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POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES  
III

EDINBURGH : Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE for  
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

III  
POEMS FROM THE  
BREAKFAST-TABLE SERIES  
ETC.



*Author's Edition*

EDINBURGH  
DAVID DOUGLAS, CASTLE STREET  
1892



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# POEMS FROM THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

1857-1858.

---

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets  
    feign,  
    Sails the unshadowed main,—  
    The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled  
    wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
    And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their  
    streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
    Wrecked is the ship of pearl !  
    And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to  
    dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing  
    shell,

Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt  
unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil ;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway  
through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew  
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought  
by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a  
voice that sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my  
soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
    vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-  
    resting sea !

## SUN AND SHADOW.

AS I look from the isle, o'er its billows of  
    green,  
To the billows of foam-crested blue,  
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,  
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue :  
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the  
    spray  
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail ;  
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her  
    way,  
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to  
    shun,—  
Of breakers that whiten and roar ;  
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun  
They see him who gaze from the shore !

He looks to the beacon that looms from the  
reef,  
To the rock that is under his lee,  
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted  
leaf,  
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim vaulted caves  
Where life and its ventures are laid,  
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the  
waves  
May see us in sunshine or shade ;  
Yet true to our course, though the shadows  
grow dark,  
We'll trim our broad sail as before,  
And stand by the rudder that governs the  
bark,  
Nor ask how we look from the shore !

### MUSA

O MY lost beauty !—hast thou folded  
quite  
Thy wings of morning light  
Beyond those iron gates  
Where Life crowds hurrying to the haggard  
Fates,

And Age upon his mound of ashes waits  
To chill our fiery dreams,  
Hot from the heart of youth plunged in his  
icy streams?

Leave me not fading in these weeds of care,  
Whose flowers are silvered hair!

Have I not loved thee long,  
Though my young lips have often done thee  
wrong,

And vexed thy heaven-tuned ear with care-  
less song?

Ah, wilt thou yet return,  
Bearing thy rose-hued torch, and bid thine  
altar burn?

Come to me!—I will flood thy silent shrine  
With my soul's sacred wine,  
And heap thy marble floors  
As the wild spice-trees waste their fragrant  
stores,

In leafy islands walled with madrepores  
And lapped in Orient seas,  
When all their feathery palms toss, plume  
like, in the breeze.

Come to me!—thou shalt feed on honeyed  
words,  
Sweeter than song of birds ;—

No wailing bulbul's throat,  
No melting dulcimer's melodious note  
When o'er the midnight wave its murmurs  
float,

Thy ravished sense might soothe  
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so  
velvet-smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a  
queen,

Sought in those bowers of green  
Where loop the clustered vines  
And the close-clinging dulcamara twines,—  
Pure pearls of Maydew where the moonlight  
shines,

And Summer's fruited gems,  
And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's  
berried stems.

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves,—  
Or stretched by grass-grown graves,  
Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,  
Carved with old names Life's time-worn roll  
disowns,

Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbled  
bones

Still slumbering where they lay  
While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare the  
wolf away.

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing !  
Still let me dream and sing,—  
Dream of that winding shore  
Where scarlet cardinals bloom—for me no  
more,—  
The stream with heaven beneath its liquid floor,  
And clustering nenuphars  
Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-  
chalice stars !  
Come while their balms the linden-blossoms  
shed !—  
Come while the rose is red,—  
While blue-eyed Summer smiles  
On the green ripples round yon sunken piles  
Washed by the moon-wave warm from  
Indian isles,  
And on the sultry air  
The chestnuts spread their palms like holy  
men in prayer !  
Oh for thy burning lips to fire my brain  
With thrills of wild, sweet pain !—  
On life's autumnal blast,  
Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-  
flowers are cast,—  
Once loving thee, we love thee to the last !—  
Behold thy new-decked shrine,  
And hear once more the voice that breathed  
“For ever thine !”

## A PARTING HEALTH.

TO J. L. MOTLEY.

YES, we knew we must lose him,—though  
friendship may claim  
To blend her green leaves with the laurels  
of fame ;  
Though fondly, at parting, we call him our  
own,  
'Tis the whisper of love when the bugle has  
blown.

As the rider that rests with the spur on his  
heel,  
As the guardsman that sleeps in his corselet  
of steel,  
As the archer that stands with his shaft on  
the string,  
He stoops from his toil to the garland we  
bring.

What pictures yet slumber unborn in his  
loom,  
Till their warriors shall breathe and their  
beauties shall bloom,  
While the tapestry lengthens the life-glow-  
ing dyes  
That caught from our sunsets the stain of  
their skies !

In the alcoves of death, in the charnels of  
time,  
Where flit the gaunt spectres of passion and  
crime,  
There are triumphs untold, there are martyrs  
unsung,  
There are heroes yet silent to speak with his  
tongue !

Let us hear the proud story which time has  
bequeathed !  
From lips that are warm with the freedom  
they breathed !  
Let him summon its tyrants, and tell us  
their doom,  
Though he sweep the black past like Van  
Tromp with his broom !

. . . . .

The dream flashes by, for the west winds  
awake  
On pampas, on prairie, o'er mountain and  
lake,  
To bathe the swift bark, like a sea-girdled  
shrine,  
With incense they stole from the rose and  
the pine.

So fill a bright cup with the sunlight that  
gushed

When the dead summer's jewels were  
trampled and crushed :

THE TRUE KNIGHT OF LEARNING,—the world  
holds him dear,—

Love bless him, Joy crown him, God speed  
his career !

'1857.

### WHAT WE ALL THINK.

THAT age was older once than now,  
In spite of locks untimely shed,  
Or silvered on the youthful brow ;  
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,  
Which faded with those "good old days"  
When winters came with deeper snow,  
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—  
The "best of women" each has known.  
Were school-boys ever half so wild?  
How young the grandpapas have grown !

That *but for this* our souls were free,  
And *but for that* our lives were blest ;  
That in some season yet to be  
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain,—  
Some common ailment of the race,—  
Though doctors think the matter plain,—  
That ours is “a peculiar case.”

That when like babes with fingers burned  
We count one bitter maxim more,  
Our lesson all the world has learned,  
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,  
The angels hovering overhead  
Count every pitying drop that flows,  
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye  
And turn the beggar from our door,  
They still approve us when we sigh,  
“Ah, had I but *one thousand more* !”

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink  
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,  
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,  
Their echoes dumb to *what we know* ;

That one unquestioned text we read,  
All doubt beyond, all fear above,  
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed  
Can burn or blot it : GOD IS LOVE !

### SPRING HAS COME.

#### INTRA MUROS.

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,  
Slant through my pane their morning  
rays ;

For dry northwesterners cold and clear,  
The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,  
Then close against the sheltering wall  
The tulip's horn of dusky green,  
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns ;  
The long narcissus-blades appear ;  
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns  
To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung  
By the wild winds of gusty March,  
With willow leaflets lightly strung,  
Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robed their slender spray  
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf ;  
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day  
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,  
That flames in glory for an hour,—  
Behold it withering,—then look up,—  
How meek the forest monarch's flower !

When wake the violets, Winter dies ;  
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near ;  
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,  
“ Bud, little roses ! Spring is here ! ”

The windows blush with fresh bouquets,  
Cut with the May-dew on their lips ;  
The radish all its bloom displays,  
Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers  
On beauty's changed corolla-shades,—  
The walks are gay as bridal bowers  
With rows of many-petalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish click and clash  
In the blue barrow where they slide ;  
The horseman, proud of streak and splash,  
Creeps homeward from his morning ride.

Here comes the dealer's awkward string,  
With neck in rope and tail in knot,—  
Rough colts, with careless country-swing,  
In lazy walk or slouching trot.

---

Wild filly from the mountain-side,  
Doomed to the close and chafing thills,  
Lend me thy long, untiring stride  
To seek with thee thy western hills !

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,  
The thrush's trill, the robin's cry,  
Like some poor bird with prisoned wing  
That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

Oh for one spot of living green,—  
One little spot where leaves can grow,—  
To love unblamed, to walk unseen,  
To dream above, to sleep below !

### PROLOGUE.

**A** PROLOGUE ? Well, of course the ladies  
know,—

I have my doubts. No matter,—here we  
go !

What is a Prologue ? Let our Tutor teach :  
*Pro* means beforehand ; *logos* stands for  
speech.

'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,  
The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings ;  
Prologues in metre are to other *pros*  
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

"The world's a stage,"—as Shakespeare  
said, one day ;

The stage a world—was what he meant to  
say.

The outside world's a blunder, that is clear ;  
The real world that Nature meant is here.

Here every foundling finds its lost mamma ;  
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa ;  
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are  
paid,

The cheats are taken in the traps they laid ;  
One after one the troubles all are past  
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,  
When the young couple, old folks, rogues,  
and all,

Join hands, so happy at the curtain's fall.

Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,  
And black-browed ruffians always come to  
grief.

When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,  
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,  
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven !" and drops  
upon her knees

On the green—baize,—beneath the (canvas)  
trees,—

See to her side avenging Valour fly :—

“Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr,  
yield or die!”

When the poor hero flounders in despair,  
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,  
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal  
joy,

Sobs on his neck, “*My boy!* MY BOY!!  
MY BOY!!!”

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world  
to-night,

Of love that conquers in disaster’s spite.

Ladies, attend! While woful cares and  
doubt

Wrong the soft passion in the world without,  
Though fortune scowl, though prudence  
interfere,

One thing is certain: Love will triumph  
here!

Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule,—  
The world’s great masters, when you’re out  
of school,—

Learn the brief moral of our evening’s play :  
Man has his will,—but woman has her way !  
While man’s dull spirit toils in smoke and  
fire,

Woman’s swift instinct threads the electric  
wire,—

The magic bracelet stretched beneath the  
waves

Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.  
All earthly powers confess your sovereign art  
But that one rebel,—woman's wilful heart.  
All foes you master, but a woman's wit  
Lets daylight through you ere you know  
you're hit.

So, just to picture what her art can do,  
Hear an old story, made as good as new.  
Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,  
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.  
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill  
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.  
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and  
shaggy-browed,

Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.  
His falchion lighted with a sudden gleam,  
As the pike's armour flashes in the stream.  
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;  
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.  
“Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous  
act,”

The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly  
cracked.)

“Friend, I *have* struck,” the artist straight  
replied;

“Wait but one moment, and yourself  
decide.”

He held his snuff-box,—“ Now then, if you please ! ”

The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,

Off his head tumbled,—bowled along the floor,—

Bounced down the steps ;—the prisoner said no more !

Woman ! thy falchion is a glittering eye ;

If death lurk in it, oh how sweet to die !

Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head ;

We die with love, and never dream we're dead !

### LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

WHEN legislators keep the law,  
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,

When berries—whortle, rasp, and straw—  
Grow bigger *downwards* through the box,—

When he that selleth house or land  
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—  
When haberdashers choose the stand  
Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,  
And party leaders all they mean,—  
When what we pay for, that we drink,  
From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,  
And doctors give what they would take,—  
When city fathers eat to live,  
Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale  
Shall bring his merit to the proof,  
Without a lie for every nail  
That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips  
Our gloves are stitched with special care,  
And guarded well the whalebone tips  
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot  
The power of suction to resist,  
And claret-bottles harbour not  
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,  
And pay for what they stole before,—  
When the first locomotive's wheel  
Rolls through the Hoosac Tunnel's bore ;—

*Till* then let Cumming blaze away,  
And Miller's saints blow up the globe ;  
But when you see that blessed day,  
*Then* order your ascension robe !

### ALBUM VERSES.

**W**HEN Eve had led her lord away,  
And Cain had killed his brother,  
The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,  
And teach the race its duty,  
By keeping on its wicked heart  
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,  
Will be at least a warning ;  
And so the flowers would watch by day,  
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,  
Their dewy eyes upturning,  
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn  
Till western skies are burning.

Alas ! each hour of daylight tells  
A tale of shame so crushing,  
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,  
And some are always blushing.  
But when the patient stars look down  
On all their light discovers,  
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
The lips of lying lovers,  
They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
And in the vain endeavour  
We see them twinkling in the skies,  
And so they wink for ever.

### A GOOD TIME GOING !

**B**RAVE singer of the coming time,  
Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,  
Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,  
The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,  
Good-bye ! Good-bye ! — Our hearts and  
hands,  
Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,  
Cry, God be with him, till he stands  
His feet among the English daisies !  
'Tis here we part ;—for other eyes  
The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,  
The dripping arms that plunge and rise,  
The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,

The kerchiefs waving from the pier,  
The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,  
The deep blue desert, lone and drear,  
With heaven above and home before him !

His home !—the Western giant smiles,  
And twirls the spotty globe to find it ;—  
This little speck the British Isles ?  
'Tis but a freckle,—never mind it !  
He laughs, and all his prairies roll,  
Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles,  
And ridges stretched from pole to pole  
Heave till they crack their iron knuckles !

But Memory blushes at the sneer,  
And Honour turns with frown defiant,  
And Freedom, leaning on her spear,  
Laughs louder than the laughing giant :  
“ An islet is a world,” she said,  
“ When glory with its dust has blended,  
And Britain keeps her noble dead  
Till earth and seas and skies are rended ! ”

Beneath each swinging forest-bough  
Some arm as stout in death reposes,—  
From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed  
brow  
Her valour's life-blood runs in roses ;

Nay, let our brothers of the West  
Write smiling in their florid pages,  
One half her soil has walked the rest  
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages !

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,  
From sea-weed fringe to mountain heather,  
The British oak with rooted grasp  
Her slender handful holds together ;—  
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,  
And Ocean narrowing to caress her,  
And hills and threaded streams between,—  
Our little mother isle, God bless her !

In earth's broad temple where we stand,  
Fanned by the eastern gales that brought  
us,  
We hold the missal in our hand,  
Bright with the lines our Mother taught  
us.

Where'er its blazoned page betrays  
The glistening links of gilded fetters,  
Behold, the half-turned leaf displays  
Her rubric stained in crimson letters !

Enough ! To speed a parting friend  
'Tis vain alike to speak and listen ;—  
Yet stay,—these feeble accents blend  
With rays of light from eyes that glisten.

Good-bye ! once more, —and kindly tell  
In words of peace the young world's  
story,—  
And say, besides, we love too well  
Our mothers' soil, our fathers' glory !

### THE LAST BLOSSOM.

THOUGH young no more, we still would  
dream

Of beauty's dear deluding wiles ;  
The leagues of life to graybeards seem  
Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles.

Who knows a woman's wild caprice ?  
It played with Goethe's silvered hair,  
And many a Holy Father's "niece"  
Has softly smoothed the papal chair.

When sixty bids us sigh in vain  
To melt the heart of sweet sixteen,  
We think upon those ladies twain  
Who loved so well the tough old Dean.

We see the Patriarch's wintry face,  
The maid of Egypt's dusky glow,  
And dream that Youth and Age embrace,  
As April violets fill with snow.

Tranced in her lord's Olympian smile  
His lotus-loving Memphian lies, —  
The musky daughter of the Nile,  
With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress  
Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,  
And Earth's brown, clinging lips impress  
The long cold kiss that waits us all !

My bosom heaves, remembering yet  
The morning of that blissful day,  
When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,  
And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,  
A lasso, with its leaping chain,  
Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew  
O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain.

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,  
Sweet vision, waited for so long !  
Dove that would seek the poet's cage  
Lured by the magic breath of song !

She blushes ! Ah, reluctant maid,  
Love's *drapeau rouge* the truth has told !  
O'er girlhood's yielding barricade  
Floats the great Leveller's crimson fold !

Come to my arms !—love heeds not years ;  
No frost the bud of passion knows.  
Ha ! what is this my frenzy hears ?  
A voice behind me uttered, —Rose !

Sweet was her smile,—but not for me ;  
Alas ! when woman looks *too* kind,  
Just turn your foolish head and see,—  
Some youth is walking close behind !

### CONTENTMENT.

“Man wants but little here below.”

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;  
I only wish a hut of stone,  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)      That I may call my own ;—  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;  
Three courses are as good as ten ;—  
If nature can subsist on three,  
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !  
I always thought cold victuals nice ;—  
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;—  
Give me a mortgage here and there,—  
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,  
Or trifling railroad share,—  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names ;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—  
But only near St. James ;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things ;—  
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—  
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me ;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;  
(Good, heavy silks are never dear ;)—  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;  
An easy gait—two, forty-five—  
Suits me ; I do not care ;—  
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—  
I love so much their style and tone,  
One Turner, and no more  
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—  
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few,—some fifty score  
For daily use, and bound for wear ;  
The rest upon an upper floor ;—  
Some *little luxury there*  
Of red morocco's gilded gleam  
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,  
Which others often show for pride,  
I value for their power to please,  
And selfish churls deride ;—  
One Stradivarius, I confess,  
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;—  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl ?  
Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;  
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*, —  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content !

## ÆSTIVATION.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY MY LATE  
LATIN TUTOR.

IN candent ire the solar splendor flames ;  
The foles, languescent, pend from arid  
                  rames ;  
His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,  
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,

Carp the suave berries from the crescent  
vine,  
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine !

To me, alas ! no verdurous visions come,  
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum,—  
No concave vast repeats the tender hue  
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue !

Me wretched ! Let me curr to quercine  
shades !  
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids !  
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous  
clump,—  
Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump !

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE HOSS-SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

**H**AVE you heard of the wonderful one-  
hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking  
still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will,—  
Above or below, or within or without,—  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear*  
*out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break  
daown :

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the  
    strain;  
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
    Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest  
    trees,  
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like  
    cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's  
    ellum,"—

Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.

That was the way he "put her through."  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll  
dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren—where were  
they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its  
youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —

There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
A general flavour of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.

There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the  
thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,  
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !

This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way !

Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,

Drawn by a rat-tailed, cwe-necked bay.

"Huddup !" said the parson. — Off went  
they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —

Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed

At what the — Moses was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill,—  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house  
clock,—  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !  
What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around ?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground !  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once,—  
All at once, and nothing first,—  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

## PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY ;

OR, THE PRESIDENT'S OLD ARM-CHAIR.

A MATHEMATICAL STORY.

**F**ACTS respecting an old arm-chair.  
At Cambridge. Is kept in the College  
there.  
Seems but little the worse for wear.

That's remarkable when I say  
It was old in President Holyoke's day.  
(One of his boys, perhaps you know,  
Died, *at one hundred*, years ago.)  
*He* took lodgings for rain or shine  
Under green bed-clothes in '69.

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.—  
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.  
(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,—  
Standing still, if you must have proof.—  
“Gambrel?—Gambrel?”—Let me beg  
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—  
First great angle above the hoof,—  
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)  
Nicest place that ever was seen,—  
Colleges red and Common green,  
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.  
Sweetest spot beneath the skies  
When the canker-worms don't rise,—  
When the dust, that sometimes flies  
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,  
In a quiet slumber lies,  
Not in the shape of unbaked pies  
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbour it seems to be,  
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.  
Rows of gray old Tutors stand  
Ranged like rocks above the sand;

Rolling beneath them, soft and green,  
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen,—  
One wave, two waves, three waves, four,—  
Sliding up the sparkling floor :  
Then it ebbs to flow no more,  
Wandering off from shore to shore  
With its freight of golden ore !  
Pleasant place for boys to play ;—  
Better keep your girls away ;  
Hearts get rolled as pebbles do  
Which countless fingering waves pursue,  
And every classic beach is strown  
With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red  
stone.

But this is neither here nor there ;  
I'm talking about an old arm chair.  
You've heard, no doubt, of PARSON TURELL ?  
Over at Medford he used to dwell ;  
Married one of the Mathers' folk ;  
Got with his wife a chair of oak,—  
Funny old chair with seat like wedge,  
Sharp behind and broad front edge,—  
One of the oddest of human things,  
Turned all over with knobs and rings,—  
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand,—  
Fit for the worthies of the land,—  
Chief Justice Sewall a cause to try in,  
Or Cotton Mather to sit—and lie—in.

Parson Turell bequeathed the same  
To a certain student,—SMITH by name ;  
These were the terms, as we are told :  
“Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and  
holde ;  
When he doth graduate, then to passe  
To y<sup>e</sup> oldest Youth in y<sup>e</sup> Senior Classe.  
On payment of ”—(naming a certain sum)—  
“ By him to whom y<sup>e</sup> Chaire shall come ;  
He to y<sup>e</sup> oldest Senior next,  
And soe forever,”—(thus runs the text,)—  
“But one Crown lesse than he gave to claime,  
That being his Debte for use of same.”

*Smith* transferred it to one of the BROWNS,  
And took his money,—five silver crowns.  
*Brown* delivered it up to MOORE,  
Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.  
*Moore* made over the chair to LEE,  
Who gave him crowns of silver three.  
*Lee* conveyed it unto DREW,  
And now the payment, of course, was two.  
*Drew* gave up the chair to DUNN,—  
All he got, as you see, was one.  
*Dunn* released the chair to HALL,  
And got by the bargain no crown at all.  
And now it passed to a second BROWN,  
Who took it and likewise *claimed a crown.*

When *Brown* conveyed it unto WARE,  
Having had one crown, to make it fair,  
He paid him two crowns to take the chair ;  
And *Ware*, being honest, (as all Wares be,)  
He paid one POTTER, who took it, three.  
Four got ROBINSON ; five got DIX ;  
JOHNSON *primus* demanded six ;  
And so the sum kept gathering still  
Till after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

When paper money became so cheap,  
Folks wouldn't count it, but said " a heap,"  
A certain RICHARDS,—the books declare,—  
(A. M. in '90 ? I've looked with care  
Through the Triennial,—*name not there*,)—  
This person, Richards, was offered then  
Eightscore pounds, but would have ten ;  
Nine, I think, was the sum he took,—  
Not quite certain,—but see the book.  
By and by the wars were still,  
But nothing had altered the Parson's will.  
The old arm-chair was solid yet,  
But saddled with such a monstrous debt !  
Things grew quite too bad to bear,  
Paying such sums to get rid of the chair !  
But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,  
And there was the will in black and white,  
Plain enough for a child to spell.  
What should be done no man could tell,

For the chair was a kind of nightmare curse,  
And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort, to clear the doubt,  
They got old GOVERNOR HANCOCK out.  
The Governor came with his Lighthorse  
Troop

And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-hoop ;  
Halberds glittered and colours flew,  
French horns whinnied and trumpets blew,  
The yellow fifes whistled between their teeth,  
And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed  
beneath ;

So he rode with all his band,  
Till the President met him, cap in hand.  
The Governor "hefted" the crowns, and  
said,—

"A will is a will, and the Parson's dead."  
The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he,—  
"There is your p'int. And here's my fee.  
These are the terms you must fulfil,—  
On such conditions I BREAK THE WILL!"  
The Governor mentioned what these should  
be.

(Just wait a minute and then you'll see.)  
The President prayed. Then all was still,  
And the Governor rose and **BROKE THE  
WILL!**

“About those conditions?” Well, now you  
go

And do as I tell you, and then you'll know.  
Once a year, on Commencement day,  
If you'll only take the pains to stay,  
You'll see the President in the CHAIR,  
Likewise the Governor sitting there.  
The President rises ; both old and young  
May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,  
The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,  
Is this : Can I keep this old arm-chair ?  
And then his Excellency bows,  
As much as to say that he allows.  
The Vice-Gub. next is called by name ;  
He bows like t' other, which means the same.  
And all the officers round 'em bow,  
As much as to say that *they* allow.  
And a lot of parchments about the chair  
Are handed to witnesses then and there,  
And then the lawyers hold it clear  
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen ! Learn to give  
Money to colleges while you live.  
Don't be silly and think you'll try  
To bother the colleges, when you die,  
With codicil this, and codicil that,  
That Knowledge may starve while Law  
grows fat ;

For there never was pitcher that wouldn't  
spill,  
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will !

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A  
TEETOTALLER.

COME! fill a fresh bumper, for why  
should we go

logwood  
While the ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as  
they flow?

Pour out the decoction ~~rich juices~~ still bright with the sun.

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the <sup>dye-stuff</sup> rubies  
shall run.

half-ripened apples  
The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews  
have bled :

How sweet is the <sup>taste</sup>~~breath~~ of the <sup>sugar</sup>~~fragrance~~  
of lead  
~~they shed~~ !

rank poisons                      wines ! ! !

For summer's ~~last-roses~~ lie hid in the ~~wines~~

stable-boys smoking

That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed~~

long-nines.

~~thro' the vines.~~

Then a <sup>scowl</sup> smile, and a <sup>howl</sup> glass, and a <sup>scoff</sup> toast, and a  
sneer  
cheer,  
strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and  
For all the ~~good wine, and we've some of it~~  
beer!  
~~here!~~

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!  
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us~~  
~~all!~~

POEMS FROM THE PROFESSOR  
AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

1858-1859.

---

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold ; her face is white ;  
No more her pulses come and go ;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light ;—  
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes ;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.  
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?  
Say only this : A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

## HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art  
near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near !

## A SUN-DAY HYMN.

L ORD of all being ! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

### THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

AH, here it is ! the slaying rail  
That marks the old remembered  
spot,—  
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,—  
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,  
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,  
That parted from the silver-birch  
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan ;  
With frequent bends to left or right,  
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,  
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—  
The broken millstone at the sill,—  
Though many a rood might stretch between,  
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,—  
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way  
With shaking knees and leaping heart,—  
And so it often runs astray  
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain  
From some unflar banquet reeled,—  
And since, our d<sup>i</sup>vious steps maintain  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus,—no earthborn will  
    Could ever trace a faultless line ;  
Our truest steps are human still,—  
    To walk unswerving were divine !

Truants from love, we dream of wrath ;—  
    Oh, rather let us trust the more !  
Through all the wanderings of the path,  
    We still can see our Father's door !

### IRIS, HER BOOK.

I PRAY thee by the soul of her that bore  
    thee,  
By thine own sister's spirit I implore thee,  
Deal gently with the leaves that lie before  
    thee !

For Iris had no mother to infold her,  
Nor ever leaned upon a sister's shoulder,  
Telling the twilight thoughts that Nature  
    told her.

She had not learned the mystery of awaking  
Those chorded keys that soothe a sorrow's  
    aching,  
Giving the dumb heart voice, that else were  
    breaking.

Yet lived, wrought, suffered. Lo, the  
pictured token !

Why should her fleeting day-dreams fade  
unspoken,

Like daffodils that die with sheaths un-  
broken ?

She knew not love, yet lived in maiden  
fancies,—

Walked simply clad, a queen of high  
romances,

And talked strange tongues with angels in  
her trances.

Twin-souled she seemed, a twofold nature  
wearing :

Sometimes a flashing falcon in her daring,

Then a poor mateless dove that droops  
despairing.

Questioning all things : Why her Lord had  
sent her ?

What were these torturing gifts, and where-  
fore lent her ?

Scornful as spirit fallen, its own tormentor.

And then all tears and anguish : Queen of  
Heaven,

Sweet Saints, and Thou by mortal sorrows  
riven,

Save me ! Oh, save me ! Shall I die forgiven ?

And then—Ah, God! But nay, it little  
matters :

Look at the wasted seeds that autumn  
scatters,

The myriad germs that Nature shapes and  
shatters !

If she had— Well ! She longed, and knew  
not wherefore.

Had the world nothing she might live to  
care for ?

No second self to say her evening prayer  
for ?

She knew the marble shapes that set men  
dreaming,

Yet with her shoulders bare and tresses  
streaming

Showed not unlovely to her simple seeming.

Vain? Let it be so! Nature was her  
teacher.

What if a lonely and unsistered creature  
Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing  
feature,

Saying, unsaddened,—This shall soon be  
faded,

And double-hued the shining tresses braided,  
And all the sunlight of the morning shaded?

This her poor book is full of saddest follies,  
Of tearful smiles and laughing melancholies,  
With summer roses twined and wintry  
hollies.

In the strange crossing of uncertain chances,  
Somewhere, beneath some maiden's tear-  
dimmed glances  
May fall her little book of dreams and  
fancies.

Sweet sister ! Iris, who shall never name  
thee,  
Trembling for fear her open heart may  
shame thee,  
Speaks from this vision-haunted page to  
claim thee.

Spare her, I pray thee ! If the maid is  
sleeping,  
Peace with her ! she has had her hour of  
weeping.  
No more ! She leaves her memory in thy  
keeping.

### ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.

HE sleeps not here ; in hope and prayer  
His wandering flock had gone before,  
But he, the shepherd, might not share  
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the *Speedwell's* anchor swung,  
Ere yet the *Mayflower's* sail was spread,  
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,  
The pastor spake, and thus he said :—

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear !  
God calls you hence from over sea ;  
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,  
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“Ye go to bear the saving word  
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod ;  
Heed well the lessons ye have heard  
From those old teachers taught of God.

“Yet think not unto them was lent  
All light for all the coming days,  
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent  
In making straight the ancient ways ;

“The living fountain overflows  
For every flock, for every lamb,  
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose  
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake ; with lingering, long embrace,  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,  
The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,  
And grated soon with lifting keel  
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these !—too well they knew  
The mitred king behind the throne ;—  
The sails were set, the pennons flew,  
And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,  
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,  
Who won for us this virgin earth,  
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine,—  
In alien earth the exiles lie,—  
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,  
His words our noblest battle-cry !

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,  
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea !  
Ye *have* not built by Haerlem Meer,  
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee !

## ST. ANTHONY THE REFORMER.

## HIS TEMPTATION.

NO fear lest praise should make us proud,  
We know how cheaply that is won ;  
The idle homage of the crowd  
Is proof of tasks as idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toil  
That follows still the conquering Right,  
With soft, white hands to dress the spoil  
That sun-browed valour clutched in fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,  
Serenely placid, safely true,  
And o'er the present's parching ways  
The verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power,—  
They fall like drops of scalding rain  
That plashed before the burning shower  
Swept o'er the cities of the plain !

Then scowling Hate turns deadly pale,—  
Then Passion's half-coiled adders spring,  
And, smitten through their leprous mail,  
Strike right and left in hope to sting.

If thou, unmoved by poisoning wrath,  
 Thy feet on earth, thy heart above,  
 Canst walk in peace thy kingly path,  
 Unchanged in trust, unchilled in love,—

Too kind for bitter words to grieve,  
 Too firm for clamour to dismay,  
 When Faith forbids thee to believe,  
 And Meekness calls to disobey,—

Ah, then beware of mortal pride !  
 The smiling pride that calmly scorns  
 Those foolish fingers, crimson dyed  
 In labouring on thy crown of thorns !

### THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

**I**N the little southern parlour of the house  
 you may have seen  
 With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking  
 westward to the green,  
 At the side toward the sunset, with the  
 window on its right,  
 Stood the London-made piano I am dream-  
 ing of to-night !

Ah me ! how I remember the evening when  
 it came !  
 What a cry of eager voices, what a group of  
 cheeks in flame,

When the wondrous box was opened that  
    had come from over seas,  
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its  
    flash of ivory keys !

Then the children all grew fretful in the  
    restlessness of joy,  
For the boy would push his sister, and the  
    sister crowd the boy,  
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave  
    paternal way,  
But the mother hushed the tumult with the  
    words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a  
    very sovereign balm ;  
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen  
    its brow grow calm,  
In the days of slender harpsichords with  
    tapping tinkling quills,  
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin  
    metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who  
    always loved to please,  
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and  
    struck the glittering keys.

Hushed were the children's voices, and  
 every eye grew dim,  
 As, floating from lip and finger, arose the  
 "Vesper Hymn."

Catherine, child of a neighbour, curly and  
 rosy-red,  
 (Wedded since, and a widow,—something  
 like ten years dead,)  
 Hearing a gush of music such as none before,  
 Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps  
 at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper  
 dies,  
 "Open it ! open it, lady !" the little maiden  
 cries,  
 (For she thought 'twas a singing creature  
 caged in a box she heard,)  
 "Open it ! open it, lady ! and let me see  
 the *bird* !"

#### MIDSUMMER.

**H**ERE ! sweep these foolish leaves away,  
 I will not crush my brains to-day !  
 Look ! are the southern curtains drawn ?  
 Fetch me a fan, and so begone !

Not that,—the palm-tree's rustling leaf  
Brought from a parching coral-reef !  
Its breath is heated ;—I would swing  
The broad gray plumes,—the eagle's wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood !—  
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,  
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,  
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odours on the air,  
And wheel me up my Indian chair,  
And spread some book not otherwise  
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

Who knows it not,—this dead recoil  
Of weary fibres stretched with toil,—  
The pulse that flutters faint and low  
When Summer's seething breezes blow !

O Nature ! bare thy loving breast,  
And give thy child one hour of rest,—  
One little hour to lie unseen  
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green !

So, curtained by a singing pine,  
Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,  
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay  
In sweeter music dies away.

## DE SAUTY.

## AN ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ECLOGUE.

The first messages received through the submarine cable were sent by an electrical expert, a mysterious personage who signed himself De Sauty.

*Professor.*

*Blue-Nose.*

PROFESSOR.

**T**ELL me, O Provincial! speak, Ceruleo-Nasal!

Lives there one De Sauty extant now among  
you,

Whispering Boanerges, son of silent thunder,  
Holding talk with nations?

Is there a De Sauty ambulant on Tellus,  
Bifid-cleft like mortals, dormant in night-  
cap,

Having sight, smell, hearing, food-receiving  
feature

Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-  
Nasal?

Or is he a *mythus*,—ancient word for “hum-  
bug,”—

Such as Livy told about the wolf that  
wet-nursed

Romulus and Remus?

Was he born of woman, this alleged De  
Sauty?

Or a living product of galvanic action,  
Like the *acarus* bred in Crosse's flint-  
solution?

Speak, thou Cyano-Rhinal!

## BLUE-NOSE.

Many things thou askest, jackknife-bearing  
stranger,

Much-conjecturing mortal, pork-and-treacle  
waster!

Pretermitt thy whittling, wheel thine ear-  
flap toward me,

Thou shall hear them answered.

When the charge galvanic tingled through  
the cable,

At the polar focus of the wire electric

Suddenly appeared a white-faced man among  
us :

Called himself "DE SAUTY."

As the small opossum held in pouch maternal  
Grasps the nutrient organ whence the term  
*mammalia*,

So the unknown stranger held the wire  
electric,

Sucking in the current.

When the current strengthened, bloomed  
the pale-faced stranger,—  
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and  
rosy,—  
And from time to time, in sharp articulation,  
Said, “*All right!* DE SAUTY.”

From the lonely station passed the utterance,  
spreading  
Through the pines and hemlocks to the  
groves of steeples,  
Till the land was filled with loud reverbera-  
tions  
Of “*All right!* DE SAUTY.”

When the current slackened, drooped the  
mystic stranger,—  
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew  
weaker,—  
Wasted to a shadow, with a hartshorn odour  
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his  
forehead,  
Whitened round his feet the dust of  
efflorescence,  
Till one Monday morning, when the flow  
suspended,  
There was no De Sauty.

Nothing but a cloud of elements organic,  
C. O. H. N. Ferrum, Chlor. Flu. Sil.  
Potassa,  
Calc. Sod. Phosph. Mag. Sulphur, Mang. (?)  
Alumin. (?) Cuprum, (?)  
Such as man is made of.

Born of stream galvanic, with it he had  
perished !  
There is no De Sauty now there is no  
current !  
Give us a new cable, then again we 'll hear  
him  
Cry, "*All right!* DE SAUTY."

POEMS FROM THE POET AT  
THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

1871-1872.

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HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

THE DIVINE VOICE.

GO seek thine earth-born sisters,—thus  
the Voice

That all obey,—the sad and silent three ;  
These only, while the hosts of Heaven  
rejoice,  
Smile never ; ask them what their sorrows  
be ;

And when the secret of their griefs they tell,  
Look on them with thy mild, half-human  
eyes ;  
Say what thou wast on earth ; thou knowest  
well ;  
So shall they cease from unavailing sighs.

## THE ANGEL.

Why thus, apart,—the swift-winged herald  
spake,—

Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung lyres  
While the trisagion's blending chords awake  
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly  
choirs?

## THE FIRST SPIRIT.

Chide not thy sisters,—thus the answer  
came;—

Children of earth, our half-weaned nature  
clings  
To earth's fond memories, and her whispered  
name  
Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened  
strings;

For there we loved, and where we love is  
home,

Home that our feet may leave, but not  
our hearts,  
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted  
dome:—

The chain may lengthen, but it never  
parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,  
 And then we softly whisper,—*can it be?*  
 And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try  
 To hear the music of its murmuring sea ;

To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse  
 of green,  
 Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance,  
 wafted through  
 The opening gates of pearl, that fold between  
 The blinding splendours and the changeless  
 blue.

## THE ANGEL.

Nay, sister, nay ! a single healing leaf  
 Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-  
 fruited tree  
 Would sooth such anguish,—deeper stabbing  
 grief  
 Has pierced thy throbbing heart—

## THE FIRST SPIRIT.

Ah, woe is me ! I from my clinging babe  
 was rudely torn ;  
 Say His tender lips a loveless bosom pressed ;  
<sup>w</sup> I forget him in my life new born ?  
 So sh<sup>h</sup> that my darling lay upon my breast !

## THE ANGEL.

And thou?—

## THE SECOND SPIRIT.

I was a fair and youthful bride,  
The kiss of love still burns upon my  
cheek,  
He whom I worshipped, ever at my side,—  
Him through the spirit realm in vain I  
seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on  
mine ;  
Ah ! not in these the wished-for look I  
read ;  
Still for that one dear human smile I pine ;  
*Thou and none other !—is the lover's creed.*

## THE ANGEL.

And whence *thy* sadness in a world of bliss  
Where never parting comes, nor mourner's  
tear ?  
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss  
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere?

## THE THIRD SPIRIT.

Nay, tax not me with passion's wasting fire ;  
When the swift message set my spirit free,  
Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-haired  
sire ;  
My friends were many, he had none save  
me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night ;  
Alas, for him no cheerful morning's dawn !  
I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of white,  
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is gone !*

## THE ANGEL.

Ye know me not, sweet sisters ?—All in vain  
Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they  
wore ;  
The flower once opened may not bud again,  
The fruit once fallen finds the stem no  
more.

Child, lover, sire,—yea, all things loved  
below,—  
Fair pictures damasked on a vapour's  
fold,—  
Fade like the roseate flush, the golden glow,  
When the bright curtain of the day is  
rolled.

*I* was the babe that slumbered on *thy* breast.  
And, sister, mine the lips that called *thee*  
    bride.  
Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand car-  
    essed,  
That faithful hand, my faltering footstep's  
    guide !

Each changing form, frail vesture of decay,  
    The soul unclad forgets it once hath worn,  
Stained with the travel of the weary day,  
    And shamed with rents from every way-  
    side thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace,—  
    To come with love's warm kisses back to  
    *thee*,—  
To show *thine* eyes thy gray-haired father's  
    face,  
Not Heaven itself could grant ; this may  
    not be !

Then spread your folded wings, and leave  
    to earth  
The dust once breathing ye have mourned  
    so long,  
Till love, new risen, owns his heavenly  
    birth,  
And sorrow's discords sweeten into song !

## FANTASIA.

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM.

**K**ISS mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,  
Blushing into life new-born !  
Lend me violets for my hair,  
And thy russet robe to wear,  
And thy ring of rosiest hue  
Set in drops of diamond dew !

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,  
From my Love so far away !  
Let thy splendour streaming down  
Turn its pallid lilies brown,  
Till its darkening shades reveal  
Where his passion pressed its seal !

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,  
Kiss my lips a soft good-night !  
Westward sinks thy golden car ;  
Leave me but the evening star,  
And my solace that shall be,  
Borrowing all its light from thee !

## AUNT TABITHA.

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,  
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the  
way ;

When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)  
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear Aunt ! If I only would take her  
advice !

But I like my own way, and I find it *so*  
nice !

And besides, I forget half the things I am  
told ;

But they all will come back to me—when I  
am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no  
doubt,

He may chance to look in as I chance to look  
out ;

*She* would never endure an impertinent  
stare,—

It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit  
there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I  
own,  
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone ;  
So I take a lad's arm,—just for safety, you  
know,—  
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they  
were then !  
They kept at arm's length those detestable  
men ;  
What an era of virtue she lived in !—But  
stay—  
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt  
Tabitha's day ?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa  
How he dared to propose to my darling  
mamma ;  
Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness !  
Who knows ?  
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should  
propose ?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,  
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must  
have been !

And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how  
shockingly sad  
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;  
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched  
young man !  
Though when to the altar a victim I go,  
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so !

## WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

FROM THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER'S POEM.

### I.

#### AMBITION.

**A**NOTHER clouded night ; the stars are  
hid,  
The orb that waits my search is hid with  
them.  
Patience ! Why grudge an hour a month,  
a year,  
To plant my ladder and to gain the round  
That leads my footsteps to the heaven of  
fame,  
Where waits the wreath my sleepless mid-  
nights won ?

Not the stained laurel such as heroes wear  
 That withers when some stronger conqueror's heel  
 Treads down their shrivelling trophies in  
     the dust ;  
 But the fair garland whose undying green  
 Not time can change, nor wrath of gods or  
     men !

With quickened heart-beats I shall hear the  
     tongues  
 That speak my praise ; but better far the  
     sense  
 That in the unshaped ages, buried deep  
 In the dark mines of unaccomplished time  
 Yet to be stamped with morning's royal die  
 And coined in golden days,—in those dim  
     years  
 I shall be reckoned with the undying dead,  
 My name <sup>at</sup> emblazoned on the fiery arch,  
 Unfading till the stars themselves shall fade.  
 Then, as they call the roll of shining  
     worlds,  
 Sages of race unborn in accents new  
 Shall count me with the Olympian ones of old,  
 Whose glories kindle through the midnight  
     sky :  
 Here glows the God of Battles ; this recalls  
 The Lord of Ocean, and yon far-off sphere

The Sire of him who gave his ancient name  
 To the dim planet with the wondrous rings ;  
 Here flames the Queen of Beauty's silver  
     lamp,

And there the moon-girt orb of mighty Jove ;  
 But *this*, unseen through all earth's æons  
     past,

A youth who watched beneath the western  
     star

Sought in the darkness, found, and shewed  
     to men ;

Linked with his name thenceforth and ever  
     more !

So shall that name be syllabled anew  
 In all the tongues of all the tribes of men :  
 I that have been through immemorial years  
 Dust in the dust of my forgotten time  
 Shall live in accents shaped of blood-warm  
     breath,

Yea, rise in mortal semblance, newly born  
 In shining stone, in undecaying bronze,  
 And stand on high, and look serenely down  
 On the new race that calls the earth its own.

Is this a cloud, that, blown athwart my  
     soul,

Wears a false seeming of the pearly stain  
 Where worlds beyond the world their  
     mingling rays

Blend in soft white,—a cloud that, born of  
earth,

Would cheat the soul that looks for light  
from heaven?

Must every coral-insect leave his sign  
On each poor grain he lent to build the reef,  
As Babel's builders stamped their sunburnt  
clay,

Or deem his patient service all in vain?  
What if another sit beneath the shade  
Of the broad elm I planted by the way,—  
What if another heed the beacon light  
I set upon the rock that wrecked my keel,—  
Have I not done my task and served my  
kind?

Nay, rather act thy part, unnamed, un-  
known,  
And let Fame blow her trumpet through  
the world

With noisy wind to swell a fool's renown,  
Joined with some truth he stumbled blindly  
o'er,

Or coupled with some single shining deed  
That in the great account of all his days  
Will stand alone upon the bankrupt sheet  
His pitying angel shows the clerk of Heaven.  
The noblest service comes from nameless  
hands,

And the best servant does his work unseen.

Who found the seeds of fire and made them  
     shoot,  
 Fed by his breath, in buds and flowers of  
     flame?  
 Who forged in roaring flames the ponderous  
     stone,  
 And shaped the moulded metal to his need?  
 Who gave the dragging car its rolling wheel,  
 And tamed the steed that whirls its circling  
     round?  
 All these have left their work and not their  
     names,—  
 Why should I murmur at a fate like theirs?  
 This is the heavenly light; the pearly stain  
 Was but a wind-cloud drifting o'er the stars!

## II.

## REGRETS.

Brief glimpses of the bright celestial  
     spheres,  
 False lights, false shadows, vague, uncertain  
     gleams,  
 Pale vaporious mists, wan streaks of lurid  
     flame,  
 The climbing of the upward-sailing cloud,  
 The sinking of the downward-falling star,—  
 All these are pictures of the changing moods  
 Borne through the midnight stillness of my  
     soul.

Here am I, bound upon this pillared rock,  
Prey to the vulture of a vast desire  
That feeds upon my life. I burst my bands  
And steal a moment's freedom from the  
    beak,  
The clinging talons and the shadowing  
    plumes ;  
Then comes the false enchantress, with her  
    song ;  
"Thou wouldst not lay thy forehead in the  
    dust  
Like the base herd that feeds and breeds  
    and dies !  
Lo, the fair garlands that I weave for thee,  
Unchanging as the belt Orion wears,  
Bright as the jewels of the seven-starred  
    Crown,  
The spangled stream of Berenice's hair !"  
And so she twines the fetters with the  
    flowers  
Around my yielding limbs, and the fierce bird  
Stoops to his quarry,—then to feed his rage  
Of ravening hunger I must drain my blood  
And let the dew-drenched, poison-breeding  
    night  
Steal all the freshness from my fading cheek,  
And leave its shadows round my caverned  
    eyes.  
All for a line in some unheeded scroll ;

All for a stone that tells to gaping clowns,  
"Here lies a restless wretch beneath a clod  
Where squats the jealous nightmare men  
call Fame !"

I marvel not at him who scorns his kind  
And thinks not sadly of the time foretold  
When the old hulk we tread shall be a  
wreck,

A slag, a cinder drifting through the sky  
Without its crew of fools! We live too  
long,

And even so are not content to die,  
But load the mould that covers up our bones  
With stones that stand like beggars by the  
road

And show death's grievous wound and ask  
for tears ;

Write our great books to teach men who  
we are,

Sing our fine songs that tell in artful phrase  
The secrets of our lives, and plead and pray  
For alms of memory with the after time,  
Those few swift seasons while the earth  
shall wear

Its leafy summers, ere its core grows cold  
And the moist life of all that breathes shall  
die ;

Or as the new-born seer, perchance more  
wise,

Would have us deem, before its growing  
     mass,  
 Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-  
     balls,  
 Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last  
 Man and his works and all that stirred itself  
 Of its own motion, in the fiery glow  
 Turns to a flaming vapour, and our orb  
 Shines a new sun for earths that shall be  
     born.

I am as old as Egypt to myself,  
 Brother to them that squared the pyramids  
 By the same stars I watch. I read the page  
 Where every letter is a glittering world,  
 With them who looked from Shinar's clay-  
     built towers,  
 Ere yet the wanderer of the Midland sea  
 Had missed the fallen sister of the seven.  
 I dwell in spaces vague, remote, unknown,  
 Save to the silent few, who, leaving earth,  
 Quit all communion with their living time.  
 I lose myself in that ethereal void,  
 Till I have tired my wings and long to fill  
 My breast with denser air, to stand, to walk  
 With eyes not raised above my fellow-men.  
 Sick of my unwalled, solitary realm,  
 I ask to change the myriad lifeless worlds  
 I visit as mine own for one poor patch

Of this dull spheroid and a little breath  
 To shape in word or deed to serve my kind.  
 Was ever giant's dungeon dug so deep,  
 Was ever tyrant's fetter forged so strong,  
 Was e'er such deadly poison in the draught  
 The false wife mingles for the trusting fool,  
 As he whose willing victim is himself  
 Digs, forges, mingles, for his captive soul?

## III.

## SYMPATHIES.

THE snows that glittered on the disk of Mars  
 Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb  
 Rolls in the crimson summer of its year ;  
 But what to me the summer or the snow  
 Of worlds that throb with life in forms  
     unknown,  
 If life indeed be theirs ; I heed not these.  
 My heart is simply human ; all my care  
 For them whose dust is fashioned like mine  
     own ;  
 These ache with cold and hunger, live in  
     pain,  
 And shake with fear of worlds more full of  
     woe ;  
 There may be others worthier of my love,  
 But such I know not save through these I  
     know.

There are two veils of language, hid beneath  
 Whose sheltering folds, we dare to be  
                                  ourselves ;

And not that other self which nods and  
                                  smiles

And babbles in our name ; the one is Prayer,  
 Lending its licensed freedom to the tongue  
 That tells our sorrows and our sins to  
                                  Heaven ;

The other, Verse, that throws its spangled  
                                  web

Around our naked speech and makes it bold.  
 I, whose best prayer is silence, sitting dumb  
 In the great temple where I nightly serve  
 Him who is throned in light, have dared to  
                                  claim

The poet's franchise, though I may not hope  
 To wear his garland ; hear me while I tell  
 My story in such form as poets use,  
 But breathed in fitful whispers, as the wind  
 Sighs and then slumbers, wakes and sighs  
                                  again.

Thou Vision, floating in the breathless air  
 Between me and the fairest of the stars,  
 I tell my lonely thoughts as unto thee.  
 Look not for marvels of the scholar's pen  
 In my rude measure ; I can only show  
 A slender-margined, unilluminated page

And trust its meaning to the flattering eye  
 That reads it in the gracious light of love.  
 Ah, wouldst thou clothe thyself in breathing  
     shape

And nestle at my side, my voice should lend  
 Whate'er my verse may lack of tender rhythm  
 To make thee listen.

I have stood entranced

When, with her fingers wandering o'er the  
     keys,

The white enchantress with the golden hair  
 Breathed all her soul through some unvalued  
     rhyme ;

Some flower of song that long had lost its  
     bloom :

Lo ! its dead summer kindled as she sang !  
 The sweet contralto, like the ringdove's coo,  
 Thrilled it with brooding, fond, caressing  
     tones,

And the pale minstrel's passion lived again,  
 Tearful and trembling as a dewy rose  
 The wind has shaken till it fills the air  
 With light and fragrance. Such the won-  
     drous charm

A song can borrow when the bosom throbs  
 That lends it breath.

So from the poet's lips

His verse sounds doubly sweet, for none like  
     him

Feels every cadence of its wave-like flow ;  
 He lives the passion over, while he reads,  
 That shook him as he sang his lofty strain  
 And pours his life through each resounding  
     line,

As ocean, when the stormy winds are hushed,  
 Still rolls and thunders through his billowy  
     caves.

## IV.

## MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

LET me retrace the record of the years  
 That made me what I am. A man most  
     wise,

But overworn with toil and bent with age,  
 Sought me to be his scholar,—me, run wild  
 From books and teachers,—kindled in my  
     soul

The love of knowledge ; led me to his tower,  
 Showed me the wonders of the midnight  
     realm

His hollow sceptre ruled, or seemed to rule,  
 Taught me the mighty secrets of the spheres,  
 Trained me to find the glimmering specks  
     of light

Beyond the unaided sense, and on my chart  
 To string them one by one, in order due,  
 As on a rosary a saint his beads.

I was his only scholar ; I became  
 The echo to his thought ; whate'er he knew  
 Was mine for asking ; so from year to year  
 We wrought together, till there came a time  
 When I, the learner, was the master half  
 Of the twinned being in the dome-crowned  
       tower.

Minds roll in paths like planets ; they re-  
       volve,  
 This in a larger, that a narrower ring,  
 But round they come at last to that same  
       phase,  
 That selfsame light and shade they showed  
       before.

I learned his annual and his monthly tale,  
 His weekly axiom and his daily phrase,  
 I felt them coming in the laden air,  
 And watched them labouring up to vocal  
       breath,  
 Even as the first-born at his father's board  
 Knows ere he speaks the too familiar jest  
 Is on its way, by some mysterious sign  
 Forewarned, the click before the striking  
       bell.

He shrivelled as I spread my growing leaves,  
 Till trust and reverence changed to pitying  
       care ;

He lived for me in what he once had been,  
But I for him, a shadow, a defence,  
The guardian of his fame, his guide, his  
staff,

Leaned on so long he fell if left alone.

I was his eye, his ear, his cunning hand,  
Love was my spur and longing after fame,  
But his the goading thorn of sleepless age  
That sees its shortening span, its lengthening  
shades,

That clutches what it may with eager grasp,  
And drops at last with empty, outstretched  
hands.

All this he dreamed not. He would sit him  
down

Thinking to work his problems as of old,  
And find the star he thought so plain a blur,  
The columned figures labyrinthine wilds  
Without my comment, blind and senseless  
scrawls

That vexed him with their riddles ; he would  
strive

And struggle for a while, and then his eye  
Would lose its light, and over all his mind  
The cold gray mist would settle ; and ere long  
The darkness fell, and I was left alone.

## V.

## ALONE.

ALONE! no climber of an Alpine cliff,  
 No Arctic venturer on the waveless sea,  
 Feels the dread stillness round him as it  
     chills  
 The heart of him who leaves the slumbering  
     earth  
 To watch the silent worlds that crowd the  
     sky.

Alone! And as the shepherd leaves his  
     flock  
 To feed upon the hillside, he meanwhile  
 Finds converse in the warblings of the pipe  
 Himself has fashioned for his vacant hour,  
 So have I grown companion to myself,  
 And to the wandering spirits of the air  
 That smile and whisper round us in our  
     dreams.  
 Thus have I learned to search if I may know  
 The whence and why of all beneath the stars  
 And all beyond them, and to weigh my life  
 As in a balance,—poising good and ill  
 Against each other,—asking of the Power

That flung me forth among the whirling  
                   worlds,  
 If I am heir to any inborn right,  
 Or only as an atom of the dust  
 That every wind may blow where'er it will.

## VI.

## QUESTIONING.

I AM not humble ; I was shown my place,  
 Clad in such robes as Nature had at hand ;  
 Took what she gave, not chose ; I know no  
                   shame,  
 No fear for being simply what I am.  
 I am not proud, I hold my every breath  
 At Nature's mercy. I am as a babe  
 Borne in a giant's arms, he knows not where ;  
 Each several heart-beat, counted like the  
                   coin  
 A miser reckons, is a special gift  
 As from an unseen hand ; if that withhold  
 Its bounty for a moment, I am left  
 A clod upon the earth to which I fall.

Something I find in me that well might  
                   claim  
 The love of beings in a sphere above  
 This doubtful twilight world of right and  
                   wrong ;

Something that shows me of the self-same  
clay

That creep or swims or flies in humblest  
form.

Had I been asked, before I left my bed  
Of shapeless dust, what clothing I would  
wear,

I would have said, More angel and less  
worm ;

But for their sake who are even such as I,  
Of the same mingled blood, I would not  
choose

To hate that meaner portion of myself  
Which makes me brother to the least of men.

I dare not be a coward with my lips  
Who dare to question all things in my soul ;  
Some men may find their wisdom on their  
knees,

Some prone and grovelling in the dust like  
slaves ;

Let the meek glowworm glisten in the dew ;  
I ask to lift my taper to the sky

As they who hold their lamps above their  
heads,

Trusting the larger currents up aloft,  
Rather than crossing eddies round their  
breast,

Threatening with every puff the flickering  
blaze.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce !  
 This is my homage to the mightier powers,  
 To ask my boldest question, undismayed  
 By muttered threats that some hysteric sense  
 Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne  
 Where wisdom reigns supreme ; and if I err,  
 They all must err who have to feel their way  
 As bats that fly at noon ; for what are we  
 But creatures of the night, dragged forth by  
     day,  
 Who needs must stumble, and with stammer-  
     ing steps  
 Spell out their paths in syllables of pain ?

Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who  
     dares  
 Look up to Thee, the Father,—dares to ask  
 More than thy wisdom answers. From thy  
     hand  
 The worlds were cast ; yet every leaflet  
     claims  
 From that same hand its little shining sphere  
 Of star-lit dew ; thine image, the great sun,  
 Girt with his mantle of tempestuous flame,  
 Glares in mid-heaven ; but to his noon-tide  
     blaze  
 The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,  
 And from his splendour steals its fairest hue,  
 Its sweetest perfume from his scorching fire.

## VII.

## WORSHIP.

FROM my lone turret as I look around  
 O'er the green meadows to the ring of blue,  
 From slope, from summit, and from half-hid  
 vale

The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed  
 spires,

Their gilded symbols whirling in the wind,  
 Their brazen tongues proclaiming to the  
 world,

“Here truth is sold, the only genuine ware ;  
 See that it has our trade-mark ! You will  
 buy

Poison instead of food across the way,  
 The lies of——” this or that, each several  
 name

The standard's blazon and the battle-cry  
 Of some true-gospel faction, and again  
 The token of the Beast to all beside.  
 And grouped round each I see a huddling  
 crowd

Alike in all things save the words they use ;  
 In love, in longing, hate and fear the same.

Whom do we trust and serve ? We speak  
 of one

And bow to many ; Athens still would find

The shrines of all she worshipped safe  
within

Our tall barbarian temples, and the thrones  
That crowned Olympus mighty as of old.

The god of music rules the Sabbath choir ;

The lyric muse must leave the sacred nine

To help us please the dilettante's ear ;

Plutus limps homeward with us, as we leave

The portals of the temple where we knelt

And listened while the god of eloquence

(Hermes of ancient days, but now disguised

In sable vestments) with that other god

Somnus, the son of Erebus and Nox,

Fights in unequal contest for our souls ;

The dreadful sovereign of the under world

Still shakes his sceptre at us, and we hear

The baying of the triple-throated hound ;

Eros is young as ever, and as fair

The lovely Goddess born of ocean's foam.

These be thy gods, O Israel ! Who is he,

The one ye name and tell us that ye serve,

Whom ye would call me from my lonely  
tower

To worship with the many-headed throng?

Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove

In the cool hour to seek our guilty sire?

The God who dealt with Abraham as the  
sons

Of that old patriarch deal with other men?  
 The jealous God of Moses, one who feels  
 An image as an insult, and is wroth  
 With him who made it and his child un-  
     born?  
 The God who plagued his people for the sin  
 Of their adulterous king, beloved of him,—  
 The same who offers to a chosen few  
 The right to praise him in eternal song  
 While a vast shrieking world of endless woe  
 Blends its dread chorus with their raptur-  
     ous hymn?  
 Is this the God ye mean, or is it He  
 Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving  
     heart  
 Is as the pitying father's to his child,  
 Whose lesson to his children is "Forgive,"  
 Whose plea for all, "They know not what  
     they do"?

## VIII.

## MANHOOD.

I CLAIM the right of knowing whom I  
     serve,  
 Else is my service idle; He that asks  
 My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.  
 To crawl is not to worship; we have learned  
 A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,

Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape  
 The flexures of the many-jointed worm.  
 Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams  
 To the world's children,—we have grown  
     to men !

We who have rolled the sphere beneath our  
     feet

To find a virgin forest, as we lay  
 The beams of our rude temple, first of all  
 Must frame its doorway high enough for  
     man

To pass unstooping ; knowing as we do  
 That He who shaped us last of living forms  
 Has long enough been served by creeping  
     things,

Reptiles that left their footprints in the  
     sand

Of old sea-margins that have turned to stone,  
 And men who learned their ritual ; we de-  
     mand

To know Him first, then trust Him and  
     then love

When we have found Him worthy of our  
     love,

Tried by our own poor hearts and not  
     before ;

He must be truer than the truest friend,  
 He must be tenderer than a woman's love,  
 A father better than the best of sires ;

Kinder than she who bore us, though we  
 sin  
 Oftener than did the brother we are told  
 We—poor ill-tempered mortals—must for-  
 give,  
 Though seven times sinning threescore  
 times and ten.

This is the new world's gospel : Be ye men !  
 Try well the legends of the children's time ;  
 Ye are the chosen people, God has led  
 Your steps across the desert of the deep  
 As now across the desert of the shore ;  
 Mountains are cleft before you as the sea  
 Before the wandering tribe of Israel's sons ;  
 Still onward rolls the thunderous caravan,  
 Its coming printed on the western sky,  
 A cloud by day, by night a pillared flame ;  
 Your prophets are a hundred unto one  
 Of them of old who cried, " Thus saith the  
 Lord " ;  
 They told of cities that should fall in heaps,  
 But yours of mightier cities that shall rise  
 Where yet the lonely fishers spread their  
 nets,  
 Where hides the fox and hoots the midnight  
 owl ;  
 The tree of knowledge in your garden grows  
 Not single, but at every humble door ;

Its branches lend you their immortal food,  
 That fills you with the sense of what ye are,  
 No servants of an altar hewed and carved  
 From senseless stone by craft of human  
     hands,

Rabbi, or dervish, brahmin, bishop, bonze,  
 But masters of the charm with which they  
     work

To keep your hands from that forbidden  
     tree!

Ye that have tasted that divinest fruit,  
 Look on this world of yours with opened  
     eyes!

Ye are as gods! Nay, makers of your  
     gods,—

Each day ye break an image in your shrine  
 And plant a fairer image where it stood:  
 Where is the Moloch of your fathers' creed,  
 Whose fires of torment burned for span-long  
     babes?

Fit object for a tender mother's love!  
 Why not? It was a bargain duly made  
 For these same infants through the surety's  
     act

Intrusted with their all for earth and heaven,  
 By Him who chose their guardian, knowing  
     well

His fitness for the task,—this, even this,

Was the true doctrine only yesterday  
 As thoughts are reckoned,—and to-day you  
     hear  
 In words that sound as if from human  
     tongues  
 Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of the  
     past  
 That blot the blue of heaven and shame the  
     earth  
 As would the saurians of the age of slime,  
 Awaking from their stony sepulchres  
 And wallowing hateful in the eye of day !

## IX.

## RIGHTS.

WHAT am I but the creature Thou hast  
     made ?  
 What have I save the blessings Thou hast  
     lent ?  
 What hope I but thy mercy and thy love ?  
 Who but myself shall cloud my soul with  
     fear ?  
 Whose hand protect me from myself but  
     thine ?

I claim the rights of weakness, I, the babe,  
 Call on my sire to shield me from the ills  
 That still beset my path, not trying me

With snares beyond my wisdom or my  
strength,

He knowing I shall use them to my harm,  
And find a tenfold misery in the sense  
That in my childlike folly I have sprung  
The trap upon myself as vermin use,  
Drawn by the cunning bait to certain doom.  
Who wrought the wondrous charm that  
leads us on

To sweet perdition, but the selfsame power  
That set the fearful engine to destroy  
His wretched offspring (as the Rabbis tell),  
And hid its yawning jaws and treacherous  
springs

In such a show of innocent sweet flowers  
It lured the sinless angels and they fell?

Ah! He who prayed the prayer of all  
mankind

Summed in those few brief words the  
mightiest plea

For erring souls before the courts of  
heaven,—

*Save us from being tempted,—lest we fall!*

If we are only as the potter's clay  
Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,  
And broken into shards if we offend  
The eye of Him who made us, it is well;  
Such love as the insensate lump of clay

That spins upon the swift-revolving wheel  
 Bears to the hand that shapes its growing  
 form,—

Such love, no more, will be our hearts'  
 return

To the great Master-workman for His care,—  
 Or would be, save that this, our breathing  
 clay,

Is intertwined with fine innumerable threads  
 That make it conscious in its framer's hand;  
 And this He must remember who has filled  
 These vessels with the deadly draught of  
 life,—

Life, that means death to all it claims.  
 Our love

Must kindle in the ray that streams from  
 heaven,

A faint reflection of the light divine;  
 The sun must warm the earth before the  
 rose

Can show her inmost heart-leaves to the sun.

He yields some fraction of the Maker's right  
 Who gives the quivering nerve its sense of  
 pain;

Is there not something in the pleading eye  
 Of the poor brute that suffers, which ar-  
 raigns

The law that bids it suffer? Has it not

A claim for some remembrance in the book  
 That fills its pages with the idle words  
 Spoken of men? Or is it only clay,  
 Bleeding and aching in the Potter's hand,  
 Yet all His own to treat it as He will  
 And when He will to cast it at His feet,  
 Shattered, dishonoured, lost forevermore?  
 My dog loves me, but could he look beyond  
 His earthly master, would his love extend  
 To Him who— Hush! I will not doubt  
     that He  
 Is better than our fears, and will not wrong  
 The least, the meanest of created things!

He would not trust me with the smallest orb  
 That circles through the sky; He would not  
     give  
 A meteor to my guidance; would not leave  
 The colouring of a cloudlet to my hand;  
 He locks my beating heart beneath its bars  
 And keeps the key himself; He measures  
     out  
 The draughts of vital breath that warm my  
     blood,  
 Winds up the springs of instinct which un-  
     coil,  
 Each in its season; ties me to my home,  
 My race, my time, my nation, and my creed  
 So closely that if I but slip my wrist

Out of the band that cuts it to the bone,  
 Men say, "He hath a devil"; He has lent  
 All that I hold in trust, as unto one  
 By reason of his weakness and his years  
 Not fit to hold the smallest shred in fee  
 Of those most common things he calls his  
     own,—

And yet—my Rabbi tells me—He has left  
 The care of that to which a million worlds  
 Filled with unconscious life were less than  
     naught,

Has left that mighty universe, the Soul,  
 To the weak guidance of our baby hands,  
 Let the foul fiends have access at their will,  
 Taking the shape of angels, to our hearts,—  
 Our hearts already poisoned through and  
     through

With the fierce virus of ancestral sin;  
 Turned us adrift with our immortal charge,  
 To wreck ourselves in gulfs of endless woe.  
 If what my Rabbi tells me is the truth  
 Why did the choir of angels sing for joy?  
 Heaven must be compassed in a narrow  
     space,

And offer more than room enough for all  
 That pass its portals; but the under-world,  
 The godless realm, the place where demons  
     forge

Their fiery darts and adamantine chains,

Must swarm with ghosts that for a little  
while

Had worn the garb of flesh, and being heirs  
Of all the dulness of their stolid sires,  
And all the erring instincts of their tribe,  
Nature's own teaching, rudiments of "sin,"  
Fell headlong in the snare that could not  
fail

To trap the wretched creatures shaped of  
clay

And cursed with sense enough to lose their  
souls !

Brother, thy heart is troubled at my  
word ;

Sister, I see the cloud is on thy brow.

He will not blame me, He who sends not  
peace,

But sends a sword, and bids us strike amain  
At Error's gilded crest, where in the van  
Of earth's great army, mingling with the  
best

And bravest of its leaders, shouting loud  
The battle-cries that yesterday have led  
The host of Truth to victory, but to-day  
Are watchwords of the laggard and the  
slave,

He leads his dazzled cohorts. God has made  
This world a strife of atoms and of spheres ;  
With every breath I sigh myself away

And take my tribute from the wandering  
     wind  
 To fan the flame of life's consuming fire ;  
 So, while my thought has life, it needs must  
     burn,  
 And, burning, set the stubble-fields ablaze,  
 Where all the harvest long ago was reaped  
 And safely garnered in the ancient barns.  
 But still the gleaners, groping for their food,  
 Go blindly feeling through the close-shorn  
     straw,  
 While the young reapers flash their glitter-  
     ing steel  
 Where later suns have ripened nobler grain !

## X.

## TRUTHS.

THE time is racked with birth-pangs ; every  
     hour  
 Brings forth some gasping truth, and truth  
     newborn  
 Looks a misshapen and untimely growth,  
 The terror of the household and its shame,  
 A monster coiling in its nurse's lap  
 That some would strangle, some would only  
     starve ;  
 But still it breathes, and passed from hand  
     to hand,

And suckled at a hundred half-clad breasts,  
 Comes slowly to its stature and its form,  
 Calms the rough ridges of its dragon-scales,  
 Changes to shining locks its snaky hair,  
 And moves transfigured into angel guise,  
 Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of  
     birth,  
 And folded in the same encircling arms  
 That cast it like a serpent from their hold !

If thou wouldst live in honour, die in peace,  
 Have the fine words the marble-workers  
     learn  
 To carve so well, upon thy funeral-stone,  
 And earn a fair obituary, dressed  
 In all the many-coloured robes of praise,  
 Be deafer than the adder to the cry  
 Of that same foundling truth, until it grows  
 To seemly favour, and at length has won  
 The smiles of hard-mouthed men and light-  
     lipped dames ;  
 Then snatch it from its meagre nurse's  
     breast,  
 Fold it in silk and give it food from gold ;  
 So shalt thou share its glory when at last  
 It drops its mortal vesture, and, revealed  
 In all the splendour of its heavenly form,  
 Spreads on the startled air its mighty wings !

Alas ! how much that seemed immortal truth  
 That heroes fought for, martyrs died to save,  
 Reveals its earth-born lineage, growing old  
 And limping in its march, its wings unplumed,

Its heavenly semblance faded like a dream !

Here in this painted casket, just unsealed,  
 Lies what was once a breathing shape like  
 thine,

Once loved as thou art loved ; there beamed  
 the eyes

That looked on Memphis in its hour of pride,  
 That saw the walls of hundred-gated Thebes,  
 And all the mirrored glories of the Nile.

See how they toiled that all-consuming time  
 Might leave the frame immortal in its tomb ;  
 Filled it with fragrant balms and odorous  
 gums

That still diffuse their sweetness through  
 the air,

And wound and wound with patient fold on  
 fold

The flaxen bands thy hand has rudely torn !  
 Perchance thou yet canst see the faded stain  
 Of the sad mourner's tear.

## XI.

IDOL BUT what is this?  
 Thee, bound upon the breast  
 A sacred beetle leathen! Snatch the curious  
 And blind.  
 That, at place among thy treasured spoils,  
 And relic,—corals, encrinites,  
 Lay in amber and the fish in stone,  
 If the twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,  
 Or Medal, intaglio, poniard, poison-ring,—  
 Place for the Memphian beetle with thine  
 hoard!

Ah! longer than thy creed has blest the  
 world  
 This toy, thus ravished from thy brother's  
 breast,  
 Was to the heart of Mizraim as divine,  
 As holy, as the symbol that we lay  
 On the still bosom of our white-robed dead,  
 And raise above their dust that all may know  
 Here sleeps an heir of glory. Loving friends,  
 With tears of trembling faith and choking  
 sobs,  
 And prayers to those who judge of mortal  
 deeds,

Wrapped this poor image in the cerement's  
fold

That Isis and Osiris, friends of man,  
Might know their own and claim the ransom-  
somed soul.

An idol? Man was born to worship, sealed,  
An idol is an image of his thought, aape like  
Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming  
And sometimes moulds it out of glittering beamed  
gold,

Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome, like,  
Or lifts it heavenward in a lofty spire,  
Or shapes it in a cunning frame of words,  
Or pays his priest to make it day by day ;  
For sense must have its god as well as soul ;  
A new-born Dian calls for silver shrines,  
And Egypt's holiest symbol is our own,  
The sign we worship as did they of old  
When Isis and Osiris ruled the world.

Let us be true to our most subtle selves,  
We long to have our idols like the rest.  
Think ! when the men of Israel had their  
God

Encamped among them, talking with their  
chief,  
Leading them in the pillar of the cloud  
And watching o'er them in the shaft of fire,

They still must have a STAR-DRIFTS.

longed for a STAN image ; still they  
For somewhat of substance

Whereon to hang substantial, solid form  
Their wandering their garlands, and to fix  
stronger holding thoughts and gain a  
For their unshold

If those get certain faith, not yet assured  
Were not same meteors of the day and night  
Are not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen race?  
Thou we more neighbours of the living God  
than they who gathered manna every morn,  
Reaping where none had sown, and heard  
the voice

Of him who met the Highest in the mount,  
And brought them tables, graven with His  
hand ?

Yet these must have their idol, brought  
their gold,

That star-browed Apis might be god again ;  
Yea, from their ears the women brake the  
rings

That lent such splendours to the gipsy brown  
Of sunburnt cheeks, — what more could  
woman do

To show her pious zeal ? They went astray,  
But nature led them as it leads us all.

We too, who mock at Israel's golden calf  
And scoff at Egypt's sacred scarabee,

Would have our amulets to clasp and kiss,  
 And flood with rapturous tears, and bear  
     with us  
 To be our dear companions in the dust ;  
 Such magic works an image in our souls !

Man is an embryo ; see at twenty years  
 His bones, the columns that uphold his  
     frame  
 Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,  
 Mere fragments of the temple incomplete.  
 At twoscore, threescore, is he then full  
     grown ?  
 Nay, still a child, and as the little maids  
 Dress and undress their puppets, so he tries  
 To dress a lifeless creed, as if it lived,  
 And change its raiment when the world  
     cries shame !

We smile to see our little ones at play  
 So grave, so thoughtful, with maternal care  
 Nursing the wisps of rags they call their  
     babes ;—  
 Does He not smile who sees us with the toys  
 We call by sacred names, and idly feign  
 To be what we have called them ? He is still  
 The Father of this helpless nursery-brood,  
 Whose second childhood joins so close its  
     first,

That in the crowding, hurrying years  
     between  
 We scarce have trained our senses to their  
     task  
 Before the gathering mist has dimmed our  
     eyes,  
 And with our hollowed palm we help our ear,  
 And trace with trembling hand our wrinkled  
     names,  
 And then begin to tell our stories o'er,  
 And see—not hear—the whispering lips that  
     say,  
 “You know——? Your father knew him.—  
     This is he,  
 Tottering and leaning on the hireling’s  
     arm,”—  
 And so, at length, disrobed of all that clad  
 The simple life we share with weed and  
     worm,  
 Go to our cradles, naked as we came.

## XII.

## LOVE.

WHAT if a soul redeemed, a spirit that loved  
 While yet on earth and was beloved in turn,  
 And still remembered every look and tone  
 Of that dear earthly sister who was left  
 Among the unwise virgins at the gate,—

Itself admitted with the bridegroom's  
train,—

What if this spirit redeemed, amid the host  
Of chanting angels, in some transient lull  
Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry  
Of its lost darling, whom in evil hour  
Some wilder pulse of nature led astray  
And left an outcast in a world of fire,  
Condemned to be the sport of cruel fiends,  
Sleepless, unpitying, masters of the skill  
To wring the maddest ecstasies of pain  
From worn-out souls that only ask to die,—  
Would it not long to leave the bliss of  
heaven,—

Bearing a little water in its hand  
To moisten those poor lips that plead in vain  
With Him we call our Father? Or is all  
So changed in such as taste celestial joy  
They hear unmoved the endless wail of woe;  
The daughter in the same dear tones that  
hushed

Her cradle slumbers; she who once had held  
A babe upon her bosom from its voice  
Hoarse with its cry of anguish, yet the  
same?

No! not in ages when the Dreadful Bird  
Stamped his huge footprints, and the  
Fearful Beast

Strode with the flesh about those fossil  
bones

We build to mimic life with pygmy hands,—  
Not in those earliest days when men ran  
wild

And gashed each other with their knives of  
stone,

When their low foreheads bulged in ridgy  
brows

And their flat hands were callous in the  
palm

With walking in the fashion of their sires,  
Grope as they might to find a cruel god

To work their will on such as human wrath  
Had wrought its worst to torture, and had  
left

With rage unsated, white and stark and cold,  
Could hate have shaped a demon more  
malign

Than him the dead men mummied in their  
creed

And taught their trembling children to  
adore !

Made in *His* image ! Sweet and gracious  
souls

Dear to my heart by nature's fondest names,  
Is not your memory still the precious mould  
That lends its form to Him who hears my  
prayer ?

Thus only I behold Him, like to them,  
 Long-suffering, gentle, ever slow to wrath,  
 If wrath it be that only wounds to heal,  
 Ready to meet the wanderer ere he re  
 The door he seeks, forgetful of his r'  
 Longing to clasp him in a father's  
 And seal his pardon with a pityit,

Four gospels tell their story to mank ...,  
 And none so full of soft, caressing words  
 That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and her  
 Babe

Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who  
 learned

In the meek service of his gracious art  
 The tones which, like the medicinal balms  
 That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe our  
 souls.

Oh that the loving woman, she who sat  
 So long a listener at her Master's feet,  
 Had left us Mary's Gospel,—all she heard  
 Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man !  
 Mark how the tender-hearted mothers read  
 The messages of love between the lines  
 Of the same page that loads the bitter  
 tongue

Of him who deals in terror as his trade  
 With threatening words of wrath that  
 scorch like flame !

They tell of angels whispering round the  
bed

Of the sweet infant smiling in its dream,  
Of lambs enfolded in the Shepherd's arms,  
Of Him who blessed the children ; of the  
land

Where crystal rivers feed unfading flowers,  
Of cities golden-paved with streets of pearl,  
Of the white robes the winged creatures  
wear,

The crowns and harps from whose melodious  
strings

One long, sweet anthem flows for evermore !  
We too had human mothers, even as Thou,  
Whom we have learned to worship as  
remote

From mortal kindred, wast a cradled babe.  
The milk of woman filled our branching  
veins,

She lulled us with her tender nursery-song,  
And folded round us her untiring arms,  
While the first unremembered twilight year  
Shaped us to conscious being ; still we feel  
Her pulses in our own,—too faintly feel ;  
Would that the heart of woman warmed  
our creeds !

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely cell,  
Not from the conclave where the holy men

Glare on each other, as with angry eyes  
 They battle for God's glory and their own,  
 Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands  
 Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn,—  
 Ah, not from these the listening soul can  
     hear

The Father's voice that speaks itself divine!  
 Love must be still our Master; till we learn  
 What he can teach us of a woman's heart,  
 We know not His whose love embraces all.

## EPILOGUE TO THE BREAKFAST- TABLE SERIES.

AUTOCRAT—PROFESSOR—POET

AT A BOOKSTORE

*Anno Domini* 1972.

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before  
 A low-price dealer's open door;  
 Therein arrayed in broken rows  
 A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,  
 The homeless vagrants, waifs, and strays  
 Whose low estate this line betrays  
 (Set forth the lesser birds to lime)  
*YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS 1 DIME!*

Ho ! dealer ; for its motto's sake  
 This scarecrow from the shelf I take ;  
 Three starveling volumes bound in one,  
 Its covers warping in the sun.  
 Methinks it hath a musty smell,  
 I like its flavour none too well,  
 But Yorick's brain was far from dull,  
 Though Hamlet pah ! 'd, and dropped his  
 skull.

Why, here comes rain ! The sky grows  
 dark,—

Was that the roll of thunder ? Hark !  
 The shop affords a safe retreat,  
 A chair extends its welcome seat,  
 The tradesman has a civil look  
 (I've paid, impromptu, for my book),  
 The clouds portend a sudden shower,—  
 I'll read my purchase for an hour.

. . . . .

What have I rescued from the shelf ?  
 A Boswell, writing out himself !  
 For though he changes dress and name,  
 The man beneath is still the same,  
 Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,  
 One actor in a dozen parts,  
 And whatsoe'er the mask may be,  
 The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down ;  
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,  
His rogues the selfsame parent own ;  
Nay ! Satan talks in Milton's tone !  
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,  
The salt sea wave its source betrays ;  
Where'er the queen of summer blows,  
She tells the zephyr, " I'm the rose ! "

And his is not the playwright's page ;  
His table does not ape the stage ;  
What matter if the figures seen  
Are only shadows on a screen,  
He finds in them his lurking thought,  
And on their lips the words he sought,  
Like one who sits before the keys  
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day ?  
Read, flattered, honoured ? Who shall say ?  
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast  
To find a peaceful shore at last,  
Once glorying in thy gilded name,  
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,  
Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,  
The first for many a long, long year !

For be it more or less of art  
That veils the lowliest human heart

Where passion throbs, where friendship  
glows,  
Where pity's tender tribute flows,  
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,  
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,  
For me the altar is divine,  
Its flame, its ashes,—all are mine !

And thou, my brother, as I look  
And see thee pictured in thy book,  
Thy years on every page confessed  
In shadows lengthening from the west,  
Thy glance that wanders, as it sought  
Some freshly opening flower of thought,  
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,  
I start to find myself in thee !

. . . . .  
Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn  
In leather jerkin stained and torn,  
Whose talk has filled my idle hour  
And made me half forget the shower,  
I'll do at least as much for you,  
Your coat I'll patch, your guilt renew,  
Read you—perhaps—some other time.  
Not bad, my bargain ! Price one dime !

# SONGS OF MANY SEASONS.

1862-1874.

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## OPENING THE WINDOW.

THUS I lift the sash, so long  
Shut against the flight of song ;  
All too late for vain excuse,—  
Lo, my captive rhymes are loose !

Rhymes that, flitting through my brain,  
Beat against my window-pane,  
Some with gaily coloured wings,  
Some, alas ! with venom'd stings.

Shall they bask in sunny rays ?  
Shall they feed on sugared praise ?  
Shall they stick with tangled feet  
On the critic's poisoned sheet ?

Are the outside winds too rough ?  
Is the world not wide enough ?  
Go, my wingèd verse, and try,—  
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly !

## PROGRAMME.

**R**EADER—gentle—if so be  
Such still live, and live for me,  
Will it please you to be told  
What my tenscore pages hold ?

Here are verses that in spite  
Of myself I needs must write,  
Like the wine that oozes first  
When the unsqueezed grapes have burst.

Here are angry lines, “ too hard ! ”  
Says the soldier, battle-scarred.  
Could I smile his scars away  
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,  
Read with placid wonder now.  
Throbbled such passion in my heart ?  
Did his wounds once really smart ?

Here are varied strains that sing  
All the changes life can bring,  
Songs when joyous friends have met,  
Songs the mourner's tears have wet.

See the banquet's dead bouquet,  
Fair and fragrant in its day ;  
Do they read the selfsame lines,—  
He that fasts and he that dines ?

Year by year, like milestones placed,  
Mark the record Friendship traced.  
Prisoned in the walls of time  
Life has notched itself in rhyme :

As its seasons slid along,  
Every year a notch of song,  
From the June of long ago,  
When the rose was full in blow,

Till the scarlet sage has come  
And the cold chrysanthemum.  
Read, but not to praise or blame ;  
Are not all our hearts the same ?

For the rest, they take their chance,—  
Some may pay a passing glance ;  
Others,—well, they served a turn,—  
Wherefore written, would you learn ?

Not for glory, not for pelf,  
Not, be sure, to please myself,  
Not for any meaner ends,—  
Always “by request of friends.”

Here's the cousin of a king,—  
Would I do the civil thing ?  
Here's the first-born of a queen ;  
Here's a slant-eyed Mandarin

*Would* I polish off Japan ?  
*Would* I greet this famous man,  
Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah ?—  
Figaro çì and Figaro là !

*Would* I just this once comply ?—  
So they teased and teased till I  
(Be the truth at once confessed)  
Wavered—yielded—did my best.

Turn my pages,—never mind  
If you like not all you find ;  
Think not all the grains are gold  
Sacramento's sand-banks hold.

Every kernel has its shell,  
Every chime its harshest bell,  
Every face its weariest look,  
Every shelf its emptiest book,

Every field its leanest sheaf,  
Every book its dullest leaf,  
Every leaf its weakest line,—  
Shall it not be so with mine ?

Best for worst shall make amends,  
Find us, keep us, leave us friends  
Till, perchance, we meet again.  
Benedicite.—Amen !

October 7, 1874.

## IN THE QUIET DAYS.

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### AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

**A**S through the forest, disarrayed  
By chill November, late I strayed,  
A lonely minstrel of the wood  
Was singing to the solitude :  
I loved thy music, thus I said,  
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread ;  
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now  
Thy carol on the leafless bough.  
Sing, little bird ! thy note shall cheer  
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue  
And morning filled their cups with dew,  
Thy slender voice with rippling trill  
The budding April bowers would fill,  
Nor passed its joyous tones away  
When April rounded into May :  
Thy life shall hail no second dawn,—  
Sing, little bird ! the spring is gone.

And I remember—well-a-day !—  
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,  
As when behind a broidered screen  
Some holy maiden sings unseen :  
With answering notes the woodland rung,  
And every tree top found a tongue.  
How deep the shade ! the groves how fair !  
Sing, little bird ! the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done  
And mute the choral antiphon ;  
The birds have left the shivering pines  
To flit among the trellised vines,  
Or fan the air with scented plumes  
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,  
And thou art here alone,—alone,—  
Sing, little bird ! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,  
At morn the running brook was still,  
From driven herds the clouds that rise  
Are like the smoke of sacrifice ;  
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock  
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn rock,  
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb,—  
Sing, little bird ! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,  
The songless fowls are half asleep,

The air grows chill, the setting sun  
May leave thee ere thy song is done,  
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,  
Thy secret die with thee, untold :  
The lingering sunset still is bright,—  
Sing, little bird ! 'twill soon be night.

1874.

## DOROTHY Q.

### A FAMILY PORTRAIT

I cannot tell the story of Dorothy Q. more simply in prose than I have told it in verse, but I can add something to it.

Dorothy was the daughter of Judge Edmund Quincy, and the niece of Josiah Quincy, junior, the young patriot and orator who died just before the American Revolution, of which he was one of the most eloquent and effective promoters. The son of the latter, Josiah Quincy, the first mayor of Boston bearing that name, lived to a great age, one of the most useful and honoured citizens of his time.

The canvas of the painting was so much decayed that it had to be replaced by a new one, in doing which the rapier thrust was of course filled up.

**G**RANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I  
guess,

Thirteen summers, or something less ;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;  
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair ;

Lips that lover has never kissed ;  
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;  
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
Hold up the canvas full in view,—  
Look ! there's a rent the light shines  
    through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—  
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—  
One whose best was not over well ;  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;  
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
Dainty colours of red and white,  
And in her slender shape are seen  
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn,—  
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !  
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,  
England's annals have known her name ;  
And still to the three-hilled rebel town  
Dear is that ancient name's renown,

For many a civic wreath they won,  
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;  
Such a gift as never a king  
Save to daughter or son might bring,—  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land ;  
Mother and sister and child and wife  
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One tenth another, to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES :  
Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;  
But never a cable that holds so fast  
Through all the battles of wave and blast.  
And never an echo of speech or song  
That lives in the babbling air so long !  
There were tones in the voice that whispered  
    then  
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
Your images hover,—and here we are,  
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—  
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own,—  
A goodly record for Time to show  
Of a syllable spoken so long ago !—  
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
For the tender whisper that bade me live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !  
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,  
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,  
And gild with a rhyme your household  
    name ;  
So you shall smile on us brave and bright  
As first you greeted the morning's light,  
And live untroubled by woes and fears  
Through a second youth of a hundred years.  
1871.

### THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

DEVOUTEST of my Sunday friends,  
The patient Organ-blower bends ;  
I see his figure sink and rise,  
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering eyes !)  
A moment lost, the next half-second,  
His head above the scanty screen,

Still measuring out his deep salaams  
Through quavering hymns and panting  
psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,  
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul ;  
No sister, fresh from holy vows,  
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows ;  
His large obeisance puts to shame  
The proudest genuflecting dame,  
Whose Easter bonnet low descends  
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,  
How much we owe those bows of thine !  
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,  
How vain the finger on the keys !  
Though all unmatched the player's skill,  
Those thousand throats were dumb and still :  
Another's art may shape the tone,  
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits  
Behind his temple's folded gates ;  
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls  
Through rainbowed windows on the walls,  
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills  
The quivering air with rapturous thrills ;

The roof resounds, the pillars shake,  
And all the slumbering echoes wake !

The Preacher from the Bible-text  
With weary words my soul has vexed  
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray  
To find the lesson for the day);  
He tells us truths too plainly true,  
And reads the service all askew,—  
Why, why the—mischief—can't he look  
Beforehand in the service-book ?

But thou, with decent mien and face,  
Art always ready in thy place ;  
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,  
As steady as the strong monsoon ;  
Thy only dread a leathery creak,  
Or small residual extra squeak,  
To send along the shadowy aisles  
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,  
Comes from the church's pulpit end !  
Not all that bend the knee and bow  
Yield service half so true as thou !  
One simple task performed aright,  
With slender skill, but all thy might,  
Where honest labour does 's best,  
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,  
Through which the breath of being strays,  
Whose music makes our earth divine,  
Has work for mortal hands like mine.  
My duty lies before me. Lo,  
The lever there ! Take hold and blow !  
And He whose hand is on the keys  
Will play the tune as He shall please.

1872.

### AT THE PANTOMIME.

THE house was crammed from roof to  
floor,  
Heads piled on heads at every door ;  
Half dead with August's seething heat  
I crowded on and found my seat,  
My patience slightly out of joint,  
My temper short of boiling-point,  
Not quite at *Hate mankind as such*,  
Nor yet at *Love them overmuch*.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew  
Were gathered Hebrews not a few,  
Black-bearded, swarthy,—at their side  
Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed :

If scarce a Christian hopes for grace  
Who crowds one in his narrow place,  
What will the savage victim do  
Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew ?

Next on my left a breathing form  
Wedged up against me, close and warm ;  
The beak that crowned the bistr'd face  
Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race,—  
That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown  
hue,—  
Ah, cursèd, unbelieving Jew !  
I started, shuddering, to the right,  
And squeezed—a second Israelite !

Then woke the evil brood of rage  
That slumber, tongueless, in their cage ;  
I stabbed in turn with silent oaths  
The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,  
The snaky usurer, him that crawls  
And cheats beneath the golden balls,  
Moses and Levi, all the horde,  
Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,  
The grisly story Chaucer told,  
And many an ugly tale beside  
Of children caught and crucified ;

I heard the ducat-sweating thieves  
Beneath the Ghetto's slouching caves,  
And, thrust beyond the tented green,  
The lepers cry, "Unclean ! Unclean !"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,  
My sullen eye it could not please,  
In vain my conscience whispered, "Shame !  
Who but their Maker is to blame ?"  
I thought of Judas and his bribe,  
And steeled my soul against their tribe :  
My neighbours stirred ; I looked again  
Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue  
The mantling blood shows faintly through ;  
Locks dark as midnight, that divide  
And shade the neck on either side ;  
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam  
Clear as a starlit mountain stream ;—  
So looked that other child of Shem,  
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem !

And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood  
That flows unmingled from the Flood,—  
Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains  
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes !  
The New World's foundling, in thy pride  
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,

And lo ! the very semblance there  
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear !

I see that radiant image rise,  
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,  
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows  
The blush of Sharon's opening rose,—  
Thy hands would clasp His hallowed feet  
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,  
Thy lips would press His garment's hem  
That curl in wrathful scorn for them !

A sudden mist, a watery screen,  
Dropped like a veil before the scene ;  
The shadow floated from my soul,  
And to my lips a whisper stole,—  
“ Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,  
From thee the Son of Mary came,  
With thee the Father deigned to dwell,—  
Peace be upon thee, Israel ! ”

18—. Rewritten 1874.

### AFTER THE FIRE.

**W**HILE far along the eastern sky  
I saw the flags of Havoc fly,  
As if his forces would assault  
The sovereign of the starry vault

And hurl Him back the burning rain  
That seared the cities of the plain,  
I read as on a crimson page  
The words of Israel's sceptred sage :—

*For riches make them wings, and they  
Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,  
What hue shall paint the mocking light  
That burned and stained the orient skies  
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,  
As if the sun had lost his way  
And dawned to make a second day,—  
Above how red with fiery glow,  
How dark to those it woke below !

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,  
Flashed the false jewels of the fire ;  
Girt with her belt of glittering panes,  
And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,  
Our northern queen in glory shone  
With new-born splendours not her own,  
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,  
A victim decked for sacrifice !

The cloud still hovers overhead,  
And still the midnight sky is red ;  
As the lost wanderer strays alone  
To seek the place he called his own,

His devious footprints sadly tell  
How changed the pathways known so well ;  
The scene, how new ! The tale, how old  
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold !

Again I read the words that came  
Writ in the rubric of the flame :  
Howe'er we trust to mortal things,  
Each hath its pair of folded wings ;  
Though long their terrors rest unspread  
Their fatal plumes are never shed ;  
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,  
And blot the day and blast the night !

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings  
Around us, never spreads her wings ;  
Love, though he break his earthly chain,  
Still whispers he will come again ;  
But Faith that soars to seek the sky  
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,  
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,  
The cloudless azure whence they came !

## A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

Read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical  
Society.

NO ! never such a draught was poured  
Since Hebe served with nectar  
The bright Olympians and their Lord,  
Her over-kind protector,—  
Since Father Noah squeezed the grape  
And took to such behaving  
As would have shamed our grandsire ape  
Before the days of shaving,—  
No ! ne'er was mingled such a draught  
In palace, hall, or arbour,  
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed  
That night in Boston Harbour !  
It kept King George so long awake  
His brain at last got addled,  
It made the nerves of Britain shake,  
With sevenscore millions saddled ;  
Before that bitter cup was drained,  
Amid the roar of cannon,  
The Western war-cloud's crimson stained  
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon ;

Full many a six-foot grenadier  
The flattened grass had measured,  
And many a mother many a year  
Her tearful memories treasured ;  
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,  
The mighty realms were troubled,  
The storm broke loose, but first of all  
The Boston teapot bubbled !

An evening party,—only that,  
No formal invitation,  
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,  
No feast in contemplation,  
No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,  
No flowers, no songs, no dancing,—  
A tribe of red men, axe in hand,—  
Behold the guests advancing !  
How fast the stragglers join the throng,  
From stall and workshop gathered !  
The lively barber skips along  
And leaves a chin half-lathered ;  
The smith has flung his hammer down,—  
The horse-shoe still is glowing ;  
The truant tapster at the Crown  
Has left a beer-cask flowing ;  
The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,  
And trot behind their master ;  
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads,—  
The crowd is hurrying faster,—

Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush  
The streams of white-faced millers,  
And down their slippery alleys rush  
The lusty young Fort-Hillers,  
The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew,—  
The tories seize the omen :  
“ Ay, boys, you 'll soon have work to do  
For England's rebel foemen,  
'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,  
That fire the mob with treason,—  
When these we shoot and those we hang  
The town will come to reason.”

On—on to where the tea-ships ride !  
And now their ranks are forming,—  
A rush, and up the *Dartmouth's* side  
The Mohawk band is swarming !  
See the fierce natives ! What a glimpse  
Of paint and fur and feather,  
As all at once the full-grown imps  
Light on the deck together !  
A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,  
A blanket hides the breeches,—  
And out the cursèd cargo leaps,  
And overboard it pitches !

O woman, at the evening board  
So gracious, sweet, and purring,  
So happy while the tea is poured,  
So blest while spoons are stirring,

What martyr can compare with thee,  
The mother, wife, or daughter,  
That night, instead of best Bohea,  
Condemned to milk and water !

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame  
Who plies with rock and spindle  
The patient flax, how great a flame  
Yon little spark shall kindle !  
The lurid morning shall reveal  
A fire no king can smother  
Where British flint and Boston steel  
Have clashed against each other !  
Old charters shrivel in its track,  
His Worship's bench has crumbled,  
It climbs and clasps the union-jack,  
Its blazoned pomp is humbled,  
The flags go down on land and sea  
Like corn before the reapers ;  
So burned the fire that brewed the tea  
That Boston served her keepers !

The waves that wrought a century's wreck  
Have rolled o'er whig and tory ;  
The Mohawks on the *Dartmouth's* deck  
Still live in song and story ;  
The waters in the rebel bay  
Have kept the tea-leaf savour ;  
Our old North-Enders in their spray  
Still taste a Hyson flavour ;

And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows  
With ever fresh libations,  
To cheat of slumber all her foes  
And cheer the wakening nations !

1874.

### NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,  
I leave the bright enamelled zones  
below ;  
No more for me their beauteous bloom  
shall glow,  
Their lingering sweetness load the morning  
gale ;  
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless,  
pale,  
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling  
blow  
Along the margin of unmelting snow ;  
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I  
hail,  
White realm of peace above the flowering  
line ;  
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky  
spires !

O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets  
shine,  
On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
That filled the air with smoke of vain  
desires,  
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is  
thine !

1870.

## IN WAR TIME.



### TO CANAAN.

#### A PURITAN WAR-SONG.

This poem, published anonymously in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, was claimed by several persons, three, if I remember correctly, whose names I have or have had, but never thought it worth while to publish.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,  
With banner, gun, and sword?  
We're marching South to Canaan  
To battle for the Lord!  
What Captain leads your armies  
Along the rebel coasts?  
The Mighty One of Israel,  
His name is Lord of Hosts!  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To blow before the heathen walls  
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry  
Along the sea and shore ?  
The same our grandsires lifted up,—  
The same our fathers bore !  
In many a battle's tempest  
It shed the crimson rain,—  
What God has woven in his loom  
Let no man rend in twain !  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To plant upon the rebel towers  
The banners of the North !

What troop is this that follows,  
All armed with picks and spades ?  
These are the swarthy bondsmen,—  
The iron-skin brigades !  
They 'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,  
They 'll scoop out rebels' graves ;  
Who then will be their owner  
And march them off for slaves ?  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To strike upon the captive's chain  
The hammers of the North !

What song is this you 're singing ?  
The same that Israel sung

When Moses led the mighty choir,  
And Miriam's timbrel rung !  
To Canaan ! To Canaan !  
The priests and maidens cried :  
To Canaan ! To Canaan !  
The people's voice replied.  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To thunder through its adder dens  
The anthems of the North !

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,  
And all her walls lie flat,  
What follows next in order ?  
The Lord will see to that !  
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—  
We'll build the people's throne,—  
When half the world is Freedom's,  
Then all the world's our own !  
To Canaan, to Canaan  
The Lord has led us forth,  
To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,  
A whirlwind from the North !

August 12, 1862.

“THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER  
THEE THREE THINGS.”

**I**N poisonous dens, where traitors hide  
Like bats that fear the day,  
While all the land our charters claim  
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,  
Dead to their country's woe and shame,  
The recreants whisper **STAY!**

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires  
On Love's own altars glow,  
The mother hides her trembling fear,  
The wife, the sister, checks a tear,  
To breathe the parting word of cheer,  
Soldier of Freedom, **Go!**

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,  
And Mammon keeps his state,  
Where flatterers fawn and menials crouch,  
The dreamer, startled from his couch,  
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,  
And murmurs faintly **WAIT!**

In weary camps, on trampled plains  
That ring with life and drum,  
The battling host, whose harness gleams  
Along the crimson-flowing streams,  
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,  
We want you, Brother! **COME!**

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do,—

To go, to wait, to stay !

Sons of the Freedom-loving town,

Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,

The servile yoke, the civic crown,

Await your choice TO-DAY !

The stake is laid ! O gallant youth

With yet unsilvered brow,

If Heaven should lose and Hell should win,

On whom shall lie the mortal sin,

That cries aloud, *It might have been ?*

God calls you—answer NOW.

1862.

## NEVER OR NOW.

### AN APPEAL.

**L**ISTEN, young heroes ! your country is  
calling !

Time strikes the hour for the brave and  
the true !

Now, while the foremost are fighting and  
falling,

Fill up the ranks that have opened for  
you !

You whom the Fathers made free and  
defended,

Stain not the scroll that emblazons their  
fame !

You whose fair heritage spotless descended,  
Leave not your children a birthright of  
shame !

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands  
gasping !

Wait not till Honour lies wrapped in his  
pall !

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands'  
clasping,—

“ Off for the wars ! ” is enough for them all !

Break from the arms that would fondly  
caress you !

Hark ! 'tis the bugle-blast, sabres are  
drawn !

Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall  
bless you,

Maidens shall weep for you when you are  
gone !

Never or now ! cries the blood of a nation,  
Poured on the turf where the red rose  
should bloom ;

Now is the day and the hour of salvation,—  
Never or now ! peals the trumpet of doom !

Never or now ! roars the hoarse-throated  
cannon

Through the black canopy blotting the  
skies ;

Never or now ! flaps the shell-blasted pennon  
O'er the deep ooze where the *Cumberland*  
lies !

From the foul dens where our brothers are  
dying,

Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,—  
From the rank swamps where our martyrs  
are lying

Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,—

From the hot plains where they perish out-  
numbered,

Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's  
plough,

Comes the loud summons ; too long you have  
slumbered,

Hear the last Angel-trump,—Never or Now !  
1862.

### ONE COUNTRY.

ONE country ! Treason's writhing asp  
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,  
And Hatred wrenched with might and main  
To rend its welded links in twain,

While Mammon hugged his golden calf  
Content to take one broken half,  
While thankless churls stood idly by  
And heard unmoved a nation's cry !

One country ! “Nay,”—the tyrant crew  
Shrieked from their dens,—“it shall be two !  
Ill bodes to us this monstrous birth,  
That scowls on all the thrones of earth,  
Too broad yon starry cluster shines,  
Too proudly tower the New-World pines,  
Tear down the ‘banner of the free,’  
And cleave their land from sea to sea !”

One country still, though foe and “friend”  
Our seamless empire strove to rend ;  
Safe ! safe ! though all the fiends of hell  
Join the red murderers' battle-yell !  
What though the lifted sabres gleam,  
The cannons frown by shore and stream,—  
The sabres clash, the cannons thrill,  
In wild accord, One country still !

One country ! in her stress and strain  
We heard the breaking of a chain !  
Look where the conquering Nation swings  
Her iron flail,—its shivered rings !  
Forged by the rebels' crimson hand,  
That bolt of wrath shall scourge the land

Till Peace proclaims on sea and shore  
One Country now and evermore !

1865.

### GOD SAVE THE FLAG !

**W**ASHED in the blood of the brave and  
the blooming,  
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,  
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,  
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,  
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall ;  
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,  
Emblem of justice and mercy to all :

Justice that reddens the sky with her  
terrors,  
Mercy that comes with her white-handed  
train,  
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,  
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,  
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,  
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,  
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to  
the breeze !

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,  
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field  
wave,  
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its  
splendours,  
Washed from its stains in the blood of the  
brave !

1865.

## HYMN

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

**G**IVER of all that crowns our days,  
With grateful hearts we sing Thy  
praise ;  
Through deep and desert led by Thee,  
Our promised land at last we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause !  
If we have kept Thy holy laws,  
The sons of Belial curse in vain  
The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance ! Israel's Lord !  
Break in their grasp the shield and sword,  
And make Thy righteous judgments known  
Till all Thy foes are overthrown !

Then, Father, lay Thy healing hand  
In mercy on our stricken land ;  
Lead all its wanderers to the fold,  
And be their Shepherd as of old.

So shall one Nation's song ascend  
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,  
While Heaven's wide arch resounds again  
With peace on earth, good-will to men !

1865.

## HYMN

FOR THE FAIR AT CHICAGO.

**O** GOD ! in danger's darkest hour,  
In battle's deadliest field,  
Thy name has been our Nation's tower,  
Thy truth her help and shield.

Our lips should fill the air with praise,  
Nor pay the debt we owe,  
So high above the songs we raise  
The floods of mercy flow.

Yet Thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,  
The song of praise we sing,—  
Thy children, who Thine altar seek  
Their grateful gifts to bring.

Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,  
The home of woe and pain,  
The soldier's turfy pillow, red  
With battle's crimson rain.

No smoke of burning stains the air,  
No incense-clouds arise ;  
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare  
A bloodless sacrifice.

Lo ! for our wounded brothers' need,  
We bear the wine and oil ;  
For us they faint, for us they bleed,  
For them our gracious toil !

O Father, bless the gifts we bring !  
Cause Thou Thy face to shine,  
Till every nation owns her King,  
And all The earth is Thine.

1865.

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM,  
CAMBRIDGE.

APRIL 27, 1861.

**E**IGHTY years have passed and more,  
Since under the brave old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore  
They would follow the sign their banner bore,  
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,  
 Half is left to do,—  
 Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington !  
 When the battle is fought and won,  
 What shall be told of you ?

Hark !—'tis the south-wind moans,—  
 Who are the martyrs down ?  
 Ah, the marrow was true in your children's  
     bones  
 That sprinkled with blood the cursèd stones  
 Of the murder-haunted town !

What if the storm-clouds blow ?  
 What if the green leaves fall ?  
 Better the crashing tempest's throe  
 Than the army of worms that gnawed  
     below ;  
 Trample them one and all !

Then, when the battle is won,  
 And the land from traitors free,  
 Our children shall tell of the strife begun  
 When Liberty's second April sun  
     Was bright on our brave old tree !

## FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

**L**AND where the banners wave last in  
the sun,  
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,  
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea,  
Hark ! 'tis the voice of thy children to thee !

Here at thine altar our vows we renew  
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true,—  
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,  
Living to honour it, dying to save !

Mother of heroes ! if perfidy's blight  
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,  
Sound but one bugle-blast ! Lo ! at the  
sign  
Armies all panoplied wheel into line !

Hope of the world ! thou hast broken its  
chains,—  
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant  
remains,  
Stand for the right till the nations shall own  
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her  
throne !

Freedom ! sweet Freedom ! our voices  
    resound,  
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, un-  
    crowned !  
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,  
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they  
    beat !

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her  
    breast,—  
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the  
    West !  
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,  
She shall reign over us, world without end !

## ARMY HYMN.

“OLD HUNDRED.”

**O** LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !  
Behold the sacrifice we bring !  
To every arm Thy strength impart,  
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;  
Thy hand hath made our Nation free ;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign,—  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE !

### PARTING HYMN.

“ DUNDEE.”

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,  
We seek Thy gracious throne ;  
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,  
Our fainting hearts are known !

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,  
From every plague that harms ;  
In camp and march, in siege and fight,  
Protect our men-at-arms !

Though from our darkened lives they take  
What makes our life most dear,  
We yield them for their country's sake  
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
Their wounds our breasts will share ;  
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,  
Or grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
The stern destroyer cease,  
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,—  
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,  
Rule Thou our throneless land !

### THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the  
morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born ?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land :

Oh tell us what its name may be,—  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?

It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light,—  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground ;  
From tower and dome its glories spread ;  
It waves where lonely sentries tread ;

It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colours true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY !

### THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

NOW, while our soldiers are fighting our  
battles,

Each at his post to do all that he can,  
Down among rebels and contraband  
chattels,

What are you doing, my sweet little man ?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,  
All of them pressing to march with the van,  
Far from the home where their sweethearts  
are weeping ;

What are you waiting for, sweet little man ?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,  
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,  
You with the waist made for sword-belts  
and sashes,  
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet  
little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman ;  
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan ;  
Muster the Apron-String Guards on the  
Common,  
That is the corps for the sweet little man.

Give him for escort a file of young misses,  
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan ;  
They shall defend him from laughter and  
hisses,  
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little  
man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,  
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet  
and fan,  
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing  
duster,—  
That is the crest for the sweet little man !

Oh, but the Apron-String Guards are the fellows !

Drilling each day since our troubles began,—

“Handle your walking-sticks !” “Shoulder umbrellas !”

That is the style for the sweet little man !

Have we a nation to save? In the first place  
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan,—

Surely the spot where there's shooting's  
the worst place

Where I can stand, says the sweet little  
man.

Catch me confiding my person with  
strangers !

Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran!

In the brigade of the Stay-at-Home Rangers  
Marches my corps, says the sweet little  
man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,

Such were the soldiers that scaled the  
Redan ;

Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty  
Quakers,

Brave not the wrath of the sweet little  
man !

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!

*Sauve qui peut!* Bridget, and right about!

Ann;—

Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,

See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field's  
threshers

Beat out the continent's wheat from its  
bran,

While the wind scatters the chaffy seccshers,

What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from  
the borders,

How will he look while his features they  
scan?

How will he feel when he gets marching  
orders,

Signed by his lady love? sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect  
him,—

Life is too precious to shorten its span;

Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect  
him,

Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-  
Home Ranger !

Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big  
pan !

First in the field that is furthest from danger,  
Take your white-feather plume, sweet  
little man !

### UNION AND LIBERTY.

**F**LAG of the heroes who left us their  
glory,

Borne through their battle-fields' thunder  
and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,

Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame !

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain  
to shore,

While through the sounding sky

Loud rings the Nation's cry,—

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,

Pride of her children, and honoured afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation

Scatter each cloud that would darken a star !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unsceptred ! what foe shall assail  
thee,

Bearing the standard of Liberty's van ?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail  
thee,

Striving with men for the birthright of  
man !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when the sword  
thou must draw,

Then with the arms of thy millions united,  
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and  
Law !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always, through shadow  
and sun !

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?

Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE !

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain  
to shore,

While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—  
UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

# SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL.



## AMERICA TO RUSSIA.

AUGUST 5, 1866.

Read by Hon. G. V. Fox at a dinner given to the  
Mission from the United States, St. Petersburg.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart  
The worlds of East and West,  
Still beats the selfsame human heart  
In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main  
And dares the howling blast  
To clasp more close the golden chain  
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,  
In vain the billows roar  
That chafe the wild and stormy steep  
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes ! She comes ! her banners dip  
In Neva's flashing tide,  
With greetings on her cannon's lip,  
The storm-god's iron bride !

Peace garlands with the olive-bough  
Her thunder-bearing tower,  
And plants before her cleaving prow  
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store  
To fill her sunless hold,  
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore  
Its hidden caves infold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings  
She floats the depths above,  
A breath of flame to lend her wings,  
Her freight a people's love !

When darkness hid the starry skies  
In war's long winter night,  
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,  
The far-off Northern light !

And now the friendly rays return  
From lights that glow afar,  
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that burn  
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles  
We bear across the sea,  
O Neva of the banded isles,  
We moor our hearts in thee !

WELCOME TO THE GRAND DUKE  
ALEXIS.

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 6, 1871.

Sung to the Russian national air by the children of  
the public schools.

SHADOWED so long by the storm-cloud  
of danger,  
Thou whom the prayers of an empire  
defend,  
Welcome, thrice welcome ! but not as a  
stranger,  
Come to the nation that calls thee its  
friend !

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of  
December,  
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow ;  
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that  
remember  
Who was our friend when the world was  
our foe.

170 WELCOME TO GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet  
thee,

See the fresh flowers that a people has  
strewn :

Count them thy sisters and brothers that  
meet thee ;

Guest of the Nation, her heart is thine  
own !

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,  
Blend your broad flashes with evening's  
bright star !

God bless the Empire that loves the Great  
Union ;

Strength to her people ! Long life to the  
Czar !

AT THE BANQUET TO THE GRAND  
DUKE ALEXIS.

DECEMBER 9, 1871.

The first word to the guest we have gathered  
aloud greet !

Nevada's hoos are longing that word to  
And Shashat, —

the s's to the lips that are waiting to part,  
To the syllables spell themselves first in the  
of Alex.

Its accents may vary, its sound may be  
 strange,  
 But it bears a kind message that nothing  
 can change ;  
 The dwellers by Neva its meaning can tell,  
 For the smile, its interpreter, shows it full  
 well.

That word ! How it gladdened the Pilgrim  
 of yore,  
 As he stood in the snow on the desolate  
 shore !  
 When the shout of the sagamore startled  
 his ear  
 In the phrase of the Saxon, 'twas music to  
 hear !

Ah, little could Samoset offer our sire,—  
 The cabin, the corn-cake, the seat by the  
 fire ;  
 He had nothing to give,—the poor unshine  
 the land,—  
 But he gave him a WELCOME,—his <sup>mons</sup> of  
 his hand !

The tribe of the sachem has melted <sup>eds</sup> must  
 But the word that he spoke is rer  
 to-day, r to spell ;

And the page that is red with the record of  
shame

The tear-drops have whitened round Samoset's name.

The word that he spoke to the Pilgrim of  
old

May sound like a tale that has often been  
told ;

But the welcome we speak is as fresh as the  
dew,—

As the kiss of a lover, that always is new !

Ay, Guest of the Nation ! each roof is thine  
own

Through all the broad continent's star-  
bannered zone ;

From the shore where the curtain of morn  
is uprolled,

To the billows that flow through the gate-  
way of gold.

The snow-crested mountains are calling  
aloud ;

Nevada to Ural speaks out of the cloud,  
And Shasta shouts forth, from his throne in  
the sky,

To the storm-splintered summits, the peaks  
of Altai !

You must leave him, they say, till the  
summer is green !

Both shores are his home, though the waves  
roll between ;

And then we'll return him, with thanks for  
the same,

As fresh and as smiling and tall as he came.

But ours is the region of arctic delight ;

We can show him auroras and pole-stars by  
night ;

There's a Muscovy sting in the ice-tempered  
air,

And our firesides are warm and our maidens  
are fair.

The flowers are full-blown in the garlanded  
hall,—

They will bloom round his footsteps wher-  
ever they fall ;

For the splendours of youth and the sunshine  
they bring

Make the roses believe 'tis the summons of  
Spring.

One word of our language he needs must  
know well,

But another remains that is harder to spell ;

We shall speak it so ill, if he wishes to learn  
How we utter *Farewell*, he will have to  
return !

AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE  
EMBASSY.

AUGUST 21, 1868.

**B**ROTHERS, whom we may not reach  
Through the veil of alien speech,  
Welcome ! welcome ! eyes can tell  
What the lips in vain would spell,—  
Words that hearts can understand,  
Brothers from the Flowery Land !

We, the evening's latest born,  
Hail the children of the morn !  
We, the new creation's birth,  
Greet the lords of ancient earth,  
From their storied walls and towers  
Wandering to these tents of ours !

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,  
Who long hast shunned the staring day,  
Hid in mists of poet's dreams  
By thy blue and yellow streams,—  
Let us thy shadowed form behold,—  
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days ;  
 Wisdom walks in ancient ways ;  
 Thine the compass that could guide  
 A nation o'er the stormy tide,  
 Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,  
 Safe through thrice a thousand years !

Looking from thy turrets gray  
 Thou hast seen the world's decay,—  
 Egypt drowning in her sands,—  
 Athens rent by robbers' hands,—  
 Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,  
 Like a storm-cloud swept away :

Looking from thy turrets gray  
 Still we see thee. Where are they ?  
 And lo ! a new-born nation waits,  
 Sitting at the golden gates  
 That glitter by the sunset sea,—  
 Waits with outspread arms for thee !

Open wide, ye gates of gold,  
 To the Dragon's banner-fold !  
 Builders of the mighty wall,  
 Bid your mountain barriers fall !  
 So may the girdle of the sun  
 Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan  
 The snowy peaks of Ta Sieue-Shan,—  
 Till Erie blends its waters blue  
 With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu,—  
 Till deep Missouri lends its flow  
 To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho !

AT THE BANQUET TO THE  
 JAPANESE EMBASSY.

AUGUST 2, 1872.

WE welcome you, Lords of the Land of  
 the Sun !

The voice of the many sounds feebly  
 through one ;

Ah ! would 'twere a voice of more musical  
 tone,

But the dog-star is here, and the song-birds  
 have flown.

And what shall I sing that can cheat you  
 of smiles,

Ye heralds of peace from the Orient isles ?

If only the Jubilee— Why did you wait ?

You are welcome, but oh ! you're a little  
 too late !

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland  
and France,  
Round the fiddle of Strauss we have joined  
in the dance,  
We have lagered Herr Saro, that fine-  
looking man,  
And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is  
Dan.

What a pity ! we've missed it and you've  
missed it too,  
We had a day ready and waiting for you ;  
We'd have shown you—provided, of course,  
you had come—  
You'd have heard—no, you wouldn't,  
because it was dumb.

And then the great organ ! The chorus's  
shout !  
Like the mixture teetotallers call "Cold  
without"—  
A mingling of elements, strong, but not  
sweet ;  
And the drum, just referred to, that  
"couldn't be beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like  
your own,  
Where white Fusi-yama lifts proudly its  
cone

(The snow-mantled mountain we see on the  
fan  
That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze  
from Japan).

But ours the wide temple where worship is  
free  
As the wind of the prairie, the wave of the  
sea ;  
You may build your own altar wherever  
you will,  
For the roof of that temple is over you still.

One dome overarches the star-bannered  
shore ;  
You may enter the Pope's or the Puritan's  
door,  
Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway of  
bronze,  
For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or  
bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword  
and the pen  
Is to all of God's children, "We also are men!  
If you wrong us we smart, if you prick us  
we bleed,  
If you love us, no quarrel with colour or  
creed !"

You'll find us a well-meaning, free-spoken  
crowd,  
Good-natured enough, but a little too loud,—  
To be sure, there is always a bit of a row  
When we choose our Tycoon, and especially  
now.

You'll take it all calmly,—we want you to  
see  
What a peaceable fight such a contest can  
be,  
And of one thing be certain, however it ends,  
You will find that our voters have chosen  
your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first in  
the race,  
You will greet your old friend with the  
weed in his face;  
And if the white hat and the White House  
agree,  
You'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But oh, what a pity—once more I must say—  
That we could not have joined in a  
“Japanese day”!  
Such greeting we give you to-night as we  
can;  
Long life to our brothers and friends of  
Japan!

The Lord of the mountain looks down from  
 his crest  
 As the banner of morning unfurls in the  
 West ;  
 The Eagle was always the friend of the Sun ;  
 You are welcome !—The song of the cage-  
 bird is done.

# BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 3, 1864.

O EVEN-HANDED Nature ! we confess  
 This life that men so honour, love, and  
 bless  
 Has filled thine olden measure. Not the  
 less

We count the precious seasons that remain ;  
 Strike not the level of the golden grain,  
 But heap it high with years, that earth may  
 gain

What heaven can lose,—for heaven is rich  
 in song :  
 Do not all poets, dying, still prolong  
 Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,  
And England's heavenly minstrel sits  
    between  
The Mantuan and the wan-checked  
    Florentine?

This was the first sweet singer in the cage  
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age  
Claims in his vesper song its heritage :

Spare us, oh spare us long our heart's desire !  
Moloch, who calls our children through the  
    fire,  
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun  
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have  
    run ;  
Rather, as on those flowers that one by one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom  
    display  
Till evening's planet with her guiding ray  
Leads in the blind old mother of the day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a flower,  
The long, long daylight, numbering hour  
    by hour,  
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal  
    bower.

182 BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?  
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?  
His evening primrose has not opened yet;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the  
skies

In midnight from his century-laden eyes,  
Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open  
bright

As the resplendent cactus of the night  
That floods the gloom with fragrance and  
with light?

How can we praise the verse whose music  
flows

With solemn cadence and majestic close,  
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose?

How shall we thank him that in evil days  
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor  
praise,

Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
So to his youth his manly years were true,  
All dyed in royal purple through and  
through!

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven is  
strung  
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal  
tongue :  
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to mankind :  
In his own verse the poet still we find,  
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,  
As in their amber sweets the smothered  
bees,—  
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,  
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering  
trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow  
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature so  
Holds their soft hands, and will not let  
them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet  
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses beat  
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips  
repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their own :  
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,  
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful  
throne !

O lover of her mountains and her woods,  
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,  
Where Love himself with tremulous step  
intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred fire :  
Far be the day that claims thy sounding  
lyre  
To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be  
filled,  
Since throbbing hearts must be forever  
stilled,  
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes  
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,  
Its smoke may vanish from these blackened  
skies !

Then, when his summons comes, since come  
it must,  
And, looking heavenward with unfaltering  
trust,  
He wraps his drapery round him for the  
dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his  
head

The Northern fires beyond the zenith spread  
In lambent glory, blue and white and red,—

The Southern cross without its bleeding  
load,

The milky way of peace all freshly strowed,  
And every white-throned star fixed in its  
lost abode !

#### A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ.

HOW the mountains talked together,  
Looking down upon the weather,  
When they heard our friend had planned  
his

Little trip among the Andes !

How they 'll bare their snowy scalps  
To the climber of the Alps

When the cry goes through their passes,

“ Here comes the great Agassiz ! ”

“ Yes, I 'm tall,” says Chimborazo,

“ But I wait for him to say so,—

That's the only thing that lacks,—he  
Must sec me, Cotopaxi ! ”

“ Ay ! ay ! ” the fire-peak thunders,

“ And he must view my wonders !

I'm but a lonely crater  
Till I have him for spectator !”  
The mountain hearts are yearning,  
The lava-torches burning,  
The rivers bend to meet him,  
The forests bow to greet him,  
It thrills the spinal column  
Of fossil fishes solemn,  
And glaciers crawl the faster  
To the feet of their old master !  
Heaven keep him well and hearty,  
Both him and all his party !  
From the sun that broils and smites,  
From the centipede that bites,  
From the hail-storm and the thunder,  
From the vampire and the condor,  
From the gust upon the river,  
From the sudden earthquake shiver,  
From the trip of mule or donkey,  
From the midnight howling monkey,  
From the stroke of knife or dagger,  
From the puma and the jaguar,  
From the horrid boa-constrictor  
That has scared us in the pictur',  
From the Indians of the Pampas  
Who would dine upon their grampas,  
From every beast and vermin  
That to think of sets us squirm',  
From every snake that tries on

The traveller his p'ison,  
From every pest of Natur',  
Likewise the alligator,  
And from two things left behind him,—  
(Be sure they 'll try to find him,)  
The tax-bill and assessor,—  
Heaven keep the great Professor !  
May he find, with his apostles,  
That the land is full of fossils,  
That the waters swarm with fishes  
Shaped according to his wishes,  
That every pool is fertile  
In fancy kinds of turtle,  
New birds around him singing,  
New insects, never stinging,  
With a million novel data  
About the articulata,  
And facts that strip off all husks  
From the history of mollusks.  
And when, with loud Te Deum,  
He returns to his Museum,  
May he find the monstrous reptile  
That so long the land has kept ill  
By Grant and Sherman throttled,  
And by Father Abraham bottled,  
(All specked and streaked and mottled  
With the scars of murderous battles,  
Where he clashed the iron rattles  
That gods and men he shook at,)

For all the world to look at?  
God bless the great Professor!  
And Madam, too, God bless her!  
Bless him and all his band,  
On the sea and on the land,  
Bless them head and heart and hand,  
Till their glorious raid is o'er,  
And they touch our ransomed shore!  
Then the welcome of a nation,  
With its shout of exultation,  
Shall awake the dumb creation,  
And the shapes of buried æons  
Join the living creatures' pæans,  
Till the fossil echoes roar;  
While the mighty megalosaurus  
Leads the palæozoic chorus,—  
God bless the great Professor,  
And the land his proud possessor,—  
Bless them now and evermore!

1865.

AT A DINNER TO ADMIRAL  
FARRAGUT.

JULY 6, 1865.

NOW, smiling friends and shipmates  
all,  
Since half our battle's won,

A broadside for our Admiral !  
 Load every crystal gun !  
 Stand ready till I give the word,—  
 You won't have time to tire,—  
 And when that glorious name is heard,  
 Then hip ! hurrah ! and fire !

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft,—  
 Our eyes not sadly turn  
 And see the pirates huddling aft  
 To drop their raft astern ;  
 Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey  
 The lifted wave shall close,—  
 So perish from the face of day  
 All Freedom's banded foes !

But ah ! what splendours fire the sky !  
 What glories greet the morn !  
 The storm-tost banner streams on high,  
 Its heavenly hues new-born !  
 Its red fresh-dyed in heroes' blood,  
 Its peaceful white more pure,  
 To float unstained o'er field and flood  
 While earth and seas endure !

All shapes before the driving blast  
 Must glide from mortal view ;  
 Black roll the billows of the past  
 Behind the present's blue,

Fast, fast, are lessening in the light  
 'The names of high renown,—  
 Van Tromp's proud besom fades from  
 sight,  
 And Nelson's half-hull down !

Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea  
 Or skirts the safer shores  
 Of all that bore to victory  
 Our stout old commodores ;  
 Hull, Bainbridge, Porter,—where are  
 they ?  
 The waves their answer roll,  
 "Still bright in memory's sunset ray,—  
 God rest each gallant soul !"

A brighter name must dim their light  
 With more than noontide ray,  
 The Sea-King of the "River Fight,"  
 The Conqueror of the Bay,—  
 Now then the broadside ! cheer on cheer  
 To greet him safe on shore !  
 Health, peace, and many a bloodless year  
 To fight his battles o'er !

## AT A DINNER TO GENERAL GRANT.

JULY 31, 1865.

WHEN treason first began the strife  
That crimsoned sea and shore,  
The Nation poured her hoarded life  
On Freedom's threshing-floor ;  
From field and prairie, east and west,  
From coast and hill and plain,  
The sheaves of ripening manhood pressed  
Thick as the bearded grain.

Rich was the harvest ; souls as true  
As ever battle tried ;  
But fiercer still the conflict grew,  
The floor of death more wide ;  
Ah, who forgets that dreadful day  
Whose blot of grief and shame  
Four bitter years scarce wash away  
In seas of blood and flame ?

Vain, vain the Nation's lofty boasts,—  
Vain all her sacrifice !  
“ Give me a man to lead my hosts,  
O God in heaven ! ” she cries.  
While Battle whirls his crushing flail,  
And plies his winnowing fan, —  
Thick flies the chaff on every gale,—  
She cannot find her man !

Bravely they fought who failed to win,—  
     Our leaders battle-scarred,—  
 Fighting the hosts of hell and sin,  
     But devils die always hard !  
 Blame not the broken tools of God  
     That helped our sorest needs ;  
 Through paths that martyr feet have trod  
     The conqueror's steps He leads.

But now the heavens grow black with doubt,  
     The ravens fill the sky,  
 "Friends" plot within, foes storm without,  
     Hark,—that despairing cry,  
 "Where is the heart, the hand, the brain  
     To dare, to do, to plan?"  
 The bleeding Nation shrieks in vain,—  
     She has not found her man !

A little echo stirs the air,—  
     Some tale, whate'er it be,  
 Of rebels routed in their lair  
     Along the Tennessee.  
 The little echo spreads and grows,  
     And soon the trump of Fame  
 Has taught the Nation's friends and foes  
     The "man on horseback" 's name.

So well his warlike wooing sped,  
No fortress might resist  
His billets-doux of lispng lead,  
The bayonets in his fist,—  
With kisses from his cannons' mouth  
He made his passion known  
Till Vicksburg, vestal of the South,  
Unbound her virgin zone.

And still where'er his banners led  
He conquered as he came,  
The trembling hosts of treason fled  
Before his breath of flame,  
And Fame's still gathering echoes grew  
Till high o'er Richmond's towers  
The starry fold of Freedom flew,  
And all the land was ours.

Welcome from fields where valour fought  
To feasts where pleasure waits ;  
A Nation gives you smiles unbought  
At all her opening gates !  
Forgive us when we press your hand,—  
Your war-worn features scan,—  
God sent you to a bleeding land ;  
Our Nation found its man !

## TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE,  
MAY 27, 1868.

OUR Poet, who has taught the West-  
ern breeze  
To waft his songs before him o'er the  
seas,  
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings  
reach  
Borne on the spreading tide of English  
speech  
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the  
farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger  
be  
That finds a nest for him in every tree?  
How shall he travel who can never go  
Where his own voice the echoes do not  
know,  
Where his own garden flowers no longer  
learn to grow?

Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious, how  
benign  
Breathes through our troubled life that  
voice of thine,

Filled with a sweetness born of happier  
spheres,  
That wins and warms, that kindles,  
softens, cheers,  
That calms the wildest woe and stays the  
bitterest tears !

Forgive the simple words that sound like  
praise ;  
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase ;  
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,  
And save that tenderer moments make us  
bold  
Our whitening lips would close, their truest  
truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below  
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's  
bow,  
Know well what parting means of friend  
from friend ;  
After the snows no freshening dews  
descend,  
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine  
will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks,  
the days,  
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,

Grudging to alien hearths our widowed  
time ;  
And one has shaped a breath in artless  
rhyme  
That sighs, " We track thee still through  
each remotest clime."  
What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers  
shall be  
The more than golden freight that floats  
with thee !  
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt  
find,—  
Thou who hast won the hearts of half  
mankind,—  
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still  
behind !

TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED  
EHRENBERG.

FOR HIS "JUBILÆUM" AT BERLIN, NOVEMBER  
5, 1868.

This poem was written at the suggestion of Mr.  
George Bancroft, the historian.

**T**HOU who hast taught the teachers of  
mankind  
How from the least of things the mightiest  
grow,

What marvel jealous Nature made thee  
blind,  
Lest man should learn what angels long  
to know?  
Thou in the flinty rock, the river's flow,  
In the thick-moted sunbeam's sifted light  
Hast trained thy downward-pointed tube to  
show  
Worlds within worlds unveiled to mortal  
sight,  
Even as the patient watchers of the night,—  
The cyclope gleaners of the fruitful  
skies,—  
Show the wide misty way where heaven is  
white  
All paved with suns that daze our wonder-  
ing eyes.

Far o'er the stormy deep an empire lies,  
Beyond the storied islands of the blest,  
That waits to see the lingering day-star rise;  
The forest-cinctured Eden of the West;  
Whose queen, fair Freedom, twines her iron  
crest  
With leaves from every wreath that  
mortals wear,  
But loves the sober garland ever best  
That science lends the sage's silvered  
hair;—

198 TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED EHRENBURG.

Science, who makes life's heritage more fair,  
Forging for every lock its mastering key,  
Filling with life and hope the stagnant air,  
Pouring the light of Heaven o'er land and  
sea !

From her unsceptred realm we come to  
thee,

Bearing our slender tribute in our hands ;  
Deem it not worthless, humble though  
it be,

Set by the larger gifts of older lands :  
The smallest fibres weave the strongest  
bands,—

In narrowest tubes the sovereign nerves  
are spun,—

A little cord along the deep sea-sands  
Makes the live thought of severed nations  
one :

Thy fame has journeyed westering with the  
sun,

Prairies and lone sierras know thy name  
And the long day of service nobly done  
That crowns thy darkened evening with  
its flame !

One with the grateful world, we own thy  
claim,—

Nay, rather claim our right to join the  
throng

Who come with varied tongues, but hearts  
the same,  
To hail thy festal morn with smiles and  
song;  
Ah, happy they to whom the joys belong  
Of peaceful triumphs that can never die  
From History's record,—not of gilded  
wrong,  
But golden truths that, while the world  
goes by  
With all its empty pageant, blazoned high  
Around the Master's name for ever shine !  
So shines thy name illumined in the sky,—  
Such joys, such triumphs, such remem-  
brance thine !

A TOAST TO WILKIE COLLINS.

FEBRUARY 16, 1874.

THE painter's and the poet's fame  
Shed their twinned lustre round his  
name,  
To gild our story-teller's art,  
Where each in turn must play his part.

What scenes from Wilkie's pencil sprung,  
The minstrel saw but left unsung !  
What shapes the pen of Collins drew,  
No painter clad in living hue !

But on our artist's shadowy screen  
A stranger miracle is seen  
Than priest unveils or pilgrim seeks,—  
The poem breathes, the picture speaks !

And so his double name comes true,  
They christened better than they knew,  
And Art proclaims him twice her son,—  
Painter and poet, both in one !

## MEMORIAL VERSES.

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### FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865.

CHORAL: "LUTHER'S JUDGMENT HYMN."

O THOU of soul and sense and breath  
The ever-present Giver,  
Unto Thy mighty Angel, Death,  
All flesh Thou dost deliver ;  
What most we cherish we resign,  
For life and death alike are Thine,  
Who reignest Lord for ever !

Our hearts lie buried in the dust  
With him so true and tender,  
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,  
The shield of the offender ;  
Yet every murmuring voice is still,  
As, bowing to Thy sovereign will,  
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold  
This martyr generation,  
Which Thou, through trials manifold,  
Art showing Thy salvation !  
Oh let the blood by murder spilt  
Wash out Thy stricken children's guilt  
And sanctify our nation !

Be Thou Thy orphaned Israel's friend,  
Forsake thy people never,  
In One our broken Many blend,  
That none again may sever !  
Hear us, O Father, while we raise  
With trembling lips our song of praise,  
And bless Thy name for ever !

FOR THE COMMEMORATION  
SERVICES.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865.

FOUR summers coined their golden light  
in leaves,  
Four wasteful autumns flung them to the  
gale,  
Four winters wore the shroud the tempest  
weaves,  
The fourth wan April weeps o'er hill and  
vale ;

And still the war-clouds scowl on sea and  
land,  
With the red gleams of battle staining  
through,  
When lo ! as parted by an angel's hand,  
They open, and the heavens again are  
blue !

Which is the dream, the present or the past ?  
The night of anguish or the joyous morn ?  
The long, long years with horrors overcast,  
Or the sweet promise of the day new-born ?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms infold  
Thy belted first-born in their fast embrace,  
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch  
breathed of old,—  
“Now let me die, for I have seen thy  
face !”

Tell us, O mother,—nay, thou canst not  
speak,  
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed  
with joy,—  
Press thy mute lips against the sunbrowned  
cheek,  
Is this a phantom,—thy returning boy ?

Tell us, O maiden,—ah, what canst thou tell  
 That Nature's record is not first to  
 teach,—  
 The open volume all can read so well,  
 With its twin rose-hued pages full of  
 speech?

And ye who mourn your dead,—how sternly  
 true  
 The crushing hour that wrenched their  
 lives away,  
 Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for  
 you,  
 For them the dawning of immortal day!

Dream-like these years of conflict, not a  
 dream!  
 Death, ruin, ashes tell the awful tale,  
 Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam:  
 No dream, but truth that turns the nations  
 pale!

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands  
 Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,  
 Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands,—  
 Thrones look a century older in its light!

Rome had her triumphs ; round the conqueror's car

The ensigns waved, the brazen clarions  
blew,

And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war

With outspread wings the cruel eagles flew ;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking  
chains

Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed  
and scarred,

And wild-eyed wonders snared on Libyan  
plains,

Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that prætors clutched, that consuls  
brought

When Rome's returning legions crowned  
their lord ;

Less than the least brave deed these hands  
have wrought,

We clasp, unclinching from the bloody  
sword.

Theirs was the mighty work that seers  
foretold ;

They know not half their glorious toil has  
won,

For this is Heaven's same battle, — joined of old  
When Athens fought for us at Marathon !

Behold a vision none hath understood !

The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal ;  
Twice rings the summons.—Hail and fire  
and blood !

Then the third angel blows his trumpet-  
peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled  
coasts,

The green savannas swell the maddened  
cry,

And with a yell from all the demon hosts  
Falls the great star called Wormwood  
from the sky !

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow

Of the warm rivers winding to the shore,  
Thousands must drink the waves of death  
and woe,

But the star Wormwood stains the heavens  
no more !

Peace smiles at last ; the Nation calls her  
sons

To sheathe the sword ; her battle-flag she  
furls,

Speaks in glad thunders from unshot  
guns,

No terror shrouded in the smoke-wreath's  
curls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living, dead,  
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,  
For every holy drop your veins have shed  
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of  
green !

Welcome, ye living ! from the foeman's gripe  
Your country's banner it was yours to  
wrest,—  
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner-  
stripe,  
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a  
breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's bed  
Mark when your old battalions form in  
line,  
Move in their marching ranks with noiseless  
tread,  
And shape unheard the evening counter-  
sign,

Come with your comrades, the returning  
brave ;  
Shoulder to shoulder they await you here ;  
These lent the life their martyr-brothers  
gave,—  
Living and dead alike for ever dear !

## EDWARD EVERETT.

“OUR FIRST CITIZEN.”

Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical  
Society, January 30, 1865.

WINTER'S cold drift lies glistening o'er  
his breast ;  
For him no spring shall bid the leaf  
unfold :  
What Love could speak, by sudden grief  
oppressed,  
What swiftly summoned Memory tell, is  
told.

Even as the bells, in one consenting chime,  
Filled with their sweet vibrations all the  
air,  
So joined all voices, in that mournful time,  
His genius, wisdom, virtues, to declare.

What place is left for words of measured  
praise,  
Till calm-eyed History, with her iron pen,  
Grooves in the unchanging rock the final  
phrase  
That shapes his image in the souls of men?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his name,  
While countless tongues his full-orbed  
life rehearse,  
Love, by his beating pulses taught, will claim  
The breath of song, the tuneful throb of  
verse,—

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and flow,  
Moves, like the labouring heart, with rush  
and rest,  
Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and slow,  
Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn  
breast.

This was a mind so rounded, so complete,  
No partial gift of Nature in excess,  
That, like a single stream where many meet,  
Each separate talent counted something  
less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,  
Holds o'er the fields an undisputed reign ;  
While the broad summit of the table-land  
Seems with its belt of clouds a level plain.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful slave,  
Unsleeping Memory, strengthening with  
his toils,  
To every ruder task his shoulder gave,  
And loaded every day with golden spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned  
supreme  
O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling,  
thought;  
True as the dial's shadow to the beam,  
Each hour was equal to the charge it  
brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill  
That weighs the world of science grain  
by grain;  
All realms of knowledge owned the  
mastering will  
That claimed the franchise of its whole  
domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,  
Art, history, song,—what meanings lie in  
each  
Found in his cunning hand a stringless lyre,  
And poured their mingling music through  
his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our festal  
days,  
Whose ravishing division held apart  
The lips of listening throngs in sweet amaze,  
Moved in all breasts the selfsame human  
heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries  
To press some care, some haunting sadness  
down ;

His smile half shadow ; and to stranger eyes  
The kingly forehead wore an iron crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the storm,  
To fight for homely truth with vulgar  
power ;

Grace looked from every feature, shaped his  
form,—

The rose of Academe,—the perfect flower !

Such was the stately scholar whom we knew  
In those ill days of soul-enslaving calm,  
Before the blast of Northern vengeance blew  
Her snow-wreathed pine against the  
Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us ! did we hold too cheap  
The heart we might have known, but  
would not see,  
And look to find the nation's friend asleep  
Through the dread hour of her Geth-  
semane ?

That wrong is past ; we gave him up to  
Death  
With all a hero's honours round his name ;

As martyrs coin their blood, he coined his  
breath,  
And dimmed the scholar's in the patriot's  
fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we raise,—  
Telling our grief, our pride, to unborn  
years,—  
“He who had lived the mark of all men's  
praise  
Died with the tribute of a Nation's tears.”

## SHAKESPEARE.

### TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

APRIL 23, 1864

WHO claims our Shakespeare from that  
realm unknown,  
Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the  
deep,  
Where Genoa's roving mariner was blown?  
Her twofold Saint's-day let our England  
keep;  
Shall warring aliens share her holy task?"  
The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare! ours with all thy past,  
Till these last years that make the sea so  
wide,

Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast  
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous  
pride  
In every noble word thy sons bequeathed  
The air our fathers breathed !

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the  
strife,  
We turn to other days and far-off lands,  
Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,  
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered hands  
To wreath his bust, and scatter purple  
flowers,—  
Not his the need, but ours !

We call those poets who are first to mark  
Through earth's dull mist the coming of  
the dawn,—  
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale  
spark,  
While others only note that day is gone ;  
For him the Lord of light the curtain rent  
That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half known,  
Stretching beyond our narrow quadrant-  
lines,—

As in that world of Nature all outgrown  
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,  
And cast from Mariposa's mountain-wall  
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,  
Throbbing its radiance like a beating heart;  
In the wide compass of angelic powers  
The instinct of the blindworm has its part;  
So in God's kingliest creature we behold  
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-  
carved name  
Stamped once on dust that moved with  
pulse and breath,  
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame  
Whose undimmed glories gild the night  
of death :  
We praise not star or sun ; in these we see  
Thee, Father, only Thee !

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and  
love :  
We read, we reverence on this human  
soul,—  
Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—  
Plain as the record on Thy prophet's scroll,

When o'er his page the effluent splendours  
poured,

Thine own "Thus saith the Lord !"

This player was a prophet from on high,  
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet, sage,  
For him Thy sovereign pleasure passed them  
by ;

Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened  
age,  
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial mind  
Who taught and shamed mankind

Therefore we bid our hearts' 'Te Deum rise,  
Nor fear to make Thy worship less divine,  
And hear the shouted choral shake the skies,  
Counting all glory, power, and wisdom  
Thine ;  
For Thy great gift Thy greater name adore,  
And praise Thee evermore !

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost need,  
Thanks for these unstained drops of  
freshening dew !  
Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,  
Keep us to every sweet remembrance true,  
Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-  
born  
Our Nation's second morn !

IN MEMORY OF JOHN AND ROBERT  
WARE.

Read at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts  
Medical Society, May 25, 1864.

NO mystic charm, no mortal art,  
Can bid our loved companions stay ;  
The bands that clasp them to our heart  
Snap in death's frost, and fall apart ;  
Like shadows fading with the day,  
They pass away.

The young are stricken in their pride,  
The old, long tottering, faint and fall ;  
Master and scholar, side by side,  
Through the dark portals silent glide,  
That open in life's mouldering wall  
And close on all.

Our friend's, our teacher's task was done,  
When Mercy called him from on high ;  
A little cloud had dimmed the sun,  
The saddening hours had just begun,  
And darker days were drawing nigh :  
'Twas time to die.

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,  
A life with purer course and aim,  
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,  
We may not look on earth to find.  
The love that lingers o'er his name  
Is more than fame.

These blood-red summers ripen fast ;  
The sons are older than the sires ;  
Ere yet the tree to earth is cast,  
The sapling falls before the blast ;  
Life's ashes keep their covered fires, —  
Its flame expires.

Struck by the noiseless, viewless foe,  
Whose deadlier breath than shot or shell  
Has laid the best and bravest low,  
His boy, all bright in morning's glow,  
That high-souled youth he loved so well,  
Untimely fell.

Yet still he wore his placid smile,  
And, trustful in the cheering creed  
That strives all sorrow to beguile,  
Walked calmly on his way awhile :  
Ah, breast that leans on breaking reed  
Must ever bleed !

So they both left us, sire and son,  
 With opening leaf, with laden bough :  
 The youth whose race was just begun,  
 The wearied man whose course was run,  
 Its record written on his brow,  
 Are brothers now.

Brothers !—The music of the sound  
 Breathes softly through my closing strain ;  
 Can bread is holy ground,  
 The bands that its hovering round,  
 Snap in death's circle joins again  
 Like sh broken chain  
 1

### HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER 14,  
 1869.

BONAPARTE, AUGUST 15, 1769.—HUMBOLDT, SEPTEMBER  
 14, 1769.

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight  
 sound,  
 Set back the flaming index of the year,  
 Track the swift-shifting seasons in their  
 round  
 Through fivescore circles of the swinging  
 sphere !

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea  
 That cleaves the storm-cloud with its  
 snowy crest,  
 The embryo-heir of Empires *cast,*  
 A month-old babe upon *blast;*  
 breast. *ed at*

Those little hands that soon shall grow so  
 strong  
 In their rude grasp great thrones shall  
 rock and fall,  
 Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song  
 Holds the world's master in its slender  
 thrall.

Look ! a new crescent bends its silver bow ;  
 A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky :  
 Hark ! by the river where the lindens blow  
 A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror ! His the vast  
 domain,  
 Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed  
 lands ;  
 Earth and the weltering kingdom of the  
 main  
 Laid their broad charters in his royal  
 hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,  
Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or  
porch ;  
He read the record of the planet's page  
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods ;  
On the salt steppes he saw the starlight  
shine ;  
He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,  
And trod the galleries of the breathless  
mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung lyre,  
No problem vague, by torturing schoolmen  
vexed ;  
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,  
Nor skulked and scowled behind a Rabbi's  
text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly  
robe  
That priestly shoulders counted all their  
own,  
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe  
And led young Science to her empty  
throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins  
One fruitful year shall boast its double  
birth,  
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,  
Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never  
fade,  
Sweet with fair memories that can never  
die?  
Ask not the marbles where their bones are  
laid,  
But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers'  
cry :—

“Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,  
Like mandrakes, shrieking as they quit  
the soil !  
Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit  
That sucks its crimson from the heart of  
Toil !

“We claim the food that fixed our mortal  
fate,—  
Bend to our reach the long-forbidden tree !  
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern gate,—  
Its western portal is for ever free !

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning  
year,  
Heap with full hands the peaceful con-  
queror's shrine  
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's  
tear !  
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute thine !”

## POEM.

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HALLECK  
MONUMENT, JULY 8, 1869.

SAY not the Poet dies !  
Though in the dust he lies,  
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,  
Unsphered by envious death !  
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its  
roll ;  
Their fate he cannot share,  
Who, in the enchanted air  
Sweet with the lingering strains that  
Echo stole,  
Has left his dearer self the music of his  
soul !

We o'er his turf may raise  
Our notes of feeble praise,

And carve with pious care for after eyes  
The stone with "Here he lies";  
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,  
Whose walls of stately rhyme  
Roll back the tides of time,  
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets  
shine  
That wear his name inwrought with many  
a golden line!

Call not our Poet dead,  
Though on his turf we tread!  
Green is the wreath their brows so long  
have worn,—  
The minstrels of the morn,  
Who, while the Orient burned with new-  
born flame,  
Caught that celestial fire  
And struck a Nation's lyre!  
These taught the western winds the poet's  
name;  
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden  
flowers of fame!

Count not our Poet dead!  
The stars shall watch his bed,  
The rose of June its fragrant life renew  
His blushing mound to strew,

And all the tuneful throats of summer  
    swell  
    With trills as crystal-clear  
    As when he wooed the ear  
Of the young muse that haunts each  
    wooded dell,  
With songs of that "rough land" he loved  
    so long and well !

He sleeps ; he cannot die !  
    As evening's long-drawn sigh,  
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful  
    mound,  
    Spreads all their sweets around,  
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow  
    From where the rustling sedge  
    Frets our rude ocean's edge  
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of  
    snow.  
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but  
    dust below !

## HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT THE LAYING OF  
THE CORNER-STONE OF HARVARD MEMORIAL  
HALL, CAMBRIDGE, OCTOBER 6, 1870.

NOT with the anguish of hearts that are  
breaking

Come we as mourners to weep for our  
dead ;

Grief in our breasts has grown weary of  
aching,

Green is the turf where our tears we have  
shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are  
creeping,

Stealing each name and its legend away,  
Give their proud story to Memory's keeping,  
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their  
marches,

Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of  
morn,—

Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and  
arches !

Tell their bright deeds to the ages unborn !

Emblem and legend may fade from the  
portal,  
Keystone may crumble and pillar may  
fall ;  
They were the builders whose work is  
immortal,  
Crowned with the dome that is over us  
all !

## HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL AT  
CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 23, 1874.

WHERE, girt around by savage foes,  
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,  
Behold, the lofty temple stands,  
Reared by her children's grateful hands !

Firm are the pillars that defy  
The volleyed thunders of the sky ;  
Sweet are the summer wreaths that twine  
With bud and flower our martyrs' shrine.

The hues their tattered colours bore  
Fall mingling on the sunlit floor  
Till evening spreads her spangled pall,  
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's hour,  
Sweet was their manhood's morning flower,  
Their hopes with rainbow hues were  
    bright,—  
How swiftly winged the sudden night !

O Mother ! on thy marble page  
Thy children read, from age to age,  
The mighty word that upward leads  
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

TRUTH, heaven-born TRUTH, their fearless  
    guide,  
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes died ;  
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,  
Their glory be for ever thine !

## HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES  
SUMNER, APRIL 29, 1874.

SUNG BY MALE VOICES TO A NATIONAL AIR OF HOLLAND.

ONCE more, ye sacred towers,  
    Your solemn dirges sound ;  
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,  
    Once more to deck his mound.

A nation mourns its dead,  
Its sorrowing voices one,  
As Israel's monarch bowed his head  
And cried, "My son ! My son !"

Why mourn for him ?—For him  
The welcome angel came  
Ere yet his eye with age was dim  
Or bent his stately frame ;  
His weapon still was bright,  
His shield was lifted high  
To slay the wrong, to save the right, —  
What happier hour to die ?

Thou orderest all things well ;  
Thy servant's work was done ;  
He lived to hear Oppression's knell,  
The shouts for Freedom won.  
Hark ! from the opening skies  
The anthem's echoing swell, —  
"O mourning Land, lift up thine eyes !  
God reigneth. All is well !"

# RHYMES OF AN HOUR.



## ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AVENUE  
THEATRE, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

**H**ANG out our banners on the stately  
tower !

It dawns at last—the long-expected hour !  
The steep is climbed, the star-lit summit  
won,

The builder's task, the artist's labour done ;  
Before the finished work the herald stands,  
And asks the verdict of your lips and hands !

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget  
The golden sun that yester-evening set ?  
Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away  
Ere the last headaches born of New Year's  
Day ;

With blasting breath the fierce destroyer  
came  
And wrapped the victim in his robes of  
flame ;

The pictured sky with redder morning  
blushed,  
With scorching streams the naiad's fountain  
gushed,  
With kindling mountains glowed the funeral  
pyre,  
Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire,—  
The scenes dissolved, the shrivelling curtain  
fell,—  
Art spread her wings and sighed a long  
farewell !

Mourn o'er the Player's melancholy  
plight,—  
Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white,—  
Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet  
cost,  
And Juliet whimpering for her dresses  
lost,—  
Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all  
undrawn,  
Their cues cut short, their occupation gone !

“Lie there in dust,” the red-winged  
demon cried,  
“Wreck of the lordly city's hope and  
pride !”

Silent they stand, and stare with vacant  
gaze,

While o'er the embers leaps the fitful blaze ;  
When, lo ! a hand, before the startled train,  
Writes in the ashes, " It shall rise again,—  
Rise and confront its elemental foes ! "

The word was spoken, and the walls arose,  
And ere the seasons round their brief career  
The new-born temple waits the unborn year.

Ours was the toil of many a weary day  
Your smiles, your plaudits, only can repay ;  
We are the monarchs of the painted scenes,  
You, you alone the real Kings and Queens !  
Lords of the little kingdom where we meet,  
We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet,  
Place in your grasp our portal's silvered keys  
With one brief utterance : *We have tried to  
please.*

Tell us, ye sovereigns of the new domain,  
Are you content—or have we toiled in vain ?

With no irreverent glances look around  
The realm you rule, for this is haunted  
ground !

Here stalks the Sorcerer, here the Fairy  
trips,  
Here limps the Witch with malice-working  
lips,

The Graces here their snowy arms entwine,  
Here dwell the fairest sisters of the Nine,—  
She who, with jocund voice and twinkling  
eye,

Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly ;  
She of the dagger and the deadly bowl,  
Whose charming horrors thrill the trembling  
soul ;

She who, a truant from celestial spheres,  
In mortal semblance now and then appears,  
Stealing the fairest earthly shape she can—  
Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran ;  
With these the spangled houri of the  
dance,—

What shaft so dangerous as her melting  
glance,  
As poised in air she spurns the earth below,  
And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe !

What were our life, with all its rents and  
seams,  
Stripped of its purple robes, our waking  
dreams ?

The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,  
The tinselled shows that cheat us on the stage  
Lead all our fancies captive at their will ;  
Three years or threescore, we are children  
still.

The little listener on his father's knee  
With wandering Sindbad ploughs the  
stormy sea,  
With Gotham's sages hears the billows roll  
(Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl,  
Too early shipwrecked, for they died too  
soon  
To see their offspring launch the great  
balloon);  
Tracks the dark brigand to his mountain  
lair,  
Slays the grim giant, saves the lady fair,  
Fights all his country's battles o'er again  
From Bunker's blazing height to Lundy's  
Lane ;  
Floats with the mighty captains as they  
sailed,  
Before whose flag the flaming red-cross  
paled,  
And claims the oft-told story of the scars  
Scarce yet grown white, that saved the  
stripes and stars !

Children of later growth, we love the  
PLAY,  
We love its heroes, be they grave or gay,  
From squeaking, peppery, devil-defying  
Punch  
To roaring Rickard with his camel-hunch ;

Adore its heroines, those immortal dames,  
Time's only rivals, whom he never tames,  
Whose youth, unchanging, lives while  
          thrones decay

(Age spares the Pyramids—and Dejazet);  
The saucy-aproned, razor-tongued soubrette,  
The blond-haired beauty with the eyes of jet,  
The gorgeous Beings whom the viewless  
          wires

Lift to the skies in strontian-crimsoned fires,  
And all the wealth of splendour that awaits  
The throng that enters those Elysian gates.

See where the hurrying crowd impatient  
          pours,  
With noise of trampling feet and flapping  
          doors,  
Streams to the numbered seat each paste-  
          board fits  
And smooths its caudal plumage as it sits ;  
Waits while the slow musicians saunter in,  
Till the bald leader taps his violin ;  
Till the old overture we know so well,  
Zampa or Magic Flute or William Tell,  
Has done its worst—then hark ! the tinkling  
          bell !  
The crash is o'er—the crinkling curtain  
          furled,  
And lo ! the glories of that brighter world !

Behold the offspring of the Thespian cart,  
This full-grown temple of the magic art,  
Where all the conjurers of illusion meet,  
And please us all the more, the more they  
    cheat.

These are the wizards and the witches too  
Who win their honest bread by cheating you  
With cheeks that drown in artificial tears  
And lying skull-caps white with seventy  
    years,  
Sweet-tempered matrons changed to scolding  
    Kates,  
Maids mild as moonbeams crazed with  
    murderous hates,  
Kind, simple souls that stab and slash and  
    slay  
And stick at nothing, if it 's in the play !

Would all the world told half as harmless  
    lies !  
Would all its real fools were half as wise  
As he who blinks through dull Dundreary's  
    eyes !  
Would all the unhang'd bandits of the age  
Were like the peaceful ruffians of the stage !  
Would all the cankers wasting town and  
    state,  
The mob of rascals, little thieves and great,

Dealers in watered milk and watered stocks,  
Who lead us lambs to pasture on the rocks,—  
Shepherds—Jack Sheppards—of their city  
flocks,—

The rings of rogues that rob the luckless  
town,

Those evil angels creeping up and down  
The Jacob's ladder of the treasury stairs,—  
Not stage, but real Turpins and Macaires,—  
Could doff, like us, their knavery with their  
clothes,

And find it easy as forgetting oaths !

Welcome, thrice welcome to our virgin  
dome,

The Muses' shrine, the Drama's new-found  
home !

Here shall the Statesman rest his weary  
brain,

The worn-out Artist find his wits again ;  
Here Trade forget his ledger and his cares,  
And sweet communion mingle Bulls and  
Bears ;

Here shall the youthful Lover, nestling near  
The shrinking maiden, her he holds most  
dear,

Gaze on the mimic moonlight as it falls  
On painted groves, on sliding canvas walls,

And sigh, "My angel! What a life of bliss  
 We two could live in such a world as this!"  
 Here shall the timid pedants of the schools,  
 The gilded boors, the labour-scorning fools,  
 The grass-green rustic and the smoke-dried  
     cit,  
 Feel each in turn the stinging lash of wit,  
 And as it tingles on some tender part  
 Each find a balsam in his neighbour's smart;  
 So every folly prove a fresh delight  
 As in the picture of our play to-night.

Farewell! The Players wait the  
     Prompter's call;  
 Friends, lovers, listeners! Welcome one  
     and all!

## A SEA DIALOGUE.

*Cabin Passenger.*

*Man at Wheel.*

CABIN PASSENGER.

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not  
     wonder much  
 That he who sails the ocean should be sad.  
 I am myself reflective. When I think

Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has  
sucked  
Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy  
waves,  
What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds,  
pearls,  
What piles of shekels, talents, ducats,  
crowns,  
What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian  
shawls,  
Of laces that have blanked the weavers' eyes,  
Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and  
man,  
The half-starved workman, and the well-fed  
worm ;  
What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parch-  
ments, books ;  
What many-lobuled, thought-engendering  
brains ;  
Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw,—  
I, too, am silent ; for all language seems  
A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.  
O mariner, we look upon the waves  
And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace !"   
they say,—  
"Mortal, be still !" My noisy tongue is  
hushed,  
And with my trembling finger on my lips  
My soul exclaims in ecstasy—

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay !

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes ! “Delay,”—it calls, “nor haste to  
break

The charm of stillness with an idle word !”

O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought  
Strides even with my own, nay, flies before.  
Thou art a brother to the wind and wave ;  
Have they not music for thine ear as mine,  
When the wild tempest makes thy ship his  
lyre,

Smiting a cavernous basso from the shrouds  
And climbing up his gamut through the  
stays,

Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it  
shrills

An alto keener than the locust sings,  
And all the great Æolian orchestra  
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale ?  
Is not the scene a wondrous and—

MAN AT WHEEL.

Avast !

## CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene !  
 I see thy soul is open as the day  
 That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl  
 To all the solemn glories of the deep.  
 Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel  
 The grandeur of thine office,—to control  
 The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife  
 And leaves a wake behind it like a seam  
 In the great shining garment of the world ?

## MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab ! y' hoss-marine !  
*(To the Captain.)*  
 Ay, ay, Sir ! Stiddy, Sir ! Sou'wes' b'  
 sou' !  
 November 10, 1864.

## CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC.

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD AND  
 LIVE LANGUAGES.

PHI BETA KAPPA.—CAMBRIDGE, 1867.

YOU bid me sing,—can I forget  
 The classic ode of days gone by,—  
 How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette  
 Exclaimed, “ Anacreōn, gerōn ei ” ?

“Regardez donc,” those ladies said,—  
“You’re getting bald and wrinkled too :  
When summer’s roses all are shed,  
Love’s nullum ite, voyez-vous !”

In vain ce brave Anacreon’s cry,  
“Of Love alone my banjo sings”  
(Erōta mounon). “Etiam si,—  
Eh b’en ?” replied the saucy things,—  
“Go find a maid whose hair is gray,  
And strike your lyre,—we sha’n’t com-  
plain ;  
But parce nobis, s’il vous plaît,—  
Voilà Adolphe ! Voilà Eugène !”

Ah, jeune Lisette ! Ah, belle Fifine !  
Anacreon’s lesson all must learn ;  
O kairos oxūs ; Spring is green,  
But Acer Hyems waits his turn !  
I hear you whispering from the dust,  
“Tiens, mon cher, c’est toujours so,—  
The brightest blade grows dim with rust,  
The fairest meadow white with snow !”

You do not mean it ! *Not* encore ?  
*Another* string of playday rhymes ?  
You’ve heard me—nonne est ?—before,  
Multoties,—more than twenty times ;  
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Non possum,—vraiment,—pas du tout,  
I cannot ! I am loath to shirk ;  
But who will listen if I do,  
My memory makes such shocking work ?

Ginōsko. Scio. Yes, I'm told  
Some ancient<sup>s</sup> like my rusty lay,  
As Grandpa Noah loved the old  
Red-sandstone march of Jubal's day.  
I used to carol like the birds,  
But time my wits has quite unfixed,  
Et quoad verba,—for my words,—  
Ciel ! Eheu ! Whe-ew !—how they're  
mixed !

Mehercle ! Zeu ! Diable ! how  
My thoughts were dressed when I was  
young,  
But tempus fugit ! see them now  
Half clad in rags of every tongue !  
O philoi, fratres, chers amis !  
I dare not court the youthful Muse,  
For fear her sharp response should be,  
“Papa Anacreon, please excuse !”

Adieu ! I've trod my annual track  
How long !—let others count the miles,—  
And peddled out my rhyming pack  
To friends who always paid in smiles.

So, laissez-moi ! some youthful wit  
No doubt has wares he wants to show ;  
And I am asking, " Let me sit,"  
Dum ille clamat, " Dos pou sto ! "

### FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF BOSTON PIER, OR  
THE LONG WHARF, APRIL 16, 1873.

DEAR friends, we are strangers ; we  
never before  
Have suspected what love to each other we  
bore ;  
But each of us all to his neighbour is dear,  
Whose heart has a throb for our time-  
honoured pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's face,  
I could open my arms in a loving embrace ;  
What wonder that feelings, undreamed of  
so long,  
Should burst all at once in a blossom of song !

While I turn my fond glance on the monarch  
of piers,  
Whose throne has stood firm through his  
eightscore of years,

My thought travels backward and reaches  
the day

When they drove the first pile on the edge  
of the bay.

See ! The joiner, the shipwright, the smith  
from his forge,

The redcoat, who shoulders his gun for  
King George,

The shopman, the 'prentice, the boys from  
the lane,

The parson, the doctor with gold-headed cane,

Come trooping down King Street, where  
now may be seen

The pulleys and ropes of a mighty machine ;

The weight rises slowly ; it drops with a  
thud ;

And, lo ! the great timber sinks deep in the  
mud !

They are gone, the stout craftsman that  
hammered the piles,

And the square-toed old boys in the three-  
cornered tiles ;

The breeches, the buckles, have faded from  
view,

And the parson's white wig and the ribbon-  
tied queue.

The redcoats have vanished ; the last  
grenadier  
Stepped into the boat from the end of our pier ;  
They found that our hills were not easy to  
climb,  
And the order came, " Countermarch,  
double-quick time ! "

They are gone, friend and foe,—anchored  
fast at the pier,  
Whence no vessel brings back its pale  
passengers here ;  
But our wharf, like a lily, still floats on the  
flood,  
Its breast in the sunshine, its roots in the  
mud.

Who—who that has loved it so long and so  
well—  
The flower of his birthright would barter  
or sell ?  
No : pride of the bay, while its ripples  
shall run,  
You shall pass, as an heirloom, from father  
to son !

Let me part with the acres my grandfather  
bought,  
With the bonds that my uncle's kind legacy  
brought,

With my bank-shares,—old “Union,” whose  
ten per cent. stock  
Stands stiff through the storms as the  
Eddystone rock ;

With my rights (or my wrongs) in the  
“Erie,”—alas !  
With my claims on the mournful and  
“Mutual Mass. ” ;  
With my “Phil. Wil. and Balt.,” with my  
“C. B. and Q. ” ;  
But I never, no never, will sell out of you.

We drink to thy past and thy future to-day,  
Strong right arm of Boston, stretched out  
o'er the bay.  
May the winds waft the wealth of all  
nations to thee,  
And thy dividends flow like the waves of  
the sea !

### A POEM SERVED TO ORDER.

PHI BETA KAPPA, JUNE 26, 1873.

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,  
And, scowling with a fearful look

That meant,— We stand no gammon,—  
“To-morrow, just at two,” he said,  
“Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,  
Or serve us up a salmon.”

“Great sire,” the trembling *chef* replied,  
“Lord of the Earth and all beside,  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on”—  
(Look in Eothen,—there you’ll find  
A list of titles. Never mind;  
I haven’t time to go on:)

“Great sire,” and so forth, thus he spoke,  
“Your Highness must intend a joke;  
It doesn’t stand to reason  
For one to order salmon brought,  
Unless that fish is sometimes caught,  
And also is in season.

“Our luck of late is shocking bad,  
In fact, the latest catch we had  
(We kept the matter shady),  
But, hauling in our nets,—alack !  
We found no salmon, but a sack  
That held your honoured Lady !”

“Allah is great !” the Caliph said,  
“My poor Zuleika, you are dead,

I once took interest in you.”  
“Perhaps, my Lord, you ’d like to know  
We cut the lines and let her go.”  
“Allah be praised ! Continue.”

“It isn’t hard one’s hook to bait,  
And, squatting down, to watch and wait,  
To see the cork go under ;  
At last suppose you’ve got your bite,  
You twitch away with all your might,—  
You’ve hooked an eel, by thunder !”

The Caliph patted Hassan’s head :  
“Slave, thou hast spoken well,” he said,  
“And won thy master’s favour.  
Yes ; since what happened t’other morn  
The salmon of the Golden Horn  
Might have a doubtful flavour.

“That last remark about the eel  
Has also justice that we feel  
Quite to our satisfaction.  
To-morrow we dispense with fish,  
And, for the present, if you wish,  
You ’ll keep your bulbous fraction.”

“Thanks ! thanks !” the grateful *chef* replied,  
His nutrient feature showing wide  
The gleam of arches dental :

“To cut my head off wouldn’t pay,  
I find it useful every day,  
As well as ornamental.”

---

Brothers, I hope you will not fail  
To see the moral of my tale  
And kindly to receive it.  
You know your anniversary pie  
Must have its crust, though hard and dry,  
And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youths were born  
I’ve fished in Fancy’s Golden Horn  
For what the Muse might send me !  
How gaily then I cast the line,  
When all the morning sky was mine,  
And Hope her flies would lend me !

And now I hear our despot’s call,  
And come, like Hassan, to the hall,—  
If there’s a slave, I am one,—  
My bait no longer flies, but worms !  
I’ve caught—Lord bless me ! how he  
squirms !  
An eel, and not a salmon !

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HARVARD  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25, 1873.

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain  
Through all the land of flowers  
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain  
Our classic grove embowers ;  
Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,  
Here dwells eternal spring,  
And warm from Hope's elysian isles  
The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,  
Each singing throat in tune,  
And bright o'er evening's silver flood  
Shines the young crescent moon.  
What wonder Age forgets his staff  
And lays his glasses down,  
And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh  
As when their locks were brown !

With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim  
They greet the joyous day  
That calls them to the fountain's brim  
To wash their years away.

What change has clothed the ancient sire  
In sudden youth? For, lo!  
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire  
Are Jack and Bill and Joe?

And be his titles what they will,  
In spite of manhood's claim  
The graybeard is a school-boy still  
And loves his school-boy name;  
It calms the ruler's stormy breast  
Whom hurrying care pursues,  
And brings a sense of peace and rest,  
Like slippers after shoes.

And what are all the prizes won  
To youth's enchanted view?  
And what is all the man has done  
To what the boy may do?  
O blessed fount, whose waters flow  
Alike for sire and son,  
That melts our winter's frost and snow  
And makes all ages one!

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,  
That flings its golden shower  
With age to fill and youth to guide,  
Still fresh in morning flower!

Flow on with ever-widening stream,  
 In ever-brightening morn,—  
 Our story's pride, our future's dream,  
 The hope of times unborn !

## NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

**T**HERE is no time like the old time,  
 when you and I were young,  
 When the buds of April blossomed, and the  
 birds of spring-time sung !  
 The garden's brightest glories by summer  
 suns are nursed,  
 But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers  
 that opened first !

There is no place like the old place, where  
 you and I were born,  
 Where we lifted first our eyelids on the  
 splendours of the morn  
 From the milk-white breast that warmed us,  
 from the clinging arms that bore,  
 Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that  
 will look on us no more !

There is no friend like the old friend, who  
 has shared our morning days,  
 No greeting like his welcome, no homage  
 like his praise :

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy  
crown of gold ;  
But friendship is the breathing rose, with  
sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we  
courted in our pride ;  
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and  
we're fading side by side,  
There are blossoms all around us with the  
colours of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the  
day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times,—they  
shall never be forgot !  
There is no place like the old place,—keep  
green the dear old spot !  
There are no friends like our old friends,—  
may Heaven prolong their lives !  
There are no loves like our old loves,—God  
bless our loving wives !

## A HYMN OF PEACE.

SUNG AT THE "JUBILEE," JUNE 15, 1869, TO  
THE MUSIC OF KELLER'S "AMERICAN HYMN."

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered  
too long!

Spread thy white wings to the sunshine  
of love!

Come while our voices are blended in song,—

Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—

Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of  
song,

Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of  
love,—

Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine

Mingling the gifts we have gathered for  
thee,

Sweet with the odours of myrtle and pine,

Breeze of the prairie and breath of the  
sea,—

Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!

Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,

Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,

Brothers once more round this altar of  
thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain !

Hark ! a new birth-song is filling the  
sky !—

Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the  
main

Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—

Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—

Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking  
main !

Swell the vast song till it mounts to the  
sky !—

Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain !

## NOTES.

Page 6. *The close-clinging dulcamara.*

The "bitter-sweet" of New England is the *Celastrus scandens*, "bourreau des arbres" of the Canadian French.

Page 144. *All armed with picks and spades.*

The captured slaves were at this time organised as pioneers.













