

*Ed Fournier*

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BOSTON:

A POEM.

*Mrs Jane & Locke*

~~~~~  
"T is well to garner up the good men do."

"Poet, thou hast a fount within thee: open, lave,  
And send it gushing forth."

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BOSTON:

WM. CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS,

118 WASHINGTON STREET.

1846.



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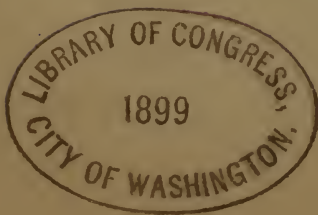
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TO  
THE NAMES OF  
APPLETON AND LAWRENCE,  
GREAT AMONG THE MUNIFICENT AND PHILANTHROPIC,  
THESE PAGES  
ARE  
RESPECTFULLY AND HUMBLY  
INSCRIBED  
BY  
THE AUTHOR.





# B O S T O N :

A P O E M .

---

THOU city girt about with memories,  
That link thee to the past as hallowed ties,  
Queen daughter of New England, thee I greet,  
And hail thee with respect and reverence meet.  
Worthy art thou to stand o'erlooking free  
The blue, broad arm of yon far-stretching sea,  
That bears thy fame on every refluent tide,  
Far as our fleets its foaming billows ride ;  
Whose dancing waves bring on their sparkling crest  
The diamond wealth that glitters on thy breast ;

And heap thy lap with luxuries, gathered in  
From every coast where'er thy ships have been,  
The arctic and antarctic lines within.

The pride of commerce thou, and honored, too,  
By honored homes, that dot thy broad mart through ;  
Upon whose hearth-stones burn e'en yet the fires  
That lighted up the homes of Pilgrim sires,  
And glory gave. Time-honored names are thine ;  
Reaching along a venerated line  
Of noblest worthies, I behold at length  
The pillars of thy fame, thy grandeur, strength ;  
Winthrop and Warren, Hancock, Adams, Gray,  
While, leading off the fair and bright array,  
Otis and Quincy in their greatness stand,  
Honored by each of that proud, honored band.  
Others there are, and were, — I name them not, —  
Some fairer page shall tell their envied lot,  
And hand their history down in glowing lines,  
Worthy the treasures of such mighty minds.

And others, doubtless, still, who bore no name  
Fair blazoned on the registry of fame,  
Who early toiled with hard and furrowed hand,  
And watered with their blood thy wave-washed  
strand ;  
Who carved thy domes, and pointed thy proud  
spires ;  
Who kindled from the match thy beacon-fires,  
And then, o'erwrought, upon thy bosom slept,  
Perchance unshrouded e'en, unhonored, and unwept.

Fame hath no wreath for these, no bard, no lyre,  
A hallowed song, a consecrated wire ;  
But onward, upward lift the earnest sight,  
And there, encircled by unfading light,  
Stand names like theirs, unheralded on earth,  
The humble heritors of heavenly birth ;  
Whose worth, unmeasured and unknown in time,  
Reaps in eternity reward sublime.

Thy merchants are thy princes, famed afar,  
Not for heraldic sign or knighthood's star ;  
Not for the *trappings* that their wealth can buy,  
That fascinate and charm the vulgar eye ;  
Not for the glitter of their gold alone ; —  
But names like theirs deep graven on the stone,  
Where'er a monument shall tell of thee,  
Should boldly stand, by mountain, vale, or sea.  
Than such as they, earth hath no prouder boast,  
No homage free enough where bends the host ;  
No garland yet too green for such to wear,  
No crown too mighty, and no robe too fair.  
Raise monuments to such, and did I say,  
Of brass or crumbling stone ? — vain, vain display !  
Already have they reared on high their own,  
That firm shall stand when perish tower and throne ;  
Fairer than massive piles of Parian hue,  
Sprinkled with gems that light the deserts through,  
Or sparkle in his idol river's bed,  
Where kneels the Brahmin with uncovered head.

Where yon meek edifice uprears its dome,  
Fast by the side of wealth and luxury's home,  
There sits a group, with lithesome fingers playing  
Amid the harp's rich wires, or careful straying  
Over raised lines that gifted thoughts impart,  
Thrilling the soul and waking all the heart ;  
Or, that with power and pathos quick reveal  
The impassioned words of him who spoke to  
          heal ;

Who poured the treasures of his godlike mind  
To bless the impotent, the halt, the *blind*.  
Cheerful they sit, with bound and sightless eyes,  
While from their warm hearts orisons arise,  
Earnest and pure, each eve and glowing morn,  
For him who gladdened all their lot, though lorn,  
And dark, and hopeless ; and whose honored name  
Ever shall grace the records of thy fame,  
Proud city, and the grateful song  
And blessings share of that benighted throng.

The mother in the abode of poverty,  
Rocking her sightless babe upon her knee,  
Shall gather hope, and her fresh tears shall dry,  
When the blest name of PERKINS meets her eye.  
And yet another by his own should wait,  
Marking a mind benevolent and great ;  
Strong, self-denying, which no terrors grim  
Appal, worthy companionship with him.  
Where'er the sightless, the benighted are,  
It beams upon them like a brilliant star,  
Nearing and bright'ning, and their pathway fills  
With light and love, and genial warmth distils.

We honor him, and justly, who explored  
Dungeons and dens, and blest their wretched horde.  
But richer garlands should his forehead bind,  
Who seeks and lights the incarcerated mind ;  
Shut in to darkness deeper, denser e'en,  
Than e'er was folded dungeon-walls between ;

HowE ; — ever honor, ever boast it high,  
'T is written on the portals to the sky,  
If there be real in the visioned ken  
Ben Adhem rapt, of those who love their fellow-  
men.

From the green western hills, the pleasant seat  
Of science, learning's famed retreat,  
Loud and reverberant amid the air,  
The breezes glad songs and laudations bear.  
And further on, from a long, anxious home,  
The echoes free of grateful voices come ;  
For on that hearth-stone rude there sat the boy,  
Grouped with his loving sisters, whose employ  
It was to shred for them the brittle straw,  
Or wind the tangled skein, abstruse as law, —  
Or for the widowed mother, whose dim eye  
Could scarce at eve her needful needle ply,  
The thread to knot, or part the fretted seam  
Of garment worn, lost lustre to redeem,

And to redeem their ancient pride withal,  
Who shone the fairest at the Christmas ball.  
The father died, and he, that cherished son,  
Not yet to manhood grown, his only one,  
In boyhood gentle and in youth as mild,  
Loving and kind, and truthful as the child,  
By sad calamity was left to share  
*Infirmity*, and sorrow, and despair.

At length from books he sought the mind to cheer,  
And drank at Learning's fount draughts rich and  
clear,  
Until his soul burned with a wasting flame  
To drain it all, and leave the scholar's name  
Engraven deep in letters clear as light,  
Where his "*Memento mori*" friends should write.  
But wealth had flown, and with it parted hope,  
Checking his youthful spirit's fairest scope ;  
Yet now there comes a murmur through the vale,  
His brow, by long anxiety grown pale,



Reddens with hope ; swift-wingèd Charity,  
Bearing a scroll that yet shall reach the sky,  
Her pinions lusted o'er with living light,  
Pauses before him but one name to write.

LAWRENCE, — with joy he spells it o'er and o'er,  
Then wends him to the Housatonic's shore,  
And freely quaffs the student's precious lore.

Nor is this sound of gratitude alone ;  
A concert of full voices bears it on.  
'T is sounded from the orphan's tearful home,  
And echoed back from their asylum's dome ;  
It spreads abroad o'er mountain, vale, and stream,  
And gushes free e'en in the midnight dream.  
It gladdens all the heart of the young girl,  
As at her toilet she, in many a curl,  
Twists her rich locks, and dreams the future o'er,  
And, though with wardrobe scant, her cottage-door  
Delighted leaves for yonder green recess,  
That such munificence shall ever bless.

LAWRENCE, that name, she writes it on her palm,  
And bears it in her soul a precious balm ;  
Her infant sister lisps it in her ear,  
And thus exultant parts from one so dear.

LAWRENCE, — twice, thrice repeat that honored  
name,

When thou wouldst sport abroad thy later fame.  
Thou noble city, — birthed as one the three,  
Of Virtue, Nobleness, and Charity.

But long and loud, and most sonorous there,  
A grateful anthem swells upon the air,  
Where, writhing in his chains, the maniac roars,  
And curses loud for love and kindness pours,  
Where frantic in her cell the maiden weeps  
O'er fancied woes, and saddest silence keeps ;  
Or sports the feather or the childish toy,  
Or mischief makes her daily, fond employ,  
With laughter loud, the mockery of joy !

Or joins the jargon, melancholy, deep,  
Of kindred minds, as they their orgies keep ;  
For from that true Bethesda, ever blest,  
Passes a group restored and self-possessed,  
While each glad home made jubilant, where care  
And bitter grief kept vigil, fast, and prayer,  
Now wakes the song and spreads the joyful feast,  
And in *one name* bids welcome every guest ;  
Whose benefactions opened wide the door  
That did their loved ones to their arms restore ;  
E'en *his* who brake the sod and from the earth  
Lifted the corner-stone and gave a birth  
To that asylum, whose bold pillars tend  
Upward to heaven, marking its aim and end.  
McLEAN, — long as those walls of strength shall  
stand,  
That name shall honor e'en and praise demand ;  
Though yet but one upon thy crowded page  
Of benefactors worthy of the age.

And yet again soft accents meet the ear,  
And melt and mingle with the grateful tear ;  
They come from many a dark and noisome den,  
Where vice hath lured and half-released again,  
Where the lost one hath sickened, and with fear  
Revolted, 'mid her dark and vile career ;  
And looked for some kind hand to shield from wrath,  
To wash the stain, and guide to virtue's path.  
And back from homes long drear and desolate,  
Where, robed in sackcloth, weeping parents wait,  
Whose lips, close pressed with sorrow and with  
    shame,  
No more repeat the erring daughter's name ;  
Whose hoary heads more hoary still have grown,  
For their once idolled, now abandoned one.  
With heartfelt blessings, and with earnest prayer,  
These tones are answered and repeated there.  
For, see, the mother's broken heart revives,  
And with the black dishonor hopeful strives,

The shame-bowed father, brothers, sisters, all,  
Join in thanksgivings to the Lord of all,  
As deep within their souls his name abides,  
Whose liberal hand a "Refuge" sure provides,  
And gives a power the wanderer to reclaim ; —  
For aye let blessings fall upon his name.

Proudly 't is written out on records high,  
Where the cold north wind whistles to the sky,  
Through mountain passes, and the caverns fills  
Of yon high-towering, snow-capped granite hills.  
Each stripling youth, whose ardent soul aspires  
To lofty seats, whose bosom learning fires,  
Can well repeat it, and with ardor dreams  
He yet shall blend it with his college "themes" ;  
The poor return he would for thousands given,  
To grace those walls, his stepping-stone to heaven.  
Nor hath this bounty, so long marked and known,  
A limit here ; "Well worthy of a throne,"

Is echoed here and there far through the land,  
Where oft meek charity hath stretched her hand,  
And sped her joyous way, plumed with the gold  
The industry hath heaped, the coffers fold,  
Of APPLETON and APPLETON again ;  
Friends equal of the friendless and of men.

Where should I pause, were I to numerate  
All thou dost boast benevolent and great ?  
Scarce limited, indeed, the line would run  
Of those who give what they have proudly won,  
And in the crowded distance fail to claim  
Thy earliest bounty, bearing noblest name,  
Where Freedom first her clarion sounded "*free,*"  
And linked for aye " FANEUIL " and " Liberty."  
Brooks, Phillips, Bromfield, Williams, stand,  
Each bearing noble heart and open hand.

Blest are such men, and blest such liberal hearts,  
Blest, ever blest, in all that life imparts ;

Blest in their bounty, blest their daily lot ;  
In widows' prayers, and orphans', ne'er forgot ;  
Hushing the cries of want, the tears of woe  
Wiping with kindly hand ; with cheerful glow  
Spreading the pallid cheek where'er distress  
Hath paled it ; living but mankind to bless.

Who doth not envy them the joy they feel,  
In multiplying streams of human weal ?  
Who doth not envy them their *power* to raise  
The fallen, crushed, more than their meed of praise ?  
Their power to lift the struggling and oppressed,  
And light the lamp of hope within the breast ?  
When shivering at the door stand want and grief,  
With wardrobe tattered, asking for relief ;  
When stretches forth for aid the orphan's hand,  
With tearful eye upraised, though meek and bland ;  
When virtuous worth, disheartened and dismayed  
By chill misfortune's hand, and hopeless made,

Sits uncomplaining 'mid her helpless charge,  
Needy and worthy bounty free and large ;  
When the kind hand and the still kinder heart  
Opens and yearns the glad relief to impart,  
But lacks the gold hard toil hath failed to bring,  
Then, then, indeed, hath poverty a sting.

Thou hadst and hast thy fair and white-robed throng,  
Palm-branches bearing in their way along,  
Hymning thee forth in sweetest lay and song.  
Poor though they were ; — the poet should be poor,  
Ay, must be ever in earth's glittering ore ;  
For what would they with treasures of the earth,  
Who walk as spirits of celestial birth,  
Dim, in perspective, indistinct, alone,  
And fade as they, inexplicate, unknown.

'T would ill beseem the bard his lyre to bind  
With tissue web, or its rich wires to wind



With tinsel cords, or mount with gems and gold  
His treasure gift, that wings of angels fold ;  
Such were not they, the bards of Celtic time,  
Whose music wrapt the soul in spell sublime,  
Whose ever soft and touching melody  
Such mournful measures gave, that even they,  
Italia's sons, charmed with the cadence sweet,  
Sudden exclaimed, in language terse and meet, —  
“ Ah, that indeed the melody must be  
Of a crowned people once, no longer free.”  
They were the battle's power, soul of the feast,  
And e'er in palace each a sacred guest.  
Their vestal robes, that pearls nor diamonds bare,  
Their lyres unjewelled all their passport there.  
Well might we envy them their honored lot,  
Though wandering, privileged in every spot.  
Where'er they walked they stilled the keenest wrath,  
Uncovered heads did homage in their path ;  
The hospitable door through all the land  
Wide oped, and opened wide the sceptred hand.

Poor ? — jewels are they set within thy crown,  
That give it lustre, beauty, and renown.

When chased or curious wrought, the gold is fair,  
But fairer still when clings the diamond there.

Thus, as thou dost a “ *Modern Athens* ” stand,  
These give to thee the magic of thy wand ;

When gathered in from the far West and North,  
From foreign lands, where went their genius forth,  
Dawes, Dana, Willis, Pierpont, Lowell, Weld,  
Holmes, Sprague, and Longfellow, whose names  
have swelled

The page in later time ; and many more,  
Who, scarcely echoed, sweetest measures pour ;  
And many still to whom was early given  
Release from earth, who sweep their harps in heaven.

Ware, Mellen, Paine, — I mention them not all, —  
And some, who, listening to their country’s call,  
Have plucked them crowns perchance more proudly  
set, —

Story, and Pickering, and EVERETT.

I would the pardon ask of such as *he*  
Who prouder honors wore across the sea,  
As noblest statesman, greener laurels shared  
Than e'er shall garland here the poet, — bard,  
Were 't not that *I* would rather wear *his* crown,  
Despised of some, and share his poor renown,  
Than laurels gathered 'mid the world's wild strife,  
Whose odor oft with poison rank is rife.

Whate'er I would, or he, fame *hath* his brow  
With wreath of olive bound and palm e'en now ;  
And many an aspirant's heart shall yet grow sick,  
Whene'er he reads “ The Dirge of Alaric.”

And two there were who lofty honors bore,  
And double garlands on their forehead wore,  
One hailing from Italia's pleasant clime,  
And one from brighter, sunnier lands sublime ;  
Where he the story of his own great plan,  
His master-piece, may yet for ages scan,

And vast conceptions add, 't were impious here,  
Too mighty e'en with human to compare ;  
Where grant it may to me at death be given  
To meet him there, — e'en from the Christian's  
          heaven.

Allston, great name revered. How vast, how great  
The space the mind can fill with gifts elate ;  
And e'en without these *special gifts* of Heaven,  
'T is godlike and from God might ne'er be riven.  
Ah, then, alas, that it should grovel e'er,  
Or dally with the toys that glitter here ;  
Bawbles that charm while they corrupt the mind,  
And to its perfect greatness ever blind.

And woman, too, hath lent her humbler name  
To swell the list that gives thee precious fame.  
She may not struggle for ambition's crown,  
She may not strive for honor or renown,

She may not task her strength with man to try  
The race for wealth with bold impunity,  
Or aught that reaches not beyond the sky.  
She hath a gentler mission to fulfil,  
To soften woe, and charm the power of ill ;  
But yet she may, in the calm light of home,  
Sport jewels fairer than from ocean come ;  
There may she garlands bind, — perchance ne'er  
worn, —

Her lot to solace, oftentimes bitter, lorn,  
Or while the tedious evening hours away  
Her lord upon the mart prolongs his stay ;  
Twisted of flowers Bœotian summits bear,  
With verdure of Parnassus plucked with care,  
Or circlets string of heavenly drops distilled  
By Helicon, from precious lavers filled ;  
Its sparkling draughts, brought by the Mysian boy,  
Or Orphean nymphs, appropriate employ.

And thus amid thy many homes hath she,  
And tossed the jewels, garlands, circlets back to thee.

Revere her, love her, thou dost brighter shine,  
For her meek offerings that thou claim'st as thine ;  
Guard e'er such names, Wells, Chapman, Weston,  
Hale,

Nor Osgood let amid thy treasures pale ;  
Follen and Brooks may thy protection claim,  
Adopted daughters bearing thy great name.

Thou hast thy ministers of church and state,  
No greater names than theirs among the great ;  
Greenwood and Parkman, Palfrey, Pierpont, Dwight,  
Lowell, and Beecher, and a line as bright  
My memory gathers not ; the past hath flung  
A veil about them, though their names have clung  
To elder minds ; yet I bethink me here,  
Holley and Buckminster, names ever dear ;

And there are more who grace thy records fair ;  
Lothrop and tireless Waterston there are,  
The buried Channing, and the sainted Ware.  
Buried ? — alas ! what error have I given ?  
No ! yet he lives among us, though in heaven,  
And e'er shall live, till as a scroll the skies  
Are rolled away ; for goodness never dies ;  
While greatness hath a power diffusive e'er,  
And unextinguishable everywhere.

Jenks, Tuckerman, and one I singly name,  
Who singly stands, though thou dost share his fame.  
TAYLOR ; — stand all apart and give him place,  
Noble and lofty, toiling for his race,  
And wearying ne'er ; rebuking folly, sin,  
And leading with strong arm the wandering in  
To the lost fold of Him, who, to reclaim  
An erring world, bore ignominy, shame,  
And death ! A true disciple of his Lord,  
Marking his footprints, echoing e'er his word ;

And, 'mid the storm-blasts, watching ocean's tide,  
The seaman's glad return to hail and guide,  
E'en to yon Bethel reared amid thy spires,  
Whose fane thy liberal sons of liberal sires  
Lifted on high, that holy meaning hath,  
Sparkling athwart the sailor's billowy path.

Long hath he ministered, this man of God,  
In quaint and simple style, the heavenly rod  
Of wisdom wielding till his locks are gray,  
Yet doth he not his mission high delay.  
The name of Taylor blest shall e'er abide  
The names of Howard, Wilberforce, beside ;  
While fame shall guard his last green, lowly bed,  
And wreath the *verd antique* above his head,  
When he shall wipe the sweat from off his brow,  
And lay his pilgrim staff beside him low,  
To rest him from his toil, and thou shalt spread  
The sable canopy, city of honored dead.



Thy boast of statesmen, here I name but one,  
All worthy he to stand, and stand alone ;  
Doing high honor to thy fairest page,  
“ The proudest statesman of the proudest age.”  
Webster ! need I repeat that noblest name,  
Close linked with thine as with Columbia’s fame ?  
On every monument that freedom gilds,  
In every vale its cheerful echo fills,  
'T is written out ; revered in foreign lands,  
With Brougham, Mansfield, Pitt, and Fox it stands.  
The great Demosthenes of modern time,  
Admired of all of every age and clime.  
E'en childhood lisps it, youth aspires to be  
Like him, and reach as high a destiny.  
What loftier mark, than this what nobler aim !  
Reach on, warm aspirant, with proud acclaim,  
Stride on, thou yet shalt mount a lofty height,  
Though not of mind like Webster’s or of might ;  
Old age sits weary down, secure, at ease,  
That one like him in all emergencies

Stands at the nation's helm, and feels resigned  
To yield his toil to such a powerful mind.

Thy band of bold reformers, boast thou them,  
Though censure meet them, and though pride condemn ;

“ Though angry malice tear them limb from limb,”

Yet still 't may be the followers of him

Who self-denying preached the hard-learned truth,

That man to brother man, through wrong and ruth,

Speak words of kindness, words of heavenly love,

And from oppression, chains, to hopes above

Raise his lorn lot, leaving the bondman free

To walk erect, upright, where'er he be,

Though his torn flesh from lash and thong he lave,

Or bow to his own lusts a meaner slave.

In such a cause e'en *rashness* for the *right*

Might meet with tolerance, 'scape the accuser's  
might ;

For few are they who, for the oppressed and low,  
Will earthly love for earthly shame forego ;  
Few, few are they who dare the scorner's song,  
In holiest cause, or calumny and wrong.

Then shame thou not through time to lift on high  
Thy daring ones, who sound the midnight cry  
Round sewer and den that yet pollute thy way,  
And to the oppressors of the land who say,  
Go to, go to, ye lordlings, howl and weep,  
The hand of justice shall not ever sleep !  
Though it be deemed they erring madly run,  
And labor for a prize by holy hearts ne'er won.

Phillips, and Garrison, and Quincy, where  
Are minds more mighty, hearts more pure or fair ?  
When through life's furnace passed, arrayed in light,  
Near to the throne shall they, in robes of white,  
Perchance at last be found, their Master's love  
Secured ; in during worth all else above.

Nor nearer they than others, spite of cant,  
Lowly Augustus, self-denying Grant,  
The first — so humble and obscure his lot —  
Scarce named among the great, or named and then  
forgot.

Blessed be the Son, and blessed the Father too ;  
Goodness and worth, however low, when true  
It spring, hath ever high and sure reward,  
Though with the mighty here it pass in mean regard.

Thy men of learning, science, are a host,  
Through all the world thine own, thy country's, boast;  
Whom library and *studio* immure  
In all varieties of literature.

They who from books have gathered during wealth,  
And they who watch the crucible by stealth,  
Half confident, yet fearful, as they pour  
The liquid dross or bubbling melted ore ;  
Or mix the direful compound to illumine  
A daring hour, breathing its deadly fume.

And they who wander far in curious lore,  
Or abstruse lines and numbers ponder o'er,  
And they who scan, with eye undimmed and clear,  
The solar, lunar, stellar hemisphere,  
Marking Orion in his stormy reign,  
With sword full drawn above the soaking plain ;  
Who seek Arcturus, as he feebly streaks  
The east with light, and the fierce tempest wakes,  
Or count the Hesperides and zenith far,  
Seek the quenched light of erring Meröpe's \* star.

May we not travel back a century gone,  
And fix thy proudest boast at length on one,

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\* It is a beautiful tradition, handed down from heathen mythology, of the "Lost Pleiad," and one from which even Christians might educe a moral, that the Hesperides, or Pleiades, seven of the daughters of Pleione and Atlas, were united in matrimony to gods, excepting Merope, who married a mortal, the king of Corinth, on which account her star was evermore dim in the heavens.

Whose monument, whose name, whose memory,  
Dwell still amid thy host and cling to thee,  
As rich and ancient tapestry adheres  
E'er to the fretted frieze through changing years ;  
Or fresco even to the antique wall,  
With modern panel-work encircled all ;  
The choicest garniture of every age,  
That does the envy of each guest engage ;  
FRANKLIN ! — my feeble pen presumes no more ;  
Unworthy, here it would but lumber o'er,  
And humble e'en, a fame it would enhance,  
Or mar the portrait it would draw, perchance.  
The long, long blank of years, — nay, not a blank,  
But filled with pictures of scarce lesser rank, —  
I must o'erstep, or lengthen out my theme  
Till my own pen shall fail me to redeem  
What I may lose in drawling, tedious length,  
By pithy, graphic touches full of strength ;  
And from more modern time call forth thy great,  
Thou classic city, fresh from bar and state,

And holier *sanctum* e'en, the hearth of home,  
To deck thine own historic page they come ;  
See, proudly haloed, laurelled, crowned, they stand  
Before the world, a brilliant, shining band.  
Sparks, Prescott, Story, bearing envied fame,  
Nor these alone, but thou dost proudly claim  
Pickering and Bowditch, worthy of the van,  
The perfect scholar and the self-taught man ;  
Bancroft and more, with others still, to whom,  
Though not a birth, yet thou hast given a tomb.

In other walks, in other shades of light,  
Thou hast thy men of worth, thy men of might.  
Artists and artisans of every name,  
To herald far thy power, thy glory, fame ;  
From him who spreads his easel to the light,  
In attic close, with skilful hand and slight,  
Retouching with fresh tints, or copying like,  
Some Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, or Vandyke ;

Or genius fired, with pallet closely clasped,  
Dreaming o'er subject new, not fully grasped,  
Which, when complete, he fondly hopes shall twine  
His brow with wreaths immortal and divine,  
To him who at the forge fuses the mould,  
Or at the stithy toils with sturdy hand and bold.

Equal are these in might to wander through  
The difficult, the hidden bring to view,  
As he who cleaves from out the earth the gold  
Hath power that he who coffers it may never hold.

E'er let us treasure this our bosom's health,  
The strong and sinewy arm is worth and wealth.  
Who shames to boast it shames to boast a plan  
Worthy of Heaven, designed to honor man.

And there are others, bearing powerful sway,  
Disciples of Galenus Claudius they ;—



Deem it not small the gift the power to heal,  
The power to lengthen human life and weal.  
Did it not win for Nebrus great renown,  
And for Hippocrates a golden crown ?  
Temples, and shrines, and honors all divine  
Guarded of old the Æsculapian line.  
But thou indeed hast names among thy own  
That fair in Grecian ages would have shone  
As Podalirus and Machaon e'en,  
Whose temples boldly overlooked Messene,  
Warren, and Jackson, Hayward, Reynolds, lead  
This worthy throng, Samaritans indeed.  
Channing and Bigelow along the line  
Stand out in bold relief, and brightly shine.  
But shall we lift to them high heathen shrines,  
Crowned with the wealth from out earth's richest  
mines ?  
No, we have honors for them hallowed more  
Than altars blazing on the Carian shore,

Where sacrifices burned with impious fire,  
To gods and men, invoking Heaven's own ire.

“ To have prolonged a human life on earth  
Tells high commission, — deed of holy worth ;  
For weal or woe, a life, however small,  
Is by most sacred unction held of all.”

The prayers and blessings of the human heart  
Are noblest honor that we can impart ;  
Who has not valued it as he has seen  
Earth's rainbow homage on her *mountains* lean,  
And when the dense, dark clouds shut in the sun,  
Its brilliant colors into vapor run ;  
And felt, as dew of heaven abundant poured,  
The silent tear, or grateful, heartfelt word.

The *heart* 's a sacrifice that ne'er consumes,  
Whether in smoke or flame its wreathing fumes  
Go forth, concealed in censers coarse and rude,  
Or burn on costly piles before the multitude.

What hast thou not to make thy name revered,  
And ever to all Pilgrim sons endeared ?  
Thy sainted ones in heaven, thy own of earth,  
Thy men of science, letters, wealth, and worth ;  
Thy archives, athenæums, churches, domes,  
Thy shaded walks, thy splendid, wealthy homes,  
Thy festal chambers, where the mirthful wait,  
Thy halls of learning, and thy halls of state ;  
Gray, granite piles, of proud Corinthian height,  
And *one* most ancient, hallowed from the night,  
Our eagle with spread pinions cleft the air,  
Then swooped and perched and built her eyry there.  
That night of darkness, when, as dawned the day,  
An infant deity there cradled lay.

Thy tombs amid thee and thy “ Mount ” of graves,  
At sacred distance, where fresh herbage waves,  
And fragrant flowers in beauty lift the head,  
Wreathing urn, shaft, and spire above thy dead !

Yon ancient seat of learning, claimed by thee,  
With parchment scroll bearing immunity ;  
Its site as lovely as e'en Athens crowned,  
OUR "*academia vetus*" e'er renowned,  
From whence hath yearly passed an honored band,  
The Senecas and Ciceros of our land.

And thou dost stand o'erlooking in thy might,  
That mausolean column to the sight,  
Goodly and fair, and crowning Bunker's height.  
Its simple granite arches scooped and piled,  
And standing firm 'mid storm and tempest wild,  
To mark the spot where Pilgrim feet have stood,  
And hallowed all the soil with noblest blood ;  
Where the red flag of victory was dyed  
In copious streams, that gushed in battle-tide,  
Where bones of valor crumble into dust,  
While swords they wielded in their scabbards rust ;  
And yet that ever sacred spot to tell  
Where our first, boldest hero, Warren, fell.

Well might we on such earth heap stone on stone,  
And well might share the toil each patriot son  
Of proud New England boast, as erst did they,  
When scattered in the mould the fabric lay ;  
While woman, too, put forth her feebler hand,  
Crowning its pediment with wreath and band.  
Freedom's proud temple should it e'er be known,  
'Mid thousand holy fanes towering alone,  
While thrice have gathered round it noblest ones,  
To worship at her shrine, — her own brave sons.  
Fearing and doubting, yet as freemen proud,  
They knelt in homage there, a countless crowd,  
While cheering tones as thunder rent the air  
Till forest, cliff, and mount the echo bare.  
Ne'er let that hour from out thy memory die,  
Type of our own great nation's victory ;  
Freedom's three gatherings on her glorious height,  
Showing her power, her grandeur, and her might.

Amid thee and around thee, everywhere,  
With holiest memories linked and ever fair,  
Stand boldly forth mementos of thy power,  
Marking thy greatness from thy infant hour ;  
When pious pilgrims from a foreign land  
Knelt on thy soil, a meek and prayerful band,  
Their simple cabins, where thy Capitol  
Rises in strength, with widely creviced wall,  
Stood 'mid the snow-flakes, creaking to the blast,  
As oft before the tempest writhes the mast ;  
The roasted maize marking their scanty board,  
Their faith in God their only cherished hoard.

From infancy I 've loved thy growing fame,  
And longed within thee e'er a home to claim ;  
To wealth like thine my heart was ever bound,  
For I have viewed thy soil as *classic* ground,  
And longed to inhale thy purer atmosphere,  
By genius elevated, bright and clear,

Warmed and illumined by the sacred glow  
Of stars in heaven that burn, shining below,  
Or constellations brightening on the earth,  
That claims more hallowed than a heathen birth ;  
And yet who personate the Ganymede,  
Castor and Pollux, Hyacinthus lead,  
Or as the tender, weeping Hyades shine,  
Though of the earth, with natures all divine.  
But ruder spot shall be my place of rest,  
And pillow humbler than thy classic breast ;  
Naught of thy honor shall my name e'er bear,  
Or glory thine my heart within me share ;  
Except my madness, as did Tasso's long  
His to Leonora link in maniac song,  
Bind mine all lowly evermore to thee,  
In lines, *if read*, shall prove my lunacy.  
“ No power in life could rend thee from my heart,  
So none in death shall tear our *names* apart.”

Thus, then, I greet thee with thy many charms,  
And bless thee while thy love my bosom warms ;  
And here perchance breathe forth my long adieu  
To thee and thine, while I shall wander through  
My toil-worn duty path, rough and obscure,  
With prayerful heart for courage to endure ;  
Hoping *thy* future glorious still may be,  
While *mine* shall *feebly* melt to yon ETERNITY !

THE END.



ERRATUM.

Page 27, 2d line from bottom, for *Its* read *Their*.





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