

*A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ.*

How the mountains talked together,  
Looking down upon the weather,  
When they heard our friend had planned his  
Little trip among the Andes !  
How they'll bare their snowy scalps  
To the climber of the Alps  
When the cry goes through their passes,  
" Here comes the great Agassiz !"  
" Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,  
" But I wait for him to say so,—  
That's the only thing that lacks,—he  
Must see me, Cotopaxi !"  
" Ay! ay!" the fire-peak thunders,  
" And he must view my wonders !  
I'm but a lonely crater  
Till I have him for spectator !"  
The mountain hearts are yearning,  
The lava-torches burning,  
The rivers bend to meet him,  
The forests bow to greet him,  
It thrills the spinal column  
Of fossil fishes solemn,  
And glaciers crawl the faster  
To the feet of their old master !  
Heaven keep him well and hearty,  
Both him and all his party !  
From the sun that broils and smites,  
From the centipede that bites,  
From the hailstorm and the thunder,  
From the vampire and the condor,

From the gust upon the river,  
 From the sudden earthquake shiver,  
 From the trip of mule or donkey,  
 From the midnight howling monkey  
 From the stroke of knife or dagger,  
 From the puma and the jaguar,  
 From the horrid boa-constrictor  
 That has scared us in the pictur',  
 From the Indians of the Pampas  
 Who would dine upon their grampas,  
 From every beast and vermin  
 That to think of sets us squirming,  
 From every snake that tries on  
 The traveller his p'ison,  
 From every pest of Natur',  
 Likewise the alligator,  
 And from two things left behind him,—  
 (Be sure they'll try to find him,)  
 The tax-bill and assessor,—  
 Heaven keep the great Professor !

May he find, with his apostles,  
 That the land is full of fossils,  
 That the waters swarm with fishes  
 Shaped according to his wishes,  
 That every pool is fertile  
 In fancy kinds of turtle,  
 New birds around him singing,  
 New insects, never stinging,  
 With a million novel data  
 About the articulata,  
 And faets that strip off all husks  
 From the history of molluscs.



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

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

1865.

## A SEA DIALOGUE.

*Cabin Passenger.**Man at Wheel.**Cabin Passenger.*

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

*Man at Wheel.*

Belay !

*Cabin Passenger.*

Ah yes! "Delay," it calls; "nor haste to break  
 The charm of stillness with an idle word!"  
 O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought  
 Strides even with my own, nay, flies before.  
 Thou art a brother to the wind and wave;  
 Have they not music for thine ear as mine,  
 When the wild tempest makes thy ship his lyre,  
 Smiting a cavernous basso from the shrouds  
 And climbing up his gamut through the stays,  
 Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it shrills  
 An alto keener than the locust sings.  
 And all the great Æolian orchestra  
 Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?  
 Is not the scene a wondrous and—

*Man at Wheel.*

Avast!

*Cabin Passenger.*

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

*Man at Wheel.*

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss-marine!

(*To the Captain.*)

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

November 10, 1864.



AT THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER.

December 15, 1874.

I SUPPOSE it's myself that you're making allusion to  
And bringing the sense of dismay and confusion to.  
Of course *some* must speak,—they are always selected  
to,

But pray what's the reason that I am expected to?  
I'm not fond of wasting my breath as those fellows do  
That want to be blowing for ever as bellows do;  
*Their* legs are uneasy, but why will you jog any  
That long to stay quiet beneath the mahogany?

Why, why call *me* up with your battery of flatteries?  
You say "He writes poetry,"—that's what the matter  
is!

"It costs him no trouble—a penful of ink or two  
And the poem is done in the time of a wink or two;  
As for thoughts—never mind—take the ones that lie  
uppermost,  
And the rhymes used by Milton and Byron and  
Tupper most;

The lines come so easy ! at one end he jingles 'em,  
 At the other with capital letters he shingles 'em,—  
 Why, the thing writes itself, and before he's half  
 done with it  
 He hates to stop writing, he has such good fun with  
 it !"

Ah, that is the way in which simple ones go about  
 And draw a fine picture of things they don't know  
 about !

We all know a kitten, but come to a catamount  
 The beast is a stranger when grown up to that amount  
 (A stranger we rather prefer shouldn't visit us,  
 A *felis* whose advent is far from felicitous).

The boy who can boast that his trap has just got a  
 mouse

Mustn't draw it and write underneath "hippo-  
 potamus ;"

Or say unveraciously, "This is an elephant"—

Don't think, let me beg, these examples irrelevant—  
 What they mean is just this—that a thing to be  
 painted well

Should always be something with which we're ac-  
 quainted well.

You call on your victim for "things he has plenty  
 of,—

Those copies of verses no doubt at least twenty of ;  
 His desk is crammed full, for he always keeps  
 writing 'em

And reading to friends as his way of delighting  
 'em !"—

I tell you this writing of verses means business,—  
 It makes the brain whirl in a vortex of dizziness :

You think they are scrawled in the languor of laziness—

I tell you they're squeezed by a spasm of craziness,  
A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos  
That seize a poor fellow and down in the dirt he goes!

And therefore it chimes with the word's etymology  
That the sons of Apollo are great on apology,  
For the writing of verse is a struggle mysterious  
And the gayest of rhymes is a matter that's serious.  
For myself, I'm relied on by friends in extremities,  
And I don't mind so much if a comfort to them it is;  
'Tis a pleasure to please, and the straw that can  
tickle us

Is a source of enjoyment, though slightly ridiculous.

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

I must give you a toast now before I have done with it.  
Let me pump at my wits as they pumped the  
Cochituate

That moistened—it may be—the very last bit you ate.

—Success to our publishers, authors, and editors;  
To our debtors good luck,—pleasant dreams to our  
creditors;

May the monthly grow yearly, till all we are groping  
for

Has reached the fulfilment we're all of us hoping  
for;

Till the bore through the tunnel—it makes me let off  
a sigh

To think it may possibly ruin my prophecy—



Has been punned on so often 'twill never provoke  
 again  
 One mild adolescent to make the old joke again ;  
 Till abstinent, all-go-to-meeting society  
 Has forgotten the sense of the word inebriety ;  
 Till the work that poor Hannah and Bridget and  
 Phillis do  
 The humanised, civilised female gorillas do ;  
 Till the roughs, as we call them, grown loving and  
 dutiful,  
 Shall worship the true and the pure and the beautiful,  
 And, preying no longer as tiger and vulture do,  
 All read the “ Atlantic ” as persons of culture do !

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

FOR HER GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER 18, 1875.

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

What visions of the past return  
 With Lucy's image blended !  
 What memories from the silent urn  
 Of gentle lives long ended !

What dreams of childhood's fleeting morn,  
 What starry aspirations,  
 That filled the misty days unborn  
 With fancy's coruscations !

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

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

That old regret is turned to smiles,  
 That parting sigh to greeting ;  
 I send my heart-throb fifty miles,—  
 Through every line 'tis beating ;  
 God grant you many and happy years,  
 Till when the last has crowned you  
 The dawn of endless day appears,  
 And Heaven is shining round you !

*October 11, 1875.*

## HYMN

*For the Inauguration of the Statue of Governor  
Andrew, Hingham, Oct. 7, 1875.*

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

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

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

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

These were his gifts ; what Heaven had lent  
For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,  
First to avenge the traitorous blow,  
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

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

## A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

*Read at the Meeting held at Music Hall, February 8,  
1876, in Memory of Dr. Samuel G. Howe.*

## I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No laboured line, no sculptor's art,  
 Such hallowed memory needs ;  
 His tablet is the human heart,  
 His record loving deeds.

### III.

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

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

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

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



JOSEPH WARREN, M.D.

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

*June 11, 1876.*



## OLD CAMBRIDGE.

JULY 3, 1875.

AND can it be you've found a place  
 Within this consecrated space  
 That makes so fine a show  
 For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?  
 And is it really so?  
 Who wants an old receipted bill?  
 Who fishes in the Frog-pond still?  
 Who digs last year's potato-hill?  
 That's what he'd like to know!

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

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



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

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

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

The bell—can you recall its clang?  
 And how the seats would slam and bang?  
 The voices high and low?

The basso's trump before he sang?  
 The viol and its bow?  
 Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat?  
 Who wore the last three-cornered hat!  
 Was Israel Porter lean or fat?—  
 That's what I'd like to know.

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

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

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,  
 And fourpence happennies in between,  
 All metal fit to show,  
 Instead of rags in stagnant green,  
 The scum of debts we owe ;

How sad to think such stuff should be  
 Our Wendell's cure-all recipe,—  
 Not Wendell H., but Wendell P.,—  
 The one you all must know !

I question—but you answer not—  
 Dear me ! and have I quite forgot  
 How fivescore years ago,  
 Just on this very blessed spot,  
 The summer leaves below,  
 Before his homespun ranks arrayed  
 In green New England's elmbough shade  
 The great Virginian drew the blade  
 King George full soon should know !

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

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

*WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.*

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose  
 Lo ! the last sun of our century sets !  
 Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes,  
 All but her friendships the nation forgets !  
 All but her friends and their welcome forgets !  
 These are around her ; but where are her foes ?  
 Lo ! while the sun of her century sets,  
 Peace with her garlands of lily and rose !

Welcome ! a shout like the war-trumpet's swell  
 Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around !  
 Welcome ! it quivers from Liberty's bell ;  
 Welcome ! the walls of her temple resound !  
 Hark ! the gray walls of her temple resound !  
 Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell ;  
 Welcome ! still whisper the echoes around ;  
 Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's bell !

Thrones of the continents ! isles of the sea !  
 Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine ;  
 Welcome, once more, to the land of the free,  
 Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine ;  
 Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,  
 " Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free ;"  
 Over your children their branches entwine,  
 Thrones of the continents ! isles of the sea !

## NOTES.



Page 13—"OLD IRONSIDES."

This was the popular name by which the frigate "Constitution" was known. The poem was first printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.

Page 16—"THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD."

"The Goblet and the Sun" (Vas-Sol), sculptured on a freestone slab supported by five pillars, are the only designation of the family tomb of the Vassalls.

Page 65—"Thou calm, chaste scholar."

Charles Chauncy Emerson ; died May 9, 1836.

Page 65—"And thou, dear friend."

James Jackson, Jr., M.D. ; died March 28, 1834.

Page 125—"Hark! the sweet bells renew their  
welcome sound."

The churches referred to in the lines which follow are—

1. "King's Chapel," the foundation of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

2. Brattle Street Church, consecrated in 1773. The completion of this edifice, the design of which included a spire, was prevented by the troubles of the Revolution, and its plain square tower presents nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower is still seen, half embedded in the brickwork, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The "Old South," first occupied for public worship in 1730.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, until of late years the only chime in Boston.

*Page 193—"AGNES."*

The story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surraige is told in the ballad with a very strict adherence to the facts. These were obtained from information afforded me by the Rev. Mr. Webster of Hopkinton, in company with whom I visited the Frankland Mansion in that town, then standing; from a very interesting Memoir, by the Rev. Elias Nason of Medford, not yet published; and from the manuscript diary of Sir Harry, or more properly Sir Charles Henry Frankland, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

At the time of the visit referred to old Julia was living, and on our return we called at the house

where she resided.\* Her account is little more than paraphrased in the poem. If the incidents are treated with a certain liberality at the close of the fifth part, the essential fact, that Agnes rescued Sir Harry from the ruins after the earthquake, and their subsequent marriage as related, may be accepted as literal truth. So with regard to most of the trifling details which are given; they are taken from the record.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. Nason's Memoir will be published, that this extraordinary romance of our sober New England life may become familiar to that class of readers who prefer a rigorous statement to an embellished narrative. It will be found to contain many historical facts and allusions which add much to its romantic interest.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Frankland Mansion no longer exists. It was accidentally burned on the 23d of January 1858, a year or two after the first sketch of this ballad was written. A visit to it was like stepping out of the century into the years before the Revolution. A new house, similar in plan and arrangements to the old one, has been built upon its site, and the terraces, the clump of box, and the lilacs doubtless remain to bear witness to the truth of this story.

Since the above note was written the Rev. Mr. Nason's interesting Memoir of Sir Harry Frankland has been published.

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\* She was living June 10, 1861, when this ballad was published.

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