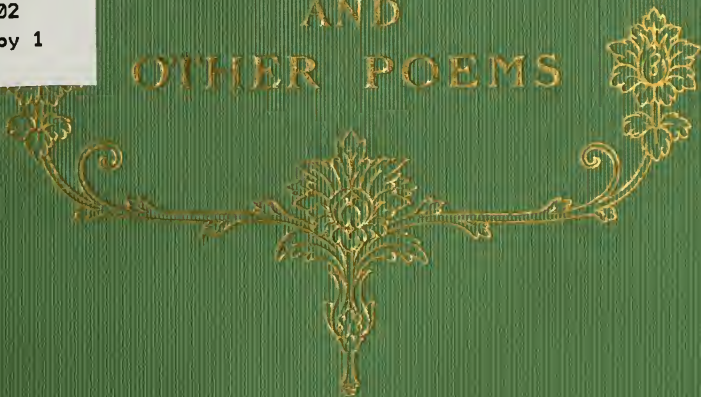


PS 3521
.E29 S5
1902
Copy 1

THE SIAMESE TWINS
AND
OTHER POEMS





Class PS 3521

Book . E 29 S5

Copyright N^o 1902

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



The Siamese Twins
And Other Poems

The Siamese Twins

And Other Poems

By

William Linn Keese



Edwin W. Dayton
Bookseller and Publisher
763 Fifth Avenue
New York

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS,
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
MAY. 24 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
May 16, 1902
CLASS. No. XXc. No.
33098
COPY B.

PS 3521
.E2955
1902

Copyright, 1902, by
WILLIAM LINN KEESE

2nd ed. 1931
a.m.c., Oct. 20, 1931

Contents

	PAGE
The Siamese Twins	3
Newton's Blast	13
Farrington's Feat	20
After the Wedding	24
Sic Transit	28
A Modern Enchanter	32
On the Avon	37
Captain Joe	40
The King of the Road	42
At the Lake	44
A Tough Customer	47
Name and Fame	50
Captain Costentenus	52
A Summer Idyl	55
Lake Otsego	58
A Memory	61
The Author of "Rudder Grange" in a New Role	63

Contents

	PAGE
Ascertain Your Weight	66
Apple Blossoms	69
Inspiration	70
Captain Calm	73
An Olden Echo	76
Thistle and Volunteer	78
My Flower	80
The March to Canton	81
To E. F.	83
George Eliot	85
A Ribbon	86
My Study	89
The Game of Love	92
True to Principle	93
To Edmund Clarence Stedman	94
Ballade of an Ass	95
Instinct or Reason	97
Queen and Woman	101
James William Wallack	105
Lester Wallack	106
James H. Hackett	107
Dion Boucicault	108

Contents

	PAGE
Edward A. Sothern	109
John T. Raymond	110
Charles Fechter	111
J. S. Clarke	112
Mary Anderson	113
Joseph Jefferson	115

Acknowledgments are due Messrs. Harper & Bros. for kind permission to print the poem "Ascertain Your Weight," and to Ladies' Home Journal for like permission to print the poem "The King of the Road."

The Siamese Twins
And Other Poems

THE SIAMESE TWINS

A CHAPTER OF BIOGRAPHY

I

'T IS common to speak of things in pairs:
A pair of eyes or a pair of stairs;
And a pair of legs the stairs may climb,
With a pair of trousers for sake of rhyme;
A pair of gloves, and a pair of shoes,
The hands and feet to match if you choose;
A pair of scissors; a pair of bellows;
A pair of capital jolly fellows;
A pair of pigeons, a pair of wings—
And pairs of numerous other things;
But the pair with which my lay begins
 Is that singular dual,
 Original plural,
Known round the world as the Siamese Twins.

II

From far Siam came my heroes hight,
(The land where the elephant bleaches white,)
Whence Siamese; and if ease they ever
Enjoyed, it must have been there, for never,

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

When in this country they cast their lots,
Did they heed the teachings of Doctor Watts.
Their names were respectively Eng and Chang,
Their surname Bunker, which has a twang
Of that Island, you know, just off Cape Cod,
Nantucket yclept; and it 's rather odd
That a name so calmly unsentimental
Should be borne by a native Oriental.
Conceive yourself saying "*Mr. Bunker!*"
To either festive Siamese younker—
Bunker, avaunt! thou hast no claim
To Chang and Eng's united fame.

III

Their names grew out of a family hitch,
How best to label t'other from which;
And we gather from this domestic plight
That Chang meant "left" and Eng meant "right"—
Suggesting that choice American game,
Which, had Chang and Eng ever played the same,
They certainly would have won off-hand,
For both held the "bowers," you understand.
As regards their boyhood we 're in the dark,
For only at manhood they made their mark.
No doubt it was much the same as others;
Of Music probably they were lovers;
And if they were the Muse discovers
Their favorite song—"We 're A Band of Brothers!"

The Siamese Twins

IV

The first that we knew
Of this famous Two,
Was when they were brought to public view
By Barnum the Great,
Who then was in state
On the corner so near St. Paul's;
And then within those famous walls
Were Thomas Thumb and the Woolly Horse,
By which we were gently fleeced of course;
The Bearded Lady one there might see,
With her chaste moustache and mild goatee;
(And whate'er may be said of Barnum's taste,
This humbug, at least, was not bare-faced;)
The Quaker Giant was popular then,
A colossal edition of William Penn;
And the Feejee Mermaid held crowds in awe
With her scaly tail and her open jaw.
But everything dwarfed (including Thumb),
And the Happy Family, even, grew glum,
When Barnum produced his greatest wonder—
Two Men that never could live asunder!

V

The people flowed in like Croton water,
Paying, each one, an American quarter;
For these were the days before the War,
When Grant was a tanner and gold was at par.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Little dreamed he of being the hero
To wield the sword and to pen the veto.
The fame of the Twins grew, at once, apace;
And this seems quite an apposite place
 To succinctly paint
 Their appearance quaint;
 To endeavor to fix,
 Without being prolix,
The aspect strange of these specimen bricks.

VI

And in the beginning we must admit
Their beauty would never have made a hit
 In court or in bower:
 The fact is, their dower
Was something better than beauty or wit,
Stature or strength, or grace of action—
A thing which reminds one of Shakespeare's Jew,
At the time Antonio looked so blue—
A bond of flesh was their great attraction.
This band extended from breast to breast,
And Chang & Eng was the firm expressed.
The business they did was a joint affair,
Like other copartnerships, each had share;
The only thing they could not divorce
Was the gristle that Nature held in force.
Not even in easy Indiana
Could the tie be severed in any manner.

The Siamese Twins

VII

What shall be said of this state of things,
Prolific of many imaginings?
Suppose, for a moment, Chang were ill,
And felt like remaining perfectly still,
And Eng felt splendidly, *au contraire*,
And of all things wanted to take the air—
How would they fix it! Why Eng, of course,
Must stick to his brother's side, perforce,
And hear him fret and murmur and groan,
And see pills and powders down him thrown—
Be dragged off finally, willy-nilly,
To bed at an hour absurdly silly,
And lie there, trying to sleep in vain,
With thoughts that were certainly most profane.
Or suppose some fell, contagious thing,
Small-pox, for instance, had captured Eng.
Unhappy Chang would be sure to catch it,
And then how inconceivably wretched
The situation,—for brother and brother
Would then be *pitted* against each other!
Or, fancy that Eng was to church inclined,
And Chang preferred to remain behind—
Either Eng must relinquish his pious path,
Or Chang go with him in holy wrath!
 Ah, how hard the fate
 That makes one await
The whim of another without debate!—

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And thus with Chang—for Chang was weak,
And Eng had only his wish to speak;
 And if Chang demurred,
 Then, without a word,
Eng punched him for being so absurd!
 Some folks there are
 Who quote Hudibras,
And say, that he who runs away
May live to fight another day.
But here there could be no such thing,
For how could Chang run off from Eng?

VIII

Such were their lively domestic wars,
 But never, of course, at exhibition;
The public saw nothing of family jars
 When they paid the twenty-five-cent admission.
All they saw was a singular freak
 Of nature,—aforetime seen by no man,
And was of luck a lucrative streak,
 To the blandly-smiling, complacent showman.
Every day brought a curious crowd,
And wonder was vented long and loud,
As the Twins stood up with band between,
To be duly gaped at, and felt, and seen,
By the baby-in-arms and the horrid boy;
The gay gallant and the maiden coy;
The husband young and his blushing bride;

The Siamese Twins

The family man and his smiling dame;
Aunts and mothers-in-law beside;
People in all the paths of fame,
Of every profession and every grade;
Arts, manufactures, commerce and trade;
Of every nation and every name;
Nay, even the deaf and dumb and lame;—
And the “deaf and dumb” of course give rise
To the rather matter-of-fact surmise,
That they probably gazed in mute surprise,—
All these to the halls of Barnum came,
Till even the sidewalk,
Although quite a wide walk,
Was filled with a jostling crowd of the same.

IX

And now it was that many M. D.'s,
Physicians of high and low degrees,
Began to be rather interested,
And wanted to have the question tested—
If surgical skill could the Twins divide,
And Nature's whim be with knife defied?
Far and near the excitement spread;
It bothered each Æsculapian head:
They thought of it lying awake in bed;
Thousands of works were bought and read—
But the end of it all was simply this:
They felt less likely to hit than miss.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And so the conundrum—can human art
Take these two-volumes-in-one apart?—
Was given up, and the Twins went on
Attracting their fish with a hook of brawn.

X

And much of the lucre they laid away
For that axiomatic "rainy day,"
Which means in spirit, if not in letter,
If you have an umbrella you won't get wetter;
And the Twins resolved in their sunny hours
To be prepared for possible showers.
For, now that I think of it, then, you know,
The Bureau of Weather did n't show,
And quite important were such utilities
In the absence of daily "Probabilities."
However, the fact was as I've said it—
Their Balance of Cash was a chronic credit.
In mercantile phrase, their Stock Account
Was good for a very healthy amount.
So, weary grown of being admired,
Their contract, too, having just expired,
From public life Chang and Eng retired.

XI

It is n't recorded in any book,
How each the digit of Barnum shook;
How the Quaker Giant returned their bow,
And called one Thee and the other Thou;

The Siamese Twins

How a gallant and fond adieu they waved
To the hirsute Lady who never shaved;
 And with mournful face
 Passed by the case
Containing the Mermaid of Feejee race;
And a last and lingering sad look cast
On the Happy Family, now all aghast;
And in silence pressed, for grief made them dumb,
The pigmy fingers of Thomas Thumb—
And so they forever left the scene—
 Those undivided Two,
And with the band of flesh between
 Marched forth to pastures new.

XII

We cannot those "pastures new" explore;
They open a matrimonial door,
A door, on the whole, we decline to enter,
And here the Muse must, perforce, content her.
We may, perhaps, mention that damsels two
Enamored became,—*chacun à son goût!*—
Sailed gleefully over the ocean blue;
And the quartette finding it awkward to woo,
And out of the question to bill and coo,
Were married without the slightest ado.
And whether the parson had double fee
 For making these couples glad,
We cannot tell; but we 'll all agree
 That he certainly should have had.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

XIII

But, alas, the Twins are now no more!
They died in Eighteen Seventy-four;
And their wives and children, where'er they be,
No part in this chronicle may see.
Only a backward glance to throw
On what was of interest years ago—
As our fathers often delight to talk
Of landmarks and features of Old New York—
Is our story's aim—except to pay,
In a sort of bio-graphical way,
A tribute, albeit of little worth,
To the famous Brothers of Siamese birth.
And when they died, it was good to know
 That one fear of old was at once decided;
They had lived very much together, and so
 In death they were not divided.

NEWTON'S BLAST

The famous engineering exploit of General Newton, celebrated in the following poem, was consummated, it will be remembered, by the destruction of Hallett's Reef, at Hell Gate, on the afternoon of September 24, 1876.

NOW list to a tale of blast galore,
That happened September twenty and four,
In Eighteen hundred and seventy-six.
The reason I 'm careful the date to fix
Is because the mind,
As we often find,
As time rolls on seems rather inclined
To forget than remember a certain date,
That held an event or affair of weight,
Be the same of science, or church, or state.
How many are often sore perplexed
When asked the place of a Bible text,
And as likely refer you to Jeremiah
For a verse that is only in Obadiah.
And is n't it always an awful task
To answer the questions one might ask
Relating to facts of general history?
The facts we know, but the dates are mystery!
For instance, can any one name the day
When André was stopped on the King's highway,
When Arnold was trying his country to barter?
And can you conveniently tell me, pray,
The date of the signing of Magna Charta?

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

What year immortalized William Harvey?
When did Jenner with milkmaid parley?
Is any one just at this moment able
To say when was laid the Atlantic Cable?
You have n't forgotten, at least, I hope,
When Farrington crossed on the wire rope,
From tower to tower, not long ago?—
You have?—Well, did n't I tell you so!

So you see I 'm right, if I am prolix,
In making my mind up the date to fix
Of that stupendous and awful event,
To see which thousands of people went;—
 Which is, to wit,
 The Blast that split,
And knocked into smithereens every bit
Of that horrible rock called Hallett's Reef,
Where many a ship has come to grief;
 But never more
 Shall the rocky jaw
Of Charybdis stand open to glut its maw,
And devour its victims, hull and spar.
For there came a time when its doom was cast,
And now the terrible crisis is past;
The cavernous monster is crushed at last
By the dynamite thunder of Newton's Blast!

In Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine,
I think it was—but of that no matter—

Newton's Blast

The man who conceived the grand design
Of making this rockery somewhat flatter,
Came down to look at the place infernal,
And his name was Newton, Lieutenant-Colonel.
He came by Federal invitation,
Armed with a fat appropriation,
And his object was to destroy forever
This stumbling block of the flowing river,
And make it decent for navigation.
For since the day that Van Kortlandt's ship
Sailed thither with Oloff and Hendrick Kip,
The place had been growing worse and worse,
And constantly made the captains curse,
When their vessels holes in their bottoms got,
Or, as frequently happened, went to Pot!
So the Colonel came and surveyed the scene;
His heart was strong and his eye was keen;
He saw where the water boiled and hissed
Above and around the rocky lair,
And whether he hit or whether he missed,
He would go for the demon then and there,
And never whisper the word despair.
But soon he was given to understand
That only by taking it underhand
Could he conquer his foe in wonder-land.
Behold him then on that famous shore,
 Beginning his work
 With never a shirk,
With an iron will and an iron bore.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And for seven long years he bored away,
Forgetting the world and all around him;
Winter and summer, night and day,
In his subterranean burrow found him.

Boring and drilling,
With dynamite filling
The holes, and when loaded
The same were exploded,
And masses of rock
Tumbled down with a shock,
And then were dragged out
And piled all about,

Till a mountain arose at the Government station
Of the debris that came from the Reef's excavation.
And now was seen the Newtonian plan:—
From the shaft leading down beneath the wave
A series of tunnels, suggesting a fan,
Ran into the reef and formed a cave;
And others transversely cut those through,
Till the heart of the rock a wonder grew
Of columns and arches not a few;
But hardly a grotto for nymph or siren—
It resembled, to take a poetic view,
The dungeon of Chillon described by Byron.
These columns sustained, now bear in mind,
The superincumbent mass of stone,
And, of course, if Newton were so inclined,
They would stand forever if left alone;
But he, not having the slightest feeling,
Would blast the columns and drop the ceiling!

Newton's Blast

Holes in the pillars he 'd calmly drill,
Those same holes with dynamite fill;
A wire would pass through every charge
Connecting with several wires at large;
Those wires at large would then be led
To a battery under a bomb-proof shed,
With a jolly torpedo overhead,
And another wire from that, you see,
To the firing point and electric key.
Now press the key—at the lightning's call
The jolly torpedo is seen to fall
Plump on the battery, not to hurt it,
Only to make the electric circuit.
Darts the spark to the gathered wires,
That spark that never delays nor tires,
And in a jiffy the whole thing fires!
And Newton thinks the effect of that
Will be that Hallett will tumble flat.
Thus waxed prophetic the Engineer,—
And now the appointed day is here!

Day broke with a very unusual stir,
And it broke all cloudy and rainy too;
But that did not in the least deter
A crowd from flocking to points of view;
And every available spot was black
With the constantly gathering human pack.
And those remaining at home were fain
To sit and play with a time-piece chain—

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And whenever a clock
Around the block,
Or the City Hall,
Or Trinity tall,
Rang out the hour, with each vibration
They pulled out their watches for regulation;
Till it came to pass, at Two forty-five,
That stoops and windows were all alive
With people who waited all day to see
What Newton meant by

TEN MINUTES TO THREE!

For that was the last official warning
In the New York papers on Sunday morning.

Newton stands at the firing point;
Close at his hand the electric key,
A touch of which will the rock disjoin,
And give to Science the mastery.
Whose hand shall press that ivory knob,
And awaken the lightning's awful throb?
Lo! the hand of a child! for now appears
A little maiden of tender years.
Her hand shall send the electric spark
To the flooded rock 'neath the waters dark.
The General receives this potent fairy,
His daughter she is, and her name is Mary.
And now full swiftly the minutes pass—
But one remains! and the smiling lass
In her father's arms looks sweet delight,
While all are thinking of Dynamite!

Newton's Blast

The moment has come! Ten minutes to Three!
And a baby has set the lightning free!
Drops the torpedo, and then a Boom,
Which makes one think of the crack of doom,
And a column of water rises there,
Returning with terrible crash and slam,
And wildly seeking the upper air
Go the sad remains of the coffer-dam!
A moment's convulsion, and all is still;
But Newton and Science have had their will.

And when we sail, as hereafter we may,
Where no longer we need to be wary,
Let us never fail this tribute to pay—
Three Cheers for Newton who won the day,
And a "tiger" for Little Mary!

FARRINGTON'S FEAT ¹

ALL hail immortal Farrington!
The dauntless Engineer,
Who hath the crown of glory won
In this Centennial year.

On August twenty-sixth, this man,
Like some colossal midge,
Was seen to flit across the span
Of our stupendous Bridge.

To celebrate this hero's flight,
O Muse, my pen inspire,
That I in numbers may relate
How he traversed the wire.

They talk of Tell's historic lad,
When it was hit or miss;
A narrow escape indeed he had—
A narrower one was this!

And what was Israel Putnam's ride,
Or Dan O'Leary's walk,
To this bold leap across the tide
'Twixt Brooklyn and New York?

¹ Farrington was the first man to cross the span of the
Brooklyn Bridge.

Farrington's Feat

The only being who essayed
Achievement like this thing,
Was Paganini, he who played
The fiddle on one string!

There stretched the wires at dizzy height
Above the flow and ebb,
So high, they seemed to human sight
Titanic spiders' web!

Now is it true that mortal can
That thread of iron ride?
You might as well expect a man
A kite-string to astride!

But ah, what mean the deafening cheers?
And what the skyward stare?—
Lo! "buggy" 't is that now appears,
Suspended in mid air.

And when I say a "buggy," mind
I do not mean, of course,
A creature of the insect kind,
Or wagon for a horse—

A "buggy" is a cage, in fact,
Composed of iron straps,
And not unlike—to be exact—
A hoop-skirt in collapse.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

But what is that behind the bars?
And echo answers—what?
So far from earth, so near the stars,
It seemeth but a dot.

(A dot!—now what a chance this is
To make a fearful pun.
I 'll do it in parenthesis—
A dot, and carry one!)

A dot, and well it carries one
Above the briny deep—
The dauntless eyes of Farrington
From out the buggy peep.

And now is heard the engine's toil,
And, slowly o'er the grooves,
Yet smoothly, as tho' led through oil,
The wire "traveler" moves.

And, with its precious human freight,
It bears the buggy on,
While far below the conquered strait
Owns its dominion gone.

And now, at last—triumphant hour!
The traveler's course is sped.
And Farrington, from yonder tower,
Proclaims two cities wed!

Farrington's Feat

Hurrah! hurrah! for Farrington!
And let the cannon roar,
Until the echo of each gun
Resound from shore to shore.

Ten thousand eyes beheld thy deed
On that immortal day—
And may the same glad optics read
This unpretending lay.

AFTER THE WEDDING

ALL alone in my room at last!
I wonder how far they have traveled now?
They 'll be very far when the night is past;
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
Those were roses, too, in the wreath, I guess—
'T was they made the crimson among the curls.

She is good as beautiful, too, they say;
Her heart is as gentle as any dove's;
She 'll be all that she can to him, always—
Dear! I am tearing my new white gloves.
How calm she is, with her saint-like face!
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue:
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
Her hands are whiter and softer, too.

They 've gone to the city beyond the hill;
They must never come back to this place again;
I 'm almost afraid to be here so still—
I wish it would thunder and lighten and rain!
Oh no! for some may not be abed;
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon will come instead,
And heaven be starry and earth all light.

After the Wedding

'T is only a summer that she 's been here—
It 's been my home for seventeen years!
But her name is a testament far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
There, at last I 've tied my hair;
Her curls and mine were nearly the same,
But hers are longer, and mine less fair.

They 're going across the sea, I know:
Across the ocean—will that be far?—
Did I have my comb a moment ago!
I seem to forget where my things all are.
When ships are wrecked, do the people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down,
I 'll want a grave in the ocean, too.

Good-night! good-night! it is striking one;
Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!
The light of my candle is almost done;
I wish my bed was in mother's room!
How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They 're all too white for me, I 'm afraid:
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.

Dark, all dark! for the light is dead.
Father in heaven, may I have rest?

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

One hour of sleep for my weary head,
For this breaking heart in my poor, poor breast.
For his sweet sake, do I kneel and pray ;
Oh God, protect him from change and ill ;
And render her worthier every way,
The older, the purer, the lovelier still.

There, I knew I was going to cry ;
I have kept the tears in my soul too long :
Oh let me say it, or I shall die !
As heaven is witness, I mean no wrong.
He never shall hear from this secret room ;
He never shall know, in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of tears !

I loved him more than she understands ;
For him I loaded my soul with truth ;
For him I am kneeling with lifted hands.
To lay at his feet my shattered youth !
I love, I adore him still the same !
More than father and mother and life !
My hope of hopes was to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife !

His wife ! Oh name which the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek, for shame !
'T is her great glory, her word to wreath
In the princely heart from whose blood it came.

After the Wedding

Oh hush! again I behold them stand,
As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him holding her white-gloved hand;
I hear his voice in a whisper fall.

I see the minister's silver hair;
I see him kneel at the altar-stone;
I see him rise when the prayer is o'er:
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near;
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride;
One of those kisses had birth-place here,
The dew of her lips has not yet dried.

His lips have touched hers before to-night;
Then I have a grain of his to keep!
This midnight blackness is flecked with light;
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim:
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

SIC TRANSIT

A SONG OF THE SEA

NOW falls upon the tympanum
A note of preparation;
A sort of loud-ascending hum
That lingers in vibration.
I know it!—'t is that vast unrest
Of eager human beings,
Who mean to cross Atlantic's breast
To go Old World sight-seeings.

Alas, I see but one result
This exodus to follow:
It may be deemed a thing occult—
Viewed grimly, it is hollow.
I try a living tongue in vain,
But must express it one way:
"To Europe" bears the sad refrain,
"Sic transit gloria mundi."

They gather on the promenade;
The hearts of all how light are;
There 's not a single soul afraid
On Cunard or on White Star.

Sic Transit

They pass the Hook and Southwest Spit,
Then skirt the Bay of Fundy,
And do not mind the sea a bit—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

The steamer cleaves the heaving brine,
In fact, "she walks the water"—
I must employ Lord Byron's line,
It makes description shorter.
Now wake the watchers of the sky,
Where erst the dying sun lay;
But slyly winks each starry eye—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

Two lovers, in communion sweet,
Against the rail are leaning;
Their looks occasionally meet,
Exchanging tender meaning.
They talk about "this splendid trip"
In words that fall like honey,
But never quote, "There 's many a slip"—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

Yon youthful wife and husband pace
The deck in happy measure,
And on the dim horizon trace
Their bridal tour of pleasure.
"To-morrow brings another day,
How far will then our run be?"

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

They know not what to-morrow may—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

Behold the man of dauntless cheek,
Superior to emotion;
He turns impregnable physique
Upon the crested ocean.
He saunters where the sailors are—
Perhaps a yarn may spun be—
Unconscious of intestine war—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

.

The ship 's a thousand miles from home,
May all the Saints defend her!
And once again the heavenly dome
Reveals its starry splendor.
But where are youth and maiden sweet?
Where bride and groom so sunny?
And vanished, too, has the athlete—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

That matchless punster, Thomas Hood,
Imagined a specific,
Which if invented surely would
Make sea-trips beatific.
He did not entertain a doubt
'T would be discovered one day,
And wondered how it would *turn out*—
Sic transit gloria mundi.

Sic Transit

“Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll!”
Thy motion is prophetic:
Within thy depths, from Pole to Pole,
Flows fathomless emetic!
Ask of the mariner its name,
Interrogate Jack Bunsby;
He 'll tell you that they call the same,
Sic transit gloria mundi.

Farewell, enthusiastic souls,
To Neptune we confide you;
May all the ills the god controls
Be only those inside you.
Blow, Triton, kissing winds alone
To cheeks of Mrs. Grundy;
But chuckle in an undertone,
Sic transit gloria mundi.

A MODERN ENCHANTER

'T IS a room lying under the roof
Of a house which is proud of the name;
The rich from the door keep aloof,
To the poor it is always the same.
'T is in an unfrequented street,
Where a sovereign quietude reigns;
'T is a wretched yet peaceful retreat
For one who has nothing but brains.

Depressing and bare are the walls
To him who peers in at the door,
And the shadow of poverty falls
Long and lank on the carpetless floor.
The hearth-stone lies sleeping in mould;
The chimney-piece begs for repair—
None hears the complaint save the cold,
For the wind is a reveler there.

Ay, it steals through the crannies and chinks,
'Neath the door, thro' the pitiless panes,
And it reaches the lodger who thinks,
With his eyes on the moon as she wanes;
But who heeds not the touch or the chill,
As he sits in his garret forlorn;

A Modern Enchanter

Let the wind work its own wicked will;
'T is his habit to laugh it to scorn.

Some say he 's an alchemist rare;
Some say he 's a sorcerer grand;
That he sits through the midnight up there
Looking out on a magical land.
But the bold inquisition of day,
When it opened the mystical door,
Turned with crestfallen visage away,
For it nothing but poverty saw.

Not for them the enchantment so dear;
The starry hosts only can tell
How the garret and all disappear
By the Sorcerer's magical spell;
How he stands in his splendid attire,
Supreme in imperial reign,
And waves his hand, crested with fire,
In the air of his royal domain.

• • • • •
He stands in a palace of Cræsus;
Transformed are the crumbling walls;
And he fears not the thread of Lachesis
As he sweeps through his glittering halls.
'Neath the arches of gem-studded ceiling
He walks on a porphyry floor,
The arrows of lustre revealing
The robes Elagabalus wore.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Through a vista forever extending,
With the glories of sunset o'erthrown,
Through air sweet with odors ascending
From flowers that Eden hath grown,
Gleams a luminous river of amber
From lamps hung o'er fountains in flow,
Where jeweled streams ceaselessly clamber
From the star-brimming basins below.

A volume of exquisite cadence
Floats through on invisible wing,
From a choir of garlanded maidens,
With uplifted gaze while they sing.
Now the melody rises in rapture,
Like the song of the lark to the sky,
Now sinks till the ear cannot capture
The notes as they falter and die.

Now shapes in ethereal vesture
Come thronging the long, lighted aisles,
A grace, not of earth, in each gesture,
A joy, not of earth, in their smiles.
They come in the gladness of meeting,
And rapt is the Sorcerer now,
His arms stretched in welcome and greeting,
The flush of delight on his brow.

And this is the wonderful story
The starry hosts only can tell—

A Modern Enchanter

Let us leave him alone in his glory,
With the loveliness born of his spell:
With the fountains still ceaselessly springing;
With the fragrance, the bloom, and the light:
With the garlanded maidens still singing;
With the shapes in their vesture of white.

Day breaks on a populous town,
And it gilds an unfrequented street;
It discovers a garret forlorn,
And looks in on a lonely retreat.
We remember the walls and the mould,
The hearth-stone, the carpetless floor;
'T is the room of the wizard so bold—
But where are the robes that he wore?

Hark! something has startled his ear—
What is it? a step on the stair:
The wizard bends forward to hear,
Pushing back the long locks of his hair.
With a steady, monotonous tread
Come the feet of the fearless unknown,
Like a watchman, when midnight is dead,
Pacing slow on his limit of stone.

There 's a sudden, significant pause,
And a groping of fingers outside,
Then that most uninviting of doors
Is swung from its fastening wide,

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And a sombre, lugubrious mortal,
In clerkly habiliments dressed,
Steps in through the Sorcerer's portal
To the room which has never known guest.

Down, down with the curtain! for never
Shall those who his magic revere
Turn away from its beauty forever,
Turn to laughter the smile and the tear.
The reverse of the Sorcerer's vision,
Not mine be the hand to present;
It would only be viewed with derision—
Think! A poet is paying his rent!

ON THE AVON

JULY 9, 1886

I SHALL not soon forget that July night
When, standing on the bridge in Stratford town,
The Avon flowed before my eager sight,
And I upon its dark'ning breast looked down—
The goal was won, and fate now held no frown!
My dream of dreams, for many waiting years,
Received at last fulfilment's golden crown.
I stood and gazed thro' mist of happy tears,
The while the wand'ring wind sang music to my
ears.

“This is the stream, the home of Shakespeare's love.
Many a time on nights as sweet as this
Did he yon meadow-path enraptured rove,
Perchance returning from Anne Hathaway's kiss,
And in his heart the roseate dawn of bliss.
The grassy slopes, the trees, the flowing wave,
To him were beautiful; he could not miss
One touch of loveliness that Nature gave;
And now this perfect scene encompasses his grave.”

So ran my thought. And then I looked afar
Where rose the spire lit by the early moon;

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

The river beckoned, and the gleam of star
Ran in a golden line upon its breast,
Vanishing where the shadows lay at rest.
There lay my way along that guiding gleam.
O night so sweet! to me forever blest!
For now my boat is gliding on the stream,
And nearer draws the spire touched by the silver
beam.

Within its shadow, resting on my oars,
I sat in reverie while time's pulses beat;
I heard the river's kiss upon the shores,
The leaves' low dalliance with the night wind
sweet;
No other sound broke in on my retreat;
And, resting so, the scene a picture grew
Heart-framed in memory coming years to meet;
The churchyard and the lime-tree avenue,
The stream, the shade, the spire above the grave I
knew.

Lo, as I mused, amid the foliage
Methought I saw shapes moving to and fro—
The hoary locks of Lear, tossed high in rage;
Othello torn with doubt; the Dane with woe;
Miranda at the feet of Prospero;
The face of Rosalind in rosy glee;
Macbeth recoiling from prophetic foe;—
They pass me on the shores of fantasy,
Beside the sacred dust of him that set them free.

On the Avon

The world has grown since thou, long centuries gone,
In yonder timbered cottage drew thy breath;
Speech, customs, manners, have been all outworn;
Victoria reigns and not Elizabeth;—
But thou still reigneth in despite of death.
What tho' o'er ocean's chasm lightnings flow,
And science shall new miracles bequeath—
The vernal freshness of thy lips we know
As when they spoke thy thought three hundred
years ago.

O Grave, where is thy victory, since he
Reposes thus upon the heart of man?
Life gathers to itself his legacy,
Exhaustless, tho' life spend it how it can;
A fuller spring than when it first began.
O think what elements and powers were driven
In the brief running of his mortal span—
If such the might quick years to earth have given,
What then the eternal life his spirit found in heaven!

CAPTAIN JOE

A TRUE STORY

I AGREE in the main to what you say,
That a sailor's tongue runs glibly to evil;
But I guess you never knew Cape Cod Joe,
And the way he chose to euchre the Devil.
I was passenger once along with him,
When the fish was plenty off Brunswick shore;
But the limit was fixed, and whoever transgressed,
Ran the nose of his vessel against the law.

Yet Joe and his brother skippers tossed up—
The head was for law, and the tail to go in;
And as often happens when brimstone 's around,
The Devil decided his tail should win.
So the captains all went in on the lay,
And netted a million without much noise;
And the fok'sals chuckled that night to think
How smartly they 'd weathered the Canada boys.

But next morning, as soon as the sun was up,
A party hailed from a Government craft;
And we guessed that suspicions had been afloat,
And it 's very certain that nobody laughed.
The Dominion colors were soon alongside,
And the officers boarded us, every smack;

Captain Joe

And whatever they may have surmised, you bet,
When they looked in the holds, they were taken
aback.

Well, the skippers were questioned one by one,
And solemnly each on the Bible swore,
"The fish that you see, however the luck,
Was taken at least three mile off shore."
But when they got round to Captain Joe,
He spoke out thus to the law's demand:
"Masters, the fish you see in *my* hold,
Was *there*"—and he pointed a bowshot from land.

The captain turned and walked to the fore,
But soon was the centre of all the rest;
"Serve yer right for a cursed fool!
Yer schooner 's a goner; which way was best?"
Captain Joe was leaning against the rail;
He rolled on the circle unquailing eye—
"D' yer think the loss of a d——d old schooner
Is enough to make Joe Baxter lie?"

It 's many a year since that ugly day;
I 've never laid eyes on the captain since;
But whenever the Devil has tripped me up
I 've always felt something within me wince.
And somehow I think that to every man
There 's a little of angel reminder given—
Whether sailing the sea or walking the land,
There 's a saving rope hanging down from heaven.

THE KING OF THE ROAD

“Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face.”—*Du Vall's Epitaph.*

'T WAS the year sixteen hundred and sixty and
eight;
Hounslow Heath was the place, and the hour was
late:
The horsemen were waiting and list'ning—when
“Hark!”
Spoke the Leader's clear voice—“I hear wheels in
the dark.”

Then up rolled the Coach with its booty of gold,
With the Knight and his Lady, so fair and so bold,
And the Maid, apprehensive of what might befall,
Should it chance they were stopped by that daring
Du Vall.

Ah! What are those moving mysterious shapes?
They 're horsemen—they whisper—they throw back
their capes—
They form in half circle at word of command,
While the Leader rides forward and bids the coach
“Stand!”

The King of the Road

Then the scream of the Maid drowned the oath of the
Knight;

But the Lady, unruffled, sat calm in the plight;
Nay, rather than show that she felt the least fear,
She played on her flageolet loudly and clear.

Then up rode the Leader, on hearing the tone,
And in answer played deftly on pipe of his own;
Then, dismounting, he bowed like a gallant of
France,
And begged for the Lady's fair hand in a dance.

"On the Heath here with me one coranto, I pray;
I am sure that you dance quite as well as you play."
The Lady stepped out with a smile on her face,
And they danced the coranto with infinite grace.

What a scene! the Maid fainting; the Knight with
hands bound;
The gay courtly measure; the horsemen grouped
round;—
There was everything there to be picturesque with,
And it all lives again on the canvas of Frith.

'T was the year sixteen hundred and sixty and eight;
The Monarch was merry who ruled at that date;
Charles the Festive was King of Court, Bower and
Hall,
But the King of the Road was the daring Du Vall.

AT THE LAKE

ALONE on the winter-shrunk shore!
The Lake, like a crystalline floor,
Stretches on to the base of the wrinkle-browed hill.
Cold, heavy, and white is the sheet
That covers the emerald feet
Of the waves that are sleeping so deeply, so still.

Proud Night in her glory is here;
Heaven's high palpitations appear
In the passionate stars that the angels have set;
And the light of each diamond face
Comes, cleaving the infinite space,
To fall on the world which they never forget.

And Winter is king of the scene—
He hath crumbled the yellow and green,
He hath clasped his stern fingers round Autumn's
ripe throat;
The forest is stripped by his breath;
Its skeletons whisper of death,
And the snow-bird alone dares to utter a note.

I shiver—but 't is not with cold;
I tremble—yet, still I am bold;

At the Lake

I hearken—but not that I listen with fear—
It comes from the sepulchred lake;
It murmurs and moans for my sake;
It breaks its ice-prison because I am here!

O hark! how afar it awakes,
And trembles, then hollowly breaks
In a wide-stretching moan to the uttermost shore.
The soul of a poet would leap,
This vigil with Nature to keep;
But mine cries aloud, and entreateth, No more!

A Summer comes back to my eyes:—
I bound beneath pure arching skies
O'er the billowy life of a wind-haunted stream.
There is glow in each pulse of its breast,
There is joy in each high-tossing crest,—
There is love, there is hope, in my youth's daring
dream.

There 's a cry—but it is not a bird,
Nor was it wind only I heard:—
There 's a boat plunging wild on a tempest-struck
wave;
Her sail, like a hawk shot in air,
Flutters madly, her form to upbear—
She is sinking in death with no power to save!

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

There 's a pallid, wet face at my feet,
So tender, so pure, and so sweet,
That I cannot believe the soul's farewell is there!
Lost! lost! and forever, that face—
And I stand in this desolate place,
With the moan of the Lake breaking full on the air!

A TOUGH CUSTOMER

LET me tell you a tale that was once told to me,
And although it was told me in prose at the
time
I will give it a metrical dressing, and see
If the story will lose any reason by rhyme.

There came to the store in a village one day
A long and lank stranger in homespun arrayed;
And "Good mornin'" said he in a diffident way,
"I 've jes' come up to town for a bit of a trade."

The proprietor nodded and cheerily spoke:
"Well, what can I do for you, neighbor, and how?"
"Wal, one of wife's knittin' needles ez broke,
An' she wants me to git one—how much be they
now?"

"They 're two cents apiece." "Wal, say, Mister, look
here;
"I 've got a fresh egg, an' my wife sez to me,
'Swap the egg for the needle'—it seems a bit queer,
But the thing 's about even—it 's a big un, yer
see."

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Said the storekeeper presently, "Well, I don't
mind"—

He laid down the needle and put the egg by—
When the countryman blurted out, "Ain't yer inclined
To treat a new customer?—fact is, I 'm dry."

Though staggered a little, it must be confessed,
By the "customer" coming it rather too free;
Yet smilingly granting the modest request,
The dealer responded, "Well, what shall it be?"

"Wal, a drop of Madairy I reckon 'ul pass;
I 've bin used ter thet, see, ever since I was born."
The storekeeper handed a bottle and glass,
And his customer poured out a generous horn.

For a moment he eyed the gratuitous dram
With the air of a man who must something resign,
Then blandly remarked, "Do yer know that I am
Very partial to mixing an egg in my wine?"

"Oh, well, let us finish this matter, I beg;
You 're very particular, though, I must say"—
The storekeeper muttered and handed an egg—
The identical one he had taken in pay.

On the rim of the tumbler the man broke the shell—
"It 's cert'inly handsome the way yer treat folk!"

A Tough Customer

He opened it deftly, and plumply it fell
With a splash, and no wonder—it held double yolk!

The customer saw and a long breath he drew—
“Look, Mister, that egg has two yolks, I declare!
Instead of *one* needle I ’ve paid yer for *two*—
So hand me another an’ then we ’ll be square!”

NAME AND FAME

I STOOD where the billows of ocean
Foamed up on the shining strand,
And at every billow's recession
I traced my name on the sand;
And as often the wave returning
Swept o'er it with eager haste,
And the sand alone would be left me
Of the name that my hand had traced.

And a lesson it seemed to symbol:
That the world will as careless be
Of the fame you crave, as of your name
Is the sweep of the mighty sea.
You grasp at the coveted laurel,
To wreath in a chaplet fair;
But you gather only the cypress
For the crown you had hoped to wear.

Then I thought of the poet of England,
Who the lyre of promise awoke;
Whose strain Hyperion summoned,
And Endymion's slumber broke:—
Who died in youth's rich, sweet graces,
Like a blossom before its bloom—

Name and Fame

"One whose name was writ in water,"
We read on his Roman tomb.

Is the world, then, so unrelenting?
And may not the poet live
To launch his heart on the tide of song,
Nor ask that the world forgive?
Has it only concern for trembling thrones,
And nations in grim decease?—
An eye alone for the sword of war,
And none for the pen of peace?

Not so; for love is immortal;
And so long as yon vaulted sky
O'erarches earth and its sorrows,
The poet may still stand by,—
Stand by with his lyre of heart-strings,
Breathing song that sustains and cheers—
And his name may be writ in water;
But the water be human tears!

CAPTAIN COSTENTENUS

Captain Costentenus is an Albanian who was tattooed from head to foot by order of the King of Chinese Tartary, as a punishment for engaging in a rebellion, decapitation being the alternative. On the body are reproduced 388 figures of birds, beasts, fishes, serpents, fabulous monsters, and hieroglyphics, pronounced by prominent medical men in this country and Europe as the most perfect specimen of tattooing ever seen. He was on his way to exhibit at the Centennial when secured by Mr. Barnum.

“UNDER the sun there is nothing new,”
A familiar quotation is and Biblical;
But Barnum does n't believe it is true,
For he now exhibits to public view
A curious thing in the form of tattoo,
Uncommon and hieroglyphical.

Have you seen this remarkable creature?
This wonderful tattooed Albanian;
Whose each individual feature
Seems to have every prismatic stain in!

His name in a rhyme is unreachable,
And because he engaged in a riot,
A Tartar King deemed him impeachable,
And determined to make him keep quiet.

Then this sovereign made him an offer
Which to some may benevolent seem;
But the fact is, the potentate's proffer
Was a sample of Tartar—the cream!

Captain Costentenus

For the King said: "Now which would you rather,
Be beheaded, or tattooed all over?"
And the Captain, of course, replied, "Bother!
Let me live, though it won't be in clover."

Then he was translated to nudity—
And, that I may not wax prosaic,
At the end of three months to the view did he
Loom up an incarnate mosaic.

From the crown of his head to his feet
To aptly describe him I tried a trope;
But to turn him around is a treat—
The effect is a human kaleidoscope!

Three hundred and eighty-eight forms
Of quadrupeds, bipeds, and fishes,
On the Captain's legs, body, and arms,
May be counted if any one wishes.

To mention a few would be suitable:
It has cost me an infinite trial;
For those who embellished his cuticle
Must have drawn from the pages of Lyell.

On his back is a plesiosaurus;
On each leg an iguanodon tractile;
On his breast is an ichthyosaurus;
On his stomach a gay pterodactyl.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And the fishes with wonder will strike
E'en an ichthyological learner;
If you want to know what they are like,
Go and study the "Slave Ship," by Turner.

Then birds that one never could guess,
And of every conceivable paint;
But I really feel bound to confess
They 'd make Wilson or Audubon faint.

Then things that no being can name,
Crowd and fill every crevice and cranny,
Every angle and space of his frame,
In a way at once weird and uncanny.

In short, this tattooing is such,
That there is n't a ghost of a spot
That the tip of your finger can touch
Where a figure of some kind is not.

And this is the prize of the Showman,
Great Barnum was early in time for it;
And I 'll venture a wager that no man
Will fail to see Captain—no rhyme for it!

A SUMMER IDYL

'T WAS the close of the season, together they stood
Where the path leaves the meadow and enters
the wood.

She was going home now, and had flirted away
The long summer days, with a youth at Cape May.

She was lovely and rich, he was handsome and poor ;
She a belle of New York, he a farmer obscure ;
But the beaux had been scarce and the hotel was
dull—

Then what could she do when her heart was so full?

He was sunburnt and broad, and his hands they were
brown,

But his eyes had a freshness unknown to the town ;
And his hair which in chestnut curls clustering grew,
Never owned a Macassar save sunshine and dew.

He had sailed in his boat with her form by his side,
He had held her light foot when it pleased her to
ride ;

Like the Knight of Aslauga, he lived to obey,
Yet, alas! he knew nothing of waltz and croquet.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

But he knew every haunt where the wild flowers
grew,
And the path leading up to the loveliest view ;
And tho' he 'd have deemed Mr. Wordsworth a bore,
A primrose to him was a primrose—and more.

“Well, Richard, good-bye! I am going to-day ;
Papa came last night and will take me away.
I thank you so much for your kindness and all !
I could not have stayed here without you at all.”

He silently stood as her parting words came,
His eyes were cast down, for his face was aflame ;
Her hand for an instant was laid in his own,
She turned, gave a sigh, flung a kiss—and was gone!

Then a cloud floated under and darkened the sun ;
The voice of the brook ceased in music to run ;
The note of the robin grew suddenly still,
And a lengthening shadow crept down from the hill.

It was only a sigh, and the kiss was but air,
Yet a sweetness remained as if still she were there.
Oh, to stand so forever and dream life away
In the spell whose soft magic is broken to-day!

Then, as if in a vision, his farm he beheld,
The fields he had sown and the tree he had felled ;
And the hand that so long had forgotten the plow
Must again wipe the sweat from the laborer's brow.

A Summer Idyl

And the maiden returned to the city's delights,
Where perhaps it is one of the opera nights;
And she sits in a box with some gay cavalier,
While the music of Verdi entrances her ear.

And it may be she hears in one murmuring strain
The pulse of the sea's everlasting refrain;
And she feels once again in her face the salt spray
Of the billows that foam on the shore at Cape May.

While another remembers the path to the wood,
On that day when the air was so sweet where he
stood;
And tho' now the wild winds of December rush by,
He can hear in them only a kiss and a sigh!

LAKE OTSEGO

Written after a visit to Cooperstown, New York.

I STAND at Edgewater ¹—and there forget
That life for me hath ever held a tear ;
For never hath a picture risen yet
At fancy's call, more beautiful, more dear,
Than that which now lies all-entrancing here,
And limned in memory ever will remain.
The graybeard, Time, will prick each fleeting year ;
Yet to my heart, as sweet as summer rain,
Will come October and the "Glimmerglass" again.

Their lie the hills, as quiet as when first
Their calm repose the painted Indian saw ;
Or when the form of Natty Bumppo burst
The forest through, and on the wave-kissed shore
Paused breathless at the new, wide-open door,
Where Nature waited in her witching guise.
No marvel that his welling heart ran o'er
With all the eloquence of glad surprise,
When this fresh gift of Heaven lay bare before his
eyes!

Yet, now those graceful slopes are lovelier far
Than when in June they wore their robe of green ;

¹ The residence of G. Pomeroy Keese, Cooperstown, New York.

Lake Otsego

For Autumn's panorama now they are,
And she hath stinted not her blood, I ween,
In her divine translation of the scene.
There lies along the lake her gorgeous train,
Like myriad tips of flame the pines between,
To where "Mount Wellington" o'erlooks the
plain—

The lion of the hills, with gems upon his mane.

But not enough to fill the mellowing air
With glowing radiance and odor sweet;
Otsego's breast would fain the beauty share,
And in those crystal depths the shores repeat
The loveliness they wear, and at my feet
The range of jeweled hills inverted lies.
No more we need to make the scene complete—
Still, let us upward turn our grateful eyes,
And find the fitting crown in yon all-perfect skies.

The hour is mine, and I am lost in dream:
Methinks I see Tom Hutter's floating ark;
I see the laughing face of Judith gleam
From out the tinted foliage—and hark!
The startling loon-cry breaks upon the dark,
Still night—and there, erect amid the gloom,
Listens the Deerslayer in his birchen bark.
I hear the shot that speaks his foeman's doom—
I see the "Indian Rock"—the Delaware's eagle
plume!

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

But he who casts those shadows lives no more ;
His dust of this historic soil is part ;
No more will pictures of the lake and shore
Flash in romance by the magician's art ;—
Forever stilled is that deep human heart !
Yet while these hills remain, these ripples play,
His name and memory never can depart ;
The air he breathed shall cold oblivion slay—
The giant pines he loved shall sentinel his clay.

The golden sun sinks slowly to the west,
While still the scene holds my enamoured eyes—
And now the rose and amber flushes rest
Upon the lake, caught from the changing skies—
Alas! not long, and all this beauty dies!
A little time, and from his icy lair,
Deep in the north, grim Winter will arise ;
His ruthless breath will blow the hillsides bare,
And bind the murmuring wave in adamantine there.

Yet not forever will the change endure ;
For God's sweet resurrection of the Spring
Will come at last, and summer days as pure
Another year will just as surely bring ;
The flowers will bloom and Nature's minstrels
sing—
The "Glimmerglass" again in sunset glow ;
October will descend on tinted wing ;
Her artist-hand will paint the mountain's brow—
And I this scene behold as I behold it now.

A MEMORY

On receiving a sprig of trailing arbutus from Cooperstown, New York.

THRICE welcome, rosy child of spring,
Tho' but a flower alone;
To me, in city life, you bring
A sweetness all your own.
The homely prose that writes my day
Before my eyes grows dim,
And, lying in the lap of May,
I read your forest hymn.

It tells of the awakening flowers;
The lake's unfettered flow;
The resurrection of the hours
That died before the snow.
And once again the tree-tops bud,
The blue-bird plumes his wing,
And scented winds blow thro' the wood
The kisses of the spring.

I think now of the spot that gave
This flower of mine its birth—
Where sentinel pines guard COOPER'S grave
It burst its shell of earth;

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

And trailing from its sylvan cave,
All silently it grew,
To bloom beside Otsego's wave,
That old Tom Hutter knew.

I yield to fancy's haunting power—
For in that distant land,
I see the same sweet wild-wood flower
Plucked by a maiden's hand.
O say not that 't is all in vain
To dream that I 'm possessed
Of flower whose kindred may have lain
On Judith Hutter's breast!

THE AUTHOR OF "RUDDER GRANGE" IN A NEW ROLE

STOCKTON'S HALF-HOURS OF READING

Frank R. Stockton at one time suffered much pain in his eyes and was forbidden to read. The first day that the doctor granted him half an hour with a book his friends were curious to know what book he would select. "Give me some advertisements," he demanded, and explained, as a shout was raised: "Yes, I am pinning for advertisements. My wife has read everything else aloud to me, but I had n't the heart to ask her to read the advertisements." For several days he devoted the whole of that precious half-hour to advertisements.—*The Epoch*.

HE sat within his easy chair,
Expectantly quiescent;
The oculist had just been there,
And cheered the convalescent;
"I grant you half an hour each day
To read what you 've a mind to;
No more, or else you 'll have to pay
The cost of being blind, too."

Ah, precious boon to one whose eyes
Have been as simply locked ones.
What daily half-hours' rich reprise
Will now be Mr. Stockton's.
But what will be the chosen book
For minutes sweet tho' fleeting?
Let 's in upon the reader look,
And note the page he 's greeting.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Is it the Bard of Avon's song,
Or Donnelly's slice of Bacon?
The Count of Monte Cristo's wrong,
Or Colton's antique "Lacon"?
Is it the fun of Mark Twain's page,
Or Wordsworth's numbers solemn,
Or Rider Haggard's latest rage,
Or Howells' monthly column?

Not much. He reads the glowing lines
That tell Castoria's mission;
He reads how Sozodont inclines
The teeth for exhibition;
He reads how Holman's Liver Pad
Defies the ague hateful.
And how Epps' Cocoa is not bad,
But comforting and grateful.

Of good St. Jacob's potent oil
He reads the unctuous measure;
He reads that washing once was toil,
But with Pears' Soap 't is pleasure;
He reads how all the crushing woes
That make housekeeping tragic
Are banished by Sapolio's
Obliterating magic.

He reads that Little Liver Pills
And Horsford's Acid Phosphate

The Author of "Rudder Grange"

Will save from nervousness and chills,
And possibly a worse state ;
That if impurity of blood
Is ill with which you 're ailing
Then Sarsaparilla made by Hood
Is remedy unfailing.

And so he reads and never stops ;
Each day his eyes begin it,
The legend of Pike's Toothache Drops
That cure in half a minute,
The fine romance of Closing Sale
And Situations Wanted,
And House to Let—a moving tale—
He reads them all undaunted.

We 've had Half-hours with the Best
Of Famous Authors many ;
Now let this simple lay suggest
A work as good as any.
Let Mr. Stockton's mental pith
Produce some more surprises—
Who would not buy Half-hours with
The Best of Advertisers !

ASCERTAIN YOUR WEIGHT

A TOPICAL REFRAIN

I N public places nowadays there stands a handsome
scale,
Without proprietor or clerk to tell its simple tale;
But passers-by may read the words engraved upon a
plate,
To "Drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight."

A moral 's here, good people, if you 'll take a mo-
ment's thought,
A lesson for life 's guidance 't is and most succinctly
taught;
For if it be the part of man to have a bout with fate,
It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your
weight."

So, if you think that politics affords you widest scope,
If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and your
hope,
If you fancy that your destiny 's to glorify the state,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

Ascertain Your Weight

If you dream that you 're an actor, and imagine
you 're endowed
With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of the
crowd,
If sock and buskin visions fill your soul with joy
elate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you feel that you 're a poet, and by right divine
belong
To those whose wings have borne them to Parnassian
heights of song,
If ballades, rondeaus, triolets, you long to incubate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only ask
the chance
To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of
romance,
If another Robert Elsmere you are eager to create,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a beau,
If you think that as a lover you could make a touch-
ing show,

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

If you deem society the field you ought to cultivate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your
weight.

In short, whate'er the path to which ambition points
the way,
Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make
essay,
For it is well that modesty, before it is too late,
Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain its
weight.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

MY study windows look upon
An orchard fair to see,
Where early birds have just begun
Their jocund revelry ;
And May's sweet breath has lingered there
Among the trees, I ween ;
For in the blossoms that they bear
Her rosy lips are seen.

O, apple blossoms, passing sweet,
Ye whisper of a spring,
When, lying at my darling's feet,
I watched your clustering.
The May was lovely then as now,
As blithely sang the birds ;
The wind that kissed us, murmuring low,
Was softer than our words.

O, apple blossoms, she is dead !
And I am here alone.
Come ye to be my love instead,
In beauty all your own ?
Come, fair and fragrant as ye may,
And whiten every tree—
The withered ones she wore that day
Are sweeter far to me.

INSPIRATION

WHAT shall a poet do
When he tries the Muse to woo,
And cannot get a view
Of the maid?
Shall he give the whole thing up
Just because there 's not a sup
Of inspiration's cup
For his trade?

Is the Muse the only thing
That can make a fellow sing,
And lift his fancy's wing
In the air?
When I say "the Muse," I mean
That coy goddess, Hippocrene,
For she 's the only Queen,
We declare.

But is it so in truth?
I think not so, forsooth,
And I mean to risk the ruth
That may flow ;

Inspiration

I mean to make a break,
And for inspiration's sake
Some familiar creatures take,
 Don't you know.

First a horse—the neighing steed,
Perhaps pure Arabian breed,
He 's a Pegasus indeed,
 As is fit;
Though a neighing steed, I say,
If to him for help you pray,
Do you think he 'll say you nay?
 Not a bit.

Then a dog—if ere your verse
Would love's constancy rehearse,
Here you have it fond and terse,
 I remark;
Or if you wish to glide
Down life's sweet rippling tide
With affection at your side,
 Here 's your bark!

And the cat—ah, yes, I know
All the curses you bestow,
And how the bootjacks go
 With a "scat!"

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

But if you pussy choose
(Though, of course, it is n't news),
You 'll be sure to have the mews,
 Think of that!

Last the hen, and on my ear
Falls the note of chanticleer,
And the distant hills appear,
 Touched with day;
And the hen lifts up her voice,
And I feel my heart rejoice,
For the fact is I 've made choice
 Of a lay!

CAPTAIN CALM

The American schooner Maggie Dalling was lost off the Alaskan coast on January 10, 1887. She was commanded and sailed by the daughter of the late Captain McDonald, a girl of seventeen, who bore the singular name of Calm. She was born on the schooner, and the shores of Behring Sea constituted her world. On the night in question she stood at the wheel when the schooner was blown on a reef. The mainmast went overboard, carrying the only sailor with it, the foremast following, which fell astern. A rescuing party found the almost lifeless form of the girl captain hanging over the wheel, where she had been crushed by the falling spar. The "Tribune" despatch, from which these particulars are taken, states that she is now dying from exposure, having braved the sea and cold for thirty-six hours.

SHE held the wheel on that awful night
When the nearest port was death;
Her schooner from stem to stern was white
With the winter's frozen breath.
A maiden of seventeen years was she,
At her father's side she grew,
Her cradle was rocked on Behring Sea,
And that was the world she knew.

Her father died and the girl was left,
"Calm" was her given name;
The schooner was now of skipper bereft,
But the daughter was made of flame.
She took command of her father's craft
With a title that none could harm,
And never a seal-hunter stared or laughed
At the sex of Captain Calm.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Thus it was that on this awful night
She stood at the schooner's wheel;
Her hand was a woman's, soft and white,
Her heart was a heart of steel.
She watched the pulse of the freezing gale
As it swept over Behring Sea,
And never once did her spirit quail
From the doom that there might be.

Then a mighty wind blew the schooner sheer
On a reef with a deadly face,
The mainmast fell with all its gear
And a sailor in its embrace.
The foremast followed with backward reel—
O, why did it fall so far!
For the soft, white hand still held the wheel
In the path of the plunging spar.

The sailor lived till he told the tale,
Then sank in his early grave—
Next morn a crew pulled bravely through
The gallant lass to save.
They found her living, helpless, bent
'Neath the lash of winds and flood,
For the foremast in its cruel descent
Had crushed her where she stood.

And whether she lives or dies, that wreck
Will in memory pictured be;

Captain Calm

We shall see her standing upon the deck
 'Mid the billows of Behring Sea.
We shall dream of the desolate Polar shore,
 Of the midnight and the blast,
The hand on the wheel, and the heart of steel
 That broke on the reef at last.

AN OLDEN ECHO

I SAW her to-day in the crowded street,
On the arm of a man of gold ;
The image of beauty and grace complete,
As she was in the days of old.
Yet fashion swept brilliantly by, unseen ;
The exquisite ogled in vain ;
The glance of the courted and splendid queen
Was loaded with cold disdain.

A change has come over the lady, then :
She is tired of titled names ;
She is sick of homage from brainless men,
And the gossip of soulless dames.
Is the change a something that Time has sown
In the dew of regretful tears ?
A something that into her heart has grown
From the dust of returnless years ?

She lives in the house of a millionaire ;
In parlors with luxury glossed ;
There are diamond pins that she may wear,
There are dresses of royal cost.
Rich revels will rise at her sweet command,
For her lord will never say nay—
Yet she seems not proud of the golden hand
She has sworn to love and obey.

An Olden Echo

Perhaps she remembers the vanished years,
When her home was poorer than now,
When smiles were her portion instead of tears,
Undreamed of jewels and show.
When the early light of the eastern skies
Was a kiss on her waiting face,
Instead of a blaze in her weary eyes,
And a glare on her gown of lace.

Perhaps she remembers the robin's song,
Instead of the opera-stall;
Or the brook, where she sat so oft and long,
To list to its silver fall.
Perhaps she remembers the dance in May,
Instead of the midnight waltz,
And a hand in which hers a moment lay—
A hand that was bold—not false!

She may have a thought of a night so fleet,
When she lingered, a maiden free—
A thought of the man who knelt at her feet
'Neath the shade of the trysting-tree.
A thought of a promise that heaven believed
Would never know time nor change—
Of another promise the earth received,
But O, to heaven how strange!

THISTLE AND VOLUNTEER

THISTLE came across the sea,
Volunteer!
Sure of winning as could be,
Volunteer!
She had walked away with ease
From the fleet on English seas,
And she longed our cup to seize.
Volunteer!

So she anchored in the bay,
Volunteer!
And looked forward to the day,
Volunteer!
When her snowy wings should sweep
Like a wonder o'er the deep,
And the lead defiant keep,
Volunteer!

And the day came on apace,
Volunteer!
And they signaled for the race,
Volunteer!

Thistle and Volunteer

But, alack, the canny Scot
At the finish first was not,
And the Cup he has not got,
 Volunteer!

They must come and try again,
 Volunteer!

They are gallant sailor men;
 Volunteer!

But they reckoned without rue,
Without Paine and Burgess, too;
Faith, they reckoned without you,
 Volunteer!

MY FLOWER

Suggested by the popular feeling in favor of maintaining the Gold Standard.

WHAT flower shall the nation wear?
I hear a whisper say—
What symbol shall the patriot bear
Upon his breast this day?
The rose is passing sweet, we know,
The lily fair to see;
But, O, of all the flowers that grow,
The golden rod for me.
The golden rod for me,
The golden rod for me;
It seems to plead for honesty;
The golden rod for me.

The hedge rows mellow in its light;
Its plumes the children share;
Each yellow tress the winds caress;
It warms the autumn air—
But more than nature's raiment fine,
Or flower that gilds the lea,
I take it for a living sign,
The golden rod for me.
The golden rod for me,
The golden rod for me;
Our land's fair fame lies in the name;
The golden rod for me!

THE MARCH TO CANTON

Suggested by the frequent visits of the people to the home of William McKinley during his first campaign.

WHEN all the workers of our land
Make pilgrimage to Canton,
And crowd to clasp the statesman's hand
With freedom's fine abandon;
When farm and bench and forge and mill
Pour forth each day and minute,
This army means the people's will—
There must be something in it.
Be sure there 's something in it—
I hear again the march of men,
Be sure there 's something in it.

Not for a whim this human drift,
This gulf-stream of emotion;
Another cause these hearts uplift
And bear with deep devotion.
'T is not the man love deifies—
Not he alone could win it—
But what he stands for in their eyes,
Is what it is that 's in it.
Be sure there 's something in it—
He stands confessed to all that 's best,
Be sure there 's something in it.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

That "something" is the Nation's name
As Washington bequeathed it;
The lasting glory of its fame
As honor's crown has wreathed it.
So let the Silver Bubble burst,
And Bryan's trumpet rant on,
But we will save the country first,
And still march on to Canton.
Be sure there 's something in it—
Ah, never fear, whate'er you hear,
Be sure McKinley 's "in it"!

TO E. F.

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY

I AM thinking as I sit
Of the years that onward flit,
And I like it not a bit,
For they mean
Not only that my hair
Is silvered here and there,
But that Ethel, I 'm aware,
Is Sixteen!

Is it possible? I say—
Why it seems but yesterday
That she came her love to pay
At my door:
Sweet vision of a girl,
With her golden hair in curl,
And her feet in merry whirl
On the floor.

She is still of joyous mold,
Still her hair is floating gold,
And she enters, as of old,
With a song;

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

But she enters not so pert,
And her feet are less alert,
And I notice that her skirt
 Has grown long.

Ah me, 't is Nature's will;
There are pulses yet to thrill;
Would I keep her standing still
 All for me?

Would I have her back to ten?
No, truly, no—but then
She will never sit again
 On my knee!

But then her maiden grace,
And the thought that in her face
Has come to take the place
 Of the elf.

So be sure that Nature's view
Is the best for her and you,
And then remember too
 She 's herself.

One thing is mine to claim—
Her love is still the same
As when it early came
 Ne'er to cease;
So untroubled be my breast,
May her natal day be blest,
And may blessings ever rest
 On my Niece!

GEORGE ELIOT

SHE lies in that fair land where violets spring,
And on her grave may sweetest flowers have
birth!

The future pilgrims to that hallowed earth
Will wonder not that they are listening,
As in a dream, to voices whispering
The well-known words of wisdom, hope, or mirth,
That lifted life to shining heights of worth—
Now sighing in their ears from Memory's string.

The wind comes journeying from Avon's springs;
Lingers a moment where memorials tell
The name of him who left us "Christabel";
Then with the gathered sweetness of its wings
It murmurs on and now a vigil keeps
Beside the grave where Shakespeare's sister sleeps.

A RIBBON

THIS is the place where I bring my flowers.
Here she was buried five years ago ;
Once a year in the summer hours,
I come to see how the roses grow.
The youths and maidens have seen me come,
Their lips are busy when I am gone ;
They cannot guess why I leave my home
To set in crimson this marble stone.

Six summers ago I sought this place,
For simple love of the country skies ;
I could not boast of a single face
To meet my coming with friendly eyes.
But a farmer's daughter was more than kind,
When I stopped that day at a welcome well ;
And she shone in the glance of my city mind
With a nature as golden as words could tell.

She daintily lifted her dimpled arm
And gave me the cup with native grace ;
I knew it was best to be grave and calm—
Yet there was the wistful and pretty face !

A Ribbon

And so it chanced that I often came
To the shaded well and the eyes of blue ;
But I swear, for the sake of her name and fame,
I never did aught that my soul shall rue.

The day I left at the well she sat ;
I asked her to give me a parting cup,
Then loosing the ribbon that bound my hat,
I playfully tied her ringlets up.
“This will remind you not to forget,”
I said, as I fastened her shining hair—
Six are the vanished years, and yet
I see her this moment standing there.

Autumn and winter went by apace,
And springtime followed with winged feet ;
Again I was seeking a country place,
Where summer hours were calm and sweet.
I never knew anything half so still
As the little village I seemed to know ;
And I felt in my heart a memory thrill
Of a voice that was music a year ago.

I came to the church—on either hand,
Under the trees, in the shade of the wall,
I saw the carriages clustered stand,
Then I heard the notes of an anthem fall.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

"It is not Sunday—some neighbor 's dead,"
I thought, as I looked towards the open door—
Yet why should I enter with careful tread
'Mid faces I never had seen before?

The funeral service was said and done ;
A solemn pause, and the friends made way,
To look their last on the silent one
Who, cold and white, in the coffin lay.
I saw the eyes that for love were wet ;
I saw the flowers that love had brought ;
I saw faith's lesson lingering yet
On the lips of the pastor who spoke and taught.

A stranger moved through the tearful throng,
And a moment stood by the narrow bed ;
A start, and his eyes were riveted long
On the face of the shrouded, unconscious dead.
To gaze on a beautiful girl he stands,
Forever locked in her marble rest ;
To gaze on a ribbon beneath her hands,
And lovingly folded against her breast.

MY STUDY

I WAS only a poet and lived by my wits,
And very poor living it was, I 've been told,
When death, who unheralded fortune remits,
A legacy left me in gold.

And now I will build me a study, I thought;
A room I have dreamed of for poet like me;
Not like this, where so long I have labored and
wrought;
But a thing to inspire it shall be.

So I found an abode that just suited my case,
And I frescoed the ceiling with classic design;
And the gold-papered walls showed me many a face
Looking down with regard upon mine.

Of curious woods was the floor of my room,
No stretches of carpet invited the tread;
But luxurious rugs from an Orient loom
Lay over the spaces instead.

My windows with curtains were hung rich and rare,
Descending from shining bars, fold upon fold;
My doorways were each a superb portière
Of velvet embroidered with gold.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

On bracket and shelf there was choice bric-à-brac,
And treasures of art the interior graced,
Here a bust and a vase, there a bronze and a plaque,
A blending of beauty and taste.

Then of pictures, of course, my walls were not bare;
Not many, indeed, but my favorite few—
Gérôme, Leighton, Millais, Cabanel were all there;
And a gem of Meissonier's, too.

But my exquisite desk was the all perfect sum
Of my joy—it was something unique and complete—
I fancied poems rising like incense therefrom,
As I sank in the soft-cushioned seat.

And now all was done and my future was framed,
The past I regarded with pitying scorn—
“Let me harness my Pegasus quick!” I exclaimed,
“In the trappings he never hath worn.”

With my paper before me and glittering pen,
I lifted my eyes to the wealth that was mine—
I gazed round my study again and again—
But my paper received not a line.

As I looked round my room with an air of surprise
That no answering muse met my beckoning call,
An old print in a corner arrested my eyes
That had no right to be there at all.

My Study

I remembered it well, but how came it there?

It hung there, I 'm sure, by no order of mine.

My eyes became fixed in a petrified stare

At this relic of old lang syne.

I remembered it well—'t was a thing of my choosing

In days when such pictures my attic was bold
with—

Doctor Johnson The Vicar of Wakefield perusing

In the lodging of Oliver Goldsmith!

I awoke—all my splendor had melted to air;

Not a vestige remained of the glory and gleam;—

And I sit in my attic, which boasts but one chair,

With the pen that has written a dream.

THE GAME OF LOVE

THE sweet Miranda sat with Ferdinand
While Ariel's melody trembled on the air ;
The Isle was peaceful beneath Prospero's wand,
And naught disturbed the lovers sitting there.
The board with pieces set lay them between,
And all was quiet in the blest recess ;
But they thought not of contest then, I ween—
Another game they fain would play than chess.

And thus they were discovered when the hour
Was ripe for their unveiling ; and the pair
Looked with amaze from the secluded bower
On those who promised each a father's care.
So Shakespeare's chess-board bore the happy fate,
That each without a check would find a mate!

TRUE TO PRINCIPLE

IT was a printer, bold and warm,
Who wooed a gentle maid;
He was a type and she a form,
That could not be gainsaid.
They met, as such are wont to meet,
In park and shady grove,
And there in close communion sweet
Compared their proofs of love.

One night he softly stole an arm
Around her slender waist;
She trembled with a vague alarm,
Then whispered he in haste:
"Forgive me, dear—fear nothing, love,
But let me here profess
How strongly I 'm in favor of
The freedom of the press."

TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

One Thursday in November, 1889, Edmund Clarence Stedman sent to the Authors Club a bunch of chrysanthemums, and as each member entered he received from Arthur Stedman a boutonnière of the same. This gift suggested the following verses.

THE Authors Club last Thursday night
Was Flora's hour, I ween,
Chrysanthemums amid the light
Flashed color o'er the scene;
For every one who entered there,
Or stood within the room,
Received your Arthur's boutonnière—
A memory and a bloom.

A memory—yes, for he whose will
Evoked the floral charm
Was absent, yet in spirit still
Was with us bright and warm.
And so your gift of flowers we wore,
Responsive to love's claim,
And each upon his bosom bore
The fragrance of your name.

BALLADE OF AN ASS

I KNOW not if ancestral strain
Has been my fateful legacy,
Or whether 't is a lengthened train
Of follies acting potently:
But all my intimates agree
That when I look into the glass
The person mirrored there I see
Is always sure to be an ass.

In social circles I would fain
Be noted for my bonhomie,
And yet a play of wit in vain
I spring upon the company;
They gaze upon me squelchingly:
And when I later homeward pass,
I 'm confident that I am he
Who 's always sure to be an ass.

Sometimes I give my fancy vein
And pen a verse of poesie,
I send it to the fair Elaine,
And wait the issue joyously

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

(Surely not unimpressed is she).

I never hear a word, alas,
Of all my rhymes that end in "thee,"—
I 'm always sure to be an ass.

ENVOY

O Aesop, thou who wrote with glee
The fables of the long-eared class,
Write still another upon me—
I 'm always sure to be an ass.

INSTINCT OR REASON

THE original draft of this tale was in prose,
But I thought very likely there might exist
those

Who would have no objection to offer to verse—
So in that way I purpose the same to rehearse.

In Boston—that city of infinite wit,
Where intellect somehow each week makes a hit;
Whose cognomen “hub” is so wildly admired,
That one in pronouncing it never gets tired.
In Boston, where everything must be discussed,
Be the subject indifferent, or be it august,
From the depth of a spree to the height of a bust,
How a name should be carved, how a fowl should be
trussed;

How a theatre builded, a tragedy acted,
Whether Hamlet is lucid, or whether distracted:
How a lady should waltz, how manage the german,
Should the ballot forthwith to woman be given,
How a text be selected, how written a sermon,
Not to mention the manner of getting to Heaven—
Well, digression aside—in this wonderful city
A party once met whom I thank for this ditty.
They had aired their opinions on churches and priests,

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Births, weddings, divorces, interments and feasts,
And were now deeply plunged in the Instinct of
Beasts.

And some were contending, with spirit and force,
That Instinct was Reason—for instance, a horse—
Take a horse—what miraculous powers of mind
Are shown by this wonderful slave of mankind!—
Or a dog—can you find a sagacity, pray,
That looks more like reason than that of poor Tray?
Or the monkey—but stay, we must not get so far in
Our list as to seem the disciples of Darwin—
The horse and the dog are enough to decide
That Instinct and Reason are closely allied.
Then others arose holding opposite views,
And with infinite learning made haste to infuse
Such facts as they happened to know and were bold
with,

And instances principally borrowed from Gold-
smith—

And said that beast-reason was all a pretense,
There was no such thing really as animal sense—
Unless, indeed, pole-cats had animal scents—
(This pungent remark gave prodigious offense).
And so each debated and argued his cause,
Until, in the midst of a general pause,
A member arose, who desired to mention
A circumstance worthy respectful attention.
The years of this gentleman seemed to be more
Than any of those who had spoken before,
And his face an expression of saintliness wore—

Instinct or Reason

An expression akin, as it seemeth to me,
In its blandness, to that of the Heathen Chinee.
Yet Sorrow her fingers had pressed on his brow,
And he spoke in a voice that was solemn and slow.

“As a preface, my friends, I wish to premise
That my story is strange, and will cause some sur-
prise;

But of being believed I ’m religiously fond,
And my word, if you please, is as good as my bond.
You know my friend Simmons, the geometrician,
Who in figures, indeed, is a perfect magician,
Whose problems and theorems out-pascal Pascal,
Who styles even Euclid an ignorant rascal—
Well, Simmons, like other great men I could name,
Who have risen like him to the turrets of fame,
Will often get drunk, to his blame and his shame.
Last Summer, in June, he was staying with me,
And came home one night from a terrible spree.
He ’s an obstinate man when on one of his tares,
And my strength was nigh gone when I got him up-
stairs;

But, do what I might, he would not go to bed,
So he lay in his shirt on the carpet instead.
My house is an old one, and plenty of rats
Scamper freely about notwithstanding the cats;
I don’t mind ’em myself, but I thought Simmons
might,
Lying stretched where he did—a temptation to bite.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

So I stooped, the poor fellow to lift from the floor,
But just then my ears drank his thunderous snore,
And I thought to myself—he 's all right, for no rat
Would encounter, unnerved, a bass viol like that!
Yet still, in one hole whence they came, as I guessed,
I took the precaution of stuffing my vest—
Then tumbled in bed and forgot all the rest.
Next morning, the moment my eyelids unclosed,
I jumped up to see how poor Simmons reposed.
There he lay, gently touched by the dawn's early
streaks,
With the hue of the wine cup still flushing his
cheeks—
But Heavens and Earth! what a sight was his shirt!
Could it possibly be, and the man be unhurt?
I turned to the waistcoat-stuffed hole in the wall,
The hole met my gaze, gaping wide, that was all!
They had come through the vest, no rats could be
bolder,
And had eaten Sim's sleeves from the wrist to the
shoulder.
But by all the Saints! those rats knew so well
The mind of the man on whose linen they fell,
That Simmons's shirt had been gnawed through and
through
In right angles, triangles, and parallels, too!"

The meeting adjourned, to announce in due season
That Instinct is Siamese-brother to Reason.

QUEEN AND WOMAN

On the death of President Garfield the following despatch came to Mrs. Garfield from Queen Victoria: "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you, as He alone can."

GOD'S blessing rest on England's Queen,
Whose heart the message sped;
She saw, tho' ocean rolled between,
The wife beside the dead.
A Sovereign not from sorrow free,
She knew but love's command,
And o'er a thousand leagues of sea
Stretched forth a Woman's hand.

O gracious Lady of the Isles,
Think not that time shall dim,
What memory else his flight beguiles,
Thy thought of her and him.
To-day and ever at thy throne
A nation bends its knee
In willing chains and dares to own
The love it bears to thee.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
Thy Poet-Laureate sings,
And death the seal of sorrow sets
On peasants and on kings.

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

Once more where Avon's water breaks
We hear thy Shakespeare say—
One touch of nature surely makes
The whole world kin for aye!

Dramatic Portraits

This series of Dramatic Portraits, with few exceptions, was written during
the lifetime of the subjects.

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK

NOW Wallack rises on the backward gaze,
The city's pride in still-remembered days.
The honored head of an illustrious line,
His part it was the Drama to refine.
He left the arms of Nature richly graced,
And wooed his art with spirit and with taste.
Stage heroes gained from him an added light,
And Shakespeare's Benedick was his by right.
These in his prime; in later life he knew
Erasmus Bookworm and the vengeful Jew.
But not his art alone the public moved,
The man as well as actor was beloved;
And Wallack's name is truly one of those
That well deserves the best that fame bestows.

LESTER WALLACK

THE "Mr. Lester" of the long ago
Is prince of light comedians even now.
Albeit years will do what they are bid,
Time writes no wrinkle—that may not be hid.
And so there still survive the handsome face,
The voice of music and the step of grace;
The play of wit; the gesture eloquent;
The charm of blended mirth and sentiment;
The speech refined, the easy elegance,
The fine resource, the swift intelligence,—
All those remain, as salient as of old,
And long in stage tradition will be told.
Tho' Percy Ardent now is lost to sight,
And Harry Dornton is forgotten quite,
Those youthful heroes live and breathe to-day
In Captain Absolute and Elliot Gray.
Never can lag superfluous on the stage
This famous son of honored lineage.
Long be the day when Time his debt shall claim,
And Lester Wallack leave to lasting fame.

JAMES H. HACKETT

AS Yankee, Hackett first appealed to fame;
Then Gallic parts essayed, till Dromio came.
The last was symptom of another birth,
Which found development in Falstaff's girth.
He could no further go—the rage of Lear,
The darkly frowning Richard, vanished here.
Lost in the fat Knight's humorous embrace,
The tragic mask forgot to show its face;
And when hereafter Hackett's name we call,
'T will be as Falstaff, first and best of all.

DION BOUCICAULT

PROLIFIC Boucicault! what verse may scan
The merits of this many-sided man?
A stage upholsterer of old renown
Is what an enemy would write him down.
But let the enemy remember still
How much we owe to Dion's cunning quill.
What tho' in many of his plays, perchance,
There may be hints of foraging in France!
Let us be mindful of the genius shown
In those as well as others all his own.
There is a land the playwright has made sweet,
And found a laurel in the bog and peat.
Not yet have audiences joy out-worn
To see the "Shaughraun" and the "Colleen Bawn";
And Dazzle may no longer fill the scene,
While enter Conn and Myles na Coppaleen.

EDWARD A. SOTHERN

SOTHERN we miss—and who shall take his place?
Nature and art consorted in his race.
Nature must e'en another mind produce,
And art beguile it into cunning use.
No easy task to be at once inane,
And irresistibly absurd though sane!
No more 't is ours to sit with parted lip,
Watching for Lord Dundreary's glare and skip;
No more that portrait of a master hand;
The lispng speech, the nonsense wisely planned;
The word and action held at wit's command.
Farewell, Dundreary! and in losing you
We lost your Sam and Crushed Tragedian, too.

JOHN T. RAYMOND

“THERE 'S millions in it!”—words devoid of wit ;
 But loud the laugh from gallery and pit
 When Raymond gives them speculative tone,
 And clothes them with a humor all his own.
 As drawn by Clemens in the “Gilded Age,”
 Sellers gleams faintly on the printed page,
 But dominates, in Raymond, all the stage.
 Long may we live to see before us stand
 That humorous figure with uplifted hand!

CHARLES FECHTER

ROMANTIC Fechter! thou who made us feel
The depth of Armand's love for poor Camille;
Who victor stood o'er Pauline's startled heart
E'en while her pride received the galling dart;—
For thee, fond memory pauses in the race
Of quick events, to mark thy glowing face.
Lover par excellence, and debonair,
What Ruy Blas like thine or Lagadère?
The warmth of Italy, the grace of France,
Combined to make thee hero of romance.

J. S. CLARKE

METHOD with Clarke has ever been prime factor,
And method made him an artistic actor.
Gifted with skill to seize and to portray,
He gives his fine mimetic power full sway.
Thus finished pictures from his art arise,
Which lure the mind as they have lured the eyes.
A low comedian of that better school,
That does not think a laugh bespeaks a fool.

MARY ANDERSON

IN THE "WINTER'S TALE."

I

I SEE thee as becomes Sicilia's Queen,
Ere yet the flame has caught Leontes' breast;
I see thee, beautiful, with gracious mien,
Persuade Polixenes, the honored guest—
Ah, stainless wife, the sweetest and the best!
I see thee stand before the accusing King,
Lit still by chastity's "clear-pointed flame";
I hear thy voice in the tribunal ring
In last appeal to great Apollo's name,
Whose sacred oracle makes white thy fame.

II

I see thee in the bloom of maidenhood
Make glad Bohemia with thy happy face;
Thou seemst a spirit of the glade and wood,
A dream of loveliness and sylvan grace,
Yet on thy brow the stamp of royal race.
I hear thy voice of music telling o'er
The names and story of thy gathered flowers;
I see thy glancing feet upon the floor
In dance that wings with light the fleeting hours—
And all the joys that Shakespeare gives is ours!

The Siamese Twins and Other Poems

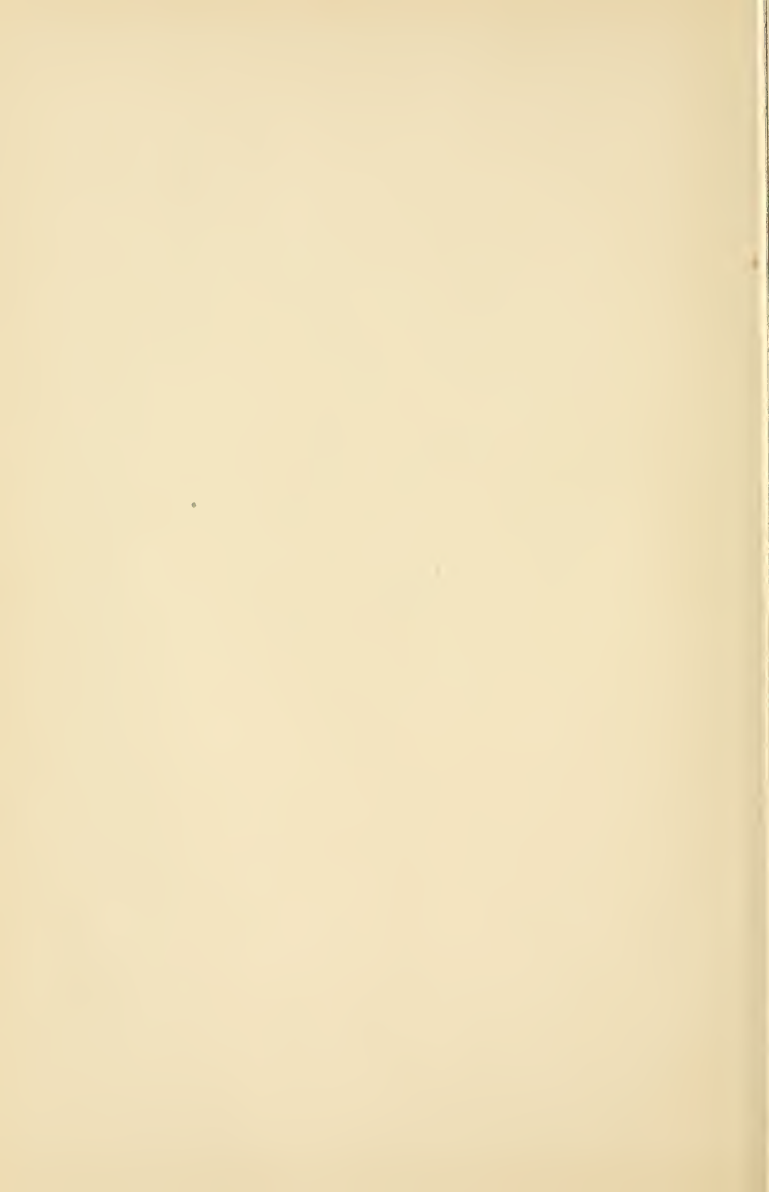
III

Sweet is the memory of these pictures twain ;
Sweet is the thought that they are wholly thine—
The fruitage of thy blended heart and brain
Glow in thy native air a thing divine.
Thou only art interpreter, I ween,
Of high-born shepherdess and peerless queen.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

NO need to chronicle the triumphs won
By our incomparable Jefferson!
Long may the old-time sweetness of his speech
Dwell in our ears when he shall cease to teach;
Long will the memory hold his witching art,
As imaged in each finely ordered part,
Where laughing wit lay close to throbbing heart—
The strut of Acres with his paper frills,
And Rip's deep slumber 'mid the storied hills.





MAY 26 1900

1872-73

1873-74

1874-75

1875-76

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 939 605 8