



THE Cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships full tale—
Their corn and oil and wine,
Derrick and loom and bale,
And rampart's gun-flecked line ;
City by city they hail :
“Hast aught to match with mine ?”

And the men that breed from them
They traffic up and down,
But cling to their cities' hem
As a child to the mother's gown.