

utterly regardless of the signs of the coming flood of which all nature was full. The catastrophe follows:

I lay in my hammock: the air was heavy
And hot and threat'ning; the very heaven
Was holding its breath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr
As I peered down the path for her.
She stood like a bronze bent over the river,
The proud eyes fix'd, the passion unspoken—
When the heavens broke like a great dyke broken.
Then, ere I fairly had time to give her
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind
And the rolling of clouds and a deafening din
And a darkness that had been black to the blind,
Came down as I shouted, 'Come in! Come in!
Come under the roof, come up from the river,
As up from a grave—come now or come 'er!'
The tassel'd tops of the pines were as weedy,
The red-woods rock'd like to lake-side reeds,
And the world seem'd darken'd and drown'd forever.

Our author then permits his hero to go to sleep, knowing that his faithful companion is struggling with death outside. The purpose of putting him to sleep is evidently to permit him to dream a dream in which he sees

When the flood caught her hair as the flax in a wheel,
And wheeling and whirling her round like a reel,
Laugh'd loud her despair, then leapt like a steed,
Holding tight to her hair, holding fast to her heel.

The lines in which he relates how the brown face of the dead girl haunted him, and the manner in which he attempts to clear himself of all blame by repeating over and over that he called her to come in, would seem natural and affecting, if coming from a less heartless wretch. He gathered his gold and started for the East, where he had plighted faith with a blonde maiden twenty-one years before, thinking—

She has braided her tresses, and through her tears
Look'd away to the West, for years, the years
That I have wrought where the sun tans brown.

He reaches "the old town-pump" where "the tale was told," and finds the daughter of his betrothed and mistakes her for the one he seeks. He then goes into a most extravagant wail over his evil fate, using all the resounding adjectives in the language. And this is the best poem of the lot, and the one on which the author's fame is supposed to rest.

"With Walker in Nicaragua" is a weak attempt to glorify that plunder-seeking outlaw. He begins by saying "He was a brick," and if he had stopped there both the dead and the living would have been better served than they are by the twenty-six pages he has devoted to the subject. "Californian" is chiefly remarkable for having nothing suggestive of California in it. "Ina" we cannot speak of. We have not read it; we have heard of no one who has; and we fancy no one will. It looks dreary and there are forty pages of it. "The Tale of