

Appletons' journal

New York : [D. Appleton and Co.], 1872-1881

<https://hdl.handle.net/2027/inu.32000000463200>



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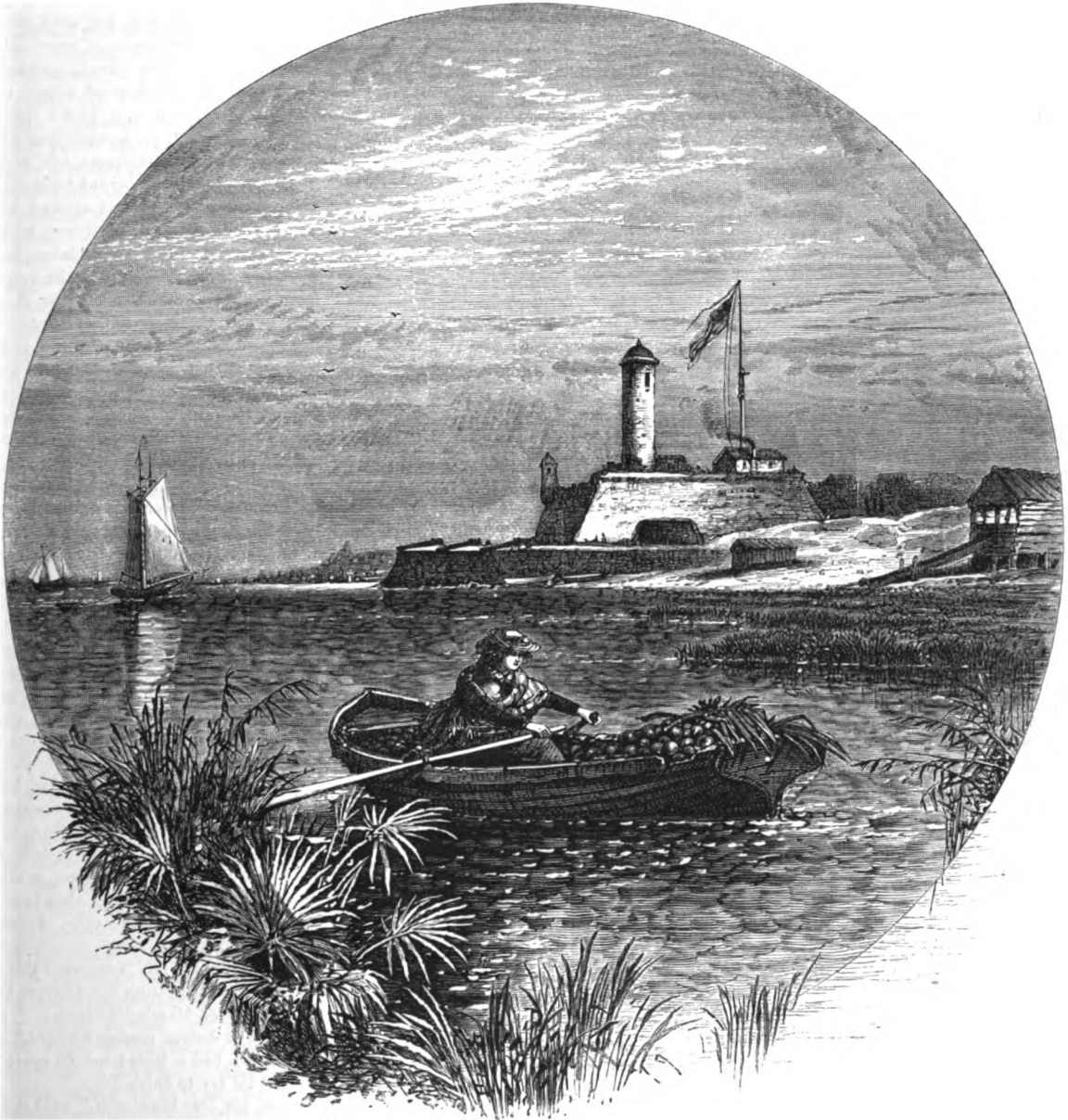
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 277.]

NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1874.

[VOL. XII.

DOLORES.



"Her old boat loaded with oranges."

HER old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Minorcan Dolores bends to her oars,
Noting each reed on the slow-moving shores;
But the way is long, and the inlet wide—
Can two small hands overcome the tide
Sweeping up into the west?

Four little walls of coquina-stone,
Rude thatch of palmetto-leaves;
There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
From winter, and labor, and hunger free,
Taking from earth their small need, but no more;
No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
No gathering patient sheaves.

Alone in their Southern island-home,
Through the year of summer days,
The two love on; and the bountiful beach
Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
The two love on, and the tropical land
Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
With dreamy, passionate eyes—
Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
A simple folk came from the Spanish sea-
isles,
Now, tinged with the blood of the creole
quadroon,
Their children live idly along the lagoon,
Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
Ah, their blossoming life of love!—
But fever falls with its withering blight:
Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor
prayers—
Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
Where the blue-eyed soldiers come marching
down
From the far cold North: they are men who
know—
Thus Dolores thinks—how to cure all woe;
Nay, their very touch is blest.

"Oranges! oranges!" hear her cry,
Through the shaded plaza-path;
But the Northern soldiers come marching in
Through the old Spanish city, with stir and
din;
And the silent people stand sullen by,
To see the old flag mount again to the sky—
The flag they had trampled in wrath.

Ah, brown Dolores! will no one hear,
And buy thy poor little store?
Now north, now south, on the old sea-wall—
But her pitiful tones unheeded fall;
Now east, now west, through the angry town,
Patient she journeys up and down,
Nor misses one surly door.

Then, desperate, up to the dreaded ranks
She carries her passionate suit;
"I have no money, for none would buy;
But come, for God's sake, or he will die!
Save him—my Luiz—he is so young!"
She pleads in her liquid Minorcan tongue,
And proffers her store of fruit.

But the Northern soldiers move steadily on,
They hear not nor understand;
The last blue rank has passed down the
street,
She sees but the dust of their marching feet;
They have crossed a whole country by night
and by day,
And marked, with their blood, every step of
the way,
To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair! She turns to
the church,
Half fainting, her fruit wet with tears;
"Perhaps the old saint, who is always there,
May wake up and take them to pay for a
prayer;
They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
If he would but wake up, and listen to me;
But he sleeps so, he never hears."

She enters; the church is filled with men,
The pallid men of the North;
Each dingy old pew is a sick man's bed,
Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
The altar-candles are swept away
For vials and knives in shining array,
And a new saint is stepping forth!

He must be a saint, for he comes from the
shrine,

A saint of a Northern creed—
Clad in a uniform—army blue,
But surely the saints may wear any hue
Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands
And hears all her story, and understands
The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man,
To freshen the fevered mouth,
Then forth they go down the old sea-wall,
And they hear in the dusk the picket's call;
The row-boat is moored on the shadowy shore,
The Northern saint can manage an oar,
And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch and a holy drink,
A bright little heavenly knife,
And this strange Northern saint, who prays
no prayers,
Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged
stairs,
And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

"Oh, dear Northern saint! A shrine will
I build,
Wild roses I'll bring from afar,
The jessamine, orange-flower, wood-tulips
bright,
And those will I worship each morning and
night."

"Nay, nay, poor Dolores. I am but a man,
A surgeon, who binds up with what skill he can
The wounds of this heart-breaking
war.

"See, build me no shrines, but take this
small book,
And teach the brown baby to read."
He is gone; and Dolores is left on the shore,
She watches the boat till she sees it no more,
She hears the quick musketry all through the
night,
She holds fast the book in her pine-knot's red
light,
The book of the Northerner's creed.

The sad war is over, the dear peace has
come,
The blue-coated soldiers depart;
The brown baby reads the small book, and
the three
Live on in their isle in the Florida sea;
The brown baby learns many things wise and
strange,
But all his new English words never can
change
The faith of Dolores' fond heart.

A boat with a load of oranges
In a flower-decked shrine doth stand
Carved in coquina, and thither she goes,
To pray to the only real saint she knows,
The Northern surgeon in army blue;
And there she was found in this morning's dew,
Dead, with the book in her hand.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE HOME-HATER.

I.

SOME years ago, the steamer Dolphin, re-
turning from Liverpool, arrived off Sand-
dy Hook, and her approach was telegraphed
up to New York. Every thing on board be-
tokened that revival of civilized self-respect

which occurs among a company of limp and
weary Atlantic voyagers, as soon as they find
themselves entering port. The ladies, from
reclining languorously among cabin-cushions,
or on long, luxurious deck-chairs, in a vari-
ety of makeshift costumes, now suddenly ex-
panded themselves into that rotundity of
skirt demanded by the taste of the time.
The gentlemen, on their part, appeared in
well-brushed silk hats, with gloves of a finer
quality than had sufficed in the society of
storms. One or two of them, however, had
unwisely deferred the casting of that shaggy
exterior in which they had cased themselves
during the voyage; and these now appeared
as outcasts from the polished society into
which the rest had suddenly transformed
themselves. This was the case with a cer-
tain vigorous gentleman of early middle age
(though his hair was already frosted), whom
the passengers recognized under the name
of Melthorpe, and who paced the quarter-
deck slowly, maintaining what might be called
a neutral-tinted cheerfulness, but without any
of that aspect of exuberant buoyancy which
distinguished the groups around him. In-
stead of scrutinizing the shores with a field-
glass, as some of these were doing, he seemed
to engage himself—even to the verge of af-
fectionation—with almost any other object than
that of the common interest. At one time
he stood by the stern, looking idly at the
white gulls that followed the ship, with long,
arching wings, in leisurely flight; then he
walked forward to where an open skylight
permitted a view into the engine-room below;
and there he studied the massive motions of
the machinery, as if it were a source of al-
together novel interest. Finally, he disap-
peared through the gangway, and came up
again shortly with a book. Having settled
himself firmly on a camp-stool, with his back
against the mizzen-mast, and facing the east,
he began to read.

"Pshaw, Melthorpe!" said some one who
had approached, after several moments of
silent absorption on the reader's part; "I
should think, from your way of going on,
that we had just started out on our voyage,
instead of being at the last end of it."

Melthorpe looked up, bringing his fresh,
but bronzed and not very full, cheeks out of
the shadow of his soft felt hat into the light,
opposite a short and sandy-haired man of
forty-five, who had clear eyes, a somewhat
prominent nose, and a long, thin twist of red
beard growing from the chin, without any
mustache above it.

"What book is it?" continued this person.

Melthorpe held it up open before him. It
was a copy of More's "Utopia." "I never
had read it before coming aboard," he said.
"And, as I had a little time to spare now, I
thought I'd try to finish it."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it," said the other;
then, looking into it, and, seeming to make a
discovery: "But it seems to be about some
imaginary country. You couldn't have found
any thing more inappropriate, I should think."

"Why inappropriate?" asked the indif-
ferent-seeming gentleman. "Why shouldn't
I feel as much attachment for this imaginary
country as you imagine you feel for the real
one we are coming to?"