

HOLMES'

POEMS

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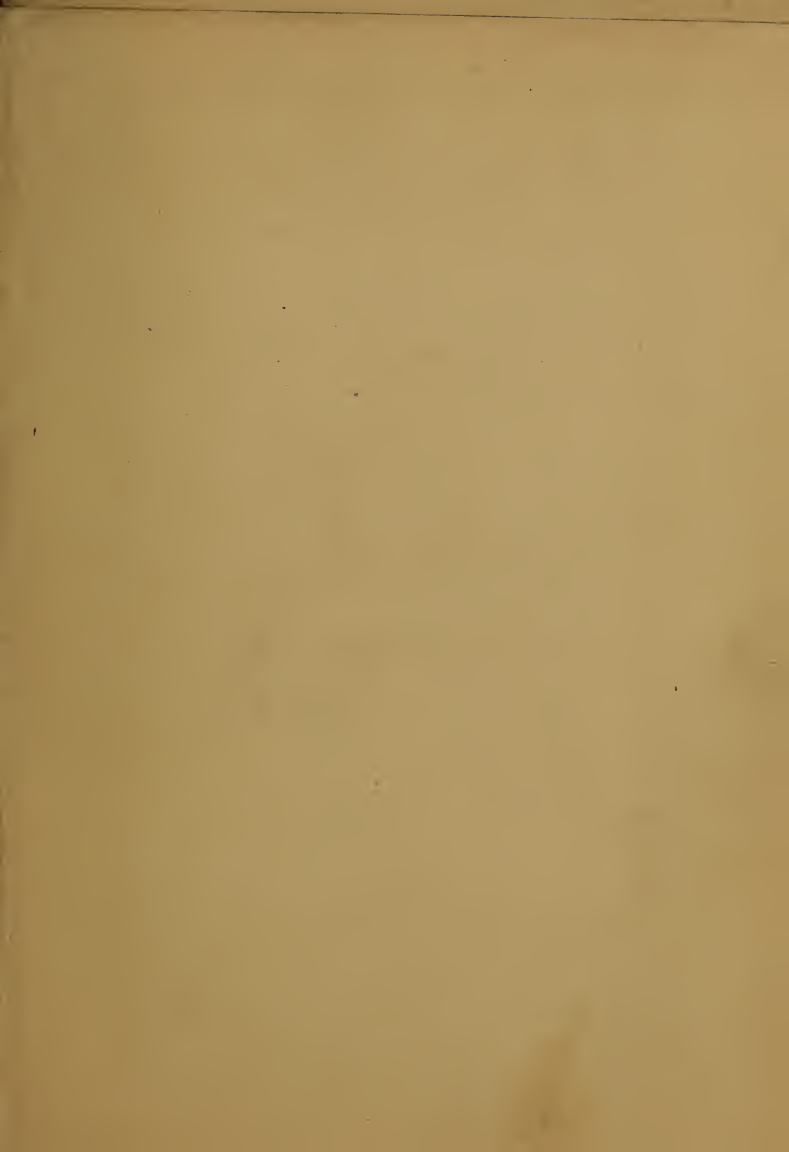


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SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS  
OF  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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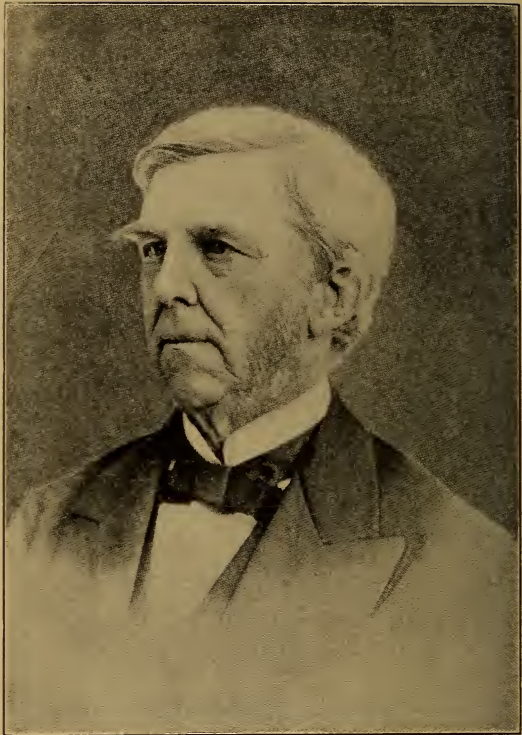
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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

# SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS

OF

# OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
AND NOTES

BY

J. H. CASTLEMAN, A.M. (INDIANA)

TEACHER OF ENGLISH AT THE MCKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL,  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



New York

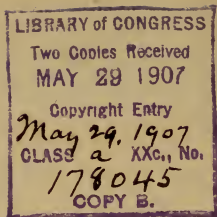
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# INTRODUCTION

## A BRIEF LIFE OF HOLMES

**Birth and Parentage.** — Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, the same year that witnessed the birth of Tennyson, Poe, Darwin, Lincoln, and Gladstone. He came of staunch parentage, his ancestors on both sides having played an important part in the early history of the New England states. Abiel Holmes, his father, was the son of David Holmes, a captain in the British army during the French and Indian War, and later a surgeon in the American forces of the Revolution. He was a Congregational clergyman and the author of an historical treatise, *Annals of America*. Sarah Wendell Holmes, his mother, was the daughter of Judge Oliver Wendell, a member of the prominent New England family by that name.

**School Days.** — Holmes' childhood was spent in and around his native village at study or at play among the historic scenes of the neighborhood. At the age of ten he was sent to school at Cambridgeport, where he remained five years, after which he entered Phillips Academy at Andover to prepare for college. In 1825 he matriculated at Harvard with the class of 1829, the

most illustrious class that institution has ever known. Among his associates were George T. Bigelow, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Benjamin Pierce, the noted mathematician; Samuel F. Smith, author of *America*; Benjamin R. Curtis, the eminent lawyer; and others almost as well known. With these he easily took rank, his vivacity and companionableness attracting all who came in touch with him.

It was while here that he made his first serious experiments in literature. Before leaving Andover, he had shown his poetic proclivities by translating the first book of Virgil's *Æneid* into heroic couplets after the manner of Pope, but now his originality began to assert itself. He contributed freely to the college paper both in verse and prose, the former especially attracting attention. Timely in choice of subject and sparkling with humor, it showed many of the characteristics which became prominent in his later productions. Naturally it fell to him to deliver the class poem at Commencement.

**Law and Medicine.** — After graduation Holmes began the reading of law, but, like Bryant, the subject did not appeal to him, and he soon abandoned it. He then turned to medicine, studying it for a year in Boston, then going to Paris to complete his course. He remained there until the autumn of 1835, working industriously through the school months and visiting

places of interest during the vacations. The year after his return he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine and at once set up to practise in Boston. For a while he met with considerable success, but distracting interests presently interfered, and as they claimed more and more of his time, he permitted his attention to be drawn away from his work. In 1839 he withdrew temporarily from practice to accept the Professorship of Anatomy at Dartmouth, a position which he occupied for two years. During this period he lectured, and did much research work, the results of which he published in the interests of the medical world. In 1849 he was elected to the chair of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard Medical School. Here he remained for thirty-five years, lecturing, investigating, and writing. Many of his treatises were of high scientific value and contributed much to the advancement of his chosen profession.

**Poetry.** — While pursuing the study of law, Holmes frequently sought relief from his task in writing verse. Many of his poems found their way into the columns of the Harvard College paper, — among them *The Spectre Pig*, *The Meeting of the Dryads*, and *The Dorchester Giant*, — and attracted a considerable local interest. But a wider reputation was soon to be his. In September, 1830, he read an article in a newspaper, which commented on the Navy Department's proposal to dismantle the old frigate *Constitution*, which had

done such heroic service in the "War of 1812." His patriotism was at once aroused, and taking a pencil, he dashed off the stirring protest, *Old Ironsides*, which he sent to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. It was copied far and wide, and not only created such a sentiment that the vessel was saved, but spread the fame of its young author throughout the country as well.

Other poems of merit followed shortly after, the most noticeable of which were *My Aunt*, *The Treadmill Song*, *The Ballad of the Oysterman*, and best of all, *The Last Leaf*. In 1836 Holmes was invited to deliver the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. That same year he published his first volume of verse, made up of some thirty poems, which was well received. In fact, so deep an impression did it make that his poetry came into the greatest demand. It was discovered that he had the happy faculty of being able to write verses appropriate to all occasions, and no gathering, grave or gay, was complete without his genial presence and his well-wrought rhymes. Some of his finest productions were made possible in this way, as, for example, *The Boys*, *The Class of '29*, *The Ploughman*, *The New Eden*, and *Parson Turell's Legacy*. In 1846 *Urania: a Rhymed Lesson*, a poem of considerable length, appeared, which added to his growing fame. It was followed in 1850, by *Astræa: the Balance of Illusions*, which was made up of such poems as *Spring*, *The Bells*, and *Our Limitations*. Then came

*Songs in Many Keys* in 1861, containing among other favorites *Agnes*, *Non-Resistance*, *The Old Player*, *The Voiceless*, *The Old Man of the Sea*, and *The Living Temple*. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1864 and *Songs of Many Seasons* in 1875. The former volume included many of the author's most famous works, among them being *The Chambered Nautilus*, *Contentment*, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, and *Sun and Shadow*, all of which had previously come out in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. The final volumes of his poems were *The Iron Gate* in 1880; *Before the Curfew* in 1888; and a complete collection of his poetical works in 1895.

As a poet Holmes ranks with Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, and Emerson. While he differs much from them, the standard he has reached is as high as that which they attained. Mr. George Stewart in commenting on this in *The Arena* for July, 1891, said: "In lofty verse he is strong and unconventional, writing always with a firm grasp on his subject, and emphasizing his perfect knowledge of melody and metre. As a writer of occasional verse, he has not had an equal in our time, and his pen for threescore years has been put to frequent use in celebration of all sorts of events, — whether military, literary, or scientific. Bayard Taylor said: 'He lifted the occasional into the classic,' and the phrase happily expresses the truth. The vivacious character of his nature readily lends itself to

work of this sort, and though the printed page gives the reader the sparkling epigram and the graceful lines, clear-cut always and full of soul, the pleasure is not quite the same as seeing and hearing him recite his own poems in the company of congenial friends. His songs are full of sunshine and heart, and his literary manner wins by its simplicity and tenderness."

**Prose.** — While it is as a poet that Holmes is most widely known, he added very materially to his fame as an author by writing much excellent prose. He used almost every form in this department of literature, his productions including essays, — scientific and miscellaneous, — novels, and biography, besides those unclassified and unexcelled papers, *The Breakfast Table Series*. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded in 1857, Lowell, as editor, asked Holmes to contribute. He responded by writing *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, which was published in book form in 1859, and which at once placed him in the front rank of American prose writers. Mr. Henry S. Pancoast in speaking of it in his *Introduction to American Literature* says: "By a guiding instinct, or happy accident, Boston's famous talker had here hit upon — or perhaps we may rather say created — a literary form which showed his mastery in his own domain. The book purports to be the record of the table-talk of a Boston boarding-house. It is, indeed, less a conversation than a monologue in a dramatic setting; variety, humor, and human interest

being furnished by the casual introduction of the various boarders, whose remarks or questions serve to bring out the Autocrat's best wit and wisdom." Other works in the same vein followed at intervals, — *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* in 1860; *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* in 1872; and *Over the Tea-Cups* in 1890. None of the later ones, however, are equal in quality to the first.

The novels, although considerably inferior to *The Breakfast Table Series*, are well worth studying. They are especially interesting to persons acquainted with psychology, for they are metaphysical in nature, dealing with "the effect of some innate or hereditary influence on human character and action." From the standpoint of style, their chief merit lies in the character portrayal, their chief defect in the structure of the plot. *Elsie Venner*, the best of the series, was published in 1861; *The Guardian Angel* in 1868; and *A Moral Antipathy* in 1885.

As a prose writer Holmes shows much individuality, and his works, whether grave or gay, have the clear-cut crispness and the brilliant sparkle of high polish. Littell's *Living Age* for March, 1895, aptly says: "He blends comedy and seriousness, humor and pathos, wit and sentiment, with the admirable dexterity that heightens their effect by harmonious contrast. His wildest freaks of humor are yet allied with manly feeling, shrewd observation, sound sense, and genial wisdom."

**Last Years and Death.** — In 1882 Holmes resigned his professorship at Harvard. The next year, accompanied by his daughter, he visited Europe for a few months, where he was received with marked attention. Tennyson and Carlyle entertained him; and the universities of Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Oxford presented him with degrees. On his return he was met with acclamations of delight by his many friends who had missed his congenial presence and words of cheer. Although so far advanced in age, his years sat lightly upon him. Troubles in many forms came upon him toward the last, but his spirit was not daunted. He continued to write, although blindness threatened him; he smiled on, although his dearest friends and associates were falling rapidly around him. At last it came his time to go. He died painlessly and peacefully on October 10, 1894.

## APPRECIATIONS

Passing to Holmes from Emerson, Hawthorne, or Lowell, we are aware that he is of a slighter intellectual build; that his especial faculty is not so much depth or power, as an inimitable lightness, deftness, and grace. In a word, while he is many other things, he is pre-eminently the humorist, the kindly, keen-witted, fun-loving spirit, whose audacious flashes of merriment startled the solemn gloom that had so long hung



heavily over New England. Few authors have put more of their personality into their writings. Whether he wrote prose or verse, medical lectures, or "medicated novels," the result in any case was but an overflow of the man himself. . . . His muse, if not often very lofty, was always surprisingly prompt and available. A fluent versifier, with an easy, agreeable flow of metre, with wit, good-fellowship, and enough real feeling to serve as a corrective, he became incomparably the best and the most popular of our writers of poems for especial occasions. The dedication of a cemetery, or a State dinner; the meeting of a medical association, or the anniversary of an agricultural society; centennial and semi-centennial celebrations, and a long succession of class-reunions, — on all such occasions Holmes showed his happy gift of putting into verse the fitting words. A greater poet might perhaps have done it less easily, but for the occasion Holmes did it inimitably well.

HENRY S. PANCOAST, *An Introduction to American Literature.*

Holmes has opinions on a great variety of subjects, and it is his delight to express them, whether in speech, in prose, or in rhyme. He has thought discursively and independently, and the results of his thinking tend to formulate themselves in epigrammatic form: relations are pointed out between things apparently remote; there is a considerable sparkle of wit, and he says a surprising number of what are termed "good things."

He refreshes commonplaces more often than he creates or discovers; and we are oftener indebted to him for refined amusement than for absolute information. Yet he gives an abundance of both. . . . No author of Holmes' caliber has covered a broader range in literature, or has so seldom failed; yet, broad though his range is, he is, himself, not deep. He is many-sided, and touches life at many points; but the touch, though accurate and reasonable, is light — never profound. He is cheerful, vivacious, kindly, rational, shrewd: with a strong vein of sentiment lying side by side with the keenest sense of the ridiculous. He is not great; but what there is of him is very good, and, if his writings afforded nothing else than pure and wholesome entertainment, they afford so much of that that we owe him a debt.

Holmes' representative poems are *The Constitution*, *The Wonderful One-Horse Shay*, and *The Chambered Nautilus* — the first illustrating his patriotic style, the next his comic humor, and the third his highest sentiment.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE AND LEONARD LEMMON, *American Literature*, D. C. Heath and Co.

We think of Holmes first as a poet. There are some of his poems which are in every one's mind, which live in our memories, and rise to our lips. Certain of his poems like *The Chambered Nautilus*, *The Last Leaf*, or *Old Ironsides*, are in every collection. They have passed

into our speech, they have become a part of our inheritance; and greater assurance of remembrance than this, no man can have.

Dr. Holmes is perhaps most often thought of as a poet of occasion, and certainly no one has ever surpassed him in this field. He was always apt, always happy, always had the essential lightness of touch, and the right mingling of wit and sentiment. But he was very much more than a writer of occasional poems, and his extraordinary success in this direction has tended to obscure his much higher successes, and to cause men to overlook the fact that he was a true poet in the best sense. The brilliant occasional poems were only the glitter on the surface, and behind them lay depths of feeling and beauties of imagery and thought to which full justice has not yet been, but surely will be, done. . . . In his poetry and in his mastery of all forms of verse, he showed the variety of talent which was perhaps his most characteristic quality. He had a strong bent toward the kind of poetry of which Pope is the best example, and possessed much in common with the author of the *Essay on Man*. He had the same easy flow in his verse, the same finish, wit of a kindlier sort, the same wisdom without any attempt at rhymed metaphysics and the same power of saying, in smooth and perfect lines,

“What oft was thought  
But ne'er so well expressed.”

The metrical form which is so identified with Pope always seemed to appeal to Dr. Holmes, and, when he employed it, it lost nothing in his hands. But this was only one of many instruments which he used. He was admirable in narrative and ballad poetry. He ventured often into the dangerous domain of comic poetry, where so few have succeeded and so many failed, and he always came out successful, saved by the sanity and balance which one always feels in everything he wrote. Of a much higher order were the poems of dry humor, where a kindly satire and homely wisdom pointed the moral. But he did work far finer and better than all this, excellent as this was in its kind. I remember his saying to me in speaking of orators and writers, that once or twice in the lives of such men there came a time when they did, in the boy's phrase, "a little better than they knew how." I naturally asked if such a moment had ever come to him. He smiled, and I well recall his reply, — "Yes, I think in *The Chambered Nautilus* I may have done a little better than I knew how." There can be no doubt that in that beautiful poem, which we all know by heart, there is a note of noble aspiration which is found only in the best work. But that is not the only one by any means. That aspiring note is often heard in his verse.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, *North American Review* for December, 1894.

A LIST OF HOLMES' WORKS

VERSE

- Poetry (1836)  
Urania: a Rhymed Lesson (1846)  
Astræa: the Balance of Illusions (1850)  
Songs in Many Keys (1861)  
Poems (1864)  
Songs of Many Seasons (1875)  
The Iron Gate (1880)  
Before the Curfew (1888)  
Complete Poetical Works (1895)

PROSE

- The "Breakfast Table" Series  
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table (1859)  
The Professor at the Breakfast Table (1860)  
The Poet at the Breakfast Table (1872)  
Over the Tea-Cups (1890)

NOVELS

- Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny (1861)  
The Guardian Angel (1868)  
A Moral Antipathy (1885)

BIOGRAPHY

- Memoirs of John Lothrop Motley (1879)  
Memoirs of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1884)

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Medical Essays — selected (1883)  
Pages from an old Volume of Life — selected from  
miscellaneous volumes (1883)  
Our Hundred Days in Europe (1887)

## CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

## AMERICAN

- William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878)  
Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882)  
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864)  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)  
John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)  
Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849)  
James Russell Lowell (1819–1891)  
Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

## ENGLISH

- Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881)  
Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859)  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861)  
Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)  
Charles Darwin (1809–1882)  
William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863)  
Robert Browning (1812–1889)

Charles Dickens (1812-1870)  
George Eliot (Marian Evans) (1819-1880)  
John Ruskin (1819-1900)  
Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

## BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

Biography: *Life and Letters*, by John T. Morse, Jr.;  
*Life*, by W. S. Kennedy; *Life*, by Emma E. Brown.

Criticism: Stedman's *Poets of America*; Matthews' *Introduction to American Literature*; Wendell's *A Literary History of America*; Curtis' *Literary and Social Essays*; Whipple's *Essays and Reviews*; Haweis' *American Humorists*; Higginson's *Old Cambridge*; Howells' *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*.





# HOLMES' POEMS

## °THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

### OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY"

#### A LOGICAL STORY

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay, 5  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.

°Georgius Secundus was then alive — 10  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!

°That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
°And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown. 15

It was on the terrible Earthquake day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always somewhere a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20  
In panel or crossbar, or floor or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will,  
Above or below, or within or without,  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, 25  
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.  
But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou"),  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; 30  
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown;  
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
That the weakes' place mu' stan' the strain;  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest 35  
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke,  
That was for spokes and floors and sills; 40  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;

The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," 45  
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em.  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot-top dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died, 55  
That was the way he "put her through."  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60  
Deacon and Deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-Earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found 65  
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—

"Hahnsun kerridge" they called it then;  
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —  
 Running as usual; much the same. 70  
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
 And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer. 75  
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
 (This is a moral that runs at large;  
 Take it.—You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,— the Earthquake day — 80  
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,  
 A general flavor of mild decay,  
 But nothing local, as one may say.  
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art  
 Has made it so like in every part 85  
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
 And the floors were just as strong as the sills,  
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
 And the whippletree neither less nor more, 90  
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
 And spring and axle and hub encore.

And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!

95

This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way!

Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,

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

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

100

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —

Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed

At what the — Moses — was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,

Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

105

First a shiver and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half-past-nine by the meet'n'-house clock —

Just the hour of the earthquake-shock!

110

—What do you think the parson found,

When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,

As if it had been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,

115

How it went to pieces all at once, —

All at once, and nothing first, —

Just as bubbles do when they burst.

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

120

## CONTENTMENT

“Man wants but little here below.”

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

5

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

10

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

15

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names; 20  
°I would, perhaps, be Plenipo,  
But only near St. James;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our °Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin 25  
To care for such unfruitful things;  
One good-sized diamond in a pin,  
Some, not so large, in rings,  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me,—I laugh at show. 30

My dame should dress in cheap attire;  
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);  
I own perhaps I might desire  
Some °shawls of true cashmere,  
Some marrowy crêpes of China silk, 35  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
So fast that folks must stop and stare;  
°An easy gait,—two forty-five—  
Suits me; I do not care; 40  
Perhaps for just a single spurt  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
 °Titians and Raphaels three or four,  
 I love so much their style and tone, 45  
 One Turner, and no more,  
 (A landscape, foreground golden dirt;  
 The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few, some fifty score  
 For daily use, and bound for wear; 50  
 The rest upon an upper floor;  
 Some little luxury there  
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these, 55  
 Which others often show for pride,  
 I value for their power to please,  
 And selfish churls deride;  
 One °Stradivarius, I confess,  
 Two °Meerschaums, I would fain possess. 60

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;  
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn?  
 But all must be of °buhl.  
 Give grasping pomp its double share, 65  
 I ask but one recumbent chair.



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

70

## THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the  
tide;

The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and  
slim,

Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid, 5  
Upon the moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;

He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,  
“I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks  
away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,  
“I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks  
should see; 10

I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
°Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this  
here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the  
shining stream,  
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight  
gleam;  
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as  
rain, — 15  
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps  
again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — "O what was that,  
my daughter?"  
" 'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the  
water;"  
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off  
so fast?"  
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swim-  
ming past." 20

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — "Now bring me  
my harpoon!  
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon;"  
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white  
lamb,  
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-  
weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her  
swound, 25

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves  
was drowned;  
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down  
below.

## THE LAST LEAF

°I SAW him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground 5  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found 10  
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, 15  
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 20  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, — 25  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago, —  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow. 30

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 35  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat, 40  
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.

45

## 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, O Hush!”  
 Delightful scene! where smiling comfort broods,  
 Nor business frets, nor anxious care intrudes;  
 °*O si sic omnia!* were it ever so!  
 But what is stable in this world below!

5

10

°*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, 15  
 But stronger augers pierce its thickest beams;  
 No iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,  
 Can keep out death, the postman, or the bore—  
 O for a world where peace and silence reign,  
 And blunted dulness terebrates in vain! 20  
 — 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; 25  
 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 30  
 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. 35  
 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 40  
 That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine;

And since success your various gifts attends,  
 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; 45  
 Nay, not to haggle to 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! 50

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, 55  
 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. 60  
 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 dismay — 65  
 — 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; 70  
 "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 that in his teens 75  
 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, that by common roots  
 Through all their nurseries tracks old °Noah's shoots,—80  
 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 85  
 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, 90  
 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, 95  
 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, 100  
 °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 105  
 Here in the focus of the new-born world!

The speaker stops, and, trampling down the pause,  
 Roars through the hall the thunder of applause,  
 One stormy gust of long suspended Ahs!  
 One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs! 110

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 115  
 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; 120  
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, 125  
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. 130

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 135  
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; 140

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, 145  
 And give a hundred fold!

The Toast. — O tell me, ye who thoughtless ask  
 Exhausted nature for a threefold task,  
 In wit or pathos if one share remains,  
 A safe investment for an ounce of brains? 150  
 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 Australian throws, 155  
 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, spelled without the k; 160  
 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 165  
 Had saved his bacon, had his feet been soused!

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout!  
 O, had your mother known that you were out,  
 Death had not entered at the trifling part  
 That still defies the small surgeon's art 170  
 With corns and bunions, — not °the glorious 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, 175  
 To him whose title is indeed divine;  
 Truth's sleepless watchman on her midnight tower,  
 Whose lamp burns brightest when the tempests lower.  
 O who can tell with what a leaden flight  
 Drag the long watches of his weary night; 180  
 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 floundering bark,  
 And still he pleads with unavailing cry, 185  
 Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die!

A health, fair °Themis! Would the enchanted 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! 190  
 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, 195  
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, 200  
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, 205  
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; 210  
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; 215  
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!

## °VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in the cars,  
 With the charming 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, 5  
 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, 10  
 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, 15  
 But you're up on your legs, and you're in for it now.

O think of your friends, — they are waiting to hear  
 Those jokes that are thought so remarkably queer;  
 And all the Jack Horners of metrical buns  
 Are prying and fingering to pick out the puns. 20

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.

O pardon me, then, if I meekly retire, 25  
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,— 30  
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, 35  
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. 40

“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 freedom excuse, 45  
 But 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 pectoral fins  
 Where the thorax leaves off and the venter begins; 50  
 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 tit-bit he cannot resist;  
 So your bait may be swallowed, no matter how fast, 55  
 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 president’s bait,  
 You are lost while you snatch from the end of his line  
 The morsel he rent from this bosom of mine! 60



## °THE DORCHESTER GIANT

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.

5

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.

10

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.

15

Then he bought 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."

20

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."

25

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.

30

But whether the story's true or not,  
 It is not 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.

35

\* \* \* \* \*

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

40

They flung it over to °Roxbury hill,  
 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. 45

\* \* \* \* \*

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. 50

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. 55

## 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 5  
 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 ; 10

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, 15  
 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; 20  
 He sent her to a stylish school;  
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
 And with her, as the rules required,  
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board, 25  
 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;— 30  
 O 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;) 35  
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook  
 Some powder in his pan,  
 "What could this lovely creature do  
 Against a desperate man!" 40

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! 45  
 And Heaven had spared to me  
 To see one sad, ungathered rose  
 On my ancestral tree.

## 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. 5  
 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.

10

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 surtout.  
 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.

15

20

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?  
 O 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 ambition.  
 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

25

30

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! 35

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, 40  
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 45  
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 50  
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

## THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

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, 5  
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, 10  
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,) 15  
"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 a grin. 20

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; 25  
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, 30  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

## THE SPECTRE PIG

## A BALLAD

It was the stalwart butcher man,  
That knit his swarthy brow,  
And said the gentle Pig must die,  
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig 5  
Lay stretched upon the ground,  
And ah! it was the cruel knife  
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,  
They trailed him all along; 10  
They put a stick between his lips,  
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam  
A hempen cord they flung,  
And, like a mighty pendulum, 15  
All solemnly he swung!

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,  
And think what thou hast done,  
And read thy catechism well,  
Thou bloody-minded one;

20

For if his sprite should walk by night,  
It better were for thee,  
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,  
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,  
That made a mock of sin,  
And swore a very wicked oath,  
He did not care a pin.

25

It was the butcher's youngest son,—  
His voice was broke with sighs,  
And with his pocket handkerchief  
He wiped his little eyes;

30

All young and ignorant was he,  
But innocent and mild,  
And, in his soft simplicity,  
Out spoke the tender child; —

35

“O father, father, list to me;  
The Pig is deadly sick,  
And men have hung him by his heels,  
And fed him with a stick.”

40

It was the bloody butcher then,  
That laughed as he would die,  
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,  
And bid him not to cry;—

“O Nathan, Nathan, what’s a Pig, 45  
That thou shouldst weep and wail?  
Come, bear thee like a butcher’s child,  
And thou shalt have his tail!”

It was the butcher’s daughter then,  
So slender and so fair, 50  
That sobbed as if her heart would break,  
And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—  
Fast fell the tear-drops big;—  
“Ah! woe is me! Alas! Alas! 55  
The Pig! The Pig! The Pig!”

Then did her wicked father’s lips  
Make merry with her woe,  
And call her many a naughty name,  
Because she whimpered so. 60

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,  
In vain your tears are shed,  
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,  
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast 65  
His robes of rosy flame,  
And softly over all the west  
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs  
Were busy with his dreams; 70  
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,  
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve; the Dead hath heard,  
He opened both his eyes,  
And sullenly he shook his tail 75  
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord, —  
One struggle and one bound, —  
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,  
The Pig was on the ground! 80

And straight toward the sleeper's house  
His fearful way he wended;  
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,  
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch, 85  
And open swung the door,  
And little mincing feet were heard  
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,  
And two upon the bed; 90  
And they are breathing side by side,  
The living and the dead!

“Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!  
What makes thy cheek so pale?  
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear 95  
To clasp a spectre’s tail?”

Untwisted every winding coil;  
The shuddering wretch took hold,  
All like an icicle it seemed,  
So tapering and so cold. 100

“Thou com’st with me, thou butcher man!”  
He strives to loose his grasp,  
But faster than the clinging vine,  
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door, 105  
And, fleeter than the wind,  
The shadowy spectre swept before,  
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,  
And morn rose faint and dim; 110  
They called full loud, they knocked full long,  
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight toward that oaken beam,  
 A trampled pathway ran;  
 A ghastly shape was swinging there, — 115  
 It was the butcher man.

### °THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS

It was not many centuries since,  
 When, gathered on the moonlit green,  
 Beneath the Tree of Liberty,  
 A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

The freshman's lamp had long been dim, 5  
 The voice of busy day was mute.  
 And tortured melody had ceased  
 Her flutterings on the evening flute.

They met not as they once had met,  
 To laugh o'er many a jocund tale; 10  
 But every pulse was beating low,  
 And every cheek was cold and pale.

There rose a fair but faded one,  
 Who oft had cheered them with her song;  
 She waved a mutilated arm, 15  
 And silence held the listening throng.

“Sweet friends,” the gentle nymph began,  
“From opening bud to withering leaf,  
One common lot has bound us all,  
In every change of joy and grief.

20

“While all around has felt decay,  
We rose in ever-living prime,  
With broader shade and fresher green,  
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.

“When often by our feet has past  
Some biped, nature’s walking whim,  
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,  
Or lopped away one crooked limb?

25

“Go on, fair Science; soon to thee  
Shall Nature yield her idle boast;  
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,  
But thou hast trained it to a post.

30

“Go paint the birch’s silver rind,  
And quilt the peach with softer down;  
Up with the willow’s trailing threads,  
Off with the sunflower’s radiant crown!

35

“Go, plant the lily on the shore,  
And set the rose among the waves,  
And bid the tropic bud unbind  
Its silken zone in Arctic caves;

40

“Bring bellows for the panting winds,  
Hang up a lantern by the moon,  
And give the nightingale a fife,  
And lend the eagle a balloon!

“I cannot smile,—the tide of scorn,  
That rolled through every bleeding vein,  
Comes kindling fiercer as it flows  
Back to its burning source again. 45

“Again in every quivering leaf  
That moment's agony I feel,  
When limbs, that spurned the northern blast,  
Shrunk from the sacrilegious steel. 50

“A curse upon the wretch who dared  
To crop us with his felon saw!  
May every fruit his lip shall taste  
Lie like a bullet in his maw. 55

“In every julep that he drinks,  
May gout, and bile, and headache be;  
And when he strives to calm his pain,  
May colic mingle with his tea. 60

“May nightshade cluster round his path,  
And thistle shoot, and brambles cling;  
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,  
And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.



“On him may never shadow fall,  
When fever racks his throbbing brow,  
And his last shilling buy a rope  
To hang him on my highest bough.” 65

She spoke;—the morning’s herald beam  
Sprang from the bosom of the sea,  
And every mangled sprite returned 70  
In sadness to her wounded tree.

## LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL

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, 5  
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our plains;  
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent 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, 10  
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 15  
The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

Your 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. 20

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 mustn't walk there!"

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear, 25  
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear;  
The dewdrops hang round him on blossoms and shoots,  
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his  
    boots.

There stands the old schoolhouse, hard by the old  
    church;  
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch; 30  
O 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, 35  
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

'Tis 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. 40

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale,  
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;  
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,  
“A 1. Extra-super. Ah, isn't it prime!”

Oh what are the prizes we perish to win 45  
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 50  
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,  
And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass.

## A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836

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, 5  
That make folks' heads look queer;—  
O the ship from England used to bring  
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air,  
To pluck the pilgrims' corn, 10  
The bears came snuffing round the door  
Whene'er a babe was born,  
The rattlesnakes were bigger round  
Than the butt of the old ram's horn  
The deacon blew at meeting time 15  
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; 20

And out the little wharves were stretched  
    Along the ocean's rim,  
And up the little schoolhouse shot  
    To keep the boys in trim.

And, when at length the College rose, 25  
    The sachem cocked his eye  
At every tutor's meager ribs  
    Whose coat-tails whistled by;  
But, when the Greek and Hebrew words  
    Came tumbling from their jaws, 30  
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, 35  
    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! 40

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, 45  
 Or dash in long-tail blues,  
 But always on Commencement days  
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!  
 Their lot was hard enough; 50  
 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 55  
 The British found so rough!

## °THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

### A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea?  
 Have you met with that dreadful old man?  
 If you haven't been caught, you will be, you will be;  
 For catch you he must and he can.

He doesn't hold on by your throat, by your throat, 5  
 As of old in the terrible tale;  
 But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,  
 Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,  
And a polypus grip in his hands; 10  
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,  
If you look at the spot where he stands.

O, you're grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve, on  
your sleeve!

It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea!  
You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you be-  
lieve: 15

You're a martyr, whatever you be!

—Is the breakfast-hour past? They must wait, they  
must wait,  
While the coffee boils sullenly down,  
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the grate,  
And the toast is done frightfully brown. 20

—Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it cool,  
And Madam may worry and fret,  
And children half-starved go to school, go to school;  
He can't think of sparing you yet.

—Hark! the bell for the train! "Come along!  
Come along! 25  
For there isn't a second to lose."  
"ALL ABOARD!" (He holds on.) "Fsht! ding-dong!  
Fsht! ding-dong!" —  
You can follow on foot, if you choose.

— There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,  
 That is waiting for you in the church; — 30  
 But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,  
 And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.

— There's a babe in a fit, — hurry quick! hurry quick!  
 To the doctor's as fast as you can!  
 The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick, 35  
 In the grip of the dreadful Old Man.

— I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore;  
 The voice of the Simple I know;  
 I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door;  
 I have sat by the side of the Slow; 40

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,  
 That stuck to my skirts like a bur;  
 I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,  
 Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I  
 shake, 45  
 At the sight of the dreadful Old Man;  
 Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,  
 To my legs with what vigor I can!

O the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea!  
 He's come back like the °Wandering Jew! 50  
 He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me, —  
 And be sure that he'll have it on you!



## TO AN INSECT

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.

5

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?

10

15

O 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.

20

Dear me! I'll tell you all about 25  
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, — 30  
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 35  
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. 40

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 45  
And lift her drooping lid,  
And then the child of future years  
Shall hear what Katy did.

## TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY"

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, 5  
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 10  
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, 15  
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? 20  
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 25  
 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, 30  
 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 specter of the skies;  
 Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue, 5  
 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; 10  
 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 15  
 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? 20  
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 25  
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; 30  
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, 35  
"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. 40

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 45  
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; 50  
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 55  
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; 60  
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! 65  
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, O spare thine evening meal  
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

70

°PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY:

OR, THE PRESIDENT'S OLD ARM-CHAIR

FACTS respecting an old arm-chair.  
 At Cambridge. — Is kept in the College there.  
 Seems but little the worse for wear.  
 That's remarkable when I say  
 It was old in °President Holyoke's day.  
 (One of his boys, perhaps you know,  
 Died, at one hundred, years ago.)  
 He took lodgings for rain or shine  
 Under green bed-clothes in '69.

5

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do. —  
 Born there? Don't say so! I was too.  
 °(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof, —  
 Standing still, if you must have proof. —  
 "Gambrel? — Gambrel?" — Let me beg  
 You'll look at a horse's hinder leg, —

10

15

First great angle above the hoof,—  
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)

—Nicest place that ever was seen,—

Colleges red and Common green,  
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.

20

Sweetest spot beneath the skies  
When the canker-worms don't rise,—

When the dust, that sometimes flies  
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,

In a quiet slumber lies,

25

Not in the shape of unbaked pies,  
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbor it seems to be,  
Facing the flow of a boundless sea,

Rows of gray old Tutors stand

30

Ranged like rocks above the sand;

Rolling beneath them, soft and green,

Breaks the tide of bright sixteen,—

One wave, two waves, three waves, four,—

Sliding up the sparkling floor;

35

Then it ebbs to flow no more,

Wandering off from shore to shore

With its freight of golden ore!

—Pleasant place for boys to play;—

Better keep your girls away,

40

Hearts get rolled as pebbles do

Which countless fingering waves pursue,



And every classic beach is strown  
With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red stone.

But this is neither here nor there; 45  
I'm talking about an old arm-chair.  
You've heard, no doubt, of Parson Turell?  
Over at °Medford he used to dwell;  
Married one of the Mathers' folk;  
Got with his wife a chair of oak, 50  
Funny old chair, with seat like wedge,  
Sharp behind and broad front edge, —  
One of the oddest of human things,  
Turned all over with knobs and rings, —  
But heavy, and wide, and deep, and grand, — 55  
Fit for the worthies of the land, —  
°Chief Justice Sewall a cause to try in,  
Or °Cotton Mather to sit — and lie — in.  
Parson Turell bequeathed the same  
To a certain student, Smith, by name; 60  
These were the terms, as we are told:  
“Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and holde;  
When he doth graduate, then to passe  
To ye oldest Youth in ye Senior Classe.  
On Payment of” — (naming a certain sum) — 65  
“By him to whom ye Chaire shall come;  
He to ye oldest Senior next,  
And soe forever” — (thus runs the text) —  
“But one Crown lesse than he gave to claime,  
That being his debte for use of same.” 70

Smith transferred it to one of the Browns,  
 And took his money,—five silver crowns.  
 Brown delivered it up to Moore,  
 Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.  
 Moore made over the chair to Lee,  
 Who gave him crowns of silver three. 75  
 Lee conveyed it unto Drew,  
 And now the payment, of course, was two.  
 Drew gave up the chair to Dunn,—  
 All he got, as you see, was one. 80  
 Dunn released the chair to Hall,  
 And got by the bargain no crown at all.  
 And now it passed to a second Brown,  
 Who took it and likewise claimed a crown.  
 When Brown conveyed it unto Ware,  
 Having had one crown to make it fair, 85  
 He paid him two crowns to take the chair.  
 And Ware, being honest (as all Wares be),  
 He paid one Potter, who took it, three.  
 Four got Robinson; five got Dix; 90  
 Johnson primus demanded six;  
 And so the sum kept gathering still  
 Till after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

—When paper money became so cheap,  
 Folks wouldn't count it, but said "a heap," 95  
 A certain Richards,—the books declare,—  
 (A. M. in '90? I've looked with care  
 Through the Triennial,—name not there,)—

This person, Richards, was offered then  
Eightscore pounds, but would have ten; 100  
Nine, I think, was the sum he took, —  
Not quite certain, —but see the book.  
—By and by the wars were still,  
But nothing had altered the Parson's will.  
The old arm-chair was solid yet, 105  
But saddled with such a monstrous debt!  
Things grew quite too bad to bear,  
Paying such sums to get rid of the chair!  
But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,  
And there was the will in black and white, 110  
Plain enough for a child to spell.  
What should be done no man could tell,  
For the chair was a kind of nightmare curse,  
And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort, to clear the doubt, 115  
They got old °Governor Hancock out.  
The Governor came with his Light-horse Troop  
And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-hoop;  
Halberds glittered and colors flew,  
French horns whinnied and trumpets blew, 120  
The yellow fifes whistled between their teeth,  
And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed beneath;  
So he rode with all his band,  
Till the President met him, cap in hand.  
—The Governor “hefted” the crowns, and said, — 125  
“A will is a will, and the Parson's dead.”

The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he,—  
 “There is your p’int. And here’s my fee.  
 These are the terms you must fulfil,—  
 On such conditions I break the will!” 130  
 The Governor mentioned what these should be.  
 (Just wait a minute and then you’ll see.)  
 The President prayed. Then all was still,  
 And the Governor rose and broke the will!—  
 “About those conditions?” Well, now you go 135  
 And do as I tell you, and then you’ll know.  
 Once a year, on Commencement-day,  
 If you’ll only take the pains to stay,  
 You’ll see the President in the Chair,  
 Likewise the Governor sitting there. 140  
 The President rises; both old and young  
 May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,  
 The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,  
 Is this: Can I keep this old arm-chair?  
 And then his Excellency bows, 145  
 As much as to say that he allows.  
 The °Vice-Gub. next is called by name;  
 He bows like t’other, which means the same.  
 And all the officers round ’em bow,  
 As much as to say that they allow. 150  
 And a lot of parchments about the chair  
 Are handed to witnesses then and there,  
 And then the lawyers hold it clear  
 That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, gentlemen! Learn to give 155  
 Money to colleges while you live.  
 Don't be silly and think you'll try  
 To bother the colleges, when you die,  
 With °codicil this, and codicil that,  
 That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat; 160  
 For there never was pitcher that wouldn't spill,  
 And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will!

## 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 5  
     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, 10  
 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, 15  
     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 20  
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, 25  
His children to be fed,  
Poor little, lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread, —  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed. 30

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 35  
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; 40

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 45  
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, 50  
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, 55  
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! 60

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 ; 65

But if you are a portly man,  
Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
To turn them out of town ; 70  
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, 75  
Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat !

### CLASS OF '29

YOU'LL believe me, dear boys, 'tis a pleasure to rise  
With a welcome like this in your darling old eyes,  
To meet the same smiles and to hear the same tone  
Which have greeted me oft in the years that have flown.

Were I gray as the grayest old rat in the wall, 5  
My locks would turn brown at the sight of you all ;  
If my heart were as dry as the shell on the sand,  
It would fill like the goblet I hold in my hand.



There are noontides of autumn, when summer returns,  
Though the leaves are all garnered and sealed in their  
urns, 10  
And the bird on his perch that was silent so long  
Believes the sweet sunshine and breaks into song.

We have caged the young birds of our beautiful June;  
Their plumes are still bright and their voices in tune;  
One moment of sunshine from faces like these, 15  
And they sing as they sung in the green-growing trees.

The voices of morning! how sweet is their thrill  
When the shadows have turned, and the evening grown  
still!

The text of our lives may get wiser with age,  
But the print was so fair on its twentieth page! 20

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

Ah, no! for the shapes that would meet with us here 25  
From the far land of shadows are ever too dear!  
Though youth flung around us its pride and its charms,  
We should see but the comrades we clasped in our  
arms.

A health to our future, — a sigh for our past!  
 We love, we remember, we hope to the last: 30  
 And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,  
 While we've youth in our hearts, we can never grow old.

### “THE BOYS”

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?  
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.  
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!  
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are  
 more? 5  
 He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door!  
 “Gray temples at twenty?” — Yes! *white* if we please;  
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can  
 freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!  
 Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake! 10  
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed, —  
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been  
 told,  
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —

°That boy we call “Doctor,” and this we call  
 “Judge”; 15

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

That fellow’s the “Speaker,” — the one on the right;  
 “Mr. Mayor,” my young one, how are you to-  
 night?

That’s our “Member of Congress,” we say when we  
 chaff;

There’s the “Reverend” What’s his name? — don’t  
 make me laugh. 20

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

There’s a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain, 25  
 That could harness a team with a logical chain;  
 When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,  
 We called him “The Justice,” but now he’s “The  
 Squire.”

And there’s a nice youngster of excellent pith, —  
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith; 30  
 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —  
 Just read on his medal, “My Country,” “of thee!”

You hear that boy laughing?— You think he's all fun;  
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call, 35  
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or  
 with pen;  
 And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?  
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,  
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away? 40

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

### THE OLD MAN DREAMS

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

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

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame! 10  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

— My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
“If I but touch thy silvered hair, 15  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“But is there nothing in thy track,  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?” 20

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

—The angel took a sapphire pen 25  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
“The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too!”

“And is there nothing yet unsaid—  
Before the change appears? 30  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years.”

Why yes; for memory would recall  
 My fond paternal joys;  
 I could not bear to leave them all — 35  
 I'll take — my — girl — and — boys.

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—  
 "Why this will never do;  
 The man would be a boy again,  
 And be a father too!" 40

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

## °THE SWEET LITTLE MAN

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,  
 Each at his post to do all that he can,  
 Down among rebels and contraband chattels,  
 What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping, 5  
 All of them pressing to march with the van,  
 Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;  
 What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike mustaches,  
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan, 10  
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,  
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!  
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;  
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common, 15  
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,  
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;  
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,  
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man. 20

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

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows! 25  
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—  
“Handle your walking-sticks!” “Shoulder umbrellas!”  
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place  
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan, — 30  
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place  
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers !  
 Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran !  
 In the brigade of the Stay-at-home Rangers 35  
 Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the °Malakoff-takers,  
 Such were °the soldiers that scaled the Redan ;  
 Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty Quakers,  
 Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man ! 40

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens !  
 °*Sauve qui peut!* Bridget, and right about ! Ann ; —  
 Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,  
 See him advancing, the sweet little man !

When the red flails of the battle-field's threshers 45  
 Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,  
 While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,  
 What will become of our sweet little man ?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,  
 How will he look while his features they scan ? 50  
 How will he feel when he gets marching orders,  
 Signed by his lady love ? sweet little man !

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him, —  
 Life is too precious to shorten its span ;  
 Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him, 55  
 Will she not fight for the sweet little man !



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

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

First in the field that is farthest from danger,

Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man! 60

### °NUX POSTCÆNATICA

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 copper plate would have them  
 twice as many.

And I thought, like °Dr. Faustus, of the emptiness of  
 art, 5

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; 10  
 (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 experiments on me.  
 They have a certain heartiness that frequently ap-  
 palls, — 15  
 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.” 20

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 25  
 A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing 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 copper plate of faces that would stretch at least a  
mile, 30

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 diminished by  
a half,

And a little boy trips barefoot that °Pegasus may go, 35  
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 customary 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. 40

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 longest heads 45  
 That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretching 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 balancing the  
 egg! 50  
 Milton to °Stilton would give in, and Solomon to  
 Salmon,  
 And °Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon gam-  
 mon!

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 55  
 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. 60

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 organs of diges-  
tion!

And yet, among my native shades, beside my nursing  
mother, 65  
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 scoriæ from his  
fountain,  
But down they come in volleying rain back to the  
burning mountain; 70

We leave, like those volcanic stones, our precious Alma  
 Mater,  
 But will keep dropping in again to see the dear old crater.

### ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

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

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the an-  
 cient tale; 5  
 'Twas 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.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his  
 loving dame,  
 Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the  
 same; 10

And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was  
found,  
'Twas 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, 15  
He went to °Leyden, where he found conventicles and  
schnaps.

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. 20

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing  
dim,  
When old °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,—<sup>25</sup>  
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 'twere 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;<sup>30</sup>  
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,<sup>35</sup>  
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting  
boy.



Drink, John, she said, 'twill 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, 'twould  
keep away the chill;

So John did drink, — and well he wrought that night  
at Bunker's Hill!

40

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old  
English cheer;

I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol  
here.

'Tis 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 fra-  
grant flowers,—

45

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;

50

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?”

## 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, 5  
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, 10  
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 15  
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;

20

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.

## 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?

5

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.

10

15

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; 20  
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, 25  
He shan'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, 30  
But poke him in the further eye,  
That isn't in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper-bell,  
And so our work is done;  
It's pretty sport,—suppose we take 35  
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! 40

## THE OPENING OF THE PIANO

IN the little southern parlor of the house you may  
have seen  
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking west-  
ward to the green,  
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its  
right,  
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-  
night!

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came! 5  
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in  
flame,  
When the wondrous box was opened that had come  
from over seas,  
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory  
keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of  
joy;  
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd  
the boy, 10  
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,  
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words,  
“Now, Mary, play.”

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign  
 balm;  
 She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its brow  
 grow calm,  
 In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tink-  
 ling quills, 15  
 Or carolling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.  
 So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to  
 please,  
 Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glit-  
 tering keys.  
 Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew  
 dim,  
 As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper  
 Hymn." 20

—Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,  
 (Wedded since, and a widow,—something like ten  
 years dead,)

Hearing a gush of music such as none before,  
 Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the  
 open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies, 25  
 "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,  
 (For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a  
 box she heard,)

"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"

## °THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadowed main, —  
 The venturous bark that flings,  
 On the sweet summer wind its purple wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the °Siren sings, 5  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming  
 hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
 And every chambered cell, 10  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed, —  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year behold the silent toil 15  
 That spread his lustrous coil;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door, 20  
 Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old no  
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25  
 Than ever °Triton blew from wreathed horn!

While on mine ear its rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
 sings;—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!  
 As the swift seasons roll! 30

Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! 35

### UNDER THE VIOLETS

HER hands are cold; her face is white;  
 No more her pulses come and go;  
 Her eyes are shut to life and light;—  
 Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
 And lay her where the violets blow. 5

But not beneath a graven stone,  
 To plead for tears with alien eyes;



A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies. 10

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound. 15

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all. 20

For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry. 25

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass. 30

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

35

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

40

### THE CROOKED FOOTPATH

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

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

5

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

10

The gabled porch, with woodbine green, —  
The broken millstone at the sill, —  
Though many a rood might stretch between, 15  
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie, —  
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown, —  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone. 20

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

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain 25  
From some unholy banquet reeled, —  
And since our devious steps maintain  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus, no earthborn will  
Could ever trace a faultless line; 30  
Our truest steps are human still, —  
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;  
O, rather let us trust the more!  
Through all the wanderings of the path, 35  
We still can see our Father's door!

## THE VOICELESS

WE count the broken lyres that rest  
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
 But o'er their silent sister's breast  
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?  
 A few can touch the magic string, 5  
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them: —  
 Alas for those that never sing,  
 But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad story, — 10  
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
 The cross without the crown of glory!  
 Not where °Leucadian breezes sweep  
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
 But where the glistening night-dews weep 15  
 On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine  
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses, — 20  
 If singing breath or echoing chord  
 To every hidden pang were given,  
 What endless melodies were poured,  
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

## THE TWO STREAMS

BEHOLD the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides  
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,  
In rushing river-tides !

Yon stream, whose sources run 5  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is °Athabasca, rolling toward the sun  
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
But for the slanting stone, 10  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid  
Of foam-flecked °Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
Life's parting stream descends,  
And, as a moment turns its slender rill, 15  
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee,—  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea ! 20

## THE PROMISE

Nor charity we ask,  
Nor yet thy gift refuse;  
Please thy light fancy with the easy task  
Only to look and choose.

The little-heeded toy 5  
That wins thy treasured gold  
May be the dearest memory, holiest joy,  
Of coming years untold.

Heaven rains on every heart,  
But there its showers divide, 10  
The drops of mercy choosing as they part  
The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn  
The fountain of thy soul  
To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee burn 15  
Long as its currents roll!

The pleasures thou hast planned, —  
Where shall their memory be  
When the white angel with the freezing hand  
Shall sit and watch by thee? 20

Living, thou dost not live,  
 If mercy's spring run dry;  
 What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,  
 Dying, thou shalt not die!

He promised even so! 25  
 To thee His lips repeat, —  
 Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's woe  
 Have washed thy Master's feet!

## AVIS

I MAY not rightly call thy name, —  
 Alas! thy forehead never knew  
 The kiss that happier children claim,  
 Nor glistened with baptismal dew.

Daughter of want and wrong and woe, 5  
 I saw thee with thy sister-band,  
 Snatched from the whirlpool's narrowing flow  
 By Mercy's strong yet trembling hand.

—“Avis!” — With Saxon eye and cheek,  
 At once a woman and a child, 10  
 The saint uncrowned I came to seek  
 Drew near to greet us, — spoke, and smiled.

God gave that sweet sad smile she wore  
All wrong to shame, all souls to win,—  
A heavenly sunbeam sent before  
Her footsteps through a world of sin. 15

—“And who is Avis?”—Hear the tale  
The calm-voiced matrons gravely tell,—  
The story known through all the vale  
Where Avis and her sisters dwell. 20

With the lost children running wild,  
Strayed from the hand of human care,  
They find one little refuse child  
Left helpless in its poisoned lair.

The primal mark is on her face,—  
The chattel-stamp, — the pariah-stain  
That follows still her hunted race—  
The curse without the crime of Cain. 25

How shall our smooth-turned phrase relate  
The little suffering outcast's ail?  
Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate  
So turned the rose-wreathed revellers pale. 30

Ah, veil the living death from sight  
That wounds our beauty-loving eye!  
The children turn in selfish fright,  
The white-lipped nurses hurry by. 35



Take her, dread Angel! Break in love  
This bruised reed and make it thine!—  
No voice descended from above,  
But Avis answered, "She is mine." 40

The task that dainty menials spurn  
The fair young girl has made her own;  
Her heart shall teach, her hand shall learn  
The toils, the duties yet unknown.

So Love and Death in lingering strife 45  
Stand face to face from day to day,  
Still battling for the spoil of Life  
While the slow seasons creep away.

Love conquers Death; the prize is won;  
See to her joyous bosom pressed 50  
The dusky daughter of the sun,—  
The bronze against the marble breast!

Her task is done; no voice divine  
Has crowned her deeds with saintly fame.  
No eye can see the aureole shine 55  
That rings her brow with heavenly flame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,  
Or what had woman's love more fair,  
When Mary clasped her Saviour's feet  
With flowing eyes and streaming hair? 60

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,  
 The Angel of that earthy throng,  
 And let thine image live alone  
 To hallow this unstudied song!

°AGNES

PART FIRST

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, 5  
 And fond, — and not too wise, —  
 That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,  
 To maids with downcast eyes.

Ah! maidens err and matrons warn 10  
 Beneath the coldest sky;  
 Love lurks amid the tasselled corn  
 As in the bearded rye!

But who would dream our sober sires 15  
 Had learned the old world's ways,  
 And warmed their hearths with lawless fires  
 In °Shirley's homespun days?

'Tis like some poet's pictured trance  
His idle rhymes recite, —  
This old New-England-born romance  
Of Agnes and the Knight;

20

Yet, known to all the country round,  
Their home is standing still,  
Between °Wachuset'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.

25

With blackening wall and mossy roof,  
With stained and warping floor,  
A stately mansion stands aloof  
And bars its haughty door.

30

This lowlier portal may be tried,  
That breaks the gable wall;  
And lo! with arches opening wide,  
Sir Harry Frankland's hall!

35

° 'Twas in the second George's day  
They sought the forest shade,  
The knotted trunks they cleared away,  
The massive beams they laid,

40

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 45  
 The Master's broad domain;  
 With page and valet, horse and hound,  
 He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,  
 The ploughman stopped to gaze 50  
 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 55  
 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; 60

°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, 65  
Fair dames and stately men,  
The mighty people of the land,  
The "World" of there and then.

'Twas strange no °Chloe's "beauteous Form,"  
And "Eyes' cœlestial Blew," 70  
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, 75  
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. 80

## PART SECOND

### 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 85  
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! 90  
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 95  
Is rough with bitter grass.

The shining horses foam and pant,  
And now the smells begin  
Of fishy °Swampscot, salt Nahant,  
And leather-scented Lynn. 100

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 105  
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, 110  
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 115  
Has seesawed 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; 120

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 125  
Yon treeless mound forlorn,  
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-rock,  
That fronts the Spouting Horn;

Then free the white-sailed shallops glide,  
And wide the ocean smiles, 130  
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. 135

A gathering on the village green!  
The cocked-hats crowd to see,  
On legs in ancient velveteen,  
With buckles at the knee. 140

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! 145

Poor Agnes! with her work half done  
They caught her unaware;  
As, humbly, like a praying nun,  
She knelt upon the stair; 150

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. 155



A foot, an ankle, bare and white,  
Her girlish shapes betrayed, —  
“Ha! Nymphs and Graces!” spoke the Knight;  
“Look up, my beauteous Maid!” 160

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, 165  
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,” — 170  
He tossed a silver crown.

A sudden paleness struck her brow, —  
A swifter flush succeeds;  
It burns her cheek; it kindles now 175  
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? 180

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 185  
Along the °Essex shore,  
That cheered its goodman outward bound,  
And sees his face no more!

“Not so,” the matron whispered, — “sure 190  
No orphan girl is she, —  
The Surraige 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 195  
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.” 200

So Agnes, with her golden beads,  
And naught beside as dower,  
Grew at the wayside with the weeds,  
Herself a garden-flower.

'Twas strange, 'twas sad, — so fresh, so fair!  
Thus Pity's voice began. 205  
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, 210  
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, 215  
The many-steeped town.

'Tis midnight, — street and square are still;  
Dark roll the whispering waves  
That lap the piers beneath the hill  
Ridged thick with ancient graves. 220

Ah, gentle sleep! thy hand will smooth  
The weary couch of pain,  
When all thy poppies fail to soothe  
The lover's throbbing brain!

'Tis morn, — the orange-mantled sun 225  
Breaks through the fading gray,  
And long and loud the Castle gun  
Peals o'er the glistening bay.

“Thank God 'tis day!” With eager eye  
 He hails the morning's shine: —  
 “If art can win, or gold can buy,  
 The maiden shall be mine!”

230

## PART THIRD

## 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?”

235

The housemaids parley at the gate,  
 The scullions on the stair,  
 And in the footmen's grave debate  
 The butler deigns to share.

240

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!”

245

“*Servant!* fine servant!” laughed aloud

The man of coach and steeds;

250

“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,

255

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!

260

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.

265

And now the gown of sober stuff

Has changed to fair brocade,

With broidered hem, and hanging cuff,

And flower of silken braid;

270

And clasped around her blanching wrist  
A jewelled bracelet shines,  
Her flowing tresses' massive twist 275  
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! 280

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, 285  
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, 290  
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 295  
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!

300

## PART FOURTH

## 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.

305

“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.

310

“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!”

315

Through town and city, far and wide,  
 Their wandering feet have strayed,  
 From °Alpine lake to ocean tide,  
 And cold °Sierra's shade.

320

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.

325

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,  
 They dance on every green;  
 The morning's dial marks the birth  
 Of proud °Braganza's queen.

330

At eve beneath their pictured dome  
 The gilded courtiers throng;  
 The broad moidores have cheated Rome  
 Of all her lords of song.

335

Ah! Lisbon dreams not of the day—  
 Pleased with her painted scenes—  
 °When all her towers shall slide away  
 As now these canvas screens!

340



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, 345  
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 350  
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 355  
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. 360

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! 365

The turrets crack — the castle cleaves —  
The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow  
With strange unearthly gleams; 370  
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, 375  
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? 380

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 385  
Her wild and wandering eyes;  
Beneath its shattered portal pressed,  
Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey  
 Shall lifeless blocks withstand? 390  
 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,— 395  
 Her life has bought his own!

## PART FIFTH

## 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! 400

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 405  
 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! 410  
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, 415  
A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen  
That meaner beauty needs,  
But on her bosom heaves unseen  
A string of golden beads. 420

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, — 425  
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,  
The icy look of scorn;

No more the blue-eyed English dames  
Their haughty lips shall curl, 430  
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? 435

Too well she knew the saddening tale  
Of love no vow had blest,  
That turned his blushing honors pale  
And stained his knightly crest. 440

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; 445  
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; 450  
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." 455

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,

460

And how she bruised her tender breasts  
Against the crushing stone,  
That still the strong-armed clown protests  
No man can lift alone,—

O then the frozen spring was broke;  
By turns she wept and smiled; —  
“Sweet Agnes!” so the mother spoke,  
“God bless my angel child!

465

“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!”

470

Thus Agnes won her noble name,  
Her lawless lover’s hand;  
The lowly maiden so became  
A lady in the land!

475

## PART SIXTH

## CONCLUSION

THE tale is done; it little needs  
To track their after ways,  
And string again the golden beads  
Of love's uncounted days.

480

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.

485

Fate parts at length the fondest pair;  
His cheek, alas! grows pale;  
The breast that trampling death could spare  
His noiseless shafts assail.

490

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.

495

— Hard by the terraced hillside town,  
Where healing streamlets run,  
Still sparkling with their old renown, —  
The “Waters of the Sun,” —

500

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.

505

At last the evil days were come  
That saw the red cross fall;  
She hears the rebels' rattling drum, —  
Farewell to Frankland Hall!

510

— 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.

515

The box is glistening huge and green,  
Like trees the lilacs grow,  
Three elms high-arching still are seen,  
And one lies stretched below.

520



The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,  
Flap on the latticed wall;  
And o'er the mossy ridge-pole towers  
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

The doors on mighty hinges clash 525  
With massive bolt and bar,  
The heavy English-moulded sash  
Scarce can the night-winds jar.

Behold the chosen room he sought 530  
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 535  
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. 540

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. 545

If further story you shall crave,  
Or ask for living proof, 550  
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 555  
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. 560

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, 565  
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!

57°

## °THE PLOUGHMAN

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, 5  
 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; 10  
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
 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, 15  
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way;  
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
 The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,  
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,  
 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers. 20

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 25  
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;  
These are the lines which heaven-commanded 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, 30  
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, 35  
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, 40  
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No! by these hills, whose banners now displayed  
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed:  
By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests 45  
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; 50  
 And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,  
 If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,  
 These stately forms, that bending even now  
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,  
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land, 55  
 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 ploughshare won!

## THE LIVING TEMPLE

Not in the world of light alone,  
 Where God has built his blazing throne,  
 Nor yet alone in earth below,  
 With belted seas that come and go,  
 And endless isles of sunlit green, 5  
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen:  
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—  
 Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves  
 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves, 10  
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,  
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,

While all their burden of decay  
The ebbing current steals away,  
And red with Nature's flame they start 15  
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,  
Forever quivering o'er his task,  
While far and wide a crimson jet  
Leaps forth to fill the woven net 20  
Which in unnumbered crossing tides  
The flood of burning life divides,  
Then, kindling each decaying part,  
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame 25  
Behold the outward moving frame,  
Its living marbles jointed strong  
With glistening band and silvery thong,  
And linked to reason's guiding reins  
By myriad rings in trembling chains, 30  
Each graven with the threaded zone  
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white  
Is braided out of seven-hued light,  
Yet in those lucid globes no ray 35  
By any chance shall break astray.

Hark how the rolling surge of sound,  
Arches and spirals circling round,  
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear  
With music it is heaven to hear.

40

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds  
All thought in its mysterious folds,  
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,  
And flashes forth the sovereign will;  
Think on the stormy world that dwells  
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!  
The lightning gleams of power it sheds  
Along its hollow glassy threads!

45

O Father! grant thy love divine  
To make these mystic temples thine!  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,  
And mould it into heavenly forms!

50

55

## 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, 5  
 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 10  
 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, 15  
 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; 20  
 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,      25  
    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      30  
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,      35  
    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;      40

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      45  
    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,      50

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 55  
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; 60  
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 65  
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, 70  
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep  
And flattery's voice is vain;  
O then, thou fledgling of the nest,  
Like the long-wandering dove,  
Thy weary heart may faint for rest, 75  
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.

80

## LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,  
 Bright on the dewy beds glistened the sun,  
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,  
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.

Waving her golden veil 5

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. 10

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, 15

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 sides. 20

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 25  
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. 30

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,  
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, 35  
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. 40

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 45  
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. 50

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, 55  
     Long o'er the foaming brine  
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;  
     Heaven keep her ever free,  
     Wide as o'er land and sea  
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won. 60

## °OLD IRONSIDES

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, 5  
     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, 10  
 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 15  
 The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave;  
 Her thunder shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave; 20  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale!

°INTERNATIONAL ODE—OUR FATHERS'  
 LAND

God bless our Fathers' Land!  
 Keep her in heart and hand  
 One with our own!  
 From all her foes defend,  
 Be her brave People's Friend, 5  
 On all her realms descend,  
 Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care  
 Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,  
     Guide all his ways: 10  
 Thine arm his shelter be,  
 From him by land and sea  
 Bid storm and danger flee,  
     Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease, 15  
 Fold the whole Earth in peace  
     Under Thy wings!  
 Make all Thy nations one,  
 All hearts beneath the sun,  
 Till Thou shalt reign alone, 20  
     Great King of kings!

◦“QUI VIVE!”

“QUI vive!” The sentry's musket rings,  
 The channelled bayonet gleams;  
 High o'er him, like a raven's wings  
 The broad ◦tri-colored banner flings  
 Its shadow, rustling as it swings 5  
     Pale in the moonlight beams;  
 Pass on! while steel-clad sentries keep  
 Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,  
     Thy bare, unguarded breast  
 Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone 10

That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne;  
 Pass on, and take thy rest!

“Qui vive!” How oft the midnight air  
 That startling cry has borne!  
 How oft the evening breeze has fanned 15  
 The banner of this haughty land,  
 O'er mountain snow and desert sand,  
 Ere yet its folds were torn!  
 Through °Jena's carnage flying red,  
 Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead, 20  
 Or curling on the towers  
 Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,  
 And suns the ruffled plumage, wet  
 With battle's crimson showers!

“Qui vive!” And is the sentry's cry,— 25  
 The sleepless soldier's hand,—  
 Are these,—the painted folds that fly  
 And lift their emblems, printed high,  
 On morning mist and sunset sky,—  
 The guardians of a land? 30  
 No! If the patriot's pulses sleep,  
 How vain the watch that hirelings keep,—  
 The idle flag that waves,  
 When Conquest, with his iron heel,  
 Treads down the standards and the steel 35  
 That belt the soil of slaves!



## VIVE LA FRANCE !

THE land of sunshine and of song!  
 Her name your hearts divine;  
 To her the banquet's vows belong  
 Whose breasts have poured its wine;  
 Our trusty friend, our true ally 5  
 Through varied change and chance:  
 So, fill your flashing goblets high, —  
 I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Above our hosts in triple folds  
 The selfsame colors spread, 10  
 Where Valor's faithful arm upholds  
 The blue, the white, the red;  
 Alike each nation's glittering crest  
 Reflects the morning's glance, —  
 Twin eagles, soaring east and west: 15  
 Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Sister in trial! who shall count  
 Thy generous friendship's claim,  
 Whose blood ran mingling in the fount  
 That gave our land its name, 20  
 Till Yorktown saw in blended line  
 Our conquering arms advance,  
 And victory's double garlands twine  
 Our banners? VIVE LA FRANCE!

O land of heroes! in our need 25  
 One gift from Heaven we crave  
 To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed, —  
 The wise to lead the brave!  
 Call back one Captain of thy past  
 From glory's marble trance, 30  
 Whose name shall be a bugle-blast  
 To rouse us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

°Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,  
 Wake up stout °Charles Martel,  
 Or find some woman's hand to clench 35  
 The sword of °La Pucelle!  
 Give us one hour of old °Turenne, —  
 °One lift of Bayard's lance, —  
 Nay, °call Marengo's Chief again  
 To lead us! VIVE LA FRANCE! 40

Ah, hush! our welcome Guest shall hear  
 But sounds of peace and joy;  
 No angry echo vex thine ear,  
 Fair Daughter of Savoy!  
 Once more! the land of arms and arts, 45  
 Of glory, grace, romance;  
 Her love lies warm in all our hearts:  
 God bless her! VIVE LA FRANCE!

°BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR  
SISTER CAROLINE

SHE has gone, — she has left us in passion and pride, —  
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!  
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,  
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun, 5  
We can never forget that our hearts have been one, —  
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,  
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;  
But we said, "She is hasty, — she does not mean  
much." 10

We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent  
threat;  
But Friendship still whispered, "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?  
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?  
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain 15  
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their  
spoil,  
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,

Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their  
 caves,  
 And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the  
 waves: 20

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,  
 Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,  
 As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow  
 Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky: 25  
 Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!  
 Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with  
 steel,  
 The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
 There are battles with Fate that can never be won! 30  
 The star-flowering banner must never be furled,  
 For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,  
 Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;  
 But when your heart aches and your feet have grown  
 sore, 35  
 Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM,  
CAMBRIDGE

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

5

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

10

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

15

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

20

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

25

### FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN

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

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

5

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

10

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

15

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

20

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

## ARMY HYMN

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

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

5

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

10

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!  
 In Thy dread name we draw the sword,  
 We lift the starry flag on high 15  
 That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
 Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign, —  
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
 Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE! 20

### PARTING HYMN

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

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite, 5  
 From every plague that harms;  
 In camp and march, in siege and fight,  
 Protect our men-at-arms!

Though from our darkened lives they take  
 What makes our life most dear, 10  
 We yield them for their country's sake  
 With no relenting tear.



Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
 Their wounds our breasts will share;  
 O, save us from the woes we dread, 15  
 Or grant us strength to bear!

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
 The stern destroyer cease,  
 Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
 And seraphs whisper Peace! 20

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

### THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
 Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
 With burning star and flaming band  
 It kindles all the sunset land:  
 O tell us what its name may be, — 5  
 Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
 It is the banner of the free,  
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode  
 Its tender seed our fathers sowed; 10

The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
 Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
 The full-blown Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free, 15  
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
 One mingling flood of braided light,—  
 The red that fires the Southern rose,  
 With spotless white from Northern snows, 20  
 And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
 The sister Stars of Liberty!

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

The blades of heroes fence it round, 25  
 Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
 From tower and dome its glories spread;  
 It waves where lonely sentries tread;  
 It makes the land as ocean free,  
 And plants an empire on the sea! 30

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

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
 To all their heavenly colors true, 35  
 In blackening frost or crimson dew,—

And God loves us as we love thee,  
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
 Then hail the banner of the free,  
 The starry Flower of Liberty.

40

## 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 tender green;  
 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves, 5  
 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; 10  
 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 15  
 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, 20

Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,  
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;  
From shaded chinks of lichen-crustcd walls,  
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls;  
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep, 25  
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;  
On floating rails that face the softening noons  
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,  
Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing fields,  
Trail through the grass their tessellated shields. 30

At last young April, ever frail and fair,  
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,  
Chased to the margin of receding floods  
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,  
In tears and blushes sighs herself away, 35  
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; 40  
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine grows,  
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, 45  
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; — 50  
 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 55  
 Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.  
 The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
 Repeats, imperious, his *staccáto* note;  
 The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,  
 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight; 60  
 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 65  
 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, 70  
 Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays  
 Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze!

## SPRING HAS COME

° INTRA MUROS

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,  
 Slant through my pane their morning rays;  
 For dry northwesterners cold and clear,  
 The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen, 5  
 Then close against the sheltering wall  
 The tulip's horn of dusky green,  
 The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;  
 The long narcissus-blades appear; 10  
 The cone-beaked hyacinth returns  
 To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung  
 By the wild winds of gusty March,  
 With sallow leaflets lightly strung, 15  
 Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robed their slender spray  
 With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;  
 Wide o'er the clasping arch of day  
 Soars like a cloud their hoary chief. 20

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

When wake the violets, Winter dies; 25  
 When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;  
 When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,  
 "Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

The windows blush with fresh bouquets,  
 Cut with the May-dew on their lips; 30  
 The radish all its bloom displays,  
 °Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers  
 On beauty's changed corolla-shades, —  
 The walks are gay as bridal bowers 35  
 With rows of many-petalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish click and clash  
 In the blue barrow where they slide;  
 The horseman, proud of streak and splash,  
 Creeps homeward from his morning ride. 40

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

Wild filly from the mountain-side, 45  
 Doomed to the close and chafing thills,  
 Lend me thy long, untiring stride  
 To seek with thee thy western hills!

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,  
 The thrush's trill, the robin's cry, 50  
 Like some poor bird with prisoned wing  
 That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

O for one spot of living green,—  
 One little spot where leaves can grow,—  
 To love unblamed, to walk unseen, 55  
 To dream above, to sleep below!

## 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, 5  
 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. 10



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 15  
 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, 5  
 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; 10  
 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 15  
 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, 20  
 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, unsparing blaze,  
 As on the oak a faded leaf that clings 25  
 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! 30  
 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 35  
 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; 40  
 Then lithe young °Romeo—hark that silvered 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, 45  
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. 50

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, 55  
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! 60

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, 65  
A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red,  
Viewed from within, a radiant glory shows  
When through its pictured screen the sunlight flows,  
And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane  
See angels glow in every shapeless stain; 70

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 75  
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, 80

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 85  
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, 90  
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, 95  
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. 100

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, 105  
 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; 110  
 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, 115  
 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! 120

## THE ISLAND RUIN

YE that have faced the billows and the spray  
 Of good °St. Botolph's island-studded bay,  
 As from the gliding bark your eye has scanned  
 The beaconed rocks, the wave-girt hills of sand,  
 Have ye not marked one elm-o'ershadowed isle, 5  
 Round as the dimple chased in beauty's smile, —  
 A stain of verdure on an azure field,  
 Set like a jewel in a battered shield?  
 Fixed in the narrow gorge of Ocean's path,  
 Peaceful it meets him in his hour of wrath; 10  
 When the mailed °Titan, scourged by hissing gales,  
 Writhes in his glistening coat of clashing scales;  
 The storm-beat island spreads its tranquil green,  
 Calm as an emerald on an angry queen.

So fair when distant should be fairer near; 15  
 A boat shall waft us from the outstretched pier.  
 The breeze blows fresh; we reach the island's edge,  
 Our shallop rustling through the yielding sedge.

No welcome greets us on the desert isle;  
 Those elms, far-shadowing, hide no stately pile: 20  
 Yet these green ridges mark an ancient road;  
 And lo! the traces of a fair abode;  
 The long gray line that marks a garden-wall,  
 And heaps of fallen beams,—fire-branded all.

Who sees unmoved, a ruin at his feet, 25  
 The lowliest home where human hearts have beat?

Its hearthstone, shaded with the bistre stain  
A century's showery torrents wash in vain;  
Its starving orchard, where the thistle blows  
And mossy trunks still mark the broken rows; 30  
Its chimney-loving poplar, oftenest seen  
Next an old roof, or where a roof has been;  
Its knot-grass, plantain,—all the social weeds,  
Man's mute companions, following where he leads;  
Its dwarfed, pale flowers, that show their straggling  
heads, 35  
Sown by the wind from grass-choked garden-beds;  
Its woodbine, creeping where it used to climb;  
Its roses, breathing of the olden time;  
All the poor shows the curious idler sees,  
As life's thin shadows waste by slow degrees, 40  
Till naught remains, the saddening tale to tell,  
Save home's last wrecks,—the cellar and the well!  
And whose the home that strews in black decay  
The one green-glowing island of the bay?  
Some dark-browed pirate's, jealous of the fate 45  
That seized the strangled wretch of "Nix's Mate"?  
Some forger's, skulking in a borrowed name,  
Whom °Tyburn's dangling halter yet may claim?  
Some wan-eyed exile's, wealth and sorrow's heir,  
Who sought a lone retreat for tears and prayer? 50  
Some brooding poet's, sure of deathless fame,  
Had not his epic perished in the flame?  
Or some gray wooer's, whom a girlish frown  
Chased from his solid friends and sober town?

Or some plain tradesman's, fond of shade and ease, 55  
 Who sought them both beneath these quiet trees?  
 Why question mutes no question can unlock,  
 °Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock?

One thing at least these ruined heaps declare, —  
 They were a shelter once; a man lived there. 60

But where the charred and crumbling records fail,  
 Some breathing lips may piece the half-told tale;  
 No man may live with neighbors such as these,  
 Though girt with walls of rock and angry seas,  
 And shield his home, his children, or his wife, 65  
 His ways, his means, his vote, his creed, his life,  
 From the dread sovereignty of Ears and Eyes  
 And the small member that beneath them lies.

They told strange things of that mysterious man;  
 Believe who will, deny them such as can; 70  
 Why should we fret if every passing sail  
 Had its old seaman talking on the rail?  
 The deep-sunk schooner stuffed with Eastern lime,  
 Slow wedging on, as if the waves were slime;  
 The knife-edged clipper with her ruffled spars, 75  
 The pawing steamer with her mane of stars,  
 The bull-browed galliot butting through the stream,  
 The wide-sailed yacht that slipped along her beam,  
 The deck-piled sloops, the pinched chebacco-boats,  
 The frigate, black with thunder-freighted throats, 80  
 All had their talk about the lonely man;  
 And thus, in varying phrase, the story ran.



His name had cost him little care to seek,  
 Plain, honest, brief, a decent name to speak,  
 Common, not vulgar, just the kind that slips 85  
 With least suggestion from a stranger's lips.  
 His birthplace England, as his speech might show,  
 Or his hale cheek, that wore the red-streak's glow;  
 His mouth sharp-moulded; in its mirth or scorn  
 There came a flash as from the milky corn, 90  
 When from the ear you rip the rustling sheath,  
 And the white ridges show their even teeth.  
 His stature moderate, but his strength confessed,  
 In spite of broadcloth, by his ample breast;  
 Full-armed, thick-handed; one that had been strong, 95  
 And might be dangerous still, if things went wrong.  
 He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees' shade,  
 Did naught for gain, yet all his debts were paid;  
 Rich, so 'twas thought, but careful of his store;  
 Had all he needed, claimed to have no more. 100

But some that lingered round the isle at night  
 Spoke of strange stealthy doings in their sight;  
 Of creeping lonely visits that he made  
 To nooks and corners, with a torch and spade.  
 Some said they saw the hollow of a cave; 105  
 One, given to fables, swore it was a grave;  
 Whereat some shuddered, others boldly cried,  
 Those prowling boatmen lied, and knew they lied.

They said his house was framed with curious cares,  
 Lest some old friend might enter unawares; 110

That on the platform at his chamber's door  
 Hinged a loose square that opened through the floor;  
 Touch the black silken tassel next the bell,  
 Down, with a crash, the flapping trap-door fell;  
 Three stories deep the falling wretch would strike, 115  
 To writhe at leisure on a boarder's pike.

By day armed always; double-armed at night,  
 His tools lay round him; wake him such as might.  
 A carbine hung beside his India fan,  
 His hand could reach a °Turkish ataghan; 120  
 Pistols, with quaint-carved stocks and barrels gilt,  
 Crossed a long dagger with a jewelled hilt;  
 A slashing cutlass stretched along the bed;—  
 All this was what those lying boatmen said.

Then some were full of wondrous stories told 125  
 Of great oak chests and cupboards full of gold;  
 Of the wedged ingots and the silver bars  
 That cost old pirates ugly sabre-scars;  
 How his laced wallet often would disgorge  
 The fresh-faced guinea of an English George, 130  
 Or sweated ducat, palmed by Jews of yore,  
 °Or double Joe, or Portuguese moidore,  
 And how his finger wore a rubied ring  
 Fit for the white-necked play-girl of a king.  
 But these fine legends, told with staring eyes, 135  
 Met with small credence from the old and wise.

Why tell each idle guess, each whisper vain?  
 Enough: the scorched and cindered beams remain.

He came, a silent pilgrim to the West,  
 Some old-world mystery throbbing in his breast; 140  
 Close to the thronging mart he dwelt alone;  
 He lived; he died. The rest is all unknown.

Stranger, whose eyes the shadowy isle survey,  
 As the black steamer dashes through the bay,  
 Why ask his buried secret to divine? 145  
 He was thy brother; speak, and tell us thine!

### A MOTHER'S SECRET

How sweet the sacred legend — if unblamed  
 In my slight verse such holy things are named —  
 Of Mary's secret hours of hidden joy,  
 Silent, but pondering on her wondrous boy!  
 °Ave, Maria! Pardon, if I wrong 5  
 Those heavenly words that shame my earthly song!

The choral host had closed the Angel's strain  
 Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's plain,  
 And now the shepherds, hastening on their way,  
 Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay. 10  
 They passed the fields that gleaning °Ruth toiled  
 o'er, —

They saw afar the ruined threshing-floor  
 Where Moab's daughter, homeless and forlorn,  
 Found Boaz slumbering by his heaps of corn;

And some remembered how the holy scribe, 15  
 Skilled in the lore of every jealous tribe,  
 Traced the warm blood of Jesse's royal son  
 To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won.  
 So fared they on to seek the promised sign  
 That marked the anointed heir of David's line. 20

At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,  
 They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.  
 No pomp was there, no glory shone around  
 On the coarse straw that strewed the reeking ground;  
 One dim retreat a flickering torch betrayed,— 25  
 In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wondering shepherds told their breathless tale  
 Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;  
 Told how the skies with sudden glory flamed,  
 Told how the shining multitude proclaimed 30  
 "Joy, joy to earth! Behold the hallowed morn!  
 In David's city Christ the Lord is born!  
 'Glory to God!' let angels shout on high,  
 'Good-will to men!' the listening earth reply!"

They spoke with hurried words and accents wild; 35  
 Calm in his cradle slept the heavenly child.  
 No trembling word the mother's joy revealed,—  
 One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed;  
 Unmoved she saw the rustic train depart,  
 But kept their words to ponder in her heart. 40

Twelve years had passed; the boy was fair and tall,  
 Growing in wisdom, finding grace with all.

The maids of Nazareth, as they trooped to fill  
Their balanced urns beside the mountain rill, —  
The gathered matrons, as they sat and spun, — 45  
Spoke in soft words of Joseph's quiet son.

No voice had reached the Galilean vale  
Of star-led kings, or awe-struck shepherd's tale;  
In the meek, studious child they only saw  
The future Rabbi, learned in Israel's law. 50

So grew the boy, and now the feast was near  
When at the Holy Place the tribes appear.  
Scarce had the home-bred child of Nazareth seen  
Beyond the hills that girt the village green,  
Save when at midnight, o'er the starlit sands, 55  
Snatched from the °steel of Herod's murdering bands,  
A babe, close folded to his mother's breast,  
Through Edom's wilds he sought the sheltering West.

Then Joseph spake: "Thy boy hath largely grown;  
Weave him fine raiment, fitting to be shown; 60  
Fair robes beseem the pilgrim, as the priest:  
Goes he not with us to the holy feast?"

And Mary culled the flaxen fibres white;  
Till eve she spun; she spun till morning light.  
The thread was twined; its parting meshes through 65  
From hand to hand her restless shuttle flew,  
Till the full web was wound upon the beam;  
Love's curious toil, — a vest without a seam!

They reach the Holy Place, fulfil the days  
To solemn feasting given, and grateful praise. 70

At last they turn, and far °Moriah's height  
 Melts in the southern sky and fades from sight.  
 All day the dusky caravan has flowed  
 In devious trails along the winding road;  
 (For many a step their homeward path attends, 75  
 And all the sons of Abraham are as friends.)  
 Evening has come, — the hour of rest and joy, —  
 Hush! Hush! That whisper, — “Where is Mary's boy?”

O weary hour! O aching days that passed  
 Filled with strange fears each wilder than the last, — 80  
 The soldier's lance, the fierce centurion's sword,  
 The crushing wheels that whirl some Roman lord,  
 The midnight crypt that sucks the captive's breath,  
 The blistering sun on °Hinnom's vale of death!

Thrice on his cheek had rained the morning light; 85  
 Thrice on his lips the mildewed kiss of night,  
 Crouched by a sheltering column's shining plinth,  
 Or stretched beneath the odorous terebinth.

At last, in desperate mood, they sought once more  
 The Temple's porches, searched in vain before; 90  
 They found him seated with the ancient men, —  
 The grim old rufflers of the tongue and pen, —  
 Their bald heads glistening as they clustered near,  
 Their gray beards slanting as they turned to hear,  
 Lost in half-envious wonder and surprise 95  
 That lips so fresh should utter words so wise.

And Mary said, — as one who, tried too long,  
 Tells all her grief and half her sense of wrong, —

“What is this thoughtless thing which thou hast done?  
Lo, we have sought thee sorrowing, O my son!” 100

Few words he spake, and scarce of filial tone,  
Strange words, their sense a mystery yet unknown;  
Then turned with them and left the holy hill,  
To all their mild commands obedient still.

The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men, 105  
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again;  
The maids retold it at the fountain's side,  
The youthful shepherds doubted or denied;  
It passed around among the listening friends,  
With all that fancy adds and fiction lends, 110  
Till newer marvels dimmed the young renown  
Of Joseph's son, who talked the Rabbis down.

But Mary, faithful to its lightest word,  
Kept in her heart the sayings she had heard,  
Till the dread morning rent the Temple's veil, 115  
And shuddering earth confirmed the wondrous tale.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall:  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

## THE SECRET OF THE STARS

Is man's the only throbbing heart that hides  
The silent spring that feeds its whispering tides?  
Speak from thy caverns, mystery-breeding Earth,  
Tell the half-hinted story of thy birth,

And calm the noisy champions who have thrown 5  
The book of types against the book of stone!

Have ye not secrets, ye refulgent spheres,  
No sleepless listener of the starlight hears?  
In vain the sweeping equatorial pries  
Through every world-sown corner of the skies, 10  
To the far orb that so remotely strays  
Our midnight darkness is its noonday blaze;  
In vain the climbing soul of creeping man  
Metes out the heavenly concave with a span,  
Tracks into space the long-lost meteor's trail, 15  
And weighs an unseen planet in the scale;  
Still o'er their doubts the wan-eyed watchers sigh,  
And Science lifts her still unanswered cry:  
"Are all these worlds, that speed their circling flight,  
Dumb, vacant, soulless, — bawbles of the night? 20  
Warmed with God's smile and wafted by his breath,  
To weave in ceaseless round the dance of Death?  
Or rolls a sphere in each expanding zone,  
Crowned with a life as varied as our own?"

Maker of earth and stars! If thou hast taught 25  
By what thy voice hath spoke, thy hand hath wrought,  
By all that Science proves, or guesses true,  
More than thy Poet dreamed, thy prophet knew, —  
The heavens still bow in darkness at thy feet,  
And shadows veil thy cloud-pavilioned seat! 30



Not for ourselves we ask thee to reveal  
One awful word beneath the future's seal;  
What thou shalt tell us, grant us strength to bear;  
What thou withholdest is thy single care.  
Not for ourselves; the present clings too fast, 35  
Moored to the mighty anchors of the past;  
But when, with angry snap, some cable parts,  
The sound re-echoing in our startled hearts, —  
When, through the wall that clasps the harbor round,  
And shuts the raving ocean from its bound, 40  
Shattered and rent by sacrilegious hands,  
The first mad billow leaps upon the sands, —  
Then to the Future's awful page we turn,  
And what we question hardly dare to learn.

Still let us hope! for while we seem to tread 45  
The time-worn pathway of the nations dead,  
Though Sparta laughs at all our warlike deeds,  
And buried Athens claims our stolen creeds,  
Though Rome, a spectre on her broken throne,  
Beholds our eagle and recalls her own, 50  
Though England fling her pennons on the breeze  
And reign before us Mistress of the seas, —  
While calm-eyed History tracks us circling round  
Fate's iron pillar where they all were bound,  
She sees new beacons crowned with brighter flame 55  
Than the old watch-fires, like, but not the same!  
Still in our path a larger curve she finds,  
The spiral widening as the chain unwinds!

No shameless haste shall spot with bandit-crime  
 Our destined empire snatched before its time. 60  
 Wait, — wait, undoubting, for the winds have caught  
 From our bold speech the heritage of thought;  
 No marble form that sculptured truth can wear  
 Vies with the image shaped in viewless air;  
 And thought unfettered grows through speech to  
     deeds, 65  
 As the broad forest marches in its seeds.  
 What though we perish ere the day is won?  
 Enough to see its glorious work begun!  
 The thistle falls before a trampling clown,  
 But who can chain the flying thistle-down? 70  
 Wait while the fiery seeds of freedom fly,  
 The prairie blazes when the grass is dry!  
     What arms might ravish, leave to peaceful arts,  
 Wisdom and love shall win the roughest hearts;  
 So shall the angel who has closed for man 75  
 The blissful garden since his woes began  
 Swing wide the golden portals of the West,  
 And Eden's secret stand at length confessed!

### THE LAST READER

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree,  
     And read my own sweet songs;  
 Though nought they may to others be,  
     Each humble line prolongs

A tone that might have passed away, 5  
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, 10  
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 care-worn cheek 15  
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, 20  
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 25  
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? 30

It may be that my scanty ore  
    Long years have washed away,  
And where were golden sands before,  
    Is nought but common clay;  
Still something sparkles in the sun 35  
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, 40  
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 45  
    Of thoughts that once were mine,  
And give the worm my little store  
When the last reader reads no more!

## °THE DYING SENECA

He died not as the martyr dies,  
    Wrapped in his living shroud of flame;  
He fell not as the warrior falls,  
    Gasping upon the field of fame;  
A gentler passage to the grave, 5  
A murderer's softened fury gave.

Rome's slaughtered sons and blazing piles  
    Had tracked the purple demon's path,  
And yet another victim lived  
    To fill the fiery scroll of wrath; 10  
Could not imperial vengeance spare  
His furrowed brow and silver hair?

The field was sown with noble blood,  
    The harvest reaped in burning tears,  
When, rolling up its crimson flood, 15  
    Broke the long-gathering tide of years;  
His diadem was rent away,  
And beggars trampled on his clay.

None wept, — none pitied; — they who knelt  
    At morning by the despot's throne, 20  
At evening dashed the laurelled bust,  
    And spurned the wreaths themselves had strewn;  
The shout of triumph echoed wide,  
The self-stung reptile writhed and died!

## A PORTRAIT

A STILL, sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
And slightly nonchalant,  
Which seems to claim a middle place  
Between one's love and aunt,  
Where childhood's star has left a ray  
In woman's sunniest sky,  
As morning dew and blushing day  
On fruit and blossom lie.

5

And yet,—and yet I cannot love  
Those lovely lines on steel;  
They beam too much of heaven above  
Earth's darker shades to feel;  
Perchance some early weeds of care  
Around my heart have grown,  
And brows unfurrowed seem not fair,  
Because they mock my own.

10

15

Alas! when Eden's gates were sealed,  
How oft some sheltered flower  
Breathed o'er the wanderers of the field,  
Like their own bridal bower;  
Yet, saddened by its loveliness,  
And humbled by its pride,  
Earth's fairest child they could not bless,—  
It mocked them when they sighed.

20

## A ROMAN AQUEDUCT

THE sun-browed girl, whose limbs recline  
When noon her languid hand has laid  
Hot on the green flakes of the pine,  
Beneath its narrow disk of shade;

As, through the flickering noontide glare, 5  
She gazes on the rainbow chain  
Of arches, lifting once in air  
The rivers of the Roman's plain;

Say, does her wandering eye recall  
The mountain-current's icy wave,— 10  
Or for the dead one tear let fall,  
Whose founts are broken by their grave?

From stone to stone the ivy weaves  
Her braided tracery's winding veil,  
And lacing stalks and tangled leaves 15  
Nod heavy in the drowsy gale.

And lightly floats the pendant vine,  
That swings beneath her slender bow,  
Arch answering arch,— whose rounded line  
Seems mirrored in the wreath below. 20

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!  
 The weeds, that strewed the victor's way,  
 Feed on his dust to shroud his name,  
 Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now, 25  
 The scanty rain its tribute pours, —  
 Which cooled the lip and laved the brow  
 Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,  
 Whose wants the captive earth supplied, 30  
 The dew of Memory's passing tear  
 Falls on the arches of her pride!

### THE HUDSON

'Twas 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," — 5  
 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, 10  
 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 15  
 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! 20

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!

## A SENTIMENT

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, 5  
 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. 10  
 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!

### 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 5  
 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, 10  
 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 15  
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; 20  
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, 25  
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; 30  
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 35  
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. 40

“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, 45  
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, 50  
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 55  
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; 60  
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. 65

“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? 75  
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? 80

“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, 85  
And, wavering from its haughty peak,  
The cross of England fell!

“O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,  
A heavenly torch is thine; 90

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! 95

"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!" 100

He ceased, — the grim old Puritan, — 105  
 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 110  
 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 lids were closed,  
 The dust was o'er him strown; 115

The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,  
Along the sod were blown;  
His mound has melted into earth,  
His memory lives alone. 120

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 125  
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 130  
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, — 135  
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

### THE NEW EDEN

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 5  
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, 10  
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 15  
Some stern old Puritanic peer.

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. 20

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 25  
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, 30  
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 35  
    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. 40
- 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, 45  
    And dearer still the whispering pine,  
Dearest yon russet-laden tree  
    Browned by the heavy rubbing kine!
- There childhood flung its rustling stone,  
    There venturous boyhood learned to climb, — 50  
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, 55  
 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. 60

—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, 65  
 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: 70  
 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,— 75  
 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. 80

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 85  
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, 90  
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, 95  
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! 100

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 105  
 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 110  
 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 115  
 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! 120

## THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG

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 5  
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, 10  
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, — 15  
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; 20  
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 25  
 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, 30  
 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 35  
 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. 40

### 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, 5  
 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, 10  
 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,— 15  
     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, 5  
     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 10  
 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, 15  
     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; 20  
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, 25  
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 30  
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, 35  
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; 40  
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 45  
 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, 50  
 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 55  
 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; 60  
 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 65  
 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, 70

Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,  
 And flattery's voice is vain;  
 O then, thou fledgling of the nest,  
 Like the long-wandering dove,  
 Thy weary heart may faint for rest, 75  
 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. 80

### SUN AND SHADOW

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,  
 To the billows of foam-crested blue,  
 Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,  
 Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue:  
 Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray 5  
 As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;  
 Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,  
 The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—  
 Of breakers that whiten and roar; 10  
 How little he cares, if in shadow or sun  
 They see him who gaze from the shore!  
 He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,  
 To the rock that is under his lee,

As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf, 15  
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves  
Where life and its ventures are laid,  
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves  
May see us in sunshine or shade; 20  
Yet true to our course, though the shadows grow dark,  
We'll trim our broad sail as before,  
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,  
Nor ask how we look from the shore !

## THE TWO ARMIES

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, 5  
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, 10  
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." 15

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. 20

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, 25  
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 30  
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, 35  
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,—

40

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

## MUSA

O MY lost beauty!—hast thou folded quite  
 Thy wings of morning light  
 Beyond those iron gates  
 Where Life crowds hurrying to the haggard Fates,  
 And Age upon his mound of ashes waits  
 To chill our fiery dreams,  
 Hot from the heart of youth plunged in his icy streams?

5

Leave me not fading in these weeds of care,  
 Whose flowers are silvered hair!  
 Have I not loved thee long,  
 Though my young lips have often done thee wrong,  
 And vexed thy heaven-tuned ear with careless song?  
 Ah, wilt thou yet return,  
 Bearing thy rose-hued torch, and bid thine altar burn?

10

Come to me!—I will flood thy silent shrine 15  
With my soul's sacred wine,  
And heap thy marble floors  
As the wild spice-trees waste their fragrant stores,  
In leafy islands walled with madrepores  
And lapped in Orient seas, 20  
When all their feathery palms toss, plume-like, in the  
breeze.

Come to me!—thou shalt feed on honeyed words,  
Sweeter than song of birds;—  
No wailing bulbul's throat,  
No melting dulcimer's melodious note 25  
When o'er the midnight wave its murmurs float,  
Thy ravished sense might soothe  
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so velvet-smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a queen,  
Sought in those bowers of green 30  
Where loop the clustered vines  
And the close-clinging dulcamara twines,—  
Pure pearls of Maydew where the moonlight shines,  
And Summer's fruited gems,  
And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's berried  
stems. 35

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves,—  
 Or stretched by grass-grown graves,  
 Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,  
 Carved with old names Life's time-worn roll disowns,  
 Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbled bones 40  
 Still slumbering where they lay  
 While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare the wolf away.

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing!  
 Still let me dream and sing,—  
 Dream of that winding shore 45  
 Where scarlet cardinals bloom—for me no more,—  
 The stream with heaven beneath its liquid floor,  
 And clustering nenuphars  
 Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-chaliced stars!

Come while their balms the linden-blossoms shed!— 50  
 Come while the rose is red,—  
 While blue-eyed Summer smiles  
 On the green ripples round yon sunken piles  
 Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian isles,  
 And on the sultry air 55  
 The chestnuts spread their palms like holy men in  
 prayer!

O for thy burning lips to fire my brain  
 With thrills of wild, sweet pain!—  
 On life's autumnal blast,  
 Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers are  
 cast, — 60

Once loving thee, we love thee to the last!—  
 Behold thy new-decked shrine,  
 And hear once more the voice that breathed "Forever  
 thine!"

#### FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed  
 The love it were in vain to name;  
 Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,  
 I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows 5  
 With faster throb and fresher fire,  
 While music round her pathway flows  
 Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share 10  
 The glories of the earth and sky?  
 The eagle through the pathless air  
 Is followed by one burning eye.



Ah, no! the cradled flowers may wake,  
Again may flow the frozen sea,  
From every cloud a star may break, — 15  
There comes no second Spring to me.

Go, — ere the painted toys of youth  
Are crushed beneath the tread of years;  
Ere visions have been chilled to truth,  
And hopes are washed away in tears. 20

Go, — for I will not bid thee weep, —  
Too soon my sorrows will be thine,  
And evening's troubled air shall sweep  
The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone 25  
Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,  
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone,  
May bless thee when those chords are still.

## STANZAS

STRANGE! that one lightly-whispered tone  
Is far, far sweeter unto me  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea;  
But, lady, when thy voice I greet, 5  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,  
    And nought but empty air I see;  
But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
    It seemeth unto me  
Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.

10

The lily hath the softest leaf  
    That every western breeze hath fanned,  
But thou shalt have the tender flower,  
    So I may take thy hand;  
That little hand to me doth yield  
More joy than all the broidered field.

15

O lady! there be many things  
    That seem right fair, below, above;  
But sure not one among them all  
    Is half so sweet as love;—  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars both in one.

20

## THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE

DEAREST, a look is but a ray  
Reflected in a certain way;  
A word, whatever tone it wear,  
Is but a trembling wave of air;  
A touch, obedience to a clause 5  
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,  
In sweetening others, grow more sweet;  
The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
Inweave their floating locks of light; 10  
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,  
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found!  
How wide the world that girds them round!  
Like mountain streams we meet and part, 15  
Each living in the other's heart,  
Our course unknown, our hope to be  
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But Ocean coils and heaves in vain,  
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain; 20  
And love and hope do but obey  
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,  
Which lights and leads the tide it charms,  
To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas! one narrow line is drawn, 25  
 That links our sunset with our dawn;  
 In mist and shade life's morning rose,  
 And clouds are round it at its close;  
 But ah! no twilight beam ascends  
 To whisper where that evening ends. 30

Oh! in the hour when I shall feel  
 Those shadows round my senses steal,  
 When gentle eyes are weeping o'er  
 The clay that feels their tears no more,  
 Then let thy spirit with me be, 35  
 Or some sweet angel, likest thee!

### THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY

THE sun stepped down from his golden throne,  
 And lay in the silent sea,  
 And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
 For a sleepy thing was she;  
 What is the Lily dreaming of? 5  
 Why crisp the waters blue?  
 See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!  
 Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek  
 In the lap of the breathless tide;— 10

The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,  
That would lie by the Rose's side;  
He would love her better than all the rest,  
And he would be fond and true;—  
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids, 15  
And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,  
How fast will thy Summer glide,  
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,  
Or flourish a blooming bride? 20  
“O the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,  
And he lives on earth,” said she;  
“But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,  
And he shall my bridegroom be.”

But what if the stormy cloud should come, 25  
And ruffle the silver sea?  
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,  
To smile on a thing like thee?  
O no, fair Lily, he will not send  
One ray from his far-off throne; 30  
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,  
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain top,  
Nor a drop of evening dew,  
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore, 35  
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,

That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,  
 And warmed with his faithless beam, —  
 And will he be true to a pallid flower,  
 That floats on the quiet stream? 40

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed,  
 But turned to the skies afar,  
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray  
 That shot from the rising star;  
 The cloud came over the darkened sky, 45  
 And over the waters wide:  
 She looked in vain through the beating rain,  
 And sank in the stormy tide.

### TO A CAGED LION

Poor conquered monarch! though that haughty glance  
 Still speaks thy courage unsubdued by time,  
 And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread  
 Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime;—  
 Fettered by things that shudder at thy roar, 5  
 Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace this narrow  
 floor!

Thou wast the victor, and all nature shrunk  
 Before the thunders of thine awful wrath;  
 The steel-armed hunter viewed thee from afar,  
 Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path! 10

The famished tiger closed his flaming eye,  
And crouched and panted as thy step went by!

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting man  
Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's wing;  
His nerveless arms thine iron sinews bind, 15  
And lead in chains the desert's fallen king;  
Are these the beings that have dared to twine  
Their feeble threads around those limbs of thine?

So must it be; the weaker, wiser race,  
That wields the tempest and that rides the sea, 20  
Even in the stillness of thy solitude  
Must teach the lesson of its power to thee;  
And thou, the terror of the trembling wild,  
Must bow thy savage strength, the mockery of a child!

### °A GOOD TIME GOING!

BRAVE singer of the coming time,  
Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,  
Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,  
The holly-leaf of °Ayrshire's peasant,  
Good by! Good by!—Our hearts and hands, 5  
Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,  
Cry, God be with him, till he stands  
His feet among the English daisies!

'Tis here we part ; — for other eyes  
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer, 10  
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,  
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,  
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,  
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,  
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear, 15  
 With heaven above and home before him !

His home ! — the Western giant smiles,  
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it ; —  
 This little speck the British Isles ?  
 'Tis but a freckle, — never mind it ! 20  
 He laughs and all his prairies roll,  
 Each gurgling cataract roars and chuckles,  
 And ridges stretched from pole to pole  
 Heave till they crack their iron knuckles !

But Memory blushes at the sneer, 25  
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,  
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,  
 Laughs louder than the laughing giant :  
 " An islet is a world," she said,  
 " When glory with its dust has blended, 30  
 And Britain keeps her noble dead  
 Till earth and seas and skies are rended !"

Beneath each swinging forest-bough  
 Some arm as stout in death reposes, —



From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed brow 35

Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;

Nay, let our brothers of the West

Write smiling in their florid pages,

One half her soil has walked the rest

In the poets, heroes, martyrs, sages! 40

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,

From sea-weed fringe to mountain heather,

The British oak with rooted grasp

Her slender handful holds together;—

With cliffs of white and bowers of green, 45

And Ocean narrowing to caress her,

And hills and threaded streams between,—

Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand,

Fanned by the eastern gales that brought us, 50

We hold the missal in our hand,

Bright with the lines our Mother taught us:

Where'er its blazoned page betrays

The glistening links of gilded fetters,

Behold the half-turned leaf displays 55

Her rubric stained in crimson letters!

Enough! To speed a parting friend

'Tis vain alike to speak and listen;—

Yet stay,—these feeble accents blend

With rays of light from eyes that glisten. 60

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

### °ROBINSON OF LEYDEN

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

Before the °Speedwell's anchor swung, 5  
 Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,  
 While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,  
 The pastor spake, and thus he said:—

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!  
 God calls you hence from over sea; 10  
 Ye may not °build by Haerlem Meer,  
 Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“Ye go to bear the saving word  
 To tribes unnamed and shores untrod:  
 Heed well the lessons ye have heard 15  
 From those old teachers taught of God.

“ Yet think not unto them was lent  
All light for all the coming days,  
And Heaven’s eternal wisdom spent  
In making straight the ancient ways: 20

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

He spake: with lingering, long embrace, 25  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down °the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of °Briel,  
The “ Hook of Holland’s ” shelf of sand, 30  
And grated soon with lifting keel  
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these!—too well they knew  
The mitred king behind the throne;—  
The sails were set, the pennons flew, 35  
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

—And these were they who gave us birth,  
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,  
Who won for us this virgin earth,  
And freedom with the soil they gave. 40

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

Still cry them, and the world shall hear, 45  
 Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!  
 Ye have not built by Haerlem Meer,  
 Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

### THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD

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, 5  
 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; 10  
 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 15  
 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; 20  
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? 25  
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, 30  
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, 35  
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. 40

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? 45  
 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, 50  
 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 55  
 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;— 60  
 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, 65  
 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? 70  
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 75  
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. 80

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, 85  
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 90  
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. 95

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,  
That lift this trembling tone,  
Its breath of love may almost bear,  
To kiss thy funeral stone;— 100  
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, 105  
Have bowed these fragile towers,  
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove  
Shall swing its Orient flowers;—  
And I would ask no mouldering bust,  
If e'er this humble line, 110  
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,  
Might call a tear on mine.

°A POEM

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 5  
 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! 10

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 15  
 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; 20  
 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; 25  
 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; 30

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 laborer's care  
With the cheap luxuries wealth consents to spare;  
Here sprang the healing herbs which could not save 35  
The hand that reared them from the neighboring 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; 40  
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, 45  
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! 50

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 sunshine's dower; 55  
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. 60

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 majestic forth 65  
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; 70  
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 75  
Leave its sad lesson, new to every age;  
Teach us to live, not grudging every breath  
To the chill winds that waft us on to death,  
But ruling calmly every pulse it warms,  
And tempering gently every word it forms. 80  
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 85  
 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,  
 O, teach us kindness for our brother's fault; 90  
 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, 95  
 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! 100

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 wringing hands  
 Track the still burden, rolling slow before, 105  
 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; 110  
 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 resplendent spheres 115  
 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, 120  
 Till the last angel rolls the stone away,  
 And a new morning brings eternal day!

## 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.  
 5  
 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 10  
 Needs but a single sunlit hour  
 Of mingling smiles to bud and flower;  
 Unharmed its slumbering life has flown,  
 From shore to shore, from zone to zone,  
 Where summer's falling roses stain 15  
 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, 20  
 No winter chills, no summer drains  
 The life-blood drawn from English veins,  
 Still bearing wheresoe'er it flows  
 The love that with its fountain rose,  
 Unchanged by space, unwronged by time, 25  
 From age to age, from clime to clime!

### °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 5  
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 welcome note  
Clangs through the silence from the steeple's throat, 10  
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, 15  
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, 20  
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, 25  
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. 30

'Tis 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 aërial tide!

O child of earth! If floating sounds like these 35  
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, 40  
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, 5  
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; 10



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 15  
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! 20

FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

HIS birthday. — Nay, we need not speak  
The name each heart is beating, —  
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek  
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide, — 5  
One surge of wild emotion, —  
As crowding through the °Frith of Clyde  
Rolls in the Western Ocean;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon  
Hangs o'er each storied river, 10  
The swelling breasts of °Ayr and Doon  
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —  
 The past becomes the present, —  
 And face to face, and soul to soul, 15  
 We greet the monarch-peasant.

While °Shenstone strained in feeble flights  
 With °Corydon and Phillis, —  
 While °Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights  
 To snatch the °Bourbon lilies, — 20

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,  
 The babe beneath the sheiling,  
 Whose song to-night in every sky  
 Will shake earth's starry ceiling, —

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends 25  
 And floats like incense o'er us,  
 Whose ringing lay of friendship blends  
 With labor's anvil chorus?

We love him, not for sweetest song,  
 Though never tone so tender; 30  
 We love him, even in his wrong, —  
 His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine, —  
 His Muse was born of woman, —  
 His manhood breathes in every line, — 35  
 Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:

In every form and feature,  
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,  
He saw his fellow-creature!

40

No soul could sink beneath his love, —

Not even angel blasted;  
No mortal power could soar above  
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man

Beyond the pedant's tether, —  
His virtues, frailties; HE may scan,  
Who weighs them all together!

45

I fling my pebble on the cairn

Of him, though dead, undying;  
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn  
Beneath her daisies lying.

50

The waning suns, the wasting globe,

Shall spare the minstrel's story, —  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain-mist of glory!

55

## FOR THE MEETING OF THE BURNS CLUB

THE mountains glitter in the snow  
 A thousand leagues asunder;  
 Yet here, amid the banquet's glow,  
 I hear their voice of thunder;  
 Each giant's ice-bound goblet clinks; 5  
 A flowing stream is summoned;  
 °Wachusett to Ben Nevis drinks;  
 Monadnock to Ben Lomond!

Though years have clipped the eagle's plume  
 That crowned the chieftain's bonnet, 10  
 The sun still sees the heather bloom,  
 The silver mists lie on it;  
 With tartan kilt and philibeg,  
 What stride was ever bolder  
 Than his who showed the naked leg 15  
 Beneath the plaided shoulder?

The echoes sleep on °Cheviot's hills,  
 That heard the bugles blowing  
 When down their sides the crimson rills  
 With mingled blood were flowing; 20  
 The hunts where gallant hearts were game,  
 The slashing on the border,  
 The raid that swooped with sword and flame,  
 Give place to "law and order."

Not while the rocking steeples reel 25  
 With midnight tocsins ringing,  
 Not while the crashing war-notes peal,  
 God sets his poets singing;  
 The bird is silent in the night,  
 Or shrieks a cry of warning 30  
 While fluttering round the beacon-light, —  
 But hear him greet the morning!

The lark of °Scotia's morning sky!  
 Whose voice may sing his praises?  
 With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye, 35  
 He walked among the daisies,  
 Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong  
 He soared to fields of glory;  
 But left his land her sweetest song  
 And earth her saddest story. 40

'Tis not the forts the builder piles  
 That chain the earth together;  
 The wedded crowns, the sister isles,  
 Would laugh at such a tether;  
 The kindling thought, the throbbing words, 45  
 That set the pulses beating,  
 Are stronger than the myriad swords  
 Of mighty armies meeting.

Thus while within the banquet glows,  
 Without, the wild winds whistle, 50

We drink a triple health, — °the Rose,  
 The Shamrock, and the Thistle!  
 Their blended hues shall never fade  
 Till War has hushed his cannon, —  
 Close-twined as ocean-currents braid  
 °The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon!

55

### °ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WELCOME to the day returning,  
 Dearer still as ages flow,  
 While the torch of Faith is burning,  
 Long as Freedom's altars glow!  
 See the hero whom it gave us  
 Slumbering on a mother's breast;  
 For the arm he stretched to save us,  
 Be its morn forever blest!

5

Hear the tale of youthful glory,  
 While of Britain's rescued band  
 Friend and foe repeat the story,  
 Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
 Where the red cross, proudly streaming,  
 Flaps above the frigate's deck,  
 Where the golden lilies, gleaming,  
 Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

10

15

Look! The shadow on the dial  
Marks the hour of deadlier strife;  
Days of terror, years of trial,  
Scourge a nation into life. 20  
Lo, the youth, become her leader!  
All her baffled tyrants yield;  
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;  
Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad temptation! 25  
Not for him an earthly crown!  
He whose sword hath freed a nation!  
Strikes the offered sceptre down.  
See the throneless Conqueror seated,  
Ruler by a people's choice; 30  
See the Patriot's task completed;  
Hear the Father's dying voice!

"By the name that you inherit,  
By the sufferings you recall,  
Cherish the fraternal spirit; 35  
Love your country first of all!  
Listen not to idle questions  
If its bands may be untied;  
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions  
Strive a nation to divide!" 40

Father! We, whose ears have tingled  
With the discord-notes of shame, —

We, whose sires their blood have mingled  
 In the battle's thunder-flame, —  
 Gathering, while this holy morning  
 Lights the land from sea to sea,  
 Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;  
 Trust us, while we honor thee!

45

### BIRTHDAY OF DANIEL WEBSTER

WHEN life hath run its largest round  
 Of toil and triumph, joy and woe,  
 How brief a storied page is found  
 To compass all its outward show!

The world-tried sailor tires and droops;  
 His flag is rent, his keel forgot;  
 His farthest voyages seem but loops  
 That float from life's entangled knot.

5

But when within the narrow space  
 Some larger soul hath lived and wrought,  
 Whose sight was open to embrace  
 The boundless realms of deed and thought, —

10

When, stricken by the freezing blast,  
 A nation's living pillars fall,  
 How rich the storied page, how vast,  
 A word, a whisper, can recall!

15



No medal lifts its fretted face,  
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye,  
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,  
A living image passes by: 20

A roof beneath the mountain pines;  
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;  
The front of life's embattled lines;  
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes: a boy appears; 25  
Set life's round dial in the sun,  
Count the swift arc of seventy years,  
His frame is dust; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,  
Ere the declining sun has laid 30  
His bleaching rays on manhood's power,  
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,  
No change uncrown its brow; behold!  
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed, 35  
Earth has no double from its mould!

Ere from the fields by valor won  
The battle-smoke had rolled away,  
And bared the blood-red setting sun,  
His eyes were opened on the day. 40

His land was but a shelving strip  
Black with the strife that made it free;  
He lived to see its banners dip  
Their fringes in the Western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name, 45  
His words the mountain echoes knew,  
The Northern breezes swept his fame  
From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived; in peace he died;  
When life's full cycle was complete, 50  
Put off his robes of power and pride,  
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves  
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,  
Whose heart was like the streaming caves 55  
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow  
Laid softly on the furrowed hill,  
It hides the broken seams below,  
And leaves the summit brighter still. 60

In vain the envious tongue upbraids;  
His name a nation's heart shall keep  
Till morning's latest sunlight fades  
On the blue tablet of the deep!

## °AFTER A LECTURE ON WORDSWORTH

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, 5  
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, 10  
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, 15  
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. 20

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; 25  
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 30  
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; 35  
The unseen cuckoo cries,

And daisies strew the banks along,  
And yellow kingcups shine,  
With cowslips, and a primrose throng,  
And humble celandine. 40

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 45  
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; 50  
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, 55  
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 broidered train; 60

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, 65  
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; 70

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.

75

Beauty runs virgin in the woods  
Robed in her rustic green,  
And oft a longing thought intrudes,  
As if we might have seen

80

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 flood  
Its better life remains:

85

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.

90

Be patient! On the breathing page  
Still pants our hurried past;

Pilgrim and soldier, saint and sage, — 95  
 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! 100

°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 5  
 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, 10  
 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 15  
 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.

20

If in his cheek unholy blood  
Burned for one youthful hour,  
'Twas 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 asphodel.

25

— 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!”

30

And thine, long lingering on the strand,  
Its bright-hued streamers furled,  
Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,  
To seek the silent world.

35

Not silent! no, the radiant stars  
Still singing as they shine,  
Unheard through earth's imprisoning bars,  
Have voices sweet as thine.

40



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

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, 5  
 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; 10  
 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 15  
 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,” 20

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 25  
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, 30  
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 35  
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, 40  
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; 5  
 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, 10  
 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 15  
 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. 20

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; 25  
 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, 30  
 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, 35  
 Say not that Mercy has not one for him!

## °URANIA

### A RHYMED LESSON

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, 5  
 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; — 10  
 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, 15  
 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; 20  
 And these, remembering some expansive line  
 My lips let loose among the nuts and wine,  
 Are all impatience till the opening pun  
 Proclaim the witty shamfight is begun.  
 Two-fifths at least, if not the total half, 25  
 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, 30  
 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, 35  
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; 40  
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 imparts 45  
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 resounding chains; 50  
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, 55  
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! 60  
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 65  
The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome 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? 70

---

Between two breaths what crowded mysteries 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 75  
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? 80  
O 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 85  
 Roll the deep thunders of the morning gun!

Are angel faces, silent and serene,  
 Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,  
 Whose dreamlike efforts, whose unreal strife,  
 Are but the preludes to a larger life? 90

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?  
 O could such mockery reach our souls indeed, 95  
 Give back the °Pharaohs' or the Athenian's creed;  
 Better than this a Heaven of man's device, —  
 The Indian's sports, the °Moslem's paradise!

Or is our being's only end and aim  
 To add new glories to our Maker's name, 100  
 As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,  
 Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming rays?  
 Does earth send upwards to the Eternal's ear  
 The mingled discords of her jarring sphere  
 To swell his anthem, while Creation rings 105  
 With notes of anguish from the shattered strings?



Is it for this the immortal Artist means  
 These conscious, throbbing, agonized machines?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can bind  
 In chains like these the all-embracing Mind; 110  
 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 nought beside;  
 Who gave thee, summoned from primeval night, 115  
 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, 120  
 Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,  
 Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,  
 But all for him, unchanging and supreme,  
 The heartless center of thy frozen scheme!

Trust not the teacher with his lying scroll, 125  
 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. 130  
 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 quickening void!  
 Nor this alone; a larger gift was thine, 135  
 A mightier purpose swelled his vast design;  
 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. 140  
 With eye uplifted it is thine to view,  
 From thine own center, Heaven's o'erarching 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, 145  
     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 create! 150  
 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, 155  
 (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, 160  
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, 165  
If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth;  
So the pure effluence quits 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; 170  
That little vernier on whose slender lines  
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,  
A silent index, tracks the planet's march  
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch,  
Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury  
burns, 175  
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; 180  
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 expanse of  
night!

“What is thy creed?” a hundred lips inquire; 185  
 “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! 190

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 195  
 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; 200  
 O then, if reason waver at thy side,  
 Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;  
 Go to thy birth-place, and, if faith was there,  
 Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm, 205  
 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 expand,  
 And creeping avarice come with open hand; 210  
 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 215  
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 220  
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 stranger's soil, 225  
Not from our own midst the stir of toil,  
But when the Sabbath brings its kind release,  
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.

The air is hushed; the street is holy ground;  
Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound; 230  
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,  
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

° The Chapel, last of sublunary things  
That shocks our echoes with the name of Kings,  
Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge, 235  
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, 240  
 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, 245  
 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; — 250  
 While, sad with memories of the olden time,  
 °The Northern Minstrel pours her tender 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 255  
 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 perfumed  
     breeze  
 Through the warm billows of the Indian seas; 260  
 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 tornado sings, 265  
And thy poor seabird 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, 270  
Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,  
The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,  
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,  
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain. —

Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean 275  
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; 280  
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 285  
To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl,  
And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to appear,  
Lift the deep borders of the proud cashmere.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,  
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil; 290

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, — 295  
 Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the bride!

By the white neckcloth, with its straitened tie,  
 The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,  
 Severe and smileless, he that runs may read  
 °The stern disciple of Geneva's creed; 300  
 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-profanelly twirled — 305  
 A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day world, —  
 Tell their plain story; — yes, thine eyes behold  
 A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.

Down the chill street that curves in gloomiest shade  
 What marks betray yon solitary maid? 310  
 The cheek's red rose, that speaks of balmier air;  
 °The Celtic blackness of 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, 315  
 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; 320  
 Still, as she hastes, her careful fingers hold  
 The unfailing 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 may'st well be sure 325  
 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. 330

Trust me, kind listener, I will yet beguile  
 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, 335  
 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, 340  
 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, 345  
 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? 350

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,  
 Leave to his scheme the thoughtful Puritan;  
 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, 355  
 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? 360  
 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,”— 365  
 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, 370  
 Writes each dark fault against thy brighter creed,  
 And drops a tear with every foolish bead!

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reeking page:  
 Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier age;  
 Strive with the wanderer from the better path, 375  
 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; 380  
 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 385  
 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; 390  
 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; 395  
 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; — 400  
 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, — 405  
 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. 410  
 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 415  
 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 would'st ride,  
 Have young companions ever at thy side; 420  
 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 425  
 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; 430  
 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 performer rides,  
 One black with epithets the anti throws, 435  
 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 worldly fabric in the street; 440  
 While you are emptying your colloquial pack,  
 The fiend Lumbago jumps upon his back.

Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome 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. 445

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! 450  
O, what a precious book the one would be  
That taught observers what they're not to see!

I tell in verse, — 'twere better done in prose, —  
One curious trick that everybody knows;  
Once form this habit, and it's very strange 455  
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?" 460  
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, 465  
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck;  
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased  
To screw the vise 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! 470

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, 475  
And take them kindly, though they touch your pride;  
Words lead to things; a scale is more precise, —  
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.

Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips  
The native freedom of the Saxon lips; 480  
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 485  
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; — 490  
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 495  
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 employed  
To speak of errors we can all avoid. 500

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope  
 The careless lips that speak of sǒap for sōap:  
 Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
 The clownish voice that utters rǒad for rōad;  
 Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cǒat, 505  
 And steers his bōat, believing it a bǒat,  
 She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
 Who said at Cambridge, mǒst instead of mōst,  
 But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot  
 To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rǒot. 510

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; 515  
 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; 520  
 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 cockneys "vest,"  
 The things named "pants" in certain documents, 525  
 A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents";



One single precept might the whole condense;  
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;  
But add a little care, a decent pride,  
And always err upon the sober side. 530

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet demands,  
If polished daily by the owner's hands;  
If the dark menial's visit save from this,  
Have twice the number, for he'll sometimes miss.  
One pair for critics of the nicer sex, 535  
Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,  
Long, narrow, light; the Gallic boot of love,  
A kind of cross between a boot and glove.  
But, not to tread on everlasting thorns,  
And sow in suffering what is reaped in corns, 540  
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, 545  
No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,  
Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,  
Though yellow torrents gurgle through the street;  
But the patched calfskin arm against the flood,  
In neat, light shoes, impervious to the mud. 550

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, 555  
 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. 560  
 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 breast-pins; plain, well-ironed white, 565  
 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 °cis-Atlantic lies,  
 That round his breast the shabby rustic ties; 570  
 Breathe not the name, profaned to hollow 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, 575  
 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! 580  
 Thine, fair °Erectheus 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 585  
 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; 590  
 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, O my friend! my favorite fellow-man! 595  
 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! 600  
 And have a neck-cloth, — 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, 605  
 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?" 610

Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, mountain, 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, 615  
 And tread at once the tropics and the poles;  
 His food all forms of earth, fire, water, air,  
 His home all space, his birth-place everywhere.

Some grave compatriot, having seen perhaps  
 The pictured page that goes in Worcester's Maps, 620  
 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," 625  
 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.

But, were it true that nature's fostering sun  
 Saves all its daylight for that favorite one, 630  
 If for his forehead every wreath she means,  
 And we, poor children, must not touch the greens;

Since rock and rivers cannot take the road  
 To seek the elected in his own abode,  
 Some voice must answer, for her precious heir, 635  
 One solemn question:— Who shall pay his fare?

O 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,) 640  
 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 impassioned strain 645  
 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! 650

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, 655  
 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. 660

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

In vain the °Arve and Arveiron dash,  
 No hymn salutes them but the °Ranz des Vaches,  
 Till °lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light, 665  
 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! 670  
 Enough, if these their outward shows impart;  
 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, 675  
 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, 680  
 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, 685  
 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! 690

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 695  
 Their honored birthright by its humblest name!  
 Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and clear,  
 No rank malaria stains thine atmosphere;  
 No fungus weeds invade thy scanty soil,  
 Scarred by the ploughshares of unslumbering toil. 700  
 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, 705  
 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, 710  
 With smooth "Resolves," or with discordant 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 hearth-stone till its flames expire, 715  
 Though your old Sachem fanned his council-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! 720  
 °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, 725  
 Though strewn with weeds, is granite at the core;  
 Or 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! 730

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, 735  
 To choose on earth a resting-place for man, —  
 Tired with his flight along the unvaried field,  
 Turned to soar upward, when his glance revealed  
 A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky bounds,  
 And at its entrance stood three sister mounds. 740

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, 745  
 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! 750  
 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, 755  
 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!" 760



## NOTES

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE (Page 1)

This poem is one of the finest examples of humor to be found in American literature. Critics invariably include it among Holmes' masterpieces.

10-11. **Georgius Secundus . . . from the German hive.** George II (1683-1760), son of George I, King of Great Britain and Ireland. He was born at Hanover, Germany; and succeeded his father to the English throne in 1727, ruling until his death.

12. **That was the year when Lisbon . . . gulp her down.** Lisbon, Portugal, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake on November 1, 1755. Forty thousand lives were lost.

14. **And Braddock's army was done so brown.** Edward Braddock, British general, was defeated on July 9, 1755, in an attempt to capture Fort Duquesne, a French stronghold located where Pittsburg now stands. He fell into an ambush when but a few miles from the fort and his army was almost annihilated. (See *French and Indian War* in American history.)

### CONTENTMENT (Page 6)

Title. "**Man wants but little here below.**" This quotation is taken from Goldsmith's *The Hermit*:—

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Chap. VIII, Stanza 8.

Goldsmith in turn drew it from Young's *Night Thoughts*:—

"Man wants but little, nor that little long."

Night IV, line 118.

21-22. "I would, perhaps, be Plenipo, . . . near St. James. **Plenipo**, a colloquial abbreviation of plenipotentiary. **St. James**. The palace formerly occupied by the British sovereign and which still gives its name officially to the royal court. What, then, does the poet mean ?

24. **Gubernator's chair**. Governor's chair.

34. **Shawls of true Cashmere**. Cashmere shawls are made of wool from the wild goats of Tibet and the Himalayas, and are very expensive; so called because originally made in Cashmere or Kashmir, the northern province of British India.

39. **An easy gait, — two forty-five**. At the time that *Contentment* was written (1858) a horse that could trot a mile in "two forty-five" was considered fast.

44-46. **Titians and Raphaels . . . Turner**. **Titian** (1477-1576), a celebrated Venetian painter. Among his paintings are *Ecce Homo*, *Last Supper*, *Christ crowned with Thorns*, and *Bacchus and Ariadne*. **Raphael** (1483-1520), a noted Italian painter. His masterpieces include *Coronation of the Virgin*, *Vision of Ezekiel*, *The Transfiguration*, *The Crucifixion*, and *The Resurrection*. **Turner** (1775-1851), a famous English landscape painter. *The Fighting Téméraire* is his most popular work. Others are *The Golden Bough*, *The Slave Ship*, and *The Burial at Sea*. His art was strongly commended by John Ruskin.

59. **Stradivarius**. A violin made by Stradivarius (1644-1737), a famous Italian manufacturer of musical instruments.

60. **Meerschaums**. Pipes made from meerschaum, a silicate of magnesium, claylike in appearance, which receives its name from the German (*meer*, the sea; *schaum*, foam) because of its lightness. These pipes are highly valued.

64. **Buhl**. Wood richly inlaid with a kind of mosaic made up especially of tortoise shell and metal; so called because originated by André Charles Boule (1642-1732), a French artist and designer.

68. **Midas' golden touch**. According to Greek mythology

Midas, a king in Asia Minor, was given the golden touch by Bacchus; that is, was given the power to convert to gold anything that he laid his hands upon. He soon begged, however, that the favor be withdrawn. (See classical dictionary.)

#### THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN. (Page 9)

12. **Leander swam the Hellespont.** Among the famous love stories in Greek mythology none, perhaps, is more popular than that of Hero and Leander. Leander was a youth living on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont—the strait connecting the Sea of Marmora and the Archipelago—and Hero a priestess of Venus dwelling on the European side. They met at a festival and at once loved each other. Every night Leander swam the Hellespont to meet Hero, she guiding him on his way with a torch. One evening a storm arose and he was drowned. She discovered his body, and overcome with grief, committed suicide by throwing herself into the sea. (See classical dictionary.)

#### THE LAST LEAF. (Page 11)

This poem is one of the most popular productions found in American literature. Critics praise it highly, and almost all readers, old and young alike, know it by heart.

1. **I saw him once before.** The person referred to was Major Thomas Melville, an aged resident of Boston, who, in his old age, clung to the style of dress that was in vogue in his younger days. The poet, a young man of twenty-one at the time he wrote the poem, undoubtedly saw him frequently.

43-44. **And if I should live . . . leaf upon the tree.** It is interesting to recall that Holmes lived to the advanced age of eighty-five, outliving all of his great American contemporaries—Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson—as well as all but one or two members of the “Class of '29.”

## A MODEST REQUEST. (Page 13)

Title. **President Everett's inauguration.** Edward Everett (1794-1865), a celebrated American statesman, author, and orator; was president of Harvard College, 1846-1849.

9. **O si sic omnia!** O that he had always done or spoken thus!

11. **Medio e fonte.** From the very source.

12. **Epsom salts.** This medicine came originally from Epsom, England, where it was made by boiling down mineral waters.

71. "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed."

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

— *Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*

73. **Homer** (about 850 B.C.), the greatest of Greek poets. Reputed to have written the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

80. **Noah's shoots . . . through the Sandwich Isles.** — According to the Biblical account, Noah's three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, who escaped with him in the ark, settled in different parts of the earth and became the progenitors of three distinct divisions of the human race; Shem of the Semites, including the various peoples of the southwest part of Asia and the eastern part of Africa; Ham of the Hamites, dwelling chiefly in Africa; and Japheth of the Indo-Europeans, found in Europe and the northern part of Asia. Note the poet's humorous reference to Ham's descendants.

97. **Pope.** Alexander Pope (1688-1744), a noted English poet. His chief works are *The Rape of the Lock*, *Essay on Criticism*, *Essay on Man*, and the *Dunciad*. He also translated Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into English, the translations still being regarded as the best yet made.

101. **Copies of Luther.** Martin Luther (1483-1546), the great

German reformer whose condemnation of certain practices in the Roman Catholic Church led to the institution of Protestantism. Explain the reference to him here.

102. **Carlyle.** Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), a noted Scottish essayist and historian. Among his chief works are a *Life of Schiller*, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *Sartor Resartus*, *Past and Present*, *The French Revolution*, and *Sesame and Lilies*. He was a man of positive force. Explain the reference to him here.

112. **Nine.** The Muses, nine in number, who, according to Greek mythology, presided over the arts and sciences, music and poetry. (See classical dictionary.)

130. **Like Ruth's amid the grain.** The Biblical character Ruth, as she gleanes in the fields, is a favorite one in literature. (See note on line 11, *A Mother's Secret*.)

“Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
 No hungry generations tread thee down;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that ofttimes hath  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.”

—KEATS, *Ode to a Nightingale*, lines 61–70.

“Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;  
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.”

—LONGFELLOW, *Flowers*, lines 33–36.

163. **Achilles.** The greatest of the Greek heroes in the Trojan War. His mother, Thetis, a sea-goddess, plunged him, when an infant, in the River Styx, a river of the underground world whose

water made invulnerable all flesh which it touched. In doing so, however, she held him by the heel, which thus remained vulnerable. He was shot with a poisoned arrow in the heel by Paris shortly after he had slain Hector and died of his wound. (See classical dictionary.)

171-174. **The glorious John . . . "Pilgrim's Progress."** John Bunyan (1628-1688), a famous English writer and clergyman. His greatest work is *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

187. **Themis.** The Roman goddess of laws, ceremonies, and oracles. (See classical dictionary.)

190. **Blackstone's port.** William Blackstone (1723-1780), a celebrated English jurist and author. His chief work is *Commentaries on the Laws of England*.

#### VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER. (Page 22)

This poem was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard in 1844.

45. **Sculpin.** A sea-fish with a very large head. Frequently called "bighead."

#### THE DORCHESTER GIANT. (Page 25)

**Dorchester.** Formerly a town a few miles south of Boston, but now a part of the city.

14. **Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill.** Hills a short distance apart, in the neighborhoods of South Boston and Milton, a town southeast of Boston.

41. **Roxbury Hills.** Some low hills in Roxbury, formerly a town southwest of Boston but now a part of the city.

41-45. **They flung it over . . . tumbled as thick as rain.** In the neighborhood of the places mentioned is found a kind of rock, composed of rounded fragments of stone cemented together by various mineral substances, called conglomerate or pudding-stone.



## EVENING : BY A TAILOR. (Page 29)

Note the skilful choice of words throughout the poem.

12. **Can it be a cabbage?** Cabbage, a name applied to cloth stolen by a tailor from the material for garments furnished by a customer.

26. **Goose.** A tailor's pressing iron; so called from the resemblance of its handle to the neck of a goose.

## THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS. (Page 38)

This poem was written shortly after the trees around Harvard College had been pruned. According to classic mythology each tree that grew was protected by a forest nymph called a Dryad. (See classical dictionary.)

## LINES RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL. (Page 41)

19. **Though Plato denies you.** Plato (429-347 B.C.), a celebrated Greek philosopher who in his great work, *The Republic*, protested strongly against the presence of poets.

23. **Dodger.** One who commits petty thefts or plays tricks.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA. (Page 46)

Title. The Old Man of the Sea is a character in the story "Sindbad the Sailor," one of the Arabian Nights tales. He is represented as a monster in human form who sprang upon Sindbad's shoulders and refused to dismount. Sindbad finally induced him to drink some wine which intoxicated him, after which he broke his hold and crushed his head with a stone. The name is frequently applied to a person of whom one cannot get rid, and it is in this sense that Holmes uses it.

50. **Wandering Jew.** A legendary character who is reputed to have refused Christ permission to rest at his home while on his way

to the place of his crucifixion. Christ rebuked him, saying, "Thou shalt wander on earth till I return." He has since wandered from country to country, a prey to remorse. Novelists and painters have introduced him at numerous times into their works. (See S. Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.)

THE COMET. (Page 52)

16. **Tyrian dye.** A celebrated purple dye manufactured in ancient Tyre, a city of Phœnicia on the east shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY. (Page 55)

This poem makes an excellent companion-piece for *The Deacon's Masterpiece*.

5. **President Holyoke's day.** Edward Holyoke (1689-1769) was elected president of Harvard in 1737 and occupied the office until his death.

12. **Born in a house with a gambrel-roof.** For a description of the "house with a gambrel-roof," the poet's birthplace, see *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*.

48. **Medford.** A small city a few miles northwest of Boston.

57. **Chief Justice Sewall.** Stephen Sewall (1704-1760), chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts from 1752 until his death.

58. **Cotton Mather** (1663-1728). A noted New England clergyman, author, and scholar. Among his publications are *Wonders of the Invisible World*, *Magnalia Christi Americana*, and *Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testament*.

116. **Governor Hancock.** John Hancock (1737-1793), of Revolutionary War fame; first signer of the Declaration of Independence, and governor of Massachusetts in 1780-1785 and 1787-1793.

147. **The Vice-Gub.** The Vice-Gubernator or Governor. Commonly called the Lieutenant-Governor.

159. **Codicil.** Clause attached to a will.

## THE MUSIC-GRINDERS. (Page 61)

47. **Burns and Moore.** Robert Burns (1759-1796), a celebrated Scottish poet, author of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *For a' that and a' that*, *Auld Lang Syne*, *Tam O'Shanter*, etc. **Moore.** Thomas Moore (1779-1852), a famous Irish poet, author of *Lalla Rookh*, *Oft in the Stilly Night*, *Those Evening Bells*, *'Tis the Last Rose of Summer*, etc.

## THE BOYS. (Page 66)

15-33. **That boy we call "Doctor"** . . . You hear that boy laughing? "**Doctor**," Francis Thomas. "**Judge**" George T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. "**Speaker**," Francis Crowninshield, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. "**Mr. Mayor**," George W. Richardson, one time mayor of Worcester, Massachusetts. "**Member of Congress**," George T. Davis, member of the United States House of Representatives. "**Reverend**," James F. Clark. **That boy** . . . mathematical look, Benjamin Pierce, the noted mathematician. **A boy** . . . three-decker brain, Benjamin R. Curtis, member of the United States Supreme Court. **Naming him Smith**, Samuel F. Smith, author of *America*. **You hear that boy laughing?** Probably Samuel May, a philanthropist.

23. **Royal Society.** An organization founded in London, in 1660, to promote the interests of science. To be asked to become a member of it is esteemed a high honor.

## THE SWEET LITTLE MAN. (Page 70)

The fine sarcasm in this poem is aimed of course at the men of the North who refused to enlist in defence of the Union while the Civil War was on. In contrast to it read Bryant's stirring appeal, *Our Country's Call*.

37. **Malakoff-takers.** Malakoff, one of the chief defences of Sebastopol, Russia, was stormed by the French on September 8, 1855, while the Crimean War was in progress.

38. **The soldiers that scaled the Redan.** Redan, another defence of Sebastopol, was captured by the English on the same day that Malakoff fell into the hands of the French.

42. **Sauve qui peut.** Save himself who can.

#### NUX POSTCŒNATICA. (Page 73)

Title. *Nux postcœnatica*, translated freely, means after-dinner nuts.

5. **Dr. Faustus.** A German magician, astrologer, and soothsayer, who lived in the last part of the fifteenth and first part of the sixteenth centuries. He was a very wicked man, which, according to popular belief, resulted in his being carried off at last by Satan. Many authors have made use of the legends concerning him, Marlowe in his *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* and Goethe in his *Faust* employing them to the best advantage.

20. **The Judge.** See note on line 15, *The Boys*.

35. **Pegasus.** In Greek mythology the winged horse of the Muses. He is associated with poetry. (See classical dictionary.)

36. **Helicon.** A mountain range in Greece where, according to mythology, the Muses dwelt. Upon one of its slopes was the Hippocrene fountain, whose waters were reputed to furnish poetic inspiration. (See classical dictionary.)

40. **Montgomery Place.** The poet's place of residence in Boston.

51. **Stilton.** A kind of English cheese originally made at the village of Stilton, Huntingdon County, England.

52. **Roger Bacon (1214-1294).** A noted English philosopher and author. His chief works were written in Latin. **Francis Bacon (1561-1626).** Another noted English philosopher and author, who also wrote in Latin.

57. And so I come, — like Lochinvar, to tread a single measure. Lochinvar, the hero of a ballad in Scott's *Marmion*.

“ And now I am come, with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one glass of wine.”

— *Marmion*, Canto V.

61. **Madeira.** A rich wine made on the Island of Madeira off the northwest coast of Africa.

69. **Vesuvius flings the scorixæ.** Vesuvius, a celebrated volcano in the western part of Italy, a few miles from Naples ; the only active one in Europe. **Scorixæ**, volcanic ashes.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL. (Page 78)

6. **Antwerp.** The chief seaport and commercial city of Belgium.

8. **Flemish ale.** Ale made in Flanders. The name Flanders was once applied to Belgium and parts of France and Holland that border on the North Sea.

14. **Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine.** The Apostle Paul in one of his letters to Timothy said, “ Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.” 1 Timothy v. 23.

16. **Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.** Leyden, a city in the southwestern part of Holland. Many Puritans sought refuge here from persecution in England ; it was also from here that the Mayflower began its voyage to America. **conventicles.** Assemblies for religious worship. **schnaps.** Holland gin.

22. **Miles Standish.** One of the Mayflower passengers, who was made captain of the Puritan forces because of his military training. He defeated the Indians in several battles. He is one of the chief characters in Longfellow's popular poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

25. **Hollands.** Gin made in Holland. (See note on l. 16 above.)

30. **Pequot's ringing whoop.** The Pequot Indians were the strongest tribe with whom the New England settlers had to contend. They were finally almost exterminated in what was known as the Pequot War, fought in 1636-1638. (See American history.)

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS. (Page 97)

This poem was Holmes' favorite among his own productions. Although not read more widely than several others, he believed that it excelled all in literary merit. In commenting upon it he said in his droll way: "I think in *The Chambered Nautilus* I may have done a little better than I knew how." Critics usually agree with him in his estimate, and popular opinion gives it a very high place in American literature.

The nautilus is a kind of shellfish, found in the tropical parts of the Pacific Ocean, which was formerly supposed to be provided with a membrane which it used as a sail. The shell is spiral and divided into several parts or cells by partitions, the outer chamber alone being occupied.

5. **Siren.** A sea nymph, one of several, who by music allured sailors to destruction. (See classical dictionary.)

26. **Triton.** A trumpeter of the sea-gods, half man and half dolphin, who blew upon a shell trumpet to quiet the sea. (See classical dictionary.)

THE VOICELESS. (Page 92)

13-14. **Leucadian breezes . . . Sappho's memory-haunted billow.** Sappho (about 600 B.C.), a Greek lyric poet; according to tradition she committed suicide by throwing herself into the sea from a cliff on the island of Leucadia, one of the Ionian group off the coast of Greece.

## THE TWO STREAMS. (Page 93)

7. **Athabasca.** A river in British America which rises in the Rocky Mountains, flows northeast, and joins the Peace River to form Slave River. It may be regarded as the upper course of the Mackenzie, which flows into the Arctic Ocean.

12. **Oregon.** A river in the western part of North America, which rises in the Rocky Mountains a short distance from the source of the Athabasca, flows south, then west, and empties into the Pacific Ocean. Commonly called the Columbia.

## AGNES. (Page 98)

“The story of Sir Harry Franklin 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 Reverend Mr. Webster of Hopkinton, in company with whom I visited the Franklin Mansion in that town, then standing; from a very interesting Memoir by the Reverend Elias Nason of Medford; and from the manuscript diary of Sir Harry, or more properly Sir Charles Henry Franklin, 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. Her account is little more than paraphrased in the poem. If the incidents are treated with a certain liberality at the close of the fifth part, the essential fact that Agnes rescued Sir Harry from the ruins after the earthquake, and their subsequent marriage as related, may be accepted as literal truth. So with regard to most of the trifling details which are given; they are taken from the record.

“It is to be hoped that the Reverend Mr. Nason’s Memoir will be published, that this extraordinary romance of our sober New England life may become familiar to that class of readers who prefer a rigorous statement to an embellished narrative. It will be found

to contain many historical facts and allusions which add much to its romantic interest.

“It is greatly to be regretted that the Franklin 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.”— Author’s Note.

16. **Shirley’s homespun days.** Shirley (1693–1771), colonial governor of Massachusetts in 1741–1745.

23–24. **Wachuset’s lonely mound . . . Shawmut’s threefold hill.** Wachuset, a low mountain in the east-central part of Massachusetts. Shawmut, a suburb of New Bedford, a city in the southeast part of Massachusetts.

37. **’Twas in the second George’s day.** See note on ll. 10–11, *The Deacon’s Masterpiece*.

61. **Wise Phipps.** William Phipps (1651–1694), colonial governor of Massachusetts in 1692–1694.

63–64. **Brave Knowles . . . King Street mob’s decree.** A reference to the riot in Boston commonly spoken of as the Boston Massacre. (See American history.)

69–71. **Chloe’s “beauteous Form” . . . Strephon of the West.** Chloe and Strephon, a shepherdess and shepherd in the fanciful work *Arcadia* by Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586).

82. **Bay of Lynn.** A small bay off the eastern coast of Massachusetts, upon which the city of Lynn is situated. It is separated from Massachusetts Bay on the east by a rocky peninsula.

93. **Chelsea Beach.** A beach a short distance northeast of Boston.

99. **Of fishy Swampscot, salt Nahant.** Towns on the Nahant Bay, east of the Bay of Lynn. (See note on l. 82 above.)



103. **Salem's frugal sires.** Salem, a city in the northeast part of Massachusetts, a few miles above Lynn. It was the scene of the famous "Salem Witchcraft" in 1692. (See American history.)

110. **Marblehead.** A town a few miles southeast of Salem. (See note on l. 103 above.)

132. **Misery Isles.** Two small islands in the Atlantic Ocean, a few miles northeast of Salem. (See note on l. 103 above.)

184. **Gloucester.** A city in the northeast part of Massachusetts, a short distance above Salem.

186. **Essex.** The northeast county of Massachusetts.

319. **Alpine lake.** A lake among the Alps Mountains.

320. **Sierra's shade.** Sierra, a word meaning a chain of hills or mountains, used as part of the name of many mountain ranges in Spain and her territories and former territories. It refers here to some mountain chain in Spain.

327. **Cintra's hazel-shaded brow.** Cintra, a city in the western part of Portugal.

332. **Braganza's queen.** Marianna, wife of Joseph of the House of Braganza who became king of Portugal in 1750.

339. **When all her towers shall slide away.** See note on l. 12, *The Deacon's Masterpiece.*

504. **Wiltshire Avon's wave.** Wiltshire Avon, a small river in the southern part of England; not to be confounded with the Avon on which Stratford is situated.

#### THE PLOUGHMAN. (Page 123)

This poem was read before the Agricultural Society of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on October 4, 1849.

#### OLD IRONSIDES. (Page 133)

The incident which led to the writing of this poem is given in the Introduction, pp. xiii-xiv.

## INTERNATIONAL ODE — OUR FATHERS' LAND. (Page 134)

This song was sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston on October 18, 1860. Air: *God save the Queen*.

## "QUI VIVE!" (Page 135)

Title. **Qui vive.** Who goes there? A sentinel's challenge.

4. **Tri-colored banner.** The flag of France, which has three colors, — red, white, and blue, — arranged in broad vertical stripes.

19–20. **Jena's carnage flying red . . . tossing o'er Marengo's dead.** Jena, a city in the central part of Germany, the scene of a hard-fought battle between the French under Napoleon and the Germans under Prince Hohenlohe on October 14, 1806. The French were victorious. **Marengo**, a village in the northwest part of Italy, where Napoleon gained a notable victory over the Austrians on June 14, 1800.

## VIVE LA FRANCE! (Page 137)

Title. **Vive La France!** Long live France. A sentiment offered at the dinner to the Prince Napoleon, at the Revere House, Boston, on September 25, 1861.

33. **Pluck Condé's baton from the trench.** Condé (1621–1686), a French general of distinction, who gained for himself the sobriquet "The Great Condé."

34. **Charles Martel** (690–741), a great Frankish statesman and general who defeated the Mohammedans at Tours in the western part of France in 732, thus saving Europe from Saracen rule. The heavy blows which he dealt in this battle won him the surname Martel, meaning "The Hammer."

36. **La Pucelle.** The Maid. The surname given Joan of Arc (1412–1431), a peasant girl who led the French to victory against

the English and placed Charles VII upon the throne of France. She was betrayed into the hands of the English in 1430 and the next year burned at the stake as a heretic.

37. **Turenne** (1611-1675), a celebrated French general whose defeat of the Germans led to the noted treaty of Westphalia in 1648 and who afterward conquered French Flanders. He was killed in a skirmish at Sasbach, Germany.

38. **One lift of Bayard's lance.** Bayard (1475-1524), a French national hero who won great fame in several campaigns in Italy. He was slain at the river Sesia in the northwest part of that country.

39. **Call Marengo's Chief again.** Napoleon. (See note on ll. 19-20, "Qui Vive!")

**BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE.** (Page 139)

South Carolina seceded from the Union in December, 1860. (See American history.)

**SPRING.** (Page 147)

40. **Pallas.** Athene, the Greek goddess of wisdom and war; known as Minerva by the Romans. (See classical dictionary.)

**SPRING HAS COME.** (Page 150)

Title. **Intra Muros.** Within the walls.

32. **Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.** Aurora, the Roman goddess of the dawn; called Eos by the Greeks. (See classical dictionary.)

**OUR LIMITATIONS.** (Page 152)

7-8. **When Sinai's summit . . . Prophet knew his voice alone.** Sinai, a mountain in the northeast part of Egypt, on whose summit Moses received the tables of stone containing the ten commandments. (See Exodus xix and xx.)

9-10. **When Pilate's hall . . . Captive answered not a word.** "Then said Pilate unto Jesus, 'Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?' And he answered him to never a word." Matthew xxvii. 13-14.

THE OLD PLAYER. (Page 153)

41-43. **Romeo . . . bronzed Moor . . . Hamlet.** Heroes of Shakespeare's plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello the Moor*, and *Hamlet*.

76. **Houris.** Nymphs of the Mohammedan paradise.

THE ISLAND RUIN. (Page 158)

2. **St. Botolph's island-studded bay.** A small bay or harbor off the southeast coast of Massachusetts.

11. **Titan.** A giant of great strength who, with his associates, waged war against the gods Saturn and Jupiter. (See classical dictionary.) The name is used here in a figurative sense, being applied to the sea.

48. **Tyburn's dangling halter.** Tyburn, the official place of execution in England until 1783, when it was removed to Newgate.

58. **Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock.** Near Dighton, a town in the southeast part of Massachusetts, is a rock with an inscription upon it which was formerly ascribed to the Northmen.

120. **Turkish ataghan.** A short sabre common among the Mohammedans.

132. **Or double Joe, or Portuguese moidore. Double Joe.** A Portuguese gold coin worth about two dollars. Joe is a contraction of Johannes. **Portuguese moidore.** A Portuguese gold coin worth about six and a half dollars.

A MOTHER'S SECRET. (Page 163)

5. **Ave, Maria!** Hail, mother! The first words of the Roman Catholic prayer to the Virgin Mary as the mother of Christ.

11. **Ruth.** A biblical character whose history is given in the Book of Ruth. She came from Moab, a country to the east of the Dead Sea, now a part of Turkey in Asia, to Palestine, where she married Boaz, an ancestor of Jesse and David, who in turn were ancestors of Jesus. (See Book of Ruth and Matthew i.)

56. **Steel of Herod's murdering bands.** A reference to Herod's attempt to kill Jesus, which was frustrated by the flight of the child's parents into Egypt by the way of Edom, a district to the south of the Dead Sea. (See Matthew ii. 7-16.)

71. **Moriah's height.** Moriah, the hill in Jerusalem upon which Solomon's temple was built.

84. **Hinnom's vale.** A valley south of Jerusalem; frequently called Gehenna. An uninviting place.

#### THE DYING SENECA. (Page 173)

**Seneca** (4 B.C.-65 A.D.). A celebrated Roman philosopher. He tutored Nero, and when his pupil became ruler of the Roman Empire, practically dictated the policy of the government. He finally fell into disfavor, and being charged with treason, was forced by the emperor to take his own life. (See history of Rome.)

#### THE HUDSON. (Page 176)

15. **Avon.** A small river in England upon which Stratford, the village in which Shakespeare was born and died, is situated.

#### THE PILGRIM'S VISION. (Page 178)

5-6. **Of Wituwamet's pictured knife . . . Pecsuo't's whooping shout.** Wituwamet and Pecksuo't, chiefs of the Massachusetts Indians, slain by Miles Standish and his men. Longfellow introduces them into his *The Courtship of Miles Standish*:—

“ One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of  
wampum,

Two-edged trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then he (Wituwamet) unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on  
his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle.”

— *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Part VII.

29. **Leyden.** See note on l. 16, *On Lending a Punch-bowl*.

53-64. **I saw along the winter snow . . . the train passed by.**  
A reference to the Revolutionary War.

73-88. **A crash, — as when some swollen cloud . . . cross of  
England fell.** A reference to the second war with England, the  
War of 1812.

77. **Saint George's blood-red cross.** The flag of the English  
navy contains a red cross upon a white field with a union jack in  
the upper corner next to the mast. Saint George is the patron  
saint of England.

78. **Mistress of the Seas.** A term long applied to England  
because of her superior naval strength.

84. **Armada's knell.** Armada, a great fleet of Spanish war-  
ships sent against England in 1588, which was defeated by the  
English in one of the greatest naval engagements on record.  
Nearly all of the Spanish vessels were destroyed or captured.

#### THE NEW EDEN. (Page 183)

This poem was read at the meeting of the Berkshire Horticultural  
Society, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on September 13, 1854.

53. **Fleming's pride.** See note on l. 8, *On Lending a Punch-  
bowl*.

58. **Houri.** See note on l. 74, *The Old Player*.

75-76. **That saw the young Euphrates . . . Gihon's circling**

waters. **Euphrates.** A large river in Asiatic Turkey which rises in the Armenian Mountains, flows south, then southeast, and empties into the Tigris a short distance from the Persian Gulf. According to the Bible it was one of the four great rivers that watered the Garden of Eden. (See Genesis ii.) **Gihon's circling waters.** Gihon, another of the rivers of Eden. It has not been identified.

105. **Sirocco's wings.** Sirocco, a hot wind that blows from the Sahara in Africa over the southern countries of Europe.

109. **Ishmael's thirst.** Ishmael, the son of Abraham and Hagar, who with his mother was cast out into the wilderness, where he nearly perished of thirst. He was saved through divine interposition. (See Genesis xxi. 14-19.)

#### A GOOD TIME GOING. (Page 207)

These farewell verses were addressed to Charles Mackay (1814-1889), a Scottish poet who was in America as a special correspondent for the London *Times* during the Civil War. Their title was probably suggested by that of one of his poems, *The Good Time Coming*. *Tubal Cain* is perhaps his most popular work.

4. **Ayrshire's peasant.** Burns. See note on l. 47, *The Music-grinders*.

#### ROBINSON OF LEYDEN. (Page 210)

Title. John Robinson (1575-1625), an English Puritan minister, who went to the Netherlands to become the pastor of a congregation of Puritans that had removed there to escape persecution. He was first stationed at Amsterdam and later at Leyden. (See note on l. 16, *On Lending a Punch-bowl*.)

5. **Speedwell's anchor swung.** Speedwell, a ship which was to have accompanied the Mayflower to America, but which was compelled to return because of a leak shortly after the voyage was begun.

11-12. **Build by Haerlem Meer . . . along the Zuyder-Zee. Haerlem Meer.** A lake in the western part of Holland which was drained in 1840-1853. Commonly written Haarlemmer Meer. **Zuyder-Zee.** A sea in the northwest part of Holland ; an arm of the North Sea.

27-28. **the creeping Maas . . . the isle of Ysselmond. Maas.** A river which rises in the northern part of France, flows north and west through Belgium and Holland, and empties into the North Sea. Commonly spelled Meuse, Maas being the Dutch form. **Ysselmond.** An island in the Meuse a short distance from its mouth. Commonly spelled Ijsselmonde.

29. **Briel.** A seaport in the southwest part of Holland, a few miles from Rotterdam.

A POEM. DEDICATION OF THE PITTSFIELD CEMETERY.

(Page 216)

This poem was read at the dedication of the cemetery at Pittsfield, a city in the western part of Massachusetts, on September 9, 1850.

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND. (Page 221)

16. **Pontchartrain.** A lake in the southwest part of Louisiana, a short distance above New Orleans.

18. **Katahdin's wreath.** Katahdin, a mountain northeast of the central part of Maine.

THE BELLS. (Page 222)

In connection with the study of this poem read Poe's *The Bells*.

FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. (Page 225)

7. **Frith of Clyde.** The estuary of the Clyde River in the western part of Scotland. It opens into the North Channel, which joins the Atlantic Ocean and the Irish Sea.



11. **Ayr and Doon.** Small rivers in the southwest part of Scotland. Burns' home was near them.

17. **Shenstone** (1714-1763). An English poet of little importance. His most popular work is *The Schoolmistress*.

18. **Corydon and Phillis.** In pastoral poetry these are conventional names applied to shepherds and shepherdesses.

19-20. **Wolfe was climbing . . . Bourbon lilies.** In 1759 General Wolfe scaled the cliffs leading to the Plains of Abraham at Quebec and there defeated the French forces under Montcalm. (See American history.) **Bourbon lilies.** The Bourbons ruled in France at the time Quebec fell into the hands of the English. The lily is the national flower of France.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE BURNS CLUB. (Page 228)

7-8. **Wachusett to Ben Nevis . . . Monadnock to Ben Lomond.** **Wachusett.** (See note on ll. 23-24, *Agnes*.) **Ben Nevis.** A mountain in the central part of Scotland. **Monadnock.** A mountain in the southwest part of New Hampshire. **Ben Lomond.** A mountain a few miles south of Ben Nevis.

17. **Cheviot's hills.** The low mountains which form the boundary between England and Scotland. They are celebrated in history and story.

33. **Scotia's morning sky.** Scotia, Scotland.

51-52. **The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle.** The national flowers of England, Ireland, and Scotland respectively.

56. **The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon.** Important rivers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively.

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. (Page 230)

This poem was read before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on February 22, 1856. Note the points in Washington's career as referred to in the different stanzas.

## AFTER A LECTURE ON WORDSWORTH. (Page 235)

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), a great English poet. His verse deals almost entirely with nature. Among his best-known works are *Michael*, *Ode to Duty*, *The Solitary Reaper*, *Daffodils*, *Lucy Gray*, *We are Seven*, and *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

5. **Berkshire hills.** The mountains of Berkshire County, Massachusetts.

9-20. **A thousand rills . . . to reach the Sound.** Many small rivers have their sources in the Berkshire Hills and eventually find their way to Long Island Sound by the way of the Connecticut River.

## AFTER A LECTURE ON MOORE. (Page 239)

Thomas Moore. See note on l. 47, *The Music-grinders*.

4. **Erin.** A name by which Ireland was formerly known; now used only in poetry.

## AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS. (Page 241)

John Keats (1795-1821), a celebrated English poet. His best-known poems are *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, *Ode to a Nightingale*, *Hyperion*, *Endymion*, and *Lamia*.

1-2. **The wreath . . . lying on thy Roman grave.** After the death of Keats, which occurred at Rome, Italy, Shelley mourned his loss in the elegiac poem *Adonais*.

39-42. **The God of music . . . Hyacinthus lay.** Apollo, the god of music, was very fond of a youth named Hyacinthus, with whom he used to spend much time in play. One day while the two were pitching quoits the boy was struck with one of the weights, and fatally hurt. The god, unable to save him, changed his blood to a flower which he called Hyacinthus. (See classical dictionary.)

## AFTER A LECTURE ON SHELLEY. (Page 243)

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), a famous English poet. Among his best-known works are *The Sensitive Plant*, *The Cloud*, *Ode to the Skylark*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *Prometheus Unbound*, and *Adonais*.

1. **Spezzia's treacherous bay.** A small bay off the west coast of Italy, in which Shelley was drowned on July 8, 1822.

29. **Sleep where the gentle Adonais lies.** See note on ll. 1-2, *After a Lecture on Keats*.

## URANIA : A RHYMED LESSON. (Page 244)

This poem was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on October 14, 1846. **Urania.** In Greek mythology, one of the Muses (see note on l. 113, *A Modest Request*), second only to Calliope. She was associated especially with astronomy and the celestial forces, and was the arbitress of fate. Holmes follows the practice of invoking the aid of the Muse, — a practice which was once very common.

5. **Crystals from the Epsom mine.** See note on l. 12, *A Modest Request*.

6. **Antimonial wine.** Wine containing antimony, a substance used for medicinal purposes.

8. **Sardonic grin.** An old medical term for a spasmodic affection of the muscles of the face, giving it an appearance of laughter.

45. **Heavenly Maid.** This expression is taken from the works of the English poet, William Collins (1720-1756).

“ When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung.”

— *The Passions*, line 1.

93-94. **As the old poet.** Homer (about 750 B.C.), the great Greek poet, wrote :—

“E'en as the leaves have their generations, so also have mortals.”  
— *Iliad*, VI. 146.

Wesley quotes this line in his account of his early doubts and perplexities. (See Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Vol. II, p. 185.)

96. **Pharaohs' or the Athenian's creed.** The religious beliefs of the ancient Egyptians or Greeks.

98. **Moslem's paradise.** The paradise of the Mohammedans.

112. **Jove.** The chief god of the ancient Romans; frequently called Jupiter. He corresponds to the Greek Zeus. (See classical dictionary.)

233. **The Chapel.** “King's Chapel,” the foundation of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

239. **The simpler pile.** The church in Brattle Square, consecrated in 1773. The completion of the edifice, the design of which included a spire, was prevented by the troubles of the Revolution, and its plain square tower presents nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower is still seen, half imbedded in the brick-work, a cannon ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

246. **The Southern spire.** The “Old South,” first occupied for public worship in 1730.

247. **The Giant.** Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

252. **The Northern Minstrel.** Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells.

259. **Ceylon.** A large island in the Indian Ocean off the south-east coast of British India.

300. **The stern disciple of Geneva's creed.** A believer in the doctrines of John Calvin, a theologian and reformer of the sixteenth century.

312. **The Celtic blackness of her braided hair.** The Celts, an ancient race of people, of whom the inhabitants of Ireland, Wales, northern France, and the Highlands of Scotland are descendants, are said to have been a fair-haired race.

314. **Killarney's side.** The Killarney lake region, in the southwest part of Ireland.

319. **Katahdin.** See note on l. 18, *To an English Friend*. The Penobscot rises near this mountain and flows south into the Penobscot Bay, an arm of the Atlantic.

358. **That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's child.** Erin, a name formerly applied to Ireland; the religious faith referred to is Catholicism.

361-362. **Ashes of Helvetia's pile . . . of old Servetus smile.** Michael Servetus (1511-1553), writer and scholar, burned for heresy in Switzerland, poetically known as Helvetia. John Calvin took an active part in Servetus' trial and conviction.

363. **"Romish Upas."** Upas, a kind of tree growing in Java and the neighboring islands, whose sap is poisonous. Note the poet's figurative use of it.

367. **De Profundis.** Out of the depths. A Latin hymn used in the Catholic service; based on Psalm cxxx.

384. **"Poor Richard's" fellow-citizens.** Poor Richard, a character in Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac* (published from 1732 to 1757), who teaches economy to his neighbors by the use of maxims.

386. **Teutonic pluck.** Teutonic, pertaining to the Teutons, an ancient Germanic tribe noted for bravery and persistence. They fought valiantly against the Romans, defeating them in several battles; but were finally almost annihilated by Marius in 102 B.C.

413. **"Tom Thumbs."** Tom Thumb (Charles S. Stratton, 1838-1883), an American dwarf who travelled with P. T. Barnum's show. At maturity he was two feet, four inches, in height.

417-418. **The tumid reptile . . . precious jewel in his head.**

The toad, according to popular belief in mediæval times, had a stone in its head which was valuable as an antidote for poisons. Shakespeare gave expression to the superstition :—

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

— *As You Like It*, II. 1, 12-14.

450. **Miss Harriet Martineau** (1802-1886), an English author of considerable note. Among her works are *The Essential Faith of the Universal Church*, *Society in America*, *Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft*, and *The Philosophy of Comte*.

472. **Nor**, like slow **Ajax**, fighting still, retire. Ajax, one of the Greek leaders in the Trojan War, noted for his great size and strength. He played an especially important part in the struggle while Achilles sulked in his tent, at one time saving the Greek forces by conducting a masterful retreat.

“ So turned stern Ajax, by whole hosts repelled,  
While his sworn heart at every step rebelled.  
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,  
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;  
Now still recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,  
And threatens his followers with retorted eye.”

— HOMER'S *Iliad*, Bk. XI (Pope's translation).

562. **Like bright Apollo, you must take to Rhoades**. Apollo, the god of light, poetry, and medicine among the Greeks and Romans. **Rhoades**, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, southwest of Asia Minor. (See classical dictionary.)

569. **Cis-atlantic**. On this side of the Atlantic; used of the eastern or western side according to the standpoint of the speaker.

581. **Erechtheus of Minerva's wall**. Erechtheus, a legendary Greek hero, who fought bravely in defence of Athens, the favorite city of Minerva, goddess of wisdom. (See classical dictionary.)

582. **Young athlete of Louvre's hall**. Louvre, a large gallery

and museum in Paris. It contains among its works of art many of the masterpieces of the ancient Greek and Roman artists, including notable figures of athletes.

591-592. **The filial John . . . with half his drapery on.** A reference to the nursery rhyme beginning—

“Tweedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his breeches on.”

622. “**Who drives fat oxen.**” The full quotation is:—

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.”

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, Vol. VIII, Chap. 9.

647-648. **The little Mincio . . . epics of the Hoang Ho. Mincio.** A small river in the northern part of Italy, which flows into the Po. **Po.** The chief river in Italy. It rises in the northwest part and flows east into the Adriatic Sea. **Hoang Ho.** One of the great rivers of China. It rises in the central part and flows north-east, east, south, and northeast into the Gulf of Pechili, an arm of the Pacific.

655. **She filled young William's fiery fancy full.** Shakespeare (1564-1616), the greatest of English dramatists. His father was a butcher and dealer in wool.

658. **Promethean fire.** Prometheus, a character in Greek mythology, who was a benefactor of mankind. He stole fire from heaven and gave it to man when Zeus had refused it, and for punishment was bound on one of the Caucasus Mountains, where daily a part of his liver was devoured by an eagle. He was finally rescued by Hercules. (See classical dictionary.)

662. **Mont Blanc.** The highest of the Alps; height, 15,781 feet.

663. **Arve and Arveiron.** Rivers which rise at the foot of Mont Blanc.

664. **Ranz des Vaches.** A name given the numerous simple but irregular melodies of the Swiss mountaineers, blown on the Alpine horn or sung.

665. **Lazy Coleridge.** Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), a celebrated English poet and philosopher, author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, etc. Among his poems is one addressed to Mont Blanc, entitled *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*.

668. **Chamouni.** A valley in the eastern part of France at the foot of Mont Blanc, watered by the Arve River. It is a favorite spot with tourists.

688. **Arethusa.** A name applied to various springs in ancient Greece. (See classical dictionary.)

690. **Osiris.** One of the chief gods in Egyptian mythology. He was the creator of all things and the foe of evil.

706. **Creole's wine.** Creole, one born of European parents in the American colonies of France or Spain, or in the states which were once such colonies. Now commonly applied to the natives of the Gulf States who are of mixed blood.

712. **Briareus.** In Greek mythology a monster with a hundred heads. (See classical dictionary.)

721. **Scale the proud shaft.** The Bunker Hill monument, erected in 1825-1843, to commemorate the battle, and the death of General Warren. (See *Webster's Bunker Hill Orations*.)

724. **Monadnock's crown.** See note on ll. 7-8, *For the Meeting of the Burns Club*.



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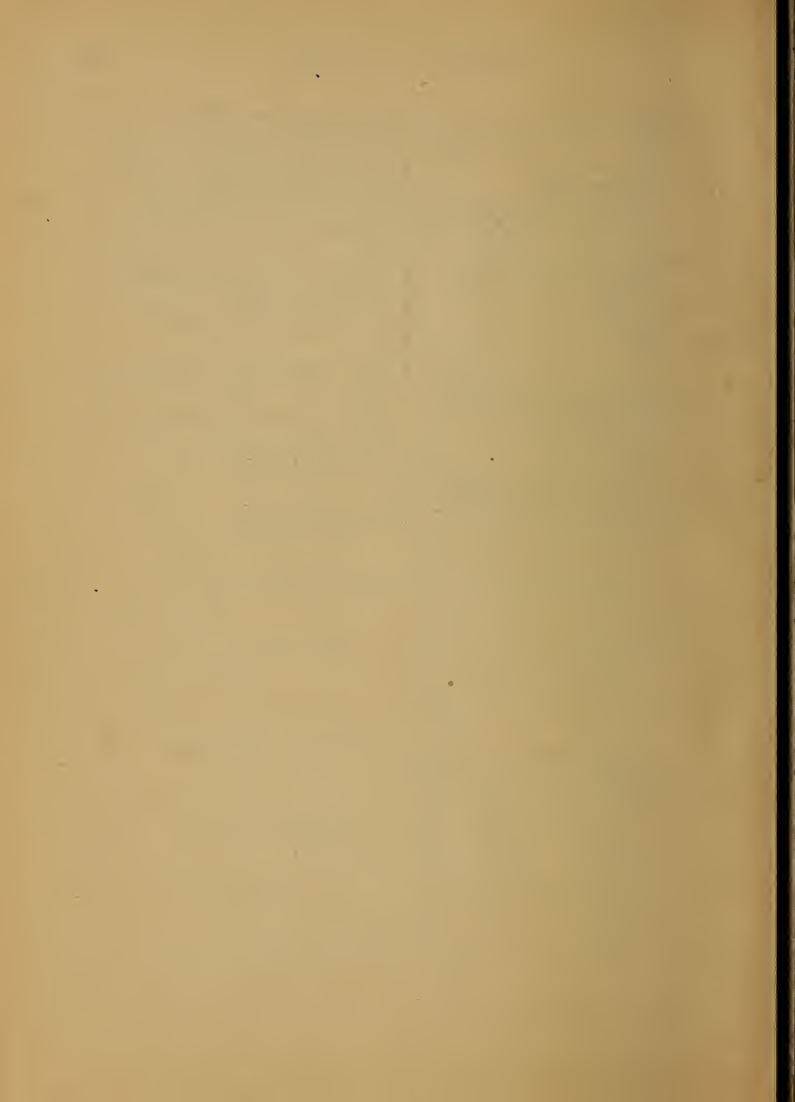
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