

EARLIER POEMS

[THE printing of *Poetry: a Metrical Essay* was made the occasion by the author for publishing the first collection of his poems in 1836. This contained the group afterward designated *Earlier Poems*, as well as most of those now grouped at the end of this volume under the heading *Verses from the Oldest Portfolio*; for when the volume of his verse had become considerable, Dr. Holmes thought best to winnow his first gathering, and to retain under the title *Earlier Poems* those which he regarded as constituent parts of his poetical product. The following passages are from the *Preface*, dated Boston, 1 November, 1836, which introduced the volume.

"The shorter pieces are arranged mainly with reference to the dignity of their subjects. A few remarks with regard to a species of writing in which the author has occasionally indulged, are offered to the consideration of those who are disposed to criticise rigorously; without the intention, however, of justifying all or any attempts at comic poetry, if they are bad specimens of their kind.

"The *extravagant* is often condemned as unnatural; as if a tendency of the mind, shown in all ages and forms, had not its foundation in nature. A series of hyperbolical images is considered beneath criticism by the same judges who would write treatises upon the sculptured satyrs and painted arabesques of antiquity, which are only hyperbole in stone and colors. As material objects in different lights repeat themselves in shadows variously elongated, contracted, or exaggerated, so our solid and sober thoughts caricature themselves in fantastic shapes inseparable from their originals, and having a unity in their extravagance, which proves them to have retained their proportions in certain respects, however differing in outline from their prototypes. To illustrate this

by an example. Our idea of a certain great nation, an idea founded in substantial notions of its geography, its statistics, its history, in one aspect of the mind stretches into the sublime in the image of *Britannia*, and in another dilates into the sub-ridiculous in the person of *John Bull*. Both these personifications partially represent their object; both are useful and philosophical. And I am not afraid to say to the declaimers upon dignity of composition, that a metrical arabesque of a storm or a summer, if its images, though hyperbolical, are conceivable, and consistent with each other, is a perfectly healthy and natural exercise of the imagination, and not, as some might think, a voluntary degradation of its office. I argue, as I said before, for a principle, and not for my own attempt at its illustration."

"I had the intention of pointing out some accidental plagiarisms, or coincidences as they might be more mildly called, discovered principally by myself after the composition of the passages where they occur; but as they are, so far as I know, both innocent and insignificant, and as I have sometimes had literary pickpockets at my own skirts, I will leave them, like the apples of Atalanta, as an encouragement to sagacious critics, should any such follow my footsteps.

"I have come before the public like an actor who returns to fold his robes and make his bow to the audience. Already engaged in other duties, it has been with some effort that I have found time to adjust my own mantle; and I now willingly retire to more quiet labors, which, if less exciting, are more certain to be acknowledged as useful and received with gratitude; thankful that, not having staked all my hopes upon a single throw, I can sleep quietly after closing the last leaf of my little volume."]

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. I subjoin the paragraph which led to the writing of the

poem. It is from the *Advertiser* of Tuesday, September 14, 1830:—

"*Old Ironsides*.—It has been affirmed upon good authority that the Secretary of the Navy has recommended to the Board of Navy Commissioners to dispose of the frigate *Constitution*. Since it has been understood that such a step was in contemplation we have heard but one

opinion expressed, and that in decided disapprobation of the measure. Such a national object of interest, so endeared to our national pride as Old Ironsides is, should never by any act of our government cease to belong to the Navy, so long as our country is to be found upon the map of nations. In England it was lately determined by the Admiralty to cut the Victory, a one-hundred gun ship (which it will be recollected bore the flag of Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar), down to a seventy-four, but so loud were the lamentations of the people upon the proposed measure that the intention was abandoned. We confidently anticipate that the Secretary of the Navy will in like manner consult the general wish in regard to the Constitution, and either let her remain in ordinary or rebuild her whenever the public service may require."—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

The poem was an impromptu outburst of feeling and was published on the next day but one after reading the above paragraph. [When *Poetry: a Metrical Essay* was published this poem was introduced as an interlude at the close of the second section.]

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ;—
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave ;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

THE LAST LEAF

The poem was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians [in 1831 or

1832], that of Major Thomas Melville, "the last of the cocked hats," as he was sometimes called. The Major had been a personable young man, very evidently, and retained evidence of it in

"The monumental pomp of age,"—

which had something imposing and something odd about it for youthful eyes like mine. He was often pointed at as one of the "Indians" of the famous "Boston Tea-Party" of 1774. His aspect among the crowds of a later generation reminded me of a withered leaf which has held to its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its bough while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage all around it. I make this explanation for the benefit of those who have been puzzled by the lines,

"The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring."

The way in which it came to be written in a somewhat singular measure was this. I had become a little known as a versifier, and I thought that one or two other young writers were following my efforts with imitations, not meant as parodies and hardly to be considered improvements on their models. I determined to write in a measure which would at once betray any copyist. So far as it was suggested by any previous poem, the echo must have come from Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," with its short terminal lines, such as the last of these two,

"By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore."

But I do not remember any poem in the same measure, except such as have been written since its publication.

The poem as first written had one of those false rhymes which produce a shudder in all educated persons, even in the poems of Keats and others who ought to have known better than to admit them.

The guilty verse ran thus :—

"But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets
 So forlorn,
 And he shakes his feeble head,
 That it seems as if he said,
 'They are gone !'"

A little more experience, to say nothing of the sneer of an American critic in an English periodical, showed me that this would never do. Here was what is called a "cockney rhyme,"—one in which the sound of the letter *r* is neglected—maltreated as the letter *h* is insulted by the average Briton by leaving it out everywhere except where it should be silent. Such an ill-mated pair as "forlorn" and "gone"

could not possibly pass current in good rhyming society. But what to do about it was the question. I *must* keep

“They are gone!”

and I could not think of any rhyme which I could work in satisfactorily. In this perplexity my friend, Mrs. Folsom, wife of that excellent scholar, Mr. Charles Folsom, then and for a long time the unsparing and infallible corrector of the press at Cambridge, suggested the line,

“Sad and wan,”

which I thankfully adopted and have always retained.

Good Abraham Lincoln had a great liking for the poem, and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the Governor himself told me. I have a copy of it made by the hand of Edgar Allan Poe.

[When this poem was issued with an accompaniment of illustration and decoration in 1894, Dr. Holmes wrote to his publishers:—

“I have read the proof you sent me and find nothing in it which I feel called upon to alter or explain.

“I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are threescore and twenty, and I am almost half way up the steep incline which leads me toward the base of the new century so near to which I have already climbed.

“I am pleased to find that this poem, carrying with it the marks of having been written in the jocond morning of life, is still read and cared for. It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it; I cannot read it without a sigh of tender remembrance. I hope it will not sadden my older readers, while it may amuse some of the younger ones to whom its experiences are as yet only floating fancies.”]

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD

[This poem was included as an interlude at the close of the first section in *Poetry: a Metrical Essay*, when that was published in book form.]

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;
It sinks beyond the distant eye

Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green ;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between ;
And both roll out, so full and near,
Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick, beneath the line he reads,
They shade the sculptured stone ;
The child unveils his clustered brow,
And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell ?
These were the mourner's share, —
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
Throbb'd through the beating air ;
The rattling cord, the rolling stone,
The shelving sand that slid,
And, far beneath, with hollow tone
Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and
green,
Then slowly disappears ;
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,
Earth hides his date and years ;
But, long before the once-loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town ;
Hast thou a tear for buried love ?
A sigh for transient power ?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour !

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge, —
Here scattered death ; yet, seek the spot,

No trace thine eye can see,
No altar, — and they need it not
Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
In many a chiselled square ;
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
Of honored names were there ; —
Alas ! for every tear is dried
Those blazoned tablets knew,
Save when the icy marble's side
Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
The empty urn of pride ;
There stand the Goblet and the Sun, —
What need of more beside ?
Where lives the memory of the dead,
Who made their tomb a toy ?
Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?
Go, ask the village boy !

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
Ye ever-roaming girls ;
The breath that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls,
To sweep the simple lines that tell
An exile's date and doom ;
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
They wreath the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
That closed her gentle eyes ;
If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride !

I wandered to thy buried mound
When earth was hid below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,
And when with summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lift this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear
To kiss thy funeral stone ;
And, now thy smiles have passed away,
For all the joy they gave,

May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave !

When damps beneath and storms above
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves you locust grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers ;
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er others' dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

TO AN INSECT

The Katydid is "a species of grasshopper found in the United States, so called from the sound which it makes." WORCESTER.

I used to hear this insect in Providence, Rhode Island, but I do not remember hearing it in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I passed my boyhood. It is well known in other towns in the neighborhood of Boston.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid !
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —
Old gentlefolks are they, —
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill ;
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree, —
A knot of spinster Katydids, —
Do Katydids drink tea ?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do ?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too ?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one ?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me ! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,

Or wet their eyes of blue, —
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do ?

Ah no ! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race !
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

THE DILEMMA

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen ;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark ;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart ;
The bright black eye, the melting blue, —
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams ; —
I saw a row of twenty beams ;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung ;
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die ;
Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed ;
She answered, some thought both were
fair, —
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in, — their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,

And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green ;
She looked at me ;, what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen ;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set ;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake ;
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away ;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

MY AUNT

My aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !
Long years have o'er her flown ;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone ;
I know it hurts her, — though she looks
As cheerful as she can ;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !
Her hair is almost gray ;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way ?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father — grandpapa ! forgive
This erring lip its smiles —
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles ;
He sent her to a stylish school ;
'T was in her thirteenth June ;
And with her, as the rules required,
" Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall ;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small ;
They pinched her feet, they singed her
hair,
They screwed it up with pins ;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back ;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track ;)
" Ah ! " said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
" What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man ! "

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been !
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting
a dash,
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the wood-hole
deep
Where their spectre eyes have found
him !

Ay! gather your reins, and crack your
thong,

And bid your steed go faster ;
He does not know, as he scrambles along,
That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,
Nor deign from the mire to save me ;
I will paddle it stoutly at your side
With the tandem that nature gave me !

DAILY TRIALS

BY A SENSITIVE MAN

OH, there are times
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's
ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano, — woe is me
All the day long !

From crib to shroud !
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we
die,
Snuffing aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the
sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by
one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lonely cater-
waul,
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall, —
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar ;
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep
fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal
ass ;

Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad
machine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky
groans between,
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday, — men, with
clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their
dams
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,
Child-crying bellman, children in despair,
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves !
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your
fill ;
Ye sometimes rest ; men never can be still
But in their graves.

EVENING

BY A TAILOR

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about
me.

Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descending
robe !
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken
threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy
nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with ; — but yet I
love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green sur-
tout.

Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as
bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy
breath

Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.

I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon
a goose;

I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambi-
tion.

My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were
tailors;

They had an ancient goose,—it was an
heirloom

From some remoter tailor of our race.

It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing
shears,

And all the needles that do wound the
spirit,

For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom;—I can feel
With all around me;—I can hail the
flowers

That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet
bird,

That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.

But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fash-
ion.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT

The "pudding-stone" is a remarkable con-
glomerate found very abundantly in the towns
mentioned, all of which are in the neighbor-

hood of Boston. We used in those primitive
days to ask friends to *ride* with us when we
meant to take them to *drive* with us.

[It is interesting to see how the same sub-
ject presented itself to the poet in different
moods. There is a passage in *The Professor at
the Breakfast-Table* which begins, "I wonder
whether the boys who live in Roxbury and
Dorchester are ever moved to tears or filled
with silent awe as they look upon the rocks and
fragments of 'pudding-stone' abounding in
those localities." Then follows a half page of
eloquent speculation on the pudding-stone.]

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be
still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed
with plums,
As big as the State-House dome;
Quoth he, "There's something for you to
eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection
treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout,
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay.
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It is n't for me to show;

There 's many a thing that 's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad ?
Oh, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding
about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by ;
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You 'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY"

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY

[The companion piece, *To the Portrait of "A Gentleman" in the Athenæum Gallery*, was relegated by the author to *Verses from the Oldest Portfolio*, when he divided his first volume as stated in the introductory note.]

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what 's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame ;
Perhaps you were a favorite child,
Perhaps an only one ;
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done !

Yet you must be a harmless soul ;
I cannot think that Sin

Would care to throw his loaded dice,
With such a stake to win ;
I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love,
Of boys that go about,
Who, for a very trifling sum,
Will snip one's picture out ?
I'm not averse to red and white,
But all things have their place,
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit your style of face !

I love sweet features ; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf ;
But nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends !

THE COMET

THE Comet ! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies ;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies ;
Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames ;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names ;
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be ?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam ;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream !

I saw a tutor take his tube
 The Comet's course to spy ;
 I heard a scream, — the gathered rays
 Had stewed the tutor's eye ;
 I saw a fort, — the soldiers all
 Were armed with goggles green ;
 Pop cracked the guns ! whiz flew the
 balls !
 Bang went the magazine !

I saw a poet dip a scroll
 Each moment in a tub,
 I read upon the warping back,
 "The Dream of Beelzebub ;"
 He could not see his verses burn,
 Although his brain was fried,
 And ever and anon he bent
 To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
 The crackling, sweating pines,
 And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
 Burst through the rumbling mines ;
 I asked the firemen why they made
 Such noise about the town ;
 They answered not, — but all the while
 The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
 Upon a baking egg ;
 I saw a cripple scorch his hand
 Extinguishing his leg ;
 I saw nine geese upon the wing
 Towards the frozen pole,
 And every mother's gosling fell
 Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
 Writhe in the blistering rays,
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws
 Was all a fiery blaze ;
 I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
 Bob through the bubbling brine ;
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul ;
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fearful
 dream !
 Its memory haunts me still,
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
 That wreathed each wooded hill ;
 Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain
 Such midnight visions sweep,
 Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,
 And sweet shall be thy sleep !

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS

THERE are three ways in which men take,
 One's money from his purse,
 And very hard it is to tell
 Which of the three is worse ;
 But all of them are bad enough
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
 And counting up your gains ;
 A fellow jumps from out a bush,
 And takes your horse's reins,
 Another hints some words about
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
 In such a lonely spot ;
 It's very hard to lose your cash,
 But harder to be shot ;
 And so you take your wallet out,
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine, —
 Some odious creature begs
 You'll hear about the cannon-ball
 That carried off his pegs,
 And says it is a dreadful thing
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
 His children to be fed,
 Poor little, lovely innocents,
 All clamorous for bread, —
 And so you kindly help to put
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
 Beneath a cloudless moon ;
 You hear a sound, that seems to wear
 The semblance of a tune,
 As if a broken fife should strive
 To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
 Of music seems to come,
 There's something like a human voice,
 And something like a drum ;
 You sit in speechless agony,
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to
 be
 A very dismal place ;

Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
 Is altered in the face ;
 Their discords sting through Burns and
 Moore,
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,
 To crack the voice of Melody,
 And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
 The music all is ground,
 And silence, like a poultice, comes
 To heal the blows of sound ;
 It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —
 A hat is going round !

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
 A fracture in your jaw,
 And pay the owner of the bear
 That stunned you with his paw,
 And buy the lobster that has had
 Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,
 Put on your fiercest frown,
 And talk about a constable
 To turn them out of town ;
 Then close your sentence with an oath,
 And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
 Not big enough for that,
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,
 Because you are a flat,
 Go very quietly and drop
 A button in the hat !

THE TREADMILL SONG

THE stars are rolling in the sky,
 The earth rolls on below,
 And we can feel the rattling wheel
 Revolving as we go.
 Then tread away, my gallant boys,
 And make the axle fly ;
 Why should not wheels go round about,
 Like planets in the sky ?
 Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
 And stir your solid pegs !

Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
 And shake your spider legs ;
 What though you 're awkward at the
 trade,
 There 's time enough to learn, —
 So lean upon the rail, my lad,
 And take another turn.

They 've built us up a noble wall,
 To keep the vulgar out ;
 We 've nothing in the world to do
 But just to walk about ;
 So faster, now, you middle men,
 And try to beat the ends, —
 It 's pleasant work to ramble round
 Among one 's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man 's toes,
 He sha'n't be lazy here, —
 And punch the little fellow 's ribs,
 And tweak that lubber 's ear, —
 He 's lost them both, — don't pull his
 hair,
 Because he wears a scratch,
 But poke him in the further eye,
 That is n't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there 's the supper-bell,
 And so our work is done ;
 It 's pretty sport, — suppose we take
 A round or two for fun !
 If ever they should turn me out,
 When I have better grown,
 Now hang me, but I mean to have
 A treadmill of my own !

THE SEPTEMBER GALE

This tremendous hurricane occurred on the 23d of September, 1815. I remember it well, being then seven years old. A full account of it was published, I think, in the records of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Some of my recollections are given in *The Seasons*, an article to be found in a book of mine entitled *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*.

I 'm not a chicken ; I have seen
 Full many a chill September,
 And though I was a youngster then,
 That gale I well remember ;
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ;
 For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married folks get clashing ;
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing, —
 A little stir among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder, —
 A little rocking of the trees,
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !
 They seemed like bursting craters !
 And oaks lay scattered on the ground
 As if they were p'taters ;
 And all above was in a howl,
 And all below a clatter, —
 The earth was like a frying-pan,
 Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
 And all our things were drying ;
 The storm came roaring through the
 lines,
 And set them all a flying ;
 I saw the shirts and petticoats
 Go riding off like witches ;
 I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept, —
 I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,
 Alas ! too late to win them ;
 I saw them chase the clouds, as if
 The devil had been in them ;
 They were my darlings and my pride,
 My boyhood's only riches, —
 "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, —
 "My breeches ! O my breeches !"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
 How changed from what I knew
 them !
 The dews had steeped their faded threads,
 The winds had whistled through them !
 I saw the wide and ghastly rents
 Where demon claws had torn them ;
 A hole was in their amplest part,
 As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
 And tailors kind and clever,
 But those young pantaloons have gone
 Forever and forever !
 And not till fate has cut the last
 Of all my earthly stitches,
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn
 My loved, my long-lost breeches !

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICU- LOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laughed as I would die ;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
 How kind it was of him
 To mind a slender man like me,
 He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
 And, in my humorous way,
 I added, (as a trifling jest,)
 "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
 And saw him peep within ;
 At the first line he read, his face
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
 And shot from ear to ear ;
 He read the third ; a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
 The fifth ; his waistband split ;
 The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watched that wretched man,
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

THE LAST READER

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree
 And read my own sweet songs ;
 Though naught they may to others be,
 Each humble line prolongs
 A tone that might have passed away,
 But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf
 That some dear girl has given ;
 Frail record of an hour, as brief
 As sunset clouds in heaven.

But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's careworn cheek
The ringlets of his child ;
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread
Around these yellow leaves,
Or o'er them his sarcastic thread
Oblivion's insect weaves ?
Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile
On these neglected songs,
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
My opening bosom wrongs ;
For who would trample, at my side,
A few pale buds, my garden's pride ?

It may be that my scanty ore
Long years have washed away,
And where were golden sands before
Is naught but common clay ;
Still something sparkles in the sun
For memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
My youth in its decline,
And riot in the rosy lap
Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the worm my little store
When the last reader reads no more !

POETRY

A METRICAL ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE
PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, HARVARD
UNIVERSITY, AUGUST, 1836

TO CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, THE FOLLOWING METRICAL ESSAY IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

This Academic Poem presents the simple and partial views of a young person trained

after the schools of classical English verse as represented by Pope, Goldsmith, and Campbell, with whose lines his memory was early stocked. It will be observed that it deals chiefly with the constructive side of the poet's function. That which makes him a poet is not the power of writing melodious rhymes, it is not the possession of ordinary human sensibilities nor even of both these qualities in connection with each other. I should rather say, if I were now called upon to define it, it is the power of transfiguring the experiences and shows of life into an aspect which comes from his imagination and kindles that of others. Emotion is its stimulus and language furnishes its expression ; but these are not all, as some might infer was the doctrine of the poem before the reader.

A common mistake made by young persons who suppose themselves to have the poetical gift is that their own spiritual exaltation finds a true expression in the conventional phrases which are borrowed from the voices of the singers whose inspiration they think they share.

Looking at this poem as an expression of some aspects of the *ars poetica*, with some passages which I can read even at this mature period of life without blushing for them, it may stand as the most serious representation of my early efforts. Intended as it was for public delivery, many of its paragraphs may betray the fact by their somewhat rhetorical and sonorous character.

SCENES of my youth ! awake its slumbering fire !
Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre !
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,
Break through the clouds of Fancy's waning year ;
Chase from her breast the thin autumnal snow,
If leaf or blossom still is fresh below !

Long have I wandered ; the returning tide
Brought back an exile to his cradle's side ;
And as my bark her time-worn flag unrolled,
To greet the land-breeze with its faded fold,
So, in remembrance of my boyhood's time,
I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme ;
Oh, more than blest, that, all my wanderings through,
My anchor falls where first my pennons flew !

The morning light, which rains its
quivering beams
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the
streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below ;
Yet, changed on earth, each far reflected
ray
Braids with fresh hues the shining brow of
day ;
Now, clothed in blushes by the painted
flowers,
Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered
hours ;
Now, lost in shades, whose dark entangled
leaves
Drip at the noontide from their pendent
eaves,
Fades into gloom, or gleams in light again
From every dew-drop on the jewelled plain.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the
wave,
Reflect the light our common nature gave,
But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,
Wears on our hearts some coloring of our
own :
Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,
Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling
sea ;
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,
Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of
God ;
Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of Love ;
Glaring like noontide, where it glows upon
Ambition's sands, — the desert in the
sun, —
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene
Life's common coloring, — intellectual
green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material
plan,
Arched over all the rainbow mind of man ;
But he who, blind to universal laws,
Sees but effects, unconscious of their
cause, —
Believes each image in itself is bright,
Not robed in drapery of reflected light, —
Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,
Has found some crystal in his meagre soil,
And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone
Earth worked her wonders on the spark-
ling stone,

Nor dreams that Nature, with as nice a line,
Carved countless angles through the bound-
less mine.

Thus err the many, who, entranced to find
Unwonted lustre in some clearer mind,
Believe that Genius sets the laws at naught
Which chain the pinions of our wildest
thought ;
Untaught to measure, with the eye of art,
The wandering fancy or the wayward heart ;
Who match the little only with the less,
And gaze in rapture at its slight excess,
Proud of a pebble, as the brightest gem
Whose light might crown an emperor's
diadem.

And, most of all, the pure ethereal fire
Which seems to radiate from the poet's lyre
Is to the world a mystery and a charm,
An Ægis wielded on a mortal's arm,
While Reason turns her dazzled eye away,
And bows her sceptre to her subject's sway ;
And thus the poet, clothed with godlike
state,
Usurped his Maker's title — to create ;
He, whose thoughts differing not in shape,
but dress,
What others feel more fitly can express,
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world
his own.

There breathes no being but has some
pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense :
The rudest savage, roaming through the
wild ;
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child ;
The infant, listening to the warbling bird ;
The mother, smiling at its half-formed
word ;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields
at large ;
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like
charge ;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased
hand
The vote that shakes the turret of the land ;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted
chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning
plain ;
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the
wine,

To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang
 syne;"
 The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows
 dim,
 While Heaven is listening to her evening
 hymn;
 The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw
 near
 The circling dance and dazzling chandel-
 ier;
 E'en trembling age, when Spring's renew-
 ing air
 Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered
 hair;—
 All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
 Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's
 name,
 While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer
 dies,
 His memory passing with his smiles and
 sighs!

If glorious visions, born for all mankind,
 The bright auroras of our twilight mind;
 If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
 Stained on the windows of the sunset sky;
 If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
 Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;
 If passions, following with the winds that
 urge
 Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest
 verge;—
 If these on all some transient hours bestow
 Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,
 Then all are poets; and if earth had rolled
 Her myriad centuries, and her doom were
 told,
 Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave
 Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave!

If to embody in a breathing word
 Tones that the spirit trembled when it
 heard;
 To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
 And carve in language its ethereal form,
 So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
 No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;
 To feel that art, in living truth, has taught
 Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured
 thought;—
 If this alone bestow the right to claim
 The deathless garland and the sacred name,
 Then none are poets save the saints on high,
 Whose harps can murmur all that words
 deny!

But though to none is granted to reveal
 In perfect semblance all that each may feel,
 As withered flowers recall forgotten love,
 So, warmed to life, our faded passions move
 In every line, where kindling fancy throws
 The gleam of pleasures or the shade of
 woes.

When, schooled by time, the stately queen
 of art
 Had smoothed the pathways leading to the
 heart,
 Assumed her measured tread, her solemn
 tone,
 And round her courts the clouds of fable
 thrown,
 The wreaths of heaven descended on her
 shrine,
 And wondering earth proclaimed the Muse
 divine.
 Yet if her votaries had but dared profane
 The mystic symbols of her sacred reign,
 How had they smiled beneath the veil to
 find
 What slender threads can chain the mighty
 mind!

Poets, like painters, their machinery
 claim,
 And verse bestows the varnish and the
 frame;
 Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar
 Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling
 car,
 Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
 Fast in its place each many-angled word;
 From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers
 glide,
 As once they melted on the Teian tide,
 And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills
 again
 From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achaia's plain!
 The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
 Rings like the cymbals clashing as they
 meet;
 The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it
 flows,
 Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
 Where waves on waves in long succession
 pour,
 Till the ninth billow melts along the shore;
 The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
 Which lives immortal as the verse of Gray,
 In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
 On eagle pinion, through the air of song;

The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl!

Born with mankind, with man's ex-
panded range
And varying fates the poet's numbers
change;
Thus in his history may we hope to find
Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,
As from the cradle of its birth we trace,
Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal
race.

I

When the green earth, beneath the
zephyr's wing,
Wears on her breast the varnished buds of
Spring;
When the loosed current, as its folds
uncoil,
Slides in the channels of the mellowed soil;
When the young hyacinth returns to seek
The air and sunshine with her emerald
beak;
When the light snowdrops, starting from
their cells,
Hang each pagoda with its silver bells;
When the frail willow twines her trailing
bow
With pallid leaves that sweep the soil
below;
When the broad elm, sole empress of the
plain,
Whose circling shadow speaks a century's
reign,
Wreathes in the clouds her regal dia-
dem, —
A forest waving on a single stem; —
Then mark the poet; though to him un-
known
The quaint-mouthed titles, such as scholars
own,
See how his eye in ecstasy pursues
The steps of Nature tracked in radiant
hues;
Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy fate,
Pallid with toil or surfeited with state,
Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal
rose,
Awake, all sweetness, from their long re-
pose;
Then turn to ponder o'er the classic page,
Traced with the idyls of a greener age,

And learn the instinct which arose to
warm
Art's earliest essay and her simplest form.

To themes like these her narrow path
confined
The first-born impulse moving in the
mind;
In vales unshaken by the trumpet's sound,
Where peaceful Labor tills his fertile
ground,
The silent changes of the rolling years,
Marked on the soil or dialled on the
spheres,
The crested forests and the colored
flowers,
The dewy grottos and the blushing
bowers, —
These, and their guardians, who, with
liquid names,
Strephons and Chloes, melt in mutual
flames,
Woo the young Muses from their mountain
shade,
To make Arcadias in the lonely glade.

Nor think they visit only with their
smiles
The fabled valleys and Elysian isles;
He who is wearied of his village plain
May roam the Edens of the world in vain.
'T is not the star-crowned cliff, the cata-
ract's flow,
The softer foliage or the greener glow,
The lake of sapphire or the spar-hung
cave,
The brighter sunset or the broader wave,
Can warm his heart whom every wind has
blown
To every shore, forgetful of his own.

Home of our childhood! how affection
clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph
wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn
brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars
crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer
breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's
sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

Oh happiest they, whose early love un-
 changed,
 Hopes undissolved, and friendship unes-
 tranged,
 Tired of their wanderings, still can deign
 to see
 Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in
 thee!

And thou, my village! as again I tread
 Amidst thy living and above thy dead;
 Though some fair playmates guard with
 chaster fears
 Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of
 years;
 Though with the dust some reverend locks
 may blend,
 Where life's last mile-stone marks the
 journey's end;
 On every bud the changing year recalls,
 The brightening glance of morning mem-
 ory falls,
 Still following onward as the months un-
 close
 The balmy lilac or the bridal rose;
 And still shall follow, till they sink once
 more
 Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen
 shore,
 As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,
 Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail!

What shall I give thee? Can a simple
 lay,
 Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,
 Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,
 Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower?
 Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and
 free,
 The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-
 tree,
 Panting from play or dripping from the
 stream,
 How bright the visions of my boyish
 dream!
 Or, modest Charles, along thy broken
 edge,
 Black with soft ooze and fringed with
 arrowy sedge,
 As once I wandered in the morning sun,
 With reeking sandal and superfluous gun,
 How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,
 Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale!
 Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the
 skies,

Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,
 How should my song with holiest charm in-
 vest
 Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest!
 How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,
 Till all was classic on my native green!

As the drained fountain, filled with au-
 tumn leaves,
 The field swept naked of its garnered
 sheaves,
 So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,
 The springs all choking, and the harvest
 gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star
 Still seemed the brightest when it shone
 afar;
 Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious
 toil,
 Glows in the welcome of his parent soil;
 And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,
 But take the leaflets gathered at your side.

II

But times were changed; the torch of
 terror came,
 To light the summits with the beacon's
 flame;
 The streams ran crimson, the tall mountain
 pines
 Rose a new forest o'er embattled lines;
 The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,
 The harvest bowed beneath his chariot
 wheel;
 Where late the wood-dove sheltered her
 repose
 The raven waited for the conflict's close;
 The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless
 round
 Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis
 frowned;
 Where timid minstrels sung their blushing
 charms,
 Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To
 arms!"

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits
 leap,
 Roused by her accents from their tranquil
 sleep,
 The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest
 Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast;—
 Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay

Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,
But men, who act the passions they inspire,
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre!

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific frowns
Are lost like dew-drops caught in burning
towns,
Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of fame,
Break Cæsar's bust to make yourselves a
name;
But if your country bares the avenger's
blade
For wrongs unpunished or for debts unpaid,
When the roused nation bids her armies
form,
And screams her eagle through the gather-
ing storm,
When from your ports the bannered frigate
rides,
Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,
Your hour has past; in vain your feeble
cry
As the babe's wailing to the thundering sky!

Scourge of mankind! with all the dread
array
That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,
As the wild tempest wakes the slumbering
sea,
Thou only teachest all that man can be.
Alike thy tocsin has the power to charm
The toil-knit sinews of the rustic's arm,
Or swell the pulses in the poet's veins,
And bid the nations tremble at his strains.

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's
glance,
Her white walls gleaming through the vines
of France,
And all was hushed, save where the foot-
steps fell,
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.
But one still watched; no self-encircled
woes
Chased from his lids the angel of repose;
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter
years
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning
tears:
His country's sufferings and her children's
shame
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's
flame;
Each treasured insult, each remembered
wrong,

Rolled through his heart and kindled into
song.

His taper faded; and the morning gales
Swept through the world the war-song of
Marseilles!

Now, while around the smiles of Peace
expand,
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laughing
land;
While France ships outward her reluctant
ore,
And half our navy basks upon the shore;
From ruder themes our meek-eyed Muses
turn
To crown with roses their enamelled urn.

If e'er again return those awful days
Whose clouds were crimsoned with the
beacon's blaze,
Whose grass was trampled by the soldier's
heel,
Whose tides were reddened round the rush-
ing keel,
God grant some lyre may wake a nobler
strain
To rend the silence of our tented plain!
When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,
Her marshalled legions peal the Marseil-
laise;
When round the German close the war-
clouds dim,
Far through their shadows floats his battle-
hymn;
When, crowned with joy, the camps of Eng-
land ring,
A thousand voices shout, "God save the
King!"
When victory follows with our eagle's
glance,
Our nation's anthem pipes a country dance!

Some prouder Muse, when comes the
hour at last,
May shake our hillsides with her bugle-
blast;
Not ours the task; but since the lyric dress
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,
Hear an old song, which some, perchance,
have seen
In stale gazette or cobwebbed magazine.
There was an hour when patriots dared pro-
fane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,

Whose heart still answered to that sacred
name,
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's
tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!
From yon lone attic, on a smiling morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-
boy scorn.

III

When florid Peace resumed her golden
reign,
And arts revived, and valleys bloomed
again,
While War still panted on his broken
blade,
Once more the Muse her heavenly wing
essayed.
Rude was the song : some ballad, stern and
wild,
Lulled the light slumbers of the soldier's
child;
Or young romancer, with his threatening
glance
And fearful fables of his bloodless lance,
Scared the soft fancy of the clinging girls,
Whose snowy fingers smoothed his raven
curls.
But when long years the stately form had
bent,
And faithless Memory her illusions lent,
So vast the outlines of Tradition grew
That History wondered at the shapes she
drew,
And veiled at length their too ambitious
hues
Beneath the pinions of the Epic Muse.

Far swept her wing; for stormier days
had brought
With darker passions deeper tides of
thought.
The camp's harsh tumult and the conflict's
glow,
The thrill of triumph and the gasp of woe,
The tender parting and the glad return,
The festal banquet and the funeral urn,
And all the drama which at once uprears
Its spectral shadows through the clash of
spears,
From camp and field to echoing verse
transferred,
Swelled the proud song that listening
nations heard.

Why floats the amaranth in eternal
bloom
O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb?
Why lingers fancy where the sunbeams
smile
On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle?
Why follows memory to the gate of Troy
Her plumed defender and his trembling
boy?
Lo! the blind dreamer, kneeling on the
sand
To trace these records with his doubtful
hand;
In fabled tones his own emotion flows,
And other lips repeat his silent woes;
In Hector's infant see the babes that shun
Those deathlike eyes, unconscious of the
sun,
Or in his hero hear himself implore,
"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more!"

Thus live undying through the lapse of
time
The solemn legends of the warrior's clime;
Like Egypt's pyramid or Pæstum's fane,
They stand the heralds of the voiceless
plain.
Yet not like them, for Time, by slow de-
grees,
Saps the gray stone and wears the em-
brodered frieze,
And Isis sleeps beneath her subject Nile,
And crumbled Neptune strews his Dorian
pile;
But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it
rears
Its laurelled columns through the mist of
years,
As the blue arches of the bending skies
Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,
Spreads, with the surges bearing on man-
kind,
Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind!

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay
To dress in state our wars of yesterday.
The classic days, those mothers of ro-
mance,
That roused a nation for a woman's glance;
The age of mystery, with its hoarded
power,
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,
Have passed and faded like a dream of
youth,
And riper eras ask for history's truth.

On other shores, above their mouldering towns,
 In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,
 Pride in its aisles and paupers at the door,
 Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced of yore.
 Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw
 Their slender shadows on the paths below;
 Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland tracks,
 The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,
 Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
 His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer;
 Its planks all reeking and its paint undried,
 Its rafters sprouting on the shady side,
 It sheds the raindrops from its shingled eaves
 Ere its green brothers once have changed their leaves.

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
 Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood
 As where the rays through pictured glories pour
 On marble shaft and tessellated floor; —
 Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
 And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Thus on the soil the patriot's knee should bend
 Which holds the dust once living to defend;
 Where'er the hireling shrinks before the free,
 Each pass becomes "a new Thermopylæ!"
 Where'er the battles of the brave are won,
 There every mountain "looks on Marathon!"

Our fathers live; they guard in glory still
 The grass-grown bastions of the fortified hill;
 Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,
 With *God and Freedom! England and Saint George!*
 The royal cipher on the captured gun
 Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering sun;

The red-cross banner shades its captor's bust,
 Its folds still loaded with the conflict's dust;
 The drum, suspended by its tattered marge,
 Once rolled and rattled to the Hessian's charge;
 The stars have floated from Britannia's mast,
 The redcoat's trumpets blown the rebel's blast.

Point to the summits where the brave have bled,
 Where every village claims its glorious dead;
 Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,
 Their only corselet was the rustic frock;
 Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,
 The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,
 Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,
 No musket wavered in the lion's glance;
 Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,
 They tracked the snowdrifts with their bleeding feet,
 Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,
 Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,
 Through storm and battle, till they waved again
 On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain!

Then, if so fierce the insatiate patriot's flame,
 Truth looks too pale and history seems too tame,
 Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,
 To gild the tablets of an iron age,
 And save his tears, which yet may fall upon
 Some fabled field, some fancied Washington!

IV

But once again, from their Æolian cave,
 The winds of Genius wandered on the wave.
 Tired of the scenes the timid pencil drew,
 Sick of the notes the sounding clarion blew,
 Sated with heroes who had worn so long
 The shadowy plumage of historic song,
 The new-born poet left the beaten course,
 To track the passions to their living source.

Then rose the Drama;— and the world
 admired
 Her varied page with deeper thought in-
 spired:
 Bound to no clime, for Passion's throb is
 one
 In Greenland's twilight or in India's sun;
 Born for no age, for all the thoughts that
 roll
 In the dark vortex of the stormy soul,
 Unchained in song, no freezing years can
 tame;
 God gave them birth, and man is still the
 same.

So full on life her magic mirror shone,
 Her sister Arts paid tribute to her throne;
 One reared her temple, one her canvas
 warmed,
 And Music thrilled, while Eloquence in-
 formed.
 The weary rustic left his stunted task
 For smiles and tears, the dagger and the
 mask;
 The sage, turned scholar, half forgot his lore,
 To be the woman he despised before.
 O'er sense and thought she threw her golden
 chain,
 And Time, the anarchy, spares her deathless
 reign.

Thus lives Medea, in our tamer age,
 As when her buskin pressed the Grecian
 stage;
 Not in the cells where frigid learning delves
 In Aldine folios mouldering on their shelves,
 But breathing, burning in the glittering
 throng,
 Whose thousand bravos roll untired along,
 Circling and spreading through the gilded
 halls,
 From London's galleries to San Carlo's
 walls!

Thus shall he live whose more than mor-
 tal name
 Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of
 Fame;
 So proudly lifted that it seems afar
 No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star,
 Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal bound,
 Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming round,
 And leads the passions, like the orb that
 guides,
 From pole to pole, the palpitating tides!

V

Though round the Muse the robe of song
 is thrown,
 Think not the poet lives in verse alone.
 Long ere the chisel of the sculptor taught
 The lifeless stone to mock the living thought;
 Long ere the painter bade the canvas glow
 With every line the forms of beauty know;
 Long ere the iris of the Muses threw
 On every leaf its own celestial hue,
 In fable's dress the breath of genius poured,
 And warmed the shapes that later times
 adored.

Untaught by Science how to forge the
 keys
 That loose the gates of Nature's mysteries;
 Unschooled by Faith, who, with her angel
 tread,
 Leads through the labyrinth with a single
 thread,
 His fancy, hovering round her guarded
 tower,
 Rained through its bars like Danae's golden
 shower.

He spoke; the sea-nymph answered from
 her cave;
 He called; the naiad left her mountain
 wave:
 He dreamed of beauty; lo, amidst his dream,
 Narcissus, mirrored in the breathless stream,
 And night's chaste empress, in her bridal
 play,
 Laughed through the foliage where Endy-
 mion lay;
 And ocean dimpled, as the languid swell
 Kissed the red lip of Cytherea's shell:
 Of power,— Bellona swept the crimson
 field,
 And blue-eyed Pallas shook her Gorgon
 shield;
 O'er the hushed waves their mightier mon-
 arch drove,
 And Ida trembled to the tread of Jove!

So every grace that plastic language
 knows
 To nameless poets its perfection owes.
 The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts
 confined
 Were cut and polished in their nicer mind;
 Caught on their edge, imagination's ray
 Splits into rainbows, shooting far away;—

From sense to soul, from soul to sense, it
flies,
And through all nature links analogies;
He who reads right will rarely look upon
A better poet than his lexicon!

There is a race which cold, ungenial skies
Breed from decay, as fungous growths
arise;
Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,
Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign,
With frames too languid for the charms of
sense,
And minds worn down with action too in-
tense;
Tired of a world whose joys they never
knew,
Themselves deceived, yet thinking all un-
true;
Scarce men without, and less than girls
within,
Sick of their life before its cares begin;—
The dull disease, which drains their feeble
hearts,
To life's decay some hectic thrills imparts,
And lends a force which, like the maniac's
power,
Pays with blank years the frenzy of an hour.

And this is Genius! Say, does Heaven
degrade
The manly frame, for health, for action
made?
Break down the sinews, rack the brow
with pains,
Blanch the bright cheek and drain the pur-
ple veins,
To clothe the mind with more extended
sway,
Thus faintly struggling in degenerate clay?

No! gentle maid, too ready to admire,
Though false its notes, the pale enthu-
siast's lyre;
If this be genius, though its bitter springs
Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's
wings,
Seek not the source whose sullen bosom
feeds
But fruitless flowers and dark, envenomed
weeds.

But, if so bright the dear illusion seems,
Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's
dreams,

And hang in rapture on his bloodless
charms,
Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms,
Go and enjoy thy blessed lot, — to share
In Cowper's gloom or Chatterton's despair!

Not such were they whom, wandering
o'er the waves,
I looked to meet, but only found their
graves;
If friendship's smile, the better part of
fame,
Should lend my song the only wreath I
claim,
Whose voice would greet me with a
sweeter tone,
Whose living hand more kindly press my
own,
Than theirs, — could Memory, as her
silent tread
Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er
the dead,
Those breathless lips, now closed in peace,
restore,
Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no
more?

Thou calm, chaste scholar! I can see
thee now,
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down
In graceful folds the academic gown,
On thy curled lip the classic lines that
taught
How nice the mind that sculptured them
with thought,
And triumph glistening in the clear blue
eye,
Too bright to live, — but oh, too fair to
die!

And thou, dear friend, whom Science
still deplores,
And Love still mourns, on ocean-severed
shores,
Though the bleak forest twice has bowed
with snow
Since thou wast laid its budding leaves
below,
Thine image mingles with my closing
strain,
As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,
Both blessed with hopes, which revelled,
bright and free,
On all we longed or all we dreamed to be;

To thee the amaranth and the cypress
 fell,—
 And I was spared to breathe this last fare-
 well!

But lived there one in unremembered
 days,
 Or lives there still, who spurns the poet's
 bays,
 Whose fingers, dewy from Castalia's
 springs,
 Rest on the lyre, yet scorn to touch the
 strings?
 Who shakes the senate with the silver tone
 The groves of Pindus might have sighed to
 own?
 Have such e'er been? Remember Can-
 ning's name!
 Do such still live? Let "Alaric's Dirge"
 proclaim!

Immortal Art! where'er the rounded
 sky
 Bends o'er the cradle where thy children
 lie,
 Their home is earth, their herald every
 tongue

Whose accents echo to the voice that sung.
 One leap of Ocean scatters on the sand
 The quarried bulwarks of the loosening
 land;
 One thrill of earth dissolves a century's
 toil
 Strewed like the leaves that vanish in the
 soil;
 One hill o'erflows, and cities sink below,
 Their marbles splintering in the lava's
 glow;
 But one sweet tone, scarce whispered to
 the air,
 From shore to shore the blasts of ages
 bear;
 One humble name, which oft, perchance,
 has borne
 The tyrant's mockery and the courtier's
 scorn,
 Towers o'er the dust of earth's forgotten
 graves,
 As once, emerging through the waste of
 waves,
 The rocky Titan, round whose shattered
 spear
 Coiled the last whirlpool of the drowning
 sphere!

POEMS PUBLISHED BETWEEN 1837 AND 1848

[AN English and enlarged edition of Dr. Holmes's *Poems* followed the American edition of 1836, and was furnished with a biographical sketch of the poet, but the second American edition was copyrighted in 1848, and published nominally in 1849. It contained the poems already published and a further group, as here presented. The preface to the earlier volume was omitted, and the new edition was introduced by a note headed "From a letter of the Author to the Publishers," from which the following passages are taken.

"As these productions are to be given to the public again at your particular request, I must trust that you will make all proper explanations. I need hardly remind you that a part of them appeared in a volume published about a dozen years ago; that when this volume had been some time out of print, another edition was printed, at your suggestion, in London, but I suppose sold principally to this country; and that the present edition is published to please you rather than to gratify myself. You will, therefore, take the entire responsibility of the second and third appearances, except so far as my consent involved me in the transactions.

"Let me remark, also, that it was only to suit your wishes that several copies of verses,

which sound very much like school exercises, were allowed to remain unexpunged. If anybody takes the trouble to attack them, you may say that they belong to the department of 'Early' or 'Juvenile' Poems, and should be so ticketed. But stand up for the new verses, especially those added in this edition. Say that those two names, 'Terpsichore' and 'Urania,' may perhaps sound a little fantastic, but were merely intended as suggestive titles, and fall back upon Herodotus. Say that many of the lesser poems were written for meetings more or less convivial, and must of course show something like the fire-work frames on the morning of July 5th. If any objection is made to that bacchanalian song, say that the author entirely recedes from several of the sentiments contained in it, especially that about strong drink being a natural want. But ask, if a few classical reminiscences at a banquet may not be quite as like to keep out something worse, as to stand in the way of something better.

"If anything pleasant should be said about 'the new edition,' you may snip it out of the paper and save it for me. If contrary opinions are expressed, be so good as *not* to mark with brackets, carefully envelop, and send to me, as is the custom with many friends."]

THE PILGRIM'S VISION

In the hour of twilight shadows
The Pilgrim sire looked out;
He thought of the "bloody Salvages"
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
And Pecksuot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat;
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat,

And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him, —
A dream of long ago, —
He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
And sit upon my knee;
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea.

True is the dream's beginning, —
So may its ending be !

- “ I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.
- “ Again mine eyes were opened; —
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.
- “ They slept, the village fathers,
By river, lake, and shore
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more :
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.
- “ Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try.
God for the right ! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.
- “ Once more ; — the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.
- “ A crash, as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these ?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,

But what is she whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze ?

- “ Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell !
The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell !
- “ O trembling Faith ! though dark the
morn,
A heavenly torch is thine ;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine !
- “ I see the living tide roll on ;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers' !
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers ;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours ! ”
- He ceased, the grim old soldier-saint,
Then softly bent to cheer
The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across
To brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.
- The weary Pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown ;
His hands were crossed, his lips were
closed,
The dust was o'er him strown ;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown ;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.
- So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,

Or, raining in the summer's wind
 In flakes of burning red,
 The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
 The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
 That guard this holy strand
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
 In beds of sparkling sand,
 While in the waste of ocean
 One hoary rock shall stand,
 Be this its latest legend,—
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

THE STEAMBOAT

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
 The ridged and rolling waves,
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
 She bows her surly slaves!
 With foam before and fire behind,
 She rends the clinging sea,
 That flies before the roaring wind,
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
 With heaped and glistening bells,
 Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
 With every wave that swells;
 And, burning o'er the midnight deep,
 In lurid fringes thrown,
 The living gems of ocean sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel and lifting keel,
 And smoking torch on high,
 When winds are loud and billows reel,
 She thunders foaming by;
 When seas are silent and serene,
 With even beam she glides,
 The sunshine glimmering through the green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She veils her shadowy form,
 The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm;
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,
 The reddening surges o'er,
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrowed sail;

To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale;
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath has stained
 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast;
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast!
 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire;
 Sleep on, and, when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 Oh think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day!

LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was
 creeping,
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the
 sun,
 When from his couch, while his children
 were sleeping,
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his
 gun.
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage and
 spire;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf
 is springing
 Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
 Hark! the death-volley around them is
 ringing!
 Look! with their life-blood the young
 grass is wet!
 Faint is the feeble breath,
 Murmuring low in death,
 "Tell to our sons how their fathers have
 died;"

Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry
 come;

As through the storm-clouds the thunder-
 burst rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path
 Darken the waves of wrath, —

Long have they gathered and loud shall
 they fall;

Red glares the musket's flash,

Sharp rings the rifle's crash,

Blazing and clanging from thicket and
 wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dan-
 cing,

Never to shadow his cold brow again;

Proudly at morning the war-steed was
 prancing,

Reeking and panting he droops on the
 rein;

Pale is the lip of scorn,

Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on
 high;

Many a belted breast

Low on the turf shall rest

Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed
 by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind
 is raving,

Rocks where the weary floods murmur
 and wail,

Wilds where the fern by the furrow is
 waving,

Reeled with the echoes that rode on the
 gale;

Far as the tempest thrills

Over the darkened hills,

Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,

Woke all the mighty land,

Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are
 lying!

Shroudless and tombless they sunk to
 their rest,

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying

Wraps the proud eagle they roused
 from his nest.

Borne on her Northern pine,

Long o'er the foaming brine

Spread her broad banner to storm and to
 sun;

Heaven keep her ever free,

Wide as o'er the land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have
 won!

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

This "punch-bowl" was, according to old family tradition, a *caudle-cup*. It is a massive piece of silver, its cherubs and other ornaments of coarse repoussé work, and has two handles like a loving-cup, by which it was held, or passed from guest to guest.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of
 good old times,

Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry
 Christmas chimes;

They were a free and jovial race, but
 honest, brave, and true,

Who dipped their ladle in the punch when
 this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar, — so
 runs the ancient tale;

'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith,
 whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for
 fear his strength should fail,

He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of
 good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to
 please his loving dame,

Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a
 longing for the same;

And oft as on the ancient stock another
 twig was found,

'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot,
 and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a
 Puritan divine,

Who used to follow Timothy, and take a
 little wine,

But hated punch and prelacy; and so it
 was, perhaps,

He went to Leyden, where he found con-
 venticles and schnapps.

And then, of course, you know what's
next: it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came, —
a hundred souls and more, —
Along with all the furniture, to fill their
new abodes, —
To judge by what is still on hand, at least
a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night
was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl,
and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the
posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were
ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in, — the
man that never feared, —
He took a long and solemn draught, and
wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers — the men
that fought and prayed —
All drank as 't were their mother's milk,
and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the
screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the
soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he
taught to kith and kin :
"Run from the white man when you find
he smells of Hollands gin !"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had
spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each
little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but
not in mirth or joy, —
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to
cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 't will do you good,
— poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in
the midnight air;
And if — God bless me ! — you were hurt,
't would keep away the chill.
So John *did* drink, — and well he wrought
that night at Bunker's Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth in
good old English cheer;
I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to
bring its symbol here.
'T is but the fool that loves excess; hast
thou a drunken soul ?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my
silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past, — its
pressed yet fragrant flowers, —
The moss that clothes its broken walls, the
ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed, — my
eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that
danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it
straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er
the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect
me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words,
— "My dear, where *have* you
been ?"

A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF
HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836

This song, which I had the temerity to
sing myself (*felix audacia*, Mr. Franklin Dex-
ter had the goodness to call it), was sent in
a little too late to be printed with the official
account of the celebration. It was written
at the suggestion of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who
thought the popular tune "The Poacher's
Song" would be a good model for a lively
ballad or ditty. He himself wrote the admir-
able Latin song to be found in the record of
the meeting.

WHEN the Puritans came over
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That make folks' heads look queer;
Oh the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year !

The crows came cawing through the air
 To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,
 The bears came snuffing round the door
 Whene'er a babe was born,
 The rattlesnakes were bigger round
 Than the but of the old ram's horn
 The deacon blew at meeting time
 On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams
 down,
 And pine-tree trunk and limb
 Began to sprout among the leaves
 In shape of steeples slim;
 And out the little wharves were stretched
 Along the ocean's rim,
 And up the little school-house shot
 To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the College rose,
 The sachem cocked his eye
 At every tutor's meagre ribs
 Whose coat-tails whistled by:
 But when the Greek and Hebrew words
 Came tumbling from his jaws,
 The copper-colored children all
 Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
 When college was begun?
 Two nephews of the President,
 And *the* Professor's son;
 (They turned a little Indian by,
 As brown as any bun;)
 Lord! how the seniors knocked about
 The freshman class of one!

They had not then the dainty things
 That commons now afford,
 But succotash and hominy
 Were smoking on the board;
 They did not rattle round in gigs,
 Or dash in long-tailed blues,
 But always on Commencement days
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
 Their lot was hard enough;
 But honest hearts make iron arms,
 And tender maids are tough;
 So love and faith have formed and fed
 Our true-born Yankee stuff,
 And keep the kernel in the shell
 The British found so rough!

THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG

The island referred to is a domain of princely proportions, which has long been the seat of a generous hospitality. Naushon is its old Indian name. William Swain, Esq., commonly known as "the Governor," was the proprietor of it at the time when this song was written. Mr. John M. Forbes is his worthy successor in territorial rights and as a hospitable entertainer. The *Island Book* has been the recipient of many poems from visitors and friends of the owners of the old mansion. [In *The Autocrat*, section ii., is an animated account of Naushon, followed by a poem, *Sun and Shadow*, written there.]

No more the summer floweret charms,
 The leaves will soon be sere,
 And Autumn folds his jewelled arms
 Around the dying year;
 So, ere the waning seasons claim
 Our leafless groves awhile,
 With golden wine and glowing flame
 We'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound
 Within the antlered hall,
 And long and loud the baying hounds
 Return the hunter's call;
 And through the woods, and o'er the hill,
 And far along the bay,
 The driver's horn is sounding shrill, —
 Up, sportsmen, and away!

No bars of steel or walls of stone
 Our little empire bound,
 But, circling with his azure zone,
 The sea runs foaming round;
 The whitening wave, the purpled skies,
 The blue and lifted shore,
 Braid with their dim and blending dyes
 Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate
 That shakes the smoky town,
 To rule amid our island-state,
 And wear our oak-leaf crown?
 And who will be awhile content
 To hunt our woodland game,
 And leave the vulgar pack that scent
 The reeking track of fame?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these
 Will sigh not to prolong

Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,
 Our nights of mirth and song ?
 Then leave the dust of noisy streets,
 Ye outlaws of the wood,
 And follow through his green retreats
 Your noble Robin Hood.

DEPARTED DAYS

YES, dear departed, cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment farther from the shore
 Where life's young fountains gleam ;
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wider rolls the sea ;
 The mist grows dark, — the sun goes
 down, —
 Day breaks, — and where are we ?

THE ONLY DAUGHTER

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,
 As if my summer days
 Had shaken sunbeams from their wings
 To warm my autumn lays ;
 They bring to me their painted urn,
 As if it were not time
 To lift my gauntlet and to spurn
 The lists of boyish rhyme ;
 And were it not that I have still
 Some weakness in my heart
 That clings around my stronger will
 And pleads for gentler art,
 Perchance I had not turned away
 The thoughts grown tame with toil,
 To cheat this lone and pallid ray,
 That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas ! with every year I feel
 Some roses leave my brow ;
 Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,
 Too old for garlands now.

Yet, while the dewy breath of spring
 Steals o'er the tingling air,
 And spreads and fans each emerald wing
 The forest soon shall wear,
 How bright the opening year would seem,
 Had I one look like thine
 To meet me when the morning beam
 Unseals these lids of mine !
 Too long I bear this lonely lot,
 That bids my heart run wild
 To press the lips that love me not,
 To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,
 Amidst those royal bowers,
 Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,
 And swung the chestnut-flowers,
 I wandered like a wearied slave
 Whose morning task is done,
 To watch the little hands that gave
 Their whiteness to the sun ;
 To revel in the bright young eyes,
 Whose lustre sparkled through
 The sable fringe of Southern skies
 Or gleamed in Saxon blue !
 How oft I heard another's name
 Called in some truant's tone ;
 Sweet accents ! which I longed to claim,
 To learn and lisp my own !

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed
 The ringlets of the child,
 Are folded on the faithful breast
 Where first he breathed and smiled ;
 Too oft the clinging arms untwine,
 The melting lips forget,
 And darkness veils the bridal shrine
 Where wreaths and torches met ;
 If Heaven but leaves a single thread
 Of Hope's dissolving chain,
 Even when her parting plumes are spread
 It bids them fold again ;
 The cradle rocks beside the tomb ;
 The cheek now changed and chill
 Smiles on us in the morning bloom
 Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image ! I have done thee wrong
 To claim this destined lay ;
 The leaf that asked an idle song
 Must bear my tears away.
 Yet in thy memory shouldst thou keep
 This else forgotten strain,
 Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,
 And flattery's voice is vain ;

Oh then, thou fledgling of the nest,
 Like the long-wandering dove,
 Thy weary heart may faint for rest,
 As mine, on changeless love;
 And while these sculptured lines retrace
 The hours now dancing by,
 This vision of thy girlish grace
 May cost thee, too, a sigh.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO
 CHARLES DICKENS BY THE YOUNG
 MEN OF BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1842

THE stars their early vigils keep,
 The silent hours are near,
 When drooping eyes forget to weep, —
 Yet still we linger here ;
 And what — the passing churl may ask —
 Can claim such wondrous power,
 That Toil forgets his wonted task,
 And Love his promised hour ?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
 Or breathes a fainter tone ;
 The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
 Alas ! no more is blown ;
 And Passion's burning lip bewails
 Her Harold's wasted fire,
 Still lingering o'er the dust that veils
 The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,
 Nor think its soul hath died,
 While yet the lark at heaven's gate
 sings,
 As once o'er Avon's side ;
 While gentle summer sheds her bloom,
 And dewy blossoms wave,
 Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
 And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea !
 Though wide the wasting flood
 That parts our distant land from thee,
 We claim thy generous blood ;
 Nor o'er thy far horizon springs
 One hallowed star of fame,
 But kindles, like an angel's wings,
 Our western skies in flame !

LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE,
 PITTSFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 23, 1844

[Before reading these *Lines*, the poet spoke
 as follows :

"One of my earliest recollections is of an
 annual pilgrimage made by my parents to the
 west. The young horse was brought up, fatted
 by a week's rest and high feeding, prancing and
 caracoling to the door. It came to the corner
 and was soon over the western hills. He was
 gone a fortnight ; and one afternoon — it al-
 ways seems to me it was a sunny afternoon —
 we saw an equipage crawling from the west
 toward the old homestead ; the young horse,
 who set out fat and prancing, worn thin and
 reduced by a long journey — the chaise cov-
 ered with dust, and all speaking of a terrible
 crusade, a formidable pilgrimage. Winter-
 evening stories told me where — to Berkshire,
 to the borders of New York, to the old domain,
 owned so long that there seemed a kind of he-
 reditary love for it. Many years passed away,
 and I travelled down the beautiful Rhine. I
 wished to see the equally beautiful Hudson.
 I found myself at Albany ; a few hours' ride
 brought me to Pittsfield, and I went to the
 little spot, the scene of this pilgrimage — a
 mansion — and found it surrounded by a beau-
 tiful meadow, through which the winding river
 made its course in a thousand fantastic curves ;
 the mountains reared their heads around it,
 the blue air which makes our city-pale cheeks
 again to deepen with the hue of health, cours-
 ing about it pure and free. I recognized it as
 the scene of the annual pilgrimage. Since then
 I have made an annual visit to it.

"In 1735, Hon. Jacob Wendell, my grand-
 father in the maternal line, bought a township
 not then laid out — the township of Poontoo-
 suck — and that little spot which we still hold
 is the relic of twenty-four thousand acres of
 baronial territory. When I say this, no feel-
 ing which can be the subject of ridicule ani-
 mates my bosom. I know too well that the
 hills and rocks outlast our families. I know
 we fall upon the places we claim, as the leaves
 of the forest fall, and as passed the soil from
 the hands of the original occupants into the
 hands of my immediate ancestors, I know it
 must pass from me and mine ; and yet with
 pleasure and pride I feel I can take every in-
 habitant by the hand and say, If I am not a
 son or a grandson, or even a nephew of this
 fair county, I am at least allied to it by heredi-
 tary relation."]

COME back to your mother, ye children,
for shame,
Who have wandered like truants for riches
or fame!

With a smile on her face, and a sprig in
her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful
lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts,
and your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of
our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your ex-
cellent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your
lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you
please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a
cheese,
And leave "the old lady, that never tells
lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her
eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac
line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your
neighbors can go
The old roundabout road to the regions
below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of
pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and
tens,
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you
still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your
quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he
feels,
With the burs on his legs and the grass at
his heels!
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,
No constable grumbling, "You must n't
walk there!"

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear;

The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms
and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and
his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by
the old church;
That tree at its side had the flavor of
birch;
Oh, sweet were the days of his juvenile
tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many
"big licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he
slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were
pumps,
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his
bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his
head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him
again;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain;
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly
flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus
straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy
gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear na-
tive vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of
time,
"A 1. Extra super. Ah, is n't it PRIME!"

Oh, what are the prizes we perish to
win
To the first little "shiner" we caught with
a pin!
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial
pies!

Then come from all parties and parts to
our feast;
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you
at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old — water — at nothing
a glass.

NUX POSTCÆNATIÇA

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my
parlor rug,
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively
bug ;
The true bug had been organized with only
two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copperplate would
have them twice as many.

And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the
emptiness of art,
How we take a fragment for the whole,
and call the whole a part,
When I heard a heavy footstep that was
loud enough for two,
And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,
“ How d’ ye do ? ”

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid
flesh and bone ;
He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was
twenty stone ;
(It’s odd how hats expand their brims as
riper years invade,
As if when life had reached its noon it
wanted them for shade !)

I lost my focus, — dropped my book, —
the bug, who was a flea,
At once exploded, and commenced experi-
ments on me.
They have a certain heartiness that fre-
quently appalls,—
Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar
smalls !

“ My boy,” he said, (colloquial ways, — the
vast, broad-hatted man,)
“ Come dine with us on Thursday next, —
you must, you know you can ;
We’re going to have a roaring time, with
lots of fun and noise,
Distinguished guests, et cetera, the JUDGE,
and all the boys.”

Not so, — I said, — my temporal bones are
showing pretty clear.
It’s time to stop, — just look and see that
hair above this ear ;
My golden days are more than spent, —
and, what is very strange,
If these are real silver hairs, I’m getting
lots of change.

Besides — my prospects — don’t you know
that people won’t employ
A man that wrongs his manliness by laugh-
ing like a boy ?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds
upon a shoot,
As if wisdom’s old potato could not flourish
at its root ?

It’s a very fine reflection, when you’re
etching out a smile
On a copperplate of faces that would
stretch at least a mile,
That, what with sneers from enemies and
cheapening shrugs of friends,
It will cost you all the earnings that a
month of labor lends !

It’s a vastly pleasing prospect, when you’re
screwing out a laugh,
That your very next year’s income is dimin-
ished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus
may go,
And the baby’s milk is watered that your
Helicon may flow !

No ; — the joke has been a good one, — but
I’m getting fond of quiet,
And I don’t like deviations from my cus-
tomary diet ;
So I think I will not go with you to hear
the toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and
have some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered : Shut your mouth,
and hear the genuine creed ;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun
and feed ;
The force that wheels the planets round
delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t’ other day
was great at shaking props.

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the lon-
gest heads
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretch-
ing on their beds
Were round one great mahogany, I’d beat
those fine old folks
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and
twenty clever jokes !

Why, if Columbus should be there, the
company would beg
He'd show that little trick of his of bal-
ancing the egg!
Milton to Stilton would give in, and Solo-
mon to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis
Bacon gammon!

And as for all the "patronage" of all the
clowns and boors
That squint their little narrow eyes at any
freak of yours,
Do leave them to your prosier friends, —
such fellows ought to die
When rhubarb is so very scarce and ipecac
so high!

And so I come, — like Lochinvar, to tread
a single measure, —
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-
plum of pleasure,
To enter for the cup of glass that's run
for after dinner,
Which yields a single sparkling draught,
then breaks and cuts the winner.

Ah, that's the way delusion comes, — a
glass of old Madeira,
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by
Jane or Sarah,
And down go vows and promises without
the slightest question
If eating words won't compromise the or-
gans of digestion!

And yet, among my native shades, beside
my nursing mother,
Where every stranger seems a friend, and
every friend a brother,
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er
me stealing, —
The warm, champagny, old-particular,
brandy-punchy feeling.

We're all alike; — Vesuvius flings the sco-
riæ from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain back
to the burning mountain;
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our
precious Alma Mater,
But will keep dropping in again to see the
dear old crater.

VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, 1844

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in the
cars,
With the charmingest prospect of cinders
and stars,
Next Thursday is — bless me! — how hard
it will be,
If that cannibal president calls upon me!

There is nothing on earth that he will not
devour,
From a tutor in seed to a freshman in
flower;
No sage is too gray, and no youth is too
green,
And you can't be too plump, though you're
never too lean.

While others enlarge on the boiled and the
roast,
He serves a raw clergyman up with a toast,
Or catches some doctor, quite tender and
young,
And basely insists on a bit of his tongue.

Poor victim, prepared for his classical
spit,
With a stuffing of praise and a basting of
wit,
You may twitch at your collar and wrinkle
your brow,
But you're up on your legs, and you're in
for it now.

Oh, think of your friends, — they are wait-
ing to hear
These jokes that are thought so remark-
ably queer;
And all the Jack Horners of metrical buns
Are prying and fingering to pick out the
puns.

Those thoughts which, like chickens, will
always thrive best
When reared by the heat of the natural
nest,
Will perish if hatched from their embryo
dream
In the mist and the glow of convivial steam.

Oh pardon me, then, if I meekly retire,
 With a very small flash of ethereal fire;
 No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer
 match,
 If the *fiz* does not follow the primitive
 scratch.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly
 the while,
 With your lips double-reefed in a snug
 little smile,
 I leave you two fables, both drawn from
 the deep, —
 The shells you can drop, but the pearls you
 may keep.

The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps
 you may know,
 Has one side for use and another for
 show;
 One side for the public, a delicate brown,
 And one that is white, which he always
 keeps down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of
 flats,
 (And they're none of them thicker than
 opera hats,)
 Was speaking more freely than charity
 taught
 Of a friend and relation that just had been
 caught.

"My! what an exposure! just see what a
 sight!
 I blush for my race, — he is showing his
 white!
 Such spinning and wriggling, — why, what
 does he wish?
 How painfully small to respectable fish!"

Then said an old SCULPIN, — "My free-
 dom excuse,
 You're playing the cobbler with holes in
 your shoes;
 Your brown side is up, — but just wait till
 you're tried
 And you'll find that all flounders are
 white on one side."

There's a slice near the PICKEREL'S pecto-
 ral fins,
 Where the *thorax* leaves off and the *venter*
 begins,

Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks
 and lines,
 Though fond of his family, never declines.

He loves his relations; he feels they'll be
 missed;
 But that one little tidbit he cannot resist;
 So your bait may be swallowed, no matter
 how fast,
 For you catch your next fish with a piece
 of the last.

And thus, O survivor, whose merciless
 fate
 Is to take the next hook with the presi-
 dent's bait,
 You are lost while you snatch from the
 end of his line
 The morsel he rent from this bosom of
 mine!

A MODEST REQUEST

COMPLIED WITH AFTER "THE DINNER AT
 PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURATION

SCENE, — a back parlor in a certain square,
 Or court, or lane, — in short, no matter
 where;
 Time, — early morning, dear to simple
 souls
 Who love its sunshine and its fresh-baked
 rolls;
 Persons, — take pity on this telltale blush,
 That, like the Æthiop, whispers, "Hush,
 oh hush!"

Delightful scene! where smiling comfort
 broods,
 Nor business frets, nor anxious care in-
 trudes;
O si sic omnia! were it ever so!
 But what is stable in this world below?
Medio e fonte, — Virtue has her faults, —
 The clearest fountains taste of Epsom
 salts;
 We snatch the cup and lift to drain it
 dry, —
 Its central dimple holds a drowning fly!
 Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial
 streams,
 But stronger augers pierce its thickest
 beams;

No iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,
Can keep out death, the postman, or the
bore.

Oh for a world where peace and silence
reign,
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain!
— The door-bell jingles, — enter Richard
Fox,
And takes this letter from his leathern box.

“ Dear Sir, —

In writing on a former day,
One little matter I forgot to say;
I now inform you in a single line,
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.
The act of feeding, as you understand,
Is but a fraction of the work in hand;
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat
The papers call ‘the intellectual treat;’
Songs, speeches, toasts, around the festive
board

Drowned in the juice the College pumps
afford;
For only water flanks our knives and
forks,
So, sink or float, we swim without the
corks.

Yours is the art, by native genius taught,
To clothe in eloquence the naked thought;
Yours is the skill its music to prolong
Through the sweet effluence of mellifluous
song;

Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy line
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine;
And since success your various gifts at-
tends,

We — that is, I and all your numerous
friends —

Expect from you — your single self a
host —

A speech, a song, excuse me, *and a toast*;
Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,
A few of each, or several of the same.

(Signed), Yours, *most truly*, —”

No! my sight must fail, —
If that ain't Judas on the largest scale!
Well, this is modest; — nothing else than
that?

My coat? my boots? my pantaloons? my
hat?

My stick? my gloves? as well as all my
wits,

Learning and linen, — everything that
fits!

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you'll try,
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you're
dry?

Ah, said the sailor, though I can't refuse,
You know, my lady, 'tain't for me to
choose;

I'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,
And drink the toddy while you mix the
punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be
seen,

Looks very red, because so very green.)
I rise — I rise — with unaffected fear,
(Louder! — speak louder! — who the
deuce can hear?)

I rise — I said — with undisguised dis-
may —

— Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!
Quite unprepared to face this learned
throng,

Already gorged with eloquence and song;
Around my view are ranged on either
hand

The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land;
“ Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed ”

Close at my elbow stir their lemonade;
Would you like Homer learn to write and
speak,

That bench is groaning with its weight of
Greek;

Behold the naturalist who in his teens
Found six new species in a dish of greens;
And lo, the master in a statelier walk,
Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of
chalk;

And there the linguist, who by common
roots

Thro' all their nurseries tracks old Noah's
shoots, —

How Shem's proud children reared the
Assyrian piles,

While Ham's were scattered through the
Sandwich Isles!

— Fired at the thought of all the present
shows,

My kindling fancy down the future flows:
I see the glory of the coming days

O'er Time's horizon shoot its streaming
rays;

Near and more near the radiant morning
draws

In living lustre (rapturous applause);

From east to west the blazing heralds run,
Loosed from the chariot of the ascending
sun,

Through the long vista of uncounted years
In cloudless splendor (three tremendous
cheers).

My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,
Sees a new advent of the age of gold;
While o'er the scene new generations press,
New heroes rise the coming time to bless, —
Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,
Dined without forks and never heard of
soap, —

Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel
brings,

Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,
Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style, —
But genuine articles, the true Carlyle ;
While far on high the blazing orb shall
shed

Its central light on Harvard's holy head,
And learning's ensigns ever float unfurled
Here in the focus of the new-born world !
The speaker stops, and, trampling down
the pause,

Roars through the hall the thunder of ap-
plause,

One stormy gust of long-suspended Ahs !
One whirlwind chaos of insane Hurrahs !

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer
line, —

A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine;
Long metre answers for a common song,
Though common metre does not answer
long.

She came beneath the forest dome
To seek its peaceful shade,
An exile from her ancient home,
A poor, forsaken maid;
No banner, flaunting high above,
No blazoned cross, she bore ;
One holy book of light and love
Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,
And wider spread the green,
And where the savage used to stray
The rising mart was seen ;
So, when the laden winds had brought
Their showers of golden rain,
Her lap some precious gleanings caught,
Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled
Among the baser churls,
To see her ankles red with gold,
Her forehead white with pearls.

“ Who gave to thee the glittering bands
That lace thine azure veins ?

Who bade thee lift those snow-white
hands

We bound in gilded chains ? ”

“ These are the gems my children gave, ”
The stately dame replied ;

“ The wise, the gentle, and the brave,
I nurtured at my side.

If envy still your bosom stings,
Take back their rims of gold ;

My sons will melt their wedding-rings,
And give a hundred-fold ! ”

THE TOAST. Oh tell me, ye who thought-
less ask

Exhausted nature for a threefold task,
In wit or pathos if one share remains,
A safe investment for an ounce of brains !
Hard is the job to launch the desperate
pun,

A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.
Turned by the current of some stronger
wit

Back from the object that you mean to
hit,

Like the strange missile which the Austra-
lian throws,

Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the
nose.

One vague inflection spoils the whole with
doubt,

One trivial letter ruins all, left out ;
A knot can choke a felon into clay,
A not will save him, spelt without the *k* ;
The smallest word has some unguarded
spot,

And danger lurks in *i* without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his
zeal

In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel ;
Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood
doused,

Had saved his bacon had his feet been
soused !

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !

Oh, had your mother known that you were
out,

Death had not entered at the trifling part
That still defies the small churgeon's art
With corns and bunions, — not the glo-
rious John,
Who wrote the book we all have pondered
on,
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes!

A HEALTH, unmingled with the reveller's
wine,
To him whose title is indeed divine;
Truth's sleepless watchman on her mid-
night tower,
Whose lamp burns brightest when the
tempests lower.
On, who can tell with what a leaden flight
Drag the long watches of his weary night,
While at his feet the hoarse and blinding
gale
Strews the torn wreck and bursts the fragile
sail,
When stars have faded, when the wave is
dark,
When rocks and sands embrace the founde-
ring bark!
But still he pleads with unavailing cry,
Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die!

A health, fair Themis! Would the en-
chanted vine
Wreathed its green tendrils round this cup
of thine!
If Learning's radiance fill thy modern
court,
Its glorious sunshine streams through
Blackstone's port!
Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients
too,—
Witness at least, if memory serve me true,
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,
Where men sought justice ere they brushed
their boots;
And what can match, to solve a learned
doubt,
The warmth within that comes from "cold
without"?

Health to the art whose glory is to give
The crowning boon that makes it life to
live.
Ask not her home;—the rock where
nature flings
Her arctic lichen, last of living things;

The gardens, fragrant with the orient's
balm,
From the low jasmine to the star-like
palm,
Hail her as mistress o'er the distant waves,
And yield their tribute to her wandering
slaves.
Wherever, moistening the ungrateful soil,
The tear of suffering tracks the path of
toil,
There, in the anguish of his fevered hours,
Her gracious finger points to healing
flowers;
Where the lost felon steals away to die,
Her soft hand waves before his closing
eye;
Where hunted misery finds his darkest
lair,
The midnight taper shows her kneeling
there!
VIRTUE, — the guide that men and nations
own;
And LAW, — the bulwark that protects her
throne;
And HEALTH, — to all its happiest charm
that lends;
These and their servants, man's untiring
friends:
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself
lets fall,
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

THE PARTING WORD

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark.
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;

In the first month's second half
 Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
 Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
 Slightly puckering round the lip,
 Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
 Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
 Round thy chamber bolted fast
 Many a youth shall fume and pout,
 "Hang the girl, she's always out!"
 While the second week goes round,
 Vainly shall they ring and pound;
 When the third week shall begin,
 "Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
 Round thee flock with smile and song,
 But thy lips, unweaned as yet,
 Lisp, "Oh, how can I forget!"
 Men and devils both contrive
 Traps for catching girls alive;
 Eve was duped, and Helen kissed, —
 How, oh how, can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,
 Trust it not to youth or man;
 Love has filled a pirate's sail
 Often with its perfumed gale.
 Mind your kerchief most of all,
 Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
 Shorter ell than mereers clip
 Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
 Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
 All the hemp that Russia bears
 Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
 Never thread was spun so fine,
 Never spider stretched the line,
 Would not hold the lovers true
 That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
 Beating breasts in black despair;
 Others murmur with a sigh,
 You must melt, or they will die:
 Painted words on empty lies,
 Grubs with wings like butterflies;
 Let them die, and welcome, too;
 Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well: if years efface
 From thy heart love's burning trace,

Keep, oh keep that hallowed seat
 From the tread of vulgar feet;
 If the blue lips of the sea
 Wait with icy kiss for me,
 Let not thine forget the vow,
 Sealed how often, Love, as now.

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
 Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
 So through life's desert springing sweet
 The flower of friendship grows;
 And as where'er the roses grow
 Some rain or dew descends,
 'Tis nature's law that wine should flow
 To wet the lips of friends.
 Then once again, before we part,
 My empty glass shall ring;
 And he that has the warmest heart
 Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat;
 But gray-haired sages think
 It means, Be moderate in your meat,
 And partly live to drink.
 For baser tribes the rivers flow
 That know not wine or song;
 Man wants but little drink below,
 But wants that little strong.
 Then once again, etc.

If one bright drop is like the gem
 That decks a monarch's crown,
 One goblet holds a diadem
 Of rubies melted down!
 A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,
 But, like the Egyptian queen,
 Bid each dissolving jewel glow
 My thirsty lips between.
 Then once again, etc.

The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,
 Are silent when we call,
 Yet still the purple grapes return
 To cluster on the wall;
 It was a bright Immortal's head
 They circled with the vine,
 And o'er their best and bravest dead
 They poured the dark-red wine.
 Then once again, etc.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
 Young Eros waves his wings,

And echoes o'er its dimples pass
 From dead Anacreon's strings ;
 And, tossing round its beaded brim
 Their locks of floating gold,
 With bacchant dance and choral hymn
 Return the nymphs of old.
 Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
 From hearts as fresh as ours,
 To scatter o'er the dust of earth
 Their sweetly mingled flowers ;
 'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills
 In spite of Folly's frown,
 And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,
 That rains her life-blood down !
 Then once again, before we part,
 My empty glass shall ring ;
 And he that has the warmest heart
 Shall loudest laugh and sing.

SONG

FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH
 LADIES WERE INVITED (NEW YORK
 MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
 NOVEMBER, 1842)

[In the *Professor* Dr. Holmes makes the following reference to this song : —

“I once wrote a song about wine, in which I spoke so warmly of it, that I was afraid some would think it was written *inter pocula* ; whereas it was composed in the bosom of my family, under the most tranquillizing domestic influences.

“—The divinity student turned towards me, looking mischievous. — Can you tell me, — he said, — who wrote a song for a temperance celebration once, of which the following is a verse ? —

“Alas for the loved one, too gentle and fair
 The joys of the banquet to chasten and share !
 Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
 And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine !

I did, — I answered. — What are you going to do about it ? — I will tell you another line I wrote long ago : —

“Don't be ‘consistent,’ — but be simply *true*.”]

A HEALTH to dear woman ! She bids us
 untwine,
 From the cup it encircles, the fast-clinging
 vine ;

But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure
 will glow,
 And mirror its bloom in the bright wave
 below.

A health to sweet woman ! The days are
 no more
 When she watched for her lord till the
 revel was o'er,
 And smoothed the white pillow, and
 blushed when he came,
 As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead
 of flame.

Alas for the loved one ! too spotless and fair
 The joys of his banquet to chasten and
 share ;
 Her eye lost its light that his goblet might
 shine,
 And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in
 his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in
 the rills,
 As their ribbons of silver unwind from the
 hills ;
 They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's
 dream,
 But the lilies of innocence float on their
 stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman
 once more !
 She brings us a passport that laughs at our
 door ;
 It is written on crimson, — its letters are
 pearls, —
 It is countersigned *Nature*. — So, room for
 the Girls !

A SENTIMENT

THE pledge of Friendship ! it is still di-
 vine,
 Though watery floods have quenched its
 burning wine ;
 Whatever vase the sacred drops may hold,
 The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten
 gold,
 Around its brim the hand of Nature
 throws
 A garland sweeter than the banquet's rose.
 Bright are the blushes of the vine-wreathed
 bowl,

Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's
 soul,
 But dearer memories gild the tasteless
 wave
 That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.
 'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its
 glow,
 Whate'er the fountain whence the draught
 may flow, —
 The diamond dew-drops sparkling through
 the sand,
 Scooped by the Arab in his sunburnt hand,
 Or the dark streamlet oozing from the
 snow,
 Where creep and crouch the shuddering
 Esquimaux;
 Ay, in the stream that, ere again we meet,
 Shall burst the pavement, glistening at our
 feet,
 And, stealing silent from its leafy hills,
 Thread all our alleys with its thousand
 rills, —
 In each pale draught if generous feeling
 blend,
 And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on
 friend,
 Even cold Cochituate every heart shall
 warm,
 And genial Nature still defy reform !

A RHYMED LESSON

(URANIA)

This poem was delivered before the Boston
 Mercantile Library Association, October 14,
 1846.

YES, dear Enchantress, — wandering far
 and long,
 In realms unperfumed by the breath of
 song,
 Where flowers ill-flavored shed their sweets
 around,
 And bitterest roots invade the ungenial
 ground,
 Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom
 mine,
 Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,
 Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,
 Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin,
 Whose pangs are real, not the woes of
 rhyme
 That blue-eyed misses warble out of time; —

Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,
 Older by reckoning, but in heart the same,
 Freed for a moment from the chains of
 toil,
 I tread once more thy consecrated soil;
 Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,
 Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne !

My dazzled glance explores the crowded
 hall;
 Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all !
 I know my audience. All the gay and
 young
 Love the light antics of a playful tongue;
 And these, remembering some expansive
 line
 My lips let loose among the nuts and wine,
 Are all impatience till the opening pun
 Proclaims the witty shamfight is begun.
 Two fifths at least, if not the total half,
 Have come infuriate for an earthquake
 laugh;
 I know full well what alderman has tied
 His red bandanna tight about his side;
 I see the mother, who, aware that boys
 Perform their laughter with superfluous
 noise,
 Beside her kerchief brought an extra one
 To stop the explosions of her bursting son;
 I know a tailor, once a friend of mine,
 Expects great doings in the button line, —
 For mirth's concussions rip the outward
 case,
 And plant the stitches in a tenderer place.
 I know my audience, — these shall have
 their due;
 A smile awaits them ere my song is through!

I know myself. Not servile for applause,
 My Muse permits no deprecating clause;
 Modest or vain, she will not be denied
 One bold confession due to honest pride;
 And well she knows the drooping veil of song
 Shall save her boldness from the caviller's
 wrong.
 Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid im-
 parts
 To tell the secrets of our aching hearts:
 For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate,
 bound,
 She kneels imploring at the feet of sound;
 For this, convulsed in thought's maternal
 pains,
 She loads her arms with rhyme's resound-
 ing chains;

Faint though the music of her fetters be,
It lends one charm,—her lips are ever
free!

Think not I come, in manhood's fiery
noon,
To steal his laurels from the stage buffoon;
His sword of lath the harlequin may wield;
Behold the star upon my lifted shield!
Though the just critic pass my humble
name,
And sweeter lips have drained the cup of
fame,
While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's
lords,
The soul within was tuned to deeper chords!
Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts taught
To swing aloft the ponderous mace of
thought,
Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,
Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling
straw?
Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling
spear
The pure, warm hearts that bid me wel-
come here?
No! while I wander through the land of
dreams,
To strive with great and play with trifling
themes,
Let some kind meaning fill the varied line.
You have your judgment; will you trust to
mine?

Between two breaths what crowded mys-
teries lie,—
The first short gasp, the last and long-
drawn sigh!
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we
glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging
flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness whence
we came.

But whence and why, our trembling
souls inquire,
Caught these dim visions their awakening
fire?
Oh, who forgets when first the piercing
thought

Through childhood's musings found its
way unsought?
I AM;—I LIVE. The mystery and the
fear
When the dread question, WHAT HAS
BROUGHT ME HERE?
Burst through life's twilight, as before the
sun
Roll the deep thunders of the morning gun!
Are angel faces, silent and serene,
Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,
Whose dream-like efforts, whose unreal
strife,
Are but the preludes to a larger life?

Or does life's summer see the end of all,
These leaves of being mouldering as they
fall,
As the old poet vaguely used to deem,
As WESLEY questioned in his youthful
dream?
Oh, could such mockery reach our souls
indeed,
Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athenian's
creed;
Better than this a Heaven of man's de-
vice,—
The Indian's sports, the Moslem's para-
dise!

Or is our being's only end and aim
To add new glories to our Maker's name,
As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming
rays?
Does earth send upward to the Eternal's
ear
The mingled discords of her jarring sphere
To swell his anthem, while creation rings
With notes of anguish from its shattered
strings?
Is it for this the immortal Artist means
These conscious, throbbing, agonized ma-
chines?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can
bind
In chains like these the all-embracing
Mind;
No! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill reprove
The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,
And praise a tyrant throned in lonely
pride,
Who loves himself, and cares for naught
beside;

Who gave thee, summoned from primeval
 night,
 A thousand laws, and not a single right, —
 A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to
 thrill,
 The sense of wrong, the death-defying
 will;
 Who girt thy senses with this goodly
 frame,
 Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,
 Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,
 Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,
 But all for him, unchanging and supreme,
 The heartless centre of thy frozen scheme!

Trust not the teacher with his lying
 scroll,
 Who tears the charter of thy shuddering
 soul;
 The God of love, who gave the breath that
 warms
 All living dust in all its varied forms,
 Asks not the tribute of a world like this
 To fill the measure of his perfect bliss.
 Though winged with life through all its
 radiant shores,
 Creation flowed with unexhausted stores
 Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed;
 For this he called thee from the quicken-
 ing void!
 Nor this alone; a larger gift was thine,
 A mightier purpose swelled his vast de-
 sign:
 Thought, — conscience, — will, — to make
 them all thine own,
 He rent a pillar from the eternal throne!

Made in his image, thou must nobly
 dare
 The thorny crown of sovereignty to share.
 With eye uplifted, it is thine to view,
 From thine own centre, Heaven's o'erarch-
 ing blue;
 So round thy heart a beaming circle lies
 No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise;
 From all its orbs one cheering voice is
 heard,
 Full to thine ear it bears the Father's
 word,
 Now, as in Eden where his first-born trod:
 "Seek thine own welfare, true to man and
 God!"

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
 Thou hast a choice; to choose is to cre-
 ate!

Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
 Angels approve thee when thy choice is
 well;
 Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,
 Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten!
 Use well the freedom which thy Master
 gave,
 (Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a
 slave?)
 And He who made thee to be just and true
 Will bless thee, love thee, — ay, respect
 thee too!

Nature has placed thee on a changeful
 tide,
 To breast its waves, but not without a
 guide;
 Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
 Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,
 As the true current it will falsely feel,
 Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;
 So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced
 truth

If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth,
 So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold
 Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.

Go to yon tower, where busy science
 plies
 Her vast antennæ, feeling through the
 skies:

That little vernier on whose slender lines
 The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
 A silent index, tracks the planets' march
 In all their wanderings through the
 ethereal arch;

Tells through the mist where dazzled
 Mercury burns,

And marks the spot where Uranus returns.

So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
 The living index which thy Maker traced
 Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws
 Through the wide circuit of creation's
 laws;

Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray
 Where the dark shadows of temptation
 stray,

But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of
 light,

And leaves thee wandering o'er the ex-
 pansive of night.

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips
 inquire;
 "Thou seekest God beneath what Christian
 spire?"

Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies
 Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;
 When man's first incense rose above the
 plain,
 Of earth's two altars one was built by
 Cain!

Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed
 we take;
 We love the precepts for the teacher's
 sake;
 The simple lessons which the nursery
 taught
 Fell soft and stainless on the buds of
 thought,
 And the full blossom owes its fairest hue
 To those sweet tear-drops of affection's
 dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier
 hours
 Fades with the perfume of our cradle
 flowers;
 The clear, cold question chills to frozen
 doubt;
 Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without:
 Oh then, if Reason waver at thy side,
 Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
 Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was
 there,

Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's
 prayer!

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying
 arm,
 And age, like distance, lends a double
 charm;

In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,
 What holy awe invests the saintly tomb!
 There pride will bow, and anxious care ex-
 pand,

And creeping avarice come with open hand;
 The gay can weep, the impious can adore,
 From morn's first glimmerings on the
 chancel floor

Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains
 Through the faint halos of the irised panes.

Yet there are graves, whose rudely-
 shapen sod

Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton
 trod;

Graves where the verdure has not dared to
 shoot,

Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed
 its root,

Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a
 name,

The eternal record shall at length proclaim

Pure as the holiest in the long array
 Of hooded, mitred, or tiaraed clay!

Come, seek the air; some pictures we
 may gain
 Whose passing shadows shall not be in
 vain;

Not from the scenes that crowd the stran-
 ger's soil,

Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,
 But when the Sabbath brings its kind re-
 lease,

And Care lies slumbering on the lap of
 Peace.

The air is hushed, the street is holy ground;
 Hark! The sweet bells renew their wel-
 come sound:

As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
 It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things
 That stirs our echoes with the name of
 Kings,

Whose bell, just glistening from the font
 and forge,

Rolled its proud requiem for the second
 George,

Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
 Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang;
 The simpler pile, that, mindful of the
 hour

When Howe's artillery shook its half-built
 tower,

Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
 The iron breastpin which the "Rebels"
 threw,

Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering
 thrill

Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill;
 Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,

Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern
 spire;

The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
 His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,

Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
 Swings from its brim the swollen floods of
 sound;

While, sad with memories of the olden
 time,

Throbs from his tower the Northern Min-
 strel's chime,—

Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient
 song,

But tears still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
 Where man and nature, faith and customs change,
 Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone
 Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
 When Ceylon sweeps thee with her per-
 fumed breeze
 Through the warm billows of the Indian
 seas;
 When — ship and shadow blended both in
 one —
 Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
 From sparkling midnight to refulgent
 noon
 Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon;
 When through thy shrouds the wild tor-
 nado sings,
 And thy poor sea-bird folds her tattered
 wings, —
 Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
 And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal !
 Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
 Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
 Home, with its smiling board, its cheering
 fire,
 The half-choked welcome of the expecting
 sire,
 The mother's kiss, and, still if aught re-
 main,
 Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent
 strain.
 Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean
 To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen;
 Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's
 chills,
 His heart lies warm among his triple hills !
 Turned from her path by this deceitful
 gleam,
 My wayward fancy half forgets her theme.
 See through the streets that slumbered in
 repose
 The living current of devotion flows,
 Its varied forms in one harmonious band:
 Age leading childhood by its dimpled hand;
 Want, in the robe whose faded edges fall
 To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl;
 And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to ap-
 pear,
 Lift the deep borders of the proud cash-
 mere.
 See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and
 pale,

Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's
 veil;
 Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,
 No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.
 While other doublets deviate here and
 there,
 What secret handcuff binds that pretty
 pair ?
 Compactest couple! pressing side to side, —
 Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the bride !
 By the white neckcloth, with its strait-
 ened tie,
 The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,
 Severe and smileless, he that runs may read
 The stern disciple of Geneva's creed:
 Decent and slow, behold his solemn march;
 Silent he enters through yon crowded arch.
 A livelier bearing of the outward man,
 The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,
 Now smartly raised or half profanely
 twirled, —
 A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day
 world, —
 Tell their plain story; yes, thine eyes be-
 hold
 A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.
 Down the chill street that curves in
 gloomiest shade
 What marks betray yon solitary maid ?
 The cheek's red rose that speaks of balm-
 ier air,
 The Celtic hue that shades her braided hair,
 The gilded missal in her kerchief tied, —
 Poor Nora, exile from Killarney's side !
 Sister in toil, though blanched by colder
 skies,
 That left their azure in her downcast eyes,
 See pallid Margaret, Labor's patient child,
 Scarce weaned from home, the nursling of
 the wild,
 Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon
 shines,
 And broad Penobscot dashes through the
 pines.
 Still, as she hastes, her careful fingers hold
 The unailing hymn-book in its cambric
 fold.
 Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she
 stands,
 The seventh sweet morning folds her
 weary hands.
 Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well
 be sure
 He who ordained the Sabbath loves the
 poor!

This weekly picture faithful Memory
draws,
Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause;
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can
lend,
And frail the line that asks no loftier end.
Trust me, kind listener, I will yet be-
guile
Thy saddened features of the promised
smile.
This magic mantle thou must well divide,
It has its sable and its ermine side;
Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,
Take thou in silence what I give in tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory scene
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene, —
This solemn pause, the breathing-space of
man,
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan, —
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied
ear;
Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere!

Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes
that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy
side:
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine
own;
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone!

What though the champions of thy faith
esteem
The sprinkled fountain or baptismal
stream;
Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife
Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves of
life?

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,
Leave to his scheme the thoughtful Puri-
tan;
But Calvin's dogma shall my lips deride?
In that stern faith my angel Mary died;
Or ask if mercy's milder creed can save,
Sweet sister, risen from thy new-made
grave?

True, the harsh founders of thy church
reviled
That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's
child;
Must thou be raking in the crumbled past
For racks and fagots in her teeth to cast?

See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile
The whitened skull of old Servetus smile!
Round her young heart thy "Romish
Upas" threw
Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as she
grew;
Thy sneering voice may call them "Popish
tricks,"
Her Latin prayers, her dangling crucifix,
But *De Profundis* blessed her father's
grave,
That "idol" cross her dying mother gave!
What if some angel looks with equal eyes
On her and thee, the simple and the wise,
Writes each dark fault against thy brighter
creed,
And drops a tear with every foolish bead!
Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reek-
ing page;
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier
age;
Strive with the wanderer from the better
path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that
fall,
Have thine own faith, — but hope and
pray for all!

Faith; Conscience; Love. A meaner
task remains,
And humbler thoughts must creep in
lowlier strains.
Shalt thou be honest? Ask the worldly
schools,
And all will tell thee knaves are busier
fools;
Prudent? Industrious? Let not modern
pens
Instruct "Poor Richard's" fellow-citizens.

Be firm! One constant element in luck
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck.
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's
thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise
still.

Stick to your aim: the mongrel's hold
will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never
yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the
fields!

Yet in opinions look not always back, —
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming
track;
Leave what you've done for what you have
to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found
your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as
men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue
and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your
breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to
death;
And with new notions, — let me change
the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set*; our feeble nature
seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of
cliques;
And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of
ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you
cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to
keep;
The "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom
Thumbs"
Are little people fed on great men's
crumbs.

Yet keep no followers of that hateful
brood
That basely mingles with its wholesome
food
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou
wouldst ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side;
But wouldst thou stride the stanch old
mare, "Success,"
Go with thine elders, though they please
thee less.
Shun such as lounge through afternoons
and eves,

And on thy dial write, "Beware of
thieves!"
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers
steal,
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right, — it holds my golden
time!

Does praise delight thee? Choose some
ultra side, —
A sure old recipe, and often tried;
Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,
Spokesman or jokesman, only drive it hard;
But know the forfeit which thy choice
abides,
For on two wheels the poor reformer
rides, —
One black with epithets the *anti* throws,
One white with flattery painted by the *pros*.

Though books on MANNERS are not out
of print,
An honest tongue may drop a harmless
hint.
Stop not, unthinking, every friend you
meet,
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial
pack,
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.
Nor cloud his features with the unwel-
come tale
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale;
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,
And the rude office that insures his life.
Look in his face, to meet thy neighbor's
soul,
Not on his garments, to detect a hole;
"How to observe" is what thy pages show,
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau!
Oh, what a precious book the one would be
That taught observers what they're *not* to
see!

I tell in verse — 't were better done in
prose —
One curious trick that everybody knows;
Once form this habit, and it's very strange
How long it sticks, how hard it is to
change.
Two friendly people, both disposed to
smile,
Who meet, like others, every little while,
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,

And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your
uncle now?"

Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
But slightly weak and somewhat undefined,
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely
struck,

Their meeting so was such a piece of luck;
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly
pleased

To screw the vice in which they both are
squeezed;

So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or
snow,

Both bored to death, and both afraid to
go!

Your hat once lifted, do not hang your
fire,

Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;
When your old castor on your crown you
clap,

Go off; you've mounted your percussion
cap.

Some words on LANGUAGE may be well
applied,

And take them kindly, though they touch
your pride.

Words lead to things; a scale is more pre-
cise,—

Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing,
drinking, vice.

Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips
The native freedom of the Saxon lips;
See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
How all his passions play about his mouth!
With us, the feature that transmits the
soul,

A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.
The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's
walk

Tie the small muscles when he strives to
talk;

Not all the pumice of the polished town
Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard
down;

Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race
By this one mark,—he's awkward in the
face;—

Nature's rude impress, long before he
knew

The sunny street that holds the sifted few.
It can't be helped, though, if we're taken
young,

We gain some freedom of the lips and
tongue;

But school and college often try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's
chain:

One stubborn word will prove this axiom
true,—

No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.

A few brief stanzas may be well em-
ployed

To speak of errors we can all avoid.

Learning condemns beyond the reach of
hope

The careless lips that speak of soap for
sōap;

Her edict exiles from her fair abode

The clownish voice that utters rōad for
rōad:

Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cōat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a bōat,
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge mōst instead of
mōst,

But knit her brows and stamped her angry
foot

To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rōöt.

Once more: speak clearly, if you speak
at all;

Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over-hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say
"How?" for "What?"

And when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew your pathway with those
dreadful *urs*.

From little matters let us pass to less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS;
The outward forms the inner man reveal,—
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all
the rest,—

The dangerous waistcoat, called by cock-
neys "vest,"

The things named "pants" in certain
documents,

A word not made for gentlemen, but
"gents;"

One single precept might the whole con-
dense:

Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet de-
mands,

If polished daily by the owner's hands;
If the dark menial's visit save from this,
Have twice the number, — for he'll some-
times miss.

One pair for critics of the nicer sex,
Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,
Long, narrow, light; the Gallic boot of love,
A kind of cross between a boot and glove.
Compact, but easy, strong, substantial,
square,

Let native art compile the medium pair.
The third remains, and let your tasteful
skill

Here show some relics of affection still;
Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tan,
No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,
Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,
Though yellow torrents gurgle through the
street.

Wear seemly gloves; not black, nor yet
too light,
And least of all the pair that once was
white;
Let the dead party where you told your
loves

Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves;
Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent, — don't neglect your kids.

Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
Does beauty slight you from her gay
abodes?

Like bright Apollo, you must take to
Rhoades, —
Mount the new castor, — ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves, may fail; the hat is always
felt!

Be shy of breastpins; plain, well-ironed
white,
With small pearl buttons, — two of them
in sight, —
Is always genuine, while your gems may
pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties;
Breathe not the name profaned to hallow
things
The indignant laundress blushes when she
brings!

Our freeborn race, averse to every check,
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its
neck;

From the green prairie to the sea-girt town,
The whole wide nation turns its collars
down.

The stately neck is manhood's manliest
part;

It takes the life-blood freshest from the
heart.

With short, curled ringlets close around it
spread,

How light and strong it lifts the Grecian
head!

Thine, fair Erechtheus of Minerva's wall;
Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's
hall,

Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun
That filled the arena where thy wreaths
were won,

Firm as the band that clasps the antlered
spoil

Strained in the winding anaconda's coil!

I spare the contrast; it were only kind
To be a little, nay, intensely blind.

Choose for yourself: I know it cuts your
ear;

I know the points will sometimes interfere;
I know that often, like the filial John,

Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery
on,

You show your features to the astonished
town

With one side standing and the other
down; —

But oh, my friend! my favorite fellow-
man!

If Nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe
bare, —

The fruit of Eden ripening in the air, —
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding
chin,

Wear standing collars, were they made of
tin!

And have a neckcloth — by the throat of
Jove! —

Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its
close,
Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current
flows;
Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,
Once more the Muse unfolds her upward
wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhallowed
tongue,
Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had
sung;

But who shall sing, in brutal disregard
Of all the essentials of the "native bard" ?
Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, moun-
tain, fall,

His eye omnivorous must devour them all;
The tallest summits and the broadest tides
His foot must compass with its giant strides,
Where Ocean thunders, where Missouri
rolls,
And tread at once the tropics and the
poles;

His food all forms of earth, fire, water, air,
His home all space, his birthplace every-
where.

Some grave compatriot, having seen per-
haps
The pictured page that goes in Worcester's
Maps,

And read in earnest what was said in jest,
"Who drives fat oxen" — please to add
the rest, —
Sprung the odd notion that the poet's
dreams

Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams;
And hence insisted that the aforesaid
"bard,"

Pink of the future, fancy's pattern-card,
The babe of nature in the "giant West,"
Must be of course her biggest and her
best.

Oh! when at length the expected bard
shall come,
Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes
dumb,
(And many a voice exclaims in prose and
rhyme,
It's getting late, and he's behind his time,)
When all thy mountains clap their hands
in joy,
And all thy cataracts thunder, "That's
the boy," —

Say if with him the reign of song shall end,
And Heaven declare its final dividend!

Be calm, dear brother! whose impas-
sioned strain
Comes from an alley watered by a drain;
The little Mincio, dribbling to the Po,
Beats all the epics of the Hoang Ho;
If loved in earnest by the tuneful maid,
Don't mind their nonsense, — never be
afraid!

The nurse of poets feeds her winged
brood
By common firesides, on familiar food;
In a low hamlet, by a narrow stream,
Where bovine rustics used to doze and
dream,
She filled young William's fiery fancy full,
While old John Shakespeare talked of
beeves and wool!

No Alpine needle, with its climbing spire,
Brings down for mortals the Promethean
fire,

If careless nature have forgot to frame
An altar worthy of the sacred flame.

Unblest by any save the goatherd's lines,
Mont Blanc rose soaring through his "sea
of pines;"

In vain the rivers from their ice-caves flash;
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des
Vaches,

Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
And lo! the glaciers found at length a
tongue,

Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!

Children of wealth or want, to each is
given
One spot of green, and all the blue of
heaven!

Enough if these their outward shows im-
part;

The rest is thine, — the scenery of the heart.

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they
flow;

If with thy verse thy strength and bloom
distil,

Drained by the pulses of the fevered
thrill;

If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy
brain,

And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid
strain, —
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's
gloom,
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy
line;
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song
divine!
Let others gaze where silvery streams
are rolled,

And chase the rainbow for its cup of gold;
To thee all landscapes wear a heavenly dye,
Changed in the glance of thy prismatic eye;
Nature evoked thee in sublimer throes,
For thee her inmost Arethusa flows, —
The mighty mother's living depths are
stirred, —
Thou art the starred Osiris of the herd!

A few brief lines; they touch on solemn
chords,
And hearts may leap to hear their honest
words;
Yet, ere the jarring bugle-blast is blown,
The softer lyre shall breathe its soothing
tone.

New England! proudly may thy children
claim
Their honored birthright by its humblest
name!
Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and
clear,
No rank malaria stains thine atmosphere;
No fungous weeds invade thy scanty soil,
Scarred by the ploughshares of unslumber-
ing toil.
Long may the doctrines by thy sages
taught,
Raised from the quarries where their sires
have wrought,
Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed
land, —
As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand;
And as the ice that leaves thy crystal mine
Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's
wine,
So may the doctrines of thy sober school
Keep the hot theories of thy neighbors
cool!

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,
Cankered by treachery or inflamed by
wrath,

With smooth "Resolves" or with dis-
cordant cries,
The mad Briareus of disunion rise,
Chiefs of New England! by your sires'
renown,
Dash the red torches of the rebel down!
Flood his black hearthstone till its flames
expire,
Though your old Sachem fanned his coun-
cil-fire!

But if at last, her fading cycle run,
The tongue must forfeit what the arm has
won,
Then rise, wild Ocean! roll thy surging
shock
Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock!
Scale the proud shaft degenerate hands
have hewn,
Where bleeding Valor stained the flowers
of June!
Sweep in one tide her spires and turrets
down,
And howl her dirge above Monadnock's
crown!

List not the tale; the Pilgrim's hallowed
shore,
Though strewn with weeds, is granite at
the core;
Oh, rather trust that He who made her
free
Will keep her true as long as faith shall be!
Farewell! yet lingering through the
destined hour,
Leave, sweet Enchantress, one memorial
flower!

An Angel, floating o'er the waste of
snow
That clad our Western desert, long ago,
(The same fair spirit who, unseen by day,
Shone as a star along the Mayflower's
way,) —
Sent, the first herald of the Heavenly plan,
To choose on earth a resting-place for
man, —
Tired with his flight along the unvaried
field,
Turned to soar upwards, when his glance
revealed
A calm, bright bay enclosed in rocky
bounds,
And at its entrance stood three sister
mounds.

The Angel spake: "This threefold hill shall be
 The home of Arts, the nurse of Liberty!
 One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
 Its deep-red blaze along the darkened shore;
 Emblem of thoughts that, kindling far and wide,
 In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.
 One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,
 Its slanted bastions black with battle's frown,
 And bid the sons that tread its scowling heights
 Bare their strong arms for man and all his rights!
 One silent steep along the northern wave
 Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's grave;
 When fades the torch, when o'er the peaceful scene
 The embattled fortress smiles in living green,
 The cross of Faith, the anchor staff of Hope,
 Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope;
 There through all time shall faithful Memory tell,
 'Here Virtue toiled, and Patriot Valor fell;
 Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side;
 Live as they lived, or perish as they died!'"

AN AFTER-DINNER POEM

(TERPSICHORE)

Read at the Annual Dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.

In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
 In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,
 Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief display,
 One zephyr step, and then dissolve away!

Short is the space that gods and men can spare
 To Song's twin brother when she is not there.

Let others water every lusty line,
 As Homer's heroes did their purple wine;
 Pierian revellers! Know in strains like these
 The native juice, the real honest squeeze, —
 Strains that, diluted to the twentieth power,
 In yon grave temple might have filled an hour.
 Small room for Fancy's many-chorded lyre,
 For Wit's bright rockets with their trains of fire,
 For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise
 The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,
 For Mirth, whose finger with delusive wile
 Turns the grim key of many a rusty smile,
 For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood
 On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,
 The pun, the fun, the moral, and the joke,
 The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic poke, —
 Small space for these, so pressed by niggard Time,
 Like that false matron, known to nursery rhyme, —
 Insidious Morey, — scarce her tale begun,
 Ere listening infants weep the story done.

Oh, had we room to rip the mighty bags
 That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed with rags!
 Grant us one moment to unloose the strings,
 While the old graybeard shuts his leather wings.
 But what a heap of motley trash appears
 Crammed in the bundles of successive years!
 As the lost rustic on some festal day
 Stares through the concourse in its vast array, —
 Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,
 All stuck together like a sheet of buns, —
 And throws the bait of some unheeded name,
 Or shoots a wink with most uncertain aim,
 So roams my vision, wandering over all,
 And strives to choose, but knows not where to fall.

Skins of flayed authors, husks of dead reviews,
 The turn-coat's clothes, the office-seeker's shoes,

Scraps from cold feasts, where conversation runs
 Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,
 And grating songs a listening crowd endures,
 Rased from the throats of bellowing amateurs;
 Sermons, whose writers played such dangerous tricks
 Their own heresiarchs called them heretics,
 (Strange that one term such distant poles should link,
 The Priestleyan's copper and the Puseyan's zinc);
 Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs
 A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,
 Where all the syllables that end in èd,
 Like old dragons, have cuts across the head;
 Essays so dark Champollion might despair
 To guess what mummy of a thought was there,
 Where our poor English, striped with foreign phrase,
 Looks like a zebra in a parson's chaise;
 Lectures that cut our dinners down to roots,
 Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick to fruits, —
 Delusive error, as at trifling charge
 Professor Gripes will certify at large;
 Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,
 Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel;
 And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs invite
 To wandering knaves that discount fools at sight:
 Such things as these, with heaps of unpaid bills,
 And candy puffs and homœopathic pills,
 And ancient bell-crowns with contracted rim,
 And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,
 And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,
 Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail, —
 How might we spread them to the smiling day,
 And toss them, fluttering like the new-mown hay,
 To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,
 Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes, —
 How vast the heap, how quickly must we choose!
 A few small scraps from out his mountain mass
 We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.
 This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could not bite,
 Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copyright,"
 Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,
 Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.
 He for whose sake the glittering show appears
 Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,
 And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim
 Have wit and wisdom, — for they all quote him.
 So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs
 With spangled speeches, — let alone the songs;
 Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys laugh,
 And weak teetotals warm to half and half,
 And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,
 Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,
 And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,
 With loaded barrels and percussion caps,
 And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,
 Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze;
 While the great Feasted views with silent glee
 His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.
 Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
 The pleasing game of interchanging praise.
 Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
 Is ever pliant to the master's art;
 Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws
 And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious claws,
 And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur
 With the light tremor of her grateful purr.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall,
 If on her back a feline rival fall !
 And oh, what noises shake the tranquil
 house
 If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse !

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
 Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise;
 But if the stranger touch thy modes or
 laws,

Off goes the velvet and out come the
 claws !

And thou, Illustrious ! but too poorly
 paid

In toasts from Pickwick for thy great cru-
 sade,

Though, while the echoes labored with thy
 name,

The public trap denied thy little game,
 Let other lips our jealous laws revile, —
 The marble Talfourd or the rude Car-
 lyle, —

But on thy lids, which Heaven forbids to
 close

Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,
 Let not the dollars that a churl denies
 Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's
 eyes !

Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,
 Nor ask to see all wide extremes combined.
 Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms
 smile

That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle.
 There white-cheeked Luxury weaves a
 thousand charms;

Here sun-browned Labor swings his naked
 arms.

Long are the furrows he must trace be-
 tween

The ocean's azure and the prairie's green ;
 Full many a blank his destined realm dis-
 plays,

Yet sees the promise of his riper days:
 Far through yon depths the panting en-
 gine moves,

His chariots ringing in their steel-shod
 grooves;

And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave
 O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant
 cave!

While tasks like these employ his anxious
 hours,

What if his cornfields are not edged with
 flowers ?

Though bright as silver the meridian beams

Shine through the crystal of thine English
 streams,

Turbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled
 That drains our Andes and divides a world !

But lo ! a PARCHMENT ! Surely it would
 seem

The sculptured impress speaks of power
 supreme ;

Some grave design the solemn page must
 claim

That shows so broadly an emblazoned name.
 A sovereign's promise ! Look, the lines
 afford

All Honor gives when Caution asks his
 word :

There sacred Faith has laid her snow-white
 hands,

And awful Justice knit her iron bands ;
 Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's
 dye,

And every letter crusted with a lie.
 Alas ! no treason has degraded yet

The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet ;
 A simple rite, that bears the wanderer's
 pledge,

Blunts the keen shaft and turns the dagger's
 edge;

While jockeying senates stop to sign and
 seal,

And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.
 Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,
 Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest
 abode,

And round her forehead, wreathed with
 heavenly flame,

Bind the dark garland of her daughter's
 shame !

Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry blast,
 Coil her stained ensign round its haughty
 mast,

Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,
 And drive a bolt through every blackened
 star !

Once more, — once only, — we must stop so
 soon :

What have we here ? A GERMAN-SILVER
 SPOON ;

A cheap utensil, which we often see
 Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,
 Of slender fabric, somewhat light and thin,
 Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and tin ;
 The bowl is shallow, and the handle small,
 Marked in large letters with the name
 JEAN PAUL.

Small as it is, its powers are passing
 strange,
 For all who use it show a wondrous change ;
 And first, a fact to make the barbers stare,
 It beats Macassar for the growth of hair.
 See those small youngsters whose expansive
 ears
 Maternal kindness grazed with frequent
 shears ;
 Each bristling crop a dangling mass be-
 comes,
 And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms !
 Nor this alone its magic power displays,
 It alters strangely all their works and
 ways ;
 With uncouth words they tire their tender
 lungs,
 The same bald phrases on their hundred
 tongues :
 "Ever" "The Ages" in their page ap-
 pear,
 "Always" the bedlamite is called a
 "Seer ;"
 On every leaf the "earnest" sage may
 scan,
 Portentous bore ! their "many-sided"
 man, —
 A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,
 Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
 Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
 Who rides a beetle, which he calls a
 "Sphinx."
 And oh, what questions asked in clubfoot
 rhyme
 Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute
 Time !
 Here babbling "Insight" shouts in Nature's
 ears
 His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres ;
 There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
 With "Whence am I ?" and "Wherefore
 did I come ?"
 Deluded infants ! will they ever know
 Some doubts must darken o'er the world
 below,
 Though all the Platos of the nursery trail
 Their "clouds of glory" at the go-cart's
 tail ?
 Oh might these couplets their attention
 claim

That gain their author the Philistine's
 name !
 (A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign
 law,
 Was much belabored with an ass's jaw.)

Melodious Laura ! From the sad retreats
 That hold thee, smothered with excess of
 sweets,
 Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,
 Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian
 stream !
 The slipshod dreamer treads thy fragrant
 halls,
 The sophist's cobwebs hang thy roseate
 walls,
 And o'er the crotchets of thy jingling tunes
 The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked
 "runes."
 Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful
 cordes
 That candied thoughts in amber-colored
 words,
 And in the precincts of thy late abodes
 The clattering verse-wright hammers Or-
 phic odes.
 Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to fly
 On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh ;
 He, vast as Phœbus on his burning wheels,
 Would stride through ether at Orion's heels.
 Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume-jar,
 And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter star.
 The balance trembles, — be its verdict told
 When the new jargon slumbers with the
 old !

Cease, playful goddess ! From thine airy
 bound
 Drop like a feather softly to the ground ;
 This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
 And there is mischief in thy kindling
 glance.
 To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,
 Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made
 gown,
 Too blest by fortune if the passing day
 Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
 But oh, still happier if the next forgets
 Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes !

MEDICAL POEMS

[THIS division was made when the Riverside Edition was arranged, but by accident the

last number in the division was at that time omitted.]

THE MORNING VISIT

A SICK man's chamber, though it often
boast
The grateful presence of a literal toast,
Can hardly claim, amidst its various
wealth,
The right unchallenged to propose a
health;
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,
Friendship must launch his sentiment at
least,
As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers'
lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers'
tips.

The morning visit, — not till sickness falls
In the charmed circles of your own safe
walls;
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack
Stretch you all helpless on your aching
back;
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you
learn.

'T is a small matter in your neighbor's
case,
To charge your fee for showing him your
face;
You skip up-stairs, inquire, inspect, and
touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty
such.

But when at length, by fate's transferred
decree,
The visitor becomes the visitée,
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;
Your ox is gored, and that's a different
thing!

Your friend is sick : phlegmatic as a Turk,
You write your recipe and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the
frown,
And sometimes worse, with which your
draught goes down.
Calm as a clock your knowing hand di-
rects,
Rhei, jalapæ ana grana sex,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris ipecac;
And leaves your patient to his qualms and
gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.
But change the time, the person, and the
place,
And be yourself "the interesting case,"
You'll gain some knowledge which it's
well to learn;
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance, — pleasing creatures
quite;
Try them, — and bless you, — don't you
find they bite?
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,
But be yourself the sitter whom it draws,
And trust my statement, you will not
deny
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish
fly!
It's mighty easy ordering when you please,
Infusi sennæ capiat uncias tres;
It's mighty different when you quackle
down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
Pilula, pulvis, — pleasant words enough,
When other throats receive the shocking
stuff;
But oh, what flattery can disguise the
groan
That meets the gulp which sends it through
your own!

Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing
ruler
Give you the handling of her sharpest
tools;

Use them not rashly, — sickness is enough;
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures;
Of those remaining, 't is the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art;
But simple *Kindness*, kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that
burn,

Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to
turn, —

Kindness, untutored by our grave M. D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, when she schools to
please,

Wins back more sufferers with her voice
and smile

Than all the trumpery in the druggist's
pile.

Once more, be *quiet*: coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But, stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard
below.

Whatever changes there may greet your
eyes,

Let not your looks proclaim the least sur-
prise;

It's not your business by your face to show
All that your patient does not want to
know;

Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.

But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the
wrist.

If the poor victim needs must be percussed,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;
(Doctors exist within a hundred miles
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer
piles;)

If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials, and ignore the rest.
Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and
art

A track to steer by, not a finished chart.
So of your questions: don't in mercy try

To pump your patient absolutely dry;
He's not a mollusk squirming in a dish,
You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face*;
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious
scene.

Each look, each movement, every word and
tone,
Should tell your patient you are all his
own;

Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the *visit* that from day to day
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
I give his health, who never cared to claim
Her babbling homage from the tongue of
Fame;

Unmoved by praise, he stands by all con-
fest,

The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

THE TWO ARMIES

[Written for and read at a meeting of the
Massachusetts Medical Society in 1858.

In printing these verses in the *Autocrat*,
where they are referred to the "Professor," the
poet says: "He introduced them with a few
remarks, he told me, of which the only one he
remembered was this: that he had rather
write a single line which one among them
should think worth remembering than set them
all laughing with a string of epigrams."]

As Life's unending column pours,
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —
Two armies on the trampled shores
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
With sad, yet watchful eyes.
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
 No blood-red pennons wave ;
 Its banner bears the single line,
 "Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade ;
 At Honor's trumpet-call,
 With knitted brow and lifted blade
 In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
 No stirring battle-cry ;
 The bloodless stabber calls by night, —
 Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
 The builder's marble piles,
 The anthems pealing o'er their dust
 Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
 That floods the lonely graves
 When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
 In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
 And angels wait above,
 Who count each burning life-drop's flow,
 Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
 Her pulses Freedom drew,
 Though the white lilies in her crest
 Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait
 Till all their scars are shown,
 Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
 To sit beside the Throne !

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG

A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD

THERE was a young man in Boston town,
 He bought him a stethoscope nice and
 new,
 All mounted and finished and polished
 down,
 With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,
 And spun him a web of ample size,
 Wherein there chanced one day to fall
 A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,
 The second was smaller, and thin and
 long ;
 So there was a concert between the two,
 Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,
 This fine young man would show his skill ;
 And so they gave him, his hand to try,
 A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,
 And some that his *heart* was over size,
 While some kept arguing, all the while,
 He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his
 eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,
 And all the doctors made a pause ;
 Said he, The man must die, you see,
 By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,
 To explore his chest it may be well ;
 For if he should die and it were not done,
 You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,
 And on it placed his curious ear ;
Mon Dieu! said he, with a knowing look,
 Why, here is a sound that's mighty
 queer !

The *bourronnement* is very clear, —
Amphoric buzzing, as I'm alive !
 Five doctors took their turn to hear ;
Amphoric buzzing, said all the five.

There's *empyema* beyond a doubt ;
 We'll plunge a *trocar* in his side.
 The diagnosis was made out, —
 They tapped the patient ; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys
 Began to look extremely glum ;
 They said that *rattles* were made for boys,
 And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a
 hum.

There was an old lady had long been sick,
 And what was the matter none did
 know ;
 Her pulse was slow, though her tongue was
 quick ;
 To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,
 With phials and boxes all in a row ;
 She asked the young doctor what he was
 at,
 To thump her and tumble her ruffles
 so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,
 The flies began to buzz and whiz ;
 Oh, ho ! the matter is clear, no doubt ;
 An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*
 And the *bruit de diable* are all combined ;
 How happy Bouillaud would be,
 If he a case like this could find !

Now, when the neighboring doctors found
 A case so rare had been descried,
 They every day her ribs did pound
 In squads of twenty ; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,
 Received this kind young doctor's cares ;
 They all were getting slim and pale,
 And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and
 "skies,"
 And loathed their puddings and buttered
 rolls,
 And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,
 On pickles and pencils and chalk and
 coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,
 The frightened insects buzzed the more ;
 So over all their chests he found
 The *rôle sifflant* and the *rôle sonore*.

He shook his head. There's grave dis-
 ease, —
 I greatly fear you all must die ;
 A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,
 Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,
 Which so prevailed on six young men
 That each his honest love avowed,
 Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast ;
 The price of stethoscopes came down ;
 And so he was reduced at last
 To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,
 A stethoscope they did devise
 That had a rammer to clear the bore,
 With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,
 But don't forget to mind your eyes,
 Or you may be cheated, like this young
 man,
 By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL
POEM

THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE

THE feeble sea-birds, blinded in the
 storms,
 On some tall lighthouse dash their little
 forms,
 And the rude granite scatters for their
 pains
 Those small deposits that were meant for
 brains.
 Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
 Stands all unconscious of the mischief done ;
 Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
 For the lost pilot with as full a blaze, —
 Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered
 fleet
 Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
 I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims
 To call our kind by such ungentle names ;
 Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
 Think of their doom, ye simple, and be-
 ware !

See where aloft its hoary forehead rears
 The towering pride of twice a thousand
 years !
 Far, far below the vast incumbent pile
 Sleeps the gray rock from art's Ægean isle ;
 Its massive courses, circling as they rise,
 Swell from the waves to mingle with the
 skies ;
 There every quarry lends its marble spoil,
 And clustering ages blend their common
 toil ;
 The Greek, the Roman, reared its ancient
 walls,
 The silent Arab arched its mystic halls ;
 In that fair niche, by countless billows
 laved,
 Trace the deep lines that Sydenham en-
 graved ;

On yon broad front that breasts the chang-
ing swell,
Mark where the ponderous sledge of Hun-
ter fell;
By that square buttress look where Louis
stands,
The stone yet warm from his uplifted
hands;
And say, O Science, shall thy life-blood
freeze,
When fluttering folly flaps on walls like
these ?

A PORTRAIT

Thoughtful in youth, but not austere in
age;
Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though a
sage;
Too true to flatter and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe;
So gently blending courtesy and art
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing
friendship's heart.
Taught by the sorrows that his age had
known
In others' trials to forget his own,
As hour by hour his lengthened day de-
clined,
A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his mind.
Cold were the lips that spoke his early
praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning days,
Yet the same accents dwelt on every
tongue,
And love renewing kept him ever young.

A SENTIMENT

'Ο βίος βραχύς, — life is but a song;
'Η τέχνη μακρή, — art is wondrous long;
Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,
And Patience smiles, though Genius may
despair.
Give us but knowledge, though by slow
degrees,
And blend our toil with moments bright as
these;
Let Friendship's accents cheer our doubt-
ful way,
And Love's pure planet lend its guiding
ray, —
Our tardy Art shall wear an angel's wings,
And life shall lengthen with the joy it
brings !

A POEM

FOR THE MEETING OF THE AMERICAN
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AT NEW YORK,
MAY 5, 1853

I HOLD a letter in my hand, —
A flattering letter, more 's the pity, —
By some contriving junto planned,
And signed *per order of Committee*.
It touches every tenderest spot, —
My patriotic predilections,
My well-known — something — don't ask
what, —
My poor old songs, my kind affections.

They make a feast on Thursday next,
And hope to make the feasters merry;
They own they're something more per-
plexed
For poets than for port and sherry.
They want the men of — (word torn out);
Our friends will come with anxious faces,
(To see our blankets off, no doubt,
And trot us out and show our paces.)

They hint that papers by the score
Are rather musty kind of rations, —
They don't exactly mean a bore,
But only trying to the patience;
That such as — you know who I mean —
Distinguished for their — what d' ye
call 'em —
Should bring the dews of Hippocrene
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

— The same old story: that 's the chaff
To catch the birds that sing the ditties;
Upon my soul, it makes me laugh
To read these letters from Committees !
They're all so loving and so fair, —
All for *your* sake such kind compunction;
'T would save your carriage half its wear
To touch its wheels with such an un-
ction !

Why, who am I, to lift me here
And beg such learned folk to listen,
To ask a smile, or coax a tear
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten ?
As well might some arterial thread
Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,
While throbbing fierce from heel to head
The vast aortic tide was rushing.

As well some hair-like nerve might strain
To set its special streamlet going,
While through the myriad-channelled
brain

The burning flood of thought was flowing;
Or trembling fibre strive to keep
The springing haunches gathered shorter,
While the scourged racer, leap on leap,
Was stretching through the last hot
quarter!

Ah me! you take the bud that came
Self-sown in your poor garden's borders,
And hand it to the stately dame
That florists breed for, all she orders.
She thanks you, — it was kindly meant —
(A pale affair, not worth the keeping,) —
Good morning; and your bud is sent
To join the tea-leaves used for sweeping.

Not always so, kind hearts and true, —
For such I know are round me beating;
Is not the bud I offer you,
Fresh gathered for the hour of meeting,
Pale though its outer leaves may be,
Rose-red in all its inner petals? —
Where the warm life we cannot see —
The life of love that gave it — settles.

We meet from regions far away,
Like rills from distant mountains stream-
ing;

The sun is on Francisco's bay,
O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleaming;
While summer girds the still bayou
In chains of bloom, her bridal token,
Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,
His crystal bracelet yet unbroken.

Yet Nature bears the selfsame heart
Beneath her russet-mantled bosom
As where, with burning lips apart,
She breathes and white magnolias blos-
som;

The selfsame founts her chalice fill
With showery sunlight running over,
On fiery plain and frozen hill,
On myrtle-beds and fields of clover.

I give you *Home!* its crossing lines
United in one golden suture,
And showing every day that shines
The present growing to the future, —
A flag that bears a hundred stars
In one bright ring, with love for centre,

Fenced round with white and crimson bars
No prowling treason dares to enter!

O brothers, home may be a word
To make affection's living treasure,
The wave an angel might have stirred,
A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure;
HOME! It is where the day-star springs
And where the evening sun reposes,
Where'er the eagle spreads his wings,
From northern pines to southern roses!

A SENTIMENT

[Distributed among the members gathered
at the meeting of the American Medical As-
sociation, in Philadelphia, May 1, 1855.]

A TRIPLE health to Friendship, Science,
Art,
From heads and hands that own a common
heart!
Each in its turn the others' willing slave,
Each in its season strong to heal and save.

Friendship's blind service, in the hour of
need,
Wipes the pale face, and lets the victim
bleed.
Science must stop to reason and explain;
ART claps his finger on the streaming vein.

But Art's brief memory fails the hand at
last;
Then SCIENCE lifts the flambeau of the past.
When both their equal impotence deplore,
When Learning sighs, and Skill can do no
more,
The tear of FRIENDSHIP pours its heavenly
balm,
And soothes the pang no anodyne may
calm!

RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

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

CANTO FIRST

OLD 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 man-
 hood 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 under-
 stood, —
 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 bongies, great and little squirt,

Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thorough-
 wort,
 Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiae, and
 Black Drop,
 Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane,
 Hop,
 Pulv. Ipecacuanhae, 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, Assafœtida, 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 him-
self ;

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 al-
ways 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 tumbl — 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 de-
clared —

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 passed — 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 be-
gin,
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 be-
fore —
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 In-
dian 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 week 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.!

POEM

READ AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO THE
 AUTHOR BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
 APRIL 12, 1883.

HAVE I deserved your kindness? Nay,
 my friends,

While the fair banquet its illusion lends
 Let me believe it, though the blood may rush

And to my cheek recall the maiden blush
 That o'er it flamed with momentary blaze

When first I heard the honeyed words of
 praise;

Let me believe it while the roses wear
 Their bloom unwithering in the heated
 air;

Too soon, too soon, their glowing leaves
 must fall,

The laughing echoes leave the silent hall,
 Joy drop his garland, turn his empty cup,

And weary Labor take his burden up,—
 How weighs that burden they can tell
 alone

Whose dial marks no moment as their own.

Am I your creditor? Too well I know
 How Friendship pays the debt it does not
 owe,

Shapes a poor semblance fondly to its
 mind,

Adds all the virtues that it fails to find,
 Adorns with graces to its heart's content,

Borrows from love what nature never
 lent,

Till what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint,
 The veriest sinner deems himself a saint.

Thus while you pay these honors as my
 due

I owe my value's larger part to you,
 And in the tribute of the hour I see

Not what I am, but what I ought to be.

Friends of the Muse, to you of right belong
 The first staid footsteps of my square-toed
 song;

Full well I know the strong heroic line
 Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;

But there are tricks old singers will not
 learn,

And this grave measure still must serve
 my turn.

So the old bird resumes the selfsame note
 His first young summer wakened in his
 throat;

The selfsame tune the old canary sings,
 And all unchanged the bobolink's carol
 rings;

When the tired songsters of the day are
 still

The thrush repeats his long-remembered
 trill;

Age alters not the crow's persistent caw,
 The Yankee's "Haow," the stammering
 Briton's "Haw;"

And so the hand that takes the lyre for
 you

Plays the old tune on strings that once
 were new.

Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride
The straight-backed measure with its
stately stride;

It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;
It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of
Poep;

In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter
strain;

Byron and Campbell wore its clanking
chain;

I smile to listen while the critic's scorn
Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly
worn;

Bid each new rhymer try his dainty skill
And mould his frozen phrases as he will;
We thank the artist for his neat device;
The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is
ice.

Fashions will change — the new costume
allures,

Unfading still the better type endures;
While the slashed doublet of the cavalier
Gave the old knight the pomp of chanticleer,
Our last-hatched dandy with his glass and
stick

Recalls the semblance of a new-born
chick;

(To match the model he is aiming at
He ought to wear an eggshell for a
hat;) —

Which of these objects would a painter
choose,

And which Velasquez or Van Dyck re-
fuse?

When your kind summons reached my
calm retreat,

Who are the friends, I questioned, I shall
meet?

Some in young manhood, shivering with
desire

To feel the genial warmth of fortune's
fire, —

Each with his bellows ready in his hand
To puff the flame just waiting to be
fanned;

Some heads half-silvered, some with snow-
white hair, —

A crown ungarnished glistening here and
there,

The mimic moonlight gleaming on the
scalps

As evening's empress lights the shining
Alps;

But count the crowds that throng your
festal scenes,
How few that knew the century in its
teens!

Save for the lingering handful fate be-
friends,

Life's busy day the Sabbath decade ends;
When that is over, how with what remains
Of nature's outfit, muscle, nerve, and
brains?

Were this a pulpit I should doubtless
preach,

Were this a platform I should gravely
teach,

But to no solemn duties I pretend
In my vocation at the table's end;
So as my answer let me tell instead
What Landlord Porter — rest his soul! —
once said.

A feast it was that none might scorn to
share;

Cambridge and Concord's demigods were
there, —

"And who were they?" You know as
well as I

The stars long glittering in our Eastern
sky, —

The names that blazon our provincial
scroll

Ring round the world with Britain's drum-
beat roll!

Good was the dinner, better was the talk;
Some whispered, devious was the home-
ward walk;

The story came from some reporting spy, —
They lie, those fellows, — oh, how they *do*
lie!

Not ours those foot-tracks in the new-fallen
snow, —

Poets and sages never zigzagged so!

Now Landlord Porter, grave, concise, se-
vere,

Master, nay, monarch in his proper sphere,
Though to belles-lettres he pretended not,
Lived close to Harvard, so knew what was
what;

And having bards, philosophers, and such,
To eat his dinner, put the finest touch
His art could teach, those learned mouths
to fill

With the best proofs of gustatory skill;

And finding wisdom plenty at his board,
Wit, science, learning, all his guests had
stored,

By way of contrast, ventured to produce,
To please their palates, an inviting goose.
Better it were the company should starve
Than hands unskilled that goose attempt to
carve;

None but the master-artist shall assail
The bird that turns the mightiest surgeon
pale.

One voice arises from the banquet-hall.
The landlord answers to the pleading call;
Of stature tall, sublime of port he stands,
His blade and bident gleaming in his hands;
Beneath his glance the strong-knit joints
relax
As the weak knees before the headsmen's
axe.

And Landlord Porter lifts his glittering
knife
As some stout warrior armed for bloody
strife;

All eyes are on him; some in whispers ask,
What man is he who dares this dangerous
task?

When lo! the triumph of consummate art,
With scarce a touch the creature drops
apart!

As when the baby in his nurse's lap
Spills on the carpet a dissected map.

Then the calm sage, the monarch of the
lyre,
Critics and men of science all admire,
And one whose wisdom I will not impeach,
Lively, not churlish, somewhat free of
speech,

Speaks thus: "Say, master, what of worth
is left

In birds like this, of breast and legs be-
reft?"

And Landlord Porter, with uplifted eyes,
Smiles on the simple querist, and replies:
"When from a goose you've taken legs
and breast,

Wipe lips, thank God, and leave the poor
the rest!"

Kind friends, sweet friends, I hold it hardly
fair

With that same bird your minstrel to com-
pare,

Yet in a certain likeness we agree,
No wrong to him and no offence to me;
I take him for the moral he has lent,
My partner, — to a limited extent.

When the stern Landlord whom we all
obey
Has carved from life its seventh great
slice away,
Is the poor fragment left in blank collapse
A pauper remnant of unvalued scraps?

I care not much what Solomon has said,
Before his time to nobler pleasures dead;
Poor man! he needed half a hundred lives
With such a babbling wilderness of wives!
But is there nothing that may well employ
Life's winter months, — no sunny hour of
joy?

While o'er the fields the howling tempests
rage,
The prisoned linnet warbles in its cage;
When chill November through the forest
blows,

The greenhouse shelters the untroubled
rose;

Round the high trellis creeping tendrils
twine,

And the ripe clusters fill with blameless
wine;

We make the vine forget the winter's cold,
But how shall age forget its growing old?

Though doing right is better than deceit,
Time is a trickster it is fair to cheat;
The honest watches ticking in your fobs
Tell every minute how the rascal robs.
To clip his forelock and his scythe to hide,
To lay his hour-glass gently on its side,
To slip the cards he marked upon the
shelf

And deal him others you have marked
yourself,

If not a virtue cannot be a sin,
For the old rogue is sure at last to win.
What does he leave when life is well-nigh
spent

To lap its evening in a calm content?
Art, letters, science, these at least befriend
Our day's brief remnant to its peaceful
end, —

Peaceful for him who shows the setting
sun

A record worthy of his Lord's Well done!

When he, the master whom I will not
 name,
 Known to our calling, not unknown to
 fame,
 At life's extremest verge, half conscious
 lay,
 Helpless and sightless, dying day by day,
 His brain, so long with varied wisdom
 fraught,
 Filled with the broken enginery of thought,
 A flitting vision often would illumine
 His darkened world, and cheer its deepen-
 ing gloom, —
 A sunbeam struggling through the long
 eclipse, —
 And smiles of pleasure play around his lips.
 He loved the art that shapes the dome and
 spire;
 The Roman's page, the ring of Byron's
 lyre,
 And oft when fitful memory would return
 To find some fragment in her broken urn,
 Would wake to life some long-forgotten
 hour,
 And lead his thought to Pisa's terraced
 tower,
 Or trace in light before his rayless eye
 The dome-crowned Pantheon printed on
 the sky;
 Then while the view his ravished soul ab-
 sorbs
 And lends a glitter to the sightless orbs,
 The patient watcher feels the stillness
 stirred
 By the faint murmur of some classic word,
 Or the long roll of Harold's lofty rhyme,
 "Simple, erect, severe, austere, sub-
 lime," —
 Such were the dreams that soothed his
 couch of pain,
 The sweet nepenthe of the worn-out brain.

Brothers in art, who live for others' needs
 In duty's bondage, mercy's gracious deeds,
 Of all who toil beneath the circling sun
 Whose evening rest than yours more fairly
 won?
 Though many a cloud your struggling
 morn obscures,
 What sunset brings a brighter sky than
 yours?

I, who your labors for a while have shared,
 New tasks have sought, with new com-
 panions fared,
 For nature's servant far too often seen
 A loiterer by the waves of Hippocrene;
 Yet round the earlier friendship twines the
 new,
 My footsteps wander, but my heart is
 true,
 Nor e'er forgets the living or the dead
 Who trod with me the paths where science
 led.

How can I tell you, O my loving friends!
 What light, what warmth, your joyous
 welcome lends
 To life's late hour? Alas! my song is
 sung,
 Its fading accents falter on my tongue.
 Sweet friends, if, shrinking in the banquet's
 blaze,
 Your blushing guest must face the breath
 of praise,
 Speak not too well of one who scarce will
 know
 Himself transfigured in its roseate glow;
 Say kindly of him what is, chiefly, true,
 Remembering always he belongs to you;
 Deal with him as a truant, if you will,
 But claim him, keep him, call him brother
 still!

SONGS IN MANY KEYS

1849-1861

PROLOGUE

THE piping of our slender, peaceful reeds
Whispers uncared for while the trumpets
bray;

Song is thin air; our hearts' exulting play
Beats time but to the tread of marching
deeds,

Following the mighty van that Freedom
leads,

Her glorious standard flaming to the day!
The crimsoned pavement where a hero
bleeds

Breathes nobler lessons than the poet's lay.
Strong arms, broad breasts, brave hearts,
are better worth

Than strains that sing the ravished echoes
dumb.

Hark! 't is the loud reverberating drum
Rolls o'er the prairied West, the rock-
bound North:

The myriad-handed Future stretches forth
Its shadowy palms. Behold, we come, —
we come!

Turn o'er these idle leaves. Such toys as
these

Were not unsought for, as, in languid
dreams,

We lay beside our lotus-feeding streams,
And nursed our fancies in forgetful ease.

It matters little if they pall or please,
Dropping untimely, while the sudden
gleams

Glare from the mustering clouds whose
blackness seems

Too swollen to hold its lightning from the
trees.

Yet, in some lull of passion, when at last
These calm revolving moons that come and
go —

Turning our months to years, they creep so
slow —

Have brought us rest, the not unwelcome
past

May flutter to thee through these leaflets,
cast

On the wild winds that all around us blow.
May 1, 1861.

AGNES

The story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surriage is told in the ballad with a very strict adhesion 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, then standing; from a very interesting Memoir, by the Rev. Elias Nason, of Medford; 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 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.

The story, which I have told literally in rhyme, has been made the subject of a carefully studied and interesting romance by Mr. E. L. Byrner.

PART I. THE KNIGHT

THE tale I tell is gospel true,
As all the bookmen know,
And pilgrims who have strayed to view
The wrecks still left to show.

The old, old story, — fair, and young,
And fond, — and not too wise, —
That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,
To maids with downcast eyes.

Ah ! maidens err and matrons warn
Beneath the coldest sky;
Love lurks amid the tasselled corn
As in the bearded rye !

But who would dream our sober sires
Had learned the old world's ways,
And warmed their hearths with lawless fires
In Shirley's homespun days ?

'T is like some poet's pictured trance
His idle rhymes recite, —
This old New England-born romance
Of Agnes and the Knight;

Yet, known to all the country round,
Their home is standing still,
Between Wachusett's lonely mound
And Shawmut's threefold hill.

One hour we rumble on the rail,
One half-hour guide the rein,
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,
The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,
With stained and warping floor,
A stately mansion stands aloof
And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,
That breaks the gable wall;
And lo ! with arches opening wide,
Sir Harry Frankland's hall !

'T was in the second George's day
They sought the forest shade,

The knotted trunks they cleared away,
The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,
They smoothed the terraced ground,
They reared the marble-pillared wall
That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound
The Master's broad domain;
With page and valet, horse and hound,
He kept a godly train.

And, all the midland county through,
The ploughman stopped to gaze
Whene'er his chariot swept in view
Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,
Repaid by nod polite, —
For such the way with high and low
Till after Concord fight.

Nor less to courtly circles known
That graced the three-hilled town
With far-off splendors of the Throne,
And glimmerings from the Crown;

Wise Phipps, who held the seals of state
For Shirley over sea;
Brave Knowles, whose press-gang moved
of late
The King Street mob's decree;

And judges grave, and colonels grand,
Fair dames and stately men,
The mighty people of the land,
The " World " of there and then.

'T was strange no Chloe's " beauteous
Form,"
And " Eyes' æsterial Blew,"
This Strephon of the West could warm,
No Nymph his Heart subdue !

Perchance he wooed as gallants use,
Whom fleeting loves enchain,
But still unfettered, free to choose,
Would brook no bridle-rein.

He saw the fairest of the fair,
But smiled alike on all;
No band his roving foot might snare,
No ring his hand enthrall.

PART II. THE MAIDEN

Why seeks the knight that rocky cape
Beyond the Bay of Lynn?
What chance his wayward course may shape
To reach its village inn?

No story tells; whate'er we guess,
The past lies deaf and still,
But Fate, who rules to blight or bless,
Can lead us where she will.

Make way! Sir Harry's coach and four,
And liveried grooms that ride!
They cross the ferry, touch the shore
On Winnisimmet's side.

They hear the wash on Chelsea Beach, —
The level marsh they pass,
Where miles on miles the desert reach
Is rough with bitter grass.

The shining horses foam and pant,
And now the smells begin
Of fishy Swampscott, salt Nahant,
And leather-scented Lynn.

Next, on their left, the slender spires
And glittering vanes that crown
The home of Salem's frugal sires,
The old, witch-haunted town.

So onward, o'er the rugged way
That runs through rocks and sand,
Showered by the tempest-driven spray,
From bays on either hand,

That shut between their outstretched arms
The crews of Marblehead,
The lords of ocean's watery farms,
Who plough the waves for bread.

At last the ancient inn appears,
The spreading elm below,
Whose flapping sign these fifty years
Has seasawed to and fro.

How fair the azure fields in sight
Before the low-browed inn!
The tumbling billows fringe with light
The crescent shore of Lynn;

Nahant thrusts outward through the waves
Her arm of yellow sand,

And breaks the roaring surge that braves
The gauntlet on her hand;

With eddying whirl the waters lock
Yon treeless mound forlorn,
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-rock,
That fronts the Spouting Horn;

Then free the white-sailed shallows glide,
And wide the ocean smiles,
Till, shoreward bent, his streams divide
The two bare Misery Isles.

The master's silent signal stays
The wearied cavalcade;
The coachman reins his smoking bays
Beneath the elm-tree's shade.

A gathering on the village green!
The cocked-hats crowd to see,
On legs in ancient velveteen,
With buckles at the knee.

A clustering round the tavern-door
Of square-toed village boys,
Still wearing, as their grandsires wore,
The old-world corduroys!

A scampering at the "Fountain" inn, —
A rush of great and small, —
With hurrying servants' mingled din
And screaming matron's call!

Poor Agnes! with her work half done
They caught her unaware;
As, humbly, like a praying nun,
She knelt upon the stair;

Bent o'er the steps, with lowliest mien
She knelt, but not to pray, —
Her little hands must keep them clean,
And wash their stains away.

A foot, an ankle, bare and white,
Her girlish shapes betrayed, —
"Ha! Nymphs and Graces!" spoke the
Knight;
"Look up, my beauteous Maid!"

She turned, — a reddening rose in bud,
Its calyx half withdrawn, —
Her cheek on fire with damasked blood
Of girlhood's glowing dawn!

He searched her features through and through,

As royal lovers look

On lowly maidens, when they woo
Without the ring and book.

"Come hither, Fair one! Here, my Sweet!

Nay, prithee, look not down!

Take this to shoe those little feet," —
He tossed a silver crown.

A sudden paleness struck her brow, —

A swifter blush succeeds;

It burns her cheek; it kindles now
Beneath her golden beads.

She flitted, but the glittering eye

Still sought the lovely face.

Who was she? What, and whence? and
why

Doomed to such menial place?

A skipper's daughter, — so they said, —

Left orphan by the gale

That cost the fleet of Marblehead
And Gloucester thirty sail.

Ah! many a lonely home is found

Along the Essex shore,

That cheered its goodman outward bound,
And sees his face no more!

"Not so," the matron whispered, — "sure

No orphan girl is she, —

The Surriage folk are deadly poor
Since Edward left the sea,

"And Mary, with her growing brood,

Has work enough to do

To find the children clothes and food
With Thomas, John, and Hugh.

"This girl of Mary's, growing tall, —

(Just turned her sixteenth year,) —

To earn her bread and help them all,
Would work as housemaid here."

So Agnes, with her golden beads,

And naught beside as dower,

Grew at the wayside with the weeds,
Herself a garden-flower.

'T was strange, 't was sad, — so fresh, so
fair!

Thus Pity's voice began.

Such grace! an angel's shape and air!
The half-heard whisper ran.

For eyes could see in George's time,

As now in later days,

And lips could shape, in prose and rhyme,
The honeyed breath of praise.

No time to woo! The train must go

Long ere the sun is down,

To reach, before the night-winds blow,
The many-steeped town.

'T is midnight, — street and square are
still;

Dark roll the whispering waves

That lap the piers beneath the hill

Ridged thick with ancient graves.

Ah, gentle sleep! thy hand will smooth

The weary couch of pain,

When all thy poppies fail to soothe
The lover's throbbing brain!

'T is morn, — the orange-mantled sun

Breaks through the fading gray,

And long and loud the Castle gun
Peals o'er the glistening bay.

"Thank God 't is day!" With eager eye

He hails the morning shine: —

"If art can win, or gold can buy,
The maiden shall be mine!"

PART III. THE CONQUEST

"Who saw this hussy when she came?

What is the wench, and who?"

They whisper. *Agnes* — is her name?

Pray what has she to do?

The housemaids parley at the gate,

The scullions on the stair,

And in the footmen's grave debate

The butler deigns to share.

Black Dinah, stolen when a child,

And sold on Boston pier,

Grown up in service, petted, spoiled,
Speaks in the coachman's ear:

"What, all this household at his will?

And all are yet too few?

More servants, and more servants still, —

This pert young madam too!"

"*Servant ! fine servant !*" laughed aloud
The man of coach and steeds;
"She looks too fair, she steps too proud,
This girl with golden beads !

"I tell you, you may fret and frown,
And call her what you choose,
You'll find my Lady in her gown,
Your Mistress in her shoes !"

Ah, gentle maidens, free from blame,
God grant you never know
The little whisper, loud with shame,
That makes the world your foe !

Why tell the lordly flatterer's art,
That won the maiden's ear, —
The fluttering of the frightened heart,
The blush, the smile, the tear ?

Alas ! it were the saddening tale
That every language knows, —
The wooing wind, the yielding sail,
The sunbeam and the rose.

And now the gown of sober stuff
Has changed to fair brocade,
With broidered hem, and hanging cuff,
And flower of silken braid ;

And clasped around her blanching wrist
A jewelled bracelet shines,
Her flowing tresses' massive twist
A glittering net confines ;

And mingling with their truant wave
A fretted chain is hung;
But ah ! the gift her mother gave, —
Its beads are all unstrung !

Her place is at the master's board,
Where none disputes her claim;
She walks beside the mansion's lord,
His bride in all but name.

The busy tongues have ceased to talk,
Or speak in softened tone,
So gracious in her daily walk
The angel light has shown.

No want that kindness may relieve
Assails her heart in vain,
The lifting of a ragged sleeve
Will check her palfrey's rein.

A thoughtful calm, a quiet grace
In every movement shown,
Reveal her moulded for the place
She may not call her own.

And, save that on her youthful brow
There broods a shadowy care,
No matron sealed with holy vow
In all the land so fair !

PART IV. THE RESCUE

A ship comes foaming up the bay,
Along the pier she glides;
Before her furrow melts away,
A courier mounts and rides.

"Haste, Haste, post Haste !" the letters
bear ;

"Sir Harry Frankland, These."
Sad news to tell the loving pair !
The knight must cross the seas.

"Alas ! we part !" — the lips that spoke
Lost all their rosy red,
As when a crystal cup is broke,
And all its wine is shed.

"Nay, droop not thus, — where'er," he
cried,

"I go by land or sea,
My love, my life, my joy, my pride,
Thy place is still by me !"

Through town and city, far and wide,
Their wandering feet have strayed,
From Alpine lake to ocean tide,
And cold Sierra's shade.

At length they see the waters gleam
Amid the fragrant bowers
Where Lisbon mirrors in the stream
Her belt of ancient towers.

Red is the orange on its bough,
To-morrow's sun shall fling
O'er Cintra's hazel-shaded brow
The flush of April's wing.

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,
They dance on every green;
The morning's dial marks the birth
Of proud Braganza's queen.

At eve beneath their pictured dome
The gilded courtiers throng;
The broad moidores have cheated Rome
Of all her lords of song.

Ah ! Lisbon dreams not of the day —
Pleased with her painted scenes —
When all her towers shall slide away
As now these canvas screens !

The spring has passed, the summer fled,
And yet they linger still,
Though autumn's rustling leaves have
spread
The flank of Cintra's hill.

The town has learned their Saxon name,
And touched their English gold,
Nor tale of doubt nor hint of blame
From over sea is told.

Three hours the first November dawn
Has climbed with feeble ray
Through mists like heavy curtains drawn
Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep !
Hark ! hark ! a hollow sound, —
A noise like chariots rumbling deep
Beneath the solid ground.

The channel lifts, the water slides
And bares its bar of sand,
Anon a mountain billow strides
And crashes o'er the land.

The turrets lean, the steeples reel
Like masts on ocean's swell,
And clash a long discordant peal,
The death-doomed city's knell.

The pavement bursts, the earth upheaves
Beneath the staggering town !
The turrets crack — the castle cleaves —
The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow
With strange unearthly gleams;
While black abysses gape below,
Then close in jagged seams.

The earth has folded like a wave,
And thrice a thousand score,
Clasped, shroudless, in their closing grave,
The sun shall see no more !

And all is over. Street and square
In ruined heaps are piled;
Ah ! where is she, so frail, so fair,
Amid the tumult wild ?

Unscathed, she treads the wreck - piled
street,
Whose narrow gaps afford
A pathway for her bleeding feet,
To seek her absent lord.

A temple's broken walls arrest
Her wild and wandering eyes;
Beneath its shattered portal pressed,
Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey
Shall lifeless blocks withstand ?
Love led her footsteps where he lay, —
Love nerves her woman's hand:

One cry, — the marble shaft she grasps, —
Up heaves the ponderous stone : —
He breathes, — her fainting form he
clasps, —
Her life has bought his own !

PART V. THE REWARD

How like the starless night of death
Our being's brief eclipse,
When faltering heart and failing breath
Have bleached the fading lips !

She lives ! What guerdon shall repay
His debt of ransomed life ?
One word can charm all wrongs away, —
The sacred name of WIFE !

The love that won her girlish charms
Must shield her matron fame,
And write beneath the Frankland arms
The village beauty's name.

Go, call the priest ! no vain delay
Shall dim the sacred ring !
Who knows what change the passing
day,
The fleeting hour, may bring ?

Before the holy altar bent,
There kneels a goodly pair;
A stately man, of high descent,
A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen
That meaner beauty needs,
But on her bosom heavens unseen
A string of golden beads.

The vow is spoke, — the prayer is said, —
And with a gentle pride
The Lady Agnes lifts her head,
Sir Harry Frankland's bride.

No more her faithful heart shall bear
Those griefs so meekly borne, —
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,
The icy look of scorn;

No more the blue-eyed English dames
Their haughty lips shall curl,
Whene'er a hissing whisper names
The poor New England girl.

But stay! — his mother's haughty brow, —
The pride of ancient race, —
Will plighted faith, and holy vow,
Win back her fond embrace?

Too well she knew the saddening tale
Of love no vow had blest,
That turned his blushing honors pale
And stained his knightly crest.

They seek his Northern home, — alas:
He goes alone before; —
His own dear Agnes may not pass
The proud, ancestral door.

He stood before the stately dame;
He spoke; she calmly heard,
But not to pity, nor to blame;
She breathed no single word.

He told his love, — her faith betrayed;
She heard with tearless eyes;
Could she forgive the erring maid?
She stared in cold surprise.

How fond her heart, he told, — how true;
The haughty eyelids fell; —
The kindly deeds she loved to do;
She murmured, "It is well."

But when he told that fearful day,
And how her feet were led
To where entombed in life he lay,
The breathing with the dead,

And how she bruised her tender breasts
Against the crushing stone,
That still the strong-armed clown protests
No man can lift alone, —

Oh! then the frozen spring was broke;
By turns she wept and smiled; —
"Sweet Agnes!" so the mother spoke,
"God bless my angel child!"

"She saved thee from the jaws of death, —
'Tis thine to right her wrongs;
I tell thee, — I, who gave thee breath, —
To her thy life belongs!"

Thus Agnes won her noble name,
Her lawless lover's hand;
The lowly maiden so became
A lady in the land!

PART VI. CONCLUSION

The tale is done; it little needs
To track their after ways,
And string again the golden beads
Of love's uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle
For bleak New England's shore;
How gracious is the courtly smile
Of all who frowned before!

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers
They watch the river's gleam,
And shudder as her shadowy towers
Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair;
His cheek, alas! grows pale;
The breast that trampling death could
spare
His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue
For England's clouded sky, —
To breathe the air his boyhood knew;
He seeks them but to die.

Hard by the terraced hillside town,
Where healing streamlets run,
Still sparkling with their old renown, —
The "Waters of the Sun," —

The Lady Agnes raised the stone
That marks his honored grave,

And there Sir Harry sleeps alone
By Wiltshire Avon's wave.

The home of early love was dear;
She sought its peaceful shade,
And kept her state for many a year,
With none to make afraid.

At last the evil days were come
That saw the red cross fall;
She hears the rebels' rattling drum, —
Farewell to Frankland Hall!

I tell you, as my tale began,
The hall is standing still;
And you, kind listener, maid or man,
May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,
Like trees the lilacs grow,
Three elms high-arching still are seen,
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,
Flap on the latticed wall;
And o'er the mossy ridgepole towers
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

The doors on mighty hinges clash
With massive bolt and bar,
The heavy English-moulded sash
Scarce can the night-winds jar.

Behold the chosen room he sought
Alone, to fast and pray,
Each year, as chill November brought
The dismal earthquake day.

There hung the rapier blade he wore,
Bent in its flattened sheath;
The coat the shrieking woman tore
Caught in her clenching teeth; —

The coat with tarnished silver lace
She snapped at as she slid,
And down upon her death-white face
Crashed the huge coffin's lid.

A graded terrace yet remains;
If on its turf you stand
And look along the wooded plains
That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define
A dim, receding view,

Where, on the far horizon's line,
He cut his vista through.

If further story you shall crave,
Or ask for living proof,
Go see old Julia, born a slave
Beneath Sir Harry's roof.

She told me half that I have told,
And she remembers well
The mansion as it looked of old
Before its glories fell; —

The box, when round the terraced square
Its glossy wall was drawn;
The climbing vines, the snow-balls fair,
The roses on the lawn.

And Julia says, with truthful look
Stamped on her wrinkled face,
That in her own black hands she took
The coat with silver lace.

And you may hold the story light,
Or, if you like, believe;
But there it was, the woman's bite, —
A mouthful from the sleeve.

Now go your ways; — I need not tell
The moral of my rhyme;
But, youths and maidens, ponder well
This tale of olden time!

THE PLOUGHMAN

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 4, 1849

[At this anniversary, Dr. Holmes not only read the following poem, but was chairman of the committee on the ploughing match, and read the report which will be found in the notes at the end of this volume.]

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,

Line after line, along the bursting sod,
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have
 trod;
 Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods
 divide,
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and
 wide;
 Matted and dense the tangled turf up-
 heaves,
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield
 cleaves;
 Up the steep hillside, where the laboring
 train
 Slants the long track that scores the level
 plain;
 Through the moist valley, clogged with
 oozing clay,
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,
 The swinging ploughshare circles glisten-
 ing round,
 Till the wide field one billowy waste ap-
 pears,
 And wearied hands unbind the panting
 steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor
 brings
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of
 kings;
 This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
 Changed by the sun to words of living
 green;
 This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
 Spells the first lesson hunger taught to
 men;
 These are the lines which heaven-com-
 manded Toil
 Shows on his deed, — the charter of the
 soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant
 breast
 Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
 How thy sweet features, kind to every
 clime,
 Mock with their smile the wrinkled front
 of time !
 We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er
 the dead;
 We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
 O'er the red field that trampling strife has
 torn,
 Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled
 corn;

Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest
 plain,
 Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
 Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted
 charms
 Steal round our hearts in thine embracing
 arms,
 Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
 And thy fond sweetness waste our strength
 away.

No ! by these hills, whose banners now dis-
 played
 In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
 By yon twin summits, on whose splintery
 crests
 The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles'
 nests;
 By these fair plains the mountain circle
 screens,
 And feeds with streamlets from its dark
 ravines, —
 True to their home, these faithful arms
 shall toil
 To crown with peace their own untainted
 soil;
 And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
 If her chained bandogs Faction shall un-
 bind,
 These stately forms, that bending even now
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble
 plough,
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
 The same stern iron in the same right hand,
 Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,
 The sword has rescued what the plough-
 share won !

SPRING

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature
 warms
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
 The southern slopes are fringed with ten-
 der green;
 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping
 eaves,
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their
 glowing leaves,
 Bright with the hues from wider pictures
 won,
 White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or
 sun, —

The snowdrop, bearing on her patient
breast
The frozen trophy torn from Winter's
crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through
the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm
on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted
sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut
cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo
leaves;
The house-fly, stealing from his narrow
grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November
gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny
pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crust
walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent
crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his
sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened
leap;
On floating rails that face the softening
noons
The still shy turtles range their dark pla-
toons,
Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing
fields,
Trail through the grass their tessellated
shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooded by her playmate with the golden
hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with open-
ing buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of
May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon
blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays;

O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-
lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and
free;
With yellower flames the lengthened sun-
shine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing
rose;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she
strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy
glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning Summer
calls
Through the deep arches of her forest
halls,—
The bluebird, breathing from his azure
plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle
blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping
meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, imperious, his *staccato* note;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his
crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging
walls,
Deaf to her voice, while blooming Nature
calls;
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying
books?
Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past!
Fly with the leaves that fill the autumn
blast!
Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains
Lock the warm tides within these living
veins,
Close your dim cavern, while its captive
strays
Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze!

THE STUDY

YET in the darksome crypt I left so late,
Whose only altar is its rusted grate, —
Sepulchral, rayless, joyless as it seems,
Shamed by the glare of May's refulgent
beams, —

While the dim seasons dragged their
shrouded train,

Its paler splendors were not quite in vain.
From these dull bars the cheerful firelight's
glow

Streamed through the casement o'er the
spectral snow;

Here, while the night-wind wreaked its
frantic will

On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,
Rent the cracked topsail from its quiver-
ing yard,

And rived the oak a thousand storms had
scarred,

Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper
shone,

Nor felt a breath to slant its trembling
cone.

Not all unblest the mild interior scene
When the red curtain spread its falling
screen;

O'er some light task the lonely hours were
past,

And the long evening only flew too fast;
Or the wide chair its leathern arms would
lend

In genial welcome to some easy friend,
Stretched on its bosom with relaxing nerves,
Slow moulding, plastic, to its hollow curves;
Perchance indulging, if of generous creed,
In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling
weed.

Or, happier still, the evening hour would
bring

To the round table its expected ring,
And while the punch-bowl's sounding depths
were stirred, —

Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard, —
Our hearts would open, as at evening's hour
The close-sealed primrose frees its hidden
flower.

Such the warm life this dim retreat has
known,

Not quite deserted when its guests were
flown;

Nay, filled with friends, an unobtrusive set,
Guiltless of calls and cards and etiquette,
Ready to answer, never known to ask,
Claiming no service, prompt for every task.

On those dark shelves no housewife hand
profanes,

O'er his mute files the monarch folio reigns;
A mingled race, the wreck of chance and
time,

That talk all tongues and breathe of every
clime,

Each knows his place, and each may claim
his part

In some quaint corner of his master's
heart.

This old Decretal, won from Kloss's hoards,
Thick-leaved, brass-cornered, ribbed with
oaken boards,

Stands the gray patriarch of the graver
rows,

Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its
close;

Not daily conned, but glorious still to view,
With glistening letters wrought in red and
blue.

There towers Stagira's all-embracing sage,
The Aldine anchor on his opening page;
There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly
mind,

In yon dark tomb by jealous clasps con-
fined,

"Olim e libris" (dare I call it mine?)
Of Yale's grave Head and Killingworth's
divine!

In those square sheets the songs of Maro
fill

The silvery types of smooth-leaved Basker-
ville;

High over all, in close, compact array,
Their classic wealth the Elzevirs display.

In lower regions of the sacred space
Range the dense volumes of a humbler
race;

There grim churgeons all their mysteries
teach,

In spectral pictures, or in crabbed speech;
Harvey and Haller, fresh from Nature's
page,

Shoulder the dreamers of an earlier age,
Lully and Geber, and the learned crew

That loved to talk of all they could not do.
Why count the rest, — those names of later
days

That many love, and all agree to praise, —

Or point the titles, where a glance may
read
The dangerous lines of party or of creed ?
Too well, perchance, the chosen list would
show
What few may care and none can claim to
know.
Each has his features, whose exterior seal
A brush may copy, or a sunbeam steal ;
Go to his study, — on the nearest shelf
Stands the mosaic portrait of himself.

What though for months the tranquil
dust descends,
Whitening the heads of these mine ancient
friends,
While the damp offspring of the modern
press
Flaunts on my table with its pictured dress ;
Not less I love each dull familiar face,
Nor less should miss it from the appointed
place ;
I snatch the book, along whose burning
leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,
Yet, while proud Hester's fiery pangs I
share,
My old MAGNALIA must be standing *there* !

THE BELLS

WHEN o'er the street the morning peal is
flung
From yon tall belfry with the brazen
tongue,
Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,
To each far listener tell a different tale.

The sexton, stooping to the quivering
floor
Till the great caldron spills its brassy roar,
Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by one,
Each dull concussion, till his task is done.

Toil's patient daughter, when the wel-
come note

Clangs through the silence from the
steeple's throat,
Streams, a white unit, to the checkered
street,

Demure, but guessing whom she soon shall
meet ;

The bell, responsive to her secret flame,
With every note repeats her lover's name.

The lover, tenant of the neighboring
lane,

Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,
Hears the stern accents, as they come and
go,

Their only burden one despairing No !
Ocean's rough child, whom many a
shore has known

Ere homeward breezes swept him to his
own,

Starts at the echo as it circles round,
A thousand memories kindling with the
sound ;

The early favorite's unforgotten charms,
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms ;
His first farewell, the flapping canvas
spread,

The seaward streamers crackling overhead,
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to
weep

Her first-born's bridal with the haggard
deep,

While the brave father stood with tearless
eye,

Smiling and choking with his last good-by.

'T is but a wave, whose spreading circle
beats,

With the same impulse, every nerve it
meets,

Yet who shall count the varied shapes that
ride

On the round surge of that aerial tide !

O child of earth ! If floating sounds like
these

Steal from thyself their power to wound or
please,

If here or there thy changing will inclines,
As the bright zodiac shifts its rolling signs,

Look at thy heart, and when its depths are
known,

Then try thy brother's, judging by thine own,
But keep thy wisdom to the narrower
range,

While its own standards are the sport of
change,

Nor count us rebels when we disobey
The passing breath that holds thy passion's
sway.

NON-RESISTANCE

PERHAPS too far in these considerate
days

Has patience carried her submissive ways ;

Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
 To take one blow, and turn the other cheek;
 It is not written what a man shall do
 If the rude caitiff smite the other too!

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need
 God help thee, guarded by the passive creed!
 As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and cowl,
 When through the forest rings the gray wolf's howl;
 As the deep galleon trusts her gilded prow
 When the black corsair slants athwart her bow;
 As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,
 Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,
 When the dark plumage with the crimson beak
 Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak, —
 So trust thy friends, whose babbling tongues would charm
 The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,
 Thy torches ready for the answering peal
 From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!

THE MORAL BULLY

Yon whey-faced brother, who delights to wear
 A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
 Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
 One elbows freely into smallest space;
 A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
 Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip;
 One of those harmless spectacled machines,
 The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes;
 Whom school-boys question if their walk transcends
 The last advices of maternal friends;
 Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,
 Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,
 While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn,
 Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn;

Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,
 Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
 Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
 And the laced high-lows which they call their boots,
 Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front severe,
 But him, O stranger, him thou canst not *fear*!

Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
 Man of broad shoulders and heroic size!
 The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
 Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.
 In that lean phantom, whose extended glove
 Points to the text of universal love,
 Behold the master that can tame thee down
 To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown;
 His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
 His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist!

The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears,
 Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
 Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,
 And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
 Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
 In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,
 Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast
 That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,
 Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear
 That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
 Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
 Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
 Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
 That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
 As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
 When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck!

Heaven keep us all! Is every rascal
 clown
 Whose arm is stronger free to knock us
 down?
 Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic soul
 Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on pa-
 role,
 Who, though he carries but a doubtful
 trace
 Of angel visits on his hungry face,
 From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
 Has dogged some vices in a shabby way,
 The right to stick us with his cutthroat
 terms,
 And bait his homilies with his brother
 worms?

THE MIND'S DIET

No life worth naming ever comes to
 good
 If always nourished on the selfsame food;
 The creeping mite may live so if he please,
 And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese,
 But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt,
 If mammals try it, that their eyes drop
 out.

No reasoning natures find it safe to feed,
 For their sole diet, on a single creed;
 It spoils their eyeballs while it spares their
 tongues,
 And starves the heart to feed the noisy
 lungs.

When the first larvæ on the elm are
 seen,
 The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are
 green;
 Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
 They, like the foliage, change their tint to
 brown;
 On the blue flower a bluer flower you
 spy,
 You stretch to pluck it — 't is a butterfly;
 The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
 They're hard to find as Ethiops in the
 dark;
 The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
 Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for
 his blood;
 So by long living on a single lie,
 Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its
 dye;

Red, yellow, green, they take their sub-
 ject's hue, —
 Except when squabbling turns them black
 and blue!

OUR LIMITATIONS

WE trust and fear, we question and
 believe,
 From life's dark threads a trembling faith
 to weave,
 Frail as the web that misty night has spun,
 Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the
 sun.
 While the calm centuries spell their lessons
 out,
 Each truth we conquer spreads the realm
 of doubt;
 When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's
 throne,
 The chosen Prophet knew his voice alone;
 When Pilate's hall that awful question
 heard,
 The Heavenly Captive answered not a
 word.

Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and
 fears
 Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad
 spheres!
 From age to age, while History carves
 sublime
 On her waste rock the flaming curves of
 time,
 How the wild swayings of our planet show
 That worlds unseen surround the world we
 know.

THE OLD PLAYER

THE curtain rose; in thunders long and
 loud
 The galleries rung; the veteran actor
 bowed.
 In flaming line the telltales of the stage
 Showed on his brow the autograph of age;
 Pale, hueless waves amid his clustered hair,
 And umbered shadows, prints of toil and
 care;
 Round the wide circle glanced his vacant
 eye, —
 He strove to speak, — his voice was but a
 sigh.

Year after year had seen its short-lived
 race
 Flit past the scenes and others take their
 place;
 Yet the old prompter watched his accents
 still,
 His name still flaunted on the evening's
 bill.
 Heroes, the monarchs of the scenic floor,
 Had died in earnest and were heard no
 more;
 Beauties, whose cheeks such roseate bloom
 o'erspread
 They faced the footlights in unborrowed
 red,
 Had faded slowly through successive
 shades
 To gray duennas, foils of younger maids;
 Sweet voices lost the melting tones that
 start
 With Southern throbs the sturdy Saxon
 heart,
 While fresh sopranos shook the painted sky
 With their long, breathless, quivering
 locust-cry.
 Yet there he stood, — the man of other
 days,
 In the clear present's full, unsparring blaze,
 As on the oak a faded leaf that clings
 While a new April spreads its burnished
 wings.

How bright yon rows that soared in
 triple tier,
 Their central sun the flashing chandelier !
 How dim the eye that sought with doubtful
 aim
 Some friendly smile it still might dare to
 claim !
 How fresh these hearts ! his own how worn
 and cold !
 Such the sad thoughts that long-drawn
 sigh had told.
 No word yet faltered on his trembling
 tongue;
 Again, again, the crashing galleries rung.
 As the old guardsman at the bugle's blast
 Hears in its strain the echoes of the past,
 So, as the plaudits rolled and thundered
 round,
 A life of memories startled at the sound.
 He lived again, — the page of earliest
 days, —
 Days of small fee and parsimonious
 praise;

Then lithe young Romeo — hark that sil-
 vered tone,
 From those smooth lips — alas ! they were
 his own.
 Then the bronzed Moor, with all his love
 and woe,
 Told his strange tale of midnight melting
 snow ;
 And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his cloak
 and blade,
 Looked on the royal ghost, himself a
 shade.
 All in one flash, his youthful memories
 came,
 Traced in bright hues of evanescent flame,
 As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong
 dream,
 While the last bubble rises through the
 stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
 Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
 For him in vain the envious seasons roll
 Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
 If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
 Spring with her birds, or children at their
 play,
 Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of
 art,
 Stir the few life-drops creeping round his
 heart,
 Turn to the record where his years are
 told, —
 Count his gray hairs, — they cannot make
 him old !
 What magic power has changed the
 faded mime ?
 One breath of memory on the dust of time.
 As the last window in the buttressed wall
 Of some gray minster tottering to its fall,
 Though to the passing crowd its hues are
 spread,
 A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red,
 Viewed from within, a radiant glory shows
 When through its pictured screen the sun-
 light flows,
 And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane
 See angels glow in every shapeless stain;
 So streamed the vision through his sunken
 eye,
 Clad in the splendors of his morning sky.
 All the wild hopes his eager boyhood
 knew,
 All the young fancies riper years proved
 true.

The sweet, low-whispered words, the winning glance
 From queens of song, from Houris of the dance,
 Wealth's lavish gift, and Flattery's soothing phrase,
 And Beauty's silence when her blush was praise,
 And melting Pride, her lashes wet with tears,
 Triumphs and banquets, wreaths and crowns and cheers,
 Pangs of wild joy that perish on the tongue,
 And all that poets dream, but leave unsung!

In every heart some viewless founts are fed
 From far-off hillsides where the dews were shed:

On the worn features of the weariest face
 Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace,

As in old gardens left by exiled kings
 The marble basins tell of hidden springs,
 But, gray with dust, and overgrown with weeds,

Their choking jets the passer little heeds,
 Till time's revenges break their seals away,
 And, clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

Good night, fond dreamer! let the curtain fall:

The world's a stage, and we are players all.
 A strange rehearsal! Kings without their crowns,

And threadbare lords, and jewel-wearing clowns,

Speak the vain words that mock their throbbing hearts,

As Want, stern prompter! spells them out their parts.

The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay
 Is twice an actor in a twofold play.

We smile at children when a painted screen
 Seems to their simple eyes a real scene;

Ask the poor hireling, who has left his throne

To seek the cheerless home he calls his own,
 Which of his double lives most real seems,
 The world of solid fact or scenic dreams?
 Canvas, or clouds, — the footlights, or the spheres, —

The play of two short hours, or seventy years?

Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our open eyes,

Through their closed lids we look on fairer skies;

Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;
 The cheating future lends the present's bliss;

Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,

That chases phantoms over shifting sands,
 Death a still spectre on a marble seat,
 With ever clutching palms and shackled feet;

The airy shapes that mock life's slender chain,

The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,
 Death only grasps; to live is to pursue, —
 Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!

A POEM

DEDICATION OF THE PITTSFIELD CEMETERY,
 SEPTEMBER 9, 1850

ANGEL of Death! extend thy silent reign!

Stretch thy dark sceptre o'er this new domain!

No sable car along the winding road
 Has borne to earth its unresisting load;
 No sudden mound has risen yet to show
 Where the pale slumberer folds his arms below;

No marble gleams to bid his memory live
 In the brief lines that hurrying Time can give;

Yet, O Destroyer! from thy shrouded throne

Look on our gift; this realm is all thine own!

Fair is the scene; its sweetness oft beguiled

From their dim paths the children of the wild;

The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy dells,

The feathered warrior claimed its wooded swells,

Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges show

The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,
Chipped with rough art and slow barbarian
toil, —

Last of his wrecks that strews the alien
soil !

Here spread the fields that heaped their
ripened store

Till the brown arms of Labor held no more;
The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky
blush;

The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;
The green-haired maize, her silken tresses
laid,

In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade;
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing
plume;

The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of
bloom, —

Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive
With the wide murmurs of the scattered
hive;

Here glowed the apple with the pencilled
streak

Of morning painted on its southern cheek;
The pear's long necklace strung with golden
drops,

Arched, like the banian, o'er its pillared
props;

Here crept the growths that paid the la-
borer's care

With the cheap luxuries wealth consents to
spare;

Here sprang the healing herbs which could
not save

The hand that reared them from the neigh-
boring grave.

Yet all its varied charms, forever free
From task and tribute, Labor yields to thee:
No more, when April sheds her fitful rain,
The sower's hand shall cast its flying grain;
No more, when Autumn strews the flaming
leaves,

The reaper's band shall gird its yellow
sheaves ;

For thee alike the circling seasons flow
Till the first blossoms heave the latest
snow.

In the stiff clod below the whirling drifts,
In the loose soil the springing herbage lifts,
In the hot dust beneath the parching weeds,
Life's withering flower shall drop its
shrivelled seeds;

Its germ entranced in thy unbreathing sleep
Till what thou sowest mightier angels reap !

Spirit of Beauty ! let thy graces blend
With loveliest Nature all that Art can lend.
Come from the bowers where Summer's
life-blood flows

Through the red lips of June's half-open
rose,

Dressed in bright hues, the loving sun-
shine's dower;

For tranquil Nature owns no mourning
flower.

Come from the forest where the beech's
screen

Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes of
green;

Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy
plains,

Stanch the deep wound that dries the
maple's veins.

Come with the stream whose silver-
braided rills

Fling their unclasping bracelets from the
hills,

Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's
wings,

Melts the white glitter of a hundred
springs.

Come from the steeps where look majes-
tic forth

From their twin thrones the Giants of the
North

On the huge shapes, that, crouching at their
knees,

Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with
shaggy trees.

Through the wide waste of ether, not in
vain,

Their softened gaze shall reach our distant
plain;

There, while the mourner turns his aching
eyes

On the blue mounds that print the bluer
skies,

Nature shall whisper that the fading view
Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly
hue.

Cherub of Wisdom ! let thy marble page
Leave its sad lesson, new to every age;

Teach us to live, not grudging every breath
To the chill winds that wait us on to death,

But ruling calmly every pulse it warms,
And tempering gently every word it forms.

Seraph of Love ! in heaven's adoring zone,
Nearest of all around the central throne,

While with soft hands the pillowed turf we
spread

That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,
With the low whisper, — Who shall first be
laid

In the dark chamber's yet unbroken
shade? —

Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled
here,

And all we cherish grow more truly dear.
Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging
vault,

Oh, teach us kindness for our brother's
fault: •

Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful
sod,

And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

FATHER of all! in Death's relentless
claim

We read thy mercy by its sterner name;
In the bright flower that decks the solemn
bier,

We see thy glory in its narrowed sphere;
In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
We trace the curves of thy encircling laws;
In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
We own the love that calls us back to
Thee!

Through the hushed street, along the
silent plain,

The spectral future leads its mourning train,
Dark with the shadows of uncounted bands,
Where man's white lips and woman's wring-
ing hands

Track the still burden, rolling slow before,
That love and kindness can protect no
more;

The smiling babe that, called to mortal
strife,

Shuts its meek eyes and drops its little
life;

The drooping child who prays in vain to
live,

And pleads for help its parent cannot give;
The pride of beauty stricken in its flower;
The strength of manhood broken in an
hour;

Age in its weakness, bowed by toil and
care,

Traced in sad lines beneath its silvered hair.

The sun shall set, and heaven's resplen-
dent spheres

Gild the smooth turf unhallowed yet by
tears,

But ah! how soon the evening stars will
shed

Their sleepless light around the slumbering
dead!

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away,
And a new morning brings eternal day!

TO GOVERNOR SWAIN

[Mr. William W. Swain was a New Bedford merchant, who became the owner of the island of Naushon, where he exercised a generous hospitality, and was given the title of Governor in playful affection. He had a passionate love for every tree and stone on the island, and was buried in a beautiful open glade in the woods there. The island passed into the possession of Mr. John M. Forbes, who married Governor Swain's niece. Dr. Holmes speaks of his own entertainment at Naushon in the *Autocrat*, pp. 39-41. This poem was written at Pittsfield in 1851.]

DEAR GOVERNOR, if my skiff might brave
The winds that lift the ocean wave,
The mountain stream that loops and
swerves

Through my broad meadow's channelled
curves

Should waft me on from bound to bound
To where the River weds the Sound,
The Sound should give me to the Sea,
That to the Bay, the Bay to thee.

It may not be; too long the track
To follow down or struggle back.

The sun has set on fair Naushon
Long ere my western blaze is gone;
The ocean disk is rolling dark

In shadows round your swinging bark,
While yet the yellow sunset fills

The stream that scarfs my spruce-clad
hills;

The day-star wakes your island deer
Long ere my barnyard chanticleer;

Your mists are soaring in the blue
While mine are sparks of glittering dew.

It may not be; oh, would it might,
Could I live o'er that glowing night!
What golden hours would come to life,
What godly feats of peaceful strife, —
Such jests, that, drained of every joke,

The very bank of language broke, —
Such deeds, that Laughter nearly died
With stitches in his belted side;
While Time, caught fast in pleasure's
chain,

His double goblet snapped in twain,
And stood with half in either hand, —
Both brimming full, — but not of sand !

It may not be; I strive in vain
To break my slender household chain, —
Three pairs of little clasping hands,
One voice, that whispers, not commands.
Even while my spirit flies away,
My gentle jailers murmur nay;
All shapes of elemental wrath
They raise along my threatened path;
The storm grows black, the waters rise,
The mountains mingle with the skies,
The mad tornado scoops the ground,
The midnight robber prowls around, —
Thus, kissing every limb they tie,
They draw a knot and heave a sigh,
Till, fairly netted in the toil,
My feet are rooted to the soil.
Only the soaring wish is free ! —
And that, dear Governor, flies to thee !

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND

THE seed that wasteful autumn cast
To waver on its stormy blast,
Long o'er the wintry desert tost,
Its living germ has never lost.
Dropped by the weary tempest's wing,
It feels the kindling ray of spring,
And, starting from its dream of death,
Pours on the air its perfumed breath.

So, parted by the rolling flood,
The love that springs from common blood
Needs but a single sunlit hour
Of mingling smiles to bud and flower;
Unharm'd its slumbering life has flown,
From shore to shore, from zone to zone,
Where summer's falling roses stain
The tepid waves of Pontchartrain,
Or where the lichen creeps below
Katahdin's wreaths of whirling snow.

Though fiery sun and stiffening cold
May change the fair ancestral mould,
No winter chills, no summer drains
The life-blood drawn from English veins,

Still bearing whereso'er it flows
The love that with its fountain rose,
Unchanged by space, unwronged by time,
From age to age, from clime to clime !

AFTER A LECTURE ON WORDS- WORTH

[In 1853 Dr. Holmes gave a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston on English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, and this and the following five poems were post-ludes to the lectures.]

COME, spread your wings, as I spread mine,
And leave the crowded hall
For where the eyes of twilight shine
O'er evening's western wall.

These are the pleasant Berkshire hills,
Each with its leafy crown;
Hark ! from their sides a thousand rills
Come singing sweetly down.

A thousand rills; they leap and shine,
Strained through the shadowy nooks,
Till, clasped in many a gathering twine,
They swell a hundred brooks.

A hundred brooks, and still they run
With ripple, shade, and gleam,
Till, clustering all their braids in one,
They flow a single stream.

A bracelet spun from mountain mist,
A silvery sash unwound,
With ox-bow curve and sinuous twist
It writhes to reach the Sound.

This is my bark, — a pygmy's ship:
Beneath a child it rolls;
Fear not, — one body makes it dip,
But not a thousand souls.

Float we the grassy banks between;
Without an oar we glide;
The meadows, drest in living green,
Unroll on either side.

Come, take the book we love so well,
And let us read and dream
We see whate'er its pages tell,
And sail an English stream.

Up to the clouds the lark has sprung,
Still trilling as he flies;

The linnet sings as there he sung;
The unseen cuckoo cries,

And daisies strew the banks along,
And yellow kingcups shine,
With cowslips, and a primrose throng,
And humble celandine.

Ah foolish dream ! when Nature nursed
Her daughter in the West,
The fount was drained that opened first ;
She bared her other breast.

On the young planet's orient shore
Her morning hand she tried ;
Then turned the broad medallion o'er
And stamped the sunset side.

Take what she gives, her pine's tall stem,
Her elm with hanging spray ;
She wears her mountain diadem
Still in her own proud way.

Look on the forests' ancient kings,
The hemlock's towering pride :
Yon trunk had thrice a hundred rings,
And fell before it died.

Nor think that Nature saves her bloom
And slights our grassy plain ;
For us she wears her court costume, —
Look on its brodered train ;

The lily with the sprinkled dots,
Brands of the noontide beam ;
The cardinal, and the blood-red spots,
Its double in the stream,

As if some wounded eagle's breast,
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,
Had left its airy path impressed
In drops of scarlet rain.

And hark ! and hark ! the woodland rings ;
There thrilled the thrush's soul ;
And look ! that flash of flamy wings, —
The fire-plumed oriole !

Above, the hen-hawk swims and swoops,
Flung from the bright, blue sky ;
Below, the robin hops, and whoops
His piercing Indian cry.

Beauty runs virgin in the woods
Robed in her rustic green,

And oft a longing thought intrudes,
As if we might have seen

Her every finger's every joint
Ringed with some golden line,
Poet whom Nature did anoint !
Had our wild home been thine.

Yet think not so ; Old England's blood
Runs warm in English veins ;
But wafted o'er the icy foid
Its better life remains :

Our children know each wildwood smell,
The bayberry and the fern,
The man who does not know them well
Is all too old to learn.

Be patient ! On the breathing page
Still pants our hurried past ;
Pilgrim and soldier, saint and sage, —
The poet comes the last !

Though still the lark-voiced matins ring
The world has known so long ;
The wood-thrush of the West shall sing
Earth's last sweet even-song !

AFTER A LECTURE ON MOORE

SHINE soft, ye trembling tears of light
That strew the mourning skies ;
Hushed in the silent dews of night
The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have past
Of poets, saints, and kings, —
Her echoes only hear the last
That swept those golden strings.

Fling o'er his mound, ye star-lit bowers,
The balmiest wreaths ye wear,
Whose breath has lent your earth-born
flowers
Heaven's own ambrosial air.

Breathe, bird of night, thy softest tone,
By shadowy grove and rill ;
Thy song will soothe us while we own
That his was sweeter still.

Stay, pitying Time, thy foot for him
Who gave thee swifter wings,
Nor let thine envious shadow dim
The light his glory flings.

If in his cheek unholy blood
 Burned for one youthful hour,
 'T was but the flushing of the bud
 That blooms a milk-white flower.

Take him, kind mother, to thy breast,
 Who loved thy smiles so well,
 And spread thy mantle o'er his rest
 Of rose and ashopdel.

The bark has sailed the midnight sea,
 The sea without a shore,
 That waved its parting sign to thee, —
 "A health to thee, Tom Moore!"

And thine long lingering on the strand,
 Its bright-hued streamers furred,
 Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,
 To seek the silent world.

Not silent! no, the radiant stars
 Still singing as they shine,
 Unheard through earth's imprisoning bars,
 Have voices sweet as thine.

Wake, then, in happier realms above,
 The songs of bygone years,
 Till angels learn those airs of love
 That ravished mortal ears!

AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS

"Purpureos spargam flores."

THE wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave
 Is lying on thy Roman grave,
 Yet on its turf young April sets
 Her store of slender violets;
 Though all the Gods their garlands shower,
 I too may bring one purple flower.
 Alas! what blossom shall I bring,
 That opens in my Northern spring?
 The garden beds have all run wild,
 So trim when I was yet a child;
 Flat plantains and unseemly stalks
 Have crept across the gravel walks;
 The vines are dead, long, long ago,
 The almond buds no longer blow.
 No more upon its mound I see
 The azure, plume-bound fleur-de-lis;
 Where once the tulips used to show,
 In straggling tufts the pansies grow;
 The grass has quenched my white-rayed
 gem,

The flowering "Star of Bethlehem,"
 Though its long blade of glossy green
 And pallid stripe may still be seen.
 Nature, who treads her nobles down,
 And gives their birthright to the clown,
 Has sown her base-born weedy things
 Above the garden's queens and kings.
 Yet one sweet flower of ancient race
 Springs in the old familiar place.
 When snows were melting down the vale,
 And Earth unlaced her icy mail,
 And March his stormy trumpet blew,
 And tender green came peeping through,
 I loved the earliest one to seek
 That broke the soil with emerald beak,
 And watch the trembling bells so blue
 Spread on the column as it grew.
 Meek child of earth! thou wilt not shame
 The sweet, dead poet's holy name;
 The God of music gave thee birth,
 Called from the crimson-spotted earth,
 Where, sobbing his young life away,
 His own fair Hyacinthus lay.
 The hyacinth my garden gave
 Shall lie upon that Roman grave!

AFTER A LECTURE ON SHELLEY

ONE broad, white sail in Spezzia's treacherous bay;
 On comes the blast; too daring bark, beware!
 The cloud has clasped her; lo! it melts away;
 The wide, waste waters, but no sail is there.

Morning: a woman looking on the sea;
 Midnight: with lamps the long veranda burns;
 Come, wandering sail, they watch, they burn for thee!
 Suns come and go, alas! no bark returns.

And feet are thronging on the pebbly sands,
 And torches flaring in the weedy caves,
 Where'er the waters lay with icy hands
 The shapes uplifted from their coral graves.

Vainly they seek; the idle quest is o'er;
 The coarse, dark women, with their hanging locks,

And lean, wild children gather from the shore
To the black hovels bedded in the rocks.

But Love still prayed, with agonizing wail,
"One, one last look, ye heaving waters,
yield!"

Till Ocean, clashing in his jointed mail,
Raised the pale burden on his level shield.

Slow from the shore the sullen waves retire;
His form a nobler element shall claim;
Nature baptized him in ethereal fire,
And Death shall crown him with a wreath
of flame.

Fade, mortal semblance, never to return;
Swift is the change within thy crimson shroud;
Seal the white ashes in the peaceful urn;
All else has risen in yon silvery cloud.

Sleep where thy gentle Adonais lies,
Whose open page lay on thy dying heart,
Both in the smile of those blue-vaulted skies,
Earth's fairest dome of all divinest art.

Breathe for his wandering soul one passing sigh,
O happier Christian, while thine eye grows dim,—
In all the mansions of the house on high,
Say not that Mercy has not one for him!

AT THE CLOSE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES

As the voice of the watch to the mariner's dream,
As the footstep of Spring on the ice-girdled stream,
There comes a soft footstep, a whisper, to me,—
The vision is over,— the rivulet free!

We have trod from the threshold of turbulent March,
Till the green scarf of April is hung on the larch,
And down the bright hillside that welcomes the day,
We hear the warm panting of beautiful May.

We will part before Summer has opened her wing,
And the bosom of June swells the bodice of Spring,
While the hope of the season lies fresh in the bud,
And the young life of Nature runs warm in our blood.

It is but a word, and the chain is unbound,
The bracelet of steel drops unclasped to the ground;
No hand shall replace it,— it rests where it fell,—
It is but one word that we all know too well.

Yet the hawk with the wildness untamed in his eye,
If you free him, stares round ere he springs to the sky;
The slave whom no longer his fetters restrain
Will turn for a moment and look at his chain.

Our parting is not as the friendship of years,
That chokes with the blessing it speaks through its tears;
We have walked in a garden, and, looking around,
Have plucked a few leaves from the myrtles we found.

But now at the gate of the garden we stand,
And the moment has come for unclasping the hand;
Will you drop it like lead, and in silence retreat
Like the twenty crushed forms from an omnibus seat?

Nay! hold it one moment,— the last we may share,—
I stretch it in kindness, and not for my fare;
You may pass through the doorway in rank or in file,
If your ticket from Nature is stamped with a smile.

For the sweetest of smiles is the smile as we part,
When the light round the lips is a ray from the heart;

And lest a stray tear from its fountain
might swell,
We will seal the bright spring with a quiet
farewell.

THE HUDSON

AFTER A LECTURE AT ALBANY

[Given in December, 1854.]

'T WAS a vision of childhood that came
with its dawn,
Ere the curtain that covered life's day-star
was drawn;
The nurse told the tale when the shadows
grew long,
And the mother's soft lullaby breathed it
in song.

"There flows a fair stream by the hills of
the West," —
She sang to her boy as he lay on her
breast;
"Along its smooth margin thy fathers
have played;
Beside its deep waters their ashes are
laid."

I wandered afar from the land of my
birth,
I saw the old rivers, renowned upon earth,
But fancy still painted that wide-flowing
stream
With the many-hued pencil of infancy's
dream.

I saw the green banks of the castle-
crowned Rhine,
Where the grapes drink the moonlight and
change it to wine;
I stood by the Avon, whose waves as they
glide
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at their
side.

But my heart would still yearn for the
sound of the waves
That sing as they flow by my forefathers'
graves;
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a
tear,
I care not who sees it, — nor blush for it
here!

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of
the West!
I fling this loose blossom to float on its
breast;
Nor let the dear love of its children grow
cold,
Till the channel is dry where its waters
have rolled!

THE NEW EDEN

MEETING OF THE BERKSHIRE HORTICUL-
TURAL SOCIETY, AT STOCKBRIDGE,
SEPTEMBER 16, 1854

[Mr. J. E. A. Smith, in his *The Poet among the Hills*, says that the theme of this poem was suggested by the severe drought in Berkshire County in the summer of 1854, and that after delivering the poem Dr. Holmes acceded to the request of a local editor who wished to print it, on condition that he should have as many proofs and make as many alterations as he chose, and in the end a hundred copies of the poem printed by itself. He had sixteen proofs and doubled the length of the poem; besides giving it a more serious tone.]

SCARCE could the parting ocean close,
Seamed by the Mayflower's cleaving
bow,
When o'er the rugged desert rose
The waves that tracked the Pilgrim's
plough.

Then sprang from many a rock-strewn
field
The rippling grass, the nodding grain,
Such growths as English meadows yield
To scanty sun and frequent rain.

But when the fiery days were done,
And Autumn brought his purple haze,
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,
The hillsides gleamed with golden
maize.

The food was scant, the fruits were few:
A red-streak glistening here and there;
Perchance in statelier precincts grew
Some stern old Puritanic pear.

Austere in taste, and tough at core,
Its unrelenting bulk was shed,
To ripen in the Pilgrim's store
When all the summer sweets were fled.

Such was his lot, to front the storm
 With iron heart and marble brow,
 Nor ripen till his earthly form
 Was cast from life's autumnal bough.

But ever on the bleakest rock
 We bid the brightest beacon glow,
 And still upon the thorniest stock
 The sweetest roses love to blow.

So on our rude and wintry soil
 We feed the kindling flame of art,
 And steal the tropic's blushing spoil
 To bloom on Nature's ice-clad heart.

See how the softening Mother's breast
 Warms to her children's patient wiles,—
 Her lips by loving Labor pressed
 Break in a thousand dimpling smiles,

From when the flushing bud of June
 Dawns with its first auroral hue,
 Till shines the rounded harvest-moon,
 And velvet dahlias drink the dew.

Nor these the only gifts she brings;
 Look where the laboring orchard groans,
 And yields its beryl-threaded strings
 For chestnut burs and hemlock cones.

Dear though the shadowy maple be,
 And dearer still the whispering pine,
 Dearest yon russet-laden tree
 Brownd by the heavy rubbing kine !

There childhood flung its rustling stone,
 There venturesome boyhood learned to
 climb,—
 How well the early graft was known
 Whose fruit was ripe ere harvest-time !

Nor be the Fleming's pride forgot,
 With swinging drops and drooping bells,
 Freckled and splashed with streak and
 spot,
 On the warm-breasted, sloping swells ;

Nor Persia's painted garden-queen, —
 Frail Houri of the trellised wall, —
 Her deep-cleft bosom scarfed with
 green, —
 Fairest to see, and first to fall.

When man provoked his mortal doom,
 And Eden trembled as he fell,
 When blossoms sighed their last perfume,
 And branches waved their long farewell,

One sucker crept beneath the gate,
 One seed was wafted o'er the wall,
 One bough sustained his trembling weight;
 These left the garden, — these were all.

And far o'er many a distant zone
 These wrecks of Eden still are flung:
 The fruits that Paradise hath known
 Are still in earthly gardens hung.

Yes, by our own unstoried stream
 The pink-white apple-blossoms burst
 That saw the young Euphrates gleam, —
 That Gihon's circling waters nursed.

For us the ambrosial pear displays
 The wealth its arching branches hold,
 Bathed by a hundred summery days
 In floods of mingling fire and gold.

And here, where beauty's cheek of flame
 With morning's earliest beam is fed,
 The sunset-painted peach may claim
 To rival its celestial red.

What though in some unmoistened vale
 The summer leaf grow brown and sere,
 Say, shall our star of promise fail
 That circles half the rolling sphere,

From beaches salt with bitter spray,
 O'er prairies green with softest rain,
 And ridges bright with evening's ray,
 To rocks that shade the stormless main ?

If by our slender-threaded streams
 The blade and leaf and blossom die,
 If, drained by noontide's parching beams,
 The milky veins of Nature dry,

See, with her swelling bosom bare,
 Yon wild-eyed Sister in the West, —
 The ring of Empire round her hair,
 The Indian's wampum on her breast !

We saw the August sun descend,
 Day after day, with blood-red stain,
 And the blue mountains dimly blend
 With smoke-wreaths from the burning
 plain;

Beneath the hot Sirocco's wings
 We sat and told the withering hours,
 Till Heaven unsealed its hoarded springs,
 And bade them leap in flashing showers.

Yet in our Ishmael's thirst we knew
 The mercy of the Sovereign hand
 Would pour the fountain's quickening dew
 To feed some harvest of the land.

No flaming swords of wrath surround
 Our second Garden of the Blest;
 It spreads beyond its rocky bound,
 It climbs Nevada's glittering crest.

God keep the tempter from its gate!
 God shield the children, lest they fall
 From their stern fathers' free estate,—
 Till Ocean is its only wall!

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
 OF THE NEW ENGLAND
 SOCIETY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1855

NEW ENGLAND, we love thee; no time can
 erase
 From the hearts of thy children the smile
 on thy face.
 'T is the mother's fond look of affection and
 pride,
 As she gives her fair son to the arms of his
 bride.

His bride may be fresher in beauty's young
 flower;
 She may blaze in the jewels she brings with
 her dower.
 But passion must chill in Time's pitiless
 blast;
 The one that first loved us will love to the
 last.

You have left the dear land of the lake and
 the hill,
 But its winds and its waters will talk with
 you still.
 "Forget not," they whisper, "your love is
 our debt,"
 And echo breathes softly, "We never for-
 get."

The banquet's gay splendors are gleaming
 around,
 But your hearts have flown back o'er the
 waves of the Sound;
 They have found the brown home where
 their pulses were born;
 They are throbbing their way through the
 trees and the corn.

There are roofs you remember,—their
 glory is fled;
 There are mounds in the churchyard,—one
 sigh for the dead.
 There are wrecks, there are ruins, all scat-
 tered around;
 But Earth has no spot like that corner of
 ground.

Come, let us be cheerful,—remember last
 night,
 How they cheered us, and — never mind —
 meant it all right;
 To-night, we harm nothing,—we love in the
 lump;
 Here's a bumper to Maine, in the juice of
 the pump!

Here's to all the good people, wherever
 they be,
 Who have grown in the shade of the liberty-
 tree;
 We all love its leaves, and its blossoms and
 fruit,
 But pray have a care of the fence round its
 root.

We should like to talk big; it's a kind of a
 right,
 When the tongue has got loose and the
 waistband grown tight;
 But, as pretty Miss Prudence remarked to
 her beau,
 On its own heap of compost no biddy should
 crow.

Enough! There are gentlemen waiting to
 talk,
 Whose words are to mine as the flower to
 the stalk.
 Stand by your old mother whatever be-
 fall;
 God bless all her children! Good night to
 you all!