

• HOLMES' •

• POEMS •



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

VOLUME II.



115762
9/6/11

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1882

PS

1955

A1

1882

v.2

Copyright, 1850, 1858, 1859, 1861, 1862, 1865, 1872, 1874,
1877, 1878, and 1880,

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS,
JAMES R. Osgood & Co., and HOUGHTON,
MIFFLIN & Co.

Copyright, 1881,

By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.

All rights reserved.



The Riverstee Press, Cambridge:

Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POEMS FROM THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE (1871-1872).	
Homesick in Heaven	3
Fantasia	7
Aunt Tabitha	8
Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts	10
Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series	42
POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29 (1851-1881).	
✓ Bill and Joe	49
A Song of "Twenty-Nine"	51
Questions and Answers	55
An Impromptu	56
The Old Man Dreams	57
Remember — Forget	59
Our Indian Summer	61
Mare Rubrum	63
The Boys	66
Lines	68
A Voice of the Loyal North	70
✓ J. D. R.	72
Voyage of the Good Ship Union	73
"Choose you this Day whom ye will serve"	76
F. W. C.	79

	PAGE
The Last Charge	82
Our Oldest Friend	83
Sherman 's in Savannah	85
My Annual	87
All here	90
Once more	93
The Old Cruiser	97
Hymn for the Class Meeting	101
Even-Song	102
The Smiling Listener	106
Our Sweet Singer	111
*** * * * *	113
What I have come for	115
Our Banker	117
For Class Meeting	120
" Ad Amicos "	123
How not to Settle it	126
The Last Survivor	132
The Archbishop and Gil Blas	137
Vestigia Quinque Retrorsum	141
The Shadows	148
Benjamin Peirce : Astronomer, Mathematician	150
 SONGS OF MANY SEASONS (1862-1874).	
Opening the Window	155
Programme	156
 IN THE QUIET DAYS.	
An Old-Year Song	161
Dorothy Q., a Family Portrait	163
The Organ-Blower	166
At the Pantomime	168
After the Fire	171
A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party	173
Nearing the Snow-Line	177

CONTENTS.

V

	PAGE
IN WAR TIME.	
To Canaan	181
“ Thus saith the Lord, I offer Thee Three Things ”	183
Never or Now	185
One Country	187
God Save the Flag	188
Hymn after the Emancipation Proclamation	189
Hymn for the Fair at Chicago	190
 SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL.	
America to Russia	195
Welcome to the Grand Duke Alexis	197
At the Banquet to the Grand Duke Alexis	198
At the Banquet to the Chinese Embassy	201
At the Banquet to the Japanese Embassy	203
Bryant's Seventieth Birthday	206
At a Dinner to General Graut	210
At a Dinner to Admiral Farragut	212
A Toast to Wilkie Collins	214
To H. W. Longfellow	215
To Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg	217
 MEMORIAL VERSES.	
For the Services in Memory of Abraham Lincoln, June 1, 1865	223
For the Commemoration Services, Cambridge, July 21, 1865	224
Edward Everett, January 30, 1865	228
Shakespeare, Terecentennial Celebration, April 23, 1864	332
In Memory of John and Robert Ware, May 25, 1864	235
Humboldt's Birthday, Centennial Celebration, Sep- tember 14, 1869	237
Poem at the Dedication of the Halleek Monument, July 8, 1869	240
Hymn for the Celebration at the Laying of the Cor-	

	PAGE
ner-Stone of Harvard Memorial Hall, Cambridge, October 6, 1870	242
Hymn for the Dedication of Memorial Hall, at Cam- bridge, June 23, 1874	243
Hymn at the Funeral Services of Charles Sumner, April 29, 1874	244

RHYMES OF AN HOUR.

Address for the Opening of the Fifth Avenue The- atre, New York, December 3, 1873	249
Rip Van Winkle, M. D. : an After-Dinner Prescrip- tion taken by the Massachusetts Medical Society, at their Meeting held August 25, 1870	255
Chanson without Music	267
For the Centennial Diuner of the Proprietors of Boston Pier, or the Long Wharf, April 10, 1873	269
A Poem served to Order	272
The Fountain of Youth	275
A Hymn of Peace, sung at the "Jubilee" June 15, 1869, to the Music of Keller's "American Hymn"	277

ADDITIONAL POEMS (TO 1877).

At a Meeting of Friends, August 29, 1859	281
A Farewell to Agassiz	284
A Sea Dialogue	288
At the "Atlantie Dinner," December 15, 1874	290
"Lucy." For her Golden Wedding, October 18, 1875	294
Hymn for the Inauguration of the Statue of Gov- ernor Andrew, at Hingham, October 7, 1875	295
A Memorial Tribute	297
Joseph Warren, M. D.	301
Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle	301
Old Cambridge, July 3, 1875	312
Welcome to the Nations, Philadelphia, July 4, 1876	317
A Familiar Letter	318

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Unsatisfied	322
✓ How the Old Horse won the Bet	323
An Appeal for "the Old South"	330
The First Fan	332
To R. B. H.	337
"The Ship of State"	339
A Family Record	340
FIRST VERSES	347
THE IRON GATE, AND OTHER POEMS.	
The Iron Gate	351
My Aviary	355
On the Threshold	360
To George Peabody	361
At the Papyrus Club	362
For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday	364
Two Sonnets: Harvard	367
Boston to Florence	368
The Coming Era	369
In Response	371
Post Prandial	374
For the Moore Centennial Celebration	376
To James Freeman Clarke	380
Welcome to the Chicago Commercial Club	382
American Academy Centennial Celebration	384
Our Home — Our Country	387
Poem written for the Centennial Anniversary Din- ner of the Massachusetts Medical Society	390
The School-Boy	399
The Silent Melody	412
NOTES	415



POEMS

FROM THE

POET AT THE BREAKFAST
TABLE.

1871-1872.





POEMS

FROM THE

POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

1871-1872.



HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

THE DIVINE VOICE.



O 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 splendors and the changeless blue.

THE ANGEL.

— Nay, sister, nay ! a single healing leaf
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-fruited
tree,
Would soothe 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 ;
His tender lips a loveless bosom pressed ;
Can I forget him in my life new born ?
O 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 vapor'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 caressed,
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 wayside
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.



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 splendor 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 is n'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 must n't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it is n'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* did n'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 shock-
ingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

10 WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

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.



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 midnights
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 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 showed to
men;

Linked with his name thenceforth and evermore!
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 clond, 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, unknown,
 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 vaporous 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 clingiug 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 ains 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 scer, 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 vapor, 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 unvalled, 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 vietim 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, unillumined 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 wondrous
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 revolve
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 laboring 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 prond, 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 selfsame clay
That creeps 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 stammering
 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 noontide blaze
 The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,
 And from his splendor 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 unborn ?
 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 rapturous 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 demand
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 forgive,
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 to'd 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 shriue
 And plant a fairer image where it stood :
 Where is the Moloeh of your fathers' creed,
 Whose fires of torment burned for spanlong
 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 arraigns
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, dishonored, 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 coloring 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 uncoil,
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 glittering 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 new-
 born

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 honor, 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-colored robes of praise,
Be deafer than the adder to the ery
Of that same foundling truth, until it grows
To seemly favor, 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 splendor 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.

IDOLS.

BUT what is this ?

The sacred beetle, bound upon the breast
Of the blind heathen ! Snatch the curious prize,
Give it a place among thy treasured spoils
Fossil and relic, — corals, encrinites,
The fly in amber and the fish in stouë,
The twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,
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 ransomed
soul.

An idol ? Man was born to worship such !
 An idol is an image of his thought ;
 Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming stone,
 And sometimes moulds it out of glittering gold,
 Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome,
 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 Diao 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 an image ; still they longed
 For somewhat of substantial, solid form
 Whereon to hang their garlands, and to fix
 Their wandering thoughts and gain a stronger
 hold
 For their uncertain faith, not yet assured
 If those same meteors of the day and night
 Were not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen race ?
 Are we more neighbors 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 splendors to the gypsy 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 uursery-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 cradled 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 reach
 The door he seeks, forgetful of his sin,
 Longing to clasp him in a father's arms,
 And seal his pardon with a pitying tear !

Four gospels tell their story to mankind,
 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.
 — O 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 forevermore !

— 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.



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 flavor 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, honored ? 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 gilt renew,
Read you, — perhaps, — some other time.
Not bad, my bargain ! Price one dime !





POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29.

1851-1877.

END



POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29.

1851-1877.



BILL AND JOE.



OME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You 've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,

With H O N. and L L. D.
 In big brave letters, fair to see, —
 Your fist, old fellow ! off they go ! —
 How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You 've worn the judge's ermined robe ;
 You 've taught your name to half the globe ;
 You 've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
 You 've made the dead past live again :
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
 " See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
 They talk like fellows in their teens !
 Mad, poor old boys ! That 's what it means," —
 And shake their heads ; they little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe ! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
 While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —
 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go, —
 How vain it seems, this empty show !
 Till all at once his pulses thrill ; —
 'T is poor old Joe's " God bless you, Bill ! "

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears ;
 In some sweet lull of harp and song
 For earth-born spirits none too long,
 Just whispering of the world below
 Where this was Bill, and that was Joe ?

No matter ; while our home is here
 No sounding name is half so dear ;
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

1851.

A SONG OF " TWENTY-NINE. "



THE summer dawn is breaking
 On Auburn's tangled bowers
 The golden light is waking
 On Harvard's ancient towers ;

The sun is in the sky
 That must see us do or die,
 Ere it shine on the line
 Of the CLASS OF '29.

At last the day is ended,
 The tutor screws no more,
 By doubt and fear attended
 Each hovers round the door,
 Till the good old Præses cries,
 While the tears stand in his eyes,
 "You have passed, and are classed
 With the BOYS OF '29."

Not long are they in making
 The college halls their own,
 Instead of standing shaking,
 Too bashful to be known;
 But they kick the Seniors' shins
 Ere the second week begins,
 When they stray in the way
 Of the BOYS OF '29.

If a jolly set is trolling
 The last *Der Freischutz* airs,
 Or a "cannon bullet" rolling
 Comes bouncing down the stairs,
 The tutors looking out,
 Sigh, "Alas! there is no doubt,
 'T is the noise of the Boys
 Of the CLASS OF '29."

Four happy years together,
By storm and sunshine tried,
In changing wind and weather,
They rough it side by side,
Till they hear their Mother cry,
"You are fledged, and you must fly,"
And the bell tolls the knell
Of the-days of '29.

Since then in peace or trouble,
Full many a year has rolled,
And life has counted double
The days that then we told ;
Yet we 'll end as we 've begun,
For though scattered, we are one,
While each year sees us here,
Round the board of '29.

Though fate may throw between us
The mountains or the sea,
No time shall ever wean us,
No distance set us free ;
But around the yearly board,
When the flaming pledge is poured,
It shall claim every name
On the roll of '29.

To yonder peaceful ocean
That glows with sunset fires,
Shall reach the warm emotion
This welcome day inspires,

Beyond the ridges cold
 Where a brother toils for gold
 Till it shine through the mine
 Round the BOY OF '29.

If one whom fate has broken
 Shall lift a moistened eye,
 We 'll say, before he 's spoken —
 " Old Classmate, don't you cry !
 Here, take the purse I hold,
 There 's a tear upon the gold —
 It was mine — it is thine —
 A'n't we BOYS OF '29 ? "

As nearer still and nearer
 The fatal stars appear,
 The living shall be dearer
 With each encircling year,
 Till a few old men shall say
 " We remember 't is the day —
 Let it pass with a glass
 For the CLASS OF '29. "

As one by one is falling
 Beneath the leaves or snows,
 Each memory still recalling,
 The broken ring shall close,
 Till the nightwinds softly pass
 O'er the green and growing grass,
 Where it waves on the graves
 Of the BOYS OF '29 !

1852.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.



HERE, O where are the visions of morn-
 ing,
 Fresh as the dews of our prime ?
 Gone, like tenants that quit without warn-
 ing,
 Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
 Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?
 Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
 On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
 Loving and lovely of yore ?
 Look in the columns of old Advertisers, —
 Married and dead by the score.

Where the gray colts and the ten-year-old fillies,
 Saturday's triumph and joy ?
 Gone, like our friend *ποδας ωκυς* Achilles,
 Homer's ferocious old boy.

Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
 Hopes like young eagles at play,
 Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,
 How ye have faded away !

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river
 Leave our young blossoms to die,
 Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
 Till the last pebble is dry.

1853.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Not premeditated.

HE clock has struck noon ; ere it thrice
 tell the hours

We shall meet round the table that
 blushes with flowers,

And I shall blush deeper with shame-driven blood
 That I came to the banquet and brought not a bud.

Who cares that his verse is a beggar in art
 If you see through its rags the full throb of his
 heart ?

Who asks if his comrade is battered and tanned
 When he feels his warm soul in the clasp of his
 hand ?

No ! be it an epic, or be it a line,
 The Boys will all love it because it is mine ;
 I sung their last song on the morn of the day
 That tore from their lives the last blossom of May.

It is not the sunset that glows in the wine,
 But the smile that beams over it, makes it divine ;

I scatter these drops, and behold, as they fall,
The day-star of memory shines through them all!

And these are the last ; they are drops that I stole
From a wine-press that crushes the life from the
soul,

But they ran through my heart and they sprang to
my brain

Till our twentieth sweet summer was smiling
again!

1854.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.



FOR one hour of youthful joy !
Give back my twentieth spring !
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age !
Away with Learning's crown !
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame !
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
“ If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“ But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day ? ”

“ Ah, truest soul of womankind !
Without thee what were life ?
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I ’ll take — my — precious — wife ! ”

— The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
*The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too !*

“ And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears ?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years.”

“ Why yes ; ” for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys ;
“ I could not bear to leave them all —
I ’ll take — my — girl — and — boys.”

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
“ Why this will never do ;

The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too !”

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

1855.

REMEMBER — FORGET.



AND what shall be the song to-night,
If song there needs must be ?
If every year that brings us here
Must steal an hour from me ?

Say, shall it ring a merry peal,
Or heave a mourning sigh
O'er shadows cast, by years long past,
On moments flitting by ?

Nay, take the first unbidden line
The idle hour may send,
No studied grace can mend the face
That smiles as friend on friend ;
The balsam oozes from the pine,
The sweetness from the rose,
And so, unsought, a kindly thought
Finds language as it flows.

The years rush by in sounding flight,
I hear their ceaseless wings ;
Their songs I hear, some far, some near,
And thus the burden rings :
“ The morn has fled, the noon has past,
The sun will soon be set,
The twilight fade to midnight shade ;
Remember — and Forget ! ”

Remember all that time has brought —
The starry hope on high,
The strength attained, the courage gained,
The love that cannot die.
Forget the bitter, brooding thought, —
The word too harshly said,
The living blame love hates to name,
The frailties of the dead !

We have been younger, so they say,
But let the seasons roll,
He doth not lack an almanac
Whose youth is in his soul.
The snows may clog life's iron track,
But does the axle tire,
While bearing swift through bank and drift
The engine's heart of fire ?

I lift a goblet in my hand ;
If good old wine it hold,
An ancient skin to keep it in
Is just the thing, we 're told.

We 're grayer than the dusty flask, —
 We 're older than our wine ;
 Our corks reveal the " white top " seal,
 The stamp of '29.

Ah, Boys ! we elustered in the dawn,
 To sever in the dark ;
 A merry crew, with loud halloo,
 We climbed our painted bark ;
 We sailed her through the four years' cruise,
 We 'll sail her to the last,
 Our dear old flag, though but a rag,
 Still flying on her mast.

So gliding on, each winter's gale
 Shall pipe us all on deck,
 Till, faint and few, the gathering crew
 Creep o'er the parting wreck,
 Her sails and streamers spread aloft
 To fortune's rain or shine,
 Till storm or sun shall all be one,
 And down goes TWENTY-NINE !

1856.

OUR INDIAN SUMMER.



YOU 'LL believe me, dear boys, 't is a
 pleasure to rise,
 With a welcome like this in your dar-
 ling old eyes ;

To meet the same smiles and to hear the same
tone,
Which have greeted me oft in the years that have
flown.

Were I gray as the grayest old rat in the wall,
My locks would turn brown at the sight of you
all ;
If my heart were as dry as the shell on the sand,
It would fill like the goblet I hold in my hand.

There are noontides of autumn when summer re-
turns,
Though the leaves are all garnered and scaled in
their urns,
And the bird on his perch that was silent so long,
Believes the sweet sunshine and breaks into song.

We have eaged the young birds of our beautiful
June ;
Their plumes are still bright and their voices in
tune ;
One moment of sunshine from faces like these
And they sing as they sung in the green-growing
trees.

The voices of morning ! how sweet is their thrill
When the shadows have turned, and the evening
grows still !
The text of our lives may get wiser with age,
But the print was so fair on its twentieth page !

Look off from your goblet and up from your plate ;
 Come, take the last journal, and glance at its date :
 Then think what we fellows should say and should
 do,
 If the 6 were a 9 and the 5 were a 2.

Ah, no ! for the shapes that would meet with us
 here,
 From the far land of shadows, are ever too dear !
 Though youth flung around us its pride and its
 charms,
 We should see but the comrades we clasped in our
 arms.

A health to our future — a sigh for our past,
 We love, we remember, we hope to the last ;
 And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,
 While we 've youth in our hearts we can never
 grow old !

1858.

MARE RUBRUM.



LASH out a stream of blood-red wine,
 For I would drink to other days,
 And brighter shall their memory shine,
 Seen flaming through its crimson
 blaze !

The roses die, the summers fade,
But every ghost of boyhood's dream
By nature's magic power is laid
To sleep beneath this blood-red stream !

It filled the purple grapes that lay,
And drank the splendors of the sun,
Where the long summer's cloudless day
Is mirrored in the broad Garonne ;
It pictures still the bacchant shapes
That saw their hoarded sunlight shed, —
The maidens dancing on the grapes, —
Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,
In rosy fetters prisoned fast,
Those flitting shapes that never die, —
The swift-winged visions of the past.
Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim
Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
Springs in a bubble from its brim
And walks the chambers of the brain

Poor beauty ! Time and fortune's wrong
No shape nor feature may withstand ;
Thy wrecks are scattered all along,
Like emptied sea-shells on the sand ;
Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
The dust restores each blooming girl,
As if the sea-shells moved again
Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,
With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
And, searred by many a truant knife,
Our old initials on the wall ;
Here rest, their keen vibrations mute,
The shout of voices known so well,
The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid
Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed,
And here those cherished forms have strayed
We miss awhile, and call them dead.
What wizard fills the haunted glass ?
What soil the enchanted clusters grew ?
That buried passions wake and pass
In beaded drops of fiery dew ?

Nay ! take the cup of blood-red wine, —
Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
Filled from a vintage more divine,
Calmed, but not chilled, by winter's snow !
To-night the palest wave we sip
Rich as the priceless draught shall be
That wet the bride of Cana's lip, —
The wedding wine of Galilee !

1859.

THE BOYS.



AS there any old fellow got mixed with
the boys ?

If there has, take him out, without mak-
ing a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's
spite !

Old time is a liar ! We 're twenty to-night !

We 're twenty ! We 're twenty ! Who says we
are more ?

He 's tipsy, — young jackanapes ! — show him the
door !

“ Gray temples at twenty ? ” — Yes ! *white* if we
please ;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there 's nothing
can freeze !

Was it snowing I spoke of ? Excuse the mistake !
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake !

We want some new garlands for those we have
shed, —

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We 've a trick, we young fellows, you may have
been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old : —

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call
"Judge;"

It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on the
right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-
night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say when
we chaff;

There's the "Reverend" What's his name? —
don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was,
too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker
brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the
free, —

Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You think he's all
 fun;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has
 done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
 of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or
 with pen, —
 And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be
 men?
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and
 gay,
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
 The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
 Dear Father, take care of thy children, **THE BOYS!**

1860.

LINES.



'M ashamed, — that's the fact, — it's a
 pitiful case, —
 Won't any kind classmate get up in my
 place?

Just remember how often I've risen before, —
I blush as I straighten my legs on the floor!

There are stories, once pleasing, too many times
told, —
There are beauties once charming, too fearfully
old, —
There are voices we've heard till we know them
so well,
Though they talked for an hour they'd have nothing
to tell.

Yet, Classmates! Friends! Brothers! dear blessed
old boys!
Made one by a lifetime of sorrows and joys,
What lips have such sounds as the poorest of
these,
Though honeyed, like Plato's, by musical bees?

What voice is so sweet and what greeting so dear
As the simple, warm welcome that waits for us
here?
The love of our boyhood still breathes in its tone,
And our hearts throb the answer, "He's one of
our own!"

Nay! count not our numbers; some sixty we know,
But these are above, and those under the snow;
And thoughts are still mingled wherever we meet
For those we remember with those that we greet.

We have rolled on life's journey, — how fast and
how far !

One round of humanity's many-wheeled ear,
But up-hill and down-hill, through rattle and rub,
Old, true Twenty-niners ! we 've stuek to our
hub !

While a brain lives to think, or a bosom to feel,
We will cling to it still like the spokes of a wheel !
And age, as it chills us, shall fasten the tire
That youth fitted round in his circle of fire !

1861.

(JANUARY 3D.)

A VOICE OF THE LOYAL NORTH.



WE sing " Our Country's " song to-night
With saddened voice and eye ;
Her banner droops in clouded light
Beneath the wintry sky ;

We 'll pledge her once in golden wine
Before her stars have set ;
Though dim one reddening orb may shine
We have a Country yet.

'T were vain to sigh o'er errors past,
The fault of sires or sons ;
Our soldier heard the threatening blast,
And spiked his useless guns ;

He saw the star-wreathed ensign fall,
By mad invaders torn ;
But saw it from the bastioned wall
That laughed their rage to scorn !

What though their angry cry is flung
Across the howling wave, —
They smite the air with idle tongue
The gathering storm who brave ;
Enough of speech ! the trumpet rings ;
Be silent, patient, calm, —
God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm !

Our toilsome years have made us tame ;
Our strength has slept unfelt ;
The furnacc-fire is slow to flame
That bids our ploughshares melt ;
'T is hard to lose the bread they win
In spite of Nature's frowns, —
To drop the iron threads we spin
That weave our web of towns,

To see the rusting turbines stand
Before the emptied flumes,
To fold the arms that flood the land
With rivers from their looms, —
But harder still for those who learn
The truth forgot so long ;
When once their slumbering passions burn,
The peaceful are the strong !

The Lord have mercy on the weak,
 And calm their frenzied ire,
 And save our brothers ere they shriek
 "We played with Northern fire!"
 The eagle hold his mountain height, —
 The tiger pacc his den!
 Give all their country, each his right!
 God keep us all! Amen!

1862.

*

J. D. R.



HE friends that are, and friends that
 were,

What shallow waves divide!
 I miss the form for many a year
 Still seated at my side.

I miss him, yet I feel him still
 Amidst our faithful band,
 As if not death itself could chill
 The warmth of friendship's hand.

His story other lips may tell, —
 For me the veil is drawn;
 I only know he loved me well,
 He loved me — and is gone!

1862.

VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION. -



IS midnight: through my troubled
dream

Loud wails the tempest's cry ;
Before the gale, with tattered sail

A ship goes plunging by.

What name ? Where bound ? — The rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo.

— The good ship Union, Southward bound :
God help her and her crew !

And is the old flag flying still

That o'er your fathers flew,

With bands of white and rosy light,

And field of starry blue ?

— Ay ! look aloft ! its folds full oft

Have braved the roaring blast,

And still shall fly when from the sky

This black typhoon has past !

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark !

May I thy peril share ?

— O landsman, these are fearful seas

The brave alone may dare !

— Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,

What matters wind or wave ?

The rocks that wrack your reeling deck
 Will leave me naught to save !

O landsman, art thou false or true ?
 What sign hast thou to show ?
 — The crimson stains from loyal veins
 That hold my heart-blood's flow !
 — Enough ! what more shall honor claim ?
 I know the sacred sign ;
 Above thy head our flag shall spread,
 Our ocean path be thine !

The bark sails on ; the Pilgrim's Cape .
 Lies low along her lee,
 Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes
 To lock the shore and sea.
 No treason here ! it cost too dear
 To win this barren realm !
 And true and free the hands must be
 That hold the whaler's helm !

Still on ! Manhattan's narrowing bay
 No Rebel cruiser scars ;
 Her waters feel no pirate's keel
 That flaunts the fallen stars !
 — But watch the light on yonder height, —
 Ay, pilot, have a care !
 Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud
 The capes of Delaware !

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
 Whose sentinels look down

From moated walls that show the sea
Their deep embrasures' frown ?
The Rebel host claims all the coast,
But these are friends, we know,
Whose footprints spoil the " sacred soil,"
And this is ? ——— Fort Monroe !

The breakers roar, — how bears the shore ?
— The traitorous wreckers' hands
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays
Along the Hatteras sands.
— Ha! say not so! I see its glow !
Again the shoals display
The beacon light that shines by night,
The Union Stars by day !

The good ship flies to milder skies,
The wave more gently flows,
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
The breath of Beaufort's rose.
What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
Fair-striped and many-starred,
Whose shadow palls these orphaned walls,
The twins of Beauregard ?

What! heard you not Port Royal's doom ?
How the black war-ships came
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom
To redder wreaths of flame ?
How from Rebellion's broken reed
We saw his emblem fall,

As soon his curséd poison-weed
 Shall drop from Sumter's wall ?

On ! on ! Pulaski's iron hail
 Falls harmless on Tybec !
 ; The good ship feels the freshening gales,
 She strikes the open sea ;
 She rounds the point, she threads the keys
 That guard the Land of Flowers,
 And rides at last where firm and fast
 Her own Gibraltar towers !

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
 At anchor safe she swings,
 And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
 Her joyous welcome rings :
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! it shakes the wave,
 It thunders on the shore, —
 One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
 One Nation, evermore !

1863.

“CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE
 WILL SERVE.”



ES, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while
 you hate
 The self-ruling, chain-breaking, throne-
 shaking State !

The night-birds dread morning, — your instinct is
true, —

The day-star of Freedom brings midnight for you !

Why plead with the deaf for the cause of man-
kind ?

The owl hoots at noon that the eagle is blind !

We ask not your reasons, — 't were wasting our
time, —

Our life is a menace, our welfare a crime !

We have battles to fight, we have foes to subdue, —
Time waits not for us, and we wait not for you !

The mower mows on, though the adder may
writhe

And the copper-head coil round the blade of his
scythe !

“No sides in this quarrel,” your statesmen may
urge,

Of school-house and wages with slave-pen and
scourge !—

No sides in the quarrel ! proclaim it as well

To the angels that fight with the legions of hell !

They kneel in God's temple, the North and the
South,

With blood on each weapon and prayers in each
mouth.

Whose cry shall be answered ? Ye Heavens, at-
tend

The lords of the lash as their voices ascend !

“O Lord, we are shaped in the image of Thee, —
Smite down the base millions that claim to be free,
And lend Thy strong arm to the soft-handed race
Who eat *not* their bread in the sweat of their face!”

So pleads the proud planter. What echoes are
these?

The bay of his bloodhound is borne on the breeze,
And, lost in the shriek of his victim's despair,
His voice dies unheard. — Hear the Puritan's
prayer!

“O Lord, that didst smother mankind in Thy
flood,

The sun is as sackcloth, the moon is as blood,
The stars fall to earth as untimely are east
The figs from the fig-tree that shakes in the blast!

“All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils is breath,
Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with Death!
Lord, strangle the monster that struggles to birth,
Or mock us no more with Thy ‘Kingdom on
Earth!’

“If Ammon and Moab must reign in the land
Thou gavest Thine Israel, fresh from Thy hand,
Call Baäl and Ashtaroth out of their graves
To be the new gods for the empire of slaves!”

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers of men?
Will ye build you new shrines in the slave-breeder's
den?

Or bow with the children of light, as they call
On the Judge of the Earth and the Father of All ?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time moves
apace, —

Each day is an age in the life of our race !
Lord, lead them in love, ere they hasten in fear
From the fast-rising flood that shall girdle the
sphere !

1864.

*

F. W. C.



FAST as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.

As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky ;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.

We miss — O, how we miss ! — *his* face, —
With trembling accents speak his name.
Earth cannot fill his shadowed place
From all her rolls of pride and fame ;
Our song has lost the silvery thread
That carolled through his jocund lips ;
Our laugh is mute, our smile is fled,
And all our sunshine in eclipse.

And what and whence the wondrous charm
 That kept his manhood boylike still, —
 That life's hard censors could disarm
 And lead them captive at his will ?
 His heart was shaped of rosier clay, —
 His veins were filled with ruddier fire, —
 Time could not chill him, fortune sway,
 Nor toil with all its burdens tire.

His speech burst throbbing from its fount
 And set our colder thoughts aglow,
 As the hot leaping geysers mouut
 And falling melt the Iceland suow.
 Some word, perchance, we counted rash, —
 Some phrase our calmness might disclaim,
 Yct 't was the sunset's lightning's flash,
 No angry bolt, but harmless flame.

Man judges all, God knoweth each ;
 We read the rule, He sees the law ;
 How oft his laughing children teach
 The truths his prophets never saw !
 O friend, whose wisdom flowered in mirth,
 Our hearts are sad, our eyes are dim ;
 He gave thy smiles to brighten earth, —
 We trust thy joyous soul to Him !

Alas ! — our weakness Heaven forgive !
 We murmur, even while we trust,
 " How long earth's breathing burdens live,
 Whose hearts, before they die, are dust ! "

But thou ! — through grief's untimely tears
We ask with half-reproachful sigh —
“ Couldst thou not watch a few brief years
Till Friendship faltered, ‘ Thou mayst die ’ ? ”

Who loved our boyish years so well ?
Who knew so well their pleasant tales,
And all those livelier freaks could tell
Whose oft-told story never fails ?
In vain we turn our aching eyes, —
In vain we stretch our eager hands, —
Cold in his wintry shroud he lies
Beneath the dreary drifting sands !

Ah, speak not thus ! *He* lies not there !
We see him, hear him as of old !
He comes ! he claims his wonted chair ;
His beaming face we still behold !
His voice rings clear in all our songs,
And loud his mirthful accents rise ;
To us our brother's life belongs, —
Dear friends, a classmate never dies !

1864.

THE LAST CHARGE.



OW, men of the North! will you join in
the strife

For country, for freedom, for honor, for
life?

The giant grows bliud in his fury and spite, —
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
And stun him with caunon-bolts, peal upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its hair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the
hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards
awake!

Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted
shake!

Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traeced on the blood-sprinkled
roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield ·
True honor *to-day* must be sought on the field!
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red, —
The life-drops of erimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh ;
 The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky ;
 Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the
 morn,
 Call back the bright hour when the Nation was
 born !

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
 As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun ;
 Smite, smite the proud parrieide down from his
 throne, —
 His sceptre once broken, the world is our own !

1865.

OUR OLDEST FRIEND.



GIVE you the health of the oldest friend
 That, short of cternity, earth can lend, —
 A friend so faithful and tried and true
 That nothing can wean him from me
 and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
 Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,
 And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
 This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
 We had gasped and choked into breathing life,

He watched by the cradle, day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone ;
While we were changing, he altered not ;
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us to the college class, —
Little cared he for the steward's pass !
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old dead-head entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er
Four times each of the seasons four ;
And with every season, from year to year,
The dear name Classmate he made more dear.

He never leaves us, — he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still ;
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New-Year's too,
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend
His little present is sure to send ;
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us ! he pats our heads,
And, lo ! they are gleaming with silver threads ;
And he 's always begging one lock of hair,
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,
 "My child, your labor on earth is done ;
 And now you must journey afar to see
 My elder brother, — Eternity !"

And so, when long, long years have passed,
 Some dear old fellow will be the last, —
 Never a boy alive but he
 Of all our goodly company !

When he lies down, but not till then,
 Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen
 That writes in the day-book kept above
 Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here 's a health in homely rhyme
 To our oldest classmate, Father Time !
 May our last survivor live to be
 As bald and as wise and as tough as he !

1865.

SHERMAN'S IN SAVANNAH.

A HALF-RHYMED IMPROMPTU.



IKE the tribes of Israel,
 Fed on quails and manna,
 Sherman and his glorious band
 Journeyed through the rebel land,

Fed from Heaven's all-bounteous hand,
Marching on Savannah !

As the moving pillar shone,
Streamed the starry banner
All day long in rosy light,
Flaming splendor all the night,
Till it swooped in eagle flight
Down on doomed Savannah !

Glory be to God on high !
Shout the loud Hosanna !
Treason's wilderness is past,
Canaan's shore is won at last,
Peal a nation's trumpet-blast, —
Sherman's in Savannah !

Soon shall Richmond's tough old hide
Find a tough old tanner !
Soon from every rebel wall
Shall the rag of treason fall,
Till our banner flaps o'er all
As it crowns Savannah !

1866.

MY ANNUAL.



OW long will this harp which you once
 loved to hear
 Cheat your lips of a smile or your eyes
 of a tear ?

How long stir the echoes it wakened of old,
 While its strings were unbroken, untarnished its
 gold ?

Dear friends of my boyhood, my words do you
 wrong ;
 The heart, the heart only, shall throb in my song ;
 It reads the kind answer that looks from your
 eyes, —
 “ We will bid our old harper play on till he dies.”

Though Youth, the fair angel that looked o’er the
 strings,
 Has lost the bright glory that gleamed on his wings,
 Though the freshness of morning has passed from
 its tone,
 It is still the old harp that was always your own.

I claim not its music, — each note it affords
 I strike from your heart-strings, that lend me its
 chords ;

I know you will listen and love to the last,
For it trembles and thrills with the voice of your
past.

Ah, brothers ! dear brothers ! the harp that I hold
No craftsman could string and no artisan mould ;
He shaped it, He strung it, who fashioned the lyres
That ring with the hymns of the seraphim choirs.

Not mine are the visions of beauty it brings,
Not mine the faint fragrance around it that clings ;
Those shapes are the phantoms of years that are
fled,
Those sweets breathe from roses your summers
have shed.

Each hour of the past lends its tribute to this,
Till it blooms like a bower in the Garden of Bliss ;
The thorn and the thistle may grow as they will,
Where Friendship unfolds there is Paradise still.

The bird wanders careless while summer is green,
The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him unseen ;
When Autumn's rude fingers the woods have un-
dressed,
The boughs may look bare, but they show him his
nest.

Too precious these moments ! the lustre they fling
Is the light of our year, is the gem of its ring,
So brimming with sunshine, we almost forget
The rays it has lost, and its border of jet.

While round us the many-hued halo is shed,
How dear are the living, how near are the dead !
One circle, scarce broken, these waiting below,
Those walking the shores where the asphodels
 blow !

Not life shall enlarge it nor death shall divide, —
No brother new-born finds his place at my side ;
No titles shall freeze us, no grandeurs infest,
His Honor, His Worship, are boys like the rest.

Some won the world's homage, their names we hold
 dear, —

But Friendship, not Fame, is the countersign here ;
Make room by the conqueror crowned in the strife
For the comrade that limps from the battle of life !

What tongue talks of battle ? Too long we have
 heard

In sorrow, in anguish, that terrible word ;
It reddened the sunshine, it crimsoned the wave,
It sprinkled our doors with the blood of our brave.

Peace, Peace comes at last, with her garland of
 white ;

Peace broods in all hearts as we gather to-night ;
The blazon of Union spreads full in the sun ;
We echo its words, — We are one ! We are one !

1867.

ALL HERE.



T is not what we say or sing,
 That keeps our charm so long un-
 broken,
 Though every lightest leaf we bring
 May touch the heart as friendship's token ;
 Not what we sing or what we say
 Can make us dearer to each other ;
 We love the singer and his lay,
 But love as well the silent brother.

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
 Thrice welcome to our smiles and praises ;
 Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
 Thanks for the marigolds and daisies ;
 One flower ere long we all shall claim,
 Alas ! unloved of Amaryllis —
 Nature's last blossom — need I name
 The wreath of threescore's silver lilies ?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
 Around our boyhood's covered embers ?
 Go read the treasured names aright
 The old triennial list remembers :
 Though twenty wear the starry sign
 That tells a life has broke its tether,

The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine —
God bless THE BOYS! — are all together!

These come with joyous look and word,
With friendly grasp and cheerful greeting, —
Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
The angel guests of every meeting;
They cast no shadow in the flame
That flashes from the gilded lustre,
But count us — we are still the same;
One earthly band, one heavenly cluster!

Love dies not when he bows his head
To pass beyond the narrow portals, —
The light these glowing moments shed
Wakes from their sleep our lost immortals;
They come as in their joyous prime,
Before their morning days were numbered, —
Death stays the envious hand of Time, —
The eyes have not grown dim that slumbered!

The paths that loving souls have trod
Arch o'er the dust where worldlings grovel
High as the zenith o'er the sod, —
The cross above the Sexton's shovel!
We rise beyond the realms of day;
They seem to stoop from spheres of glory
With us one happy hour to stray,
While youth comes back in song and story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel
That war has tried in edge and temper;

It writes upon its sacred seal
The priest's *ubique* — *omnes* — *semper* !
It lends the sky a fairer sun
That cheers our lives with rays as steady
As if our footsteps had begun
To print the golden streets already !

The tangling years have clinched its knot
Too fast for mortal strength to sunder ;
The lightning bolts of noon are shot ;
No fear of evening's idle thunder !
Too late ! too late ! — no graceless hand
Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
To rive the close encircling band
That made and keeps us one forever !

So when upon the fated scroll
The falling stars have all descended,
And, blotted from the breathing roll,
Our little page of life is ended,
We ask but one memorial line
Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother :
“ My children. Boys of '29.
In pace. How they loved each other ! ”

1868.

ONCE MORE.



WILL *I come?*" That is pleasant! I beg
to inquire

If the gun that I carry has ever missed
fire?

And which was the muster-roll — mention but
one —

That missed your old comrade who carries the
gun?

You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock;
It is rusty, some tell me; I heed not the scoff;
It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off!

— "Is it loaded?" I'll bet you! What does n't
it hold?

Rammed full to the muzzle with memories untold;
Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces should fly
Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth of July!

One charge is a remnant of College-day dreams
(Its wadding is made of forensics and themes);
Ah, visions of fame! what a flash in the pan
As the trigger was pulled by each clever young
man!

Aud love! Bless my stars, what a cartridge is
there!

With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons and
hair, —

All crammed in one verse to go off at a shot!

— Were there ever such sweethearts? Of course
there were not!

And next, — what a load! it will split the old
gun, —

Three fingers, — four fingers, — five fingers of
fun!

Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and noise

Was there ever a lot like us fellows, “The Boys”?

Bump! bump! down the staircase the cannon-ball
goes, —

Aha, old Professor! Look out for your toes!

Don't think, my poor Tutor, to *sleep* in your
bed, —

Two “Boys” — ’twenty-niners — room over your
head!

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel blazed!

From red “Massachusetts” the war-cry was raised;

And “Hollis” and “Stoughton” reëchoed the
call;

Till P—— poked his head out of Holworthy Hall!

Old P——, as we called him, — at fifty or so, —

Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full blow;

In ripening manhood, suppose we should say,
Just nearing his prime, as we boys are to-day!

O, say, can you look through the vista of age
To the time when old Morse drove the regular
stage?

When Lyon told tales of the long-vanished years,
And Lenox crept round with the rings in his ears?

And dost thou, my brother, remember indeed
The days of our dealings with Willard and Read?
When "Dolly" was kicking and running away,
And punch came up smoking on Fillebrown's tray?

But where are the Tutors, my brother, O tell! —
And where the Professors remembered so well?
The sturdy old Grecian of Holworthy Hall,
And Latin, and Logic, and Hebrew, and all?

— "They are dead, the old fellows" (we called
them so then,
Though we since have found out they were lusty
young men).

— They are *dead*, do you tell me? — but how do
you know?

You've filled once too often. I doubt if it's so.

I'm thinking. I'm thinking. Is this 'sixty-eight?
It's not quite so clear. It admits of debate.
I *may* have been dreaming. I rather incline
To think — yes, I'm certain — it is 'twenty-nine!

“By Zhorzhe!”—as friend Sales is accustomed to cry,—

You tell me they ’re dead, but I know it’s a lie!
Is Jackson not President?—What was’t you said?
It can’t be; you ’re joking; what,—all of ’em
dead?

Jim,—Harry,—Fred,—Isaae,—all gone from
our side?

They could n’t have left us,—no, not if they tried.
—Look,—there’s our old Præses,—he can’t find
his text;

—See,—P—— rubs his leg, as he growls out
“*The next!*”

I told you’t was nonsense. Joe, give us a song!
Go harness up “Dolly,” and fetch her along!—
Dead! Dead! You false graybeard, I swear they
are not!

Hurrah for Old Hickory!—O, I forgot!

Well, *one* we have with us (how could he contrive
To deal with us youngsters and still to survive?)
Who wore for our guidance authority’s robe,—
No wonder he took to the study of Job!

— And now as my load was uncommonly large,
Let me taper it off with a classical charge;
When that has gone off, I shall drop my old gun—
And then stand at ease, for my service is done.

*Bibamus ad Classem vocatam "The Boys"
 Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est "Noyes";
 Et floreant, valeant, vigeant tam
 Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam!*

1869.

THE OLD CRUISER.



HERE 'S the old cruiser, 'Twenty-nine,
 Forty times she 's crossed the line;
 Same old masts and sails and crew,
 Tight and tough and as good as new.

Into the harbor she bravely steers
 Just as she 's done for these forty years, —
 Over her anchor goes, splash and clang!
 Down her sails drop, rattle and bang!

Comes a vessel out of the dock
 Fresh and spry as a fighting-cock,
 Feathered with sails and spurred with steam,
 Heading out of the classic stream.

Crew of a hundred all aboard,
 Every man as fine as a lord.
 Gay they look and proud they feel,
 Bowling along on even keel.

On they float with wind and tide, —
 Gain at last the old ship's side ;
 Every man looks down in turn, —
 Reads the name that 's on her stern.

“ Twenty-nine ! — *Diable* you say !
 That was in Skipper Kirkland's day !
 What was the Flying Dutchman's name ?
 This old rover must be the same.

“ Ho ! you Boatswain that walks the deck,
 How does it happen you 're not a wreck ?
 One and another have come to grief,
 How have you dodged by rock and reef ? ”

— Boatswain, lifting one knowing lid,
 Hitches his breeches and shifts his quid :
 “ Hey ? What is it ? Who 's come to grief ?
 Louder, young swab, I 'm a little deaf.”

“ I say, old fellow, what keeps your boat
 With all you jolly old boys afloat,
 When scores of vessels as good as she
 Have swallowed the salt of the bitter sea ?

“ Many a crew from many a craft
 Goes drifting by on a broken raft
 Pieced from a vessel that clove the brine
 Taller and prouder than 'Twenty-nine.

“ Some capsized in an angry breeze,
 Some were lost in the narrow seas,

Some on snags and some on sands
Struck and perished and lost their hands.

“ Tell us young ones, you gray old man,
What is your secret, if you can ;
We have a ship as good as you,
Show us how to keep our crew.”

So in his ear the youngster cries ;
Then the gray Boatswain straight replies : —

“ All your crew be sure you know, —
Never let one of your shipmates go.

“ If he leaves you, change your tack,
Follow him close and fetch him back ;
When you 've hauled him in at last,
Grapple his flipper and hold him fast.

“ If you 've wronged him, speak him fair,
Say you 're sorry and make it square ;
If he 's wronged you, wink so tight
None of you see what 's plain in sight.

“ When the world goes hard and wrong,
Lend a hand to help him along ;
When his stockings have holes to darn,
Don't you grudge him your ball of yarn.

“ Once in a twelvemonth, come what may,
Anchor your ship in a quiet bay,
Call all hands and read the log,
And give 'em a taste of grub and grog.

“Stick to each other through thick and thin ;
All the closer as age leaks in ;
Squalls will blow and clouds will frown,
But stay by your ship till you all go down !”

ADDED FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING, JUNE 29,
1869.

So the gray Boatswain of 'Twenty-nine
Piped to “The Boys” as they crossed the line ;
Round the cabin sat thirty guests,
Babes of the nurse with a thousand breasts.

There were the judges, grave and grand,
Flanked by the priests on either hand ;
There was the lord of wealth untold,
And the dear good fellow in broadcloth old.

Thirty men from twenty towns,
Sires and grandsires with silvered crowns, —
Thirty school-boys all in a row, —
Bens and Georges and Bill and Joe.

In thirty goblets the wine was poured,
But threescore gathered around the board, —
For lo ! at the side of every chair
A shadow hovered — we all were there !

1869.

HYMN FOR THE CLASS-MEETING.



THOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms infold
As in the peaceful days of old.

Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song ?

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep ;

The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres ;

We thank Thee, Father ! let Thy grace
Our narrowing circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore !

1870.

EVEN-SONG.



T may be, yes, it must be, Time that
 brings
 An end to mortal things,
 That sends the beggar Winter in the
 train
 Of Autumn's burdened wain,
 Time, that is heir of all our earthly state,
 And knoweth well to wait
 Till sea hath turned to shore and shore to sea,
 If so it need must be,
 Ere he make good his claim and call his own
 Old empires overthrown, —
 Time, who can find no heavenly orb too large
 To hold its fee in charge,
 Nor any notes that fill its beams so small,
 But he shall care for all, —
 It may be, must be, — yes, he soon shall tire
 This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day
 When to my careless lay
 I matched its chords and stole their first-born thrill,
 With nuntaught rudest skill
 Vexing a treble from the slender strings
 Thin as the locust sings

When the shrill-erying child of summer's heat
Pipes from its leafy seat,
The dim pavilion of embowering green
Beneath whose shadowy screen
The small sopranist tries his single note
Against the song-bird's throat,
And all the echoes listen, but in vain;
They hear no answering strain, —
Then ye who listened in that earlier day
Shall sadly turn away,

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth is cold
That warmed our blood of old;
Cover its embers and its half-burnt brands,
And let us stretch our hands
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame;
Lo, this is not the same,
The joyous singer of our morning time,
Flushed high with lusty rhyme!
Speak kindly, for he bears a human heart,
But whisper him apart, —
Tell him the woods their autumn robes have shed
And all their birds have fled,
And shouting winds unbuild the naked nests
They warmed with patient breasts;
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer o'er,
And bid him sing no more!

Ah, welladay! if words so cruel-kind
A listening ear might find!
But who that hears the music in his soul
Of rhythmic waves that roll

Crested with gleams of fire, and as they flow
Stir all the deeps below
Till the great pearls no calm might ever reach
Leap glistening on the beach, —
Who that has known the passion and the pain,
The rush through heart and brain,
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed
Hard on his throbbing breast,
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss and fame
Hast set his pulse aflame,
Muse of the lyre ! can say farewell to thee ?
Alas ! and must it be ?

In many a clime, in many a stately tongue,
The mighty bards have sung ;
To these the immemorial thrones belong
And purple robes of song ;
Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender tone
His lips may call his own,
And finds the measure of the verse more sweet
Timed by his pulse's beat,
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled throng.
Say not I do him wrong,
For Nature spoils her warblers, — them she feeds
In lotus-growing meads
And pours them subtle draughts from haunted
streams
That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's wiles
And dear delusive smiles !

No callow fledgling of her singing brood
But tastes that witching food,
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,
And how the thrushes sing,
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his nest
Flaps forth — we know the rest.
I own the weakness of the tuneful kind, —
Are not all harpers blind ?
I sang too early, must I sing too late ?
The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight, — yet how sweet
The flattering whisper's cheat, —
“Thou hast the fire no evening chill can tame,
Whose coals outlast its flame !”

Farewell, ye carols of the laughing morn,
Of earliest sunshine born !
The sower flings the seed and looks not back
Along his furrowed track ;
The reaper leaves the stalks for other hands
To gird with circling bands ;
The wind, earth's careless servant, truant-born,
Blows clean the beaten corn
And quits the thresher's floor, and goes his way
To sport with ocean's spray ;
The headlong-stumbling rivulet scrambling down
To wash the sea-girt town,
Still babbling of the green and billowy waste
Whose salt he longs to taste,
Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may feel
Has twirled the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes us bold
 With secrets else untold, —
 And mine has run its errand ; through the dews
 I tracked the flying Muse ;
 The daughter of the morning touched my lips
 With roseate finger-tips ;
 Whether I would or would not, I must sing
 With the new choirs of spring ;
 Now, as I watch the fading autumn day
 And trill my softened lay,
 I think of all that listened, and of one
 For whom a brighter sun
 Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah, comrades
 dear,
 Are not all gathered here ?
 Our hearts have answered. — Yes ! they hear our
 call :
 All gathered here ! all ! all !

1871.

THE SMILING LISTENER.



PRECISELY. I see it. You all want to
 say
 That a tear is too sad and a laugh is too
 gay ;
 You could stand a faint smile, you could manage a
 sigh,
 But you value your ribs, and you don't want to
 cry.

And why at our feast of the clasping of hands
Need we turn on the stream of our lachrymal
glands ?

Though we see the white breakers of age on our
bow,

Let us take a good pull in the jolly-boat now !

It's hard if a fellow cannot feel content
When a banquet like this does n't cost him a cent,
When his goblet and plate he may empty at will,
And our kind Class Committee will settle the bill.

And here's your old friend, the identical bard
Who has rhymed and recited you verse by the yard
Since the days of the empire of Andrew the First
Till you're full to the brim and feel ready to burst.

It's awful to think of, — how year after year
With his piece in his pocket he waits for you here ;
No matter who's missing, there always is one
To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.

“ Why won't he stop writing ? ” Humanity cries :
The answer is briefly, “ He can't if he tries ;
He has played with his foolish old feather so long,
That the goose-quill in spite of him caekles in
song.”

You have watched him with patience from morn-
ing to dusk
Since the tassel was bright o'er the green of the
husk,

And now, — it's too bad, — it's a pitiful job, —
He has shelled the ripe ear till he's come to the
cob.

I see one face beaming — it listens so well
There must be some music yet left in my shell —
The wine of my soul is not thick on the lees ;
One string is unbroken, one friend I can please !

Dear comrade, the sunshine of seasons gone by
Looks out from your tender and tear-moistened
eye,
A pharos of love on an icc-girdled coast, —
Kind soul ! — Don't you hear me ? — He's deaf as
a post !

Can it be one of Nature's benevolent tricks
That you grow hard of hearing as I grow prolix ?
And that look of delight which would angels be-
guile
Is the deaf man's prolonged unintelligent smile ?

Ah ! the ear may grow dull, and the eye may wax
dim,
But they still know a classmate — they can't mis-
take him ;
There is something to tell us, " That's one of our
band,"
Though we groped in the dark for a touch of his
hand.

Well, Time with his snuffers is prowling about
And his shaky old fingers will soon snuff us out ;
There 's a hint for us all in each pendulum tick,
For we 're low in the tallow and long in the wick.

You remember Rossini, — you 've been at the play ?
How his overture-endings keep crashing away
Till you think, " It 's all over — it can't but stop
now, —
That 's the screech and the bang of the final bow-
wow."

And you find you 're mistaken ; there 's lots more
to come,
More banging, more screeching of fiddle and drum,
Till when the last ending is finished and done,
You feel like a horse when the winning-post 's won.

So I, who have sung to you, merry or sad,
Since the days when they called me a promising
lad,
Though I 've made you more rhymes than a tutor
could sean,
Have a few more still left, like the razor-strop man.

Now pray don't be frightened, — I 'm ready to
stop
My galloping anapests' clatter and pop, —
In fact, if you say so, retire from to-day
To the garret I left, on a poet's half-pay.

And yet, — I can't help it, — perhaps — who can
tell ?

You might miss the poor singer you treated so
well,

And confess you could stand him five minutes or
so,

“It was so like old times we remember, you
know.”

'T is not that the music can signify much,

But then there are chords that awake with a
touch, —

And our hearts can find echoes of sorrow and joy
To the winch of the minstrel who hails from
Savoy.

So this hand-organ tune that I cheerfully grind
May bring the old places and faces to mind,
And seen in the light of the past we recall
The flowers that have faded bloom fairest of all !

1872.

OUR SWEET SINGER.

*

J. A.



NE memory trembles on our lips :
 It throbs in every breast ;
 In tear-dimmed eyes, in mirth's eclipse,
 The shadow stands confessed.

O silent voice, that cheered so long
 Our manhood's marching day,
 Without thy breath of heavenly song,
 How weary seems the way !

Vain every pictured phrase to tell
 Our sorrowing heart's desire ;
 The shattered harp, the broken shell,
 The silent unstrung lyre ;

For youth was round us while he sang ;
 It glowed in every tone ;
 With bridal chimes the echoes rang,
 And made the past our own.

O blissful dream ! Our nursery joys
 We know must have an end,
 But love and friendship's broken toys
 May God's good angels mend !

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth
 And laughter's gay surprise
 That please the children born of earth,
 Why deem that Heaven denies ?

Methinks in that refulgent sphere
 That knows not sun or moon,
 An earth-born saint might long to hear
 One verse of "Bonny Doon" ;

Or walking through the streets of gold
 In heaven's unclouded light,
 His lips recall the song of old
 And hum "The sky is bright."

And can we smile when thou art dead ?
 Ah, brothers, even so !
 The rose of summer will be red
 In spite of winter's snow.

Thou wouldst not leave us all in gloom
 Because thy song is still,
 Nor blight the banquet-garland's bloom
 With grief's untimely chill.

The sighing wintry winds complain, —
 The singing bird has flown, —
 Hark ! heard I not that ringing strain,
 That clear celestial tone ?

How poor these pallid phrases seem,
 How weak this tinkling line,

As warbles through my waking dream
That angel voice of thine !

Thy requiem asks a sweeter lay ;
It falters on my tongue ;
For all we vainly strive to say,
Thou shouldst thyself have sung !

1873.

* * *

H. C. M. H. S. J. K. W.



HE dirge is played, the throbbing death-
peal rung ;

The sad-voiced requiem sung
On each white urn where memory
dwells

The wreath of rustling immortelles
Our loving hands have hung,
And balmiest leaves have strown and tenderest
blossoms flung.

The birds that filled the air with songs have
flown,
The wintry blasts have blown,
And these for whom the voice of spring
Bade the sweet choirs their carols sing
Sleep in those chambers lone
Where snows untrodden lie, unheard the night-
winds moan.

We clasp them all in memory, as the vine
Whose running stems intwine
The marble shaft, and steal around
The lowly stone, the nameless mound ;
With sorrowing hearts resign
Our brothers true and tried, and close our broken
line.

How fast the lamps of life grow dim and die
Beneath our sunset sky !
Still fading, as along our track
We cast our saddened glances back,
And while we vainly sigh
The shadowy day recedes, the starry night draws
nigh

As when from pier to pier across the tide
With even keel we glide,
The lights we left along the shore
Grow less and less, while more, yct more
New vistas open wide
Of fair illumined streets and casements golden-
eyed.

Each closing circle of our sunlit sphere
Seems to bring heaven more near :
Can we not dream that those we love
Are listening in the world above
And smiling as they hear
The voices known so well of friends that still are
dear ?

Does all that made us human fade away
With this dissolving clay ?
Nay, rather deem the blessed isles
Are bright and gay with joyous smiles,
That angels have their play,
And saints that tire of song may claim their holi-
day.

All else of earth may perish ; love alone
Not heaven shall find outgrown !
Are they not here, our spirit guests,
With love still throbbing in their breasts ?
Once more let flowers be strown.
Welcome, ye shadowy forms, we count you still our
own !

1873.

WHAT I HAVE COME FOR.



HAVE come with my verses, — I think
I may claim
It is not the first time I have tried on
the same.

They were puckered in rhyme, they were wrinkled
in wit ;
But your hearts were so large that they made them
a fit.

I have come, — not to tease you with more of my
 rhyme,
 But to feel as I did in the blessed old time ;
 I want to hear him with the Brobdingnag laugh —
 We count him at least as three men and a half.

I have come to meet judges so wise and so grand
 That I shake in my shoes while they 're shaking
 my hand ;
 And the prince among merchants who put back the
 crown
 When they tried to enthrone him the King of the
 Town.

I have come to see George — Yes, I think there are
 four,
 If they all were like these I could wish there were
 more.

I have come to see one whom we used to call
 "Jim,"
 I want to see, — O, don't I want to see him ?

I have come to grow young, — on my word I de-
 clare
 I have thought I detected a change in my hair !
 One hour with "The Boys" will restore it to
 brown, —
 And a wrinkle or two I expect to rub down.

Yes, that 's what I 've come for, as all of us come ;
 When I meet the dear Boys I could wish I were
 dumb.

You asked me, you know, but it 's spoiling the
 fun ;
 I have told what I came for ; my ditty is done.

1874.

OUR BANKER.



LD Time, in whose bank we deposit our
 notes,
 Is a miser who always wants guineas for
 groats ;

He keeps all his customers still in arrears
 By lending them minutes and charging them years.

The twelvemonth rolls round and we never forget
 On the counter before us to pay him our debt.
 We reckon the marks he has chalked on the door,
 Pay up and shake hands and begin a new score.

How long he will lend us, how much we may owe,
 No angel will tell us, no mortal may know.
 At fivescore, at fourscore, at threescore and ten,
 He may close the account with a stroke of his pen.

This only we know, — amid sorrows and joys
 Old Time has been easy and kind with "The
 Boys."

Though he must have and will have and does have
his pay,
We have found him good-natured enough in his
way.

He never forgets us, as others will do, —
I am sure he knows me, and I think he knows you,
For I see on your foreheads a mark that he lends
As a sign he remembers to visit his friends.

In the shape of a classmate (a wig on his crown, —
His day-book and ledger laid carefully down)
He has welcomed us yearly, a glass in his hand,
And pledged the good health of our brotherly band.

He's a thief, we must own, but how many there be
That rob us less gently and fairly than he :
He has stripped the green leaves that were over us
all,
But they let in the sunshine as fast as they fall.

Young beauties may ravish the world with a
glance
As they languish in song, as they float in the
dance, —
They are grandmothers now we remember as girls,
And the comely white cap takes the place of the
curls.

But the sighing and moaning and groaning are
o'er,
We are pining and moping and sleepless no more,

And the hearts that were thumping like ships on
the rocks
Beat as quiet and steady as meeting-house clocks.

The trump of ambition, loud sounding and shrill,
May blow its long blast, but the echoes are still ;
The spring-tides are past, but no billow may reach
The spoils they have landed far up on the beach.

We see that Time robs us, we know that he cheats,
But we still find a charm in his pleasant deceits,
While he leaves the remembrance of all that was
best,
Love, friendship, and hope, and the promise of rest.

Sweet shadows of twilight ! how calm their repose,
While the dew-drops fall soft in the breast of the
rose !
How blest to the toiler his hour of release
When the vesper is heard with its whisper of peace !

Then here 's to the wrinkled old miser, our friend ;
May he send us his bills to the century's end,
And lend us the moments no sorrow alloys,
Till he squares his account with the last of "The
Boys."

1875.

FOR CLASS MEETING.



T is a pity and a shame — alas! alas! I
 know it is,
 To tread the trodden grapes again, but
 so it has been, so it is ;
 The purple vintage long is past, with ripened clus-
 ters bursting so
 They filled the wine-vats to the brim, — 't is strange
 you will be thirsting so !

Too well our faithful memory tells what might be
 rhymed or sung about,
 For all have sighed and some have wept since last
 year's snows were flung about ;
 The beacon flame that fired the sky, the modest
 ray that gladdened us,
 A little breath has quenched their light, and deep-
 ening shades have saddened us.

No more our brothers' life is ours for cheering or
 for grieving us,
 One only sadness they bequeathed, the sorrow of
 their leaving us ;
 Farewell! Farewell! — I turn the leaf I read my
 chiming measure in ;
 Who knows but something still is there a friend
 may find a pleasure in ?

For who can tell by what he likes what other people's fancies are ?

How all men think the best of wives their own particular Nancies are ?

If what I sing you brings a smile, you will not stop to catechise,

Nor read Bœotia's lumbering line with nicely scanning Attic eyes.

Perhaps the alabaster box that Mary broke so lovingly,

While Judas looked so sternly on, the Master so approvingly,

Was not so fairly wrought as those that Pilate's wife and daughters had,

Or many a dame of Judah's line that drank of Jordan's waters had.

Perhaps the balm that cost so dear, as some remarked officially,

The precious nard that filled the room with fragrance so deliciously,

So oft recalled in storied page and sung in verse melodious,

The dancing girl had thought too cheap, — that daughter of Herodias.

Where now are all the mighty deeds that Herod boasted loudest of ?

Where now the flashing jewelry the tetrarch's wife was proudest of ?

Yet still to hear how Mary loved, all tribes of men
are listening,
And still the sinful woman's tears like stars in
heaven are glistening.

'T is not the gift our hands have brought, the love
it is we bring with it ;
The minstrel's lips may shape the song, his heart
in tune must sing with it ;
And so we love the simple lays, and wish we might
have more of them
Our poet-brothers sing for us — there must be half
a score of them.

It may be that of fame and name our voices once
were emulous, —
With deeper thoughts, with tenderer throbs their
softening tones are tremulous ;
The dead seem listening as of old, ere friendship
was bereft of them ;
The living wear a kinder smile, the remnant that is
left of them.

Though on the once unfurrowed brows the harrow-
teeth of Time may show,
Though all the strain of crippling years the halting
feet of rhyme may show,
We look and hear with melting hearts, for what
we all remember is
The morn of Spring, nor heed how chill the sky
of gray November is.

Thanks to the gracious powers above from all man-
 kind that singled us,
 And dropped the pearl of friendship in the cup
 they kindly mingled us,
 And bound us in a wreath of flowers with hoops of
 steel knit under it ; —
 Nor time, nor space, nor chance, nor change, nor
 death himself shall sunder it !

1876.

“AD AMICOS.”

“ Dumque virent genua
 Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.”



HE muse of boyhood's fervid hour
 Grows tame as skies get chill and
 hazy ;
 Where once she sought a passion-
 flower,

She only hopes to find a daisy.
 Well, who the changing world bewails ?
 Who asks to have it stay unaltered ?
 Shall grown-up kittens chase their tails ?
 Shall colts be never shod or haltered ?

Are we “the boys” that used to make
 The tables ring with noisy follies ?
 Whose deep-lunged laughter oft would shake
 The ceiling with its thunder-volleys ?

Are we the youths with lips unshorn,
 At beauty's feet unwrinkled suitors,
 Whose memories reach tradition's morn, —
 The days of prehistoric tutors ?

"The boys" we knew, — but who are these
 Whose heads might serve for Plutarch's sages,
 Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,
 Or hermits of the dismal ages ?

"The boys" we knew — can these be those ?
 Their cheeks with morning's blush were
 painted ; —
 Where are the Harrys, Jims, and Joes
 With whom we once were well acquainted ?

If we are they, we 're not the same ;
 If they are we, why then they 're masking ;
 Do tell us, neighbor What's-your-name,
 Who are you ? — What's the use of asking ?
 You once were George, or Bill, or Ben ;
 There 's you, yourself, — there 's you, that
 other, —

I know you now, — I knew you then, —
 You used to be your younger brother !

You both are all our own to-day —
 But ah ! I hear a warning whisper ;
 Yon roscate hour that flits away
 Repeats the Roman's sad *paulisper*.
 Come back ! come baek ! we've need of you
 To pay you for your word of warning ;

We'll bathe your wings in brighter dew
Than ever wet the lids of morning!

Behold this cup; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's elinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted;
Old Time forgot his running sand
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself with gentle hand
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story;
The shining days with age grown dim
Are dressed again in robes of glory;
In all its freshness spring returns
With song of birds and blossoms tender;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splendor!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy,—
The shaft that stings through bone and marrow;
Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,
And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! we may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its laughter,

But not the loving eyes we met,
 Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.
 How every heart to each grows warm !
 Is one in sunshine's ray ? We share it.
 Is one in sorrow's blinding storm ?
 A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

“The boys ” we were, “the boys ” we ’ll be
 As long as three, as two, are creeping ;
 Then here ’s to him — ah ! which is he ? —
 Who lives till all the rest are sleeping ;
 A life with tranquil comfort blest,
 The young man's health, the rich man's plenty,
 All earth can give that earth has best,
 And Heaven at fourscore years and twenty.

1877.

HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.

LIKE, at times, to hear the steeples' chimes
 With sober thoughts impressively that
 mingle ;

But sometimes, too, I rather like — don't you ? —
 To hear the music of the sleigh bells' jingle.

I like full well the deep resounding swell
 Of mighty symphonies with chords inwoven ;

But sometimes, too, a song of Burns, — don't you ?
After a solemn storm-blast of Beethoven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
When the tired player shuffles off the buskin ;
A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

Some works I find, — say Watts upon the Mind, —
No matter though at first they seemed amusing,
Not quite the same, but just a little tame
After some five or six times' reperusing.

So, too, at times when melancholy rhymes
Or solemn speeches sober down a dinner,
I've seen it, 's true, quite often, — have n't you ? —
The best-fed guests perceptibly grow thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms expressed)
Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,
Or song we sung when these old throats were
young, —
Something to keep our souls from getting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged lap
Comes like an heirloom from a dear dead
mother —

Hush ! there 's a tear that has no business here,
A half-formed sigh that ere its birth we smother.

We cry, we laugh ; ah, life is half and half,
Now bright and joyous as a song of Herrick's,

Then chill and bare as funeral-minded Blair ;
 As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry I would n't try ;
 If you have hidden smiles I'd like to find them,
 And that although, as well I ought to know,
 The lips of laughter have a skull behind them.

Yet when I think we may be on the brink
 Of having Freedom's banner to dispose of,
 All crimson-hued, because the Nation would
 Insist on cutting its own precious nose off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need
 A sermon such as preachers tie a text on ;
 If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,
 She earns her grave ; 't is time to call the sexton !

But if a fight can make the matter right,
 Here are we, classmates, thirty men of mettle ;
 We're strong and tough, we've lived nigh long
 enough —
 What if the Nation gave it us to settle ?

The tale would read like that illustrious deed
 When Curtius took the leap the gap that filled
 in,
 Thus ; " Fivescore years, good friends, as it ap-
 pears,
 At last this people split on Hayes and Tilden.

“ One half cried, ‘ See ! the choice is S. J. T. ! ’
And one half swore as stoutly it was t’ other ;
Both drew the knife to save the Nation’s life
By wholesale vivisection of each other.

“ Then rose in mass that monumental Class, —
‘ Hold ! hold ! ’ they cried, ‘ give us, give us the
daggers ! ’
‘ Content ! content ! ’ exclaimed with one consent
The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-baggers.

“ Fifteen each side, the combatants divide,
So nicely balanced are their predilections ;
And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,
A tribute to their obsolete affections.

“ Man facing man, the sanguine strife began,
Jack, Jim, and Joe against Tom, Dick, and
Harry,
Each several pair its own account to square,
Till both were down or one stood solitary.

“ And the great fight raged furious all the night
Till every integer was made a fraction ;
Reader, wouldst know what history has to show
As net result of the above transaction ?

“ Whole coat-tails, four ; stray fragments, several
score ;
A heap of spectacles ; a deaf man’s trumpet ;

Six lawyers' briefs ; seven pocket-handkerchiefs ;
Twelve canes wherewith the owners used to
stump it ;

“ Odd rubber-shoes ; old gloves of different hues ;
Tax-bills, — unpaid, — and several empty
purses ;

And, saved from harm by some protecting charm,
A printed page with Smith's immortal verses ;

“ Trifles that claim no very special name, —
Some useful, others chiefly ornamental ;
Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial things,
With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

“ Also, one flag, — 't was nothing but a rag,
And what device it bore it little matters ;
Red, white, and blue, but rent all through and
through,

‘ Union forever ’ torn to shreds and tatters.

“ They fought so well not one was left to tell
Which got the largest share of cuts and slashes ;
When heroes meet, both sides are bound to beat ;
They telescoped like cars in railroad smashes.

“ So the great split that baffled human wit
And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,
As all may see that know the rule of three,
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

“ As well. Just so. Not worse, not better. No,
 Next morning found the Nation still divided ;
 Since all were slain, the inference is plain
 They left the point they fought for undecided.”

If not quite true, as I have told it you, —
 This tale of mutual extermination,
 To minds perplexed with threats of what comes
 next,
 Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cut men's throats to help them count their
 votes
 Is asinine, — nay, worse, — ascidian folly ;
 Blindness like that would scare the mole and bat,
 And make the liveliest monkey melancholy.

I say once more, as I have said before,
 If voting for our Tildens and our Hayeses
 Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night !
 Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes !

Unfurl your blood-red flags, you murderous hags,
 You *pétroleuses* of Paris, fierce and foamy ;
 We 'll sell our stock in Plymouth's blasted rock,
 Pull up our stakes and migrate to Dahomey !

1878.

THE LAST SURVIVOR.



ES! the vacant chairs tell sadly we are
 going, going fast,
 And the thought comes strangely o'er
 me who will live to be the last ;
 When the twentieth century's sunbeams climb the
 far off eastern hill
 With his ninety winters burdened will he greet the
 morning still ?

Will he stand with Harvard's nurslings when they
 hear their mother's call
 And the old and young are gathered in the many-
 alcoved hall ?
 Will he answer to the summons when they range
 themselves in line
 And the young mustachioed marshal calls out
 " Class of '29 " ?

Methinks I see the column as its lengthened ranks
 appear
 In the sunshine of the morrow of the nineteen hun-
 dredth year ;
 Through the yard 't is creeping, winding, by the
 walls of dusky red —
 What shape is that which totters at the long pro-
 cession's head ?

Who knows this ancient graduate of fourscore
years and ten, —

What place he held, what name he bore among the
sons of men ?

So speeds the curious question ; its answer travels
slow :

“ 'T is the last of sixty classmates of seventy years
ago.”

His figure shows but dimly, his face I scarce can
see, —

There 's something that reminds me, — it looks like
— is it he ?

He ? Who ? No voice may whisper what wrinkled
brow shall claim

The wreath of stars that circles our last survivor's
name.

Will he be some veteran minstrel, left to pipe in
feeble rhyme

All the stories and the glories of our gay and golden
time ?

Or some quiet, voiceless brother in whose lonely,
loving breast

Fond memory broods in silence, like a dove upon
her nest ?

Will it be some old *Emeritus*, who taught so long
ago

The boys that heard him lecture have heads as
white as snow ?

Or a pious, painful preacher, holding forth from
year to year

Till his colleague got a colleague whom the young
folks flocked to hear?

Will it be a rich old merchant in a square-tied
white cravat,

Or select-man of a village in a pre-historic hat?

Will his dwelling be a mansion in a marble-fronted
row,

Or a homestead by a hillside where the huckleber-
ries grow?

I can see our one survivor, sitting lonely by him-
self, —

All his college text-books round him, ranged in
order on their shelf, —

There are classic “interliners” filled with learn-
ing’s choicest pith,

Each *cum notis variorum, quas recensuit doctus*
Smith;

Physics, metaphysics, logic, mathematics, — all the
lot, —

Every wisdom-crammed octavo he has mastered
and forgot,

With the ghosts of dead Professors standing guard
beside them all;

And the room is full of shadows which their let-
tered backs recall.

How the past spreads out in vision with its far re-
ceding train,
Like a long embroidered arras in the chambers of
the brain,
From opening manhood's morning when first we
learn to grieve,
To the fond regretful moments of our sorrow-sad-
dened eve!

What early shadows darkened our idle summer's
joy
When death snatched roughly from us that lovely
bright-eyed boy!¹
The years move swiftly onwards; the deadly shafts
fall fast, —
Till all have dropped around him, — lo, there he
stands, — the last!

Their faces flit before him, some rosy-hued and
fair,
Some strong in iron manhood, some worn with toil
and care, —
Their smiles no more shall greet him on cheeks
with pleasure flushed!
The friendly hands are folded, the pleasant voices
hushed!

My picture sets me dreaming; alas! and can it be
Those two familiar faces we never more may see?

¹ William Watson Sturgis.

In every entering footfall I think them drawing
near,
With every door that opens I say, "At last they're
here!"

The willow bends unbroken when angry tempests
blow,
The stately oak is levelled and all its strength laid
low;
So fell that tower of manhood, undaunted, patient,
strong,
White with the gathering snow-flakes, who faced
the storm so long.¹

And he,² — what subtle phrases their varying lights
must blend
To paint as each remembers our many-featured
friend!
His wit a flash auroral that laughed in every look,
His talk a sunbeam broken on the ripples of a
brook,

Or, fed from thousand sources, a fountain's glitter-
ing jet,
Or careless handfuls scattered of diamond sparks
unset,
Ah, sketch him, paint him, mould him in every
shape you will,
He was *himself*, — the only, — the one unpictured
still!

¹ Francis B. Crowninshield.

² George T. Davis.

Farewell! our skies are darkened and yet the stars
will shine,
We'll close our ranks together and still fall into
line,
Till one is left, one only, to mourn for all the rest;
And Heaven bequeath their memories to him who
loves us best!

1879.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS

A MODERNIZED VERSION.



DON'T think I feel much older; I'm
aware I'm rather gray,
But so are many young folks; I meet
'em every day.

I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and
drink,
But one's taste improves with culture; that is all
it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to? Well, the print-
ing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that
once we had.

Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please to say
that once again.

Don't I use plain words, your Reverence? Yes, I
often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it, — no, I always liked
a stick ;

And as one might lean upon it, 't is as well it should
be thick.

Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively, — I can walk,
yes, that I can,

On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you,
young man !

Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day?

Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that always
was my way.

*Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years
ago?*

Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 't was
always so.

*Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't
recall a name?*

Yes, — I know such lots of people, — but my mem-
ory's not to blame.

What! You think my memory's failing! Why,
it's just as bright and clear, —

I remember my great-grandina! She's been dead
these sixty year!

Is your voice a little trembly? Well, it may be, now
and then,

But I write as well as ever with a good old-fash-
ioned pen ;

It's the Gillotts make the trouble, — not at all my
finger-ends, —
That's why my hand looks shaky when I sign for
dividends.

Don't you stoop a little, walking? It's a way I've
always had —

I have always been round-shouldered ever since I
was a lad.

Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings? Yes, I own
it — that is true.

Don't you tell old stories over? I am not aware I
do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings? *Don't you love*
a cushioned seat

In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your
feet?

Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels? *Don't you*
muffle up your throat?

Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting
on your coat?

Don't you like old books you've dogs eared, you can't
remember when?

Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and go to bed at
ten?

How many cronies can you count of all you used to
know

Who called you by your Christian name some fifty-
years ago?

*How look the prizes to you that used to fire your
brain ?*

*You've reared your mound — how high is it above the
level plain ?*

*You've drained the brimming golden cup that made
your fancy reel,*

*You've slept the giddy potion off, — now tell us how
you feel !*

*You've watched the harvest ripening till every stem
was cropped,*

*You've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal
dropped,*

*You've told your thought, you've done your task, you've
tracked your dial round,*

*— I backing down ! Thank Heaven, not yet !
I'm hale and brisk and sound,*

*And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to
see ;*

*My shoes are not quite ready yet, — don't think
you're rid of me !*

*Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older
far,*

*And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas
Parr ?*

*Ah well, — I know, — at every age life has a certain
charm, —*

*You're going ? Come, permit me, please, I beg you'll
take my arm.*

I take your arm ! Why take your arm ? I 'd thank
you to be told ;
I 'm old enough to walk alone, but not so *very* old !

1879.

VESTIGIA QUINQUE RETRORSUM.

AN ACADEMIC POEM, READ AT THE COMMENCE-
MENT DINNER OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD
UNIVERSITY, FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF GRAD-
UATION.



WHILE fond, sad memories all around us
throng
Silence were sweeter than the sweetest
song ;

Yet when the leaves are green and heaven is blue,
The choral tribute of the grove is due ;
And when the lengthening nights have chilled the
skies

We fain would hear the song-bird ere he flies,
And greet with kindly welcome even as now,
The lonely minstrel on his leafless bough.

This is our golden year, — its golden day ;
Its bridal memories soon must pass away ;
Soon shall its dying music cease to ring
And every year must loose some silver string,

Till the last trembling chords no longer thrill, —
Hands all at rest and hearts forever still.

A few gray heads have joined the forming line ;
We hear our summons, — “ Class of 'Twenty-Nine ! ”
Close on the foremost, and Alas, how few !
Are these “ The Boys ” our dear old Mother
knew ?
Sixty brave swimmers. Twenty — something
more —
Have passed the stream and reached this frosty
shore !

How near the banks these fifty years divide
When memory crosses with a single stride !
'T is the first year of stern “ Old Hickory ” 's rule
When our good Mother lets us out of school,
Half glad, half sorrowing, it must be confessed,
To leave her quiet lap, her bounteous breast,
Armed with our dainty, ribbon-tied degrees,
Pleased and yet pensive, exiles and A. B.'s.

Look back, O comrades, with your faded eyes,
And see the phantoms as I bid them rise.
Whose smile is that ? Its pattern Nature gave,
A sunbeam dancing in a dimpled wave ;
KIRKLAND alone such grace from Heaven could
win,
His features radiant as the soul within ;
That smile would let him through Saint Peter's
gate
While sad-eyed martyrs had to stand and wait.

Here flits mercurial *Farrar* ; standing there,
 See mild, benignant, cautious, learned *Ware*,
 And sturdy, patient, faithful, honest *Hedge*,
 Whose grinding logic gave our wits their edge ;
Ticknor, with honeyed voice and courtly grace ;
 And *Willard* larynxed like a double bass ;
 And *Channing* with his bland superior look,
 Cool as a moonbeam on a frozen brook,
 While the pale student, shivering in his shoes,
 Sees from his theme the turgid rhetoric ooze ;
 And the born soldier, fate decreed to wreak
 His martial manhood on a class in Greek,
Popkin! How that explosive name recalls
 The grand old Busby of our ancient halls !
 Such faces looked from Skippon's grim platoons,
 Such figures rode with Ireton's stout dragoons ;
 He gave his strength to learning's gentle charms,
 But every accent sounded "Shoulder arms !"

Names, — empty names ! Save only here and
 there

Some white-haired listener, dozing in his chair,
 Starts at the sound he often used to hear
 And upward slants his Sunday-sermon ear.

And we, — our blooming manhood we regain ;
 Smiling we join the long Commencement train,
 One point first battled in discussion hot, —
Shall we wear gowns? and settled : *We will not.*
 How strange the scene, — that noisy boy-debate
 Where embryo-speakers learn to rule the State !

This broad-browed youth,¹ sedate and sober-eyed,
 Shall wear the ermined robe at Tancy's side ; -
 And he, the stripling,² smooth of face and slight,
 Whose slender form scarce intercepts the light,
 Shall rule the Bench where Parsons gave the law,
 And sphynx-like sat uncouth, majestic Shaw !
 Ah, many a star has shed its fatal ray
 On names we loved, — our brothers, — where are
 they ?
 Nor these alone ; our hearts in silence claim
 Names not less dear, unsyllabled by fame.

How brief the time ! and yet it sweeps us back
 Far, far along our new-born history's track !
 Five strides like this ; — the Sachem rules the
 land ;
 The Indian wigwams cluster where we stand.

The second. — Lo ! a scene of deadly strife —
 A nation struggling into infant life ;
 Not yet the fatal game at Yorktown won
 Where falling Empire fired its sunset gun.
 LANGDON sits restless in the ancient chair, —
 Harvard's grave Head, — these echoes heard his
 prayer
 When from yon mansion, dear to memory still,
 The banded yeomen marched for Bunker's hill.
 Count on the grave triennial's thick-starred roll
 What names were numbered on the lengthening
 scroll, —

¹ Benjamin Robbins Curtis. ² George Tyler Bigelow.

Not unfamiliar in our ears they ring, —
 Winthrop, Hale, Eliot, Everett, Dexter, Tyng.

Another stride. Once more at 'Twenty-Nine, —
 GOD SAVE KING GEORGE, the Second of his line!
 And is *Sir Isaac* living? Nay, not so, —
 He followed *Flamsteed* two short years ago, —
 And what about the little hump-backed man
 Who pleased the bygone days of good Queen
 Anne?

What, *Pope*? another book he's just put out, —
 "The Dunciad," — witty, but profane, no doubt.
 Where's *Cotton Mather*? he was always here, —
 And so he would be, but he died last year.
 Who is this preacher our Northampton claims,
 Whose rhetoric blazes with sulphureous flames
 And torches stolen from Tartarean mines?
Edwards, the salamander of divines.
 A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled;
 Faith, firm as his who stabbed his sleeping child;
 Alas for him who blindly strays apart
 And seeking God has lost his human heart!
 Fall where they might no flying cinders caught
 These sober halls where WADSWORTH ruled and
 taught.

One footstep more; the fourth receding stride
 Leaves the round century on the nearer side.
 GOD SAVE KING CHARLES! God knows that
 pleasant knave
 His grace will find it hard enough to save.

Ten years and more, and now the Plague, the
Fire,

Talk of all tongues, at last begin to tire ;

One fear prevails, all other frights forgot, —

White lips are whispering, — hark ! *The popish
Plot !*

Happy New England, from such troubles free

In health and peace beyond the stormy sea !

No Romish daggers threat her children's throats,

No gibbering nightmare mutters "*Titus Oates ;*"

Philip is slain, the quaker graves are green,

Not yet the witch has entered on the scene ;

Happy our Harvard ; pleased her graduates four ;

URIAN OAKES the name their parchments bore.

Two centuries past, our hurried feet arrive

At the last footprint of the scanty five ;

Take the fifth stride ; our wandering eyes explore

A tangled forest on a trackless shore ;

Here, where we stand, the savage sorcerer howls,

The wild cat snarls, the stealthy gray wolf prowls,

The slonching bear, perchance the trampling
moose

Starts the brown squaw and scares her red pap-
poose ;

At every step the lurking foe is near ;

His Demons reign ; God has no temple here !

Lift up your eyes ! behold these pictured walls ;

Look where the flood of western glory falls

Through the great sunflower disk of blazing
 panes
 In ruby, saffron, azure, emerald stains ;
 With reverent step the marble pavement tread
 Where our proud Mother's martyr-roll is read ;
 See the great halls that cluster, gathering round
 This lofty shrine with holiest memories crowned ;
 See the fair Matron in her summer bower ;
 Fresh as a rose in bright perennial flower ;
 Read on her standard, always in the van,
 "TRUTH," — the one word that makes a slave a
 man ;
 Think whose the hands that fed her altar-fires,
 Then count the debt we owe our scholar-sires !

Brothers, farewell ! the fast declining ray
 Fades to the twilight of our golden day ;
 Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,
 Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.
 How few they seem as in our waning age
 We count them backwards to the title-page !
 Oh let us trust with holy men of old
 Not all the story here begun is told ;
 So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,
 On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read
 By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
 Not *Finis*, but *The End of Volume First !*

1880.

THE SHADOWS.



OW many have gone?" was the question of old

Ere time our bright ring of its jewels bereft;

Alas! for too often the death-bell has tolled,

And the question we ask is, "How many are left?"

Bright sparkled the wine; there were *fifty* that quaffed;

For a decade had slipped and had taken but three;

How they frolicked and sung, — how they shouted and laughed,

Like a school full of boys from their benches set free!

There were speeches and toasts, there were stories and rhymes,

The hall shook its sides with their merriment's noise;

As they talked and lived over the college-day times, —

No wonder they kept their old name of "The Boys!"

The seasons moved on in their rhythmical flow
With mornings like maidens that pouted or
smiled,
With the bud and the leaf and the fruit and the
snow,
And the year-books of Time in his alcoves were
piled.

There were *forty* that gathered where fifty had
met ;
Some locks had got silvered, some lives had
grown sere,
But the laugh of the laughers was lusty as yet,
And the song of the singers rose ringing and
clear.

Still flitted the years ; there were *thirty* that came ;
“ The Boys ” they were still and they answered
their call ;
There were foreheads of care, but the smiles were
the same,
And the chorus rang loud through the garlanded
hall.

The hour-hand moved on, and they gathered again ;
There were *twenty* that joined in the hymn that
was sung ;
But ah ! for our song-bird we listened in vain, —
The crystalline tones like a seraph's that rung !

How narrow the circle that holds us to-night !
How many the loved ones that greet us no more,

As we meet like the stragglers that come from the
 fight,
 Like the mariners flung from a wreck on the
 shore !

We look through the twilight for those we have
 lost ;
 The stream rolls between us and yet they seem
 near ;
 Already outnumbered by those who have crossed,
 Our band is transplanted, its home is not here !

They smile on us still — is it only a dream ? —
 While fondly or proudly their names we recall, —
 They beckon, — they come, — they are crossing the
 stream, —
 Lo ! the Shadows ! the Shadows ! room — room
 for them all !

1881.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE :

ASTRONOMER, MATHEMATICIAN.

1809-1880.



OR him the Architect of all
 Unroofed our planet's starlit hall ;
 Through voids unknown to worlds un-
 seen

His clearer vision rose serene

With us on earth he walked by day,
His midnight path how far away!
We knew him not so well who knew
The patient eyes his soul looked through;

For who his untrod realm could share
Of us that breathe this mortal air,
Or camp in that celestial tent
Whose fringes gild our firmament?

How vast the workroom where he brought
The viewless implements of thought!
The wit how subtle, how profound,
That Nature's tangled webs unwound;

That through the clouded matrix saw
The crystal planes of shaping law,
Through these the sovereign skill that planned, —
The Father's care, the Master's hand!

To him the wandering stars revealed
The secrets in their cradle scaled:
The far-off, frozen sphere that swings
Through ether, zoned with lucid rings;

The orb that rolls in dim eclipse
Wide wheeling round its long ellipse, —
His name Urania writes with these
And stamps it on her Pleiades.

We knew him not? Ah, well we knew
The manly soul, so brave, so true,

The cheerful heart that conquered age,
The child-like, silver-bearded sage.

No more his tireless thought explores
The azure sea with golden shores ;
Rest, wearied frame ! the stars shall keep
A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell ! the spirit needs must rise,
So long a tenant of the skies, —
Rise to that home all worlds above
Whose sun is God, whose light is love.





SONGS OF MANY SEASONS.

1862-1874.







SONGS OF MANY SEASONS.

1862-1874.

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 gayly colored wings,
Some, alas ! with venoméd 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 wingéd verse, and try, —
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly !

PROGRAMME.



READER — gentle — if so be
 Such still live, and live for me,
 Will it please you to be told
 What my tencore 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 surc, 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 çî 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 chine 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.





IN THE QUIET DAYS.

AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

AS 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 ! 't will soon be night.

1874.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.



GRANDMOTHER'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 colors 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.

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 seen,
 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 meckly bows ;
 His large obcissance 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 labor does its 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.



HE 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 bistred face
Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race, —
That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown hue, —
Ah, curséd, 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 eaves,

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 neighbors 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.



WHILE 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 splendors 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 ;

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

Though long their terrors rest unspr
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 !

1872.

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-
PARTY.



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 arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor !

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 horseshoe 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 curséd 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 savor ;

Our old North-Enders in their spray
 Still taste a Hyson flavor ;
 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.



LOW toiling upward from the misty
 vale,

I leave the bright enamelled zones be-
 low ;

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.

END



IN WAR TIME.



TO CANAAN.

A PURITAN WAR-SONG.



HERE 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 ?¹
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 :

¹ The captured slaves were at this time organized as pioneers.

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.”



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 fife 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.



LISTEN, 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 gasp-
ing!

Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasp-
ing, —

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

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 't is 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 outnumbered,
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 !

ONE COUNTRY.



NE 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 you 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 !

GOD SAVE THE FLAG !



WASHED 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, redcening 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 splendors,
 Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

1865.

HYMN

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.



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.



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.



THE HISTORY OF THE

First part of the history of the

second part of the history of the

third part of the history of the

fourth part of the history of the

fifth part of the history of the

sixth part of the history of the

seventh part of the history of the

eighth part of the history of the

ninth part of the history of the

tenth part of the history of the

eleventh part of the history of the

twelfth part of the history of the

thirteenth part of the history of the

fourteenth part of the history of the

fifteenth part of the history of the



SONGS OF WELCOME AND
FAREWELL.



VOL. II. 13



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.



HOUGH 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 darses 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 sca-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,

WELCOME TO THE DUKE ALEXIS. 197

O Neva of the banded isles,
We moor our hearts in thee!

WELCOME TO THE GRAND DUKE
ALEXIS.

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 9, 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 re-
member
Who was our friend when the world was our
foe.

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.



ONE word to the guest we have gathered
to greet!

The echoes are longing that word to
repeat, —

It springs to the lips that are waiting to part,
For its syllables spell themselves first in the heart.

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, 't was 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 lord of the
land, —
But he gave him a WELCOME, — his heart in his
hand !

The tribe of the Sachem has melted away,
But the word that he spoke is remembered to-day,
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 up-
rolled,
To the billows that flow through the gateway 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 wherever they
fall;

For the splendours of youth and the sunshine they
bring

Make the roses believe 't is 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.



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 childreu 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 sauds, —
Athens rent by robbers' hands, —
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
Like the 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 't were 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 would n't, because it
 was dumb.

And then the great organ ! The chorus's shout !
 Like the mixture teetotalers call, "Cold with-
 out" —
 A mingling of elements, strong, but not sweet ;
 And the drum, just referred to, that "could n't be
 - beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like your own,
 Where white Fusiyama 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 color 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 O, 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.



EVEN-HANDED Nature ! we confess
This life that men so honor, 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-cheeked 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, O, 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.

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 stowed,
And every white-throned star fixed in its lost
abode !

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 !

And 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
Had 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 lisp'ing 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 valor 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 sean, —
 God sent you to a bleeding land ;
 Our Nation found its man !

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 splendors 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 !

A TOAST TO WILKIE COLLINS.

FEBRUARY 16, 1874.



HE 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!

TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE, MAY 27,
1868.



OUR Poet, who has taught the Western
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 far-
thest 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 echocs 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 re-
 motest 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 man-
kind, —

The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still be-
hind!

TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED EHREN-
BERG.

FOR HIS "JUBILÆUM" AT BERLIN, NOVEMBER 5,
1868.



THOU 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 wondering
 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 ; —
 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 forever shine !
So shines thy name illumined in the sky, —
Such joys, such triumphs, such remembrance
thine !





MEMORIAL VERSES.





MEMORIAL VERSES.



FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865.

CHORAL: Luther's "Judgment Hymn."



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 forever !

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 !
 O 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 forever !

FOR THE COMMEMORATION SERVICES.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865.



OUR 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 enfold
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 sun-browned 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 Lybian 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, unclinking 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 unshotted 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 countersign,

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 forever dear !

EDWARD EVERETT.

“OUR FIRST CITIZEN.”¹



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.

¹ Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, January 30, 1865.

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 re-
hearse,
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 laboring 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,
 Unsleping 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 Gettysmane ?

That wrong is past ; we gave him up to Death
With all a hero's honors 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 enfold.

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 seroll,
 When o'er his page the effluent splendors 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 !
 O, 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 MASSA-
CHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, MAY 25, 1864.

O 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 :
'T was 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 ;
The floor we tread is holy ground,
Those gentle spirits hovering round,
While our fair circle joins again
Its broken chain.

1864.

HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER 14, 1869.

BONAPARTE, AUGUST 15, 1769. — HUMBOLDT, SEPTEMBER 14,
1769.



RE 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 yet to be,
A month-old babe upon his mother's breast.

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 sealed 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 forever free!

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning year,
Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror'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 be-
low !

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.



HERE, 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 colors 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 forever thine !

HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES SUM-
 NER, 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.

END



RHYMES OF AN HOUR.

—◆—
ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AVENUE THE-
ATRE, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

HANG 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 labor, 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 un-
 drawn,
 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 joeund 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 venturons bowl,
 Too early shipwrecked, for they died too soon
 To see their offspring launch the great balloon) ;
 Traeks 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 sears
 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 Richard with his camel-hunch ;
 Adore its heroines, those immortal dames,
 Time's only rivals, whom he never tames,
 Whose youth, unchanging, lives while thrones
 deay

(Age spares the Pyramids — and Dejazet) ;
 The sauey-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 splendor 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 pasteboard
 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 conjurors 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' shriue, 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 tunid pedants of the schools,
 The gilded boors, the labor-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 neighbor's smart;
 So every folly prove a fresh delight
 As in the pictures of our play to-night.

Farewell ! The Players wait the Prompter's
 call ;
 Friends, lovers, listeners ! Welcome one and all !

RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION TAKEN BY THE
 MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, AT THEIR
 MEETING HELD MAY 25, 1870.

CANTO FIRST.

 LD Rip Van Winkle had a grandson
 Rip,
 Of the paternal block a genuine chip ;
 A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap ;
 He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
 Whereof the story I propose to tell
 In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to manhood grew ;
 They always will be when there 's work to do ;

He tried at farming, — found it rather slow, —
 And then at teaching, — what he did n't know ;
 Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
 To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,
 Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
 With preaching homilies, having for their text
 A mop, a broomstick, — aught that might avail
 To point a moral or adorn a tale,
 Exclaimed, “ I have it ! Now then, Mr. V. !
 He 's good for *something*, — make him an M. D. ! ”

The die was cast ; the youngster was content ;
 They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
 How hard he studied it were vain to tell ;
 He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over Bell,
 Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good ;
 Heard heaps of lectures, — doubtless understood, —
 A constant listener, for he did not fail
 To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years ; at last he counted three,
 And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.
 Illustrious title ! in a gilded frame
 He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
 RIPUM VAN WINKLUM, QUEM WE, — SCIMUS, —
 know

IDONEUM ESSE, — to do so and so ;
 He hired an office ; soon its walls displayed
 His new diploma and his stock in trade,
 A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,
 Of various names, whereof I mention these :

Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
 Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, 'Thoroughwort,
 Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochixæ, and Black
 Drop,
 Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane, Hop,
 Puiv. Ipecacuanhæ, which for lack
 Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
 Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
 Cubebs, "Copeevy," Vitriol — white and blue,
 Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and Squill,
 And roots of Sassafras, and "Sassaf'rill,"
 Brandy, — for colics, — Pinkroot, death on
 worms, —
 Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,
 Musk, Assafoetida, the resinous gum
 Named from its odor, — well, it does smell some, —
 Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,
 Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,
 Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more ;
Ceratum simplex, — housewives oft compile
 The same at home, and call it "wax and ile" ;
Unguentum Resinosum, — change its name,
 The "drawing salve" of many an ancient dame ;
Argenti Nitras, also Spanish flies,
 Whose virtue makes the water-bladders rise, —
 (Some say that spread upon a toper's skin
 They draw no water, only rum or gin) —
 Leeches, sweet vermin ! don't they charm the sick ?
 And sticking-plaster, — how it hates to stick !

Emplastrum Ferri, — ditto *Picis*, Pitch ;
 Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the —
 which,
Scabies or *Psora*, is thy chosen name
 Since Hahnemann's goose-quill scratched thee into
 fame,
 Proved thee the source of every nameless ill,
 Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,
 'Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin ,
 Held up the *Acarus*, crawling on a pin ?
 — Mountains have labored and have brought forth
 mice :
 The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood of, —
 twice
 I've wellnigh said them — words unfitting quite
 For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to slip,
 And so at length it proved with Doctor Rip.
 One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf
 Which held the medicine that he took himself ;
 Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed
 He filled that bottle oftener than the rest ;
 What drug it held I don't presume to know —
 The gilded label said " Elixir Pro."

One day the Doctor found the bottle full,
 And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
 Put back the " Elixir " where 't was always found,
 And had old Dobbin saddled and brought round.
 — You know those old-time rhubarb-colored nags
 That carried Doctors and their saddle-bags ;

Sagacious beasts! they stopped at every place
 Where blinds were shut — knew every patient's
 case

Looked up and thought, — the baby's in a fit, —
That won't last long, — he 'll soon be through
 with it ;

But shook their heads before the knocked door
 Where some old lady told the story o'er
 Whose endless stream of tribulation flows
 For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o'-lantern led him from his way,
 And where it led him, it were hard to say ;
 Enough that wandering many a weary mile
 Through paths the mountain sheep trod single file,
 O'ercome by feelings such as patients know
 Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro,"
 He tumbled — dismounted, slightly in a heap,
 And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded day,
 But snoring still the slumbering Doctor lay.
 Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his stall,
 And straggled homeward, saddle-bags and all.
 The village people hunted all around,
 But Rip was missing, — never could be found.
 "Drowned," they guessed ; — for more than half
 a year

The pouts and eels *did* taste uncommon queer ;
 Some said of apple-brandy, — other some
 Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

— Why can't a fellow hear the fine things said
 About a fellow when a fellow 's dead ?
 The best of doctors, — so the press declared, —
 A public blessing while his life was spared,
 True to his country, bounteous to the poor,
 In all things temperate, sober, just, and pure ;
 The best of husbands ! echoed Mrs. Van,
 And set her cap to catch another man.

— So ends this Canto — if it's *quantum suff.*,
 We 'll just stop here and say we 've had enough,
 And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty years ;
 I grind the organ — if you lend your ears
 To hear my second Canto, after that
 We 'll send around the monkey with the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past, — but not a word
 In all that time of Rip was ever heard ;
 The world wagged on, — it never does go back, —
 The widow Van was now the widow Mac, —
 France was an Empire, — Andrew J. was dead,
 And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.
 Four murderous years had passed in savage strife,
 Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.

— At last one morning, — who forgets the day
 When the black cloud of war dissolved away ?

The joyous tidings spread o'er land and sea,
 Rebellion done for! Grant has captured Lee!
 Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and Stripes,—
 Out rushed the Extras wild with mammoth types,—
 Down went the laborer's hod, the school-boy's
 book,—

“Hooraw!” he cried, — “the rebel army's took!”
 Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with joy:
 Each fond, pale mother thinking of her boy;
 Old gray-haired fathers meeting, — Have, — you, —
 heard?

And then a choke, — and not another word;
 Sisters all smiling, — maidens, not less dear,
 In trembling poise between a smile and tear;
 Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff the plums
 In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;
 Cripples afoot; rheumatics on the jump,
 Old girls so loving they could hug the pump;
 Guns going bang! from every fort and ship;
 They banged so loud at last they wakened Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man appears
 Who's been asleep a score or two of years;
 You all have seen it to perfection done
 By Joe Van Wink — I mean Rip Jefferson.
 Well, so it was; old Rip at last came back,
 Claimed his old wife — the present widow Mac, —
 Had his old sign regilded, and began
 To practise physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by — it was not long to wait —
 And “please to call” grew frequent on the slate.

He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed air,
A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of hair, —
The musty look that always recommends
Your good old Doctor to his ailing friends.
— Talk of your science ! after all is said
There 's nothing like a bare and shiny head ;
Age lends the graces that are sure to please ;
Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues
And thump their briskets (called it " sound their
lungs "),
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he could,
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.
The town was healthy ; for a month or two
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats begin,
The summer's usual maladies set in ;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering flame ;
The blacksmith ailed, — the carpenter was down,
And half the children sickened in the town.
The sexton's face grew shorter than before, —
The sexton's wife a brand-new bonnet wore, —
Things looked quite serious, — Death had got a
grip
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a chill, —
Wife gave " hot drops " — at night an Indian pill ;

Next morning, feverish, — bedtime, getting worse, —
 Out of his head, — began to rave and curse ;
 The Doctor sent for, — double quick he came :
Ant. Tart. gran. duo, and repeat the same
 If no et cetera. Third day, — nothing new ;
 Percussed his thorax till 't was black and blue, —
 Lung-fever threatening, — something of the sort, —
 Out with the lancet, — let him bleed, — a quart, —
 Ten leeches next, — then blisters to his side ;
 Ten grains of calomel ; just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's care, —
 Took cold by sitting in a draught of air, —
 Pains in the back, but what the matter is
 Not quite so clear, — wife calls it "rheumatiz."
 Rubs back with flannel, — gives him something
 hot, —

"Ah !" says the Deacon, "that goes *nigh* the spot."
 Next day a *rigor*, — "Run, my little man,
 And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van."
 The Doctor came, — percussion as before,
 Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore, —
 "Right side the flattest," — then more vigorous
 raps, —

"Fever, — that's certain, — pleurisy, perhaps.
 A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,
 Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
 Then clap a blister on the painful part, —
 But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*
 Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
 Unload the portal system, — (that sounds well !)"

But when the selfsame remedies were tried,
 As all the village knew, the Squire had died ;
 The neighbors hinted, — this will never do,
 He 's killed the Squire, — he 'll kill the Deacon
 too."

— Now when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
 A *consultation* comes in order next, —
 You know what that is ? In a certain place
 Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
 And other matters, such as weather, crops,
 Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer, and hops.
 For what 's the use ? — there 's little to be said,
 Nine times in ten your man 's as good as dead ;
 At best a talk (the secret to disclose)
 Where three men guess and *sometimes* one man
 knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay, —
 Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor
 Gray, —
 They heard the story, — "Bleed !" says Doctor
 Green,
 "That 's downright murder ! cut his throat, you
 mean !
 Leeches ! the reptiles ! Why, for pity's sake,
 Not try an adder or a rattlesnake ?
 Blisters ! Why bless you, they 're against the
 law, —
 It 's rank assault and battery if they draw !
 Tartrate of Antimony ! shade of Luke,

Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke !
 The portal system ! What 's the man about ?
 Unload your nonsense ! Calomel 's played out !
 You 've been asleep, — you 'd better sleep away
 Till some one calls you."

" Stop ! " says Doctor Gray —
 " The story is you slept for thirty years ;
 With brother Green, I own that it appears
 You must have slumbered most amazing sound ;
 But sleep once more till thirty years come round,
 You 'll find the lancet in its honored place,
 Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,
 Your drugs redeemed from fashion's passing scorn,
 And counted safe to give to babes unborn."

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,
 A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he ;
 Home from the Deacon's house he plodded slow
 And filled one bumper of " Elixir Pro."
 " Good-by," he faltered, " Mrs. Van, my dear !
 I 'm going to sleep, but wake me once a year ;
 I don't like bleaching in the frost and dew,
 I 'll take the barn, if all the same to you.
 Just once a year, — remember ! no mistake !
 Cry, ' Rip Van Winkle ! time for you to wake ! '
 Watch for the weck in May when laylocks blow,
 For then the Doctors meet, and I must go."

Just once a year the Doctor's worthy dame
 Goes to the barn and shouts her husband's name,

“Come, Rip Van Winkle!” (giving him a shake)
“Rip! Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!
Laylocks in blossom! ’t is the month of May —
The Doctors’ meeting is this blessed day,
And come what will, you know I heard you swear
You ’d never miss it, but be always there!”

And so it is, as every year comes round
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.
You ’ll quickly know him by his mildewed air,
The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair,
The lichens growing on his rusty suit, —
I ’ve seen a toadstool sprouting on his boot, —
— Who says I lie? Does any man presume? —
Toadstool? No matter, — call it a mushroom.
Where is his seat? He moves it every year;
But look, you’ll find him, — he is always here, —
Perhaps you ’ll track him by a whiff you know, —
A certain flavor of “Elixir Pro.”

Now, then, I give you, — as you seem to think
We can give toasts without a drop to drink, —
Health to the mighty sleeper, — long live he!
Our Brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC.

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD AND LIVE
LANGUAGES. — Φ B K — CAMBRIDGE, 1867.



YOU bid me sing, — can I forget
The classic ode of days gone by, —
How belle Fifine and jenne Lisette
Exclaimed, “ Anacreōn, gerōn ei ” ?
“ Regardez done,” 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 ee 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 complain ;
But parce nobis, s’il vous plait, —
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;
 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 ancients 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 neighbor is dear,
Whose heart has a throb for our time-honored
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,

270 *FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER.*

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 redecoat, 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 craftsmen 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.



HE Caliph ordered up his cook,
And, scowling with a fearful look
That meant, — We stand no gam-
mon, —

“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 have n’t time to go on:)

“Great Sire,” and so forth, thus he spoke,
“Your Highness must intend a joke;
It does n’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 honored 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 is n’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 favor.
Yes ; since what happened t’ other morn
The salmon of the Golden Horn
Might have a doubtful flavor.

“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 would n’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 gayly 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.



HE 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 !

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 sun-
 shine 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 odors 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 !





ADDITIONAL POEMS.

TO 1878.





ADDITIONAL POEMS.

TO 1878.



AT A MEETING OF FRIENDS.

AUGUST 29, 1859.



REMEMBER — why yes! God bless
me! and was it so long ago?

I fear I'm growing forgetful, as old
folks do, you know;

It must have been in 'forty — I would say 'thirty-
nine —

We talked this matter over, I and a friend of mine.

He said " Well now, old fellow, I'm thinking that
you and I,

If we act like other people, shall be older by and
by ;

What though the bright blue ocean is smooth as a
pond can be,

There is always a line of breakers to fringe the
broadest sea.

“ We ’re taking it mighty easy, but that is nothing
 strange,
 For up to the age of thirty we spend our years like
 change ;
 But creeping up towards the forties, as fast as the
 old years fill,
 And Time steps in for payment, we seem to change
 a bill.

“ — I know it, — I said, — old fellow ; you speak
 the solemn truth ;
 A man can’t live to a hundred and likewise keep his
 youth ;
 But what if the ten years coming shall silver-streak
 my hair,
 You know I shall then be forty ; of course I shall
 not care.

“ At forty a man grows heavy and tired of fun and
 noise ;
 Leaves dress to the five-and-twenties and love to
 the silly boys ;
 No foppish tricks at forty, no pinching of waists
 and toes,
 But high-low shoes and flannels and good thick
 worsted hose.”

But one fine August morning I found myself
 awake :
 My birthday :— By Jove, I ’m forty ! Yes, forty,
 and no mistake !

Why this is the very milestone, I think I used to
hold,
That when a fellow had come to, a fellow would
then be old!

But that is the young folks' nonsense; they're full
of their foolish stuff;
A man's in his prime at forty, — I see *that* plain
enough;
At *fifty* a man is wrinkled, and *may be* bald or
gray;
I call men old at fifty, in spite of all they say.

At last comes another August with mist and rain
and shine;
Its mornings are slowly counted and creep to
twenty-nine,
And when on the western summits the fading light
appears,
It touches with rosy fingers the last of my fifty
years.

There have been both men and women whose
hearts were firm and bold,
But there never was one of fifty that loved to say
"I'm old";
So any elderly person that strives to shirk his
years,
Make him stand up at a table and try him by his
peers.

Now here I stand at fifty, my jury gathered round ;
 Sprinkled with dust of silver, but not yet silver
 crowned,
 Ready to meet your verdict, waiting to hear it
 told ;
 Guilty of fifty summers ; speak ! Is the verdict
 old ?

No ! say that his hearing fails him ; say that his
 sight grows dim ;
 Say that he 's getting wrinkled and weak in back
 and limb,
 Losing his wits and temper, but pleading, to make
 amends,
 The youth of his fifty summers he finds in his
 twenty friends.

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 see 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 squirming,
 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.

A SEA DIALOGUE.

*Cabin Passenger.**Man at Wheel.*

CABIN PASSENGER.



RIEND, 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 suck'd
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 laeces 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, parchments, 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

290 AT THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER.

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.

AT THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER.

DECEMBER 15, 1874.



SUPPOSE it's myself that you're making allusion to

And bringing the sense of dismay and confusion to,

Of course *some* must speak, — they are always selected to,

But pray what's the reason that I am expected to?
I'm not fond of wasting my breath as those fellows do

That want to be blowing forever as bellows do;
Their legs are uneasy, but why will you jog any
That long to stay quiet beneath the mahogany?

Why, why call *me* up with your battery of flatteries?

You say "He writes poetry," — that's what the matter is!

" It costs him no trouble, — a pen full of ink or two
 And the poem is done in the time of a wink or two ;
 As for thoughts, — never mind, — take the ones
 that lie uppermost,
 And the rhymes used by Milton and Byron and
 Tupper most ;
 The lines come so easy ! at one end he jingles 'em,
 At the other with capital letters he shingles 'em, —
 Why, the thing writes itself, and before he 's half
 done with it
 He hates to stop writing he has such good fun with
 it ! "

Ah, that is the way in which simple ones go about
 And draw a fine picture of things they don't know
 about !

We all know a kitten, but come to a catamouut
 The beast is a stranger when grown up to that
 amount,

(A stranger we rather prefer should n't visit us,
 A *felis* whose advent is far from felicitous.)

The boy who can boast that his trap has just got a
 mouse

Must n't draw it and write underneath " hippopot-
 amus " ;

Or say unveraciously, " this is an elephant, " —
 Don't think, let me beg, these examples irrele-
 vant, —

What they mean is just this, — that a thing to be
 painted well

Should always be something with which we 're ac-
 quainted well.

You call on your victim for "things he has plenty
of, —

Those copies of verses no doubt at least twenty
of;

His desk is crammed full, for he always keeps
writing 'em

And reading to friends as his way of delight-
ing 'em!" —

I tell you this writing of verses means business, —

It makes the brain whirl in a vortex of dizziness:

You think they are scrawled in the languor of
laziness, —

I tell you they 're squeezed by a spasm of crazi-
ness,

A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos

That seize a poor fellow and down in the dirt he
goes!

And therefore it chimes with the word's etymol-
ogy

That the sons of Apollo are great on apology,

For the writing of verse is a struggle mysterious,

And the gayest of rhymes is a matter that 's se-
rious.

For myself, I 'm relied on by friends in extremi-
ties,

And I don't mind so much if a comfort to them it
is;

'T is a pleasure to please, and the straw that can
tickle us

Is a source of enjoyment though slightly ridicu-
lous.

I am up for a, — something, — and since I've begun with it,

I must give you a toast now before I have done with it.

Let me pump at my wits as they pumped the Cochituate

That moistened, — it may be, — the very last bit you ate.

— Success to our publishers, authors and editors ;
To our debtors good luck, — pleasant dreams to our creditors ;

May the monthly grow yearly, till all we are groping for

Has reached the fulfilment we're all of us hoping for ;

Till the bore through the tunnel — it makes me let off a sigh

To think it may possibly ruin my prophecy —

Has been punned on so often 't will never provoke again

One mild adolescent to make the old joke again ;

Till abstinent, all-go-to-meeting society

Has forgotten the sense of the word inebriety ;

Till the work that poor Hannah and Bridget and Phillis do

The humanized, civilized female gorillas do ;

Till the roughs, as we call them, grown loving and dutiful,

Shall worship the true and the pure and the beautiful,

And, preying no longer as tiger and vulture do,

All read the "Atlantic" as persons of culture do !

"LUCY."

FOR HER GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER 18, 1875.



"LUCY." — The old familiar name

Is now, as always, pleasant,

Its liquid melody the same

Alike in past or present ;

Let others call you what they will,

I know you 'll let me use it ;

To me your name is Lucy still,

I cannot bear to lose it.

What visions of the past return

With Lucy's image blended !

What memories from the silent urn

Of gentle lives long ended !

What dreams of childhood's fleeting morn,

What starry aspirations,

That filled the misty days unborn

With fancy's coruscations !

Ah, Lucy, life has swiftly sped

From April to November ;

The summer blossoms all are shed

That you and I remember ;

But while the vanished years we share

With mingling recollections.

How all their shadowy features wear

The hue of old affections !

Love called you. He who stole your heart
 Of sunshine half bereft us ;
 Our household's garland fell apart
 The morning that you left us ;
 The tears of tender girlhood streamed
 Through sorrow's opening sluices ;
 Less sweet our garden's roses seemed,
 Less blue its flower-de-luces.

That old regret is turned to smiles,
 That parting sigh to greeting ;
 I send my heart-throb fifty miles, —
 Through every line 't is beating ;
 God grant you many and happy years,
 Till when the last has crowned you
 The dawn of endless day appears,
 And heaven is shining round you !

OCTOBER 11, 1875.

HYMN.

FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF GOV-
 ERNOR ANDREW, HINGHAM, OCTOBER 7, 1875.



BEHOLD the shape our eyes have known !
 It lives once more in changeless stone ;
 So looked in mortal face and form
 Our guide through peril's deadly storm:

But hushed the beating heart we knew,
That heart so tender, brave, and true,
Firm as the rooted mountain rock,
Pure as the quarry's whitest block !

Not his beneath the blood-red star
To win the soldier's envied sear ;
Unarmed he battled for the right,
In Duty's never-ending fight.

Unconquered will, unslumbering eye,
Faith such as bids the martyr die,
The prophet's glance, the master's hand
To mould the work his foresight planned, —

These were his gifts ; what Heaven had lent
For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,
First to avenge the traitorous blow,
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

Lo, thus he stood ; in danger's strait
The pilot of the Pilgrim State !
Too large his fame for her alone, —
A nation claims him as her own !

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

READ AT THE MEETING HELD AT MUSIC HALL,
FEBRUARY 8, 1876, IN MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL
G. HOWE.

I.



LEADER of armies, Israel's God,
Thy soldier's fight is won !
Master, whose lowly path he trod,
Thy servant's work is done !

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep
Our wandering feet to guide ;
From Horeb's rock no waters leap ;
No Jordan's waves divide ;

No prophet cleaves our western sky
On wheels of whirling fire ;
No shepherds hear the song on high
Of heaven's angelic choir ;

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent
God's angel comes a guest ;
He comes on Heaven's high errand sent,
In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow
Till love its own recalls,

And like a leaf that quits the bough,
The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,
Ere winter's killing frost,
The message came ; so passed away
The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in Thy love we trust ;
Forgive us if we mourn
The saddening hour that laid in dust
His robe of flesh outworn.

II.

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems
To reach the far-off past
That woke his youth from peaceful dreams
With Freedom's trumpet-blast !

Along her classic hillsides rung
The Paynim's battle-cry,
And like a red-cross knight he sprung
For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
For Sparta's bravest son ;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
The mound of Marathon ;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
In front of angry foes ;
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo ! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind,
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire
throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths unknown
His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star !

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form
The sightless orbs would seek,
And smiles of welcome light and warm
The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs ;
His tablet is the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

III.

THE rest that earth denied is thine, —
Ah, is it rest ? we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task ?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
One darkened sphere like this ;
But what has Heaven for thee to do
In realms of perfect bliss ?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
No rugged path to smooth,
No struggling soul to help and cheer,
No mortal grief to soothe !

Enough ; is there a world of love,
No more we ask to know ;
The hand will guide thy ways above
That shaped thy task below.

JOSEPH WARREN, M. D.



TRAINED in the holy art whose lifted
shield

Wards off the darts a never-slumbering
foe,

By hearth and wayside lurking, waits to throw,
Oppression taught his helpful arm to wield
The slayer's weapon : on the murderous field
The fiery bolt he challenged laid him low,
Seeking its noblest victim. Even so
The charter of a nation must be sealed !
The healer's brow the hero's honors crowned,
From lowliest duty called to loftiest deed.
Living, the oak-leaf wreath his temples bound ;
Dying, the conqueror's laurel was his meed,
Last on the broken rampart's turf to bleed
Where Freedom's victory in defeat was found.

JUNE 11, 1875.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-
HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.



TIS like stirring living embers when, at
eighty, one remembers

All the achings and the quakings of "the
times that tried men's souls" ;

When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the
Rebel story,
 To you the words are ashes, but to me they 're
 burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April run-
 ning battle ;
 Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red
 coats still ;
 But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms
 up before me,
 When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes
 of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the
 first thing gave us warning
 Was the booming of the cannon from the river and
 the shore :
 " Child," says grandma, " what 's the matter, what
 is all this noise and clatter ?
 Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder
 us once more ? "

Poor old soul ! my sides were shaking in the midst
 of all my quaking,
 To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began
 to roar :
 She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter
 and the pillage,
 When the Mohawks killed her father with their
 bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you
fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this
is work or play ;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute" —
For a minute then I started. I was gone the live-
long day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass gri-
macing ;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-
way to my heels ;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood
around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet house-
hold feels !

In the street I heard a thumping ; and I knew it
was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden
leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky
I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal
marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old sol-
dier and his people ;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the
creaking stair,

Just across the narrow river, — O, so close it made
me shiver! —

Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday
was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who
stood behind it,

Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the
stubborn walls were dumb:

Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild
upon each other,

And their lips were white with terror as they said,
THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we
tasted,

And our heads were almost splitting with the can-
nons' deafening thrill,

When a figure tall and stately round the rampart
strode sedately;

It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he com-
manded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,

With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall;

Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,

Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he
walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming ;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers ;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers !

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges sliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order ;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still :
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting, —
At last they 're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing, —
Now the front rank fires a volley, — they have thrown away their shot ;

For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls
above them flying,

Our people need not hurry ; so they wait and
answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tipple), —

He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French
war) before, —

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all
were hearing, —

And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty
belfry floor : —

“ Oh ! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s
shillin’s,

But ye ’ll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘ rebel ’
falls ;

You may bang the dirt and welcome, they ’re as
safe as Dan’l Malcolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you ’ve
splintered with your balls ! ”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepida-
tion

Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-
nigh breathless all ;

Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety
belfry railing,

We are crowding up against them like the waves
against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,
 — nearer, — nearer,
 When a flash, — a curling smoke-wreath, — then a
 crash, — the steeple shakes, —
 The deadly truce is ended ; the tempest's shroud is
 rended ;
 Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-
 cloud it breaks !

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black
 smoke blows over !
 The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower
 rakes his hay ;
 Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong
 crowd is flying
 Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into
 spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed ! they are
 beat, — it can't be doubted !
 God be thanked, the fight is over !" — Ah ! the
 grim old soldier's smile !
 "Tell us, tell us why you look so ?" (we could
 hardly speak, we shook so), —
 "Are they beaten ? *Are* they beaten ? **ARE** they
 beaten ?" — "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror ! for too soon we
 saw our error :
 They are baffled, not defeated ; we have driven
 them back in vain ;

And the columns that were scattered, round the
 colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
 breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of
 Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it
 will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire
 and brimstone round them,—
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn
 a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see
 each massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with the slant-
 ing walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
 haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they pal-
 sied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod
 the foes asunder!
Not a fircloek flashed against them! up the earth-
 work they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the
 ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the ven-
 geance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted back-
wards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened
braves of Howe ;
And we shout, " At last they 're done for, it 's their
barges they have run for :
They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and the battle 's
over now ! "

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough
old soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we
would ask :
" Not sure," he said ; " keep quiet, — once more, I
guess, they 'll try it, —
Here 's damnation to the cut-throats ! " — then
he handed me his flask,

Saying, " Gal, you 're looking shaky ; have a drop
of old Jamaiky ;
I 'm afeard there 'll be more trouble afore the job
is done " ;
So I took one scorching swallow ; dreadful faint I
felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing
was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a
calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were
creeping round to four,

When the old man said, "They 're forming with
 their bagonets fixed for storming ;
 It 's the death-grip that 's a coming, — they will try
 the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind
 them glaring,
 The deadly wall before them, in close array they
 come ;
 Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold
 uncoiling, —
 Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverber-
 ating drum !

Over heaps all torn and gory, — shall I tell the fear-
 ful story,
 How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea
 breaks over a deck ;
 How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
 retreated,
 With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swim-
 mers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted ; as for me, they
 say I fainted,
 And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with
 me down the stair :
 When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening
 lamps were lighted, —
 On the floor a youth was lying ; his bleeding breast
 was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for
 WARREN! hurry! hurry!
 Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come
 and dress his wound!"
 Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of
 death and sorrow,
 How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark
 and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
 place from which he came was,
 Who had brought him from the battle, and had left
 him at our door,
 He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of
 our brave fellows,
 As the homespun plainly showed us which the dy-
 ing soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gath-
 ered round him crying, —
 And they said, "O, how they'll miss him!" and,
 "What *will* his mother do?"
 Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that
 has been dozing,
 He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — and — I
 saw his eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you're winking!" — Ah,
 my child, it sets me thinking
 Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow
 lived along;

So we came to know each other, and I nursed him
 like a — mother,
 Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-
 checked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
 summer weather ;
 — “ Please to tell us what his name was ? ” — Just
 your own, my little dear, —
 There 's his picture Copley painted : we became so
 well acquainted,
 That — in short, that 's why I 'm grandma, and
 you children all are here !

OLD CAMBRIDGE.

JULY 3, 1875.



AND can it be you 've found a place
 Within this consecrated space
 That makes so fine a show
 For one of Rip Van Winkle's race ?
 And is it really so ?
 Who wants an old receipted bill ?
 Who fishes in the Frog-pond still ?
 Who digs last year's potato hill ? —
 That 's what he 'd like to know !

And were it any spot on earth
Save this dear home that gave him birth
Somes scores of years ago,
He had not come to spoil your mirth
And chill your festive glow ;
But round his baby-nest he strays,
With tearful eye the scene surveys,
His heart unchanged by changing days, —
That 's what he 'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim
Live o'er the buried past with him,
And see the roses blow
When white-haired men were Joe and Jim
Untouched by winter's snow ?
Or roll the years back one by one
As Judah's monarch backed the sun,
And see the century just begun ? —
That 's what he 'd like to know !

I come, but as the swallow dips,
Just touching with her feather-tips
The shining wave below,
To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips
And listen to the flow
Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene,
To tread once more my native green,
To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —
That 's what I 'd have you know.

But since the common lot I 've shared
(We all are sitting " unprepared,"

Like culprits in a row,
 Whose heads are down, whose necks are bared
 To wait the headsman's blow)
 I'd like to shift my task to you,
 By asking just a thing or two
 About the good old times I knew, —
 Here 's what I want to know :

The yellow meetin' house, — can you tell
 Just where it stood before it fell,
 Prey of the vandal foe, —
 Our dear old temple, loved so well,
 By ruthless hands laid low ?
 Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew ?
 Whose hair was braided in a queue ?
 (For there were pig-tails not a few,) —
 That 's what I 'd like to know.

The bell, — can you recall its clang ?
 And how the seats would slam and bang ?
 The voices high and low ?
 The basso's trump before he sang ?
 The viol and its bow ?
 Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat ?
 Who wore the last three-cornered hat ?
 Was Israel Porter lean or fat ? —
 That 's what I 'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be
 That stood beside the murdered tree ?
 Whose dog to church would go ?

Old Marcus Reemie, who was he ?
 Who were the brothers Snow ?
 Does not your memory slightly fail
 About that great September gale
 Whereof one told a moving tale,
 As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town,
 Say just when Deacon William Brown
 (Last door in yonder row),
 For honest silver counted down,
 His groceries would bestow ? —
 For those were days when money meant
 Something that jingled as you went, —
 No hybrid like the nickel cent,
 I 'd have you all to know,

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,
 And fourpence happennies in between,
 All metal fit to show,
 Instead of rags in stagnant green,
 The scum of debts we owe ;
 How sad to think such stuff should be
 Our Wendell's cure-all recipe, —
 Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —
 The one you all must know !

I question, — but you answer not, —
 Dear me ! and have I quite forgot
 How fivescore years ago,
 Just on this very blessed spot,
 The summer leaves below,

Before his homespun ranks arrayed
In green New England's elm-bough shade
The great Virginian drew the blade
King George full soon should know !

O George the Third ! you found it true
Our George was more than *double you*,
For nature made him so.

Not much an empire's crown can do
If brains are scant and slow, —
Ah, not like that his laurel crown
Whose presence gilded with renown
Our brave old Academic town,
As all her children know !

So here we meet with loud acclaim
To tell mankind that here he came,
With hearts that throb and glow ;
Ours is a portion of his fame
Our trumpets needs must blow !
On yonder hill the Lion fell,
But here was chipped the eagle's shell, —
That little hatchet did it well,
As all the world shall know !

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.



RIGHT on the banners of lily and rose
Lo! the last sun of our century sets!
Wreath the black cannon that scowled
on our foes,

All but her friendships the nation forgets!
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her; but where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet's swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around!
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound!
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound!
Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell;
Welcome! still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome! still trembles on Liberty's bell!

Thrones of the continents! isles of the sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome, once more, to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free";
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the continents! isles of the sea!

A FAMILIAR LETTER.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.



YES, write, if you want to, there's nothing
 like trying ;
 Who knows what a treasure your cas-
 ket may hold ?
 I 'll show you that rhyming 's as easy as lying
 If you 'll listen to me while the art I unfold.

Here 's a book full of words ; one can choose as he
 fancies,
 As a painter his tint, as a workman his tool ;
 Just think ! all the poems and plays and romances
 Were drawn out of this, like the fish from a
 pool !

You can wander at will through its syllabled
 mazes,
 And take all you want, — not a copper they
 cost, —
 What is there to hinder your picking out phrases
 For an epic as clever as " Paradise Lost " ?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at zero,
 Use words that run smoothly, whatever they
 mean ;

Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero

Are much the same thing in the rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their sweetness will smother

That boarding-school flavor of which we 're afraid, —

There is "lush" is a good one, and "swirl" is another, —

Put both in one stanza, its fortune is made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical closes

You can cheat us of smiles when you've nothing to tell;

You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses,

And we cry with delight, "O, how sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful conditions

For winning the laurels to which you aspire,

By docking the tails of the two prepositions

I' the style o' the bards you so greatly admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only too plenty

For ringing the changes on metrical chimes;

A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty

Have filled that great basket with bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture, — 't is far from irrelevant, —

By a famous old hand in the arts of design ;
'T is only a photographed sketch of an elephant, —
The name of the draughtsman was Rembrandt
of Rhine.

How easy ! no troublesome colors to lay on,
It can't have fatigued him, — no, not in the
least, —

A dash here and there with a hap-hazard crayon,
And there stands the wrinkled-skinned, baggy-
limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 't is as easy as sketch-
ing, —

You can reel off a song without knitting your
brow,
As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or etching ;
It is nothing at all, if you only know how.

Well ; imagine you 've printed your volume of
verses ;

Your forehead is wreathed with the garland of
fame,
Your poems the eloquent school-boy rehearses,
Her album the school-girl presents for your
name ;

Each morning the post brings you autograph letters ;
You 'll answer them promptly, — an hour is n't
much

For the honor of sharing a page with your betters,
With magistrates, members of Congress, and
such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the committees
That come with requests from the country all
round

You would grace the occasion with poems and dit-
ties

When they've got a new schoolhouse, or poor-
house, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song for the sin-
ners,

You go and are welcome wherever you please ;
You're a privileged guest at all manner of dinners,
You've a seat on the platform among the
grandees.

At length your mere presence becomes a sensation,
Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its brim
With the pleasure Horatian of digitmonstration,
As the whisper runs round of "That's he!" or
"That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sonorous,
So daintily chosen, so tunefully matched,
Though you soar with the wings of the cherubim
o'er us,
The *ovum* was human from which you were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny compulsion
 Can summon the spirit that quickens the lyre;
 It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convulsion,
 And touches the brain with a finger of fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to be quiet,
 If you've nothing you think is worth saying in
 prose,
 As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet
 To the critics, by publishing, as you propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry I've writ-
 ten, —
 I shall see your thin volume some day on my
 shelf;
 For the rhyming tarantula surely has bitten, —
 And music must cure you, so pipe it yourself.

UNSATISFIED.



ONLY a housemaid!" She looked from
 the kitchen, —

Neat was the kitchen and tidy was
 she;

There at her window a sempstress sat stitching;

"Were I a sempstress, how happy I'd be!"

"Only a Queen!" She looked over the waters, —
 Fair was her kingdom and mighty was she;

There sat an Empress, with Queens for her daughters ;

“ Were I an Empress, how happy I ’d be ! ”

Still the old frailty they all of them trip in !

Eve in her daughters is ever the same ;

Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin ;

Give her an Empire, she pines for a name !

MAY 8, 1876.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COLLE-
GIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD
ADVOCATE, 1876.



WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near ; the “ cracks ” were
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints declare :

The swift g. m., Old Hiram’s nag,

The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer’s brag,

With these a third — and who is he

That stands beside his fast b. g. ?

Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name

So fills the nasal trump of fame.

There too stood many a noted steed

Of Messenger and Morgan breed ;

Green horses also, not a few ;
 Unknown as yet what they could do ;
 And all the hacks that know so well
 The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day ;
 The bordering turf is green with May ;
 The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
 On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan ;
 The horses paw and prance and neigh,
 Fillies and colts like kittens play,
 And dance and toss their rippled manes
 Shining and soft as silken skeins ;
 Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
 And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out ;
 Herc stands, — each youthful Jehu's dream, —
 The jointed tandem, ticklish team !
 And there in ampler breadth expand
 The splendors of the four-in-hand ;
 On faultless ties and glossy tiles
 The lovely bonnets beam their smiles ;
 (The style 's the man, so books avow ;
 The style 's the woman, anyhow ;)
 From flounces frothed with creamy lace
 Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
 Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
 Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
 O woman, in your hours of ease
 So shy with us, so free with these !

“Come on ! I'll bet you two to one
 I'll make him do it !” “Will you ? Done !”

What was it who was bound to do ?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story 's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day ;
(A funeral — so the sexton said ;
His mother's uncl's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast ;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair ;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down, —
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot !
“ And are we then so soon forgot ? ”
Ah me ! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name “ Old Blue,”
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young !

“ Bring forth the horse ! ” Alas ! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode ;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,

Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints ;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see !

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him !
It is ! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides ;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth ;
With horsey wink and sancy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast ;
“ Go it, ye cripple, while ye can ! ”
Cried out unsentimental Dan ;
‘ A Fast-Day dinner for the crows ! ’
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees ;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state ;
He 's not a colt ; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell ;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

“ Go ! ” — Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung ;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word ;
It thrills like flame through every limb, —
What mean his twenty years to him ?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt ;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side ;
Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again !

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He 's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh ;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file !
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun ;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear ;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane ;
He 'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He 'll slide beneath those trampling heels !
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
" Stick on ! Stick on ! " " Hould tight ! Hould
tight ! "
" Cling round his neck and don't let go —
" That pace can't hold — there ! steady ! whoa ! "
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire ;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And " Stop him ! — stop him ! " is the cry.

Stand baek! he's only just begun —
He's having out three heats in one!
“Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!”
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing “all they know.”
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that elinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out;
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse, — all the rest astern, —
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, “Old Dutchman come again!”
Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second hand;

One said 2. 10; *that* could n't be —
 More like two twenty two or three;
 Old Hiram settled it at last;
 "The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
 It cost him something of a sweat;
 Back in the one-horse shay he went;
 The parson wondered what it meant,
 And murmured, with a mild surprise
 And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
 "That funeral must have been a trick,
 Or corpses drive at double-quick;
 I should n't wonder, I declare,
 If brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say
 About the parson's poor old bay,
 The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
 A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH."

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."



ULL sevenscore years our city's pride, —
 The comely Southern spire, —
 Has cast its shadow, and defied
 The storm, the foe, the fire;

Sad is the sight our eyes behold ;
Woe to the three-hilled town,
When through the land the tale is told —
"The brave ' Old South ' is down !"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn
That hears our children tell,
"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,
Our fathers loved so well ;
Here, while his brethren stood aloof,
The herald's blast was blown
That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof
And roeked King George's throne !

"The home-bound wanderer of the main
Looked from his deck afar,
To where the gilded, glittering vane
Shone like the evening star ;
And pilgrim feet from every clime
The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
The shrine of Freedom's God !"

The darkened skies, alas ! have seen
Our monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
But Nature struck the blow ;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
It felt no edge of steel,
No soulless hireling raised his hand
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,
 Still pleads the storied tower;
 These are the blossoms, but the fruit
 Awaits the golden shower;
 The spire still greets the morning sun, —
 Say, shall it stand or fall?
 Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
 Help, each, and God help all!

THE FIRST FAN.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON BRIC-À-BRAC
 CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877.



WHEN rose the cry "Great Pan is dead!"
 And Jove's high palace closed its por-
 tal,
 The fallen gods, before they fled,
 Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

"To whom?" you ask. I ask of you.
 The answer hardly needs suggestion;
 Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —
 How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,
 The Thunderer deigned himself to offer,
 The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —
 You know he always was a scoffer.

“Vife shillins! ’t is a monstrous price ;
Say two and six and further talk shun.”
“Take it,” cried Jove; “we can’t be nice, —
’T would fetch twice that at Leonard’s auc-
tion

The ice was broken ; up they came,
All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,
Each ready with the price to name
For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too, —
Her quecnly forehead somewhat cloudy ;
Then Pallas in her stockings blue,
Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled
Before the Jew a threadbare turban :
“Three shillings.” “One. ’T will suit some old
Terrific feminine suburban.”

But as for Pallas, — how to tell
In seemly phrase a fact so shocking ?
She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,
She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,
Its heel confessed the need of darning ;
“Gods !” low-bred Vulcan cried, “behold !
There ! that ’s what comes of too much larn-
ing !”

Pale Proserpine came groping round,
Her pupils dreadfully dilated
With too much living underground, —
A residence quite overrated ;

“ This kerchief ’s what you want, I know, —
Don’t cheat poor Venus of her cestus, —
You ’ll find it handy when you go
To — you know where ; it ’s pure asbestus.”

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,
And Dian with the breast of snow,
Chaser and chased, — and caught, it may be :

One took the quiver from her back,
One held the cap he spent the night in,
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,
Strode up and showed his suit of armor ;
So none at last was left behind
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus ! What had she to sell ?
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone, —
She always would be rash and flighty, —

Her winter garments all in pawn,
Alas for charming Aphrodite !

The lady of a thousand loves,
The darling of the old religion,
Had only left of all the doves
That drew her car one fan-tailed pigeon.

How oft upon her finger-tips
He perched, afraid of Cupid's arrow,
Or kissed her on the rosebud lips,
Like Roman Lesbia's loving sparrow !

"My bird, I want your train," she cried ;
"Come, don't let 's have a fuss about it ;
I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
And you 'll be better off without it.

"So vulgar ! Have you noticed, pray,
An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,
And how her flounces track her way,
Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk ?

"A lover's heart it quickly cools ;
In mine it kindles up enough rage
To wring their necks. How can such fools
Ask men to vote for woman suffrage ?"

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped
Her bird of every caudal feather ;
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,
And bound the glossy plumes together.

And lo, the Fan! for beauty's hand,
The lovely queen of beauty made it;
The price she named was hard to stand,
But Venus smiled: the Hebrew paid it

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you?
Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune, Saturn?
But o'er the world the Wandering Jew
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —
In lonely isles of the Pacific,
In farthest China and Japan, —
Wherever suns are sudorific.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux
In summer court its cooling breezes,
In fact, in every clime 't is so,
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite's dove
The pattern of the fan was given,
No wonder that it breathes of love
And wafts the perfumed gales of heaven!

Before this new Pandora's gift
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly!
The breath it wakes how fresh and grateful!

Behind its shield how soft the sigh !
 The whispered tale of shame how fateful !

Its empire shadows every throne
 And every shore that man is tost on ;
 It rules the lords of every zone,
 Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston !

But every one that swings to-night,
 Of fairest shape, from farthest region,
 May trace its pedigree aright
 To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

TO R. B. H.

AT THE DINNER TO THE PRESIDENT, BOSTON, JUNE
 26, 1877.



OW to address him ? awkward, it is
 true :

Call him "Great Father," as the Red
 Men do ?

Borrow some title ? this is not the place
 That christens men Your Highness and Your
 Grace ;

We tried such names as these awhile, you know,
 But left them off a century ago.

His Majesty ? We 've had enough of that :
 Besides, that needs a crown ; he wears a hat.

What if, to make the nicer ears content,
 We say His Honesty, the President?
 Sir, we believed you honest, truthful, brave,
 When to your hands their precious trust we gave,
 And we have found you better than we knew,
 Braver, and not less honest, not less true!
 So every heart has opened, every hand
 Tingles with welcome, and through all the land
 All voices greet you in one broad acclaim,
 Healer of strife! Has earth a nobler name?

What phrases mean you do not need to learn;
 We must be civil and they serve our turn:
 "Your most obedient humble" means — means
 what?

Something the well-bred signer just is not.
 Yet there are tokens, sir, you must believe;
 There is one language never can deceive:
 The lover knew it when the maiden smiled;
 The mother knows it when she clasps her child;
 Voices may falter, trembling lips turn pale,
 Words grope and stumble; this will tell their tale
 Shorn of all rhetoric, bare of all pretence,
 But radiant, warm, with Nature's eloquence.
 Look in our eyes! Your welcome waits you
 there, —
 North, South, East, West, from all and every-
 where!

"THE SHIP OF STATE."

A SENTIMENT.



THE Ship of State ! above her skies are
 blue,
 But still she rocks a little, it is true,
 And there *are* passengers whose faces
 white

Show they don't feel as happy as they might ;
 Yet on the whole her crew are quite content,
 Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent,
 And willing, if her pilot thinks it best,
 To head a little nearer south by west.
 And this they feel : the ship came too near wreck,
 In the long quarrel for the quarter-deck,
 Now when she glides serenely on her way,
 — The shallows past where dread explosives lay, —
 The stiff obstructive's churlish game to try :
 Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie !
 And so I give you all the Ship of State :
 Freedom's last venture is her priceless freight ;
 God speed her, keep her, bless her, while she steers
 Amid the breakers of unsounded years ;
 Lead her through danger's paths with even keel,
 And guide the honest hand that holds her wheel !

WOODSTOCK, CONN., July 4, 1877.

A FAMILY RECORD.

WOODSTOCK, CONN., JULY 4, 1877.



NOT to myself this breath of vesper song,
 Not to these patient friends, this kindly
 throng,
 Not to this hallowed morning, though it
 be

Our summer Christmas, Freedom's jubilee,
 When every summit, topmast, steeple, tower,
 That owns her empire spreads her starry flower,
 Its blood-streaked leaves in heaven's benignant dew
 Washed clean from every crimson stain they
 knew, —

No, not to these the passing thrills belong
 That steal my breath to hush themselves with song.

These moments all are memory's ; I have come
 To speak with lips that rather should be dumb ;
 For what are words ? At every step I tread
 The dust that wore the footprints of the dead
 But for whose life my life had never known
 This faded vesture which it calls its own.

Here sleeps my father's sire, and they who gave
 That earlier life here found their peaceful grave.
 In days gone by I sought the hallowed ground ;
 Climbed yon long slope ; the sacred spot I found
 Where all unsullied lies the winter snow,
 Where all ungathered Spring's pale violets blow,

And tracked from stone to stone the Saxon name
That marks the blood I need not blush to claim, —
Blood such as warmed the Pilgrim sons of toil,
Who held from God the charter of the soil.

I come an alien to your hills and plains,
Yet feel your birthright tingling in my veins ;
Mine are this changing prospect's sun and shade,
In full-blown summer's bridal pomp arrayed ;
Mine these fair hillsides and the vales between ;
Mine the sweet streams that lend their brightening
green ;

I breathed your air, — the sunlit landscape smiled ;
I touch your soil, — it knows its children's child ;
Throned in my heart your heritage is mine ;
I claim it all by memory's right divine !

Waking, I dream. Before my vacant eyes
In long procession shadowy forms arise ;
Far through the vista of the silent years
I see a venturous band ; the pioneers,
Who let the sunlight through the forest's gloom,
Who bade the harvest wave, the garden bloom.
Hark ! loud resounds the bare-armed settler's
axe, —

See where the stealthy panther left his tracks !
As fierce, as stealthy creeps the skulking foe
With stone-tipped shaft and sinew-corded bow ;
Soon shall he vanish from his ancient reign,
Leave his last cornfield to the coming train,
Quit the green margin of the wave he drinks,
For haunts that hide the wild-eat and the lynx.

But who the Youth his glistening axe that swings
 To smite the pine that shows a hundred rings ?
 His features ? — something in his look I find
 That calls the semblance of my race to mind.
 His name ? — my own ; and that which goes before
 The same that once the loved disciple bore.
 Young, brave, discreet, the father of a line
 Whose voiceless lives have found a voice in mine ;
 Thinned by unnumbered currents though they be,
 Thanks for the ruddy drops I claim from thee !

The seasons pass ; the roses come and go ;
 Snows fall and melt ; the waters freeze and flow ;
 The boys are men ; the girls, grown tall and fair,
 Have found their mates ; a gravestone here and
 there
 Tells where the fathers lie ; the silvered hair
 Of some bent patriarch yet recalls the time
 That saw his feet the northern hillside climb,
 A pilgrim from the pilgrims far away,
 The godly men, the dwellers by the bay.
 On many a hearthstone burns the cheerful fire ;
 The schoolhouse porch, the heavenward pointing
 spire
 Proclaim in letters every eye can read,
 Knowledge and Faith, the new world's simple
 creed.

Hush ! 't is the Sabbath's silence-stricken morn :
 No feet must wander through the tasselled corn ;
 No merry children laugh around the door,
 No idle playthings strew the sanded floor ;

The law of Moses lays its awful ban
On all that stirs ; here comes the tithing-man !

At last the solemn hour of worship calls ;
Slowly they gather in the sacred walls ;
Man in his strength and age with knotted staff,
And boyhood aching for its week-day laugh,
The toil-worn mother with the child she leads,
The maiden, lovely in her golden beads, —
The popish symbols round her neck she wears,
But on them counts her lovers, not her prayers, —
Those youths in homespun suits and ribboned
queucs,
Whose hearts are beating in the highbacked pews.

The pastor rises ; looks along the seats
With searching eye ; each wonted face he meets ;
Asks heavenly guidance ; finds the chapter's place
That tells some tale of Israel's stubborn race ;
Gives out the sacred song ; all voices join,
For no *quartette* extorts their scanty coin ;
Then while both hands their blackgloved palms
display,
Lifts his gray head, and murmurs " Let us
pray ! "

And pray he does ! as one that never fears
To plead unanswered by the God that hears ;
What if he dwells on many a fact as though
Some things Heaven knew not which it ought to
know, —

Thanks God for all His favors past, and yet,
'Tells Him there 's something He must not forget ;
Such are the prayers his people love to hear, —
See how the Deacon slants his listening ear !

What ! look once more ! Nay, surely there I trace
 The hinted outlines of a well-known face !
 Not those the lips for laughter to beguile,
 Yet round their corners lurks an embryo smile,
 The same on other lips my childhood knew
 That scarce the Sabbath's mastery could subdue.
 Him too my lineage gives me leave to claim, —
 The good, grave man who bears the Psalmist's
 name.

And still in ceaseless round the seasons passed ;
 Spring piped her carol ; Autumn blew his blast ;
 Babes waxed to manhood ; manhood shrunk to age ;
 Life's worn-out players tottered off the stage ;
 The few are many ; boys have grown to men
 Since Putnam dragged the wolf from Pomfret's
 den ;

Our new-old Woodstock is a thriving town ;
 Brave are her children ; faithful to the crown ;
 Her soldiers' steel the savage redskin knows ;
 Their blood has crimsoned his Canadian snows.
 And now once more along the quiet vale
 Rings the dread call that turns the mothers pale ;
 Full well they know the valorous heat that runs
 In every pulse-beat of their loyal sons ;
 Who would not bleed in good King George's cause
 When England's lion shows his teeth and claws ?

With glittering firlocks on the village green
 In proud array a martial band is seen ;
 You know what names those ancient rosters hold, —
 Whose belts were buckled when the drum-beat
 rolled, —

But mark their Captain ! tell us, who is he ?
 On his brown face that same old look I see !
 Yes ! from the homestead's still retreat he came,
 Whose peaceful owner bore the Psalmist's name ;
 The same his own. Well, Israel's glorious king
 Who struek the harp could also whirl the sling, —
 Breathe in his song a penitential sigh
 And smite the sons of Amalek hip and thigh :
 These shared their task ; one deaconed out the
 psalm,

One slashed the scalping hell-hounds of Montcalm ;
 The praying father's pious work is done,
 Now sword in hand steps forth the fighting son.

On many a field he fought in wilds afar ;
 See on his swarthy cheek the bullet's scar !
 There hangs a murderous tomahawk ; beneath,
 Without its blade, a knife's embroidered sheath ;
 Save for the stroke his trusty weapon dealt
 His scalp had dangled at their owner's belt ;
 But not for him such fate ; he lived to see
 The bloodier strife that made our nation free,
 To serve with willing toil, with skilful hand,
 The war-worn saviors of the bleeding land.
 His wasting life to others' needs he gave, —
 Sought rest in home and found it in the grave.
 See where the stones life's brief memorials keep,
 The tablet telling where he " fell on sleep," —
 Watched by a winged cherub's rayless eye, —
 A scroll above that says we all must die, —
 Those saddening lines beneath, the " Night-
 Thoughts " lent :

So stands the Soldier's, Surgeon's monument.

Ah ! at a glance my filial eye divines
The scholar son in those remembered lines.

The Scholar Son. His hand my footsteps led.
No more the dim unreal past I tread.
O thou whose breathing form was once so dear,
Whose cheering voice was music to my ear,
Art thou not with me as my feet pursue
The village paths so well thy boyhood knew,
Along the tangled margin of the stream
Whose murmurs blended with thine infant dream,
Or climb the hill, or thread the wooded vale,
Or seek the wave where gleams yon distant sail,
Or the old homestead's narrowed bounds explore,
Where sloped the roof that sheds the rains no more,
Where one last relic still remains to tell
Here stood thy home, — the memory-haunted well,
Whose waters quench a deeper thirst than thine,
Changed at my lips to sacramental wine, —
Art thou not with me, as I fondly trace
The scanty records of thine honored race,
Call up the forms that earlier years have known,
And spell the legend of each slanted stone ?

With thoughts of thee my loving verse began,
Not for the critic's curious eye to scan,
Not for the many listeners, but the few
Whose fathers trod the paths my fathers knew ;
Still in my heart thy loved remembrance burns ;
Still to my lips thy cherished name returns ;
Could I but feel thy gracious presence near
Amid the groves that once to thee were dear !

Could but my trembling lips with mortal speech
 Thy listening ear for one brief moment reach !
 How vain the dream ! The pallid voyager's track
 No sign betrays ; he sends no message back.
 No word from thee since evening's shadow fell
 On thy cold forehead with my long farewell, —
 Now from the margin of the silent sea,
 Take my last offering ere I cross to thee !

FIRST VERSES.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., 1824 OR
 1825.

TRANSLATION FROM THE ÆNEID, — BOOK I.



HE god looked out upon the troubled
 deep
 Waked into tumult from its placid
 sleep ;

The flame of anger kindles in his eye
 As the wild waves ascend the lowering sky ;
 He lifts his head above their awful height
 And to the distant fleet directs his sight,
 Now borne aloft upon the billow's crest,
 Struck by the bolt or by the winds oppressed,
 And well he knew that Juno's vengeful ire
 Frowned from those clouds and sparkled in that
 fire.

On rapid pinions as they whistled by
He calls swift Zephyrus and Eurus nigh :
Is this your glory in a noble line
To leave your confines and to ravage mine ?
Whom I — but let these troubled waves subside —
Another tempest and I'll quell your pride !
Go — bear our message to your master's ear,
That wide as ocean I am despot here ;
Let him sit monarch in his barren eaves,
I wield the trident and control the waves !

He said, and as the gathered vapors break
The swelling ocean seemed a peaceful lake ;
To lift their ships the graceful nymphs essayed,
And the strong trident lent its powerful aid ;
The dangerous banks are sunk beneath the main,
And the light chariot skims the unruffled plain.
As when sedition fires the public mind,
And maddening fury leads the rabble blind,
The blazing torch lights up the dread alarm,
Rage points the steel and fury nerves the arm,
Then, if some reverend sage appear in sight,
They stand — they gaze, and check their headlong
flight, —

He turns the current of each wandering breast
And hushes every passion into rest, —
Thus by the power of his imperial arm
The boiling ocean trembled into eam ;
With flowing reins the father sped his way,
And smiled serene upon rekindled day.



THE IRON GATE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

END





THE IRON GATE,
AND OTHER POEMS.



THE IRON GATE.

READ AT THE BREAKFAST GIVEN IN HONOR OF DR.
HOLMES'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY BY THE PUB-
LISHERS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, BOSTON,
DECEMBER 3, 1879.



HERE is this patriarch you are kindly
greeting ?

Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous
meeting

In days long vanished, — is he still the same,

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,
Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of speech and
thought,

Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting,
Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it ought ?

Old age, the graybeard ! Well, indeed, I know
him, —

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the
prey ;

In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,

Oft have I met him from my earliest day :

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundle, —

His load of sticks, — politely asking Death,
Who comes when called for, — would he lug or
trundle

His fagot for him ? — he was scant of breath.

And sad " Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher," —

Has he not stamped the image on my soul,

In that last chapter, where the worn-out Teacher
Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken bowl ?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a distance,

And now my lifted door-latch shows him here ;
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,

Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's
prime ;

Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves
us,

The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time !

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,

Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,

Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!

Still as the silver cord gets worn and slender,
Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening strain,
Hands get more helpful, voices, grown more tender,
Soothe with their softened tones the slumberous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, while around us rosy youth rejoices,
For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,
And through the chorus of its jocund voices
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying
From some far orb I track our watery sphere,
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting, dying,
The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion

To win from saddening scenes our age-dimmed
eyes,

And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confusion

The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,

And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,

Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find us,

And glimmering starlight shows the gates of
pearl.

— I come not here your morning hour to sadden,

A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —

I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden

This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,

Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message
came ;

If hand of mine another's task has lightened,

It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,

These thiek-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's re-
lease ;

These feebler pulses bid me leave to others

The tasks once welcome ; evening asks for peace.

Time claims his tribute ; silence now is golden ;

Lct me not vex the too long suffering lyre ;

Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrase, — these traitorous eyes are
tearful, —
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters, — Children, — and
farewell!

MY AVIARY.



THROUGH my north window, in the win-
try weather, —

My airy oriel on the river shore, —

I watch the sea-fowl as they flock to-
gether

Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,
Lets the loose water waft him as it will;
The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,
Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ice-floc, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate,

Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving
 Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
 Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
 . The speechless senate silently adjourns.

But when along the waves the shrill north-easter
 Shrieks through the laboring coaster's shrouds
 "Beware!"

The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feaster
 When some wild chorus shakes the vinous air,

Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,
 Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his torpid
 nerves,

Now on the blast his whistling plumage poising,
 Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves.

Such is our gull ; a gentleman of leisure,
 Less fleshed than feathered ; bagged you 'll find
 him such ;

His virtue silence ; his employment pleasure ;
 Not bad to look at, and not good for much.

What of our duck ? He has some high-bred cousins, —

His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord the Brant, —
Anas and *Anser*, — both served up by dozens,
 At Boston's *Rocher*, half-way to Nahant.

As for himself, he seems alert and thriving, —
 Grubs up a living somehow, — what, who knows ?

Crabs? mussels? weeds? — Look quick! there's
one just diving!

Flop! Splash! his white breast glistens,— down
he goes!

And while he's under, — just about a minute, —

I take advantage of the fact to say

His fishy carcase has no virtue in it

The gunning idiot's worthless hire to pay.

He knows you! "sportsmen" from suburban al-
leys,

Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous punt;

Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that sallies

Forth to waste powder — as *he* says, to "hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,

Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;

The float that figures in your sly transaction

Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him!

Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head eyes;

Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit him,

One cannot always miss him if he tries.

Look! there's a young one, dreaming not of dan-
ger;

Sees a flat log come floating down the stream;

Stares undismayed upon the harmless stranger;

Ah! were all strangers harmless as they seem!

Habet! a leaden shower his breast has shattered;
 Vainly he flutters, not again to rise;
 His soft white plumes along the waves are scattered;
 Helpless the wing that braved the tempest lies.

He sees his comrades high above him flying
 To seek their nests among the island reeds;
 Strong is their flight; all lonely he is lying
 Washed by the crimsoned water as he bleeds.

O Thou who carest for the falling sparrow,
 Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang forget?
 Or is thy dread account-book's page so narrow
 Its one long column scores thy creatures' debt?

Poor gentle guest, by nature kindly cherished,
 A world grows dark with thee in blinding death;
 One little gasp, — thy universe has perished,
 Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy breath!

Is this the whole sad story of creation,
 Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er, —
 One glimpse of day, then black annihilation, —
 A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!
 Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!
 Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphynxes,
 The stony convent with its cross and beads!

How often, gazing where a bird reposes,
 Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide,
I lose myself in strange metempsychosis
 And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's side,

From rain, hail, snow, in feathery mantle muffled,
 Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keenest sense to
 hear

My mate soft murmuring, who, with plumes un-
 ruffled,
 Where'er I wander still is nestling near ;

The great blue hollow like a garment o'er me ;
 Space all unmeasured, unrecorded time ;
While seen with inward eye moves on before me
 Thought's pictured train in wordless pantomime.

— A voice recalls me. — From my window turning
 I find myself a plumeless biped still ;
No beak, no claws, no sign of wings discerning, —
 In fact with nothing bird-like but my quill.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

INTRODUCTION TO A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY
DIFFERENT AUTHORS.



AN usher standing at the door
I show my white rosette ;
A smile of welcome, nothing more,
Will pay my trifling debt ;
Why should I bid you idly wait
Like lovers at the swinging gate ?

Can I forget the wedding guest ?
The veteran of the sea ?
In vain the listener smites his breast, —
“ There was a ship ” cries he !
Poor fasting victim, stunned and pale
He needs must listen to the tale.

He sees the gilded throng within,
The sparkling goblets gleam,
The music and the merry din
Through every window stream,
But there he shivers in the cold
Till all the crazy dream is told.

Not mine the graybeard's glittering eye
That held his captive still
To hold my silent prisoners by
And let me have my will ;

Nay, *I* were like the three-years' child,
To think you could be so beguiled !

My verse is but the curtain's fold
That hides the painted scene,
The mist by morning's ray unrolled
That veils the meadow's green,
The cloud that needs must drift away
To show the rose of opening day.

See, from the tinkling rill you hear
In hollowed palm I bring
These scanty drops, but ah, how near
The founts that heavenward spring !
Thus, open wide the gates are thrown
And founts and flowers are all your own !

TO GEORGE PEABODY.

DANVERS, 1866.



ANKRUPT! our pockets inside out!
Empty of words to speak his praises!
Worcester and Webster up the spout!
Dead broke of laudatory phrases!

Yet why with flowery speeches tease,

With vain superlatives distress him ?

Has language better words than these ?

THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS
HIM !

A simple prayer — but words more sweet
 By human lips were never uttered,
 Since Adam left the country seat
 Where angel wings around him fluttered.
 The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,
 The children eluster to caress him,
 And every voice unbidden cries
 THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD BLESS
 HIM!

AT THE PAPYRUS CLUB.



LOVELY show for eyes to see
 I looked upon this morning, —
 A bright-hued, feathered company
 Of nature's own adorning ;
 But ah ! those minstrels would not sing
 A listening ear while I lent —
 The lark sat still and preened his wing —
 The nightingale was silent ;
 I longed for what they gave me not —
 Their warblings sweet and fluty,
 But grateful still for all I got
 I thanked them for their beauty.

A fairer vision meets my view
 Of Claras, Margarets, Marys,
 In silken robes of varied hue,
 Like bluebirds and canaries —

The roses blush, the jewels gleam,
The silks and satins glisten,
The black eyes flash, the blue eyes beam,
We look, — and then we listen :
Behold the flock we cage to-night, —
Was ever such a capture ?
To see them is a pure delight, —
To hear them, — ah ! what rapture !

Methinks I hear Delilah's laugh
At Samson bound in fetters ;
“ We captured ! ” shrieks each lovelier half,
“ Men think themselves *our* betters !
We push the bolt, we turn the key
On warriors, poets, sages,
Too happy, all of them, to be
Locked in our golden cages ! ”

Beware ! the boy with bandaged eyes
Has flung away his blinder ;
He 's lost his mother, — so he cries, —
And here he knows he 'll find her :
The rogue ! 't is but a new device, —
Look out for flying arrows
Whene'er the birds of Paradise
Are perched amid the sparrows !

FOR WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTH-
DAY.

DECEMBER 17, 1877.



BELIEVE that the copies of verses I've
spun,
Like Scheherazade's tales, are a thou-
sand and one, —

You remember the story, — those mornings in bed, —
'T was the turn of a copper, — a tale or a head.

A doom like Scheherazade's falls upon me
In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's decree :
I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* people say
If I came to a banquet without my bouquet ?

It is trying, no doubt, when the company knows
Just the look and the smell of each lily and rose,
The green of each leaf in the sprigs that I bring,
And the shape of the bunch and the knot of the
string.

Yes, — “the style is the man,” and the nib of
one's pen
Makes the same mark at twenty, and three-score
and ten ;
It is so in all matters, if truth may be told ;
Let one look at the cast he can tell you the mould.

How we all know each other ! no use in disguise ;
Through the holes in the mask comes the flash of
the eyes ;
We can tell by his, — somewhat, — each one of our
tribe,
As we know the old hat which we cannot describe.

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw you
write,
Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of Night,
Though in buskin or slipper your song may be
shod,
Or the velvety verse that Evangline trod,

We shall say “ You can't cheat us, — we know it
is you,”
There is one voice like that, but there cannot be two,
Maestro, whose chant like the dulcimer rings :
And the woods will be hushed while the nightingale
sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,
Whose temple hypæthral the planets shine through
Let us catch but five words from that mystical
pen,
We should know our one sage from all children of
men.

And he whose bright image no distance can dim,
Through a hundred disguises we can't mistake him,
Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the edge
(With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting wedge.

Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgos of
Spain ?

Do you know your old friends when you see them
again ?

Hosea was Sancho ! you Dons of Madrid,
But Sancho that wielded the lance of the Cid !

And the wood-thrush of Essex, — you know whom
I mean,

Whose song echoes round us while he sits unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories
thrill

Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze from
the hill,

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure, —
Thee cannot elude us, — no further we search, —
'T is Holy George Herbert cut loose from his
church !

We think it the voice of a seraph that sings, —
Alas ! we remember that angels have wings, —
What story is this of the day of his birth ?
Let him live to a hundred ! we want him on earth !

One life has been paid him (in gold) by the sun ;
One account has been squared and another begun ;
But he never will die if he lingers below
Till we 've paid him in love half the balance we
owe !

TWO SONNETS: HARVARD.¹

"CHRISTO ET ECCLESIE." 1700.



O GOD'S ANOINTED AND HIS CHOSEN
FLOCK:

So ran the phrase the black-robed
conclave chose

To guard the sacred cloisters that arose
Like David's altar on Moriah's rock.

Unshaken still those ancient arches mock

The ram's-horn summons of the windy foes

Who stand like Joshua's army while it blows

And wait to see them toppling with the shock.

Christ and the Church. *Their* church, whose nar-
row door

Shut out the many, who if over bold

Like hunted wolves were driven from the fold,

Bruised with the flails those godly zealots bore,

Mindful that Israel's altar stood of old

Where echoed once Araunah's threshing-floor.

1643. "VERITAS." 1878.

TRUTH: So the frontlet's older legend ran,

On the brief record's opening page displayed;

Not yet those clear-eyed scholars were afraid

Lest the fair fruit that wrought the woe of man

¹ At the meeting of the New York Harvard Club, February 21, 1878.

By far Euphrates, — where our sire began
 His search for truth, and seeking, was betrayed,—
 Might work new treason in their forest shade,
 Doubling the curse that brought life's shortened
 span.

Nurse of the future, daughter of the past,
 That stern phylactery best becomes thee now :
 Lift to the morning star thy marble brow !
 Cast thy brave truth on every warring blast !
 Stretch thy white hand to that forbidden bough,
 And let thine earliest symbol be thy last !

BOSTON TO FLORENCE.

SENT TO "THE PHILOLOGICAL CIRCLE" OF FLOR-
 ENCE FOR ITS MEETING IN COMMEMORATION
 OF DANTE, JANUARY 27, 1881, ANNIVERSARY
 OF HIS FIRST CONDEMNATION.



PROUD of her clustering spires, her new-
 built towers,
 Our Venice, stolen from the slumber-
 ing sea,

A sister's kindest greeting wafts to thee,
 Rose of Val d'Arno, Queen of all its flowers !
 Thine exile's shrine thy sorrowing love embowers,
 Yet none with truer homage bends the knee,
 Or stronger pledge of fealty brings than we,
 Whose poets make thy dead Immortal ours.

Lonely the height, but ah, to heaven how near !
 Dante, whence flowed that solemn verse of thine
 Like the stern river from its Apennine
 Whose name the far-off Scythian thrilled with fear :
 Now to all lands thy deep-toned voice is dear
 And every language knows the Song Divine !

THE COMING ERA.



HEY tell us that the Muse is soon to fly
 hence,

Leaving the bowers of song that once
 were dear,

Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
 The groves of Pindus for the axe to clear.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy,
 Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
 Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,
 The workshop hammer where the minstrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
 Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run down,
 But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
 Spout forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
 The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try,

But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks hid,
Shall tell the secret whence our being came ;
The chemist show us death is life's black oxide,
Left when the breath no longer fans its flame.

Instead of cracked-brained poets in their attics
Filling thin volumes with their flowery talk,
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics ;
The tutor with his blackboard and his chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned sex,
But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's x .

The sober bliss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,
And, oh, the rapture of a solved equation, —
One self-same answer on the lips of two !

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,
Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages
They browse and munch the thistle crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant
To dream again the scenes that Shakespeare
drew, —

To walk the hillside with the Scottish peasant
Among the daisies wet with morning's dew ;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
Led by the guidance of the master's hand,
For the strange radiance of the far ideal, —
“ The light that never was on sea or land.”

Well, Time alone can lift the future's curtain, —
Science may teach our children all she knows,
But love will kindle fresh young hearts, 't is cer-
tain,
And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that Time is bringing, —
Treasures of truth and miracles of art,
Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,
And song still live, — the science of the heart.

IN RESPONSE.¹

UCH kindness ! the scowl of a cynic
would soften,
His pulse beat its way to some eloquent
word, —

Alas ! my poor accents have echoed too often,
Like that Pinafore music you 've some of you
heard.

¹ Breakfast at the Century Club, New York, May, 1879.

Do you know me, dear strangers, — the hundredth-
time comer

At banquets and feasts since the days of my
Spring ?

Ah! would I could borrow one rose of my Sum-
mer,

But this is a leaf of my Autumn I bring.

I look at your faces, — I'm sure there are some
from

The three-breasted mother I count as my own ;
You think you remember the place you have come
from,

But how it has changed in the years that have
flown !

Unaltered, 't is true, is the hall we call " Funnel ;"
Still fights the " Old South " in the battle for
life,

But we've opened our door to the West through
the tunnel,

And we've cut off Fort Hill with our Amazon
knife.

You should see the new Westminster Boston has
buidled, —

Its mansions, its spires, its museums of arts, —
You should see the great dome we have gorgeously
gilded, —

'T is the light of our eyes, 't is the joy of our
hearts !

When first in his path a young asteroid found it,
As he sailed through the skies with the stars in
his wake,
He thought 't was the sun, and kept circling around
it
Till Edison signalled, "You 've made a mistake."

We are proud of our city, — her fast-growing figure, —
The warp and the woof of her brain and her
hands, —
But we 're proudest of all that her heart has grown
bigger,
And warms with fresh blood as her girdle ex-
pands.

One lesson the rubric of conflict has taught her:
Though parted awhile by war's earth-rending
shock,
The lines that divide us are written in water,
The love that unites us cut deep in the rock.

As well might the Judas of treason endeavor
To write his black name on the disk of the sun
As try the bright star-wreath that binds us to sever
And blot the fair legend of "Many in One."

We love YOU, tall sister, the stately, the splendid, —
The banner of empire floats high on your towers,
Yet ever in welcome your arms are extended, —
We share in your splendors, your glory is ours:

Yes, Queen of the Continent! All of us own
thee, —

The gold-freighted argosies flock at thy call, —
The naiads, the sea nymphs have met to enthrone
thee,

But the Broadway of one is the Highway of all!

— I thank you. Three words that can hardly be
mended,

Though phrases on phrases their eloquence pile,
If you hear the heart's throb with their syllables
blended,

And read all they mean in a sunshiny smile.

POST PRANDIAL.

PHI BETA KAPPA. 1881.



HE Dutch have taken Holland," — so the
schoolboys used to say, —

The Dutch have taken Harvard, — no
doubt of that to-day!

For the Wendells were low Dutchmen, and all their
vrows were Vans

And the Breitmanns are high Dutchmen, and here
is honest Hans.

Mynheers, you both are welcome! Fair cousin
Wendell P.,

Our ancestors were dwellers beside the Zuyder Zee;

Both Grotius and Erasmus were countrymen of
we,
And Vondel was our namesake though he spelt it
with a V.

It was well old Evert Jansen sought a dwelling
over sea
On the margin of the Hudson, where he sampled
you and me
Through our grandsires and great grandsires, for
you would n't quite agree
With the steady-going burghers along the Zuyder
Zee.

Like our Motley's John of Barneveldt, you have
always been inclined
To speak, — well, — somewhat frankly, — to let us
know your mind,
And the Mynheers would have told you to be cau-
tious what you said,
Or else that silver tongue of yours might cost your
precious head.

But we're very glad you've kept it; it was always
Freedom's own,
And whenever Reason chose it she found a royal
throne;
You have whacked us with your sceptre; our backs
were little harmed,
And while we rubbed our bruises we owned we had
been charmed.

And you, our *quasi* Dutchman, what welcome
should be yours

For all the wise prescriptions that work your laugh-
ter-cures?

“ Shake before taking ? ” — not a bit, — the bottle-
cure’s a sham, —

Take before shaking, and you’ll find it shakes your
diaphragm.

“ Hans Breitmann gif a barty, — where is dat barty
now ? ”

On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth the
careworn brow!

A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How long
before we see

Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a man as
he!

FOR THE MOORE CENTENNIAL CELE-
BRATION.

MAY 28, 1879.

I.



ENCHANTER of Erin, whose magic has
bound us,

Thy wand for one moment we fondly
would claim,

Entranced while it summons the phantoms around
us

That blush into life at the sound of thy name.

The tell-tales of memory wake from their slumbers, —

I hear the old song with its tender refrain, —
What passion lies hid in those honey-voiced numbers!

What perfume of youth in each exquisite strain!

The home of my childhood comes back as a vision, —

Hark! Hark! A soft chord from its song-haunted room, —

'T is a morning of May, when the air is Elysian, —

The syringa in bud and the lilac in bloom, —

We are clustered around the "Clementi" piano, —
There were six of us then, — there are two of us now, —

She is singing, — the girl with the silver soprano, —
How "The Lord of the Valley" was false to his
vow :

"Let Erin remember" the echoes are calling :
Through "The Vale of Avoca" the waters are rolled :
"The Exile" laments while the night-dews are falling :
"The Morning of Life" dawns again as of old.

But ah! those warm love-songs of fresh adolescence!
Around us such raptures celestial they flung

That it seemed as if Paradise breathed its quinte-
sence

Through the scraph-toned lips of the maiden
that sung!

Long hushed are the chords that my boyhood en-
chanted

As when the smooth wave by the angel was
stirred,

Yet still with their music is memory haunted
And oft in my dreams are their melodies heard.

I feel like the priest to his altar returning, —

The crowd that was kneeling no longer is there,
The flame has died down, but the brands are still
burning,

And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the air.

II.

The veil for her bridal young Summer is weaving
In her azure-domed hall with its tapestried floor,
And Spring the last tear-drops of May-dew is leav-
ing

On the daisy of Burns and the shamrock of
Moore.

How like, how unlike, as we view them together,

The song of the minstrels whose record we
scan, —

One fresh as the breeze blowing over the heather, —

One sweet as the breath from an odalisque's fan!

Ah, passion can glow mid a palace's splendor ;
The cage does not alter the song of the bird,
And the curtain of silk has known whispers as
tender
As ever the blossoming hawthorn has heard.

No fear lest the step of the soft-slippered Graces
Should fright the young Loves from their warm
little nest,
For the heart of a queen, under jewels and laees,
Beats time with the pulse in the peasant girl's
breast !

Thrice welcome each gift of kind Nature's bestow-
ing !
Her fountain heeds little the goblet we hold ;
Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,
The shell from the seaside, the chalice of gold.

The twins of the lyre to her voices had listened ;
Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's shrine ;
For Coila's loved minstrel the holly-wreath glist-
ened ;
For Erin's the rose and the myrtle entwine.

And while the fresh blossoms of summer are
braided
For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jewelled
isle,
While her mantle of verdure is woven unfaded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and
smile,

The land where the staff of Saint Patrick was
 planted,
 Where the shamrock grows green from the cliffs
 to the shore,
 The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,
 Shall wreath her bright harp with the garlands
 of Moore !

TO JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

APRIL 4, 1880.



BRING the simplest pledge of love,
 Friend of my earlier days ;
 Mine is the hand without the glove,
 The heart-beat, not the phrase.

How few still breathe this mortal air
 We called by schoolboy names !
 You still, whatever robe you wear,
 To me are always James.

That name the kind apostle bore
 Who shames the sullen creeds,
 Not trusting less, but loving more,
 And showing faith by deeds.

What blending thoughts our memories share !
 What visions yours and mine

Of May-days in whose morning air
The dews were golden wine,

Of vistas bright with opening day,
Whose all-awakening sun
Showed in life's landscape, far away,
The summits to be won !

The heights are gained. — Ah, say not so
For him who smiles at time,
Leaves his tired comrades down below,
And only lives to climb !

His labors, — will they ever cease, —
With hand and tongue and pen ?
Shall wearied Nature ask release
At threescore years and ten ?

Our strength the clustered seasons tax, —
For him new life they mean ;
Like rods around the licitor's axe
They keep him bright and keen.

The wise, the brave, the strong, we know, —
We mark them here or there,
But he, — we roll our eyes, and lo !
We find him everywhere !

With truth's bold cohorts, or alone,
He strides through error's field ;

His lance is ever manhood's own,
His breast is woman's shield.

Count not his years while earth has need
Of souls that Heaven inflames
With sacred zeal to save, to lead, —
Long live our dear Saint James !

WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO COMMERCIAL CLUB.

JANUARY 14, 1880.



CHICAGO sounds rough to the maker
of verse ;

One comfort we have — Cincinnati
sounds worse ;

If we only were licensed to say Chicagó !
But Worcester and Webster won't let us, you
know.

No matter, we songsters must sing as we can ;
We can make some nice couplets with Lake Michigan,

And what more resembles a nightingale's voice,
Thau the oily trisyllable, sweet Illinois ?

Your waters are fresh, while our harbor is salt,
But we know you can't help it — it is n't your
fault ;

Our city is old and your city is new,
But the railroad men tell us we 're greener than you.

You have seen our gilt dome, and no doubt you 've
been told

That the orbs of the universe round it are rolled ;
But I 'll own it to you, and I ought to know best,
That this is n't quite true of all stars of the West.

You 'll go to Mount Auburn, — we 'll show you
the track, —

And can stay there, — unless you prefer to come
back ;

And Bunker's tall shaft you can climb if you
will,

But you 'll puff like a paragraph praising a pill.

You must see — but you *have* seen — our old Fan-
cuil Hall,

Our churches, our school rooms, our sample-rooms,
all ;

And, perhaps, though the idiots must have their
jokes,

You have found our good people much like other
folks.

There are cities by rivers, by lakes and by seas,
Each as full of itself as a cheese-mite of cheese ;
And a city will brag as a game-cock will crow :
Don't your cockerels at home, — just a little, you
know ?

But we 'll crow for you now, — here 's a health to
 the boys,
 Men, maidens, and matrons of fair Illinois,
 And the rainbow of friendship that arches its
 spau
 From the green of the sea to the blue Michigan!

AMERICAN ACADEMY CENTENNIAL
 CELEBRATION.

MAY 26, 1880.



IRE, son, and grandson; so the century
 glides,
 Three lives, three strides, three foot-
 prints in the sand, —
 Silent as midnight's falling meteor slides, —
 Into the stillness of the far-off land;
 How dim the space its little arc has spanned!

See on this opening page the names renowned
 Tombed in these records on our dusty shelves,
 Scarce on the scroll of living memory found,
 Save where the wan-eyed antiquarian delves;
 Shadows they seem; ah, what are we our-
 selves?

Pale ghosts of Bowdoin, Winthrop, Willard, West,
 Sages of busy brain and wrinkled brow,

Searchers of Nature's secrets unconfessed,
Asking of all things Whence and Why and
How, —
What problems meet your larger vision now ?

Has Gannett tracked the wild Aurora's path ?
Has Bowdoin found his all-surrounding sphere ?
What question puzzles ciphering Philomath ?
Could Williams make the hidden causes clear
Of the Dark Day that filled the land with fear ?

Dear ancient schoolboys ! Nature taught to them
The simple lessons of the star and flower,
Showed them strange sights ; how on a single
stem, —
Admire the marvels of Creative Power ! —
Twin apples grew, one sweet, the other sour ;

How from the hill-top where our eyes behold
In even ranks the plumed and bannered maize
Range its long columns, in the days of old
The live volcano shot its angry blaze, —
Dead since the showers of Noah's watery days ;

How, when the lightning split the mighty rock,
The spreading fury of the shaft was spent ;
How the young scion joined the alien stock,
And when and where the homeless swallows
went
To pass the winter of their discontent.

Seant were the gleanings in those years of dearth ;
 No Cuvier yet had clothed the fossil bones
 That slumbered, waiting for their second birth ;
 No Lyell read the legend of the stones ;
 Science still pointed to her empty thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth unknown,
 Herschel looked heavenwards in the starlight
 pale ;
 Lost in those awful depths he trod alone,
 Laplace stood mute before the lifted veil ;
 While home-bred Humboldt trimmed his toy
 ship's sail.

No mortal feet these loftier heights had gained
 Whence the wide realms of Nature we desery ;
 In vain their eyes our longing fathers strained
 To scan with wondering gaze the summits
 high
 That far beneath their children's footpaths lie.

Smile at their first small ventures as we may,
 The schoolboy's copy shapes the scholar's hand ;
 Their grateful memory fills our hearts to-day ;
 Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of peace they
 planned,
 While war's dread ploughshare searred the suffer-
 ing land.

Child of our children's children yet unborn,
 When on this yellow page you turn your eyes,

Where the brief record of this May-day morn
In phrase antique and faded letters lies,
How vague, how pale our flitting ghosts will rise!

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm and red,
For us the fields were green, the skies were blue,
Though from our dust the spirit long has fled,
We lived, we loved, we toiled, we dreamed like
you,
Smiled at our sires and thought how much we
knew.

Oh might our spirits for one hour return,
When the next century rounds its hundredth
ring,
All the strange secrets it shall teach to learn,
To hear the larger truths its years shall bring,
Its wiser sages talk, its sweeter minstrels sing!

OUR HOME. — OUR COUNTRY.

FOR THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE
SETTLEMENT OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DECEMBER
28, 1880.



OUR home was mine, — kind Nature's
gift;
My love no years can chill;
In vain their flakes the storm-winds siff,

The snow-drop hides beneath the drift,
A living blossom still.

Mute are a hundred long-famed lyres,
Hushed all their golden strings ;
One lay the coldest bosom fires,
One song, one only, never tires
While sweet-voiced memory sings.

No spot so lone but echo knows
That dear familiar strain ;
In tropic isles, on arctic snows,
Through burning lips its music flows
And rings its fond refrain.

From Pisa's tower my straining sight
Roamed wandering leagues away,
When lo! a frigate's banner bright,
The starry blue, the red, the white,
In far Livorno's bay.

Hot leaps the life-blood from my heart,
Forth springs the sudden tear ;
The ship that rocks by yonder mart
Is of my land, my life, a part, —
Home, home, sweet home, is here !

Fades from my view the sunlit scene, —
My vision spans the waves ;
I see the elm-encircled green,
The tower, — the steeple, — and between,
The field of ancient graves.

There runs the path my feet would tread
When first they learned to stray ;
There stands the gambrel roof that spread
Its quaint old angles o'er my head
When first I saw the day.

The sounds that met my boyish ear
My inward sense salute, —
The woodnotes wild I loved to hear, —
The robin's challenge, sharp and clear, —
The breath of evening's flute.

The faces loved from cradle days, —
Unseen, alas, how long !
As fond remembrance round them plays,
Touched with its softening moonlight rays,
Through fancy's portal throng.

And see ! as if the opening skies
Some angel form had spared
Us wingless mortals to surprise,
The little maid with light-blue eyes,
White necked and golden haired !

So rose the picture full in view
I paint in feebler song ;
Such power the seamless banner knew
Of red and white and starry blue
For exiles banished long.

O boys, dear boys, who wait as men
 To guard its heaven-bright folds,
 Blest are the eyes that see again
 That banner, seamless now, as then, —
 The fairest earth beholds !

Sweet was the Tuscan air and soft
 In that unfading hour,
 And fancy leads my footsteps oft
 Up the round galleries, high aloft
 On Pisa's threatening tower.

And still in Memory's holiest shrine
 I read with pride and joy,
 "For me those stars of empire shine ;
 That empire's dearest home is mine ;
 I am a Cambridge boy !"

POEM

AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF
 THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, JUNE
 8, 1881.



THREE paths there be where Learning's
 favored sons,
 Trained in the schools which hold her
 favored ones,

Follow their several stars with separate aim ;
 Each has its honors, each its special claim.

Bred in the fruitful eradle of the East,
 First, as of oldest lineage, comes the Priest ;
 The Lawyer next, in wordy conflict strong,
 Full armed to battle for the right, — or wrong ;
 Last, he whose calling finds its voice in deeds,
 Frail Nature's helper in her sharpest needs.

Each has his gifts, his losses and his gains,
 Each his own share of pleasures and of pains ;
 No life-long aim with steadfast eye pursued
 Finds a smooth pathway all with roses strewed ;
 Trouble belongs to man of woman born, —
 Tread where he may, his foot will find its thorn.

Of all the guests at life's perennial feast,
 Who of her children sits above the Priest ?
 For him the broidered robe, the carven seat,
 Pride at his beck, and beauty at his feet,
 For him the incense fumes, the wine is poured,
 Himself a God, adoring and adored !
 His the first welcome when our hearts rejoice,
 His in our dying ear the latest voice,
 Font, altar, grave, his steps on all attend,
 Our staff, our stay, our all but Heavenly friend !

Where is the meddling hand that dares to probe
 The secret grief beneath his sable robe ?
 How grave his port ! how every gesture tells
 Here truth abides, here peace forever dwells ;
 Vex not his lofty soul with comments vain ;
 Faith asks no questions ; silence, ye profane !

Alas ! too oft while all is calm without
 The stormy spirit wars with endless *doubt* ;

This is the mocking spectre, scarce concealed
 Behind tradition's bruised and battered shield.
 He sees the sleepless critic, age by age,
 Serawl his new readings on the hallowed page,
 The wondrous deeds that priests and prophets saw
 Dissolved in legend, crystallized in law,
 And on the soil where saints and martyrs trod
 Altars new builded to the Unknown God ;
 His shrines imperilled, his evangels torn, —
 He dares not limp, but ah ! how sharp his thorn !

Yet while God's herald questions as he reads
 The outworn dogmas of his ancient creeds,
 Drops from his ritual the exploded verse,
 Blots from its page the Athanasian curse,
 Though by the critic's dangerous art perplexed,
 His holy life is Heaven's unquestioned text ;
 That shining guidance doubt can never mar, —
 The pillar's flame, the light of Bethlehem's star !

Strong is the moral blister that will draw
 Laid on the conscience of the Man of Law
 Whom blindfold Justice lends her eyes to see
 Truth in the scale that holds his promised fee.
 What ! Has not every lie its truthful side,
 Its honest fraction, not to be denied ?
Per contra, — ask the moralist, — in sooth
 Has not a lie its share in every truth ?
 Then what forbids an honest man to try
 To find the truth that lurks in every lie,
 And just as fairly call on truth to yield
 The lying fraction in its breast concealed ?

So the worst rogue shall claim a ready friend
 His modest virtues boldly to defend,
 And he who shows the record of a saint
 See himself blacker than the devil could paint.

What struggles to his captive soul belong
 Who loves the right, yet combats for the wrong,
 Who fights the battle he would fain refuse
 And wins, well knowing that he ought to lose,
 Who speaks with glowing lips and look sincere
 In spangled words that make the worse appear
 The better reason ; who, behind his mask
 Hides his true self and blushes at his task, —
 What quips, what quillcts cheat the inward scorn
 That mocks such triumph ? Has he not his thorn ?

Yet stay thy judgment ; were thy life the prize,
 Thy death the forfeit, would thy cynic eyes
 See fault in him who bravely dares defend
 The cause forlorn, the wretch without a friend ?
 Nay, though the rightful side is wisdom's choice
 Wrong has its rights and claims a champion's
 voice ;

Let the strong arm be lifted for the weak,
 For the dumb lips the fluent pleader speak ; —
 When with warm "rebel" blood our street was
 dyed

Who took, unawed, the hated hirelings' side ?
 No greener civic wreath can Adams claim,
 No brighter page the youthful Quincy's name !

How blest is he who knows no meaner strife
 Than Art's long battle with the foes of life !

No doubt assails him, doing still his best,
 And trusting kindly Nature for the rest ;
 No mocking conscience tears the thin disguise
 That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies.
 He comes ; the languid sufferer lifts his head
 And smiles a welcome from his weary bed ;
 He speaks : what music like the tones that tell
 " Past is the hour of danger, — all is well ! "
 How can he feel the petty stings of grief
 Whose cheering presence always brings relief ?
 What ugly dreams can trouble his repose
 Who yields himself to soothe another's woes ?

Hour after hour the busy day has found
 The good physician on his lonely round ;
 Mansion and hovel, low and lofty door,
 He knows, his journeys every path explore, —
 Where the cold blast has struck with deadly chill
 The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept hill,
 Where by the stagnant marsh the sickening gale
 Has blanched the poisoned tenants of the vale,
 Where crushed and maimed the bleeding victim
 lies,

Where madness raves, where melancholy sighs,
 And where the solemn whisper tells too plain
 That all his science, all his art, were vain.

How sweet his fireside when the day is done
 And cares have vanished with the setting sun !
 Evening at last its hour of respite brings
 And on his couch his weary length he flings.
 Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
 Lulled by an opiate Art could never find ;

Sweet be thy slumber, — thou hast earned it
well, —

Pleasant thy dreams! Clang! goes the midnight
bell!

Darkness and storm! the home is far away
That waits his coming ere the break of day;
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage toss, —
Doubtful the frozen stream his road must cross;
Deep lie the drifts, the slanted heaps have shut
The hardy woodman in his mountain hut, —
Why should thy softer frame the tempest brave?
Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or save?
Look! read the answer in his patient eyes, —
For him no other voice when suffering eries;
Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,
A feeble whisper calls him, — and he goes.

Or seek the crowded city, — summer's heat
Glares burning, blinding, in the narrow street,
Still, noisome, deadly, sleeps the envenomed air,
Unstirred the yellow flag that says "Beware!"
Tempt not thy fate, — one little moment's breath
Bears on its viewless wing the seeds of death;
Thou at whose door the gilded chariots stand,
Whose dear-bought skill unclasps the miser's
hand,

Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away
That life so precious; let a meaner prey
Feed the destroyer's hunger; live to bless
Those happier homes that need thy care no less!

Smiling he listens; has he then a charm
Whose magic virtues peril can disarm?

No safegnard his ; no amulet he wears,
 Too well he knows that Nature never spares
 Her truest servant, powerless to defend
 From her own weapous her unshrinking friend.
 He dares the fate the bravest well might shun,
 Nor asks reward save only Heaven's " Well done ! "

Such are the toils, the perils that he knows,
 Days without rest and nights without repose,
 Yet all unheeded for the love he bears
 His art, his kind, whose every grief he shares.

Harder than these to know how small the part
 Nature's proud empire yields to striving Art ;
 How, as the tide that rolls around the sphere
 Laughs at the monnds that delving arms uprear, —
 Spares some few roods of oozy earth, but still
 Wastes and rebuilds the planet at its will,
 Comes at its ordered season, night or noon,
 Led by the silver magnet of the moon, —
 So life's vast tide forever comes and goes,
 Unchecked, resistless, as it ebbs and flows.

Hardest of all, when Art has done her best,
 To find the cuckoo brooding in her nest ;
 The shrewd adventurer, fresh from parts unknown,
 Kills off the patients Science thought her own ;
 Towns from a nostrum-vender get their name,
 Fences and wa'ls the cure-all drug proclaim,
 Plasters and pads the willing world beguile,
 Fair Lydia greets us with astringent smile,
 Munchausen's fellow-countryman unlocks
 His new Pandora's globule-holding box,
 And as King George inquired with puzzled grin
 " How — how the devil get the apple in ? "

So we ask how, — with wonder-opening eyes, —
Such pygmy pills can hold such giant lies!

Yes, sharp the trials, stern the daily tasks
That suffering Nature from her servant asks;
His the kind office dainty menials scoru,
His path how hard, — at every step a thorn!
What does his saddening, restless slavery buy,
What save a right to live, a chance to die, —
To live companion of disease and pain,
To die by poisoned shafts untimely slain?

Answer from hoary eld, majestic shades, —
From Memphian courts, from Delphic colonnades,
Speak in the tones that Persia's despot heard
When nations treasured every golden word
The wandering echoes wafted o'er the seas,
From the far isle that held Hippocrates;
And thou, best gift that Pergamus could send
Imperial Rome, her noblest Cæsar's friend,
Master of masters, whose unchallenged sway
Not bold Vesalius dared to disobey;
Ye who while prophets dreamed of dawning times
Taught your rude lessons in Salerno's rhymes,
And ye, the nearer sires, to whom we owe
The better share of all the best we know,
In every land an ever-growing train,
Since wakening Science broke her rusted chain, —
Speak from the past, and say what prize was sent
To crown the toiling years so freely spent!

List while they speak:

In life's uneven road
Our willing hands have eased our brothers' load;

One forehead smoothed, one pang of torture less,
 One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to bless,
 The smile brought back to fever's parching lips,
 The light restored to reason in eclipse,
 Life's treasure rescued like a burning brand
 Snatched from the dread destroyer's wasteful
 hand, —

Such were our simple records day by day,
 For gains like these we wore our lives away.
 In toilsome paths our daily bread we sought,
 But bread from Heaven attending angels brought;
 Pain was our teacher, speaking to the heart,
 Mother of pity, nurse of pitying art;
 Our lesson learned, we reached the peaceful shore
 Where the pale sufferer asks our aid no more, —
 These gracious words our welcome, our reward,
 Ye served your brothers; ye have served your
 Lord!

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

READ AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE
 FOUNDATION OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.
 1778-1878.



THESE hallowed precincts, long to mem-
 ory dear,
 Smile with fresh welcome as our feet
 draw near;
 With softer gales the opening leaves are fanned,

With fairer hues the kindling flowers expand,
The rose-bush reddens with the blush of June,
The groves are vocal with their minstrels' tune,
The mighty elm, beneath whose arching shade
The wandering children of the forest strayed,
Greets the bright morning in its bridal dress,
And spreads its arms the gladsome dawn to bless.

Is it an idle dream that nature shares
Our joys, our griefs, our pastimes, and our cares?
Is there no summons when, at morning's call,
The sable vestments of the darkness fall?
Does not meek evening's low-voiced *Ave* blend
With the soft vesper as its notes ascend?
Is there no whisper in the perfumed air,
When the sweet bosom of the rose is bare?
Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice?
Is there no meaning in the storm-cloud's voice?
No silent message when from midnight skies
Heaven looks upon us with its myriad eyes?

Or shift the mirror; say our dreams diffuse
O'er life's pale landscape their celestial hues,
Lend heaven the rainbow it has never known,
And robe the earth in glories not its own,
Sing their own music in the summer breeze,
With fresher foliage clothe the stately trees,
Stain the June blossoms with a livelier dye
And spread a bluer azure on the sky, —
Blest be the power that works its lawless will
And finds the weediest patch an Eden still;
No walls so fair as those our fancies build, —
No views so bright as those our visions gild!

So ran my lines, as pen and paper met,
The truant goose-quill travelling like Planehette ;
Too ready servant, whose deceitful ways
Full many a slipshod line, alas ! betrays ;
Hence of the rhyming thousand not a few
Have builded worse — a great deal — than they
knew.

What need of idle fancy to adorn
Our mother's birthplace on her birthday morn ?
Hers are the blossoms of eternal spring,
From these green boughs her new-fledged birds take
wing,
These echoes hear their earliest carols sung,
In this old nest the brood is ever young.
If some tired wanderer, resting from his flight,
Amid the gay young choristers alight,
These gather round him, mark his faded plumes
That faintly still the far-off grove perfumes,
And listen, wondering if some feeble note
Yet lingers, quavering in his weary throat.
I, whose fresh voice yon red-faced temple knew,
What tune is left me, fit to sing to you ?
Ask not the grandeurs of a labored song,
But let my easy couplets slide along ;
Much could I tell you that you know too well ;
Much I remember, but I will not tell ;
Age brings experience ; graybeards oft are wise,
But oh ! how sharp a youngster's ears and eyes !

My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the academic town ;

Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
 Big with its filial and parental load;
 The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
 The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.
 I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
 The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
 The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
 The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
 The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
 The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
 Two, creased with age, — or what I then called
 age, —

Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
 One, a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
 As the first snow-drop which the sunbeams greet;
 One the last nursling's; slight she was, and fair,
 Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn
 hair;

Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,
 Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,
 Strong, patient, humble; her substantial frame
 Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
 To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
 How like a dagger to my sinking heart
 Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
 "Good - by!" "Goo — ood - by!" one fond mater-
 nal kiss.

Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?
 Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
 From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —

Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

One figure still my vagrant thoughts pursue;
First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are you?
Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how
You learned it all, — are you an angel now,
Or tottering gently down the slope of years,
Your face grown sober in the vale of tears?
Forgive my freedom if you are breathing still;
If in a happier world, I know you will.
You were a school-boy, — what beneath the sun
So like a monkey? I was also one.

Strange, sure enough, to see what curious shoots
The nursery raises from the study's roots!
In those old days the very, very good
Took up more room, — a little, — than they
should;

Something too much one's eyes encountered then
Of serious youth and funeral-visaged men;
The solemn elders saw life's mournful half, —
Heaven sent this boy, whose mission was to laugh,
Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,
A catbird squealing in a blackbird's nest.

Kind, faithful Nature! While the sour-eyed
Seot, —
Her cheerful smiles forbidden or forgot, —
Talks only of his preacher and his kirk, —
Hears five-hour sermons for his Sunday work, —
Praying and fasting till his meagre face
Gains its due length, the genuine sign of grace, —
An Ayrshire mother in the land of Knox

Her embryo poet in his cradle rocks ; —
 Nature, long shivering in her dim eclipse,
 Steals in a sunbeam to those baby lips ;
 So to its home her banished smile returns,
 And Scotland sweetens with the song of Burns !

The morning came ; I reached the classic hall ;
 A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall ;
 Beneath its hands a printed line I read :
 YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME : so the clock-face
 said :

Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —
 Sowed, — their wild oats, — and reaped as they
 had sowed.

How all comes baek ! the upward slanting
 floor, —

The masters' thrones that flank the central door, —
 The long, outstretching alleys that divide
 The rows of desks that stand on either side, —
 The staring boys, a face to every desk,
 Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look ; his forehead wears
 Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares ;
 Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
 His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
 Supreme he sits ; before the awful frown
 That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down ;
 Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
 At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state
 On the twin throne and shares the empire's
 weight ;

Around his lips the subtle life that plays
 Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase ;
 A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
 Pleasant when pleased ; rough-handled, not so
 safe ;

Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
 But to forgive him. God forgive us all !

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name
 Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim ;
 His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
 That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book ;
 A loving soul to every task he brought
 That sweetly mingled with the lore he taught ;
 Sprung from a saintly race that never could
 From youth to age be anything but good,
 His few brief years in holiest labors spent,
 Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.
 Kindest of teachers, studious to divine
 Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
 These faint and faltering words thou can'st not
 hear

Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.

As to the traveller's eye the varied plain
 Shows through the window of the flying train,
 A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
 A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,
 A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows
 Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose,
 All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,
 Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hillside,
 stream, —

So, as we look behind us, life appears,
Seen through the vista of our bygone years.

Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled domain,
Some vanished shapes the hues of life retain ;
Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes
From the vague mists in memory's path they rise.
So comes his blooming image to my view,
The friend of joyous days when life was new,
Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth unchilled,
No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled,
Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering fold,
Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled.
His the frank smile I vainly look to greet,
His the warm grasp my clasping hand should
meet ;

How would our lips renew their school-boy talk,
Our feet retrace the old familiar walk !
For thee no more earth's cheerful morning shines
Through the green fringes of the tented pines ;
Ah me ! is heaven so far thou can'st not hear,
Or is thy viewless spirit hovering near,
A fair young presence, bright with morning's
glow,
The fresh-cheeked boy of fifty years ago ?

Yes, fifty years, with all their circling suns,
Behind them all my glance reverted runs,
Where now that time remote, its griefs, its joys,
Where are its gray-haired men, its bright-haired
boys ?

Where is the patriarch time could hardly tire, —
The good old, wrinkled, immemorial "squire" ?

(An honest treasurer, like a black-plumed swan,
Not every day our eyes may look upon.)
Where the tough champion who, with Calvin's
sword,

In wordy conflicts battled for the Lord ?
Where the grave scholar, lonely, calm, austere,
Whose voice like music charmed the listening ear,
Whose light rekindled, like the morning-star
Still shines upon us through the gates ajar ?
Where the still, solemn, weary, sad-eyed man,
Whose care-worn face my wandering eyes would
scan, —

His features wasted in the lingering strife
With the pale foe that drains the student's life ?
Where my old friend, the scholar, teacher, saint,
Whose creed, some hinted, showed a speck of
taint ;

He broached his own opinion, which is not
Lightly to be forgiven or forgot ;
Some riddle's point, — I scarce remember now, —
Homoi, perhaps, where they said homo — ou.
(If the unlettered greatly wish to know
Where lies the difference betwixt *oi* and *o*,
Those of the curious who have time may search
Among the stale conundrums of their church.)
Beneath his roof his peaceful life I shared,
And for his modes of faith I little cared, —
I, taught to judge men's dogmas by their deeds,
Long ere the days of india-rubber creeds.

Why should we look one common faith to find,
Where one in every score is color-blind ?

If here on earth they know not red from green,
Will they see better into things unseen !

Once more to time's old graveyard I return
And scrape the moss from memory's pictured urn.
Who, in these days when all things go by steam
Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team ?
Its sturdy driver, — who remembers him ?
Or the old laudlord, saturnine and grim,
Who left our hill-top for a new abode
And reared his sign-post farther down the road ?
Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine
Do the young bathers splash and think they're
clean ?

Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimac ?
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggett's
Pond,

Or where the legendary name recalls
The forest's earlier tenant, — " Deer-jump Falls " ?

Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore ;
So all life's opening paths, where nature led
'Their fathers' feet, the children's children tread.
Roll the round century's five score years away,
Call from our storied past that earliest day
When great Eliphalet (I can see him now, —
Big name, big frame, big voice, and beetling
brow),

Then *young* Eliphalet, — ruled the rows of boys
In homespun gray or old-world corduroys, —
And save for fashion's whims, the benches show
The self-same youths, the very boys we know.
Time works strange marvels : since I trod the green
And swung the gates, what wonders I have seen !
But come what will, — the sky itself may fall, —
As things of course the boy accepts them all.
The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds of flame,
For daily use our travelling millions claim ;
The face we love a sunbeam makes our own ;
No more the surgeon hears the sufferer's groan ;
What unwrit histories wrapped in darkness lay
Till shovelling Schlicmann bared them to the day !
Your Richelieu says, and says it well, my lord,
The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword ;
Great is the goosequill, say we all ; Amen !
Sometimes the spade is mightier than the pen ;
It shows where Babel's terraced walls were raised,
The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's palace
 blazed,
Unearths Mycenæ, rediscovers Troy, —
Calmly he listens, that immortal boy.
A new Prometheus tips our wands with fire,
A mightier Orpheus strains the whispering wire,
Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds outrun
And hold the hours as Joshua stayed the sun, —
So swift, in truth, we hardly find a place
For those dim fictions known as time and space.
Still a new miracle each year supplies, —
See at his work the chemist of the skies,

Who questions Sirius in his tortured rays
And steals the secret of the solar blaze ;
Hush! while the window-rattling bugles play
The nation's airs a hundred miles away !
That wicked phonograph ! hark ! how it swears !
Turn it again and make it say its prayers !
And was it true, then, what the story said
Of Oxford's friar and his brazen head ?
While wandering Science stands, herself perplexed
At each day's miracle, and asks " What next ?"
The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,
Springs from his desk to " urge the flying ball,"
Cleaves with his bending oar the glassy waves,
With sinewy arm the dashing current braves,
The same bright creature in these haunts of ours
That Eton shadowed with her " antique towers."

Boy ! Where is he ? the long-limbed youth in-
quires,
Whom his rough chin with manly pride inspires ;
Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer glows,
When the bright hair is white as winter snows,
When the dim eye has lost its lambent flame,
Sweet to his ear will be his school-boy name !
Nor think the difference mighty as it seems
Between life's morning and its evening dreams ;
Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and toys ;
In earth's wide school-house all are girls and boys.

Brothers, forgive my wayward fancy. Who
Can guess beforehand what his pen will do ?

Too light my strain for listeners such as these,
Whom graver thoughts and soberer speech shall
 please.

Is he not here whose breath of holy song
Has raised the downcast eyes of faith so long?
Are they not here, the strangers in your gates,
For whom the wearied ear impatient waits, —
The large-brained scholars whom their toils re-
 lease, —

The bannered heralds of the Prince of Peace?

Such was the gentle friend whose youth un-
 blamed

In years long past our student-benches claimed;
Whose name, illumined on the sacred page,
Lives in the labors of his riper age;
Such he whose record time's destroying march
Leaves uneffaced on Zion's springing arch:
Not to the scanty phrase of measured song,
Cramped in its fetters, names like these belong;
One ray they lend to gild my slender line —
Their praise I leave to sweeter lips than mine.

Home of our sires, where learning's temple rose,
While yet they struggled with their banded foes,
As in the West thy century's sun descends,
One parting gleam its dying radiance lends.
Darker and deeper though the shadows fall
From the gray towers on Doubting Castle's wall,
Though Pope and Pagan re-array their hosts,
And her new armor youthful Science boasts,

Truth, for whose altar rose this holy shrine,
 Shall fly for refuge to these bowers of thine ;
 No past shall chain her with its rusted vow,
 No Jew's phylactery bind her Christian brow,
 But Faith shall smile to find her sister free,
 And nobler manhood draw its life from thee.

Long as the arching skies above thee spread,
 As on thy groves the dews of heaven are shed,
 With currents widening still from year to year,
 And deepening chaunels, calm, untroubled, clear,
 Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred hill, —
 Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill !

THE SILENT MELODY.



RING me my broken harp," he said ;

“ We both are wrecks, — but as ye
 will, —

Though all its ringing tones have fled,
 Their echoes linger round it still ;
 It had some golden strings, I know,
 But that was long, — how long ! — ago.

“ I cannot see its tarnished gold,
 I cannot hear its vanished tone,
 Scaree ean my trembling fingers hold
 The pillared frame so long their own ;
 We both are wrecks, — a while ago
 It had some silver strings, I know,

“ But on them Time too long has played
 The solemn strain that knows no change,
 And where of old my fingers strayed
 The chords they find are new and strange, —
 Yes! iron strings, — I know, — I know, —
 We both are wrecks of long ago.

“ We both are wrecks, — a shattered pair, —
 Strange to ourselves in time’s disguise
 What say ye to the lovesick air
 . That brought the tears from Marian’s eyes?
 Ay! trust me, — under breasts of snow
 Hearts could be melted long ago!

“ Or will ye hear the storm-song’s crash
 That from his dreams the soldier woke,
 And bade him face the lightning flash
 When battle’s cloud in thunder broke?
 Wrecks, — nought but wrecks! — the time was
 when
 We two were worth a thousand men!”

And so the broken harp they bring
 With pitying smiles that none could blame;
 Alas! there’s not a single string
 Of all that filled the tarnished frame!
 But see! like children overjoyed,
 His fingers rambling through the void!

“ I clasp thee! Ay mine ancient lyre
 Nay, guide my wandering fingers There!

They love to dally with the wire
As Isaac played with Esau's hair
Hush ! ye shall hear the famous tune
That Marian called 'The Breath of June !'

And so they softly gather round :
Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems :
His fingers move : but not a sound !
A silence like the song of dreams.
" There ! ye have heard the air," he cries,
" That brought the tears from Marian's eyes !"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,
Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain ;
To him the unreal sounds are sweet, —
No discord mars the silent strain
Scored on life's latest, starlit page —
The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,
When Nature's music breathes unsought,
But never yet could voice or string
So truly shape our tenderest thought
As when by life's decaying fire
Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre !



NOTES.



Vol. I., p. 3.

“OLD IRONSIDES.”

This was the popular name by which the frigate “Constitution” was known. The poem was first printed in the Boston Daily Advertiser, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.

Vol. I., p. 8.

“THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.”

“The Goblet and the Sun” (Vas-Sol), sculptured on a freestone slab supported by five pillars, are the only designation of the family tomb of the Vassalls.

Vol. I., p. 60.

“*Thou calm, chaste scholar.*”

Charles Chauncy Emerson; died May 9, 1836.

Vol. I., p. 61.

“*And thou, dear friend.*”

James Jackson, Jr., M. D.; died March 28, 1834.

Vol. I., p. 129.

“Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound.”

The churches referred to in the lines which follow are: —

1. “King’s Chapel,” the foundation of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

2. Brattle Street Church, consecrated in 1773. The completion of this edifice, the design of which included a spire, was prevented by the troubles of the Revolution, and its plain, square tower presented nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower was seen, half imbedded in the brick-work, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The “Old South,” first occupied for public worship in 1730.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the old Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, until of late years the only chime in Boston.

Vol. I., p. 217.

AGNES.

The story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surraige is told in the ballad with a very strict adherence to the facts. These were obtained from information afforded me by the Rev. Mr. Webster of Hopkinton, in company with whom I visited the Frankland Mansion

in that town; from a very interesting Memoir, by the Rev. Elias Nason of Medford, not yet published; and from the manuscript diary of Sir Harry, or more properly Sir Charles Henry Frankland, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

At the time of the visit referred to, old Julia was living, and on our return we called at the house where she resided.¹ Her account is little more than paraphrased in the poem. If the incidents are treated with a certain liberality at the close of the fifth part, the essential fact that Agnes rescued Sir Harry from the ruins after the earthquake, and their subsequent marriage as related, may be accepted as literal truth. So with regard to most of the trifling details which are given; they are taken from the record.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. Nason's Memoir will be published, that this extraordinary romance of our sober New England life may become familiar to that class of readers who prefer a rigorous statement to an embellished narrative. It will be found to contain many historical facts and allusions which add much to its romantic interest.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Frankland Mansion no longer exists. It was accidentally burned on the 23d of January, 1858, a year or two after the first sketch of this ballad was written. A visit to it was like stepping out of the century into the years before the Revolution. A new house, similar in plan and arrangements to the old one, has been built upon its site, and the terraces, the clump of box, and the lilacs, doubtless remain to bear witness to the truth of this story.

¹ She was living June 10, 1861, when this ballad was published.

Since the above note was written the Rev. Mr. Nason's interesting Memoir of Sir Harry Frankland has been published.

Vol. II., p. 306.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

"They're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm."

The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone standing as yet undisturbed among the transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp's Hill Burial-ground, one of the three city cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined within my own remembrance:—

"Here lies buried in a
 Stone Grave 10 feet deep,
 Capt DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht
 Who departed this Life
 October 23d, 1769,
 Aged 44 years,
 a true son of Liberty,
 a Friend to the Publick,
 an Enemy to oppression,
 and one of the foremost
 in opposing the Revenue Acts
 on America."





INDEX.

	PAGE
" Ad Amicos "	ii. 123
ADDITIONAL POEMS (1837-1848)	i. 63
ADDITIONAL POEMS (to 1877)	ii. 279
Address for Opening of Fifth Ave. Theatre	ii. 249
Æstivation	i. 412
After-Dinner Poem, An	i. 148
After a Lecture on Keats	i. 305
After a Lecture on Moore	i. 303
After a Lecture on Shelly	i. 307
After a Lecture on Wordsworth	i. 299
After the Fire	ii. 171
Agnes	i. 217
Album Verses	i. 403
All here	ii 90
America to Russia	ii. 195
American Academy Centennial Celebration	ii. 384
Appeal for the Old South, An	ii. 330
Archbishop and Gil Blas, The	ii. 137
Army Hymn	i. 374
Atlantie Dinner, At the	ii. 290
Aunt, My	i. 14
Aunt Tabitha	ii. 8
Avis	i. 336
Bachelor's Private Journal, From a	i. 183
Ballad of the Boston Tea Party, A	ii. 173

	PAGE
Ballad of the Oysterman, The	i. 201
Banker's Dinner, The	i. 268
Banquet to the Grand Duke Alexis, At the	ii. 198
Banquet to the Chinese Embassy, At the	ii. 201
Banquet to the Japanese Embassy, At the	ii. 208
Bells, The	i. 251
Benjamin Pierce	ii. 150
Bill and Joe	ii. 49
Birthday of Daniel Webster	i. 330
Birthday Festival, At a	i. 341
Birthday Tribute, A	i. 342
Blank Sheet of Paper, To a	i. 197
Boston Common	i. 361
Boston to Florence	ii. 368
Boys, The	ii. 66
Brother Jonathan's Lament	i. 369
Bryant's Seventieth Birthday	ii. 206
Burns Centennial Celebration, For the	i. 359
Caged Lion, To a	i. 173
Cambridge Churchyard, The	i. 6
Canaan, To	ii. 181
Chambered Nautilus, The	i. 385
Chanson without Music	ii. 267
"Choose you this Day"	ii. 76
Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg, To	ii. 217
Close of a Course of Lectures, At the	i. 308
Comet, The	i. 25
Coming Era, The	ii. 369
Companions, To my	i. 195
Contentment	i. 409
Crooked Footpath, The	i. 430
Daily Trials	i. 17
De Sauty	i. 441
Dedication of the Halleck Monument, At the	ii. 240
Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery	i. 289
Departed Days	i. 82

	PAGE
Dilemma, The	i. 12
Dinner to Admiral Farragut, At a	ii. 212
Dinner to General Grant, At a	ii. 210
Disappointed Statesman, The	i. 283
Dorchester Giant, The	i. 21
Dorothy Q.	ii. 163
Dying Seneca, The	i. 181
EARLIER POEMS	i. 1
Edward Everett	ii. 228
English Friend, To an	i. 296
Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series	ii. 42
Even Song	ii. 102
Evening, by a Tailor	i. 19
Evening Thought, An	i. 208
Extracts from a Medical Poem	i. 111
Familiar Letter, A	ii. 318
Family Record, A	ii. 340
Fantasia	ii. 7
Farewell to Agassiz, A	ii. 284
Farewell to J. R. Lowell	i. 324
First Fan, The	ii. 332
First Verses	ii. 347
Flower of Liberty, The	i. 376
For Class Meeting	ii. 120
For the Centennial Dinner of the Proprietors of Bos- ton Pier	ii. 269
For the Commemoration Services	ii. 224
Fountain of Youth, The	ii. 275
Freedom, Our Queen	i. 373
F. W. C.	ii. 79
George Peabody, To	ii. 361
God save the Flag	ii. 188
Good Time Going, A	i. 405
Governor Swain, To	i. 294
Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle	ii. 301
Gray Chief, The	i. 344

	PAGE
H. C. M., H. S., J. K. W.	ii. 113
Height of the Ridiculous, The	i. 34
Homesick in Heaven	ii. 3
Hot Season, The	i. 205
How not to settle it	ii. 126
How the Old Horse won the Bet	ii. 323
Hudson, The	i. 311
Humboldt's Birthday	ii. 237
H. W. Longfellow, To	ii. 215
Hymn for the Class Meeting	ii. 101
Hymn after Emancipation Proclamation	ii. 189
Hymn for the Chicago Fair	ii. 190
Hymn for the Laying of the Corner Stone of Har- vard Memorial Hall	ii. 242
Hymn for the Dedication of the Harvard Memorial Hall	ii. 243
Hymn at the Funeral of Charles Sumner	ii. 244
Hymn for the Inauguration of the Andrew Statue	ii. 295
Hymn of Peace, A	ii. 277
Hymn of Trust	i. 429
Illustration of a Picture	i: 177
Impromptu, An	ii. 56
In Response	ii. 371
IN THE QUIET DAYS	ii. 159
IN WAR TIME	ii. 179
Insect, To an	i. 10
International Ode	i. 366
Iris, Her Book	i. 432
IRON GATE, THE, AND OTHER POEMS	ii. 349
Iron Gate, The,	ii. 351
Island Hunting Song, The	i. 81
Island Ruin, The	i. 262
J. D. R.	ii. 72
James Freeman Clarke, To	ii. 380
Joseph Warren, M. D.	ii. 301
La Grisette	i. 184

	PAGE
Last Blossom, The	i. 407
Last Charge, The	ii. 82
Last Leaf, The	i. 4
Last Look, The	i. 345
Last Prophecy of Cassandra, The	i. 179
Last Reader, The	i. 36
Last Survivor, The	ii. 132
Latter-day Warnings	i. 402
Lexington	i. 72
L'Ineonnue	i. 189
Lines	ii. 68
Lines recited at the Berkshire Festival	i. 87
Lines by a Clerk	i. 191
Living Temple, The	i. 339
Lucy	ii. 294
Mare Rubrum	ii. 63
Martha	i. 349
Massachusetts Medical Society, Poem for the Centennial Anniversary Dinner	ii. 390
Meeting of the Dryads, The	i. 161
Meeting of the American Medical Association	i. 312
Meeting of the Burns Club, For the	i. 325
Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College	i. 350
Meeting of the National Sanitary Association	i. 357
Meeting of Friends, At a	ii. 281
Memorial Tribute, A	ii. 297
MEMORIAL VERSES	ii. 221
Memory of C. W. Upham, Jr., In	i. 347
Memory of John and Robert Ware, Jr., In	ii. 235
Midsummer	i. 440
Minds' Diet, The	i. 256
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS	i. 159
Modest Request, A	i. 99
Moore Centennial, For the	ii. 376
Moral Bully, The	i. 254
Mother's Secret, A	i. 278

	PAGE
Musa	i. 390
Music Grinders, The	i. 28
My Annual	ii. 87
My Aviary	ii. 355
Mysterious Illness, The	i. 275
Mysterious Visitor, The	i. 164
Nearing the Snow Line	ii. 177
Never or Now	ii. 185
New Eden, The	i. 317
Non-Resistance	i. 253
Noontide Lyric, A	i. 203
Nux Postecœnatica	i. 90
Ode for Washington's Birthday	i. 328
Ode for a Social Meeting (with Alterations)	i. 423
Old Cambridge	ii. 312
Old Cruiser, The	ii. 97
Old Ironsides	i. 3
Old Man of the Sea, The	i. 363
Old Man dreams, The	ii. 57
Old Player, The	i. 258
Old Year Song, An	ii. 161
On Lending a Punch-Bowl	i. 75
On the Threshold	ii. 360
Once More	ii. 93
One Country	ii. 187
One Hoss Shay, The Wonderful	i. 413
Only Daughter, The	i. 83
Opening of the Piano, The	i. 433
Opening the Window	ii. 155
Organ Blower, The	ii. 166
Our Banker	ii. 117
Our Home. — Our Country	ii. 387
Our Indian Summer	ii. 61
Our Limitations	i. 257
Our Oldest Friend	ii. 83
Our Sweet Singer	ii. 111

	PAGE
Our Yankee Girls	i. 188
Pantomime, At the	ii. 168
Papyrus Club, At the	ii. 362
Parson Turell's Legacy	i. 417
Parting Health, A	i. 393
Parting Hymn	i. 375
Parting Song, The	i. 355
Parting Word, The	i. 113
Philosopher to his Love, The	i. 193
PICTURES FROM OCCASIONAL POEMS	i. 243
Pilgrim's Vision, The	i. 65
Ploughman, The	i. 240
Poem served to Order, A	ii. 272
POEMS FROM THE AUTOCRAT	i. 383
POEMS FROM THE PROFESSOR	i. 425
POEMS FROM THE POET	ii. 1
POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29	ii. 47
Poet's Lot, The	i. 194
Poetry ; a Metrical Essay	i. 38
Portrait, A	i. 207
Portrait of a Gentleman, To the	i. 199
Portrait of a Lady, To the	i. 23
Post Prandial	ii. 374
Programme	ii. 156
Prologue	i. 399
Promise, The	i. 335
Questions and Answers	ii. 55
" Qui Vive "	i. 210
R. B. H., To	ii. 339
READERS, To MY	i. iii.
Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian	i. 16
Remember — Forget	ii. 59
Rhymed Lesson, A	i. 121
RHYMES OF AN HOUR	ii. 247
Rip Van Winkle, M. D.	ii. 255
Robinson of Leyden	i. 435

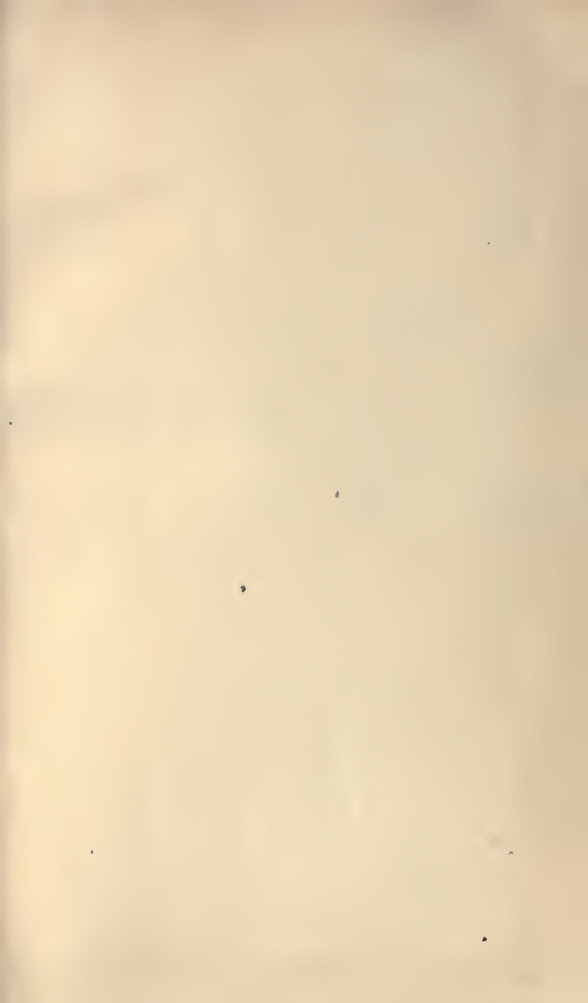
	PAGE
Roman Aqueduct, A	i. 182
School-Boy, The	ii. 399
Sea Dialogue, A	ii. 288
Secret of the Stars, The	i. 286
Semi-Centennial Celebration of New England Society	i. 322
Sentiment, A	i. 120
Sentiment, A	i. 316
September Gale, The	i. 32
Services in Memory of Abraham Lincoln	ii. 223
Shadows, The	ii. 148
Shakespeare	ii. 232
Sherman's in Savannah	ii. 85
Ship of State, The	ii. 339
Silent Melody, The	ii. 412
Smiling Listener, The	ii. 106
Song for Centennial Celebration of Harvard College.	i. 79
Song for the Dinner to Charles Dickens	i. 86
Song for a Temperance Dinner	i. 118
Song of Other Days, A	i. 116
Song of Twenty-Nine, A	ii. 51
SONGS IN MANY KEYS	i. 213
SONGS OF MANY SEASONS	ii. 153
SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL	ii. 193
Souvenir, A	i. 186
Spectre Pig, The	i. 169
Spring	i. 245
Spring has come	i. 396
St. Anthony the Reformer	i. 437
Stanzas	i. 190
Star and the Water-lily, The	i. 175
Steamboat, The	i. 70
Stethoscope Song, The	i. 107
Study, The	i. 248
Sun and Shadow	i. 387
Sun-day Hymn, A	i. 429
Sweet Little Man, The	i. 378

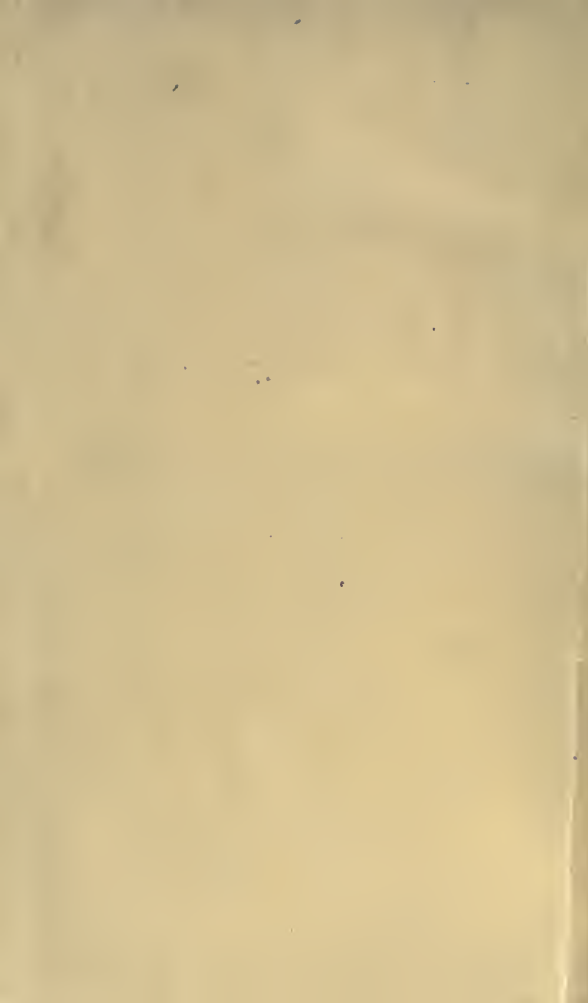
INDEX.

427

	PAGE
" Thus saith the Lord "	ii. 183
Toadstool, The	i. 167
Toast to Wilkie Collins, A	ii. 214
Treadmill Song, The	i. 31
Two Armies, The	i. 388
Two Sonnets: Harvard	ii. 367
Two Streams, The	i. 334
Under the Violets	i. 427
Under the Washington Elm	i. 371
Union and Liberty	i. 380
Unsatisfied	ii. 322
Verses for After-Dinner	i 95
Vestigia Quinque Retrorsum	ii 141
VIGNETTES	i. 297
Vive la France	i 367
Voice of the Loyal North, A	ii. 70
Voiceless, The	i. 333
Voyage of the Good Ship Union	ii. 73
Wasp and the Hornet, The	i. 209
Welcome to the Chicago Commercial Club	ii. 382
Welcome to the Grand Duke Alexis	ii. 197
Welcome to the Nations	ii. 317
What I have come for	ii. 115
What we all think	i. 394
Whittier's Seventieth Birthday, For	ii. 364
Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts	ii. 10







1955
A1
1882
v.2

Poetical works

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
