

GRADED POETRY

VARIOUS*

Produced by Juliet Sutherland, Amy Overmyer
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GRADED POETRY

SEVENTH YEAR

Edited By:

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City
and
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INTRODUCTION

Poetry is the chosen language of childhood and youth. The baby repeats words again and again for the mere joy of their sound: the melody of nursery rhymes gives a delight which is quite independent of the meaning of the words. Not until youth approaches maturity is there an equal pleasure in the

rounded periods of elegant prose. It is in childhood therefore that the young mind should be stored with poems whose rhythm will be a present delight and whose beautiful thoughts will not lose their charm in later years.

The selections for the lowest grades are addressed primarily to the feeling for verbal beauty, the recognition of which in the

mind of the child is fundamental to the plan of this work. The editors have felt that the inclusion of critical notes in these little books intended for elementary school children would be not only superfluous, but, in the degree in which critical comment drew the child's attention from the text, subversive of the desired result. Nor are there any notes on methods. The best way to teach

children to love a poem is to read it inspiringly to them. The French say: "The ear is the pathway to the heart." A poem should be so read that it will sing itself in the hearts of the listening children.

In the brief biographies appended to the later books the human element has been brought out. An effort has been made to call attention to the education of the poet

and his equipment for his life work rather than to the literary qualities of his style.

CONTENTS

FIRST HALF YEAR

Good Name _William Shakespeare_ From

8

"Love's Labor's Lost" . _William Shakespeare_
From "Richard II," Act II, Sc. I _William
Shakespeare_ Jog on, Jog on _William Shake-
speare_ The Downfall of Wolsey _William
Shakespeare_ The Noble Nature _Ben John-
son_ Song on a May Morning _John Mil-
ton_ O God, our Help in Ages Past. _Isaac
Watts_ The Diverting History of John Gilpin
William Cowper Bannockburn _Robert Burns_

My Heart's in the Highlands _Robert Burns_
The Solitary Reaper _William Wordsworth_
Sonnet _William Wordsworth_ "Soldier, Rest!"
Walter Scott Lochinvar _Walter Scott_ The
Star-Spangled Banner _Francis Scott Key_
Hohenlinden _Thomas Campbell_ The Harp
that Once through Tara's Halls _Thomas
Moore_ Childe Harold's Farewell to Eng-
land _George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron_ The

Night before Waterloo _George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron_ Abide with Me _Henry Francis Lyte_ Horatius at the Bridge _Thomas B. Macauley_

SECOND HALF YEAR

Early Spring _Alfred, Lord Tennyson_ Sir Galahad _Alfred, Lord Tennyson_ The Charge of the Light Brigade _Alfred, Lord Tennyson_ Ring out, Wild Bells. From "In

Memoriam" _Alfred, Lord Tennyson_ A Christ-
mas Hymn _Alfred Domett_ Home Thoughts
from Abroad _Robert Browning_ Pheidip-
pides _Robert Browning_ A Song of Clover
Saxe Holm Song of Love _Lewis Carroll_
Scythe Song _Andrew Lang_ White Butter-
flies _Algernon Charles Swinburne_ Reces-
sional. A Victorian Ode _Rudyard Kipling_
To a Waterfowl _William Cullen Bryant_

The Death of the Flowers _William Cullen
Bryant_ Thanatopsis _William Cullen Bryant_
From "Woodnotes" _Ralph Waldo Emerson_
Daybreak _Henry Wadsworth Longfellow_
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz _Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow_ Hymn to the Night _Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow_ Longing _James Russell Low-
ell_ The Finding of the Lyre _James Russell
Lowell_ Waiting _John Burroughs_ Colum-
13

bus _Joaquin Miller_ Evening Songs _John
Vance Cheney_ A Vagabond Song _Bliss Car-
man_ Old Glory _James Whitcomb Riley_
Kavanagh _Henry Wadsworth Longfellow_
Biographical Sketches of Authors

SEVENTH YEAR—FIRST HALF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ENGLAND,
1564-1616

Good name in man and woman, dear my
lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has
been slave to thousands; But he that filches
from me my good name Robs me of that
which not enriches him And makes me poor
indeed.

—"OTHELLO," Act II, Sc. 3.

When daisies pied and violets blue, And
lady-smocks all silver-white, And cuckoo-
buds of yellow hue Do paint the meadows
with delight.

—”LOVE’S LABOR’S LOST,” Act V,
Sc. 2.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter’d
16

isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise; This fortress
built by Nature for herself Against infection
and the hand of war; This happy breed of
men, this little world, This precious stone
set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the
office of a wall, Or as a moat defensive to
a house, Against the envy of less happier
lands; This blessed plot, this earth, this

realm, this England.

—"RICHARD II," Act II, Sc. 1.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way, And
merrily hent the stile-a: A merry heart goes
all the day, Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—From "WINTER'S TALE."

The Downfall of Wolsey

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms And bears his blushing honors thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening, nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, Like little

wanton boys that swim on bladders, This
many summers in a sea of glory, But far
beyond my depth: my high-blown pride At
length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide
me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
hate ye: I feel my heart new opened. O,
how wretched Is that poor man that hangs

on princes' favors! There is, betwixt that
smile we would aspire to, That sweet as-
pect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs
and fears than wars or women have: And
when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to
hope again.

—From "HENRY VIII."

BEN JONSON ENGLAND, 1574-1637

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree In bulk doth
make man better be; Or standing long an
oak, three hundred year, To fall a log at
last, dry, bald, and sere; A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May, Although it fall and die
that night,— It was the plant and flower of
Light. In small proportions we just beauties
see, And in short measures life may perfect

be.

JOHN MILTON ENGLAND, 1608-1674

SONG ON A MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads
with her The flowery May, who from her
green lap throws The yellow cowslip and the
pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire! Woods
and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale
doth boast thy blessing. Thus we salute
thee with our early song, And welcome thee,
and wish thee long.

ISAAC WATTS ENGLAND, 1674-1748
O God, our help in ages past, Our hope

for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy
blast, And our eternal home:

Before the hills in order stood, Or earth
received her frame, From everlasting Thou
art God, To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like
an evening gone; Short as the watch that
ends the night Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears

all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a
dream Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope
for years to come, Be Thou our guard while
troubles last, And our eternal home.

WILLIAM COWPER ENGLAND, 1731-
1800

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN

GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen, Of credit and
renown, A trainband captain eke was he Of
famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
'Though wedded we have been These twice
ten tedious years, yet we No holiday have
seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day, And we

will then repair Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child, My-
self, and children three, Will fill the chaise;
so you must ride On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire Of wom-
ankind but one, And you are she, my dear-
est dear, Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold, As all the

world doth know, And my good friend the
calender Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear, We will be fur-
nished with our own, Which is both bright
and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife; O'erjoyed
was he to find, That, though on pleasure she
was bent, She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd To drive up to the
door, lest all Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in; Six precious souls,
and all agog To dash through thick and
thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels, Were never folks so glad, The stones

did rattle underneath, As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side Seized fast the flowing mane, And up he got, in haste to ride, But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he His journey to begin, When, turning round his head, he saw Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time, Al-

though it grieved him sore, Yet loss of pence,
full well he knew, Would trouble him much
more.

'Twas long before the customers Were
suited to their mind, When Betty screaming
came downstairs, "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise, In which I bear
my trusty sword When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) Had
two stone bottles found, To hold the liquor
that she loved And keep it safe and sound.

Then over all, that he might be Equipp'd
from top to toe, His long red cloak, well
brush'd and neat, He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again Upon
his nimble steed, Full slowly pacing o'er the
stones, With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road Be-
neath his well-shod feet, The snorting beast
began to trot, Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly," John he cried, But
John he cried in vain; That trot became a
gallop soon, In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must Who
cannot sit upright, He grasp'd the mane
with both his hands, And eke with all his

might.

His horse, who never in that sort Had
handled been before, What thing upon his
back had got Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought; Away
went hat and wig; He little dreamt, when he
set out, Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay, Till, loop and

button failing both, At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern The
bottles he had slung; A bottle swinging at
each side, As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all; And every soul
cried out, "Well done!" As loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he? His fame

soon spread around, "He carries weight! he
rides a race! 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near, 'Twas
wonderful to view, How in a trice the turn-
pike men Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down His
reeking head full low, The bottles twain be-
hind his back Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, Most

piteous to be seen, Which made his horse's
flanks to smoke As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight, With
leathern girdle braced; For all might see the
bottle necks Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington These
gambols did he play, Until he came unto the
Wash Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about On

both sides of the way, Just like unto a trundling
mop, Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife From the
balcony spied Her tender husband, wonder-
ing much To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house,"
They all at once did cry; "The dinner waits,
and we are tired:" Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit Inclined

to tarry there; For why?—his owner had a
house Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew, Shot by
an archer strong; So did he fly—which brings
me to The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath, And
sore against his will, Till at his friend the
calender's His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see His neigh-

bor in such trim, Laid down his pipe, flew
to the gate, And thus accosted him:

”What news? what news? your tidings
tell Tell me you must and shall– Say why
bareheaded you are come, Or why you come
at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, And loved
a timely joke; And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode, My hat and wig will
soon be here, They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find His friend
in merry pin, Return'd him not a single
word, But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and
wig, A wig that flow'd behind, A hat not
much the worse for wear, Each comely in

its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn Thus
show'd his ready wit, "My head is twice as
big as yours, They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away That
hangs upon your face; And stop and eat,
for well you may Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day, And
all the world would stare, If wife should dine

at Edmonton, And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said, "I am in haste to dine; 'Twas for your pleasure you came here, You shall go back for mine.”

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear; For, while he spake, a braying ass Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he Had

heard a lion roar, And gallop'd off with all
his might, As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away Went Gilpin's
hat and wig: He lost them sooner than at
first, For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw Her
husband posting down Into the country far
away, She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said, That

drove them to the Bell, "This shall be yours,
when you bring back My husband safe and
well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain; Whom in a trice
he tried to stop, By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant, And
gladly would have done, The frighted steed
he frighted more, And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away Went post-
boy at his heels, The postboy's horse right
glad to miss The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, Thus see-
ing Gilpin fly, With postboy scampering in
the rear, They raised the hue and cry:-

"Stop thief! stop thief!-a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute; And all and each
that passed that way Did join in the pur-

suit.

And now the turnpike gates again Flew
open in short space; The toll-men thinking
as before, That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, For he
got first to town; Nor stopp'd till where he
had got up He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;" And when he next

doth ride abroad, May I be there to see!

ROBERT BURNS SCOTLAND, 1759-
1796

BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS
ARMY

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots,
wham Bruce has aften led, Welcome to your

gory bed Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See
the front o' battle lower; See approach proud
Edward's power— Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha can
fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as be a
slave? Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law Free-
dom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman

stand, or freeman fa', Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains! By your
sons in servile chains! We will drain our
dearest veins, But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low! Tyrants
fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here; My heart's in the Highlands a-
chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and
following the roe, My heart's in the High-
lands, wherever I go. Farewell to the High-
lands, farewell to the North, The birthplace
of valor, the country of worth: Wherever I
wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the
Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered
with snow; Farewell to the straths and green
valleys below; Farewell to the forests and
wild-hanging woods; Farewell to the tor-
rents and loud-pouring floods. My heart's
in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My
heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever

I go.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH ENGLAND,
1770-1850

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field, Yon soli-
tary Highland lass, Reaping and singing by
herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone
she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a

melancholy strain; Oh, listen! for the vale
profound Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant So sweetly
to reposing bands Of travelers in some shady
haunt Among Arabian sands: A voice so
thrilling ne'er was heard In springtime from
the cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the
seas Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? Per-

haps the plaintive numbers flow For old,
unhappy, far-off things, And battles long
ago: Or is it some more humble lay, Famil-
iar matter of to-day, Some natural sorrow,
loss, or pain, That has been, and may be
again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending; I saw
her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle

bending. I listened motionless and still; And,
as I mounted up the hill, The music in my
heart I bore Long after it was heard no
more.

SONNET COMPOSED UPON WEST-
MINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more
fair: Dull would he be of soul who could

pass by A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear The
beauty of the morning; silent, bare, Ships,
towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie Open
unto the fields and to the sky; All bright
and glittering in the smokeless air. Never
did sun more beautifully steep In his first
splendor valley, rock, or hill; Ne'er saw I,
never felt, a calm so deep! The river glideth
58

at his own sweet will: Dear God! the very
houses seem asleep; And all that mighty
heart is lying still!

WALTER SCOTT SCOTLAND, 1771-
1832

"SOLDIER, REST!"

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep
the sleep that knows no breaking; Dream

of battle-fields no more, Days of danger,
nights of waking, In our isle's enchanted
hall, Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall, Every sense in
slumber dewing. Soldier, rest! thy warfare
o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows no break-
ing; Dream of battle-fields no more, Morn
of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear, Ar-

mor's clang, or war-steed champing, Trump
nor pibroch summon here, Mustering clan,
or squadron tramping. Yet the lark's shrill
fife may come, At the daybreak from the
fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum, Boom-
ing from the sedgy shallow. Ruder sounds
shall none be near, Guards nor warders chal-
lenge here; Here's no war-steed's neigh and

champing, Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done; While
our slumb'rous spells assail ye, Dream not
with the rising sun, Bugles here shall sound
reveille. Sleep! the deer is in his den; Sleep!
thy hounds are by thee lying; Sleep! nor
dream in yonder glen, How thy gallant steed
lay dying. Huntsman, rest! thy chase is

done; Think not of the rising sun, For at
dawning to assail ye, Here no bugle sounds
reveille.

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the
west; Through all the wide border his steed
was the best; And save his good broad-
sword he weapon had none; He rode all un-

armed, and he rode all alone. So faithful in
love, and so dauntless in war, There never
was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd
not for stone, He swam the Eske River where
ford there was none; But ere he alighted
at Netherby gate, The bride had consented,
the gallant came late; For a laggard in love,
and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair

Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all: Then spoke the bride's father,
his hand on his sword, (For the poor craven
bridegroom said never a word,) "O come
ye in peace here, or come ye in war, Or to
dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit
you denied;— Love swells like the Solway,
but ebbs like its tide— And now am I come,
with this lost love of mine, To lead but
one measure, drink one cup of wine. There
are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight

took it up, He quaff'd off the wine, and he
threw down the cup. She look'd down to
blush, and she look'd up to sigh, With a
smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He
took her soft hand, ere her mother could
bar,- "Now tread we a measure!" said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face, That never a hall such a galliard did

grace; While her mother did fret, and her
father did fume, And the bridegroom stood
dangling his bonnet and plume; And the
bride-maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere better by
far, To have match'd our fair cousin with
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in
her ear, When they reach'd the hall-door,
and the charger stood near: So light to the

croup the fair lady he swung, So light to the
saddle before her he sprung! "She is won!
we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of
the Netherby clan; Fosters, Fenwicks, and
Musgraves, they rode and they ran: There
was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see. So daring in love, and so daunt-
less in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant
like young Lochinvar?

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY AMERICA, 1780-
1843

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER[1]
O say, can you see, by the dawn's early

light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming— Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming! And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. O! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free,

and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly see through the
mists of the deep Where the foe's haughty
host in dread silence reposes, What is that
which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now dis-
closes? Now it catches the gleam of the
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected
now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-

spangled banner; O long may it wave O'er
the land of the free, and the home of the
brave!

And where is that band who so vaunt-
ingly swore That the havoc of war and the
battle's confusion A home and a country
should leave us no more? Their blood has
washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of
the grave; And the star-spangled banner in
triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free,
and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall
stand Between their loved homes and war's
desolation! Blest with victory and peace,
may the heav'n rescued land Praise the power
that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it
is just, And this be our motto—"In God is
our trust.:" And the star-spangled banner
in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the
free, and the home of the brave.

[Footnote:1. The song is taken as it ap-
pears in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library
of American Literature*, vol. iv. p. 419.

The text, slightly different from the common one, corresponds to the facsimile of a copy made by Mr. Key in 1840.]

THOMAS CAMPBELL SCOTLAND, 1777-1844

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden when the sun was low, All
bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark
as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight When the
drum beat, at dead of night, Commanding
fires of death to light The darkness of her
scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd Each
horseman drew his battle-blade, And furi-
ous every charger neigh'd, To join the dread-
ful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,

Then rush'd the steed to battle driven, And
louder than the bolts of heaven Far flash'd
the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow On
Linden's hills of stained snow, And darker
yet shall be the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun Can
pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, Where
furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their

sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave, Who
rush to glory, or the grave! Wave, Munich,
all thy banners wave! And charge with all
thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, And
every turf beneath their feet Shall be a sol-
dier's sepulcher.

THOMAS MOORE IRELAND, 1779-1852
THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls
The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute
on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled. So
sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's
thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high

for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells: The chord alone that
breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells. Thus
freedom now so seldom wakes, The only
throb she gives Is when some heart indig-
nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BY-

RON ENGLAND, 1788-1824

CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL TO
ENGLAND

Adieu, adieu! my native shore Fades
o'er the waters blue; The night-winds sigh,
the breakers roar, And shrieks the wild sea
mew. Yon sun that sets upon the sea, We
follow in his flight; Farewell awhile to him
and thee, My native land-Good-night.

A few short hours and he will rise To
give the morrow birth; And I shall hail the
main and skies, But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall, Its hearth is
desolate; Wild weeds are gathering on the
wall; My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page! Why
dost thou weep and wail? Or dost thou
dread the billows' rage, Or tremble at the

gale? But dash the tear-drop from thine
eye; Our ship is swift and strong; Our fleetest
falcon scarce can fly More merrily along.”

”Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind: Yet marvel not,
Sir Childe, that I Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone, A mother
whom I love, And have no friends, save thee
alone, But thee—and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently, Yet did not much complain; But sorely will my mother sigh Till I come back again."— "Enough, enough, my little lad! Such tears become thine eye; If I thy guileless bosom had, Mine own would not be dry."

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,

And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men; A thousand hearts beat happily; and
when Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
again, And all went merry as a marriage
bell; But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes
like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the
wind, Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Plea-
sure meet To chase the glowing Hours with
flying feet. But hark! that heavy sound
breaks in once more, As if the clouds its
echo would repeat; And nearer, clearer, dead-
lier than before! Arm! arm! it is—it is—the

cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to
and fro, And gathering tears, and trem-
blings of distress, And cheeks all pale, which
but an hour ago Blush'd at the praise of
their own loveliness; And there were sud-
den partings, such as press The life from
out young hearts, and choking sighs Which
ne'er might be repeated: who could guess If

ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste:
the steed, The mustering squadron, and the
clattering car, Went pouring forward with
impetuous speed, And swiftly forming in
the ranks of war; And the deep thunder
peal on peal afar; And near, the beat of

the alarming drum Roused up the soldier
ere the morning star; While throng'd the
citizens with terror dumb, Or whispering
with white lips—"The foe! They come! they
come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, The
midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms—the day

Battle's magnificently stern array! The thunder-
clouds close o'er it, which when rent The
earth is cover'd thick with other clay, Which
her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse-friend, foe-in one red burial
blent!

—From "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIM-
AGE."

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE ENGLAND,
1793-1847

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass

away; Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power? Who, like Thyself, my guide and
stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine,
Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy
victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with
me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes, Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in
death, O Lord, abide with me.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY ENGLAND,
1800-1859

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

The consul's brow was sad, and the consul's speech was low, And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe. "Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down; And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?" Then out

spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the gate: "To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late. Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may; I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play. In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.

Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?" Then out spake

Spurius Lartius—a Ramnian proud was he—
"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand, and
keep the bridge with thee." And out spake
strong Herminius—of Titian blood was he—
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the
bridge with thee." "Horatius," quoth the
consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be." And
straight against that great array, forth went
the dauntless three. Soon all Etruria's no-

blest felt their hearts sink to see On the
earth the bloody corpses, in the path the
dauntless three. And from the ghastly en-
trance, where those bold Romans stood, The
bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old
bear in the wood. But meanwhile ax and
lever have manfully been plied, And now
the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling
tide. "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
98

loud cried the fathers all; "Back, Lartius!
back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"
Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted
back; And, as they passed, beneath their
feet they felt the timbers crack; But when
they turned their faces, and on the farther
shore Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they
would have crossed once more. But, with a
crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right
athwart the stream. And a long shout of
triumph rose from the walls of Rome, As
to the highest turret-tops was splashed the
yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken, when first
he feels the rein, The furious river strug-
gled hard, and tossed his tawny mane, And
burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be

free, And battlement, and plank, and pier
whirled headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind; Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind. "Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face. "Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning those
craven ranks to see; Nought spake he to
Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of
his home, And he spoke to the noble river
that rolls by the towers of Rome: "O Tiber!
Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray, A
Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in
charge this day!" So he spake, and, speak-

ing, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged
headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard
from either bank; But friends and foes, in
dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank,
And when above the surges they saw his
crest appear, Rome shouted, and e'en Tus-
cany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high
by months of rain: And fast his blood was
flowing; and he was sore in pain, And heavy
with his armor, and spent with changing
blows: And oft they thought him sinking—
but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an
evil case, Struggle through such a raging
flood safe to the landing place: But his

limbs were borne up bravely by the brave
heart within, And our good Father Tiber
bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will
not the villain drown? But for his stay,
ere close of day we should have sacked the
town!" "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Pors-
ena; "and bring him safe to shore; For such
a gallant feat of arms was never seen be-

fore.”

And now he feels the bottom;—now on
dry earth he stands; Now round him throng
the fathers to press his gory hands. And
now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of
weeping loud, He enters through the river
gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

SEVENTH YEAR—SECOND HALF
ALFRED TENNYSON ENGLAND, 1809-

1892

EARLY SPRING

Once more the Heavenly Power Makes
all things new, And domes the red-plow'd
hills With loving blue; The blackbirds have
their wills, The throistles too.

Opens a door in Heaven; From skies of
glass A Jacob's ladder falls On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls Young angels

pass.

Before them fleets the shower, And bursts
the buds, And shine the level lands, And
flash the floods; The stars are from their
hands Flung thro' the woods.

The woods with living airs How softly
fann'd, Light airs from where the deep, All
down the sand, Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood, The season's
lure! O heart, look down and up Serene,
secure. Warm as the crocus cup, Like snow-
drops, pure!

Past, Future, glimpse and fade Thro'
some slight spell, A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell, And sympathies, how
frail, In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note, Thou twin-

king bird, The fairy fancies range, And,
lightly stirr'd, Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power Makes all
things new, And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew; The blackbirds have
their wills, The poets too.

SIR GALAHAD
110

My good blade carves the casques of
men, My tough lance thrusteth sure, My
strength is as the strength of ten, Because
my heart is pure. The shattering trumpet
shrilleth high, The hard brands shiver on
the steel, The splintered spear shafts crack
and fly, The horse and rider reel; They reel,
they roll in clanging lists, And when the
tide of combat stands, Perfume and flow-

ers fall in showers, That lightly rain from
ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall! For them I bat-
tle till the end, To save from shame and
thrall; But all my heart is drawn above, My
knees are bowed in crypt and shrine: I never
felt the kiss of love, Nor maiden's hand in
mine. More bounteous aspects on me beam,

Me mightier transports move and thrill; So
keep I fair through faith and prayer A virgin
heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, A
light before me swims, Between dark stems
the forest glows, I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride; I hear
a voice, but none are there; The stalls are
void, the doors are wide, The tapers burn-

ing fair. Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean, The shrill
bell rings, the censer swings, And solemn
chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres I
find a magic bark; I leap on board: no
helmsman steers: I float till all is dark. A
gentle sound, an awful light! Three angels
bear the Holy Grail; With folded feet, in

stoles of white, On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! My spirit
beats her mortal bars, As down dark tides
the glory slides, And starlike mingles with
the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne Through
dreaming towns I go, The cock crows ere
the Christmas morn, The streets are dumb
with snow. The tempest crackles on the

leads, And, ringing, springs from brand and
mail; But o'er the dark a glory spreads, And
gilds the driving hail. I leave the plain, I
climb the height; No branchy thicket shel-
ter yields; But blessed forms in whistling
storms Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given Such
hope, I know not fear; I yearn to breathe the
airs of heaven That often meet me here. I

muse on joy that will not cease, Pure spaces
clothed in living beams, Pure lilies of eter-
nal peace, Whose odors haunt my dreams,
And, stricken by an angel's hand, This mor-
tal armor that I wear, This weight and size,
this heart and eyes, Are touched, are turned
to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky, And
through the mountain walls A rolling organ-

harmony Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod, Wings
flutter, voices hover clear: "O just and faith-
ful knight of God! Ride on! the prize is
near." So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale, All
armed I ride, whate'er betide, Until I find
the Holy Grail.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league, Half a league
onward, All in the valley of death Rode the
six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge
for the guns!" he said; Into the valley of
death Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!" Was there
a man dismayed? Not though the soldier

knew Some one had blundered; Theirs not
to make reply, Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die: Into the valley of
death Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left
of them, Cannon in front of them Volleyed
and thundered; Stormed at with shot and
shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the
jaws of death, Into the mouth of hell Rode

the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare, Flashed
as they turned in air Sabring the gunners
there, Charging an army, while All the world
wondered. Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke; Cossack
and Russian Reeled from the saber-stroke—
Shattered and sundered. Then they rode
back, but not— Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left
of them, Cannon behind them Volleyed and
thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell, They that had
fought so well Came through the jaws of
death, Back from the mouth of hell, All that
was left of them, Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade? Oh, the
wild charge they made! All the world won-

dered. Honor the charge they made, Honor
the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The
flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is
dying in the night: Ring out, wild bells,
and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring,

happy bells, across the snow; The year is
going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring
in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more; Ring
out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in re-
dress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And an-
cient forms of party strife; Ring in the no-

bler modes of life, With sweeter manners,
purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The
faithless coldness of the times; Ring out,
ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the
fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the
love of truth and right, Ring in the common

love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring
out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the
thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand
years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The
larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out
the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ
that is to be.

–From "IN MEMORIAM."

ALFRED DOMETT ENGLAND, 1811-
1887

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night! Seven
hundred years and fifty-three Had Rome been
growing up to might, And now was queen of
land and sea. No sound was heard of clash-

ing wars; Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain: Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars Held undisturbed their ancient reign, In the solemn midnight, Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night! The senator of haughty Rome, Impatient, urged his chariot's flight, From lordly revel rolling home; Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell. His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;

What reaked the Roman what befell A pal-
try province far away, In the solemn mid-
night, Centuries ago.

Within that province far away Went plod-
ding home a weary boor A streak of light
before him lay, Fallen through a half-shut
stable-door Across his path. He passed—for
naught Told what was going on within; How
keen the stars, his only thought; The air

how calm and cold and thin, In the solemn
midnight, Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares; The
earth was still—but knew not why; The world
was listening, unawares. How calm a mo-
ment may precede One that shall thrill the
world for ever! To that still moment none
would heed, Man's doom was linked no more

to sever— In the solemn midnight, Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night! A thousand bells ring out, and throw Their joyous peals abroad, and smite The darkness— charmed and holy now! The night that erst no name had worn, To it a happy name is given; For in that stable lay, new-born, The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven, In the

solemn midnight, Centuries ago!

ROBERT BROWNING ENGLAND, 1812-
1889

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England Now that April's
there, And whoever wakes in England Sees,
some morning unaware, That the lowest boughs
and the brushwood sheaf Round the elm

tree bole are in tiny leaf, While the chaffinch
sings on the orchard bough In England-
now!

And after April, when May follows, And
the whitethroat builds and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the
hedge Leans to the field and scatters on the
clover Blossoms and dewdrops, at the bent
spray's edge- That's the wise thrush; he

sings each song twice over, Lest you should
think he never could recapture The first fine
careless rapture! And though the fields look
rough with hoary dew, All will be gay when
noontide wakes anew The buttercups, the
little children's dower— Far brighter than
this gaudy melon-flower!

PHEIDIPPIDES
134

First I salute this soil of the blessed,
river and rock! Gods of my birthplace, dae-
mons and heroes, honor to all! Then I name
thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in
praise –Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with
Her of the aegis and spear! Also ye of the
bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever,–O latest to
whom I upraise Hand and heart and voice!

For Athens, leave pasture and flock! Present
to help, potent to save, Pan-patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix,
see, I return! See, 'tis myself here standing
alive, no specter that speaks! Crowned with
the myrtle, did you command me, Athens
and you, "Run, Pheidippides, run and race,
reach Sparta for aid! Persia has come, we
are here, where is She?" Your command I

obeyed, Ran and raced: like stubble, some
field which a fire runs through Was the space
between city and city; two days, two nights
did I burn

Over the hills, under the dales, down
pits and up peaks. Into their midst I broke:
breath served but for "Persia has come! Per-
sia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, wa-
ter and earth; Razed to the ground is Eretria-

but Athens, shall Athens sink, Drop into
dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly
die, Die with the wide world spitting at
Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by? An-
swer me quick, what help, what hand do
you stretch o'er destruction's brink? How-
when? No care for my limbs!—there's light-
ning in all and some— Fresh and fit your
message to bear, once lips give it birth!”

O my Athens-Sparta love thee? Did
Sparta respond? Every face of her leered
in a furrow of envy, mistrust, Malice,—each
eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified
hate! Gravely they turned to take counsel,
to cast for excuses. I stood Quivering,—the
limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch
from dry wood: "Persia has come, Athens
asks aid, and still they debate? Thunder,

thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry
beyond Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and
Artemis, clang them 'Ye must'!"

No bolt launched from Olympos! Lo,
their answer at last! "Has Persia come,—
does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the
issue at stake! Count we no time lost time
which lags thro' respect to the Gods! Pon-

der that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast: Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name,
I had moldered to ash! That sent a blaze
thro' my blood; off, off and away was I back,

-Not one word to waste, one look to lose
on the false and the vile! Yet "O Gods of
my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rush-
ing past them again, "Have ye kept faith,
proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome li-
bation! Too rash Love in its choice, paid
you so largely service so slack!

"Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease
to enwreath the Brows made bold by your leaf!
Fade at the Persian's foot, You that, our
patrons were pledged, should never adorn
a slave! Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust
to thy wild waste tract! Treeless, herbless,
lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to
crag and to cave No deity deigns to drape

with verdure?—at least I can breathe, Fear
in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from
the mute!” Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over
Parnes’ ridge; Gully and gap I clambered
and cleared till, sudden, a bar Jutted, a
stoppage of stone against me, blocking the
way. Right! for I minded the hollow to tra-
verse, the fissure across: ”Where I could en-
ter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?

Athens to aid? Tho' the dive were thro'
Erebos, thus I obey— Out of the day dive,
into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!"—when—ha! what was it I came on,
of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—
majestical Pan! Ivy drooped wanton, kissed
his head, moss cushioned his hoof; All the
great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly—

the curl Carved on the bearded cheek, amused
at a mortal's awe As, under the human trunk,
the goat-thighs grand I saw. "Halt, Pheidippides!"—
halt I did, my brain of a whirl: "Hither to
me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious
began: "How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas,
holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes
me no feast! Wherefore? Than I what god-

ship to Athens more helpful of old? Aye,
and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan,
trust me! Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh
Persia to scorn, have faith In the temples
and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-
God saith: When Persia—so much as strews
not the soil—is cast in the sea, Then praise
Pan who fought in the ranks with your most
and least, Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made

one cause with the free and the bold!

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing
the place, be the pledge!'" (Gay, the liberal
hand held out this herbage I bear –Fennel,–I
grasped it a-tremble with Dew–whatever it
bode), "While, as for thee ..."
But enough!
He was gone. If I ran hitherto– Be sure that
the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but
flew. Parnes to Athens–earth no more, the

air was my road; Here am I back. Praise
Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge!
Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a
guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And then, best
runner of Greece, Whose limbs did duty
indeed,—what gift is promised thyself? Tell
it us straightway,—Athens the mother de-
mands of her son!" Rosily blushed the youth:

he paused: but, lifting at length His eyes
from the ground, it seemed as he gathered
the rest of his strength Into the utterance—
"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be
allowed thee release From the racer's toil,
no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means re-
ward the most to my mind! Fight I shall,

with our foremost, wherever this fennel may
grow,– Pound–Pan helping us–Persia to dust,
and, under the deep, Whelm her away for-
ever; and then,–no Athens to save,– Marry
a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the
brave,– Hie to my house and home: and,
when my children shall creep Close to my
knees,–recount how the God was awful yet
kind, Promised their sire reward to the full–

rewarding him—so!”

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the
Marathon day: So, when Persia was dust,
all cried "To Akropolis! Run, Pheidippi-
des, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!"
He flung down his shield, Ran like fire once
more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which

a fire runs through, Till in he broke: "Re-
joice, we conquer!" Like wine thro' clay, Joy
in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the
bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend,
the word of salute Is still "Rejoice!"—his word
which brought rejoicing indeed. So is Phei-
dippides happy forever,—then noble strong
man Who could race like a god, bear the

face of a god, whom a god loved so well, He
saw the land saved he had helped to save,
and was suffered to tell Such tidings, yet
never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, there-
after be mute: "Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides
dies in the shout for his meed.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON AMERICA,
154

1831-1885

A SONG OF CLOVER

I wonder what the Clover thinks, Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links, Lover of Daisies slim and white, Waltzer with Buttercups at night; Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees, Serving to them wine-dregs and lees, Left by the Royal Humming Birds, Who sip and pay with fine-spun words; Fellow with all

the lowliest, Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun, Kissed
by the Dew-drops, one by one; Prophet of
Good-Luck mystery By sign of four which
few may see; Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one; Emblem
of comfort in the speech Which poor men's
babies early reach; Sweet by the roadsides,
sweet by rills, Sweet in the meadows, sweet

on hills, Sweet in its white, sweet in its
red,— Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said;—
Sweet in its every living breath, Sweetest,
perhaps, at last, in death! Oh! who knows
what the Clover thinks? No one! unless the
Bob-o'-links!

—”SAXE HOLM.”

LEWIS CARROLL ENGLAND, 1832-

1898

A SONG OF LOVE

Say, what is the spell, when her fledglings
are cheeping, That lures the bird home to
her nest? Or wakes the tired mother, whose
infant is weeping, To cuddle and croon it
to rest? What the magic that charms the
glad babe in her arms, Till it cooes with
the voice of the dove? 'Tis a secret, and so

let us whisper it low— And the name of the
secret is Love! For I think it is Love, For
I feel it is Love, For I'm sure it is nothing
but Love!

Say, whence is the voice that when anger
is burning, Bids the whirl of the tempest to
cease? That stirs the vexed soul with an
aching—a yearning For the brotherly hand-
grip of peace? Whence the music that fills

all our being—that thrills Around us, be-
neath, and above? 'Tis a secret: none knows
how it comes, or it goes— But the name of
the secret is Love! For I think it is Love, For
I feel it is Love, For I'm sure it is nothing
but Love!

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley
and hill, Like a picture so fair to the sight?
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine

and shadow, Till the little lambs leap with
delight? 'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel
and cold, Though 'tis sung, by the angels
above, In notes that ring clear for the ears
that can hear— And the name of the secret
is Love! For I think it is Love, For I feel it
is Love, For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

ANDREW LANG ENGLAND, 1844-
161

SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks you know, End-
less over-word that the Scythe Sings to the
blades of the grass below? Scythes that
swing in the grass and clover, Something,
still, they say as they pass; What is the
word that, over and over, Sings the Scythe
to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep; Hush,
they say to the grasses swaying; _Hush_,
they sing to the clover deep! _Hush_-'tis the
lullaby Time is singing- _Hush, and heed
not, for all things pass;- _Hush, ah hush!
and the Scythes are swinging_ Over the clover,
over the grass!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
ENGLAND, 1837-

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea, Frail,
pale wings for the wind to try, Small white
wings that we scarce can see, Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee, Some
fly soft as a long, low sigh; All to the haven
where each would be, Fly!

RUDYARD KIPLING ENGLAND, 1865-

RECESSIONAL
A VICTORIAN ODE

God of our fathers, known of old- Lord
of our far-flung battle line- Beneath whose
awful hand we hold Dominion over palm
and pine- Lord God of Hosts, be with us

yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies— The
captains and the kings depart— Still stands
Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a
contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with
us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away— On dune
and headland sinks the fire— Lo, all our pomp
of yesterday Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we
forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use, Or lesser
breeds without the Law— Lord God of Hosts,
be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we for-
get!

For heathen heart that puts her trust

In reeking tube and iron shard— All valiant
dust that builds on dust, And guarding calls
not Thee to guard. For frantic boast and
foolish word, Thy mercy on Thy people,
Lord!

Amen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AMER-
ICA, 1794-1878

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew, While glow
the heavens with the last steps of day, Far,
through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye Might mark thy
distant flight to do thee wrong, As, darkly
painted on the crimson sky, Thy figure floats
along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink Of weedy
lake, or marge of river wide, Or where the
rocking billows rise and sink On the chafed
ocean side?

There is a Power whose care Teaches thy
way along that pathless coast— The desert
and illimitable air— Lone wandering, but
not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned, At that

far height, the cold, thin atmosphere, Yet
stoop not, weary, to the welcome land, Though
the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end; Soon shalt
thou find a summer home and rest, And
scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven Hath
swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone, Guides through
the boundless sky thy certain flight, In the
long way that I must tread alone, Will lead
my steps aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the sad-

dest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked
woods, and meadows brown and sear. Heaped
in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead; They rustle to the eddying
gust, and to the rabbit's tread; The robin
and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay, And from the wood-top calls the
crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young

flowers, that lately sprang and stood In brighter
light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle
race of flowers Are lying in their lowly beds
with the fair and good of ours. The rain is
falling where they lie, but the cold Novem-
ber rain Calls not from out the gloomy earth
the lovely ones again. The windflower and
the violet, they perished long ago, And the

brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow; But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood, And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men, And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild

day, as still such days will come, To call
the squirrel and the bee from out their win-
ter home; When the sound of dropping nuts
is heard, though all the trees are still, And
twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the
rill, The south wind searches for the flowers
whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to
find them in the wood and by the stream
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died, The fair, meek blossom that grew up, and perished by my side. In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf, And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief: Yet not unmeet was it that one like that young friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours She
has a voice of gladness, and a smile And
eloquence of beauty, and she glides Into his
darker musings, with a mild And healing
sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness,

ere he is aware. When thoughts Of the
last bitter hour come like a blight Over thy
spirit, and sad images Of the stern agony,
and shroud, and pall, And breathless dark-
ness, and the narrow house, Make thee to
shudder, and grow sick at heart;— Go forth,
under the open sky, and list To Nature's
teachings, while from all around— Earth and
her waters, and the depths of air— Comes a

still voice—Yet a few days, and thee The all-
beholding sun shall see no more In all his
course; nor yet in the cold ground, Where
thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist Thy
image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim Thy growth, to be resolved to earth
again, And, lost each human trace, surren-
dering up Thine individual being, shalt thou

go To mix for ever with the elements, To be
a brother to the insensible rock And to the
sluggish clod, which the rude swain Turns
with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt

lie down With patriarchs of the infant world—
with kings, The powerful of the earth—the
wise, the good, Fair forms, and hoary seers
of ages past, All in one mighty sepulchre.
The hills Rock-ribbed and ancient as the
sun,—the vales Stretching in pensive quiet-
ness between; The venerable woods—rivers
that move In majesty, and the complain-
ing brooks That make the meadows green;

and, poured round all, Old ocean's gray and
melancholy waste,— Are but the solemn dec-
orations all Of the great tomb of man. The
golden sun, The planets, all the infinite host
of heaven, Are shining on the sad abodes of
death, Through the still lapse of ages. All
that tread The globe are but a handful to
the tribes That slumber in its bosom.—Take
the wings Of morning, pierce the Barcan

wilderness, Or lose thyself in the continuous
woods Where rolls the Oregon, and hears
no sound, Save his own dashings—yet the
dead are there: And millions in those soli-
tudes, since first The flight of years began,
have laid them down In their last sleep—
the dead reign there alone. So shalt thou
rest, and what if thou withdraw In silence
from the living, and no friend Take note

of thy departure? All that breathe Will
share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When
thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
leave Their mirth and their employments,
and shall come And make their bed with
thee. As the long train Of ages glides away,
the sons of men, The youth in life's fresh
185

spring, and he who goes In the full strength
of years, matron, and maid, The speechless
babe, and the gray-headed man,— Shall one
by one be gathered to thy side, By those,
who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes
to join The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach
thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery
of his couch About him, and lies down to
pleasant dreams.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AMER-
ICA, 1803-1882

'Twas one of the charmed days When
the genius of God doth flow, The wind may
alter twenty ways, A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm; Or south,
it still is clear; Or east, it smells like a
clover-farm; Or west, no thunder fear. The
musing peasant lowly great Beside the for-
est water sate; The rope-like pine roots cross-
wise grown Compose the network of his throne;

The wide lake, edged with sand and grass,
Was burnished to a floor of glass, Painted
with green and proud Of the tree and of the
cloud. He was the heart of all the scene;
On him the sun looked more serene; To hill
and cloud his face was known,— It seemed
the likeness of their own; They knew by
secret sympathy The public child of earth
and sky. "You ask," he said, "what guide

Me through trackless thickets led, Through
thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide.
I found the water's bed. The watercourses
were my guide; I traveled grateful by their
side, Or through their channel dry; They
led me through the thicket damp, Through
brake and fern, the beaver's camp, Through
beds of granite cut my road, And their re-
sistless friendship showed: The falling wa-

ters led me, The foodful waters fed me, And
brought me to the lowest land, Unerring to
the ocean sand. The moss upon the for-
est bark Was pole-star when the night was
dark; The purple berries in the wood Sup-
plied me necessary food; For Nature ever
faithful is To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me, When
the night and morning lie, When sea and

land refuse to feed me, 'Twill be time enough
to die; Then will yet my mother yield A pil-
low in her greenest field, Nor the June flow-
ers scorn to cover The clay of their departed
lover."

—From "WOODNOTES."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
AMERICA, 1807-1882
192

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea, And
said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away, Crying,
"Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout! Hang all
your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer, Your
clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn, "Bow
down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower, "Awake,
O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,

And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGAS-
SIZ

May 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago In the pleasant
month of May, In the beautiful Pays de
Vaud, A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took The

child upon her knee, Saying: "Here is a
story-book Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said, "Into
regions yet untrod; And read what is still
unread In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away With
Nature, the dear old nurse, Who sang to
him night and day The rhymes of the uni-
verse.

And whenever the way seemed long, Or
his heart began to fail, She would sing a
more wonderful song, Or tell a more mar-
velous tale.

So she keeps him still a child, And will
not let him go, Though at times his heart
beats wild For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;
Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old, And the rush

of mountain streams From the glaciers clear
and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn; It is grow-
ing late and dark, And my boy does not
return!"

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night

Sweep through her marble halls! I saw her
sable skirts all fringed with light From the
celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above; The calm, ma-
jestic presence of the Night, As of the one I
love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and de-
light, The manifold, soft chimes, That fill

the haunted chambers of the Night, Like
some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
air My spirit drank repose; The fountain of
perpetual peace flows there,- From those
deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before! Thou layest
thy finger on the lips of Care, And they

complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe
this prayer! Descend with broad-winged
flight, The welcome, the thrice-prayed for,
the most fair, The best-beloved Night!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AMER-
ICA, 1819-1891
LONGING

Of all the myriad moods of mind That
through the soul come thronging, Which
one was e'er so dear, so kind, So beauti-
ful as Longing? The thing we long for, that
we are For one transcendent moment Be-
fore the Present poor and bare Can make
its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal, And Longing

molds in clay what Life Carves in the marble Real; To let the new life in, we know, Desire must ope the portal; Perhaps the longing to be so Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving; We quench
it that we may be still Content with merely
living: But, would we learn that heart's full

scope Which we are hourly wronging, Our
lives must climb from hope to hope And re-
alize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise Good
God not only reckons The moments when
we tread His ways, But when the spirit beckons,—
That some slight good is also wrought Be-
yond self-satisfaction, When we are simply
good in thought, Howe'er we fail in action.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

There lay upon the ocean's shore What
once a tortoise served to cover. A year and
more, with rush and roar, The surf had
rolled it over, Had played with it, and flung
it by, As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan, The
rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman Had stum-
bled o'er and spurned it; And there the
fisher-girl would stay, Conjecturing with her
brother How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry, As
empty as the last new sonnet, Till by and by

came Mercury, And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimensions! Give
it but strings, and lo, it sings, A wonderful
invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered, The
shell disdained, a soul had gained, The lyre
had been discovered. O empty world that

round us lies, Dead shell, of soul and thought
forsaken, Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

JOHN BURROUGHS AMERICA, 1837-

WAITING[1]

Serene, I fold my hands and wait, Nor
care for wind, or tide, or sea; I rave no more

'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall
come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays, For what
avails this eager pace? I stand amid the
eternal ways, And what is mine shall know
my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day, The friends
I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my
bark astray, Or change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait
with joy the coming years; My heart shall
reap where it has sown, And garner up its
fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law Unto the
soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky; The

tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time, nor space,
nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away
from me.

[Footnote 1: Used by courteous permission of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.]

JOAQUIN MILLER AMERICA, 1841-
COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind

him the gates of Hercules; Before him not
the ghost of shores, Before him only shore-
less seas. The good mate said: "Now must
we pray, For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak," The
stout mate thought of home; a spray Of

salt wave washed his swarthy cheek. "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say, If we sight naught but seas at dawn?" "Why, you shall say, at break of day, 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow, Until at last the blanched mate said: "Why, now not even God would know Should I and all my men fall dead. These very

winds forget their way, For God from these
dread seas is gone. Now speak, brave Ad-
miral, speak and say—" He said: "Sail on!
sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake
the mate: "This mad sea shows his teeth to-
night. He curls his lip, he lies in wait, With
lifted teeth, as if to bite! Brave Admiral,
say but one good word: What shall we do

when hope is gone?" The words leapt as a leaping sword: "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck, And peered through darkness. Ah, that night Of all dark nights! And then a speck— A light! a light! a light! a light! It grew, a starlit flag unfurled! It grew to be Time's burst of dawn. He gained a world; he gave

that world Its greatest lesson: "On! sail
on!"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY AMERICA,
1848-

EVENING SONGS[1]

I

The birds have hid, the winds are low,
The brake is awake, the grass aglow: The

bat is the rover, No bee on the clover, The
day is over, And evening come.

The heavy beetle spreads her wings, The
toad has the road, the cricket sings: The
bat is the rover, No bee on the clover, The
day is over, And evening come.

II

It is that pale, delaying hour When na-
ture closes like a flower, And on the spirit

lies, The silence of the earth and skies. The
world has thoughts she will not own When
shade and dream with night have flown;
Bright overhead, a star Makes golden guesses
what they are.

III

Now is Light, sweet mother, down the
west, With little Song against her breast;
She took him up, all tired with play, And

fondly bore him far away.

While he sleeps, one wanders in his stead,
A fainter glory round her head; She fol-
lows happy waters after, Leaving behind
low, rippling laughter.

IV

Behind the hilltop drops the sun, The
curled heat falters on the sand, While evening's
ushers, one by one, Lead in the guests of

Twilight Land.

The bird is silent overhead, Below the
beast has laid him down; Afar, the marbles
watch the dead, The lonely steeple guards
the town.

The south wind feels its amorous course
To cloistered sweet in thickets found; The
leaves obey its tender force, And stir 'twixt
silence and a sound.

[Footnote 1: From "Poems," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.]

BLISS CARMAN CANADA, 1861-
A VAGABOND SONG[1]

There is something in the Autumn that
is native to my blood— Touch of manner,
hint of mood; And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the

crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry Of bugles going by. And my lonely
spirit thrills To see the frosty asters like
smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the
gypsy blood astir; We must rise and follow
her, When from every hill of fame She calls
and calls each vagabond by name.

[Footnote 1: From "Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman. Used by the courteous permission of the author and the publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard, & Co.]

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AMERICA, 1852-

OLD GLORY[1]

Old Glory! say, who, By the ships and

the crew, And the long, blended ranks of
the gray and the blue— Who gave you, Old
Glory, the name that you bear With such
pride everywhere, As you cast yourself free
to the rapturous air And leap out full length,
as we're wanting you to?— Who gave you
that name, with the ring of the same, And
the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and

of red, With your stars at their glittering
best overhead— By day or by night Their de-
lightfullest light Laughing down from their
little square heaven of blue! Who gave you
the name of Old Glory—say, who— Who gave
you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.
Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear

Is what the plain facts of your christening
were,— For your name—just to hear it, Re-
peat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;— And seeing you fly, and
the boys marching by, There's a shout in
the throat and a blur in the eye, And an
aching to live for you always—or die, If, dy-
ing, we still keep you waving on high And
so, by our love For you, floating above, And

the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and
why Are we thrilled at the name of Old
Glory?

Then the old banner leaped like a sail
in the blast, And fluttered an audible an-
swer at last And it spake with a shake of
the voice, and it said: By the driven snow-
white and the living blood-red Of my bars

and their heaven of stars overhead— By the
symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the
mast, Or droop o'er the sod where the long
grasses nod,— My name is as old as the glory
of God So I came by the name of Old Glory.

[Footnote 1: This and the following
poems are used by the courteous permission
of the publishers, Messrs. Bobbs, Merrill, &

Co., Indianapolis.]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
AMERICA, 1807-1882

KAVANAGH

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of the
spring!— the great annual miracle of the blos-
soming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myri-
ads and myriads of branches! —the gentle
progression and growth of herbs, flowers,

trees,—gentle, and yet irrepressible,— which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If spring came but once a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with a sound of an earthquake and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold

the miraculous change!

But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be. We are like children who are astonished and delighted only by the second-hand of the clock, not by the hour-

hand.

In the fields and woods, meanwhile, there were other signs and signals of the summer. The darkening foliage; the embrowning grain; the golden dragonfly haunting the blackberry bushes; the cawing crows, that looked down from the mountain on the cornfield, and waited day after day for the scarecrow to finish his work and depart; and

the smoke of far-off burning woods, that pervaded the air and hung in purple haze about the summits of the mountains, –these were the vaunt-couriers and attendants of the hot August.

The brown autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest, – to the forest, revelations of light, –and to the sky, the sharp

air, the morning mist, the red clouds at evening. Within doors, the sense of seclusion, the stillness of closed and curtained windows, musings by the fireside, books, friends, conversation, and the long, meditative evenings. To the farmer, it brought surcease of toil,—to the scholar, that sweet delirium of the brain which changes toil to pleasure. It brought the wild duck back to

the reedy marshes of the south; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within, the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long-absent gladdened the threshold; and all the sweet amenities of social life again resumed their inter-

rupted reign.

The first snow came. How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more

fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every sound was muffled, every noise changed to something soft and musical. No more trampling hoofs,—no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children.

APPENDIX: BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES
ENGLISH AUTHORS

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, was born in London in 1340. The colleges of Oxford and Cambridge both claim him as a student. He enjoyed the favor of King Edward the Third, and passed much of his time at court. In 1386 he was

made a knight, and during the latter part of his life he received an annual pension. He died in 1400. His writings are in a language so different from modern English that many persons cannot enjoy their beauties. His principal poems are "Canterbury Tales," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Court of Love," and "Troilus and Cressida."

EDMUND SPENSER was born in Lon-

don about 1553. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1576, and soon after wrote "The Shepherd's Calendar." Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were his friends and patrons. In 1598 Spenser was appointed a sheriff in Ireland, and not long afterward in a rebellion his property was destroyed and his child killed. He did not long survive this calamity. His best-known poem is

"The Faery Queen."

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH is often called the Golden Age of English literature. Not only did Spenser and Shakespeare live then, but a large number of minor poets also rendered the period illustrious. Among the dramatic poets Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, who wrote together, and Ben Jonson hold an

honorable position. The most noted lyric poets of the day were George Herbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Philip Sidney. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest of English poets, was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564. He is supposed to have been educated at the free school of Stratford. When he was about twenty-two, he went to London, and after a hard struggle with poverty,

he became first an actor, then a successful playwright and theater manager. Having gained not only fame but a modest fortune, he retired in 1611 to live at ease in Stratford until his death in 1616. Besides the two long poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," which first won popularity for him, he has written thirty-seven plays, ranging from the lightest comedy, through romance and his-

torical narrative, to the darkest tragedy. Whatever form his verse takes,—sonnet, song, or dramatic poetry,—it shows the touch of the master hand, the inspiration of the master mind. Of his plays those which are still most frequently acted are the tragedies "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Othello," the comedies "Midsummer-night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like

It," and "The Comedy of Errors," and the historical plays "Julius Caesar," "King Henry IV," "King Henry V," and "Richard III."

BEN JONSON was born at Westminster, England, about 1573. He was the friend of Shakespeare and a famous dramatist in his day, but his plays no longer hold the stage. His best play is "Every Man in his Humour." His songs and short poems are

beautiful. He died in 1637. His tomb in Westminster Abbey is inscribed "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

GEORGE HERBERT was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Later he studied for the ministry and was appointed vicar of Bremerton. His "Sacred Poems" are noted for their purity and beauty

of sentiment. He died in 1633.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. Later he spent a year in travel, meeting the great Galileo while in Italy. He was an ardent advocate of freedom, and under the Protectorate he was the secretary of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. When only forty-six, he became

totally blind, yet his greatest work was done after this misfortune overtook him. As a poet he stands second only to Shakespeare. His early poems, "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas," are very beautiful, and his "Paradise Lost" is the finest epic poem in the English language. He died in 1674.

THE MINOR POETS of the age of Mil-

ton were Edmund Waller, Robert Herrick, George Wither, Sir John Suckling, and Sir Richard Lovelace.

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9, 1631. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His poem in honor of the restoration of Charles II won him the position of Poet Laureate. His best-known works are the poetic "Translation of Virgil's Aeneid,"

"Alexander's Feast," "The Hind and the Panther," and the drama "The Indian Emperor." He died in 1700.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE was rendered brilliant by the writings of Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison, Edward Young, James Thompson, William Collins, Sir Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, and Daniel Defoe. Not only were the poems of this period beau-

tiful, but prose also reached a high development.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milton, England, May 1, 1672. He completed his education at Queen's and Magdalen colleges, Oxford. He entered the diplomatic service and rose steadily, becoming one of the two principal secretaries of state two years before his death. He attained a higher

political position than any other writer has ever achieved through his literary ability. With Steele he published *The Tatler*, and later *The Spectator*, at first a daily paper and afterward a tri-weekly one. He was a master of English prose, and his poems are elevated and serious in style. He died in 1719.

ISAAC WATTS was born at Southamp-

ton, July 17, 1674. He studied for the ministry. He wrote nearly five hundred hymns besides his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." Many of his hymns are still favorites. He died in 1748.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21, 1688. Sickly and deformed, he was unable to attend school, but he was nevertheless a great student. His writings

are witty and satirical. His best-known poems are "Essay on Man," "Translation of the Iliad," "Essay on Criticism," and "The Rape of the Lock." He died in 1744.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716. He was educated at Eton, and Peter-House College, Cambridge. He lived all his life at Cambridge, ultimately being appointed professor of Modern History. His

most famous poem is the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Great Berkhamstead, England, November 26, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, and studied law at the Middle Temple, being called to the bar in 1754. He was very delicate and afflicted with nervousness that amounted to insanity at times. Not until

1780 did he seriously begin his literary career. Then for a period of a little more than ten years he worked with success and was happy. His most famous poems are "John Gilpin," "The Task," "Hope," and "Lines on my Mother's Portrait." In the latter part of his life his nervous melancholy again affected him. He died in 1800.

ROBERT BURNS was born at Ayr in

Scotland, January 25, 1759. He was the son of a poor farmer, and he himself followed the plow in his earlier days. He was about to seek his fortune in America when his first volume of poems was published and won him fame at once. His style is simple and sincere, with a fire of intensity. His best poems are "Tam o'Shanter" and "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He died July 21,

1796.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, England, on April 7, 1770. He completed his education at St John's College, Cambridge, taking his degree of B A in 1791. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1843, succeeding Robert Southey. He is the poet of nature and of simple life. Among his best

known poems are "The Ode to Immortality," "The Excursion," and "Yarrow Revisited." He died April 23, 1850.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was educated at Edinburgh University and afterward studied law in his father's office. His energy and tireless work were marvelous. He followed the practice of his profession

until he was appointed Clerk of Session. His official duties were scrupulously performed, yet his literary work surpasses in volume and ability that of any of his contemporaries. Novelist, historian, poet, he excelled in whatever style of literature he attempted. His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He died in 1832.

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. He was expelled from Westminster School for writing an article against school flogging. Later he studied at Balliol College, Oxford. He was an incessant worker, laboring at all branches of literature, from his famous nursery story, "The Three Bears," to "The Life of Nelson." He was appointed Laureate in 1813.

His most successful long poems are "Thalaba," and "The Curse of Kehama." He died in 1843.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. He was educated at the university of his native town, and he was regarded as its most brilliant scholar, in his later life he was elected Lord Rector of the university. His best known poems

are "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "Ye Mariners of England." He died in 1844.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1779. He was educated at Trinity College, and afterward studied law at the Middle Temple, London. "Lalla Rookh," and his "Irish Melodies" have won for him a lasting fame as a poet. He died February

26, 1852.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT was born near London in 1784. He left school when only fifteen to become a clerk in the War Office, where he remained until 1808, when he and his brother published *The Examiner*. From that time he was occupied as an editor and writer, being connected with different periodicals. He was the intimate

friend of Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats. One of his best poems, "Rimini," was written in prison, where he was condemned to remain for two years because he had published a satirical article about the prince regent. In his later years a pension of two hundred pounds was granted him. He died August 28, 1859.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BY-

RON, was born in London, January 22, 1788. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, but did not remain to take his degree. While at the university he published a volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness," which he followed shortly by the satirical poem "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which won him immediate recognition. He wrote many dramatic poems, but his most beau-

tiful work is "Childe Harold." He was the friend of Shelley and Leigh Hunt, and together they published "The Liberal." In 1823 he joined the Greeks in their struggle for freedom, and the exposure and exertion that he suffered in this war brought on the fever of which he died in April, 1824.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, England, August 4, 1792.

He was entered at University College, Oxford, but was shortly expelled as an atheist. His life was a sad one, his first marriage was unhappy, and he was drowned when only thirty years old, in July, 1822. His longest and best works are "The Cenci," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Revolt of Islam," and "Adonais," an elegy on the death of his friend, the poet Keats, near whom he

was buried.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, England, in 1795 or 1796. His poem "Endymion" was criticised severely in the *Quarterly Review*. Keats was so sensitive that this criticism is supposed to have aggravated his malady, and thus to be responsible for his early death. Among his other poems may be noted "Hyperion," "Lamia," and "The

Eve of St Agnes." He died at Rome in 1821.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London, England, May 23, 1799. His humorous verses first attracted attention, but his serious poems have given him a lasting place in literature. Among these are "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Eugene Aram," and "Ode to Melancholy." He died in 1845.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY,
was born in Leicestershire, October 25, 1800.
He was educated at Trinity College, Cam-
bridge, and studied law. He disliked his
profession, greatly preferring literature. In
1830 he entered Parliament and was made
Secretary of War in 1839. He was elected
Lord Rector of Glasgow University and was
raised to the peerage in 1857. He died in

1859. His best-known poems are "Ivry" and "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA from a literary standpoint is second only to that of Elizabeth in brilliancy. The Victorian Age is usually applied to the whole century, during the better part of which Victoria reigned. The literature of this age is rich with the writings of Robert Browning,

Alfred Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his sister Christina, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Arthur Hugh Clough, Adelaide Procter, and a host of minor poets.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born at Somersby, August 6, 1809. He was ed-

ucated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first book of poems, written with his brother Charles, was published two years before he entered college; from that time until his death his literary work was continuous. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and thirty-four years later was raised to the peerage. His poems cover a wide range—lyrics, ballads, idyls, and dramas. His

most important works are "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud," and "The Idylls of the King." He died in 1892.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was born at Durham, England, March 6, 1809. She was highly educated and was proficient in both Greek and Latin. She wrote her first verses at the age of ten, and her first volume of poems was published when

she was but seventeen years old. In 1846 she was married to the poet Robert Browning. Her first known works are "Aurora Leigh," a novel in verse, "The Portuguese Sonnets," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "The Cry of the Children," a poem written to show the wretchedness of the little children employed in the mines and factories of England. She died at Florence, Italy, in June, 1861.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in Camberwell, England, in 1812. He was educated at the University of London. He married Elizabeth Barrett, the poet, and together they lived much of their time in Italy. They were deeply interested in the struggle of Italy for freedom, and both wrote on this subject. In his long life Browning wrote many volumes of poems, and it is difficult

to choose among them. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is always a favorite with the young people, as are "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Herve Riel," and "Ratisbon." His most popular poems are "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and "Saul." He died in 1889.

MARIAN EVANS, who wrote under the

name of George Eliot, was born at Aubury Farm, near Nuneaton, England, November 22, 1819. She was carefully educated and was a most earnest student. While her poems are beautiful, her best work is in prose, and she ranks as one of England's greatest novelists. Her most famous novels are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Middlemarch." She married

Mr John Cross, in May, 1880, and died December 22 of the same year.

JEAN INGELow was born at Boston, England, in 1820. She is known both as a poet and novelist. Her best-known poems are "Songs of Seven" and "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." She died in 1897.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, son of Thomas

Arnold of Rugby, was born at Laleham, England, December 24, 1822. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford. In 1857 he was elected professor of Poetry at Oxford. He is chiefly noted for his essays, though his poems are lofty in sentiment and polished in diction. "Sohrab and Rustum" is his most important poem. He died in 1888.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK was

born in Staffordshire, England, in 1826. She won her fame as a writer of novels, of which the best is "John Halifax, Gentleman." She died in 1887.

WILLIAM MORRIS was born in Walthamstow, March 24, 1834. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Before he was thirty years old he founded an establishment for the manufacture of artistic mate-

rials for household decoration. His work in this direction has improved the beauty of all household fabrics, and has affected the taste in household art in both England and America. Nevertheless he is best known as a poet. His finest poems are "The Earthly Paradise," a series of Norse legends, "Three Northern Stones," translated from Icelandic poems, and his translations of "The Odyssey."

He died in 1896.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
was born in London, April 5, 1837. He was
educated partly in France, at Eton, and at
Balliol College, Oxford. He left the Uni-
versity without a degree to spend several
years in travel. He is a master of English,
using a wider vocabulary than any of his
contemporaries, and the musical effects of

his many varied meters have won for him a unique position in poetry. He has been called "the greatest metrical inventor in English literature." His works in French and Latin show him to be a poet in three languages. His best-known works are "Poems and Ballads," "Songs before Sunrise," and "Mary Stuart." He is the greatest living English poet.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI was born in London, May 12, 1828. He studied art in the antique school of the Royal Academy, and became known as an artist before he won fame as a poet. His most widely known poem is "The Blessed Damozel." He died in 1882.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, the sister of D.G. Rossetti, was born in Lon-

don, December 5, 1830. She ranks as one of the greatest and most spiritual of English poetesses.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD was born in Sussex, June 10, 1832. He was educated at King's College, London, and at University College, Oxford. He was appointed principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Poonah, India, and Fellow of the University

of Bombay, and held these posts through the Sepoy Rebellion. Returning to London in 1861, he was one of the editors of the *Daily Telegraph*, and through his influence Henry M. Stanley undertook his first expedition into Africa to find Livingstone. Nearly all of his poetry deals with Oriental legends, and much of his time was spent in India and Japan. His principal works are

"The Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith,"
"Indian Song of Songs," "Japonica," and
"The Light of the World."

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. He was educated partly in England, but returned to India when he was only fifteen, and there began his literary work and first won fame. His writings are mainly in prose, and he

is at his best when writing of India. His poems are all short, and "The Recessional" and "The Dove of Dacca" are especially fine. In prose the "Jungle Books," "The Naulakha," and "Kim" are the most popular.

AMONG THE MINOR POETS of the Victorian Age may be mentioned the following:—

John Henry, Cardinal Newman, 1801-

1890. Author of many volumes of sermons and the hymn "Lead Kindly Light."

Henry Francis Lyte, 1763-1847. Author of many hymns, the most popular of which is "Abide with Me."

Alfred Domett, 1811-1887. Author of "Christmas Hymn."

Arthur Hugh Clough, 1810-1861. Author of "Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich."

Charles Mackay, 1814-1889. Author of many songs, among them "There is a Good Time Coming" and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

AMERICAN AUTHORS

In the early days of this country the time and thought of the settlers were taken up in struggling with the difficulties of their surroundings, so that there was little opportunity for the establishment of an American

literature. For art, poetry, and the beautiful in life, the colonists naturally turned to the mother country—to the home which they had so lately left. During the period before the French and Indian War the subject of religion and nice points of doctrine filled the minds of the Americans, hence we find that the first American writer who attained to a European reputation was the

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, a distinguished divine and president of Princeton College. His books on "The Religious Affections" and "The Freedom of the Will" are still studied.

After the French and Indian War, politics became the absorbing topic of the day, and Benjamin Franklin was the first to achieve fame in this field of letters. His writings in "Poor Richard's Almanac," honest and

wholesome in tone, exercised a marked influence upon the literature of his time. Among the orators who won distinction in the discussion of civil liberty are James Otis, John and Samuel Adams, and Patrick Henry. The writings of John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison in *The Federalist* secured the adoption of the Constitution and survive to this day as brilliant examples of

political essays, while the state papers of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson are models of clearness and elegance of style.

With the peace and prosperity that followed the establishment of our republic came the opportunity to cultivate the broader fields of literature. Relieved of the strain of the struggle for civil and religious liberty, the people could satisfy their inclinations to-

ward the beautiful in art and life, and from that time until the present day the writers of America have held their own in the front ranks of the authors of the English-speaking peoples.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, the first American poet to win distinction, was born in New York City in 1795. He was educated in Columbia College. He died prematurely

when only twenty-five years old. His best-known poems are "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag." He was the intimate friend of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the Connecticut poet, author of "Marco Bozzaris." The last four lines of Drake's "American Flag" were written by Fitz-Greene Halleck.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November

3, 1794. He was educated at Williams College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. His first poem was published when he was thirteen. His best-known poem, "Thanatopsis," was written when he was only nineteen and delivered at his college commencement. After practicing law for a short time, he became editor of *The Evening Post* and continued this work until his death. When

he was seventy-two, he began his translation of Homer, which occupied him for six years. He died in 1878.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, May 20, 1803. He studied at Harvard College, and after a period of teaching, became pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston for a short time. Later he settled in Concord, spending his time in writ-

ing and lecturing in this country and England. He was the founder of what has been called "The Concord School of Philosophy." His best-known poems are "The Concord Hymn," "Rhodora," "The Snow Storm," "Each and All," "The Days," and "The Humble Bee." He died in 1882.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
was born in Portland, Maine, February 27,

1807. He was educated at Bowdoin College and, after a period of study abroad, was appointed professor of Foreign Languages there. This position he gave up to become professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard College. At Cambridge he was a friend of Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, and Alcott. His best-known long poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha,"

"The Building of the Ship," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He made a fine translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." Among his many short poems, "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," and "Paul Revere's Ride" are continuously popular. He died in 1882. He was the first American writer who was honored by a memorial in

Westminster Abbey.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. He was educated in the public school, working at the same time on his father's farm or at making shoes. Having left the academy, he devoted himself to literature. He was an ardent abolitionist, and many of his poems are written to aid the

cause of freedom in which he was so deeply interested. His best-known poems are "Snow-Bound," "Barbara Frietchie," "Maude Muller," and "Voices of Freedom." He died in 1892.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809. The story of his life is as melancholy as was his genius. Wild, dissipated, reckless, he was dismissed from West Point. He alienated his best

friends and lived the greatest part of his life in the deepest poverty, dying in 1849 from the effects of dissipation and exposure. His best poems are "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. He was educated at Harvard College and studied medicine, spending two years

in the hospitals of Europe. He was successively professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, a physician in regular practice in Boston, and professor of anatomy at Harvard College—this position he held from 1847 to 1882. He was nearly fifty before he became widely known as a writer, when "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published. He was success-

ful as essayist, novelist, poet, a kindly wit playing through much of his work. His best-known poems are "Old Ironsides," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The One-hoss Shay," "The Last Leaf," and "The Boys." He died in 1894.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819. He was educated at Harvard Col-

lege. He succeeded Longfellow as professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. He was also editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*. He was appointed minister to Spain and later to England, where he was our ambassador for five years. His best-known poems are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Commemoration Ode," "The Biglow Papers,"

"The Present Crisis," and "The First Snowfall." He died in 1891.

WALT WHITMAN was born in West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. He was unable to go to college. He served in various occupations, teacher, printer, writer, until in the great Civil War he volunteered as a war nurse. His exertions and exposure in this work destroyed his health, so that

most of his remaining years he was dependent upon his friends. His most beautiful poem is "O Captain, My Captain," written after the assassination of Lincoln. He died in 1892.

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, who wrote under the name of Joaquin Miller, was born in Indiana in 1841. While yet a boy he went to Oregon and later to Cali-

fornia, where he led a wild life among the miners, fighting the Indians, practicing law, and becoming a county judge. After several years in Europe and New York, he settled down as a fruit grower in California. He wrote "Songs of the Sierras," "Songs of the Sun-Lands," and "The Ship in the Desert."

AMONG THE MINOR AMERICAN POETS the following are worthy of note:—

Francis Scott Key, 1779-1843. "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Emma Hart Willard, 1787-1870. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

John Howard Payne, 1792-1852. "Home Sweet Home."

Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819-1881. "Bittersweet."

Julia Ward Howe, 1819-. "The Battle

Hymn of the Republic.”

Alice Cary, 1820-1871. Phoebe Cary,
1824-1871. Joint authors of several volumes
of poems. "Order for a Picture," A.C. "Nearer
Home," P.C.

Thomas Buchanan Read, 1822-1872. "Drift-
ing," "Sheridan's Ride."

John Burroughs, naturalist, 1837-. "Wait-
ing."

Edward Rowland Sill, 1841-1887. "The Fool's Prayer," "Opportunity."

Sidney Lanier, 1842-1881. "The Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Marshes of Glynn," "A Song of the Future."

John Vance Cheney, 1848-. "Thistle Drift," "Wood Blooms," "Evening Songs."

James Whitcomb Riley, 1853-. "Rhymes of Childhood."

Eugene Field, 1850-1895. "With Trumpet and Drum," and "Love Songs of Childhood."