

And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
Her joyous welcome rings:
Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore,—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation, evermore!

1862.

March, 1862.

BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTH-
DAY

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

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

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

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

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is
seen,¹⁰
And England's heavenly minstrel sits be-
tween
The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Floren-
tine?

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

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

We count not on the dial of the sun
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have
run;²⁰
Rather, as on those flowers that one by one

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

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

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?
His evening primrose has not opened yet;³⁰

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

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

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

How shall we thank him that in evil days⁴⁰
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor
praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier
lays?

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

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

Marbles forget their message to mankind:
In his own verse the poet still we find,⁵⁰
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,

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

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

Till at the last they track with even feet
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses
beat
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips re-
peat⁶⁰

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

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

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

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be
filled,⁷⁰
Since throbbing hearts must be forever
stilled,
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

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

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

His last fond glance will show him o'er his
head
The Northern fires beyond the zenith
spread⁸⁰
In lambent glory, blue and white and
red,—

The Southern cross without its bleeding
load,

The milky way of peace all freshly strowed,
And every white-throned star fixed in its
lost abode!

1864.

1864.

MY ANNUAL¹

1866

How long will this harp which you once
loved to hear
Cheat your lips of a smile or your eyes of
a tear?
How long stir the echoes it wakened of old,
While its strings were unbroken, untar-
nished its gold?

Dear friends of my boyhood, my words do
you wrong;
The heart, the heart only, shall throb in
my song;
It reads the kind answer that looks from
your eyes,—
'We will bid our old harper play on till
he dies.'

Though Youth, the fair angel that looked
o'er the strings,
Has lost the bright glory that gleamed on
his wings,¹⁰
Though the freshness of morning has
passed from its tone,
It is still the old harp that was always
your own.

I claim not its music,—each note it affords
I strike from your heart-strings, that lend
me its chords;
I know you will listen and love to the last,
For it trembles and thrills with the voice
of your past.

Ah, brothers! dear brothers! the harp
that I hold
No craftsman could string and no artisan
mould;
He shaped it, He strung it, who fashioned
the lyres
That ring with the hymns of the seraphim
choirs.²⁰

Not mine are the visions of beauty it brings,
Not mine the faint fragrance around it that
clings;

¹ For a reunion of the class of '29.

Those shapes are the phantoms of years
that are fled,
Those sweets breathe from roses your sum-
mers have shed.

Each hour of the past lends its tribute to
this,
Till it blooms like a bower in the Garden
of Bliss;
The thorn and the thistle may grow as they
will,
Where Friendship unfolds there is Paradise
still.

The bird wanders careless while summer
is green,
The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him un-
seen;

When Autumn's rude fingers the woods
have undressed,
The boughs may look bare, but they show
him his nest.

Too precious these moments! the lustre
they fling
Is the light of our year, is the gem of its
ring,
So brimming with sunshine, we almost for-
get
The rays it has lost, and its border of jet.

While round us the many-hued halo is shed,
How dear are the living, how near are the
dead!
One circle, scarce broken, these waiting be-
low,
Those walking the shores where the aspho-
dels blow!

Not life shall enlarge it nor death shall
divide,—
No brother new-born finds his place at my
side;
No titles shall freeze us, no grandeurs in-
fest,
His Honor, His Worship, are boys like the
rest.

Some won the world's homage, their names
we hold dear,—
But Friendship, not Fame, is the counter-
sign here;
Make room by the conqueror crowned in
the strife
For the comrade that limps from the battle
of life!

What tongue talks of battle? Too long we
have heard
In sorrow, in anguish, that terrible word;
It reddened the sunshine, it crimsoned the
wave,
It sprinkled our doors with the blood of
our brave.

Peace, Peace comes at last, with her garland
of white;
Peace broods in all hearts as we gather to-
night;
The blazon of Union spreads full in the sun;
We echo its words,— We are one! We
are one!

1866.

1866.

ALL HERE¹

It is not what we say or sing,
That keeps our charm so long unbroken,
Though every lightest leaf we bring
May touch the heart as friendship's token;
Not what we sing or what we say
Can make us dearer to each other;
We love the singer and his lay,
But love as well the silent brother.

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
Thrice welcome to our smiles and
praises;
Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;
One flower ere long we all shall claim,
Alas! unloved of Amaryllis—
Nature's last blossom— need I name
The wreath of threescore's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
Around our boyhood's covered embers?
Go read the treasured names aright,
The old triennial list remembers;
Though twenty wear the starry sign
That tells a life has broke its tether,
The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine—
God bless THE BOYS!— are all together!

These come with joyous look and word,
With friendly grasp and cheerful greet-
ing,—
Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
The angel guests of every meeting;
They cast no shadow in the flame
That flushes from the gilded lustre,

¹ For the class reunion, 1867.BILL AND JOE¹

But count us — we are still the same;
One earthly band, one heavenly clus-
ter!

Love dies not when he bows his head
To pass beyond the narrow portals,—
The light these glowing moments shed
Wakes from their sleep our lost immor-
tals;
They come as in their joyous prime,
Before their morning days were num-
bered,—
Death stays the envious hand of Time,—
The eyes have not grown dim that slum-
bered!

The paths that loving souls have trod
Arch o'er the dust where worldlings
grovel
High as the zenith o'er the sod,—
The cross above the sexton's shovel!
We rise beyond the realms of day;
They seem to stoop from spheres of
glory
With us one happy hour to stray,
While youth comes back in song and
story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel
That war has tried in edge and temper;
It writes upon its sacred seal
The priest's *ubique* — *omnes* — *semper*!
It lends the sky a fairer sun
That cheers our lives with rays as steady
As if our footsteps had begun
To print the golden streets already!

The tangling years have clinched its knot
Too fast for mortal strength to sunder;
The lightning bolts of noon are shot;
No fear of evening's idle thunder!
Too late! too late! — no graceless hand
Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
To rive the close encircling band
That made and keeps us one forever!

So when upon the fated scroll
The falling stars have all descended,
And, blotted from the breathing roll,
Our little page of life is ended,
We ask but one memorial line
Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother:
'My children. Boys of '29.
In pace. How they loved each other!'

1867.

1867.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
'See those old buffers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it
means,—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,

¹ For the class reunion, 1868.

While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
'T is poor old Joe's 'God bless you, Bill!'

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears; 50
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill. 60
1868. 1868.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones below;
No more for me their beauteous bloom shall
glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morning
gale;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trembling
blow
Along the margin of unmelting snow;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
White realm of peace above the flowering
line;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky
spires!
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets
shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain de-
sires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven is
thine!
1870. 1870.

DOROTHY Q¹

A FAMILY PORTRAIT

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;

¹ I cannot tell the story of Dorothy Q. more simply
in prose than I have told it in verse, but I can add
something to it.

Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled
hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene. 10
Hold up the canvas full in view, —
Look! there's a rent the light shines
through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed; 20
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown, 30
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life! 40

Dorothy was the daughter of Judge Edmund Quincy,
and the niece of Josiah Quincy, junior, the young
patriot and orator who died just before the American
Revolution, of which he was one of the most eloquent
and effective promoters. The son of the latter, Josiah
Quincy, the first mayor of Boston bearing that name,
lived to a great age, one of the most useful and honored
citizens of his time.

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

See *Morse's Life of Holmes*, vol. i, pp. 17 and 231-
232.

For a reproduction of the portrait, see *Scribner's
Magazine*, May, 1879.

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

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less; 50
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whis-
pered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —
A goodly record for Time to show 61
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished
frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household
name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light, 70
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred
years. 1871.

EPILOGUE TO THE BREAK-
FAST-TABLE SERIES

AUTOCRAT — PROFESSOR — POET

AT A BOOKSTORE

Anno Domini 1972

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before
A low-price dealer's open door;
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
The homeless vagrants, waifs, and strays
Whose low estate this line betrays

(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS
1 DIME!

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake
This scarecrow from the shelf I take; 10
Three starveling volumes bound in one,
Its covers warping in the sun.
Methinks it hath a musty smell,
I like its flavor none too well,
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,
Though Hamlet pah! 'd, and dropped his
skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows
dark, —
Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!
The shop affords a safe retreat,
A chair extends its welcome seat, 20
The tradesman has a civil look
(I've paid, impromptu, for my book),
The clouds portend a sudden shower, —
I'll read my purchase for an hour.

What have I rescued from the shelf?
A Boswell, writing out himself!
For though he changes dress and name,
The man beneath is still the same,
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts, 30
One actor in a dozen parts,
And whatsoever the mask may be,
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,
His rogues the selfsame parent own;
Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,
The salt sea wave its source betrays;
Where'er the queen of summer blows,
She tells the zephyr, 'I'm the rose!' 40

And his is not the playwright's page;
His table does not ape the stage;
What matter if the figures seen
Are only shadows on a screen,
He finds in them his lurking thought,
And on their lips the words he sought,
Like one who sits before the keys
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day?
Read, flattered, honored? Who shall say?
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast 51
To find a peaceful shore at last,

Once glorying in thy gilded name
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,
Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,
The first for many a long, long year!

For be it more or less of art
That veils the lowliest human heart
Where passion throbs, where friendship
glows,

Where pity's tender tribute flows, 60
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,
For me the altar is divine,
Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine!

And thou, my brother, as I look
And see thee pictured in thy book,
Thy years on every page confessed
In shadows lengthening from the west,
Thy glance that wanders, as it sought
Some freshly opening flower of thought, 70
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,
I start to find myself in thee!

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn
In leather jerkin stained and torn,
Whose talk has filled my idle hour
And made me half forget the shower,
I'll do at least as much for you,
Your coat I'll patch, your guilt renew,
Read you — perhaps — some other time.
Not bad, my bargain! Price one dime! 80
1872. 1872.

PROGRAMME¹

OCTOBER 7, 1874

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

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

Here are angry lines, 'too hard!'
Says the soldier, battle-scarred. 10

¹ Written to introduce the *Songs of Many Seasons*, which contained a large number of Holmes's 'occasional' poems.

Could I smile his scars away
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,
Read with placid wonder now.
Throbb'd such passion in my heart?
Did his wounds once really smart?

Here are varied strains that sing
All the changes life can bring,
Songs when joyous friends have met,
Songs the mourner's tears have wet. 20

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

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

As its seasons slid along,
Every year a notch of song, 30
From the June of long ago,
When the rose was full in blow,

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

For the rest, they take their chance, —
Some may pay a passing glance;
Others, — well, they served a turn, —
Wherefore written, would you learn? 40

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

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

Would I polish off Japan?
Would I greet this famous man, 50
Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah? —
Figaro çì and Figaro là!

Would I just this once comply? —
So they teased and teased till I

(Be the truth at once confessed)
Wavered — yielded — did my best.

Turn my pages, — never mind
If you like not all you find;
Think not all the grains are gold
Sacramento's sand-banks hold. 60

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

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

Best for worst shall make amends,
Find us, keep us, leave us friends. 70
Till, perchance, we meet again.
Benedicite. — Amen!

1874.

1874.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF
BUNKER-HILL BATTLE¹

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

'T is like stirring living embers when, at
eighty, one remembers
All the aching and the quakings of 'the
times that tried men's souls;'²

¹ The story of Bunker Hill battle is told as literally in accordance with the best authorities as it would have been if it had been written in prose instead of in verse. I have often been asked what steple it was from which the little group I speak of looked upon the conflict. To this I answer that I am not prepared to speak authoritatively, but that the reader may take his choice among all the steeples standing at that time in the northern part of the city. Christ Church in Salem Street is the one I always think of, but I do not insist upon its claim. As to the personages who made up the small company that followed the old corporal, it would be hard to identify them, but by ascertaining where the portrait by Copley is now to be found, some light may be thrown on their personality.

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

This poem was first published in 1875, in connection with the centenary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The belfry could hardly have been that of Christ Church, since tradition says that General Gage was stationed there watching the battle, and we may make it to be what was known as the New Brick Church, built in 1721, on Hanover, corner of Richmond Street, Boston, rebuilt of stone in 1845, and pulled down at the widening of Hanover Street in 1871. There are many narratives of the battle of Bunker Hill. Frothingham's *History of the Siege of Boston* is one of the most com-

When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell
the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me
they're burning coals.

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

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when
the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the
river and the shore: 10
'Child,' says grandma, 'what's the matter,
what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to
murder us once more?'

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in
the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns
began to roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the
slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with
their bullets through his door.

Then I said, 'Now, dear old granny, don't
you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you
whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't
be gone a minute' —
For a minute then I started. I was gone
the livelong day. 20

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

prehensive accounts, and has furnished material for many popular narratives. (*Riverside Literature Series*.)
² In December, 1776, Thomas Paine, whose *Common Sense* had so remarkable a popularity as the first homely expression of public opinion on Independence, began issuing a series of tracts called *The Crisis*, eighteen numbers of which appeared. The familiar words quoted by the grandmother must often have been heard and used by her. They begin the first number of *The Crisis*: 'These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.' (*Riverside Literature Series*.)

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling
half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when
there's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a
quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I
knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that
wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was
lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Cor-
poral marched before.

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

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

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

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

At eleven the streets were swarming, for
the redcoats' ranks were forming;

At noon in marching order they were mov-
ing to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened,
as we looked far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the
belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a
cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their
knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after
a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed
like blood along their tracks.

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

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

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

• Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King
George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a
'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome,
they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm,
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that
you've splintered with your balls!'¹

¹ The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall
gravestone, standing as yet undisturbed among the
transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp's Hill
Burial Ground, one of the three city [Boston] ceme-

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

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are
nearer, — nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath —
then a crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's
shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a
thundercloud it breaks!

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

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

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

teries which have been desecrated and ruined within
my own remembrance: —

Here lies buried in a
Stone Grave 10 feet deep
Capt. DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht
Who departed this Life
October 23, 1783,
Aged 44 years,
A true son of Liberty,
A Friend to the Publick,
An Enemy to oppression,
And one of the foremost
In opposing the Revenue Acts
on America.

(HOLMES.)

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

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

Now! the walls they're almost under!
scarce a rod the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up
the earthwork they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken,
when the ominous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the
vengeance of the storm!

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

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

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

All through those hours of trial I had
watched a calm clock dial,

As the hands kept creeping, creeping, —
they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, 'They're forming
with their bagonets fixed for storm-
ing:
It's the death-grip that's a-coming, — they
will try the works once more.'

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames
behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array
they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's
fold uncoiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the
reverberating drum! 120

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell
the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as
a sea breaks over a deck;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-
out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like
the swimmers from a wreck?

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

And I heard through all the flurry, 'Send
for WARREN! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll
come and dress his wound!' 130
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its
tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on
the dark and bloody ground.

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

For they all thought he was dying, as they
gathered round him crying, —

And they said, 'Oh, how they'll miss him!'
and, 'What will his mother do?'
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's
that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured, 'Mother!' — and
— I saw his eyes were blue. 140

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

And we sometimes walked together in the
pleasant summer weather, —
'Please to tell us what his name was?'
Just your own, my little dear, —
There's his picture Copley painted: we be-
came so well acquainted,
That — in short, that's why I'm grandma,
and you children all are here!
1875.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE
COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF
THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876¹

'T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the 'cracks' were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame. 10
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few;
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;

¹ The poem was read at a dinner of the editors of the
Harvard Advocate, a literary magazine published by
undergraduates.

The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan; 20
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's
dream —

The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand; 30
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;
(The style's the man, so books avow;
The style's the woman, anyhow);
From frounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye, —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these! 40

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

What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story's through.
Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day 50
(A funeral — so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead).

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him
down, — 60
The steed's, the statesman's, common
lot!

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

'Bring forth the horse!' Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-
kneed,

The wreck of what was once a steed, 70
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see! 80

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth;
With horsy wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track, 90
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

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

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam, 100
With warning cough and threatening
wheeze

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

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand, 110
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

'Go!'—Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts long unstirred
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb,—
What mean his twenty years to him? 120
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein,—
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, 'He's going fast.'
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung 131
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe,—away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear; 140
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
'Stick on! Stick on!' 'Hould tight!
Hould tight!'
'Cling round his neck and don't let go—
That pace can't hold—there! steady!
whoa!' 150

But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And 'Stop him!—stop him!' is the cry.
Stand back! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one!

'Don't rush in front! he'll smash your
brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!' 160
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,

And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing 'all they know.'
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy; 170
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot! 180

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, 'Old Dutchman come again!'
Some took his time,—at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2.10; that could n't be—
More like two twenty-two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
'The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast!'

The parson's horse had won the bet; 191
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
'That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If brother—Jehu—made the prayer!' 200

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

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old. 1876.

FOR WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

DECEMBER 17, 1877

I BELIEVE that the copies of verses I've
spun,
Like Scheherezade's tales, are a thousand
and one;

You remember the story,—those mornings
in bed,—
'T was the turn of a copper,—a tale or a
head.

A doom like Scheherezade's falls upon me
In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's
decree:
I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* peo-
ple say
If I came to a banquet without my bou-
quet?

It is trying, no doubt, when the company
knows
Just the look and the smell of each lily and
rose, 10
The green of each leaf in the sprigs that I
bring,
And the shape of the bunch and the knot
of the string.

Yes,—'the style is the man,' and the nib
of one's pen
Makes the same mark at twenty, and three-
score and ten;
It is so in all matters, if truth may be told;
Let one look at the cast, he can tell you
the mould.

How we all know each other! no use in
disguise;
Through the holes in the mask comes the
flash of the eyes;
We can tell by his—somewhat—each one
of our tribe,
As we know the old hat which we cannot
describe. 20

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw
you write,
Sweet singer who gave us the 'Voices of
Night,'
Though in buskin or slipper your song may
be shod,
Or the velvety verse that Evangeline trod,

We shall say, 'You can't cheat us,—we
know it is you,'
There is one voice like that, but there can-
not be two,
Maestro, whose chant like the dulcimer
rings:
And the woods will be hushed while the
nightingale sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,
Whose temple hypæthral the planets shine
through, 30
Let us catch but five words from that mys-
tical pen,
We should know our one sage from all
children of men.

And he whose bright image no distance can
dim,
Through a hundred disguises we can't mis-
take him,
Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the
edge
(With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting
wedge.

Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgos
of Spain?
Do you know your old friends when you
see them again?
Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,
But Sancho that wielded the lance of the
Cid! 40

And the wood-thrush of Essex,—you know
whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits
unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our
memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze
from the hill,

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is
sure,—
Thee cannot elude us,—no further we
search,—
'T is Holy George Herbert cut loose from
his church!

We think it the voice of a seraph that
sings,—
Alas! we remember that angels have
wings,— 50
What story is this of the day of his
birth?
Let him live to a hundred! we want him
on earth!

One life has been paid him (in gold) by
the sun;
One account has been squared and another
begun;