

## SAPPHO IN CHIC-A-GO.

“ Come Muse migrate from Greece and Ionia,  
Cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts,  
That matter of Troy and Achilles’ wrath, and Aeneas’, Odysseus’ wanderings,  
Placard “ Removed ” and “ To Let ” on the rocks of your snowy Parnassus,  
Repeat at Jerusalem, place the notice high on Jaffa’s gate and on Mount  
Moriah  
The same on the walls of your German, French and Spanish castles, and  
Italian collections,  
For know a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide, untried domain awaits,  
demands you.

Responsive to our summons,  
Or rather to her long-nurs’d inclination,  
Join’d with an irresistible, natural gravitation,  
She comes ! I hear the rustling of her gown,  
I scent the odour of her breath’s delicious fragrance,  
I mark her step divine, her curious eyes a-turning, rolling,  
Upon this very scene.

The dame of dames ! can I believe then,  
Those ancient temples, sculptures classic, could none of them retain her ?  
Nor shades of Virgil and Dante, not myriad memories, poems, old associa-  
tions, magnetize and hold on to her ?  
Yes, if you will allow me to say so,  
I, my friends, if you do not, can plainly see her,  
The same undying soul of earth’s, activity’s, beauty’s, heroism’s expression,  
Out from her evolutions hither come, ended the strata of her former themes,  
Hidden and cover’d through time, her voice by Castaly’s fountain  
Silent the broken-lipp’d Sphinx in Egypt, silent all these century-baffling  
tombs,  
Ended for aye the epics of Asia’s, Europe’s helmeted warriors, ended the  
primitive call of the muses,  
Calliope’s call forever closed, Clio, Melpomene, Thiala dead,  
Ended the stately rhythmus of Una and Oriana, ended the quest of the Holy  
Grael,  
Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind, extinct,  
The Crusaders’ streams of shadowy midnight troops sped with the sunrise,  
Amadis, Tancred, utterly gone, Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver gone  
Palmerin, ogre, departed, vanish’d the turrets that Usk from its water reflected,

Arthur vanish'd with all his knights, Merlin and Lancelot and Galahad, all  
gone, dissolv'd utterly like an exhalation ;  
Pass'd ! pass'd ! for us, forever pass'd, that once so mighty world, now void  
inanimate, phantom world  
Embroider'd, dazzling, foreign world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths,  
Its kings and castles proud, its priests and warlike lords and courtly dames  
Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with crown and armor on,  
Blazon'd with Shakspeare's purple page.  
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme.

I say I see, my friends if you do not, the illustrious emigré (having it is true  
in her day, although the same, changes, journey'd considerable,)  
Making directly for this rendezvous, vigourously clearing a path for herself,  
striding through the confusion,  
By thud of machinery and shrill steam-whistle undismay'd  
Bluffed not a bit by drain-pipe gasometers, artificial fertilizers,  
Smiling and pleas'd with palpable intent to stay,  
She's here, install'd amid the kitchen ware !”

WALT WHITMAN

The lady proved to be Sappho herself. She proceeded to rival her Ode to Aphrodite with one to a publisher who had met her on the wharf, thinking her to be the normal brand of poetess, as manufactured at Boston. But Sappho justifies her pre-eminence : she replies to his overtures:

Would you play me down for a sucker, stranger ?  
Plank down fifty bucks for a gold brick ? No, sir !  
I should smile ! A dern silly proposition.  
Not on yer tintype !

The above astonishing farrago of bombast, bad grammar, and schoolboy blunder is the actual writing of this unpleasant psychopath.

(Bugschbloscherheim attributes the subjoined fragment, from the Scholiast amended by Dr. A. W. Verrall to suit the theory that Sappho was a rationalist (in costume), to the latter portion of this superb ode.)

Abskise, all-fired altemal shucksters, savey ?  
Chowder-headed bushwhackers, hop the clothesline !  
Dago speelers ! Artichoke, am I ? That lie's  
Nailed to the counter.

Black-eyed Susan bloviates nits, my Bourbons !  
Snicks for craps why-high the Arkansaw toothpick ?  
Amerace ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Block Island Turkey !

Deuce a bucket ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
-- stave ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
-- ~ chinmusic ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
-- ~ ~ Scuds.

-- all sorts of ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Ambia ~ ~

-- Lach ~ ~ his Jiglets  
-- ~ on jawbone ~ ~  
-- ~ We-uns.

Such the famous fragment. It is a pity that Whitman  
himself never answered Swinburne's passionate  
appeal : " Send but a song over sea for us ! "