

possessed him, hope slipped farther and farther away from his heart.

Cármen sat silently beside him. Her open hand rested upon the stone bench, not far from his, but he had not the courage to take it. Her eyes were turned eastward towards the snow mountains. High above the snow-capped peaks was a glory of red and golden cloud, but the mountains below were cold and colorless. To Pem's mind the White Woman seemed more than ever a dead, cold woman, half hidden beneath her shroud of snow. And as this dreary thought came into his mind, linking itself with the sorrowful thoughts already there, and by an allegory making the sorrow of them still more keen, there came from his lips a sob. Doubtless

there is no sound more pathetic than the sob of a strong man.

And then Pem felt a soft hand, not cold, but warm, in his; and at that instant a shifting of the clouds changed the current of the sunlight, and the White Woman was lit up by a ruddy, life-giving glow.

Pem's heart bounded. He raised his head, and his eyes met Cármen's—looking full at him now, bright through tears and full of love.

"Señor, Señor mio," said Cármen, as they rose at last from the stone bench, yet still looked eastward on the splendor of gold and crimson clouds and crimson snow, "it was here in Guadalupe Hidalgo that the treaty of peace between the conquered Mexicans and the conquering Americans was signed."

THE END.

Thomas A. Janvier.

ARMY HOSPITALS AND CASES.

MEMORANDA AT THE TIME, 1863-66.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

[Of reminiscences of the Secession War, after the rest is said, it remains to give a few special words—in some respects the typical words of all, and the most definitive—of the army hospitals and samples of those that filled them, of the killed and wounded in action, and of soldiers who lingered afterward, from these wounds, or were laid up by disease or prostration. The general statistics have perhaps been printed already, but, as introductory to the incidents I am going to describe, they can bear to be briefly stated again. There were over 2,000,000 men (for all periods of enlistment, large and small) furnished to the Union army during the war, New York State furnishing nearly 500,000, which was the greatest number of any one State. The losses by disease, wounds, killed in action, accidents, etc. were altogether about 300,000, or approximating to that number. Over 6,000,000 cases were treated in the army hospitals. The number sounds strange, but it is true. More than two-thirds of the deaths were from prostration or disease. To-day there lie buried over 300,000 soldiers in the various national army cemeteries, more than half of them marked "unknown." In full mortuary statistics of the war the greatest deficiency arises from our not having the rolls, even as far as they were kept, of most of the Southern military prisons, a gap which probably both adds to, and helps to conceal, the indescribable horrors of those places. It is, however, certain that over 25,000 Union soldiers died in the

hands of the enemy.* And now, leaving all figures and their "sum totals," I feel sure a few genuine memoranda of such things, made at the time and on the spot, defective as they are, but with all the associations of those persons, scenes, and places brought back, will not only go directest to the right spot, but give a clearer and more actual sight of "army hospitals and cases" during that period than anything else. I begin with verbatim extracts from letters home to my mother in Brooklyn, the second year of the war.—W. W.]

Washington, Oct. 13, 1863.—There has been a new lot of wounded and sick arriving for the last three days. The first and second days, long strings of ambulances with the sick. Yesterday the worst, many with bad and bloody wounds, inevitably long neglected. I thought I was cooler and more used to it, but the sight of some cases brought tears into my eyes. I had the luck yesterday, however, to do lots of good. Had provided many nourishing articles for the men for another quarter, but, fortunately, had my stores where I could use them at once for these new-comers, as they arrived, faint, hungry, fagged out from their journey, with soiled clothes, and all bloody. I distributed these articles, gave partly to the nurses I knew, or to those in charge. As many as possible I fed myself.

* The latest official compilation (1885) shows the Union mortality to have been 359,528, of whom 29,498 died in Southern prisons.—EDITOR.

Then I found a lot of oyster soup handy, and bought it all at once.

It is the most pitiful sight, this, when the men are first brought in, from some camp hospital broke up, or a part of the army moving. These who arrived yesterday are cavalrymen. Our troops had fought like devils, but got the worst of it. They were Kilpatrick's cavalry; — were in the rear, part of Meade's retreat, and the reb cavalry, knowing the ground and taking a favorable opportunity, dashed in between, cut them off, and shelled them terribly. But Kilpatrick turned and brought them out, mostly. It was last Sunday.

Oct. 27, 1863.— If any of the soldiers I know (or their parents or folks) should call upon you, — as they are often anxious to have my address in Brooklyn, — you just use them as you know how, and if you happen to have pot-luck, and feel to ask them to take a bite, don't be afraid to do so. I have a friend, Thomas Neat, 2d New York Cavalry, wounded in leg, now home in Jamaica, on furlough; he will probably call. Then possibly a Mr. Haskell, or some of his folks, from western New York: he had a son died here, and I was with the boy a good deal. The old man and his wife have written me and asked me my Brooklyn address; he said he had children in New York, and was occasionally down there. When I come home I will show you some of the letters I get from mothers, sisters, fathers, etc. They will make you cry.

How the time passes away! To think it is over a year since I left home suddenly — and have mostly been down in front since. The year has vanished swiftly, and oh, what scenes I have witnessed during that time! And the war is not settled yet; and one does not see anything certain, or even promising, of a settlement. But I do not lose the solid feeling, in myself, that the Union triumph is assured, whether it be sooner or whether it be later, or whatever roundabout way we may be led there; and I find I don't change that conviction from any reverses we meet, nor delays, nor blunders. One realizes here in Washington the great labors, even negative ones, of Lincoln; — that it is a big thing to have just kept the United States from being thrown down and having its throat cut. I have not wavered or had any doubt of the issue since Gettysburg.

18th September, 1863.— Here, now, is a specimen hospital case: Lorenzo Strong, Co. A, 9th New York Cavalry (his brother, Horace L. Strong, Rochester, N. Y.), shot by a shell last Sunday; right leg amputated on the field. Sent up here Monday night, 14th.

Seemed to be doing pretty well till Wednesday noon, 16th, when he took a turn for the worse, and a strangely rapid and fatal termination ensued. Though I had much to do, I staid and saw it all. It was a death-picture characteristic of these soldiers' hospitals: the perfect specimen of physique, — one of the most magnificent I ever saw, — the convulsive spasms, and working of muscles, mouth, and throat. There are two good women nurses, one on each side. The doctor comes in and gives him a little chloroform. One of the nurses constantly fans him, for it is fearfully hot. He asks to be raised up, and they put him in a half-sitting posture. He called for "Mark" repeatedly, half-deliriously, all day. Life ebbs, runs now with the speed of a mill-race; his splendid neck, as it lays all open, works still, slightly; his eyes turn back. A religious person coming in offers a prayer, in subdued tones; around the foot of the bed, and in the space of the aisle, a crowd, including two or three doctors, several students, and many soldiers, has silently gathered. It is very still and warm, as the struggle goes on, and dwindles, a little more, and a little more — and then welcome oblivion, painlessness, death. A pause, the crowd drops away, a white bandage is bound around and under the jaw, the propping pillows are removed, the limpsy head falls down, the arms are softly placed by the side, all composed, all still — and the broad white sheet is thrown over everything.

April 10, 1864.— Unusual agitation all around concentrated here. Exciting times in Congress. The Copperheads are getting furious, and want to recognize the Southern Confederacy. "This is a pretty time to talk of recognizing such —," said a Pennsylvania officer in hospital to me to-day, "after what has transpired the last three years." After first Fredericksburg I felt discouraged myself, and doubted whether our rulers could carry on the war. But that has passed away. The war *must* be carried on. I would willingly go in the ranks myself if I thought it would profit more than as at present, and I don't know sometimes but I shall, as it is. Then there is certainly a strange, deep, fervid feeling formed or aroused in the land, hard to describe or name; it is not a majority feeling, but it will make itself felt. M., you don't know what a nature a fellow gets, not only after being a soldier a while, but after living in the sights and influences of the camps, the wounded, etc. — a nature he never experienced before. The stars and stripes, the tune of Yankee Doodle, and similar things, produce such an effect on a fellow as never before. I have seen them bring tears on some men's

cheeks, and others turn pale with emotion. I have a little flag (it belonged to one of our cavalry regiments), presented to me by one of the wounded; it was taken by the Secesh in a fight, and rescued by our men in a bloody skirmish following. It cost three men's lives to get back that four-by-three flag—to tear it from the breast of a dead rebel—for the name of getting their little "rag" back again. The man that secured it was very badly wounded, and they let him keep it. I was with him a good deal; he wanted to give me some keepsake, he said,—he didn't expect to live,—so he gave me that flag. The best of it all is, dear M., there is n't a regiment, cavalry or infantry, that would n't do the like, on the like occasion.

April 12.—I will finish my letter this morning; it is a beautiful day. I was up in Congress very late last night. The House had a

* *Hospitals Ensemble. August, September, and October, 1863.*—I am in the habit of going to all, and to Fairfax Seminary, Alexandria, and over Long Bridge to the great Convalescent Camp. The journals publish a regular directory of them—a long list. As a specimen of almost any one of the larger of these hospitals, fancy to yourself a space of three to twenty acres of ground, on which are grouped ten or twelve very large wooden barracks, with, perhaps, a dozen or twenty, and sometimes more than that number, small buildings, capable altogether of accommodating from 500 to 1000 or 1500 persons. Sometimes these wooden barracks, or wards, each of them perhaps from 100 to 150 feet long, are ranged in a straight row, evenly fronting the street; others are planned so as to form an immense V; and others again are ranged around a hollow square. They make altogether a huge cluster, with the additional tents, extra wards for contagious diseases, guard-houses, sutler's stores, chaplain's house; in the middle will probably be an edifice devoted to the offices of the surgeon in charge and the ward surgeons, principal attachés, clerks, etc. The wards are either lettered alphabetically, Ward G, Ward K, or else numerically, 1, 2, 3, etc. Each has its ward surgeon and corps of nurses. Of course, there is, in the aggregate, quite a muster of employees, and over all the surgeon in charge. Here in Washington, when these army hospitals are all filled (as they have been already several times), they contain a population more numerous in itself than the whole of the Washington of ten or fifteen years ago. Within sight of the Capitol, as I write, are some thirty or forty such collections, at times holding from 50,000 to 70,000 men. Looking from any eminence and studying the topography in my rambles, I use them as landmarks. Through the rich August verdure of the trees, see that white group of buildings off yonder in the outskirts; then another cluster half a mile to the left of the first; then another a mile to the right, and another a mile beyond, and still another between us and the first. Indeed, we can hardly look in any direction but these clusters are dotting the landscape and environs. That little town, as you might suppose it, off there on the brow of a hill, is indeed a town, but of wounds, sickness, and death. It is Finley Hospital, north-east of the city, on Kendall Green, as it used to be called. That other is Campbell Hospital. Both are large establishments. I have known these two alone to have from 2000 to 2500 inmates. Then there is Carver Hospital, larger still, a walled and military city regularly laid out, and guarded by squads of sentries.

very excited night session about expelling the men that proposed recognizing the Southern Confederacy. You ought to hear (as I do) the soldiers talk; they are excited to madness. We shall probably have hot times here, not in the military fields alone. The body of the army is true and firm as the North Star.

May 6, 1864.—M., the poor soldier with diarrhea is still living, but, oh, what a looking object! Death would be a relief to him—he cannot last many hours. Cunningham, the Ohio soldier, with leg amputated at thigh, has picked up beyond expectation; now looks indeed like getting well. [He died a few weeks afterward.] The hospitals are very full.* I am very well indeed. Hot here today.

May 23, 1864.—Sometimes I think that should it come when it *must*, to fall in battle, one's anguish over a son or brother killed might

Again, off east, Lincoln Hospital, a still larger one; and, half a mile farther, Emory Hospital. Still sweeping the eye around down the river towards Alexandria, we see, to the right, the locality where the Convalescent Camp stands, with its 5,000, 8,000, or sometimes 10,000 inmates. Even all these are but a portion. The Harwood, Mount Pleasant, Armory Square, Judiciary Hospitals, are some of the rest, and all large collections.

Summer of 1864.—I am back again in Washington, on my regular daily and nightly rounds. Of course there are many specialties. Dotting a ward here and there are always cases of poor fellows, long suffering under obstinate wounds, or weak and disheartened from typhoid fever, or the like; marked cases, needing special and sympathetic nourishment. These I sit down and either talk to or silently cheer them up. They always like it hugely (and so do I). Each case has its peculiarities, and needs some new adaptation. I have learnt to thus conform—learnt a good deal of hospital wisdom. Some of the poor young chaps, away from home for the first time in their lives, hunger and thirst for affection; this is sometimes the only thing that will reach their condition. The men like to have a pencil, and something to write in. I have given them cheap pocket-diaries, and almanacs for 1864, interleaved with blank paper. For reading I generally have some old pictorial magazines or story-papers—they are always acceptable. Also the morning or evening papers of the day. The best books I do not give, but lend to read through the wards, and then take them to others, and so on; they are very punctual about returning the books. In these wards, or on the field, as I thus continue to go round, I have come to adapt myself to each emergency, after its kind or call, however trivial, however solemn, every one justified and made real under its circumstances; not only visits and cheering talk and little gifts, not only washing and dressing wounds (I have some cases where the patient is unwilling any one should do this but me), but passages from the Bible, expounding them, prayer at the bedside, explanations of doctrine, etc. (I think I see my friends smiling at this confession, but I was never more in earnest in my life.) In camp and everywhere, I was in the habit of reading or giving recitations to the men. They were very fond of it, and liked declamatory poetical pieces. We would gather in a large group by ourselves, after supper, and spend the time in such readings, or in talking, and occasionally by an amusing game called the game of twenty questions.

be tempered with much to take the edge off. Lingering and extreme suffering from wounds or sickness seem to me far worse than death in battle. I can honestly say the latter has no terrors for me, as far as I myself am concerned. Then I should say, too, about death in war, that our feelings and imaginations make a thousand times too much of the whole matter. Of the many I have seen die, or known of, the past year, I have not seen or known one who met death with terror. In most cases I should say it was a welcome relief and release.

Yesterday I spent a good part of the afternoon with a young soldier of seventeen, Charles Cutter, of Lawrence, Massachusetts (1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Battery M); he was brought to one of the hospitals mortally wounded in abdomen. Well, I thought to myself, as I sat looking at him, it ought to be a relief to his folks if they could see how little he really suffered. He lay very placid, in a half lethargy, with his eyes closed. As it was extremely hot, and I sat a good while silently fanning him and wiping the sweat, at length he opened his eyes quite wide and clear and looked inquiringly around. I said, "What is it, my boy? Do you want anything?" He answered quietly, with a good-natured smile, "Oh, nothing; I was only looking around to see who was with me." His mind was somewhat wandering, yet he lay in an evident peacefulness that sanity and health might have envied. I had to leave for other engagements. He died, I heard afterward, without any special agitation, in the course of the night.

Washington, May 26, 1863.—M., I think something of commencing a series of lectures, readings, talks, etc. through the cities of the North, to supply myself with funds for hospital ministrations. I do not like to be so beholden to others; I need a pretty free supply of money, and the work grows upon me and fascinates me. It is the most magnetic as well as terrible sight: the lots of poor wounded and helpless men depending so much, in one ward or another, upon my soothing or talking to them, or rousing them up a little, or perhaps petting or feeding them their dinner or supper (here is a patient, for instance, wounded in both arms), or giving some trifle for a novelty or change—anything, however trivial, to break the monotony of those hospital hours.

It is curious: when I am present at the most appalling scenes, deaths, operations, sickening wounds (perhaps full of maggots), I keep cool and do not give out or budge, although my sympathies are very much excited; but often, hours afterward, perhaps when I am home, or

out walking alone, I feel sick, and actually tremble, when I recall the case again before me.

[The following memoranda describe some of the last cases and hospital scenes of the war, from my own observation.]

Two brothers, one South, one North.—May 28-29, 1865.—I staid to-night a long time by the bedside of a new patient, a young Baltimorean, aged about nineteen years, W. S. P. (2d Maryland, Southern), very feeble, right leg amputated, can't sleep; has taken a great deal of morphine, which, as usual, is costing more than it comes to. Evidently very intelligent and well-bred; very affectionate; held on to my hand, and put it by his face, not willing to let me leave. As I was lingering, soothing him in his pain, he says to me suddenly: "I hardly think you know who I am. I don't wish to impose upon you—I am a rebel soldier." I said I did not know that, but it made no difference. Visiting him daily for about two weeks after that, while he lived (death had marked him, and he was quite alone), I loved him much, always kissed him, and he did me. In an adjoining ward I found his brother, an officer of rank, a Union soldier, a brave and religious man (Colonel Clifton K. Prentiss, 6th Maryland infantry, Sixth Corps, wounded in one of the engagements at Petersburg, April 2, lingered, suffered much, died in Brooklyn, August 20, 1865). It was in the same battle both were hit. One was a strong Unionist, the other Secesh; both fought on their respective sides, both badly wounded, and both brought together here after a separation of four years. Each died for his cause.

Sunday Afternoon, July 30.—Passed this afternoon among a collection of unusually bad cases, wounded and sick Secession soldiers, left upon our hands. I spent the previous Sunday afternoon there also. At that time two were dying. Two others have died during the week. Several of them are partly deranged. To-day I went around among them elaborately. Poor boys, they all needed to be cheered up. As I sat down by any particular one, the eyes of all the rest in the neighboring cots would fix upon me, and remain steadily riveted as long as I sat within their sight. Nobody seemed to wish anything special to eat or drink. The main thing asked for was postage stamps, and paper for writing. I distributed all the stamps I had. Tobacco was wanted by some.

One called me over to him and asked me in a low tone what denomination I belonged to. He said he was a Catholic—wished to find some one of the same faith—wanted some

good reading. I gave him something to read, and sat down by him a few minutes. Moved around with a word for each. They were hardly any of them personally attractive cases, and no visitors come here. Of course they were all destitute of money. I gave small sums to two or three, apparently the most needy. The men are from quite all the Southern States, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, etc.

Wrote several letters. One for a young fellow named Thomas J. Byrd, with bad wound and diarrhea. Was from Russell County, Alabama; been out four years. Wrote to his mother; had neither heard from her nor written to her in nine months. Was taken prisoner last Christmas, in Tennessee; sent to Nashville, then to Camp Chase, Ohio, and kept there a long time; all the while not money enough to get paper and postage stamps. Was paroled, but on his way home the wound took gangrene; had diarrhea also; had evidently been very low. Demeanor cool and patient. A dark-skinned, quaint young fellow, with strong southern idiom; no education.

Another letter, for John W. Morgan, aged 18, from Shellot, Brunswick County, North Carolina; been out nine months; gun-shot wound in right leg, above knee; also diarrhea; wound getting along well; quite a gentle, affectionate boy; wished me to put in the letter for his mother to kiss his little brother and sister for him. [I put strong envelopes on these, and two or three other letters, directed them plainly and fully, and dropped them in the Washington post-office the next morning myself.]

The large ward I am in is used for secession soldiers exclusively. One man, about forty years of age, emaciated with diarrhea, I was attracted to, as he lay with his eyes turned up, looking like death. His weakness was so extreme that it took a minute or so, every time, for him to talk with anything like consecutive meaning; yet he was evidently a man of good intelligence and education. As I said anything, he would lie a moment perfectly still, then, with closed eyes, answer in a low, very slow voice, quite correct and sensible, but in a way and tone that wrung my heart. He had a mother, wife, and child living (or probably living) in his home in Mississippi. It was long, long since he had seen them. Had he caused a letter to be sent them since he got here in Washington? No answer. I repeated the question, very slowly and soothingly. He could not tell whether he had or not — things of late seemed to him like a dream. After waiting a moment, I said: "Well, I am going to walk down the ward a moment, and when I come back you can tell me. If you have not written, I will sit down and write." A few minutes

after, I returned; he said he remembered now that some one had written for him two or three days before. The presence of this man impressed me profoundly. The flesh was all sunken on face and arms; the eyes low in their sockets and glassy, and with purple rings around them. Two or three great tears silently flowed out from the eyes, and rolled down his temples (he was doubtless unused to be spoken to as I was speaking to him). Sickness, imprisonment, exhaustion, etc. had conquered the body; yet the mind held mastery still, and called even wandering remembrance back.

There are some fifty Southern soldiers here; all sad, sad cases. There is a good deal of scurvy. I distributed some paper, envelopes, and postage stamps, and wrote addresses full and plain on many of the envelopes.

I returned again Tuesday, August 1, and moved around in the same manner a couple of hours.

September 22, 1865.—Afternoon and evening at Douglas Hospital to see a friend belonging to 2d New York Artillery (Hiram W. Frazee, Serg't), down with an obstinate compound fracture of left leg received in one of the last battles near Petersburg. After sitting a while with him, went through several neighboring wards. In one of them found an old acquaintance transferred here lately, a rebel prisoner, in a dying condition. Poor fellow, the look was already on his face. He gazed long at me. I asked him if he knew me. After a moment he uttered something, but inarticulately. I have seen him off and on for the last five months. He has suffered very much; a bad wound in left leg, severely fractured, several operations, cuttings, extractions of bone, splinters, etc. I remember he seemed to me, as I used to talk with him, a fair specimen of the main strata of the Southerners, those without property or education, but still with the stamp which comes from freedom and equality. I liked him; Jonathan Wallace, of Hurd County, Georgia, age 30 (wife, Susan F. Wallace, Houston, Hurd County, Georgia). [If any good soul of that county should see this, I hope he will send her word.] Had a family; had not heard from them since taken prisoner, now six months. I had written for him, and done trifles for him, before he came here. He made no outward show, was mild in his talk and behavior, but I knew he worried much inwardly. But now all would be over very soon. I half sat upon the little stand near the head of the bed. Wallace was somewhat restless. I placed my hand lightly on his forehead and face, just sliding it over the surface. In a moment or so he fell into a calm, regular-breathing lethargy or sleep, and remained so while I sat there. It was dark, and the lights were lit. I hardly

know why (death seemed hovering near), but I staid nearly an hour. A Sister of Charity, dressed in black, with a broad white linen bandage around her head and under her chin, and a black crape over all and flowing down from her head in long wide pieces, came to him, and moved around the bed. She bowed low and solemn to me. For some time she moved around there noiseless as a ghost, doing little things for the dying man.

December, 1865.—The only remaining hospital is now "Harewood," out in the woods, north-west of the city. I have been visiting there regularly every Sunday during these two months.

January 24, 1866.—Went out to Harewood early to-day, and remained all day.

Sunday, February 4, 1866.—Harewood Hospital again. Walked out this afternoon (bright, dry, ground frozen hard) through the woods. Ward 6 is filled with blacks, some with wounds, some ill, two or three with limbs frozen. The boys made quite a picture sitting round the stove. Hardly any can read or write. I write for three or four, direct envelopes, give some tobacco, etc.

Joseph Winder, a likely boy, aged twenty-three, belongs to 10th Colored Infantry (now in Texas); is from Eastville, Virginia. Was a slave; belonged to Lafayette Homeston. The master was quite willing he should leave. Joined the army two years ago; has been in one or two battles. Was sent to hospital with rheumatism. Has since been employed as cook. His parents at Eastville; he gets letters from them, and has letters written to them by a

friend. Many black boys left that part of Virginia and joined the army; the 10th, in fact, was made up of Virginia blacks from thereabouts. As soon as discharged is going back to Eastville to his parents and home, and intends to stay there.

Thomas King, formerly 2d District Colored Regiment, discharged soldier, Company E, lay in a dying condition; his disease was consumption. A Catholic priest was administering extreme unction to him. (I have seen this kind of sight several times in the hospitals; it is very impressive.)

Harewood, April 29, 1866. Sunday afternoon.—Poor Joseph Swiers, Company H, 155th Pennsylvania, a mere lad (only eighteen years of age); his folks living in Reedsburgh, Pennsylvania. I have known him now for nearly a year, transferred from hospital to hospital. He was badly wounded in the thigh at Hatcher's Run, February 6, 1865.

James E. Ragan, Atlanta, Georgia; 2d United States Infantry. Union folks. Brother impressed, deserted, died; now no folks, left alone in the world, is in a singularly nervous state; came in hospital with intermittent fever.

Walk slowly around the ward, observing, and to see if I can do anything. Two or three are lying very low with consumption, cannot recover; some with old wounds; one with both feet frozen off, so that on one only the heel remains. The supper is being given out: the liquid called tea, a thick slice of bread, and some stewed apples.

That was about the last I saw of the regular army-hospitals.

Walt Whitman.

RESTLESSNESS.

(Written before visiting Florence.)

WOULD I had waked this morn where Florence smiles,
 Abloom with beauty, a white rose full-blown,
 Yet rich in sacred dust, in storied stone
 Precious past all the wealth of Indian isles.
 From olive-hoary Fiesole to feed
 On Brunelleschi's dome my hungry eye,
 And see against the lotos-colored sky
 Spring the slim belfry graceful as a reed;
 To kneel upon the ground where Dante trod;
 To breathe the air of immortality
 From Angelo and Raphael,—to be,
 Each sense new-quickened by a demi-god;
 To hear the liquid Tuscan speech at whites
 From citizen and peasant; to behold
 The heaven of Leonardo washed with gold.—
 Would I had waked this morn where Florence smiles!

Emma Lazarus.