

**Albert Fenner  
Kercheval**  
Selected Poems



# Albert Fenner Kercheval

March 16, 1829 [Preble County, Ohio] –

January 24, 1893 [Los Angeles, California]

Kercheval crossed the continent with a group of miners from Peoria, Illinois, leaving from St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 20, 1849. Kercheval is probably the first person to be called a “Los Angeles poet” in the Los Angeles Times (Jan. 6 1882) which noted that he had recently arrived in Riverside and “spent two days taking inspiration from the Riverside orange groves. He had arrived in California in 1849 and became a miner (the mines provided the inspiration for much of comedic work), eventually turning his attention to growing oranges and grapes. Eventually president of the County Board of Horticultural Commissioners, he introduced the Australian ladybug, *Vedalia Cardinalis*, to combat the cottony cushion scale, an insect that made itself to the US on orange trees imported from Australia. Kercheval married Sarah Adelaide Wilson in 1857; they had a son and two daughters, one of whom, Rosalie, herself became a poet. In an obituary published in the Los Angeles Herald, the author wrote: “Had his poems first appeared in the great eastern centers they would have brought to him a reputation like that of Brett Harte or Joaquin Miller. In many respects he was their superior both in the easy flow of his versification and in his exact reflection of the society of the early mining days.” He appears to have stopped writing after the publication of his collected works, *Dolores*, and *Other Poems* in 1883.

*Dolores, and other poems*. San Francisco, A.L. Bancroft and Company, 1883.

# Dolores

[A legend of the Mission San Gabriel.]

## CHAPTER V.

Morn in the beautiful vale; glitter and glow of dew-drop;  
Flashing of wings 'mid bowers; mocking-bird's trill ecstatic;  
Fragrance of orange blooms borne on the loitering zephyr;  
Herds spreading far and wide, cropping the dewy grasses,  
Clouding afar the plains, sleek in their wanton fatness;  
Gleaming of silvery founts; mountains in sky uplifting,  
Clothed in their strength eternal, rapt in their purple glory—  
Rainbow of hope o'er all; friends round the altar gathered—  
Parents, and priest, and guests—why linger bride and bridegroom?

Forth at the early dawn joyously they had ridden,  
Mounted on glossy steeds, out o'er the flowery vista,  
Fleet as the soft west-wind over the mesa speeding,  
Little of time or space, little of danger heeding,  
On toward the mountain-walled valley of San Fernando;  
Through the low-nestling hills, through the thick-serried cactus  
Marshaled like battle-ranks bristling with pikes repellent,  
When from their covert dark, hurtled a hail of arrows,  
Thick as the icy spheres vengefully by Boreas  
Hurled in his spiteful wrath, down on the smiling landscape;  
Up rose a hundred hideous, painted and savage demons,  
Piercing with many a shaft deeply the helpless lover,  
Then like the wind away, taking the maiden captive.  
Hour after hour went by, slow, at the waiting Mission;  
Wondering, watched the throng waiting the lovers coming;  
Solemnly to and fro, paced the grave, patient padre;  
Why lingered thus the pair—naught could have surely happened?

Jangle and clang of spurs, steed flecked with foam and quivering;  
Rider afaint and pale; dappled with blood his clothing;  
Piercing himself and steed, the shaft of many an arrow,  
Shot from the vengeful bows of the treacherous red marauders,  
Hither on spoil intent, coming from out the desert.

Quickly he told the tale—robbery, lust and murder—  
Told of a heathen horde raiding the lonely ranches,  
Wreaking their savage hate on the valley of San Fernando.

Instant a dozen men sprang to their saddles, quickly  
Dashed o'er the flowery plain, came to the scene of outrage;  
Found but Gonzales there, senseless and almost lifeless;  
Never a trace of her, torn from her wounded lover;  
Meanwhile her captors passed swiftly away like a whirlwind,  
Bearing away their spoil—booty from raided ranchos,  
Through the dark, frowning pass, over the tall Sierras,  
O'er the dread danger-trails, dared not a soul to follow;  
Bearing from hope and love, swift, the despairing maiden,  
Lashed to a frantic steed, helpless, bound, and a captive.

Out thro' the frowning pass, out through the black-lipped canyon,  
Over the wastes of sand, glowing with furnace fierceness—  
Ghost-like, watching the way, the hosts of the spiny cactus.  
Wearily pressing still onward and eastward ever,  
Over the alkali beds, level and smooth as mirrors,  
Flashing with gleam afar, white with their efflorescence;  
Skirting the lifeless lakes, poisonous, deadly, bitter,  
Where the gray ashen wastes, dimly gleaming and ghastly,  
Over dead Nature's face spread like a pall forever;  
Holding their homeward way over precipitous ranges,  
Black with volcanic wrath, strewn with the wreck of upheaval,  
Belched from earth's bowels deep, in tremulous throes of the ages;  
So after days of thirst, weary and worn with travel.  
Came they at last to halt their lair by a rushing river,  
Shaded by cottonwood trees, fringed by the drooping willow.  
While as in fear, hard by whispered the trembling aspen;  
Here on the farther side, deep in the wild desolation,  
Deep in the arid lands, savage and wild, forbidding,  
Guarded by deserts vast, mountains and mighty canyons,  
Never a foe might dare, rose the rude circle of lodges;  
Here was their journey's end—the heart of the Navajo nation.

Night, and a captive lone, bound to a sighing aspen;

Far from San Gabriel's vale, soft in its beauty sleeping;  
Far from its holy spell, tenderness, love and pity;  
Here were but death and hate, savageness all pervading.  
Only the stars looked down, merciful as imploring,  
Pleadingly, tremblingly, sad, far through the measureless spaces,  
Camp-fires casting their gleam, lighting the shadows weirdly;  
Warriors savage and wild, gathered around in council,  
Parting of captured spoils booty of goods and horses;  
Share and division fair, equal, exact, impartial,  
Till not a thing remained naught but the captive maiden;  
Then broke the storm's pent wrath, outbursts of demon passions,  
Tumult as waves in strife, voices in high contention.  
Hellish and lustful looks, gestures jeering and threatening  
Bade her for worst prepare; outrage or death to-morrow

#### CHAPTER VI.

One by one, weary at last, slumbered and slept her captors;  
Flickered the fitful camp-fire, faded the dying embers;  
Stillness and hush profound, save the low fretful murmur,  
Like some pent soul's complaining of the dark river chafing;  
Or the long boding wail of the prowling, unseen coyote.  
Slow passed the hours away; morn with her flush of crimson  
Tinted the trembling East faint with a tender glory.  
Softly a shadow stole forth from the lodges circle  
Lightly amid the sleepers, shadow-like, noiseless glided,  
Then a dark maiden tall, stood by the side of tile captive;  
Placing her finger-tips on her dusky lips in warning,  
Severed the cruel bonds that held her in durance chafing,  
Motioned toward the stream, murmured a word of parting,  
Shrank in the trembling gloom and vanished away like a phantom.

Quick to the river's brink noiselessly hurried the captive;  
There a frail, light canoe quivered and danced on the current,  
Seeming to chafe as a steed, curbed for the race impatient;  
In it was store of food, weapons of war and hunting,  
Blankets of costly worth,—gorgeous and bright scrapes  
Woven with dexterous skill by fingers of Navajo maidens;  
But a brief moment more, downward to unknown dangers

Boatman and boat were swept by the turbulent Colorado,  
Yet not a moment too soon; shrill on the bank rose the war-whoops,  
Hurtled the arrowy hail, cleaving the water around her—  
Then of a sudden, rush and roar, as of seas contending;  
Cliff leaning o'er to cliff, raging of floods imprisoned,  
Danger and death behind, while the ravenous deep-jawed canyon  
Yawned like the gates of hell, threatening and dark before her.  
On through the seething foam onward with arrowy swiftness  
Guiding her lightning course with watchful swift-plying paddle,  
Grazing the jagged rocks, whirling in dizzy whirlpools,  
Swept her frail, fragile bark, tossed about like a feather,  
Guarded as by a charm from imminent, swift destruction.

Hour on hour passed by, league after league flew madly;  
Still the black sullen jaws, evermore grim and threatening  
Never a line relaxed, seemed to compress more tightly;  
But as the night shades fell, sudden from gloom emerging  
Widened the gloomy rift, slept the wild, maddened waters  
Calm as a tired pulse after the fitful fever.  
Over the trembling flood, cottonwoods waved and quivered,  
Whispered and murmured low, as of some secret fearful;  
Telling perchance their tale of hopeless ages imprisoned  
Buried forevermore in that adamant heart of marble.

Loneliness! not a sound of life woke the awful stillness;  
Never a robin's chirp, never a squirrel's chatter,  
Never an insect's hum faint, or cicada's quaver—  
Here in her chamber dwelt Solitude, deep and utter!  
Here was no danger of beast, reptile, or savage human;  
Only a loneliness vast, voiceless, void, eternal.  
So lay she 'neath the trees, pondered, and thought of the morrow,  
So wearied, faint, she dreamed, slumbered and slept till morning.  
Walls without slope or break, perpendicular, springing  
Skyward through half a league, dizzied the vision gazing;  
Walls that the eagle's wing only might scale defiant;  
Battlements chafing the dome of heaven's blue arch faint-gleaming;  
Only a single way out of that awful prison;  
Only a hope forlorn glimmered and sank before her;

On through the jaws of death, through that dread tomb of marble;  
Trust in her frail canoe, trust in a Saviour's mercy;  
Prayer to the throne of Grace, prayer to the Virgin Mary,  
Still her all-helpful love, still her blest aid invoking—  
Then with a strength renewed, faith in her holy pleading,  
Launched she her bark once more, drifting to unknown dangers.

Southward the torrent plunged, white-lipped in terror, fleeing  
Down through the awful gorge, shrieking like ghost despairing.  
Ever the marble walls, dizzy with dread down-looking,  
Seemed as in trembling swoon, ready to fall upon her,  
Ever the raging floods, mad with their cramped confining,  
Torn by the ragged rocks, threatened of swift destruction.  
All day long, till the sunset lit the far heights with glory,  
Death like a bloodhound fell, tracked her with haunting terror;  
Then at last issuing forth, pale from that tomb of marble,  
Out of the jaws of death, weary, and faint, and thankful,  
Softly she drifted free, on a peaceful and placid current;  
A hundred terrible leagues between herself and her captors.

# Eve

Tremble the shadows in twilight repose,  
                    Shivers the rose;  
    Quiver the stars in the firmament's deep;  
Whisper the zephyrs mid tangle and bower;  
Rest for the weary, and dew for the flower—  
    Vision and sleep.

Mystical music and quaver of sound  
                    Floating around,  
    Lull the faint senses with Lethean spell;  
Soothing the spirit with somnolent kiss,  
Soft flitting fairies, fond legends of bliss  
    Whisper and tell.

Birds dreamy warble and insects faint trill  
                    Quiver and thrill;  
    Far through the depths of Infinity's space,  
Languid the stars twinkle faint in the skies,  
Soft looking down with their love-laden eyes—  
    Angels of grace.

Rises the moon in her glitter and sheen—  
                    Night's gracious queen;  
    Gilding with silver the far mountain chain,  
High rearing vainly her progress to bar,  
Flooding in glory and splendor afar  
    Valley and plain.

Cloud-shadows loitering over the grass  
                    Dreamily pass;  
    Fade like a vision life's wearisome schemes,  
Melting like mists of the morning away—  
Respite and rest 'neath the tremulous ray—  
    Slumber and dreams.

# Evanescence

Life is but a changeful dream,  
Evanescent as the gleam  
    Of the lightning's dazzling flash,  
As the bright Aurora's beam;

As the trembling zephyrs sigh,  
As the crimson flames that dye  
    With their more than Tyrian glow,  
Deep, the western sunset sky;

As the rainbow's gorgeous hue,  
As the glitter of the dew,  
    Leaving not a trace behind  
Neath the summer skies of blue;

As the fearful, trembling fawn  
Listening at the hush of dawn  
    Startling, fleeing in affright,  
Disappearing, seen and gone.

Changeful as a midnight dream,  
As the desert's mirage gleam,  
    As the mist by morn dispelled,  
Swallowed in the grand supreme.

# Sunrise

A tender thrill the silence breaks,  
A little tremor—she awakes;  
Through night's dark curtains, half in doubt,  
The meek-eyed Morn peeps shyly out,  
As if with modest gaze to spy  
If bold intruding steps arc nigh;  
Then softly folds, with blushes warm,  
Her crimson drapery round her form,  
And steps abroad with brow serene,  
Earth's peerless, radiant, glorious Queen.

# The Phantom City

[A Legend of the Mohave Desert.]

Where the desert's face lies glaring,  
Like a corpse forever staring,  
And the zephyrs moan, despairing,  
    Wandering o'er the deathly waste,  
Came a padre meek and lowly,  
Hasting onward, blindly, slowly,  
Seeking with his emblem holy,  
    Dying souls, with zealous haste.

Far away with quivering shimmer,  
Sank the mountains dim and dimmer,  
Shone the sunset's dying glimmer,  
    With a faint, expiring glance;  
Came no earthquake's voice to mutter,  
Not a trembling zephyr's flutter,  
Slept a silence deep and utter,  
    O'er the lonely, dread expanse.

On, o'er ghastly wastes and dreary,  
Thro' the night's long watches weary,  
Journeyed stout, old Padre Serra,  
    Till the ghostly shadows fled,  
And the morn came silent wending—  
Still before him vague extending,  
Stretched the level waste unending,  
    Lifeless, soundless, boundless spread.

'Neath the dim horizon's circle,  
Where the shadows crouch and darkle,  
What is that the sun's bright sparkle  
    Gilds as with a flash of fire?  
Lo! a city vast and hoary,  
Dazzling as some fairy story,  
Clothed as with celestial glory,

Dome, and battlement, and spire.

Like the swelling tides of ocean,  
Thrilled the padre with emotion;  
In his soul a grand commotion,  
    Thankfulness and glad surprise  
Stirred his holy spirit greatly;  
Waving palm trees tall and stately,  
Towering in their pride sedately,  
    Rose beneath the desert skies.

Was it but a mocking seeming?  
Was the holy padre dreaming?  
Rose a city tall and gleaming,  
    Queenly 'mid the desert lands;  
Temples proud and princely places,  
Terraced heights and fount-kissed spaces,  
Like some hidden, blest oasis  
    'Mid Sahara's burning sands.

Then of dangers naught regretting,  
Heedless of the toil and sweating,  
All the thirst and heat forgetting,  
    Spake the padre stout and brave  
"Though the way hath worn and spent me.  
Surely Heaven its aid hath lent me,  
Surely Christ himself hath sent me  
    Forth these heathen hosts to save!"

Gleamed the city clear and clearer,  
Seemed it near, yet never nearer,  
Almost might the listening hearer  
    Seeming catch its busy din.  
But there smote no clang of sabre,  
Rose no song of flute or tabor,  
And no pulsing tides of labor  
    Drifted out or entered in.

Yet in vain his weary toiling,  
'Neath that glowing furnace broiling,  
Ever some curs'd spell seemed foiling  
    All his efforts in the chase;  
Shrank the phantom ever fleeting,  
Ever from his grasp retreating,  
Where the dim horizon meeting,  
    Kissed the desert's deathly face.

Still the holy father wandered  
Ever on and ever pondered—  
“Here the heathen hosts have squandered  
    All the world's bright golden store;  
In this vast and lonely centre,  
With the Cross, their faithful mentor,  
I will be the first to enter  
    At their desert-guarded door.

“If my weak endurance fail not,  
Satan's wiles shall him avail not;  
Here the holy Cross shall trail not  
    Longer in the sighing dust;  
Here with zealous, brave endeavor,  
Error's head His sword shall sever,  
And His kingdom reign forever,  
    Conquering over sin and lust.”

Still more gorgeous glowed the splendor  
From each column, tall and slender;  
Slept a glory soft and tender,  
    With its far o'er-arching light,  
Countless rays of glory flinging,  
From each temple skyward springing,  
Dazzling, flashing, trembling, clinging  
    Round each spire's far-piercing height

Fiercer gleamed that furnace, glowing  
Like the lava-tide o'erflowing,

Ever hot and hotter growing,  
    Withering as some demon's spites;  
Deadly as the path of error;  
Though no mute lips made demurrer,  
Fell a vague, despairing terror  
    On his trembling neophytes.

Long with fruitless, vain endeavor,  
Followed he the phantom ever,  
On and onward, nearing never;  
    Till at eve, ere fell the night,  
Like some fairy's bright creation,  
Like some dazzling exhalation,  
Dome and turret and foundation,  
    Melted from his longing sight.

Then spake Padre Serra, grieving,  
"This is some cursed spell, deceiving—  
But a charm of Satan's weaving,  
    Luring souls to death," he said,  
"With some cunning incantation,  
From the pastures of salvation,  
To this deadly desolation,"—  
    Then he crossed himself and fled.

Still the traveler, worn and weary,  
Wandering o'er the deserts dreary,  
Sees that phantom dim and eerie,  
    Gleaming, beckoning far away;  
But it flees his longing vision  
Like a spectre in derision;  
Fades its gorgeous gleam elysian,  
    As a dream at break of day.

# Illusion

Life is but a phantom seeming, but a vision and a dreaming,  
Mirage mockings of the future, rainbow memories of the past;  
Joy and mirth succeeding sorrow, night shades dim the bright tomorrow,  
And the sunshine, and the shadow, follows each the other fast.

Fitful slumbering, fitful waking, but a little, lo! the breaking  
Of the fleecy clouds of morning into storms of tears and sighs;  
Fled the bright illusion tender, evanescent as the splendor  
Of the rainbow's haloed glories, tinted on the eastern skies.

We are but as spectres fearing, dimly seen and disappearing  
As the quick electric currents, swift that sudden flash and dart—  
But a mist our transient being, ever fading, ever fleeing,  
We are but as dreams unstable, "come like shadows, so depart;"

As the fainting, lost prospector, longing for the fountain's nectar,  
Wandering on o'er thirsty deserts, chasing every mirage gleam,  
Following still with footsteps weary, o'er the dim expanses dreary,  
Resting never, and we ever dream to wake, and wake to dream.

So the mystic visions quiver o'er life's desert sands forever,  
And we know not clearly, truly, which is dreaming, which is sight;  
Which the oldest, which the newest; which the falsest, which the truest;  
Which the saddest, which the maddest—dreamings of the day, or  
night.

# Dotage

His faded life is all behind,  
    His step is faint and slow;  
His voice is like the sighing wind,  
    His hair is white as snow.

And like an infant once again,  
    His wondering vision sees  
The earth's wide-spreading boundless plain,  
    With all its mysteries.

In childish awe he looks on life—  
    Its throbbing, rushing tide,  
Its toys, its littleness, its strife,  
    Its gorgeous, tinsel'd pride.

And standing on its darkling shore,  
    With weak and trembling eyes,  
He babbles like a babe once more,  
    In foolish, fond surprise.

Back from life's quivering sunset ray,  
    He turns to view the past,  
That haunts his trembling, downward way,  
    Like shadow backward cast.

Dim, through oblivion's veil he sees  
    As through some mystic haze,  
Faint lifted by some ghostly breeze,  
    The forms of other days.

They beckon to him far away,  
    And near and nearer still,  
He sees them in the twilight gray,  
    He feels their touches thrill.

And groping mid the trembling gloom,

For phantoms that are not,  
He totters downward to the tomb,  
Forgetting and forgot.

# Midnight Musings

Night had drawn her sombre curtain  
O'er the landscape's form uncertain—  
Low and faint the midnight echoes from the belfry, ghostly toll;  
Came the shadows thick and thicker,  
In the lamp's low, dying flicker,  
And a feeling, deep and solemn, sat upon my inmost soul.

So, I mutely mused and pondered  
On this life, and sadly wandered  
Forth into the midnight stillness, and I saw the countless stars  
Glittering as the visions human,  
Bright and fair as dreams of woman,  
Happy in the love of true man—shining through their heavenly bars.

Far Uranus, solitary,  
Like some wanderer, lone and weary,  
In the deserts, dim and dreary, wandering, lost forevermore—  
Faintly glimmered; and the Pleiads,  
Like lost, wandering, shivering Naiads,  
Trembled on the mystic confines of the everlasting shore.

And the moon, like wayward maiden,  
With her smiles of promise laden,  
Went with brothers, sisters—circling Jupiter, with smiling face.  
Mars, with glow like warrior gory,  
Venus, bright with love's sweet story,  
Saturn, with his rings of glory—sweeping on through silent space.

And I said unto my spirit,  
We will heaven's deep mysteries ferret—  
We will ponder, we will wander nigh unto the Throne of God,  
Where no eye of mortal gazes  
Through the star-mist curtain hazes,  
Through bright, labyrinthine mazes, ne'er by mortal footstep trod.

Like a glory o'er me streaming,

Shone the stars soft radiance beaming—  
Orbs with silvery lustre gleaming, beaming through the vault of night—  
Suns to other worlds belonging,  
Starry constellations thronging,  
And my soul was filled with longing—longing for the Infinite.

Joyous as the sky-lark singing,  
Forth we fled from earth, upspringing,  
On the plumes of fancy winging, through ethereal depths and clear—  
Past lost worlds in darkness sleeping,  
Past the sun's vast orbit sweeping,  
Past fierce fiery meteors leaping, onward in our swift car.

So we wandered on and onward,  
Forward, outward, upward, sunward—  
Other suns and other systems met our dazzled, wondering view—  
Each bright, radiant, guardian mother  
But precursor of another  
Mother of a starry family, in the universe of blue.

On we swept by planets sighing,  
Lone and vast, in darkness lying—  
Onward, toward the centre flying, like an arrow to its aim;  
Still undaunted, still untiring  
Visions bright my fancy firing,  
And the sun went out, expiring like the candle's flickering flame.

Onward, past each heavenly station,  
Swept we by each bright creation—  
By each clustering constellation, by each lonely, truant star;  
Fiery comets madly lashing,  
Swift through space went sudden, flashing,  
Bearers of some awful message to the trembling worlds afar.

Still we saw, as in a vision,  
Faintly through the depths elysian,  
Struggling light from distant planets, that no mortal eye may view—  
One faint glow of starry glory,

Like the fame of warrior gory—  
Like some dim-remembered story—struggling vain to wander through.

And these glories all transcending,  
Past all human comprehending,  
But beginning of an ending, never ending, never done,  
Terrified my soul exceeding,  
Hitherto unawed, unheeding;  
And my faint feet weak and bleeding, turned from labor scarce begun.

Who shall dare to dream or reckon  
All the countless orbs that thicken  
Myriad millions blazing, burning, far beyond our mortal sight,  
Wheeling spheres and worlds in motion,  
Countless as the sands of ocean,  
Wheeling, flashing, blazing, burning, through the awful Infinite.

E'en should we by dire convulsion,  
With resistless dread propulsion,  
Onward, onward, downward rushing, from our orbit swift be hurled,  
When the sun had ceased to kiss us,  
Who but God, would ever miss us—  
Miss this atom, though we perished from the universe of worlds?

And I cried with voice of anguish,  
“Why is it that we should languish  
Longing for this rayless atom, with its strife, and-sin, and lust?  
But a speck on God’s creation!”  
And in dark humiliation,  
Lo! I bowed my humbled spirit, prone in agony and dust.

“Oh!” I cried, “Ye silvery planets  
Free and soft as wandering gannets,  
How I long to wander with you—from this darkness to emerge!”  
But the stars swept onward, shining,  
Heedless of my vain repining,  
And the moon went down, declining, to the dark horizon’s verge.

Then I heard the voice of water,  
Glad as song of Jephthah's daughter—  
Heard the sighing of the zephyrs to the listening orange tree,  
Saw the heavens' soft, starry glitter,  
Heard the dreaming bird's low twitter,  
And the fancies dark and bitter, fled and left my spirit free.

# To The Moon

Pale, pallid, pulseless, lifeless, spectral sphere!  
Vague wreck of matter mid eternal space;  
Changeful, yet changeless ever, year by year,  
What nameless horror haunts thy ghastly face?  
Did some mad comet, in his reckless race  
Through space infinite, in thy path uprear,  
And, shriveling all thy being, leave no trace  
Of joyous life to evermore appear—  
Nought but a void of everlasting fear?

What wrath almighty, sudden smote thee sore,  
Or what fell fires of fury scorched thy plains?  
What fierce convulsions shook thy inmost core,  
And dried thy life-blood in thy pulsing vein;?  
What fevered thirst, what fiery throes and pains  
Drank all thy seas, from shriveled shore to shore—  
Or spasms volcanic rent thy mountain chains,  
Then left thee cold, their fitful tremors o'er,  
A lifeless phantom-waste forevermore?

Cold spectre, gazing with thy vacant stare,  
What awful memory of the mighty past  
Hath stamped its terror in thy swooning glare—  
What nightmare dream of horror holds thee fast?  
What everlasting fear its reflex cast  
O'er thy cold face its shadow of despair,  
To brood o'er all thy confines dim and vast—  
Thy caverned depths, thy shuddering summits bare—  
Thou lifeless phantom of the soundless air?

Of God's grand system seeming scarce a part,  
Yet moving in obedience to His will,  
Like some crushed spirit in life's busy mart,  
In ghostly hush, pale, spiritless, and still,  
In whose dead soul no sudden, gladsome thrill  
E'er stirs the life-blood with a quickening start

Oblivious of earth's dreams, of good or ill,  
How like some hopeless, pulseless human heart  
Where passion's fires are dead and cold, thou art!

# May

Flowers will bloom, when we are gone,  
    In sweet May;  
And the skies will flush at dawn,  
And the soft winds kiss the lawn,  
And the bright stream hurry on,  
    As to-day.

Some shall wander, some shall sleep,  
    Far away;  
O'er bright skies dark storms shall sweep,  
O'er warm hearts a chill shall creep,  
Some shall smile and others weep,  
    As to-day.

Traitor hearts shall still forsake,  
    Still betray;  
Trusting hearts in sorrow break,  
Silent flowers the night winds shake,  
Clouds be mirrored in the lake,  
As to-day.

Soon death's night shall spread its gloom  
    O'er our clay;  
And the flowers shall shed their bloom,  
And the rose its sweet perfume  
O'er each lowly sleeper's tomb,  
    As to-day.

With life's sweet shall mingle gall,  
    Grave with gay;  
To her mate the dove shall call,  
Joy and sorrow come to all;  
Kingdoms rise and empires fall,  
    As to-day.

Still shall merry throngs serene

In their play,  
Oft renew the fairy scene;  
Feet shall patter on the green,  
Happy voices hail their queen,  
As to-day.

# Mission San Gabriel

Crumbling ruin, old and gray!

Relic dim of ancient glory!

Emblem mute of Time's decay,

Fading like a dream away,

Oh! to know each tender story,

Each fond legend of romance,

Born of maiden's magic glance,

Vivid as the lightning's flashes,

Lighting up the far expanse!

Vain the longing! dust and ashes,

Only, of the hearts remain,

Thrilling once with love and pleasure,

Throbbing quick with joy and pain,

Lust of power or hope of gain,

Saintly crown or golden treasure.

Here, within thy solemn shade,

Slumber matron, priest and maid,

Lover, warrior, pride, ambition;

Mouldering side by side arc laid

Lowly birth and high condition.

Hallowed lamp of holy light!

Early ray of gleaming lustre,

Mashing through the gloom of night,

With thy soft effulgence bright—

How dead memories, round thee cluster!

Echoes faint of ghostly calls,

Whispers haunt thy lonely halls,

Of the voices gone and perished,

And oblivion's shadow falls

Over all fond hearts once cherished.

Here, where roses bloom and flush,

Heedless of the world's mutations,

Of its maddening whirl and rush,

In supreme, eternal hush,  
    Sleep the dreamless generations.  
All their fitful dreamings o'er,  
Waked to effort nevermore,  
    These forgotten, those before them,  
And the orange, from her store,  
    Strews her snowy petals o'er them.

Gazing far o'er land and sea,  
    Still thy mountains, tall and solemn,  
Lifting through eternity,  
Silent sentries over thee,  
    Look on crumbling wall and column.  
Bound as with a magic spell,  
Hear we still thy virgin bell,  
    To the mountains calling, calling,  
Throbbing, thrilling vale and dell  
    Sinking, swelling, rising, falling.

Still thy silvery chime of bells,  
    With its echoes throbbing, dying,  
Floating through thy sylvan dells,  
Sweet its tender story tells,  
    To the zephyrs, sobbing, sighing;  
And at solemn hush of eve,  
Trembling nightwinds softly grieve,  
    Like fond mourners, vigil keeping;  
And the vines their chaplets weave,  
    O'er a perished century sleeping.

Here where mouldering Time hath crept,  
    Still beside thy simple altar,  
Where the contrite eyes have wept—  
Where her vigils Faith hath kept—  
    Stands the priest, with cross and psalter,  
Like a spectre, weird and lone,  
Chanting in a monotone;  
    Like some mourner, weary-hearted,

Drooping o'er the burial stone  
Of the loved ones, long departed.

Still thy drooping, dreamy oaks,  
Like fond mothers, sad and tender,  
Trembling at the woodman's strokes,  
Spread their sheltering, glossy cloaks  
O'er the poppy's golden splendor;  
But the warrior's sword is rust,  
And the padre's heart is dust;  
Gone the gleam of lance and sabre,  
And the souls that kept their trust,  
Rest from earthly care and labor.

Relic of a century dead!  
Type of earthly evanescence,  
Ghost of strength and glory fled,  
Time hath bowed thy hoary head,  
Dimmed thy glowing incandescence;  
Like a half-forgotten dream,  
Drifting down oblivion's stream,  
Slowly, slowly, sadly fading,  
Like the day's expiring gleam,  
Into mystic twilight shading.

# The Fall of Vanity

On his gorgeous, gilded way  
Winged the butterfly one day,  
    'Mid the flowery beauties sighing,  
And the violet whispered, "stay,"  
And the rose blushed deeply red,  
And the lily drooped her head,  
    As he loitered, fluttered, flitted,  
Round each shrine, and onward sped.

And the trifler, weak and gay,  
Went upon his giddy way,  
    And he said, "I am more beautiful,  
More gorgeous-hued than they;"  
And he vanished like a dream,  
With his evanescent gleam,  
    In his glitter and his glory,  
In the sun's refulgent beam.

And he flitted here and there,  
Sipping nectar everywhere,  
    With his gaudy wings outspreading  
On the soft and balmy air;  
And he sailed, and sailed, and sailed,  
Mid the fragrant breath exhaled  
    By the sighing beauties longing,  
Till the sunset splendors paled.

But the evening air grew cold,  
And his plumes of blue and gold  
    Weak and weaker vainly fluttered,  
And he lay upon the mold;  
And the fairies far and near,  
Come to deck his lowly bier,  
    And the dew-drops o'er him trembled  
Like Love's fondest parting tear.

And each flowery beauty sighed  
Like a newly-widowed bride,  
    In the twilight's chilly gloaming,  
O'er the fall of gilded pride;  
And their tender fragrance shed  
O'er the dark and lowly bed,  
    In the hushed and lonely stillness,  
Where the butterfly lay dead.

# A Vision

[Written during the Anti-Chinese and Kearney agitation.]

I dreamed a dream that was not all a dream—  
    A dream of smiling skies and virgin lands,  
And glorious vales, where every crystal stream,  
    Soft murmured seaward over golden sands;  
    Big-hearted, brawny, bronzed, strong-bearded bands  
Of men stood in the early morning beam;  
    The mountains sank beneath their Titan hands;  
Dim caves reflected far the pick's bright gleam,  
And manhood, hope and justice reigned supreme.

Proud in the strength of manhood's hopeful years,  
    Grand in the vigor of their giant might,  
The joyous, heedless, careless pioneers  
    Sang, in the soft glow of the golden light,  
    That mighty hymn of Justice and of Right,  
That men drank in with eager listening ears,  
    Ere Hope's bright sun had set in gloom and night  
Environed with a thousand nameless fears,  
Or drooping Faith sank down mid sighs and tears.

A low, sweet murmur as of golden bees—  
    Fair cities rose and stood with gaze elate,  
Their glad songs wafted on the western breeze,  
    And one, the Queen, beside the Golden Gate,  
    Enthroned in purple, kept her royal state;  
Her fame was spread through all the earth's degrees,  
    Her favors sought by lowly and by great,  
Her white-winged commerce shadowed all the seas,  
And fair-haired children clustered round her knees.

A little time, and lo! a mighty change  
    Came o'er the land's soft, smiling, peaceful face;  
No longer in the mart, the mine, the grange,  
    Found truth, and trust, and brotherhood a place;

Man left his fellow-man in life's swift race  
To faint and fall, and faces new and strange,  
    In turn eclipsed him in the giddy chase;  
And where equality was wont to range,  
Were pampered pride and hatred in exchange.

Man to his brother-man no longer just,  
    On couch luxurious made his slothful bed,  
And slumbered o'er the crater's quivering crust  
    Unheedful of the throbbing lava dread.  
    Faith, love and holy charity were dead,  
Truth, honor, virtue trampled into dust,  
    To rise again no more; and in their stead,  
Came hellish jealousy, and dark distrust,  
And hatred, envy, avarice and lust.

Worth, friendless, starved, and riches were adored,  
    Dishonor vile, seized Honor's sacred posts,  
And tainted Vice sat at the social board,  
    And lorded o'er the land with sneers and boasts;  
    As swarms of locusts o'er the sighing coasts,  
More deadly than the warrior's vengeful sword,  
    Rose as a cloud, dark Asia's leprous hosts,  
And on the shores defenseless, ceaseless poured  
A countless, smothering, heathen, Tartar horde.

Proud Labor hid her face in darkened caves,  
    Or begged for bread with haggard visage lean;  
The land was swayed by demagogues and knaves,  
    And purse-proud Arrogance, with haughty mien  
    And lip contemptuous, strode upon the scene;  
The cliffs leaned trembling o'er the burdened waves,  
    A mildew-blight fell o'er her gorgeous sheen  
And all her altars fair, and sacred graves  
Were trampled by the feet of alien slaves.

First, faint indifference, then submission tame,  
    As slumberers wakened, yet but half-awake;

A consciousness of wrong, then burning shame,  
    And longing from the deadly toils to break.  
    As storms the bosom of the placid lake  
Upheave, men rose and with a loud acclaim,  
    Asked right, for bastard wrong born of mistake;  
Then deadly Discord, clothed with vengeance, came  
With bloody sword and desolating flame.

The skies were lurid with the midnight glare  
    Of vengeful, fierce, incendiary fire;  
Men gazed upon the ruin, in despair,  
    That told of quenchless hatred deep and dire;  
    Hope's lamp gleamed but a moment, to expire  
In deeper darkness not a ray was there  
    To light the gloom—the coward took his hire,  
And red Assassination came to dare,  
And shook his bloody dagger in the air.

The queenly City on her western shore,  
    No longer held a captive world in thrall;  
The Goths and Vandals clamored at her door,  
    And plucked her proud patricians in her hall.  
    Deep gloom and darkness gathered over all,  
Her golden dream of luxury was o'er;  
    Fate's stern handwriting gleamed upon the wall.  
Life's glorious flowers bloomed in her groves no more;  
Her garnered fruit was rotten to the core.

Dimmed was the splendor of her jeweled gleam,  
    Cold, slimy serpents crawled around her feet,  
Black, pirate banners flaunted o'er her stream,  
    Wild Arabs tented in each street.  
    Dark desolation reigned o'er all complete—  
The wolf's long howl, the vulture's boding scream;  
    The masts lay prostrate o'er her rotting fleet—  
Wreck, riot, ruin, reigned o'er all supreme;  
I woke, and lo!—a hideous nightmare dream!

The moonlight lay upon the gleaming tide,  
    Unvexed by earth's sore, pricking, chafing ills;  
The dreaming City, like a jeweled bride,  
    Slept soft and peaceful on her thousand hills;  
    Yet through my soul an awful presage thrills,  
Of vague impending ruin far and wide;  
    Such fear as heart of mortal ever stills,  
When earthquakes heave and rushing whirlwinds ride  
To humble haughty pomp and human pride.

# Mutations

I looked on life a glorious plain outspread  
The winds blew soft, the blue sky overhead;  
Calm slept the seas; "How sweet to live" I said.

A trembling glory on earth's bosom lay;  
The sweet birds caroled at the break of day,  
And dewdrops blazed on every trembling spray.

Forth went the toiler to his labor strong;  
In the hushed air of rapture lingered long  
The glad, sweet echo of the sower's song.

The smiling landscape flushed like bride bedecked,  
The crystal founts, the dreamy skies reflect;  
I walked the earth, with lordly head erect.

A change came o'er life's gorgeous, glittering dream;  
Afar through space, the lurid lightnings gleam;  
A trembling terror broods o'er plain and stream.

Deceitful earth's false, treacherous truce was o'er;  
The raging seas rushed on the shrieking shore;  
Hope's magic, siren song was heard no more.

Dread thunders rent the welkin through and through;  
Storm after storm swept o'er the smiling blue;  
Fled, song and flush, and blaze of sparkling dew.

I saw the tares the weary sowers reap,  
Saw Hope's sweet flowers crushed by the tempests sweep  
And said, "Oh, death, how sweet thy dreamless sleep!

"How vain, O, man, thy spirit's worldly lust!  
How vain, O, soul, thy earthly hopes and trust!"

And bowed my humbled head low in the dust.

# Yearning

Earth so lone and wide,  
    Spreading far and grand,  
Dost thou never hide  
    In some tropic land  
Far from cane apart,  
    Some blest Eden set,  
Where the weary heart  
    Resting, may forget—  
Past thy dim confines,  
    Past thy hidden Pole,  
Where love ever shims  
    On the yearning soul?

Sea, O, mystic sea!  
    Spreading vague and vast,  
Like Eternity  
    O'er the perished Past,  
Hast thou not some isle—  
    Some lone, blissful spot,  
Where deceit and guile  
    Come and enter not—  
Some bright coral gem,  
    Gleaming soft, serene,  
Like some diadem  
    Crowning Beauty's queen?  
Skies of deepest blue  
    That the mountains kiss,  
Tinting with thy hue  
    Space's dread abyss,  
Stars that gem the zone  
    Of the Milky Way,  
Gleaming far and lone  
    With eternal ray,  
Know ye not some place—  
    Free from care's alloy,  
Where no sorrow's trace

Ever blends with joy?

Vainly still we ask—

Vainly we implore;

Lifts the mocking mask

For us nevermore.

Peace, O, spirit keep!

Earth, and sea, and sky,

To thy yearning deep,

May not give reply,

Not till earth shall pale,

Not till life shall flee,

Shall the mystic veil

Lift its pall for thee!

# Remorse

[ANTONY AFTER THE REVEL.]

What! Has it come to this—  
That I, a Roman, lay my manhood down—  
Fame, Honor, Empire, Glory and Renown,  
For a false siren's kiss?

Shall they still  
“For royal Egypt's harlot's treacherous smile,  
Beside the sluggish, serpent-haunted Nile,  
He threw the world away?

“That for a wanton's lust,  
He bartered the proud birthright of the brave  
To do her bidding like a eunuch-slave,  
Low groveling in the dust?

Gods! Is it even so—  
Contempt and scorn from those that loved me best!  
In Rome's proud halls my very name a jest—  
That I have sunk so low!

So weak! so lost! so vile!  
To dangle in a foreign woman's train,  
To feed her fickle, foolish fancies vain,  
And wait her faithless smile,

While my tried legions chafe  
Beneath the taunts and insults of my foes,  
While I, in dreamy indolence, repose  
In Love's soft dalliance safe!

To dally and to feast,  
And with her silken tresses idly toy,  
And track her footsteps like a puny boy  
From school-day thrall released;

To revel all night long,  
Mid drunken rout in Alexandria's halls,  
While round about her close beleaguered walls  
Proud Caesar's cohorts throng!

But let my foes beware!  
Not half so deadly is the lion's wrath,  
To those who cross his lonely desert path,  
As my own fierce despair.

Ho! Herald, sound to arms!  
Call all my trusty Captains to the field!  
Death to the coward-slave would basely yield  
His post to Safety's charms!

Bring forth my good sword true,  
Whose edge hath smitten earth's wide, shrinking coasts.  
Now shall it cleave young Caesar's serried hosts  
Like lightning flashing through!

Through every throbbing vein,  
I feel the tide heroic swiftly pour,  
And Antony shall be himself once more—  
A Roman once again!

Away, soft Pleasure's breath!  
Now shall my soul drink deep of Glory's cup,  
Until the reeling world is swallowed up  
In Victory, or Death!

# The City of Silence

I murmured a careless ditty  
    One morn in the month of May,  
As I came to the gate of a city  
    That gleamed in the Spring's soft ray;  
And idly said, "I will enter  
    And stray through its pathways wide,  
And look on its busy centre,  
    And drift with its mighty tide."

I passed through its open portal,  
    And gazed with a face of awe,  
For never a living mortal  
    Abroad in the streets, I saw!  
I saw not the spirit warding  
    The gate with its mystic scroll—  
Death's faithful sentry guarding  
    The rest of the weary soul.

Tall monuments, white and sparkling,  
    Rose beckoning, far and wide,  
And willows, and cypress darkling,  
    O'ershaded each pathway's side.  
And a hush of eternal slumber  
    Seemed ever to brood and cling  
A shadow to pall and cumber,  
    As cast by some raven-wing.

Long, long through the streets I wandered,  
    But never a shout or cry  
Went up, as I sadly pondered,  
    Nor ever a moan or sigh;  
But silence and awe supernal,  
    Deep-shrouding, clung brooding o'er—  
A stillness and hush eternal,  
    Unbroken, forevermore.

No bright, gilded wheels of fashion  
    Rolled on through the stately street,  
Nor ever a cry of passion  
    Gave sign of a heart's proud beat;  
Nor ever a voice of pity,  
    Nor ever a sob or sigh  
Rose up from that crowded City  
    Of Silence, to fret the sky.

Then a fear as of death came o'er me—  
    Of something unseen, unheard;  
Still slumbered the City before me  
    By semblance of life unstirred.  
I knocked at each marble dwelling,  
    And heard but the zephyr's sigh;  
The name that each door was telling  
    I called, there was no reply.

Then I said with a sad heart, sighing  
    As I turned to the gateway's door,  
"I will cease from my labor, trying  
    This mystery to explore."  
But hard by a marble column,  
    A figure paced soft and slow;  
His face with an awe was solemn,  
    His beard was as driven snow.

And he said, with a voice of pity,  
    And a sigh like the South-wind's breath,  
"This, this is the Silent City,  
    And I am its warder, Death.  
With never an intermission,  
    Earth's myriads, slow or fast,  
All, all in a dim procession  
    They pass through my gate at last!

"All roads to this City centre—  
    From East and from farthest West,

Their toil-worn travelers enter  
    My gate, and I give them rest.  
Rest, rest for the weak and weary,  
    The worn, and the lone, and old,  
That have passed through Life's deserts dreary,  
    Its storm, and its heat and cold.

“Here plotter, and pallid schemer  
    Repose in a slumber deep;  
And prophet, and priest, and dreamer  
    Are hushed in a dreamless sleep.  
Together they sleep in quiet—  
    The beggar, with gilded Pride,  
Proud Pomp, with its pampered riot,  
    And Poverty—side by side.

“The bright budding, tender, maiden,  
    The babe on its mother's breast,  
Proud manhood with promise laden.  
    The bride for the bridal dressed;  
Old age with its triumphs hoary,  
    Rash youth, and pale coward Fear,  
Hope, Wisdom, and Strength, and Glory  
    Together are gathered here.

“Here Envy, and Joy and Sorrow,  
    Are buried and known no more;  
And none for the coming morrow  
    Take heed, or are troubled sore.  
The toiler forgets his labor,  
    The merchant forgets his wares,  
The soldier, his cherished sabre,  
    The miser, his sordid cares.

“This, this is the Silent City,  
    Hushed deep as the wastes of snow,  
Where nevermore Hate or Pity,  
    Its dwellers may feel or know.

O, firmer than Life's frail building,  
    Are laid its foundations sure,  
And longer than Folly's gilding  
And baubles, its works endure.

“Ye flourish a little season,  
    And flaunt in the sun's bright gleam,  
And know not a single reason,  
    Or wherefore ye toil and scheme!  
Here, cometh no storm to mutter  
    And trouble your dreamless sleep,  
But silence and stillness utter,  
    Their watches eternal keep!”

# Abalone

Dream of gorgeous sunset skies,  
Reflex of the rainbow dyes,  
Mirrored in the crystal wave,  
Treasure of the Naiad's cave;  
Brighter than the pearl's soft sheen,  
Pride of dusky Egypt's Queen,  
With thy irridescent gleam,  
Changeful as a fairy dream;

Fit to deck a royal brow,  
With thy lustrous glow, art thou.  
Haply thou shalt deck the hair  
Of some maiden sweet and fair,  
Luring with a purer smile,  
Than the Siren of the Nile;  
Or, in trembling rapture, hide  
In the tresses of the bride;  
Or, in happy home remote,  
Clasp the snow of some fair throat;  
Or, in swooning rapture rest  
Fondled soft on Beauty's breast,  
Thrilling to the ardent kiss  
Of some proud Semiramis—  
Circling fond the radiant zone  
Of some Queen to fame unknown.

# Death Valley

Lifeless, hopeless, desolate,  
Pitiless as Time and Fate,  
Blasted by undying hate.

Like some shriveled human heart  
Pierced by envy's hellish dart,  
Scarce of earthly life a part,

All around, above, beneath.  
Hopeless thirst, despair and death,  
Madness in thy burning breath;

Symbol of the soul's desires,  
Strewn with dust of funeral pyres,  
Of ambition's perished fires,

Withering all that seek thy ways,  
Scaring every human gaze,  
Pitiless through all the days;

Dead to every living thing,  
Every waft of plum aged wing,  
Every sweet caress of Spring;

What dread secret of the past,  
What dark terror, vague and vast,  
Holds thy shuddering memory fast?

What convulsion fierce and dread,  
When its mighty throes had fled,  
Left thee desolate and dead?

Not upon thy blasted plain  
Love or hate or joy or pain  
Stir a thrill of life again.

Smitten, shattered long ago,  
Shriveled, shrouded, sunken low  
Far beneath the ocean's flow;

Time may flush, and fade, and pale,  
Still, O, dread mysterious vale,  
We may never know thy tale.

In thy ashen grave so deep,  
Locked in death's eternal sleep,  
Still thy awful secret keep.

# Our Party At “Murderer’s Bar”

Men came afar to “Murderer’s Bar,”  
The room was full of jesting;  
Six “gals” were there, with frizzled hair,  
The scene was interesting.

And sixty men—one “gal” to ten—  
With boots outside their trousers,  
No dandies fine, to sip their wine,  
But healthy mountain rousers.

There were “Grizzly” Green, from “Lost Ravine,”  
And Dick and Ned Trevannion;  
And “Brick “ and “Pet “ came from “You Bet,”  
And Cox from “Secret Canyon.”

There were Charley Spence, from “Common Sense,”  
From “Brandy Flat” came Potter,  
And “Slippery “ Sims, from “Yankee Jims,”  
And “Port Wine” sent Drinkwater.

There were Jones and Waite, from “Devil’s Gate,”  
And Smith, the “Wild Cat’s” foreman;  
And “Woolly” White, from “Hell’s Delight,”  
And William Park, from “Poorman.”

Then “Virgin “Vance came from “Last Chance,”  
And “Pike” from “Ground Hog’s Glory;”  
And “Rip “ and “Buck,” from “Nip and Tuck,”  
And “Bloody Run” sent Story.

And “Irish Pat,” from “Poker Flat,”  
Came up to see the rally;  
And “Limber” Lent, from “Nigger Tent,”  
And “Yank” from “Onion Valley.”

There were “Gassy” Champ from “Roaring Camp,”

And “Chuckle-Head,” of “Gopher;”  
And “Mary’s Lamb,” from “Yuba Dam,”  
And “Lazy Bones,” from “Ophir.”

And “Red Top” Lee from “Cherokee”  
Was there in raiment showy;  
And “Hangtown” sent, to represent  
Her chivalry, Jim Bowie.

And “Old Ben Bolt,” gay as a colt,  
And festive Robert Riddle,  
And “Bow Leg” Brown, from “Fiddletown,”  
Came down to play the fiddle.

All like a rose, their new store clothes  
With sweet perfumes were scented;  
Our boys were thar, and “Murderer’s Bar”  
Was ably represented.

High hung the goose; fast flowed the juice  
Of “Navy plug tobacker,”  
Till Tom let loose a perfect sluice  
On Mike, the big bullwhacker.

Then Michael swore, and ripped and tore,  
And wanted satisfaction;  
Called Tom McCann no first-class man,  
But only a back-action.

Then Thomas rose, and set his nose  
Up in the latest fashion,  
With one neat pass, sent Mike to grass,  
And that cooled down his passion.

The fiddlers now kicked up a row,  
It really was so funny;  
They would’nt go and draw a bow,  
Until they got their money.

Then Charley Spence he took offense,  
And called them bilks and diddlers;  
And said, ah, well! that place called hell  
Was full of just such fiddlers.

Then "Old Ben Bolt," for little "Colt,"  
Went quickly down prospecting;  
And said that same damned swindling game,  
Was what he'd been expecting.

The powder fizzed, the bullets whizzed,  
The shootists danced and capered;  
To dodge the lead, each ducked his head  
A dozen men were peppered.

Then Charles cried, "Cease, let us have peace!"  
The pistols still were smoking  
And Ben allowed, he'd treat the crowd,  
And call it only joking.

Gay was the scene, and Brown and Green  
Went round refreshments handing,  
Till Green he paused, which somehow caused  
A slight misunderstanding.

Brown's face turned red, and Green he said,  
He'd better try to shove him;  
No little squirt, with white "biled" shirt,  
Should put on airs above him.

Then Brown, he said he'd put a head  
On Green to keep him quiet;  
And Green he smiled, like infant mild,  
And said he'd better try it.

And then he said he'd punch the head  
Of Brown, for recreation;

And Green hit Brown, and knocked him down,  
Which caused a slight sensation.

Then "Irish Pat," from "Poker Flat,"  
Pitched into Sam, the bully,  
And said he was a "Nagur, shure,"  
Because his head was woolly.

Then "Rip" and "Tare" went at it square,  
And "Tare" got Ripley under,  
And held him there, fast by the hair,  
And gouged his eyes like thunder.

Then Dave and Jim, they took a whim,  
And pitched into each other;  
And Dave shot Jim, and settled him,  
And kissed him for his mother.

Then Smith and White got in a fight,  
And fought like all creation  
Till Smith on White performed a slight  
Caesarean operation.

A gentle thrill, the dancers fill,  
A crowd around them gathers;  
And White laid still, and made his will,  
And slept beside his fathers.

---

The lamps shone bright, the "gals" got tight,  
The daylight came advancing,  
And "Big Joe" Clark and Billy Park,  
Monopolized the dancing

Till William Park made some remark  
That Joseph deemed too tarty;  
He just turned loose, and cooked his goose,  
And that broke up the party.

We all felt proud the jovial crowd  
    Enjoyed themselves so hearty.  
It was, as every one allowed,  
    A most successful party.

# Come Where Your Love Lies Dreaming

[A WILD(E) AESTHETIC INVOCATION.]

Come and see us, Oscar, do!  
We are dreaming but of you!  
We are lonely (boo! hoo! hoo!)  
    Come and heal our anguish.  
Pink of all perfection sweet,  
Lily, sunflower, rose ass-thete,  
Come, O come! we do entreat,  
    Leave us not to languish.

All our sighing, southland girls  
Long to deck your flowing curls  
With their flowers and things and pearls,  
    (Pity, O Adonis!)  
Long that too-too thing to see  
(What-you-call-it) round your knee—  
That ass-thetic—(te! he! he!  
    Pardon, mercy on us!)

At the very thought of that—  
Breeches, stockings and cravat—  
All their hearts go pit-a-pat,  
    Wild(e) with palpitation;  
Mystic longings thrill them through—  
Oh, have pity, (boo, hoo, hoo!)  
Come and see us, Oscar, do!  
    Soothe our desperation.

Written upon the reception of telegram from Oscar Wilde that he would only visit Los Angeles upon a guaranty of \$500.

# The Eastern Question

Those Eastern lands where Love reuses,  
And dreams upon a bed of roses;  
Those Orient lands of lotus-leisure  
That Moore has sung in tuneful measure;  
Soft-steeped in sighing, sensuous languor,  
Except when stirred by jealous anger,  
Or pricked by bayonets or sabres  
Of Russ, or Greek, or other neighbors  
Their dreamy, dozing life molesting—  
How very, very interesting!

You read about those curious people  
Who build a church without a steeple,  
And give you choice of circumcision,  
Or practice on you short division;  
Who squat around upon their ranches  
Transacting business on their haunches;  
And if astray a wife you've led off,  
Will coolly clip your foolish head off;  
And then, without a warrant written,  
Will calmly drown her like a kitten;  
Who never laugh at something funny;  
Who scorn to work and yet love money;  
Who ornament their mosques with dados;  
And sulky slaves with bastinados;  
Who marry wives and keep no tally,  
And fight, and pray, and swear by "Allah!"  
And feel that in a mortal tussle  
The Mussulmen are men of muscle.

You read of various other matter—  
Of sweet perfume and priceless"attar;"  
Of lovely houris, just "too utter,"  
Until your heart is in a flutter;  
Of Muftis, Muezzins, and Dervishes  
Those guardians of the loaves and fishes;

Of yasmaks, turbans, trowsers, tunics,  
Of Khedives, Pashas, Beys and Eunuchs  
One of the East's peculiar features—  
Society's most petted creatures;  
Those gentle-men—a harem's treasure,  
More bent on business than on pleasure;  
Who guard from harm the sacred harem—  
(You wonder if the ladies fear 'em)  
And then remark, "What curious people,  
Are those who 'run Constantinople!"

You grow quite hot discussing Turkey,  
And shout, with gestures wild and jerky,  
"No compromise with curst Mohammed!  
The Turk must go from Europe, d—n it!  
His creed denies a soul to woman!  
He lets his daughters look on no man;  
A living corpse whose carcass cumber;  
A nightmare troubling Christian slumbers;  
A blot on Europe's map a stigma!"  
And leave unsolved the dark enigma.

# Modern Love's Young Dream

“Love in a Cottage?”

Nonsense and pottage!

Hold the fort, girls, reinforcements are near;

What though ranks eager

Closely beleaguer,

Rescue will reach you in time, never fear.

What though love sighing,

Haunts you slow-dying,

You will be smiling in time as your wont;

“Kisses and Cupid?”

Mercy, how stupid!

Bullion and money-bags, ho! to the front!

“Love is enough?”

Blarney and stuff!

Nothing like fashion and flounces and rank;

“Death and heart-famine?”

Nonsense and gammon!

Nothing like lucre, and coin in the Bunk.

























































































