

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.*

A BLUSH as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
Green Marais du Cygne,
When the death-smoke blew over
Thy lonely ravine!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,

* The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men in Southern Kansas took place near the Marais du Cygne of the French *voyageurs*.

With pressed lips as bloodless
 As lips of the slain!
 Kiss down the young eyelids,
 Smooth down the gray hairs;
 Let tears quench the curses
 That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
 Mourn bitter and wild!
 Wail, desolate woman!
 Weep, fatherless child!
 But the grain of God springs up
 From ashes beneath,
 And the crown of His harvest
 Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
 The shade moves along
 To point the great contrasts
 Of right and of wrong:
 Free homes and free altars
 And fields of ripe food;
 The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
 Whose bloom is of blood.

On the lintels of Kansas
 That blood shall not dry;
 Henceforth the Bad Angel
 Shall harmless go by:
 Henceforth to the sunset,
 Unchecked on her way,
 Shall Liberty follow
 The march of the day.

YOUTH.

THE ancient statue of Minerva, in the Villa Albani, was characterized as the Goddess of Wisdom by an aged countenance. Phidias reformed this idea, and gave to her beauty and youth. Previous artists had imitated Nature too carelessly,—not deeply perceiving that wisdom and virtue, striving in man to resist senescence and decay, must in a goddess accomplish their purpose, and preserve her in perpetual bloom. Yet even decay and disease are often ineffectual; the

young soul gleams through these impediments, and would be poorly expressed in figures of age. Accepting, therefore, this ideal representation, age and wisdom can never be companions; youth is wise, and age is imbecile.

Our childhood grows in value as we grow in years. It is to that time that every one refers the influence which reaches to his present and somehow moulds it. It may have been an insignificant circumstance,—a word,—a book,—praise or re-