

BESIEGED BY THE UTES.

THE MASSACRE OF 1879.



ON THE DEFENSIVE—THE CARTRIDGE BAG.

IN the summer of 1879 trouble occurred between the White River Utes and their agent, N. C. Meeker. The cause is not important, but the trouble finally became serious enough to warrant the call upon the Secretary of War for the support of troops to repress turbulence and disorder amongst the Indians of that nation. In September an expedition was organized in the Department of the Platte, and the following troops were ordered out: one company of the 4th Infantry under Lieutenant Butler D. Price; Troop E, 3d Cavalry, Captain Lawson commanding; and two troops, D (Lt. J. V. S. Paddock) and F (Captain J. S. Payne), of the 5th Cavalry. Major T. T. Thornburgh, 4th Infantry, commanded the whole, and Acting Assistant-Surgeon Grimes was the medical officer.

This command was concentrated at Fort Steele, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and marched south from that point towards White River Agency about the 21st of September. Nothing of an unusual character occurred during the first few days of the march, nor was it supposed that anything of a serious

nature would happen. The agent had asked for one hundred soldiers and more than double that number were in this column. The troops were *en route* to a certain point to preserve order, not expecting to make war. The Utes understood that, and the very evening preceding their attack upon the troops, the chiefs entered the soldiers' camp, partook of their hospitality, and assured them of their friendship. The report of General Crook says, "The last message Meeker ever sent to Thornburgh was to the effect that the Indians were friendly and were flying the United States flag. Yet, in the face of all this, the very next morning these Indians, without provocation, treacherously lay in ambush and attacked the troops with the result already known." This, General Crook says, is not war, it is murder; and the General, as usual, is correct. But is it not strange that, with all the horrible examples furnished us in past years, we have never been in the habit of preparing for murder as well as war? It seems at

least unfortunate that all our Indian wars must of necessity be inaugurated with the massacre or defeat of the first detachment. It may be interesting, if not instructive, to give a few examples.

The Modoc War of 1872, in which so many valuable lives were lost, was begun by the advance of half a troop of the 1st Cavalry. This force rode up to the Indian camp, dismounted, and were standing to horse, with probably no thought of being murdered or of any serious trouble. It is reported that while the officer in command was talking to the chief a rifle was discharged by an Indian, either accidentally or as a signal, and that instantly thereafter firing on the troops took place and a number were killed and wounded. The Indians, about sixty in number, taking advantage of the confusion among the troops, retired to their stronghold in the lava beds, murdering every white man *en route*. In this stronghold they defied the Government, massacred a commission composed of prominent men sent to them in peace, and withstood the attacks of 1300 soldiers for months, and until both food and water gave out.



ON OUTPOST DUTY.

The Nez Percés War in 1877 commenced in about the same way. Two small troops of cavalry, marching down a deep and long cañon, presented themselves before the camp of Chief Joseph, as if a display of this nature was all that was necessary to capture a force of two hundred and fifty warriors. The Indian, always quick to see an advantage and to profit by it, was not slow in this instance, and the first few shots from the enemy on the left and rear of the line caused a hasty retreat of the soldiers, who no doubt up to that time thought there was to be *nothing serious*.

The Little Big Horn fight in 1876, where General Custer and most of his command were massacred, was surely the result of overestimating one's strength and underrating that of the enemy.

Other examples could be furnished, but are not these, with their attendant losses and failures, sufficient to prove that with the Indian as a foe we must always be prepared, and especially careful when he seems most friendly and still holds on to his rifle? On the other hand, many instances are known where troops have met and overcome at the start more serious obstacles than those mentioned above, and without a shot being fired. A column on the march, prepared to fight if necessary, is not likely to be disturbed, and it is almost

certain that no Indians will be seen or heard from unless they have all the advantages, and unless certainty of success follows their first efforts.

This Ute campaign was a repetition of all the other sad occurrences in Indian warfare. Major Thornburgh, the commander, as noble and brave a man as ever marched with troops, fell as others had, having ignored an enemy in the morning who had the power to defeat him before noon. The march through these mountains and into the valley of Milk River, as described, was made as any march would be conducted on a turnpike through a civilized country and among friends. No danger had threatened; on the contrary, the Indians appeared friendly, and assuring messages had been received from the agent.

Thornburgh, not having had experience with Indians and trusting to appearances, anticipated no trouble, and consequently was wholly unprepared when the attack was made. We can in a measure account for such action on the part of a commander when it is remembered that with some men the desire to appear before their troops free from undue anxiety is greater than their sense of caution. Considering the number of troops in this command, and the fact that not half that number of Indians were opposed to them, it is fair to presume that with

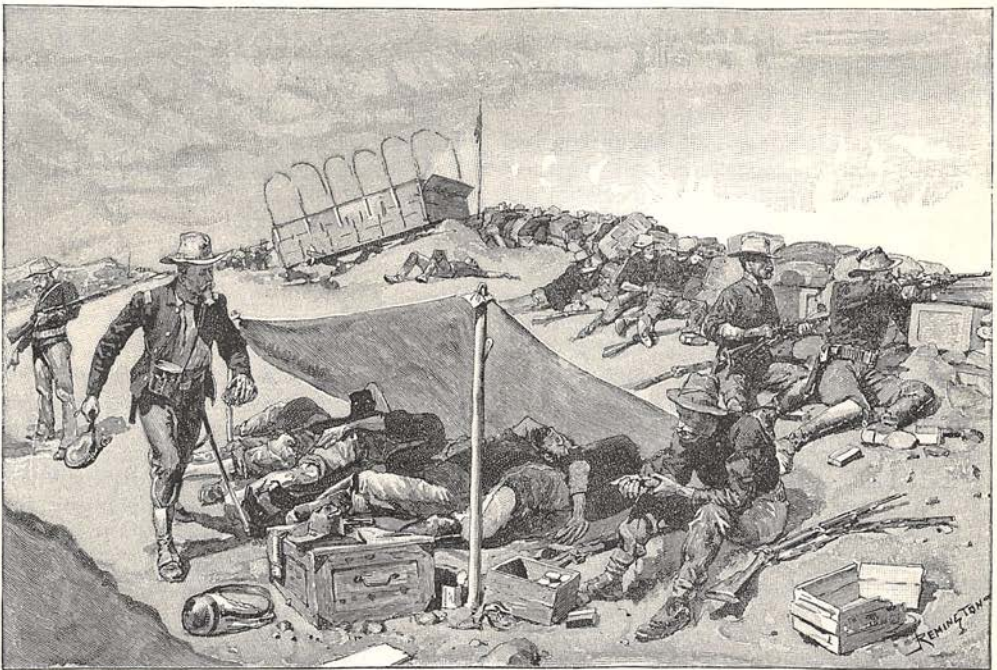
proper precaution the command might have gone through to the agency without losing a life, or even hearing a shot; but the officers and men following Thornburgh doubtless like him had no thought of danger to such a column; and had the colonel made sufficient preparation to secure his command, and reached his destination safely on that account, he would have been pronounced an "old granny" for having unduly harassed his troops when no enemy appeared.

The employment of the chiefs, ostensibly as guides, but really detaining them as hostages, would have insured the peace as well as the safety of the command beyond a doubt.

But to go more into details: Thornburgh, after leaving his infantry company at a supply camp, pushed on with his three troops of cavalry, and while on the march on the 29th of September, at 10 A. M., at the crossing of Milk River, the Indians opened fire on the column from all directions, and from what followed

where Lieutenant Paddock, in command of D Troop, 5th Cavalry, and the wagon train, had corralled his train, formed his troop, and was prepared to receive and shelter his comrades.

It is not known what orders Lieutenant Paddock had from his commanding officer as to his duties with the rear guard and wagon train, but it is supposed that as no precautions were being taken in front, none were ordered in rear, so that the prompt action of this young officer in arranging his wagon train and troops for a stand, and holding every man to his duty there, was praiseworthy, and was the means of saving many lives. This afforded shelter and a rallying place for the scattered troopers, then being outflanked and driven back by the enemy; indeed, Paddock's command was even receiving attention from the Indians in the way of rifle-balls, for the Indians knew if they could get the train, they could capture or kill the rest of the command before it could escape from the valley. Here there was a halting place, and the



BEHIND THE BREASTWORK.

it would appear that the command was completely surprised, or sufficiently so to make some confusion among the troops. F Troop, 5th Cavalry, and E Troop, 3d Cavalry, were quickly brought into line, and for some time fought well and bravely, but the superior tactics of the Indian, in his usual rôle of turning the flanks, and the loss of many brave men including the commander, soon caused a retreat, and these two troops fell back perhaps half a mile to a point

where the whole command was concentrated behind and about the wagons. The Indians then surrounded the soldiers, fired upon them from all directions, and, setting fire to the grass, advanced to within a short distance of the wagons, being screened by the thick smoke from the fire of the troops.

In this situation the battle was carried on for the rest of that day, the troops being strictly on the defensive, and keeping behind the wagons, while the Indians, lying close to the



THE RIDE OF PRIVATE MURPHY.

ground and concealed as much as possible, were able to kill most of the animals and occasionally to pick off a soldier or teamster.

The loss of the animals and the number of wounded men to be cared for and protected made any movement from this spot out of the question. There was nothing to do then but fight it out and hold on until reinforcements could reach them. However, the longest day must have an end, and the sun aided these harassed soldiers by disappearing behind the hills and affording them, under cover of darkness, an opportunity to prepare for the morrow. This first night was employed by the troops in building a breastwork near the water, and in caring for the wounded.

There being no timber within reach, shelter had to be constructed from such material as was at hand. The wagons were unloaded and spare parts used, bundles of bedding, sacks of grain, cracker-boxes and bacon sides were piled up, but this not being sufficient, the bodies of dead horses and mules were dragged to the line and made use of for defense. A pit was sunk in the center of the square, and in this hole in the ground the surgeon placed his wounded, himself being one of the unfortunates. This, then, was the situation of a command of able-bodied, well-equipped soldiers, strong men every one, which, a few hours previously, had struck its camp and marched in all confidence into this valley of death. Where were now the flaunting guidons and the rude jokes about cowardly redskins? Instead thereof, many were mourning the sudden taking away of beloved comrades, whose bodies were left on the plain

to the savage enemy, and all be-moaned the fate of their noble commander, also left on the field. He had proudly led them forward, and when the unlooked-for attack fell upon them still kept at the front; perhaps, having recognized too late the error of over-confidence, he determined to repair the fault even at the sacrifice of his life.

Thornburgh was a noble man, and beloved by all. The troops following him were as good as any in the army, and would have proved more than a match for the enemy if they could have gone into the fight on anything like equal terms.

After dark on this first night a volunteer was called for to take one of

the horses yet left alive and if possible steal his way through the enemy's line to the nearest telegraph station. From several volunteers Private Murphy of D Troop, 5th Cavalry, was selected to take this desperate ride, and he accomplished the distance of 170 miles to the railroad in less than 24 hours.

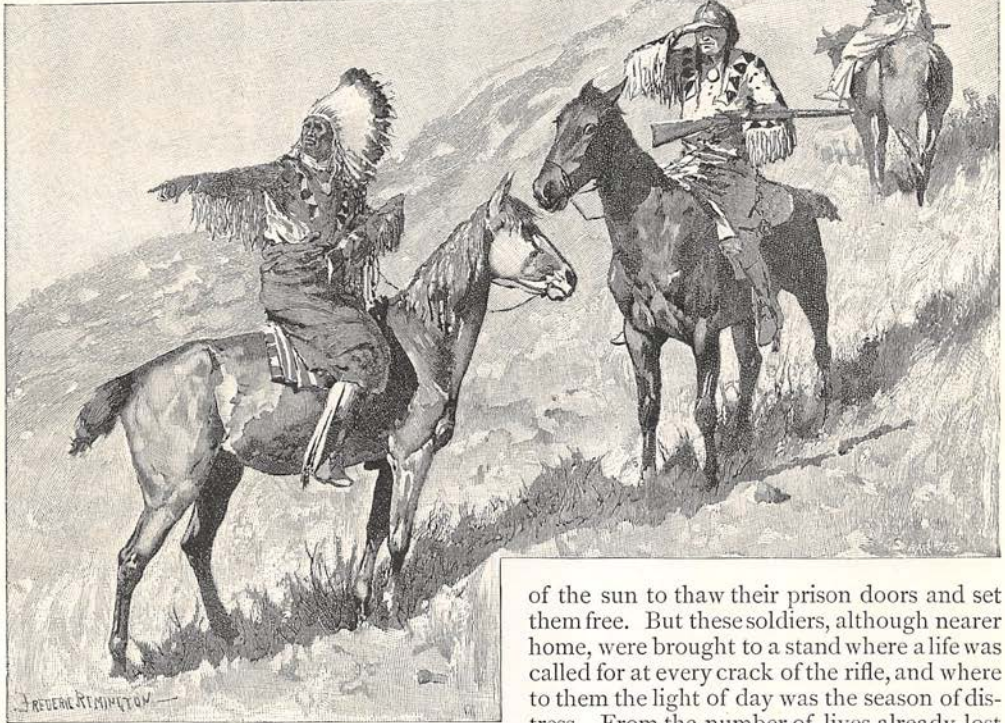
The place selected or rather forced upon Captain Payne, 5th Cavalry, now the senior officer, for the defense of his command, was near the battle-field, and fortunately within reach of the stream called Milk River. It was in a small round valley or opening in the mountains, and within easy rifle range of the tops of the nearest hills surrounding it. On these hills the Indians took position, and while being concealed and well protected themselves, the Indians were able to pick off any soldier showing himself above the breastwork, or while moving about inside of it. The soldiers returned the fire occasionally, but it is not known that an Indian was injured during the siege. The enemy, however, was kept down close behind the ridge, and no advance or open attack on the intrenchment was at any time attempted. The position taken was on a rise or table, and was about two hundred yards from the stream. No water could be obtained during the day, but after dark a party started out to fill their buckets and canteens. They were almost immediately fired upon by the enemy, who, anticipating their necessities, had found concealment on the further side of the river in the thick underbrush. As some of the party were wounded, they returned to the breastwork unsuccessful. Water being an absolute neces-

sity, even if it cost life, another party was sent out, this time under escort of armed men. As soon as the party was fired upon, the escort discharged their guns, and although firing in the dark and at random, it is supposed that one or more of the enemy were wounded; at any rate the Indians fled, and the troops were not prevented after that from getting water at night sufficient for the next day.

With the dawn of the second day commenced the firing upon the troops from the hill-tops. Not an Indian could be seen on whom to return the fire; only a puff of white smoke indicated from time to time

part of the breastwork, and were used to protect the living.

Exciting accounts have been published of the situation of a party of our countrymen held fast by the ice of the frozen north. It may be said that they had rations, were comparatively comfortable, and had only to wait for a return

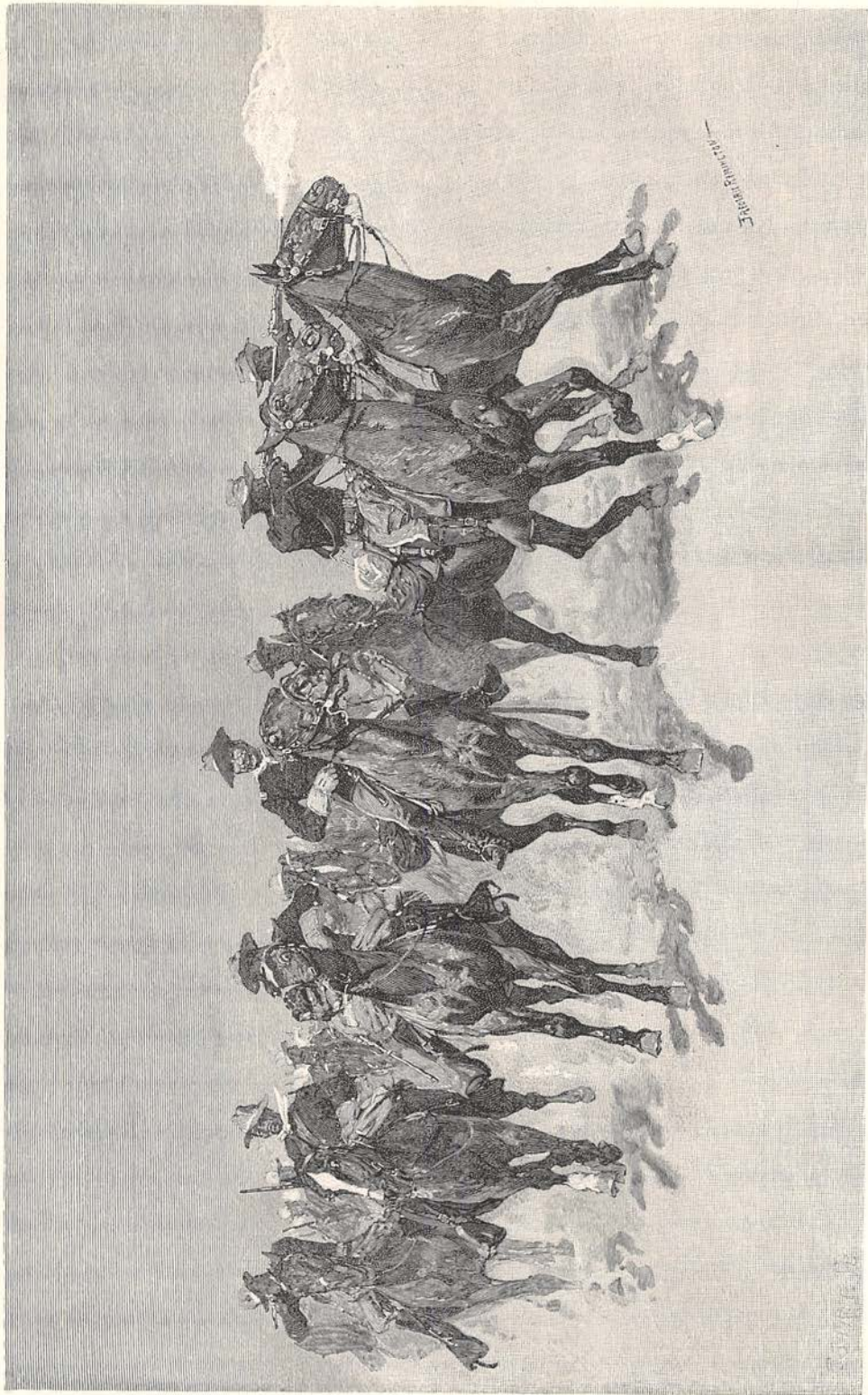


UTES WATCHING FOR THE RELIEF COLUMN.

where the bullet came from; and as there was little chance of finding the Indian at the spot from which he had fired, there seemed to be no use wasting ammunition on space, and firing by the troops was kept up only to prevent open attack. On this day nearly all the animals remaining alive were easily disposed of by the enemy, and some men were killed and wounded. Among the latter were Lieutenant Paddock and Surgeon Grimes. The long weary hours of this day must have been trying indeed to the besieged. The suffering and groans of the wounded seemed more terrible than the sight of the bodies of the dead, which could not be removed except at the expense of other lives. It is said that after night these bodies became

of the sun to thaw their prison doors and set them free. But these soldiers, although nearer home, were brought to a stand where a life was called for at every crack of the rifle, and where to them the light of day was the season of distress. From the number of lives already lost in this short time, and the number of wounded requiring care and increasing the anxiety, and considering the time that must elapse before help could possibly reach them, an hour here contained more real suffering than could be felt in many days of waiting only for the sun to shine.

Aside from being constantly harassed by the enemy from the outside, an incident occurred on the inside of the works this day that came near finishing the lives of some of the wounded. One of the horses was shot in such a manner as to make him frantic and unmanageable. He charged about the inclosure in a furious way until exhausted, and then fell into the pit among the wounded. Fortunately no one was injured, but some of the men said that in their nervous



—The Art Studio—

CAPTAIN DODGE'S COLORED TROOPERS TO THE RESCUE.

COOPER

condition they thought the whole Ute nation had jumped from the tops of the hills to the bottom of the pit.

At an early hour on the morning of October 2d, the sentinel heard the approach of a column of horsemen, and the besieged soon welcomed Captain Dodge, 9th Cavalry, at the head of his troop. The captain, having heard of the situation, came at once to the assistance of his comrades, and managed to get through to the intrenchment without losing any of his men. This reinforcement of two officers and fifty enlisted men added materially to the fighting strength of the command, and they brought with them also the cheering news that the courier had passed through safely. The horses upon which this party rode were soon disposed of by the enemy, and Dodge and his troop became as much of a fixture as any of the besieged. The gallant dash made by these colored troopers brought them into high favor with the rest of the command, and nothing was considered too good for the "Buffalo" soldiers after that. Captain Dodge almost immediately received well-merited promotion, and was the hero of the campaign.

Leaving the besieged to worry through the days and nights that are to pass before relief can reach them, we will go with the swiftly riding courier, and see what follows his arrival at the railroad.

On the morning of October 1st, our quiet garrison at Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, Wyoming, was aroused by the information received from Department Headquarters, that Thornburgh and most of his command had been massacred by the Ute Indians, and that the few officers and men remaining were intrenched, protecting the wounded and fighting for their lives. The commanding officer, General Wesley Merritt, fortunately possessing all the characteristics of a true cavalryman, always had his command well in hand. At this time he had four troops of the 5th Cavalry and one company of the 4th Infantry, and when this sudden call reached him all that was necessary was to sound "boots and saddles" and go.

The order to take the field reached us about 8 A. M., and at 11 A. M. we had saddled up,



TIDINGS OF THE RELIEF COLUMN—LISTENING TO OFFICERS' CALL.

had marched two miles, and were loaded on the cars,—horses, equipments, pack-mules, rations and all,—and were under way. We reached Rawlins Station, our stopping place, about 1 A. M. next morning, and met there four companies of the 4th Infantry, also ordered for field service under General Merritt. The rest of that night was spent in preparing for the march. The infantry, in wagons, were on the road by 10 A. M.; the cavalry marched a little later, but overtook the infantry about twenty-five miles out at 5 P. M. Then all pushed on together until 11 P. M., when it became necessary to halt and rest the animals. At 7 A. M. we were on the road again, and continued marching until 11 P. M., at that time reaching the camp of the infantry company left behind by Major Thornburgh. Here a short rest was taken, and at dawn of day we resumed the march, reaching the entrance to Big Bear Cañon about 4 P. M. This was a rough, ugly looking place to enter with a command at night, especially with the knowledge of disaster in front and not far off. But the situation called for the greatest exertion, as well as the taking of all the chances, and although we had already made an unheard-of march that day, and on previous days, every man was anxious to go on, and even the animals seemed to be under the influence of the hour. While they were being rubbed down and fed, the men had their coffee and hardtack, and just at dusk we started

off for the last march, hoping soon to reach those we knew to be in distress, and who could only be saved by our coming. Getting through that cañon at night was a desperate undertaking, leaving the Indians entirely out of the question, and on looking at the breakneck places afterwards by daylight, over which we had passed, it seemed a miracle that we succeeded in getting through without losing all the wagons carrying the infantry, and some of the horsemen as well. The cavalry was in the lead, but the "charioteers," as the infantry were called, followed close behind, and on the down grade occasionally ran into the rear of the cavalry column. On the ascent the infantrymen

General Merritt at this time was some distance ahead with the cavalry, and crossing the last hill he entered the valley just at dawn of day. It was yet too dark to see the intrenchment, but the column, while pressing on, was soon brought to a halt by a challenge from the besieged. A trumpeter was then summoned and officers' call sounded. This brought all hands to the top of the breastwork, and a lively cheer answered the last note on the trumpet. A wild scene followed this coming together of old comrades, and while it was going on, the enemy, although at their posts within easy range, did not fire a shot. Nor did they seem to be alarmed by the arrival of this overpower-



FREDERIC REMINGTON

THE RELIEF COLUMN.—I.

jumped from their wagons and pushed horses, wagons and all up the grades. On reaching the summit each party boarded its wagon, and, with a cheer, away they went down the grade on the run. All were under so much of a strain that fatigue or sleep was not thought of. Thus it was, up one hill and down another all night, and no light-artillerymen were ever more expert at mounting their limbers, than these infantrymen in getting out of and into those wagons on the run. Between 4 and 5 A. M. we reached a point about four miles from the intrenchment, and at that hour saw a sight that made the blood run cold. A citizen wagon train, hauling supplies to the agency, had been captured by the Indians, and every man belonging to it had been murdered, stripped, and partly burned. As we had had no news from the front since leaving the railroad, this was something of a surprise, and as may be imagined, at that hour in the morning, not a pleasant opening for the day. The wagon train, for the last few miles, had been stretching out a little, but on reaching this spot it was observed that all intervals were rapidly closed up and kept closed. But notwithstanding this depressing sight, some rude jokes were made, as usual, by the old soldiers in passing, and recruits were made to fear that before another sun should rise they would be broiled in like manner.

ing force, but were for the time being quiet spectators of this grand reunion, their portion of the fun probably being in the supposition of "more horses, more shoot him."

The General, having the responsibility, was probably the only one of the party in accord with the Indian idea, and consequently, not wasting much time on congratulations, he immediately set to work to prevent the loss of more men or horses.

The rear was safe in the hands of the infantry, and the cavalry was ordered to take the nearest hills on the flanks. This accomplished, the General moved out a short distance to the front, having a troop of cavalry as escort, but did not advance half a mile before being fired upon. We, however, recovered the body of Major Thornburgh, which up to that time had lain upon the battle-field of the first day. Under existing circumstances, a civilized enemy, or such an one as we are taught to fight in textbooks and in field manœuvres, would have made a hasty retreat over the mountains, and any strategist in command could have made certain calculations, but these Ute Indians, instinctively brave and not at all instructed, had the utmost confidence in their power to resist any number of soldiers attacking them in their mountain homes.

The Sioux Indian, on the open plains, likes

to show himself as much as possible, thinks to intimidate his foe by such display, and by showing himself at different points in a short space of time, to make several Sioux out of one. On the contrary, the whereabouts of the Ute Indian amongst the rocks of the mountain side, nearly his own color, can not easily be discovered; he is not known until the crack of his rifle is heard and his enemy falls, and even then the smoke covers a change of position. It is therefore impossible ever to get a Sioux into the mountains to fight, or to get a Ute out on the plains for the same purpose.

General Merritt, on seeing that the Indians were still determined and prepared to dispute

bearer of the flag was allowed to cross the valley and enter our lines. He proved to be an employé of the Indian Department, and had been sent up from the Uncumpahgre Agency to stop the war, the White River Utes, with whom we were fighting, being in a way under the control of Colorow, the chief of the Uncumpahgres. It is supposed the Indians were ready to stop anyhow, seeing the amount of force now on the ground and prepared to punish them.

This virtually raised the siege and ended the war. Leaving a light picket line to watch the enemy, the rest of the troops were withdrawn and marched back to the intrenchment,



THE RELIEF COLUMN.—II.

any advance on the part of the soldiers, ordered three troops of cavalry and all the infantry deployed to the front at once. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the long march and no breakfast, the men sprang to their feet and moved forward as if for the first time that day. Quite an exciting skirmish resulted from this advance, and the enemy went dancing round on the hill-tops like monkeys, under the short-range fire of the cavalry carbines; but when the infantry battalion, which had deployed behind the crest, came up to the top and opened fire, a change of scene was at once perceptible. The first volley from the infantry rifles made a rolling sound through the mountains like artillery; the Utes ceased the ballet performance and disappeared behind the hill, but still kept up their fire on both infantry and cavalry. The troops, however, adopting the Ute tactics, kept quite as well sheltered, and as it was not the intention to advance further that day, everybody being worn out, the tired soldiers actually went to sleep on the line of battle, a few men being on the lookout and firing occasionally.

About noon there seemed to be some excitement going on among the Indians, and a large white flag was displayed to view. Field-glasses were at once brought to bear, and it was discovered that a white man was waving the flag. Firing on both sides ceased, and the

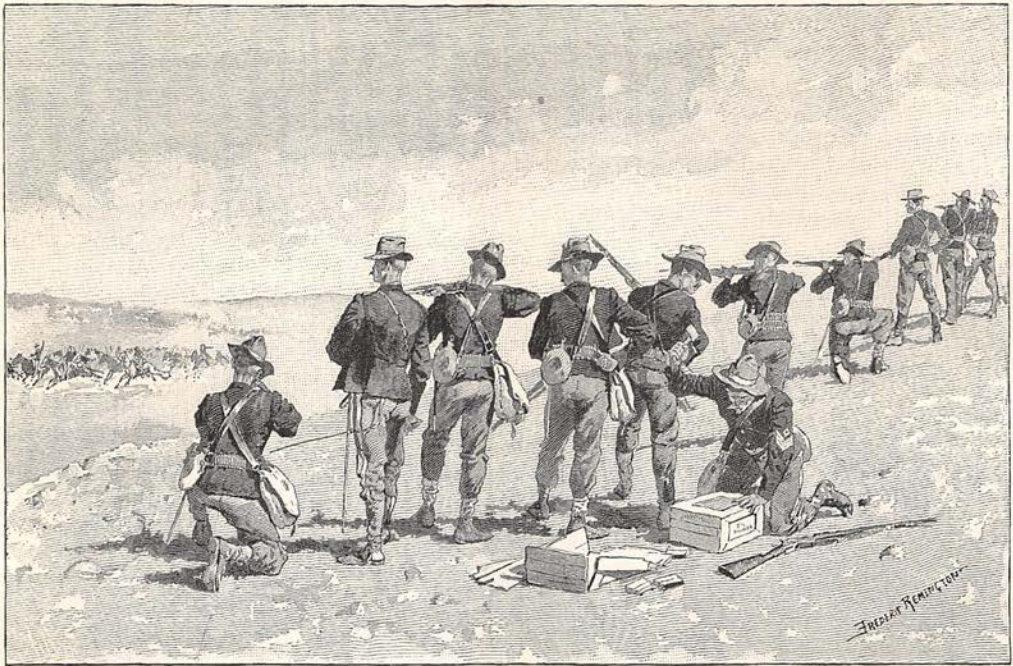
where a jollification was now in order. The wounded were taken out of the loathsome place where they had suffered so many days, and made comfortable. Those who had not been able to wash since the first day's fight now made themselves more presentable and showed their true faces.

The fearful stench from the intrenchment, owing to the material used in its construction, was such as to necessitate a change of camp, and the whole command, accompanied now by the rescued party, moved back on the road about one mile, to clean ground and plenty of pure water.

An unconquerable desire to sleep and rest then overtook these worn-out soldiers. All forms and ceremonies for the rest of that day were dispensed with, and the valley, lately ringing with the sound of men in combat, was now as quiet and still as was its wont.

In this short campaign there were 13 men killed and 48 wounded, out of a command 150 strong.¹ The papers throughout the country mentioned it for a day or two as "the Ute affair," and there it rests, being one of several instances where the percentage of loss is greater than that experienced in battles of which monuments are being erected and elaborate me-

¹ Killed 8 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., and 32 per cent. wounded.



INFANTRY COVERING THE WITHDRAWAL OF CAVALRY.

morials published to commemorate deeds of bravery.

AFTER the command brought down by General Merritt had been well rested and was ready for another advance, it proceeded through the mountains to White River and the agency. It was a beautiful bright morning in October when we bade good-by to the rescued command under Captain Payne, whose faces were turned towards home, while we marched south to rescue the employés at the agency. The infantry and wagon train marched on the road, while the cavalry were well out on the flanks and in advance. The white horses of B Troop, 5th Cavalry, could be seen now and then winding along the crests of the hills on one side, while the blacks of A Troop kept pace with them on the other. No attack could have been made on that column without due warning, and the result was we crossed the high hills and wound through cañon after cañon, reaching the valley of White River and the agency without hearing a shot or, to my knowledge, seeing an Indian.

At the agency a horrible sight presented itself. Every building had been burned, the bodies of all the male employés were stretched upon the ground where they had been murdered a few days before, and the women had been carried off into a captivity worse than death. After the dead had been buried, the command went into camp on White River.

The Indians had taken to the mountains, and in order to follow them it was necessary to abandon wagon transportation and fit up pack trains. While these preparations were going on, we had still another sad experience, and a reminder that the Utes were still near us and relentless enough to take any advantage presenting itself.

A party under Lieutenant Hall, regimental quartermaster, was sent out to reconnoiter and look for a trail across the mountains from White River to Grand River. With this party was Lieutenant William Bayard Weir, of the Ordnance Department, and his sergeant, Humme. Weir went out as a volunteer to accompany Hall, and to hunt. As the party were riding along on the trail, a small herd of deer was discovered off to the left in a ravine. Weir and Humme went after them, while Hall kept on to the front. He had not gone far, however, before he saw fresh Indian signs, and soon afterwards heard sharp firing to his left and rear. On turning back to ascertain the cause and to help Weir if he should be in trouble, he was fired upon himself, and discovered that he was surrounded by Indians. He covered his party as quickly as possible in the dry bed of a stream near at hand, and kept the Indians off until after dark. Then riding into camp he first discovered that Weir had not come in, and reported that he was probably killed. The battalion of the 5th Cavalry was turned out at once, and, as it was 10 P. M., we had an all-

night march ahead of us. Just at dawn we reached the place where Weir had left Hall, and we took his trail and followed it up until we found his dead body lying cold and stiff on the mountain side. This seemed indeed an unnecessary sacrifice. Weir was a noble fellow, beloved by all, and the gathering of that sorrowing crowd of soldiers about his body was a sad experience even to the oldest of them. His face still bore the familiar and kindly expression we knew so well. An overcoat was wrapped around the body, and it was then strapped on a cavalry horse. We returned to camp as sad a funeral procession as one could well imagine.

The country through which we were then operating was a howling wilderness; it is now traversed by railroads and covered with vil-

lages and farms. Children at play unwittingly trample the grass over the graves of soldiers who gave their lives that they might live and thrive, and communities throughout the West generally send representatives to Congress, some of whom, in the peace and plenty of their comfortable homes, fail to recognize, in Washington, the hardships, privations, and sacrifice of life suffered by the army, before their prosperity could be possible or the lives of their constituents assured.

In this the simple duty of soldiers was performed, and no credit is claimed, but should not the record of past deeds such as these, accompanied by the prosperity that has followed, at least guarantee a more generous feeling for the army by all citizens, more especially by those who are called upon to support it?

E. V. Sumner,

Lt.-Colonel 5th Cavalry, U. S. A.

ON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE MARBLE FAUN."

I CANNOT tell why these sad oaken groves
Should bring to mind the gay and mystic glades
Where Donatello danced;
I dare not guess, while my eye, restless, roves
This stormy lake, and daylight fades,
Why I have chanced
To dream of some bright pool where shimmering lie
The tender shadows of the Tuscan sky.

I sing no songs that are not grave and old!
Why should the merry Tuscan haunt my dreams?
How light of foot was he!—
The sky is dun, the wind is wet and cold,
Dead, drear, and dull each swelling sand-dune seems;
What then to me
Is all this wild, midsummer fantasy,
This mellow, mad, and witching mockery?

'T was something in your eyes — I swear it, friend,
For you seemed part of stream, and wood, and field.
I've watched your soul grow young!
On days of sun, into the joy you blend,
On days of shade, into the grief you yield;
The balance hung
On perfect scale, which lightest touch might sway,
The perfect glass reflect the palest morning ray.

Oh, learn no wisdom, for that may bring grief;
And love no woman, for 't will sure bring pain;
Be Donatello still!
Believe me, friend, this learning is a thief,
And where it thrives the simple joys are slain.
Ah, drink your fill
Of sky and hill, of sun and wind and sea;
Be thou my faun, but I no Miriam to thee.

Elia W. Peattie.