

How they watch their tamer — they wish  
him near them — how they turn to look  
after him!

What yearning expression! how uneasy they  
are when he moves away from them;  
Now I marvel what it can be he appears to  
them (books, politics, poems, depart —  
all else departs),

I confess I envy only his fascination — my  
silent, illiterate friend,  
Whom a hundred oxen love there in his life  
on farms,  
In the northern county far, in the placid  
pastoral region.

1876.

TO A LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER<sup>1</sup>

THEE for my recitative,  
Thee in the driving storm even as now, the  
snow, the winter-day declining,  
Thee in thy panoply, thy measur'd dual  
throbbing and thy beat convulsive,  
Thy black cylindrical body, golden brass and  
silvery steel,

Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and con-  
necting rods, gyrating, shuttling at thy  
sides,

Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar,  
now tapering in the distance,

Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in  
front,

Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants,  
tinged with delicate purple,

The dense and murky clouds out-belching  
from thy smoke-stack,

Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves,  
the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels,

Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily  
following,

Through gale or calm, now swift, now  
slack, yet steadily careering;

Type of the modern — emblem of motion  
and power — pulse of the continent,

<sup>1</sup> Contrast Wordsworth's attitude toward the rail-  
road and its invasion of natural scenes! And compare  
Whitman's *Specimen Days*, April 23, 1879: —

<sup>2</sup> It was a happy thought to build the Hudson River  
railroad right along the shore. . . . I see, hear, the  
locomotives and cars, rumbling, roaring, flaming, smok-  
ing, constantly, away off there, night and day — less  
than a mile distant, and in full view by day. I like  
both sight and sound. Express trains thunder and  
lighten along; of freight trains, most of them very  
long, there cannot be less than a hundred a day. At  
night far down you see the headlight approaching,  
coming steadily on like a meteor. The river at night  
has its special character-beauties.' 1876, vol. i, p. 369.

For once come serve the Muse and merge  
in verse, even as here I see thee,  
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind  
and falling snow,  
By day thy warning ringing bell to sound  
its notes,  
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing.

Fierce-throated beauty!  
Roll through my chant with all thy law-  
less music, thy swinging lamps at night,  
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing,  
rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,  
Law of thyself complete, thine own track  
firmly holding,

(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or  
glib piano thine,)

Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills  
return'd,

Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the  
lakes,

To the free skies unpert and glad and  
strong.

1876.

## AFTER AN INTERVAL

(NOVEMBER 22, 1875, MIDNIGHT — SATURN  
AND MARS IN CONJUNCTION)

AFTER an interval, reading, here in the  
midnight,

With the great stars looking on — all the  
stars of Orion looking,

And the silent Pleiades — and the duo  
looking of Saturn and ruddy Mars;

Pondering, reading my own songs, after a  
long interval (sorrow and death familiar  
now),

Ere closing the book, what pride! what  
joy! to find them,

Standing so well the test of death and  
night!

And the duo of Saturn and Mars!

1876.<sup>1</sup>

## TO FOREIGN LANDS

I HEARD that you ask'd for something to  
prove this puzzle the New World,

And to define America, her athletic Democ-  
racy,

Therefore I send you my poems that you  
behold in them what you wanted.

1881.

<sup>1</sup> 1876 only. Omitted from later editions.

WHAT BEST I SEE IN THEE<sup>1</sup>

TO U. S. G. RETURN'D FROM HIS WORLD'S  
TOUR

WHAT best I see in thee,  
Is not that where thou mov'st down history's  
great highways,  
Ever undim'd by time shoots warlike  
victory's dazzle,

Or that thou sat'st where Washington sat,  
ruling the land in peace,

Or thou the man whom feudal Europe feted,  
venerable Asia swarm'd upon,

Who walk'd with kings with even pace the  
round world's promenade;

But that in foreign lands, in all thy walks  
with kings,

Those prairie sovereigns of the West, Kan-  
sas, Missouri, Illinois,

Ohio's, Indiana's millions, comrades, farm-  
ers, soldiers, all to the front,

Invisibly with thee walking with kings with  
even pace the round world's promenade,

Were all so justified.

1881.

<sup>1</sup> So General Grant, after circumambiating the world,  
has arrived home again, landed in San Francisco yester-  
day, from the ship City of Tokio from Japan. What a  
man he is! what a history! what an illustration — his  
life — of the capacities of that American individuality  
common to us all. Cynical critics are wondering 'what  
the people can see in Grant' to make such a hubbub  
about. They aver (and it is no doubt true) that he has  
hardly the average of our day's literary and scholastic  
culture, and absolutely no pronounc'd genius or conven-  
tional eminence of any sort. Correct: but he proves how  
an average western farmer, mechanic, boatman, carried  
by tides of circumstances, perhaps caprices, into a posi-  
tion of incredible military or civic responsibilities (his-  
tory has presented none more trying, no born monarch's,  
no mark more shining for attack or envy), may steer his  
way fitly and steadily through them all, carrying the  
country and himself with credit year after year — com-  
mand over a million armed men — fight more than fifty  
pitch'd battles — rule for eight years a land larger than  
all the kingdoms of Europe combined — and then, retir-  
ing, quietly (with a cigar in his mouth), make the prome-  
nade of the whole world, through its courts and coteries,  
and kings and czars and mikados, and splendor  
glitters and etiquettes, as phlegmatically as he ever  
walk'd the portico of a Missouri hotel after dinner. I  
say all this is what people like — and I am sure I like it.  
Seems to me it transcends Plutarch. How those old  
Greeks, indeed, would have seized on him! A mere  
plain man — no art, no poetry — only practical sense,  
ability to do, or try his best to do, what devolv'd upon  
him. A common trader, money-maker, tanner, farmer  
of Illinois — general for the republic, in its terrific  
struggle with itself, in the war of attempted secession —  
President following (a task of peace, more difficult than  
the war itself) — nothing heroic, as the authorities put  
it — and yet the greatest hero. The gods, the destinies,  
seem to have concentrated upon him. (*Specimen Days*,  
September 27, 1879. Complete Prose Works, pp. 146,  
147.) See also Whitman's poem: 'On the Death of  
General Grant.'

SPIRIT THAT FORM'D THIS  
SCENE<sup>2</sup>

WRITTEN IN PLATTE CAÑON, COLORADO

SPIRIT that form'd this scene,  
These tumbled rock-piles grim and red,  
These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks,  
These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this  
naked freshness,

These formless wild arrays, for reasons of  
their own,

I know thee, savage spirit — we have com-  
muned together,

Mine too such wild arrays, for reasons of  
their own;

Was't charged against my chants they had  
forgotten art?

To fuse within themselves its rules precise  
and delicatessé?

The lyrist's measur'd beat, the wrought-out  
temple's grace — column and polish'd  
arch forgot?

But thou that revelest here — spirit that  
form'd this scene,

They have remember'd thee.

1881.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Whitman's entry in his journal during  
his trip through Colorado: —

'I have found the law of my own poems,' was the  
unspoken but more-and-more decided feeling that came  
to me as I pass'd, hour after hour, amid all this grim  
yet joyous elemental abandon — this plenitude of ma-  
terial, entire absence of art, untrammell'd play of primi-  
tive Nature — the chasm, the gorge, the crystal moun-  
tain stream, repeated scores, hundreds of miles — the  
broad handling and absolute uncrampedness — the fan-  
tastic forms, bathed in transparent browns, faint reds  
and grays, towering sometimes a thousand, sometimes  
two or three thousand feet high — at their tops now  
and then huge masses pois'd, and mixing with the  
clouds, with only their outlines, hazed in misty lilac,  
visible. ('In Nature's grandest shows,' says an old  
Dutch writer, an ecclesiastic, 'amid the ocean's depth,  
if so might be, or countless worlds rolling above at night,  
a man thinks of them, weighs all, not for themselves or  
the abstract, but with reference to his own personality,  
and how they may affect him or color his destinies.')  
We follow the stream of amber and bronze brawling  
along its bed, with its frequent cascades and snow-white  
foam. Through the cañon we fly — mountains not only  
each side, but seemingly, till we get near, right in front  
of us — every rood a new view flashing and each flash  
defying description — on the almost perpendicular sides,  
clinging pines, cedars, spruces, crimson sumach bushes,  
spots of wild grass — but dominating all, those tower-  
ing rocks, rocks, rocks, bathed in delicate vari-colors,  
with the clear sky of autumn overhead. New senses,  
new joys, seem develop'd. Talk as you like, a typical  
Rocky Mountain cañon, or a limitless sea-like stretch  
of the great Kansas or Colorado plains, under favoring  
circumstances, tallies, perhaps expresses, certainly  
awakes, those grandest and subtlest element-emotions  
in the human soul, that all the marble temples and  
sculptures from Phidias to Thorwaldsen — all paintings,  
poems, reminiscences, or even music, probably never  
can. (*Specimen Days*. Complete Prose Works, Small,  
Maynard & Co., p. 136.)

YOUTH, DAY, OLD AGE AND  
NIGHT

YOUTH, large, lusty, loving—youth full of grace, force, fascination, Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?

Day full-blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter, The Night follows close with millions of suns, and sleep and restoring darkness.<sup>1</sup>

1881.

## A CLEAR MIDNIGHT

THIS is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless, Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done, Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou lovest best, Night, sleep, death and the stars.

1881.

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS,  
O SEA!<sup>2</sup>

WITH husky-haughty lips, O sea! Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore, Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions (I see and plainly list thy talk and conference here), Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal, Thy ample, smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun, Thy brooding scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes,

<sup>1</sup> Compare the passages in Whitman's Prose Works referred to in the notes on pp. 564 and 579.

<sup>2</sup> July 25, '81. *Far Rockaway, L. I.*—A good day here, on a jaunt, amid the sand and salt, a steady breeze setting in from the sea, the sun shining, the sedge-odor, the noise of the surf, a mixture of hissing and booming, the milk-white crests curling over. I had a leisurely bath and naked ramble as of old, on the warm-gray shore-sands, my companions off in a boat in deeper water—(I shouting to them Jupiter's menaces against the gods, from Pope's Homer.) (*Specimen Days*. Complete Prose Works, Small, Maynard & Co., pp. 176, 177.)

Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness; Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in thy content, (Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest—no less could make thee,) Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st, Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent, Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers, By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath, And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves, And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter, And undertones of distant lion roar, (Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once, A phantom in the night thy confidant for once,) The first and last confession of the globe, Outsurgings, muttering from thy soul's abysses, The tale of cosmic elemental passion, Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

1884. (1888.)

OF THAT BLITHE THROAT OF  
THINE

[More than eighty-three degrees north—about a good day's steaming distance to the Pole by one of our fast oceaners in clear water—Greely the explorer heard the song of a single snow-bird merrily sounding over the desolation.]

OF that blithe throat of thine from arctic bleak and blank, I'll mind the lesson, solitary bird—let me too welcome chilling drifts, E'en the profoundest chill, as now—a torpid pulse, a brain unnerv'd, Old age land-lock'd within its winter bay (cold, cold, O cold!)— These snowy hairs, my feeble arm, my frozen feet, For them thy faith, thy rule I take, and grave it to the last; Not summer's zones alone—not chants of youth, or south's warm tides alone,

But held by sluggish flocs, pack'd in the northern ice, the cumulus of years, These with gay heart I also sing.

1885. (1888.)

AS THE GREEK'S SIGNAL  
FLAME

[FOR WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY,  
DECEMBER 17, 1887.]

As the Greek's signal flame, by antique records told, Rose from the hill-top, like applause and glory, Welcoming in fame some special veteran, here, With rosy tinge reddening the land he'd served, So I aloft from Mannahatta's ship-fringed shore, Lift high a kindled brand for thee, Old Poet.

1887. (1888.)

## TO THOSE WHO 'VE FAIL'D

To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast, To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead, To calm, devoted engineers—to over-ardent travelers—to pilots on their ships, To many a lofty song and picture without recognition—I'd rear a laurel-cover'd monument, High, high above the rest—to all cut off before their time, Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire, Quench'd by an early death.

1888.

A CAROL CLOSING SIXTY-  
NINE

A CAROL closing sixty-nine—a résumé—a repetition, My lines in joy and hope continuing on the same, Of ye, O God, Life, Nature, Freedom, Poetry; Of you, my Land—your rivers, prairies, States—you, mottled Flag I love,

Your aggregate retain'd entire—O north, south, east and west, your items all; Of me myself—the jocund heart yet beating in my breast, The body wreck'd, old, poor and paralyzed—the strange inertia falling pall-like round me, The burning fires down in my sluggish blood not yet extinct, The undiminish'd faith—the groups of loving friends.<sup>1</sup>

1888.

## THE FIRST DANDELION

SIMPLE and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging, As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics, had ever been, Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass—innocent, golden, calm as the dawn, The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

1888.

## THE VOICE OF THE RAIN

AND who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower, Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated: I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain, Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea, Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether changed, and yet the same,

<sup>1</sup> Compare, in Complete Prose Works, p. 190, the letter of May 31, 1882: 'From to-day I enter upon my 64th year. The paralysis that first affected me nearly ten years ago, has since remain'd, with varying course—seems to have settled quietly down, and will probably continue. I easily tire, am very clumsy, cannot walk far; but my spirits are first-rate. I go around in public almost every day—now and then take long trips, by railroad or boat, hundreds of miles—live largely in the open air—am sunburnt and stout (weigh 190),—keep up my activity and interest in life, people, progress, and the questions of the day. About two thirds of the time I am quite comfortable. What mentality I ever had remains entirely unaffected; though physically I am a half-paralytic, and likely to be so, long as I live. But the principal object of my life seems to have been accomplish'd—I have the most devoted and ardent of friends, and affectionate relatives—and of enemies I really make no account.'

I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,  
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn;  
And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own origin, and make pure and beautify it;  
(For song, issuing from its birthplace, after fulfilment, wandering,  
Reck'd or unreck'd, duly with love returns.)  
1888.

## A PRAIRIE SUNSET

SHOT gold, maroon and violet, dazzling silver, emerald, fawn,  
The earth's whole amplitude and Nature's multiform power consign'd for once to colors;  
The light, the general air possess'd by them — colors till now unknown,  
No limit, confine — not the Western sky alone — the high meridian — North, South, all,  
Pure luminous color fighting the silent shadows to the last.  
1888.

## THANKS IN OLD AGE

THANKS in old age — thanks ere I go,  
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air — for life, mere life,  
For precious ever-lingering memories, (of you my mother dear — you, father — you, brothers, sisters, friends.)  
For all my days — not those of peace alone — the days of war the same,  
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands,  
For shelter, wine and meat — for sweet appreciation,  
(You distant, dim unknown — or young or old — countless, unspecified, readers beloved,  
We never met, and ne'er shall meet — and yet our souls embrace, long, close and long;)  
For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books — for colors, forms,  
For all the brave strong men — devoted, hardy men — who've forward sprung in freedom's help, all years, all lands,

For braver, stronger, more devoted men — (a special laurel ere I go, to life's war's chosen ones,  
The cannoneers of song and thought — the great artillerists — the foremost leaders, captains of the soul:)  
As soldier from an ended war return'd — As traveler out of myriads, to the long procession retrospective,  
Thanks — joyful thanks! — a soldier's, traveler's thanks.  
1888.

## MY 71ST YEAR

AFTER surmounting three-score and ten,  
With all their chances, changes, losses, sorrows,  
My parents' deaths, the vagaries of my life, the many tearing passions of me, the war of '63 and '4,  
As some old broken soldier, after a long, hot, wearying march, or haply after battle,  
To-day at twilight, hobbling, answering company roll-call, *Here*, with vital voice,  
Reporting yet, saluting yet the Officer over all.  
1891.

## OLD AGE'S SHIP &amp; CRAFTY DEATH'S

FROM east and west across the horizon's edge,  
Two mighty masterful vessels sailers steal upon us:  
But we'll make race a-time upon the seas — a battle-contest yet! bear lively there!  
(Our joys of strife and derring-do to the last!)  
Put on the old ship all her power to-day!  
Crowd top-sail, top-gallant and royal studding-sails,  
Out challenge and defiance — flags and flaunting pennants added,  
As we take to the open — take to the deepest, freest waters.  
1891.

## THE COMMONPLACE

THE commonplace I sing;  
How cheap is health! how cheap nobility!

Abstinence, no falsehood, no gluttony, lust;  
The open air I sing, freedom, toleration  
(Take here the mainest lesson — less from books — less from the schools,)  
The common day and night — the common earth and waters,  
Your farm — your work, trade, occupation,  
The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid ground for all.  
1891.

## L. OF G'S PURPORT

NOT to exclude or demarcate, or pick out evils from their formidable masses (even to expose them),  
But add, fuse, complete, extend — and celebrate the immortal and the good.

Haughty this song, its words and scope,  
To span vast realms of space and time,  
Evolution — the cumulative — growths and generations.

Begun in ripen'd youth and steadily pursued,  
Wandering, peering, dallying with all — war, peace, day and night absorbing,  
Never even for one brief hour abandoning my task,  
I end it here in sickness, poverty, and old age.

I sing of life, yet mind me well of death:  
To-day shadowy Death dogs my steps, my seated shape, and has for years —  
Draws sometimes close to me, as face to face.  
1891.

## THE UNEXPRESS'D

How dare one say it?  
After the cycles, poems, singers, plays,  
Vaunted Ionia's, India's — Homer, Shakspeare — the long, long times' thick dotted roads, areas,  
The shining clusters and the Milky Ways of stars — Nature's pulses reap'd,  
All retrospective passions, heroes, war, love, adoration,  
All ages' plummetts dropt to their utmost depths,  
All human lives, throats, wishes, brains — all experiences' utterance;

After the countless songs, or long or short, all tongues, all lands,  
Still something not yet told in poesy's voice or print — something lacking,  
(Who knows? the best yet unexpress'd and lacking.)  
1891.

## GOOD-BYE MY FANCY!

GOOD-BYE my Fancy!  
Farewell dear mate, dear love!  
I'm going away, I know not where,  
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,  
So Good-bye my Fancy.

Now for my last — let me look back a moment;  
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,  
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together;  
Delightful! — now separation — Good-bye my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,  
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;  
Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),  
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,  
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,  
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs, (who knows?)  
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning — so now finally,  
Good-bye — and hail! my Fancy.  
1891.

## DEATH'S VALLEY

To accompany a picture; by request. 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death,' from the painting by George Inness.

NAY, do not dream, designer dark,  
Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire;

I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by  
its confines, having glimpses of it,  
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my  
right to make a symbol too.  
For I have seen many wounded soldiers  
die,  
After dread suffering — have seen their  
lives pass off with smiles;  
And I have watch'd the death-hours of the  
old; and seen the infant die;  
The rich, with all his nurses and his doc-  
tors;  
And then the poor, in meagreness and  
poverty;  
And I myself for long, O Death, have  
breath'd my every breath  
Amid the nearness and the silent thought  
of thee.

And out of these and thee,  
I make a scene, a song (not fear of thee,  
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark  
— for I do not fear thee,  
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion,  
or hard-tied knot),  
Of the broad blessed light and perfect air,  
with meadows, rippling tides, and trees  
and flowers and grass,  
And the low hum of living breeze — and  
in the midst God's beautiful eternal right  
hand,  
Thee, holiest minister of Heaven — thee,  
envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,  
Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot  
call'd life,  
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

1896. (1897.)

## SIDNEY LANIER

[The poems from Lanier are printed by the kind permission of Mrs. Sidney Lanier, and of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the authorized publishers of Lanier's Works.]

THE DYING WORDS OF STONE-  
WALL JACKSON

'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle.'  
'Tell Major Hawks to advance the Commissary train.'  
'Let us cross the river and rest in the shade.'

THE stars of Night contain the glittering  
Day  
And rain his glory down with sweeter grace  
Upon the dark World's grand, enchanted  
face —  
All loth to turn away.

And so the Day, about to yield his breath,  
Utters the stars unto the listening Night,  
To stand for burning fare-thee-wells of  
light  
Said on the verge of death.

O hero-life that lit us like the sun!  
O hero-words that glittered like the stars  
And stood and shone above the gloomy  
wars  
When the hero-life was done!

The phantoms of a battle came to dwell  
I' the fitful vision of his dying eyes —  
Yet even in battle-dreams, he sends sup-  
plies  
To those he loved so well.

His army stands in battle-line arrayed:  
His couriers fly: all's done: now God de-  
cide!  
— And not till then saw he the Other Side  
Or would accept the shade.

Thou Land whose sun is gone, thy stars  
remain!  
Still shine the words that miniature his  
deeds.  
O thrice-beloved, where'er thy great heart  
bleeds,  
Solace hast thou for pain!

1865.

1884.

## NIGHT AND DAY

THE innocent, sweet Day is dead.  
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.  
O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!  
— Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed  
From star of heaven or eye of maid  
Has vanished in the unknown Shade.  
— She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood  
The tawny Night sits still to brood  
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.  
— I would she lived, said he.

Star-memories of happier times,  
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,  
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.  
— Come back, O Day! said he.

1866.

1884.

SONG FOR 'THE JACQUERIE'<sup>1</sup>

THE hound was cuffed, the hound was  
kicked,  
O' the ears was cropped, o' the tail was  
nicked,

(All.) Oo-hoo-o, howled the hound.  
The hound into his kennel crept;  
He rarely wept, he never slept.

<sup>1</sup> One of Lanier's early plans was for a long poem in heroic couplets, with lyric interludes, on the insurrection of the French peasantry in the fourteenth century. 'Although,' says Mrs. Lanier, 'The Jacquerie' remained a fragment for thirteen years, Mr. Lanier's interest in the subject never abated. Far on in this interval he is found planning for leisure to work out in romance the story of that savage insurrection of the French peasantry, which the *Chronicles of Froissart* had impressed upon his boyish imagination. 'It was the first time,' says Lanier himself, in a letter of November 15, 1874, 'that the big hungers of the *People* appear in our modern civilization; and it is full of significance.' Five chapters of the story, and three lyrics, were completed. See the *Poems*, pp. 191-214.