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POEMS

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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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R. 335

POEMS

BY

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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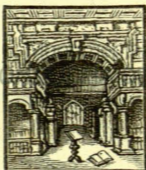
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# POEMS

BY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



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1886

TO MY READERS.

NAY, blame me not ; I might have spared  
Your patience many a trivial verse,  
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,  
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, " Those ruder songs  
Had freshness which the new have lost ;  
To spring the opening leaf belongs,  
The chestnut-burs await the frost. "

When those I wrote, my locks were brown,  
When these I write—ah, well-a-day !  
The autumn thistle's silvery down  
Is not the purple bloom of May !

Go, little book, whose pages hold  
Those garnered years in loving trust ;  
How long before your blue and gold  
Shall fade and whiten in the dust ?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,  
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,  
Tell me each living poet's doom !  
How long before his book shall die ?

It matters little, soon or late,  
A day, a month, a year, an age,—  
I read oblivion in its date,  
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we sighed, our griefs were told ;  
 Before we smiled, our joys were sung ;  
 And all our passions shaped of old  
 In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek, —  
 Can all the varied phrases tell  
 That Babel's wandering children speak,  
 How thrushes sing or lilacs smell ?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,  
 Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone ;  
 The soul that sings must dwell apart,  
 Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read !  
 Our largest hope is unfulfilled, —  
 The promise still outruns the deed, —  
 The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find ;  
 Our ripest fruit we never reach ;  
 The flowering moments of the mind  
 Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms ; if they wear  
 One streak of morn or evening's glow,  
 Accept them ; but to me more fair  
 The buds of song that never blow.

*April 8, 1862.*



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# EARLIER POEMS.

1830-1836.



## OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky ;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar ;—

The meteor of the ocean air

Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

Where knelt the vanquished foe,

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,

And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,

Or know the conquered knee ;—

The harpies of the shore shall pluck

The eagle of the sea!

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

---

*THE LAST LEAF.*

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

*THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.*

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,  
 Beneath the loftier spire,  
 Is shadowed when the sunset hour  
 Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;  
 It sinks beyond the distant eye,  
 Long ere the glittering vane,  
 High wheeling in the western sky,  
 Has faded o'er the plain.

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

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

But what to them the dirge, the knell?  
 These were the mourner's share ;  
 The sullen clang, whose heavy swell  
 Throbb'd through the beating air ;

The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—  
The shelving sand that slid,  
And, far beneath, with hollow tone,  
Rung on the coffin's lid.

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

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

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,  
The sabre's thirsting edge,  
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,  
The bayonet's rending wedge,—  
Here scattered death ; yet, seek the spot,  
No trace thine eye can see,  
No altar,—and they need it not  
Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand  
In many a chiselled square ;

The knightly crest, the shield, the brand  
 Of honoured names were there ;—  
 Alas ! for every tear is dried  
 Those blazoned tablets knew,  
 Save when the icy marble's side  
 Drips with the evening dew.

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

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

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

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

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,  
 That lift this trembling tone,  
 Its breath of love may almost bear,  
 To kiss thy funeral stone ;  
 And now thy smiles have passed away,  
 For all the joy they gave,  
 May sweetest dews and warmest ray  
 Lie on thine early grave !

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



## TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,  
 Wherever thou art hid,  
 Thou testy little dogmatist,  
 Thou pretty Katydid !

Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —  
 Old gentlefolks are they, —  
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
 In such a solemn way.

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

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

Dear me ! I'll tell you all about  
 My fuss with little Jane,  
 And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
 So often down the lane,  
 And all that tore their locks of black,  
 Or wet their eyes of blue, —  
 Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
 What did poor Katy do ?

Ah no ! the living oak shall crash,  
 That stood for ages still,

The rock shall rend its mossy base  
 And thunder down the hill,  
 Before the little Katydid  
 Shall add one word, to tell  
 The mystic story of the maid  
 Whose name she knows so well.

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



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

*THE DILEMMA.*

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

I had a vision in my dreams ;—  
 I saw a row of twenty beams ;  
 From every beam a rope was hung,  
 In every rope a lover swung ;

I asked the hue of every eye,  
 That bade each luckless lover die ;  
 Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly blue,  
 And ten accused the darker hue.

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

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

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

Well, both might make a martyr break  
 The chain that bound him to the stake ;



And both, with but a single ray,  
 Can melt our very hearts away ;  
 And both, when balanced, hardly seem  
 To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;  
 But that is dearest, all the while,  
 That wears for us the sweetest smile.



## MY AUNT.

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

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

Her father—grandpapa ! forgive  
 This erring lip its smiles—  
 Vowed she should make the finest girl  
 Within a hundred miles ;

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

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

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

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

*REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD  
PEDESTRIAN.*

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

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

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

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

Ay ! gather your reins, and crack your thong,  
And bid your steed go faster ;  
He does not know, as he scrambles along,  
That he has a fool for his master ;

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

*DAILY TRIALS.*

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Children, with drums  
 Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass ;  
 Peripatetics with a blade of grass  
 Between their thumbs.

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

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

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

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

---

*EVENING.*

BY A TAILOR.

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

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

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,  
 So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?  
 It is, it is that deeply injured flower,  
 Which boys do flout us with ;—but yet I love thee,  
 Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.  
 Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright  
 As these, thy puny brethren ; and thy breath  
 Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;  
 But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,  
 Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,  
 And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?  
 Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,  
 Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
 I well remember, in my early years,  
 When these young hands first closed upon a goose ;  
 I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
 Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.  
 My father was a tailor, and his father,  
 And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors ;  
 They had an ancient goose,—it was an heirloom  
 From some remoter tailor of our race.  
 It happened I did see it on a time  
 When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
 And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully !

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
 And leap elastic from the level counter,  
 Leaving the petty grievances of earth,  
 The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,  
 And all the needles that do wound the spirit,  
 For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.  
 Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,  
 Lays bare her shady bosom ;—I can feel  
 With all around me ;—I can hail the flowers  
 That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,  
 That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.  
 The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,  
 Where Nature stows away her loveliness.  
 But this unnatural posture of the legs  
 Cramps my extended calves, and I must go  
 Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

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UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

### THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But whether the story's true or not,  
It isn't for me to show ;  
There's many a thing that's twice as queer  
In somebody's lectures that we hear,  
And those are true, you know.

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



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

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

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

*TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY."*

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,  
I wonder what's your name,  
I wonder how you came to be  
In such a stylish frame;  
Perhaps you were a favourite child,  
Perhaps an only one;  
Perhaps your friends were not aware  
You had your portrait done!  
Yet you must be a harmless soul;  
I cannot think that Sin

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

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

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



### THE COMET.

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

Ten million cubic miles of head,  
 Ten billion leagues of tail !

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

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

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

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
 Each moment in a tub,  
 I read upon the warping back,  
 " The Dream of Beelzebub ;"

He could not see his verses burn,  
 Although his brain was fried,  
 And ever and anon he bent  
 To wet them as they dried.

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

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

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

Strange sights! strange sounds ! oh fearful dream!  
 Its memory haunts me still,

The steaming sea, the crimson glare,  
 That wreathed each wooded hill ;  
 Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain  
 Such midnight visions sweep,  
 Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,  
 And sweet shall be thy sleep !

---

*THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.*

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

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

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

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—  
 Some odious creature begs

You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs,  
And says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

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

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

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

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be  
A very dismal place ;  
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once  
Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

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

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

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

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

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

*THE TREADMILL SONG.*

THE stars are rolling in the sky,  
The earth rolls on below,  
And we can feel the rattling wheel  
Revolving as we go.  
Then tread away, my gallant boys,  
And make the axle fly ;  
Why should not wheels go round about,  
Like planets in the sky ?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,  
And stir your solid pegs !  
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,  
And shake your spider legs ;  
What though you're awkward at the trade,  
There's time enough to learn,—  
So lean upon the rail, my lad,  
And take another turn.

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

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,  
He shan't be lazy here,—  
And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
And tweak that lubber's ear,—



He's lost them both,—don't pull his hair,  
 Because he wears a scratch,  
 But poke him in the further eye,  
 That isn't in the patch.

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



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**THE SEPTEMBER GALE.**

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

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing ;  
 There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing,—

A little stir among the clouds,  
 Before they rent asunder,—  
 A little rocking of the trees,  
 And then came on the thunder.

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

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

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

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
 How changed from what I knew them !

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS. 41

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

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

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*THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



### *THE LAST READER.*

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

I keep them like a lock or leaf  
That some dear girl has given ;  
Frail record of an hour, as brief  
As sunset clouds in heaven,  
But spreading purple twilight still  
High over memory's shadowed hill.

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

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

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

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

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

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



**POETRY:**

A METRICAL ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE  $\Phi$  B K  
 SOCIETY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY,  
 AUGUST 1836.

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

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

Long have I wandered ; the returning tide  
 Brought back an exile to his cradle's side ;

And as my bark her time-worn flag unrolled,  
To greet the land-breeze with its faded fold,  
So, in remembrance of my boyhood's time,  
I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme ;  
Oh more than blest, that, all my wanderings through,  
My anchor fails where first my pennons flew !

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The morning light, which rains its quivering  
beams

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

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,  
Reflect the light our common nature gave,  
But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,  
Wears on our hearts some colouring of our own ;  
Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,  
Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea ;  
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,  
Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of God,  
Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,  
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of Love ;

Glaring like noontide, where it glows upon  
Ambition's sands,—the desert in the sun ;  
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene  
Life's common colouring,—intellectual green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material plan,  
Arched over all the rainbow mind of man ;  
But he who, blind to universal laws,  
Sees but effects, unconscious of their cause,—  
Believes each image in itself is bright,  
Not robed in drapery of reflected light,—  
Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,  
Has found some crystal in his meagre soil,  
And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone  
Earth worked her wonders on the sparkling stone,  
Nor dreams that Nature, with as nice a line,  
Carved countless angles through the boundless mine.

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

And, most of all, the pure ethereal fire,  
Which seems to radiate from the poet's lyre  
Is to the world a mystery and a charm,  
An Ægis wielded on a mortal's arm,



While Reason turns her dazzled eye away,  
 And bows her sceptre to her subject's sway ;  
 And thus the poet, clothed with godlike state,  
 Usurped his Maker's title—to create ;  
 He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,  
 What others feel, more fitly can express,  
 Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,  
 Peeps through the bars and calls the world his own.

There breathes no being but has some pretence  
 To that fine instinct called poetic sense :  
 The rudest savage roaming through the wild ;  
 The simplest rustic bending o'er his child ;  
 The infant listening to the warbling bird ;  
 The mother smiling at its half-formed word ;  
 The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large ;  
 The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge ;  
 The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand  
 The vote that shakes the turrets of the land ;  
 The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,  
 Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain ;  
 The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the wine,  
 To join the chorus pealing " Auld lang syne ;"  
 The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,  
 While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn ;  
 The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw near  
 The circling dance and dazzling chandelier ;  
 E'en trembling age, when Spring's renewing air  
 Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair ;—  
 All, all are glowing with the inward flame,  
 Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,  
 While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer dies,  
 His memory passing with his smiles and sighs !

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

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

But though to none is granted to reveal,  
 In perfect semblance, all that each may feel,  
 As withered flowers recall forgotten love,  
 So, warmed to life, our faded passions move

In every line, where kindling fancy throws  
The gleam of pleasures, or the shade of woes.

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

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

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

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

## I.

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

Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal rose,  
Awake, all sweetness, from their long repose ;  
Then turn to ponder o'er the classic page,  
Traced with the Idyls of a greener age,  
And learn the instinct which arose to warm  
Art's earliest essay, and her simplest form.

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

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

Home of our childhood ! how affection clings  
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !

Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,  
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown !  
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze  
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !  
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,  
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky !

Oh happiest they, whose early love unchanged,  
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unestranged,  
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see  
Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in thee.

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

What shall I give thee ? Can a simple lay,  
Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,  
Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,  
Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower ?  
Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and free,  
The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-tree,

Panting from play, or dripping from the stream,  
 How bright the visions of my boyish dream !  
 Or, modest Charles, along thy broken edge,  
 Black with soft ooze and fringed with arrowy sedge,  
 As once I wandered in the morning sun,  
 With reeking sandal and superfluous gun ;  
 How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,  
 Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale !  
 Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the skies,  
 Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,  
 How should my song with holiest charm invest  
 Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest !  
 How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,  
 Till all was classic on my native green !

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

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star  
 Still seemed the brightest when it shone afar ;  
 Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious toil,  
 Glows in the welcome of his parent soil ;  
 And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,  
 But take the leaflets gathered at your side.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

But times were changed ; the torch of terror came,  
 To light the summits with the beacon's flame ;  
 The streams ran crimson, the tall mountain pines  
 Rose a new forest o'er embattled lines ;

<sup>1</sup> For "The Cambridge Churchyard," see p. 16.

The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,  
 The harvest bowed beneath his chariot wheel ;  
 Where late the wood-dove sheltered her repose  
 The raven waited for the conflict's close ;  
 The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless round  
 Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis frowned ;  
 Where timid minstrels sung their blushing charms,  
 Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, " To arms ! "

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits leap,  
 Roused by her accents from their tranquil sleep,  
 The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest  
 Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast ;—  
 Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay  
 Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,  
 But men, who act the passions they inspire,  
 Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre !

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

Scourge of mankind ! with all the dread array  
 That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,



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

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's glance,  
Her white walls gleaming through the vines of  
France,

And all was hushed, save where the footsteps fell,  
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.  
But one still watched ; no self-encircled woes  
Chased from his lids the angel of repose ;  
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter years  
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning tears :  
His country's sufferings and her children's shame  
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's flame,  
Each treasured insult, each remembered wrong,  
Rolled through his heart and kindled into song :  
His taper faded ; and the morning gales  
Swept through the world the war-song of Marseilles !

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

If e'er again return those awful days  
Whose clouds were crimsoned with the beacon's  
blaze,

Whose grass was trampled by the soldier's heel,  
Whose tides were reddened round the rushing  
keel,

God grant some lyre may wake a nobler strain  
To rend the silence of our tented plain !  
When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,  
Her marshalled legions peal the Marseillaise ;  
When round the German close the war-clouds dim,  
Far through their shadows floats his battle-hymn ;  
When, crowned with joy, the camps of England  
ring,

A thousand voices shout, " God save the King !"  
When victory follows with our eagle's glance,  
Our nation's anthem pipes a country dance !

Some prouder Muse, when comes the hour at  
last,

May shake our hillsides with her bugle blast ;  
Not ours the task ; but since the lyric dress  
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,  
Hear an old song, which some, perchance, have  
seen

In stale gazette, or cobwebbed magazine.  
There was an hour when patriots dared profane  
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain ;  
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,  
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,  
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides  
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides !  
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,  
Thus mocked the spoilers with his schoolboy scorn.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For " Old Ironsides," see p. 13.

## III.

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

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

Why floats the amaranth in eternal bloom  
 O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb?  
 Why lingers fancy, where the sunbeams smile  
 On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle?

Why follows memory to the gate of Troy  
Her plumed defender and his trembling boy?  
Lo! the blind dreamer, kneeling on the sand,  
To trace these records with his doubtful hand;  
In fabled tones his own emotion flows,  
And other lips repeat his silent woes;  
In Hector's infant see the babes that shun  
Those deathlike eyes, unconscious of the sun,  
Or in his hero hear himself implore,  
"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more!"

Thus live undying through the lapse of time  
The solemn legends of the warrior's clime;  
Like Egypt's pyramid, or Pæstum's fane,  
They stand the heralds of the voiceless plain;  
Yet not like them, for Time, by slow degrees,  
Saps the gray stone, and wears the embroidered  
frieze,

And Isis sleeps beneath her subject Nile,  
And crumbled Neptune strews his Dorian pile;  
But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it rears  
Its laurelled columns through the mist of years,  
As the blue arches of the bending skies  
Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,  
Spreads, with the surges bearing on mankind,  
Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind!

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay  
To dress in state our wars of yesterday.  
The classic days, those mothers of romance,  
That roused a nation for a woman's glance;  
The age of mystery with its hoarded power,  
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,

Have past and faded like a dream of youth,  
And riper cras asks for history's truth.

On other shores, above their mouldering towns,  
In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,  
Pride in its aisles, and paupers at the door,  
Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced of yore.  
Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw  
Their slender shadows on the paths below ;  
Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland  
    . tracks,

The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,  
Ere, like a vision of the morning air,  
His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer ;  
Its planks all reeking, and its paint undried,  
Its rafters sprouting on the shady side,  
It sheds the raindrops from its shingled eaves,  
Ere its green brothers once have changed their leaves.

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

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

Our Fathers live ; they guard in glory still  
The grass-grown bastions of the fortified hill ;  
Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,  
With *God and Freedom ! England and Saint George !*  
The royal cipher on the captured gun  
Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering sun ;  
The red-cross banner shades its captor's bust,  
Its folds still loaded with the conflict's dust ;  
The drum, suspended by its tattered marge,  
Once rolled and rattled to the Hessian's charge ;  
The stars have floated from Britannia's mast,  
The redcoat's trumpets blown the rebel's blast.

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

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

## IV.

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

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

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

Thus lives Medea, in our tamer age,  
 As when her buskin pressed the Grecian stage ;  
 Not in the cells where frigid learning delves  
 In Aldine folios mouldering on their shelves ;

But breathing, burning in the glittering throng,  
 Whose thousand bravoës roll untired along,  
 Circling and spreading through the gilded halls,  
 From London's galleries to San Carlo's walls !

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

## V.

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

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



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

So every grace that plastic language knows  
 To nameless poets its perfection owes.  
 The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts confined  
 Were cut and polished in their nicer mind ;  
 Caught on their edge, imagination's ray  
 Splits into rainbows, shooting far away ;—  
 From sense to soul, from soul to sense, it flies,  
 And through all nature links analogies ;  
 He who reads right will rarely look upon  
 A better poet than his lexicon !

There is a race, which cold, ungenial skies  
 Breed from decay, as fungous growths arise ;  
 Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,  
 Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign,  
 With frames too languid for the charms of sense,  
 And minds worn down with action too intense ;  
 Tired of a world whose joys they never knew,  
 Themselves deceived, yet thinking all untrue ;  
 Scarce men without, and less than girls within,  
 Sick of their life before its cares begin ;—

The dull disease, which drains their feeble hearts,  
 To life's decay some hectic thrills imparts,  
 And lends a force, which, like the maniac's power,  
 Pays with blank years the frenzy of an hour.

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

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

But, if so bright the dear illusion seems,  
 Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's dreams,  
 And hang in rapture on his bloodless charms,  
 Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms ;  
 Go and enjoy thy blessed lot,—to share  
 In Cowper's gloom, or Chatterton's despair !

Not such were they, whom, wandering o'er the  
 waves,  
 I looked to meet, but only found their graves ;  
 If friendship's smile, the better part of fame,  
 Should lend my song the only wreath I claim,  
 Whose voice would greet me with a sweeter tone,  
 Whose living hand more kindly press my own,

Than theirs,—could Memory, as her silent tread  
 Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er the dead,  
 Those breathless lips, now closed in peace, restore,  
 Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no more?

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

And thou, dear friend, whom Science still deploras,  
 And love still mourns, on ocean-severed shores,  
 Though the bleak forest twice has bowed with snow,  
 Since thou wast laid its budding leaves below,  
 Thine image mingles with my closing strain,  
 As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,  
 Both blest with hopes, which revelled, bright and free,  
 On all we longed, or all we dreamed to be ;  
 To thee the amaranth and the cypress fell,—  
 And I was spared to breathe this last farewell !

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

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

# ADDITIONAL POEMS.

1837-1848.



## THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

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

His home was a freezing cabin,  
Too bare for the hungry rat,  
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,  
And bald enough of that ;  
The hole that served for casement  
Was glazed with an ancient hat ;  
And the ice was gently thawing  
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape  
His eyes went to and fro,  
The trees all clad in icicles,  
The streams that did not flow ;

A sudden thought flashed o'er him,  
 A dream of long ago,—  
 He smote his leathern jerkin,  
 And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,  
 And sit upon my knee,  
 Behold the dream unfolding,  
 Whereof I spake to thee  
 By the winter's hearth in Leyden  
 And on the stormy sea ;  
 True is the dream's beginning,—  
 So may its ending be !

"I saw in the naked forest  
 Our scattered remnant cast,  
 A screen of shivering branches  
 Between them and the blast ;  
 The snow was falling round them,  
 The dying fell as fast ;  
 I looked to see them perish,  
 When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened ;—  
 The feeble had waxed strong,  
 The babes had grown to sturdy men,  
 The remnant was a throng ;  
 By shadowed lake and winding stream,  
 And all the shores along,  
 The howling demons quaked to hear  
 The Christian's godly song.

"They slept,—the village fathers,—  
 By river, lake, and shore,

When far adown the steep of Time  
The vision rose once more ;  
I saw along the winter snow  
A spectral column pour,  
And high above their broken ranks  
A tattered flag they bore.

" Their Leader rode before them,  
Of bearing calm and high,  
The light of Heaven's own kindling  
Throned in his awful eye ;  
These were a Nation's champions  
Her dread appeal to try ;  
God for the right ! I faltered,  
And lo, the train passed by.

" Once more ;—the strife is ended,  
The solemn issue tried,  
The Lord of Hosts, His mighty arm  
Has helped our Israel's side ;  
Gray stone and grassy hillock  
Tell where our martyrs died,  
But peaceful smiles the harvest,  
And stainless flows the tide.

" A crash,—as when some swollen cloud  
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !  
With side to side, and spar to spar,  
Whose smoking decks are these ?  
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,  
Thou Mistress of the Seas,—  
But what is she, whose streaming bars  
Roll out before the breeze ?

" Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,  
 Whose thunders strive to quell  
 The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,  
 That pealed the Armada's knell !  
 The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars  
 Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,  
 And, wavering from its haughty peak,  
 The cross of England fell !

" Oh trembling Faith ! though dark the morn,  
 A heavenly torch is thine ;  
 While feebler races melt away,  
 And paler orbs decline,  
 Still shall the fiery pillar's ray  
 Along thy pathway shine,  
 To light the chosen tribe that sought  
 This Western Palestine !

" I see the living tide roll on ;  
 It crowns with flaming towers  
 The icy capes of Labrador,  
 The Spaniard's ' land of flowers !'  
 It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
 That parts the Northern showers ;  
 From eastern rock to sunset wave  
 The Continent is ours ! "

He ceased,—the grim old soldier-saint,—  
 Then softly bent to cheer  
 The pilgrim-child, whose wasting face  
 Was meekly turned to hear ;  
 And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,  
 To brush the manly tear



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA  
 la Alhambra y General



From cheeks that never changed in woe,  
And never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers,  
His resting-place unknown ;  
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,  
The dust was o'er him strown ;  
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,  
Along the sod were blown ;  
His mound has melted into earth,  
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,  
The memory of the dead,  
Long as the pale anemone  
Springs where their tears were shed,  
Or, raining in the summer's wind  
In flakes of burning red,  
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves  
The turf where once they bled !

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

---

*THE STEAMBOAT.*

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

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

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

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
 She veils her shadowy form,  
 The beating of her restless heart  
 Still sounding through the storm ;

Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
 The reddening surges o'er,  
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
 Who trims his narrowed sail ;  
 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
 Her broad breast to the gale ;  
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,  
 Shall break from yard and stay,  
 Before this smoky wreath has stained  
 The rising mist of day.

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

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



## LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,  
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,  
 When from his couch, while his children were  
 sleeping,

Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun,  
 Waving her golden veil  
 Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;  
 Hushed was his parting sigh,  
 While from his noble eye  
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing  
 Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;  
 Hark ! the death-volley around them is ringing !  
 Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is  
 wet !

Faint is the feeble breath,  
 Murmuring low in death,  
 "Tell to our sons how their fathers have died ;"  
 Nerveless the iron hand,  
 Raised for its native land,  
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,  
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;  
 As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst  
 rolling,  
 Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path  
 Darken the waves of wrath,  
 Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall ;  
 Red glares the musket's flash,  
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,  
 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,  
 Never to shadow his cold brow again ;  
 Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,  
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;  
 Pale is the lip of scorn,  
 Voiceless the trumpet horn,  
 Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high ;  
 Many a belted breast  
 Low on the turf shall rest,  
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,  
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,  
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,  
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;  
 Far as the tempest thrills  
 Over the darkened hills,  
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,  
 Roused by the tyrant band,  
 Woke all the mighty land,  
 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !  
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—  
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying  
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.

Borne on her Northern pine,  
 Long o'er the foaming brine  
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;  
 Heaven keep her ever free,  
 Wide as o'er land and sea  
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won !



*ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.*

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old  
 times,  
 Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christ-  
 mas chimes ;  
 'They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave,  
 and true,  
 That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old  
 bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar ; so runs the  
 ancient tale ;  
 'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm  
 was like a flail ;  
 And now and then between the strokes, for fear his  
 strength should fail,  
 He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old  
 Flemish ale.

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

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

'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed  
smoking round.

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

Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,  
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was,  
perhaps,

He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and  
schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next,—it left  
the Dutchman's shore

With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred  
souls and more,—

Along with all the furniture, to fill their new  
abodes,—

To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred  
loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing  
dim,

When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled  
it to the brim;

The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with  
his sword,

And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about  
the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never  
feared,—

He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his  
yellow beard;

And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought  
and prayed—  
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a  
'man afraid.

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

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

“ Drink, John,” she said, “ 'twill do you good,—poor  
child; you'll never bear  
This working in the dismal trench, out in the mid-  
night air ;  
And if—God bless me !—you were hurt, 'twould keep  
away the chill.”  
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night  
at Bunker's Hill !



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

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

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



## A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF  
HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836.

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

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

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

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

And who was on the Catalogue  
 When College was begun ?  
 Two nephews of the President,  
 And *the* Professor's son ;  
 (They turned a little Indian by,  
 As brown as any bun ;)

Lord ! how the seniors knocked about  
 The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things  
 That commons now afford,

But *succotash* and *homony*  
 Were smoking on the board ;  
 They did not rattle round in gigs,  
 Or dash in long-tail blues,  
 But always on Commencement days  
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

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

*THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG.*

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

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

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

And who will leave the grave debate  
 That shakes the smoky town,  
 To rule amid our island-state,  
 And wear our oak-leaf crown ?

And who will be awhile content  
 To hunt our woodland game,  
 And leave the vulgar pack that scent  
 The reeking track of fame?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these  
 Will sigh not to prolong  
 Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,  
 Our nights of mirth and song?  
 Then leave the dust of noisy streets,  
 Ye outlaws of the wood,  
 And follow through his green retreats  
 Your noble Robin Hood.



## DEPARTED DAYS.

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

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

*THE ONLY DAUGHTER.*

## ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

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

Alas ! with every year I feel  
 Some roses leave my brow ;  
 Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,  
 Too old for garlands now ;  
 Yet, while the dewy breath of spring  
 Steals o'er the tingling air,  
 And spreads and fans each emerald wing  
 The forest soon shall wear,  
 How bright the opening year would seem  
 Had I one look like thine,  
 To meet me when the morning beam  
 Unseals these lids of mine !

'Too long I bear this lonely lot,  
That bids my heart run wild  
To press the lips that love me not,  
To clasp the stranger's child.

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

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed  
The ringlets of the child,  
Are folded on the faithful breast  
Where first he breathed and smiled ;  
Too oft the clinging arms untwine,  
The melting lips forget,  
And darkness veils the bridal shrine  
Where wreaths and torches met ;  
If Heaven but leaves a single thread  
Of Hope's dissolving chain,  
Even when her parting plumes are spread,  
It bids them fold again ;

The cradle rocks beside the tomb ;  
 The cheek now changed and chill  
 Smiles on us in the morning bloom  
 Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image ! I have done thee wrong  
 To claim this destined lay ;  
 The leaf that asked an idle song  
 Must bear my tears away.  
 Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep  
 This else forgotten strain,  
 Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,  
 And flattery's voice is vain ;  
 Oh then, thou fledgling of the nest,  
 Like the long-wandering dove,  
 Thy weary heart may faint for rest,  
 As mine, on changeless love ;  
 And while these sculptured lines retrace  
 The hours now dancing by,  
 This vision of thy girlish grace  
 May cost thee, too, a sigh.

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### SONG

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

THE stars their early vigils keep,  
 The silent hours are near,  
 When drooping eyes forget to weep,—  
 Yet still we linger here ;



And what—the passing churl may ask—  
Can claim such wondrous power,  
That Toil forgets his wonted task,  
And Love his promised hour?

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

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

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

## LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL.

COME back to your mother, ye children, for shame,  
 Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame!  
 With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,  
 She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your  
 lanes!

And breathe like young eagles, the air of our plains;  
 Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent  
 wives

Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

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

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline  
 Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;  
 While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbours  
 can go

The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

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

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels,  
 With the burs on his legs, and the grass at his heels!

No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,  
No constable grumbling, "You mustn't walk there!"

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

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old  
church :

That tree at its side had the flavour of birch ;  
Oh sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,  
'Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks."

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

'Tis past,—he is dreaming,—I see him again ;  
The ledger returns as by legerdemain ;  
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,  
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

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

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

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



### *NUX POSTCÆNATICA.*

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my parlour  
 rug,

With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug ;

The true bug had been organised with only two  
 antennæ,

But the humbug in the copperplate would have them  
 twice as many.

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

How we take a fragment for the whole, and call the  
 whole a part,

When I heard a heavy footstep that was loud enough  
 for two,

And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,—“How  
 d'ye do?”

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid flesh and  
 bone ;

He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was twenty  
 stone ;

(It's odd how hats expand their brims as ripper years  
 invade,

As if when life had reached its noon, it wanted them  
 for shade !)

I lost my focus,—dropped my book,—the bug, who  
 was a flea,  
 At once exploded, and commenced experiments on  
 me.

They have a certain heartiness that frequently  
 appals,—

Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar smalls!

“My boy,” he said—(colloquial ways,—the vast,  
 broad-hatted man),—

“Come dine with us on Thursday next,—you must,  
 you know you can ;

We’re going to have a roaring time, with lots of fun  
 and noise,

Distinguished guests, et cetera, the JUDGE, and all  
 the boys.”

Not so,—I said,—my temporal bones are showing  
 pretty clear,

It’s time to stop,—just look and see that hair above  
 this ear ;

My golden days are more than spent,—and, what is  
 very strange,

If these are real silver hairs, I’m getting lots of  
 change.

Besides—my prospects—don’t you know that people  
 won’t employ

A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a  
 boy ?

And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a  
 shoot,

As if wisdom’s old potato could not flourish at its  
 root ?

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

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

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

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

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the longest heads  
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretching on  
their beds

Were round one great mahogany, I'd beat those fine  
old folks

With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and twenty clever  
jokes !

Why, if Columbus should be there, the company  
would beg

He'd show that little trick of his of balancing the egg !  
Milton to Stilton would give in, and Solomon to Sal-  
mon,

And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon  
gammon !

And as for all the "patronage" of all the clowns  
and boors

That squint their little narrow eyes at any freak of  
yours,

Do leave them to your prosier friends,—such fellows  
ought to die

When rhubarb is so very scarce and ipecac so high !

And so I come,—like Lochinvar, to tread a single  
measure,

To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-plum of  
pleasure,

To enter for the cup of glass that's run for after  
dinner,

Which yields a single sparkling draught, then breaks  
and cuts the winner.

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

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

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

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## VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER.

Φ B K SOCIETY, 1844.

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

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

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

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

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

Those thoughts which, like chickens, will always  
 thrive best

When reared by the heat of the natural nest,

Will perish if hatched from their embryo dream  
In the mist and the glow of convivial steam.

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

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

The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps you may  
know,

Has one side for use and another for show ;  
One side for the public, a delicate brown,  
And one that is white, which he always keeps down.

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

“ My ! what an exposure ! just see what a sight !  
I blush for my race,—he is showing his white !  
Such spinning and wriggling,—why, what does he  
wish ?

How painfully small to respectable fish ! ”

Then said an old SCULPIN,—“ My freedom excuse,  
But you're playing the cobbler with holes in your  
shoes ;

You're brown side is up,—but just wait till you're  
 tried,  
 And you'll find that all flounders are white on one  
 side."

There's a slice near the PICKEREL's pectoral fins,  
 Where the *thorax* leaves off and the *venter* begins ;  
 Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks and lines,  
 Though fond of his family, never declines.

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

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

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### A MODEST REQUEST

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

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

Delightful scene ! where smiling comfort broods,  
 Nor business frets, nor anxious care intrudes ;  
*O si sic omnia !* were it ever so !  
 But what is stable in this world below ?  
*Medio e fonte*,—Virtue has her faults,—  
 The clearest fountains taste of Epsom salts ;  
 We snatch the cup and lift to drain it dry,—  
 Its central dimple holds a drowning fly !  
 Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial streams,  
 But stronger augers pierce its thickest beams ;  
 Nor iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,  
 Can keep out death, the postman, or the bore ;—  
 Oh for a world where peace and silence reign,  
 And blunted dulness terebrates in vain !  
 —The door-bell jingles,—enter Richard Fox,  
 And takes this letter from his leathern box.

" Dear Sir,

In writing on a former day,  
 One little matter I forgot to say ;  
 I now inform you in a single line,  
 On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.  
 The act of feeding, as you understand,  
 Is but a fraction of the work in hand ;  
 Its nobler half is that ethereal meat  
 The papers call 'the intellectual treat ;'  
 Songs, speeches, toasts, around the festive board  
 Drowned in the juice the College pumps afford :  
 For only water flanks our knives and forks,  
 So, sink or float, we swim without the corks.  
 Yours is the art, by native genius taught,  
 To clothe in eloquence the naked thought ;

Yours is the skill its music to prolong  
 Through the sweet effluence of mellifluous song ;  
 Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy line  
 That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine ;  
 And since success your various gifts attends,  
 We—that is, I and all your numerous friends—  
 Expect from you—your single self a host—  
 A speech, a song, excuse me, *and* a toast ;  
 Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,  
 A few of each, or several of the same.

(Signed), Yours, *most truly*, ——”

No ! my sight must fail,—  
 If that ain't Judas on the largest scale !

Well, this is modest ;—nothing else than that ?  
 My coat ? my boots ? my pantaloons ? my hat ?  
 My stick ? my gloves ? as well as all my wits,  
 Learning and linen,—everything that fits !

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you'll try,  
 Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you're dry ?  
 Ah, said the sailor, though I can't refuse,  
 You know, my lady, 'tain't for me to choose ;—  
 I'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,  
 And drink the toddy while you mix the punch.

---

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,  
 Looks very red, because so very green.)  
 I rise—I rise—with unaffected fear,  
 (Louder !—speak louder !—who the deuce can hear ?)  
 I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay—  
 —Such are my feelings as I rise, I say !

Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,  
 Already gorged with eloquence and song ;  
 Around my view are ranged on either hand  
 The genius, wisdom, virtue, of the land ;  
 " Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
 Close at my elbow stir their lemonade ;  
 Would you like Homer learn to write and speak,  
 That bench is groaning with its weight of Greek ;  
 Behold the naturalist who in his teens  
 Found six new species in a dish of greens ;  
 And lo, the master in a statelier walk,  
 Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of chalk ;  
 And there the linguist, who by common roots  
 Thro' all their nurseries tracks old Noah's shoots,—  
 How Shem's proud children reared the Assyrian  
 piles,  
 While Ham's were scattered through the Sandwich  
 Isles—

—Fired at the thought of all the present shows,  
 My kindling fancy down the future flows :  
 I see the glory of the coming days  
 O'er Time's horizon shoot its streaming rays ;  
 Near and more near the radiant morning draws  
 In living lustre (rapturous applause) ;  
 From east to west the blazing heralds run,  
 Loosed from the chariot of the ascending sun,  
 Through the long vista of uncounted years  
 In cloudless splendour (three tremendous cheers).  
 My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,  
 Sees a new advent of the age of gold ;  
 While o'er the scene new generations press  
 New heroes rise the coming time to bless,—

Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,  
 Dined without forks and never heard of soap,—  
 Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel brings,  
 Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,  
 Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style,—  
 But genuine articles,—the true Carlyle ;  
 While far on high the blazing orb shall shed  
 Its central light on Harvard's holy head,  
 And Learning's ensigns ever float unfurled  
 Here in the focus of the new-born world !

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

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer line,—  
 A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine ;—  
 Long metre answers for a common song,  
 Though common metre does not answer long.

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

The dark brown shadows passed away,  
 And wider spread the green,

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

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled  
 Among the baser churls,  
 To see her ankles red with gold,  
 Her forehead white with pearls ;  
 " Who gave to thee the glittering bands  
 That lace thine azure veins ?  
 Who bade thee lift those snow-white hands  
 We bound in gilded chains ? "

" These are the gems my children gave,"  
 The stately dame replied ;  
 " The wise, the gentle, and the brave,  
 I nurtured at my side ;

If envy still your bosom stings,  
 Take back their rims of gold ;  
 My sons will melt their wedding-rings,  
 And give a hundred-fold ! "

---

THE TOAST. Oh tell me, ye who thoughtless ask  
 Exhausted nature for a threefold task,  
 In wit or pathos if one share remains,  
 A safe investment for an ounce of brains ?  
 Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,  
 A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.  
 Turned by the current of some stronger wit  
 Back from the object that you mean to hit,



Like the strange missile which the Australian throws,  
 Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the nose.  
 One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt,  
 One trivial letter ruins all, left out ;  
 A knot can choke a felon into clay,  
 A not will save him, spelt without the *k* ;  
 The smallest word has some unguarded spot,  
 And danger lurks in *i* without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal  
 In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel ;  
 Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood doused,  
 Had saved his bacon, had his feet been soured !  
 Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !  
 Oh, had your mother known that you were out,  
 Death had not entered at the trifling part  
 That still defies the small chirurgeon's art  
 With corns and bunions, — not the glorious John,  
 Who wrote the book we all have pondered on, —  
 But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
 To " Pilgrim's Progress " unrelenting foes !

---

A health, unmingled with the reveller's wine,  
 To him whose title is indeed divine ;  
 Truth's sleepless watchman on her midnight tower,  
 Whose lamp burns brightest when the tempests lower.  
 Oh who can tell with what a leaden' flight  
 Drag the long watches of his weary night,  
 While at his feet the hoarse and blinding gale  
 Strews the torn wreck and bursts the fragile sail,

When stars have faded, when the wave is dark,  
 When rocks and sands embrace the foundering bark,  
 And still he pleads with unavailing cry,  
 Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die !

A health, fair Themis ! Would the enchanted vine  
 Wreathed its green tendrils round this cup of thine ;  
 If Learning's radiance fill thy modern court,  
 Its glorious sunshine streams through Blackstone's  
 port !

Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients too,  
 Witness at least, if memory serve me true,  
 Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,  
 Where men sought justice ere they brushed their  
 boots ;—

And what can match, to solve a learned doubt,  
 The warmth within that comes from " cold without ? "

Health to the art whose glory is to give  
 The crowning boon that makes it life to live.  
 Ask not her home ; the rock where nature flings  
 Her arctic lichen, last of living things,  
 The gardens, fragrant with the orient's balm,  
 From the low jasmine to the star-like palm,  
 Hail her as mistress o'er the distant waves,  
 And yield their tribute to her wandering slaves.  
 Wherever, moistening the ungrateful soil,  
 The tear of suffering tracks the path of toil,  
 There, in the anguish of his fevered hours,  
 Her gracious finger points to healing flowers ;  
 Where the lost felon steals away to die,  
 Her soft hand waves before his closing eye ;

Where hunted misery finds his darkest lair,  
 The midnight taper shows her kneeling there !  
 VIRTUE,—the guide that men and nations own ;  
 And LAW,—the bulwark that protects her throne ;  
 And HEALTH,—to all its happiest charm that lends ;  
 These and their servants, man's untiring friends ;  
 Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself lets fall,—  
 In one fair bumper let us toast them all !

---

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.

A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM.

## THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE.

THE feeble sea-birds, blinded in the storms,  
 On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,  
 And the rude granite scatters for their pains  
 Those small deposits that were meant for brains.  
 Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun  
 Stands all unconscious of the mischief done ;  
 Still the red beacon pours its evening rays  
 For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,  
 Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered fleet  
 Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.

I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims  
 To call our kind by such ungentle names ;  
 Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,  
 Think of their doom, ye simple, and beware !  
 See where aloft its hoary forehead rears  
 The towering pride of twice a thousand years !  
 Far, far below the vast incumbent pile  
 Sleeps the gray rock from art's Ægean isle ;  
 Its massive courses, circling as they rise,  
 Swell from the waves to mingle with the skies ;  
 There every quarry lends its marble spoil,  
 And clustering ages blend their common toil ;  
 The Greek, the Roman, reared its ancient walls,  
 The silent Arab arched its mystic halls ;  
 In that fair niche, by countless billows laved,  
 Trace the deep lines that Sydenham engraved ;  
 On yon broad front that breasts the changing swell,  
 Mark where the ponderous sledge of Hunter fell ;

By that square buttress look where Louis stands,  
 The stone yet warm from his uplifted hands ;  
 And say, O Science, shall thy life-blood freeze,  
 When fluttering folly flaps on walls like these?

## A PORTRAIT.

Thoughtful in youth, but not austere in age ;  
 Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though a sage ;  
 Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer,  
 And only just when seemingly severe ;  
 So gently blending courtesy and art,  
 That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing friendship's  
 heart.

Taught by the sorrows that his age had known  
 In others' trials to forget his own,  
 As hour by hour his lengthened day declined,  
 A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his mind.  
 Cold were the lips that spoke his early praise,  
 And hushed the voices of his morning days,  
 Yet the same accents dwelt on every tongue,  
 And love renewing kept him ever young.

## A SENTIMENT.

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



*THE PARTING WORD.*

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

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

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

While the first seven mornings last,  
Round thy chamber bolted fast,  
Many a youth shall fume and pout,  
" Hang the girl, she's always out !"

While the second week goes round,  
Vainly shall they ring and pound ;  
When the third week shall begin,  
"Martha, let the creature in."

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

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

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

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,  
Beating breasts in black despair ;

Others murmur with a sigh,  
 You must melt, or they will die ;  
 Painted words on empty lies,  
 Grubs with wings like butterflies ;  
 Let them die, and welcome, too ;  
 Pray what better could they do ?

Fare thee well, if years efface  
 From thy heart love's burning trace,  
 Keep, oh keep that hallowed seat  
 From the tread of vulgar feet ;  
 If the blue lips of the sea  
 Wait with icy kiss for me,  
 Let not thine forget the vow,  
 Sealed how often, Love, as now.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

NTA DE ANDALU  
 A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

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

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

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

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

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass  
 Young Eros waves his wings,  
 And echoes o'er its dimples pass  
 From dead Anacreon's strings ;

And, tossing round its beaded brim  
 Their locks of floating gold,  
 With bacchant dance and choral hymn  
 Return the nymphs of old.  
 Then once again, &c.

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

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SONG

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

A HEALTH to dear woman ! She bids us untwine,  
 From the cup it encircles, the fast-clinging vine ;  
 But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure will glow,  
 And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.

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

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

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

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



### A SENTIMENT.

THE pledge of Friendship ! it is still divine,  
 Though watery floods have quenched its burning  
     wine ;

Whatever vase the sacred drops may hold,  
 The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten gold,  
 Around its brim the hand of Nature throws  
 A garland sweeter than the banquet's rose.  
 Bright are the blushes of the vine-wreathed bowl,  
 Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's soul,

But dearer memories gild the tasteless wave  
 That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.  
 'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its glow,  
 Whate'er the fountain whence the draught may  
 flow,—

The diamond dew-drops sparkling through the sand,  
 Scooped by the Arab in his sunburnt hand;  
 Or the dark streamlet oozing from the snow,  
 Where creep and crouch the shuddering Esqui-  
 maux ;—

Ay, in the stream that, ere again we meet,  
 Shall burst the pavement, glistening at our feet,  
 And, stealing silent from its leafy hills,  
 Thread all our alleys with its thousand rills,—  
 In each pale draught if generous feeling blend,  
 And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on friend,  
 Even cold Cochituate every heart shall warm,  
 And genial Nature still defy reform !

—♦—

A RHYMED LESSON.<sup>1</sup>

(URANIA.)

YES, dear Enchantress,—wandering far and long,  
 In realms unperfumed by the breath of song,  
 Where flowers ill-flavoured shed their sweets around,  
 And bitterest roots invade the ungenial ground,  
 Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom mine,  
 Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,

<sup>1</sup> This poem was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846.

Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,  
 Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin,  
 Whose pangs are real, not the woes of rhyme  
 That blue-eyed misses warble out of time ;—  
 Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,  
 Older by reckoning, but in heart the same,  
 Freed for a moment from the chains of toil,  
 I tread once more thy consecrated soil ;  
 Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,  
 Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne !

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