

I marked not that the hills looked near,  
Nor that the moon, though curved and  
clear,  
Through curd-like scud did drive and  
float.

For with my darling went the joy  
Of autumn woods and meadows brown ;  
I came to hate the little town ;  
It seemed as if the sun went down  
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,  
The wind it shifted west-by-south ;  
It piled high up the harbour mouth ;  
The marshes, black with summer drouth,  
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night,  
The sea upon the garden leapt,

And my son's wife in quiet slept,  
 And I, his mother, waked and wept,  
 When lo ! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress  
 All wet and dripping seemed to be ;  
 The pale blue fires of the sea  
 Dripped from his garments constantly,—  
 I could not speak through cowardness.

“I come through night and storm,” he  
 said ;

“Through storm and night and death,”  
 said he,

“To kiss my wife, if it so be  
 That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,  
 For all beyond is Peace,” he said.

“The sea is His, and He who sent  
 The wind and wave can soothe their strife ;

And brief and foolish is our life.”  
 He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,  
 Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,  
 But her—his wife—who did not wake,  
 My heart within me seemed to break ;  
 I swore a vow ! nor thenceforth spake  
 Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him

not,  
 Somehow we spake of aught beside ;  
 For she,—her hope upheld her pride ;  
 And I,—in me all hope had died,  
 And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,  
 She pined and faded where she stood ;  
 Yet spake no word of ill or good ;

She had the hard, cold Edwards' blood  
 In all her veins,—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,  
 To give her peace, but ere I spake  
 Methought, "*He* will be first to break  
 The news in heaven," and for his sake  
 I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;  
 I only wait to hear his call;  
 I doubt not that this day, next fall,  
 Shall see me safe in port; where all  
 And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,  
 And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!  
 Ah, God of wisdom! hath the sea  
 Yielded its dead to humble me!

My boy! . . . my Jacob! . . . Turn  
 again!

THE IDYL OF BATTLE  
HOLLOW.

(*War of the Rebellion, 1864.*)

No, I won't—thar, now, so ! And it ain't  
nothin',—no!

And thar's nary to tell that you folks yer  
don't know ;

And it's " Belle, tell us, do ! " and it's  
" Belle, is it true ? "

And " Wot's this yer yarn of the Major  
and you ? "

Till I'm sick of it all,—so I am, but I  
s'pose

Thet is nothin' to you. . . . Well then,  
listen ! yer goes :

It was after the fight, and around us all  
night

Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful  
sight ;

And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo'  
was abed,

And Pinky and Milly were hid in the  
shed ;

And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was  
nigh

But the growlin' of cannon low down in  
the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the  
spring,

But a splintered fence rail and a broken-  
down swing,

And a bird said " Kerchee ! " as it sat on  
a tree,

As if it was lonesome and glad to see me ;

And I filled up my pail and was risin' to go,  
When up comes the Major a canterin' slow.

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

But come down where I sat; and he lifted  
his hat,

And he says—well, thar ain't any need to  
tell *that*—

'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it  
'mounted to this,  
Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted—  
a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), “For the water,  
my lad,  
You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss,  
it's as bad—

You ain't near big enough." And I turned  
in a huff,  
When that Major he laid his white hand on  
my cuff,  
And he says, " You're a trump ! Take my  
pistol, don't fear !  
But shoot the next man that insults you,  
my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet  
and cool,

Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like  
a fool,

When thar flashed on my sight a quick  
glimmer of light

From the top of the little stone-fence on  
the right,

And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all  
Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee  
Hall !



Then I felt in my dread that the moment  
the head

Of the Major was lifted, the Major was  
dead ;

And I stood still and white, but Lord ! gals,  
in spite

Of my care, that derved pistol went off in  
my fright !

Went off—true as Gospil!—and strangest  
of all

It actooally injured that Cherokee Hall.

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

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

But I says, “ Served him right ! ” and I go,  
all my might,

In love or in war, for a fair, stand-up  
fight ;

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And as for the Major—sho! gals, don't you  
know  
Thet—Lord!—thar's his step in the garden  
below.



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

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