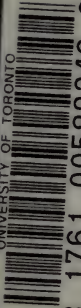


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JONATHAN E. HOAG



Jonathan G. Hoag.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JONATHAN E. HOAG

With Portrait and Autograph of the Author

Biographical and Critical Preface

by Howard P. Lovecraft

AUTHOR'S EDITION

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INTRODUCTION

PENNED in this age of chaos and change, fever and flourish, by a man born when Andrew Jackson was President, when Poe was an unknown youth with his second thin volume of verses in the press, when Coleridge, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, and Wordsworth were living bards, and when the memory of Byron, Shelley, Blake and Keats was still recent; the present collection of poems is probably unique in its defiance of time and whim. Where else, indeed, would one be likely to find such a body of poetry; written almost wholly after the author's eighty-fifth year, and with many of the choicest specimens dating from beyond his ninetieth year, yet exhibiting an uniform grace, vigour, and vividness which place it in competition with the best, irrespective of origin?

Our venerable author, Jonathan E. Hoag, was born February 10, 1831, in a farmhouse at Valley Falls, Rensselaer County, New York. Heredity gave him her best; for in his blood are mingled the Quaker strain of the Hoags, the sturdiness of the Wings, the rugged independence of Ethan Allen, and the high martial spirit of the Giffords, through whom he traces his descent from the Norman Walter Gifford, first Earl of Buckingham, who was standard-bearer to William the Conqueror. The earliest environment of Mr. Hoag, which he has celebrated in so many delightful poems and essays, was an idyllic kind of rural life which has today largely vanished through the incursions of the railway, telephone, and postal system; and which was marked by that lofty and picturesque simplicity formed when a race of fine stock and traditions reverts to the stalwart condition of the pioneer. In such a life there was, despite the proportion of arduous toil, a certain beauty and freshness that sprang from the continuous isolation with varied nature, and from the acutely visible cycle of fundamental acts and processes—ploughing, sowing, cultivating, reaping, storing; stock-raising, shearing, spinning, weaving; baking, sewing, candle-making—all the simple, homely little deeds which modernity has banished from most individual lives through co-operative effort, yet which the most sophisticated writers like to recall in occasional idyls and delicately etched eclogues. Thousands knew this elder and vanished America, but being bound to the practical, did not feel its loveliness poignantly enough to need to express it in the rhythms and images of poetry. Mr. Hoag, however, was endowed with the true vision and divine sensitiveness of the bard; and vibrated sympathetically to the pastoral scenes around him. Alive to beauty in every form, he found it wher-

ever he looked; and watched the calm agrestic years roll by, with the life of the old farm home, and the little school, and the academy, and the general training on the green. He knew, and what is more, he felt, the old America of our fathers; and was in addition a worshipper of those universal powers of grandeur and loveliness which gleam in the woods, hills, valleys, streams and waterfalls of untenanted Nature. Add to this a keenly active, humorous and analytical mind, and a disposition of the warmest kindness, tolerance, and sympathy; and you have a picture of the fundamentals on which our poet's art is built.

The titanic background of the past, so pitifully lost to our younger generation, was possessed in all its potency by the growing bard. The Hoags are a long-lived race, and when little Jonathan was six he could sit at the feet of his great-aunt Lydia, who lived to be 103, and hear at first hand the reminiscences of one who had witnessed not only the Revolution, but the last of the French and Indian wars as well. He learned from the very first that essential continuity of life and thought which our moderns learn too late or not at all; and never swerved from conservatism and sanity as he grew to the six feet of sturdy Hoag, Wing, Allen and Gifford brawn which he has today.

Of books Mr. Hoag was ever an avid reader. Though educated only at the "little red schoolhouse" and the Washington County Academy, he lost no opportunity to enlarge his liberal culture; so that ere long he was master of a wide erudition and discriminating philosophy. Uniting to his studiousness an acute observation of men and scenes, he gradually became stored with an accumulation of ideas and images which in one of his eloquent temperament could not but seek expression in literature. By degrees we find him uttering his thoughts and impressions in essays and poems; though moved somewhat to restraint because of the absence of early technical training in the most rigid literary forms. Of this earlier work very little verse has survived; though from the single specimen here presented we see that its natural merit was indeed great.

Mr. Hoag, maturing, acquired experience, family responsibilities, and varied interests. Poet and dreamer already, he became likewise skilled in law, newspaper correspondence, observant travel, and the several sciences. He developed social and political interests, visited the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, and rose to a position of commanding influence in the Prohibition party; for his sensitive good taste had always rebelled against the bestial spectacle of drunkenness and its attendant miseries. His letters, signed "Scriba," were always in demand by the press; whether touching on the beauties of some natural vista or historic spot, on some unusual observation pertaining to geology, geography, or meteorology, or on some problem of governmental or economic significance. In 1904, at an age already ripe, Mr.

Hoag made an extended tour of the United States; beholding the scenic wonders of the West, and studying the condition of mankind all over the nation. He saw a sunset from Pike's Peak, talked with old Geronimo, that last relic of aboriginal savagery, and accumulated a new fund of beauty and lore to animate his literary products. It is quite possible that the exceptionally powerful impression made on him by the awesome peaks and canyons that lay along his course, was the basic impulse behind that renewed poetical flow which shines forth in these pages and which is still flourishing with undiminished lustre. The force of that impression can be attested by all readers of the *Greenwich* (N.Y.) *Journal* who followed "Scribe's" series of graphic prose articles on the subject.

Late in 1915 Mr. Hoag received his final impulse toward continuous and systematic literary production through his advent to the miniature world of "amateur journalism"; a group of societies formed for the encouragement of the non-professional litterateur, and possessing an amateur press whose columns welcome all qualified comers. Availing himself of the various departments of criticism and encouragement, our bard began to turn out a finished product whose form fully sustained its matter, and which followed correctly those poetical traditions to which he was naturally inclined. The results may be seen in this volume; where the general classification, as shown in the table of contents, exhibits the various directions taken by the author's Muse. Much of this work is of nocturnal origin, inspired by dreams or waking visions of the darkness, and set to paper as quickly as possible. Scarcely anything is studied or premeditated, since "Scriba" sings for the most purely artistic of reasons—because he cannot help it! Awe, reminiscence, beauty-worship, sorrow, speculation, wonder—any of the countless impulses may move him; and when once moved, he cannot but express himself with that simple and spontaneously selective poignancy which is the truest art. And so he is today, at the age of ninety-two; expressing out of a long life of taste, thought, beauty, honour, and virtue, those images so thoroughly yet delicately coloured by the career they reflect. He resides at "Vista Buena," his delightful village home in Greenwich, New York, where with his son and grandchildren he weaves his dreams, while Dionondawa's cataract pours ceaseless music on his ears.

The poetry of Mr. Hoag is distinguished by a Doric purity and simplicity which, together with the reflective tranquility and occasional domestic touches, affiliate it conclusively with the earlier American school. It is fresh, Colonial, and free from self-conscious ornamentation. It has escaped not only the abyss of modernism, but the hothouse of Victorian preciosity and affectation as well; keeping the ancient verbal austerity as Bryant kept it, and holding also not a little of that eighteenth-century

ease and swing which, as in Dr. Holmes' best work, is a genuine survival from our local tradition of Byles, Sewell, Freneau, Trumbull, Dwight and Barlow, rather than a pedantic revival of Queen Anne and Georgian piquancy after the manner of the late Austin Dobson. Flexibility, however, is a dominant feature; and leads the poet to adapt his measure to his mood, so that we are occasionally surprised by such variations from the general style as we see in verses like "The Celtic's Dream of his Erin Home." Subtler variations are those which we note between essentially stately pieces, such as the Nature odes and the pensive reminiscences; and the playful pieces, such as the juveniles and the jovial reminiscences. When in the lighter vein, Mr. Hoag manages with unusual success to avoid the insipid, the puerile, and the banal; and achieves a kind of originality resulting from the union of colloquial simplicity with correct diction and images drawn directly from experience. This image-drawing occasionally attains a felicity amounting to sheer genius, for "Scriba" seems to know by instinct just what sort of unhackneyed allusion will best call up in a few words the vivid pictures his theme demands.

Should a critic attempt to decide which of the several fields of Mr. Hoag's work best suits the author's talents, he would find himself involved in much delicate comparison. There are odes to Nature's primal forces which sometimes reach impressive depths, as where in speaking of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado he refers to black caverns where

"Vast nameless satyrs dance with noiseless feet."

Then, too, there are elegies and poems of pathos and patriotism where sheer natural feeling seems to animate the lines with a radiance more lasting than that of studied phrases. The juvenile pieces are ineffably appealing, while the legends and brighter Nature poems are full of a quaint and characteristic fascination. But in the end it seems certain that a conscientious analyst would award the palm to those reminiscent idyls in which the writer's own rural childhood is mirrored with such inspired fidelity and selective individuality. It is here that the descriptive and lyrical moods are most perfectly united, and here that the poet's gift of original observation is given freest play. In these studies of Old America we have the convincing touch of one who has lived in the scenes he describes; and who consequently avoids the objectivity, inaccuracy, and false stresses of the newer bards whose outlook is purely detached and antiquarian. He knows what to tell, because he writes from living memories and does not need to rely on stock phrases, images, or situations. Who else, in describing the "little red schoolhouse," would refer to the master's tapping on the window to summon the scholars in from recess? Another poet would drag in the traditional bell—but "Scriba" knows his subject from actual ex-

perience. The spirit of childhood is very close to him, and he retains with a truly photographic accuracy his original reactions to the rural scene of the thirties; so that we may share the young enthusiasm with which he thrilled so many decades ago. Not a sentiment or perception is missing, and even the outworn, supposedly exploded values of the past take on a new reality as seen again through his unspoiled and ever-youthful eyes.

The present volume includes, besides one earlier piece, the entire output of Mr. Hoag's finished Muse; that is, that portion of his contemporary work which has passed the scrutiny of his more calmly appraising second judgment, including all permanent material written between the winter of 1915-16 and the spring of 1923. What place it may ultimately take in the pastoral minstrelsy of America is not for the writer to predict; since the whole aesthetic order is at present so convulsed with unrest, rebellion, and a virtual transvaluation of values. But we may at least agree that according to accepted standards, our poet has accomplished a marvellous work in capturing the spirit of the buoyant, hopeful past for the benefit of the doubting, pessimistic present. What would we not give for that earlier outlook upon man, the world, and the universe! The esteem in which "Scriba" is held by his contemporaries may plainly be seen from the bulky appendix of tributes, in which the present writer appears as a persistent and periodical offender. It is that writer's hope, both from personal regard and from a disinterested love of beauty in literature, that he may have the privilege of adding some day to these tributes a centennial ode which its venerable subject may read in the full vigour of a lengthened span.

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

March, 1923.

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SONGS OF HOME

THE OLD FARM HOME

My old farm home on Hoosick's verdant lea,
How oft in stilly night I dream of thee!
Of childhood's scenes I left so far behind,
The dreams of youth do yet my heart remind.
The mountain stream I yet can clearly spy,
As now these lines unfold before my eye.
The cooling waters gently lave the shore,
As when I watched in youth, long years before!
That old, old rural home of long ago;
Dear, though my locks have whitened as the snow,
To mark the passage of the fleeting years,
And call to memory such bitter tears!
The old, old barn with swinging rope so free,
Where girls and boys were wont to romp in glee;
The old sheepshed, wherein the woolly flocks
And tender lambkins played on mossy rocks!
Ah, then, the orchard too, where apples sweet
On bending boughs our vision oft would greet;
As, basking 'neath its grateful verdant shade,
We watched the sportive lambkins while they played.
And, too, the clover bloom from newmade hay,
That scented southern winds at close of day;
The lowing herd that slowly climbed the lea,
While lengthening shadows stretched from leafy tree.
The old stump fence still lies along the road,
Where children's voices once in laughter flowed;
But where the crossroads schoolhouse stood in grace,
Now rush the trains at fevered modern pace.
On the steep hillside with its balmy pines,
And ancient oak trees with their swinging vines,
The happy children sought for wintergreen,
Whose berries red with rapture oft were seen.
Where are they now, who gathered berries here,
And gaily prattled in a bygone year?
Their present homes are scattered far and wide,
While some, alas, have crossed the fateful tide!
See the old bridge with wooden arches high!
Far, far beneath the water rushes by.
Within that covered space the shadows lay;
And spooky fancies lurked along the way.
Ah! the old mill that ground the yellow corn,
With waters whirling past that ne'er return.
Seedtime and harvest hold eternal reign;
Though mortals die, great Nature must remain!
Home of my youth! Once more I come to thee,
Where long ago I lived in infant glee.
I step within thy silent doors; but there
No voice, no face familiar cheers the air.
I peer out through the narrow window-pane,

Where mother watched her sportive childish train,
 I touch the latch which once my mother grasped,
 While me, close to her breast, she fondly clasped.
 I gaze along the dusty old handrail,
 And count the sagging steps on stairs now frail.
 My mother's feet these stairs have often pressed;
 But now, alas, those feet in silence rest.
 That mother-love—O miracle divine
 In dreams I feel her gentle hand in mine.
 My footsteps echo through the empty hall,
 While deathlike silence hovers over all.
 I climb the ancient, creaky kitchen stair,
 Peer fondly through the little window there.
 Here years ago myself and brother slept,
 Where now are web-hung walls and floor unswept.
 Old home, reluctantly I turn from thee,
 Whose roof long years ago protected me.
 With doors ajar and dusty window-panes,
 Gloom stalks supreme; for now naught else remains
 Though fourscore years and more, I yet revere
 Thy walls, since father, mother, all, lived here;
 But now the beckoning vista seems afar,
 Since those we loved of old have crossed the bar!

1916.

THE HOME THAT USED TO BE

Oh, the home that used to be!
 Sportive children, careless, free;
 Vines around the cottage door,
 Giant poplars hovering o'er!

Laughing children home from school,
 Playing in the evening's cool;
 Then with early limbs and heads,
 In their downy chamber beds.

Hear the hum of mother's wheel;
 Hear the farmyard's squawk and squeal;
 Hear the calf by yonder bar,
 Whilst the kine are lowing far!

Mother's wooden carpet loom—
 How I hear its ceaseless boom!
 Have indeed the years unfurled?
 Hence, thou busy, bustling world!

1921.

THE CELTIC'S DREAM OF HIS ERIN HOME

In me dhr'reams iv dear Ould Ireland,
 Phwin the shanty's shtill and dark,
 Thin me hear'rt goes o'er the ocean,
 An' I lishten to the lar'rk.

I sees me mother'r an' the chilther'r,
 An' the goat arround the door,
 An' I shmells the shamrock blossoms,
 As I often did before.

Thin I'm dhreamin iv me Colleen
An' me jantin car so shlow,
An' I hear the donkey clathrin,
Phwin to Dublin phair we go.

Ah the shamrock an' the willows,
An' the Bay iv Ould Thiralee,
An' the rocky hills iv Kerry
Phware the heather blossoms free.

Ah, Killarney, an' Kilkenny,
Ah, the shamrock an' the rose,
Phwar're the ger'rls can dance a hornpipe,
'Till the mor'nin r'roster crows.

Ah the Colleens in Ould Banthry,
How they dance the Irish reel,
Wid their rose lips an' black thresses,
Shur're me hear'rt they'd like to shteal.

A bould Irish Tip was me father,
An' me mother was the same,
How he cud twirrl his shtick of blackthorn
Phwin an Or'rangeman there came.

Shweet an' peaceful is the avenin,
Phwin the childher'r ar're in bed,
An' the goat an' little donkey,
An' the piggy in the shed.

Thin me father takes his fiddle
That's a hangin' on the wall,
An' me modther knits a shtockin
Phwhile the cat plays wid the ball.

Thin he schr'rapes the sthr'rings so squeaky
An' he taps the kitchen floor,
An' his head it goes a-bobbin
Like the ducks ar'round the door.

Ah, me dhr'reams iv dear Ould Ireland,
An the shanty thach'd wid sthraw,
An' the lakes iv Old Killar'rneey,
An' the berries iv the haw!

An' the hunthers an' the jockeys,
An' poor reynard on the run,
An' I sees thim leep the hedges,
At the sinkin iv the sun.

Now the childher ar're all scattered;
An' the shanty's tumpet down,
An' the goat an' donkey slumber
'Neath the heather sere and brown.

Now me father an' me mother,
Lie beyant the roolin s'a,
Phware the shamrock shtar's the greensward
On the shore iv Banthry Bay.

Now me hair is gettin phwither,
An' me Colleen's bending mor're
As we watch the curlin shmoke sthreams
Phwin we sit beside the door.

An' we watch the blazin turf fire,
An' me Colleen sittin near,
Phwin she sees the wooden cr'radle
Thin she hides a little tear.

1917.

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE HILL

"When the snow is on the ground,"
Girls and boys come with a bound,
Bringing out their shiny sleds,
Cheeks aglow and tousled heads.
See the throng on big bob-sleigh—
Pilot shouts "Git out the way!"
"Hold up feet and hang on tight,
Shet your mouth with all yer might."
"Give a push," then down they scoot
Like a falling parachute.
But ere they are down the hill
Track is jumped—all get a spill!
There were hats and caps and arms;
Laughter loud supplied its charms.
Rosy cheeks and snowy hair;
All enjoy'd the frosty air.

1919.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

Yet dear to my heart is the little red schoolhouse,
The hill and the field where the strawberries grew;
The old wooden doorstep, the feet that once trod it
Have vanished and gone like the rain and the dew!

The long wooden benches, the stove and big poker,
The master's tall hat on a peg high and dry;
The old wooden desk and the books piled upon it;
The tin waterpail and the drinking cup nigh.

There were baskets and boxes with cookies and doughnuts,
And all quickly vanish at coming of noon;
Then the ball and the hoop, and the ring-around-rosy,
Then skip the light rope and sing o'er the quick tune.

Then the spirit of childhood in "tag" and in "I spy"
Reveals its fleet vigor beneath the bright sun;
Now the master with ruler raps loud on the window,
And all scurry back to their seats on the run.

Ah that little red schoolhouse, set close by the wayside!
The hill and the woods where the wintergreen grew;
Not a shade nor a shadow touched lawn or touched window;
Not a wide spreading oak nor a hanging vine blew.

Now that little red schoolhouse that stood by the wayside,
Not a stone nor a brick marks the place where it stood!
Now we hear the wild scream of the huge locomotive,
O'er hilltop and valley, o'er mountain and wood.

But oh, how the visions of childhood come welling.
When I think of the spot where so often I trod;
When sweet retrospection cheats Time of its changes,
And I stand once again on the loved rural sod!

1919.

A CHILDHOOD HOME

O for the laughter and love of a child!
Rosebud lips and a dimpled cheek;
Mouth that can pout and smile and sing,
Eyes that through pinky fingers peek.

Rippling brook 'midst the springtime flowers;
Singing birds in the leafy trees;
Nought of the love that Nature brings,
Can equal the love that a mother sees.

An angel's wings seem whispering close,
With radiant message of magic art;
Maternal lips press warm and dear;
O love, what love in a mother's heart!

Creeping down on the chamber stair;
Peeping through from the curtained door:
"Mother will catch you pretty soon;
Don't you bother her any more!"

Scrambling up the long dizzy flight,
Chubby feet such a hubbub make;
Peering over the creaking rail,
A turmoil that keeps the house awake.

"Naughty children, you make me wild;
You scatter the things about at will!"
Fainter and fainter their laughter grows,
And soft and sudden the house is still.

The flowers bloom on their little graves,
But the footsteps forsake the kitchen floor!
No treble voices laugh and sing,
As did the children in days of yore!

O, those faces upon the wall,
Baby faces of memory!
Footsteps stilled on the chamber stair—
And O—the home that this used to be!

1921

THE LITTLE OLD SPRING-HOUSE

Ah, that magical little old spring-house,
That stands near the old curb-stone!
How often at morning and evening,
We rushed there by twos and alone!

Unleashed, like the hound for his quarry,
The bucket descends to the pool;
Then, whining and cranking and squeaking,
Comes nectar, refreshing and cool.

And the names—have you seen them, so many?
Cut deep in the wood scribbled o'er!
Reluctant, we fain would recall them,
The faces that linger no more.

Where now are the many who came here,
To drink of its depths long ago?
They sleep beneath granite and marble,
Effaced and transfigured below.

1921

THAT OLD CIDER MILL

Say, Bill, d'you 'member that ole cider mill,
Down thar in the holler 't the foot uv the hill?
Some fruit on the trees, an' lots on the groun',
An' piled up reel high like a great big moun'.
Lots mo' 'n the cows 'n the pigs cud eat;
An' often we'd fire 'em at bobtail Pete.
Gosh, how he'd run an' kick up his heels,
W'en a hull lot 'd hit him rite whar it feels!
An' up on the floor uv the good ole mill,
Thar wuz piles an' piles like a great big hill.
So ole Deakin Jones tuk boards an' bilt
Little yards 'at looked like a crazy quilt.
An' when we wuz cumming along frum skool,
We'd git straws an' suck most a hull pail full.
An' golly! 'twas lickin' sweet an' good,
When we dipped it outer that tub uv wood.
An' wen the deakin wuz goin' upstairs,
An' didn't know we wuz around anywheres,
We'd plug ole Pete, an' he'd jump an' nod,
An' we'd see that yellor stuff squirt a rod.
The deakin 'ud holler an' stomp on the floor:
"Clar out, 'r I'll cum down an' give yer some more!"
An' wen the old deakin 'ud start ter cum,
We'd fill up our pails, an' scoot fer hum.

1921

THE OLD CHURCH BELLS

As I listen again to the Old Church Bells,
There comes a vision their music tells,
Of the scenes long gone in the old, old times,
As the peals ring loud from the Old Church chimes.

Peal out your vibrant tones as of yore,
While eager feet near the Old Church door,
And reverent souls with dim, bowed head,
Hark to the Word from the pulpit read.

How those bells rang out in the long ago,
When cup and chalice passed to and fro,
And prayers were breathed in an ancient pew,
Whilst fervent in mood the Pastor grew.

On Sabbath morn to the rural sons,
Those peals rang out with their solemn tones;
O'er verdant hills and through shady dells
Pure joy welled up from those Old Church Bells.

Ofttimes beside the flowered bier,
The veil hides many a scalding tear,
While in rhythmic step the Pastor led,
Where 'ashes and dust to dust," was said!

The falling clods of earth in the tomb,
Awake in sorrowing hearts a gloom!
In solemn tread we turn away,
As the shadows fall at close of day.

O joyous Life and closing Death!
'Twas thus decreed ere our souls had breath;
The autumnal, circling, frosted leaf;
The drooping flower—the closing grief!

1921

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOUGH

Ere the sun climbs o'er yon wooded hill,
Ere the night-birds cease their morning thrill,
While the drowsy treetops sway in sleep,
And the woolly lambs their vigil keep,
The ploughman wends his lonely way,
'Mid the clover-bloom in early May.
Fresh is the scent from the virgin earth,
When the dormant seed proclaims its birth.

Keenest work is the ploughman's lot!
In the scorching rays he heeds it not;
But along the devious, narrow side,
He toils from morn to eventide.
See how the burnished, glistening scythe
Cleaves close and turns on the greensward blithe.
See how his furrows straight and fine
Around and around his steeds incline.

The dinner-horn sounds loud and clear;
Pricked is each horse's listening ear.
Erect and with patient steps they mount,
To seek the cool, refreshing fount.
Here, where the grassy furrows roll,
Greedy, the barnfowl takes his toll;
And many a morsel sleek and rare
He takes away to his secret lair.

O rural homes in the country wide,
With their oaks and a crystal stream beside!
The vines still trail to the kitchen door,
As flower-perfumed as they were of yore;
And still from the windows opened there,
The songs and the laughter of children fare,
As beautiful as the rhythms dim,
That come from the lips of cherubim.

How soft and calm is the evening breeze,
That floats from the west to stir the trees!
That day is done; and to rest well earned
The steps of the laboring swain are turned.
A grateful ease do the tired limbs take;
And soothed is the toilworn forehead's ache.
Blessings upon thine honest brow,
Farmer who ploddest behind the plough!

1922

THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD

The home of my childhood
In dreams oft I see;
The sweet-scented lilacs,
The widespreading tree.

The cool pearly fountain,
The rich grassy lawn,
The garden, the orchard,
Long vanished and gone.

The old-fashioned stable,
Where meek horses stood,
Now stamping and pawing,
Awaiting their food.

I list to young swallows,
On beams perching high;
Whilst careful bird-mothers
Flit noiselessly by.

I see the young bossies
Reach heads through the bars;
The curly-tailed piglings,
That grunt to the stars.

What visions come rushing,
Of scenes that are past!
The years with their burdens
Have vanished at last.

Ah, sweet recollections,
By fancy kept green,
Where father and mother
And children were seen!

I stand at the side of a now sunken grave,
And list for a whisper midst hot falling tears;
The silence of death broods where sweet flowers should wave,
As backward I glance o'er the many sad years.
1922

THE OLD WASHINGTON COUNTY ACADEMY

Thy shades no more with jocund life abound;
Yet memories cluster round thine ancient walls,
And linger on the consecrated ground,
Till o'er the dream Time's sombre shadow falls.
What thoughts of bygone days are with me yet!
A deathlike silence brooding o'er the past!
Within thy walls are scenes we ne'er forget,
But clasp and hold, as priceless jewels, fast.
From out thy doors have passed, at duty's call,
Full many wearers of the scholar's gown,
Whose voices rang in legislative hall,
Whose feet pursued the road to high renown.
There stands the hall in which we oft beheld
The gleam of blades, which clashed with gleaming blades,
While eager maids the fears instinctive quelled;
But all too soon the scene of glory fades.
Oft have I gazed on those time-honored walls,
And marvelled at the secrets which they hold.
Adown the years a voice of wisdom calls,
Which I would heed before I grow too old.
And that old belfry, deeply scarred with names!
We scan them well, and vaguely query where
The hands that carved them on those window-frames,
And feet that pressed that ancient narrow stair.
Where now are they who erstwhile filled these seats,
From mountain homes, from placid lakes afar,
From rural farms, from swarming city streets?
How many a one has crossed the fatal bar!
1921

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

My Mother's grave beside the road—alas!
I stoop with hand to part the tangled grass.
In vain I search for the sad earthen mound,
But naught remains to view, save sunken ground.
On marble slab I read my mother's name;
Here, in years gone, her children often came;
Flowers they would bring, whose scent the air bestrewed,
While tears, yea bitter tears, her name bedewed,
Here father, mother, precious kindred all,
Long years ago obeyed the imperious call,
And here, beneath the ground whereon I tread,
Rest the loved ashes of the sleeping dead.
On yonder wooded knoll that swells hard by
My mother's home amid the grove I spy;
The towering elms, the spreading maple trees,
The old sweet boughs, the hum of busy bees,
All fill my fancy with the dreams of yore,
And bid me think of days that are no more!
That old, old rural home of years ago—
Could it but speak of bygone joy or woe!
Of happy girls and boys, a festive train
That tramped the winding paths and grassy plain!
How fast the changing years go fleeting by!
As from a mound beneath th' ethereal sky
We gaze along the road o'er which we came
And find, alas! no home nor friend the same!
"Once more I see along the distant years
A face long gone, with all its smiles and tears;"
Could I but press again my mother's hand,
And home, with her, beneath the old roof stand!

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

OUR LITTLE MARTHA

From porch a little girl I see,
Her dress cut short and up to knee,
With little feet so clean and white,
She treads the verdure soft and bright.
With sparkling eye and sprightly face,
She seems a miniature of grace.
Her silken hair is cut all round;
A pinkish bow on top is found;
Her dimpled hand a posy brings;
In childish glee she sweetly sings.
For fresh sweet peas she scours the land,
And brings them in for grandpa's stand:
"These are for you, my grandpa dear,
Wet with the dew as with a tear!"
With little kitten black and white,
She gently plays from morn till night;
Her merry voice, with prattling word,
In song and story oft is heard.
In downy bed, so white and neat,
Her doll she tucks for slumbers sweet;
And in the morn, ere sun is up,
Wee mama brings a buttercup!

A brief six years with us she's stayed,
And with her simple trinkets played.
She brings the sweets which Nature gave:
"These for my mama; this, her grave!"
Hail, childish love, thou power benign!
Who can reveal thy depths divine?
Not saint nor sage with wisdom blest
Can sound the love in infant breast.
A mother's love was hers one day,
A mother's love, sublime in sway.
O Fate, what arrows hast thou flung?
Bereft of love, so young, so young!

1916

ON THE TRAGIC DEATH OF MARTHA'S SONG-BIRD

This little bird became strangled by a single hair, and was found suspended by it—dead.

O, my little song-bird,
How sad thy early fate!
A songless little bird-home,
A songless little mate!

What cruel fate befell thee,
Blithe songster of the air?
In a little berry-bush,
Thy home was built with care.

Prospective little mother,
What dreams of bliss were thine
Four spheres of crystal azure,
What love in their design!

Secrecy, kind Nature gave,
To peering eyes elate;
Thy little home with babies four,
But now how wrecked by Fate!

Here beneath the berry-bush,
A new-made grave we see,
Enshrined by loyal, loving hands—
Yet no bird sings for me.

Vista Buena, June, 1920

TO MY GRANDCHILD-TEACHER, MISS MARTHA HOAG
Age 7

At eve my teacher oft is seen,
With lifted rule and haughty mien,
Intent to drive each knotty truth
Into the head of gray-haired youth!

Hard rows of figures I must try,
Nor can I pass the grammar by;
Th' imperious miss with scornful hand
Bids grandpa mind each stern command!

Her finger points the narrow way,
And pupils cannot but obey;
Thus I am forced those things to know
I slighted four score years ago!

1921

MALLET AND BALL

From out the sweet syringa's shade,
I watch the games so blithely played;
The barefoot train upon the green,
With ball and mallet—restful scene.

Croquet's a placid game, they say,
Yet not as these small shouters play;
Their rules they keep with noisy care,
And guard lest any prove unfair.

Untroubled nymphs! a grandsire's pride,
Who through their games so graceful glide;
A tiny umpire, proud and wise,
Judges each stroke with watchful eyes.

Glances dart eager; words are few;
Each player looks the other through.
Keen wits are matched; in mimic strife,
They practice for the game of life!

1917

THE BAREFOOT GIRL: A PARODY

To Martha

Happy, happy barefoot girl,
Rounded cheek and auburn curl;
In the pearly dew at morn,
Noddest through the tasseled corn.
Thine's a life of blissful joy;
Happiness without alloy;
Deft hands plait a tiny gown,
For each doll that rides to town.
Rippling brook through meadows runs,
Blossoms hail the springtime suns;
Seek'st a nest where cool streams rush,
Speckled eggs of woodland thrush.
Swing'st the rope from rafters high,
Where the swallows flutter by,
See'st the young mouths open wide,
As the mother lights beside.
See'st the red-breast feed its young,
From its bill a worm is hung,
See'st the swallows swiftly dart,
Building nests in nooks apart.
See'st bare feet in piles of sand;
Hat of straw in dimpled hand,
Light winds lift thine auburn curl,
Blessings on thee, barefoot girl!
Blowing bubbles in the air,
Romping careless everywhere,
Throwing dust from open hand,
Then away, at whim's command.
Happy childhood, artless, free,
Let naught mar or shadow thee;
Shun the turbid water's whirl:
Blessings on thee, barefoot girl!

1921

FOR MARTHA'S BABIES

Sleep, my little babies, sleep!
Your mother her vigil will keep.
In your little, frail bed of roses,
You shall dream when the long day closes.
Sleep, my little babies, sleep!

1919

A NURSERY RHYME

O that little trundle bed,
That mother drew from 'neath her own,
That dear little trundle bed!

Four little legs all painted red;
Four little wooden wheels that squeaked,
'Neath that little trundle bed!

Weary feet and aching head;
And mother bending o'er her own,
In that little trundle bed!

Downy pillows, sheets o'erspread;
And mother breathes a silent prayer,
O'er that little trundle bed.

Refrain

Sleep, my little babies, sleep;
Mother will her vigil keep.
My darlings, ne'er fear, whilst mother is near;
Sleep, my little darlings, sleep!

1922.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD

See the gay schoolboy chase the butterflies,
As from the muddy pool in fright they rise;
Behold his hat of straw and naked feet,
His shiny dinner-pail and schoolbooks neat.
He o'er the fence a dandelion sees;
Through hole in wall he grasps the prize with ease.
With lip and tongue he curls the tender stalks,
And hangs them 'neath his hat-brim as he walks.
He tramps the fields and wooded hills remote
To seek for flowers where summer zephyrs float;
He trips beside the pearly meadow brooks,
Where cowslips grow in countless grassy nooks.
Oh, happy childhood! Ever may it be
That naught but silvery clouds are turned to thee:
Our paths have thorns and pitfalls not a few;
May thine, instead, hold flowers of richest hue.
Too soon thy childish footsteps turn away,
And raven locks at length are touched with gray:
But new young voices come to cheer the air,
And lull at eve the weary parents' care!

1917

OUR CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

Alas, how swiftly years have flown!
From babyhood how swiftly grown;
Pink ribbons deck blithe, curly hair,
And romping, clattering everywhere,
O happy children, innocent, free,
As little birds in leafy tree;
Hear their shrill laughter on the green,
Each artless nymph a little queen.

Our Campfire Girls in Greenwich High,
Can hit the buckskin on the fly;
Can kick a pigskin o'er the goal,
Or send a hard-head down the Bowl;
From spring-board turn a handspring fine,
Or cast a fly with rod and line.
Can swim or dive in Hedge's Lake,
With oar and paddle progress make;
Down the Pavilion dance a jig,
Or whirl in waltz with small or big;
Can run an auto with one hand,

Can scorch the pike to beat the band.
Our Campfire Girls, erect, unique,
They part their hair at "right oblique;"
Can flirt a bit just on the sly,
Can sing or dance in ecstasy;
Can punish ice-cream by the plate,
And laugh or frolic jubilate.

And now our Campfire Girls are all
Scattered in many a college hall!
Cicero, Virgil, midnight hours—
O for the home 'midst shady bowers!
See! see! the midnight oil burns low,
And clocks upon the mantel show,
How well the tales of classic wit
These modern Amazons can fit!

1920

TO A PROSPECTIVE GRADUATE

One page alone, one page well turned;
One step alone, one step well earned;
Another page of lengthened years
May oft be moistened by thy tears.

The midnight tasks that hold from sleep
Teach us to garner as we reap.
The ticking clock on yonder wall,
The drooping lids as swift hours call!

The morning brings the rising sun;
The tiring race at last is won!
The laurelled brow now feels no more
The burdens and the pains of yore.

Refrain

Now leave the harbor, seek the deep!
Thy compass true, thy vigil keep!
Though oft thy decks by fierce winds swept,
Thy close-reefed sails to harbor crept.

1922

SONGS OF WAR AND COUNTRY

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG

Starry folds, whose matchless splendor
Long hath blessed our grateful eyes;
Gleaming with a light more tender
Than your rivals in the skies;
Wave as always, in a glory
None may tarnish or excel;
Keep upon our lips the story
That our fathers loved to tell!

May your grandeur be unceasing,
Proud reminder of the past;
As in noble rank increasing,
Each new ray outshines the last.
Yesterday for one young nation
You in valor were unfurled;
But today your constellation
Beams aloft for all the world!

1918

THE OLD SWORD

The old, old sword hangs on the wall,
Its edge, once keen, is notched and worn,
Yet belt and scabbard heard the call,
On fields once red e'er I was born!

Perchance one grasp'd this hilt, now old,
Upon the field of Bemis Heights,
While yoemanry, unbent and bold,
Cried freedom for a country's rights.

It may have clanked with Arnold's sword,
And flashed in face of British foe;
Could this old blade but speak the word,
What blood and carnage it would show!

And yet the hand that grasped this blade,
Once led the fray on Bunker Hill,
Where, in the turmoil, battle made,
Foeman and friend lay cold and still.

Had it but speech, would it not tell,
How in the sulphurous, paling day,
Vast trees were rent with shot and shell,
While maddened hosts led on the fray?

When Wellington his forces led,
Against the sons of Gaul in blue,
A gallant leader bowed his head
On the gray fields of Waterloo.

The old, old sword upon the wall,
Is resting now. Its work is done!
The belt and scabbard hear no call,
But slumber in oblivion.

1921

TO SOME OLD REVOLUTIONARY EARTHWORKS
NOW TO BE SEEN NEAR SCUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

What mean these grassy mounds that deck the mead?
What mortals built them, and for what strange need?
All nature smiles; of joy there seems no dearth?
Why then these giant upthrown clods of earth?
The azure sky, green fields, the brilliant flowers,
All these delights eternally are ours;
The slanting sunbeams gild the spreading trees,
Whilst each glad leaf hangs quivering in the breeze;
Yet, as we feel the bliss, a downcast head
Recalls the scenes so many ages dead.
From out these clods there once in splendor grew
Great oaks, whose branches screened the fields of dew;
Yet which no more engage the curious eye
That scans the mounds and dumbly question why.
But hark! a murmur from a passing wind
Arrests the fancy and absorbs the mind,
And through the silence that the sound succeeds
Sends chilling hints of half-forgotten deeds.
Death! As the thought in ghastly menace comes,
We hear the rush of steeds and roll of drums;
A bugle blares, and o'er the troubled plain
Flies cavalry in arms—a lethal train.
The horses froth, the riders rage and roar,
And scarlet coats grow redder still with gore;
The tramped turf is torn with shot and shell,
The splintering trees behold a flaming hell;
Blade falls on blade, command succeeds command,
The colors fall, new colors waving stand;
Till soon 'mid slithering steel and darting lead,
The legions vanish from the field of dread.
A hush of death now settles from on high,
As side by side the friend and foeman lie;
O'er crimsoned grass we softly tread around
Where sleep the brave on consecrated ground.
Here, sightless eyes stare glassily and cold,
While pulseless hands a cherished locket hold!
We bend o'er lips which yet appear to move,
And seem to catch the lingering whisper—love!
Now rolls the cloud of sickening smoke away;
As the broad Hudson sparkles bright and gay;
Yon granite shaft from peaceful heights beholds
The useful wheels of trade, and fertile wolds.
On wooded hills the birds harmonious sing;
With answering joy the plowman's carols ring:
So with a reverent thought for what hath been,
We bend our heads, and leave the storied scene!

1920

FREDERICK DOUGLAS

He was born a slave, was that dusky boy;
His bed was a clod of cold, hard clay;
And his naked feet were both rough and bare,
By the grim old fireplace where he lay.
His eyes were fixed on a beam o'erhead,
While he fought the flies with a wisp of straw.
Great raindrops fell on his upturned face,
And his hands were often cut and raw.

And he saw the stars through that old thatched roof,
While he dreamed of a mother long since dead;
A mother who toiled in the cotton field,
As she thought of her boy of the curly head.

A coarse sack covered his sturdy loins;
There were no child-toys for that barefoot boy;
But the singing birds by the cabin door
And the playful kittens were all his joy.

I touched the latch of that cabin door;
And I visioned the black man's blood and tears;
And up from the ground whereon I stood,
I caught the whisper: "A hundred years!"

And I seemed to list to a bitter wail:
"O spare in mercy my little child!"
While the cruel lash was dripping blood,
And a mother writhed in her anguish wild!

Then I saw that boy as a stalwart man,
Though born as a slave of Afric birth;
Harsh truths he spoke of his native land,
And mourned for the mother it crushed to earth.

I see him now as a fearless soul,
Who strove for a race held under a ban;
In his upraised hand he grasped the pen,
That struck the chains from his fellow-man!

1923

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE

O sordid man, why wreck the earth,
That bloomed so innocent at birth?
God made it good;
Change not its mood!

Why with unhallowed gore impair
The fields that should with flowers be fair?
Spurn not the love
Sent from above!

Why with a murderer's dastard blade
Slay brothers that the Lord hath made?
Why thus defeat
What most is meet?

This land of ours was meant for joy;
Yet still men slaughter and destroy.
I fear to sing
The reckoning.

1920

WE SAW THEM MARCH AWAY

Dedicated to the Soldiers Who Left for Camp one Friday

A crisp north breeze swept down the vale so fair,
O'er gather'd clans that sunlit April day,
In rhythmic step to drum and bugle's blare.
With buoyant heart we saw them march away!

A father's pride, a mother's teardrop starts;
Their soldier boy must brave a foreign foe!
A pang sweeps through those loving parents' hearts,
That none save such as they can ever know.

"My darling boy, be it on a foreign shore,
Or be it on the dark and angry sea;
Fail not, when evening shadows hover o'er,
To lift thy soul, and sink on bended knee!"

The stars and stripes that float with pride and grace,
Inspire their hearts that long remembered day;
The parting kiss, the lingering, last embrace—
We turn again to see them march away!

1918

PAPA IS SLEEPING SOMEWHERE OVER THERE

A lowly home beside the grove we see,
Where evening shadows darkly gather o'er,
And children gaze at mamma's placid face,
While crepe hangs sadly by the cottage door.

"Why fall those crystal tears, my mamma dear?
We have the home, where sway the leafy vines,
Where budding flowers bedeck the velvet lawn,
And crimson climbing rose the trellis twines.

"Pray, then, what need we now, my mamma dear?
We have the birds that sing in verdant bowers;
Among the blossoms buzz the busy bees,
Whilst health and friends in bounteous store are ours.

"We list to baby's cooing song of joy,
And watch her wave her little dimpled hand;
Each night in downy bed she sweetly sleeps,
While Papa's somewhere in a foreign land."

"Yes, yes, my child, we have these blessings all;
Home, friends and flowers, sunshine, birds and air;
But, oh, the pang of grief you ne'er may know—
For Papa's sleeping somewhere over there!"

1918

SCATTER SWEET ROSES

No voices arise from the dark, silent tomb;
We are left with our thoughts of the vanishing past.
Let us list as we may through the darkening gloom,
And scatter sweet roses whilst roses may last.

Yes, scatter sweet roses while sorrow we brave,
Fond mothers who list for a step as of yore.
For poppies, fair poppies, keep watch o'er a grave;
Then scatter sweet roses 'neath crape on the door.

And now beside the Marne forlorn,
Where lately waved the tasseled corn,
Where now the yellow poppies bloom,
We bow before a voiceless tomb.

1922

SONGS OF FRIENDSHIP

TO WILSON M. TYLOR

Read at the Closing Meeting of the Alpha Class of Marshall
Seminary

Listen, O my friends and neighbors,
To the story I shall tell you,
To the story, to the legend,
Of this school and of its teachers.

Years ago when we were younger,
Men and women came together,
Came together to consult there
How to lead us, how to teach us,
Teach us in the ways of Wisdom,
For 'tis better than gold treasures.

Gold allures, but never knowledge;
Get you knowledge, keep it, hold it,
Wear it as a necklace on you,
For with use it gleams and brightens.

Teachers came and teachers left us,
Came from city, came from country,
Came to lead us, came to guide us,
Came with clear and good intention,
Hands and hearts as willing workers,
And this vineyard, rocky, barren,
Blossoms as the summer roses.

In the bright days of September,
When the air was warm and fragrant,
When the forests change their plumage
To the colors of the rainbow,
Colors vying with the artist's,
Artist human cannot equal
All the beauty there depicted.

In these days of Autumn splendor,
Came one from a sunny climate.
From the swallow and the red-wing,
Land of sunshine, land of blossoms,
Not like prairie flowers scentless,
But perfumed like holy incense.

Since he came we learned to love him,
Love him for his manly virtues,
For his kindness to us reaches
In our schooldays, in our labors,
Toiling on the road to knowledge,
Weary-worn and heavy-laden.

But ere long, his spirit lonely,
Winged its way to southern breezes,
Where the waters are and sea-fowl,
Waters dim with sail and sea-gull,
Waters touched with drooping willow.

In the land of gracious women,
Lived there one, a light-haired maiden,
Like the lovely "Laughing Water,"
Gentle, artless, as the roe is.
Now the arrow from the quiver,
Like the arrow from the bow-string,
Speeds its flight, unerring ever,
Never weary, never faltering,
On to pierce the very heart-depths.

Speaks he now—young Hiawatha,
To this maiden of the Powell's;
"If you love me as I love you,
Leave the waters and the flowers,
Leave the flowers and the sunshine,
Climb with me the hills to northward,
Where the air is cool and bracing,
Where your cheeks will ruddy blossom.

"Up among the hills and mountains,
To the sturdy oak and pine-tree,
Where the creeping vine is laden,
Laden with its tempting sweetness,
Where the arbutus and myrtle
Shed their fragrance 'neath the snow-drifts."

"Do I love thee?" quoth the maiden,
Does the oak support the vine-stock,
Clinging closely with its tendrils,
Safe, secure, in love celestial?
Does the birdling nestle closely
'Neath the wing's maternal shelter
Till the stormy blast is over
And the dangers are all passed?
Do the waters seek the ocean,
There to cease their onward flowing,
Swallowed in the ocean's bosom,
Lost, but saved from earthly troubles?

"Yes, I love thee, Hiawatha,
Where thou ledest, I will follow,
Go with thee unto the mountain,
Go with thee o'er hills and valley,
Where the fir tree and the maple,
Where the maple and the locust
Breathe their fragrance on the breezes.

"As the dew-drop on the flower
Sparkles in the morning glimmer,
Like the radiance of the sunshine
Beams thine eye with heaven's lustre.
In thy dark eye there is mirrored,
Mirrored all the soul immortal;
In thy soul, emotions tender,
In thy breast a heart of trusting.

"Yes, I love thee, and would serve thee;
Thou art manly, true, and upright,
Trusting, I would lean upon thee,
Till the storm of life is over.

"In our pilgrimage together,
In our walking and our pondering,
Let our spirit eyes be single,
Till we reach the Golden Gateway;
Though we weary on the journey,
There'll be rest for us forever,
'When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have rolled asunder.'"

March 20, 1885

TO MR. LANE, A VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR, AND
HIS WIFE, ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THEIR MARRIAGE

Now, fifty years of joyous wedded life,
Full fifty years a happy man and wife!
Your vine, enriched in youthful virgin soil,
Hath brought to you the fruits of honest toil.

Like Abraham, in days so long ago,
On you the years eight boys and girls bestow;
And when at eve the lengthened shadow falls,
To you in love they come when duty calls.

Thy blade and buckler, Lane, kept ever bright,
With eagle eye thou cleav'st the darkening night.
Thy footsteps led o'er many a crimson field;
Thy breast was e'er to shot and sword revealed.

Thou didst not falter at the bugle's call,
But left'st behind thy friendships, home and all;
In rhythmic ranks on miles of dusty road,
Thy bending back sustained a soldier's load.

Thou trod'st the plains where ran the fresh spilt gore,
Where friend and foe the ground were struggling o'er.
Thou kept'st the sentry beat through midnight dread,
Midst groans and prayers and flashes overhead.

Thou heard'st the scream of deadly shot and shell;
Thou knew'st wild horrors mortal cannot tell!
Thou saw'st the haggard face upturned to skies,
And bodies torn, with staring, sightless eyes.

Now, when thy feeble, faltering steps we see,
Thy children all will come to honor thee.
Thine admonitions each hath often heard;
Let none forget thine earnest, prayerful word!

And when thy bier beneath the flag shall lie,
Whilst marching comrades bear thee with a sigh,
A grateful land will rise to call thee blest,
Nor cease to mourn the hero gone to rest.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH
(Alexander McGeoch and Family)

A silent home beside the way we see,
With sleeping lawn o'erhung by leafless tree;
All sombre 'neath the chilling shroud forlorn,
While Nature waits the resurrection morn!

While you enjoy the bending willow's shade,
And revel in the palm grove's verdant glade,
Methinks a sniff of ocean breeze would bring
Your little Muse a merry song to sing.

And when again the swallows homeward fly,
We'll greet you as in many springs gone by.
We'll hail our friends with April's earliest flowers,
And joy to feel their pulsing palms in ours.

1917

TO MY SISTER HANNAH ON HER EIGHTY-NINTH
BIRTHDAY

Another year, another year!
An added natal day is here.
We greet thee in thy home so bright,
Nor heed the years of rapid flight.

Though feebler footsteps mark thine age,
The mind supreme "yet holds the stage."
Thy form is bowed with burdens borne;
Yet from thy spirit cares are shorn.

We blithely hail thine added years,
Whilst friendships bring their meed of cheers;
Thy pathway strewn with fragrant flowers,
Thy garden filled with nestling bowers.

Again we greet thy natal day;
And at thy feet our love we lay.
With flowers, the signs of words unsaid,
May these fond lines of love be read!

July 3, 1922

TO A LADY ON HER 101ST BIRTHDAY

An hundred years; an hundred years; yea, more!
'Tis joyous thus o'er life's calm sea to glide;
'Neath azure summer skies from shore to shore,
On fleecy wings above the silvery tide.

O Time, how swiftly glide the passing years!
We sweep the precious golden hours away;
The flowing stream of life so gently cheers,
We count as naught the coming reign of day!

Our years are oft with sorry burdens fraught,
But friendships dear bring us life's fragrant flowers;
We press them fondly, though with tearful thought,
And sigh for loved ones who of yore were ours

1917

SONGS OF "SCRIBA"

THE ELUSIVE MUSE

Ah, fair elusive little Muse!
Betimes I fain would you embrace;
I beckon, but you e'er refuse,
And hide from me your smiling face..

Ah, fleeting fairy! Saucy sprite!
At dusk, when stars illumine the skies,
Through rustling flowers, sweet sounds of night,
There comes a voice—hark, a surprise!

Why haunt the bard with cruel wiles?
In your heart sorrow has no place;
False is your voice, false are your smiles;
The poet you would fain disgrace.

The plague of bards, since time was young,
You dance and flirt, but ne'er will wed;
Though brain with fond regard be stung,
You laugh and shake your curly head.

When all is still, within, without,
You come with accents soft and low.
Our eager glance we cast about;
But ere we spy you—off you go!

1918

ON MY NINETIETH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1921

O fleeting Time, whose rapid wing,
Such stores of joy and grief can bring!
Though darkling clouds oft shade the way,
The silvery side e'er speaks of May!

Revolving Time, how vast thine age,
Beyond the ken of seer or sage!
Thou saw'st the billows first arise;
And new-born mountains felt thine eyes.

And now, when mellow Nature knows
Th' alternate sway of sun and snows;
When fragrant flowers and bracing cold
Pursue each other round the wold;

We own thy power, and cherish dear
The friends thou spar'st us, year to year;
The rich, the poor, the sage, the saint,
Whose pulsing handclasp ne'er grows faint.

Though silver locks proclaim the space
We've traveled in the gradual race,
Our faltering steps shall tread the way,
While faith illumines the close of day!

1921

SONGS OF SORROW

TO GRANDMOTHER

(Mrs. Eliza A. Wood. Died April 19, 1921)

Grandmother, why didn't you tell us
You were going to sail for afar,
Stealing silently out of the harbor,
By the light of the first morning star?

We were sleeping so deep when you left us,
In the watches unlighted and gray;
And you didn't call out to your babies,
As you drifted so quickly away.

How swift we'd have risen to join you,
Had you wakened us, grandmother dear;
Hand in hand we'd have walked through the twilight,
Close beside you with carols of cheer.

Once you said to us—do you remember?—
That when some day your journey would come,
Two white hands would be beckoning gently,
And guiding you safe to your home.

Was she waiting—the daughter you cherished,
The mother we scarce can recall,—
Where the bark lay at anchor to bear you
O'er the sea from earth's trouble and thrall?

Now we miss the first faltering footsteps,
That lately we heard on the stair;
And with sighs view the seat by the window,
Dear to one who no longer is there.

We look sadly at each threaded needle,
At the empty chair close by the stand;
At thimble and shears idly resting,
That once moved in a deft, busy hand.

When we speak, you no longer can answer,
And we scarce know the sad reason why;
But we feel the hot tears that come trickling,
As our lonely hearts yearningly cry.

Cold and pulseless the hands we are touching,
Still and lifeless the cheek that we press;
But around us the spirit forever
Will linger, to guard and caress!

April 21, 1921

MOTHER AND CHILD

Why fall those tears, those silent, crystal tears?
Why seek you solitude when eve is nigh,
And gazing on the eternal, distant stars,
For treasures which you vainly weep and sigh?
Why flow those tears, those grave, lamenting tears?
O child, my blessed child, do you not see,
When dusk of night prevailed and this frail bark
Dashed on the shore, I clung alone to thee?
A mother's loving heart is rent in twain;
I mourn for mine while yet apart I stay;
You know not half my poignant anguish, child,
Nor can you wipe those falling tears away.
You have not felt a mother's passionate love;
No innocent babe's adoring care is thine;
Your heart mine own can darkly comprehend;
Your soul but vaguely sounds the depths of mine.
Aye, mother dear, I now can understand,
As never yet, the searching pangs you feel!
When those you loved have gone a little space,
Sometimes my earth-bound sight can ill reveal.
And yet those sacred tears I seem to see
And yearn—ah, how I yearn to be with thee!

1916

IN MEMORIAM

To Mamie Hoag, May 5, 1914—May 5, 1919

Five years ago this lovely day,
Five saddened years have passed away;
And we, who spread thy casket o'er,
Yet think of thee as oft before.

Each day we to thy memory yearn,
When winter fades and birds return,
And Nature grants us golden hours,
Yet mourns thee in her springtime showers.

1919

TO MOTHER

O Death, we feel thy cruel sting,
As years pass by on fleeting wing;
These flowers bedewed with tears of love,
Darkness below and light above!

As bloom the buds of dreaming Spring,
Each lonelier year can memories bring,
But lingering by thy bed of clay,
Tokens of love to thee we lay.

1920

TO MAMIE

Our dreaming turns to other days!
And languid Time's returning ways;
Each coming year sad memory brings—
To her, a green vine ever clings!

1921

TO OUR DEAR MAMA

Dear mama, you didn't tell us
That you felt you were to die;
Didn't come to kiss your babies;
And we didn't then know why.

When we saw you in the morning,
We believed you fast asleep;
Yet we felt so strange a stillness
That it almost made us weep.

There papa sat close beside you;
And we heard his moaning cry;
And the house seemed very quiet;
And we didn't then know why.

There so many stood about you;
And we saw them turn and cry.
All at once a man was praying;
And we didn't then know why.

Now in summertime with papa
We plant pretty little flowers,
That mama once loved so dearly,
Wet with early morning showers.

Oft in stilly night we're dreaming
Of our dear mama at rest,
Down beneath the fragrant cedars,
Where the singing birds still nest!

1922

MOTHER

How dark the morn,
Without thy light!
How sad the day
Thy soul took flight!

We cannot feel
Thee far away;
Where thou dost rest,
Our flowers we lay.

Yes, flowers of love,
The first of spring.
O couldst thou know
The love we bring!

May 5, 1922

AN ELEGY TO A YOUNG LADY

What may'st thou be, O dark, mysterious Death,
That thy cold touch a youthful life should blast;
That leaf and bud and tender, fragrant flower
Should fall beneath thy frosted breath at last?

Affections twine round those we cherish dear,
Nor cease, though raven locks be touched with gray.
Through fleeting years the journey may seem long;
But evening shades proclaim the close of day.

In silent night we steal beside her couch;
A mother's whispering voice we seem to hear;
"My child, a mother's hand shall lead the way;
Though waves may toss the bark, the Pilot's near."

This day we come, our hearts o'erbrimmed with grief;
We touch the bier beneath the form we love.
From wreath and bloom sweet streams of incense rise,
And waft our thoughts to her in realms above.

1918

ON THE DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN

Yes, I have had the morning and the evening,
And, too, the mid-day's glorious sunlit hours;
With generous earth in all her radiant freshness,
And friendship's sweet and ever-blooming flowers.

But now my fragile bark lies in the offing;
Why, then, entreat me for a longer stay?
At last I hear the raising of the anchor;
With whitened sails at eve I glide away.

1918

SONGS OF THE TEPEE

THE LOST ARROW

In a valley deep and grassy,
By the waters blue and icy,
Icy from yon snow-clad mountains,
Mountains tipped with glistening silver;
Here beside the war of waters,
Waters from the heights of Homo,¹
Dashing down from steeps above us,
Tremble cool and mystic vapors,
Mists that shroud the morning sunlight.
In the springtime, in the valley,
In the valley, on the hillside,
Flowers bedeck the winding pathways,
Leading down beside the waters,
Waters of the icy Merced.²
Here the timid deer and roebuck
Bask in sunshine midst the blossoms,
Basking near the salty waters,
Waters borne from granite mountains.
Here the songbird trills at evening,
Sweetly trills to nest of birdlings,
Birdlings keen to try their pinions,
Eager as a tottering infant.
Mighty land of deepened valleys,
Valleys 'twixt the snowy mountains,
Mountains vying with each other,
Stretching far in silent grandeur,
Summits clad in polished silver

In the valley of the Merced,
Dwelt the aged Arrow-Maker,
Who with matchless cunning fashioned
Feathered arrows, tipped with jasper,
Found among the flinty pebbles,
In the warm Arroyo Seco;³
Bows of oakwood strong he fashioned;
Made them for the stalwart hunters,
Hunters of the bear and bison.
Here beside the Merced waters,
In his wigwam lived he lonely,
Save for one, his dusky daughter,
Once beloved by dusky mother.
When the winter snows were melting,
Melting on the icy mountains,
Ere the flowers bedecked the hillsides,
Death from out their humble wigwam
Bare away a mother's spirit,
Spirit of the dusky mother.
And the lonely Arrow-Maker
Loved his comely, playful daughter,
Winsome little maid Tee-na-nay!

Then he made a tiny cradle,
 Made it from the bark of birches,
 Made it soft from fur of beaver.
 In her cradle small Tee-na-nay
 Laid a furry mountain rabbit;
 And she sang a mother's love-song
 To the little sleeping rabbit.
 In a corner of the wigwam,
 There she made a little tepee,
 Tepee for her little infant.
 Thus the rabbit and Tee-na-nay
 And the aged Arrow-Maker
 Dwelt beside the icy waters,
 Waters of the icy Merced,
 Berries then from neighboring hillside
 Small Tee-na-nay roamed to gather;
 Hopping with her, little rabbit
 Played among the fragrant grasses.
 Thus Tee-na-nay and her rabbit
 Grew together in the wigwam
 Of the ancient Arrow-Maker.

When the mountain snowdrifts melted,
 Then with rod of bending willow,
 Line of sinew of the wildcat,
 Hook from tiny bone of minnow,
 She the speckled fishes captured
 For the aged Arrow-Maker,
 As he sat beside the wigwam,
 Dreaming of the dusky mother,
 Mother of the loved Tee-na-nay!
 When the evening shadows gathered
 Round the humble little wigwam,
 Came the trill of wakeful night-bird.
 Then he crooned a gentle night-song
 To his sleeping dusky daughter.
 Bronzed her cheek and black her tresses,
 Tresses blown by summer south-wind!
 Fleet of foot was she, Tee-na-nay,
 Keen of eye to follow footsteps,
 Footsteps of the deer and bison.
 And the lovely young Tee-na-nay
 Vied in song with mellow wood-birds;
 Happy she, the dusky maiden,
 Daughter of the Arrow-Maker.
 Then to valley of the Merced
 Came one far from o'er the mountain,
 Mountain of the shining jasper;
 Jasper-tipped his spear and arrows,
 Strong of arm to twang the bowstring,
 Swift to chase the deer and bison,
 Bearing bow and feathered arrows
 For the deer and savage panther.
 He from o'er yon mountain journeyed;
 And he loved the dusky maiden,
 Daughter of the Arrow-Maker,
 Strong Kos-su-ka from the mountain.
 Love, beneath a mortal bosom,
 Be it bronzed or white as marble,
 Thrills the heart in rhythmic softness;
 Sadness ne'er the heart may suffer.

Then with quivers filled with arrows,
 Arrows tipped with flint and jasper,
 Sought they for the deer and roebuck,
 O'er the hills and through the valleys.
 And they brought the grouse and plover
 And the fishes from the river;
 Brought they, too, the luscious berries
 For the hoary Arrow-Maker.
 And the stalwart, brave Kos-su-ka,
 Spoke of love to young Tee-na-nay,
 Daughter of the Arrow-Maker.
 Bowed the head with raven tresses;
 Murmured she of dusky mother,
 Dim remembered through long summers.
 Quoth the stalwart, brave Kos-su-ka:
 "I will make for you a wigwam,
 Make it of the pine and fir-tree,
 Make it warm with fur of beaver,
 Make it down beside the Merced,
 Where a little dusky maiden
 Tripped beside the icy waters,
 Happy, beauteous young Tee-na-nay."
 Then they roamed the flowery hillside,
 Sang at eve beside the wigwam;
 Sang they too as shadows gathered,
 Vying with the trill of wood-birds.
 In their birch canoe they paddled,
 Paddled 'neath the drooping willows,
 Gathered too the water-lilies,
 Lilies on the pearly waters.
 Spake the hoary Arrow-Maker:
 "Do not leave me, O my children.
 In the valley, 'twixt the mountains,
 Snowy mountains grim and lonely,
 All my people gone forever,
 Gone into the glowing sunset,
 To the Land of the Hereafter."

Spake the ancient Arrow-Maker:
 "Come and share my humble wigwam;
 None beside you made so welcome,
 None beside you of my people."
 Then Kos-su-ka and Tee-na-nay
 Spake the words that brought him comfort,
 Comfort to the Arrow-Maker:
 "We will share with thee thy wigwam,
 Bring to thee of deer and plover,
 Bring to thee of luscious berries,
 Bring to thee of speckled fishes."
 Ere the sun touched spire-like summits,
 Quiver filled with feather arrows,
 Arrows tipped with flint and jasper,
 Clambered high the young Kos-su-ka,
 Clambered he the heights of Homo;
 Sought he for the deer and plover,
 Nuptial feast for the to-morrow!
 Thus spake he to sweet Tee-na-nay:
 "Sit you by the foot of Homo;
 List above for twang of bow-string;
 For when all the game is slaughtered,
 By that sign I will apprise you."

Thus the livelong day she listened;
 Thus through all the night she waited;
 Thus she watched for flight of arrow.
 Naught she heard of twang of bowstring!
 Naught she saw of feathered arrow!
 Ere the light had touched old Homo,
 Horror seized the young Tee-na-nay.
 Climbing up, she gazed about her;
 There the feast—but not Kos-su-ka!
 Footsteps point to brink of Homo;
 Slippery brink, a deadly pitfall!
 Peering down—she moans in anguish!

In each other's arms they found them;
 Spirits flown, and flown together!
 And the feathered signal-arrow
 Never fell upon the valley,
 Never fell beside the Merced,
 But (as wrinkled sachems whisper)
 Sped into the purple twilight;
 Sped beyond the mystic sunset,
 With the souls of young Kos-su-ka
 And his lovely bride Tee-na-nay;
 Sped with them to happy meadows,
 And the Manitou's tall wigwam.

Nov. 1, 1919

¹ A cliff 2,600 feet high, beside Yosemite Falls, Calif.

² A small river in Yosemite Valley.

³ A ravine; Spanish for "Dry Creek."

⁴ Obsidian cliff; glass mountain, Yellowstone Park.

GIANTS OF MARIPOSA

Giants on the lofty mountains,
 Mountains clad with fir and maple,
 All their branches heavy-laden,
 Laden with the moss of ages.
 Dense and dark where grow the monarchs,
 Mighty monarchs towering heavenward,
 Bearing cones on tossing branches,
 Branches of the giant redwoods,
 Here the redmen built their wigwams,
 Wigwams made from bark of birchtree,
 Covered o'er with heavy bearskins,
 Fagots blazing in the wigwam.
 Here Iago, arrow-maker,
 Strong his bows and straight his arrows,
 Arrows tipped with flint and jasper,
 Bowstring made of tightened sinews,
 Sinews of the deer and panther,
 Dwelt beneath the giant redwoods,
 With his faithful wife, Nakomis,
 He the strong arm, mighty hunter,
 Hunter of the bear and panther.
 Minne-wawa, dusky maiden,
 And Nakomis, in the forest,
 Sang at eve, when shadows lengthened,
 Sang beside the birchen wigwam.

Minne-wawa captured bénas,
Baby plovers, for her children.
Little baby names she gave them,
Gathered little seeds to feed them,
Seeds that lay among the bushes.
Then she made them tiny houses,
Gathered rushes on the mountain.

Old Nakomis plaited rushes,
In and out with nimble fingers,
Making houses for the pheasants.
Oft they played among the needles.
Minne-wawa sang a love-song
To her little baby pheasants.
Then she danced among the needles,
Needles from the frs above them,
While the west wind stirred the branches.
Oft Nakomis, calling softly,
Gently spake to Minne-wawa:
"Guard yourself, my only daughter,
Lest the great bear, Mishe-Mókwa,
Or the savage, fire-eyed panther,
Seize you, O my Minne-wawa!"
Then she spake to strong Iago,
To the mighty arrow-maker:
"Have your bow and arrows ready;
Let them hang beside the doorway;
Lest the bear or savage panther
Snatch away our Minne-wawa!"
Then Iago, grasping firmly,
Strung his bow with toughened sinew,
Twanged his bowstring till it quavered;
Like an aspen leaf it trembled.
Then his arrows tipped with jasper,
Quiver filled with pointed arrows,
Hung beside the wigwam entrance.
Minne-wawa and her pheasants
Marched around the little wigwam,
Running, flying as in laughter,
While she sang a little bird-song.
Then at eve, when shadows lengthened,
And the sun sank softly westward,
Crooned she low a little night-song
To her babies in their houses.

When the breezes stirred the branches,
Needles fell around the wigwam,
From the redwoods high above her;
Pitchy cones fell all about her.
Darkness gathered around the wigwam,
Wakeful nightbird trilling faintly;
Kó-kó-kó-kó, owl ill omened,
Woke the stillness of the mountain.
Suddenly shrieked Minne-wawa:
"Mishe-mókwa or fierce panther!
O my little baby pheasants!
Bring them swiftly to the wigwam.
For I see his glaring eyeballs;
See him ever nearer creeping!"
"Wake, Iago!" cried Nakomis,
"Mishe-mókwa, savage panther!"

Quick Iago seized his weapons,
Back to ear he drew his arrow,
Twanged the bowstring, drawn so tightly.
Arrow found the heart of panther.
See him lash the cones and needles,
While his death-scream frights the owlets,
Owlets in the hollow oaktree.
Seizing swift another arrow,
'Twixt his eyeballs then he struck him,
Red with blood the arrow hung there!
Soon the skin Iago fashioned
To a hammock for the maiden,
Fixed it to a sturdy grapewine,
From the grapevine hung the hammock.

Of Iago and Nakomis,
Asked we once of old traditions.
"Tell us of the ancient redwoods,
Redwoods high upon the mountain.
Tell us of their hoary ages,
What the legends of your people.
Did they see the tender saplings,
Ere their roots sank deep in mountain,
Ere they split the solid granite?
Did they name Sequoia region,
Where the redwoods still are growing?"
Turned Nakomis to the maiden,
And they reached their dusky fingers,
Till they touched a giant redwood,
Bowing, moving lips in silence.
Then they pointed to the needles,
To the leaves upon the branches,
Backward bowing, soft repeating:
"Gitche Manito, the Maker!"

SONGS OF NATURE

AN ODE TO OLD OCEAN

Old Ocean, so sublimely deep and wide,
I sit me here and watch at eventide;
In rhythmic heaving swells thy mighty breast,
While the white sails serenely ride thy crest.
Say, Ocean old, whence cam'st thou here, and when?
Or is't too much for our poor mortal ken
To know the secrets of thy early birth,
Thy wealth to mortal men, thy wealth to earth?
Wert born 'midst raging storm and darkening haze,
Ere brilliant stars on earth bestow'd their rays?
Or was it when His Spirit spake in might
The fiat of all time—"Let there be light?"
Tell me, who gave to thee thy endless fate,
To lave the shores of nations far and great,
Where humble serf and sceptre-bearing King
Enjoy alike the boons thy vessels bring?
Old Ocean, in thy waters deep and green
Lie mystic caves no mortal yet hath seen;
And buried wealth in ships and mines of gold,
And, too, the buried hopes of young and old!
Enrapt, I gaze across thy pulsing sheen,
While lulled in depths beneath repose serene
Those that we loved of yore, and knew so well;
Their tombs, alas, attend thy mystic swell!
Mysterious ocean, dark, and wide and deep!
Could we but know the tales thy billows keep!
The world of wealth thy tides eternal hold;
The ships gone down with secrets yet untold!
Upon thy face the changing ages float,
But thy deep surges chant of things remote!

1917

AN ODE TO THE FALLS OF DIONONDAWA

Ye towering rocks o'er which the waters fly,
Pray tell me whence ye came and when and why;
Your revered age reveal, your purpose show,
Unseal those mysteries of long ago!
Was it at Nature's noon that first your height
Rose to the fulgent rays of solar light?
Or was it at the dawn, when nascent earth
Glowed like the nebula that gave it birth?
Speak, hoary torrent of the primal scene,
And trace the course of ages that have been;
Reflect once more that ancient sky, whose rays
Lit the first drops with mist-enshrouded blaze;
Recall each memory, and display the whole
On revelation's all enlightening scroll!

Tell the long story to yon clinging vine,
 On that proud sentinel, the wind-swayed pine;
 In whispers tell the tinted flowers that spring
 Close to the banks where your swift waters sing;
 Tell the green groves by balmy winds caressed,
 Where twittering wrens and chirping robins nest;
 Why be so loath your secrets to unfold,
 Ere time shall leave your gorges dry and old?
 Some fateful day the sage will seek in vain,
 Where now your ripples run, a numerous train;
 And many a weed and thorn will lift its head
 O'er the mute pebbles of the arid bed.
 So speak, thou cataract, while time remains,
 And I will spread thy fame in Doric strains;
 Thy wondrous tale to millions shall be dear,
 And generations yet unborn shall hear!
 When glacial cohorts on the heights arrayed,
 In icy wonder watched thy tall cascade;
 With deadly purpose scanned thy gorge below,
 And stalked with hypoborean skill the foe;
 Didst chant a warning, and the glaciers greet
 With prophecies of peril and defeat?
 On sunny plains to Phoebus wont to yield,
 They left their rocky bones strewn o'er the field!
 And when the Red Man in primeval pride
 In admiration sought thy pine-clad side;
 In each white spray a Manitou to trace,
 And bow before the spirit of the place;
 Didst thou to him thy secret then relate,
 And tell the copper visitor thy fate!
 See Cossayuna, stately, gray and tall.
 With question grave, address the waterfall;
 "You tell me some," he grunts, "Me tell you more,"
 But naught is heard above the mighty roar.
 Then lovely Minnewawa, she whose eyes
 Gleam brighter than the stars of midnight skies;
 "You tell," she says, "the many things you know;
 "Me tell you Indian lore of long ago.
 "Your rocks and torrents I'll preserve to fame,
 "And your proud falls, Dionondawa name!"
 Then spake the rocks, whose ancient lips so long
 Had lain in silence, dumb to speech and song;
 With thunderous accents they the records read,
 Kept through uncounted years of varied dead;
 "Behold our sides, by time's sharp chisel rent
 "When Nature rocked the rising continent,
 "Dark were the thick veiled skies, no sound was heard
 "Save the black Vulcan's subterranean word.
 "The sooty Cyclops, with gigantic might,
 "Heaved up the rocks from realms of Stygian night,
 "Plutonian silence and Cimmerian pall
 "In hideous mantle shroud and cover all;
 "In sunless, moonless, starless, soundless space,
 "A new world joins the planetary race,
 "Then falls the fiat as the Almighty speaks,
 "A rift of light through the deep vapor breaks—
 "Sun, moon, and stars their wonted paths assume,
 "And ordered heaven supplants the primal gloom.
 "We gaze above, where circling seraphim
 "Induct a foaming torrent o'er our brim;

"With sprightly grace the crystal waters flow,
 "And loud reverberate in the gulf below;
 "Through the deep gorge with rushing force to rage,
 "And serve the mill-wheels for a future age.
 "In days to come a million souls shall reap
 "The blessings our tumultuous waters keep,
 "And industry, with all her copious store,
 "Shall feed the mendicant and clothe the poor.
 "Its work complete, the useful stream shall glide
 "To where the river meets the salty tide;
 "And there the laboring flood at last shall rest,
 "Safe sleeping on Old Oceans's ample breast!

1917

TO TOWNE'S VOLCANIC MOUNT

Hail, barren mount of old azoic time;
 Lone towering offspring of a sulphurous clime;
 Did hoary Pluto bid thy crest arise
 Ere sun, or moon, or stars bedecked the skies?
 Was earth, new-formed by Vulcan's seething might,
 A flooded waste but for thy stony height;
 Without a sound save ocean's ceaseless roar,
 A darkened, deathlike silence brooding o'er?
 Was it ere man or beast the landscape knew,
 Or fragrant blossom drank the evening dew?
 Did Hudson lave as now its rocky side
 When first thou cam'st in smoking, fiery pride?
 Pray tell at last the mysteries of thy birth,
 When heavenly fiat shaped the teeming earth;
 That I to coming man thy tale may show,
 And all our race the ancient secret know!

March 23, 1918

TO MOUNT McGREGOR (Near Greenwich, New York)

Hail, lonely peak, whose gray, unchanging crest
 Bears the stern scars where glacial legions pressed;
 Whose lofty brow defied the hosts that came
 Down from the realms of cold auroral flame.
 Weird was the night, when earth's ebullient deep
 Cast up thy form, an outer watch to keep;
 When newborn skies uncanny radiance shed,
 Whilst frozen floods diffused a crystal dread.
 Hast still in memory aught of that far day,
 Ere the fair Hudson flowed its peaceful way;
 Ere brother mountains touched the vaulted sky,
 Or flowers or forests blessed the searching eye?
 Vast boulders lying round thy rugged base
 Bespeak an age when mortals had no place;
 Tell of the times when mindless force could roll,
 Unseen, unchallenged, from the arctic pole.
 Then, too, we pause, and view with reverent mien
 The sad memorials of a later scene;
 When here with flashing blade a hero fought,
 And to his cause a gory victory brought.
 Beside the stream he saw the legions fall,
 And heard the crackling shot of whining ball;
 Beheld the carnage as it darkly spread

O'er hill and dale, to leave its rows of dead.
 Here from our rustic seat we seem to see
 The past outspread in vivid pageantry;
 The dim, veiled ages, when yon peak arose,
 The silent march of grim encroaching snows,
 The lonely campfires of the savage train,
 And the white hosts that battled on the plain.
 Afar, there rise the mountains green and grand;
 Close by, the biers of fallen heroes stand;
 Whilst over all, unchanged against the skies,
 Towers the gray peak, inscrutable and wise!

April 15, 1920

TO THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

Plutonic gulf! whose deeps unfathomed hold
 The lore of earth, incalculably old;
 Whose walls, precipitous, sublimely rise
 From Stygian depths to greet the southern skies:
 Thy yawning brink forgotten days hath known—
 Remote arcana of the cryptic stone—
 And thy huge soul (if soul indeed thou hast)
 Keepeth the secrets of the boundless past.
 Within those caverns, chilly, dark, and dead,
 Unstirred by feathered flight or mortal tread,
 Where even the bat forbears to take retreat,
 Vast nameless satyrs dance with noiseless feet;
 Amidst the gloom Pan's weirdest pipings pour,
 And blend with Colorado's ceaseless roar.
 In cave and cliff the curious eye can trace
 The faint memorials of a vanished race;
 Here ancient bones the shadowed region strew,
 And grewsome skulls the timid sight may view;
 What men were these, and what primordial world
 Was to their simple vision once unfurled?
 Speak, great abyss! in vocal tones unbind
 Thy hoary legends to the suppliant mind.
 Say if some Titan, born of mist and haze,
 Ripped thy rough rocks 'neath Dian's earliest rays!
 Beheld thine eyes the nascent orbs of night
 First try their pinions in celestial flight?
 Heard thy keen ears each dreaded sound that stuns—
 The wreck of planets, and the crash of suns?
 Cyclopic stithies, burning hot with rage,
 Shaped thy dark history through every age;
 No weakling man unpunished may defy
 Those pits of vengeance that beneath thee lie:
 For grim Hephaestus' might, once rous'd in ire,
 Can fuse the living world with sacred fire!
 Yet in thy midnight deeps obscure and cold,
 Presumptuous mortals brave the curse of old;
 For there midst vault and cleft th' invaders find
 Abounding gems, and ores of varied kind:
 Hephaestus, seeing, shaketh not his head,
 Indulgent to the quest by valor bred.
 O Gulf majestic, of azoic birth!
 With shaken souls we view thy depths of earth,
 And humbly sing, in strains that ne'er abate,
 The Power that carved thee in thy awesome state!

September 5, 1919.

OLD CLOUD'S REST

Inspired by a vast panorama of snow-clad and sun-kissed granite peaks in the Yosemite Valley, of which Cloud's Rest (5912 feet) is the highest.

How proud you rear your haughty crest,
And snow-clad, frown on heights below;
Tho' humbler, they like you are drest
In mantles of eternal snow.
Old Cloud's Rest!

Five thousand feet you climb the skies,
And view your sisters with disdain—
Yet seismic powers that bade you rise
May level you to dust again!
Old Cloud's Rest!

With selfish pride your crystal brow
You vaunt, yet ere the world is dead
Those lesser peaks, inferior now,
May shoot above your braggart head!
Old Cloud's Rest!

El Capitan, and Half-Dome's height,
May some day as superiors stand;
And Royal Arches may invite
A fame that you can ne'er command.
Old Cloud's Rest!

Why boast so loud of dizzy fame,
When hoary Star-King, by your side,
A rival eminence can claim,
And mock you in your empty pride?
Old Cloud's Rest!

Go view yon blest Cathedral Spires,
Whose beauty wakes the Muses' praise;
For you chant no such lyric choirs—
No lute to you devotes its lays.
Old Cloud's Rest!

List to the song those neighbors woke
In lyric splendor from the heart
Of him whose magic accents spoke
The fervor of Aonian art!
Old Cloud's Rest!

"No foot hath pressed those stairways dizzy,
No hand hath touched those silent bells;
No mortal sacristan is busy—
Silence alone the story tells."
Cathedral Spires!

"That realm untrod, save by the spirits,
Whose mortal forms rest 'neath the sod,
They only have the power to hear its
Sweet crystal sounds—the Chimes of God."
Cathedral Spires!

View well the pride of Greece and Rome,
Whose crumbling columns strew the plain;
The ruined pile and fallen dome
Alone of all their pomp remain.
Old Cloud's Rest!

Those conquering hosts, whose rigid might
The fate of nations once could sway,
Succumb at last and fade from sight
Like dew beneath the heat of day.
Old Cloud's Rest!

And thus the empty pride of man,
His hopes, with vanity o'erlaid,
Like fleecy clouds in Nature's plan,
Today prevail—tomorrow fade!
Old Cloud's Rest!

Your lofty grandeur, now so vast,
Cannot (the Muse would have us know)
For ever in dominion last.
"How vain are all things here below!"
Old Cloud's Rest!

1916

A MIDSUMMER DREAM

I have stood beside the oceans,
And have looked far out to sea,
While the whitened sails were gleaming;
And strange thoughts came over me.

I have tasted of their waters,
While their breezes touched my face;
And I breathed their salty fragrance,
Wishing ne'er to leave the place.

And I heard the rush of waters,
As they laved the whitened shore;
And the booming of the billows,
With their everlasting roar.

Then I seemed to see before me
Some great scroll of pearly white;
Though I traced the lines but dimly,
By the fast receding light.

Was I dreaming or still waking,
In the shadow of the day?
Still I heard the sea's deep moaning,
While in stupor there I lay.

For it seemed the veil had vanished!
White gulls flecked the sky so gray.
Twilight haze seemed brooding o'er me.
Inspiration? Who can say?

O thou great and fair Pacific!
As I mark thy mighty tide,
Changeless through the changing ages,
Thou, like Time, dost still abide!

White thy sands, as bleached by sunshine;
Wild the waves that lash thy shore.
Giant whales are ever spouting;
Steamers churn thy waters o'er.

Far within thy mighty caverns,
Wealth untold lies buried deep;
Here lie hearts once loved and loving,
Lulled to everlasting sleep.

1921

SAN FRANCISCO

O city proud, by Vulcan overthrown !
We saw thy stately homes that crowned the hill,
Ere swept by breath of deadly seething flames,
That fearful night, whose thought is with us still.

Here fronts the setting sun yon Golden Gate,
While widemouthed guns the mighty waters sweep,
In ceaseless guard against all alien foes;
And watchful eyes their constant vigil keep.

At night we gaze upon the distant stars,
And turn our lens on moon now dead and cold.
From off his peaks we see great shadows thrown,
Where Vulcan wrought in caverns deep and old.

Farewell, thou paradise beside the sea!
Farewell thy genial clime, thy sunkissed flowers,
Thy vineclad homes, thy brightly trellised walls,
Thy stately palms, thy still and shady bowers!

Full oft in lonely nights I dream of thee,
Of precious pearls we sought beside the bay.
For thus in life rare gems forgotten be;
We idly cast them one by one away.

1921

A VISION

Approach, ye fiends of Vulcan's horde;
To gloat o'er wrecks of homes o'erthrown!
On yonder Hill* the ashes mark,
Where yesterday sweet flowers were grown.

Did Pluto shake his fiery head,
And bid his seismic forces rise,
That wrapped yon Hill,* where beauty dwelt,
In sheets of flame that reached the skies?

And thou, old Vulcan, in thy rage
Hast wrought thy will beside the sea;
Now children seek for loved and lost,
Where happy homes were wont to be.

What mean these ruins black and bare?
What ruthless ravage did betide,
That seized upon thy garnered wealth,
And spread destruction far and wide?

Long ages past thy waters blue
Have laved the peerless Golden Gate;
Where mighty guns in silence stand,
To ward thee from the blows of Fate.

Ah, San Francisco, fair and gay,
Proud city by the pulsing sea!
Now ashes strew thy market-place,
Where Death's fierce hand hath smitten thee!

1922.

* Nob's Hill, a famous residential district, destroyed in the great fire.

AMID INSPIRING SCENES

(Near Greenwich, N. Y.)

PROLOGUE

By H. P. L.

I.

The western sun, whose warm, rubescent rays
Touch the green slope with soul-awak'ning blaze,
A thoughtful bard reveals, whose polish'd flights
Spring from the scene on Dillon's pleasant heights.
An ancient boulder is the poet's seat,
A verdant vista fronts the blest retreat;
From distant banks there comes th' elusive gleam
That speaks the Hudson's silent, stately stream.
Here, ere the birth of man, a granite train
In speechless splendor rul'd the rising main;
In later days an Indian horde decreed
The varying fortunes of the fragrant mead.
Here Dutchmen trod, till Albion's stronger sway
Carv'd out the nation that we know to-day;
'Twas here th' insurgent swain his King defied,
And rural rebels broke Burgoyne's bold pride.
Such is the scene, with shades historic rife,
That Hoag, in numbers, gives eternal life.

GLACIAL BOULDERS

II.

"Tell, ancient giants, granite boulders gray,
Ye mute survivors of a distant day,
Whence came ye here, and why? Pray let me know
Your age-kept mysteries of long ago.
Relate at last the story yet untold;
Your tale I'll honor, and your secret hold!"
Thus plead the sage, and as the boulders heard,,
Their hoary patriarch spake the answering word,
"Our rugged paths o'er distant hillsides trace;

Our footprints measure on the mountain's face;
 Mark where a glacial sea our masses led,
 And left us strewn along its ancient bed;
 Learn how our way o'er crags and granite hills
 We wrought in splendor with our diamond drills!
 Though born in silences of Arctic snow,
 The frozen flood constrained us soon to go,
 Like birdlings from the nest maternal thrown,
 To find new havens in the lands unknown;
 Through strange domains we creep, 'till milder air
 Greets our last pause, in fragrant fields and fair."

THE COMING OF NIGHT

III.

Here, seated on a boulder gray and old,
 At ease I scan the distant hills of gold,
 Ere coming dusk reveals the night's first star,
 And Philomela wakes the grove afar.
 Hark! from a neighb'ring hedge the whippoorwill
 Delights the air with glad, melodious thrill;
 Soft singing o'er the downy sylvan nest,
 He lulls his mate and birdlings fair to rest.
 Wood-thrushes now with songs from darkening vale
 The falling shades of evening sweetly hail;
 O time so peaceful! Till the breeze-blest morn
 Shall rouse the sleeping fields of tasseled corn!
 'Midst rolling hills beyond the shadowy lea,
 The orb of day sinks down in vaporous sea;
 The gorgeous sky a thousand tints displays,
 Whilst friendly clouds set off th' effulgent rays.
 Watch young Selene's slender silvern string,
 Whose crescent beams an hundred beauties bring;
 Light poised o'er western moors, her argent glow
 Bathes the proud mountain and the vale below.
 Her burnished horns, with blaze benign and bright,
 Proclaim to earth the coming of the night.

THE BURGOYNE MONUMENT

IV.

Yon grassy plain, so verdant now to view,
 Once reek'd with martial combat's crimson hue;
 Proud Bemis Heights contending legions bore,
 Whilst fellow Saxons shed their kindred's gore.
 Where now yon granite shaft looks calmly down
 On peaceful meads of verdure ting'd with brown,
 To conquering hosts, with might and numbers brave,
 His honored sword a noble Briton gave.
 Thus England's sons, proud o'er each alien foe,
 Defeat from England's grandsons only know.
 On yonder mount, that towers not far away,
 A spirit brave rose from its mortal clay;
 His lips are silent, and his sightless eyes
 Behold no more his native, starlit skies.
 He sleeps at last, by Hudson's verdant shore,
 While stars and stripes his sepulchre float o'er;
 Here, where forever rests his honored head,
 "Old Glory guards the bivouac of the dead!"

PAD AND PENCIL ON THE MOHAWK TRAIL

The radiant morning sun was climbing high
Upon that crisp and bright October morn;
From happy rural homes rose curling smoke,
While glistening pearls set off the frosty corn.

The steepled church and mills went whirling by;
The sun lit up each hill and wakening vale,
The eager herds lined hillsides far and near,
As "Franklin" turned his nose upon the Trail.

In downy seat we settle back at ease,
And list to "Franklin's" whirring wheels below,
The logy farm-horse pricks his floppy ears
When "Franklin" heeds the wayside-guard, "Go slow."

Yon Hoosac Mountains loom into the sky;
Those slopes which feet of red men trod one day;
As camping by the icy mountain creek
They sought the sportive speckled trout at play.

There now a whitened path of adamant
Winds in and out among the birchen trees,
And far below, in verdant grassy mead,
The happy children bask in Autumn's breeze.

The distant vista opens wide the scene;
For miles on miles we skirt the mountain side;
With glass we sweep the rival peaks afar,
While silvery clouds o'er all in splendor glide.

On jutting peak and gently rolling slope
Autumnal tints ten thousand beauties bring;
No artist brush can rival such as these,
Save Nature when she gilds the fields in Spring.

See Old Greylock, five thousand feet and more,
On lesser peaks his haughty gaze inclines;
In years he rivals e'en the ancient Alps,
And in his verdant grace superior shines!

Deep cut the wounds from Northern foe he wears;
His head was bared by boulders old and gray
In onward march from frozen Arctic seas,
And lo! we find them strewn along the way.

In shapely pines and firs on mountain side,
In spreading oaks and birches tall and white,
In laden vines where wood-birds seek their nests,
The weary tourist finds supreme delight.

With rod and gun he tramps the verdant vale,
On mountain top and hillside far and near,
In sylvan dell beside the purling brook,
Where bask at ease the timid, agile deer.

That ancient trail that winds the mountain side,
Once trod by those who sought for human gore,
Could it but speak of tales of fear and war,
Of blackened homes and war-whoops heard no more!

When bold Columbus touch'd those verdant isles,
Behold the red man owned the land before;
Yet now how changed save for that copper face—
Gone are the tent and campfire as of yore.

Whence came that strange, barbaric, valiant race?
Were theirs the hands that strawless bricks once made,
Ere sprang to light those Pyramids of old
Whose mighty blocks by Pharaoh's slaves were laid?

Were they the "Ten" from "Israel's pastures" strayed,
Who braved Siberia's fields of Arctic snows,
Like sailless ships on unknown billows tossed
Midst frozen seas and warlike, cruel foes?

That strange nomadic race have furled their tents
In forest, field and flowing stream beside;
Whilst o'er the lands their fathers knew of old,
In luxury the white man's chariots glide!

1918

KIND NATURE'S SOLITUDE

O ye far hills of Evergreen,
Where shady valleys lie between;
Where bending willows touch the brook,
And flowers bedeck each rural nook!
See yon gigantic leaning pine,
Whose tangled roots 'neath waters shine!
Spy the smooth rock now mossy green,
Where rushing waters once were seen.
Behold the sparkling waterfall
Where verdure fain would cover all,
And in the silvery pool below
See rainbow trout their flashes show.
We list at eve to whippoorwill,
Whilst far away the wood birds trill;
The sportive squirrel scales the trees;
The air resounds with hum of bees.
Above the scene from leafy throats
The swaying treetops add their notes;
We look away, and seem to spy
The Hand that stirs them from on high!
What wonders to the mind unfold!
Such lore no saint or sage e'er told.
O'er midnight oil the sophists strain,
But Nature shows their work in vain.
The waving treetops overhead,
A shower of slanting sunbeams shed,
And souls at rest now soar away
To realms beyond the orb of day.
O solitude! here are thy charms!
As darkness shades the neighboring farms;
Through the still night no sound is heard
Save liquid notes of wakeful bird.
How sweet the hours thus silent spent,
Alone with the Omnipotent!

1919

THE SNOW AND THE SPRING

The peaceful snow lies deep and still
O'er darkling glen and wooded hill;
The purling brook has ceased to sing
Till prophet birds proclaim the spring.

From mountain crags the sweeping gale
Spreads fleecy flakes o'er hill and dale,
Which gather through the leaden day
Till crystal barriers bar the way.

Upon a robe of pearly white
The rising moon peers o'er yon height;
Then climbing to the skies above,
Beams proudly o'er each jewelled grove.

The sleeping rose beneath the snow
Awaits the springtime's future glow,
When in the year's resplendent morn
Its petals may again be born.

And as the months of silence pass,
There come the timid blades of grass;
Bees gaily hum from flower to flower,
And April dawns, with sun and shower.

The birds, the blossoms, and the earth,
Hail once again the annual birth;
The melting brook resumes its song,
While by its banks the Naiads throng.

Welcome, ye breezy breaths of May,
When apple-blooms o'erhang the way!
We seek their shade at sultry noon,
Or through them watch the evening moon.

In grassy glades and twining bowers
The blithsome children seek for flowers;
Faun-like they trip on airy feet,
And gambol, innocent and sweet.

O happy childhood, free from care!
How like the springtide's own gay air
Triumphant youth untroubled reigns,
And morning gladness lights the plains.

Now let all Nature's charms awake,
Whilst hungry souls of life partake;
And let our mortal throng below
"Praise Him from Whom all blessings flow!"

1920

HIGH ROCK SPRING

Deep in yon vale the trees enclose
A crystal fount of magic lure,
With Aesculapian power to cure
Each lethal ill our planet knows.

Here, ere the sun appeared at day,
Once flocked each tenant of the mead;
Each bird and beast, with direful need,
To drink, and wash its ills away.

And here, unseen and undefiled,
The healing waters upward coursed,
From Vulcan's cryptic caverns forced,
In sparkling torrents, clear and wild.

When the lone redskin trod that vale,
And first the spouting waters saw,
He stopped, aghast in prayerful awe,
Then fled to tell the wondrous tale!

1921

AVALON

O Avalon, fair Avalon,
Bride of the deep blue sea,
About thee pass quaint barks of glass
To solve thy mystery!
Upon thy briny waves they ride
About thy rocky shore;
And travelers view the bottom through
Wonders of ocean's floor.
Down in thy waters, deep and warm,
Strange magic blossoms grow,
From higher clime by sportive Time
Cast to the gulfs below.
From craggy heights of hoary stone
The questing sight may spy
A mighty sweep where azure deep
Joins with the azure sky.
Whence camest thou, gray island peak;
Whence camest thou, and when?
Didst spring of old from Vulcan's fold,
His chosen comrade then?
Did thy young eyes behold above
The vault we know today,
Or did strange lights illumine the nights
With many a cryptic ray?
What mystic subterranean powers
Raised thee so tall and proud?
Did Vulcan's horde the aid afford,
'Mid tumults wild and loud?
Thus torn in fire from ancient earth
And thrust amidst the blue,
Thy sides must e'er sustain the wear
Of Neptune's boisterous crew.
And now upon thy towering heights
We sit transfixed, enthralled!
Here the Muse wakes, and silence breaks,
By dreamy Nature called.
Behold the distant white-winged ships
That o'er the waters glide;
And spouting whales that breast the gales
And love the heaving tide!
Could we but draw the primal scene,

When first this rock arose;
When new-born skies turned sightless eyes
On pathless, lone repose!
Hail Catalina's lovely clime!
Where Nature's every grace
Our eager view beneath the blue
In ecstasy can trace!

O Avalon, Fair Avalon,
Pearl in the ocean pale;
Thy memories stay, though far away
Our barks reluctant sail.

1920

MY LITTLE PET KILLARNEY ROSE

Ah, little pet Killarney rose of mine!
Though at the dawn each tiny verdant leaf
Is tipped with silvery tears of nightly dew,
Thy tender petals yet know naught of grief!
From shaded window, on each summer morn,
To passing breeze thou bow'st a fit salute;
I toss a kiss of friendship and of love—
With crimson leaves thou wav'st thy blooming fruit.
Thy tiny petals, kissed by morning sun,
With glad acclaim enjoy his golden rays.
The air, as by sweet frankincense perfumed,
Brings us the scent of balmy summer days.
Cease, ye vain nymphs from prairies wild and far,
Who would your gaudy robes in pride compare;
Who on all plainer garbs affect to frown,
While perfumed lilies scent the morning air.
Now chilling blasts have touched thy crimson cheek;
Thy frosted leaves are scattered far and near;
Thy tender petals and thy fragrant bloom
Are sleeping through the days so cold and drear.
Ah, lovely little pet of scarce two years!
I've watched thy budding boughs with care benign;
Each year my heart th' expected joy hath seen;
It came! An opening bud from hand Divine!

1918

THE POTENCY OF A FLOWER

Thou little queen, superb in ripening fields!
That with frail petals cam'st at early morn;
An incense sweet thine open fragrance yields;
And in the dusky night a flower is born.
Whence cam'st thou, O my little fairy queen?
Was it in friendship or abiding love?
What hand was it that led thee to be seen?
"Twas love that beckoned me from realms above!"

No prairie-rose from far Dakota's plains;
No evening breeze from fields of tasseled corn;
No fragrances from clover-laden lanes—
Preceded thee our cottage to adorn.

Let me but live amidst the birds and flowers,
Where Nature sings from early morn to eve;
Where friendship basks in silent, sunny bowers,
And the deft hand can soothe those hearts that grieve.
December 15, 1921

LITTLE GOLDEN ORIOLE

Ah, little golden oriole!
How sweet thy song in early spring,
While light May breezes shake the bough,
To which thy feet so firmly cling!

Thy morning carol ere the sun
Has risen o'er yon wooded hill,
Awakes from rest the drowsy flowers,
Whilst lark and thrush the morning thrill.

Thine is the home of mystery!
Pray tell us, who thine architect?
In beauty thus with strength conjoined,
A mighty artist we detect.

Now perched on drooping elm so high,
We note thy carols sweet and clear,
Thy pendant home with rhythmic swing,
Thy happy birdlings free from fear.

From out the perfumed sunny south,
Plumed in thy gorgeous scarlet dress,
With carols soft as ere before,
Again thou com'st our homes to bless.

O blissful bird! O happy life!
No sorrow overshadows thee.
Thine is a life without alloy,
In merry springtime revelry.

1922

THE SPRINGTIME THRUSH

How oft at eye thy flutelike trill,
Like evening zephyr floats o'er hill.
The starlit sky, the rising moon,
Ere comes the day, too soon, too soon.

While perched on swaying bough so high,
Thy thrilling notes the harp defy;
While glowworms circle 'neath thy feet,
Thy nightly song we wait to greet.

What ecstasies thy notes awake,
From darkened fen and swaying brake!
While fireflies whirl, and nightbirds feed,
Thy notes waft o'er the darkened mead.

The owl is heard from hill afar,
While sinks to rest the evening star.
The full moon lights the eastern sky;
Thy song becomes a lullaby.

I hear the plaintive whippoorwill,
Her sleeping birdlings lulled and still.
The woods are filled with warbling throats;
The wooddove adds its mournful notes.

New leafy trees from slumber wake,
To join the chorus woodbirds make;
Whilst up from dell flows fragrance sweet,
With song and flowers, a blest retreat.

1922

SONGS OF FAR VISTAS

LIFE, DEATH AND IMMORTALITY

Let me but live this life as best I may;
Each coming year with joyous sunlit day;
If with a song I may impart some cheer
To saddened hearts this happy bright new year!

Let me now live this life as best I may;
For none return to tell us of the way.
Intent we listen for the coming call,
From windings of the path "beyond the wall."

January 1, 1919

DEATH

(Suggested by a Sermon of Dr. George Burman Foster of
Chicago University)

Think not that Death malignly waits,
A weapon of the hostile Fates,
To strike the sinner down;
'Tis but a link in Nature's plan,
To join succeeding growths of man,
And life complete to crown.

All finite things unfailling tend
From a beginning to an end;
For what is Time but Change?
What goal or growth could life possess,
If stretched out into emptiness,
With bleak unbounded range?

What bard with grace could ever sing
The cloying charm of endless spring,
Or praise eternal day?
Since Man is tuned to Time alone,
The wise in Death a friend must own,
And bow to Nature's way!

1918

IMMORTALITY

I love to wander through the ancient aisles
Of venerable groves, where in the hush
And twilight of primeval peace, I feel
The calm beatitude of Nature's reign.

There flow the currents of unchanging law,
 That mould the varied forms of tree and shrub,
 Carve the high rocks and grottoes, guard the streams,
 Fashion the hills and valleys, and o'er all
 The sentient scene bespread the green of spring,
 The hues of summer, the autumnal wealth
 Of red and gold, and winter's mantle hoar.
 There speaks a voice amongst the crowd unheard;
 A low and soothing voice that strikes the soul,
 Yet sounds not on the ear; an awesome voice
 That swells from Nature's heart and teaches truth.
 In such dim haunts, from earthly fardels free,
 I rove at ease, companion to myself,
 Grave with the musings that had else been stilled
 By worldly animation, or dismissed
 In formal reams of philosophic lore.
 'Tis then I view with vision unafraid
 The rampart of the future, and the road
 Which meets it at the stout-barred gate called Death.
 Beyond that wall no mortal eye hath seen;
 None knows the windings of the road beyond;
 Yet who can say it runs not past the wall?
 I glance about me at the shadowy slopes,
 Where Age and Death flit noiseless o'er the moss
 And leaves and mould that strew the forest floor.
 Here spectral tree-trunks lie in crumbling lines,
 Last relics of a primal sylvan race,
 And in their dank decadence gleam and glow
 With eery phosphorescence, or emit
 Uncanny vapors. Here majestic rise
 The leafless patriarchs of the dying wood,
 Whose very majesty predicts their fall,
 And swells the gloom of the funereal scene.
 Here dwells indeed the dismal end of life!
 But as I scan the realms of dusk and death,
 Peering betwixt the tottering trunks that loom
 Like age-worn seers of dark Egyptian days,
 I see new signs amidst the rotting bark
 And crumbling boughs and matted moss and mould
 That paves this fane of Atropos. I see
 In glades where Death hath felled some giant trunk,
 Green tiny shoots of infant trees, sprung up
 Beneath the unaccustomed solar rays;
 In dampness bred, nourished by chemic pow'r
 Of dead putrescence, drawing a new life
 From lives that are no more; fulfilling thus
 The cosmic cycle of eternal change
 That ceaseless brings alternate birth and death.
 And thus from Nature's docent tongue I learn
 That death is but a change; that surgent life
 Ends not, but passes on from form to form,
 And that from old things new anon are framed.
 In verdant shrub the mouldering tree revives;
 In flaming nebula the dead star shines,
 Nature, receiving all, to all gives birth,
 And Death is but the sweet homecoming hour,
 When weary Life the source maternal seeks,
 Renews its outward garments, and prepares
 For greater splendor and for wider range.

ETERNAL RECURRENCE

Shades of the past! whose dim remembered forms
Drift vaguely down through Time's effacing storms,
Say, shall your antique eons come again,
To bare your secrets to the listening plain?
Mark yonder hills of sempiternal green,
Beyond whose crests still higher mounts are seen;
Whose hoary summits were in pomp upthrown,
Ere man or beast upon the earth was known.
Shall they, whose granite heads so proudly rise,
Sink prostrate and once more ascend the skies?
Would that we knew the sights that long ago
These patriarchs saw, amidst their primal snow!
Each hoary Alp a story has to tell
Of how the elder gods arose and fell;
Vulcan's hot force the restless Etna knows;
Atlas is bent with wisdom and with woes;
While silent in the Himalayan waste
Stands Everest, with future knowledge graced.

And thou, dark Perneb, whose abysmal tomb
Lay deep amidst the Pyramids' dense gloom;
Whose silent form the wondering present links
To ancient secrets of the subtle Sphinx:
Didst thou thy mummied form and grave remote
Choose with the thought that thou shouldst upward float;
And born again, in future eons smile
Once more a monarch by thy sacred Nile?
Of thy dim line was he who rashly drave
The sons of Sion through the parted wave;
The sons of Solyma, who scattered wide.
For days of vast returning splendor bide.

Some day again may sound the song of old:
"Ye I had gathered in my blessed fold,
But with vile, taunting words and bitter cry
Ye nailed me to the cruel Cross to die!"
Then see! a beaming Eastern comet glows
Where Abraham's sons in distant times arose,
And in its ancient home a harassed race
Shall find a Temple and a resting-place!

1921

THE SHIP THAT SAILS AWAY

In early morn, when stars are watching still,
And balmy winds touch rose and daffodil,
And tender leaves on woodland hills afar
Bid welcome to yon flaming morning star;
When birdlings, by their mother's carol blest,
Attend her song in bough-hung, downy nest,
Where she her charge protects with loving care,
Glad as the swaying vine and fragrant air,
Our thoughts on Life's experience we bestow,
And disappointment, all too bitter, know.
When lips would touch Elysian waters sweet,
The cup was dashed untasted at our feet!

Though earthly pleasures serve not to restrain,
 For those we love we longer would remain;
 But unseen hands one day our anchor lift;
 We sail away—into the silence drift!
 With shaded eyes fixed on the distant shore,
 What forms are those we see in realms before?
 In waving plumes arrayed, they seem to ask:
 "Why tarry ye behind on earthly task?"
 The rising anchor grants no more delay;
 At last we sail away—we sail away!

1916

A VOICE BENEATH THE EVERGREENS

Beneath a canopy of green,
 Now sleep our loved and lost;
 We bring sweet flowers in summertime,
 Ere comes the chilling frost.

Alas! all crushed they lie beneath
 A shroud of driven snow;
 While gloom and silence brood o'er all,
 Where'er our footsteps go.

Now doth the sere and yellow leaf
 Hang trembling in the breeze;
 The chilling blasts of winter days
 Now sway the leafless trees.

Here, 'neath the chiseled marble slab,
 And 'neath the granite gray,
 Watch souls in silence for the dawn
 Of Resurrection Day.

Tell me, O Fate, why silver threads
 Remorselessly must break;
 Why those we knew and loved so long
 Time from our side must take?

Why sever ties, which years of love
 Have moulded to endure,
 In homes where prattling children feel
 Affection deep and pure?

Hark! for a low and peaceful tone
 Falls gently on our ears:
 "Loved, yet not lost; we hover by,
 To dry those crystal tears!"

Thus from beneath the evergreens,
 That e'er their vigil keep,
 Speak those who rest beneath the mould
 From out their age-long sleep.

They fondly scan each well-loved face,
 That seeks those realms afar;
 And wait to greet them, as they pass
 Through pearly gates ajar!

1916

TO M——.

Ah, could it be, a hand unseen
Just for a moment drew the screen?
I saw a face remembered—known,
Now radiant by a shining throne.

That face oft seen among the flowers,
Where dewdrops clung in early hours!
Was it a carol or a breeze,
A fragrance blown from budding trees?

Garlands of flowers, O Love Divine!
Garlands of flowers, O heart of mine!
In stilly night, a presence near;
An ecstasy of joy, a tear!

1923

APPENDIX

Tributes to Mr. Hoag

by

Various Hands

AN APPRECIATION

To One—

On whose silvered locks lightly rest the crown of four-score and seven well spent years: A favoured Child of Nature, who has brought to the snows of December the Maytime spirit. For whom each whispering treetop has a song; to whom each tiny rivulet tells a story, and each flower and stone conveys a message. One who has traversed his country's breadth; who has scaled her lofty summits; who has found rest in her peaceful valleys.

A man of ideals; of high principles; of strong convictions; of warm emotions;

A student; a thinker; a philosopher; a poet, clothing the humble scenes of life with pure imagery and quaint diction.

A Gentleman of the Old School; whose innate courtesy and noble dignity, whose fine culture and keen intelligence place him as a peer among his fellows; yet whose simplicity and kindness make for him friends among all classes.

To such an One—Our Neighbor, Our Friend; Jonathan E. Hoag—We render this humble tribute.

VERNA MCGEOCH MURCH.

TO JONATHAN E. HOAG, POET

Death said: "Why should I spare this child,
Perchance for woe or shame?"

Life answered: "I have kept for him
A loved and honored name."

Death said: "Why should this youth defy
My ever-piercing dart?"

Life answered: "I have given him
A strong and faithful heart."

Death said: "Why should this man be free
From common doubts and fears?"

Life answered: "He has learned to trust
The promise of the years."

Death said: "Why should this aged one
His weary days prolong?"

Life answered: "He has won of me
The sacred gift of song."

Death said: "Yet is he mine at last."
"Nay, seek some other prize,"

Said Life, "Thy dart is powerless here;
The poet never dies!"

JAMES F. MORTON, Jr.

LINES TO JONATHAN E. HOAG

On His Eighty-Eighth Birthday Anniversary

Over the top of man's threescore and ten,
By reason of strength even fourscore, and then
 With another eight of added years
 (A lengthened string of pearls and tears),
Thou gifted man with the poet's pen,
Tenderly touching the hearts of men,
 Hast an eye that sees, and an ear that hears.

The beautiful youthhood of spirit dwells
With thee, as thy rhyming melody tells
 Of the old farm home or the school-house red,
 Of Dionondawa's rock-chiseled bed.
On the Mohawk's trail, midst its peaks and dells,
This spirit of youth in its grandeur swells,
 When it pipes through the reeds by Nature fed.

Dear friend of mine, in my memory's halls,
Full many a picture adorns the walls,
 Unfaded, clear and as fresh as dew,
 Still more to be prized than when they were new,
Painted in days when our lives were young,
On a canvas white, while the birdlings sung
 In life's green spring to me—and to you.

Recall now those days, those halcyon days,
When a jingling pair of obedient bays,
 Drew a basket-sleigh from Glenholm-terry,
 To bring back its load from the seminary;
The routine of books, which a rest allays,
Was time out of mind, in a hundred ways,
 Made easier far by thy words so merry.

Recall too the evening at Allan's "warming,"
How blithely old and young came swarming,
 When cake and cream and "jell" and pickle
 And coffee hot defied the icicle!
And how Miss Hopkins, flushed and charming,
Was made to hear an account alarming,
 That woman had twelve tongues—all fickle.

Recall Miss Tucker's brilliant adjec—
Tival production of verbal magic:
 How "Maid of Athens," ere the parting,
 Would strain the strings almost to starting.
Basso-profundo tone Hoagic
Would make that parting far less tragic,
 Also the symphony less darting.

Recall the talks, so deep and knowing,
On what our science now was showing;
 How all the ribs of earth were moulded,
 And why the moon was lifeless, cold, dead;
On why the tides caused axial slowing,
And hence the days were longer growing;
 Or what the chromosphere enfolded.

Do you recall those mystic powers,
Which kept us wondering for hours;
Those strange impressions—voices speaking,
As though the veil between were leaking?
What means it now, as evening lowers?
The breath of Heaven? The scent of flowers?
Or—what one's faith has long been seeking?

All things in life must have an ending;
And these crude lines which I am sending
Must also close, with hope abiding,
That with the Muse you'll stay confiding;
And that your pen will long be blending
Its rhythmic colors, while you're lending
Deep joy to all your thought is guiding.

WILSON M. TYLOR.

A TRIBUTE

To Jonathan E. Hoag, Esq.

Behold a marvel in these latter days!
When callow fledglings strive for fading bays,
A patriarch high o'ershadows all the rest,
A noble impulse firing still his breast.

Nine are the decades since thy star arose;
And still its light with tranquil lustre glows.
Now may the tenth reveal its glory still,
And find thee fixed on the Parnassian hill!

What memories must wrap thy spirit round!
What mystic dreams and ecstasies profound!
We can but marvel at a bard whose pen
For generations has delighted men.

Dean of the poets! It is thine to wear
The minstrel's wreath—the prophet's mantle share;
Towering at ninety o'er the common throng,
And wakening wonder with each latter song!

Though we are strangers in the world's crude sense,
Yet both are students of experience.
Hence to that garland which is thine today,
Allow my hand to add this slender spray!

ARTHUR H. GOODENOUGH.

OUR DEDICATION

(From EURUS for February, 1918, published by the well-known New England poetess Winifred V. Jackson and dedicated to Mr. Hoag on his 87th birthday.)

It is with a feeling of genuine pride, keen respect, and warm regard, that we dedicate this opening number of EURUS to a fellow-worker whose poetic grace and merit have endeared him to the entire amateur world, and whose long years of intellectual activity and virtuous endeavor entitle him to a double share of affection and veneration.

JONATHAN E. HOAG, whose eighty-seventh birthday our pages cordially celebrate, was born at Valley Falls, New York, on the tenth of February, 1831. Throughout his life a student, poet, philosopher, and temperance worker, he stands today as a model for the rising age; an example of the best which the generous past affords. In Mr. Hoag we may observe that rarest and finest of mortals—a true gentleman of the old school.

Residing during recent years at Greenwich, New York, Mr. Hoag learned of our Association (the United Amateur Press Association) through his gifted neighbor, Miss Verna McGeoch, and through that foremost of recruiters, Mrs. Anne Tillery Renshaw. His sweet, stately, and melodious verse soon proved a leading factor in the literature of amateurdom, and each new piece from his pen is today awaited with eagerness. His Muse, as versatile as it is graceful, covers a wide variety of themes and measures; one moment singing the vast unfathomed deeps of Old Ocean, and the next moment portraying in quaintly inimitable brogue the longing of a lonely Celt for his far Erin home. The grandeur of ancient Nature awakes him to noble strains, and the contemplation of Life draws sublime and solemn chords from his many-stringed lyre.

We take delight in being able to head these pages with one of Mr. Hoag's longest and most spirited compositions, "To The Falls of Dionondawa," which preserves in song the fame of a beautiful and legend-haunted cataract of the Battenkill River, close to Vista Buena, the author's pleasant Greenwich estate. This poem, we feel, forms a substantial addition to the lore of a natural wonder already rich in poetic associations; and is a fitting specimen of its creator's art to adorn a publication dedicated to him at this happy milestone of his extended career.

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON.

Boston, 1918.

THE BEAUTIFUL BOON OF DEATH

Tenderly Inscribed to Jonathan E. Hoag, author of "Death"

If life is linked with Eternal Life
By the mystical chain of change;
If the earth is a place of futile strife
And a dream that is vague and strange;
If there is a land of cloudless skies,
Where the heart is free from pain,
Where the spirit-body never dies,
Where never is loss, but gain—
Why grieves my spirit to leave this earth,
Whose joy is an empty breath,
When that which is called decease is birth?—
O the beautiful boon of Death!

JOHN MILTON SAMPLES.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

I am very glad to speak of my good friend, Mr. Jonathan Hoag and his work. I have had the pleasure of knowing him for the last ten or twelve years, and during part of that time I was his pastor. For several years of my pastorate in Greenwich, N. Y., we lived along side of each other, lawn to lawn, garden to garden and soul to soul. While his years were many, mine were comparatively few; and yet there was a fine fellowship between us. We enjoyed many a chat together over the deep things of the soul and the philosophy of life. When he took to poetry, our ways parted, for I cannot poetize. I love poetry, however, and have found much joy both in the lesser and the greater poets. For some time I have been looking forward to possessing a copy of my friend's poetry. It will contain for me something of the musings and the music of his soul.

GORDON B. KIERSTEAD.

JONATHAN E. HOAG, Esq.

On His Eighty-seventh Birthday, February 10, 1918

As wise Minerva with Olympian rage
Perceives the follies of a careless age;
Mourns the dull nonsense of Boeotian rhyme,
And trembles at the Vandal march of time;
As laboring Art, resentful of the wrong,
Deserts the precincts of unnatural song;
The languid Nine an heav'nly succor feel,
And daring magic stirs their sluggish zeal:
The blue-eyed maid, whose mercy never sleeps,
From the bright past a living minstrel keeps!
Hail, honour'd HOAG, whose Heliconian lay

Grows sweeter as thy laurell'd locks grow gray;
 To whom the years but added graces bring,
 As wintry stars outshine the skies of spring:
 At birth baptiz'd in Art's Pierian fount,
 Four score and sev'n thy sunlit summers count
 Yet that kind Muse, by whom thy lyre was strung,
 Pleased with her work, hath kept thee ever young!
 Thine Attic garland, gay with many a flow'r,
 Gains a fresh bloom with ev'ry song-blest hour:
 In the fair dawn the tender buds unclose;
 The noontide sees the richer full-blown rose;
 Maturer blossoms deck the vesper scene,
 And blend sedately with th' unfading green;
 But rarest flow'r of all in mortal sight,
 Is the proud cereus of queenly night:
 All these, Aonian bard, thou canst combine,
 As thy glad hours with endless radiance shine.
 How fine thy fancy, whose swift glance can spy
 The subtlest beauties that in nature lie;
 Whose dulcet lute can sing with moving skill
 The ancient lays of stream and grove and hill:
 Trace from primeval dust the verdant earth,
 And sound once more the chant of Nature's birth.
 To thee each rock an awesome tale imparts,
 While foaming torrents bare their mighty hearts;
 Forgotten glaciers, melted on the plain,
 For thee their frigid journeys live again:
 From ocean cave to snow-clad mountain spire,
 The world is thine to praise with lyric fire!
 Nor with less art canst thou in numbers tell
 Of those who on its varied surface dwell:
 Beneath thy brush the living Indian forms,
 And wand'ring tribes defy the northern storms;
 The rural home, the long-concluded fray,
 The honest customs of another day,
 The innocence of youth, the thoughts of age,
 The visions of the singer and the sage,
 The mourner's teardrop and the jester's smile,
 The lore of far Hibernia's story'd isle;
 These all are thine, yet through thy wizard pow'rs
 They are not thine alone, but thine and ours!
 But whilst the Muse, with fond maternal claim,
 Seeks to enrobe thee in poetic fame,
 The gods of prose a rival action press,
 And bid thee wear a philosophic dress.
 Thy facile pen the realm of thought explores,
 And leads us on to unfamiliar shores;
 Displays the mighty West's alluring zone,
 And those grim heights that feet have never known;
 Cleaves the clear ether, and expounds the blue
 Where countless stars distract the questing view;
 Nor deigns to pause till pois'd on that vast brink
 Beyond whose depths no man may know or think.
 Poet and Sage! But lest a point be miss'd,
 Let none forget the valiant Moralist!
 All praise to thee, whose potent pen and purse
 Have served the right, and fought the Bacchic curse;
 Silenus, newly sober, finds in thee
 The staunchest friend of his morality,
 And old Anacreon his red brow untwines,

Asham'd to flaunt his ancient wreath of vines.
 How kind is Fate, whose mild decrees prolong
 The work of virtue and the boon of song;
 Who lends our day, of finer sense devoid,
 The stately singer earlier days enjoy'd!
 Elysium, rich in poets of the past,
 Can well afford to leave on earth the last;
 So thou, lov'd HOAG, whom generations crown
 With choicest laurels of deserv'd renown,
 Must long from thy calm Vista Buena shine,
 And teach us all a sweetness like to thine:
 May'st thou, who bless'd the num'rous years before,
 Delight our souls for eighty-seven more!

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

TO JONATHAN HOAG, Esq.

On His 88th Birthday, February 10, 1919

Once more auspicious Time, in annual round,
 Shows a skill'd bard, with added laurels crown'd;
 Whilst eager throngs, well-pleas'd with lenient Fate,
 Acclaim harmonious HOAG, turn'd eighty-eight!
 What may we say, as we with joy behold
 One who can flourish, never growing old;
 Whose moving strains our list'ning grandsires knew,
 Yet who can charm ourselves with art as true?
 What may we write of his Parnassian lays—
 Beyond our censure, and above our praise?
 Life is a mountain, reaching to the sky,
 With peak for ever hid, supremely high;
 Its slipp'ry slopes each mortal seeks to scale—
 Seeks but to pause, to falter, and to fail.
 Who can predict the fame of him whose feet
 Mount ever up, nor waver in retreat?
 Thus climbs our Greenwich singer o'er the rest,
 Attains the purer air, draws nigh the crest;
 How wide and beauteous must his vision find
 Life's spreading landscape, when he looks behind!
 Well may his quill, in that exalted place,
 At once the world's and heaven's beauties trace;
 In retrospection tell of stream and grove,
 Yet with like art describe the scenes above.
 So sounds the lyre that sweeter grows with age;
 So gleam the lines on HOAG'S Pierian page;
 Life, Death and Immortality he sings,
 Yet glads our fancy with terrestrial things.
 How bright his picture of the simple school,
 Where rustic masters held benignant rule,
 Or of the snowclad slope, where light and free
 The red-cheek'd coasters glide in youthful glee!
 With magic notes his songs enchant our ears,
 Revive the happy past, and melt the years.
 May lesser bards compete with one whose Muse
 Each year superior splendor can diffuse?
 Who is so bold, that he can hope to gain

An equal skill, or chant an equal strain?
 High on the mount our SCRIBA stands alone,
 And blends a former aera with our own.
 SCRIBA, for thee I wish a future bright
 With every known, and yet unknown delight;
 May the fond Fates that bless'd thy days of yore,
 On riper years repeated favours pour;
 May Phoebus smile on thine increasing skill,
 And Aesculapius shield thy form from ill;
 May Nymphs and Dryads of the founts and woods
 Preserve thy joy in sylvan solitudes;
 May Jocus guide thy never-failing wit,
 And sprightly Comus at thy banquets sit;
 And best of all, mayst thou for ever live
 Midst bliss as keen as that thy verses give!

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

AD SCRIBAM

To Jonathan Hoag, Esq., Aetat LXXXIX.

February 10, 1920

A health to thee, upon whose silver'd head
 The mingled glow of Time and Art is shed;
 Whose growing years, now full four score and nine,
 In one vast beam of waxing glory shine.
 Blessed is he, whose ev'ry hour can show
 Some virtuous effort or aeonian glow.
 To such each added day fresh fame imparts,
 Whilst mounting age endears him to our hearts:
 SCRIBA, for thee a life of deeds well done
 A lasting coronet of love hath won!
 But tho' in gratitude we pause to scan
 The welcome favour of thy lengthen'd span,
 Counting alone reveals Time's number'd truth,
 Since all thy works proclaim eternal youth!
 In thy warm heart, with kindly genius sweet,
 Life's golden morn and ripen'd evening meet;
 No cynic hardness here hath found a place,
 Where bloom perennial ardor, hope and grace.
 In thee the fragrance of forgotten Mays
 Revives to bless our colder, drearier days;
 Thy busy quill a story'd past recalls,
 And with rare magic teaches and enthralls;
 Legend and tale of regions far and near
 On thy bright page in pleasing pomp appear,
 While Nature, by thy hand sublimely drawn,
 Yields copious lore of ages here and gone.
 Happy the man who thus forever dwells
 Close to the secrets that the brooklet tells;
 Whose eager ear culls learning from the rose,
 And gleans the truth Dionondawa knows;
 Hears ev'ry message that the mountain breeze
 Brings the high crags or whispers to the trees;
 And through whose art, supreme and unimpair'd,

These living wonders with the world are shar'd!
 Can hoary Time, whose stern, unyielding rod
 Impartial rules the mortal and the god,
 Whose deathless might Sardathrion's towers o'erthrew,
 And Babylonia's matchless splendour slew,
 Tell by what art our poet tunes his lays
 With nobler beauty thro' increasing days?
 Can we not fancy that the stainless heart
 Throbs with the rhythm of Nature's ev'ry part;
 Each light-flown year in closer bonds ally'd,
 Till the blest spirit joins the cosmic tide?
 Thus the sweet song superior timbre gains,
 And with long years achieves sublimer strains;
 Blends with the chant of worlds beyond our sight,
 And rides the aether in perpetual light:
 The singer, one with harmonies of heav'n,
 Not age, but youth, by grateful Time, is given!
 So, SCRIBA, may unnumber'd honours crown
 Thy golden years, and swell thy glad renown;
 May a kind world spontaneous homage pay,
 And ev'ry hearer praise thy potent lay.
 Eighty and nine the years that lightly rest
 Upon thy brow, by smiling Muses blest;
 Yet may we hope that all thy joys before
 Are less than what the future holds in store!

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

TO MR. HOAG

On His Ninetieth Birthday, February 10, 1921

As on the flow'ry Latmian crest
 Endymion ever young reposes,
 With crystal dreams by Phoebe bless'd,
 And wreath'd in never-dying roses;
 So, SCRIBA, thou, whose poet-eyes
 Have dwelt aloft in raptures rarest,
 And won like favours from the skies,
 At ninety still youth's garland wearest!

Methinks I see thee where the moon
 On faery slopes sends down her splendour;
 That realm of sempiternal June,
 Peopled by fauns and oreads tender,
 Which sleeps unalter'd and unvex'd,
 Tho' with vast ills and changes direst
 The world of waking be perplexed—
 That fancy-heaven of the lyrist!

In such an aether dost thou dream
 Irradiate tracteries to hear hither,
 Rewarded by the boon supreme—
 A spirit that may never wither;
 The years float by caressingly,
 Bestowing gifts but never robbing;
 And now the ninetieth leaves thee free,
 Thy heart with youthful ardor throbbing.

Thus will it be in future time,
Thy presence ever luminous beaming,
The while thou tell'st in beryl rhyme
The winsome wonders of thy dreaming;
The queen of night thy path will strew
With blossoms from the bow'rs Elysian,
And thou wilt sing amidst the dew,
Rose-crowned and young, a fadeless vision!

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

ON A POET'S NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

(To Jonathan Hoag, Esq., February 10, 1922)

Blessings on thy natal day,
Lighter of the lengthened way!
Gorgeous by thy brother sun,
As thou turnest ninety-one!

Kindled in a happier time,
Burneth still thy torch sublime,
Destin'd for our joy to save
All that former ages gave.

Pure as crystal is the light;
Restful to the weary sight;
Would that all the world might shine,
SCRIBA, with such rays as thine;

Long hath been thy fulgent course,
Leading beauty from the source;
Grateful bow'rs their praise declare,
Sweeter for thy passing there.

And as now the years increase,
May thy beaming never cease;
Let the gold of evening glow
Like the morn of long ago!

Happy he whose eye may scan
Such a full, benignant span;
Years of song thou strew'st behind,
Like gay blossoms in the wind.

Youth and grace attend thy tread,
Fresh bays deck thy silver'd head;
Nor can springtime's note depart
From the tune within thy heart.

So as stars of evening hold
All the deep'ning sunset's gold;
Thou thy path mayst e'er prolong,
Vital in thy shining song!

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

TO MR. HOAG

Upon His Ninety-second Birthday, February 10, 1923

On the cold air with brighter ray
Dionondawa gleams today,
 To give a bard his due;
For SCRIBA, last of all the line
In whom our ancient glories shine,
 Is turning ninety-two!

As o'er the hills strange echoes rise
From bards who gaze with alien eyes
 Upon a changing land,
You, SCRIBA, who have known the past,
Will keep it living till the last,
 For those who understand.

'Tis yours a happier day to sing,
That spread too soon its golden wing;
 A day of hope and worth,
When young Columbia, proud and free,
Exulted in simplicity,
 And bless'd her recent birth.

For you the scene so few recall:
The village by the waterfall
 Where freemen dwelt unspoil'd;
Where the trim cottage lay embower'd,
Whilst o'er the trees the steeple tower'd,
 And swains contented toil'd.

The old farm home you knew so well,
Where homely virtue us'd to dwell,
 And strength in boundless store;
These but for you were dim in truth,
Yet in your lines gain second youth,
 And vivid rise once more.

Prais'd be the pow'r that keeps the fire
And living murmur of your lyre,
 And bids you linger here;
For thro' your eyes our hearts have learn'd
What thoughts within our fathers burn'd;
 What scenes to them were dear.

May all your days that radiance know
Which made them glad so long ago,
 By Hoosick's leaping tide;
When, charm'd by Nature's varying face,
You sang in lines of Doric grace
 Her ev'ry mood and side.

And may those fruitful days be long,
And garnish'd with unbroken song,
 That we may share delight;
May each calm year with tender care
Weave chaplets for your silver hair,
 And make the evening bright.

H. P. LOVECRAFT.

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