said the Siren, “not thy
wealth do I admire,

But the intellect that flashes from those
eyes of opal fire ;

And methinks the name thou bearest surely
cannot be misplaced,

And, embrace me, Mister Perkins !” Milton
Perkins her embraced.

But I grieve to state, that even then, as she
was wiping dry

The tear of sensibility in Milton Perkins'
eye,

She prigg'd his diamond bosom-pin, and
that her wipe of lace

Did seem to have of chloroform a most
suspicious trace.

Enough that Milton Perkins later in the
night was found

With his head in an ash-barrel, and his
feet upon the ground ;

And he murmured "Seraphina," and he
kissed his hand, and smiled

On a party who went through him, like
an unresisting child.

MORAL.

Now one word to Pogonippers, ere this
subject I resign,
In this tale of Milton Perkins,—late an
owner in White Pine,—
You shall see that wealth and women are
deceitful, just the same;
And the tear of sensibility has salted many
a claim.

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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA



*WHAT THE WOLF REALLY SAID
TO LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.*

WONDERING maiden, so puzzled and fair,
Why dost thou murmur and ponder and
stare ?

Why are my eyelids so open and wild ?

Only the better to see with, my child !

Only the better and clearer to view

Cheeks that are rosy, and eyes that are blue.

Dost thou still wonder, and ask why these
arms

Fill thy soft bosom with tender alarms,
Swaying so wickedly ?—are they misplaced,
Clasping or shielding some delicate waist ?
Hands whose coarse sinews may fill you
with fear

Only the better protect you, my dear !

Little Red Riding-Hood, when in the street,
Why do I press your small hand when we
meet?

Why, when you timidly offered your cheek,
Why did I sigh; and why didn't I speak?

Why, well: you see—if the truth must
appear—

I'm not your grandmother, Riding-Hood,
dear!



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



THE RITUALIST.

By a Communicant of "St. James's."

HE wore, I think, a chasuble, the day when
first we met ;

A stole and snowy alb likewise : I recollect
it yet.

He called me "daughter," as he raised his
jewelled hand to bless ;

And then, in thrilling undertones, he asked,
"Would I confess ?"

O mother, dear ! blame not your child, if
then on bended knees

I dropped, and thought of Abelard, and also
Eloise ;

Or when, beside the altar high, he bowed
before the pyx,

I envied that seraphic kiss he gave the
crucifix.

The cruel world may think it wrong,
perhaps may deem me weak,
And, speaking of that sainted man, may
call his conduct "cheek ;"

And, like that wicked barrister whom Cousin
Harry quotes,

May term his mixed chalice "grog," his
vestments "petticoats."

But, whatso'er they do or say, I'll build a
Christian's hope

On incense and on altar-lights, on chasuble
and cope.

Let others prove, by precedent, the faith
that they profess :

"His can't be wrong" that's symbolised by
such becoming dress.

A MORAL VINDICATOR.

If Mr. Jones, Lycurgus B.,
Had one peculiar quality,
'Twas his severe advocacy
Of conjugal fidelity.

His views of heaven were very free,
His views of life were painfully
Ridiculous ; but fervently
He dwelt on marriage sanctity.

He frequently went on a spree ;
But in his wildest revelry,
On this especial subject he
Betrayed no ambiguity.

And though at times Lycurgus B.
Did lay his hands not lovingly

Upon his wife, the sanctity
Of wedlock was his guaranty.

But Mrs. Jones declined to see
Affairs in the same light as he,
And quietly got a decree
Divorcing her from that L. B.

And what did Jones, Lycurgus B.,
With his known idiosyncrasy?

He smiled,—a bitter smile to see,—
And drew the weapon of Bowie.

He did what Sicklés did to Key,—
What Cole on Hiscock wrought, did he;
In fact, on persons twenty-three
He proved the marriage sanctity.

The counsellor who took the fee,
The witnesses and referee,
The judge who granted the decree,
Died in that wholesale butchery.

And then when Jones, Lycurgus B.,
Had wiped the weapon of Bowie,
Twelve jurymen did instantly
Acquit and set Lycurgus free.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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



SONGS WITHOUT SENSE.

For the Parlour and Piano.

I.—THE PERSONIFIED SENTIMENTAL.

AFFECTION'S charm no longer gilds

The idol of the shrine ;

But cold Oblivion seeks to fill

Regret's ambrosial wine.

Though Friendship's offering buried lies

'Neath cold Aversion's snow,

Regard and Faith will ever bloom

Perpetually below.

I see thee whirl in marble halls,

In Pleasure's giddy train ;

Remorse is never on that brow,

Nor Sorrow's mark of pain.

Deceit has marked thee for her own ;
Inconstancy the same ;
And Ruin wildly sheds its gleam
Athwart thy path of shame.

II.—THE HOMELY PATHETIC.

THE dews are heavy on my brow ;
My breath comes hard and low ;
Yet, mother, dear, grant one request,
Before your boy must go.

Oh ! lift me ere my spirit sinks,
And ere my senses fail :
Place me once more, O mother, dear !
Astride the old fence-rail.

The old fence-rail, the old fence-rail !
How oft these youthful legs,
With Alice' and Ben Bolt's were hung
Across those wooden pegs.

'Twas there the nauseating smoke
Of my first pipe arose :
O mother, dear ! these agonies
Are far less keen than those.

I know where lies the hazel dell,
Where simple Nellie sleeps ;
I know the cot of Nettie Moore,
And where the willow weeps.
I know the brook-side and the mill :
But all their pathos fails
Beside the days when once I sat
Astride the old fence-rails.

III.—SWISS AIR.

I'm a gay tra, la, la,
With my fal, lal, la, la,
And my bright—
And my light—
Tra, la, le. [Repeat.]

300

SONGS WITHOUT SENSE.

Then laugh, ha, ha, ha,

And ring, ting, ling, ling,

And sing fal, la, la,

La, la, le. [Repeat.]



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*GRANDMOTHER TENTER-
DEN.*

(Massachusetts Shore, 1800.)

I MIND it was but yesterday,—
The sun was dim, the air was chill ;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill,—
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, " God keep you, mother, dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife ;
They had some foolish, idle strife ;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear ;