

SONGS OF MANY SEASONS

1862-1874

OPENING THE WINDOW

THUS I lift the sash, so long
Shut against the flight of song;
All too late for vain excuse, —
Lo, my captive rhymes are loose !

Rhymes that, fitting through my brain,
Beat against my window-pane,
Some with gayly colored wings,
Some, alas ! with venomd stings.

Shall they bask in sunny rays ?
Shall they feed on sugared praise ?
Shall they stick with tangled feet
On the critic's poisoned sheet ?

Are the outside winds too rough ?
Is the world not wide enough ?
Go, my winged verse, and try, —
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly !

PROGRAMME

OCTOBER 7, 1874

READER — gentle — if so be
Such still live, and live for me,
Will it please you to be told
What my tenscore pages hold ?

Here are verses that in spite
Of myself I needs must write,
Like the wine that oozes first
When the unsqueezed grapes have burst.

Here are angry lines, "too hard!"
Says the soldier, battle-scarred.
Could I smile his scars away
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,
Read with placid wonder now.

Throbbd such passion in my heart ?
Did his wounds once really smart ?

Here are varied strains that sing
All the changes life can bring,
Songs when joyous friends have met,
Songs the mourner's tears have wet.

See the banquet's dead bouquet,
Fair and fragrant in its day;
Do they read the selfsame lines, —
He that fasts and he that dines ?

Year by year, like milestones placed,
Mark the record Friendship traced.
Prisoned in the walls of time
Life has notched itself in rhyme:

As its seasons slid along,
Every year a notch of song,
From the June of long ago,
When the rose was full in blow,

Till the scarlet sage has come
And the cold chrysanthemum.
Read, but not to praise or blame;
Are not all our hearts the same ?

For the rest, they take their chance, —
Some may pay a passing glance;
Others, — well, they served a turn, —
Wherefore written, would you learn ?

Not for glory, not for pelf,
Not, be sure, to please myself,
Not for any meaner ends, —
Always "by request of friends."

Here 's the cousin of a king, —
Would I do the civil thing ?
Here 's the first-born of a queen:
Here 's a slant-eyed Mandarin.

Would I polish off Japan?
 Would I greet this famous man,
 Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah? —
 Figaro çì and Figaro là!

Would I just this once comply? —
 So they teased and teased till I
 (Be the truth at once confessed)
 Wavered — yielded — did my best.

Turn my pages, — never mind
 If you like not all you find;
 Think not all the grains are gold
 Sacramento's sand-banks hold.

Every kernel has its shell,
 Every chime its harshest bell,
 Every face its weariest look,
 Every shelf its emptiest book,

Every field its leanest sheaf,
 Every book its dullest leaf,
 Every leaf its weakest line, —
 Shall it not be so with mine?

Best for worst shall make amends,
 Find us, keep us, leave us friends
 Till, perchance, we meet again.
 Benedicite. — Amen!

IN THE QUIET DAYS

AN OLD-YEAR SONG

As through the forest, disarrayed
 By chill November, late I strayed,
 A lonely minstrel of the wood
 Was singing to the solitude:
 I loved thy music, thus I said,
 When o'er thy perch the leaves were
 spread;

Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
 Thy carol on the leafless bough.
 Sing, little bird! thy note shall cheer
 The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue
 And morning filled their cups with dew,
 Thy slender voice with rippling trill
 The budding April bowers would fill,
 Nor passed its joyous tones away
 When April rounded into May:
 Thy life shall hail no second dawn, —
 Sing, little bird! the spring is gone.

And I remember — welladay! —
 Thy full-blown summer roundelay,
 As when behind a broidered screen
 Some holy maiden sings unseen:
 With answering notes the woodland rung,
 And every treetop found a tongue.

How deep the shade! the groves how
 fair!
 Sing, little bird! the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done
 And mute the choral antiphon;
 The birds have left the shivering pines

To flit among the trellised vines,
 Or fan the air with scented plumes
 Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
 And thou art here alone, — alone, —
 Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
 At morn the running brook was still,
 From driven herds the clouds that rise
 Are like the smoke of sacrifice;
 Erelong the frozen sod shall mock
 The ploughshare, changed to stubborn
 rock,

The brawling streams shall soon be
 dumb, —
 Sing, little bird! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
 The songless fowls are half asleep,
 The air grows chill, the setting sun
 May leave thee ere thy song is done,
 The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
 Thy secret die with thee, untold:
 The lingering sunset still is bright, —
 Sing, little bird! 't will soon be night.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

I cannot tell the story of Dorothy Q. more
 simply in prose than I have told it in verse,
 but I can add something to it.

Dorothy was the daughter of Judge Edmund
 Quiney, and the niece of Josiah Quiney, junior,
 the young patriot and orator who died just
 before the American Revolution, of which he

was one of the most eloquent and effective promoters. The son of the latter, Josiah Quincy, the first mayor of Boston bearing that name, lived to a great age, one of the most useful and honored citizens of his time.

The canvas of the painting was so much decayed that it had to be replaced by a new one, in doing which the rapier thrust was of course filled up.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled
hair;

Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look! there's a rent the light shines
through,

Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whis-
pered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me
live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's
blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished
frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household
name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred
years.

THE ORGAN-BLOWER

DEVOUTEST of my Sunday friends,
The patient Organ-blower bends;
I see his figure sink and rise,
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering
eyes!)
A moment lost, the next half seen,
His head above the scanty screen,
Still measuring out his deep salaams
Through quavering hymns and panting
psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;
No sister, fresh from holy vows,
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;
His large obeisance puts to shame
The proudest genuflecting dame,
Whose Easter bonnet low descends
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,
How much we owe those bows of thine !
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,
How vain the finger on the keys !
Though all unmatched the player's skill,
Those thousand throats were dumb and
still:

Another's art may shape the tone,
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits
Behind his temple's folded gates;
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls
Through rainbowed windows on the walls,
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills
The quivering air with rapturous thrills;
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,
And all the slumbering echoes wake !

The Preacher from the Bible-text
With weary words my soul has vexed
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray
To find the lesson for the day);
He tells us truths too plainly true,
And reads the service all askew, —
Why, why the — mischief — can't he look
Beforehand in the service-book ?

But thou, with decent mien and face,
Art always ready in thy place;
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,
As steady as the strong monsoon;
Thy only dread a leathery creak,
Or small residual extra squeak,
To send along the shadowy aisles
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,
Comes from the church's pulpit end !
Not all that bend the knee and bow
Yield service half so true as thou !
One simple task performed aright,
With slender skill, but all thy might,
Where honest labor does its best,
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,
Through which the breath of being strays,
Whose music makes our earth divine,
Has work for mortal hands like mine.
My duty lies before me. Lo,
The lever there ! Take hold and blow !
And He whose hand is on the keys
Will play the tune as He shall please.

AFTER THE FIRE

[The great Boston fire occurred November
9-10, 1872.]

WHILE far along the eastern sky
I saw the flags of Havoc fly,
As if his forces would assault
The sovereign of the starry vault
And hurl Him back the burning rain
That seared the cities of the plain,
I read as on a crimson page
The words of Israel's sceptred sage: —

*For riches make them wings, and they
Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,
What hue shall paint the mocking light
That burned and stained the orient skies
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,
As if the sun had lost his way
And dawned to make a second day, —
Above how red with fiery glow,
How dark to those it woke below !

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,
Flashed the false jewels of the fire;
Girt with her belt of glittering panes,
And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,
Our northern queen in glory shone
With new-born splendors not her own,
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,
A victim decked for sacrifice !

The cloud still hovers overhead,
And still the midnight sky is red;
As the lost wanderer strays alone
To seek the place he called his own,
His devious footprints sadly tell
How changed the pathways known so
well;
The scene, how new ! The tale, how old
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold !

Again I read the words that came
Writ in the rubric of the flame:
Howe'er we trust to mortal things,
Each hath its pair of folded wings;
Though long their terrors rest unspread
Their fatal plumes are never shed;
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
And blot the day and blast the night!

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings;
Love, though he break his earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again;
But Faith that soars to seek the sky
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came!

AT THE PANTOMIME

18—: REWRITTEN 1874

THE house was crammed from roof to floor,
Heads piled on heads at every door;
Half dead with August's seething heat
I crowded on and found my seat,
My patience slightly out of joint,
My temper short of boiling-point,
Not quite at *Hate mankind as such*,
Nor yet at *Love them overmuch*.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew
Were gathered Hebrews not a few,
Black-bearded, swarthy, — at their side
Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed:
If scarce a Christian hopes for grace
Who crowds one in his narrow place,
What will the savage victim do
Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew?

Next on my left a breathing form
Wedge'd up against me, close and warm;
The beak that crowned the bistered face
Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race, —
That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown
hue, —
Ah, cursèd, unbelieving Jew!
I started, shuddering, to the right,
And squeezed — a second Israelite!

Then woke the evil brood of rage
That slumber, tongueless, in their cage;
I stabbed in turn with silent oaths
The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,
The snaky usurer, him that crawls
And cheats beneath the golden balls,

Moses and Levi, all the horde,
Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,
The grisly story Chaucer told,
And many an ugly tale beside
Of children caught and crucified;
I heard the ducat-sweating thieves
Beneath the Ghetto's slouching eaves,
And, thrust beyond the tented green,
The lepers cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,
My sullen eye it could not please,
In vain my conscience whispered, "Shame!
Who but their Maker is to blame?"
I thought of Judas and his bribe,
And steeled my soul against their tribe:
My neighbors stirred; I looked again
Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue
The mantling blood shows faintly through;
Locks dark as midnight, that divide
And shade the neck on either side;
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam
Clear as a starlit mountain stream; —
So looked that other child of Shem,
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood
That flows unmingled from the Flood, —
Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!
The New World's foundling, in thy pride
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,
And lo! the very semblance there
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows
The blush of Sharon's opening rose, —
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,
Thy lips would press his garment's hem
That curl in wrathful scorn for them!

A sudden mist, a watery screen,
Dropped like a veil before the scene;
The shadow floated from my soul,
And to my lips a whisper stole, —
"Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,
From thee the Son of Mary came,
With thee the Father deigned to dwell, —
Peace be upon thee, Israel!"

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

The tax on tea, which was considered so odious and led to the act on which *A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party* is founded, was but a small matter, only twopence in the pound. But it involved a principle of taxation, to which the Colonies would not submit. Their objection was not to the amount, but the claim. The East India Company, however, sent out a number of tea-ships to different American ports, three of them to Boston.

The inhabitants tried to send them back, but in vain. The captains of the ships had consented, if permitted, to return with their cargoes to England, but the consignees refused to discharge them from their obligations, the custom house to give them a clearance for their return, and the governor to grant them a passport for going by the fort. It was easily seen that the tea would be gradually landed from the ships lying so near the town, and that if landed it would be disposed of, and the purpose of establishing the monopoly and raising a revenue effected. To prevent the dreaded consequence, a number of armed men, disguised like Indians, boarded the ships and threw their whole cargoes of tea into the dock. About seventeen persons boarded the ships in Boston harbor, and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea. Among these "Indians" was Major Thomas Melville, the same who suggested to me the poem, *The Last Leaf*.

Read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1874.

No! never such a draught was poured
 Since Hebe served with nectar
 The bright Olympians and their Lord,
 Her over-kind protector, —
 Since Father Noah squeezed the grape
 And took to such behaving
 As would have shamed our grandsire ape
 Before the days of shaving, —
 No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
 In palace, hall, or arbor,
 As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
 That night in Boston Harbor!
 It kept King George so long awake
 His brain at last got addled,
 It made the nerves of Britain shake,
 With sevenscore millions saddled;
 Before that bitter cup was drained,
 Amid the roar of cannon,
 The Western war-cloud's crimson stained
 The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon;

Full many a six-foot grenadier
 The flattened grass had measured,
 And many a mother many a year
 Her tearful memories treasured;
 Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,
 The mighty realms were troubled,
 The storm broke loose, but first of all
 The Boston teapot bubbled!

An evening party, — only that,
 No formal invitation,
 No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
 No feast in contemplation,
 No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
 No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
 A tribe of red men, axe in hand, —
 Behold the stragglers advancing!
 How fast the stragglers join the throng,
 From stall and workshop gathered!
 The lively barber skips along
 And leaves a chin half-lathered;
 The smith has flung his hammer down, —
 The horseshoe still is glowing;
 The truant tapster at the Crown
 Has left a beer-cask flowing;
 The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,
 And trot behind their master;
 Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
 The crowd is hurrying faster, —
 Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
 The streams of white-faced millers,
 And down their slippery alleys rush
 The lusty young Fort-Hillers;
 The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —
 The tories seize the omen:
 "Ay, boys, you'll soon have work to do
 For England's rebel foemen,
 'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
 That fire the mob with treason, —
 When these we shoot and those we hang
 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
 And now their ranks are forming, —
 A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
 The Mohawk band is swarming!
 See the fierce natives! What a glimpse
 Of paint and fur and feather,
 As all at once the full-grown imps
 Light on the deck together!
 A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
 A blanket hides the breeches, —
 And out the cursèd cargo leaps,
 And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,
 So happy while the tea is poured,
 So blest while spoons are stirring,
 What martyr can compare with thee,
 The mother, wife, or daughter,
 That night, instead of best Bohea,
 Condemned to milk and water !

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
 Who plies with rock and spindle
 The patient flax, how great a flame
 Yon little spark shall kindle !
 The lurid morning shall reveal
 A fire no king can smother
 Where British flint and Boston steel
 Have clashed against each other !
 Old charters shrivel in its track,
 His Worship's bench has crumbled,
 It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
 The flags go down on land and sea
 Like corn before the reapers;
 So burned the fire that brewed the tea
 That Boston served her keepers !

The waves that wrought a century's wreck
 Have rolled o'er whig and tory;
 The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
 Still live in song and story;
 The waters in the rebel bay
 Have kept the tea-leaf savor;
 Our old North-Enders in their spray
 Still taste a Hyson flavor;

And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows
 With ever fresh libations,
 To cheat of slumber all her foes
 And cheer the wakening nations !

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

1870

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,
 I leave the bright enamelled zones be-
 low;
 No more for me their beauteous bloom
 shall glow,
 Their lingering sweetness load the morning
 gale;
 Few are the slender flowerets, scentless,
 pale,
 That on their ice-clad stems all trembling
 blow
 Along the margin of unmelting snow;
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
 White realm of peace above the flower-
 ing line;
 Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky
 spires !
 O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt
 planets shine,
 On thy majestic altars fade the fires
 That filled the air with smoke of vain de-
 sires,
 And all the unclouded blue of heaven is
 thine !

IN WAR TIME

TO CANAAN

A PURITAN WAR-SONG

AUGUST 12, 1862

This poem, published anonymously in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, was claimed by several persons, three, if I remember correctly, whose names I have or have had, but never thought it worth while to publish.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,
 With banner, gun, and sword ?
 We're marching South to Canaan
 To battle for the Lord !

What Captain leads your armies
 Along the rebel coasts ?
 The Mighty One of Israel,
 His name is Lord of Hosts !
 To Canaan, to Canaan
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To blow before the heathen walls
 The trumpets of the North !

What flag is this you carry
 Along the sea and shore ?
 The same our grandsires lifted up,—
 The same our fathers bore !
 In many a battle's tempest
 It shed the crimson rain, —

What God has woven in his loom
 Let no man rend in twain !
 To Canaan, to Canaan
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To plant upon the rebel towers
 The banners of the North !

What troop is this that follows,
 All armed with picks and spades ?
 These are the swarthy bondsmen, —
 The iron-skin brigades !
 They 'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
 They 'll scoop out rebels' graves ;
 Who then will be their owner
 And march them off for slaves ?
 To Canaan, to Canaan
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To strike upon the captive's chain
 The hammers of the North !

What song is this you 're singing ?
 The same that Israel sung
 When Moses led the mighty choir,
 And Miriam's timbrel rung !
 To Canaan ! To Canaan !
 The priests and maidens cried :
 To Canaan ! To Canaan !
 The people's voice replied.
 To Canaan, to Canaan
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To thunder through its adder dens
 The anthems of the North !

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
 And all her walls lie flat,
 What follows next in order ?
 The Lord will see to that !
 We 'll break the tyrant's sceptre, —
 We 'll build the people's throne, —
 When half the world is Freedom's,
 Then all the world's our own !
 To Canaan, to Canaan
 The Lord has led us forth,
 To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,
 A whirlwind from the North !

“ THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OF-
 FER THEE THREE THINGS ”

1862

IN poisonous dens, where traitors hide
 Like bats that fear the day,
 While all the land our charters claim

Is sweating blood and breathing flame,
 Dead to their country's woe and shame,
 The recreants whisper STAY !

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
 On Love's own altars glow,
 The mother hides her trembling fear,
 The wife, the sister, checks a tear,
 To breathe the parting word of cheer,
 Soldier of Freedom, Go !

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,
 And Mammon keeps his state,
 Where flatterers fawn and menials crouch,
 The dreamer, startled from his couch,
 Wrings a few counters from his pouch,
 And murmurs faintly WAIT !

In weary camps, on trampled plains
 That ring with fife and drum,
 The battling host, whose harness gleams
 Along the crimson-flowing streams,
 Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,
 We want you, Brother ! COME !

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do, —
 To go, to wait, to stay !
 Sons of the Freedom-loving town,
 Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,
 The servile yoke, the civic crown,
 Await your choice TO-DAY !

The stake is laid ! O gallant youth
 With yet unsilvered brow,
 If Heaven should lose and Hell should
 win,
 On whom shall lie the mortal sin,
 That cries aloud, *It might have been ?*
 God calls you — answer NOW.

NEVER OR NOW

AN APPEAL

1862

LISTEN, young heroes ! your country is
 calling !
 Time strikes the hour for the brave and
 the true !
 Now, while the foremost are fighting and
 falling,
 Fill up the ranks that have opened for
 you !

You whom the fathers made free and de-
fended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their
fame !

You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of
shame !

Stay not for questions while Freedom
stands gasping !

Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his
pall !

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands'
clasping, —

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

Break from the arms that would fondly
caress you !

Hark ! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are
drawn !

Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall
bless you,

Maidens shall weep for you when you
are gone !

Never or now ! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose
should bloom ;

Now is the day and the hour of salva-
tion, —

Never or now ! peals the trumpet of
doom !

Never or now ! roars the hoarse-throated
cannon

Through the black canopy blotting the
skies ;

Never or now ! flaps the shell-blasted pen-
non

O'er the deep ooze where the Cumber-
land lies !

From the foul dens where our brothers are
dying,

Aliens and foes in the land of their
birth, —

From the rank swamps where our martyrs
are lying

Pleading in vain for a handful of earth, —

From the hot plains where they perish out-
numbered,

Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's
plough,

Comes the loud summons ; too long you
have slumbered,

Hear the last Angel-trump, — Never or
Now !

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR
IN PHILADELPHIA, 1864

[This hymn was to have been sung at the
Inaugural Ceremonies June 7, but an accident to
the singers' platform prevented its use in that
form.]

FATHER, send on Earth again
Peace and good-will to men ;
Yet, while the weary track of life
Leads thy people through storm and strife,
Help us to walk therein.

Guide us through the perilous path ;
Teach us love that tempers wrath ;
Let the fountain of mercy flow
Alike for helpless friend and foe,
Children all of Thine.

God of grace, hear our call ;
Bless our gifts, Giver of all ;
The wounded heal, the captive restore,
And make us a nation evermore
Faithful to Freedom and Thee.

ONE COUNTRY

1865

ONE country ! Treason's writhing asp
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,
And Hatred wrenched with might and main
To rend its welded links in twain,
While Mammon hugged his golden calf
Content to take one broken half,
While thankless churls stood idly by
And heard unmoved a nation's cry !

One country ! “ Nay, ” — the tyrant crew
Shrieked from their dens, — “ it shall be
two !

Ill bodes to us this monstrous birth,
That scowls on all the thrones of earth,
Too broad yon starry cluster shines,
Too proudly tower the New-World pines,
Tear down the ‘ banner of the free, ’
And cleave their land from sea to sea ! ”

One country still, though foe and "friend"
 Our seamless empire strove to rend;
 Safe! safe! though all the fiends of hell
 Join the red murderers' battle-yell!
 What though the lifted sabres gleam,
 The cannons frown by shore and stream, —
 The sabres clash, the cannons thrill,
 In wild accord, One country still!

One country! in her stress and strain
 We heard the breaking of a chain!
 Look where the conquering Nation swings
 Her iron flail, — its shivered rings!
 Forged by the rebels' crimson hand,
 That bolt of wrath shall scourge the land
 Till Peace proclaims on sea and shore
 One Country now and evermore!

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

1865

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the
 blooming,
 Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
 Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
 Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
 Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
 Thousands have died for it, millions defend
 it,
 Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
 Mercy that comes with her white-handed
 train,
 Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
 Sheathing the sabre and breaking the
 chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
 Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
 Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
 Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to
 the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
 While its broad folds o'er the battle-field
 wave,
 Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splen-
 dors,
 Washed from its stains in the blood of
 the brave!

HYMN

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMA-
 TION

1865

GIVER of all that crowns our days,
 With grateful hearts we sing thy praise;
 Through deep and desert led by Thee,
 Our promised land at last we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause!
 If we have kept thy holy laws,
 The sons of Belial curse in vain
 The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance! Israel's Lord!
 Break in their grasp the shield and sword,
 And make thy righteous judgments known
 Till all thy foes are overthrown!

Then, Father, lay thy healing hand
 In mercy on our stricken land;
 Lead all its wanderers to the fold,
 And be their Shepherd as of old.

So shall one Nation's song ascend
 To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
 While Heaven's wide arch resounds again
 With Peace on earth, good-will to men!

HYMN

FOR THE FAIR AT CHICAGO

1865

O God! in danger's darkest hour,
 In battle's deadliest field,
 Thy name has been our Nation's tower,
 Thy truth her help and shield.

Our lips should fill the air with praise,
 Nor pay the debt we owe,
 So high above the songs we raise
 The floods of mercy flow.

Yet Thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,
 The song of praise we sing, —
 Thy children, who thine altar seek
 Their grateful gifts to bring.

Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,
The home of woe and pain,
The soldier's turfy pillow, red
With battle's crimson rain.

No smoke of burning stains the air,
No incense-clouds arise;
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare
A bloodless sacrifice.

Lo! for our wounded brothers' need,
We bear the wine and oil;
For us they faint, for us they bleed,
For them our gracious toil!

O Father, bless the gifts we bring!
Cause Thou thy face to shine,
Till every nation owns her King,
And all the earth is thine.

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE

APRIL 27, 1861

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.

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?

Hark! — 't is the south-wind moans, —
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's
bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursèd stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

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 be-
low;
Trample them one and all!

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!

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! 't is 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!

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!

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

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices re-
sound,
Queen by God's blessing, unseptred, un-
crowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses re-
peat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they
beat!

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

"OLD HUNDRED"

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.

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.

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
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 !

PARTING HYMN

"DUNDEE"

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,
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,
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 ;
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,
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 !

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 :
Oh tell us what its name may be, —
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 ;
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,
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,
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,
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 !
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,
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —

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

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 chat-
tels,

What are you doing, my sweet little man ?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleep-
ing,

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,

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,

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.

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 !

Oh, but the Apron-String Guards are the
fellows !

Drilling each day since our troubles be-
gan, —

“ 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, —
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 stran-
gers !

Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners
ran !

In the brigade of the Stay-at-Home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little
man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that sealed the
Redan;

Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty
Quakers,

Brave not the wrath of the sweet little
man !

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maid-
ens !

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

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 ?

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,
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 !

UNION AND LIBERTY

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder
and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame !

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain
to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken
a star !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unseptred ! what foe shall assail
thee,

Bearing the standard of Liberty's van ?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail
thee,

Striving with men for the birthright of
man !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword
thou must draw,

Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and
Law !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and guide
us,

Trusting Thee always, through shadow
and sun !

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?
Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE !

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain
to shore,

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL

AMERICA TO RUSSIA

AUGUST 5, 1866

Read by Hon. G. V. Fox at a dinner given to
the Mission from the United States, St. Peter-
burg.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart
The worlds of East and West,
Still beats the selfsame human heart
In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main
And dares the howling blast

To clasp more close the golden chain
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,
In vain the billows roar
That chafe the wild and stormy steep
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes ! She comes ! her banners dip
In Neva's flashing tide,
With greetings on her cannon's lip,
The storm-god's iron bride !

Peace garlands with the olive-bough
Her thunder-bearing tower,

And plants before her cleaving prow
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store
To fill her sunless hold,
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore
Its hidden caves infold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings
She floats the depths above,
A breath of flame to lend her wings,
Her freight a people's love !

When darkness hid the starry skies
In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,
The far-off Northern light !

And now the friendly rays return
From lights that glow afar,
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that
burn
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles
We bear across the sea,
O Neva of the banded isles,
We moor our hearts in thee !

WELCOME TO THE GRAND
DUKE ALEXIS

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 6, 1871

Sung to the Russian national air by the children of the public schools.

SHADOWED so long by the storm-cloud of
danger,
Thou whom the prayers of an empire
defend,
Welcome, thrice welcome ! but not as a
stranger,
Come to the nation that calls thee its
friend !

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of
December,
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow;
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that
remember
Who was our friend when the world was
our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet
thee,
See the fresh flowers that a people has
strewn:
Count them thy sisters and brothers that
meet thee;
Guest of the Nation, her heart is thine
own !

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,
Blend your broad flashes with evening's
bright star !
God bless the Empire that loves the Great
Union;
Strength to her people ! Long life to
the Czar !

AT THE BANQUET TO THE
GRAND DUKE ALEXIS

DECEMBER 9, 1871

ONE word to the guest we have gathered
to greet !
The echoes are longing that word to re-
peat, —
It springs to the lips that are waiting to part,
For its syllables spell themselves first in
the heart.

Its accents may vary, its sound may be
strange,
But it bears a kind message that nothing
can change;
The dwellers by Neva its meaning can tell,
For the smile, its interpreter, shows it full
well.

That word ! How it gladdened the Pilgrim
of yore
As he stood in the snow on the desolate
shore !
When the shout of the sagamore startled
his ear
In the phrase of the Saxon, 't was music
to hear !

Ah, little could Samoset offer our sire, —
The cabin, the corn-cake, the seat by the
fire;
He had nothing to give, — the poor lord
of the land, —
But he gave him a WELCOME, — his heart
in his hand !

The tribe of the sachem has melted away,
 But the word that he spoke is remembered
 to-day,
 And the page that is red with the record
 of shame
 The tear-drops have whitened round Samo-
 set's name.

The word that he spoke to the Pilgrim of
 old
 May sound like a tale that has often been
 told;
 But the welcome we speak is as fresh as
 the dew, —
 As the kiss of a lover, that always is new !

Ay, Guest of the Nation ! each roof is
 thine own
 Through all the broad continent's star-ban-
 nered zone;
 From the shore where the curtain of morn
 is uprolled,
 To the billows that flow through the gate-
 way of gold.

The snow-crested mountains are calling
 aloud;
 Nevada to Ural speaks out of the cloud,
 And Shasta shouts forth, from his throne
 in the sky,
 To the storm-splintered summits, the peaks
 of Altai !

You must leave him, they say, till the sum-
 mer is green !
 Both shores are his home, though the
 waves roll between;
 And then we'll return him, with thanks
 for the same,
 As fresh and as smiling and tall as he
 came.

But ours is the region of arctic delight;
 We can show him auroras and pole-stars
 by night;
 There's a Muscovy sting in the ice-tem-
 pered air,
 And our firesides are warm and our maid-
 ens are fair.

The flowers are full-blown in the garlanded
 hall, —
 They will bloom round his footsteps wher-
 ever they fall;

For the splendors of youth and the sun-
 shine they bring
 Make the roses believe 't is the summons
 of Spring.

One word of our language he needs must
 know well,
 But another remains that is harder to
 spell ;
 We shall speak it so ill, if he wishes to
 learn
 How we utter *Farewell*, he will have to
 return !

AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY

AUGUST 21, 1868

BROTHERS, whom we may not reach
 Through the veil of alien speech,
 Welcome ! welcome ! eyes can tell
 What the lips in vain would spell, —
 Words that hearts can understand,
 Brothers from the Flowery Land !

We, the evening's latest born,
 Hail the children of the morn !
 We, the new creation's birth,
 Greet the lords of ancient earth,
 From their storied walls and towers
 Wandering to these tents of ours !

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
 Who long hast shunned the staring day,
 Hid in mists of poet's dreams
 By thy blue and yellow streams, —
 Let us thy shadowed form behold, —
 Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;
 Wisdom walks in ancient ways:
 Thine the compass that could guide
 A nation o'er the stormy tide,
 Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,
 Safe through thrice a thousand years !

Looking from thy turrets gray
 Thou hast seen the world's decay, —
 Egypt drowning in her sands, —
 Athens rent by robbers' hands, —
 Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
 Like a storm-cloud swept away:

Looking from thy turrets gray
Still we see thee. Where are they?
And lo! a new-born nation waits,
Sitting at the golden gates
That glitter by the sunset sea, —
Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold,
To the Dragon's banner-fold!
Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mountain barriers fall!
So may the girdle of the sun
Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta Sieue-Shan, —
Till Erie blends its waters blue
With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu, —
Till deep Missouri lends its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

AT THE BANQUET TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY

AUGUST 2, 1872

WE welcome you, Lords of the Land of
the Sun!
The voice of the many sounds feebly
through one;
Ah! would 't were a voice of more musical
tone,
But the dog-star is here, and the song-
birds have flown.

And what shall I sing that can cheat you
of smiles,
Ye heralds of peace from the Orient isles?
If only the Jubilee — Why did you wait?
You are welcome, but oh! you're a little
too late!

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland
and France,
Round the fiddle of Strauss we have joined
in the dance,
We have lagered Herr Saro, that fine-
looking man,
And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is
Dan.

What a pity! we've missed it and you've
missed it too,
We had a day ready and waiting for you;

We'd have shown you — provided, of
course, you had come —
You'd have heard — no, you would n't,
because it was dumb.

And then the great organ! The chorus's
shout!
Like the mixture teetotalers call "Cold
without" —
A mingling of elements, strong, but not
sweet;
And the drum, just referred to, that "could
n't be beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like
your own,
Where white Fusi-yama lifts proudly its cone,
(The snow-mantled mountain we see on
the fan
That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze
from Japan.)

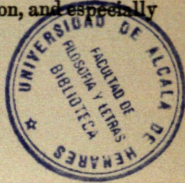
But ours the wide temple where worship is
free
As the wind of the prairie, the wave of the
sea;
You may build your own altar wherever
you will,
For the roof of that temple is over you still.

One dome overarches the star-bannered
shore;
You may enter the Pope's or the Puritan's
door,
Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway of
bronze,
For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or
bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword
and the pen
Is to all of God's children, "We also are
men!
If you wrong us we smart, if you prick us
we bleed,
If you love us, no quarrel with color or
creed!"

You'll find us a well-meaning, free-spoken
crowd,
Good-natured enough, but a little too
loud, —

To be sure, there is always a bit of a row
When we choose our Tycoon, and especially
now.



You'll take it all calmly, — we want you
to see
What a peaceable fight such a contest can
be,
And of one thing be certain, however it
ends,
You will find that our voters have chosen
your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first in
the race,
You will greet your old friend with the
weed in his face;
And if the white hat and the White House
agree,
You'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But oh, what a pity. — once more I must
say —
That we could not have joined in a "Japan-
ese day"!
Such greeting we give you to-night as we
can;
Long life to our brothers and friends of
Japan!

The Lord of the mountain looks down from
his crest
As the banner of morning unfurls in the
West;
The Eagle was always the friend of the
Sun;
You are welcome! — The song of the cage-
bird is done.

BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTH- DAY

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

O EVEN-HANDED Nature! we confess
This life that men so honor, love, and bless
Has filled thine olden measure. Not the
less

We count the precious seasons that remain;
Strike not the level of the golden grain,
But heap it high with years, that earth
may gain

What heaven can lose, — for heaven is rich
in song:
Do not all poets, dying, still prolong
Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,
And England's heavenly minstrel sits be-
tween
The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Floren-
tine?

This was the first sweet singer in the
cage
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age
Claims in his vesper song its heritage:

Spare us, oh spare us long our heart's de-
sire!
Moloch, who calls our children through the
fire,
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have
run;
Rather, as on those flowers that one by
one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom
display
Till evening's planet with her guiding ray
Leads in the blind old mother of the day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a
flower,
The long, long daylight, numbering hour
by hour,
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal
bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?
His evening primrose has not opened yet;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the
skies
In midnight from his century-laden eyes,
Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open
bright
As the resplendent cactus of the night
That floods the gloom with fragrance and
with light?

How can we praise the verse whose music
flows
With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the
rose?

How shall we thank him that in evil days
He faltered never, — nor for blame, nor
praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier
lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were true,
All dyed in royal purple through and
through !

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven is
strung
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal
tongue:
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to mankind:
In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,

As in their amber sweets the smothered
bees, —
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering
trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature
so
Holds their soft hands, and will not let
them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses
beat
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips re-
peat

The secrets she has told them, as their
own:
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful
throne !

O lover of her mountains and her woods,
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,
Where Love himself with tremulous step
intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred
fire:
Far be the day that claims thy sounding
lyre
To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be
filled,
Since throbbing hearts must be forever
stilled,
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,
Its smoke may vanish from these blackened
skies !

Then, when his summons comes, since come
it must,
And, looking heavenward with unfaltering
trust,
He wraps his drapery round him for the
dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his
head
The Northern fires beyond the zenith
spread
In lambent glory, blue and white and
red, —

The Southern cross without its bleeding
load,
The milky way of peace all freshly strowed,
And every white-throned star fixed in its
lost abode !

A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ

[Written on the eve of Agassiz's journey to
Brazil in 1865.]

How the mountains talked together,
Looking down upon the weather,
When they heard our friend had planned his
Little trip among the Andes !
How they 'll bare their snowy scalps
To the climber of the Alps
When the cry goes through their passes,
"Here comes the great Agassiz !"
"Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,
"But I wait for him to say so, —
That's the only thing that lacks, — he
Must see me, Cotopaxi !"
"Ay ! ay !" the fire-peak thunders,
"And he must view my wonders !
I'm but a lonely crater
Till I have him for spectator !"
The mountain hearts are yearning,
The lava-torches burning,
The rivers bend to meet him,

The forests bow to greet him,
 It thrills the spinal column
 Of fossil fishes solemn,
 And glaciers crawl the faster
 To the feet of their old master !
 Heaven keep him well and hearty,
 Both him and all his party !
 From the sun that broils and smites,
 From the centipede that bites,
 From the hail-storm and the thunder,
 From the vampire and the condor,
 From the gust upon the river,
 From the sudden earthquake shiver,
 From the trip of mule or donkey,
 From the midnight howling monkey,
 From the stroke of knife or dagger,
 From the puma and the jaguar,
 From the horrid boa-constrictor
 That has scared us in the pictur',
 From the Indians of the Pampas
 Who would dine upon their grampas,
 From every beast and vermin
 That to think of sets us squirming,
 From every snake that tries on
 The traveller his p'ison,
 From every pest of Natur',
 Likewise the alligator,
 And from two things left behind him,—
 (Be sure they'll try to find him,)
 The tax-bill and assessor,—
 Heaven keep the great Professor !
 May he find, with his apostles,
 That the land is full of fossils,
 That the waters swarm with fishes
 Shaped according to his wishes,
 That every pool is fertile
 In fancy kinds of turtle,
 New birds around him singing,
 New insects, never stinging,
 With a million novel data
 About the articulata,
 And facts that strip off all husks
 From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud Te Deum,
 He returns to his Museum,
 May he find the monstrous reptile
 That so long the land has kept ill
 By Grant and Sherman throttled,
 And by Father Abraham bottled,
 (All specked and streaked and mottled
 With the scars of murderous battles,
 Where he clashed the iron rattles
 That gods and men he shook at,)
 For all the world to look at !

God bless the great Professor !
 And Madam, too, God bless her !
 Bless him and all his band,
 On the sea and on the land,
 Bless them head and heart and hand,
 Till their glorious raid is o'er,
 And they touch our ransomed shore !
 Then the welcome of a nation,
 With its shout of exultation,
 Shall awake the dumb creation,
 And the shapes of buried æons
 Join the living creature's pæans,
 Till the fossil echoes roar;
 While the mighty megalosaurus
 Leads the palæozoic chorus,—
 God bless the great Professor,
 And the land his proud possessor,—
 Bless them now and evermore !

AT A DINNER TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT

JULY 6, 1865

Now, smiling friends and shipmates all,
 Since half our battle 's won,
 A broadside for our Admiral !
 Load every crystal gun !
 Stand ready till I give the word,—
 You won't have time to tire,—
 And when that glorious name is heard,
 Then hip ! hurrah ! and fire !

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft,—
 Our eyes not sadly turn
 And see the pirates huddling aft
 To drop their raft astern ;
 Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey
 The lifted wave shall close,—
 So perish from the face of day
 All Freedom's banded foes !

But ah ! what splendors fire the sky !
 What glories greet the morn !
 The storm-tost banner streams on high,
 Its heavenly hues new-born !
 Its red fresh dyed in heroes' blood,
 Its peaceful white more pure,
 To float unstained o'er field and flood
 While earth and seas endure !

All shapes before the driving blast
 Must glide from mortal view ;

Black roll the billows of the past
 Behind the present's blue,
 Fast, fast, are lessening in the light
 The names of high renown, —
 Van Tromp's proud besom fades from
 sight,
 And Nelson's half hull down !

Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea
 Or skirts the safer shores
 Of all that bore to victory
 Our stout old commodores;
 Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, — where are
 they ?
 The waves their answer roll,
 "Still bright in memory's sunset ray, —
 God rest each gallant soul !"

A brighter name must dim their light
 With more than noontide ray,
 The Sea-King of the "River Fight,"
 The Conqueror of the Bay, —
 Now then the broadside ! cheer on cheer
 To greet him safe on shore !
 Health, peace, and many a bloodless year
 To fight his battles o'er !

AT A DINNER TO GENERAL GRANT

JULY 31, 1865

WHEN treason first began the strife
 That crimsoned sea and shore,
 The Nation poured her hoarded life
 On Freedom's threshing-floor;
 From field and prairie, east and west,
 From coast and hill and plain,
 The sheaves of ripening manhood pressed
 Thick as the bearded grain.

Rich was the harvest; souls as true
 As ever battle tried ;
 But fiercer still the conflict grew,
 The floor of death more wide;
 Ah, who forgets that dreadful day
 Whose blot of grief and shame
 Four bitter years scarce wash away
 In seas of blood and flame ?

Vain, vain the Nation's lofty boasts,
 Vain all her sacrifice !
 "Give me a man to lead my hosts,
 O God in heaven !" she cries.

While Battle whirls his crushing flail,
 And plies his winnowing fan, —
 Thick flies the chaff on every gale, —
 She cannot find her man !

Bravely they fought who failed to win, —
 Our leaders battle-scarred, —
 Fighting the hosts of hell and sin,
 But devils die always hard !
 Blame not the broken tools of God
 That helped our sorest needs;
 Through paths that martyr feet have trod
 The conqueror's steps He leads.

But now the heavens grow black with
 doubt,
 The ravens fill the sky,
 "Friends" plot within, foes storm with-
 out,
 Hark, — that despairing cry,
 "Where is the heart, the hand, the brain
 To dare, to do, to plan ?"
 The bleeding Nation shrieks in vain, —
 She has not found her man !

A little echo stirs the air, —
 Some tale, whate'er it be,
 Of rebels routed in their lair
 Along the Tennessee.
 The little echo spreads and grows,
 And soon the trump of Fame
 Has taught the Nation's friends and foes
 The "man on horseback" 's name.

So well his warlike wooing sped,
 No fortress might resist
 His billets-doux of lispng lead,
 The bayonets in his fist, —
 With kisses from his cannons' mouth
 He made his passion known
 Till Vicksburg, vestal of the South,
 Unbound her virgin zone.

And still where'er his banners led
 He conquered as he came,
 The trembling hosts of treason fled
 Before his breath of fame,
 And Fame's still gathering echoes grew
 Till high o'er Richmond's towers
 The starry fold of Freedom flew,
 And all the land was ours.

Welcome from fields where valor fought
 To feasts where pleasure waits;

A Nation gives you smiles unbought
 At all her opening gates!
 Forgive us when we press your hand,—
 Your war-worn features scan,—
 God sent you to a bleeding land;
 Our Nation found its man!

TO H. W. LONGFELLOW

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE,
 MAY 27, 1868

OUR Poet, who has taught the Western
 breeze
 To waft his songs before him o'er the
 seas,
 Will find them wheresoe'er his wander-
 ings reach
 Borne on the spreading tide of English
 speech
 Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the
 farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger
 be
 That finds a nest for him in every
 tree?
 How shall he travel who can never go
 Where his own voice the echoes do not
 know,
 Where his own garden flowers no longer
 learn to grow?

Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious, how
 benign
 Breathes through our troubled life that
 voice of thine,
 Filled with a sweetness born of happier
 spheres,
 That wins and warms, that kindles, soft-
 ens, cheers,
 That calms the wildest woe and stays the
 bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound
 like praise;
 The mist before me dims my gilded
 phrase;
 Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
 And save that tenderer moments make
 us bold
 Our whitening lips would close, their true-
 est truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun be-
 low
 The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's
 bow,
 Know well what parting means of friend
 from friend;
 After the snows no freshening dews de-
 scend,
 And what the frost has marred, the sun-
 shine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks,
 the days,
 That keep thee from us in unwonted
 ways,
 Grudging to alien hearths our widowed
 time;
 And one has shaped a breath in artless
 rhyme
 That sighs, "We track thee still through
 each remotest clime."

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers
 shall be
 The more than golden freight that floats
 with thee!
 And know, whatever welcome thou shalt
 find,—
 Thou who hast won the hearts of half
 mankind,—
 The proudest, fondest love thou leavest
 still behind!

TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED
 EHRENBERG

FOR HIS "JUBILÆUM" AT BERLIN, NO-
 VEMBER 5, 1868

This poem was written at the suggestion of
 Mr. George Bancroft, the historian.

THOU who hast taught the teachers of man-
 kind
 How from the least of things the might-
 iest grow,
 What marvel jealous Nature made thee
 blind,
 Lest man should learn what angels long
 to know?
 Thou in the flinty rock, the river's flow,
 In the thick-moted sunbeam's sifted
 light

Hast trained thy downward-pointed tube
to show

Worlds within worlds unveiled to mortal
sight,

Even as the patient watchers of the
night,—

The cyclope gleaners of the fruitful
skies,—

Show the wide misty way where heaven is
white

All paved with suns that daze our wonder-
dering eyes.

Far o'er the stormy deep an empire lies,

Beyond the storied islands of the blest,
That waits to see the lingering day-star
rise;

The forest-cinctured Eden of the West;
Whose queen, fair Freedom, twines her
iron crest

With leaves from every wreath that mortals
wear,

But loves the sober garland ever best

That science lends the sage's silvered
hair;—

Science, who makes life's heritage more
fair,

Forging for every lock its mastering
key,

Filling with life and hope the stagnant
air,

Pouring the light of Heaven o'er land
and sea!

From her unsculptured realm we come to
thee,

Bearing our slender tribute in our hands;
Deem it not worthless, humble though it
be,

Set by the larger gifts of older lands:

The smallest fibres weave the strongest
bands,—

In narrowest tubes the sovereign nerves
are spun,—

A little cord along the deep sea-sands

Makes the live thought of severed na-
tions one:

Thy fame has journeyed westering with
the sun,

Prairies and lone sierras know thy name

And the long day of service nobly done
That crowns thy darkened evening with
its flame!

One with the grateful world, we own thy
claim,—

Nay, rather claim our right to join the
throng

Who come with varied tongues, but hearts
the same,

To hail thy festal morn with smiles and
song;

Ah, happy they to whom the joys belong
Of peaceful triumphs that can never die
From History's record,—not of gilded
wrong,

But golden truths that, while the world
goes by

With all its empty pageant, blazoned high
Around the Master's name forever shine!

So shines thy name illumined in the sky,—
Such joys, such triumphs, such remem-
brance thine!

A TOAST TO WILKIE COLLINS

FEBRUARY 16, 1874

THE painter's and the poet's fame
Shed their twinned lustre round his name,
To gild our story-teller's art,
Where each in turn must play his part.

What scenes from Wilkie's pencil sprung,
The minstrel saw but left unsung!
What shapes the pen of Collins drew,
No painter clad in living hue!

But on our artist's shadowy screen
A stranger miracle is seen
Than priest unveils or pilgrim seeks,—
The poem breathes, the picture speaks!

And so his double name comes true,
They christened better than they knew,
And Art proclaims him twice her son,—
Painter and poet, both in one!

MEMORIAL VERSES

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865

CHORAL: "LUTHER'S JUDGMENT HYMN"

O THOU of soul and sense and breath
The ever-present Giver,
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh thou dost deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation!
Oh let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our nation!

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,
In One our broken Many blend,
That none again may sever!
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever!

FOR THE COMMEMORATION
SERVICES

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865

FOUR summers coined their golden light in
leaves,
FOUR wasteful autumns flung them to
the gale,

Four winters wore the shroud the tempest
weaves,
The fourth wan April weeps o'er hill
and vale;

And still the war-clouds scowl on sea and
land,
With the red gleams of battle staining
through,
When lo! as parted by an angel's hand,
They open, and the heavens again are
blue!

Which is the dream, the present or the
past?
The night of anguish or the joyous morn?
The long, long years with horrors overcast,
Or the sweet promise of the day new-
born?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms infold
Thy belted first-born in their fast em-
brace,
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch
breathed of old, —
"Now let me die, for I have seen thy
face!"

Tell us, O mother, — nay, thou canst not
speak,
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed
with joy, —
Press thy mute lips against the sunbrowned
cheek,
Is this a phantom, — thy returning boy?

Tell us, O maiden, — ah, what canst thou
tell
That Nature's record is not first to
teach, —
The open volume all can read so well,
With its twin rose-hued pages full of
speech?

And ye who mourn your dead, — how
sternly true
The crushing hour that wrenched their
lives away,
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for
you,
For them the dawning of immortal day!

Dream-like these years of conflict, not a dream !

Death, ruin, ashes tell the awful tale,
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam:

No dream, but truth that turns the nations pale !

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,
Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands, —
Thrones look a century older in its light !

Rome had her triumphs; round the conqueror's car

The ensigns waved, the brazen clarions blew,
And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war
With outspread wings the cruel eagles flew;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains

Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed and scarred,
And wild-eyed wonders snared on Libyan plains,
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that prætors clutched, that consuls brought

When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord;
Less than the least brave deed these hands have wrought,
We clasp, unclinking from the bloody sword.

Theirs was the mighty work that seers foretold;

They know not half their glorious toil has won,
For this is Heaven's same battle, — joined of old
When Athens fought for us at Marathon !

Behold a vision none hath understood !

The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal;
Twice rings the summons. — Hail and fire and blood !

Then the third angel blows his trumpet-peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled coasts,

The green savannas swell the maddened cry,
And with a yell from all the demon hosts
Falls the great star called Wormwood from the sky !

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore,
Thousands must drink the waves of death and woe,
But the star Wormwood stains the heavens no more !

Peace smiles at last; the Nation calls her sons

To sheathe the sword; her battle-flag she furls,
Speaks in glad thunders from unshotted guns,
No terror shrouded in the smoke-wreath's curls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living, dead,
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,
For every holy drop your veins have shed
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of green !

Welcome, ye living ! from the foeman's gripe

Your country's banner it was yours to wrest, —
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner-stripe,
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's bed
Mark when your old battalions form in line,

Move in their marching ranks with noiseless tread,
And shape unheard the evening counter-sign,

Come with your comrades, the returning brave;

Shoulder to shoulder they await you here;
These lent the life their martyr-brothers gave, —
Living and dead alike forever dear !

EDWARD EVERETT

"OUR FIRST CITIZEN"

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

WINTER's cold drift lies glistening o'er his breast ;

For him no spring shall bid the leaf unfold :

What Love could speak, by sudden grief oppressed,

What swiftly summoned Memory tell, is told.

Even as the bells, in one consenting chime,
Filled with their sweet vibrations all the air,

So joined all voices, in that mournful time,
His genius, wisdom, virtues, to declare.

What place is left for words of measured praise,

Till calm-eyed History, with her iron pen,

Grooves in the unchanging rock the final phrase

That shapes his image in the souls of men ?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his name,
While countless tongues his full-orbed life rehearse,

Love, by his beating pulses taught, will claim

The breath of song, the tuneful throb of verse, —

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and flow,
Moves, like the laboring heart, with rush and rest,

Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and slow,

Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn breast.

This was a mind so rounded, so complete,
No partial gift of Nature in excess,

That, like a single stream where many meet,

Each separate talent counted something less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,
Holds o'er the fields an undisputed reign;

While the broad summit of the table-land
Seems with its belt of clouds a level plain.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful slave,

Unsleeping Memory, strengthening with his toils,

To every ruder task his shoulder gave,
And loaded every day with golden spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned supreme

O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling, thought;

True as the dial's shadow to the beam,
Each hour was equal to the charge it brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill
That weighs the world of science grain

by grain;
All realms of knowledge owned the mastering will

That claimed the franchise of its whole domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,
Art, history, song, — what meanings lie

in each
Found in his cunning hand a stringless lyre,

And poured their mingling music through his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our festal days,

Whose ravishing division held apart
The lips of listening throngs in sweet

amaze,
Moved in all breasts the selfsame human

heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries
To press some care, some haunting sadness down;

His smile half shadow; and to stranger eyes

The kingly forehead wore an iron crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the storm,

To fight for homely truth with vulgar
power;
Grace looked from every feature, shaped
his form,—
The rose of Academe, — the perfect
flower !

Such was the stately scholar whom we
knew
In those ill days of soul-enslaving calm,
Before the blast of Northern vengeance
blew
Her snow-wreathed pine against the
Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us ! did we hold too cheap
The heart we might have known, but
would not see,
And look to find the nation's friend asleep
Through the dread hour of her Geth-
semane ?

That wrong is past ; we gave him up to
Death
With all a hero's honors round his name ;
As martyrs coin their blood, he coined his
breath,
And dimmed the scholar's in the pa-
triot's fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we raise, —
Telling our grief, our pride, to unborn
years, —
“ He who had lived the mark of all men's
praise
Died with the tribute of a Nation's tears.”

SHAKESPEARE

TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

APRIL 23, 1864

“ WHO claims our Shakespeare from that
realm unknown,
Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the
deep,
Where Genoa's roving mariner was blown?
Her twofold Saint's-day let our England
keep ;
Shall warring aliens share her holy task ? ”
The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare ! ours with all thy
past,
Till these last years that make the sea
so wide,
Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous
pride
In every noble word thy sons bequeathed
The air our fathers breathed !

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the
strife,
We turn to other days and far-off lands,
Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered
hands
To wreath his bust, and scatter purple
flowers, —
Not his the need, but ours !

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of
the dawn, —
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale
spark,
While others only note that day is gone ;
For him the Lord of light the curtain rent
That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half known,
Stretching beyond our narrow quadrant-
lines, —
As in that world of Nature all outgrown
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,
And cast from Mariposa's mountain-wall
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,
Throbbing its radiance like a beating
heart ;
In the wide compass of angelic powers
The instinct of the blind worm has its part ;
So in God's kingliest creature we behold
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-
carved name
Stamped once on dust that moved with
pulse and breath,
As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame
Whose undimmed glories gild the night
of death ;
We praise not star or sun ; in these we see
Thee, Father, only thee !

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love:

We read, we reverence on this human soul,—

Earth's clearest mirror of the light above,—
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,
When o'er his page the effluent splendors
poured,
Thine own "Thus saith the Lord!"

This player was a prophet from on high,
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet,
sage,

For him thy sovereign pleasure passed them
by;

Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened
age,

Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial
mind

Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' *Te Deum*
rise,

Nor fear to make thy worship less divine,
And hear the shouted choral shake the
skies,

Counting all glory, power, and wisdom
thine;

For thy great gift thy greater name adore,
And praise thee evermore!

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost
need,

Thanks for these unstained drops of
freshening dew!

Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,
Keep us to every sweet remembrance
true,

Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-
born

Our Nation's second morn!

IN MEMORY OF JOHN AND ROBERT WARE

Read at the annual meeting of the Massa-
chusetts Medical Society, May 25, 1864.

No mystic charm, no mortal art,

Can bid our loved companions stay;

The bands that clasp them to our heart

Snap in death's frost and fall apart;

Like shadows fading with the day,

They pass away.

The young are stricken in their pride,
The old, long tottering, faint and fall;
Master and scholar, side by side,
Through the dark portals silent glide,
That open in life's mouldering wall
And close on all.

Our friend's, our teacher's task was done,
When Mercy called him from on high;
A little cloud had dimmed the sun,
The saddening hours had just begun,
And darker days were drawing nigh:
'T was time to die.

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,
A life with purer course and aim,
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,
We may not look on earth to find.
The love that lingers o'er his name
Is more than fame.

These blood-red summers ripen fast;
The sons are older than the sires;
Ere yet the tree to earth is cast,
The sapling falls before the blast;
Life's ashes keep their covered fires,—
Its flame expires.

Struck by the noiseless, viewless foe,
Whose deadlier breath than shot or shell
Has laid the best and bravest low,
His boy, all bright in morning's glow,
That high-souled youth he loved so well,
Untimely fell.

Yet still he wore his placid smile,
And, trustful in the cheering creed
That strives all sorrow to beguile,
Walked calmly on his way awhile:
Ah, breast that leans on breaking reed
Must ever bleed!

So they both left us, sire and son,
With opening leaf, with laden bough:
The youth whose race was just begun,
The wearied man whose course was run,
Its record written on his brow,
Are brothers now.

Brothers! — The music of the sound
Breathes softly through my closing strain;
The floor we tread is holy ground,
Those gentle spirits hovering round,
While our fair circle joins again
Its broken chain.

HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER
14, 1869

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

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight
sound,
Set back the flaming index of the year,
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their
round
Through fivescore circles of the swinging
sphere !

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea
That cleaves the storm-cloud with its
snowy crest,
The embryo-heir of Empires yet to be,
A month-old babe upon his mother's
breast.

Those little hands that soon shall grow so
strong
In their rude grasp great thrones shall
rock and fall,
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song
Holds the world's master in its slender
thrall.

Look ! a new crescent bends its silver bow ;
A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky ;
Hark ! by the river where the lindens blow
A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror ! His the vast do-
main,
Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed
lands ;
Earth and the weltering kingdom of the
main
Laid their broad charters in his royal
hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,
Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or
porch ;
He read the record of the planet's page
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods ;
On the salt steppes he saw the starlight
shine ;

He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,
And trod the galleries of the breathless
mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung
lyre,
No problem vague, by torturing school-
men vexed ;
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,
Nor skulked and scowled behind a
Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly
robe
That priestly shoulders counted all their
own,
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe
And led young Science to her empty
throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins
One fruitful year shall boast its double
birth,
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,
Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never
fade,
Sweet with fair memories that can never
die ?
Ask not the marbles where their bones are
laid,
But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers'
cry : —

"Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,
Like mandrakes, shrieking as they quit
the soil !

Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit
That sucks its crimson from the heart of
Toil !

"We claim the food that fixed our mortal
fate, —
Bend to our reach the long-forbidden
tree !

The angel frowned at Eden's eastern
gate, —
Its western portal is forever free !

"Bring the white blossoms of the waning
year,
Heap with full hands the peaceful con-
queror's shrine

Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's
tear!
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute
thine!"

POEM

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HALLECK
MONUMENT, JULY 8, 1869

SAY not the Poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its
roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that
Echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his
soul!

We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after eyes
The stone with "Here he lies;"
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming tab-
lets shine
That wear his name inwrought with many
a golden line!

Call not our Poet dead,
Though on his turf we tread!
Green is the wreath their brows so long
have worn,—
The minstrels of the morn,
Who, while the Orient burned with new-
born flame,
Caught that celestial fire
And struck a Nation's lyre!
These taught the western winds the
poet's name;
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden
flowers of fame!

Count not our Poet dead!
The stars shall watch his bed,
The rose of June its fragrant life re-
new
His blushing mound to strew,

And all the tuneful throats of summer
swell
With trills as crystal-clear
As when he wooed the ear
Of the young muse that haunts each
wooded dell,
With songs of that "rough land" he loved
so long and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful
mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of
snow.
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but
dust below!

HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT THE LAYING
OF THE CORNER-STONE OF HARVARD
MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, OCTO-
BER 6, 1870

NOT with the anguish of hearts that are
breaking
Come we as mourners to weep for our
dead;
Grief in our breasts has grown weary of
aching,
Green is the turf where our tears we
have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are
creeping,
Stealing each name and its legend away,
Give their proud story to Memory's keep-
ing,
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their
marches,
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of
morn,—
Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and
arches!
Tell their bright deeds to the ages un-
born!

Emblem and legend may fade from the
portal,
Keystone may crumble and pillar may
fall;
They were the builders whose work is im-
mortal,
Crowned with the dome that is over us
all !

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL
AT CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 23, 1874

WHERE, girt around by savage foes,
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,
Behold, the lofty temple stands,
Reared by her children's grateful hands !

Firm are the pillars that defy
The volleyed thunders of the sky;
Sweet are the summer wreaths that twine
With bud and flower our martyrs' shrine.

The hues their tattered colors bore
Fall mingling on the sunlit floor
Till evening spreads her spangled pall,
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's hour,
Sweet was their manhood's morning flower
Their hopes with rainbow hues were
bright, —
How swiftly winged the sudden night !

O Mother ! on thy marble page
Thy children read, from age to age,
The mighty word that upward leads
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

TRUTH, heaven-born TRUTH, their fearless
guide,
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes died;
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,
Their glory be forever thine !

HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES
SUMNER, APRIL 29, 1874

SUNG BY MALE VOICES TO A NATIONAL AIR
OF HOLLAND

ONCE more, ye sacred towers,
Your solemn dirges sound;
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,
Once more to deck his mound.
A nation mourns its dead,
Its sorrowing voices one,
As Israel's monarch bowed his head
And cried, "My son ! My son !"

Why mourn for him ? — For him
The welcome angel came
Ere yet his eye with age was dim
Or bent his stately frame;
His weapon still was bright,
His shield was lifted high
To slay the wrong, to save the right, —
What happier hour to die ?

Thou orderest all things well;
Thy servant's work was done;
He lived to hear Oppression's knell,
The shouts for Freedom won.
Hark ! from the opening skies
The anthem's echoing swell, —
"O mourning Land, lift up thine eyes !
God reigneth. All is well !"

RHYMES OF AN HOUR

AN IMPROMPTU

AT THE WALCKER DINNER UPON THE
COMPLETION OF THE GREAT ORGAN
FOR BOSTON MUSIC HALL IN 1863

I ASKED three little maidens who heard the
organ play,
Where all the music came from that stole
our hearts away:

"I know," — said fair-haired Edith, — "it
was the autumn breeze
That whistled through the hollows of all
those silver trees."

"No, child !" — said keen-eyed Clara, —
"it is a lion's cage, —
They woke him out of slumber, — I heard
him roar and rage."

"Nay," — answered soft-voiced Anna, —
 "t was thunder that you heard,
 And after that came sunshine and singing
 of a bird."

"Hush, hush, you little children, for all of
 you are wrong,"
 I said, "my pretty darlings, — it was no
 earthly song;
 A band of blessed angels has left the
 heavenly choirs,
 And what you heard last evening were
 seraph lips and lyres!"

ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AV-
 ENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, DECEM-
 BER 3, 1873

HANG out our banners on the stately
 tower!

It dawns at last — the long-expected hour!
 The steep is climbed, the star-lit summit
 won,

The builder's task, the artist's labor done;
 Before the finished work the herald stands,
 And asks the verdict of your lips and
 hands!

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget
 The golden sun that yester-evening set?
 Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away
 Ere the last headaches born of New Year's
 Day;

With blasting breath the fierce destroyer
 came

And wrapped the victim in his robes of
 flame;

The pictured sky with redder morning
 blushed,

With scorching streams the naiad's foun-
 tain gushed,

With kindling mountains glowed the fune-
 ral pyre,

Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire, —
 The scenes dissolved, the shriveling curtain
 fell, —

Art spread her wings and sighed a long
 farewell!

Mourn o'er the Player's melancholy
 plight, —

Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white, —

Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet
 cost,
 And Juliet whimpering for her dresses
 lost, —

Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all
 undrawn,

Their cues cut short, their occupation
 gone!

"Lie there in dust," the red-winged de-
 mon cried,

"Wreck of the lordly city's hope and
 pride!"

Silent they stand, and stare with vacant
 gaze,

While o'er the embers leaps the fitful
 blaze;

When, lo! a hand, before the startled
 train,

Writes in the ashes, "It shall rise again, —
 Rise and confront its elemental foes!"

The word was spoken, and the walls arose,
 And ere the seasons round their brief ca-
 reer

The new-born temple waits the unborn
 year.

Ours was the toil of many a weary day
 Your smiles, your plaudits, only can repay;
 We are the monarchs of the painted
 scenes,

You, you alone the real Kings and Queens!
 Lords of the little kingdom where we
 meet,

We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet,
 Place in your grasp our portal's silvered
 keys

With one brief utterance: *We have tried
 to please.*

Tell us, ye sovereigns of the new domain,
 Are you content — or have we toiled in
 vain?

With no irreverent glances look around
 The realm you rule, for this is haunted
 ground!

Here stalks the Sorcerer, here the Fairy
 trips,

Here limps the Witch with malice-work-
 ing lips,

The Graces here their snowy arms entwine,
 Here dwell the fairest sisters of the
 Nine, —

She who, with jocund voice and twinkling
 eye,

Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly;
She of the dagger and the deadly bowl,
Whose charming horrors thrill the trem-
bling soul;

She who, a truant from celestial spheres,
In mortal semblance now and then appears,
Stealing the fairest earthly shape she
can —

Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran;
With these the spangled houri of the
dance, —

What shaft so dangerous as her melting
glance,

As poised in air she spurns the earth below,
And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe!

What were our life, with all its rents and
seams,
Stripped of its purple robes, our waking
dreams ?

The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,
The tinselled shows that cheat us on the
stage

Lead all our fancies captive at their will;
Three years or threescore, we are children
still.

The little listener on his father's knee,
With wandering Sindbad ploughs the
stormy sea,

With Gotham's sages hears the billows roll
(Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl,
Too early shipwrecked, for they died too
soon

To see their offspring launch the great
balloon);

Tracks the dark brigand to his mountain
lair,

Slays the grim giant, saves the lady fair,
Fights all his country's battles o'er again
From Bunker's blazing height to Lundy's
Lane;

Floats with the mighty captains as they
sailed,

Before whose flag the flaming red-cross
paled,

And claims the oft-told story of the scars
Scarce yet grown white, that saved the
stripes and stars !

Children of later growth, we love the
PLAY,

We love its heroes, be they grave or gay,
From squeaking, peppery, devil-defying
Punch

To roaring Richard with his camel-hunch;
Adore its heroines, those immortal dames,
Time's only rivals, whom he never tames,
Whose youth, unchanging, lives while
thrones decay

(Age spares the Pyramids — and Dejazet);
The saucy - aproned, razor - tongued sou-
brette,

The blond-haired beauty with the eyes of
jet,

The gorgeous Beings whom the viewless
wires

Lift to the skies in strontian-crimsoned
fires,

And all the wealth of splendor that awaits
The throng that enters those Elysian gates.

See where the hurrying crowd impatient
pours,

With noise of trampling feet and flapping
doors,

Streams to the numbered seat each paste-
board fits

And smooths its caudal plumage as it sits ;
Waits while the slow musicians saunter
in,

Till the bald leader taps his violin;
Till the old overture we know so well,
Zampa or Magic Flute or William Tell,
Has done its worst — then hark ! the
tinkling bell !

The crash is o'er — the crinkling curtain
furled,

And lo ! the glories of that brighter world !

Behold the offspring of the Thespian
cart,

This full-grown temple of the magic art,
Where all the conjurers of illusion meet,
And please us all the more, the more they
cheat.

These are the wizards and the witches too
Who win their honest bread by cheating
you

With cheeks that drown in artificial tears
And lying skull-caps white with seventy
years,

Sweet-tempered matrons changed to scold-
ing Kates,

Maids mild as moonbeams crazed with
murderous hates,

Kind, simple souls that stab and slash and
slay

And stick at nothing, if it's in the play !

Would all the world told half as harmless lies !
 Would all its real fools were half as wise
 As he who blinks through dull Dundreary's eyes !
 Would all the unchange'd bandits of the age
 Were like the peaceful ruffians of the stage !
 Would all the cankers wasting town and state,
 The mob of rascals, little thieves and great,
 Dealers in watered milk and watered stocks,
 Who lead us lambs to pasture on the rocks, —
 Shepherds — Jack Sheppards — of their city flocks, —
 The rings of rogues that rob the luckless town,
 Those evil angels creeping up and down
 The Jacob's ladder of the treasury stairs, —
 Not stage, but real Turpins and Ma-caires, —
 Could doff, like us, their knavery with their clothes,
 And find it easy as forgetting oaths !

Welcome, thrice welcome to our virgin dome,
 The Muses' shrine, the Drama's new-found home !
 Here shall the Statesman rest his weary brain,
 The worn-out Artist find his wits again;
 Here Trade forget his ledger and his cares,
 And sweet communion mingle Bulls and Bears;
 Here shall the youthful Lover, nestling near
 The shrinking maiden, her he holds most dear,
 Gaze on the mimic moonlight as it falls
 On painted groves, on sliding canvas walls,
 And sigh, "My angel! What a life of bliss
 We two could live in such a world as this !"
 Here shall the timid pedants of the schools,
 The gilded boors, the labor-scorning fools,
 The grass-green rustic and the smoke-dried cit,
 Feel each in turn the stinging lash of wit,
 And as it tingles on some tender part
 Each find a balsam in his neighbor's smart;

So every folly prove a fresh delight
 As in the picture of our play to-night.

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

A SEA DIALOGUE

NOVEMBER 10, 1864

Cabin Passenger *Man at Wheel*

CABIN PASSENGER

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder much
 That he who sails the ocean should be sad.
 I am myself reflective. When I think
 Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has sucked
 Between his sharp thin lips, the wedgy waves,
 What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls;
 What piles of shekels, talents, ducats, crowns,
 What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,
 Of laces that have blanked the weavers' eyes,
 Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man,
 The half-starved workman, and the well-fed worm;
 What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parchments, books;
 What many-lobuled, thought-engendering brains;
 Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw, —
 I, too, am silent; for all language seems
 A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.
 O mariner, we look upon the waves
 And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!" they say, —
 "Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is hushed,
 And with my trembling finger on my lips
 My soul exclaims in ecstasy —

MAN AT WHEEL

Belay !

CABIN PASSENGER

Ah yes! "Delay,"—it calls, "nor haste to break

The charm of stillness with an idle word!"
O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought
Strides even with my own, nay, flies be-
fore.

Thou art a brother to the wind and wave;
Have they not music for thine ear as
mine,

When the wild tempest makes thy ship his
lyre,

Smiting a cavernous basso from the
shrouds

And climbing up his gamut through the
stays,

Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till
it shrills

An alto keener than the locust sings,
And all the great Æolian orchestra
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?
Is not the scene a wondrous and —

MAN AT WHEEL

Avast!

CABIN PASSENGER

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene!
I see thy soul is open as the day
That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl
To all the solemn glories of the deep.
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel
The grandeur of thine office, — to control
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam
In the great shining garment of the world?

MAN AT WHEEL

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss-marine!
(*To the Captain.*)

Ay, ay, Sir! Stiddy, Sir! Sou'wes' b'sou'!

CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD
AND LIVE LANGUAGES

PHI BETA KAPPA. — CAMBRIDGE, 1867

You bid me sing, — can I forget
The classic ode of days gone by, —

How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette
Exclaimed, "Anacreōn, gerōn ei"?
"Regardez donc," those ladies said, —
"You're getting bald and wrinkled too:
When summer's roses all are shed,
Love's nullum ite, voyez-vous!"

In vain ce brave Anacreon's cry,
"Of Love alone my banjo sings"
(Erōta mounon). "Etiam si, —
Eh b'en?" replied the saucy things, —
"Go find a maid whose hair is gray,
And strike your lyre, — we sha'n't com-
plain:

But parce nobis, s'il vous plaît, —
Voilà Adolphe! Voilà Eugène!"

Ah, jeune Lisette! Ah, belle Fifine!
Anacreon's lesson all must learn;
O kairos oxūs; Spring is green,
But Acer Hyems waits his turn!
I hear you whispering from the dust,
"Tiens, mon cher, c'est toujours so, —
The brightest blade grows dim with rust,
The fairest meadow white with snow!"

You do not mean it! *Not encore?*
Another string of playday rhymes?
You've heard me — nonne est? — before,
Multoties, — more than twenty times;
Non possum, — vraiment, — pas du tout,
I cannot! I am loath to shirk;
But who will listen if I do,
My memory makes such shocking work?

Ginōsko. Scio. Yes, I'm told
Some ancients like my rusty lay,
As Grandpa Noah loved the old
Red-sandstone march of Jubal's day.
I used to carol like the birds,
But time my wits has quite unfix'd,
Et quoad verba, — for my words, —
Ciel! Eheu! Whe-ew! — how they're
mixed!

Mehercle! Zeu! Diable! how
My thoughts were dressed when I was
young,

But tempus fugit! see them now
Half clad in rags of every tongue!
O philoi, fratres, chers amis!
I dare not court the youthful Muse,
For fear her sharp response should be,
"Papa Anacreon, please excuse!"

Adieu! I've trod my annual track
 How long!—let others count the miles,—
 And peddled out my rhyming pack
 To friends who always paid in smiles.
 So, laissez-moi! some youthful wit
 No doubt has wares he wants to show;
 And I am asking, "Let me sit,"
 Dum ille clamat, "Dos pou sto!"

FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF BOSTON PIER,
 OR THE LONG WHARF, APRIL 16, 1873

DEAR friends, we are strangers; we never
 before
 Have suspected what love to each other we
 bore;
 But each of us all to his neighbor is dear,
 Whose heart has a throb for our time-
 honored pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's
 face,
 I could open my arms in a loving em-
 brace;
 What wonder that feelings, undreamed of
 so long,
 Should burst all at once in a blossom of
 song!

While I turn my fond glance on the mon-
 arch of piers,
 Whose throne has stood firm through his
 eightscore of years,
 My thought travels backward and reaches
 the day
 When they drove the first pile on the edge
 of the bay.

See! The joiner, the shipwright, the smith
 from his forge,
 The redcoat, who shoulders his gun for
 King George,
 The shopman, the 'prentice, the boys from
 the lane,
 The parson, the doctor with gold-headed
 cane,

Come trooping down King Street, where
 now may be seen
 The pulleys and ropes of a mighty ma-
 chine;

The weight rises slowly; it drops with a
 thud;
 And, lo! the great timber sinks deep in
 the mud!

They are gone, the stout craftsmen that
 hammered the piles,
 And the square-toed old boys in the three-
 cornered tiles;
 The breeches, the buckles, have faded
 from view,
 And the parson's white wig and the ribbon-
 tied queue.

The redcoats have vanished; the last gren-
 adier
 Stepped into the boat from the end of our
 pier;
 They found that our hills were not easy to
 climb,
 And the order came, "Countermarch,
 double-quick time!"

They are gone, friend and foe,—anchored
 fast at the pier,
 Whence no vessel brings back its pale
 passengers here;
 But our wharf, like a lily, still floats on the
 flood,
 Its breast in the sunshine, its roots in the
 mud.

Who— who that has loved it so long and
 so well—
 The flower of his birthright would barter
 or sell?
 No: pride of the bay, while its ripples shall
 run,
 You shall pass, as an heirloom, from father
 to son!

Let me part with the acres my grandfather
 bought,
 With the bonds that my uncle's kind leg-
 acy brought,
 With my bank-shares,—old "Union,"
 whose ten per cent stock
 Stands stiff through the storms as the Ed-
 dystone rock;

With my rights (or my wrongs) in the
 "Erie,"—alas!
 With my claims on the mournful and
 "Mutual Mass.;"

With my "Phil. Wil. and Balt.," with my
 "C. B. and Q.;"
 But I never, no never, will sell out of
 you.

We drink to thy past and thy future to-
 day,
 Strong right arm of Boston, stretched out
 o'er the bay.
 May the winds waft the wealth of all na-
 tions to thee,
 And thy dividends flow like the waves of
 the sea!

A POEM SERVED TO ORDER

PHI BETA KAPPA, JUNE 26, 1873

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,
 And, scowling with a fearful look
 That meant, — We stand no gammon, —
 "To-morrow, just at two," he said,
 "Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,
 Or serve us up a salmon."

"Great sire," the trembling *chef* replied,
 "Lord of the Earth and all beside,
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on" —
 (Look in Eothen, — there you'll find
 A list of titles. Never mind;
 I have n't time to go on:)

"Great sire," and so forth, thus he spoke,
 "Your Highness must intend a joke;
 It does n't stand to reason
 For one to order salmon brought,
 Unless that fish is sometimes caught,
 And also is in season.

"Our luck of late is shocking bad,
 In fact, the latest catch we had
 (We kept the matter shady),
 But, hauling in our nets, — alack!
 We found no salmon, but a sack
 That held your honored Lady!"

"Allah is great!" the Caliph said,
 "My poor Zuleika, you are dead,
 I once took interest in you."
 "Perhaps, my Lord, you'd like to know
 We cut the lines and let her go."
 "Allah be praised! Continue."

"It is n't hard one's hook to bait,
 And, squatting down, to watch and wait,
 To see the cork go under;
 At last suppose you've got your bite,
 You twitch away with all your might, —
 You've hooked an eel, by thunder!"

The Caliph patted Hassan's head:
 "Slave, thou hast spoken well," he said,
 "And won thy master's favor.
 Yes; since what happened t' other morn
 The salmon of the Golden Horn
 Might have a doubtful flavor.

"That last remark about the eel
 Has also justice that we feel
 Quite to our satisfaction.
 To-morrow we dispense with fish,
 And, for the present, if you wish,
 You'll keep your bulbous fraction."

"Thanks! thanks!" the grateful *chef* re-
 plied,
 His nutrient feature showing wide
 The gleam of arches dental:
 "To cut my head off would n't pay,
 I find it useful every day,
 As well as ornamental."

Brothers, I hope you will not fail
 To see the moral of my tale
 And kindly to receive it.
 You know your anniversary pie
 Must have its crust, though hard and
 dry,
 And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youths were born
 I've fished in Fancy's Golden Horn
 For what the Muse might send me!
 How gayly then I cast the line,
 When all the morning sky was mine,
 And Hope her flies would lend me!

And now I hear our despot's call,
 And come, like Hassan, to the hall, —
 If there's a slave, I am one, —
 My bait no longer flies, but worms!
 I've caught — Lord bless me! how he
 squirms!
 An eel, and not a salmon!

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HAR-
VARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25,
1873

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain
Through all the land of flowers
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain
Our classic grove embowers;
Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,
Here dwells eternal spring,
And warm from Hope's elysian isles
The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,
Each singing throat in tune,
And bright o'er evening's silver flood
Shines the young crescent moon.
What wonder Age forgets his staff
And lays his glasses down
And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh
As when their locks were brown!

With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim
They greet the joyous day
That calls them to the fountain's brim
To wash their years away.
What change has clothed the ancient sire
In sudden youth? For, lo!
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire
Are Jack and Bill and Joe!

And be his titles what they will,
In spite of manhood's claim
The graybeard is a school-boy still
And loves his school-boy name;
It calms the ruler's stormy breast
Whom hurrying care pursues,
And brings a sense of peace and rest,
Like slippers after shoes.

And what are all the prizes won
To youth's enchanted view?
And what is all the man has done
To what the boy may do?
O blessed fount, whose waters flow
Alike for sire and son,
That melts our winter's frost and snow
And makes all ages one!

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,
That flings its golden shower
With age to fill and youth to guide,
Still fresh in morning flower!

Flow on with ever-widening stream,
In ever-brightening morn,—
Our story's pride, our future's dream,
The hope of times unborn!

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME

1865

THERE is no time like the old time, when
you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the
birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by summer
suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers
that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where
you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the
splendors of the morn
From the milk-white breast that warmed
us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that
will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who
has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage
like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy
crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with
sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we
courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and
we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us with the
colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the
day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times, —
they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place, — keep
green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends, —
may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves, —
God bless our loving wives!

A HYMN OF PEACE

SUNG AT THE "JUBILEE," JUNE 15, 1869,
TO THE MUSIC OF KELLER'S "AMERICAN HYMN"

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!

Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!

Come while our voices are blended in song,—

Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,

Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—

Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,

Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—

Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!

Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,

Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!

Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!—

Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main

Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—

Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!

Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—

Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

BUNKER-HILL BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS

1874-1877

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

The story of Bunker Hill battle is told as literally in accordance with the best authorities as it would have been if it had been written in prose instead of in verse. I have often been asked what steeple it was from which the little group I speak of looked upon the conflict. To this I answer that I am not prepared to speak authoritatively, but that the reader may take his choice among all the steeples standing at that time in the northern part of the city. Christ Church in Salem Street is the one I always think of, but I do not insist upon its claim. As to the personages who made up the small company that followed the old corporal, it would be hard to identify them, but by ascertaining where the portrait by Copley is now to be found, some light may be thrown on their personality.

Daniel Malcolm's gravestone, splintered by British bullets, may be seen in the Copp's Hill burial-ground.

'T is like stirring living embers when, at
eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the
times that tried men's souls;"
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I
tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me
they're burning coals.

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

'T was a peaceful summer's morning,
when the first thing gave us warn-
ing

Was the booming of the cannon from the
river and the shore:

"Child," says grandma, "what's the mat-
ter, what is all this noise and clat-
ter?"

Have those scalping Indian devils come to
murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in
the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns
began to roar:

She had seen the burning village, and the
slaughter and the pillage,

When the Mohawks killed her father with
their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't
you fret and worry any,

For I'll soon come back and tell you
whether this is work or play;

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't
be gone a minute" —

For a minute then I started. I was gone
the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-
glass grimacing;

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling
half-way to my heels;

God forbid your ever knowing, when
there's blood around her flowing,

How the lonely, helpless daughter of a
quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I
knew it was the stumping

Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that
wooden leg he wore,

With a knot of women round him, — it was
lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Cor-
poral marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the
old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed
the creaking stair.
Just across the narrow river — oh, so close
it made me shiver! —
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but
yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew
who stood behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us,
and the stubborn walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking
wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as
they said, THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel
had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with
the cannons' deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the
rampart strode sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he
commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when
we saw his manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, stand-
ing up so straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is stroll-
ing out for pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-
shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for
the redcoats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were
moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened,
as we looked far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the
belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a
cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their
knapsacks on their backs,

And the reddening, rippling water, as after
a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed
like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and
again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came
for soldiers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women
faint and fasting, —
At last they're moving, marching, marching
proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all
along the lines advancing, —
Now the front rank fires a volley, — they
have thrown away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the
balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait
and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would
swear sometimes and tittle), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the
old French war) before, —
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they
all were hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the
dusty belfry floor: —

“Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King
George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a
'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're
as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've
splintered with your balls!”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and
trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are
well-nigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the
rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the
waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are
nearer, — nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath —
then a crash — the steeple shakes —

The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's
shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a
thundercloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-
black smoke blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a
mower rakes his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a head-
long crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shiv-
ered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed!
they are beat — it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah!
the grim old soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we
could hardly speak, we shook so), —
"Are they beaten? Are they beaten?
ARE they beaten?" — "Wait a
while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too
soon we saw our error:
They are baffled, not defeated; we have
driven them back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round
the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen, silent fortress turn their
belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs
of Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an
hour it will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain
his fire and brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that
would burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we
can see each massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with
the slanting walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in
noiseless haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are
they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under!
scarce a rod the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up
the earthwork they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken,
when the ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the
vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted
backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the
frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for,
it's their barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the
battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on
the rough old soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew
what we would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once
more, I guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" —
then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have
a drop of old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore
the job is done;"
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful
faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when
the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had
watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, —
they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming
with their bagonets fixed for storm-
ing:
It's the death-grip that's a-coming, — they
will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames
behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array
they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's
fold uncoiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the
reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell
the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as
a sea breaks over a deck;

How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me down the stair:
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round him crying, —
And they said, "Oh, how they'll miss him!" and, "What *will* his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — and — I saw his eyes were blue.

"Why, grandma, how you're winking!"
Ah, my child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather, —
"Please to tell us what his name was?"
Just your own, my little dear, —

There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well acquainted,
That — in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children all are here!

AT THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER

DECEMBER 15, 1874

I SUPPOSE it's myself that you're making allusion to
And bringing the sense of dismay and confusion to.

Of course *some* must speak, — they are always selected to,
But pray what's the reason that I am expected to?

I'm not fond of wasting my breath as those fellows do

That want to be blowing forever as bellows do;

Their legs are uneasy, but why will you jog any

That long to stay quiet beneath the mahogany?

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

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

"It costs him no trouble — a pen full of ink or two

And the poem is done in the time of a wink or two;

As for thoughts — never mind — take the ones that lie uppermost,

And the rhymes used by Milton and Byron and Tupper most;

The lines come so easy! at one end he jingles 'em,

At the other with capital letters he shingles 'em, —

Why, the thing writes itself, and before he's half done with it

He hates to stop writing, he has such good fun with it!"

Ah, that is the way in which simple ones go about

And draw a fine picture of things they don't know about!

We all know a kitten, but come to a catamount

The beast is a stranger when grown up to that amount,

(A stranger we rather prefer should n't
visit us,
A *felis* whose advent is far from felicitous.)
The boy who can boast that his trap has
just got a mouse
Must n't draw it and write underneath
"hippopotamus;"
Or say unvarceriously, "This is an elephant," —
Don't think, let me beg, these examples
irrelevant, —
What they mean is just this — that a thing
should always be something with which
we're acquainted well.

You call on your victim for "things he has
plenty of, —
Those copies of verses no doubt at least
twenty of;
His desk is crammed full, for he always
keeps writing 'em
And reading to friends as his way of de-
lighting 'em!"
I tell you this writing of verses means busi-
ness, —
It makes the brain whirl in a vortex of
dizziness:
You think they are scrawled in the languor
of laziness —
I tell you they're squeezed by a spasm of
craziness,
A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos
That seize a poor fellow and down in the
dirt he goes!

And therefore it chimes with the word's
etymology
That the sons of Apollo are great on apolo-
gy,
For the writing of verse is a struggle mys-
terious
And the gayest of rhymes is a matter that's
serious.
For myself, I'm relied on by friends in ex-
tremities,
And I don't mind so much if a comfort to
them it is;
'Tis a pleasure to please, and the straw
that can tickle us
Is a source of enjoyment though slightly
ridiculous.

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

I must give you a toast now before I have
done with it.
Let me pump at my wits as they pumped
the Cochituate
That moistened — it may be — the very
last bit you ate:
Success to our publishers, authors and
editors,
To our debtors good luck, — pleasant
dreams to our creditors;
May the monthly grow yearly, till all we
are groping for
Has reached the fulfilment we're all of us
hoping for;
Till the bore through the tunnel — it makes
me let off a sigh
To think it may possibly ruin my pro-
phesy —
Has been punned on so often 't will never
provoke again
One mild adolescent to make the old joke
again;
Till abstinent, all-go-to-meeting society
Has forgotten the sense of the word ine-
briety;
Till the work that poor Hannah and Bridget
and Phillis do
The humanized, civilized female gorillas do;
Till the roughs, as we call them, grown
loving and dutiful,
Shall worship the true and the pure and
the beautiful,
And, preying no longer as tiger and vulture
do,
All read the "Atlantic" as persons of cul-
ture do!

"LUCY"

FOR HER GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER
18, 1875

[The subject of this poem was a familiar fig-
ure in the household of Dr. Holmes's father, and
was married while living there to a farmer.]

"LUCY." — The old familiar name
Is now, as always, pleasant,
Its liquid melody the same
Alike in past or present;
Let others call you what they will,
I know you'll let me use it;
To me your name is Lucy still,
I cannot bear to lose it.

What visions of the past return
With Lucy's image blended!

What memories from the silent urn
Of gentle lives long ended !
What dreams of childhood's fleeting morn,
What starry aspirations,
That filled the misty days unborn
With fancy's coruscations !

Ah, Lucy, life has swiftly sped
From April to November;
The summer blossoms all are shed
That you and I remember;
But while the vanished years we share
With mingling recollections,
How all their shadowy features wear
The hue of old affections !

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

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

HYMN

FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE
STATUE OF GOVERNOR ANDREW,
HINGHAM, OCTOBER 7, 1875

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

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

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

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

These were his gifts; what Heaven had
lent

For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,
First to avenge the traitorous blow,
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

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

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

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

I

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

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

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

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

We see no halo round his brow
Till love its own recalls,
And, like a leaf that quits the bough,
The mortal vesture falls.

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

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

II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
 Such hallowed memory needs;

His tablet is the human heart,
 His record loving deeds.

III

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH WARREN, M. D.

1875

TRAINED in the holy art whose lifted shield
 Wards off the darts a never-slumbering
 foe,
 By hearth and wayside lurking, waits to
 throw,
 Oppression taught his helpful arm to wield
 The slayer's weapon: on the murderous field
 The fiery bolt he challenged laid him low,
 Seeking its noblest victim. Even so
 The charter of a nation must be sealed!
 The healer's brow the hero's honors
 crowned,
 From lowliest duty called to loftiest deed.
 Living, the oak-leaf wreath his temples
 bound;
 Dying, the conqueror's laurel was his meed,
 Last on the broken ramparts' turf to bleed
 Where Freedom's victory in defeat was
 found.

OLD CAMBRIDGE

JULY 3, 1875

[Upon the occasion of the Centennial celebration of Washington taking command of

the American army. It was on this occasion that Lowell read his ode, *Under the Old Elm.*]

AND can it be you've found a place
Within this consecrated space,

That makes so fine a show,
For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?
And is it really so?

Who wants an old receipted bill?
Who fishes in the Frog-pond still?
Who digs last year's potato hill? —
That's what he'd like to know!

And were it any spot on earth
Save this dear home that gave him birth
Some scores of years ago,
He had not come to spoil your mirth
And chill your festive glow;
But round his baby-nest he strays,
With tearful eye the scene surveys,
His heart unchanged by changing days, —
That's what he'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim
Live o'er the buried past with him,
And see the roses blow
When white-haired men were Joe and Jim
Untouched by winter's snow?
Or roll the years back one by one
As Judah's monarch backed the sun,
And see the century just begun? —
That's what he'd like to know!

I come, but as the swallow dips,
Just touching with her feather-tips
The shining wave below,
To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips
And listen to the flow
Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene,
To tread once more my native green,
To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —
That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared
(We all are sitting "unprepared,"
Like culprits in a row,
Whose heads are down, whose necks are
bared
To wait the headsman's blow),
I'd like to shift my task to you,
By asking just a thing or two
About the good old times I knew, —
Here's what I want to know:

The yellow meetin' house — can you tell
Just where it stood before it fell
Prey of the vandal foe, —
Our dear old temple, loved so well,
By ruthless hands laid low?
Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew?
Whose hair was braided in a queue?
(For there were pig-tails not a few,) —
That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang?
And how the seats would slam and bang?
The voices high and low?
The basso's trump before he sang?
The viol and its bow?
Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat?
Who wore the last three-cornered hat?
Was Israel Porter lean or fat? —
That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be
That stood beside the murdered tree?
Whose dog to church would go?
Old Marcus Reemie, who was he?
Who were the brothers Snow?
Does not your memory slightly fail
About that great September gale? —
Whereof one told a moving tale,
As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town,
Say just when Deacon William Brown
(Last door in yonder row),
For honest silver counted down,
His groceries would bestow? —
For those were days when money meant
Something that jingled as you went, —
No hybrid like the nickel cent,
I'd have you all to know,

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,
And fourpence hapennies in between,
All metal fit to show,
Instead of rags in stagnant green,
The scum of debts we owe;
How sad to think such stuff should be
Our Wendell's cure-all recipe, —
Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —
The one you all must know!

I question — but you answer not —
Dear me! and have I quite forgot
How fivescore years ago,

Just on this very blessed spot,
 The summer leaves below,
 Before his homespun ranks arrayed
 In green New England's elm-bough shade
 The great Virginian drew the blade
 King George full soon should know !

O George the Third ! you found it true
 Our George was more than *double you*,
 For nature made him so.
 Not much an empire's crown can do
 If brains are scant and slow, —
 Ah, not like that his laurel crown
 Whose presence gilded with renown
 Our brave old Academic town,
 As all her children know !

So here we meet with loud acclaim
 To tell mankind that here he came,
 With hearts that throb and glow;
 Ours is a portion of his fame
 Our trumpets needs must blow !
 On yonder hill the Lion fell,
 But here was chipped the eagle's shell, —
 That little hatchet did it well,
 As all the world shall know !

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose
 Lo! the last sun of our century sets !
 Wreath the black cannon that scowled on
 our foes,
 All but her friendships the nation for-
 gets !
 All but her friends and their welcome
 forgets !
 These are around her; but where are her
 foes ?
 Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
 Peace with her garlands of lily and rose !
 Welcome ! a shout like the war trumpet's
 swell
 Wakes the wild echoes that slumber
 around !
 Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
 Welcome! the walls of her temple re-
 sound !
 Hark! the gray walls of her temple re-
 sound !
 Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell;

Welcome ! still whisper the echoes
 around;
 Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's bell !
 Thrones of the continent ! isles of the
 sea !
 Yours are the garlands of peace we en-
 twine;
 Welcome, once more, to the land of the
 free,
 Shadowed alike by the palm and the
 pine;
 Softly they murmur, the palm and the
 pine,
 "Hushed is our strife, in the land of the
 free;"
 Over your children their branches en-
 twine,
 Thrones of the continents ! isles of the sea !

A FAMILIAR LETTER

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS

YES, write, if you want to, there's nothing
 like trying;
 Who knows what a treasure your casket
 may hold ?
 I'll show you that rhyming's as easy as
 lying,
 If you'll listen to me while the art I un-
 fold.
 Here's a book full of words; one can
 choose as he fancies,
 As a painter his tint, as a workman his
 tool;
 Just think ! all the poems and plays and
 romances
 Were drawn out of this, like the fish
 from a pool !
 You can wander at will through its sylla-
 bled mazes,
 And take all you want, — not a copper
 they cost, —
 What is there to hinder your picking out
 phrases
 For an epic as clever as "Paradise
 Lost" ?
 Don't mind if the index of sense is at zero,
 Use words that run smoothly, whatever
 they mean;

Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero
Are much the same thing in the rhyming
machine.

There are words so delicious their sweet-
ness will smother
That boarding-school flavor of which
we're afraid, —
There is "lush" is a good one, and "swirl"
is another, —
Put both in one stanza, its fortune is
made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical
closes
You can cheat us of smiles when you've
nothing to tell;
You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses,
And we cry with delight, "Oh, how
sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful condi-
tions
For winning the laurels to which you
aspire,
By docking the tails of the two preposi-
tions
If the style o' the bards you so greatly
admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only too
plenty
For ringing the changes on metrical
chimes;

A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty
Have filled that great basket with bush-
els of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 't is far from
irrelevant —
By a famous old hand in the arts of de-
sign;
'T is only a photographed sketch of an
elephant, —
The name of the draughtsman was Rem-
brandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colors to lay
on,
It can't have fatigued him, — no, not in
the least, —
A dash here and there with a hap-hazard
crayon,
And there stands the wrinkled-skinned,
baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 't is as easy as
sketching, —
You can reel off a song without knitting
your brow,
As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or
etching;
It is nothing at all, if you only know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your volume
of verses:
Your forehead is wreathed with the gar-
land of fame,
Your poems the eloquent school-boy re-
hearses,
Her album the school-girl presents for
your name;

Each morning the post brings you auto-
graph letters;
You'll answer them promptly, — an
hour is n't much
For the honor of sharing a page with your
betters,
With magistrates, members of Congress,
and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the
committees
That come with requests from the coun-
try all round,
You would grace the occasion with poems
and ditties
When they've got a new schoolhouse,
or poorhouse, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song for
the sinners,
You go and are welcome wherever you
please;
You're a privileged guest at all manner of
dinners,
You've a seat on the platform among
the grandees.

At length your mere presence becomes a
sensation,
Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its brim
With the pleasure Horatian of digitmon-
stration,
As the whisper runs round of "That's
he!" or "That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sono-
rous,
So daintily chosen, so tunefully matched,

Though you soar with the wings of the
cherubim o'er us,
The *ovum* was human from which you
were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny compul-
sion
Can summon the spirit that quickens the
lyre;
It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convul-
sion
And touches the brain with a finger of
fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to be
quiet
If you've nothing you think is worth
saying in prose,
As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet
To the critics, by publishing, as you pro-
pose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry I've
written, —
I shall see your thin volume some day
on my shelf;
For the rhyming tarantula surely has bit-
ten,
And music must cure you, so pipe it
yourself.

UNSATISFIED

"ONLY a housemaid!" She looked from
the kitchen, —
Neat was the kitchen and tidy was she;
There at her window a sempstress sat
stitching;
"Were I a sempstress, how happy I'd
be!"

"Only a Queen!" She looked over the
waters, —
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was
she;
There sat an Empress, with Queens for
her daughters;
"Were I an Empress, how happy I'd
be!"

Still the old frailty they all of them trip in!
Eve in her daughters is ever the same;
Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin;
Give her an Empire, she pines for a
name!

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE
COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS
OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876

Unquestionably there is something a little
like extravagance in *How the Old Horse won
the Bet*, which taxes the credulity of experi-
enced horsemen. Still there have been a good
many surprises in the history of the turf and
the trotting course.

The Godolphin Arabian was taken from igno-
ble drudgery to become the patriarch of the
English racing stock.

Old Dutchman was transferred from between
the shafts of a cart to become a champion of
the American trotters in his time.

"Old Blue," a famous Boston horse of the
early decades of this century, was said to trot
a mile in less than three minutes, but I do not
find any exact record of his achievements.

Those who have followed the history of the
American trotting horse are aware of the won-
derful development of speed attained in these
last years. The lowest time as yet recorded is
by Maud S., in 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$.

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few;
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,

And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's
dream —

The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
(The style 's the man, so books avow;
The style 's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye, —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!" "Will you?
Done!"

What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story 's through.
Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day;
(A funeral — so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him
down, —

The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he
showed

Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-
kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,

Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsy wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look Old Hiram cast;
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
"A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening
wheeze

The stiff old charger crooks his knees;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" — Through his ear the summons
stung

As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred

Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb, —
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight!
Hould tight!"

"Cling round his neck and don't let go —
That pace can't hold — there! steady!
whoa!"

But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him! — stop him!" is the
cry.

Stand back! he's only just begun —
He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your
brains;

But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,

The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse — all the rest astern —
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time, — at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2:10; *that* could n't be —
More like two twenty-two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
"That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If brother — Jehu — made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say
About that tough old trotting bay,
Huddup! Huddup! G'lang! Good day!

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH"

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

[Written in the spirit of *Old Ironsides*.
There was danger that the historic church in
Boston would be destroyed, since it stood on

land very valuable for commercial purposes, and the congregation worshipping in it had built a new meeting-house in the dwelling-house part of the city. The building was saved almost wholly through the intervention of public-spirited women, headed by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who not only contributed most of the money needed, but afterward made the church the centre of important work in the teaching of history.]

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride —

The comely Southern spire —
Has cast its shadow, and defied

The storm, the foe, the fire;
Sad is the sight our eyes behold;

Woe to the three-hilled town,
When through the land the tale is told —
"The brave 'Old South' is down!"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn

That hears our children tell,
"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and
gone,

Our fathers loved so well;
Here, while his brethren stood aloof,
The herald's blast was blown
That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof
And rocked King George's throne!

"The home-bound wanderer of the main

Looked from his deck afar,
To where the gilded, glittering vane
Shone like the evening star,
And pilgrim feet from every clime
The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
The shrine of Freedom's God!"

The darkened skies, alas! have seen

Our monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
But Nature struck the blow;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
It felt no edge of steel,
No soulless hireling raised his hand
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,

Still pleads the storied tower;
These are the blossoms, but the fruit
Awaits the golden shower;
The spire still greets the morning sun, —
Say, shall it stand or fall?
Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
Help, each, and God help all!

THE FIRST FAN

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON
BRIC-À-BRAC CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877

WHEN rose the cry "Great Pan is dead!"
And Jove's high palace closed its portal,
The fallen gods, before they fled,
Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

"To whom?" you ask. I ask of you.
The answer hardly needs suggestion;
Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —
How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,
The Thunderer deigned himself to offer;
The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —
You know he always was a scoffer.

"Vife shillins! 't is a monstrous price;
Say two and six and further talk shun."
"Take it," cried Jove; "we can't be
nice, —
'T would fetch twice that at Leonard's
auction."

The ice was broken; up they came,
All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,
Each ready with the price to name
For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too, —
Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy;
Then Pallas in her stockings blue,
Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled
Before the Jew a threadbare turban:
"Three shillings." "One. 'T will suit
some old
Terrific feminine suburban."

But as for Pallas, — how to tell
In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?
She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,
She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,
Its heel confessed the need of darning;
"Gods!" low-bred Vulcan cried, "be-
hold!
There! that's what comes of too much
larning!"

Pale Proserpine came groping round,
Her pupils dreadfully dilated
With too much living underground —
A residence quite overrated;

"This kerchief's what you want, I know, —
Don't cheat poor Venus of her cestus, —
You'll find it handy when you go
To — you know where; it's pure as-
bestus."

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,
And Dian with the breast of snow,
Chaser and chased — and caught, it may
be:

One took the quiver from her back,
One held the cap he spent the night in,
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,
Strode up and showed his suit of armor;
So none at last was left behind
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus! What had she to sell?
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone, —
She always would be rash and flighty, —
Her winter garments all in pawn,
Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,
The darling of the old religion,
Had only left of all the doves
That drew her car one fan-tailed pigeon.

How oft upon her finger-tips
He perched, afraid of Cupid's arrow,
Or kissed her on the rosebud lips,
Like Roman Lesbia's loving sparrow!

"My bird, I want your train," she cried;
"Come, don't let's have a fuss about it;
I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
And you'll be better off without it.

"So vulgar! Have you noticed, pray,
An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,

And how her frounces track her way,
Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk?"

"A lover's heart it quickly cools;
In mine it kindles up enough rage
To wring their necks. How can such fools
Ask men to vote for woman suffrage?"

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped
Her bird of every caudal feather;
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan! for beauty's hand,
The lovely queen of beauty made it;
The price she named was hard to stand,
But Venus smiled: the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you?
Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune, Sat-
urn?

But o'er the world the Wandering Jew
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —
In lonely isles of the Pacific,
In farthest China and Japan, —
Wherever suns are sudorific.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux
In summer court its cooling breezes, —
In fact, in every clime 't is so,
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite's dove
The pattern of the fan was given,
No wonder that it breathes of love
And wafts the perfumed gales of heaven!

Before this new Pandora's gift
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly!
The breath it wakes how fresh and
grateful!

Behind its shield how soft the sigh!
The whispered tale of shame how fateful!

Its empire shadows every throne
And every shore that man is tost on;
It rules the lords of every zone,
Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston!

But every one that swings to-night,
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,
May trace its pedigree aright
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

TO RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

AT THE DINNER TO THE PRESIDENT,
BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1877

How to address him? awkward, it is true:
Call him "Great Father," as the Red Men
do?

Borrow some title? this is not the place
That christens men Your Highness and
Your Grace;

We tried such names as these awhile, you
know,
But left them off a century ago.

His Majesty? We've had enough of that:
Besides, that needs a crown; he wears a
hat.

What if, to make the nicer ears content,
We say His Honesty, the President?

Sir, we believed you honest, truthful, brave,
When to your hands their precious trust
we gave,

And we have found you better than we knew,
Braver, and not less honest, not less true!
So every heart has opened, every hand
Tingles with welcome, and through all the
land

All voices greet you in one broad acclaim,
Healer of strife! Has earth a nobler
name?

What phrases mean you do not need to
learn;

We must be civil, and they serve our turn:
"Your most obedient humble" means —
means what?

Something the well-bred signer just is not.
Yet there are tokens, sir, you must believe;
There is one language never can deceive:
The lover knew it when the maiden smiled;
The mother knows it when she clasps her
child;

Voices may falter, trembling lips turn pale,
Words grope and stumble; this will tell
their tale

Shorn of all rhetoric, bare of all pretence,

But radiant, warm, with Nature's eloquence.
Look in our eyes! Your welcome waits
you there, —
North, South, East, West, from all and
everywhere!

THE SHIP OF STATE

A SENTIMENT

This "sentiment" was read on the same occasion as the *Family Record*, which immediately follows it. The latter poem is the dutiful tribute of a son to his father and his father's ancestors, residents of Woodstock [Connecticut] from its first settlement. [The occasion was the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1877, in accordance with a custom established at Woodstock by Mr. H. C. Bowen.]

THE Ship of State! above her skies are
blue,

But still she rocks a little, it is true,
And there *are* passengers whose faces white
Show they don't feel as happy as they
might;

Yet on the whole her crew are quite content,
Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent,
And willing, if her pilot thinks it best,
To head a little nearer south by west.
And this they feel: the ship came too near
wreck,

In the long quarrel for the quarter-deck,
Now when she glides serenely on her way, —
The shallows past where dread explosives
lay, —

The stiff obstructive's churlish game to try:
Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie!
And so I give you all the Ship of State;
Freedom's last venture is her priceless
freight;

God speed her, keep her, bless her, while
she steers

Amid the breakers of unsounded years;
Lead her through danger's paths with even
keel,

And guide the honest hand that holds her
wheel!

A FAMILY RECORD

Not to myself this breath of vesper song,
Not to these patient friends, this kindly
throng,
Not to this hallowed morning, though it be

Our summer Christmas, Freedom's jubilee,
 When every summit, topmast, steeple,
 tower,
 That owns her empire spreads her starry
 flower,
 Its blood-streaked leaves in heaven's be-
 nignant dew
 Washed clean from every crimson stain
 they knew, —
 No, not to these the passing thrills belong
 That steal my breath to hush themselves
 with song.

These moments all are memory's; I have
 come
 To speak with lips that rather should be
 dumb;
 For what are words? At every step I
 tread
 The dust that wore the footprints of the
 dead
 But for whose life my life had never known
 This faded vesture which it calls its own.
 Here sleeps my father's sire, and they who
 gave
 That earlier life here found their peaceful
 grave.
 In days gone by I sought the hallowed
 ground;
 Climbed yon long slope; the sacred spot I
 found
 Where all unsullied lies the winter snow,
 Where all ungathered spring's pale violets
 blow,
 And tracked from stone to stone the
 Saxon name
 That marks the blood I need not blush to
 claim,
 Blood such as warmed the Pilgrim sons of
 toil,
 Who held from God the charter of the soil.
 I come an alien to your hills and plains,
 Yet feel your birthright tingling in my
 veins;
 Mine are this changing prospect's sun and
 shade,
 In full-blown summer's bridal pomp ar-
 rayed;
 Mine these fair hillsides and the vales be-
 tween;
 Mine the sweet streams that lend their
 brightening green;
 I breathed your air — the sunlit landscape
 smiled;
 I touch your soil — it knows its children's
 child;

Throned in my heart your heritage is mine;
 I claim it all by memory's right divine!

Waking, I dream. Before my vacant
 eyes
 In long procession shadowy forms arise;
 Far through the vista of the silent years
 I see a venturesome band; the pioneers,
 Who let the sunlight through the forest's
 gloom,
 Who bade the harvest wave, the garden
 bloom.
 Hark! loud resounds the bare-armed set-
 tler's axe, —
 See where the stealthy panther left his
 tracks!
 As fierce, as stealthy creeps the skulking
 foe
 With stone-tipped shaft and sinew-corded
 bow;
 Soon shall he vanish from his ancient reign,
 Leave his last cornfield to the coming train,
 Quit the green margin of the wave he
 drinks,
 For haunts that hide the wild-cat and the
 lynx.

But who the Youth his glistening axe
 that swings
 To smite the pine that shows a hundred
 rings?
 His features? — something in his look I
 find
 That calls the semblance of my race to
 mind.
 His name? — my own; and that which
 goes before
 The same that once the loved disciple bore.
 Young, brave, discreet, the father of a line
 Whose voiceless lives have found a voice
 in mine;
 Thinned by unnumbered currents though
 they be,
 Thanks for the ruddy drops I claim from
 thee!

The seasons pass; the roses come and go;
 Snows fall and melt; the waters freeze and
 flow;
 The boys are men; the girls, grown tall
 and fair,
 Have found their mates; a gravestone here
 and there
 Tells where the fathers lie; the silvered
 hair
 Of some bent patriarch yet recalls the time

That saw his feet the northern hillside
climb,
A pilgrim from the pilgrims far away,
The godly men, the dwellers by the bay.
On many a hearthstone burns the cheerful
fire;
The schoolhouse porch, the heavenward
pointing spire
Proclaim in letters every eye can read,
Knowledge and Faith, the new world's sim-
ple creed.
Hush! 't is the Sabbath's silence-stricken
morn:
No feet must wander through the tasselled
corn;
No merry children laugh around the door,
No idle playthings strew the sanded floor;
The law of Moses lays its awful ban
On all that stirs; here comes the tithing-
man!
At last the solemn hour of worship
calls;
Slowly they gather in the sacred walls;
Man in his strength and age with knotted
staff,
And boyhood aching for its week-day
laugh,
The toil-worn mother with the child she
leads,
The maiden, lovely in her golden beads, —
The popish symbols round her neck she
wears,
But on them counts her lovers, not her
prayers, —
Those youths in homespun suits and rib-
boned queues,
Whose hearts are beating in the high-
backed pews.
The pastor rises; looks along the seats
With searching eye; each wonted face he
meets;
Asks heavenly guidance; finds the chapter's
place
That tells some tale of Israel's stubborn
race;
Gives out the sacred song; all voices join,
For no *quartette* extorts their scanty coin;
Then while both hands their black-gloved
palms display,
Lifts his gray head, and murmurs, "Let us
pray!"
And pray he does! as one that never
fears
To plead unanswered by the God that hears;
What if he dwells on many a fact as though

Some things Heaven knew not which it
ought to know, —
Thanks God for all his favors past, and yet,
Tells Him there's something He must not
forget;
Such are the prayers his people love to
hear, —
See how the Deacon slants his listening ear!
What! look once more! Nay, surely
there I trace
The hinted outlines of a well-known face!
Not those the lips for laughter to beguile,
Yet round their corners lurks an embryo
smile,
The same on other lips my childhood knew
That scarce the Sabbath's mastery could
subdue.
Him too my lineage gives me leave to
claim, —
The good, grave man that bears the Psalm-
ist's name.

And still in ceaseless round the seasons
passed;
Spring piped her carol; Autumn blew his
blast;
Babes waxed to manhood; manhood shrunk
to age;
Life's worn-out players tottered off the
stage;
The few are many; boys have grown to men
Since Putnam dragged the wolf from Pom-
fret's den;
Our new-old Woodstock is a thriving town;
Brave are her children; faithful to the
crown;
Her soldiers' steel the savage redskin
knows;
Their blood has crimsoned his Canadian
snows.
And now once more along the quiet vale
Rings the dread call that turns the mothers
pale;
Full well they know the valorous heat that
runs
In every pulse-beat of their loyal sons;
Who would not bleed in good King George's
cause
When England's lion shows his teeth and
claws?
With glittering firelocks on the village
green
In proud array a martial band is seen;
You know what names those ancient rosters
hold, —

Whose belts were buckled when the drum-
beat rolled,—
But mark their Captain! tell us, who is
he?
On his brown face that same old look I
see!
Yes! from the homestead's still retreat he
came,
Whose peaceful owner bore the Psalmist's
name;
The same his own. Well, Israel's glorious
king
Who struck the harp could also whirl the
sling,—
Breathe in his song a penitential sigh
And smite the sons of Amalek hip and
thigh:
These shared their task; one deaconed out
the psalm,
One slashed the scalping hell-hounds of
Montcalm;
The praying father's pious work is done,
Now sword in hand steps forth the fighting
son.
On many a field he fought in wilds afar;
See on his swarthy cheek the bullet's scar!
There hangs a murderous tomahawk; be-
neath,
Without its blade, a knife's embroidered
sheath;
Save for the stroke his trusty weapon dealt
His scalp had dangled at their owner's
belt;
But not for him such fate; he lived to see
The bloodier strife that made our nation
free,
To serve with willing toil, with skilful
hand,
The war-worn saviors of the bleeding land.
His wasting life to others' needs he gave,—
Sought rest in home and found it in the
grave.
See where the stones life's brief memorials
keep,
The tablet telling where he "fell on
sleep,"—
Watched by a winged cherub's rayless
eye,—
A scroll above that says we all must die,—
Those saddening lines beneath, the "Night-
Thoughts" lent:
So stands the Soldier's, Surgeon's monu-
ment.
Ah! at a glance my filial eye divines
The scholar son in those remembered lines.

The Scholar Son. His hand my foot-
steps led.
No more the dim unreal past I tread.
O thou whose breathing form was once so
dear,
Whose cheering voice was music to my ear,
Art thou not with me as my feet pursue
The village paths so well thy boyhood
knew,
Along the tangled margin of the stream
Whose murmurs blended with thine in-
fant dream,
Or climb the hill, or thread the wooded vale,
Or seek the wave where gleams yon dis-
tant sail,
Or the old homestead's narrowed bounds
explore,
Where sloped the roof that sheds the rains
no more,
Where one last relic still remains to tell
Here stood thy home,— the memory-haunt-
ed well,
Whose waters quench a deeper thirst than
thine,
Changed at my lips to sacramental wine,—
Art thou not with me, as I fondly trace
The scanty records of thine honored race,
Call up the forms that earlier years have
known,
And spell the legend of each slanted stone?
With thoughts of thee my loving verse
began,
Not for the critic's curious eye to scan,
Not for the many listeners, but the few
Whose fathers trod the paths my fathers
knew;
Still in my heart thy loved remembrance
burns;
Still to my lips thy cherished name returns;
Could I but feel thy gracious presence near
Amid the groves that once to thee were
dear!
Could but my trembling lips with mortal
speech
Thy listening ear for one brief moment
reach!
How vain the dream! The pallid voyager's
track
No sign betrays; he sends no message back.
No word from thee since evening's shadow
fell
On thy cold forehead with my long fare-
well,—
Now from the margin of the silent sea,
Take my last offering ere I cross to thee!

THE IRON GATE AND OTHER POEMS

1877-1881

THE IRON GATE

[Read at the Breakfast given in honor of Dr. Holmes's Seventieth Birthday by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, December 3, 1879.]

WHERE is this patriarch you are kindly greeting?

Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting

In days long vanished, — is he still the same,

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,

Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of speech and thought,

Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting,

Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it ought?

Old age, the graybeard! Well, indeed, I know him, —

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the prey;

In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,
Oft have I met him from my earliest day:

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundle, —
His load of sticks, — politely asking

Death,
Who comes when called for, — would he lug or trundle

His fagot for him? — he was scant of breath.

And sad "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher," —
Has he not stamped the image on my soul,

In that last chapter, where the worn-out Teacher

Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken bowl?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a distance,

And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;

I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,

And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves us,

Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime;

Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leaves us,

The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time!

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,

Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less va-

grant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream

how deep!

Still as the silver cord gets worn and slender,

Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening strain,

Hands get more helpful, voices, grown more tender,

Soothe with their softened tones the slumberous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,

Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,

Spreads its thin hands above the whitening
embers
That warm its creeping life-blood till
the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows
cold,
Ere the last lingering ties of life are
broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, while around us rosy youth rejoices,
For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,
And through the chorus of its jocund voices
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hope-
less cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying
From some far orb I track our watery
sphere,
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubt-
ing, dying,
The silvered globule seems a glistening
tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion
To win from saddening scenes our age-
dimmed eyes,
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet con-
fusion
The wintry landscape and the summer
skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday
find us,
And glimmering starlight shows the
gates of pearl.

I come not here your morning hour to sad-
den,
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome
laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has
brightened,
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent
message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not
claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of
toil's release;
These feebler pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome; evening asks
for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is
golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering
lyre;
Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents
cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word
can tell,
In simplest phrase — these traitorous eyes
are tearful —
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters, — Children,
— and farewell!

VESTIGIA QUINQUE RETROR- SUM

AN ACADEMIC POEM

1829-1879

Read at the Commencement Dinner of the
Alumni of Harvard University, June 25, 1879.

WHILE fond, sad memories all around
us throng,
Silence were sweeter than the sweetest song;
Yet when the leaves are green and heaven
is blue,
The choral tribute of the grove is due,
And when the lengthening nights have
chilled the skies,
We fain would hear the song-bird ere he
flies,
And greet with kindly welcome, even as
now,
The lonely minstrel on his leafless bough.

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

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

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

How near the banks these fifty years di-
vide
When memory crosses with a single stride!
'Tis the first year of stern "Old Hick-
ory"'s rule
When our good Mother lets us out of
school,
Half glad, half sorrowing, it must be con-
fessed,
To leave her quiet lap, her bounteous breast,
Armed with our dainty, ribbon-tied degrees,
Pleased and yet pensive, exiles and A. B.'s.

Look back, O comrades, with your faded
eyes,
And see the phantoms as I bid them rise.
Whose smile is that? Its pattern Nature
gave,
A sunbeam dancing in a dimpled wave;
KIRKLAND alone such grace from Heaven
could win,
His features radiant as the soul within;
That smile would let him through Saint
Peter's gate
While sad-eyed martyrs had to stand and
wait.
Here flits mercurial *Farrar*; standing there,
See mild, benignant, cautious, learned *Ware*,
And sturdy, patient, faithful, honest *Hedge*,
Whose grinding logic gave our wits their
edge;
Ticknor, with honeyed voice and courtly
grace;
And *Willard*, larynxed like a double bass;
And *Channing*, with his bland, superior
look,
Cool as a moonbeam on a frozen brook,
While the pale student, shivering in his
shoes,

Sees from his theme the turgid rhetoric
ooze;
And the born soldier, fate decreed to wreak
His martial manhood on a class in Greek,
Popkin! How that explosive name recalls
The grand old Busby of our ancient halls!
Such faces looked from Skippon's grim
platoons,
Such figures rode with Ireton's stout dra-
goons;
He gave his strength to learning's gentle
charms,
But every accent sounded "Shoulder
arms!"

Names, — empty names! Save only
here and there
Some white-haired listener, dozing in his
chair,
Starts at the sound he often used to hear,
And upward slants his Sunday-sermon ear.

And we — our blooming manhood we re-
gain;
Smiling we join the long Commencement
train,
One point first battled in discussion hot, —
Shall we wear gowns? and settled: *We will
not.*
How strange the scene, — that noisy boy-
debate
Where embryo-speakers learn to rule the
State!
This broad-browed youth, sedate and sober-
eyed,
Shall wear the ermined robe at Taney's
side;
And he, the stripling, smooth of face and
slight,
Whose slender form scarce intercepts the
light,
Shall rule the Bench where Parsons gave
the law,
And sphinx-like sat uncouth, majestic
Shaw!
Ah, many a star has shed its fatal ray
On names we loved — our brothers —
where are they?
Nor these alone; our hearts in silence
claim
Names not less dear, unsyllabled by fame.

How brief the space! and yet it sweeps
us back
Far, far along our new-born history's track!

Five strides like this;—the sachem rules
the land;
The Indian wigwams cluster where we
stand.

The second. Lo! a scene of deadly
strife—

A nation struggling into infant life;
Not yet the fatal game at Yorktown won
Where failing Empire fired its sunset gun.
LANGDON sits restless in the ancient chair,—
Harvard's grave Head,—these echoes
heard his prayer
When from yon mansion, dear to memory
still,
The banded yeomen marched for Bunker's
Hill.
Count on the grave triennial's thick-starred
roll
What names were numbered on the length-
ening scroll,—
Not unfamiliar in our ears they ring,—
Winthrop, Hale, Eliot, Everett, Dexter,
Tyng.

Another stride. Once more at 'twenty-
nine,—

GOD SAVE KING GEORGE, the Second of his
line!
And is *Sir Isaac* living? Nay, not so,—
He followed *Flamsteed* two short years
ago,—
And what about the little hump-backed
man
Who pleased the bygone days of good
Queen Anne?
What, *Pope*? another book he's just put
out,—
"The *Dunciad*,"—witty, but profane, no
doubt.
Where's *Cotton Mather*? he was always
here.
And so he would be, but he died last year.
Who is this preacher our Northampton
claims,
Whose rhetoric blazes with sulphureous
flames
And torches stolen from Tartarean mines?
Edwards, the salamander of divines.
A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled;
Faith, firm as his who stabbed his sleeping
child;
Alas for him who blindly strays apart,
And seeking God has lost his human heart!

Fall where they might, no flying cinders
caught
These sober halls where WADSWORTH
ruled and taught.

One footstep more; the fourth receding
stride

Leaves the round century on the nearer
side.

GOD SAVE KING CHARLES! God knows
that pleasant knave

His grace will find it hard enough to save.
Ten years and more, and now the Plague,
the Fire,

Talk of all tongues, at last begin to tire;
One fear prevails, all other frights forgot,—
White lips are whispering,—hark! *The
Popish Plot!*

Happy New England, from such troubles
free

In health and peace beyond the stormy sea!
No Romish daggers threat her children's
throats,

No gibbering nightmare mutters "*Titus
Oates*;"

Philip is slain, the Quaker graves are
green,

Not yet the witch has entered on the scene;
Happy our Harvard; pleased her graduates
four;

URIAN OAKES the name their parchments
bore.

Two centuries past, our hurried feet
arrive

At the last footprint of the scanty five;
Take the fifth stride; our wandering eyes
explore

A tangled forest on a trackless shore;
Here, where we stand, the savage sorcerer
howls,

The wild cat snarls, the stealthy gray wolf
prowls,

The slouching bear, perchance the tramp-
ling moose

Starts the brown squaw and scares her red
pappoose;

At every step the lurking foe is near;
His Demons reign; God has no temple
here!

Lift up your eyes! behold these pictured
walls;

Look where the flood of western glory falls

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

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

MY AVIARY

THROUGH my north window, in the wintry weather, —
 My airy oriel on the river shore, —
 I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together
 Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,
 Lets the loose water waft him as it will;
 The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,
 Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
 On some broad ice-floe pondering long and late,
 While overhead the home-bound ducks are fitting,
 And leave the tardy conclave in debate,
 Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving
 Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
 Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
 The speechless senate silently adjourns.

But when along the waves the shrill north-easter
 Shrieks through the laboring coaster's shrouds "Beware !"
 The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feaster
 When some wild chorus shakes the vinous air,
 Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,
 Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his torpid nerves,
 Now on the blast his whistling plumage poisoning,
 Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves.

Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,
 Less fleshed than feathered; bagged you'll find him such;
 His virtue silence; his employment pleasure;
 Not bad to look at, and not good for much.

What of our duck ? He has some high-bred cousins, —
 His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord the Brant, —
Anas and *Anser*, — both served up by dozens,
 At Boston's *Rocher*, half-way to Nahant.

As for himself, he seems alert and thriving, —
 Grubs up a living somehow — what, who knows ?

Crabs ? mussels ? weeds ? — Look quick !
there 's one just diving !

Flop ! Splash ! his white breast glistens
— down he goes !

And while he 's under — just about a min-
ute —

I take advantage of the fact to say
His fishy carcass has no virtue in it
The gunning idiot's worthless hire to pay.

He knows you ! "sportsmen" from subur-
ban alleys,
Stretched under seaweed in the treacher-
ous punt;

Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that sallies
Forth to waste powder — as *he* says, to
"hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,
Well pleased to discount your predesti-
ned luck;

The float that figures in your sly transac-
tion

Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him !
Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head
eyes;

Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit him,
One cannot always miss him if he tries.

Look ! there 's a young one, dreaming not
of danger;

Sees a flat log come floating down the
stream;

Stares undismayed upon the harmless
stranger;

Ah ! were all strangers harmless as they
seem !

Habet ! a leaden shower his breast has shat-
tered;

Vainly he flutters, not again to rise;

His soft white plumes along the waves are
scattered;

Helpless the wing that braved the tem-
pest lies.

He sees his comrades high above him flying
To seek their nests among the island
reefs;

Strong is their flight; all lonely he is lying
Washed by the crimsoned water as he
bleeds.

O Thou who carest for the falling spar-
row,

Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang
forget ?

Or is thy dread account-book's page so
narrow

Its one long column scores thy creatures'
debt ?

Poor gentle guest, by nature kindly
cherished,

A world grows dark with thee in blinding
death;

One little gasp — thy universe has per-
ished,

Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy
breath !

Is this the whole sad story of creation,
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and
o'er, —

One glimpse of day, then black annihila-
tion, —

A sunlit passage to a sunless shore ?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving
lynxes !

Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring
creeds !

Happier was dreaming Egypt with her
sphinxes,

The stony convent with its cross and
beads !

How often gazing where a bird reposes,
Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with
the tide,

I lose myself in strange metempsychosis
And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's side;

From rain, hail, snow in feathery mantle
muffled,

Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keenest
sense to hear

My mate soft murmuring, who, with plumes
unruffled,

Where'er I wander still is nestling near;

The great blue hollow like a garment o'er
me;

Space all unmeasured, unrecorded time;

While seen with inward eye moves on be-
fore me

Thought's pictured train in wordless
pantomime.

A voice recalls me. — From my window
 turning
 I find myself a plumeless biped still;
 No beak, no claws, no sign of wings discerning, —
 In fact with nothing bird-like but my
 quill.

ON THE THRESHOLD

INTRODUCTION TO A COLLECTION OF
POEMS BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS

AN usher standing at the door
 I show my white rosette;
 A smile of welcome, nothing more,
 Will pay my trifling debt;
 Why should I bid you idly wait
 Like lovers at the swinging gate ?

Can I forget the wedding guest ?
 The veteran of the sea ?
 In vain the listener smites his breast, —
 "There was a ship," cries he !
 Poor fasting victim, stunned and pale,
 He needs must listen to the tale.

He sees the gilded throng within,
 The sparkling goblets gleam,
 The music and the merry din
 Through every window stream,
 But there he shivers in the cold
 Till all the crazy dream is told.

Not mine the graybeard's glittering eye
 That held his captive still
 To hold my silent prisoners by
 And let me have my will;
 Nay, I were like the three-years' child,
 To think you could be so beguiled !

My verse is but the curtain's fold
 That hides the painted scene,
 The mist by morning's ray unrolled
 That veils the meadow's green,
 The cloud that needs must drift away
 To show the rose of opening day.

See, from the tinkling rill you hear
 In hollowed palm I bring
 These scanty drops, but ah, how near
 The founts that heavenward spring !
 Thus, open wide the gates are thrown,
 And founts and flowers are all your own !

TO GEORGE PEABODY

DANVERS, 1866

BANKRUPT ! our pockets inside out !
 Empty of words to speak his praises !
 Worcester and Webster up the spout !
 Dead broke of laudatory phrases !
 Yet why with flowery speeches tease,
 With vain superlatives distress him ?
 Has language better words than these ?
 THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD
 BLESS HIM !

A simple prayer — but words more sweet
 By human lips were never uttered,
 Since Adam left the country seat
 Where angel wings around him fluttered.
 The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,
 The children cluster to caress him,
 And every voice unbidden cries,
 THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD
 BLESS HIM !

AT THE PAPYRUS CLUB

A LOVELY show for eyes to see
 I looked upon this morning, —
 A bright-hued, feathered company
 Of nature's own adorning;
 But ah ! those minstrels would not sing
 A listening ear while I lent, —
 The lark sat still and preened his wing,
 The nightingale was silent;
 I longed for what they gave me not —
 Their warblings sweet and fluty,
 But grateful still for all I got
 I thanked them for their beauty.

A fairer vision meets my view
 Of Claras, Margarets, Marys,
 In silken robes of varied hue,
 Like bluebirds and canaries;
 The roses blush, the jewels gleam,
 The silks and satins glisten,
 The black eyes flash, the blue eyes beam,
 We look — and then we listen:
 Behold the flock we cage to-night —
 Was ever such a capture ?
 To see them is a pure delight;
 To hear them — ah ! what rapture !

Methinks I hear Delilah's laugh
 At Samson bound in fetters;
 "We captured!" shrieks each lovelier half,
 "Men think themselves *our* betters!
 We push the bolt, we turn the key
 On warriors, poets, sagcs,
 Too happy, all of them, to be
 Locked in our golden cages!"

Beware! the boy with bandaged eyes
 Has flung away his blinder;
 He's lost his mother — so he cries —
 And here he knows he'll find her:
 The rogue! 't is but a new device, —
 Look out for flying arrows
 Whene'er the birds of Paradise
 Are perched amid the sparrows!

FOR WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

DECEMBER 17, 1877

I BELIEVE that the copies of verses I've
 spun,
 Like Scheherezade's tales, are a thousand
 and one;
 You remember the story, — those mornings
 in bed, —
 'T was the turn of a copper, — a tale or a
 head.

A doom like Scheherezade's falls upon me
 In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's de-
 cree:
 I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* peo-
 ple say
 If I came to a banquet without my bou-
 quet?

It is trying, no doubt, when the company
 knows
 Just the look and the smell of each lily and
 rose,
 The green of each leaf in the sprigs that I
 bring,
 And the shape of the bunch and the knot
 of the string.

Yes, — "the style is the man," and the
 nib of one's pen
 Makes the same mark at twenty, and three-
 score and ten;

It is so in all matters, if truth may be told;
 Let one look at the cast he can tell you the
 mould.

How we all know each other! no use in
 disguise;
 Through the holes in the mask comes the
 flash of the eyes;
 We can tell by his — somewhat — each one
 of our tribe,
 As we know the old hat which we cannot
 describe.

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw
 you write,
 Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of
 Night,
 Though in buskin or slipper your song may
 be shod,
 Or the velvety verse that Evangeline trod,

We shall say, "You can't cheat us, — we
 know it is you,"
 There is one voice like that, but there can-
 not be two,
Maestro, whose chant like the dulcimer
 rings:
 And the woods will be hushed while the
 nightingale sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,
 Whose temple hypæthral the planets shine
 through,
 Let us catch but five words from that mys-
 tical pen,
 We should know our one sage from all
 children of men.

And he whose bright image no distance
 can dim,
 Through a hundred disguises we can't mis-
 take him,
 Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the
 edge
 (With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting
 wedge.

Do you know whom we send you, *Hidalgos*
 of Spain?
 Do you know your old friends when you
 see them again?
 Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,
 But Sancho that wielded the lance of the
 Cid!

And the wood-thrush of Essex, — you know
whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits
unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our
memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze
from the hill,

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is
sure, —
Thee cannot elude us, — no further we
search, —
'Tis Holy George Herbert cut loose from
his church !

We think it the voice of a seraph that
sings, —
Alas ! we remember that angels have
wings, —
What story is this of the day of his birth ?
Let him live to a hundred ! we want him
on earth !

One life has been paid him (in gold) by
the sun ;
One account has been squared and another
begun ;
But he never will die if he lingers be-
low
Till we've paid him in love half the bal-
ance we owe !

TWO SONNETS: HARVARD

At the meeting of the New York Harvard
Club, February 21, 1878.

"CHRISTO ET ECCLESIE." 1700

TO GOD'S ANOINTED AND HIS CHOSEN
FLOCK :
So ran the phrase the black-robed con-
clave chose
To guard the sacred cloisters that arose
Like David's altar on Moriah's rock.
Unshaken still those ancient arches mock
The ram's-horn summons of the windy
foes
Who stand like Joshua's army while it
blows
And wait to see them toppling with the
shock.

Christ and the Church. *Their* church,
whose narrow door
Shut out the many, who if over bold
Like hunted wolves were driven from
the fold,
Bruised with the flails these godly zealots
bore,
Mindful that Israel's altar stood of old
Where echoed once Araunah's threshing-
floor.

1643 "VERITAS." 1878

TRUTH: So the frontlet's older legend ran,
On the brief record's opening page dis-
played ;
Not yet those clear-eyed scholars were
afraid
Lest the fair fruit that wrought the woe of
man
By far Euphrates — where our sire began
His search for truth, and, seeking, was
betrayed —
Might work new treason in their forest
shade,
Doubling the curse that brought life's
shortened span.
Nurse of the future, daughter of the past,
That stern phylactery best becomes thee
now :
Lift to the morning star thy marble
brow !
Cast thy brave truth on every warring
blast !
Stretch thy white hand to that forbidden
bough,
And let thine earliest symbol be thy last !

THE COMING ERA

THEY tell us that the Muse is soon to fly
hence,
Leaving the bowers of song that once
were dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the axe to
clear.
Optics will claim the wandering eye of
fancy,
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,
The workshop hammer where the min-
strel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
 Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run
 down,
 But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
 Spout forth his watery science to the
 town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
 The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall
 try,
 But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
 Teach what it costs a tortured brute to
 die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks
 hid,
 Shall tell the secret whence our being
 came;
 The chemist show us death is life's black
 oxide,
 Left when the breath no longer fans its
 flame.

Instead of crack-brained poets in their at-
 tics
 Filling thin volumes with their flowery
 talk,
 There shall be books of wholesome mathe-
 matics;
 The tutor with his blackboard and his
 chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
 Shall woo to moonlight walks the rib-
 boned sex,
 But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
 Stroll, calmly pondering on some prob-
 lem's *x*.

The sober bliss of serious calculation
 Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy
 drew,
 And, oh, the rapture of a solved equation, —
 One selfsame answer on the lips of two !

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,
 Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
 As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages
 They browse and munch the thistle crops
 of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather
 pleasant
 To dream again the scenes that Shake-
 speare drew, —

To walk the hill-side with the Scottish
 peasant
 Among the daisies wet with morning's
 dew;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
 Led by the guidance of the master's
 hand,
 For the strange radiance of the far ideal, —
 "The light that never was on sea or
 land."

Well, Time alone can lift the future's cur-
 tain, —
 Science may teach our children all she
 knows,
 But Love will kindle fresh young hearts,
 't is certain,
 And June will not forget her blushing
 rose.

And so, in spite of all that Time is bring-
 ing, —
 Treasures of truth and miracles of art,
 Beauty and Love will keep the poet sing-
 ing,
 And song still live, the science of the
 heart.

IN RESPONSE

Breakfast at the Century Club, New York,
 May, 1879.

SUCH kindness ! the scowl of a cynic would
 soften,
 His pulse beat its way to some eloquent
 word,
 Alas ! my poor accents have echoed too
 often,
 Like that Pinafore music you've some
 of you heard.

Do you know me, dear strangers — the
 hundredth time comer
 At banquets and feasts since the days of
 my Spring ?
 Ah ! would I could borrow one rose of my
 Summer,
 But this is a leaf of my Autumn I bring.

I look at your faces, — I'm sure there are
 some from
 The three-breasted mother I count as my
 own;

You think you remember the place you
have come from,
But how it has changed in the years that
have flown !

Unaltered, 't is true, is the hall we call
"Funnel,"

Still fights the "Old South" in the
battle for life,

But we've opened our door to the West
through the tunnel,

And we've cut off Fort Hill with our
Amazon knife.

You should see the new Westminster Bos-
ton has builded, —

Its mansions, its spires, its museums of
arts, —

You should see the great dome we have
gorgeously gilded, —

'T is the light of our eyes, 't is the joy of
our hearts.

When first in his path a young asteroid
found it,

As he sailed through the skies with the
stars in his wake,

He thought 't was the sun, and kept
circling around it

Till Edison signalled, "You've made a
mistake."

We are proud of our city, — her fast-grow-
ing figure,

The warp and the woof of her brain and
her hands, —

But we're proudest of all that her heart
has grown bigger,

And warms with fresh blood as her gir-
dle expands.

One lesson the rubric of conflict has taught
her:

Though parted awhile by war's earth-
rending shock,

The lines that divide us are written in
water,

The love that unites us cut deep in the
rock.

As well might the Judas of treason en-
deavor

To write his black name on the disk of
the sun

As try the bright star-wreath that binds us
to sever

And blot the fair legend of "Many in
One."

We love YOU, tall sister, the stately, the
splendid, —

The banner of empire floats high on your
towers,

Yet ever in welcome your arms are ex-
tended, —

We share in your splendors, your glory
is ours.

Yes, Queen of the Continent ! All of us
own thee, —

The gold-freighted argosies flock at thy
call,

The naiads, the sea-nymphs have met to
enthrone thee,

But the Broadway of one is the Highway
of all !

I thank you. Three words that can hardly
be mended,

Though phrases on phrases their elo-
quence pile,

If you hear the heart's throb with their
eloquence blended,

And read all they mean in a sunshiny
smile.

FOR THE MOORE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

MAY 28, 1879

I

ENCHANTER of Erin, whose magic has
bound us,

Thy wand for one moment we fondly
would claim,

Entranced while it summons the phantoms
around us

That blush into life at the sound of thy
name.

The tell-tales of memory wake from their
slumbers, —

I hear the old song with its tender
refrain, —

What passion lies hid in those honey-voiced
numbers !

What perfume of youth in each exquisite
strain !

The home of my childhood comes back as
a vision, —

Hark! Hark! A soft chord from its
song-haunted room, —

'T is a morning of May, when the air is
Elysian, —

The syringa in bud and the lilac in
bloom, —

We are clustered around the "Clementi"
piano, —

There were six of us then, — there are
two of us now, —

She is singing — the girl with the silver
soprano —

How "The Lord of the Valley" was false
to his vow;

"Let Erin remember" the echoes are
calling;

Through "The Vale of Avoca" the
waters are rolled;

"The Exile" laments while the night-dews
are falling;

"The Morning of Life" dawns again as
of old.

But ah! those warm love-songs of fresh
adolescence!

Around us such raptures celestial they
flung

That it seemed as if Paradise breathed its
quintessence

Through the seraph-toned lips of the
maiden that sung!

Long hushed are the chords that my boy-
hood enchanted

As when the smooth wave by the angel
was stirred,

Yet still with their music is memory
haunted,

And oft in my dreams are their melodies
heard.

I feel like the priest to his altar return-
ing, —

The crowd that was kneeling no longer
is there,

The flame has died down, but the brands
are still burning,

And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the
air.

II

The veil for her bridal young Summer is
weaving

In her azure-domed hall with its tapes-
tried floor,

And Spring the last tear-drop of May-dew
is leaving

On the daisy of Burns and the shamrock
of Moore.

How like, how unlike, as we view them to-
gether,

The song of the minstrels whose record
we scan, —

One fresh as the breeze blowing over the
heather,

One sweet as the breath from an oda-
lisque's fan!

Ah, passion can glow mid a palace's splendor;
The cage does not alter the song of the
bird;

And the curtain of silk has known whispers
as tender

As ever the blossoming hawthorn has
heard.

No fear lest the step of the soft-slipped
Graces

Should fright the young Loves from their
warm little nest,

For the heart of a queen, under jewels and
laces,

Beats time with the pulse in the peasant
girl's breast!

Thrice welcome each gift of kind Nature's
bestowing!

Her fountain heeds little the goblet we
hold;

Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,
The shell from the seaside, the chalice
of gold.

The twins of the lyre to her voices had
listened;

Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's
shrine;

For Coila's loved minstrel the holly-wreath
glistened;

For Erin's the rose and the myrtle en-
twine.

And while the fresh blossoms of summer
are braided

For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered,
lake-jewelled isle,

While her mantle of verdure is woven un-
faded,

While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple
and smile,

The land where the staff of Saint Patrick
was planted,

Where the shamrock grows green from
the cliffs to the shore,

The land of fair maidens and heroes un-
daunted,

Shall wreath her bright harp with the
garlands of Moore!

TO JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

APRIL 4, 1880

I BRING the simplest pledge of love,
Friend of my earlier days;

Mine is the hand without the glove,
The heart-beat, not the phrase.

How few still breathe this mortal air
We called by school-boy names!

You still, whatever robe you wear,
To me are always James.

That name the kind apostle bore
Who shames the sullen creeds,
Not trusting less, but loving more,
And showing faith by deeds.

What blending thoughts our memories
share!

What visions yours and mine
Of May-days in whose morning air
The dews were golden wine,

Of vistas bright with opening day,
Whose all-awakening sun
Showed in life's landscape, far away,
The summits to be won!

The heights are gained. Ah, say not so
For him who smiles at time,
Leaves his tired comrades down below,
And only lives to climb!

His labors, — will they ever cease, —
With hand and tongue and pen?
Shall wearied Nature ask release
At threescore years and ten?

Our strength the clustered seasons tax, —
For him new life they mean;
Like rods around the lictor's axe
They keep him bright and keen.

The wise, the brave, the strong, we know, —
We mark them here or there,
But he, — we roll our eyes, and lo!
We find him everywhere!

With truth's bold cohorts, or alone,
He strides through error's field;
His lance is ever manhood's own,
His breast is woman's shield.

Count not his years while earth has need
Of souls that Heaven inflames
With sacred zeal to save, to lead, —
Long live our dear Saint James!

WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO COMMERCIAL CLUB

JANUARY 14, 1880

CHICAGO sounds rough to the maker of
verse;

One comfort we have — Cincinnati sounds
worse;

If we only were licensed to say Chicagó!
But Worcester and Webster won't let us,
you know.

No matter, we songsters must sing as we
can;

We can make some nice couplets with Lake
Michigan,

And what more resembles a nightingale's
voice,

Than the oily trisyllable, sweet Illinois?

Your waters are fresh, while our harbor is
salt,

But we know you can't help it — it is n't
your fault;

Our city is old and your city is new,
But the railroad men tell us we're greener
than you.

You have seen our gilt dome, and no doubt
 you've been told
 That the orbs of the universe round it are
 rolled;
 But I'll own it to you, and I ought to know
 best,
 That this is n't quite true of all stars of
 the West.

You'll go to Mount Auburn, — we'll show
 you the track, —
 And can stay there, — unless you prefer to
 come back;
 And Bunker's tall shaft you can climb if
 you will,
 But you'll puff like a paragraph praising
 a pill.

You must see — but you *have* seen — our
 old Faneuil Hall,
 Our churches, our school-rooms, our sam-
 ple-rooms, all;
 And, perhaps, though the idiots must have
 their jokes,
 You have found our good people much like
 other folks.

There are cities by rivers, by lakes, and by
 seas,
 Each as full of itself as a cheese-mite of
 cheese;
 And a city will brag as a game-cock will
 crow:
 Don't your cockerels at home — just a
 little, you know?

But we'll crow for you now — here's a
 health to the boys,
 Men, maidens, and matrons of fair Illi-
 nois,
 And the rainbow of friendship that arches
 its span
 From the green of the sea to the blue
 Michigan!

AMERICAN ACADEMY CENTEN- NIAL CELEBRATION

MAY 26, 1880

SIRE, son, and grandson; so the century
 glides;
 Three lives, three strides, three foot-
 prints in the sand;

Silent as midnight's falling meteor slides
 Into the stillness of the far-off land;
 How dim the space its little arc has
 spanned!

See on this opening page the names re-
 nowned
 Tombed in these records on our dusty
 shelves,
 Scarce on the scroll of living memory
 found,
 Save where the wan-eyed antiquarian
 delves;
 Shadows they seem; ah, what are we
 ourselves?

Pale ghosts of Bowdoin, Winthrop, Wil-
 lard, West,
 Sages of busy brain and wrinkled brow,
 Searchers of Nature's secrets unconfessed,
 Asking of all things Whence and Why
 and How —
 What problems meet your larger vision
 now?

Has Gannett tracked the wild Aurora's
 path?
 Has Bowdoin found his all-surrounding
 sphere?
 What question puzzles ciphering Philo-
 math?
 Could Williams make the hidden causes
 clear
 Of the Dark Day that filled the land
 with fear?

Dear ancient school-boys! Nature taught
 to them
 The simple lessons of the star and
 flower,
 Showed them strange sights; how on a
 single stem, —
 Admire the marvels of Creative
 Power! —
 Twin apples grew, one sweet, the other
 sour;

How from the hill-top where our eyes be-
 hold
 In even ranks the plumed and bannered
 maize
 Range its long columns, in the days of old
 The live volcano shot its angry blaze, —
 Dead since the showers of Noah's watery
 days;

How, when the lightning split the mighty
rock,
The spreading fury of the shaft was
spent !

How the young scion joined the alien stock,
And when and where the homeless swal-
lows went
To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleanings in those years of
dearth;
No Cuvier yet had clothed the fossil
bones
That slumbered, waiting for their second
birth;
No Lyell read the legend of the stones;
Science still pointed to her empty
thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth un-
known,
Herschel looked heavenwards in the
starlight pale;
Lost in those awful depths he trod alone,
Laplace stood mute before the lifted
veil;
While home-bred Humboldt trimmed
his toy ship's sail.

No mortal feet these loftier heights had
gained
Whence the wide realms of Nature we
descry;
In vain their eyes our longing fathers
strained
To scan with wondering gaze the sum-
mits high
That far beneath their children's foot-
paths lie.

Smile at their first small ventures as we
may,
The school-boy's copy shapes the schol-
ar's hand,
Their grateful memory fills our hearts to-
day;
Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of peace
they planned,
While war's dread ploughshare scarred
the suffering land.

Child of our children's children yet un-
born,
When on this yellow page you turn your
eyes,

Where the brief record of this May-day
morn
In phrase antique and faded letters lies,
How vague, how pale our flitting ghosts
will rise !

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm and
red,
For us the fields were green, the skies
were blue,
Though from our dust the spirit long has
fled,
We lived, we loved, we toiled, we
dreamed like you,
Smiled at our sires and thought how
much we knew.

Oh might our spirits for one hour return,
When the next century rounds its hun-
dredth ring,
All the strange secrets it shall teach to
learn,
To hear the larger truths its years shall
bring,
Its wiser sages talk, its sweeter minstrels
sing !

THE SCHOOL-BOY

Read at the Centennial Celebration of the
foundation of Phillips Academy, Andover.

1778-1878

THESE hallowed precincts, long to mem-
ory dear,
Smile with fresh welcome as our feet draw
near;
With softer gales the opening leaves are
fanned,
With fairer hues the kindling flowers ex-
pand,
The rose-bush reddens with the blush of
June,
The groves are vocal with their minstrels'
tune,
The mighty elm, beneath whose arching
shade
The wandering children of the forest
strayed,
Greets the bright morning in its bridal
dress,
And spreads its arms the gladsome dawn
to bless.

Is it an idle dream that nature shares
Our joys, our griefs, our pastimes, and our
cares ?

Is there no summons when, at morning's
call,

The sable vestments of the darkness fall ?
Does not meek evening's low-voiced *Ave*
blend

With the soft vesper as its notes ascend ?
Is there no whisper in the perfumed air
When the sweet bosom of the rose is bare ?
Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice ?
Is there no meaning in the storm-cloud's
voice ?

No silent message when from midnight
skies
Heaven looks upon us with its myriad eyes ?

Or shift the mirror; say our dreams
diffuse

O'er life's pale landscape their celestial
hues,

Lend heaven the rainbow it has never
known,

And robe the earth in glories not its own,
Sing their own music in the summer breeze,
With fresher foliage clothe the stately
trees,

Stain the June blossoms with a livelier dye
And spread a bluer azure on the sky, —

Blest be the power that works its lawless
will

And finds the weediest patch an Eden
still;

No walls so fair as those our fancies build, —
No views so bright as those our visions
gild !

So ran my loine, as pen and paper met,
The truant goose-quill travelling like Plan-
chette;

Too ready servant, whose deceitful ways
Full many a slipshod line, alas ! betrays;
Hence of the rhyming thousand not a few
Have builded worse — a great deal — than
they knew.

What need of idle fancy to adorn
Our mother's birthplace on her birthday
morn ?

Hers are the blossoms of eternal spring,
From these green boughs her new-fledged
birds take wing,

These echoes hear their earliest carols sung,
In this old nest the brood is ever young.

If some tired wanderer, resting from his
flight,

Amid the gay young choristers alight,
These gather round him, mark his faded
plumes

That faintly still the far-off grove per-
fumes,

And listen, wondering if some feeble note
Yet lingers, quavering in his weary throat:—
I, whose fresh voice yon red-faced temple
knew,

What tune is left me, fit to sing to you ?
Ask not the grandeurs of a labored song,
But let my easy couplets slide along;
Much could I tell you that you know too
well;

Much I remember, but I will not tell;
Age brings experience; graybeards oft are
wise,

But oh ! how sharp a youngster's ears and
eyes !

My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the academic town;
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are
past,

The school-boy's chosen home is reached
at last.

I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its
floor,

The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished
door,

The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave
and still;

Two, creased with age, — or what I then
called age, —

Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
One, a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
As the first snowdrop, which the sunbeams
greet;

One, the last nursling's; slight she was,
and fair,

Her smooth white forehead warmed with
auburn hair;

Last came the virgin Hymen long had
spared,

Whose daily cares the grateful household
shared,

Strong, patient, humble; her substantial
frame

Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come

To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
Good-by!" "Goo—ood-by!" one fond
maternal kiss. . . .

Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this? . . .

Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

One figure still my vagrant thoughts pursue;

First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are you?
Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how
You learned it all, — are you an angel now,
Or tottering gently down the slope of years,
Your face grown sober in the vale of tears?
Forgive my freedom if you are breathing still;

If in a happier world, I know you will.
You were a school-boy — what beneath the sun

So like a monkey? I was also one.

Strange, sure enough, to see what curious shoots

The nursery raises from the study's roots!
In those old days the very, very good
Took up more room — a little — than they should;

Something too much one's eyes encountered then

Of serious youth and funeral-visaged men;
The solemn elders saw life's mournful half, —

Heaven sent this boy, whose mission was to laugh,

Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,
A catbird squealing in a blackbird's nest.

Kind, faithful Nature! While the sour-eyed Scot —

Her cheerful smiles forbidden or forgot —
Talks only of his preacher and his kirk, —
Hears five-hour sermons for his Sunday work, —

Praying and fasting till his meagre face
Gains its due length, the genuine sign of grace, —

An Ayrshire mother in the land of Knox
Her embryo poet in his cradle rocks; —
Nature, long shivering in her dim eclipse,

Steals in a sunbeam to those baby lips;
So to its home her banished smile returns,
And Scotland sweetens with the song of Burns!

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;

A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;

Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME: so the clock-face said:

Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —

Sowed, — their wild oats, — and reaped as they had sowed.

How all comes back! the upward slanting floor, —

The masters' thrones that flank the central door, —

The long, outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side, —

The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears

Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;

Not more submissive Israel heard and saw

At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state

On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight;

Around his lips the subtle life that plays
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase;

A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
Pleasant when pleased; rough-handed, not so safe;

Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
But to forgive him. God forgive us all!

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name

Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim;

His was the charm magnetic, the bright
 look
 That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest
 book;
 A loving soul to every task he brought
 That sweetly mingled with the lore he
 taught;
 Sprung from a saintly race that never could
 From youth to age be anything but good,
 His few brief years in holiest labors spent,
 Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had
 lent.
 Kindest of teachers, studious to divine
 Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
 These faint and faltering words thou canst
 not hear
 Throb from a heart that holds thy memory
 dear.
 As to the traveller's eye the varied plain
 Shows through the window of the flying
 train,
 A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
 A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,
 A tangled wood, a glittering stream that
 flows
 Through the cleft summit where the cliff
 once rose,
 All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,
 Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hill-
 side, stream, —
 So, as we look behind us, life appears,
 Seen through the vista of our bygone years.
 Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled do-
 main,
 Some vanished shapes the hues of life re-
 tain;
 Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes
 From the vague mists in memory's path
 they rise.
 So comes his blooming image to my view,
 The friend of joyous days when life was
 new,
 Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth un-
 chilled,
 No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled,
 Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering
 fold,
 Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled.
 His the frank smile I vainly look to greet,
 His the warm grasp my clasping hand
 should meet;
 How would our lips renew their school-boy
 talk,
 Our feet retrace the old familiar walk !

For thee no more earth's cheerful morning
 shines
 Through the green fringes of the tented
 pines;
 Ah me ! is heaven so far thou canst not
 hear,
 Or is thy viewless spirit hovering near,
 A fair young presence, bright with morn-
 ing's glow,
 The fresh-cheeked boy of fifty years ago ?
 Yes, fifty years, with all their circling
 suns,
 Behind them all my glance reverted runs;
 Where now that time remote, its griefs, its
 joys,
 Where are its gray-haired men, its bright-
 haired boys ?
 Where is the patriarch time could hardly
 tire, —
 The good old, wrinkled, immemorial
 "squire" ?
 (An honest treasurer, like a black-plumed
 swan,
 Not every day our eyes may look upon.)
 Where the tough champion who, with Cal-
 vin's sword,
 In wordy conflicts battled for the Lord ?
 Where the grave scholar, lonely, calm,
 austere,
 Whose voice like music charmed the listen-
 ing ear,
 Whose light rekindled, like the morning
 star
 Still shines upon us through the gates ajar ?
 Where the still, solemn, weary, sad-eyed
 man,
 Whose care-worn face my wandering eyes
 would scan, —
 His features wasted in the lingering strife
 With the pale foe that drains the student's
 life ?
 Where my old friend, the scholar, teacher,
 saint,
 Whose creed, some hinted, showed a speck
 of taint;
 He broached his own opinion, which is not
 Lightly to be forgiven or forgot;
 Some riddle's point, — I scarce remember
 now, —
Homoi-, perhaps, where they said *homo-ou*.
 (If the unlettered greatly wish to know
 Where lies the difference betwixt *oi* and *o*,
 Those of the curious who have time may
 search

Among the stale conundrums of their church.)

Beneath his roof his peaceful life I shared,
And for his modes of faith I little cared, —
I, taught to judge men's dogmas by their deeds,

Long ere the days of india-rubber creeds.

Why should we look one common faith to find,

Where one in every score is color-blind?
If here on earth they know not red from green,

Will they see better into things unseen!

Once more to time's old graveyard I return

And scrape the moss from memory's pictured urn.

Who, in these days when all things go by steam,

Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team?

Its sturdy driver, — who remembers him?
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,

Who left our hill-top for a new abode
And reared his sign-post farther down the road?

Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine
Do the young bathers splash and think they're clean?

Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimac?
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggett's Pond,

Or where the legendary name recalls
The forest's earlier tenant, — "Deerjump Falls"?

Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore;

So all life's opening paths, where nature led

Their father's feet, the children's children tread.

Roll the round century's fivescore years away,

Call from our storied past that earliest day
When great Eliphalet (I can see him now, —

Big name, big frame, big voice, and beetling brow),

Then *young* Eliphalet, — ruled the rows of boys

In homespun gray or old-world corduroys, —

And save for fashion's whims, the benches show

The selfsame youths, the very boys we know.

Time works strange marvels: since I trod the green

And swung the gates, what wonders I have seen!

But come what will, — the sky itself may fall, —

As things of course the boy accepts them all.

The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds of flame,

For daily use our travelling millions claim;
The face we love a sunbeam makes our own;

No more the surgeon hears the sufferer's groan;

What unwrit histories wrapped in darkness lay

Till shovelling Schliemann bared them to the day!

Your Richelieu says, and says it well, my lord,

The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword;

Great is the goosequill, say we all; Amen!
Sometimes the spade is mightier than the pen;

It shows where Babel's terraced walls were raised,

The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's palace blazed,

Unearths Mycenæ, rediscovers Troy, —
Calmly he listens, that immortal boy.

A new Prometheus tips our wands with fire,

A mightier Orpheus strains the whispering wire,

Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds out-run

And hold the hours as Joshua stayed the sun, —

So swift, in truth, we hardly find a place
For those dim fictions known as time and space.

Still a new miracle each year supplies, —
See at his work the chemist of the skies,

Who questions Sirius in his tortured rays
And steals the secret of the solar blaze;

Hush! while the window-rattling bugles
 play
 The nation's airs a hundred miles away!
 That wicked phonograph! hark! how it
 swears!
 Turn it again and make it say its prayers!
 And was it true, then, what the story said
 Of Oxford's friar and his brazen head?
 While wondering Science stands, herself
 perplexed
 At each day's miracle, and asks "What
 next?"
 The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,
 Springs from his desk to "urge the flying
 ball."
 Cleaves with his bending oar the glassy
 waves,
 With sinewy arm the dashing current
 braves,
 The same bright creature in these haunts
 of ours
 That Eton shadowed with her "antique
 towers."

Boy! Where is he? the long-limbed
 youth inquires,
 Whom his rough chin with manly pride
 inspires;
 Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer glows,
 When the bright hair is white as winter
 snows,
 When the dim eye has lost its lambent
 flame,
 Sweet to his ear will be his school-boy
 name!
 Nor think the difference mighty as it seems
 Between life's morning and its evening
 dreams;
 Fourscore, like twenty, has its tacks and
 toys;
 In earth's wide school-house all are girls
 and boys.

Brothers, forgive my wayward fancy.
 Who
 Can guess beforehand what his pen will do?
 Too light my strain for listeners such as
 these,
 Whom graver thoughts and soberer speech
 shall please.
 Is he not here whose breath of holy song
 Has raised the downcast eyes of Faith so
 long?
 Are they not here, the strangers in your
 gates,

For whom the wearied ear impatient
 waits,—
 The large-brained scholars whom their
 toils release,—
 The bannered heralds of the Prince of
 Peace?

Such was the gentle friend whose youth
 unblamed
 In years long past our student-benches
 claimed;
 Whose name, illumined on the sacred page,
 Lives in the labors of his riper age;
 Such he whose record time's destroying
 march
 Leaves uneffaced on Zion's springing arch:
 Not to the scanty phrase of measured song,
 Cramped in its fetters, names like these
 belong;
 One ray they lend to gild my slender
 line,—
 Their praise I leave to sweeter lips than
 mine.

Homes of our sires, where Learning's
 temple rose,
 While yet they struggled with their banded
 foes,
 As in the West thy century's sun descends,
 One parting gleam its dying radiance lends.
 Darker and deeper though the shadows
 fall
 From the gray towers on Doubting Castle's
 wall,
 Though Pope and Pagan re-array their
 hosts,
 And her new armor youthful Science
 boasts,
 Truth, for whose altar rose this holy
 shrine,
 Shall fly for refuge to these bowers of
 thine;
 No past shall chain her with its rusted vow,
 No Jew's phylactery bind her Christian
 brow,
 But Faith shall smile to find her sister free,
 And nobler manhood draw its life from
 thee.

Long as the arching skies above thee
 spread,
 As on thy groves the dews of heaven are
 shed,
 With currents widening still from year to
 year,

And deepening channels, calm, untroubled,
 clear,
 Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred
 hill —
 Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill !

THE SILENT MELODY

"BRING me my broken harp," he said;
 "We both are wrecks,—but as ye
 will,—

Though all its ringing tones have fled,
 Their echoes linger round it still ;
 It had some golden strings, I know,
 But that was long — how long ! — ago.

"I cannot see its tarnished gold,
 I cannot hear its vanished tone,
 Scarce can my trembling fingers hold
 The pillared frame so long their own;
 We both are wrecks,—a while ago
 It had some silver strings, I know,

"But on them Time too long has played
 The solemn strain that knows no change,
 And where of old my fingers strayed
 The chords they find are new and
 strange,—
 Yes ! iron strings,—I know,—I know,—
 We both are wrecks of long ago.

"We both are wrecks,—a shattered
 pair,—
 Strange to ourselves in time's dis-
 guise . . .

What say ye to the lovesick air
 That brought the tears from Marian's
 eyes ?

Ay ! trust me,—under breasts of snow
 Hearts could be melted long ago !

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash
 That from his dreams the soldier woke,
 And bade him face the lightning flash
 When battle's cloud in thunder
 broke ? . . .

Wrecks,—nought but wrecks !—the time
 was when
 We two were worth a thousand men !"

And so the broken harp they bring
 With pitying smiles that none could
 blame;

Alas ! there's not a single string
 Of all that filled the tarnished frame !
 But see ! like children overjoyed,
 His fingers rambling through the void !

"I clasp thee ! Ay . . . mine ancient
 lyre . . .

Nay, guide my wandering fingers. . . .
 There !

They love to dally with the wire
 As Isaac played with Esau's hair. . . .
 Hush ! ye shall hear the famous tune
 That Marian called the Breath of June !"

And so they softly gather round:
 Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems:
 His fingers move: but not a sound !
 A silence like the song of dreams. . . .
 "There ! ye have heard the air," he cries,
 "That brought the tears from Marian's
 eyes !"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,
 Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain;
 To him the unreal sounds are sweet,—
 No discord mars the silent strain
 Scored on life's latest, starlit page—
 The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,
 When Nature's music breathes unsought,
 But never yet could voice or string
 So truly shape our tenderest thought
 As when by life's decaying fire
 Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre !

OUR HOME—OUR COUNTRY

FOR THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTI-
 ETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLE-
 MENT OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DE-
 CEMBER 28, 1880

YOUR home was mine,—kind Nature's
 gift;

My love no years can chill;
 In vain their flakes the storm-winds sift,
 The snowdrop hides beneath the drift,
 A living blossom still.

Mute are a hundred long-famed lyres,
 Hushed all their golden strings;
 One lay the coldest bosom fires,
 One song, one only, never tires
 While sweet-voiced memory sings.

No spot so lone but echo knows
 That dear familiar strain;
 In tropic isles, on arctic snows,
 Through burning lips its music flows
 And rings its fond refrain.

From Pisa's tower my straining sight
 Roamed wandering leagues away,
 When lo ! a frigate's banner bright,
 The starry blue, the red, the white,
 In far Livorno's bay.

Hot leaps the life-blood from my heart,
 Forth springs the sudden tear;
 The ship that rocks by yonder mart
 Is of my land, my life, a part, —
 Home, home, sweet home, is here !

Fades from my view the sunlit scene, —
 My vision spans the waves;
 I see the elm-encircled green,
 The tower, — the steeple, — and, between,
 The field of ancient graves.

There runs the path my feet would tread
 When first they learned to stray;
 There stands the gambrel roof that spread
 Its quaint old angles o'er my head
 When first I saw the day.

The sounds that met my boyish ear
 My inward sense salute, —
 The woodnotes wild I loved to hear, —
 The robin's challenge, sharp and clear, —
 The breath of evening's flute.

The faces loved from cradle days, —
 Unseen, alas, how long !
 As fond remembrance round them plays,
 Touched with its softening moonlight rays,
 Through fancy's portal throng.

And see ! as if the opening skies
 Some angel form had spared
 Us wingless mortals to surprise,
 The little maid with light-blue eyes,
 White necked and golden haired !

So rose the picture full in view
 I paint in feebler song;
 Such power the seamless banner knew
 Of red and white and starry blue
 For exiles banished long.

Oh, boys, dear boys, who wait as men
 To guard its heaven-bright folds,
 Blest are the eyes that see again
 That banner, seamless now, as then, —
 The fairest earth beholds !

Sweet was the Tuscan air and soft
 In that unfading hour,
 And fancy leads my footsteps oft
 Up the round galleries, high aloft
 On Pisa's threatening tower.

And still in Memory's holiest shrine
 I read with pride and joy,
 "For me those stars of empire shine;
 That empire's dearest home is mine;
 I am a Cambridge boy !"

POEM

AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY
 DINNER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
 MEDICAL SOCIETY, JUNE 8, 1881

THREE paths there be where Learning's
 favored sons,
 Trained in the schools which hold her fa-
 vored ones,
 Follow their several stars with separate
 aim;
 Each has its honors, each its special claim.
 Bred in the fruitful cradle of the East,
 First, as of oldest lineage, comes the Priest;
 The Lawyer next, in wordy conflict strong,
 Full armed to battle for the right, — or
 wrong;
 Last, he whose calling finds its voice in
 deeds,
 Frail Nature's helper in her sharpest needs.
 Each has his gifts, his losses and his
 gains,
 Each his own share of pleasures and of
 pains;
 No life-long aim with steadfast eye pursued
 Finds a smooth pathway all with roses
 strewed;
 Trouble belongs to man of woman born, —
 Tread where he may, his foot will find its
 thorn.

Of all the guests at life's perennial feast,
 Who of her children sits above the Priest ?
 For him the broided robe, the carven
 seat,

Pride at his beck, and beauty at his feet,
 For him the incense fumes, the wine is
 poured,
 Himself a God, adoring and adored !
 His the first welcome when our hearts
 rejoice,
 His in our dying ear the latest voice,
 Font, altar, grave, his steps on all attend,
 Our staff, our stay, our all but heavenly
 friend !

Where is the meddling hand that dares
 to probe
 The secret grief beneath his sable robe ?
 How grave his port ! how every gesture
 tells
 Here truth abides, here peace forever
 dwells ;
 Vex not his lofty soul with comments vain ;
 Faith asks no questions ; silence, ye pro-
 fane !

Alas ! too oft while all is calm without
 The stormy spirit wars with endless *doubt* ;
 This is the mocking sceptre, scarce con-
 cealed
 Behind tradition's bruised and battered
 shield.

He sees the sleepless critic, age by age,
 Scrawl his new readings on the hallowed
 page,
 The wondrous deeds that priests and pro-
 phets saw
 Dissolved in legend, crystallized in law,
 And on the soil where saints and martyrs
 trod

Altars new builded to the Unknown God ;
 His shrines imperilled, his evangels torn, —
 He dares not limp, but ah ! how sharp his
 thorn !

Yet while God's herald questions as he
 reads

The outworn dogmas of his ancient creeds,
 Drops from his ritual the exploded verse,
 Blots from its page the Athanasian curse,
 Though by the critic's dangerous art per-
 plexed,

His holy life is Heaven's unquestioned text ;
 That shining guidance doubt can never
 mar, —

The pillar's flame, the light of Bethlehem's
 star !

Strong is the moral blister that will draw
 Laid on the conscience of the Man of Law
 Whom blindfold Justice lends her eyes to
 see

Truth in the scale that holds his promised
 fee.

What ! Has not every lie its truthful
 side,

Its honest fraction, not to be denied ?
Per contra, — ask the moralist, — in sooth
 Has not a lie its share in every truth ?
 Then what forbids an honest man to try
 To find the truth that lurks in every lie,
 And just as fairly call on truth to yield
 The lying fraction in its breast concealed ?
 So the worst rogue shall claim a ready
 friend

His modest virtues boldly to defend,
 And he who shows the record of a saint
 See himself blacker than the devil could
 paint.

What struggles to his captive soul be-
 long

Who loves the right, yet combats for the
 wrong,

Who fights the battle he would fain re-
 fuse,

And wins, well knowing that he ought to
 lose,

Who speaks with glowing lips and look
 sincere

In spangled words that make the worse
 appear

The better reason ; who, behind his mask,
 Hides his true self and blushes at his
 task, —

What quips, what quillets cheat the in-
 ward scorn

That mocks such triumph ? Has he not
 his thorn ?

Yet stay thy judgment ; were thy life
 the prize,

Thy death the forfeit, would thy cynic
 eyes

See fault in him who bravely dares de-
 fend

The cause forlorn, the wretch without a
 friend ?

Nay, though the rightful side is wisdom's
 choice,

Wrong has its rights and claims a cham-
 pion's voice ;

Let the strong arm be lifted for the weak,
 For the dumb lips the fluent pleader
 speak ; —

When with warm "rebel" blood our
 street was dyed

Who took, unawed, the hated hirelings'
 side ?

No greener civic wreath can Adams claim,
No brighter page the youthful Quincy's
name!

How blest is he who knows no meaner
strife

Than Art's long battle with the foes of
life!

No doubt assails him, doing still his best,
And trusting kindly Nature for the rest;
No mocking conscience tears the thin dis-
guise

That wraps his breast, and tells him that
he lies.

He comes: the languid sufferer lifts his
head

And smiles a welcome from his weary
bed;

He speaks: what music like the tones that
tell,

"Past is the hour of danger,—all is
well!"

How can he feel the petty stings of grief
Whose cheering presence always brings
relief?

What ugly dreams can trouble his repose
Who yields himself to soothe another's
woes?

Hour after hour the busy day has found
The good physician on his lonely round;
Mansion and hovel, low and lofty door,
He knows, his journeys every path ex-
plore,—

Where the cold blast has struck with
deadly chill

The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept
hill,

Where by the stagnant marsh the sicken-
ing gale

Has blanch'd the poisoned tenants of the
vale,

Where crushed and maimed the bleeding
victim lies,

Where madness raves, where melancholy
sighs,

And where the solemn whisper tells too
plain

That all his science, all his art, were vain.

How sweet his fireside when the day is
done

And cares have vanished with the setting
sun!

Evening at last its hour of respite brings
And on his couch his weary length he
flings.

Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
Lulled by an opiate Art could never find;
Sweet be thy slumber,—thou hast earned
it well,—

Pleasant thy dreams! Clang! goes the
midnight bell!

Darkness and storm! the home is far
away

That waits his coming ere the break of day;
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage
toss,—

Doubtful the frozen stream his road must
cross;

Deep lie the drifts, the slanted heaps have
shut

The hardy woodman in his mountain hut,—
Why should thy softer frame the tempest
brave?

Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or
save?

Look! read the answer in his patient
eyes,—

For him no other voice when suffering
cries;

Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,
A feeble whisper calls him,—and he goes.

Or seek the crowded city,—summer's
heat

Glares burning, blinding, in the narrow
street,

Still, noisome, deadly, sleeps the enven-
omed air,

Unstirred the yellow flag that says "Be-
ware!"

Tempt not thy fate,—one little moment's
breath

Bears on its viewless wing the seeds of
death;

Thou at whose door the gilded chariots
stand,

Whose dear-bought skill unclasps the
miser's hand,

Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away
That life so precious; let a meaner prey

Feed the destroyer's hunger; live to bless
Those happier homes that need thy care no
less!

Smiling he listens; has he then a charm
Whose magic virtues peril can disarm?

No safeguard his; no amulet he wears,
Too well he knows that Nature never

s pares

Her truest servant, powerless to defend
From her own weapons her unshrinking

friend.

He dares the fate the bravest well might
 shun,
 Nor asks reward save only Heaven's
 "Well done!"

Such are the toils, the perils that he
 knows,
 Days without rest and nights without re-
 pose,
 Yet all unheeded for the love he bears
 His art, his kind, whose every grief he
 shares.

Harder than these to know how small
 the part
 Nature's proud empire yields to striving
 Art;
 How, as the tide that rolls around the
 sphere
 Laughs at the mounds that delving arms
 uprear, —
 Spares some few roods of oozy earth, but
 still
 Wastes and rebuilds the planet at its will,
 Comes at its ordered season, night or noon,
 Led by the silver magnet of the moon, —
 So life's vast tide forever comes and goes,
 Unchecked, resistless, as it ebbs and flows.

Hardest of all, when Art has done her
 best,
 To find the cuckoo brooding in her nest;
 The shrewd adventurer, fresh from parts
 unknown,
 Kills off the patients Science thought her
 own;
 Towns from a nostrum-vender get their
 name,
 Fences and walls the cure-all drug pro-
 claim,
 Plasters and pads the willing world be-
 guile,
 Fair Lydia greets us with astringent smile,
 Munchausen's fellow-countryman unlocks
 His new Pandora's globule-holding box,
 And as King George inquired, with puzzled
 grin,
 "How — how the devil get the apple in?"
 So we ask how, — with wonder-opening
 eyes, —
 Such pygmy pills can hold such giant lies!
 Yes, sharp the trials, stern the daily
 tasks
 That suffering Nature from her servant
 asks;
 His the kind office dainty menials scorn,
 His path how hard, — at every step a
 thorn!

What does his saddening, restless slavery
 buy?
 What save a right to live, a chance to die, —
 To live companion of disease and pain,
 To die by poisoned shafts untimely slain?
 Answer from hoary eld, majestic shades, —
 From Memphian courts, from Delphic col-
 onnades,
 Speak in the tones that Persia's despot
 heard
 When nations treasured every golden word
 The wandering echoes wafted o'er the seas,
 From the far isle that held Hippocrates;
 And thou, best gift that Pergamus could
 send
 Imperial Rome, her noblest Cæsar's friend,
 Master of masters, whose unchallenged
 sway
 Not bold Vesalius dared to disobey;
 Ye who while prophets dreamed of dawn-
 ing times
 Taught your rude lessons in Salerno's
 rhymes,
 And ye, the nearer sires, to whom we owe
 The better share of all the best we know,
 In every land an ever-growing train,
 Since wakening Science broke her rusted
 chain, —
 Speak from the past, and say what prize
 was sent
 To crown the toiling years so freely spent!
 List while they speak:
 In life's uneven road
 Our willing hands have eased our brothers'
 load;
 One forehead smoothed, one pang of tor-
 ture less,
 One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to
 bless,
 The smile brought back to fever's parching
 lips,
 The light restored to reason in eclipse,
 Life's treasure rescued like a burning brand
 Snatched from the dread destroyer's waste-
 ful hand;
 Such were our simple records day by day,
 For gains like these we wore our lives away.
 In toilsome paths our daily bread we sought,
 But bread from heaven attending angels
 brought;
 Pain was our teacher, speaking to the
 heart,
 Mother of pity, nurse of pitying art;
 Our lesson learned, we reached the peace-
 ful shore

Where the pale sufferer asks our aid no
 more, —
 These gracious words our welcome, our
 reward:
 Ye served your brothers; ye have served
 your Lord!

HARVARD

[Read at Commencement Dinner, July 1,
 1880. The author had that day received
 from his Alma Mater the degree of Doctor of
 Laws.]

CHANGELESS in beauty, rose-hues on her
 cheek,
 Old walls, old trees, old memories all
 around
 Lend her unfading youth their charm an-
 tique
 And fill with mystic light her holy ground.
 Here the lost dove her leaf of promise
 found
 While the new morning showed its blush-
 ing streak
 Far o'er the waters she had crossed to seek
 The bleak, wild shore in billowy forests
 drowned.
 Mother of scholars! on thy rising throne
 Thine elder sisters look benignant down;
 England's proud twins, and they whose
 cloisters own

The fame of Abelard, the scarlet gown
 That laughing Rabelais wore, not yet out-
 grown —
 And on thy forehead place the New World's
 crown.

RHYMES OF A LIFE-TIME

FROM the first gleam of morning to the
 gray
 Of peaceful evening, lo, a life unrolled!
 In woven pictures all its changes told,
 Its lights, its shadows, every flitting ray,
 Till the long curtain, falling, dims the day,
 Steals from the dial's disk the sunlight's
 gold,
 And all the graven hours grow dark and
 cold
 Where late the glowing blaze of noontide
 lay.
 Ah! the warm blood runs wild in youthful
 veins, —
 Let me no longer play with painted fire;
 New songs for new-born days! I would
 not tire
 The listening ears that wait for fresher
 strains
 In phrase new-moulded, new-forged
 rhythmic chains,
 With plaintive measures from a worn-out
 lyre.