

## FREE MISSOURI.

In memory's trance I hear the roar,  
Dull, heavy, by Missouri's shore;  
I see the shifting sand bars lie,  
The dark, dense woods against the sky.  
Blue outlined, stand the Osage hills,  
Rank growth the river bottom fills,  
And steamer whistle shrieketh back  
O'er giant crags by the waters black.

'Tis sixty years since the primal stroke  
Of the pioneer's axe those forests broke;  
And yet no step, by progress traced,  
The rude log cabin has displaced.  
Hard hands, with stolid form and will,  
Long hid the fruitful acres till;  
And bitterest fruits sprang from thy soil,  
As harvests of thy bondsmen's toil.

By Gasconade and Osage stream,  
At midnight lawless camp-fires gleam,  
When treason's altar reeked with gore  
From loyal hearts, and asked for more;  
For the poison drink of death and ire  
Filled heart and brain with demon fire.  
And fiends let loose from depths of hell,  
Could scarce do deeds so dark and fell.

From Arkansas to Kansas soil,  
The land had been the robbers' spoil:  
Can these be men, grim, fierce, who ride,  
Bushwhackers, by Missouri's side?  
When vengeance cried from many a grave,  
"Leave not a traitor or a slave!"  
Brave Teutons loyal hearts maintained —  
Their blood baptized the land reclaimed.

Again will luscious pawpaw hold  
In tawny rinds their pulp of gold,  
Opopuna seek peristomons sweet,  
Through sparkling frosts with nimble feet  
Winters and springs. When all again  
Regenerate through years of pain,  
We'll hail this garden of the West,  
With thrift and peace and plenty blest.

[For the Tribune.]

ACROSTIC SONNET TO SUSAN E.  
ANTHONY.

To thee who from the desert wastes espied,  
So far away the promised land we seek!  
Upheld by thy strong faith, the faint and  
weak  
Stood faltering though unconquered by thy  
side.  
And never trailed the standard thou upreared  
Nor ever failed thy heart and voice to speak  
Brave words, the flaming swords by tyrants  
feared.  
And now we almost tread the conquered  
strand,  
Nearer, yet nearer sounds our victor song,  
Thousands now march invincible and  
strong  
Holding the standard raised by that first  
band  
Once few and feeble, but with courage true.  
Now victory comes whose crowns of bay  
belong  
(Your own unfading) to that first brave few.

[For the Saturday Inter-Ocean.]

SONNET ACROSTICS — THREE DUD-  
LEYS.

I.

(Ann Bradstreet.)

A down two centuries and a half thy fame  
Now wakes faint echoes as we speak thy  
name,  
Nor holds in modern thought its pristine  
claim.  
But thou, first poetess of our new land,  
Reign'st as the first, and hold'st that place  
the same.  
As when the laureate of that Pilgrim band,  
Down to our time, thy chart of rank will  
stand.  
Sober and serious, earnest — never vain —  
The Puritans held their life and speech and  
deed,  
Robbed of all flowers — they sought but rip-  
ened seed.  
Earth-life they shaped to fit their sombre  
 creed,  
Each act in view of their immortal gain.  
Thou only sang'st their repression and formal  
strain.

II.

(To Philip Sidney.)

Thou brightest star, undimmed by mist or  
cloud,  
Out of the darkness, light of that dark age,  
Pouring a lustre o'er the tarnished page!  
History unrolls too many base and proud.  
In every-grace of manly chivalry,  
Living the truest, highest, noblest, best.  
In generous gifts thy life pales all the rest,  
Pales as the rushlight, by the light of day.  
So to the end, on Zutphen's field of blood,  
In glory's canopy thy life went down:  
Death found thee but to give a shining  
crown  
Never to fade; her model of every good  
England still holds thee; still thy fame has  
stood —  
Young in the centuries is thy renown.

III.

(Sir Robert Dudley.)

So many, if above the rabble raised,  
In fortune's favor or a prince's smile,  
Roused in all hatred, malice, envy's gnile,  
Revenge, with its sharp spite, will of assail;  
But thou fell not, invincible the while —  
Beyond their feeble shafts, when they dis-  
praised.  
Even though ambition, the evil of thy day,  
Ruled in thy heart and life, still wast thou  
strong  
To hew thy path regardless of the throng.  
Darker the fate that swept thy sire away;  
Under its ban his sire, too, met his fate —  
Doomed by that innate power that marked  
them great.  
Lies, slanders, bigotry, of all the prey —  
Envy that could not reach their high estate,  
Yelped at their heels to their last earthly day.