

# GLANCES AT THE WORLD.

BY

HIERONYMUS ANONYMOUS.

*Pseud. of Horace P. <sup>Peter</sup> Riddle*

"A book wherein there is something about everything."—SAINT BEUVE.

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# GLANCES AT THE WORLD.

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## Glance First.

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### CREATION.

#### I.

WHEN Time began, "the morning stars did sing,"  
And myriads of orbs took up the strain,  
And sang, while Time, upon his silent wing,  
Flitted through centuries. Myriads again  
Will seize the theme, and touch the trembling string,  
Till earth and heaven shall hear the sweet refrain.  
The evening stars shall still the strain prolong,  
Until eternity takes up the song !

#### II.

Higher and higher mounts the gorgeous sun,  
And rides in regal beauty through the sky;  
The towering mountain wears a golden crown,  
And scattered diamonds in the valley lie :  
Ocean repeats the beauties of his throne,  
And multiplies the gems that glow on high ;  
In azure robes he wraps our earthly ball,  
And in unclouded splendor reigns o'er all !

## III.

Sweet are the flowers that spring upon the plain,  
And sweet the songs of birds from leafy tree ;  
Sweet are the echoes that repeat the strain,  
And sweet the murmurs of the distant sea ;  
Sweet is the rustle of the waving grain,  
And sweet the clover bending 'neath the bee.  
The earth is full of sweetness, and the skies  
Of beauty, if but seen by loving eyes !

## IV.

The world was manufactured in six days,—  
So read the chronicles in Genesis,—  
And all things in it, from the sun's bright rays  
Down to the darkest spot in the abyss,  
Where imps and devils and the damned ones blaze,  
Forever chained, all hopeless of release.  
The broad, deep base, and pinnacles of heaven  
Were laid and reared before the days were seven.

## V.

Ah, yes ; God made the world and all that 's in it  
In twice six dozen hours, just to a second ;  
Of course He might have done it in a minute  
If He had pleased ; but how the time was reckoned,  
Or why just there and then He did begin it,  
We do not know. It may be that He beckoned  
It from Erebus, Chaos, Hell, or Night ;  
And, being dark, He said, " Let there be light,

## VI.

And there was light." He then created Man.

According to geography by Moses  
The place was where four crystal rivers ran—  
A place of sinless happiness and roses,  
Until the serpent came and left his bane,  
At least so many a prelate still supposes.  
It is believed 't was near the stream Euphrates;  
Chronology has never settled what the date is!

## VII.

But this took place six thousand years ago;  
As many people think, while many doubt it;  
Old orthodoxy still insists 't is so,  
But infidels and deists fain would flout it;  
It was created—this all people know;  
But how, and when, they know not much about it.  
Geologists contend from granite boulder,  
And with some reason, that the world is older.

## VIII.

O Earth! thou art indeed an ancient clod,  
Thy mountains and thy valleys are but wrinkles  
Upon thy surface, where they wave and nod;  
Ocean, thy flowing robe which God besprinkles  
With continents and islands, rocks and sod,  
Where restless man pursues his toys and inkles;  
Thy trees, the covering of thy stony ribs,  
Where fly and creep creation's endless tribes!

## IX.

What is this earth, the sky, a rock, or tree ;  
The sun, the moon, the change from night to day ;  
What are these moving beings that we see,  
So nicely moulded out of dull, dead clay ;  
What is this heart that beats so high and free,  
And what this soul, or spirit? Tell me, say !  
It is to us a story just begun :  
God will be with us when the tale is done !

## X.

And Nature in variety finds order ;  
Her line of beauty has no squares nor angles ;  
In building hills, the plumb need not afford her  
Its skill to lay their bases, and she tangles  
Her fruits and flowers without a line of border ;  
Her skies above she carelessly bespangles  
With myriad stars—in glory there to mount them ;  
A painter of a sign would range and count them !

## XI.

Sex is the secret and mysterious link  
Which binds all living beings to their kind ;  
It feels, but can not see, nor hear, nor think ;  
And, although thoughtless, deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
It teaches more than all the sage's ink,  
And wiser is than reason, sense, or mind.  
God gave a surer guide than thought or seeing,  
To keep alive this endless chain of being !

## XII.

Out of the dust the first man was created;  
All other flesh is of the self-same stuff;  
That this is true, as in the record stated,  
To all who think, there 's evidence enough.  
And every animal God made was mated,  
To keep the several kinds from dying off.  
But how 't is done, e'en should my knowledge teach me,  
I would not say, lest some one should impeach me!

## XIII.

And Eve was taken out of Adam's side,  
Mysteriously, but yet it was God's plan;  
He gave her unto Adam as his bride,  
And Adam knew her—thus the race began.  
This is the faith in which we must abide.  
So woman, coming from the side of man,  
And nicely finished—even to a hair,  
Returns and sighs to fondly cuddle there!

## XIV.

And man, since then, whenever he 's alone,  
Is always missing something from his side;  
And as the woman was made out of bone,  
The riddle is, why he prefers a bride  
Of flesh; but then, with one as hard as stone,  
The sweetest temper would be sorely tried.  
I do not solve, but simply raise the question,  
And leave it for the reader's own digestion!

## XV.

And man is Nature's most capricious child,  
Born bare and weak ; a babe, he sucks his milk ;  
A boy, he whines ; a youth, by love beguiled ;  
A man, he plays and parries many a bill,  
Full of hot love and hate, half tame, half wild ;  
Then old and wrapped in sackcloth or in silk  
Shakespeare has told the stages from his birth  
Until he dies and crumbles back to earth.

## XVI.

But see the mother clasp her tender boy,  
A new creation of the earthly man,  
Born of affection, agony, and joy ;  
See, even while she weeps, all pale and wan,  
She smiles upon the God-created toy,  
Fulfilling thus the great mysterious plan  
Of Him who makes all things in earth and heaven,  
Forgives the soul and heals the heart that's riven.

## XVII.

May Heaven protect sweet woman's sacred right  
To be a woman as she first was made ;  
This is her highest glory in the sight  
Of God and man ; and not to wield the spade,  
And axe, and sword, to dig, and hew, and fight ;  
But be a tender mother, wife, or maid.  
Her beauty softens man's hard tyranny,  
And rules him sweetly with a silken sovereignty !



## XVIII.

The man is master in the home or nation,  
For woman can not do the deeds he can,  
Together they are rulers of creation—  
Man is the king and woman is the queen ;  
The Deity devised the sweet relation  
In harmony with his eternal plan ;  
For either one is but a half alone,  
While both together constitute the one !

## XIX.

Whenever man was made, or how, he still  
Remains the same,—the son of dust and spirit,  
Partaking of both parents ; living till  
The spirit leaves the body to inherit  
Eternal life through God's sweet loving will ;  
Then dust returns to dust. He has some merit  
And many faults, mixture of good and evil ;  
Angel or brute, now God-like, now a devil !

## XX.

But man is the Creator's masterpiece,  
Standing before the world upright and free ;  
And woman being made, his work did cease—  
All finished and most beautiful to see ;  
To govern he was made, and she to please ;  
For strength he is admired, for beauty she.  
Thus both are happy in their separate spheres,  
Living and loving through their earthly years !

## XXI.

Each primary pair of animals was made;

Since then they 're always born (of course begotten);  
Or begotten and born, it rather should be said

(In this some reputations have a blot on):

Some walk, some fly, some crawl, some swim, some wade;

While some are being born, others are dying—rotten!  
Thus on, by eating, breathing, loving, wooing,  
And marrying, the world is kept a-going.

## XXII.

Yet each man has his individuality;

Each woman also, as 't is seen in sexes;  
Here is the mystery, in the hid duality,

Which makes us only one; and this perplexes  
Philosophers; and herein did plurality

Spring from one common parent, and still vexes  
The passions of us all,—their true descendants,—  
Which still are raging, with but slight amendments!

## XXIII.

Each single thing is marked by surfaces

And boundaries, to fix its own identity;  
Some are comely, and others have cur faces,—

For not to know one's self would be nonentity.  
Besides, 't is necessary for pure races:

Whatever is your form, know that God sent it ye,  
And whether pretty, ugly, dark, or fair,  
Be ye content with whatsoe'er you are.

## XXIV.

But break ye deep in Nature, there we all  
Are one; individuals disappear;  
As all the continents, or great or small,  
Are one below the ocean's depths; the tear  
Is touched and drawn alike, alike must fall  
From every human eye; and hope and fear  
Forever spring alike in every breast,  
Until alike in death we find our rest.

## XXV.

O Earth! upon thy face man builds his works,  
The little ant-hills of a troubled hour,  
Which crumble back to dust where lives and lurks  
The busy insect man, whose puny power  
Disturbs and mars the ground whereon he irks  
Away his day, and then is seen no more.  
Nations on nations sink beneath the sod,  
And living man knows not the place they trod!

## XXVI.

God guides the drop that trickles in the stream,  
Which swells until the mighty river rolls,  
And sinks into the lake as quiet as a dream;  
Then to the cataract which shakes the poles;  
And on, and on, until the ocean's gleam  
Gives back its glitter to the sun that tolls  
The bell of Heaven; and thus His hand controls  
Our lives, affections, passions, spirits, souls!

## XXVII.

'Tis God who gives the restless wind its wings,  
And bids it rush to peace in sunny climes ;  
He drives the ocean's current till it flings  
Its foam into the maelstrom ; and its chimes  
Blend with the music of the storm that rings  
Its echoes to the mountain, where in rhymes  
It joins the cloud and rises to the sky,  
Chaunting the hymn of universal harmony !

## XXVIII.

The wind—e'en raving tempests—can not shake  
The well-poised earth, and check man's daring venture ;  
But fiery waves within her bosom break  
Her firm foundations to their very centre,  
And burst her cerements till mountains quake,  
And seas and rocks the crevices may enter.  
Thus man—'t is the volcano in his breast  
That rends his soul, and will not let him rest !

## XXIX.

The rustling winds complain among the leaves,  
And fountains murmur with a soft, sweet noise ;  
The lilies bend whene'er the bosom grieves,  
And roses wither as we lose our joys ;  
The morning weeps, all nature moans, and weaves  
Herself around the soul, and thus employs  
Her healing balm to ease the aching smart,  
That, keener than a dagger, stabs the heart !

## XXX.

Stay, thou soft zephyr, in thy rambling flight,  
And tell me where thou gatherest thy sweets :  
From the red rose, blue-bell, or lily white,  
The pink, or heliotrope, the sunlight greets ?  
Or from the dewy mead with flowers bedight,  
Or plain or mountain, where the lambkin bleats ?  
O tell me whence thy fragrance thou dost bring,  
And where thou bearest it upon thy wing !

## XXXI.

How sweet to scent the breezes of the morn,  
And hear the twittering birds and purling brook ;  
To tread the meadows where the flowers adorn  
The fruitful grass, or pause in some sweet nook,  
Beneath the tow'ring oak or flowery thorn ;  
To ponder nature's universal book,  
And watch the conquering sun march o'er the world,  
With blazing banners to the sky unfurled !

## XXXII.

How sweet is music o'er the waters stealing,  
When the hushed winds and sobbing waves are sleep-  
How rich the blended harmony, while pealing [ing ;  
Its anthems to the sky that has been weeping  
Away the clouds, until the moon, revealing  
Herself below, seems o'er the surface creeping ;  
And the reflected stars and azure sky,  
Like a new heaven, beneath the crystal lie !

## XXXIII.

Behold the forests waving o'er the plain,  
And piling rocks that build the mountains steep ;  
Behold the peaks that gathering clouds sustain,  
High o'er the valley where the torrents sweep ;  
Behold the billows rolling o'er the main,  
Stirring its waters to their deepest deep ;  
How grand is nature on this little clod,  
While worlds on worlds fly round the seat of God !

## XXXIV.

The lambs are playing o'er the verdant mead,  
The flowers in all their loveliness are drest ;  
The fawns are leaping where their mothers lead,  
And callow birds are chirping in the nest.  
Sweet to all living things are light and shade,  
And sweet is darkness when they seek their rest.  
The day comes forth, away the night must flee—  
The night returns and wins again the lea !

## XXXV.

Hark ! through the vale the moaning night-winds sigh ;  
Now the autumnal leaves begin to fall ;  
The tinkling bell, the herd's soft lowing cry,  
Answer the faithful shepherd's anxious call ;  
The mountain rears its rocky crest on high,  
And casts its shadow o'er the darkened vale ;  
The forest trees now blend in deep'ning gloom,  
And warn the adventurous hunter of his doom !

## XXXVI.

It is the hour when twilight steals apace  
Across the distant landscape, while the rays  
Of the retiring sun still find a place  
Upon the tinted sky, and wins our gaze,  
Just as the full-orbed moon begins her race,  
And stars come forth with ineffectual blaze.  
It is the hour when dreams steal o'er the soul,  
And the strong brain no more asserts control!

## XXXVII.

The sun is set, night draws her curtain o'er  
The fading landscape, and the dim deep sky  
Falls low around us; now the busy roar  
Of industry is hushed; the breezes sigh  
Among the trees; the robin sings no more,  
And noisy insects in soft slumbers lie.  
Repose and silence o'er the senses creep,  
And weary Nature soon will sink to sleep!

## XXXVIII.

When we go forth, behold how many things  
We see in fields and woods, in air and sky;  
The beasts on feet, the birds upon their wings,  
Insects, and all that creep, or walk, or fly;  
Whatever loves, caresses, hates, or stings—  
All things which 'neath the sky's wide circle lie;  
And all awake the mind or touch the heart,—  
For all are one of which we are a part!

## XXXIX.

All parts of the creation are in motion,  
And yet the universe remains at rest ;  
The countless streams are flowing to the ocean,  
The ocean fills the vapor's snowy breast ;  
And all the planets, with a true devotion,  
Roll round the sun at Deity's behest.  
Systems on systems guided by His hand  
So nicely balanced must forever stand !

## XL.

See the broad river to the ocean sweep,  
Watch its deep current as it wanders by ;  
Go trace its floods to where the fountains leap,  
Or where in sweet repose the lakelets lie ;  
Then gaze upon the cloud, with misty drip,  
That brings its moisture from a distant sky,  
And learn, as thus the waters come and go,  
That blessings from above will ever flow !

## XLI.

And I have roamed in forests wild and grand,  
Wherein the foliage shut away the skies,  
Ere yet the monarch 'neath the woodman's hand,  
Had fallen prostrate, as the hero dies.  
Ah ! man may fell the trees and reap the land,  
But God alone can bid the forests rise ;  
And once destroyed by man's advancing power,  
Alas ! we gaze upon the scene no more !



## XLII.

The clouds are floating round the mountain's brow,  
Against the rocks like ocean waves they dash,—  
Like billows beating 'gainst the vessel's prow,  
Which still sails on all heedless of their lash.  
The tempest roars, the trees are bending low,  
And lightning cuts the sky with piercing flash.  
The heavens are glittering in the fitful glow  
Which leaves the vale all desolate below !

## XLIII.

For every kiss the mountain gives the sky,  
The sun sends back a thousand thousand-fold,  
To valley, plain, lake, ocean, stream, and sea,  
Wherein the water sleeps or wave is rolled ;  
Kissing the flower as well as towering tree,  
Blessing each blade of grass that cheers the mould.  
For poor return so Heaven's rich blessings fall,  
Like the broad sunlight to the earth, on all !

## XLIV.

How sweet to ramble where the buds are springing,  
Beholding Nature in her robes so fair,  
And where the blossoms are their fragrance flinging  
Abroad upon the bland and balmy air ;  
Where birds upon the bending boughs are singing,  
Warbling their little loves, their joys and care.  
The mountains seem to rise and skies to bend  
Until the green and blue together blend !

## XLV.

The flowers are but the blossomings of love,  
Which to the mountains and the vales are given,  
To strew with sweets the garden, field, and grove;  
They even cling to rocks though tempest-riven,  
And ope their beauties to the skies above,  
Inspiring man with faith and hope in Heaven.  
Although each one may blossom but a day,  
They will return till earth shall pass away!

## XLVI.

The rose has parted with its sweetest red,  
All blushless now it hangs upon the stem;  
The gathering dew upon its drooping head  
Glistens like jewels in a diadem;  
And Hesperus her numerous train has led  
Far to the west; the skies now seem  
Glowing with sapphire; still the heavens are bright,  
Though day withdraws and leaves the world to night.

## XLVII.

The morn returns, we labor on till night;  
The evening comes, thus gone another day;  
A week swift as a bird soon takes its flight,  
And quickly thus a month has passed away;  
Month follows month—be fortune dull or bright;  
Nor hope, nor fear, nor wish can time delay;  
A year has soon swept onward o'er the sky,  
And thus threescore and ten, and then—we die!

## XLVIII.

Behold the azure, count the scattered stars,  
Bow down before the sun, worship his light ;  
See where the comet flies or meteor glares,  
And view the jewels in the crown of night ;  
Go learn how world on world God's work declares,  
And stand in awe before His arm of might.  
View nature in her ever-varying mood—  
The world is beautiful, and God pronounced it good !

## XLIX.

O, there is music in the summer breeze,  
In the loud thunder and the shock of storms,  
And in the air that scarcely waves the trees,  
Whirling in eddies in ten thousand forms  
Among their leaves, whose gentle moanings please  
And steal upon the soul ; all nature charms—  
The storm, the breeze, the cataract, the rill,  
And ever murmurs when the world is still.

## L.

The air around us throbs with harmony,  
The winds are singing to the lofty spire,  
The earth beneath us peals her anthems high,  
And ocean's rolling waves join in the choir ;  
The spheres above are chiming, and the sky  
Rings with the music of the heavenly lyre.  
God's hand is touching all, below, above,  
Tuning Creation to the chords of love !

## LI.

Ears may not hear the music of the world,  
Nor the grand anthems of the universe  
That roll their echoes where the orbs are whirled,  
And where the seraphs their sweet songs rehearse;  
Where angels, with their spotless wings unfurled,  
Infinite fields of dazzling blue traverse.  
They soar forever round the Golden Throne,  
And sing the praise of the Eternal One!

## LII.

How sweet when summer with its ardent heat  
Steals from the sky and glimmers o'er the glade,  
To find beneath the shade a cool retreat,  
And, as the drooping flowers begin to fade,  
Watch the tall waving corn and golden wheat,  
Fast ripening for the sturdy reaper's blade;  
And while the panting and uneasy drove  
Flies to the streamlet or the well-fledged grove!

## LIII.

How sweet in autumn when the sunlight beams  
Through the thick mist that half its warmth conceals,  
And paints the trembling leaves with tinted gleams,  
As bright as stars upon the azure fields—  
When all is lovely as Arcadian dreams—  
To view the luscious fruits the season yields,  
On the brown hill and in the russet vale,  
And hear the murmurs of the distant gale!

## LIV.

God lays his hand upon the golden year,  
And flowers spring up along the mount and plain ;  
The ripening harvest bows its laden ear,  
And juicy fruits succeed the solid grain.  
Soon rosy blushes tint the air so clear,  
Then winter comes and nature sleeps again.  
The sky bends low as if to watch the earth  
Till God awakes her to another birth !

## LV.

How sweet when winter holds his icy reign,  
Preparing nature to again bring forth,  
While raging tempests sweep across the main,  
And leaves and flowers are buried in the earth,  
Over whose graves the sighing winds complain—  
To gather round the warm and cheerful hearth,  
And from the shelter gaze upon the robe,  
Which, pure and spotless, shrouds the chilly globe !

## LVI.

But, cheerless winter, say, why dost thou linger ?  
Leave the sweet vale, go, sit upon the mountain ;  
Loosen thy grasp, unclose thy icy finger  
That binds the bud and seals the silvery fountain ;  
Let spring's life-giving breezes come and bring their  
Genial caresses, and playfully wanton  
Among the trees, and o'er the beds, where flowers  
Will spring to meet the sunbeams and the showers !

## LVII.

See ocean sleeping in the arms of earth,  
As placid as a babe upon the breast  
Whose streams sustain it, and which gave it birth,  
Reflecting heaven above in peaceful rest;  
View it again when gorged is every firth,  
And lashed to fury; when the shores are prest  
With scowling billows till they seem to yield,  
Leaving the mountain as the only shield!

## LVIII.

Roll on, thou terrible, resistless ocean,  
And beat thy waves to spray upon the rocks;  
Dash on and foam in thy eternal motion,  
And startle earth with thy resounding shocks;  
Bid puny man thy raging dangers go shun,  
And leave thy billows which the azure mocks.  
With wrinkled brows that frown upon the skies,  
Beneath thy waves the troubled welkin lies!

## LIX.

Thou wert upon Creation's second day  
The same, and must remain, as thou art now;  
The forests and the fields man may bewray,  
But thou to him wilt never, never bow;  
Though rocks and mountains he may hew away,  
Thy softest wave defies his axe and plow.  
The storms may mark their furrows on thy face,  
But when the calm returns they leave no trace!

## LX.

How scornful is thy laugh at human pride,  
Tossing man's baubles on thy heaving waves,  
Sinking his treasures in thy greedy tide,  
And giving him a tomb within thy caves,  
Where he, in all his littleness, may hide,  
Amidst the millions of uncounted graves.  
Go mar the earth, thou mortal, but the sea  
Will smile and frown, unmarked, unchecked by thee!

## LXI.

Yes, man may hew away the solid rocks,  
Level the mountain, and fill up the vale,  
Control the lightning and annul its shocks,  
Defy the thunder and the tempest's wail;  
And yet the little brook where feed his flocks  
Flows on forever with its whispering tale.  
He can not cleave its wave ere it is gone,  
And thus it comes and goes forever on!

## LXII.

Roll on ye waters, blow ye rushing winds,  
Let tempests sweep across the land and sea,  
Let the rocks tremble where the ocean grinds,  
Let mountains reel and from their bases fly;  
Let darkness deepen, blacken, till it blinds  
All living things, and shuts away the sky;  
Blot out the moon, earth, planets, every star,  
The sun, the universe, yet God is *there*!



## LXIII.

But gaze by moonlight on the mighty deep,  
The vast expanse seems all without a shore;  
No more across the sky the tempests sweep,  
No more upon the sea the billows roar;  
Becalmed and still, creation seems to sleep  
Upon a heaven below, while Heaven is o'er;  
And while the surface thus unruffled lies,  
Earth is forgotten in the midst of skies!

## LXIV.

The sky! the infinite, eternal sky!  
The grandest scene that man on earth can view;  
The sun, the stars, and myriad orbs on high,  
The moon, and the impenetrable blue;  
The day, the night, the changeful clouds that fly,  
Forever beautiful, forever new;  
The visible works, the sublime abode,  
Temple, and seat of the Creator—God!

## LXV.

And there is beauty in the stormy sky,  
With clouds high piling like the upheaving peaks  
Of Apennines, then tumbling from on high  
To the abyss that gapes below, while streaks  
Of glittering fire, piercing the masses, fly  
Blazing through darkness; then the thunder breaks,  
And the wild tempest loosened from his lair,  
Bellows and raves through the distracted air.



## LXVI.

Thus tempests sweep along ; the lightning rives  
The towering tree, and yet the forests wave ;  
Time speeds his onward course. Man lives,  
*Men* die, and sink into the grave.  
Though nations perish, Liberty survives  
And crowns the efforts of the true and brave.  
Mankind must labor and deserve the prize  
Of happiness below and in the skies.

## LXVII.

O, come and view the sunset or sunrise,  
The far-off mountains and the forest woods ;  
The dark and brooding night, the starry skies,  
The trickling fountain and the rolling floods ;  
The deep still ocean when at peace it lies,  
Or lashed to fury when the billow nods ;  
The stormy clouds that gather o'er the deep,  
The troubled heavens as they flash and weep.

## LXVIII.

The gates of morning open to the world  
Creation's earliest scene ; the Orient glows ;  
Day marches in, the night away is hurled,  
And sinks below the earth in deep repose ;  
The mists of morning o'er the skies have curled,  
Retiring stars their dazzling brilliance lose ;  
The monarch enters, gains the azure height,  
Reigns o'er the sky, and floods the world with light.

## LXIX.

Go where the mountain soars to meet the skies  
In solemn grandeur, clothed in robes of snow ;  
Go where the forest in the distance lies,  
And where the flowery plain spreads out below ;  
Gaze in the azure where the eagle cries,  
Stand where the waters in eternal flow  
Leap the high precipice, hear the loud peal,  
Feel the earth tremble, see the mountains reel.

## LXX.

And there is beauty in the fleecy cloud  
Flecking the sky and moving o'er the blue,  
Draping the mountain in a flowing shroud  
Of pure ethereal white, blending the view  
Of distant landscapes, and rippling the flood  
Of light that bathes the flowers, varying the hue  
That dances o'er the lawn, and on the leaf,  
And lending richness to the golden sheaf.

## LXXI.

Go where the willow stoops to kiss the wave,  
Or where the bird sings low upon the tree ;  
Go where the murmuring streams the flowerets lave.  
Climb the high peak and gaze upon the sea ;  
Descend below and creep into the cave,  
Drink from the hidden fountain ere 't is free ;  
Bask in the sunshine, shelter in the shade,  
See what a world the God of love has made !

## LXXII.

One sun, one moon, but myriads of stars,  
Which shine by their own fixed, undying light ;  
From man's short-sighted eyes the daylight bars  
Their bright refulgence, but in the deep night  
They send their golden rays, which nothing mars,  
Through boundless space on their eternal flight,  
Lighting creation with unfading glint,  
Of which the sun's vast range is but a point !

## LXXIII.

Thou sun, whose genial warmth the earth absorbs,  
That makes day bright with thy undying flame ;  
Though least and nearest of light-giving orbs  
Thou art our system's brightest diadem ;  
The planets cling to thee—which naught disturbs—  
Like jewels shining from a central gem.  
On high God poised thee where the ether whirls,  
To light and warm innumerable worlds !

## LXXIV.

Thou comest forth with thy resplendent shield,  
O sun, thou source of everlasting light,  
Sending thy rays throughout the azure field ;  
Thou knowest not the clouds, nor day, nor night ;  
The planets, playing round thee, thou dost wield  
Within thy magic grasp, sharing thy flight,  
Borne on throughout infinitude of space  
Amidst the stars, in the eternal race !

## LXXV.

The arch round which the sun performs his race,  
And earth's deep shade, bring forth the stars anew,  
Which, in their turn, pursue the endless chase,  
Through day's soft azure and the night's dark blue ;  
The circling vault, inclosing time and space,  
Through which the spirit can its faith pursue,  
And soar on hope above the sky we see,  
To God unseen, and view eternity !

## LXXVI.

Advancing dawn is kindling into day,  
And spreading o'er the sky its tinted light ;  
A crimson cloud subdues the murky gray,  
And melts into the blue ; receding night  
Folds up her sable robes and steals away ;  
And now the royal sun, so clear and bright,  
Brings forth the day with banners all unfurled,  
And rides in regal state around the world !

## LXXVII.

Man in his arrogance may claim the earth,  
The little birds are owners of the sky ;  
He treads the narrow fields around his hearth,  
They quarrel not for boundaries, but fly  
Amidst the golden clouds, and wander forth,  
Choosing the sunniest skies, and soar on high,  
Until they rise into empyrean space :  
Their footstool—earth—is man's abiding-place !

## LXXVIII.

Now bright Aurora opes the onward way,  
The eastern sky is dappled o'er with light ;  
Advancing morn reflects the coming day,  
And steals with blushes up the mountain height  
To spread her beauties where the darkness lay,  
And all the gladdened world will soon be bright.  
From wave to wave the sun strides o'er the main,  
Leaps from the hills and lights the flowery plain.

## LXXIX.

Now he has kissed away the morning tear,  
The splendor of the noon is dazzling bright,  
The sea is sleeping 'neath the quiet air,  
The mountains shimmer in their blueey white ;  
Visible nature smiles unstained and clear,  
And fills the spirit with a sweet delight ;  
The earth seems sinless, and the sky above  
Wraps it beneath, and holds the world in love !

## LXXX.

'T is eve ; the sun is far from where he rose,  
Traveling his heavenly way, cloudless and high ;  
He seems unwilling thus the day should close,  
As loth to take his glory from the sky ;  
One little star its glimmering jewel shows,  
As if, in pale and distant modesty,  
To ask permission of the god of day  
That it may shine when he has gone away.

## LXXXI.

The moon's soft light is broken into gems,  
The evening breezes die away in sighs ;  
The leaves are trembling on their waving stems,  
Moulding the air to sad, sweet symphonies  
Which wake the mind to high and higher aims,  
And waft the pleading spirit to the skies.  
Creation, nature, bodies, bind us here,  
The mind and soul can rise and wander *there* !

## LXXXII.

Grand, glorious theme of ancient shepherd's praise,  
O Moon ! who would not rise to thee above,  
O'er this cold earth and all its weary ways,  
Flying in ecstasy on wings of love ?  
I gaze at thee and watch thy silvery rays  
Grow pale as o'er thy face soft vapors move,  
And long for thy return when thou dost glide  
Beneath the clouds that know not what they hide.

## LXXXIII.

I wait for thee until the curtain flies,  
And thou once more can ride the ether sea ;  
Now longs my soul and now my bosom sighs  
To mount on high and float along with thee.  
Come, gentle spirit, bear me to the skies ;  
Away, unwelcome world, away from me !  
Thou who so oft has witnessed love's sweet story—  
And once my own pure joy—ride on in glory.

## LXXXIV.

The Fairy Queen reposes on the cloud ;  
Her couch is soft, her curtains pearly white,  
Her winged pavilion curling mists enshroud,  
All aptly poised and floating on the light ;  
She sails through ether's circumambient flood  
As round the world she takes her airy flight ;  
But when the sinking day withdraws the sun,  
And stars arise, the Fairy's sleep is done.

## LXXXV.

She lights upon the earth to trouble mortals,  
Perplexing monarchs as they sit in state,  
Tormenting lovers till they coo like turtles,  
Kissing the weary beggar at the gate,  
Lifting his spirits up to Heaven's portals,  
Leaving the tyrant to his hardened fate,  
Creeping in key-holes, tangling up the skeins  
Of sleepy maids, and muddling up their brains.

## LXXXVI.

Man o'er the world in daylight has his reign ;  
Fairies at night resume their secret sway,  
And for a season rule the ruler man ;  
They dance on flow'rets in the moonlit ray,  
But when Aurora brings the day again,  
They on the earliest sunbeam ride away.  
They rule us kindly in the world of dreams ;  
O, that their kingdom might be what it seems !



## LXXXVII.

Ye stars, bright jewels on the robe of God  
Which wraps immensity ; ye shone undimmed  
Throughout unbounded space ere angels trod  
The threshold of His throne, ere time was hymned  
Upon revolving worlds, ere the abode  
Of man was formed, and ere the sun had beamed  
Upon his birth ; and ye will shine  
Until the Deity shall cease to reign divine !

## LXXXVIII.

Ye beaming orbs which make the night so holy,  
Visible glory of the unseen God ;  
The smallest of your number shining solely  
Astounds the mind, yet millions are abroad ;  
The hand that did create doth still control ye,  
And mark for each its own unerring road.  
Roll on in harmony, ye worlds of beauty,  
And teach the soul its destiny and duty !

## LXXXVIX.

Hast thou, O man, gazed on the setting sun  
And turned to see the stars rise in the east,  
Then watched until another day begun,  
And seen the same stars setting in the west ;  
Tracing throughout the night the slivery moon,  
And each " particular star " around her crest ?  
Ah ! sweeter far than watch from morn to even,  
For then thou 'st seen the fairest side of Heaven !



## XC.

Behold the star that never changes place,  
The same throughout all time at morn and even,  
Round which still run in their eternal race  
Myriads of orbs with the unfading "seven ;"  
It is the guide throughout unbounded space,  
The gem that binds the drapery of heaven ;  
The sun himself in his refulgent car,  
Rides through the skies around the changeless star !

## XCI.

Afar<sup>s</sup> beyond where earth's dull vapor lurks,  
Deep in infinity and boundless space,  
Where many a world its circling orbit marks,  
Vieing with millions in the endless race,  
The sky is but a veil before God's works,  
That man may bear to see his Maker's face,  
And live, as he, the favored one of old,  
Could only in a cloud God's face behold !

## XCII.

And in the infinite eternal blue  
Are myriads more, which have forever been  
Approaching from their depths to man as new,  
Which through uncounted ages flashed their sheen  
Across the sky, ere our own sun's bright hue  
Had tinged the fruits of Eden's fair demesne ;  
And myriads still are beaming on the skies,  
Whose light not yet has reached man's longing eyes !

## XCIII.

And there are other stars which human eye  
May not behold,—bright orbs which gain their light  
From God's immediate glance. They hang on high  
Far, far, above the clouds of time, too bright  
For earthly gaze, revolving in a sky  
Too pure for flesh to see—for one quick sight  
Would strike the mortal vision blind—but which  
The disembodied soul in peace may reach !

## XCIV.

Systems on systems rise and onward roll,  
Then sink and perish in the dust of time ;  
Time like a circle thus returns his scroll,  
Himself repeating, as the bells that chime  
To usher in a birth, the death may toll ;  
Thus systems, soaring on their wings sublime,  
Are rising, falling ; up, now overthrown,  
Leaving this only truth—that GOD IS ONE !

## XCV.

Space is a part of what infinity is all,  
In which the Deity builds his creation ;  
Time is a part of what eternity we call,  
Which marks the creature's or the thing's duration ;  
In space and time all beings rise or fall,  
A mite, a mastodon, a man, or nation,  
A grain of dust, a pebble, or a world,  
Or largest orb that e'er in ether whirled !

## XCVI.

Space is infinite, yet 't is not infinity ;  
Time is eternal, yet 't is not eternity ;  
Creation is divine, yet not divinity,—  
For space, creation, time, have their diurnity ;  
God is the ONE, the UNITY, and TRINITY,  
The ALL in ALL, the sole PATERNITY ;  
Though men are mortal, man is yet immortal,  
And to his immortality time is the portal!

END OF GLANCE FIRST.

## Glance Second.

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### AMERICA.

#### I.

Hail, Liberty ! thou fairest Child of Heaven,  
The dauntless Goddess with untiring wing,  
And noblest spirit to the earth e'er given !  
O for a genius thy sweet charms to sing !  
O for a hand to tune the lyric seven,  
And strike the harp until its chords shall ring  
From mountain top and echo o'er the plain,  
And all the nations hear the thrilling strain !

#### II.

Hail, Peace ! thy lovely sister, Heaven's first-born,  
That dwelt in Paradise till Evil came ;  
Man sang thy praises at creation's morn,  
And sings them still, and venerates thy name.  
The fairest laurels shall thy brow adorn,  
Won by thy sister with a sword of flame ;  
That sword lies at thy feet, there to remain  
Till thou shalt bid her take it up again.

## III.

Come, gentle Muse, and leave the laureled bowers  
Of War for those of Peace, by some clear fount  
To reap our fruits in joy, and gather flowers  
From every forest, meadow, vale and mount;  
And count the sunny and the happy hours,  
Leaving the weary for the sad to count.  
Be just to foes, and kind to all, and thus  
Heal up the wounds of those who bled for us.

## IV.

"One sweet memorial of a gentle deed,  
One pang prevented, or a wrong redressed,  
A generous morsel to the poor in need,  
A sorrow softened, or a sigh suppressed,  
One artless rhyme," which tearful eyes may read,  
That graves these virtues where the humble rest,  
Where love retires to weep when day is done—  
Surpasses all that armies ever won!

## V.

Has proud Columbia yet produced no son,  
No master-hand to touch the tuneful string,  
And sing the virtues of her Washington,  
And from time's grave his cherished memories bring?  
He who a nation's independence won,  
Invites his country's noblest bard to sing;  
Nor Vernon's chief alone deserves our lays,  
A thousand heroes claim a nation's praise.

## VI.

Our brave old Fathers from the fair Mayflower  
Planted our liberty mid snows and wars :  
An eagle rose and soared along the shore ;  
No shot could pierce her, none could leave its scars ;  
She spread her pinions to be caged no more,  
And winged her flight, all clustered round with stars,  
Across the land, from Allegheny's steep  
To the blue billows of Pacific's deep !

## VII.

Harp of America ! thy strains awake,  
And let thy song resound from hill to hill,  
O'er the rich valley and across the lake ;  
Leap from the mountain like the silvery rill ;  
Sing with thy birds from every tree and brake,  
Sing thy sweet song until the nations thrill ;  
The proudest wreath of thy own laurels wear,  
And peal thy tones till all the earth shall hear.

## VIII.

Sing of thy heroes and their glorious deeds,  
Shout high the song of Liberty and Law,  
And teach the world that here the tyrant bleeds ;  
That traitors, rebels, all must stand in awe  
When freemen draw the sword that slavery's creeds  
And shameless wrongs had bid the despots draw.  
The world shall learn thy song of liberty,  
And hear its echoes ring from every sky.

## AMERICA.

## I.

SWEET land of the sunset, the home of my soul,  
Where the silvery fountains perennial gush ;  
Where the hills and the vales in their billowy roll  
Bear o'er their rich bosoms the wild flowers' blush.  
The brave forest tree rears his branches in pride ;  
The fair, modest flow'ret grows 'neath his strong arm ;  
The lake and the prairie are lovely and wide ;  
All nature is fresh in her primitive charm !  
There the forest trees wave,  
And the flowers bloom there ;  
There the sons are all brave,  
And the daughters are fair !

## II.

Sweet land of the sunset ; thy mountains are high,  
And mightiest rivers sweep on to the main ;  
Thy lakes are reflecting the gems of the sky,  
As sweetly they sleep on the breast of the plain.  
All soils and all climes are embraced by the oceans  
That bear our bright flag o'er their blue foaming crest,  
Where in freedom of conscience we breathe our devotions,  
And worship in spirit, where none may molest !  
There the forest trees wave, etc.

## III.

Sweet land of the sunset, thy morning is bright,  
And breaks o'er the world the last hope of the free ;  
May thy sun, ever beaming, on all shed its light,  
Till darkness and despots forever shall flee.  
All is bright as the sky, and as free as the wave,  
For Liberty reigns o'er the land and the sea,  
Where wrongs are redressed by the arms of the brave,  
And rights are upheld by the voice of the free.  
There the forest trees wave, etc.

## IV.

Sweet land of the sunset, immortal in glory,  
Where nations are many, and yet are but one;  
Whose deeds are recorded in poesy's story,  
And glow on the canvas and live in the stone;  
Where freedom, sweet goddess, of heavenly birth,  
That, wounded by tyrants, to heaven had fled,  
Descends with her blessings, where now, on the earth,  
She peacefully dwells in the lowliest shed!  
There the forest trees wave, etc.

## V.

Sweet land of the sunset, thine own harp awake;  
Let its music resound from the mountain and vale;  
And thy bards give it voice till its last chord shall break,  
As it sings of thy heroes, or whispers the tale.  
Awake its soft numbers to answer thy rills,  
From thy flowers and gems let it gather a crown;  
Strike boldly its chords, till their harmony fills  
Its own native land and the world with renown!  
There the forest trees wave, etc.

## VI.

Sweet land of the sunset; our country, our home;  
The land of warm hearth-stones, the patriot's cheer;  
The land where oppression and wrong can not come,  
Where the brave bow to duty, but bend not to fear.  
Where the stripes and the stars to the winds are unfurled,  
And where the proud eagle soars nearest the sky;  
Sweet land of the sunset, the hope of the world,  
In thee will we live, and for thee will we die!  
There the forest trees wave,  
And the flowers bloom there;  
There the sons are all brave,  
And the daughters are fair!



## IX.

Thus in my youth I sang ; in riper age,  
I sing the song again. May it be sung  
By millions yet unborn—poet and sage—  
And chanted through the world by every tongue ;  
May truth record it to the latest page,  
And keep the promise to the old and young.  
Be true, be brave, be strong, yet not unjust,  
And thus vouchsafe fulfillment of our trust !

## X.

I hear a voice, again I touch the string,  
Rambling o'er mountain and through fertile field,  
Where soars the eagle on his daring wing,  
Bearing our banner, *now* the freeman's shield,  
Or where in humbler homes the robins sing.  
Reader, while I essay my theme to wield,  
Come listen to my rhymes, and walk with me ;  
Still Glancing at the World, I'll talk to thee.

## XI.

Arouse, my Muse, and now repeat the strain.  
May future times our freedom still prolong,  
Maintaining Right upon the land and main,  
And in maintaining Right, subdue the wrong ;  
May other nations join the sweet refrain,  
Till all the world shall hear and own the song ;  
May Justice, Law, and Order hold their reign,  
Till Equal Rights shall be secured to man !

## XII.

Sweet land of liberty, the tyrant's bane,  
The traitor's terror, and the felon's gall;  
The slave's security from lash and chain;  
And freeman's shield against oppression's thrall;  
Where equal rights with peace and order reign,  
The good man's temple and the home of all;  
The statesman's model and the sage's theme,  
The hero's glory and the poet's dream !

## XIII.

I ne'er beheld the Nile, nor pyramids,  
Resting on earth, yet pointing to the skies,  
And rising where the stainless blue abides,  
Where no dull mist nor cloudy vapor flies,  
And where, serene, the azure never hides  
The smiles of heaven ; where golden stars arise,  
And sing the praises of the Unmade One,  
Till morn returns and bears the anthem on !

## XIV.

But I behold the land—America !  
Her mountains and her plains, her vales and streams,  
Which bring their currents from the icy sway  
Of Arctic's crown—where Hyperborean gleams  
Flash o'er the sky and hold their endless day,  
And roll their courses to the tropic beams,  
Where frostless summer in her beauty reigns  
O'er boundless fields and bright Arcadian plains !

## XV.

My country, O America! the sheen  
Of thy proud flag o'er all the world—  
Upon the mountain and the wave—is seen;  
Whether in peace or war it is unfurled,  
It shields the right or rides the battle's din,  
Commanding victory where'er 't is hurled.  
While every tyrant on the earth shall fear thee,  
The just and free forever shall revere thee!

## XVI.

Thy lofty mountains part the gathering clouds,  
That thy clear lakes may give thee back the sky;  
What though thick mists may clothe them as in shrouds,  
They still the thunder and the storm defy,  
For there they stand in tempests and in floods,  
The sentinels and towers of liberty;  
No despot dares them, no invader braves,  
But at their base to find unwelcome graves!

## XVII.

All climates here their bounteous riches spread,  
All products flourish in this generous soil;  
The towering mountain, and the blooming mead,  
And wealthy mines repay the laborer's toil;  
Here babbling streamlets from the mountains lead,  
Receiving strength till mighty rivers roil;  
And lakes whose waters o'er Niagara hurled  
Form the great cataract that jars the world.

## XVIII.

A shade draws o'er the lawn and round the bower,  
The laden hive receives its homeward bees,  
The summer clouds begin to curl and lower,  
The wind is whispering to the bending trees,  
The glistening corn awaits the coming shower,  
And gently bows before the passing breeze.  
The careful husbandman withdraws aloof,  
And rests from labor 'neath the sheltering roof.

## XIX.

Were I a poet, I would sing in numbers  
Resounding through the earth; the ringing sky  
Should echo back the song, and wake the slumbers  
Of eternal ages, and Liberty  
Rejoice—where'er the rugged mountain lumbers,  
Or valley blossoms—to our God on high.  
All times, all countries, all mankind should hear,  
Freemen should shout, and tyrants crouch with fear.

## XX.

Were I a painter, I would seize the hues  
Of heaven, and of earth, and all its flowers,  
And paint my country in its grandest views,  
Rising with dignity among the powers  
That rule the world, with Freedom's lofty Muse  
Crowning her brows with wreaths from laurel bowers,  
Won on her battle-fields, with Peace her friend,  
And gleaming swords her glory to defend!

## XXI.

Were I a sculptor, I would hew America  
From her own mountains, in a form sublime,  
Standing erect and firm, in the full day  
Of her own glory, with one hand on Time,  
Crushing Rebellion, and waving away  
Her foreign foes with one ; Slavery and Crime  
Writhing beneath her feet, Justice and Liberty.  
Rising from earth and soaring to the sky !

## XXII.

Were I Beethoven, Mozart, or Chopin,  
I would record America in music ;  
The trumpet, cymbal, and the chord should clang  
In harmony ; nor would I set it to *sic*  
*Gloria transit mundi*, with tinkling twang ;  
It should resound through heaven's eternal blue, *sic*  
*Gloria est perpetua*—an anthem [them !  
With its thousand strains, and the world should chant

## XXIII.

Were I an Orpheus, with Apollo's lyre,  
The streams should listen and the mountains move,  
The earth's volcanoes should withhold their fire,  
And lambs with lions should be yoked in love ;  
The nymphs and maidens, chanting in the choir,  
Should dance in beauty o'er the field and grove ;  
Nature and Art should join in one grand voice,  
The hills should echo\* and the vales rejoice !

## XXIV.

Fair Switzerland! when but a lad I loved thee,  
Though far away from thee I had my birth;  
For in thy trials Liberty had proved thee  
To be her own—one of the lands on earth  
That *will* be free. Thy thrilling stories moved me,  
And thy sweet songs to other lands went forth;  
For I had listened to "Fair Zurich's Waters,"  
Long ere I saw the fairest of thy daughters!

## XXV.

Hard by the fabled Maelstrom stands rough Norway,  
The rugged sister of the fairer Sweden;  
Her lofty vestibules form many a door-way  
To reach her plateaus—innocent as Eden;  
And where ingenious artisans her ore weigh,  
And make bright sabers for her foes to bleed on,  
Her storm-nursed pines, as high unbending masts,  
Wave o'er proud ships, and still defy the blasts!

## XXVI.

The Swede is trained beneath the cliffs' deep shade,  
Where busy vigor warms his honest heart;  
The East could not his manly sense degrade,  
Nor South betray him with luxurious art;  
He knows his rights, and knows his trusty blade,  
And when he draws, his foeman feels the smart;  
He has no master, and he claims no slave,  
And loses freedom but to find a grave!

## XXVII.

See cold and glittering, yet happy Iceland,  
Bright jewel in the Northern diadem  
That crowns the pole ; what though she has no rice-land  
Sunk deep in swamps, or near the sickly stream ;  
Nor can she boast of India's fragrant spice-land,  
Browned in the vertical, brain-heating beam.  
Her ruddy maids are pure as virgin snow,  
Her hardy sons to slavery never bow !

## XXVIII.

And thou, sweet winy Portugal, where grapes  
Grow luscious in thy soil, and blush so red ;  
(Whose maids, as stories say, have lovely shapes,)  
Sweet Lusitania, where the Romans led  
Their fiery troops, and killed thy sons like apes,  
Of thee I know but little ; but I've read  
Of thy Alfonzo, founder and defender,  
And of thy Camoens, so true and tender !

## XXIX.

I know naught of the Spaniard, nor the Spain  
He loves so well, although he is her slave,  
But something of her chivalry, now slain,  
Who, battling for her freedom, found a grave,  
And of the Cid, who died without a stain—  
The great, the good, the noble, and the brave ;  
And that Alfonzo, "Fighter," who is reckoned  
More great and fortunate than Philip Second !



## XXX.

Imperial earthquakes shake and trouble France,  
And fame and glory oft intoxicate her;  
When war's red flame lights up the bloody dance,  
She falls a victim to the foes who hate her;  
Popular volcanoes glare and glance,  
And leave her blackened as a smouldering crater.  
Dazzled by every bright and tinsel'd thing,  
She worships a red cap and kills a king!

## XXXI.

Paris! the beautiful but blood-stained city!  
Until the Teuton's banner was unfurled,  
Home of the good, the brave, the wise, the witty;  
Since German shells upon her walls were hurled,  
The hatred of her foes has turned to pity;  
The wonder and the envy of the world,  
A Pandemonium and a Paradise—  
For what the German spared fell by her vice!

## XXXII.

Unlike the Phoenix city of the plain,  
The port and entry of the great Northwest;  
The Thebes and Egypt of our golden grain,  
Home for the strongest, boldest, bravest, best;  
Emporium of muscle, courage, brain;  
In manhood, virtue, worth, and beauty blest;  
Her growth the snows and north winds can not chill;  
Floods can not check, nor conflagration kill.



## XXXIII.

Paris! the seat of splendor and of squalor,  
So full of luxuries, yet sunk in want;  
So easy conquered, yet so quick in choler,  
So pious, yet so full of sin and cant;  
So loud in boasting, yet so weak in valor,  
So eloquent in grimaces and rant.  
Her people ready with their pikes and staves,  
Boasting of liberty, yet ever slaves!

## XXXIV.

Mankind, though brothers, fight in endless wars,  
And shed each other's blood in bitter hate;  
They sweep the plains and seas as lightning glares  
And sears—leaving the land all desolate;  
Bathing the innocent in blood and tears,  
Torturing the brave with still a harder fate;  
Murdering the aged, strangling babes at birth;  
Then sleep at last on the same pillow—earth!

## XXXV.

War! Still thy bloody figure strides the world,  
Destroying life and trampling o'er the slain;  
Where'er thy banners fly or bolts are hurled,  
There ruin, death, and desolation reign;  
Where'er thy torch and chariot are whirled  
Thou leavest on the earth thy blackening stain!  
Oh, may we never hope that thou wilt cease  
To wield thy blade, and yield thy power to peace?

## XXXVI.

While empty glory France is onward beckoning,  
John Bull is calling Jonathan hard names ;  
And Jonathan remarking—while he's reckoning,  
“ I guess he means the Allerbarmer Claims ;  
I reckon he will pay 'em, for he's weakening,  
And likely he will throw us in some damns ;  
But let him 'cuss,' his oaths we'll make him swaller,  
Unless within due time he pays us every dollar !”

## XXXVII.

Bull says that Jonathan is full of boasting,  
And true he has a thing or two to brag of,  
His mountains, rivers, continent, and coasting,  
His heroes and his history, and the “ flag of  
Beauty and of glory ;” while Bull's beef-roasting  
Takes up his time with gout that takes a leg off.  
Besides we're apt, and as a nation able  
To adapt and use the multiplication table.

## XXXVIII.

Though Brother Jonathan is rather saucy,  
It is confessed, but then the boy is sensible ;  
And what he says or does is always racy,  
Though often rough, and sometimes reprehensible ;  
But this is better far than contumacy.  
His greatest faults and errors are defensible.  
'Tis true he's young, and awkward, and he swaggers,  
But then in enterprise he never staggers.

## XXXIX.

And Jonathan—America's brave people—

The abstract of a young gigantic manhood,  
Strong as a steam-engine, tall as a steeple,  
Boasts louder, and can do more fighting than would  
Suffice both Nap. and Bull, and still can cripple,  
And crush rebellions as he'd smash a sand-toad.  
He speaks by ballots and makes good with bullets;  
Ye rebels and the world, watch well your gullets!

## XL.

America, the sophomore of nations,

The latest born of all the Saxon sons;  
Large-framed, well-muscled, stoutest of formations,  
Full of rich blood, tough tendons, and hard bones;  
Long-armed, big-fisted, blustering thunderations,  
Can handle tools, make terrible big guns;  
And of a hardy, pithy constitution,  
Long-lived and difficult of dissolution!

## XLI.

The London Times—the thunderer of Europe—

That through our warfare hated us so hearty,  
Then after victory, with an unctious syrup,  
Besmeared us o'er, concealing what was tarty;  
Yet all the time would hang us with a new rope  
For some old trouble if it would not "'urt he."  
Well, let it thunder forth its British bile,  
However loud, I never knew a noise to kill!

## XLII.

We all of course have heard of John Bull Russell,  
Or Bull Run Russell, as he's named anew,  
Who wrote huge lies called tales which made a bustle  
"About the burning of a dirty flue,"  
As Carlyle said—another English fossil;  
(A blundering rhyme which let the critics chew,)  
God b—— them—(first I wrote the letter d——,  
But on reflection substituted b——!)

## XLIII.

Carlyle affirms that we will go to hell—  
That is, America; that now we wallow  
Deep in corruption's pit where devils dwell;  
And that our rotten government is hollow,  
Or worse—an unexploded shell  
With lighted fuse, and ruin soon must follow.  
The poor old fellow, let him have his pottage,  
And die in peace—for he is in his dotage!

## XLIV.

Macaulay says our government will tumble,  
(Ah, Lord Macaulay—Let us put the *Lord* on,)  
That Washington at best but made a stumble  
Toward a government—a much abhorred one.  
Maybe the best of governments must crumble;  
That bad ones will, we have historic word on,  
Unless adversity should wisely school them.  
(See Hume, or Hallam, or Viscount Verulam.)

## XLV.

The pursy Briton hates our government,  
But thinks their constitution (see De Lolme)  
Perfection—built on shifting precedent.

Another Cromwell would be troublesome  
With his dry powder, prayers, and parliament.

I think his lordship wiser upon Rome,  
Or Greece, than on the living constitution :  
Instead of growth he studies dissolution !

## XLVI.

Alas ! in every nation there are those  
Who to be rulers would be tyrants too,  
And who to wreak their vengeance on their foes

Would sink all honest people deep in woe ;  
But while the people are left free to choose

Tyrants and politicians must bend low ;  
Yes, many, who to be acclaimed the first  
One hour, would willingly become the worst !

## XLVII.

Whenever weak unworthy men creep in-

To office, twist the powers of government  
To keep themselves in place, stain Freedom's shrine,

Corrupt our liberties and spread the taint  
Broadcast and thick upon the land, combine

With knaves to purchase power, and thus by dint  
Of villainy keep what is not their own,  
'Tis time the people rose and hurled them down !

## XLVIII.

Whenever bold bad men usurp the powers  
Of government, and use its honored flag  
To break the peace within the very bowers  
Of other lands, and lay false claims on vague  
Unfounded rights, invade and sweep the shores  
With causeless war, bring pestilence and plague  
And death's dark gory train, the world should rouse  
To arms, combine, and such dire schemes oppose !

## XLIX.

The ruler, even of nations, oft is ruled  
By servant, wife, or mistress, or some dunce ;  
The wisest often are the most befooled,  
For oft their wisdom scarcely weighs an ounce,  
Except in some abstraction half untold ;  
The cunningest, like foxes, oft may pounce  
On the wrong quarry, and, thus wrongly pitted,  
By their own cunning find themselves outwitted !

## L.

*Men* are becoming of much less importance ;  
*Man* of much more ; no longer can the *one*  
Rule all. " I am the State," was the retort once  
Of the French King ; but kings have had their run.  
These words, now spoken by the son of Hortense,  
Would cost his tottering and uneasy throne.  
Tyrants and kings are laid upon the shelves ;  
The peoples have resolved to rule themselves.

## LI.

As nature keeps in harmony no less  
By her repulsion than attraction, so  
May government secure our happiness  
By balancing the motives which we know.  
Rule o'er mankind, then all will acquiesce,  
And all to its authority will bow.  
Creation is a balancing of forces—  
So government should regulate our purses.

## LII.

It is an equilibrium of ill will,  
And good will, interests, and strong affections,  
As courage, honor, love—feelings which thrill—  
Of motives, inspirations, and dejections,  
All that will move or keep a nation still ;  
Hopes, fears, ambitions, passions, and reflections.  
That system which can balance these will stand,  
And spread its blessings o'er a happy land !

## LIII.

The proud aristocrat and slave are brothers—  
That is, you never find them separated ;  
The arrant pride of one begets the other's  
Deep degradation ; and the base but hated  
Obsequiousness of one who fills another's  
O'erflowing coffers, always keeps them mated.  
A government must have them both, if either ;  
Columbia declares she will have neither !



## LIV.

Bred from the subtle mind of John Calhoun,  
    (John C. Calhoun, I could not put the C. in,  
It made too many syllables by one,  
    To fill the line, and therefore should not be in,)  
Burst the Rebellion like a clap at noon,  
    Or lightning in the night that cowards flee in.  
Slavery drew the sword, Freedom shall defend ;  
See the proud banner to the skies ascend !

## LV.

Yes, like the thunder at clear noon it broke,  
    Startling the nations of the earth ; the sky  
Was rent, and Heaven insulted by the stroke ;  
    Earth trembled, and up went the Union cry  
Of twenty millions, that defied the yoke  
    Of tyranny and chains, and who will die  
Rather than yield—save some of Freedom's bastards,  
Who crouched and bent the coward's knee like dastards !

## LVI.

But brother to a brother should be slow  
    To anger, slower still to fatal strife ;  
Nor force each other to the field of woe,  
    With deadly rifle and with bowie knife,  
But save their prowess for a common foe ;  
    Then win a victory or lose a life.  
Come home, ye erring ones ; let warfare cease,  
And ground your arms in brotherhood and peace !



## LVII.

Ye killed the prophets that were sent to you,  
And stoned the patient messengers of peace ;  
Ye would not hear our words—kind words and true,  
Nor would believe us when we meant to bless,  
But from your brother's house your feet withdrew.  
And yet to love you we did never cease ;  
But you did strike us in your bitter hate ;  
Behold your houses now are desolate !

## LVIII.

Our eagle, with the stars beneath her wings,  
Soaring along the azure with the sun,  
Unto her wandering wayward ones still clings,  
Which, like the eider, she had warmed with down  
Plucked from her breast ; and still, even to stings,  
Would pierce her bosom, like the pelican,  
To feed and save ; yet, like Jerusalem, [shame !  
To God's own dove, they "would not"—leave their

## LIX.

The winds sweep o'er the mountain and the main,  
And lowering clouds on the horizon meet ;  
The distant mutterings of the storm complain,  
And lightnings flash one broad incessant sheet ;  
The thunder shakes the sky ; blood falls like rain ;  
The waves roll on, and high the surges beat ;  
Death rides abroad upon his bony steed,  
Earth opes her bosom and receives her dead !

## LX.

The storm is passing : soon mankind shall stand  
In open day, and see the false and true ;  
And all shall learn, when darkness flees the land,  
The highest wisdom is the truth to know ;  
And hear and heed the Deity's command,  
The sweetest pleasure is the right to *do*.  
Virtue shall rise, and vice shall feel the rod,  
And man shall walk in harmony with God !

## LXI.

Of all earth's contests, Crimean or criminal,  
This Great Rebellion is the basest, worst ;  
Brought on to rivet slavery's chains on limb and all  
The faculties of man, the most accurst.  
The vipers, warmed by favor, would beslime and crawl  
O'er Liberty's fair temple, and would burst,  
Like Lucifer, the bonds of their salvation—  
And be their fall like his, down to deep damnation !

## LXII.

The foolish wicked thought to build a nation  
On slavery as the first and corner-stone,  
Sustained by robbery, which they call taxation,  
And when the people's hard-earned means are gone,  
Pay up their debts by base repudiation,  
Or sell their own begotten flesh and bone,  
(Left-handed modes of laying rebel taxes,)  
Could never live in brains of brave Ajaxes !

## LXIII.

How sad to see the glorious Old Dominion,  
By her own rebel sons so desolated ;  
Not for wrongs done them, but for a mere opinion  
That never hatched to deeds, and scarcely stated.  
Peace driven to the skies on her snow pinion ;  
She there with God already long has waited.  
War now performs his fierce and fiendish deeds,  
Darkening the land with palls and mourners' weeds !

## LXIV.

Virginia! once the mother of our presidents,  
O, how degraded now, breeder of slaves,  
And the dam of rebels. Her soil the residence  
Of Washington ; and still his banner waves—  
Still Freedom in the *West* essays defense  
Against her enemies ; where still she braves,  
Defies, and scorns the tyrant. Fixed as fate,  
The war-born star rises a noble state !

## LXV.

And Tyler, too,—*non tu Brute*,—once president!  
(By accident—not by the people's choice ;)  
No strength for good, always on evil bent,  
Following whispers from a traitor's voice.  
But pause! Look up! And see the heavens rent!  
And hear the hoarsest fiends in hell rejoice!  
Among the traitors, on Virginia's sod,  
We found the name of Washington! O God!

## LXVI.

Arrantest of Lucifers—John C. Breckinridge,  
“ Whose vaulting ambition o’erleaped itself,”  
A general! To run away, or wreck a bridge,  
Destroy a government, or steal its pelf,  
Deny a faith, commit a sacrilege.  
No general living—none on history’s shelf—  
Can boast of deeds as base; not even Burr,  
Faithless in peace and dastardly in war.

## LXVII.

Stephens—the once proud Georgian—Stephens!  
Who knew the right, and yet would do the wrong;  
His only doctrine is “Hung be the heavens  
With *blacks*,” cover earth over, broad and long,  
With bleeding slaves! The meanest of all cravens;  
Less hemp-deserving traitor oft has swung.  
He first interpreted their dreams, like Daniel,  
And then was led by Davis like a spaniel!

## LXVIII.

A prophet thou, indeed! The Great Rebellion!  
Forced by a few ambitious demagogues;  
First blaming this, then that, breeding a hell on  
Every subject, man, and measure; as rogues  
Are always hard to please. I could not tell on  
Ten thousand pages all the schemes and vogues  
By which for forty years they did annoy us;  
Like Satan, they would rule us or destroy us.

## LXIX.

Not all the Fredericks of all the Prussias,  
And all the tyrants of the ancient world ;  
Not all the Catharines of all the Russias,  
And all the pirates e'er their flags unfurled  
On all the oceans ; all the blood that gushes [hurled  
By base assassins' knives, and all the damned e'er  
To hell, all schemes that Satan ever fell on—  
Can ever match this damnable Rebellion !

## LXX.

O let me ever speak of age with reverence,  
But President Buchanan was a fossil ;  
If he in youth gave honesty the preference,  
He did, some later, to the devil toss all  
Such nonsense ; for he never paid it deference.  
Like worn-out prostitutes, at last they lose all  
Respect for chastity, (I will be lenient,)  
Or think it something very inconvenient !

## LXI.

With some few grains of mind, and little character,  
He rose from nothing to the proudest chair  
On earth ; nor won it boldly through the barrack or  
The bayonet, but by the slimy arts unfair  
That slip around the truth. No Janus, Garrick, or  
A Cooke, had half so many faces ; this bare,  
That hid, all dull. Lord ! what a cage his breast.  
Reptiles may crawl up to the eagle's nest !

## LXXII.

Once tyrants ruled and people bowed, but lately  
A king or queen can make but little flutter  
In the world's mart; yet still they play it stately;  
The people now well know their bread and butter.  
Bygone they killed their kings, sometimes ingratly,  
But now dethrone or drag them in the gutter.  
Kings, queens, and lords, and aristocracy,  
Have all been tumbled over by democracy.

## LXXIII.

The world has yet produced but one Iscariot,  
And he betrayed the Holy One for shekels;  
And one Jeff. Davis, who, riding in his chariot  
Of war, millions betrays and never stickels;  
And although patience bids Nemesis tarry yet,  
He'll feel her when the rope his throttle tickles.  
'T was Esau sold his birthright for a mess  
Of pottage; Davis millions sold for less.

## LXXIV.

See the arch traitor in his towering pride;  
In words his courage wondrous things pretends,  
Hoping by these and menaces to hide  
His wavering valor and his wicked ends;  
Could he one threat but half make good in deed,  
The world would brand him as the king of fiends;  
His harmless rage but serves to plainer show  
The brand of infamy that marks his brow.

## LXXV.

Old Abe—God bless him, though a blunderer,  
As some will have it, others think him wise;  
Far better than a hero or a thunderer  
To guard the people's rights and liberties.  
John Bull roars out, "I'll blow 'em all asunder or  
To 'ell—cotton"—and damns his bloody eyes;  
Napoleon shuffles with a lively tread,  
"Parbleu! he hit ze nail right on my head!"

## LXXVI.

Our worthy President no doubt has sense,  
Good sense, and that is better far than genius  
For the high place he fills—without pretense;  
But as to his great wisdom, just between us,  
I think it comes as Falstaff knew the prince—  
By instinct (Mr. Seward has n't seen us),  
And not so much by reason, books, or brains;  
But many think he honestly and wisely reigns.

## LXXVII.

Jeff. Davis thinks him but an awkward clown,  
A melancholy jester out of place,  
(Nay, in the wrong place,) or a mere buffoon,  
Joking and grinning in the Southron's face;  
A long-armed monkey, or a big baboon,  
That is not part or parcel of our race.  
They saw no merit in his uncouth shape,  
Above the wild gorilla or the ape!

## LXXVIII.

And "Little Mac"—a gentleman and citizen,  
And little more; no doubt a patriot;  
There is a doubt, and I am thinking it is ten  
To one against his fame, whether the State or not  
Is better for his deeds. The rebels hit his men  
Severely quick; he always was too late or thought  
Lee was too strong. His army was in plight;  
He taught it everything but how to fight.

## LXXIX.

Our General Grant—Ulysses S.—a man  
As brave as old Ulysses, far more modest,  
Who "fights it out" according to his plan,  
And if to sweep it be, he sweeps the broadest;  
If pounce, he pounces as the eagle can.  
He whips our enemies surest and oddest  
Of all our heroes, and we've many a one,  
E'en in the ranks, to guard the land of Washington.

## LXXX.

And we have doubtful and some silly heroes,  
The Breckinridges, Burrs, Calhouns, and Davises.  
Some no doubt are cowards, and some are Neroes;  
These are all false. Lee's effort to enslave us is  
Not relished by the free. 'T is sad to see those  
Of prowess, wrong and fierce in questions grave as this.  
They chose, and they must suffer. We prefer men  
Like Lincoln, Grant, Meade, Halleck, Thomas, Sherman.



## LXXXI.

Yes, Sherman, swift and certain as an arrow ;  
    (Named for Tecumseh, bravest of the red men,)  
In peace, gentle and kind as he of Yarrow :  
    In war, as keen a spear as ever bled men.  
His heart a lion's, yet as quick in sorrow  
    As a young girl's. See how he weeps o'er dead men.  
Like a true warrior, strikes but when he must,  
Then lays his foeman bleeding in the dust !

## LXXXII.

I said Tecumseh was the bravest man  
    Of all the red men—those who once did ravage  
Our continent ; braver, not wiser than  
    Red Jacket ; Logan best, Philip most savage.  
You may enslave (some say it is God's plan  
    To bless—gravest of curses in this grave age)  
The black, and every other color neath the sky,  
Except Columbia's red man—he can die !

## LXXXIII.

The grand Ambassadors—Mason and Slidell  
    (Perhaps *Slidell*, however they pronounce it)—  
Were chased and caught. Our vessels rode the tide well,  
    Secured the worthless prizes in the transit.  
Some thought we ought to send them up to Bridewell  
    Or Fort Warren, but Seward understands it.  
Pam swore, Bull roared, the Lion gave a shake ;  
They claimed our law, *our* law they now shall take.

## LXXXIV.

But Lee and Davis have more pith and marrow  
    (Poor Beauregard is scarcely worth a song),  
And yet their policy is base and narrow,  
    Holding that wrong is right, and right is wrong,  
And bondage freedom; crushing in deep sorrow,  
    Four million slaves, gashed with the lash and thong.  
How, gracious God! can such men be forgiven;  
"Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven!"

## LXXXV.

Davis, poor Jeff.; he gazed on Liberty,  
    And while he gazed had foul designs upon her;  
As Actæon did at bath Diana see,  
    And basely hoped to compass her dishonor.  
Now, Actæon-like, he is a stag at bay,  
    Barked at and bit by dogs—and he their owner;  
For now his co-conspirators revile him,  
And, like the dogs, they will pursue and kill him.

## LXXXVI.

And Humphrey Marshall! one of Falstaff's wights,  
    Three hundred thirty pounds—a monstrous mass!  
In field and forum known for famous flights;  
    Six feet and six, and every inch an ass;  
Roars like a lion, like a hare he fights,  
    Nebuchadnezzar-like, turned out to grass.  
So large the body and so small the soul,  
The wonder is how Nature keeps it whole!

## LXXXVII.

See the fat braggart of the commonwealth,  
Who has just thought enough to eat his dinner ;  
Whose veins are full of Nature's vulgar health ;  
Who knows well how to cheat and be the winner ;  
And who, in all his policy and stealth,  
Never once dreamed he was a knave and sinner.  
He struts and curses out his little hour,  
Forgetting God and His unsleeping power !

## LXXXVIII.

But give his carcass pain—a chill and fever,  
The gripe, or gout that tears from toe to head,  
Enlargement of the spleen, or swollen liver,  
Big as a Strasburg goose's overfed,  
A twinge of rheumatism that makes him quiver,  
A cut, or stretch to fit Procrustean bed ;  
In short, lay on his flesh affliction's rod,  
And soon the coward yells—"O Christ ! O God !"

## LXXXIX.

Such are the men who call themselves the chivalry,  
Who hang, and stab, and cry out "Abolitionists !"  
Who, when with brains can not maintain a rivalry,  
Resort to pistols, knives, or canes and fists ;  
And then attack their country with their devilry,  
As Satan everything that 's just resists ;  
They seize the loyal people of the South,  
Bind every freeman, and gag every mouth.

## XC.

See a true chivalry of ancient fame,  
Defender of the right, the just, the good ;  
Guardian of beauty and the vestal flame  
Of virtue ; guiltless of innocent blood ;  
Without reproach, or fear, or stain, or blame.  
See a false chivalry, defying God,  
As o'er its vile debauchery it gloats,  
Then draws its sword and—flies in petticoats !

## XCI.

A dastard chivalry that ultimated  
In murdering the President by Booth,  
The deed in which rebellion culminated,  
A crime that future centuries will loathe ;  
Against their victim long they fulminated  
A hate envenomed as a serpent's tooth.  
To Lincoln's worth will Fame devote her wreath,  
While John Wilkes Booth (foul name) shall rot in death.

## XCII.

John Bull, the Rebels' friend, knows beef and butter,  
And scents it keenly at the longest distance ;  
Though very little puts him in a flutter,  
He fights for only pudding or existence ;  
And he can go as deep into a gutter  
As any swine, and when he has assistance  
Can bully, bluff, or rob a peaceful neighbor,  
That is, if weak, and has no gun or saber.

## XCIII.

Ruffian of the seas, and friend of pirates,  
If they will only let *his* ships alone  
And prey on others, and give him his high rates  
For every privateer that he can furnish on  
The seas, equipped and manned, that gyrates,  
And robs, and burns, and kills in every zone.  
He convoys Alabamas with a growl,  
And trains his Deerhounds, that they may play foul.

## XCIV.

Britannia! cold, unkind, unsympathizing,  
If not unjust; neutral, with a leaning  
Against us. Well, perhaps 't is not surprising,  
For all her actions have a selfish meaning.  
We fed her poor to keep them from uprising,  
When she from her rich fields gave not a gleanings.  
She sent the Rebels cannon, powder, lead;  
We sent her starving millions love and bread!

## XCV.

Fight on: Humanity is not a failure,  
The Nineteenth Century never can roll back;  
The sword shall not successfully assail your  
True destiny, however fierce the attack;  
But should the foul and fiend-like wrong prevail, your  
Descendants then must bear the yoke and rack,  
And be the slaves of slavery, and lashes  
Shall lacerate their bleeding backs in gashes;

## XCVI.

Advancing time shall yet reclaim the world,  
And ignorance shall flee or hide in caves;  
Science to common minds shall be unfurled,  
Philosophy shall teach that sky, and waves,  
And earth, and all the orbs in ether whirled,  
And man, and insects, and flowers, and leaves,  
And stars, and souls that with the angels stand,  
Are one, and God's, and held in his Almighty hand!

## XCVII.

The end must come, but they will bleed down to it;  
Napoleon bled down France, and lost her army, [it;  
Then cried, "Give me more men;" France would not do  
And so with Davis it will be. The charm he  
Threw round the young—they rightly now can view it.  
Fast staggering to his fall; and when no harm he  
Can do, O how his cold, proud heart will swell; [hell!  
He would not serve in heaven, then let him reign in

## XCVIII.

See, see! the morn approaches; night's dark curtain  
Is rising from the world; and now the light  
Is stealing o'er the landscape; still uncertain,  
The distant objects tremble in our sight;  
One after one the lingering clouds depart in  
The blue deep of heaven; the reluctant night  
Retreats before the sun's refulgent ray,  
Yielding the contest to victorious day!

## XCIX.

The storm is past, and all the air is still  
The sun resumes his splendor in the sky ;  
Heaven kindly smiles upon the vale and hill,  
The earth looks hopeful to our God on high.  
The ocean whitens with her snowy sail,  
And flowery fields along the valleys lie ;  
Peace soars aloft, and rules o'er land and sea,  
All men are brothers, and the world is free !

## C.

Sweet Peace soon follows in thy miry path,  
O War, to heal the wounds thy sword has made ;  
To soothe thy temper and avert thy wrath ;  
To stay thy hand and wipe thy dripping blade ;  
To save the living, stop the work of death,  
And bid thee gaze upon the ghastly dead.  
Give Peace thy sword, and let her cease to weep ;  
When danger comes, she'll rouse thee from thy sleep !

## CI.

Brothers have met in reconciliation,  
All have accepted what the Right had won ;  
Through pain, and sacrifice, and tribulation,  
And blood, and tears, the noble deed was done.  
Most truly now we are a single nation,  
Made up of many, yet that many ONE ;  
Without a cause or wish again to sever,  
Plëdging our lives and honor to be ONE forever !

**Glance Third.**

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**HEROES.****I.**

Where are the mighty heroes of the past,  
Who paved their battle-fields with human bones ;  
Where are the brows that dared the lightning's blast—  
The ears that listened to the thunder's tones ;  
And where the piercing eyes, whose visions vast  
Swept earth from pole to pole, and claimed its thrones ?  
Alas ! their laurels were but summer sheaves,  
And faded with the fleeting autumn leaves !

**II.**

What is the laurel of the warrior worth ?  
Let all the wisest, bravest heroes say.  
They lead unconquerable armies forth  
To death, and gain the victory of a day ;  
And though they coveted the wide, wide earth,  
They only won a little spot to lay  
Their weary frames, where they might be at rest,  
Leaving the bleeding millions still unblest !



## III.

Fame fills her trumpet with the tempest's breath,  
And rings her echoes from the mountain's peaks ;  
Then crowns her heroes with the laurel wreath,  
And dreams that to all time her clangor speaks ;  
While love's sweet whisper, softly breathed beneath  
Some sylvan shade, a gentle tone awakes,  
Which murmurs through the ages like a sigh :  
Love blooms in flowers long after laurels die !

## IV.

Fame lives but in imperishable mind—  
The light of Deity—not in a column,  
Though it defy the clouds and dare the wind ;  
Nor in the marble monument so solemn,  
Nor brass, nor gold, nor metals all combined,  
Nor in the earthly records which enroll them.  
'Tis truth preserved in thought, and it shall live  
When flesh and all its works no more survive !

## V.

The love of fame abides within the breast  
As deep as the soul's faith is fixed in God ;  
One strives to win the wreath ere he must rest,  
One struggles for a crown beyond the clod ;  
One gives to time whate'er on earth is best,  
And one believes in the eternal good.  
Fame seeks to win below a glorious tomb ;  
Faith hopes to gain above the life to come !

## VI.

Old graves are full of dust that lived and loved,  
And died and left behind its little story ;  
Forms of the noble, wise, and good, that proved  
The emptiness of life and human glory ;  
That over all the world's broad surface roved  
In search of peace. Young babes and manhood hoary,  
With millions upon millions, fill the tomb,  
And yet in earth's great breast there still is room !

## VII.

How youth resolves the rugged steep to climb,  
And delves deep down to find the gem of truth ;  
To reach sublimity in lofty rhyme,  
And in the chime of music nature soothe ;  
To picture beauty to the gaze of time,  
And live forever in unfading youth ;  
To bear the prize of fame away from all,  
And build a temple which shall never fall !

## VIII.

Ah ! pleasing dream that woos the youthful mind,  
And wins the heart to all that's good and true ;  
That tries the soul like gold in fire refined,  
And trains it for the prize to dare and do ;  
Nor lets it know that fame is whistling wind,  
A babbling echo, and as empty too,  
Till, thus invited on, the goal is won,  
And all their work on earth for heaven is done !

## IX.

In youth we hope to win the height of things,  
And live an honored life of happy days ;  
Ere we have learned the world—its whips and stings,  
Or man's base motives and his secret ways ;  
Ere black and unsuspected malice flings  
Our brightest hopes to the four winds, and lays  
Our cherished wishes in the deep, dark grave,  
And leaves us but the wreck we can not save !

## X.

Life has its birth, its childhood, and its youth,  
Its manhood, zenith, its decline, and age,  
And death, which to the young is so uncouth ;  
But adolescence is the sweetest stage ;  
Then all is beautiful, and love, and truth,  
Unwronged, undimmed, beam on the future page ;  
Then friends are kind, and fame's sweet visions ope  
Their pleasing vistas with unbounded scope !

## XI.

How many truest heroes die unknown ;  
How many false ones fill the trump of fame,  
And wear the laurels which another won ;  
How many poets sing without a name,  
Who bring the gems but never win the crown ;  
Whose modest genius hides the heavenly flame,  
Which for a moment flickers o'er the grave :  
Weep, sons of genius, weep, ye noble brave !

## XII.

Heroes and poets are the most beloved,  
And most renowned of all the human race :  
Courage and genius are the most approved  
Of all the virtues ; and they leave their trace  
Upon the world's broad page most deeply grooved,  
And dwell in hearts of truest tenderness.  
Courage to act, genius to teach and please,  
Heroes for deeds, poets to sing their praise !

## XIII.

The highest, purest heroism is hidden  
Afar away from noisy haunts of men,  
Where secret tyranny has sway unhidden,  
Harder to meet than foe on gory plain ;  
And lucky cowards e'en to fame have ridden  
Across the bodies of the bravest slain ;—  
It is to wait, to serve, to do, to die,  
Without reward or hope save in the sky !

## XIV.

The greatest heroes stand apart from men,  
High as the mountain o'er the vale, and cold  
As its bleak summit in its icy sheen,  
Lashed by the storms, so pitiless, that hold  
Their revels there, where grows the evergreen,  
But where the rose of love can find no mould  
No flower can bloom in cold ambition's soil,  
Nor where the serpents Hate and Envy coil !

## XV.

When man on earth the highest crown has won,  
And aimed to clutch the stars that shine on high,  
How soon he finds his little race is run,  
And he must leave the busy scene to die !  
He learns, as still the phantom beckons on  
To other promises beyond the sky,  
That fame and glory vanish as the mist—  
That only God and Truth forever can exist !

## XVI.

“ ’T is action, action ! ” cried Demosthenes ;  
And he was right as all the world must own,  
For ’t is our actions which another sees,  
And by our actions only are we known.  
Words can not execute their own decrees,  
Nor thoughts, although the brightest ever shone ;  
And what we *are* ’t is difficult to know,  
But what we *do* to all the world will show !

## XVII.

Now man essays the mountain’s rugged steep,  
Then plunges in the deep and dark ravine ;  
Or dares the ocean’s smooth but treacherous deep,  
That lures its victims, with a smile serene,  
Down to its slimy caves, where millions sleep  
Beneath the lashing waves’ eternal din ;  
Still shall the surface show the peaceful skies,  
And still the mountains to the azure rise !

## XVIII.

But true ambition in the vale resides,  
Where roses blossom and the harvests bend ;  
Where love and honor reign and peace abides,  
Where glory aims at wisdom as her end,  
And justice in her dignity presides,  
While mercy's fervent prayers to Heaven ascend—  
Ambition here puts on her holiest bays,  
Secures her brightest wreath and sweetest praise !

## XIX.

Sweet is the golden corn, but coarse the husk,  
And sweet the chestnut, but how rough the burr ;  
Repulsive creatures yield the sweetest musk,  
And birds most docile have the sharpest spur ;  
The elephant, so kind, has longest tusk,  
And beasts most savage yield the softest fur ;  
Thus noblest virtues wear the humblest garb,  
And gentlest courage bears the keenest barb !

## XX.

'T is sweet to stand upon the moveless shore,  
And gaze at others on the stormy sea ;  
To hear the lashings of the ocean's roar,  
And see the lightnings rend the troubled sky ;  
The sad uncertainty of sail and oar  
Adds to the sense of our security ;  
And restless those who dare the waves and blast,  
But sweet the contrast when the danger's past !

## XXI.

Glory may conquer crowns in peace or war,  
Riches may have their coffers and their dome,  
Fame may erect her temple shining far,  
Learning may fill the universal tome,  
Genius may soar until he wins the star—  
But the poor heart—the *heart*—must have a home.  
The robin has his nest in some low hedge,  
The eagle stoops to rest upon the ledge!

## XXII.

It was the dove that bore the olive branch ;  
The eagle like the lightning sends his arrow,  
And like the hero makes his foeman blanch,  
Then sinks his talons in the victim's marrow ;  
The dove at last must come the wounds to staunch,  
And bring sweet balm to heal the bleeding sorrow.  
One coo of peace is sweeter from the dove,  
Than screams of vengeance from the bird of Jove!

## XXIII.

We love ourselves and so should love our neighbor,  
Or Greek or Trojan, Ghibeline or Guelph ;  
Not for his greatness nor a bloody saber,  
Nor for his place nor power, his lands nor pelf ;  
But for his goodness, worth, and honest labor  
In what himself hath wrought, and for himself.  
Each man should be the sovereign of his mind,  
A prince or king, yet just to all mankind !

## XXIV.

Timour the Tartar, *alias* Tamerlane,  
The tyrant of the East, was a great hero—  
Greater than Alexander, and more sane;  
He did not weep for worlds; nobler than Nero,  
Who wished mankind had but a single vein,  
That he could in their blood as in a sea row.  
The Tartar ceded all the heavens to God,  
But claimed that earth should bow beneath his rod!

## XXV.

Frederick the Great, who quarreled with Voltaire,  
A great commander, and a small philosopher,  
He treated him of Ferney quite unfair,  
Though, as between the two, I would not toss over  
A copper to decide. The facts declare  
He sheltered in a mill—*hid*—not to gloss over  
The truth, and lost his courage and his battle;  
At least it reads so in historic prattle.

## XXVI.

But men will fight; why not? for men are animals;  
Wars rule wild states, and also civilization;  
And men, like brutes, will eat each other—cannibals,  
Some races think this food their nicest ration.  
Some kill with arrows, some must stand a ball's  
Unerring mission, and not change their station.  
This is true courage, which we often die for,  
To win and lose at once the fame we sigh for.



## XXVII.

While some are fighting, some are loving, wooing,  
Which is far pleasanter, though not so famous ;  
War is but killing, love is billing, cooing,  
And other things, for which our God may damn us,  
For love, as well as war, may bring undoing ;  
War makes us wild, 'tis only love can tame us.  
Fair Cleopatra softened Antony,  
Until he left the field, and could n't rant any.

## XXVIII.

Men differ from each other during life,  
But after death their dust is all the same ;  
Living, their acts are one continued strife,  
But dead they slumber peacefully and tame.  
The many toil through life in pain and grief,  
And die unknown ; the few may win a name,  
Known for a day, a year, ere it is past,  
Perchance an age, but all is dust at last !

## XXIX.

Born on one island, on another died,  
Yet all the world supplied not his ambition ;  
He scaled the Alpine peaks where tempests ride,  
Met Russia's snows and fires in coalition ;  
They broke his power, but could not bend his pride,  
Nor touch his proud, cold bosom with contrition.  
The land of all the Pharoahs owned his name,  
And Egypt's pyramids witnessed his fame !

## XXX.

But see another in his poverty,  
The silver on his hair is all he owns ;  
His gold has gone to gild the radiant sky  
Of his own Italy, that, weeping, crowns  
Him as her bleeding hero. Tyranny  
Could never conquer, nor misfortune's frowns  
Subdue his noble soul. His fame surrounds  
The world, his valor's graven in his wounds !

## XXXI.

Our Winfield Scott, the grand old man of war,  
In thought he's great, and great for what he's done ;  
His courage is engraved in many a scar,  
And wiser far than Philip's famous son.  
In field, no hero can beyond him dare ;  
In purpose, standing with our Washington.  
And we have many fighters, such as Jackson,  
At whose brave call the soldiers put their packs on.

## XXXII.

The sword may hack its ghastly bleeding gashes  
Into the body politic—they heal ;  
But now 't is seldom drawn for serious dashes  
In serious war, to make the nations feel  
Its edge—rather to let them see its flashes,  
Or show the polished temper of its steel.  
While battles of the sword less oft engage,  
The battles of the pen forever rage !

## XXXIII.

Ah, yes! "the pen is mightier than the sword,"  
Keen instrument of man's unconquered will.  
There is a spirit in a written word  
Which all the swords on earth can never kill;  
It marches forth with thought—the conquering lord,  
That with his troops the universe can fill;  
Though for a moment it is stricken down,  
'T will rise and fight until the battle's won!

## XXXIV.

Some think and write well, but they can not act,  
Their wills are undetermined and subjective;  
If fact and falsehood come, they know not fact,  
Except by process that we call reflective,  
Which, in a battle, comes too late for tact,  
And puts an army in the case objective.  
'Twixt doughty deeds, they balance to a feather,  
And hesitate until they can do neither!

## XXXV.

And yet no words are eloquent as silence,  
No language tender as the voiceless tear;  
Though words of scorn or hatred may defy lance  
Or sword, they're dull to what we do not hear.  
Ideas are stronger than the cannon's violence,  
And thoughts unspoken are the most severe.  
Of him with steady eye and silent tongue  
Beware!—he feels but never tells his wrong!

## XXXVI.

Oft little acts perpetuate a name,  
While greatest deeds sink in oblivion;  
Many are damned to infamy and shame,  
While many more, forgot in Livy on  
The history of Rome, have missed their fame;  
Fame oft forgets the great to laud a Vivien.  
Sappho survives, while die our virtuous Barbaulds,  
And Elgin lives because he played at marbles !

## XXXVII.

And, ah ! what little weak and puny things  
Can trouble us—the nibbling of a mouse,  
The gnat, so small you can not see his wings,  
And, just to fill the rhyme, think of a l—— !  
Hornets are quite tremendous with their stings,  
And certain bugs can make a sleepless house.  
Strange that we fret at what can but annoy us.  
And meet composedly what will destroy us !

## XXXVIII.

Heroes are very seldom gentlemen,  
And gentlemen are very seldom heroes—  
See Alexander, Frederick, Charlemagne,  
And Cæsar (not the Borgias nor the Neros).  
Even Napoleon First—the Hero-Man—  
Was not admitted 'neath the social tea-rose,  
For he would tweak the ladies' pretty noses,  
And pinch their cheeks until they blushed like roses !

## XXXIX.

The present model of a hero is

One who is noisy, cowardly, and cruel—

Ignoring all that is refined and wise ;

Who wrongs his friend, then kills him in a duel ;

Who on the terror of his name relies

To kindle hasty fires and add the fuel.

A cruel tyrant can be made a slave ;

He is most kind and true who is most brave !

## XL.

But if compelled to fight, fight face to face,

So that your enemy may see you strike ;

This is true courage, and becomes the race ;

And when it *must be done*, let it be quick ;

But do a kindness in some secret place,

And in a way of which you need not speak,

Cheering its object as the dew of heaven

Falls on the flower, that knows not whence 't is given !

## XLI.

Many a hero's governed by his valet,

For he is not a hero unto him ;

Or ruled and hectored by some Em, or Sallie,

(See Nelson and Marlborough). Though sublime

Their public deeds, their lives were shilly-shally

In all their private acts ; yet for all time

Their fame is wrought in brass and architecture,

(Blenheim and Trafalgar), the rest a curtain-lecture !

## XLII.

O'er some great heroes History stands mute,  
While on some lesser ones she seems to dote ;  
Fame's trumpet whispers like a piping flute  
Of some, for others opes her brazen throat.  
She puffs a Garibaldi or Kossuth,  
Leaves others out, or merely "makes a note."  
Well, Walpole said that he with price could buy  
All men, and that all history was a lie !

## XLIII.

Happiest the land that has the noblest heroes,  
And most in number, yet occasions fewest  
To call them to their deeds ; and fewest Neros—  
Falsest ; and most of Washingtons—the truest.  
Our Washington, who in his pedigree rose  
From humblest to the highest station, newest  
From God's own hand ; he gave a nation birth,  
And left his fame to all the peopled earth !

## XLIV.

In all the past, throughout the range of time,  
There is no hero like our Washington ;  
Search all the ages, every nation, clime,  
He has no peer—*he laid his scepter down !*  
Just in his power, and in his deeds sublime,  
He would not stoop to touch the proffered crown—  
The brightest diadem that e'er was won ;  
Greater in what he did not, than in what he 'd done !

## XLV.

Lover of beauty, follower of truth,  
Shield of the just, defender of the weak,  
Protector of the aged, guide of youth,  
Obedient to the right, gentle and meek,  
In whom the virtues all the joys betroth—  
Such is the hero of whom Fame will speak.  
As beauty joins the fruitful to the floral,  
The truest hero twines the myrtle with the laurel!

## XLVI.

But fame, ah! what a little noise is fame!  
You can at best be known to but a few  
Of your own time, or country—for a name  
Can scarcely belt the world; and then a new  
One soon eclipses and outshoots the aim  
Of that which went before; others pursue.  
Tell the ambitious and inform the brave,  
That fame is but a whisper dying on a grave!

## XLVII.

How sad that all we do by thought or deed  
Must be erased and perish out of mind;  
Like the sear leaf, or dead and worthless weed  
Cast on a desolate shore, the waves and wind  
Return and they are not; or like the broken reed  
Crushed to the earth, that leaves no mark behind  
The poet's verse and history's page are paper  
To wrap a parcel or ignite a taper.

## XLVIII.

The cherished canvas which we fondly trust  
Is a weed's fiber, where the painter's light  
Flashes its tints a moment; and the bust  
Of hardest marble—beautiful and white,  
Wrought out so cunningly—is as the dust  
That with the dews must take its flight.  
Even the colossal bronze that seems so stable,  
Like that of Rhodes, soon sinks or turns to fable.

## XLIX.

Behold the walls, gaze on the towering dome,  
See the bright vane—the pen that writes the wind's  
Capricious shifts, and tells whence tempests come;  
Look on the crumbling palace that reminds  
Us of a fading past; it was the home  
Where man once sought that which he never finds.  
The East, Arabia, Greece—remember these;  
Think of Rome's sages and her gabbling geese!

## L.

Lay the deep base on adamantine rock,  
Build up thy columns till they fret the sky,  
Bid them withstand the lightning's riving shock;  
Erect thy statues where the tempests sigh,  
And fondly hope that they Old Time may mock,  
Then sit thee in their shade to weep and die;  
For they shall vanish as the mirage flies,  
Or floating cloud that skims along the skies!



### Glance Fourth.

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#### AUTHORS.

##### I.

Hail, noble minds! bright source of deathless thought ;  
Hail, tender hearts! sweet founts of sentiment ;  
Hail, precious souls! with heavenly yearnings fraught ;  
Hail, glorious thinkers! whom no school has pent ;  
Hail, fearless writers! who with pen have fought ;  
Hail, all ye brave! who wear God's armament :  
Ye are the lights and guides of every clime,  
And build your monuments for endless time !

##### II.

Ye form the Grand Republic of the world,  
Uncircumscribed by mountain, gulf, or sea ;  
Your banner o'er the nations waves unfurled,  
And opes its ample folds to every sky ;  
Kings, princes, heroes, warriors, ye have hurled  
From thrones, and from their fields made armies fly ;  
For one true thought expressed in simple words,  
Will conquer and subdue a million swords !

## III.

Ye are the living heirs of all the dead,  
And your inheritance is all the past;  
The open stores of mind, wherein you read  
Of garnered knowledge which has borne the test;  
Of thoughts recorded where they never fade;  
Of worth and virtue which will ever last;  
Of all that's true, and good, and beautiful,  
Which teaches mind, and guides the heart and soul!

## IV.

But literature should have both mind and muscle,  
As genuine men are made of flesh and blood,  
And women without whalebone, hoop, or bustle;  
We love them better thus—not to be rude—  
(Now do not fret nor frown, my dear Miss Russell,)  
Although we would not have them dress too nude,  
But, as 't was said, "leave something to discover;"  
The very search will make an ardent lover.

## V.

Ancients and moderns bowed to Aristotle,  
For many a hundred years, as king of mind;  
He was the text of intellectual twattle,  
For all the nations of the earth combined;  
The soul within his skin, or spiritual bottle,  
Diffused itself throughout, and charmed mankind;  
And thought, in many forms, still owns his sway,  
For he is kingly to the present day.

## VI.

There is no thought in Bacon that is not  
In Aristotle ; Bacon is more practical ;  
The one the principle or idea sought,  
The other facts and things which are didactical ;  
The Greek had no gunpowder when he fought,  
Nor guns which think and speak so very tactical,  
Nor presses when he wrote, nor steam, nor compass,  
With which the plebeians since have raised a rumpus !

## VII.

And Socrates, the sturdy moralist,  
Who taught the youth of Athens—grand old sage—  
More wise and pure than many a modern priest ;  
The light and teacher of an ancient age.  
He died for what he taught, and so did Christ—  
Innocent victims of a bloody rage.  
The world to both is doubtless much a debtor,  
And, as we hope, is wiser, purer, better !

## VIII.

And Plato's soul was part of all the souls  
That ever were, or ever will be born ;  
The essence of his ideas still controls  
Our inborn spirits. As the rising morn  
Awakes the sky to beauty, and unfolds  
Its riches to the world, his thoughts adorn ;  
And modern nations still can feel the soul,  
So full of all that's good, and true, and beautiful.

## IX.

What though he was ill-natured and broad-shouldered,  
And wrote of Gorgias what he did not say ;  
What though he in his treatise on the soul dared  
Pervert what Phædon said, and did inveigh  
Against the little names that would have mouldered  
In deep oblivion as forgotten clay,  
But for his thoughts, eternal as the sky,  
Preserved in crystal words that will not die !

## X.

'T was Dr. Johnson wrote the ponderous "Rambler,"  
The literary monarch and debater ;  
But critics say he always was a scrambler  
After big words. He was a sad relator  
Of ghost stories, and an awkward shambler  
Up the Muse's mount. Addison's "Spectator"  
If not so grand in style, was more deserving,  
Yet not more classical than that of Irving.

## XI.

Amongst small beasts, he was a lion indeed,  
But when with Boswell, nothing but a bear ;  
The literary jackals he could feed,  
And scarcely miss the viands from his lair ;  
For what the empty creatures most did need  
Was mental pabulum, which he could spare.  
He wrote them prefaces, addresses, stories,  
And paragraphs and pamphlets for the Tories !

## XII.

Johnson said that punning and pocket-picking  
Were much the same. He was a grand old grumbler,  
And a great man, but he was always sticking  
His nose in other people's things, a stumbler  
On other people's toes, and ever pricking  
Their empty bubbles, thus to make them humbler.  
He should have been more genial, for I hold  
That to be gentle makes us no less bold !

## XIII.

True, puns are dull enough, though Hood and Jerrold  
Could make them sharp as diamonds, and as bright ;  
And when they spoke, their language was the herald  
That some among the stupid would be hit.  
And we have Prentice, Saxe—both double-barreled  
In shots of repartee, or rounds of wit.  
Then there is Dr. Holmes, and Russell Lowell,  
Who hold the brightest gems of God's bestowal.

## XIV.

A punster's a brain-thief, not a pickpocket,  
'T were too severe, indeed, if he were sent  
To the state's jail, to don the striped jacket,  
For stealing stuff that was, perhaps, but lent ;  
And as to those poor curs who raise a racket,  
Or grin a laugh when their coarse wit is spent,  
Why, let them go ! as empty quite of sense,  
As their dull skulls are full of low pretense.

## XV.

But then, if punning be so great a crime,  
The culprit stands in goodly company—  
With Socrates, and Homer, the sublime ;  
With fair Aspasia and Penelope ;  
With Martial, Cæsar, Ovid, Byles, and Prime ; [Lee ;  
With Hook, and Hood, Charles Lamb, and General  
With Shakespeare, and Moliere, Dean Swift, Delany,  
Erskine—but I must stop, there are so many !

## XVI.

Indeed, the human mind is given to punning  
As much as any other kind of wit,  
Or humor, play with words, or mental funning ;  
Yet those who can not pun, and fear a hit,  
Like many virtuous souls, are ever shunning  
The crime their weakness never can commit.  
Then punish not the mind that's punnish bent,  
And this, dear reader, is not punnish meant !

## XVII.

Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, and all at Streatham,  
With Sophy S. who shed her tears so easy,  
Where Sir Joshua often came to greet them,  
With so much of the beautiful to please ye ;  
It must have been a pleasant treat to meet them,  
If Johnson was not cross, or meant to tease ye.  
No brighter coterie lived in that bright day,  
But brightest geniuses must pass away.

## XVIII.

Poor Mrs. Thrale, they scolded her for loving,  
And Johnson wrote her a most savage letter ;  
Her daughters fretted much, and tried, by proving  
Piozzi was a knave, to make her better.  
All to no purpose ; matters still were moving ;  
They sent for him, and let them tie the fetter.  
She bravely answered Johnson's surly mood,  
And nobly vindicated noble womanhood.

## XIX.

But in the minds of men there's great diversity ;  
Examples : see a Cobbett and a Coleridge ;  
The one conceives a heaven and can rehearse it ye,  
The other scarcely peeps above a mole-ridge ;  
One gazes on the ground, and one prefers to see  
The sky—to soar above and let the soul rage  
In ecstasy amidst celestial thrones ;  
While one digs up and worships Paine's old bones !

## XX.

Yes, Coleridge, with his many-colored eyes,  
Something between a dove's and basilisk's ;  
Deep as the sea, and lustrous as the skies ;  
His forehead gleamed with thought as heavenly disks  
With light ; he knew all things, yet was not wise ;  
His lips dropped manna sweet as tamarisks ;  
In conversation that will live forever, he  
Uttered away his life in gorgeous reverie !

## XXI.

Ah, he could dash away all mortal weight  
That bound him to the earth, and soar on high,  
And there amidst the stars could take his flight,  
And ride in triumph through the glittering sky;  
And he could mount the bright empyrean height,  
And dream sweet dreams of immortality.  
Alas! his song has ceased, his voice is dumb,  
His heart is still, he slumbers in the tomb.

## XXII.

"Elia," no talker, wrote his own biography,  
So short and touching, and so full of pathos;  
And many a precious gem in his chirography  
Lies scattered and unprinted still. He hath us  
Much in his debt. He punned in his orthography,  
And played with words, but never sank to bathos.  
Poor Lamb! His quaint and dainty thoughts were sweet;  
He laid them at the world's unheeding feet!

## XXIII.

His jests were happy, and yet melancholy;  
His quiet humor was as rich as wine;  
His wit was wisdom, yet denounced as folly  
By fools and dotards—pearls before the swine.  
He never wrote a single line to sully  
Or wound a heart, or mock at the Divine.  
Some thought his words, so odd, were cut or hammered,  
Because in speaking them he sometimes stammered.



## XXIV.

Among the older humorists, is Rabelais ;  
By some his works are thought to be obscene, a  
Collection of the coarsest things. Some say  
He is profane, and worse than Boccacini :  
This old Italian with his damaged lay,  
Is a rare satirist—a cross between a  
Swift and Sterne—not so deep and dark as Dante is,  
With something of the humor of Cervantes.

## XXV.

Dean Swift was bright and intellectual,  
Without a feeling or a sentiment ;  
In hate, he would have fairly wrecked you all ;  
In love, his passion only meant a lent—  
It knew no carnival ; he could inspect you all,  
And find in robe of fairest saint a rent ;  
Or could dissect you all without emotion,  
And then direct you all to hell in pure devotion !

## XXVI.

Ah, who can solve this singular enigma,  
Or who untie this knot of contradictions ?  
Who save his virtues from surrounding stigma,  
Or separate his truths from lies and fictions ?  
How strong, how weak—a giant and a pigmy ;  
How full of merits, faults, and derelictions ;  
He was unique in nature's general plan,  
A seeming angel, and yet—*less than man !*

## XXVII.

The modern writer of most touching pathos—  
The broad, yet chastened humorist—is Hood ;  
And yet his verses oft approach to bathos ;  
His puns (but puns are shabby things) are good.  
For him, poor bard, Fame's temple was a lath-house  
That will not stand when comes the rain and flood ;  
Indeed, his castle was a bridge of sighs ;  
If 't was not high, it pointed to the skies !

## XXVIII.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques, strange, fantastic dreamer  
Of poetry, and eloquence, and jargon ;  
In his philosophy, the merest schemer ;  
In morals, dark as clouds with every star gone ;  
In his religion, trafficker, blasphemer.  
Some think (more charitable) he was far gone  
In wild insanity. He wrote Confessions,  
In which he make some terrible concessions.

## XXIX.

Ah, yes, the strange and wild erratic Rousseau—  
Was full of eloquence and crude philosophy ;  
He married his Therese with all her *trousseau*  
Of children, given away in generosity.  
How could a father or a mother do so ?  
All parents who are just are at a loss to see.  
With morals and society at war,  
His books and boys were all irregular.

## XXX.

Charles Dickens has a harp with but two strings—  
Pathos and humor,—but the tones are rare ;  
And he on these the various changes rings  
Again, again ; yet two are but a pair.  
His gentle muse has not the eagle's wings,  
Nor soars she high in the ethereal air.  
His works yield pearls by long and patient wading.  
And they have gems, but tedious is the spading.

## XXXI.

And Thackeray can write without a theme,  
Or heroine, by stringing pearls together ;  
Nor will his story be a myth or dream,  
But have a practical and sturdy tether  
That binds it to the real ; and his scheme  
May be to please, or to reform ; and whether  
'T is this or that, 't will be compact and clear,  
And move a throb, or gain a smile or tear.

## XXXII.

Count D'Orsay's flame—the gentle Lady Blessington—  
Wrote with a genius loving, bright, and warm ;  
And yet society, in half a guessing tone,  
Sneered at her fame, in spite of many a charm.  
Lord Byron owned a flame, but not a pressing one,  
Though people gossiped, yet they did no harm ;  
From youth to age she was a belle in ton,  
Admired by all, from Willis up to Wellington.

## XXXIII.

Her rippling ringlets floated round her brow

Like curling clouds upon the azure sky—

Obscuring half its beauties, yet its glow

Shone but the clearer as the shade would fly :

So stars amidst the clouds the sweeter show.

Her eyes were bright, her cheeks could far outvie

The tints upon the rose, or fairest flower ;

Rich is such beauty, wondrous is its power !

## XXXIV.

Ninnies and notables for years beset her,

Such as could wield a sword or quote a rhyme ;

She knew them well ; she knew Lord Byron better

Than all biographers who ever wrote of him.

(Moore burnt his truest Memoirs, every letter,

Line, and syllable, scrap, and note of him.)

Whatever might have been their true relations,

They 're very pleasant in her Conversations.

## XXXV.

Count D'Orsay was no Brummell, nor a Nash,

Nor a Tom Raikes, nor made by fashion's sport,

Whose petty fame is but the bubble's flash,

And brainless as the gas in Stahl's retort ;

He had (although in love he was too rash)

In many things a genius and a *forte*.

(This is, indeed, a very worthless verse,

But if I mend it I shall make it worse!)

## XXXVI.

Elizabeth (the loving) Barrett Browning,  
In person delicate, yet strong in mind ;  
Though sickness o'er her couch was ever frowning,  
With genius she a strength of will combined  
Unconquerably great ; this was her crowning  
And unsullied jewel ; sweet and refined,  
And yet how powerful ! not a mere inker  
Of rose-tinted paper—she was a Thinker !

## XXXVII.

Sweden, the home of Frederika Bremer,  
The gentle authoress who won our hearts ;  
The painter of hearth-joys—the lovely dreamer ;  
She thought the world as innocent of arts  
As her own breast. No literary schemer ;  
She meddled not with love's unchastened darts,  
And would not touch his wild and lawless lyre,  
But sweetly kindled his domestic fire !

## XXXVIII.

The British Islands, and the world, once rung  
With noises of a wizard, witch, or wand ;  
Whether it rode on sticks, the clouds, or swung  
Upon the stars, it certainly was grand ;  
Great Master of Romance, or *Erdichtung*,  
(Excuse the German, 't was the rhyme's command,)  
Sir Walter Scott. O for another wizard  
To fill the brain and heart, not stuff the gizzard !

## XXXIX.

We have no wizards now, but we have Cooper,  
Who wrote the "Pilot" and the "Pioneers;"  
Alike, the land and ocean seems his proper  
And peculiar field; where the sailor steers  
On roughest wave; or where the hardy trapper  
Scales mountain peak, or swims the stream that wears  
Its base; where antelopes and Indians roam,  
And where the eagle soars—he was at home.

## XL.

Earlier tales were soft and sentimental,  
While later ones lean rather to the hard  
And practical. Sir Walter bent the mental  
Faculties—both as novelist and bard—  
To the true standard. Cooper's plenty rental—  
Columbia's forests—yielded rich reward.  
He reapt his domain, and enjoyed its fruits  
In peace—barring some foolish slander suits.

## XLI.

And there is Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer,  
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—some such name,  
(I am no hand at titles,) who can pull your  
Bosom lacings, and fairly twist your frame;  
See Pelham—*passim*, for a style peculiar.  
His later works are better, and his fame  
Is well established. Critics say he's clever;  
Some think he writes as if he had a fever.

## XLII.

Sir Edward shows us all the art of art,  
But not the art of genius, for his skill,  
With all its labored touch in every part,  
Too plainly leaves the traces of his *style*.  
Mere composition can not reach the heart,  
'T is only nature's touch which makes it feel.  
Then are no brush-marks on the tinted flower,  
And finished gems show not the chisel's power.

## XLIII.

Our present novelists are quite immoral;  
Genteel adultery their stock in trade is;  
They make their heroes false or morbid, or all  
Knaves; their heroines, loving, easy ladies;  
They picture lecherous husbands that adore all  
The little girls, to whom they might be daddies;  
Teach treacherous wives to tutor pretty boys,  
And spoil our children ere they leave their toys.

## XLIV.

But if a poet should be amorous,  
Or free-and-easy in his songs or verses,  
The critics all at once are clamorous;  
The parson next his homily rehearses;  
(Still ladies read him in the summer-house;)  
Society then fulminates its curses.  
But critics, even parsons, may be asses,  
And goats as well as sheep convene in masses.

## XLV.

Ben Franklin caught the lightning from the skies,  
And safely bottled it in Leyden jars ;  
Washington shot it at our enemies,  
In fighting tyranny in Freedom's wars ;  
The one a sage who could philosophize,  
And one a hero, follower of Mars ;  
The one foretold the electric telegraph ;  
The other gained a sword, and lost a—Jacob staff !

## XLVI.

Yes, Franklin caught the lightning in its might,  
And bid it not to strike our homes and churches.  
'T was Morse who taught it how to talk and write,  
And trained it safely by his wise researches,  
Until it crosses oceans at a flight,  
In spite of highest waves and deepest lurches.  
More powerful and keen than gleaming swords  
Are words when lightning speaks and steam records.

## XLVII.

And in the "Athens of America"  
(They call it so) there lived a Pericles—  
A Daniel Webster (often named with Clay),  
A Burke, a Bacon, and Demosthenes  
In one ; the greatest, grandest of his day.  
It had another one whom many praise ;  
He put a patch on Washington's great name,  
And, puffing Bonner, thought he wrote for fame.



## XLVIII.

Charles Sumner, orator and elocutionist,  
But not a statesman in his "ways and means;"  
(The victim of a ruffianly contusionist  
Who knew no arguments but knives and canes;)   
Scarcely a sage, almost a revolutionist,  
For going *straight*, whatever intervenes;  
If engineer, he'd straighten all the rivers,  
Hew down the hills, or pry them out with levers.

## XLIX.

And Horace Greeley lectured on the Poets;  
The Muse fares roughly in his awkward hands!  
Profound! below all things except below its  
Own absurdity. Genius still commands!  
If he has any sense, let him bestow its  
Significance on what he understands.  
But though I speak of Horace rather freely,  
There is much worth in that same *gris lait* Greeley.

## L.

Writer of books and penner of rash lines,  
(Not penny-a-liner), and can amplify;  
The books he writes are crude as new-pressed wines,  
The lines he pens dashed off impulsively;  
His thoughts unpruned and wild as straggling vines;  
Philosopher without philosophy!  
In mind, he's seldom right, but always vigorous;  
In morals, always right, but seldom rigorous.

## LI.

A representative of every *ism*;  
Supporter and opposer of all creeds ;  
With mind as bright and changeful as a prism,  
And judgment vascillating as the reeds ;  
Although adhesive, he is fond of schism,  
No matter how absurd, if but he leads ;  
No humbug is too big for him to swallow,  
Nor wisdom wise enough for him to follow !

## LII.

Meddling with everything—an arrant meddler—  
With this and that, and now with those and these  
Addling his subject like a very addler,  
And hatching eagles from the eggs of geese ;  
Peddling his notions like a Yankee peddler,  
And making elephants of mice and fleas ;  
Writing of all things that are made or grow,  
And teaching everything he does not know !

## LIII.

A man of science without sense ; a dabbler  
In all the sciences, philosophies,  
And arts ; a noisy, echoing babbler  
Of all the crudities and sophistries  
Of all the past ; yet thinks that he is abler  
Than all his peers and Mephistopheles  
Combined—that is, than Bennett and his writers,  
The Herald and its imps, its devils and inditers.

## LIV.

He is the Cobbett *de Americana*,  
Full of sage wisdom and of foolishness ;  
Not so combative, though he threatened Dana,  
And wrote about and at him quite a mess ;  
And when he dies, Lord, what a pack of ana !  
But what it means, no man will ever guess.  
There is enough within him—lead and gold—  
To make a dozen men of common mould !

## LV.

Ah, what a “mob of gentlemen” can scribble,  
And what they know they put in little columns ;  
Their ink flows on, until ’t is but a dribble,  
And what they do not know they write in volumes,  
Ponderous with paper, yet not worth a quibble ;  
They pounce upon an aged thought as solemn ’s  
An owl would catch a bat—all in the dark.  
(You know the owl can never catch the lark !)

## LVI.

The “Herald” paints a world within itself,  
Showing the wants of all, from high to low ;  
Where knaves their tricks and bankers show their pelf ;  
Where authors puff and politicians blow ;  
From hoarse tragedian to the dancing elf,  
The world exhibits there its daily show.  
Porson once said (when sober) a newspaper  
Is worth far more than history’s glimmering taper.

## LVII.

Behold the new estate within our land—

The Press,—that cuts its letters like a diamond,  
Breaking glass houses, and the ropes of sand

Twisted by politician, priest, or layman.

We've had a famous editorial band—

A Bennett, Blair, a Ritchey, and a Raymond,  
A Greeley, Bryant, and a Thurlow Weed,  
A Storey, Halstead, and a Whitelaw Reid.

## LVIII.

Once people traveled to inform themselves;

They went to see the world—its arts and learning;  
But now they get their learning from their shelves,

And bring the world to them, and all concerning  
Its busy hives; yet wisdom leaves a yearning

Within the breast, unless, like airy elves,  
Or rambling bees, we rummage all the bowers,  
And gather honey from the living flowers.

## LIX.

The wit and theological comedian,

Two nations knew him well—Henry Ward Beecher  
Fit for his time, and for New York's meridian

Not for all countries and all times; a preacher  
Who can tickle; but for the hungry, needy one

Who longs in spirit, he is not the teacher.  
Though somewhat lacking in the grand—profound,  
His thoughts are brilliant, and his sermons sound.

## LX.

A stronger genius—Harriet Beecher Stowe ;  
Queen of her sex in mind, if not in heart,  
Whom all the busy world have learned to know,  
And some to love. If not in highest art  
She has her place, few readers will allow  
She has superiors to throw a dart  
At wrong or cant. The world, long time to come,  
Will hate his chains, but love poor “ Uncle Tom ! ”

## LXI.

I have been lately reading Mr. Buckle—  
His work on England—its civilization ;  
'Tis well ; and yet if he intends to tuck all  
Philosophy and science of the nation  
Into one work, as the old lady stuck all  
Her money in her thimble, the relation  
Of causes and effects bind in one bundle,  
And roll the world on like a baby's trundle,

## LXII.

I think he is mistaken very gravely ;  
But he's a vigorous mind, so let him try it,  
And though he fails, he'll fight the battle bravely ;  
His daring energy—who can deny it ?—  
Will stop at nothing. How very quick and naively  
He cuts the Gordian when he can't untie it.  
Although he shows his facts in many phases,  
His broad inductions tumble from their bases.

## LXIII.

Some authors are profound—they never rise ;  
Some so exalted that they ne'er descend ;  
Some are so vain they count their nonsense wise ;  
Too modest some their wisdom to commend ;  
Some show another's thoughts in new disguise ;  
Some hide their own till none can comprehend ;  
Some are as deep as melancholy Burton,  
And some as shallow as prolific Parton !

## LXIV.

Some are but manufacturers of books—  
Gross pilferers of brain, mere carpers,—  
Who work a shoddy volume till it looks  
Quite beautiful—outside. Know ye the Harpers ?  
They are no singing birds themselves, but rooks,  
Vultures, and hawks—mere literary sharpers.  
What books will bring in coin they know full well,  
But care not for their contents if they—sell !

## LXV.

This making books of stuff, in literary fashion,  
Is very much like lacing up the ladies,  
Or mending them with wadding and a sash on,  
As weak and muscleless as puny Addies ;  
Then with a pencil put the ruddy dash on,  
With no more heart or soul than painted paddies ;  
When thus tricked out with gaudy basque and bonnet,  
They are not worth an epigram or sonnet.

## LXVI.

Our Emerson—stenographer of thought—  
Writes words of quantity, like algebra ;  
Among the few—the thinkers—he has wrought  
A revelation ; yet 't is hard to say  
How much the people gain ; for if he sought  
To reach the multitude, why, let him bray !  
For more would listen, and at least would smile ;  
But as he writes, they can not leap his style.

## LXVII.

Irving, the precious one, who won the youth  
Of our young nation and the world, is gone :  
Teacher of beauty, purity, and truth,  
Guide of the virtuous daughter and brave son.  
We watched ; time lingered with a tender ruth,  
Ere the world wept and said, “ His course is run.”  
While youth shall hope, the world will love his name,  
While age remembers, still shall spread his fame !

## LXVIII.

That gentle genius, William Gilmore Simms,  
Told us sweet stories of Biloxy's daughter ;  
Oft have I felt my eyes fill to their brims  
With happy tears that dropt in Ashley's water.  
Unhappy poet, in unhappy times,  
Ruined and crushed amidst a rebel slaughter !  
He who with ardent zeal, in fiery youth,  
Stood by his country, Liberty, and Truth !

## LXIX.

Hawthorne, Master of the Morbid, a power  
That pleased in ancient as in modern times ;  
His ruling genius, like a lustrous flower  
Ripe with decay—bright as a sick girl's whims ;  
Its fruit an apple with a worm at core ;  
He loves to wander in unhealthy climes,  
'Mong mouldering ruins, by the tottering wall,  
Where bats and goblins flit, and vampires crawl !

## LXX.

There is a man of worth, poet, historian,  
With mind of Hallam and the style of Hume,  
And genius bright as shines the hyperborean,  
Broad as the sky its shooting rays illumine ;  
Decent and frugal as a Pythagorean,  
In this wide world he seems to claim no room ;  
He lives apart from haunts of gain and strife,  
A pure, a beautiful, and blameless life.

## LXXI.

"Where shall the Dead and the Beautiful Sleep,"  
"Our Homes in the West," and "The Orphan's Lay ;"  
These are the songs that make us think and weep,  
Which o'er our bosoms hold their tender sway ;  
Thrilling as Burns, he gives his lyre the sweep,  
Touching as Cowper, and as pure as Gray ;  
Gives all he has ; would more, if but he could ;  
Asks nothing from the world : his claim 's allowed !



## LXXII.

Many unknown and nameless authors live

In some bright thought, perchance in one sweet verse;  
Some maxim, adage, word, that will survive

Long after kings and princes find their hearse,  
And monarchs lose their dread prerogative—

For spirit will outlive the universe.

Poor orphaned thoughts, born of the hidden past,  
Till souls shall perish ye shall ever last!

## LXXIII.

Authors are brothers in the world of mind,

Eternal brothers in the heaven of soul;

To neither place nor time are they confined—

They reign o'er all the earth from pole to pole,  
Throughout the course of time, to all mankind

Teaching the good, the true, and beautiful.

Touched by the hand of Deity at birth,

The wisest, best that He has given to earth!

## LXXIV.

Yet many thoughts are never put in words,

And how much feeling can not be expressed!

How many songs sleep voiceless on the chords!

And how much music must in silence rest!

How many pangs, as keen as two-edged swords,

Forever speechless, rend the bleeding breast!

No words can utter forth the heart when full,

Nor give a voice to the undying soul!

**Glance Fifth.**  

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## POETS.

## I.

I slept, and had a dream ; I saw the Mount  
Yclept Parnassus ; and there came, methought,  
Philosophers to claim its soil and fount,  
And fools thinking with coin it might be bought ;  
Sages were there, to ponder, weigh, and count,  
And soldiers rushed to storm its high redoubt ;  
All failed and sank unknown. The poet came,  
And on its peak wrote his undying name.

## II.

See the dim mountain in the distance rise,  
That parts the lightning and defies the blast,  
The ancient passage to immortal skies,  
Where struggling millions, through the ages past,  
Have clambered for its peak, and where now lies  
The dust of millions to oblivion cast.  
Ambition's efforts mark the rugged steep ;  
Ambition's victims at its basis sleep.

## III.

Who is the poet ? Whosoe'er can see,  
And feel, and seize the beautiful, and hold  
It to another's soul, and turn the key  
To hidden beauties, and her robes unfold,  
And clothe in loveliness the land and sea,  
And make us know and feel more than is told,—  
One who can lift the soul above the earth  
Into the regions of its home and birth.

## IV.

What is a poem ? 'T is the true expression  
And the full thought of something beautiful,  
Uttered in happy words, with chastened passion,  
To please the heart and elevate the soul ;  
Belonging to all times, above all fashion,  
With various parts moulded in one sweet whole ;  
As universal as the natural heart,  
And as eternal as the undying part.

## V.

But highest poesy can have no words ;  
It is the silent music of the soul—  
Too pure for voices, or the harp's sweet chords ;  
Unsculptured figures of the beautiful ;  
Unpainted pictures which no canvas hoards ;  
Unwritten poems on the azure scroll ;  
Its form the spirit can not grasp and hold,  
But sees and knows what must remain untold !

## VI.

Sweet Poesy, thou art the beautiful

In nature, as in various moods displayed,  
On earth, in air, and on the azure scroll ;

The beautiful in mind and thought portrayed,  
And in emotions pleasing to the soul,

All in befitting airy words arrayed,  
That, vanishing as though they ne'er had been,  
Leave thy sweet image on the pictured scene.

## VII.

Yes, Poesy ! thou art the beautiful,

Shining from heaven, on earth, and sea, and skies,  
In dark and stormy waves, as on they roll

To meet the distant blue, and all that lies  
In the deep meaning of a loving soul,

That wakes a hope or stirs a joy ; it is  
The beautiful in truth and truth in beauty,  
And all that's just and pure in love and duty.

## VIII.

The beautiful in passion and emotion,

And all that moves us to perform great deeds,  
And win life's prizes, on the field or ocean,

Where heroes perish and where valor bleeds—  
That bids us dare to do, and ne'er a blow shun

Where wrong oppresses or where pity pleads ;  
T is all that's beautiful in fruit or blossom  
That God has planted in the human bosom.

## IX.

Judea's strains King David did prolong ;  
And China, older, had her Con-fu-tse ;  
(O what a pity that she made the gong !)  
Say, what were Greece without a Homer's lay—  
Or Rome without her Virgil's polished song ?  
What all the past without its genius?—say !  
But for the sage's pen and poet's tongue,  
It all had passed away unwritten and unsung !

## X.

And what were France without her bright Voltaire,  
All wicked though he was—but who shall say ?  
And England what, without her own Shakespeare ?  
What the Green Isle without her Moore's sweet lay ?  
And how could Scotland lose her Burns so rare,  
Or nations past forget the poet's bay ?  
The world claims Goethe, and the Fatherland  
Presents her Genius at the world's command !

## XI.

The Poet's Muse is one : a Grecian Homer,  
An English Milton, or a Scottish Burns,  
A German Goethe, or a Persian Omar,  
Or universal Shakespeare, who adorns  
The world, all speak as one. Though some are  
Than others greater, yet, from earliest morn's  
Refulgent rays till the last eve of song,  
They all to one true brotherhood belong !

## XII.

It is alone the poet who himself must teach,  
The only artist who must have no master;  
Genius must be his guide, and give him reach  
And power divine; whether 't is judgment, taste, or  
The sense of beauty, let the critics preach,  
They can at best but make a poetaster;  
Still he should study masters, though not copy;  
Some think to sing he ought to be unhappy!—

## XIII.

To have his heart oppressed until it bleeds,  
Or is by some deep, bitter outrage stung;  
Until his passions rage like fiery steeds,  
And pain and sorrow chasten them to song.  
True, those who sing high strains, or do great deeds,  
Too oft are victims of some deadly wrong;  
But, although sadness gives the harp its tone,  
Love makes a hundred bards where wrong makes one

## XIV.

The poet hopes to leave some stirring lay,  
To ring along the course of busy years;  
Some strong, true thought, that yet may find its way  
To other minds, or move the heart to tears;  
To charm the spirit of young girls at play,  
And rouse young men to dash away their fears;  
To guide the statesman, and the patriot cheer;  
To please the sage, and make the hero dare!

## XV.

Some poets have an audience of ten,—

One brother, and three sisters, and six cousins,—

While some are read, perchance, by twenty men,

And fumbled by the women—say some dozens ;

Some have no readers but themselves, and then

They 're prone to win a moment's fame by poisons ;

And some, (Bret Hartes), whose fame is loud as thunder,

Are read and thrown away—a nine day's wonder !

## XVI.

“ 'T is very easy to write poetry ! ”

Exclaims the tender sophomoric youth ;

“ The boys in college do it, know it ye ?

From Dicky Swift to Tommy Slow ; forsooth !

'T is *very* easy ; come, I 'll show it ye,—

'T is but to transpose words, reject the truth,

And write your stanzas out of fiction airy,

With your ten fingers and a dictionary ! ”

## XVII.

Yet every man is more or less a poet ;

His genius may be infinitesimal,

But it is *there*—e'en though he does not know it,—

Sleeping in silence as the dew-drops fall ;

He may have much, indeed, yet never show it ;—

It may be waiting for some thrilling call—

Something to wake the soul, and give it voice,

Until it sings aloud and makes the world rejoice !

## XVIII.

Poets are born. Wouldst have them still more splendid?

A pious Shelley, or a moral Byron ;

A greater Goethe, or a Shakespeare mended ;

A Young or Milton, singing like a siren ;

A Burns, a Poe, a Moore and Coleridge blended ?

Go mingle earth and water, and put fire in !

God never makes such incongruities,

And nature never uses superfluities !

## XIX.

In poetry, the author writes to please,

Perchance instruct—but this is incidental ;

His verses should be understood with ease,

Nor shock the moral sense, nor sentimental,

But borne along on sweet felicities,

Discerned and felt at once in their intent, all

Without effort. We are not pleased by rule,

But by the ever-changing Beautiful !

## XX.

The poet ponders, tortures honest words,

Spins at his rhymes, and counts the golden threads,

Soars to the skies as happy as the birds,

Threshes the Muses on their pretty heads,

Hears silent music ring its sweet accords,

And lies with soft imaginary maids ;

He lives in regions of the pure ideal,

And fancies for the time that all is real !



## XXI.

He weaves his verses as the little birds  
Build airy nests, because love bids him to ;  
And as he sings he chooses not his words  
As they do not their songs ; inspired, they glow  
Upon his lips, uttering in sweet accords  
Rich thoughts, which but for love he could not know.  
His winged notes to heights empyrean rise,  
And ring their music to the choral skies.

## XXII.

Ah ! see the poet basking in the light,  
His gushing soul leaps to his melting eye,  
His brow is clear, his cheek is flushed and bright,  
His soul as placid as the sunny sky ;  
Yet o'er his visage changing clouds will flit,  
Then leave it brighter as away they fly ;  
It seemed his bosom with some secret strove,  
Some thought 't was murder, others said 't was love.

## XXIII.

And Beauty ! What art thou ? Canst tell me ? Say !  
Though thou hast had a thousand definitions,  
We know thee not, yet all must feel thy sway ;  
A queen who rules our spirits and volitions,  
A tyranny we willingly obey,  
And all surrender to without conditions.  
Thou hast an army's power, and yet no arms,  
And conquerest not by force, but by thy charms !

## XXIV.

Ah ! Beauty dwells in all things, everywhere,  
Throughout the universe—above, below ;  
On earth, and in the sky, the tinted air,  
In light and shade, the lightning, cloud, and bow,  
In colors, and the sun, the flower, and star,  
And the innumerable orbs which glow :  
These are the poet's alphabet of song,  
Which, sung below, angels above prolong !

## XXV.

The zephyr's whisper and the tempest's roar,  
The crash and patter of the rain and storm,  
The ocean, and the waves upon the shore,  
The cataract, and thunder's quick alarm,  
The murmur of the spheres, the planets' score,  
And all the tones of air which please and charm :  
These wed their music to the poet's verse,  
Which earth re-echoes and the skies rehearse !

## XXVI.

And Beauty sleeps within the poet's soul,  
To be awakened by the things of earth  
Which touch her spirit, or her form control ;  
But with the soul in Heaven she has her birth ;  
She shines where suns, and stars, and planets roll,  
And stoops from heaven to cheer the humblest hearth ;  
To souls most loving and to minds most bright,  
She comes in sweetest forms and purest light !

## XXVII.

The grand old bards of time had genius—  
Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Moliere, Milton,  
And Shakespeare, broad as nature and serene as  
The deep blue sky. But Johnson got the stilt on  
And stumbled. Many sung of wine and Venus,  
And some of war ; and many took a tilt on  
Winged Pegasus and to the earth were thrown :  
Genius alone can reach the starry crown.

## XXVIII.

Genius ! a sense and spirit from the skies,  
Sent down to earth, impressed by God's own finger  
Upon the brain and heart ; its varying dyes  
Flash round the universe where beauties linger,  
Giving them a rich light ; on high it flies,  
And holds sweet converse where the angels wing their  
Eternal flight ; or stoops to kiss a flower ;  
And finds new beauties in the humblest bower.

## XXIX.

Genius ! thou precious intellectual flame,  
Lighted from heaven to adorn the earth ;  
Sense, talent, study, whatsoe'er thy name,  
Or quality, 't is God who gives thee birth.  
Thou tak'st a million shapes, yet art the same ;  
Thy brightest halo falls on purest worth ;  
Thy touches warm the heart and fill the soul  
With all that's noble, grand, and beautiful !

## XXX.

'T is sometimes thought to be an airy particle,  
Floating in ether, somewhere up on high ;  
A tender, heavenly thing, that has the heart-ache all  
The time, unless 't is soaring near the sky ;  
I think it is a more substantial article,  
And lives, dear reader, much like you and I.  
Sense forms this bird, while fancy plumes its wings ;  
*That* gives it strength, on *these* it soars and sings !

## XXXI.

I said not genius was but common sense,  
I say 't is common sense and *something* more ;  
As first with a foundation we commence  
Before the lofty pinnacle can soar ;  
For yet there never rose an eminence  
That did not rest on something that was lower.  
Genius of this necessity may grumble,  
And yet without this basis it will tumble.

## XXXII.

Yes, common sense—the best of human qualities,  
And true foundation of the highest genius ;  
On which we build life's column of realities,  
Selecting what is good from what is heinous ;  
Without this element, ah, what a folly 't is  
To ape a Homer, or affect a Linnæus.  
And, dearest reader, if you have n't got any,  
Never write poetry nor study botany.

## XXXIII.

Who can deny that there are geniuses

Who have their planes and orbits wider, higher,  
Than the dull clock-work which one sees

In common minds? Their senses seem as fire;  
Their longing spirits reach toward the skies,

And like the seraphs round the throne, aspire  
To soar and grasp the infinite—supernal,  
And rest upon the absolute—eternal!

## XXXIV.

But brightest genius does not always glow;

It is a light that flashes fitfully,  
As lightnings in the tempest gleam and go;

It is but common light that fills the sky.  
Genius is oft the child of storm, the bow

That gives its beauty to the clouds on high;  
And oft, like lightning in the storm, 't is found  
To shine most bright when all is dark around!

## XXXV.

The highest genius never can be known,

There is no voice to give it full expression;  
So sweetest love must ever live alone,

It can not give another full possession;  
And pure divinity is but in One,

No human soul can hold its full ingression.  
Genius, Love, Divinity—in their whole  
Eternal, infinite! They touch and move the soul!

## XXXVI.

Nor is it learning that can "make" belles-lettres ;  
It may perchance enrich it like a mine,  
But is more likely far to forge the fetter  
That binds "the soul and faculty divine."  
Nor are we to philosophy much debtor,  
Or science, for the wreaths the bards entwine.  
It is that power which can unfold the graces,  
And touch our common nature in fresh places !

## XXXVII.

And how much feeling must remain unuttered,  
Though every fiber seeks to be a tongue !  
And how much goodness is half told or muttered,  
Losing its sweetness like an ill-sung song !  
And how much eloquence is only stuttered,—  
So full of fervor and so deep and strong,  
That, like the stream which bursts from all control,  
It drowns the words and speaks but through the soul !

## XXXVIII.

There is no tongue that can express the soul,  
Nor speak the feelings that choke up the heart ;  
No ear of earth can hear the soft patrol  
Of angel's feet along the heavenly chart ;  
No eye of sense can see the Beautiful  
That fills the sky, and faintly shines in Art.  
It is the mind that sees and soul that feels ;  
The heavy flesh the spirit but conceals !

## XXXIX.

Yet there are noble words that can express  
Hatred to falsehood, and the truth can prove.  
The world is full of untold happiness ;  
Hearts are o'erflowing with unuttered love,  
And ever seeking some loved one to bless,  
And full of tenderness that yet shall move  
The hardest bosom, and keep free the slave :  
Doubt not, ye just, and waver not, ye brave.

## XL.

How noble is the mind that truth has trained,  
How charming is the page where genius breathed,  
How tender is the heart where love is shrined,  
How loved the hero when his sword is sheathed—  
He who has fought the battles of mankind ;  
How honored is the brow that virtue wreathed ;  
Truth, genius, love, and courage all command ;  
To these humanity will ever bend.

## XLI.

The proudest kings in dust forgotten lie ;  
They fret their hour upon the world's great stage,  
Oppress their brother man, insult the sky,  
And then pass friendless down the vale of age—  
For beggars, fools, and kings, alike must die.  
Not so the man of genius and the sage ;  
They build their works upon unchanging truth,  
And live and flourish in eternal youth !

## XLII.

But vain to build ambitious monuments  
To mark the spot where worth or genius lies—  
'T is an appeal to the material sense,  
And most unlike the part which never dies.  
A monument on earth without one hence,  
Made by the soul or spirit in the skies,  
Is but the mockery of passing time;  
The mind on earth must live in thoughts sublime!

## XLIII.

Whene'er I gaze upon the works of Art,  
Embodiments of what is beautiful,  
I feel a gentle beating at the heart,  
A precious stirring in my yearning soul;  
I stand entranced: they seem to be a part  
Of that which in eternity is whole;  
And though I see but glimpses of the shrine,  
I long to grasp it all and make it mine.

## XLIV.

But what is Art? It is the Beautiful  
When unconnected with a thing of use;  
It serves not flesh, but elevates the soul  
Till it can feel, and see, and know, and choose,  
And form a "thing of beauty" as a whole,  
From what is pure that rests in sweet repose,  
Through which beam glimpses of the light that shone  
When God created earth and the eternal Throne!



## XLV.

Art is but inarticulated science

Portrayed in forms the heart can understand ;  
Beauty's fair body joined in sweet alliance  
To Truth, where Purity unites the band ;  
In life immortal, bidding time defiance ;  
In joy eternal, loving all that's grand ;  
A ray from Heaven that lights and draws the earth,  
And brightest shines on souls of purest worth !

## XLVI.

And art must work through the emotional,  
Not the sensational nor passionate,  
With thought, or sentiment, or the devotional,  
To calm and soothe, yet with a dash in it  
To touch the heart, and set in motion all  
The currents of the soul, and mould and fashion it  
To virtue, courage, love, and hope, and duty,  
And open vistas of eternal beauty !

## XLVII.

But when we sell our art to get our bread,  
It is a task, and beauty will be marred ;  
Whene'er the painter, not by genius led,  
Paints for a price, then Beauty will discard  
Her lover—for the soul of Art is dead ;  
And when the poet hopes to win reward  
In dollars for his sense, he'll lose his crown ;  
When Plutus gains our smiles the muses frown !

## XLVIII.

How many of their quartz would make a diamond,  
And think their brass, because it tinkles, gold ;  
And value their false coin—not as a Simon,  
For what in open mart it might be sold,  
But as the genuine to bank or rhyme on,  
And worth its countless millions all untold ;  
They take the flatulency of inflation,  
For the divine *afflatus*—inspiration !

## XLIX.

How many use their purest marble for  
Some common edifice that common brick  
Would build as well as marble ! how many more  
Who use their silver, like some lunatic,  
As if 't were iron, or take their gold in store  
And use it as old brass to stop a leak !  
How many bear bright jewels in the brain  
Who cast them down upon the dusty plain !

## L.

True art secures the lightning flash of genius,  
And shows in thought and light its vivid dyes ;  
Gives it repose as soft and as serene as  
The distant blue that tints the upper skies ;  
And natural as the statue of Silenus  
Which sleeps in peace where Pliny says it lies.  
(Poor old Silenus ! He whom nature rescued,  
And art a thousand thousand times has frescoed !)

## LI.

Apollo first rang out the lofty rhyme,  
And roused the gods upon Olympus' mount;  
Then Orpheus came, with golden harp sublime,  
And charmed the trees around Parnassus' fount;  
Next Hesiod, in the misty morn of time,  
Essayed the gods and goddesses to count;  
Then Homer came with far more modesty,  
And wrote and sung the Iliad and Odyssey.

## LII.

Homer, the blind old Greek, indeed was grand,  
And yet the Iliad tells a simple story,  
How bold Achilles, who, "born to command,"  
Reaped at his pleasure all the field of glory.  
Methinks the story of Columbia's land  
Is far a nobler tale, though not so hoary;  
When time has borne it to some distant age,  
Some future bard will show a richer page!

## LIII.

Ah! Barlow sang it—I had quite forgotten  
Our early bard and his "Columbiad;"  
He vaulted high, and took a famous trot on  
Apollo's steeds; but, like the fiery lad,  
Who, by ambition onward pricked, rode out on  
His father's chariot, and—not afraid  
To dare the sky, and rush where angels tread—  
Tumbled, and all the world has left him dead.

## LIV.

Nor is it Homer's story pleases most,  
For many a poet since has told a better one,  
If one might say so, and not raise the ghost  
Of some professor, with a doleful letter on  
The excellences of Greek, that standing boast  
Of learned noddles, that would fetter one  
With rules of Greek in writing English verse,  
Which makes that which was bad a great deal worse.

## LV.

"A pretty poem, Pope, but 't is not Homer,"  
So some one said, 't was not Dante (no matter,  
I do n't remember who), nor Philip Dormer;  
(I took in Dormer simply for the clatter  
Of a false rhyme; now, like a false performer  
On a false flat, I blunder on still flatter);  
Thus Pope beat Homer—so it is reported,—  
But critics say the sense is quite distorted.

## LVI.

Yet Wolf declared there never was a Homer,  
But rather many Homers all in one,  
Who wove their shreds together in a loom, or  
Cut out and stitched their pieces, nicely spun,  
Until Pisistratus made up a bloomer,  
Or singing robe of all, and so well done  
That e'en a Taylor could not find a seam:  
The Muse will live that can but touch the hem!

## LVII.

Sappho! "The dear glad angel of the spring,"  
"The Nightingale," "Truth Muse," "The Poetess,"  
Who sweetly touched the universal string  
That binds all hearts, and did so charm and bless  
The ancient sages, and which still doth ring  
Along the course of time. All we possess  
Of her are but the fragments of her song,  
So passionate, so beautiful, so sweet, so wrong!

## LVIII.

Virgil! the noblest poet of the Romans,  
And most accomplished singer of all time,  
Though not the greatest genius, was to no man's  
Example bound, except to Homer's chime;  
With heart as true and tender as a woman's,  
He wove the story into lofty rhyme.  
Translators oft their 'prentice hand have tried on  
His flowery verse—accomplished but by Dryden!

## LIX.

Few are the chords—but bold—of Milton's lyre,  
Wherein the soft and grand are sweetly joined,  
Melting and burning with seraphic fire,  
Or raging onward like the stormy wind;  
But Shakespeare has the scale and sweep entire—  
That polygon and paragon of mind,  
Who seized the universe and all its powers,  
And ravished Nature in her secret bowers!

## LX.

Byron! spoiled child of fortune and misfortune;  
How hot the blood along his temples rushed,  
And how his longing wishes did importune  
Some faithful love or friendship, and how gushed  
The bitter rivers of his heart, and brought on  
A gangrene melancholy, until hushed \*  
He lay in death. He said, "Now I shall sleep!"  
Weep, friends; weep, foes; for all the Muses weep!

## LXI.

I would not harshly speak of Lady Byron;  
She was refined, but many a one no less;  
Although I think her heart had too much iron,  
And not enough of woman's tenderness,  
I would not that she'd been an elf or siren,  
But would that she had had a will to bless.  
Poor Byron wanted not the Imp of the  
Perverse—he needed love and sympathy.

## LXII.

(The Imp of the Perverse! That brings in Poe,  
With brilliant genius and a soul as dark  
As polished jet; in him met high and low  
In both extremes; the good was like a spark  
That cuts the night with but a moment's glow,  
Then leaves the gloom without a ray to mark.  
Yes, Edgar Poe had genius, but alas!  
'T was one bright jewel in a world of brass!)

## LXIII.

"Ada, sole daughter of his house and heart,"  
    Resembling fatally thy proud, cold mother ;  
Dead and insensate to the bitter smart  
    Inflicted on thy father. How could you smother  
The heaving sighs and burning tears that start  
    At his sad fate, as told thee by another.  
Ada, Ada! in all thy high-bred beauty,  
Thou wert forgetful of a daughter's duty !

## LXIV.

Childe Harold was a rambling, morbid fellow ;  
    Don Juan, nothing but an amorous rogue ;  
Beppo, unhealthy in his liver—sallow ;  
    And Parisina's morals not in vogue.  
How little has he in his muse to hallow !  
    How much to keep the passions all agog !  
But whatsoe'er the theme, he touched with fire ;  
Peace to the ashes of his buried lyre !

## LXV.

Shelley ! the sweet, the pure ethereal  
    Bard of "imagination all compact,"  
Who soars afar beyond the dull material,  
    Into the unconditional abstract ;  
Who pierced through time's eternal serial,  
    And made the beautiful ideal fact.  
Thy dust, so delicate, rests with the dead ;  
Where has thy all-embracing spirit fled ?

## LXVI.

Dear Scottish Burns, and Austria's Stetzhammer,  
Far distant from each other were their homes ;  
Unlike in name (the German's makes us stammer),  
Yet one in soul, and all that most becomes  
A man ; no woman's gentleness was tamer  
Than their fine spirits, and no hero's plumes,  
Nor warrior's wreaths, were brighter than the crown  
Of genius on their brows—their true renown !

## LXVII.

" Tell me, ye winged winds ;" how beautiful !  
And yet the author is a London lackey,  
Who hates our country like a hearty Bull.  
Sometimes I feel as though I'd like to "*w'ack* he ;"  
And yet, I scarcely would despoil his skull,  
For I have read some books by Dr. Mackay ;  
Besides, he once to me was kind and civil,  
I would not, therefore, send him to the devil !

## LXVIII.

And Tennyson—Great Britain's Poet Laureate—  
Sings for the King (or now the Queen) and nation ;  
His songs are pretty, but I think 't will worry fate  
To bear them through Eternity's duration.  
Piping for wine is piping at a sorry rate ;  
But then the critics throw in commendation.  
(He wrote three lines too much in *Enoch Arden*.)  
His muse delights to wander in the garden,



## LXIX.

He does not seize the laurel on the cliff,  
To bear it upward where the eagle soars,  
And reach the crown of never-fading leaf,  
Nor mount the wave and rule where ocean roars;  
He paddles softly in a little skiff,  
And loves the echoes of its tiny oars;  
He sits on banks, and seldom goes beyond  
Gathering sweet buttercups along a pond.

## LXX.

Where is that genius, Alexander Smith—  
So much bepuffed and praised for his Life Drama?  
Has he already vanished to a myth?  
Of sophomoric flights, you could not name a  
More worthless thing, or one of weaker pith.  
But heed, my Muse, for I would not defame a  
Poet in the first effort of his soul  
To seize and hold the ever-flitting beautiful.

## LXXI.

'T was not his fault to write, but the reviewers  
Should not have spoiled him with their fulsome  
For whether we are poets or but hewers [praises;  
Of wood, whenever expectation raises  
Our hopes above fulfillment, and allures  
Us falsely on, we fall below the places  
That we may justly claim. Where's Gerald Massie?  
And why has he not written more, or has he?

## LXXII.

But Swinburne has a strong and lofty genius,  
Though he should purify his strains, and yet  
Be not as cowardly as Favorinus,  
Who, fearing Adrian, bowed beneath his hate.  
Like Dionysius, who sent Philoxenus  
To quarry stones, let little critics fret,—  
For they are jealous little tyrants, too.  
Fear not; rise high, and still thy course pursue!

## LXXIII.

Goethe is grand, and Schiller is intense;  
Schiller is but a part, Goethe a whole,  
Embracing the minute and the immense,—  
A cyclopedia of the human soul;  
Schiller, within his scope, is excellence  
Itself; but Goethe shines from pole to pole;  
Schiller is lightning when the bolt is hurled;  
Goethe, a sun that lights and warms the world!

## LXXIV.

Harp of the Fatherland! whose tones are fraught  
With happy truths chanted with golden tongue,  
Whose poetry, so laden with deep thought,  
Bears thy profound philosophy along;  
Within thy crystal words the world has sought  
Its truest wisdom and its sweetest song.  
Ring out the tones of the Teutonic lyre,  
And keep alive thy modern classic fire!

## LXXV.

Romantic Rhine! thy fragrant grapy hills  
  Invite the voyager to ramble there;  
Thy banks, thy sweeping stream and tiny rills,  
  Thy rocks and battlements alike are fair;  
The page of love and lore thy history fills.  
  Thou to the brave and beautiful art dear;  
And o'er thy onward waves the leaves of song,  
As on the stream of time, still float along!

## LXXVI.

Repeat again the Nibenlungen Lied,  
  Recited at the court of bold Attila;  
Ordered by Charlemagne (so it is said)  
  To be collected; Siegfried, the guerilla—  
Who the rude armies of the Northland led—  
  Its hero, as Achilles of the Ilia'.  
It is a tale, which harrows up our fears,  
Of war and wassail, blood, and ladies' tears!

## LXXVII.

Not like "New England Tragedies," a sample  
  Of literary crumbs as dry as dust;  
The which a well-known author made so ample  
  By soaking them with vinegar and rust  
In his own ink. Authority will trample  
  Upon the good and pass the bad on trust.  
Win once, 't is easy then to win again;  
Fail once, no worth can wipe away the stain!

## LXXVIII.

Is it a poem? Surely 't is a story,  
The author tells it over eleven times;  
Indeed a tale of murder—even gory—  
But it has neither feet, nor rhythm, nor rhymes;  
'T is not “a thing of beauty,” nor “of glory,”  
And has no harmony—not even chimes.  
Bold is the man who soars to versify  
A law report and call it poetry!

## LXXIX.

And N. P. Willis, poet-popinjay,  
To England went to kiss the Aristocracy;  
He toadied nicely, with an abject “hope and pray,”  
And spaniel-like, grinned at our own Democracy.  
They softly let him sink, or rather drop away,  
For burly Bull despises small hypocrisy.  
In short, though Nat denies the accusation,  
He kissed them on an awkward presentation,

## LXXX.

And wild Walt Whitman gave us “Leaves of Grass,”  
So coarse and thickly mixed with rankest weeds,  
That you would swear they came from some morass—  
Such never grow upon Castalian meads.  
Go search 'mong thistles if you 'd find an ass;  
To see a goat, go wander where he feeds.  
How strange that Emerson, with all his powers,  
Should cherish wisps of hay, and deem them flowers!

## LXXXI.

But Bryant stands before the world a man,  
A sage, a seer, a patriot and poet ;  
Alas for us, how nearly run his span !  
How tenderly we feel, how sad to know it !  
His style, like Rogers', if you closely scan ;  
Both bankers, too, with different ways to show it ;  
While Rogers banked on rhyme and cash for gains,  
Our Bryant banks on poetry and brains.

## LXXXII.

The world will never let our poet die !  
Our noble Bryant, teacher of the pure.  
While trees shall grow or bobolinks shall fly,  
Or springs return, or blossoms shall allure ;  
While gems on earth or stars within the sky,  
Or feeling, loving, longing hearts endure ;  
While God comes down to earth to bless and give,  
Or man looks up to heaven, his song shall live !

## LXXXIII.

Demosthenes once said of oratory  
That the first requisite was action, and the  
Second, action (I vouch not for the story),  
And the third, action. If I understand the  
Meaning within the bard's laboratory,  
To poets who are hoping to command the  
Attention of mankind, it is to finish,  
Finish, finish—not leave their silver tinnish,

## LXXXIV.

Nor their gold brassy; for upon their genius,  
Which is their precious metal, they should labor,  
Labor, labor, whether they sing of Venus,  
Bacchus, or Mars—with trumpet, pipe, or tabor.  
See Cowper, Collins, Gray, with style and sheen as  
Clear as pure thought, and polished as a sabre.  
Though not of highest genius, yet their work  
Will ride the waves in Time's unsinking ark.

## LXXXV.

If you would find unfinished poetry  
Look at our modern poets—that of Browning  
Is a fine example. Although it be  
So rich in genius, yet it lacks the toning  
And sweet melody of verse. Know it ye  
'T is harsh with discord, and has not the shoning  
That will place it with the stars. It is stellar  
Nebula—like the star-dust, only paler!

## LXXXVI.

How oft the poet is in need of rhymes  
To build his stubborn verse!—oftener of reason  
To keep his muse from rant! How many times  
He hunts among the words till he can seize on  
The one he wants!—still oft, before it chimes,  
He has to stretch or cut or pinch or squeeze one:  
And oftener still he needs some common sense  
To pay his reader some slight recompense.

## LXXXVII.

For fifty years our poets have been tame,  
Or nearly fifty,—let us say since Byron ;  
Not that Lord Byron is a favorite name  
With me by any means ; his muse—the siren—  
Was all too careless how she won her fame ;  
And yet the daring hussy thrilled her lyre on  
The topmost mount, played with the Ocean's mane,  
And rode the billows with a master's rein !

## LXXXVIII.

The world will drop its present bards ere long ;  
It never long endures a style or fashion ;  
The Brownings—crabbed and absurd in song,  
And Tennyson's—a kind of housewife hashing ;  
Longfellow's—scholarly and lampish, strong  
Of oil, but not so strong in brain or passion.  
The weak proverbial Martin Farquhar Tupper,  
Rides the same nag of *Manner*, only near the crupper.

## LXXXIX.

It needs a massive poet, some new comer,  
To weave the present era into song ;  
Some grand old Greek—a Sophocles or Homer—  
To wake the past and still the strain prolong ;  
A hero's muse, with laurel, harp, and claymore,  
To bear the right aloft and crush the wrong ;  
A lyre that has a string for every clime,  
To ring its music to remotest time !

### Glance Sixth.

LOVERS.

*(never been read.  
read it.)*

#### I.

Most potent Love! The swain weeps over him;  
Malicious wits with mockery defy him;  
Philosophers look wise, and fain would cover him  
Under grave studies; divines would tie him  
Tight in the strings of wedlock; fools beslayer him;  
And old men with their dollars hope to buy him;  
All feel sometimes as if they'd like to slay him; [him!  
They curse, defy, laugh at, and weep, and then—obey

#### II.

If the world fell, then love survived the fall;  
And if from Heaven expelled, he makes a heaven;  
Whenever he does give, he gives us all,  
And when he gives us not, then naught is given;  
Without his sweets, our lives would be as gall,  
Our bread all bitterness without his leaven;  
He is so sweet, with him no fate is hard,  
For with himself he brings his own reward!



## III.

Some people think that love produced the fall ;

For my own part, I can not solve the question :  
I know that love has since produced us all—

This has abundant evidence to rest on.

Perchance they think the feeling which we call

*Falling* in love—that is, to lean your breast on  
The object of your passion,—goes to prove  
That the great fall of man was caused by love !

## IV.

It never seemed that Adam was quite gallant

In throwing all the penalty on Eve ;

He should have owned the sin himself, nonchalant  
(A doubtful rhyme) ; not that he could deceive

His Maker, but he should have stood more valiant

By his sweet mate. How could he see her grieve !

But then he was no gentleman in breeding,

And was, of course, quite limited in reading.

## V.

Poets alone can rightly understand him,

And yet to them he often is pestiferous ;

And some are quite too ready to unband him,

Seeing his ways and Nature's are viviparous ;

Some laud him to the skies, others would land him

Quite in another place—that is, when leperous.

(The rhyme is false, my Muse, but so thou wrotest it ;

Then let it stand, the reader has n't noticed it.)

## VI.

Love makes the poet sing in language warm ;  
And he should be a lover while he sings,  
For loveless bosoms never yet could charm ;  
Love's gentle fires should warm Castalia's springs.  
The eagle needs his plumes to breast the storm—  
No bird, indeed, could fly without his wings :  
So unfledged love could never gain the height  
Of his great argument, nor e'en rehearse his flight.

## VII.

He sees and hears it in the dance and song,  
In woman's semblance, where the sirens sing,  
Amidst the city's din and busy throng,  
Where dazzling lights their blinding luster fling ;  
And she decoys his devious steps along,  
And bids him listen to the trumpet's ring ;  
Nor heeds he that it sounds a hollow tone,  
As through the crowded streets she leads him on !

## VIII.

At morn it haunts him by the rushing stream,  
And in the pensive hour of evening's light ;  
In the cool shade and 'neath the sunny beam,  
Amidst the clouds, and in the cold, clear night ;  
And thrills his being like the lightning's gleam ;  
When sleep has veiled his eyes from earthly sight,  
It steals upon his dreams—still he can hear  
Her voice, and see her beckoning onward—*there!*

## IX.

But true, fond, chaste, hymeneal Love!—thy bliss  
Brings down the sweetest joys of Heaven to earth,  
As pure in passion as an angel's kiss ;  
Affection's guard of innocent, sweet birth ;  
The brightest crown of lasting happiness,  
And sacred seal of purity and worth.  
To those who keep this seal these joys are given,  
While those who break it dare the wrath of Heaven !

## X.

O chastity ! thou art the charm of woman,  
As courage is the brightest crown of man.  
A coward is an epithet that no man  
Can win a woman with ; no woman can,  
Without her modesty, secure a true man,  
And hold him fondly in the silken ban.  
O man ! to be beloved, ye must be brave ;  
O woman ! to be loved, ye must be chaste and grave !

## XI.

Cannons are silenced on the bloody field  
When love's sweet harp is touched by gentle hands ;  
And hearts are won by love that would not yield  
To all the force that wrong or war commands.  
Love's victory by melting hearts is sealed,  
And all the feats of bravest arms withstands,  
Outlasts the ravages of deadliest war,  
Seeks out its fields, and turns to sweetness there !

## XII.

A tear! sweet gem, dear jewel of the eye;  
A limpid diamond, Heaven's falling star;  
Pure as the dew distilled within the sky;  
The pearl of truth which stains can never mar.  
The fount—'t is in the heart—will never dry  
Its source while lovers feel or heroes dare;  
And though the sacred drop may spring from grief,  
It brings the burdened heart a sweet relief!

## XIII.

The wishes which I breathe away to love  
Go to the very heaven of my desire;  
They spring not from the tides of blood which move  
Along the veins, and kindle into fire  
The baser passions; nay, but from above  
They bring their essence, and the heart inspire,  
Which, answering to the soul in whispers low,  
Keeps their sweet longings in a constant glow!

## XIV.

The rounded form, with nothing to deceive,  
By robes, but more by modesty, concealed;  
The hidden beauties, which you half perceive,  
And joys imagined sleeping unrevealed;  
The snowy bosom, yet too pure to heave,  
Before whose charms no lover ever kneeled,  
And all as real as they lovely seem—  
O! what a vision, what a heavenly dream!

## XV.

O, I would pluck for thee the flowers of earth,  
And get thee jewels from the deepest mines ;  
The richest veins of gold should yield their worth,  
And winds should waft thee fragrance from the pines ;  
The South should send its spices, and the North  
Give up its furs ; the brightest star that shines—  
That would I reach for thee a diadem,  
And place it on thy brow—Heaven's crowning gem !

## XVI.

Yet, Love, what fatal mischief thou hast wrought ;  
Blind Homer loved the chaste Penelope ;  
Anacreon the am'rous Sappho sought,  
Whose beauty also charmed the Attic Bee ;  
Sweet Galatea Philoxenus caught,  
And with her lambs went bleating o'er the lea ;  
Pythagoras, in fair Theano's tangles,  
Forgot his diagrams, and left his angles !

## XVII.

The wisest of the ancients, Socrates,  
Laid down his cares at sweet Aspasia's feet ;  
She also won the noble Pericles,  
And held him fondly in her amorous net ;  
For Lais, Aristippus on his knees  
Did all his proud philosophy forget.  
These sages raised their wisdom to the skies,  
Yet bowed confused before a woman's eyes !

## XVIII.

The world will still forgive a fair Aspasia,  
Or Cleopatra, with her sweet love-knots ;  
And worship still a fervent Heloisa,  
And still revere a Mary, Queen of Scots,  
(The same in Europe, Africa, and Asia),  
Although their 'scutcheons show some ugly blots.  
'T is difficult to send them all to hell,  
Because they loved not wisely, but too well !

## XIX.

'T is said Clisophus loved a marble woman,  
And went unto her in the Samian temple,—  
A case that certainly will not be common  
While flesh is plenty. Surely an example,  
Which is not often followed now ; for no man  
Would love a rock when he can find a sample  
Of lovely womanhood, that would not stone him ;  
But, not unkindly, might take pity on him !

## XX.

That a peacock should love a pretty girl  
Is not absurd (the tale is by Clearchus) ;  
Or that a dolphin in the ocean's whirl  
Should love a boy, is not a tale as dark as  
Many a story told of monk or churl,  
(A dolphin is much tamer than a shark is),  
For animals than man are not more amorous ;  
They only are less modest and more clamorous !

## XXI.

Ah! who shall name the men whom Love has ruled!

'T would be to give the endless catalogue  
Of Adam's sons—for all his sons are fooled

By the sweet witching of the dimpled rogue.  
There is no college, wherein men are schooled

To master Love, where he will not colloque;  
There is no knowledge, skill, device, or juggle,  
Whereby to shun Love's sweet engaging struggle!

## XXII.

Ah, Love! thou must be very god or devil;

Thy friends and enemies are hard to please;  
Now held supremest good, now direst evil.

While Abelard, who loved fair Heloise,—  
O'er whom so many generations snivel,—

Is sent to Heaven, with earth's unbounded praise,  
Byron, who loved his Guiccioli too well,  
With earth's anathemas, is pitched in hell!

## XXIII.

Thou art, indeed, made up of contradictions,

For thou art angel, devil, man, and god;  
Foolish and wise; now true, now full of fictions;

A coward now, and now thy angry nod  
Would startle Jove; now lost in cool reflections,

Now mad with heat; now bending to a rod  
Light as a blossom—trembling, weak, and pale,—  
And now defying dungeons, death, and hell!

## XXIV.

Yes, Love, thou art indeed a mystery ;  
No limner can secure thy charming looks ;  
No sage or poet write thy history,  
If all the skies were folded into books.  
Thou liest, yet the world will list to thee ;  
Thou fliest, and they follow to the nooks  
And hiding places of thy secret treasures,  
And risk e'en Heaven for thy insatiate pleasures !

## XXV.

Watch well the little wicked archer boy,  
Whom they call Love,—Cupid his ancient name,—  
For if he shoots in sadness, if in joy,  
Your liver then is, now your heart his game ;  
In either case he will your peace destroy ;  
His frequent shots make one continual flame ;  
And when he finds you better of your folly,  
He draws again and sends another volley.

## XXVI.

But, then, to be in love ! it is so charming,  
When we are tingled with a thousand pleasers,  
To fondle sweetly when there is no harming,  
And be tormented with a thousand teasers ;  
But, then, it may become somewhat alarming,  
If Love should get you fairly in his tweezers,—  
For then one can not sleep so well o' nights,  
One has so many strange and dreamy flights.



## XXVII.

Our lazy longing eyes hang down their lashes,  
The tongue grows thick and rather clumsy,  
Confusion tints the cheeks with burning flashes—  
Especially if we should something plump see;  
And then the blood leaps on in startling dashes,  
Which makes the choking heart go rumpsey-dumpsey.  
Such symptoms are alarming; should they tarry,  
Then you must drink, or drown yourself, or marry.

## XXVIII.

Woman! of all enigmas, the enigma;  
The best, the worst, yet sweetest gift to man,  
Just as she wears a virtuous crown or stigma;  
The pestering charm and puzzle of God's plan;  
Now man's her master, now he's but a pigmy,  
Ruled by her wishes as she waves her fan;  
And though a lifetime he may ponder, no man  
Can comprehend the world's sweet wonder—woman!

## XXIX.

Woman! the sweet donation from above,  
The angel of the world, and man's sweet mate;  
This has been said so oft that all approve,  
Though not so thoroughly believed of late.  
There's naught too good for him whom she doth love;  
There's naught too bad for him whom she doth hate.  
Though man's life-long companion, yet his puzzle;  
She makes him love, weep, fight, and die,—or guzzle!

## XXX.

O woman, woman ! thorn or flower to man ;  
For thy fair beauty, and for thee, he feels  
All that is base or noble ; all his pain  
Or joy must come from thee ; he loves, or reels  
With agony, then loves and reels again ;  
He wrongs, caresses, spurns, respects, and kneels ;  
You make him hope and doubt, and still believe.  
Die to convince him, yet you will deceive.

## XXXI.

Woman, sweet woman ! O the dear delusion  
That drowns our virtue in the whirl of passion ;  
'Wilders our senses into blind confusion, [on !  
And drives through maelstroms to the rock we dash  
Sweeter a wreck with thee (and absolution)  
Than threescore years of calm in Love's dull fashion !  
Happier still the man who so rare-ribbed is  
That he may 'scape both Scylla and Charybdis !

## XXXII.

When all things else deceive, we fly to woman,  
Just as when life must fail, we look to God ;  
She is the beautiful of all that 's human,  
Solace in pain, and joy in happier mood ;  
The best and truest friend to every true man,  
The sweetest gift of Heaven, earth's greatest good.  
Take her as girl, or maiden, sweetheart, bride,  
Or mother, wife, or child,—she is our joy and pride !

## XXXIII.

In pain and sorrow, who so true as thou?  
And who so quick to soothe our agony,  
In the sad hour of sickness, death, and woe.  
When burning tears are dropping from the eye,  
Or chilly sweat is gathering on the brow,  
Thy tender hand alone can wipe them dry.  
Sweet minister of comfort in distress,  
May God and angels thee forever bless!

## XXXIV.

But thou art not so beautiful in passion  
As in the soft repose of purity;  
It is for man, the positive, to dash on,  
And win the love which thou shouldst half deny;  
Nor art thou beautiful in wealth or fashion,  
Which chills thy love, and leads thee from the sky.  
Endurance, patience,—these bring out thy worth;  
Love and devotion make thee queen of earth!

## XXXV.

The roughest wretch, in all his lusty lewdness,  
Before a noble woman stands confused;  
Just as a chastened temper conquers rudeness,  
By being gentle when ungently used:  
So evil ever is outdone by goodness.  
And thus by truth the serpent's head is bruised;  
For gentleness at last shall master wrath,  
And all things be subdued by love and faith!

## XXXVI.

But thou shouldst never be too stern and cold,  
Nor yet too warm and yielding, nor too weak.  
Be strong, yet tender; fearless, yet not bold;  
Not much in words, but in thy conduct speak.  
Be sought and won, but neither bought nor sold;  
Own the sweet story on thy blushing cheek,  
Half show thy beauty; please, yet not allure;  
Be wise and loving; passionate, yet pure!

## XXXVII.

Be not a statue of insensate marble,  
However beautiful may be your form;  
As homely birds may sometimes sweetly warble,  
So plainest women noblest hearts may warm.  
Oft what will win the heart the mind will garble,  
And what will please the mind may have no charm  
To bind the heart's devotion. Happy she  
Who holds both mind and heart in sweet captivity!

## XXXVIII.

What is as beautiful as woman's face?  
Roses and lilies upon either side,  
Blending in blushes, which each other chase  
Around sweet coral lips, that scarcely hide  
Their pearly secrets in their soft embrace;  
A rounded chin, below where dimples glide;  
Proud nose, bright eyes, arched brows, and forehead fair:  
All crowned in glory by rich flowing hair!

## XXXIX.

But what a queer thing a woman is—

For if she blames you, which is oft the case,  
She loves you all the better, strange as 't is.

She from you runs to try you in the race;  
And if she tells you that she hates your phiz,

Do not, by any means, give up the chase;  
But if she promises to be your friend,  
And praises you, her love is at an end!

## XL.

They 're very pretty and provoking things,

But then they 're also very good and sensible;  
Indeed, they 're angels all except the wings.

How small the number that are reprehensible,  
And 't would be less but for misfortune's slings;

Whatever else they are, they 're—indispensable.  
Though full of tenderness, and fond of billing,  
In wrong they most unwillingly are willing!

## XLI.

We press the grape before the wine will flow,

And crush the leaf to gain its rich perfume;

We seize the bud, and thus despoil its blow,

And pluck the rose, although no more 't will bloom;

We trample on the lilies when they grow,

And catch the bird, although we mar its plume.

'T is so with woman's love, untouched and coy,

We soil it by the act that wins the joy!

## XLII.

And woman's fame!—how easy to despoil it,  
Although her virtue be as strong as steel;  
For like the polished steel, a breath can soil it,  
And then what agony her heart must feel.  
If but in controversy you embroil it,  
However pure, the noise will sound its knell.  
It is a gem too delicate to handle—  
E'en to defend it oft will aid the scandal!

## XLIII.

If all that I have known and loved in woman  
Were but in one sweet woman, all my own,  
And I myself were all that makes the true man,  
Ah, then, indeed the twain would be but one!  
But all are full of imperfections human,  
And were so ever since the race begun;  
Yet still we strive to find within the real  
That which the soul can see in the ideal!

## XLIV.

In youth our blood runs prancing through the veins,  
And capers in the brain and on the cheek,  
While dancing health along the muscle reigns;  
But age creeps on, and we grow faint and weak;  
Slow beats the weary pulse, and sickness drains  
The body of its juice from many a leak;  
The face grows pale, soon stoops the manly form,  
Death comes at last and gives us to the worm!

## XLV.

'Tis Love begets us, rears us, makes us move,  
And live, and have our being, and he fills us  
With hopes and apprehensions ; he can prove  
That black is white, or white is black ; he chills us,  
Broils us, bakes us, and cooks us in his stove  
Or furnace ; and a thousand times he kills us.  
Hail, gods and goddesses, Minerva, Jove,  
Neptune, and Juno ! Hail, all-potent Love !

## XLVI.

Some people blame our passions strongly,  
But they may just as well abuse our brains,  
For they, too, sometimes send us jogging wrongly,  
Though reason thinks he bravely holds the reins.  
Well-regulated passions are among the  
Most useful elements within our veins.  
Let virtue be the guide, while passions move us ;  
Without some warmth the ladies would n't love us !

## XLVII.

There 's nothing that confounds and troubles us  
As much as love, and yet how sweet it is ;  
'Tis ever blowing up air-bubbles, thus  
Deceiving us with hopes and joys we miss :  
'Tis love that separates and doubles us,  
And fills the other world with souls and this—  
No man would wish to live on earth a minute,  
Unless he found some gentle woman in it !

## XLVIII.

Woman and man are to each other puzzles,  
And puzzles which appear so very plain,  
Whether they don the breeches or wear bustles,  
Still well we know the woman from the man ;  
And all their quarrels, loves, and little tussles,  
Grow out of this inexplicable plan.  
Until they both can change and be each other,  
They will not solve the mystery nor end the pother !

## XLIX.

Ah ! why were human beings made in twos—  
The man and woman, husband and the wife ?  
If both were made in one, we need not choose  
A mate or friend,—it would have saved much strife ;  
Besides, we then might sleep with some repose,  
And get some peace and comfort out of life.  
Alas ! the Deity has made us double,  
And we must still love on and bear the trouble !

## L.

Ah ! Venus, Cupid, Psyche, joined together,  
Do n't always live in harmony among  
Themselves ; for Psyche sometimes hates the tether ;  
Cupid, the go-between,—if right or wrong,  
No odds to him,—will willingly serve either ;  
Psyche and Cupid are forever young,  
Like girls and boys, and always are sweet tempered ;  
Venus grows old and cross, and sometimes gets distem-  
[pered !



## LI.

(That rhyme, dear reader, is a unison,  
And not legitimate,—poh, what a poet!  
Perhaps you think the author, dashing on,  
With Pegasus unbridled, did n't know it.  
But many a greater bard the same has done;  
If we had time, I'd get the books and show it.  
I shall be sorry if you can't commend it,  
But I shall make another ere I mend it!)

## LII.

Love is a kind of ferment in the blood,  
To work it pure from irritating matter;  
If man were but an inorganic clod,  
Why, then, of course, it might as well be water;  
But while it warms him in the present mode,  
Egad! he'll never be a woman hater.  
When alkali will sleep in peace with acid,  
We then may hope that Love will be more placid!

## LIII.

Being the sweetest, so thy joys are fleetest,  
For man can not endure thy ecstacies.  
Save in swift moments, and when thou repeatest  
Thy joys too often, all the sweetness flies.  
When virtuous and chaste, thou art the sweetest,  
But if unholy all endearment dies;  
So dainty and so delicate thy ration,  
That thou canst even feast on expectation!

## LIV.

Yes, thou dost carry thine own antidote,  
And it is well, too,—for so sweet thou art,  
That all pursue thy pleasures, until smote  
With weakness in thy cause; until the heart,  
Affections, passions, soul, no longer dote  
On the fair object, and consent to part;  
Were it not so, then many a manly life  
Would be all spent in Love's delicious strife!

## LV.

Hear the spent lover's sad, lugubrious tones;  
He bears the yoke, yet still his heart rebels,  
As through his nose with blubbering lips he groans,  
Kisses his chains, and to the tyrant kneels.  
No doleful sounds can mock his piteous moans;  
No words can speak the agony he feels;  
Creeping o'er earth in deepest melancholy,  
Hunting a cheerless grave,—O Lord, what folly!

## LVI.

Behold the luckless lover—what a state!  
To-day he wins a smile, a frown to-morrow;  
Proposes awkwardly and meets his fate,  
Which turns the joys of hope to bitter sorrow;  
He single lives, yet dying for a mate,  
While passion's raging pangs his feelings harrow;  
Consuming life in endless, fruitless care,  
While vultures make his heart their daily fare!

## LVII.

Yes, while thy joys can soothe, thy pangs can harrow ;  
Thy way is wide to pain where ruin lies ;  
Thy road to pleasure, O how sweet and narrow,  
How exquisite the bliss its gate denies ;  
Thy fires in ecstasies can melt the marrow,  
Or heat the boiling blood to agonies.  
Thou hast thy heaven ; but oh, thou hast thy hell !  
This let me 'scape, in that forever dwell !

## LVIII.

If love's hot flame is fleeting, still remember  
It may again be kindled while there 's fuel ;  
Besides, the warmth remains within the ember,  
And when cooled down, the burn is not so cruel.  
He also has his seasons, as December,  
Or May—and flannels, bands, and water-gruel.  
(" But hold ! there is no singular for *embers* !"  
The critic cries, as he his lexicon remembers.

## LIX.

But then you know it was the rhyme I wanted ;  
And love and rhyme are very much alike ;  
For while with either passion we 're enchanted,  
The mind is glowing and the heart must speak.  
Thus lovers oft have raved and poets ranted,  
Without much thought of words, English or Greek :  
So love and poetry will have their vogue,  
In spite of grammar or the decalogue !)

## LX.

Love's embers oft are sweeter than his flame ;  
They warm us fondly without fitful flashes ;  
Although the passion then is rather tame,  
It never burns as when the heart too rash is ;  
Besides, it has a higher, nobler aim ;  
But never let it smolder down to ashes :  
For if you do the sweetness of your suit  
Will turn to bitterness, like Dead Sea fruit !

## LXI.

Ah, yes ; your fiery lovers oft will kneel,  
But on their knees they seldom long will tarry ;  
They're eloquent in telling what they feel,  
But in such flights they—do n't propose to marry.  
Watch well such melting moods, for they conceal  
The hot intent of playing the Old Harry.  
Tell such a creature if he would get up he  
Would not appear so very like a puppy !

## LXII.

Alas ! how careless is the thoughtless maid  
Who shows her beauty even to the moon ;  
It is too precious thus to be displayed,  
E'en to the darkness in the night's deep noon,  
Lest the fair cheek upon the pillow laid,  
Should blush, fearing the day might come too soon ;  
Or lest, in wandering by, the amorous air  
Might woo her secret charms and wanton there !

## LXIII.

T is easy for young love to dance on cheeks  
Of blooming maids, and dazzle from their eyes ;  
Or on their chaste white breasts to play his freaks,  
And shoot his darts from where he hidden lies.  
But true, indeed, must be the love which seeks  
His home in withered charms—obeying ties  
Dearer than liberty—where houris range,  
And finds in wrinkles joys which never change !

## LXIV.

Love blushes on a rosy cheek, and swells  
Within a snowy bosom, and he sighs  
A wish with every breath ; struggling, he quells  
The rising word, then speaks it with his eyes,  
And with a silent lip the story tells :  
Thus noiselessly he weaves his tender ties,  
Until in sweet distress he breaks away,  
And yields, with tears and sobs, to passion's sway !

## LXV.

In love the silent eloquence of eyes  
Outspeaks a thousand tongues, and tells  
In one short moment more than all the wise  
Have ever said of what the bosom feels,  
Just as the stars that twinkle in the skies  
Can teach us more of Heaven than monks in cells ;  
And more than wisest tutors in astronomy,  
Or all we ever learned in Deuteronomy !

## LXVI.

The call of love is ringing in our ears;  
His sighs are ever swelling in the breast,  
And sweet alarms forever wake our fears;  
Nor day nor night can give the bosom rest.  
And though with upturned eyes, half filled with tears,  
We're ever hoping, yet we're never blest.  
Thus ever seeking, never finding peace,  
We hope in vain till death brings our release!

## LXVII.

The sweetest joy of love is not to enjoy,  
But long for the sweet charm that never comes;  
Preserve the tie that binds the cherub boy  
From that last thrill—his spirit never roams.  
Touch not the flower that is the sweet decoy;  
It is the unplucked rose alone that blooms.  
If on its hidden sweets you never cloy,  
You will forever keep the precious joy!

## LXVIII.

A pure and virtuous kiss has a sweet savor  
When fondly granted unto love alone;  
But 't is most culpable and vile behavior  
When lavished on a base or hated one.  
T was a false kiss that did betray the Saviour—  
The Christ, God's only and anointed Son.  
Alas! that e'er a kiss should cover treachery,  
Or be the current coin of sin and lechery!

## LXIX.

A blush ! ah, what a pleasant thing a blush is,  
To those who see it !—not to those who feel it ;  
Embarrassing, indeed, when the blood rushes  
Around the cheek and brow—when to conceal it  
Becomes impossible, and the tear gushes,  
As if to cool the flush or to repel it.  
A blush may be explained on many a pretense,  
Alike the sign of sin or pledge of innocence !

## LXX.

O what a blessing that young girls are modest,  
And what a blessing that young men are timid,  
To save thee, Chastity ; for if thou noddest,  
Their virtue might o'erstep the proper limit,  
And their behavior then would seem the oddest.  
'T would stain the jewel, or at least might dim it.  
O what a pity that a charm so sweet,  
So precious, and so pure, should be so fleet !

## LXXI.

'T is lucky that old men are impotent,  
And women elderly not amorous ;  
For old men ever are on mischief bent  
In love's wild passion so tempestuous,—  
(A tempest in a tea-pot that wants vent.)  
Old ladies hold it all ridiculous ;  
And thus we often are preserved from error,  
For age slips over what to youth is terror !

## LXXII.

An old man to a woman can be neither  
An object of her hate, or love, or fear ;  
He can not win, or scare, or startle either  
A blush, a smile, a pish, a pout, or tear ;  
Unless he 's rich, he does not weigh a feather  
Against her love, and can not gain her ear ;  
She pats him just as if he were a setter,  
Thinking, indeed, that he 's but little better !

## LXXIII.

Be still, old man ; young roses never grow  
Upon old cheeks, nor violets in the frost,  
Nor Love's sweet amaranth in beds of snow ;  
No flower will spring from soil as dry as dust ;  
Let poppies yield thee gentle opiates now,  
Since flowers of love for thee their charms have lost ;  
And go to sleep ; all efforts vain will prove ;  
Love has no use for you, nor you for Love !

## LXXIV.

Soon, soon, thy marriage sheets will be thy shroud,  
And death the priest when dust to dust is wed ;  
Thy couch of clay, thy pillow of the clod ;  
Nor wilt thou, blushing, lead, but pale be led ;  
Thy covering will be the green, wet sod,  
And long thy sleep upon thy bridal bed.  
'Tis the last knot that love can break or tie,  
And when we can not love, 't is well to die !



## LXXV.

Although 't is said that old men can not love,  
Yet many a frisky girl can tell you better ;  
Between fourscore and ninety, Cupid's dove  
Has often led them into Hymen's fetter ;  
Indeed, a rich old fellow oft will prove  
More safe, but much less sweet, than a young debtor.  
Give them rich food and good digestion,  
And man will love till ninety beyond question.

## LXXVI.

Women will love from sixteen on to sixty,  
Or rather say from nine to ninety-six ;  
How they will manage until they have fixed the  
Confounded noose around our silly necks !  
Helen and Cleopatra each perplexed the  
Whole world before their souls had crossed the Styx.  
Old men love girls, old women cling to boys ;  
They 're thought much sweeter for connubial joys !

## LXXVII.

A woman never loves a man because  
He's great, or rich, or wise, or brave, or noble ;  
She gives her heart to Charles, or George, or Klaus,  
And loves him on through happiness or trouble ;  
Sometimes, indeed, 'gainst chastity's pure laws ;  
And, though he treats her as a worthless bawble,  
In spite of virtue, and against her will, [still !  
She weeps, and chides, and mourns, and—loves him

## LXXVIII.

But then the ways of women and the weather

Are past my finding out; I am not wise;

For never could I tell the why or whether

We might expect a storm or sunny skies;

And as to woman, take her altogether,

She is the mystery of mysteries; [strong!

She's good, she's bad, she's wise, she's weak, she's

Now kind, now cross, now sweet, now right, now wrong!

## LXXIX.

Love never changes but his objects change,—

That is, the lover or the loved one changes;

If you but think, it would be very strange

To find one faithful while the other ranges;

Lovers, you know, are prone to seek revenge,

And are quite apt to pay in Love's exchanges.

When passion hurries on the blood in tides,

It leaves the bosom open on all sides!

## LXXX.

Wags, women, cynics, and philosophers

Assert that love in marriage, as a passion,

Soon flies or perishes; the bond deters

The pleasure, save in dullest, coldest fashion;

In liberty alone he lives, and stirs,

And has his bliss; that Hymen lays his lash on

Him so severely, with its cuts and stings,

That soon it kills him, or lets loose his wings.

## LXXXI.

But ah! if this be true, it still is better  
To love and weep than not to love at all.  
Where lives the man that would not risk the fetter,  
Although the sweetest love may turn to gall?  
What woman—though the penalties may fret her—  
Hates love, or lover? even in her fall.  
Whoever once has loved, though he may grieve,  
Has had a joy that nothing else can give.

## LXXXII.

There stood an humble cottage on a hill,  
There ran a streamlet near with ceaseless flow,  
That tumbled from the rocks and turned a mill.  
A lambkin with a fleece as white as snow  
Played there, and gamboled o'er the lawn at will.  
The pretty thing would come at call, then go  
Among the flowers, all careless where she strayed;  
She had not dreamed of wrong nor innocence betrayed!

## LXXXIII.

A wolf lived just across the flowery vale,  
Beyond the hawthorn, in a darksome cave;  
He came along the brookside, told his tale,  
And coaxed the lamb across the streamlet's wave.  
At last a darker story did prevail:  
The lamb was led astray! Not in the grave  
Now lies she low, but in a darker gloom.  
O God! O Christ! how can *that* hawthorn bloom!

## LXXXIV.

How careful we should be of those who love us !

For one wrong act may kill a life of love ;

A word may lose us those who would approve us,

Or wound the friend whose very heart-strings wove  
Themselves with ours. How much must then behoove

To be upon our guard, for words once clove [us  
The heart of one who never spake again,  
Blanched her fair cheek and shattered her rich brain !

## LXXXV.

But love 's a hardy plant, say what we will,

And grows within the breast in spite of grief ;

Though clouds and uncongenial skies may chill,

And though its growth may sometimes be but brief,  
It springs again, for naught on earth can kill

Its root or blast its sweet perennial leaf.

The heart, that busy tenant of the breast,

Demands its rights until it sinks to rest !

## LXXXVI.

Ah ! happy is the shepherd with his flocks,

Or cottage lass so innocent and free,

Whose doors fly open when the beggar knocks,

Whose hearts are as the posies on the lea ;

Who dares the mountain when the tempest rocks

The towering tree, yet bends the lowly knee,

And with a humble heart bows to Deity,

Pleased with the earth, yet looking to the sky !

## LXXXVII.

Too low their lintels for ambition's head,  
And far too narrow for the proud their door ;  
Content in thankfulness to eat their bread,  
And share their scanty porridge with the poor :  
Hoping but little, they have naught to dread,  
For they do good to all and God adore.  
Their loves are simple as the birds that mate,  
And they are happy, for they do not hate !

## LXXXVIII.

Love and ambition oft are enemies,  
And yet not seldom they will dwell together ;  
Sometimes they wear each other's liveries,  
And rise to eminence ; but oft love's tether  
Drags down ambition far below the skies.  
Love sometimes glows without a why or whether ;  
Ambition struggles for a crown or star,  
While love pursues a phantom, smile, or tear !

## LXXXIX.

Virtue in man is as a precious ointment,  
Which, being pressed, gives out its qualities ;  
Virtue in woman is, by God's appointment,  
A sacred blossom, which, though crushed it lies,  
Has in its richer fragrance no attainment ;  
But, like sweet incense, rises to the skies.  
Adversity most tries, and proves it best,  
But, spite of all, it is forever blest !

## XC.

Man's love is made of passion and desire,  
Having within the blood and sense its birth,  
And, self-consuming in the body's fire,  
It never dreams of aught beyond the earth ;  
While woman's love—its origin far higher—  
Springs in the soul, and has a purer worth ;  
Submitting, for a time, to Earth's behest,  
But looks to Heaven for its final rest !

## XCI.

Yet there are men whom women will not love—  
Good men, ah!—excellent in every part ;  
And there are women men will not approve—  
Most beautiful, and all devoid of art ;  
Wise in true sense, and gentle as the dove,  
They fill the mind, but can not move the heart.  
Minerva or Apollo ne'er have been as  
Engaging as a Cupid or a Venus !

## XCII.

Cupid ! sweet baby of the soft desires,  
Whose billing kiss seems harmless as a dove's—  
Allures us on to passion's quenchless fires.  
Venus ! great mother of our raging loves,  
Whose kiss, like beaks of eagles, never tires  
On the warm flesh of beauty, seeks whole droves  
Of victims to appease her fiery will,  
And, tough or tender, she will have her fill !

## XCIII.

Cupid, kittens, and puppies are born blind ;  
No doubt it happens so in very mercy,  
For Providence, you know, is ever kind ;  
But notice, all the animals that far see  
Are restless and dissatisfied. The hind  
Is doubtless happy, but a fool, I dare say..  
Hyenas, lynxes, foxes, curs, and beagles,  
Are all unhappy ; so are hawks and eagles !

## XCIV.

Ah ! what a pity knowledge opes our eyes,  
For when we see it all, we 're not confiding.  
There 's nothing permanent before the wise ;  
Even the solid earth we 're on is sliding.  
How sad that naught we know below the skies—  
Not e'en the love we cherish—is abiding !  
Happiest they to whom enough is given—  
And just enough, to find the way to Heaven !

## XCV.

To keep a lover, and preserve her virtue,  
Is what has puzzled many an artful woman ;  
For love and wisdom play not in *concerto*.  
Calpurnia tried to cheat the noble Roman,  
And Cleopatra was a noted flirt, too.  
Love can not burn without some sign or omen  
To show his flame, or smoldering heat to prove :  
Go, quench Vesuvius, then smother love !

## XCVI.

Whether we laugh, or weep, or curse, or cry,  
The wounds of love are not to be despised.  
Few can withstand his dart, none may defy;  
That he's an archer can not be disguised;  
But we can cure the wounds, at least should try;  
For love and life should both alike be prized.  
Call Doctor Hymen in, give a little honey,  
And put him out to nurse with Matrimony,

## XCVII.

And my word for it, he will soon be better.  
Indeed, sometimes he is entirely cured;  
But there is danger of relapse; the tetter  
Is in the blood—of this we're well assured.  
Old patients should be careful of the fetter,  
And not allow themselves to be allured.  
Like an old prisoner, they may wear the chain  
Till even bondage ceases to give pain!

## XCVIII.

A fresh unwedded love is mostly honey—  
A rich wild honey—for it makes one crazy;  
Young wedded love is very brisk and funny,  
But soon grows tame, and sometimes even lazy.  
Love's sky in dull old dozing matrimony,  
If not quite cloudy, generally grows hazy.  
Ah, well-a-day! It matters little whether  
We're pleased or not; we can not change the weather!



## XCIX.

Unhappy married folks are ever coaxing  
The happy single into matrimony,  
As Reynard, who had lost his tail a-foxing,  
Thought it was well to pattern by the cony.  
The happy married practice no such hoaxing;  
They are too busy with their milk and honey  
To pester other peeples with their fate;  
Besides, they think the subject rather delicate.

## C.

The marriage chain may bind two hands together,  
Until the golden links may touch and jingle;  
But love can hold two hearts without a tether;  
He melts the links until the metals mingle.  
His silken chain is lighter than a feather,  
And when it twines fond hearts are never single;  
Then chaste treat the tender blushing Boy,  
For loss of chastity is loss of joy!

## CL.

How various are our notions of the fair—  
Of lovely woman made of Adam's bone!  
The favored lover stoutly will declare  
All women true, especially his own;  
The jilted one will just as stoutly swear  
That none are true, by Jove,—not even one.  
'T is true that women generally are queer,  
And just as true that they are very dear.

## CII.

Go ask the worn-out beau, or cheated dame,  
Or jilted lover when his mood is rough,  
And they will tell you love is not the same  
In sunshine and in shade ; 't is well enough  
While you can manage to keep up the flame,  
But then it soon burns out and leaves the snuff ;  
Or they may tell you that the whole is fudge :  
Believe them not, they do not fairly judge.

## CIII.

Is there no way to make love's course run smooth ?  
Has he no sky that never wears a cloud ?  
Must he forever irritate and soothe,  
From our first dressing to the last—the shroud ?  
And must he always have his liquorish tooth,  
And be alternately too base or proud ?  
Must he be ice when cold, and fire when warm ?  
Alas ! the bow of peace is but the child of storm !

## CIV.

Alas ! alas ! for happiness in love !  
Bind two, the truest, fondest hearts, in bands  
Of purest love, still each to each will prove  
Unconsciously a source of pain. Tie hands  
With Hymen's thousand thongs, still hearts will rove,  
At least in thought, when passion's fit commands.  
The sweetest flow'ret needs the tenderest care,  
The noblest heart beats nearest to the tear !

## CV.

And yet, O Love, I would not give thy thrill  
For all that sages teach with wrinkled brow,  
Or heroes win, whose noisy fame may fill  
The world, or all philosophy can show,  
Or all that poets warble by the rill  
That bathes their laurels with eternal flow.  
Give me, O Love, be it my woe or weal, [feel!  
Not what the head may know, but what the heart can

## CVI.

The purest love known to the heart on earth,  
Is that which a true sister gives a brother;  
How full of sweet, self-sacrificing worth!  
She gives a love intenser to another—  
Not all disinterested in its birth,  
But full of passion, selfishness, and pother.  
A sister's love, pure as the unfallen state,  
The only love that never turns to hate!

## CVII.

A brother's love for sister is too careless,  
It is not thoughtful, tender, watchful, earnest;  
Yet to avenge a wrong most prompt and fearless,  
Most unforgiving, noisiest, and sternest;  
A brother's love for brother is but cheerless,  
But will be warmer when the sun shall turn east.  
A sister's love is truer for a sister,  
Yet when one weds you 'd scarcely think they missed her.

## CVIII.

The wife and husband in the honeymoon  
Love very fondly, kissing, billing, cooing ;  
All which will seem ridiculous and funny soon  
After the month is past—too much like wooing.  
A year is gone, and then, some sunny noon  
They take a shady walk, each one pursuing  
A separate path, he pondering in a study,  
Silent, morose, and she a little moody.

## CIX.

Let five, or ten, or twenty years elapse,  
And they have parted or become more sensible ;  
Looking on life, its troubles, and mishaps,  
And marriage, and the world, as quite defensible ;  
Talking of children, bills, and little caps,  
Regarding naughty words as reprehensible.  
When thus through half a century they 're worried,  
They feel quite glad at last that they were married !

## CX.

Children's love for parents in youth is tender,  
And oft remains respectful throughout life ;  
A son the bravest, readiest defender  
Of aged parents in poverty's hard strife ;  
And yet sometimes, with tenure rather slender,  
It snaps—most likely when he gets a wife.  
'T is full of all the interests that move us ;  
Nor can we hope that they will always love us.

## CXI.

A mother's love for children has a reason,  
Design, and end, yet God-implanted ;  
'T is not eternal, but often has its season,  
With which it ends ; and it is haunted  
With pride, ambition. By a kind of treason  
To its object 't is sometimes disenchanted  
Of its pure instincts ; yet a mother's breast  
Is still the sweetest, holiest place of rest.

## CXII.

We love our family, or friends, or church,  
Relations, and connections, or our party,  
Or countrymen ; and 'mong our neighbors search  
For what is good ; we eat their dinners hearty ;  
As for the rest we leave them in the lurch,  
Or give them curses that would fairly smart ye :  
In short, we 're too much given to misanthropy,  
Forgetting that sweet virtue—true philanthropy.

## CXIII.

“ My friend ”—this is a sweet endearing title,  
(And yet I know a dearer one, and sweeter,)  
It may mean this or that, or much or little,  
Or good or bad, middling, or worse, or better ;  
And love and friendship being sometimes brittle,  
'T is hard to tell the real from the glitter ;  
And which the finer or the baser metal,  
Assayist yet can not exactly settle.

## CXIV.

*I love you !*—is the fondest, sweetest sentence  
That e'er was uttered by a woman's lip,  
Although it sometimes brings her sad repentance,  
As faults or errors sometimes bring the whip ;  
And if, perchance, her virtue should relent once,  
Then, like all other pleasures that we sip,  
She finds some deuced bitter drops at bottom,  
Which show her plainly that 't was sin begot 'em.

## CXV.

Alas ! that love should ever lead to ruin,  
It is indeed the deepest, saddest pity,  
That so much wrong should ever come from wooing  
( 'Tis quite the same in country or in city ),  
But then it is so sweet and so subduing,  
And all the men so loving and so witty,  
That after all it scarcely seems a wonder  
That foolish maids and ladies sometimes blunder.

## CXVI.

O love ! that glowed in Pocahontas' breast,  
That bade her give her own devoted head—  
As she the deadly war-club did arrest—  
To save the foeman's blood from being shed.  
(The bow and Tomahawk no more molest  
The war-whoop's hushed, no more the dart is sped.)  
Mysterious god ! to dwell so pure, so mild,  
In the rude bosom of the chieftain's child !

## CXVII.

But sober truth declares that Captain Smith  
Was never saved by Pocahontas' love—  
That the whole tale is but a pretty myth,  
Too airy quite for solid facts to prove;  
At all events, whatever be its "pith  
And moment," she, the maiden, was a dove,  
(Or duck I should have said, but for the rhyme).  
What quantities of history are spoiled by time!

## CXVIII.

We read in fables that old Death and Love,  
Like Indians or Arabs, have each a dart;  
As both are enemies each one may prove  
A great annoyance, or inflict a smart.  
They often go together, hand and glove;  
First one and then the other hits the heart.  
Which deals the hardest fate (Love gives a wife)  
'Tis hard to say (Death takes away your life).

## CXIX.

How bitter comes the first sad disappointment  
To hopeful youth; oh, how it sears the heart!  
But yet methinks that wise is this appointment  
To all who enter life and must depart;  
For then comes love and friendship, like sweet ointment,  
Which poured upon the wound will soothe the smart;  
And those whose faith can this first shock survive,  
Can far more happily and wisely live.

## CXX.

We wiser grow, or should, as we grow older,  
Though all we gain is at a sacrifice,  
For as the heart learns wisdom it grows colder,  
And less susceptible of pain or bliss,  
But gains in Love's success by growing bolder—  
At last 't is only giving that for this.  
Although we lose what time can not restore us,  
Yet every year brings some new pleasure for us.

## CXXI.

It is a good philosophy of life  
To fence out trouble, and let happiness  
Spring up within; it will not dwell in strife;  
Nor will it pause, awaiting the caress  
Of its pursuers; with them its stay is brief;  
But it seeks out the patient, and will bless  
The humble. Merit the blessing, it will come  
And make within thy breast its own sweet home!

## CXXII.

Sweet as thou art, O Love, our pangs of woe  
Come from thy quiver, barbs that kill our rest,  
And murder all our peace at one fell blow.  
The grieving heart may hide beneath its crest  
The poisoned dart from thy unerring bow,  
And drag the rankling arrow in the breast;  
And thus may live, and bleed, and stagger on,  
When every joy and every hope are gone!



## CXXIII.

The flower of genuine love can only bloom  
In virtue's soil, beneath the open light ;  
In the hot-bed of vice its certain doom,  
Or soon or late, is to be scathed in blight.  
The love that we may bear beyond the tomb  
Must be as love in heaven, unstained and bright.  
Debased the dastard heart, and dead to shame,  
That bows to aught except this sacred flame !

## CXXIV.

For those who have polluted Love's pure band,  
Dishonored life, and broken every tie,  
It is enough that God's supreme command  
Has said, " The soul that sinneth, it shall die."   
The bravest heart lifts no avenging hand ;  
Enough that they in agony must lie.  
'Tis triumph for the noble to forgive ;  
For the debased, 't is curse enough to live !

## CXXV.

Iron is strong, though force enough may rend it ;  
Silver is white, yet baseness may alloy it ;  
Honor is true, though selfishness may bend it ;  
Virtue is pure, yet falsehood may destroy it.  
If sometimes iron breaks so nought can mend it,  
Then would you never in its use employ it ?  
If sometimes virtue may not save her beauty,  
Can woman, therefore, never do her duty ?

## CXXVI.

Honor is still man's noblest rule of action—

Of this the truest heart is most tenacious ;  
And woman's virtue not a mere abstraction.

In hottest peril honor is most gracious ;  
When woman feels the deepest her affection—

When strongest tempted—virtue is most precious.  
There is no merit where there lurks no error,  
Or Heaven would lose its hope and hell its terror !

## CXXVII.

But woman, woman ! Thou art beautiful,

And good, and true, and pure, and holy ;  
As mother, sister, wife, thou art the whole

Our hearts can wish. Man would be melancholy,  
Indeed, without thy sweet, redeeming soul.

If I spoke lightly of thee, 't was my folly ;  
Thou art my heart's fond refuge and security,  
And I have worshiped thee in virtuous purity !

## CXXVIII.

There is a page of memory in the past

That holds a sacred name too dear to mention ;  
Immortal now, it will forever last,

And grow still brighter, like a star's ascension ;  
It was a flower on earth, and faded fast,

But as a star in heaven knows no declension.  
Another page—the darkest of my life . . .  
But my wronged heart is purer for the strife !

## CXXIX.

As the fond turtle mourns his buried mate,  
Oppressed with sweet and melancholy love,  
And bears in silence his untoward fate,  
Or cooes his sorrow to the leafy grove,  
So droops my soul, as lonely here I wait,  
And breathe my prayers to the Powers above;  
To soothe my woe, I chant some mournful strain,  
Or pine in silence till we meet again!

## CXXX.

My heart! ah, wilt thou never cease to love?  
Can I not sing but thou must lead the song?  
My soul! is there no peace except above?  
And wilt thou never rest nor cease to long?  
Go, foolish heart, where cooes the stricken dove,  
Or soar on pinions as the eagle strong;  
Be still, my soul, or mount on hopeful wing,  
And seek thy rest in Heaven, where angels sing!

## CXXXI.

But, Love, farewell! I'll sing thy song no more!  
'T is fit that one who long has felt thy flame  
In purest joy, who bowed before thy power,  
And held thy altar sacred, and whose frame  
Has shaken with thy woe, when all is o'er,  
To cease to sing of thee in praise or blame.  
I've walked thy furnace, burned in thy hot fever,  
And basked beneath thy heaven. 'T is past; farewell  
[forever!

### Glance Seventh.

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#### CRITICS.

##### I.

The classic standard is the mind and heart  
Of lettered, cultured, universal man,  
Throughout all time ; and not some age, or part,  
Warped by some nation, college, school, or clan ;  
Naught can prescribe or limit thought's broad chart,  
Or bind the soul, save God's eternal plan.  
Belles-lettres owes to time and place no duty,  
And owns no guide, save goodness, truth, and beauty !

##### II.

The Grecian form is like the polished marble,  
Fixed, hard, and cold ; or like the skeleton,  
Fleshless and bloodless (worms no more may garble),  
It has no vital forces to impel it on ;  
We love not stony lips that can not warble,  
Nor cold, white arms with death's deep spell yet on ;  
'T is life we want—the beating, yearning heart,  
The glowing mind and soul, the immortal part !

## III.

The critics have three unities in one,  
Of which they ever prattle—action, time, and place;  
While every place and action 'neath the sun  
At every moment wears another face;  
And time, since on the earth it first begun,  
Is ever changing in its onward race.  
God's laws remain the same, but what they act on  
Is changeable as water, wind, or faction!

## IV.

If in our Glances at the World we saw  
Only one single thing, and at one time,  
And in one place—then, by the ancient law  
Of unities, we well might write and rhyme  
In classic style, without a fault or flaw  
To jar upon the see-saw, sing-song chime;  
But as the world displays so many objects,  
The author chooses just as many subjects!

## V.

The unity is in the idea, thought,  
Or spirit—that which knows not time nor space;  
And thus the subject and the object sought  
Are one, held firmly in the same embrace.  
Virtue and courage, which their work have wrought,  
Must be the same, whate'er the time or place;  
And so of love or hatred, hope or fear;  
The same must be the same, now, then, or there, or here!

## VI.

Take love's sweet passion of one century,  
And hatred's vengeance of another age,  
And valor's crown and virtue's purity  
From all the world's and time's historic page—  
As with the years they ever onward fly—  
And give them to the poet or the sage ;  
He will so blend them with fair opportunity,  
That to the mind and heart they are a unity !

## VII.

Thus all are one in reader or in writer,  
As man with many senses has one soul,  
One mind, and many thoughts—duller or brighter ;  
Or as the world, when looked on as a whole,  
Has many scenes—the sky and ocean, day and night, or,  
As all the myriad orbs in space which roll,  
Make but one universe around the throne  
Of Him who sees and rules o'er all as one !

## VIII.

But critics of the day will ever puff  
Whatever tallies with the mode or style ;  
Another day the critics call it *stuff*,  
And praise some other *stuff* which lasts awhile :  
Of this each passing season has enough  
To overflow it like a muddy Nile ;  
Yet, sometimes, after all the wash is gone,  
Gold has been found—a granule to a ton !

## IX.

They seldom blame a volume that will sell,  
And never praise it if no one will buy,  
A sale that long has passed they can foretell,  
For then the money comes to glad their eye;  
But if it happens to fall dead—"Well, well!"  
"We told you so; we knew the thing would die."  
And when a volume lives they say, "We willed it."  
But if it dies, why then, "Behold, we killed it!"

## X.

They load their little guns, ready to fire on  
The best or worst of books, just as *their* press  
Commands; and they can write a page or quire on  
This one or that, and either curse or bless.  
They killed poor Keats, and shot their wads at Byron,  
But made a wild and most unhappy miss.  
They fired as if to wing a snipe or plover;  
The bird arose—behold, an eagle hover!

## XI.

How many worthless volumes they have praised!  
How many of the noblest they have blamed!  
How many die which they immortalized!  
How many still survive which they defamed!  
How many bad ones they to Heaven have raised!  
How many good ones they to hell have damned!  
Critics and criticisms and metaphysics,  
Are much like doctors' rheumatisms, and phthisics!

## XII.

*De gustibus*—and so forth—*disputandum*,  
Is everywhere as true as 't was in Rome ;  
For best and purest tastes will fly at random,  
And this is proved by many a ponderous tome.  
God knows the critics seldom understand them,  
Yet slime them with their incense or their foam,  
Forgetting in their ceaseless cloudy pother  
That faults to one seem beauties to another !

## XIII.

I have some faith in principles eclectic—  
By bulky encyclopedists despised—  
Whenever tendencies are apoplectic,  
Or arts and sciences become disguised ;  
And when their bodies are *effete*, or hectic,  
Eclectics then should be eclecticized.  
In all things what is good should be selected  
From what is bad ; the refuse then rejected !

## XIV.

There 's many a color that reflects a lone  
Unpainted scene ; many a thousand chimes  
Of untuned concords in the hexatone ;  
Many a charm in yet unspoken rhymes,  
And many a word, not in the lexicon,  
Flashing and ringing in the passing times.  
If then, in words or rhymes you find a new one,  
Do n't, therefore, think it can not be a true one.



## XV.

Learning has critics, love its paramours,  
As good will have its evil. Literature—  
The highest excellence of human powers—  
Calls critics forth, as lights the moths allure,  
Which, like the serpents, seek the sunniest bowers ;  
So love, the sweetest human joy when pure,  
Builds its sweet nest where paramours beslime  
The fairest virtue with the foulest crime !

## XVI.

Our critics and reviewers are but slashers [make.  
At things already made, and which they could not  
They cool the fever of poetic dashers,  
That hope their thirst at Helicon to slake.  
'T is said they 're useful, true, and so are smashers  
And bruisers, so are mills that grind and shake.  
They measure, count, and weigh the brain by rule,  
And teach an author how to be—a fool !

## XVII.

Authors enact the rules, and critics study them,  
And by them value the commodities  
Of mind. In making clear they often muddy them ;  
They know not how to manage oddities.  
When thoughts are pale, why, they can ruddy them ;  
If strange, or strong, of course their crudities.  
They blame, and readers yawn ; here wit is bartered,  
There fame by chance is drawn, here authors quartered.

## XVIII.

And they proclaim that, "This will never do,"  
When it will do; and then they say, "It will,"  
When it will not; they know no more than you  
Or I, my friend, perchance have no more skill.  
A critic should know all that Man can know,  
And feel all that Humanity can feel:  
And when a single man can be Humanity,  
He then may be a critic without vanity!

## XIX.

And critics have their calipers and forceps  
To measure little minds, deliver dullness,  
And pinion noble souls; sitting where Thor sips  
His frozen Hyppocreme in overfullness—  
Scourges of genius, literary horsewhips  
That castigate with most provoking coolness  
All thoughts, all fancies, imagination, passion,  
Which do not tally with some vogue or fashion.

## XX.

They may be called a kind of chamois hunters,  
That ramble round the base of Mount Parnassus  
To guard its rills. Whene'er an author saunters  
Along its flowery slopes, they show the passes  
That lead up to the top. They carry Gunter's  
Rule to measure feet; and they groom Pegasus.  
They train young poets up the mount to hop,  
And yet no critic ever reached the top.

## XXI.

Though they are hunters they are very harmless,  
Except it may be to some lower animals,  
As asses, toads, and serpents that are charmless.  
They hunt no *man*—they are not cannibals ;  
But as to chamois, beautiful and armless,  
They never see a head, nor many tails—  
The chamois climbs up where the eagle floats ;  
But they are terrible on calves and goats.

## XXII.

They crush young buds, and trample tender flowers,  
And break down sprigs, and shrubs, near Helicon's  
Pure stream. Sometimes they splash along its shores  
Like geese, thinking they 're swans or pelicans.  
And when the stream is high, and weak their oars,  
Or wings, they throw across its swell a *pons*  
*Asinorum* ; but at the fount they never drink,  
Nor touch a laurel growing on its brink.

## XXIII.

Whether the serpent walked erect, or went on knees,  
Or crawled ; or talked by motions, words, or hisses,  
They do not know. And many thousand sentences,  
Greek and Latin,—who wrote Phalaris' Essays,  
Are unexplained ; and how the ancients went to seas,  
And who wrote Junius' letters, are but guesses.  
I know who Junius was—'t was Francis or  
Some other person—or his ancestor—

## XXIV.

'T was Horace Walpole, or, at least I think so ;  
He was so proud, and hated everybody,  
That is, if in his way ; and shed his ink so  
On all the hated—not his wench nor toddy ;  
And then at what he loved could smile and wink so ;  
In hate a genius and in love a noddie.  
Sir Philip Francis had n't sense enough,  
Although his malice was intense enough.

## XXV.

Who built the pyramids is still a question,  
But this, perhaps, is more for history ;  
And what is Poetry, still seems to rest on  
No better basis than the mist we see.  
And what is Wit—that Protean pest on  
All rare occasions—yet remains a mystery.  
Poetry's Jack's lantern, and Wit a prism.  
Behold ! Amazing ! See how clear is criticism !

## XXVI.

They peep through that kaleidoscopic show,—  
Metaphysics ! and read the brain by leaves ;  
And tell us that the mind acts thus and so ;  
Another age another creed receives.  
We know that there is something that does know,  
And we believe there's something that believes :  
Within this wheel we turn, and that is all  
We know, or can believe, since Adam's Fall.

## XXVII.

Mere consciousness is first of metaphysics,  
And last, and all; the mind can know no more,  
Nor less, and nothing else. This net of physics  
Which lies below, and winds around, and o'er  
The soul, and gives us colics, colds, and phthisis,  
Is but phenomena; we may explore  
Within, without, beyond, but all in vain:  
We go around, and then—around again!

## XXVIII.

And in this circle moves the finite mind;  
A circle has no ending nor beginning:  
What is below, above, before, behind, [spinning.  
Man, reasoning, knows no more than silkworms  
These worlds appear the same—dust in the wind—  
To sages weeping or to monkeys grinning.  
Whether we see, or hear, or feel, or taste,  
Or think, or know—'t is only consciousness at last!

## XXIX.

The senses are uncertain, circumscribed,  
And often false: it is alone the mind  
Which clearly sees and knows, unless 't is bribed  
By prejudice or gain, or sniffs the wind  
Of superstition's ghosts, so many-tribed:  
These cloud its vision and half make it blind.  
The eye of sense sees not beyond the hearse,  
The eye of mind beholds the universe!

## XXX.

Man's nature is made up of mind, and soul,  
And sense; the body is the instrument  
Of action, and the casket of the whole.

If all were mind or soul, then no intent  
Could be made good in deed; if body sole,  
Then man were like the brute without restraint.  
The mind to know, the soul to feel and choose,  
And guide the sense in whatsoe'er it does!

## XXXI.

There is no world to us save in the mind,  
Stored up in memory's halls wherein we keep  
The forms of beauty when the eye is blind—  
Where sweet affections, that can make us weep,  
Touch and refine the heart; and where, combined  
With pleasing sounds, soft nestling concords creep  
Into the spiritual ear unheard by sense—  
Beauties and harmonies which fill the Immense!

## XXXII.

Our reason, judgment, sense, should go to school—  
They may be taught to know the truest, best;  
But the imagination knows no rule,  
For Beauty only is her loving guest;  
Unchanging and unchangeable in soul,  
Yet ever changing in the mode expressed.  
Go fix the wave, the cloud, the sky, the ocean,  
The mind, the heart, the soul—its deep emotion!

## XXXIII.

Some minds, so sordid and material,  
They take no note of aught beyond the senses;  
Some souls, so dull and unethereal,  
The very air they breathe chills and condenses;  
The happiest wedding, or the saddest burial,  
Is one to them—a matter of expenses;  
A poem, picture, statue, or a building,  
Is so much paper, canvas, stone, and gilding!

## XXXIV.

God's light is marketless—they can not sell it;  
His air is valueless—they can not keep it;  
His water worthless—for they can't retail it;  
And beauty useless—for they can not reap it.  
A thing, unless their hands can weigh or bale it,  
Or senses see, or feel, or eat, or sip it,  
To them is needless, as an eye in bones,  
Pinions to tortoises, or thoughts in stones!

## XXXV.

Go count the golden stars around the Throne—  
Tell us their worth in coin; measure the scroll;  
Survey the fields of blue, and set a stone  
To mark each line and tract from pole to pole;  
Go weigh your carcass—muscle, flesh, and bone—  
Remember matter and forget your soul;  
Eschew imagination and her Attics;  
Stand on the ground and stick to mathematics!

## XXXVI.

They say 't is fine, but ask what does it prove?  
See the blue mountain, and the flowery plain,  
The distant ocean, and the sky above;  
And hear the birds' sweet song, or music strain;  
Touch the soft hand and kiss the lips you love,  
And tell me what these prove—thou leaden brain!  
Are there no ideas unarticulated?  
Is there no wisdom non-matriculated?

## XXXVII.

Go make a sphere or circle out of angles;  
Measure with calipers or other tool,  
A human head, and solve its mental tangles;  
Fathom the yearning soul by square and rule;  
Compose a poem as the critic wrangles,  
And then write down yourself as ass or fool.  
All rules for making poetry but hinder;—  
See Byron, Goethe, Shakespeare, Horace, Pindar.

## XXXVIII.

Like the blind worm, the critic gnaws the book  
His mind can never understand, nor soul  
Appreciate; and, worm-like, does not look  
On what he feeds, but fills his stomach full,  
Then vomits out his stuff like a gorged cook  
That steals and sickens on the meat he stole;  
While thus he fattens on another's food,  
He swears the good is bad and bad is good!



## XXXIX.

The normal, though unlettered mind and heart  
Know more of health than all your sickly doctors,  
With all their Greek and Latin, and empyric art,  
Who practice as compounders and concocters ;  
And as prescriptions aid, but do not thwart,  
The course of nature, so a genuine book stirs  
Only the healthy passions of the mind,  
And thus it leaves the heart and soul refined !

## XL.

The critic-libeller, to worth unknown,  
Dark in his spleen, and deep in his dislike,  
He seeks by secret lies to gain a crown,  
Assassin-like, too cowardly to strike ;  
Denied all brotherhood, he dwells alone,  
Traducing all, the good and wise alike ;  
Despised by all, he skulks from shed to shed,  
And sells his brains to knaves to buy his bread !

## XLI.

But critics' ears are longer than their lashes ;  
They hear what ne'er was uttered, and they see  
What ne'er existed, and they ply their slashes  
On what is not, nor was, and ne'er will be ;  
For in their wisest moods, and brightest flashes,  
No two were ever known to yet agree ;  
There ne'er was book too foolish for their praises,  
Nor one too wise to 'scape the braying asses !

## XLII.

The question with the critics never is—

Is this book good or bad? They ask who wrote it;  
And if by search they can not settle this,

They utter nothing, or at once they vote it  
A wretched bore—not worth, indeed, a hiss,

And warn their readers not to buy or quote it;  
If known, they regulate their praise or blame—  
Not by the book, but by the author's fame!

## XLIII.

They do not read a volume to commend it,

But read it if they do not wish to spare it;  
To praise, 't is better not to understand it;

To blame, they read that they may hide its merit  
And blazon forth its faults; their hates demand it,  
To satisfy a narrow gnawing spirit.

Authors well famed they praise to make a hit on 't,  
But if they are unfamed, why then they spit on 't.

## XLIV.

Some read the title-page, then fire their squib,

And some the index, ere they criticise;  
Some read the back, then coolly sharp their nib,

And write according to the bribe or prize;  
And some without reflection tell their fib,

Others reflect, and then invent their lies;  
They write best when they know the author's name,—  
Then they *judiciously* can praise or blame!

## XLV.

For criticism is a kind of juggling,  
By which all sense is spirited away,  
Or covered up absurdly, as in smuggling  
The finest goods are hidden under hay;  
And critics, for some unmeant meaning struggling,  
With dog-in-manger bark or ass's bray,  
Will praise, predict, or growl denunciations,  
Solemn as witches howl their incantations!

## XLVI.

"The thing is flat; of course no one will quote it,"  
So says the critic grown a little bold;  
"But then I'd like to know what fellow wrote it,  
And whether many of the copies sold;  
What readers praised it, and what critics smote it,  
And if opinions golden bring the gold;  
For I can write as sharp as two-edged swords,  
Or stuff my sentences with pillow-words!"

## XLVII.

But let him cram his thick and heavy skull  
With Latin, Greek, or French,—no matter what,—  
If but the useless vacancy be full,  
And he with quib and wad can have his shot;  
With all his learning, he is but a tool  
That knows its uses by the page and note.  
Without some sense, our learning is not knowledge,  
Although we cram or even gulp a college!

## XLVIII.

Your college lads repeat the author's words  
As parrots, and but beat poor Poll because  
Their memory is better, and affords  
A wider scope of sounds; some are but daws,—  
They graduate, and then set up for lords  
Of learning and of wisdom, full of saws  
And classical quotations; some years hence,—  
Say one in ten,—becomes a man of sense!

## XLIX.

The critics can be cross or amiable,  
Or good or bad, in all their yeas and nays;  
Their maxims and opinions are as stable  
As curling mists beneath the morning's rays;  
They state the tides of thought, presage, and gabble,  
And yet the sun and moon still go their ways;  
They print their pieces, polished, brilliant, glistening,—  
Each reads his own, and thinks the world is listening!

## L.

Ah, let them write and rant,—where is the harm?  
Who ever knew them to destroy a fault,  
Unfold a beauty, or create a charm?  
They secretly upon the tripod vault,  
Send forth their edicts with puissant arm,  
Or sell their dirt and call it Attic salt,—  
Sir Oracles, who think their spite can damn,  
And never doubt but their applause is fame!

## LI.

The noble bard who died for struggling Greece,  
Full of the poet's passion, genius, soul;  
Living, pursued by all the yelping race;  
When dying, hunted down by beasts that prowl;  
And dead, was not allowed to rest in peace,  
For still we hear the hideous savage howl.  
What beast is this let loose in the arena—  
A tigress, lioness, or she-hyena?

## LII.

A masterpiece, indeed, of advocacy,  
To buy and burn the written evidence,  
Wait forty years in silent contumacy,  
Then, with a most divine benevolence,  
Save one in Heaven by dint of obstinacy,  
And send the other to the devil hence.  
Prattle of "angels" with an impious drivel,  
See "much of Christ in her"—in him, the devil!

## LIII.

Most unfit judges of the genius Byron,  
They banished justice to the frozen zones;  
Both staid and pulseless as a marble siren,  
Emotionless as two automatons,  
With hearts as hard and cold as Russia's iron,  
And breasts as feelingless as Amazons'.  
The chatty puritan and solemn prude  
Brought forth the filthy falsehood, foul and nude!

## LIV.

No doubt my lord was something of a rake,  
A character and rank most ill-befitted—  
Not wise and harmless as the dove and snake ;  
But why dig up a tale to be recited,  
To wrong the living and the dead to wake,  
That to the tomb so long had been committed ?  
Ah ! who can gaze upon the grave's repose,  
And then the foibles of its dust disclose !

## LV.

Alas ! "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,"  
And, too, *de vivis nil nisi verum*,  
Are noble words, yet few in practice own them :  
For if alive it may be that we fear them ;  
When dead of course we safely can lampoon them.  
Thus that which to the heart should most endear them,  
Becomes a license to defaming knaves,  
To wait for death, then stab them in their graves !

## LVI.

If Pegasus should blunder like an ass,  
Must every ass his footsteps follow in ?  
And if an author should his pen disgrace,  
Or err, can genius therefore hallow sin ?  
Castalia's fount is not a foul morass  
For filthy swine to root and wallow in.  
The dullest goose may muddy up a fountain ;  
None but the eagle perches on the mountain.

## LVII.

But pause, good Muse, you're growing quite uncivil;  
A Beecher's blood and Lady Byron's breeding,  
Of course can have no blemish, fault, or evil—  
Not to know that would show your lack of reading;  
For though Lord Byron raised the very devil,  
The Beecher laid him low and left him bleeding;  
His lady op'd—*post mort.*—the cystic story,  
The Beecher spread the matter foul and gory!

## LVIII.

And in that magazine, the great Atlantic,  
The skim and whey, but not the cream of letters,  
Quite milk-and-water-ish, shallow, pedantic;  
What little thought it has is put in fetters,  
For fear it might become too free and antic;  
(It makes much ready money and some debtors.)  
Behold! lift up the editorial visors,  
And see a thing of women, shreds, and scissors!

## LIX.

Such magazines are literary fodder  
Thrown to the multitude of not much taste;  
The products of the pioneer and plodder  
In literature, which men of genius waste;  
Their offcast efforts—story, poem, ode, or  
Perchance a critique, or a windy blast—  
Blown vilely at their enemies, the bards,  
Barren of thought but plentiful of words!

## LX.

How many writers are not strong enough  
To have a fault, and yet are not too weak  
To give some form and substance to their stuff;  
Of such how fond the critics are to speak  
In praise, and swell the paid-for puff;  
Yet if the brightest genius once should break  
Some critic's fancied rule, they will assault  
His thousand merits for a single fault!

## LXI.

See the vain writer with his heavy book,  
In his own mind the *smartest* ever written;  
He seeks a publisher, begs him to look  
Over the pages he has put his wit in;  
Proud as an eagle, noisy as a rook,  
And with *scribendi cacæthes* bitten.  
He finds his willing critics where he sought them,  
And wins opinions golden—for he bought them!

## LXII.

But who am I, to criticise the critics?  
They know nothing, and I know nothing—even;  
I know my stomach often at the pit aches,  
My temples throb, that six and five make eleven;  
But whence? and whither? dumb as paralytics;  
I know that I love God, and hope for Heaven;  
I know I have a head—so has a bumpkin;  
And that my head is round—so is a pumpkin!



### Glance Eighth.

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#### PRIESTS.

##### I.

Religion! heavenly charm to cure the soul!

Whate'er the creed is, that to each is best  
Which most doth strengthen and make pure the soul;  
Which soothes and satisfies, and gives it rest;  
Which most can elevate and lure the soul  
Upward to heaven—to mansions of the blest.  
Fools may dispute about the word and letter,  
Give me the spirit which can make me better.

##### II.

Religion! staff of the mind, faith's sweet blossom;  
That fills the soul with hope and love and beauty;  
That builds a home of quiet in the bosom,  
And weds our cares and pleasures to our duty;  
That opes our eyes to heaven ere death shall close them,  
And leads where sin no longer can pollute the  
Undying soul—the home of the forgiven—  
And e'en on earth can almost make a heaven.

## III.

Religion is the gift of the Creator,  
A principle eternal as the soul;  
Coming from God through Christ the great relater,  
It needs no intercessor—crown nor cowl;  
It will not brook a ruler or dictator,  
And fears nor kingly hate nor priestly scowl.  
It comes from God directly to His creature,  
To guide, correct, and purify his nature!

## IV.

He gives the precious boon from His divinity—  
Not as a child that gives and takes capriciously,  
But grants it for eternity—infinity.  
It can not be supported superstitiously,  
Nor by a wrangling pope's or priest's latinity,  
Nor sent to hell by ministers maliciously,  
Nor settled by some Hebrew etymology—  
For scholarship forms not the soul's theology!

## V.

There is religion in the things of nature:  
The pebble preaches sermons, and the brook  
Sings hymns; the earth and sea in every feature,  
The clouds and skies in every changeful look,  
Show us the works and will of the Creator,  
As written down in His eternal book,  
Clasped in his laws which man can not derange,  
Which even destiny can never change!

## VII.

But nature takes no more than nature gives,  
And she can neither give nor take the soul ;  
That comes from God, and therefore ever lives.

Life builds the body out of earth, so dull,  
And death resolves the dust, which life revives  
Again in other forms ; the soul, so beautiful,  
Returns to God, all freed from care and pain,—  
For what God gives that he receives again !

## VIII.

The senses can not leave the body ; mind  
Soars to the infinite, and rests in God ;  
The passions, appetites, desires, are blind,  
And have their rise and scope in flesh and blood ;  
Tender emotions are the same in kind,  
And governed by the laws which rule the clod ;  
All beings change—the laws which rule them, never :  
And thus the spirit lives and soars forever !

## IX.

Grand old mysterious Book, the spirit's food,  
The soul's rich hope, sweet manna sent from heaven ;  
Whoever wrote thee, thou art only good,  
Full to o'erflowing of the secret leaven  
That saves Humanity ; sealed with the blood  
Of Him—the very God, whose flesh was even  
Upon the cross, and who, when sin enslaved us,  
Came down from Heaven, suffered death, and saved us !

## X.

Be thou inspired or not, thou art the best  
And wisest book on earth, the record truest  
Of action, thought, and feeling of a past,  
Beginning when creation was the newest,  
And when the human race was first impress—  
When earth was greenest, and the sky was bluest—  
With God's own image on the heart and brain,  
And ending after Christ, the Holy One, was slain !

## XI.

And thou dost hold the vast experience  
Of man, when tried by strange vicissitudes  
And strong temptations to the soul and sense,  
And overwhelmed with troubles, fires, and floods,  
As when the temple burst in twain with rents, — [God's  
Or when the world was drowned,—which were but  
Own tests, to prove man's faith and fix belief [grief!  
In Him ;—His power and love, even through pain and

## XII.

Whate'er the Bible was when God conceived it  
And sent it forth to man in days of yore,  
Councils and popes have thus and so believed it,—  
But they believe it thus and so no more.  
The world is not assured, since man received it,  
That he has kept it as it was before ;  
By various readings of the sacred text,  
Scholars and Christians sorely are perplexed !

## XIII.

For every wrong we do we'll surely suffer  
Exactest penalty, and not one jot  
The more, nor tittle less, than just enough for  
Correction ; but for the wrongs we do not,  
No harm shall come, although some creeds are tougher,  
And damn us soundly for a single thought ;  
But God will never plunge us into woe  
For what old Adam did six thousand years ago.

## XIV.

Would you be noble, happy, and religious ?  
Be thou, then, always honest and not sordid ;  
You need not go to prayers and preachings tedious,  
But pray within your closet, as our Lord did ;  
Study his sermon, and be not prodigious  
In your piety ; prodigies are morbid ;  
And in your conduct keep the ten commandments—  
Do ye these things, and you will not be damned hence.

## XV.

No abstract disbelief will ever damn us,  
And mere belief or faith will never save us ;  
If we are good in deeds angels will name us  
To the ear of God—sin shall not enslave us ;  
But if our deeds are bad, devils will cram us  
Into the hottest hell, and there will have us  
To all eternity,—which is not brief,—  
In spite of any hypocritical belief !

## XVI.

Our God is neither Protestant nor Catholic,  
We crimp him in no human creed so narrow ;  
Nor do we mark out any only path to stick  
To or be damned to hell's eternal sorrow ;  
We put him in no edifice of lath and brick,  
He is the God of all—the lily and the sparrow ;  
His temple is creation, heaven its dome ;  
All things are His, His bosom is our home !

## XVII.

The Scriptures are sublime, and beautiful,  
And true, and plain, yet how they are perverted ;  
That man has one rib less—counting the whole—  
Than woman, was for centuries asserted ;  
And whether Eve to Adam was undutiful,  
And whether he was shaved, or she was skirted,  
And whether Adam ever had the umbilicus—  
Were gravest mysteries:—I merely give the syllabus.

## XVIII.

The Jews, chosen of God, and ancient keepers  
Of Holy Scripture and His true divinity—  
A faith in which some centuries of sleepers  
Have died without a knowledge of the Trinity ;  
Yet modern Christians, easy, copious weepers,  
Shed floods of tears o'er Jews and their affinity—  
That the old Testament is still enslaving them,  
Preventing God's omnipotence from saving them !

## XIX.

And many Christians have a spite at Jews,  
In spite of all the precepts of the Son  
To love our enemies; in this, their views  
Of Christ and his disciples are not one;  
From all the noblest of the century choose—  
None nobler can be found than Mendelssohn;  
Composer, man of genius, poet, scholar,—  
Not the mean hunter of the dirty dollar!

## XX.

The rival schools—Hillel and Shammai—  
Will ever have their bitter controversies;  
The one adjusts all things in earth and sky  
According to some prophet's words or hearsays;  
The other wants to know the reasons why,  
And fancies that its cunning knowledge pierces  
All things above, below: both act as if  
The mind was made for nothing but belief!

## XXI.

And many thousand thousand various creeds  
Are on this sacred, simple volume built,  
To satisfy poor human nature's needs,  
And stifle man's continual sense of guilt,  
And to oppose the gnawing worm that feeds  
Upon his soul; a dagger to the hilt  
Thrust in and wrenched around his bleeding breast,  
Is mercy to the guilt that will not rest.

## XXII.

There is an ancient creed called orthodoxy,  
Which means, whatever *our* religion is,  
That we may sin and still be saved by proxy;—  
The rest are sent to where hell's region is,  
Whether they sin or not; so thought John Knox, he  
Who damned mankind as aborigines,  
Because, through Adam's fall, they were rejected,  
And never can be saved except elected.

## XXIII.

Christianity, that pure and simple faith,  
Misled by error's ever-changing prisms,  
Which turn us from the plain and open path;  
Perplexed and tangled by its various isms,  
Which coax with hope, or threaten with their wrath,  
And rend asunder by a thousand schisms;  
By orthodoxy crushed, more hard to bear  
Than bold attacks from Rousseau or Voltaire!

## XXIV.

The boasted modern Epicurean creed is  
That bread is very good, and meat delicious;  
That feeding plentiful the only need is;  
That roots and fruits are cool, and wine not vicious;  
That grown too fat the remedy to bleed is;  
That death will come at last and surely dish us;  
That earth is certainly our last abode—  
That there are women—and there is no God!



## XXV.

But Epicurus now would be ashamed  
Of all such beastly doctrines and behavior;  
'Tis common for a founder to be blamed  
For what his bad disciples do; the Saviour  
Himself was treated thus; they will be damned  
For their outrageous sins. Never enslave your  
Spirit; however other persons view it,  
Know ye the good and have the will to do it!

## XXVI.

Philosophy has taught, yet all was dark;  
The sciences have lent their aid and skill;  
They know not yet the vital, less the heavenly spark,  
By which we live, and think, and have a will;  
'Twixt will and fate they can not trace the mark,  
And not one longing of the soul can fill:  
These are the problems that confounded man—  
Christ came, and there was light, now all is plain!

## XXVII.

'Tis said the sciences are what we know,  
And that philosophy is what we do n't;  
That morals teach us what we ought to do,  
And that religion tells us what we won't.  
What man can know and do, he will forego,  
Yet seek to do and know that which he can 't.  
Strange being! Trust thy God, and calm thy mind;  
Know what thou canst, seek rightly, thou shalt find!

## XXVIII.

And yet the sacred doctrines of Christianity  
Have oft been made to serve the basest uses :  
Keen swords have dripped with gore—O sad insanity !  
To perpetrate or cover church abuses ;  
All kinds of knavery, fraud, and dull inanity,  
Have thus been shielded ; this is what confuses  
The righteous man. How foolish the Crusades ;  
Three hundred years this rabble wore cockades !

## XXIX.

The holy Christ, the sacred son of God,  
How he would weep if now on earth again,  
To see the places that his feet had trod  
Sunk back to sin, and ignorance, and pain ;  
Where He was crucified and bore the rod,  
Thus to redeem the universal man.  
Oh, He would grieve ! They have not understood  
His simple-precepts to return to God !

## XXX.

Who shall roll up the curtain of eternity  
That hangs between us and a future world !  
With all the past we can not learn to see  
One instant yet to come, nor where we're hurled  
When we go hence. O God, we turn to thee  
And pray, that with the spirit's wings unfurled,  
Thou wilt take back to heaven what Thou didst give ;  
We know that we must die, we hope that we may live !

## XXXI.

Infinite Power! Thou Uncreated One!

Eternal Soul, moving through Heaven and Earth!  
Designer of the Canopy, the Sun,  
The Stars, and Sky! The universe had birth  
And keeps its being in thy Word alone.

Creator of our souls, who knows their worth,  
Who counts our heart-throbs till our lives are o'er,  
Who was, who is, who will be evermore!

## XXXII.

Thy spirit fills immensity of space,  
And lives and moves through all-unending time;  
The universe and heaven thou dost embrace;  
Thou art the Infinite, Eternal, and Sublime;  
Omniscient and Omnipotent in grace;  
The Great I am, the One, the God, the Him;  
The cause of nature's all-sustaining powers,  
Maker, Redeemer, Father, Saviour, Ours!

## XXXIII.

God is incomprehensible, not hidden;  
He's ever present with his every creature;  
The way unto Himself is not forbidden,  
But open to the poorest thing in nature;  
And those who go to Him are never chidden.  
We see in every lineament and feature  
Throughout creation, that His works are good,  
But, being infinite, not understood.

## XXXIV.

The sun, bright halo of the Godhead, hung  
In boundless space, supported by thy Word  
In ether's circumambient sea, where sung  
The holy seraphim to God our Lord  
Ere man was made, and ere the orbs were swung  
Around thy throne, and ere the flaming sword  
Guarded the Tree of Life—and since the cross  
Bent the meek Christ who bled and died for us!

## XXXV.

And nature is God's vesture which he shows  
To man, because Himself must be unseen.  
The dust, and the dead earth, which he endows  
With wonder-working powers; all the terrene,  
The skies above, all that is fixed or flows,  
The night's dark mantle and the sun's bright sheen,  
The constant changes through the passing hour—  
Interpret unto man His will and power!

## XXXVI.

If man should pierce infinity—that deep  
Which has no deeper deep—he could not see  
The face of God; his blinded eyes would weep  
Sad tears, that, ever dropping, would not dry.  
To gaze on Heaven's ascending, endless steep,  
Must need the vision of a seraph's eye.  
Softened thy face, O God, our sight revive,  
That man in peace may see thy smiles and live!

## XXXVII.

All things—the is, the was, the yet to be ;  
Chance, accident, law, order, peace, and strife ;  
Whatever we can hear, or feel, or see ;  
The done, and the not-done, of death and life ;  
Mind, matter, motion, rest, variety ;  
Conception, understanding, thought, belief ;  
Nature, the universe, Humanity—  
Are one eternal infinite Christianity !

## XXXVIII.

There is a soul within the dullest clod,  
Unconscious of itself; differing from man's  
In this: that his is conscious of its God,  
Yet both are ruled by his eternal plans.  
Man life enjoys, and also feels the rod ;  
With throbbing heart and piercing mind, he scans  
The universe to find his hoped-for bliss ;  
The clod sleeps on in deep unconscious peace !

## XXXIX.

Is man alone, the restless troubled one ?  
Is the sweet peace of nature not for him ?  
Must he bear pain while the dull clod feels none ?  
And will his soul on hope forever climb  
From star to star and never reach the throne,  
And in eternity escape from time ?  
Through all this change eternal rest shall come—  
Gaze on the sky, behold thy peaceful home !

## XL.

Vast chain of life forever reaching onward,  
From grains of dust up to the brightest brain ;  
And in its progress never swaying downward,  
But rising from the insect up to man,  
(Alas ! see Darwin,) thence to angels throneward,  
Until it perfects God's eternal plan ;  
Wisely arranged through all its various links,  
From clods that feel not, to the mind that thinks !

## XLI.

The earth, its valleys, and eternal hills,  
The ocean, gulf, whirlpool, and water-fall,  
The lakes, the rivers, fountains, and the rills,  
The rocks, the flowery plains, and forests tall,  
The birds that fly, and beasts that roam the wilds,  
Are made for man to guide and govern all.  
Forever shall return, with warmth and light,  
Seed time and harvest, and the day and night !

## XLII.

Created things must change,—shall man complain ?  
The flowers may tell the trees, "You too must die ;"  
And trees tell rocks, "You can not long remain :"  
The clouds may say to earth, "You too must fly ;"  
And earth to sun, "You may not light retain,—  
Nor one of all the stars that fill the sky." [range,  
E'en souls themselves 'twixt heaven and hell must  
For there is only God who can not change !

## XLIII.

Because the sun shines not to us by night,  
Is he less welcome when he brings the day?  
And is a star less beautiful and bright  
Because the sun conceals its lesser ray?  
Behold the genial moon with softer light—  
Because she sometimes leaves her starry way,  
Is she less lovely when she rides the sky?  
Are skies less blue because the cloud sweeps by?

## XLIV.

And shall the sun not shine lest it may burn?  
Lest it be cloudy shall there be no sky?  
For fear of blight shall seasons not return?  
Shall breezes never blow lest storm may fly?  
Shall dust remain in ante-natal urn,  
And God not breathe upon it, lest it die?  
Then man would be not equal to the clod,  
And Chaos wiser than the Christian's God.

## XLV.

There is a spirit in the somber night  
Which wooes us onward, beckoning to the sky;  
And there is something in the day's glad light,  
Which, when we are most glad, still makes us sigh.  
The tempest, or the zephyr, in its flight,  
Whispers of spirits that forever fly:  
In all things there is something beautiful,  
Which seems to touch and move the human soul!

## XLVI.

Night is not darkness—'t is the time when light  
Beams on the inner soul with brightest ray ;  
Though the dull eyes of sense may lose their sight  
In night's deep shade, above 't is endless day ;  
Though all the earth be dark, the skies are bright,  
Lighting our thoughts along the starry way.  
There is no darkness to the mind's clear eye,  
Nor to the soul that builds its hopes on high !

## XLVII.

Are flowers less beautiful because they fade ?  
Or love less sweet because it will not last ?  
The sun less bright because it casts a shade ?  
Or friendship false because it is not fast ?  
All that we have must soon be what we had ;  
'T is of our present that we make our past.  
Think, cynic ! then, wouldst thou not change the scene ?  
Wouldst thou forever be what thou hast been ?

## XLVIII.

The fairest flower that springs in life's fair garden,  
Is a young child, whose mind is just unfolding—  
So innocent, while God is yet its warden ;  
A cherub which the angels are beholding,  
A rose upon a stem which time must harden,  
A soul which for eternity is moulding ;  
Turning its beauty to the holy one,  
As the sweet heliotrope that seeks the sun !



## XLIX.

'T 'is said "the child is father to the man ;"

The man is still the child, it might be said,  
For we 're but children in this little span ;

In cradle first, last in the coffin laid.  
The coffin is the cradle rocked again

For a new life which death can not invade.  
Thus man from his first birth unto the tomb,  
Is but a baby in a larger womb !

## L.

If it be better ever to grow better,

Than to remain forever fixed in fate—  
Bound as the adamant within its fetter,

To be the same which naught can elevate,  
Or lift above its birth, then is the letter

Nobler than the spirit, dust increate  
Fairer than life, flesh better than the soul—  
The earthen vessel than the golden bowl.

## LI.

Why should the dust or soul view death with horror ?

Though sad, 'tis but the parting of two friends  
That long have lived as one in joy and sorrow ;

One sinks to sleep in night, and one ascends  
To waken in a bright and happy morrow—

'T is when their joy begins and sorrow ends.  
O let my lingering soul gaze on the clay,  
Give it one fond embrace—then pass away !

## LII.

Speak, proud philosopher! say, what is life?  
Preach, grave divine! tell us, what is the soul?  
Proclaim, bold infidel! thy poor belief;  
Wise man of science! say, thou little mole!  
What is a stone, a drop of water, or a sheaf?  
Thou silent, too? Then creep into thy hole!  
How easily our ignorance can be shown,  
How hard to own that nothing can be known!

## LIII.

Tell me what is life? Is it to be thrust  
Into a world of treachery and sorrow?—  
To feel not what we would but what we must,  
Still hoping for a never-coming morrow?—  
To be deceived and wronged, or never trust,  
Possessing naught save what from earth we borrow,  
And then thrust out, amid death's dire alarms,  
To that dark place the sun ne'er lights nor warms?

## LIV.

Or is it to be born of a sweet mother,  
And nurtured on a faithful, loving breast?—  
To find in man a universal brother;  
To love and be beloved; to be caressed  
In the soft lap of peace, while Hope, sweet soother,  
Directs us kindly to unending rest?  
Tell me, is death a sleep, and life a dream,  
Or changes both in God's eternal scheme?

## LV.

We see only a panorama of  
Appearances passing before the mind ;  
Conscious we are of them, but have no proof  
Of what they are, in substance, essence, kind,  
Or quality ; they seem as Nature's woof,  
In which her works are woven and enshrined.  
We know of what we're conscious,—this is all ;  
And we shall know no more until the final call !

## LVI.

Yet others still believe the laws that govern  
Phenomena explain phenomena ;  
That all is but *appearance*, from the cavern  
Up to the sky ; that learning's brightest ray  
Teaches no more ; that earth is as a tavern,  
Where man may pause awhile upon his way—  
Laughing the punishment of sin far hence,  
And leaving Deity merely an inference !

## LVII.

To be is not a greater mystery  
Than not to be ; the mortal on the earth—  
Alike with the immortal in the sky—  
Are mysteries ;—and so are death and birth.  
Given birth, then death becomes necessity ;  
If neither, then creation were a dearth.  
Whate'er we know, believe, or hope, or wis,  
All things are mysteries, or nothing is !

## LVIII.

How sweetly Nature steals into the heart;  
How she instructs and elevates the soul;  
Made by the hand of God for man's true chart,  
Marked on the earth and on creation's scroll;  
Goodness and beauty shine in every part,  
And universal truth attunes the whole  
To harmony, which fills the spirit's ear,  
And lifts the chant to Heaven, where seraphs hear!

## LIX.

O Nature! who shall say thou art accurst;  
That evil dwells within thy loving breast?  
Mother of all, who hath so fondly nursed  
The endless generations of the past;  
Thou who dost wake and nourish us at first,  
And kindly keep us till we go to rest;  
Thy raiment, flowing from the Deity,  
Encircles earth, and wraps the azure sky!

## LX.

O! what a pity that the Deity  
Can not quite suit some people *a la mode*,  
Though they regard him, in their piety,  
As having been, once, something of a God;  
But then, with grossest impropriety,  
And in obedience to the devil's nod,  
He, through his weakness, let our planet tumble,  
Whereby 't was sadly injured—hence they grumble!

## LXI.

He spread a garden 'neath a lovely sky,  
And planted there a tree ('t was not a maple),  
And said, "Eat not of this, or ye shall die;"  
But Adam, being tempted, ate the apple.  
Herein (no doubt quite unexpectedly)  
He disobeyed: with this our faith must grapple;  
That is, God blundered, and man fell,  
For which we all are doomed to go to hell!

## LXII.

'T was there within that garden, near the streams  
Which first were watered with pellucid flow,  
The sun first warmed the earth, and there his beams  
Fell on the fatal tree, and kissed the brow  
Of our first sire. But what is that which gleams  
Beneath the bush where such sweet roses grow?  
It is the Serpent—Sin! with glittering eye,—  
Which crawls on earth and hisses—"Thou shalt die!"

## LXIII.

But cynics say that God pronounced it good  
Before he made the woman, and not *after*;  
And hence her wickedness, the fall, and flood,  
When Noah built the ark from keel to rafter;  
And hence the shedding of our Saviour's blood,  
To save our souls, and hush the devil's laughter.  
But, though she was the first to break the ban,  
Yet how could woman sin without the man!

## LXIV.

They 're very sorry God was not infallible ;  
But then they have the precious consolation  
Of knowing that their church is unassailable  
Upon the merits of their own salvation ;  
Of course the sins of others are unbailable,  
And can be canceled only by damnation.  
Thus, by their goodness and the churches' thunder,  
They, in their wisdom, can repair God's blunder !

## LXV.

Ah ! happy, blessed days when serpents tempted  
And women fell ; when asses spoke so wisely ;  
When from the flames man's muscles were exempted,  
And armies passed through seas so improvisely,—  
A feat which armies since have ne'er attempted ;  
And when the sun himself stood still precisely  
As he was ordered, till the fight was won.  
Ah ! blessed, happy days, that are forever gone !

## LXVI.

And so they worship God in public places,  
As if it were to him a commendation  
To have their pious patronage and praises ;  
They condescend to ask for their salvation,  
And to accept His holy precious grace as  
If it were due to their exalted station ;  
They follow ceremonies to the letter,  
And hold that Deity is much their debtor !

## LXVII.

Oft rigid virtue is akin to vice :

Excessive praying is not always piety ;  
We may be modest and not over nice,  
And still belong to what is called "society,"  
Whence little knaves are cast out in a trice,  
While big ones gain a famous notoriety.  
But since the Council made the Pope infallible,  
Of course the church no longer is caballable !

## LXVIII.

Some pious souls are yet so dark and narrow  
They have no light and warmth. In charity  
They give a bone—but first extract the marrow  
(The poor do not expect a rarity) ;—  
So tender that they watch the little sparrow,  
Lest he on worms commit barbarity.  
Where'er they go they peddle their morality,  
And carry cross-bones to suggest mortality !

## LXIX.

How pitiful to see man measuring  
The Deity by human understanding,  
Fathoming His designs, interpreting  
His law and will—obedience demanding ;  
Giving His vengeance to a David's sling,  
A cardinal's or popish mitre, branding  
Him with blunders, confining Him to creeds,  
Teaching Omniscience what the spirit needs !

## LXX.

And writing Him in words who speaks by spirit,  
His wisdom limiting to human skulls,  
His throne usurping when they should revere it,  
And binding Him in books, or worse, by Bulls;  
His power assuming that mankind may fear it—  
The tricks of knaves and foolishness of fools;  
Damning his brother man by silly dogmas  
To hell or Magog where the De'il or Gog is!

## LXXI.

Wilt thou, O Man, presume to blame thy God,  
And hate that nature which his hand hath made?  
Pronounce the earth he formed for thy abode  
Not good, but, in thy arrant ignorance, bad?  
Darest thou believe this world a fallen clod,  
And thus his wisdom or his power upbraid?  
Accuse thy God, thou sacrilegious fool!  
Then, tiny insect, go and creep within thy hole!

## LXXII.

The world of mind is infinite, its sky  
Eternal; depths and heights yet unexplored,  
Shall lead its proudest triumphs firm and high,  
Where undiscovered orbs shine unadored;  
Where fields of thought, still hidden from the eye,  
Lie in their wealth and beauty all unstirred;  
Where richest gems, and stars of brightest sheen,  
Repose on high, and blaze in skies unseen!



## LXXIII.

The human mind clings loyally to truth,  
Which everywhere forever is the same ;  
The heart owns goodness howsoe'er uncouth,  
And follows it through toil, and wave, and flame ;  
The soul loves beauty whose eternal youth  
Lights earth and heaven with her unfading beam,  
Yet truth is feared, and goodness oft disowned,  
While beauty is denied, denounced, dethroned !

## LXXIV.

If aught that now exists can be eternal,  
Of that which acts through dust, it must be mind ;  
Of aught there be on earth which is supernal,  
It must be soul, although to dust conjoined.  
Can that which is from Heaven become infernal  
Because the dust in which it is enshrined  
Must for a moment to its use belong ?  
The dust can neither know or do a wrong !

## LXXV.

Man's narrow mind will never be at rest,  
Yet can not go beyond what it can see ;  
Within its scope it has a little nest  
Wherein it labors like a bird or bee.  
Great truths arise in God's omniscient breast,  
They sweep through time and reach eternity ;  
Thus, being true themselves, themselves sustain,  
And absolute and unconditional remain !

## LXXVI.

We know but little of the tree of knowledge,  
And nothing of its origin and root ;  
We see a little of its trunk and foliage,  
But nothing of its topmost flower or fruit ;  
There is no school, academy, or college,  
To teach us where the lofty branches shoot.  
It springs from earth and reaches to the sky,  
Its roots too deep to trace, its top too high !

## LXXVII.

The Deity who numbers every hair,  
And guides the planets with exact precision ;  
Who shapes the leaf that flutters in the air,  
Creates all things and gives to each its mission ;  
To whom the Now and Then, and Here and There,  
And All, are One ; and whose omniscient vision  
Sees through the universe—its parts and whole—  
Does He guide matter and forget the soul ?

## LXXVIII.

The spirit whispers from on high that *all*  
Dwell in the infinite eternal Breath,  
That goodness wanders on this earthly ball,  
But finds above a bright unfading wreath ;  
That truth is found where souls arise or fall,  
And beauty throughout all—even in death.  
They are but spirits from the Unmade One,  
Filling immensity around His throne !

## LXXIX.

Would He prescribe the laws of heat and light,  
And balance worlds in gravitation's scroll;  
Endow blind matter with unerring sight,  
And teach the worms, then leave the human soul  
To wander, Godless, in eternal night,  
Where chaos surges without guide or rule?  
Ah, no! He gives the Law of Laws to all,  
By which they must exist, and rise or fall!

## LXXX.

Yes, there are laws the spirit must obey,  
Which are beyond where human precepts reach,  
For they are higher than our mortal sway,  
And more profound than all that preachers preach;  
They are divine as the undying ray  
Which emanates from God, and of the breach  
Man may not judge, but God, and only He,  
Who sees through time and rules eternity!

## LXXXI.

Some say that spirit comes not from the sky,  
But that for thinking we must have a brain;  
The brain a stomach, fed, but not too high,  
With vegetables, sugars, flesh, and grain;  
That these require the soils, and not too dry,  
Rich with manure, and timely wet with rain;  
Thus they deduce a man from earth, who crumbles  
For three-score years and ten, and then he tumbles!

## LXXXII.

*There must be more than this.* The living soul  
Comes down from God to animate the body,  
And, for its weal or woe, to have control ;  
This is the man—a genius or a noddie ;  
That time at last will break the golden bowl,  
And then the soul—the *man*—returns to God ; He  
Will blame, excuse, punish, or bless his deeds.  
O God, forgive, and grant him what he needs !

## LXXXIII.

O Time, O Time ! thou buriest the past  
Deep in the dust of flitting centuries ;  
Nothing within the universe can last,  
Save that which God can take into the skies.  
We see the column that defies the blast ;  
We say it stands, and then, behold, it lies !  
O man ! thy little yesterday is naught,  
And thy to-morrow—who shall tell me what ?

## LXXXIV.

The struggling soul—so tossed about between  
Spirit and flesh, finite and infinite,  
Time and eternity and things unseen ;  
So stunned by words with meanings out of sight,  
Omniscience, Omnipresence, which but screen  
Our ignorance, and leave it dark as night,—  
Will, for the sake of hope and peace, receive  
The wildest faith, if but it can believe ?

## LXXXV.

Within this maze, how hard to choose the road,—  
So many paths that cross each other's way;  
Each claims to lead to happiness and God,  
While multitudes are daily led astray;  
Though heavenly angels trembled as they trod,  
Yet churches choose with most dogmatic sway,  
And onward march without a guide or rule;—  
Who follows not, they think him worse than fool!

## LXXXVI.

It is an awful creed beneath God's eye  
To claim from Him the only power on earth  
To send men's souls up to the brightest sky  
Of happiness eternal, or from birth  
Decree them to the lowest hell, to lie  
And writhe forever there, whate'er their worth.  
If there's no road to God, save through the pope,  
Then millions of our race are past all hope!

## LXXXVII.

Mankind can punish but the outward acts  
Of man,—we can not peer into the soul,—  
And but on palpable and proven facts,  
By evidence establishing in full  
The wrong, and with such clearness as exacts  
Belief of guilt of the offense, in whole  
And every part; beyond this human rod,  
The power and right remains alone with God!

## LXXXVIII.

“The fairest action of our human life  
Is scorning to revenge an injury;”  
But let your foe—sunk deeper by his strife—  
Live in his hate and die in agony;  
Revenge to him who seeks it is but grief;  
To him of whom ’tis sought, a victory.  
To such cold deeds no honor can belong;  
They sink us to the wretch who did the wrong!

## LXXXIX.

How bleeds the heart to view the awful chasm,—  
The terrible transition state, through which  
Mankind has passed from savage barbarism;  
They doubted Deity, believed a witch,  
And seeing God through superstition’s prism,  
They worshiped loathsome reptiles in a ditch.  
Behold the millions of the wise and good  
Butchered, and buried in their reeking blood!

## XC.

Tertullian said he revered Christianity  
Because he thought it was contemptible,  
And said that he adored it (strange inanity)  
Because it was absurd; he was exemptable  
From sin, and with a saintly vanity  
Declared that he (not being temptable)  
Believed it all because it was impossible.  
Alas! can such a heinous sin be crossable!

## XCI.

Credulity ! Thou hast as many heads  
As fabled Hydra, each tenfold the size ;  
Each head as many ears—as many creeds  
Each ear—as Hydra's forked tongues had lies ;  
Thou hast as many hands for hateful deeds  
As had Briarius, as many eyes  
As Argus, yet they all thy sense deceive :  
Falsehood thou wilt—and truth wilt not—believe !

## XCII.

Ignorance is thy low and vicious sire,  
And thou the blind old hag of superstition ;  
Hatred and persecution, with their ire,  
Are thy twin progeny in coalition,  
Dragging their victims to the funeral pyre,  
And sending thy opponents to perdition.  
They stir the faggots and the flames inspire,  
And burn the flesh to save the soul from fire !

## XCIII.

And Fear, thy offspring, miserable cheat,  
For thou dost make of half mankind base cowards,  
And on the brave and noble bring defeat— [ards,  
The Hampdens, Rolands, Sydneys, Raleighs, How-  
The martyrs—all whom tyranny doth hate ;  
And thou dost hurl bold enterprises towards  
Destruction, and the truth dost so disguise,  
That thou art mother of the basest lies !

## CXIV.

The church on earth is but of man's society,  
And no more sacred than a school or college,  
Or any other guild, or order of propriety,  
Which teaches morals, literature, or knowledge,  
Or mere enjoyment, if within sobriety.

It has its changes like the flowers or foliage,  
And varies in its doctrines with the climates,  
And oft is modified by popes and primates !

## XCV.

With sacrilegious hand they stole the key  
Of Heaven, and with it opened hell on earth ;  
Burning the innocent with rapturous glee  
That made the devils dance around its hearth,  
And every imp shouts songs of jubilee,  
Till all its regions rung with fiendish mirth.  
All save themselves to hottest hell they hurled,  
And closed the gates of Heaven against the world !

## XCVI.

They seized the power of state, named it of God,  
And ruled their victims with the power of death ;  
They smoked the air with innocent warm blood,  
The ghastly gibbet stood upon the heath,  
The sack was ever dropping in the flood ;  
The sword was never dry, nor in its sheath ;  
These, with the dagger, poison, and the halter,  
Dragged them to death before a reeking altar !



## XCVII.

Terrible as the tempest was thy power,  
And overwhelming as the sea thy hate ;  
Thou wert the serpent of the sacred bower,  
The secret opener of the private gate ;  
Burglar of homesteads in the midnight hour,  
And bloody tyrant of the civil state ;  
The desolater of domestic peace,  
Thirsting for blood and gold without surcease !

## XCVIII.

Ah ! what can be as cruel as thy Bulls?—  
More cruel than the bull of bold Phalaris :  
For that but tortured bodies ; thine, the souls.  
Thou claim'st to be the world's great guiding Pharos,  
Wielding the powers that only Heaven controls ;  
Proclaiming thy false edicts, which declare us  
God's enemies, unless we thee obey ;  
Applying faggots till we own thy sway !

## XCIX.

And thou hast given the bleeding slave his lashes,  
And shrived the oppressor for a coin or song,  
And burned thy victims—innocent—to ashes,  
And saved the guilty from the deadliest wrong ;  
Thy whetted sword the poor and helpless gashes—  
Cruel to the weak, crouching to the strong !  
Forgivest thou thy children's sins by sign ?  
Ah ! wretched Church, who shall forgive thee thine ?

## C.

Instead of Heaven, they humbly pray to Rome ;  
Instead of God, they bow before the pope ;  
Or, Protestant, invoke the time to come,  
When pope and Rome are dead beyond a hope.  
They everywhere see sinners, save at home,  
Who here deserve the faggot or the rope,  
Hereafter, hell ; while they, through wine and feast,  
Forget the Saviour in some worthless priest !

## CI.

But Heaven is not at Rome—'t is a condition ;  
What health to flesh is Heaven is to the soul  
Which is made pure and holy by contrition ;  
It is infinity, from pole to pole,  
And lies in that relation and position,  
Wherein the true, and good, and beautiful  
Unite in harmony ; it is that whole  
Which has no parts—the All unto the soul !

## CII.

And man, whom God hath taught to look to Him,  
Hath bowed before thee even to the dust ;  
The eye He made to gaze on the sublime,  
Hath turned to the tiara for its trust ;  
But late the mind he made to measure time,  
And heart He formed so loving and so just,  
And the eternal soul He gave so pure,  
No longer can thy galling yoke endure !

## CIII.

Great Galileo gave up what was true  
Under the fatal force of popery,  
(All things are false with popes if they are new).  
See the hot faggots blazing to the sky,—  
The massacre of Saint Bartholomew,—  
For who would not believe them, he must dié.  
But papal power, which once was so enormous,  
Is now as harmless as a mole or dormouse !

## CIV.

Oh, it were hard for human flesh to wear  
A galling yoke, and daily feel the pain ;  
'T were hard to hold the heart to steel and bear  
Incisions through the quivering nerve and vein ;  
And hard to feel the surgeon's scalpel pare  
Away our life, and cut the throbbing brain ;  
But harder still to patiently endure  
A wound within the soul, that has no cure !

## CV.

Welcome to the base would be the cave,  
If falling rocks could hide them from the eye  
Of Him upon the throne ; welcome the grave,  
Therein in cold forgetfulness to lie.  
The sharpest pang that wickedness e'er gave  
Is that the guilty soul can never die !  
Annihilation ! O let naught remain !  
They yield their spirits to forget the pain !

## CVI.

Behold thy ministers of ignorance,  
Feeding on fat and snoring in their down;  
Their waking life is but a drowsy trance,—  
Just thought enough to don the cowl or gown;  
Mumbling their prayers with stolid upturned glance;  
Preaching damnation with an awful frown;  
While hot with lust beneath the priest's attire,  
They send all other sinners to hell's fire!

## CVII.

And during Lent, to fish they turn their gammon;  
( 'T is gammon all the while, except the sauce; )  
You need but use a little dust of Mammon  
To gild their holiness, or say a mass;  
As they are paid or not they save or damn one,—  
'T is much the same with critic, priest, or ass;  
For when their pay or provender is granted,  
They pray, or slay, or bray as they are wonted!

## CVIII.

Well fed—how oft the priest, with winning leer,  
Looks on the virgin with a secret lust;  
With holy kiss, he is so sweet and dear,—  
So pure and plausible a saint might trust.  
His victim doubts not that he is sincere,  
And never owns the sin until she *must*:  
And then, if Catholic, the priests unmonk him;  
If Protestant, the bishops Onderdonk him!

## CIX.

Though "born in sin and shapen in iniquity,"  
They can sometimes their victim's shape improve,  
And mend the awkward, sad obliquity  
By a new birth from the excess of love;  
And then endow her body with ubiquity,  
And send the little innocent above;  
And thus by wiping out the dereliction,  
Restore her to original perfection!

## CX.

See where the turrets of the abbey rise,  
Where still the brave old oak waves to and fro;  
Now gray the walls and damp their galleries,  
And bare the limbs where tempests come and go.  
Hear the sad owl as to the night he cries,  
And echo answers to his voice of woe:  
Thus mourning love, that wanders to the sky,  
Still calls the dead and fancies a reply!

## CXI.

See the old man who has misspent his life,  
Neglecting duty, or by gathering pelf,  
Or living in perverted passion's strife,—  
Knowing no God,—no being but himself;  
In whose cold breast hatred is ever rife,  
Viewing the grave as but a lower shelf;  
Breathing in constant dread,—of all bereft,—  
Till death removes the offal sin has left!

## CXII.

But like the evening of a pleasant day,  
That makes the sky, and even clouds, so bright,  
The good man, watching the departing ray,—  
To him more hopeful than the morning light,—  
Laden with years and honors, goes away ;  
Invited by Our Father to that height  
Lighted by other suns which never set,  
Where all who do His will may hope to meet !

## CXIII.

But to grow old and die is life's condition,—  
We take its hopes and fears upon these terms ;  
The old tree falls to give the young position,  
That it may grow and wrestle with the storms.  
How sad the thought—not thinking of perdition—  
That we must die and turn to food for worms !  
Then if we're damned, as many have believed,  
'T were better far that we had never lived !

## CXIV.

And how much faith lies in a sinner's sickness,  
Which, while in health, he never can discover,  
For then he laughs away such childish weakness,  
And sneers upon the saintliest reprovcr ;  
But let his head ache, and he shows his meekness,  
And should he, growing worse, think all is over,  
With mesenteric pains umbilical,  
He soon is invalided evangelical !

## CXV.

When we are dead, then comes the priest to bury us,—

It is, indeed, a solemn ceremony :

Pagans send Charon over Styx to ferry us,

Our Western Indians with us bury money ;

Mohammedans above in coffins carry us,

While Christians have a Saviour to atone the  
Sins of the world, and bear us to the skies.

Who shall unfold the mystery of mysteries ?

## CXVI.

How many their own consciences deceive,—

Accept a faith in which they have no faith,

And a belief which they do not believe ;

Although through life, they tread the sinner's path,

They hope, through forms, forgiveness to receive,

And think by empty creeds to 'scape God's wrath.

O Truth ! O Virtue ! have ye lost your force,

That man, by dogmas, should grow worse and worse ?

## CXVII.

The world has many and various religions,

Depending very much upon the place,

As whether very cold or hot the regions,

And something upon family or race ;

And each of these have followers by legions,

Believing they have God's peculiar grace ;

Some bow to stocks and stones, some worship fire,

And some a calf, but many something higher !

## CXVIII.

The Catholics send Protestants to hell,  
And Protestants the Catholics ; that is,  
Christian damns Christian, while the infidel  
Is damned by both, and heathen, hit or miss :  
If thus the world *en masse* is damned pell-mell,  
Who shall escape the devil's hot abyss?  
Ah ! let us look to God through faith and hope,  
Nor trust to churches, bishops, priests, nor pope !

## CXIX.

Oh, 't is a blessed thing to be a Christian,  
Whate'er may be one's own denomination ;  
Whether a pope, or priest, or Saint Franciscan,—  
Of Catholic or Protestant persuasion ;  
Redeemed, thy crown and glory shall be pristine,  
And Heaven forever hence shall be thy station ;  
But be contented when with thee 't is well,  
And do n't send everybody else to hell !

## CXX.

Mistaken man ! thinking to gain the shrine  
Of God's eternal temple, like a beast,—  
While full of Satan as a Cheshire swine,  
And thick within the crust of sin incased,—  
By drinking blood prefigured in the wine,  
And eating flesh like cannibals at feast ;  
Or braying hallelujahs like an ass,  
And paying priests to mumble out a mass !



## CXXI.

'Tis secret purity, and not its show,  
Which trains the soul, and saves it from the rod;  
'Tis not the sounding prayer, but silent vow,  
Which reaches nearest to the ear of God:  
Then who shall say, when all that's left below  
Is but a little dust beneath the sod,  
Which once was all that on the earth we loved,  
That souls which made no sign are not approved!

## CXXII.

Soft as the bleat of lambs upon the lea  
Should be the pleading voice of Christian love;  
Sweet as the songs of birds upon the tree,  
Should be its hymns; mournful as coo of dove  
Should be the humble prayer, upon the knee,  
For those departing to their God above;  
Tender should be the watch for those who stay,  
To win them back, or keep them in the way!

## CXXIII.

But still behold the present pope of Rome  
Clutching at earthly power, and power in Heaven;  
Babbling of sin against our Heavenly Home,  
For wrongs to him, because the King has driven  
Him to his own, the Vatican's, proud dome—  
The one great sin which can not be forgiven.  
His base indulgences no more are salable;  
His poor infallibility, how fallible!

## CXXIV.

He claims the right to govern apostolical,  
By lineal succession from Saint Peter ;  
Pretending to control imps diabolical,  
And bind the devil in a fire-proof fetter ;  
And when the soul must cast its earthly follicle,  
He sends it to a world than this much better :  
That is, if you believe ; if not, to hell.  
Judas sold Christ, but popes both buy and sell !

## CXXV.

Now if the pope should say what science is,  
Or tell us what philosophy shall be,  
'T would light a twinkle on the word's great phiz :  
Yet he declares what shall be piety ;  
And thus by ruling o'er the earth and skies,  
And teaching God and all the Holy Three,  
He cuts and fits religion like a cloak,  
And bids the nations wear it as a yoke !

## CXXVI.

In sixty-eight the Council Ecumenical  
Convened at Rome, in long and loud debate,  
To place the pope upon the pinnacle  
Of earthly power, both in the church and state—  
That his infallibility might manacle  
The faith of souls ; but, ah ! 't is quite too late,  
In this, the nineteenth century, to chain  
By church or state the minds or limbs of men !

## CXXVII.

Although the dogma of infallibility  
May be established as a pious fiction,  
The dogma of the pope's virility  
Has oft been proved beyond a contradiction.  
Though other men for amorous fertility  
Have been reformed by surgical infliction,  
His holiness has never been a eunuch ;  
And men are men at Rome, New York, or Munich !

## CXXVIII.

Thy pride, O Rome, is all that thou hast left ;  
Thy scepter has departed, and thy name  
Is now a weakness. Of thy all bereft,  
Save the faint echo of thy ancient fame,  
The tie 'twixt sword and spirit has been cleft ;  
Thy power, courage, morals, are the same,—  
One-half thy modern soldiers are but dastards,  
And thy young children two to one are bastards !

## CXXIX.

O God ! O Christ ! O Man ! O Heaven ! O Hell !—  
Where are thy powers ? and where are Right and  
[Wrong ?  
Where Law and Order ? Where does Justice dwell ?  
Where Love and Peace ? And does Repose belong  
Only to Heaven ? Has earth *no* happy vale ?  
These heavy thoughts oppress my laboring song,  
And reach afar beyond its little scope ;  
Yet they will rise to test our faith and hope !

## CXXX.

Invisible Eternal Right above  
Corrects the temporal wrong we see below ;  
Invisible Eternal Justice, Love,  
And Mercy rule where none may overthrow.  
In Heaven's high court no one his claim need prove,  
'T is known to Him who will not disallow ;  
No villainy or falsehood there can plead,  
To wrong the living or to damn the dead !

## CXXXI.

Let it be true that trouble, pain, and sorrow  
Must ever come, they will not always stay.  
If love and friendship fly away to-morrow,  
They are most precious, dear, and sweet to-day :  
And if the body finds its bed so narrow,  
The soul will live—*that* is not made of clay.  
Enjoy the beautiful and good while fair,  
For they were given us here to lead us *there* !

## CXXXII.

If virtuous good must sometimes give us pain,  
Remember that the pain will soon be gone  
And that the good forever will remain.  
In all our pleasing vices, ah ! how soon  
The pleasure flies, and leaves a wound or stain  
Upon the soul which God will then disown.  
"The path of *trouble*, and that path alone,  
Leads to the place where trouble is unknown !"

## CXXXIII.

There may be now and then apparent clang,  
Perchance some single sound, too flat or sharp,  
May seem to give too soft or loud a twang;  
But in the sweep of God's eternal harp—  
The universe—no discord ever rang,  
From loudest thunder to the lowest chirp:  
The discord here completes the concord there,  
And fills the harmony forever, everywhere!

## CXXXIV.

If there be hatred, see all-conquering love;  
If there be wrong, 'tis overthrown by right;  
If there be vice, canst not thy virtue prove  
Herself and cause superior in the fight?  
If momentary pangs thy nerves can move,  
Sweet endless pleasures in thy soul unite.  
Go, choose the good, and He will spare the rod;  
Accuse thyself, but dare not blame thy God!

## CXXXV.

The heart that would be pure must pass through grief;  
The soul that would attain to ecstasy  
Must first feel agony, then comes relief,  
Wrought out through hard, yet sweet necessity.  
We pay no penalties by mere belief,  
There must be suffering to purify:  
Go, heart, and bear thy pain, however hard;  
March on, my soul, and win the great reward!

## CXXXVI.

But, this grand lesson learned, if we are strong,  
We breast the waves and rise above the tide;  
Wise is the head which once has conquered wrong;  
Happy the heart which once life's sea has tried,  
And, wrecked, still to the right and truth has clung;  
True to ourselves, these taking for our guide,  
We then may safely ride o'er waves and rocks,  
Smile at the tempest, and defy its shocks!

## CXXXVII.

Adversity's poor cot, on virtue built,  
Withstands the winters and the storms of life;  
Prosperity's proud temple, reared on guilt,  
Sinks in the sands when rains and winds are rife:  
Its height and pride are set upon a stilt,  
Which reels and falls before the angry strife.  
Virtue, and truth, and right, have firm foundation,  
Which God laid deep and blest at the creation!

## CXXXVIII.

There is no private path nor secret way  
To enter Heaven, and none can buy admittance;  
The road is free and open as the day,  
No priest can bar the door nor clutch a pittance  
To let the wanderer in, or tell him nay;  
No pope can sell the sinner an acquittance,  
And thus his crimes and misdemeanors cure;—  
For none see God unless their hearts are pure!

## CXXXIX.

If man could never see a plane above  
Himself, his soul would never wish to rise ;  
It is the quenchless soul's deep, yearning love  
Which makes us bear our troubles and be wise,—  
Which bids us hope, howe'er we err or rove,  
That somewhere in the distant starry skies  
There is a dome that knows no higher dome,  
Where we may rest as in a happy home !

## CXL.

Ah ! we are bound unto the Deity  
By ties which hold the longing soul forever,  
Which neither fortune, fate, nor destiny,  
Nor all the restless powers of hell, can sever ;  
Nature's great volume, bound in God's decree,  
And God's own Word, will fail us—never !  
Through all the creeds, so futile and so false,  
Him will we worship whom the soul exalts !

## CXLI.

Some things we reverence, and some deride ;  
We choose between the wise man and the fool ;  
We never try to state the ocean's tide,  
Measure morality by square and rule,  
Conceive we're pious when our sins we hide,  
Nor dole out virtue by the thimbleful ;  
Nor do we yield our faith to creed or preacher,—  
Forgetting God to follow off the creature !

## CXLII.

But sometimes ignorance perverts our judgments,  
And so do prejudices, with their brood  
Of foolish whims, that find a thousand lodgments  
Within the best of brains—not understood.  
Love hates, hate loves; indeed, until we dodge hence,  
We can not always know the bad from good,  
For what we think is good may turn out evil;  
Intentions good make pavements for the devil!

## CXLIII.

We can not see with one another's eyes;  
We can not feel with one another's hearts;  
Fondly each one upon his own relies,  
Each loves his joys, and each must bear his smarts;  
And since such differences betwixt us rise,  
Why should we seek to act each other's parts?  
Let each be happy with what God has given,  
And find, as best he can, his way to Heaven!

## CXLIV.

The Jews have Moses; Persia, Zoroaster;  
China, Confucius; India, her Brahma;  
Christians have Christ, our Holy Lord and Master;  
The Tartar worships and believes his Lama:  
Each thinks the other's creed a sad disaster,—  
And so revolves the world's mysterious drama.  
Through whate'er systems mind and heart may rove,  
God is but Truth, and Christ is only Love!



## CXLV.

The human race will yet attain a creed,  
From myth, and miracle, and mystery,  
And from authority, and error, freed ;  
Wherein the right shall bear the soul on high,  
And love shall then fulfill its longing need,  
While wrong forever in the grave shall lie ;  
Then senseless formulas and empty rites  
No more shall chain the spirit's heavenward flights !

## CXLVI.

Truth praises everywhere the Deity,—  
Whatever is not true, is not of Him ;  
And goodness everywhere, in earth and sky,  
Praises the universal God sublime ;  
And beauty, wheresoe'er the soul can fly,  
Praises her Maker throughout space and time ;  
All law, all power, all things, bow down before him ;  
All mind, all spirit, thought, and soul adore him !

## CXLVII.

There is a God, whom humbly I adore,  
But not the God who let the world fall through  
His hands, and made a serpent on the floor  
Of dust, that did His mighty plans undo ;  
I worship Him, who, in His august power,  
Created heaven and earth—the high, the low ;  
Who still sustains all things that live or move,  
And, by His wisdom, guides them still in love !

## CXLVIII.

There is a Christ whom humbly I would follow,  
But not the Christ in whose dear name the world  
Has oft been desolated by the hollow  
Pretensions of the basest knaves, who hurled  
The bolts of war, or worked with poison sallow ;  
Whose gilded wheels of power have whirled  
Across the necks of prostrate, helpless man,  
And spread broad ruin o'er the fruitful plain !

## CXLIX.

Mine is the Christ who preached upon the mount,  
And taught me how to pray ; who to the woman  
Said, " Go, and sin no more." He is the fount  
Of love eternal—the divine and human ;  
He heals our sores, supplying every want ;  
His soft and pleading voice proclaims to no man,  
" Thou shalt depart," but calls on all to come,  
And, through his love to share the heavenly home !

## CL.

There is a church wherein I worship, where  
My soul pours out its love to Him on high ;  
'Tis not within four walls, where faintly glare  
The flames of oil on panes of checkered dye ;  
Its pillars rest on Heaven's foundations, there  
To stand forever, and its roof the sky ;  
Its light the sun, its ornament the stars ;  
'Tis God's own temple, which no error jars !

## CL I.

I have a minister—he 's not a pope,  
Nor bishop, curate, cardinal, nor priest—  
Who fancies that within his puny scope  
He wields eternity when time has ceased.  
My minister is God, who whispers hope  
To wandering souls, and calls the very least  
Of those who love Him to their home on high,—  
Whose voice is heard throughout the earth and sky !

## CL II.

Here will I worship God ; whether a trinity  
Or unity, He is but One ; the God  
Who sends his Spirit through infinity :  
This is my comfort, and my staff, and rod,—  
Dearer than earthly consanguinity.  
Obey the truth, love beauty, do the good ;  
In harmony with these, the soul shall soar,  
And dwell with Him in peace forevermore !

## CL III.

The true conception of Thy Being, God ;  
The immortality of spirit—soul ;  
Responsibility beneath thy rod ;  
The way to reach above the heavenly goal,  
Rising and bearing with me from the sod  
All that is true, and good, and beautiful,—  
Leaving my sins and sorrows in the grave :  
These teach me, God, and through Thy mercy save !

## CLIV.

Fain would I know, O God, Thy will to man ;  
Fain would I do that which best pleases Thee ;  
Teach me, O God, within my little span,  
To do Thy will, that I Thy face may see ;  
Do not my weaknesses too closely scan,  
For humbly will I bow the willing knee ;  
And teach me how to read thy word,—to search,—  
But save me from the power of an earthly church !

## CLV.

Grant me a scepter for my errant will ;  
Show me a star to guide my mind aright ;  
Give me a guard to keep my passions still ;  
Save me from wrong and sin's defiling blight ;  
Touch thou my soul, and teach me to fulfill  
My duty to all men before Thy sight ;  
Give me to know below what is above,  
And call me to Thee in eternal Love !

END OF GLANCE EIGHTH.

### Glance Ninth.

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#### POLITICIANS.

##### I.

Behold the politician strut his hour,  
Puffed up with notions of his endless fame,  
Which lasts as long as he has place and power,  
Then dies as quickly as an oilless flame.  
In dreams he sees some adamant tower,  
Or ponderous book filled with his wondrous name;  
To all the little mob he pays his court,—  
One day their idol, and the next their sport!

##### II.

His kite-tail eloquence is all made up  
Of printed scraps scissored from daily papers,  
Tied up in tape or twine in many a loop,  
And blown about by various winds and vapors;  
He knows not where he should begin or stop,  
But once begun he sputters on like tapers  
With water in their wicks, and swells and blows,  
Big with huge words—the meaning no one knows!

## III.

Another tells his glowing tales as cold facts,  
As happy as a little piping sparrow ;  
He pecks the public door, rummages old sacks  
Of garden seeds, and peeps in crannies narrow ;  
So cute and cunning that he does no bold acts ;  
He never breaks a bone, yet sucks the marrow.  
A chronic smile for all—for foe or brother,  
Which means as much to one as to the other.

## IV.

A partisan whom neither side can trust,—  
A trafficker in hate and prejudice ;  
He has no friend he would not grind to dust,  
And has no enemy he would not kiss ;  
He cheats the generous and betrays the just,  
And gives *that* world to gain a place in this ;  
He buys the devil at the shrewdest bid,  
And barter Christ cheaper than Judas did !

## V.

A cork upon the waves, he never sinks ;  
A feather in the gale, he always flies ;  
A weathercock, he points but never thinks.  
These, and a thousand other similes,  
As empty as the sail that swells and shrinks,  
And fills or furls, according to the breeze,  
Express the character of politicians,  
Who speak and vote upon implied conditions !

## VI.

A drift will follow where the currents flow ;  
A weed successfully will ride the wave ;  
E'en cataracts sink not the froth below,  
And bubbles float where ships would find a grave.  
Hence these can never safely guide the prow ;  
They lead to maelstorms where no skill can save,  
Then disappear to find their true condition ;  
See now a bubble burst and now a—politician !

## VII.

Our dog will not betray us, yet our friend,  
The politician, though a brother, may ;  
That man so near his God, can be a fiend,  
And that the dog—a brute—so far away,  
Should be so true, affectionate, and kind,  
Without a soul or reason's heavenly ray,  
Wounds our best hopes, and wakes our bitterest fears—  
I speak it not in anger, but in tears !

## VIII.

In spite of greater strength, the huge bull-dog  
Is oft outstript by puppies in the chase ;  
All yield unto the bloodhound's steady jog,  
Although the meanest of the canine race.  
Sometimes the lap-dog has his day and vogue—  
He looks the ladies sweetly in the face ;  
In spite of all the *fiste* oft wins the day,  
While the fat mastiff blunders on the way !

## IX.

Behold the politicians, cheek by jowl,  
Crouch to the strong and then oppress the weak ;  
But when condemned, then hear their whine and growl,  
The vicious snap, the coward's cringe and sneak.  
When swept from place they give a hideous howl ;  
Yet like the cur, they still will rise and speak  
For him who has the bread,—still beg and yelp,  
And still for pay caress the meanest whelp !

## X.

They lose their place and then are soon forgotten ;  
Removed, kicked out, with every limb unsound,  
Body and character diseased and rotten—  
'Tis much the same if bull-dog, *fiste*, or hound.  
Some live awhile on stealings ill-begotten,  
While others die within the public pound ;  
You may not read nor see their epitaph,  
But you will hear it ring in their successor's laugh !

## XI.

And like the foxes they sneak into place,  
But when once in, they grab the lion's share ;  
When caught, no whelp when whipt could be as base :  
They whine and howl like devils in despair.  
Thus beaten down and trodden in disgrace,  
They sneak like wolves to some low den or lair,  
And die like dogs denied their stolen feast,  
Snapping and snarling to the very last !



## XII.

One has the talent of the snake that creeps  
Into the den that bars the boldest lion,  
Or mounts a hobby as the monkey leaps  
The pony in the ring, and keeps his eye on  
His master's lash; and where the tomtit peeps  
He shuns the storm an eagle could not fly on,  
Or like the nautilus sails o'er the wave  
Where wisest pilots find a watery grave!

## XIII.

A cross of insolence and cowardice,  
In peace a bovine and a goat in war;  
His stomach, like the sack of avarice,  
Is full, yet greedy as a hungry bear.  
All know his offers, for he has his price,  
And will have worth when ciphers are at par.  
Bad in his mind and in his heart still worse,  
His flesh a sewage and his soul a curse!

## XIV.

The fearless lion never stoops to cunning;  
The cunning fox can never rise to courage—  
He wins his little victory by shunning  
The fight; the lion in his strength can awe rage.  
The weak deceive the strong, as deer by running  
Betray the bison where he gains his forage.  
Thus throughout nature is this truth made good,  
From kings in seeking crowns to beast securing food!

## XV.

Ah ! when we need our friend we find him not,  
But when we need him not, he's by our side ;  
What we have done for him he has forgot,  
Or in the power we gave him fain would hide.  
Whom we have favored, whom our hearts have sought,  
Whom we have loved, they leave us in their pride.  
They rob us, then they wrong us, then they hate ;  
And yet such creatures claim to rule the state !

## XVI.

Old friendships, sacred loves, favors received,  
Life's duties, justice, charity, and truth ;  
Old-fashioned things in which we once believed—  
In which we still believe in ardent youth ;  
But when an office is to be achieved,  
Shall such dull stuff stand in the way, forsooth ?  
Let common people do the common things,  
And clear the field for bold ambitious wings !

## XVII.

Some are as ciphers—nothing by themselves,  
But may be counted when beside a unit ;  
And still more weighty at the right of twelves ;  
One-sided as a die with lead upon it,  
As used by gamblers and then laid on shelves ;  
Or like a barrel-organ,—as you tune it  
So it will play ; or puppets on the lid—  
They turn, and whirl, and dance, as they are bid !

## XVIII.

Some may be said to be non-principled,  
For any coat of any hue will fit them ;  
Some may be said to be unprincipled, [them !  
They treat their friends and foes alike—they cheat  
Some may be said to be one-principled,—  
To have the offices, howe'er they get them :  
Dishonest, cunning, artful demagogues,  
And empty-headed, hollow-hearted rogues !

## XIX.

One is too stupid for a politician—  
Too clumsy to secure the bribe or stealage ;  
Too gross and windy for a rhetorician ;  
Too cowardly to stop or share the pillage :  
He has another and a fitter mission ;  
For as the sleek attorney of the village,  
He wins success,—see card of C. & Son,—  
But not as senator at Washington !

## XX.

Fie, fie, my muse ! stoop not to things so little ;  
Soar above insects, lest you might be blamed ;  
Touch not a single gnat, or fly, or beetle,  
But sweep them off by swarms, unsung, unnamed.  
Although sometimes you whisk satiric nettle,  
Do naught to make your spirit feel ashamed,  
But save your prowess for a higher skill ;  
Hunt nobler game more difficult to kill !

## XXI.

The politician follows off the jack-

O'-lantern through the morass, bog, and mire,  
And consequently never finds the track

Which leads the nation to positions higher.  
The statesman, watching through the zodiac,  
Is guided by the stars' celestial fire ;  
Whate'er the weather is,—cloudy or fair—  
He knows the polar star is always *there* !

## XXII.

The Father of his Country even doubted

His own ability to fill the chair  
Of state ; yet Grant, because our armies routed  
Our enemies while he commanded there,  
And that the multitude had loudly shouted  
“Huzza for Grant !” until they rent the air,  
Seized on the place without a doubt or dread,  
As “fools rush in where angels fear to tread !”

## XXIII.

And yet as difficult to understand

As a Greek oracle, or Rochefoucauld  
A Guicciardini, or a Talleyrand,—  
For what he means he lets no mortal know ;  
He seems to lead his friends as with a wand,  
And where he seems to lead, there they will go ;  
He neither knows, nor loves, nor hates mankind ;  
They follow him, which seems to give him mind !

## XXIV.

Since General Grant has been our president,  
He is an oracle, a riddle, sphynx, or puzzle ;  
He knows but little about government,  
But knows a cannon from the breach to muzzle.  
Whether on mischief, good, or nothing bent,  
No one can tell (they hint that he will guzzle) ;  
'T is sometimes easy to mistake stupidity  
For that much better quality—solidity !

## XXV.

But presidents most generally are cheap,  
Though Washington will ever stand alone ;  
His massive worth and solid fame will sweep  
The course of endless time. And Jefferson,  
Far-sighted sage, his fame shall keep  
Bright as the stars, as centuries roll on.  
And Jackson's lustre will not soon grow dark,  
For the old hero made a vigorous mark.

## XXVI.

If our great nation had no greater men  
Than those from whom we choose our presidents,  
We soon should have to "reconstruct" again ;  
But we have statesmen, and our "residents"  
Abroad, who have a wiser, higher ken ;  
And we have generals for war's defense ;  
Besides all these, we have the wiser few  
Who furnish thought and teach them what to do !

## XXVII.

But poor as our own presidents have been,  
They are superior to kings by line ;  
For 'mongst the many monarchs earth has seen,  
There is not one of worth in ninety-nine.  
And though elected rulers may be mean,  
Hereditary kings are not divine ;  
And presidents may know not much of schools,  
But kings are often dull, and sometimes fools !

## XXVIII.

And out of all our senators, not twenty  
Are ever heard of after twenty years ;  
And representatives have grown so plenty,  
Not one in twenty hundred has the cheers  
Of even a day, unless they can ferment the  
Good populace, and get them by the ears.  
Mere politicians, O how soon forgotten !  
Their jobbing over, they are dead and rotten.

## XXIX.

But 't is a goodly thing our government  
Can be administered by common men,  
For gods and angels are but seldom sent  
To rule us here, and only now and then  
A statesman of full caliber is lent  
To guide us wisely, with an honest brain.  
'T is true we have pretenders by the gross,  
And that is what has lately played the deuce !

## XXX.

The world at last is governed by its thinkers,  
That from the gazing multitude are hidden ;  
The people's idols oft are but the blinkers,  
Concealing benefactors while they 're ridden,  
By choosing favorites that are but tinkers,  
Doing the work of others as they 're bidden.  
One generation thinks, the next one acts,  
And turns their ideas into works and facts !

## XXXI.

It is the Press that makes our would-be statesmen ;  
Their general culture is the general average  
Of the newspaper, which defames and hates men  
Of other parties with a kind of fever rage ;  
Some fall below this type—such as Dick Yates, when  
He takes too much of old Kentucky's beverage.  
Although we 're cursed with drunkards, liars, knaves,  
Thank God. the people never have turned slaves !

## XXXII.

And " Woman's Rights "—the rant of long-haired men,  
And short-haired women, with their garments shorter ;  
Of sexless males, who will be women when  
They don the petticoat or wear the garter ;  
The woman-man, who, like the crowing hen,  
Remaining eggless, cackles all the *smarter* :  
And, see a being, now a thing quite common,  
Which is not man, and will not be a woman !

## XXXIII.

Save us from those who hunt for place and gain,  
And congressmen who steal so Tartarly ;  
From editors who wear a master's chain,  
And candidates who die so martyrly  
At every canvass, and then rise again ;  
From criticisms paid for—quarterly ;  
From scoundrels, hypocrites, and fools and knaves,  
And all that cheats the heart or mind enslaves !

## XXXIV.

When they want money from the public purse,  
They grant it to themselves by their own votes ;  
Although the honest few oppose the curse,  
They 're merely laughed at as a herd of goats  
Or foolish lambs, which will not suck their nurse,  
Or asses loving thistles more than oats.  
They care not for the people nor minorities,  
As long as they can buy corrupt majorities !

## XXXV.

Under the ample name of stationery,  
Are found tea, dimity, and pantaloons ;  
And 'neath the franking privilege they carry  
Silk dresses, axes, boots, and silver spoons ;  
And quick as Puck, and light as any fairy,  
They travel home and back,—thus saving bones  
And mileage too ; but Credit Mobilier [tear !  
Brought, with its dollars, deaths, defeats, and many a



## XXXVI.

And doughty General Schenck,—our minister,—  
The puffer of the Empty Silver Mine,  
With little sense or motives sinister,  
He did with ready knaves and fools combine,  
And kept two sturdy nations in a stir  
About a bubble, with a base design  
Of profiting. Now let him lose his place,  
Nor stain our country with a low disgrace!

## XXXVII.

The old, old battle 'twixt the head and hand  
Must be refought in every generation;  
And talent, which alone should give command,  
Must be yoked down to even degradation,  
To serve machines with pulley, wheel, and band,  
And fatten knaves who pilfer through the nation.  
The brightest head must labor, starve, and feel;  
The dullest hand can threaten, strike, and steal!

## XXXVIII.

Search out the Truth and earnestly beseech her  
To save us from the humbugs of the nation;  
From Tilton, every-sort-of-doctrine teacher,  
Of every sort and kind of speculation;  
From Spoony Butler and a Tartuffe Beecher;  
From Bonner's omnibus-and-railway-station  
Reading, and Caudle lectures by an Anthony,  
And all the other ladies who can rant any!

## XXXIX.

But I am no believer in the policy

That truth ne'er won a woman nor an office ;

Think not that what we hear and all we see

Of woman's ways but merely means to stuff us ;

But if you should, you will your folly see,

For when we're false they certainly will scoff us.

Remember, when you think they rather free are,

They're just as honest and as good as we are.

## XL.

And as to winning office with a lie,

Or with a thousand—let us say a hundred—

That may be so ; there is authority

That plodding honesty has always blundered

Whene'er she went to court, for you can buy

All men for price, at least so Walpole thundered.

Ask Metternich, Napoleon (Louis, or the Grand),

Machiavel, the Pope, or Talleyrand,

## XLI.

Van Buren, Tyler, Breckinridge, Buchanan,

Or Floyd, or Arnold, Satan, or Jeff. Davis ;

For they believe that lies can beat a cannon,

Defeat an army and destroy ten navies ;

They might then surely put a worthless man on

A rotten platform ; if a *rara avis*,

They might by dint of lies elect him ;

That is, unless the people should detect him.

## XLII.

Believe a famished fox that wants a gander,  
Or hungry wolf when hunting for a sheep :  
Believe hyenas when they nightly wander  
To prey upon the dead for whom we weep ;  
Believe that serpents never will meander  
When in the dust or through the filth they creep ;  
Believe the devil's word without suspicion ;  
Believe all these—believe a politician !

## XLIII.

O what a vortex is the human heart !  
Its constant cry is, " Give me more, more, more !"  
The sucking babe, dissatisfied with part,  
Still cries for more ; the lover, man of power,  
Aspirants in the forum, field, or mart,—  
All cry for more, till life's brief day is o'er ;  
And when a world, with all it has, is given,  
It looks beyond the sky and cries for heaven !

## XLIV.

Beware ! Ambition lost us Paradise.  
Ambition made the Devil fight with God ;  
Invented tortures, guillotines, and lies.  
It was Ambition brought on earth the flood,  
And shot the Tower of Babel at the skies.  
It is Ambition drenches earth in blood,  
Brings war and famine, pestilence and flame ;  
Ambition and Rebellion are the same.

## XLV.

Ambition is the bane of little minds,  
Not last infirmity of noble ones ;  
Too freely with injustice it combines,  
And loves to sit on pyramids of bones ;  
It treads its iron heel on humble shrines,  
And desolates the world to build up thrones ;  
Claims ocean and the earth from pole to pole,  
Traffics in holy things, and sells the soul.

## XLVI.

Statesmen are made of solider material  
Than politicians, who are ever canting ;  
They 're not so pliable, nor so ethereal,  
And they are not for office ever ranting :  
They leave their mighty labors ministerial  
To others, and posterity's descanting.  
That iron tower and grand colossus, Stanton—  
A noble subject for his enemies to rant on !

## XLVII.

'Mongst modern statesmen, true as Washington,  
We have a Lincoln ; and, as wise, a Chase ;  
A Douglass, versatile as Jefferson ;  
A Stanton, with steel nerves and iron face ;  
(From these dismiss a Simon Cameron,)  
And we have Adams, of an honored race ;  
While Seward is the Nestor of them all :  
With such to lead, the nation ne'er will fall !

## XLVIII.

Behold the logical and massive Chase,  
Sagacious as a Walpole or Richelieu ;  
With noble mien, and proud, expressive grace ;  
As wise as Pitt and as ambitious too ;  
And quite too fond of holding power and place,  
But to our truest interest always true ;  
His present dignified, serene position,  
Will scarcely satisfy his keen ambition.

## XLIX.

Statesmen !—the rarest of God's noblest work !  
Politicians are plentier than maggots ;  
They breed in party filth wherein they lurk,  
And have no love for country save to bag its  
Fat salaries, and gain a place by quirk ;  
With throat so open that no lie can gag its  
Voracity ; as ravenous and thick  
As Egypt's vermin on the body politic.

## L.

Behold the statesman ! firm, majestic, grand,  
Learned in his country's rights and constitution ;  
He casts his eye o'er all the teeming land,  
And gives the powers their balanced distribution.  
Where weakest, there he will the firmest stand,  
Looks for no remedy in dissolution,  
Which is but death ; loves liberty and law ;  
No gold can buy him, and no mob can awe.

## LI.

No purchaser of place, place seeks for him,—  
Lays his own interests on his country's altar ;  
Asks no applause, but leaves his fame to time ;  
Stands by the right e'en where the firmest falter ;  
Follows no populace to hear the chime  
Of fulsome praises from some drivelling dolt or  
Loud-braying ass, who would for favor flatter him,  
Or for a fee with low abuse bespatter him.

## LII.

His country's "guide, philosopher, and friend,"  
A Pitt, a Burke, a Webster, or a Clay ;  
Submits to right, to wrong untaught to bend,  
Builds for all time, not for the passing day,  
And through his measures sees some noble end ;  
Just in his power and careful in his sway ;  
Seeks not the world's great stage to play the actor,  
Content to be his country's benefactor.

END OF GLANCE NINTH.

### Glance Tenth.

---

SHAMS.

## I.

Many an arrogant and haughty nation  
Began its greatness by some butcher's sword ;  
While all its claims, founded in usurpation,  
Defy God's laws in spirit and in word.  
Many a knave has scattered desolation,  
As king, or duke, pope, cardinal, or lord ;  
Titles thus gained by wrong, then written *noble*,  
Await the fire that will consume the stubble !

## II.

Though kings may reign, their crowns are baubles still ;  
In iron bands their subjects they may bind,  
But can not win a little child's good will,  
Nor lay their scepter on the meanest mind :  
Their noisy names throughout the world may fill  
The brazen trump of fame, yet never find  
One heart to love them, nor upon their bier,  
Draw forth from all the world a single tear !

## III.

The strong are either arrogant or noble ;  
The weak, affectionate or treacherous ;  
The weapons of the weak to combat trouble  
Are cunning and deceit : they 're emulous  
To please the strong ; failing, the strong redouble  
Oppression o'er the weak ;—how often thus.  
If to each other they were true in duty,  
Both would be happy,—strength combined with beauty !

## IV.

And must the man of power be insolent,  
The weak man fawning, and the poor debased ?  
The man of fortune grow indifferent,  
And he who seeks success be double-faced ?  
The man of pleasure reap but discontent,  
And fascinating beauty be unchaste ?  
Ah ! pleasure must be pure or lose its charm,  
And beauty chaste to 'scape the gnawing worm !

## V.

But let the weak be brave and poor man true,  
And power be just, or lose its ruling place.  
What though the rich and great the poor eschew,—  
What though the knave still wears his double face ?  
There is no wrong where pain will not ensue—  
No vill'ainy that will not meet disgrace.  
Whate'er you are, do all you ought and can ;  
In all conditions, be yourself—a man !



## VI.

Ah! everybody wants to hear the truth  
Of everybody else, not of themselves;  
But 't is a foolish thing (although in youth  
We know no better, till experience shelves  
Our verdant innocence,) to pat or smooth  
A glittering snake, or tell the man who delves  
That he is not a king: with such plain facts,  
We soon find out how foolish are our acts!

## VII.

And many ways there are of hiding truth  
By keeping silent and proclaiming lies:  
Diplomacy, indeed, is but the smooth  
And wily way your motives to disguise.  
Affect surprise, your irritation soothe,  
And never show your visage as it is;—  
As Bismarek “fries his foes in their own grease,”  
While his own mirror would not know his face!

## VIII.

One's called a Bonaparte by courtesy,  
(See Humboldt on the question of his birth);  
But who can solve the cunning mystery  
By which false coin may wear the stamp of worth?  
Or who explore the dark uncertainty,  
And tell who delves the deepest in the earth?  
Or say what coiner moulds the fair impression?  
(Enough of this impertinent digression!)

## IX.

There is no limit in the minds of men  
To their presumptions and fatuities ;  
They will believe in the beyond, and then  
Deny the plainest contiguities.  
The uninstructed brain is but a den  
Of chimeras and incongruities,  
Equal in rashness and absurdity  
To Voltaire's blasphemy or Greeley's verdancy !

## X.

And there are those who are not satisfied  
With God's best handiwork, and wish to better it ;  
No doubt the world would be much gratified  
To see their work, but they would have to letter it,  
For fear the thing would not be ratified ;  
And doubtless it were proper, quite, to fetter it  
In mind and morals, piety and worth,  
Lest its bright being might destroy the earth !

## XI.

See the coarse-minded man fighting life's battle,  
To gather up a heap of glittering dust ;  
Struggling with millions for the noisiest rattle ;  
Full of sharp energy, low thoughts, and lust ;  
In estimation, held like fatted cattle,—  
That one is worthiest which will weigh the most.  
They die and are remembered—by their heirs,  
Until, with hasty greed, they get their shares !

## XII.

The grand menagerie of *bulls* and *bears*

Is kept in Wall street; other creatures come—

As asses, brainless goats, and silly hares—

To be relieved of any little sum

They have—from one to ten—quite unawares;

No street in hell can match this Pandemonium.

Hard by its mouth stands stately Trinity,

Pointing its lofty steeple *at* Infinity!

## XIII.

The sons of toil have no position there,

(I mean in Wall street—nor, indeed, in Trinity,

Where Christians purple and fine linen wear,

As more concordant with their *high* divinity,)

For whatsoe'er is true, or plain, or fair,

In that dishonest place finds no affinity.

Some honest friends of Uncle Sam declare

That *he* has burned and stained his fingers there!

## XIV.

He who has gold, and every flatterer pays,

Has genius, beauty, worth, and piety;

He knows philosophy, the sciences,

And languages in great variety;

In short, if rich, he is in all things wise,—

A cyclopædia for society;

For still the selfish, with their ill-got gains,

Believe that brains are gold, and gold is brains!

## XV.

Behold the miser with his sallow face,  
His withered body, and his hardened soul,  
Wherein humanity has left no trace!—  
His greed for gain would raise a gate or pole  
Where he is traveling to his destined place,  
On hell's highway, and charge the Devil toll.  
With iron bolts upon his heart and door,  
He gathers wealth while he is growing poor!

## XVI.

And see him with his heavy bags of gold,  
Clutching his treasures in his griping fist,  
Lest death should wrench them from his iron hold,  
Worshiping these instead of God and Christ.  
He counts them o'er until the sum is told,  
Nor lays them down until each piece is kissed :  
And thus he starves until his glazing eyes  
Take their last hungry look ; and then—he dies !

## XVII.

As thus the dying miser grips his gold,  
The gasping tyrant clutches still for power ;  
The debauchee sighs—impotent and old,—  
The worn-out wanton plies her rouge and flour :  
All acting o'er the tale so often told,  
And all entreating time for more, still more.  
Hard by stands Satan gloating o'er the scene,  
While grinning Death comes gliding in between!

## XVIII.

See the swift man who rushes on through life,—  
The busy bee that fain would fill his hive [rife,  
Ere he would taste its sweets, because the flowers are  
Striving for this that he for that may strive;  
Who even turns his pleasure into strife,  
And spends his days before he stops to live.  
He naught enjoys, but like the racer, flies  
To reach the goal; then, trembling, falls and dies!

## XIX.

The lazy glutton lounges at his ease,  
And ponders in his thoughts sweet dainty dishes:  
He ruminates the food that most will please  
His appetite—if frog, or flesh, or fishes,—  
The mixtures of his acids, sweets, and grease,  
And what will best fulfill his stomach's wishes;  
What drinks will best promote or quell his fires,  
Oblivious as the brute of all the soul's desires!

## XX.

Ye fools! you can not serve your God and Mammon:  
Know this is true; and it is just as true  
You can not lay up cash and serve a woman,  
Unless you are a miser or a Jew.  
One woman is more trouble than are two men:  
She will contrive to spend the residue;  
And when she has your heart she has your purse,—  
Then, Jew or Christian, you are apt to curse.

## XXI.

Some think that worldly sense is sensible,  
To understand mankind in every region ;  
That what succeeds is never reprehensible,  
To play the hawk and never be the pigeon ;  
To have accommodating views on principle,  
And easiness in morals and religion.  
Just so they do not steal, or rob, or kill any,  
They think all fair ; I think it basest villainy.

## XXII.

Since Cæsar's frisky spouse has been rejected,  
And since the case of Madame Potiphar,  
Why wonder many wife has been suspected ?  
That is, when slander pours its blot over  
Her name and fame, she then withdraws, dejected,  
Though once society much thought of her.  
Alas ! some gentle names have thus been blasted,  
While stronger ones the blotches have outlasted !

## XXIII.

They go to church, and, therefore, they are pious ;  
Besides they hugely hate—well, yes,—the Devil !  
In morals and religion have no bias,  
But love good manners and denounce all evil ;  
And they are prudent, for they always eye us ;  
And very chaste (where gentlemen are civil).  
Such piety and chastity are very common :  
O God ! preserve us from a worldly woman !

## XXIV.

They gayly circle in the giddy throng,  
Gracefully float in odd lascivious dances ;  
They sing the very soul of amorous song  
That lulls their chastity in dangerous trances ;  
All night their secret revels they prolong,  
Enacting Ovid's Love with practiced glances :  
'Tis thus they run the rounds of fashion's maze,  
Paint sallow cheeks, and live unhallowed days.

## XXV.

And many a cunning woman, too, will pander  
To win a lover by her pretty arts ;  
She plies him sweetly lest his heart might wander,  
And empties many a quiverful of darts ;  
Then if she finds he's not a "silly gander,"  
With dainty sweets she tries alternate tarts :  
If thus she can not gain the point by wooing him,  
She threatens then, and ends the farce by suing him !

## XXVI.

They secretly unrobe and toy with sin,  
Then walk abroad in garbs of piety ;  
Outwardly fair, while all is false within,  
They glut their passions to satiety.  
Secure, they grant you all ; and yet, if seen,  
Before you ask they will deny it ye.  
Demure as saints, yet wantons in disguise,  
In all their conduct they are living lies !

## XXVII.

See the bright jewel on that lovely breast,  
How warm without, and yet how cold within,  
Like the dark mud below the billow's crest,  
Which to the sun gives back its flashing sheen ;  
Beneath that beauty lies a serpent's nest,  
Full of young reptiles, squirming in their sin.  
Alas! that loveliness should ever err,  
And be to virtue but a fatal snare !

## XXVIII.

What beautiful and costly garments cover  
Most beautiful and costly vice ; but then  
It matters little, if but gilded over,  
Whether quite hid or not—that is, with men ;  
Wives ought to be allowed at least one lover,  
As long as husbands will insist on ten—  
For husbands have their loves sometimes by dozens,  
By calling them their nieces and their cousins !

## XXIX.

How many marriages are ill-assorted,  
And what an evil 't is unto the race ;  
How many happy unions, ill-reported,  
Are stolen in the course of love's sweet chase.  
Cupid essays to join, however thwarted,  
The proper lovers in the proper place ;  
But Hymen, right or wrong, binds them together,  
And when he's wrong, why, then they—break the  
[tether !



## XXX.

Alas ! you little culprit, Cupid, Cupid !

You are too sweet and witty for old Hymen ;  
You take the beautiful, he gets the stupid ;  
Although securely he pretends to tie men,  
They still are free, though thrice the cord is loopèd ;  
And while you win, he can, at best, but buy men.  
Not only single ones will play th' Old Harry ;  
The most successful rakes are those who marry !

## XXXI.

But many a noble woman has been wronged  
By a rejected lover's evil tongue,  
For when he can not win her, silver-tongued,  
His dastard lips will sing another song.  
He, with chicanery, then, and tales prolonged,  
Pursues and stings her till her heart is wrung.  
A coward often, with a wink or grin,  
Defames the woman whom he could not win !

## XXXII.

The wrong man does to woman cries aloud  
To Heaven for vengeance, and the wrong  
That woman does to man fills many a shroud.  
Oh, why should voices tuned to love's sweet song  
Screech hated discords to the ear of God ?  
Why should sweet words turn bitter on the tongue ?  
Think of the precious work which thou defacest ;  
The noblest spirit may become the basest !

## XXXIII.

How easy 't is to wound by words ironical,  
Spoken so softly that they e'en seem kind !  
How easy 't is to stab by means canonical,  
With long-faced piety and sober mind !  
And easier still to pierce the one I call  
My dearest friend—for love has made him blind !  
Silence can slander with the keenest skill,  
And eyes can look the very things that kill !

## XXXIV.

But call the porcupine a pretty rabbit,  
And say he is as soft as any cony ;  
Or call the Reverend John S. C. Abbott  
A genius ; tell the fool he 's deuced funny ;  
Though all is false, yet 't is a worldly habit,  
Which tends to very much increase our money :  
Tell every ugly woman that she 's pretty,  
And all the gray ones that their locks are jetty !

## XXXV.

Sometimes a woman will consent to marry  
A man for wisdom, worth, position, valor,  
Whether his name is Tom, or Dick, or Harry !  
Sometimes she marries the "almighty dollar,"  
Thus crushing her affections to be—sorry,  
And end her life at last in want and squalor.  
Many a beautiful and ambitious bride  
Slaughters her heart that she may feed her pride !

## XXXVI.

Should any one dislike to be a vestal,  
And passion's consequences come too often,  
Lest she might slip from good society's pedestal,  
Retain a doctor to prevent or soften  
Misfortune's pangs, or go to Madam Restall;  
Be modest for a while, then soar aloft on  
Angelic wings, pale, beautiful, and pure,  
And as a virgin some fond heart allure!

## XXXVII.

But now you're naughty, says my pretty reader;  
No, no, my dear, 'tis but a true narration;  
I follow fearlessly with Truth my leader,  
Yet keeping modesty in due relation.  
I would not be a false, fastidious pleader—  
One who ignores the Deity's creation  
As he has made it, and would make a new one  
To suit more dainty tastes: give me the true one!

## XXXVIII.

They think they pluck the rose and shun the thorn,  
By practicing their love without results.  
How vain! for Nature, since creation's morn,  
Has punished all whoe'er her law insults;  
Whate'er has been begotten should be born,  
Then beauty flourishes and love exults;  
For pills and potions, powders and preventives,  
Are health's worst enemies, and lust's incentives!

## XXXIX.

The devil, and the doctors, and the priests  
May profit by such practices, but honest  
And moral people hold them worse than beasts;  
They love their young, and ne'er declare them *non est*.  
The birds of heaven ne'er build their downy nests  
For addled eggs, nor kill their brood: at soonest  
Escape from shell you hear the happy twitter;  
And even the hyena loves her litter!

## XL.

The modern pattern of a gentleman  
Is a bold fellow, who a fortune makes,  
With a hot temper and a cold disdain;  
The older models were accomplished rakes,  
And those too weak and colorless to stain,—  
Full of ancestral gout and high-toned aches:  
A gentleman is but an honest man,  
Built up and perfected on nature's plan!

## XLI.

The pseudo-hero writes his name in water,  
And builds his fragile monument on sand;  
The lover finds his bride,—not where he sought her,—  
He bows to win a heart but gets a hand;  
The poet woos his muse, and when he's caught her  
Oft finds her but a drab with loosened band:  
Thus oft decoyed, and still as oft deceived,  
We almost blush to think we e'er believed!

## XLII.

Be serious at the proper time and place,  
And in society infringe no rule;  
Let ease and gentleness your manners grace,  
And you can play the devil—out of school.  
When with your trusted friends, let loose your face,  
Ope wide your heart, give pinions to your soul,  
Unlock your breast, give those you love the key,  
Relax your limbs, and set your nature free!

## XLIII.

Be idle and eccentric—and a genius;  
Play demagogue—and be a patriot;  
Seduce a maid—'t is but a freak of Venus;  
Get fashionably drunk—you're not a sot;  
Go stagger to some church, there to be seen as  
Of men,—and there of spirit be begot;  
Your gallantry and courage to commend,  
Commit adultery and kill your friend!

## XLIV.

Thus men have frequently been known to meddle  
With other people's business—friend or neighbor.  
Some wrongs are great, and some mere fiddle-faddle;  
Perchance a word may cure, perchance a sabre,  
A Bowie-knife, or gun; sometimes the saddle  
Of a sharp rail completes the spiteful labor;  
A feathery suit the victim is oft stuck in,  
Or may get off sometimes with but a ducking.

## XLV.

And woman, too, will sometimes stir up matter,  
If man should lovingly attempt to harm her ;  
Indeed, some excellent people think the latter  
(That is, woman,) no better than the former  
(Which is man). God, you know, mixed up the batter,  
Made Adam first, and then made Eve the charmer.  
But women mostly will attack a sister,  
And tease and tattle till they raise a blister.

## XLVI.

“ Believe a woman or an epitaph,”  
Lord Byron says ; his lordship never minces  
Such matters. When he gave his autograph  
To that remark—you know—the galled jade winces ;  
Perhaps he only meant to raise a laugh.  
The Bible says, put not your faith in princes,  
And I believe the Bible. As to Byron, he  
Was too much given to badinage and irony.

## XLVII.

Go watch the fashionable debauchee,  
He pays his way and drives his gilded carriage ;  
Or wife with twenty lovers at her knee—  
She’s rich, who dares her virtue to disparage ?  
He praises (in fresh victims) chastity,  
And she the joy (security) of marriage ;  
They go to church and prattle of their piety,  
And this is what they call the *best* society !

## XLVIII.

Behold him later, with his nerves unstrung,  
And face blotched over like a measley swine ;  
With lessened nose, bleared eyes, and thickened tongue,  
With rotten bones, and weak distorted spine ;  
Both flesh and soul with bitter anguish wrung,—  
And mark the wages of the libertine ;  
A loathsome being, whose polluted breath  
Corrupts the air,—whose touch dispenses death !

## XLIX.

At last, a huge three-acre face, no nose,  
With ass's ears, and bulldog's groveling brow ;  
And mouth with tombstone teeth, in broken rows,  
Foul as a charnel-house where vapors blow ;  
The nameless taint, self-caught, from scalp to toes,  
Poisons his blood and checks its filthy flow ;  
Yet still he seeks the stews with crutch and cane,  
And burns with beastly lusts in every vein !

## L.

Young man, beware ! for such may be your fate,  
If you should meddle with the unclean thing :  
There is no punishment within hell's gate  
To match the agony that lust may bring.  
Touch not ; for once defiled, it is too late  
To pluck the poison from the cureless sting :  
It is a fence of fire to keep you pure  
From secret vice and lechery's-allure !

## LI.

How often love is but an empty tale,  
And friendship but an idle name to chant ;  
How often honesty, when tried, will fail,  
And piety sing hypocritic cant.  
Oft love is blown about in passion's gale,  
And friendship often famishes in want.  
See honor in the market bought and sold,  
And God's religion changed for paltry gold !

## LII.

And then we have another kind of people,  
Who are so *very* pious, nice, and wise ;  
Who, as the Chinese pinch their feet, would cripple  
Our joys and pleasures, and put out our eyes  
Lest we might see ; whose faces never ripple  
In smiles, but always wear a smooth disguise.  
In short, your *perfect* people,—hypocrites !  
Who hope to cheat their God by empty rites !

## LIII.

And others are so nice on reputation  
That they must know who *he*, and *she*, and *they* are—  
Not only by their names and their relation,  
But by their parents' bed, and if *both* lay there  
At the *right* time,—allowing for gestation ; [heir ;)  
(So queens are watched, lest they should have a stray  
They're busy hunting now (do n't grieve so, madam,)  
To find certificates for Eve and Adam !



## LIV.

But then this thing they call society  
Will pardon all your little slips and shuffles,  
If only they are managed with propriety,  
And don't offend divinity and ruffles ;  
As drunkenness is called sobriety,  
And gluttony but eating dainty truffles,  
Unless you stagger in the streets or stutter,  
Or tumble sprawling in the public gutter !

## LV.

Let us shed tears of love—tears of affection ;  
Brave, manly tears for injured worth or beauty ;  
Sweet, precious tears of pity and dejection  
For helpless ones, too weak for life's stern duty ;  
Bright, laughing tears, that give back mirth's reflection,  
And tears of friendship, that with joy salute you ;  
But tears for overtaken vice, which reeks  
In sin,—such tears do not become our cheeks !

## LVI.

There are sweet sympathies which will attract  
And melt their objects into one, in weal,  
In woe, though human laws forbid the fact ;  
There are antipathies which will repel,  
In spite of all that human laws exact ;  
The hopes of Heaven, and the fears of hell,—  
Whate'er the punishment, whate'er the ruth,—  
Can never change this fixed and fearful truth !

## LVII.

O virtue! hard to win, and harder to secure,  
The noblest prize and sweetest charm of life,  
How few can gain thy heights! and yet still fewer  
Can keep thy pinnacle in toil and strife.  
Thy followers must shun all false allure,  
And march with bosoms naked to the knife.  
With beauty joined, thou art the crowning grace,  
And fairest guerdon of the human race!

## LVIII.

O Fashion! thou the ruling empress art!  
In Richard's time thou wert a rounded back,  
And, horrible! (fair maiden, do not start,)  
The ladies once, in France, reversed the pack;  
And under good Queen Bess (God bless her heart!)  
All was concealed by a surrounding sack.  
But then I would not wholly blame the ladies,  
For men are often merely tailored paddies!

## LIX.

In Alexander's reign, the finest part  
Of human beauty was a crooked neck;  
While Philip was the king, whate'er the smart,  
Each one put out an eye,—at least, a speck,  
If not by nature there, was made by art.  
O Fashion! despot, power without a check,  
That robs us of our clothes and eats our food,  
And makes us slaves to every shifting mode!

## LX.

Steal not, fair one, thy fragrance from the beast,  
Seek not from distillation its perfume,  
Rob not the quarry where the pebbles rest,  
Nor borrow from the bird its wavy plume.  
The lily never stains its snowy crest,  
Nor does the daisy ever mar its bloom ;  
The rose seeks not perfume from druggists' drops,  
Nor beauty ornaments made in the shops !

## LXI.

Remove that metal from thy polished arm ;  
Relieve thy delicate thin ears from weights ;  
Unclasp the glittering belt that spoils thy form ;  
Unload thy hands from their commercial rates ;  
Free thy fair neck and breast from every charm  
That vice appropriates and virtue hates ;  
And wash those changeless blushes from thy cheek,  
For worth and beauty no such bawbles seek !

## LXII.

The argument of belles and beaux is fashion,  
And that of lovers is to get their knees on ;  
The eloquence of heated fools is passion ;  
The logic of successful rebels treason,  
And that of tyrants arms, and power to dash on  
Their enemies ; of men of sense, 't is reason :  
To each no other argument is known,  
And 'mongst them all, none ever doubts his own !

## LXIII.

But there are fashions which will never change,  
For they are nature's types: a lovely form,  
A smiling face, a beaming eye, whose range  
Embraces heaven and earth, and sends a charm  
Into the very soul,—so sweet and strange  
It even can the ugliest fiend transform;  
A lip, a brow, a bosom that would hallow  
Love's fiercest passion,—these we all must fallow!

## LXIV.

Love of distinction is the ruling passion;  
All seek to gain it; soldiers to lay on the blows;  
Dandies and ladies wish to be in fashion;  
Some love to squander wealth, howe'er the money goes,  
And some to hoard; some ache a sword to dash on,  
Others to eat a dinner at Delmonico's.  
We all want something that will please or tickle us,  
Great, grand, sublime, peculiar, or ridiculous!

## LXV.

Our West, the artist, had a skill and tact  
Just suited to the British aristocracy,  
All cut to the same pattern by an act  
Of parliament. God's grand theocracy  
Defied and twisted, like a truth or fact  
Forced from a liar's mouth; hating democracy  
Worse than the devil. And the bishops loved him;  
They, too, are made by law—God seldom has approved  
[them.]

## LXVI.

Talking of lords and bishops—now of titles :

And, “dear reader,” this is addressed to you.

Some are as old and spring from pots and kettles,

And we are daily still inventing new ;

Some are quite good, and some not worth old victuals ;

Others indifferent, many are—so so.

There are no more importunating pleaders

Than authors when they court their offish readers !

## LXVII.

Titles, at best, are only words,—not things,—

Or rather, merely things ; even a crown

Is but a thing, and worth just what it brings.

They are but empty sounds for fools 'bout town,

Or knaves at court, and oft bestowed by kings

On mistresses and bastards,—poor renown !

They're bought and sold, like other things of barter,

From crown to epaulets, and down to garter !

## LXVIII.

Some are M. D.'d, because they cure the gout,

And some D. D.'d, but with a dash between ;

Some LL. D.'d, because they're old and stout,

And some for lucre, who are young and lean ;

Some titles are not easily made out,

As P. O. P. S. F. C., X. 13,

But easily obtained for any one,—

Apply a goat-skin to an ass, 't is done !

## LXIX.

'Tis very well to educate the masses,  
But learning at our schools is much diluted;  
If but a dunce remains his time, he passes;—  
Thus universities are prostituted.  
Their LL. D.'s are oft but golden A. S. S. E. S.,  
(Obtained by gold) or beardless goats cornuted.  
To peddle out degrees without the earning  
Is a base burlesque upon worth and learning!

## LXX.

And all our education is sectarian;  
Each one is trained in some peculiar school,  
Or church, or creed, Deistic, Trinitarian,—  
In short, by some prescribed or special rule,—  
To play the wrangler, quibbler, or grammarian;—  
In learning wise, in knowledge but a fool.  
Although our knowledge may in some things lack,  
Our sense should be encyclopædiac!

## LXXI.

Parents are busy with their families,  
Rearing their children for society;  
Selecting schools and reading homilies,  
And choosing milliners of notoriety;  
Training Recamiers and Romilies,  
Dressing and cramming to satiety:  
While money is the song for Dick and Harry,  
For Jane and Adelaide, 'tis "marry, marry!"

## LXXII.

How many run around the beaten tour,  
Consult a guide-book, grumble, dress, and dine;  
In pleasant weather, take a coach and four,  
Ride twenty miles, and swig their costly wine,  
Then higgle at the fare, get drunk, and *more*,  
Damn all the servants, call them dogs and swine;  
Remain some weeks away,—until they're graveled,  
And then return and boast—"Behold, I've traveled!"

## LXXIII.

Not to forget the doctors—they deliver us,  
And cure the croup, the whooping-cough, and measles;  
When sick they watch our tongue, and treat the liver thus,  
And thus and so, and leave us lean as weasels;  
Then when the King of Terrors comes they quiver, fuss  
About, and let us die,—and thus life fizzles.  
Rush said, "We do no good," the truth confessing;  
And Abernethy said, "I'm tired of guessing."

## LXXIV.

Right Reverend Sir is said to many an ass,  
With humblest and profoundest reverence;  
As empty as his image in a glass,  
With pride, and pomp, and vanity immense;  
And oft withholden from a better class,  
Whose hearts o'erflow with rich benevolence,  
Because they look to God as their Great Teacher,  
And worship Him instead of church or preacher.

## LXXV.

Madam or Sir are common titles, often  
Used honestly to show a true respect,  
But sometimes used to merely gloss, or soften  
Our hatred to an enemy or sect ;  
Sometimes to win or mollify a tough one,  
Or to avoid a slight or cut direct :  
In short, Madam or Sir has many uses,  
Besides ten thousand score and ten abuses.

## LXXVI.

“I say, old Guv’ner!” This is Young America,  
Said by boy of ten to his threescore father ;  
The mode is heard and learned with great celerity  
By this, the younger, from the older brother ;  
And much to our chagrin,—it is a verity,—  
’Tis sometimes used by daughter, wife, or mother.  
We talk about young people being ruled,  
When ’t is, in fact, the old ones that are fooled.

## LXXVII.

We’ve generals, colonels,—with each one a lieu,—  
Majors, captains, and corporals, and like ilk,  
Presidents, and senators, old and new,  
All ready for a bargain or a bilk ;  
Governors and excellencies,—not a few,—  
And honorables without number, in their silk  
And fancy waistcoats, like a lord’s postilion ;  
The tail esquire is given to the million !



## LXXVIII.

*Man* and *Woman*—these are the noblest words

E'er spoke, expressive of the highest worth ;  
Meaning far more than ladies, queens, or lords,  
Bishops, or kings, or all the claims of birth,  
Or knights and heroes of a thousand swords.

Man ! Woman ! proudest titles on the earth.  
He rises, and the world cries out, "A Man ;"  
She comes, and finishes Jehovah's plan !

## LXXIX.

In nature's course, old men must pass away,  
Old women, too,—not to mince the matter ;  
But they have had their time in life's brief day,  
And often long to leave its restless clatter ;  
Young people love them, but whate'er they say  
To them, they 're very apt to fib and flatter.  
The aged eat their bread in care and pain,  
And wear life's threadbare garment's o'er again !

## LXXX.

In gilded funerals, our vanity  
Displays itself, by heaping empty bawbles  
Upon the dead who sleep in cold inanity ;  
Amidst such splendor, humble grief redoubles.  
Strange sight ! a complaisant urbanity,  
And glittering tinsel, mixed with tears and troubles ;  
We bear our dearest friends to that dark bourne  
Whence none return, then elegantly mourn !

## LXXXI.

“In the misfortunes of our friends, we find  
Some comfort for ourselves :” thus Rochefoucauld.  
For this he has been bitterly maligned ;  
But was he wrong ? And may it not be so ?  
If other’s pains hurt more than ours, the mind  
Is soothed by contrast with another’s woe ;  
If we are ill, perchance our friend is worse,  
And his best friend may be upon his hearse !

## LXXXII.

“And in the fortune of our friends we find  
Some misery for ourselves”—all this may be :  
For if than we more fortune has a friend,  
And if he has more happiness than we,  
The contrast wakes a trouble in the mind,  
Although the soul from envy may be free :  
Thus in our friends’ good fortune oft we see,  
For our worse fortunes, partial misery !

## LXXXIII.

Like the bright sunshine on a pleasant day,  
Our dial friends mark every passing hour,  
But when the clouds arise they do not stay ;  
Or like the butterflies around a flower—  
The frosts appear, then soon they fly away ;  
Hatched like the insects by the sun’s warm power,  
Some sing, some buzz, some crawl, some speed on wings,—  
All suck our blood, for which they leave their stings !

## LXXXIV.

He who has nothing but his thanks to give  
As friendship's recompense, need not speak often ;  
If tears he gives for what he may receive,  
He need not often weep, nor need he soften  
His 'kerchief, thus his eyelids to relieve,  
For soon his friends will weep around his coffin ;  
And he who has but whinings to resent with,  
Will only have his sorrows to repent with !

## LXXXV.

The Gipsies—that most freedom-loving race,  
Their origin a hidden mystery,  
As that of Jews ; they are as marked in face—  
Not like the Jews, who have a history ;  
Give a dark Gipsy but a shilling piece,  
And ask a fortune, she will list to ye ;  
If for a lad, she'll make him rich as Plutus ;  
If for a lass, she'll find a man like Brutus !

## LXXXVI.

But recently mankind believed in witches,  
(You know, of course, mankind embraces woman,)  
In hair-balls, broomsticks, charms, and hazel switches,  
Though now such foolish notions are not common ;  
Yet still a few, hid in the caves and ditches  
Of this dark world, believe the superhuman.  
A man dishonest always is a coward,  
A weak one may be, even though a Howard !

## LXXXVII.

Hast thou e'er seen or heard a spirit rapping?

Where people form a circle, join their hands,  
Put out the lights, be still; then comes a tapping!

"Say, spirit, what's your will, or your commands?"  
(While Science and Philosophy are napping.)

An answer comes—the rapper understands!  
The Foxes first found out the spirit's will,  
And many mediums are foxes still!

## LXXXVIII.

There will be honest fools and wicked rascals

To mar the good, the beautiful, and true,  
In spite of Newtons, Washingtons, and Pascals,  
Or Christ, or all religions, old and new;

And fools will follow fools, as when an ass calls

His kind they come, and they are not a few;  
And knaves will shelter knaves, and thus protected  
They will be strong, and often much respected!

## LXXXIX.

A publisher's account remains a mystery

To all save those who've been initiated;  
The accountant renders you a kind of list, or a  
Confused and double statement, doubly stated.  
This mode (see Gail) is now a part of history,

It has so often been reiterated.  
The author furnishes the soul and brains,  
The publishers, the hands, and—takes the gains!

## XC.

Know ye the town of piety and cant,  
Of wooden nutmegs, and of many books?  
As prim and juiceless as a maiden aunt  
Of sixty-five, who walks, and talks, and looks  
And prays by rule, and peeps at things askant,  
All buttoned tightly up with eyes and hooks!  
God built the world that they might build a city,  
And show the universe their pride and pity!

## XCI.

And Boston built a wooden coliseum,  
Invited Grant and all his cabinet  
To listen to a national *Te Deum*  
Sung in a twenty thousand Babelet;  
Then advertised the world to call and see 'em,  
And caught the gudgeons in their shabby net;  
Thus being masters of the situation,  
They prayed to God, and made—a speculation!

## XCII.

'T was not a fairy castle in the air;  
They built it on the sand that they had lain  
Upon the waters, yet it loomed up fair;  
And as it was a thing of wood and stain,  
Storms came, the waters rose,—it was not there;  
Winds puffed it up, then puffed it down again,—  
It came and went by winds and waves combined,  
All coined in notes: there's something in the wind!

## XCIII.

Art brooks not drabbling with the multitude,  
It shuns the glare and blaze of garish day ;  
The spirit of the Beautiful and Good  
Seeks not display along the world's highway ;  
It finds its solace in sweet solitude,  
And there breathes forth its song in melting lay,  
Or starts to life upon the canvas page,  
Living for aye a youth that has no age !

## XCIV.

The low attorney ! Satan's meanest job !  
A groveling mind with villainy o'errun ;  
The noisy leader of a little mob ;  
Honor and truth, if e'er he had them, gone ;  
He steals the law's good name, that he may rob,  
And laughs in triumph at the orphan's moan ;  
With power a tyrant, and to power a slave,  
A crouching coward or insulting knave.

## XCV.

He seeks one side for better or for worse,—  
Unless by fraud he can betray them both,—  
Then takes the other for a larger purse.  
When unsworn lies will not o'erthrow the truth,—  
And he can roar them till his throat is hoarse,—  
He lifts his hand and ekes them out by oath ;  
Forges adroitly ; justice still defies ;  
Lives a known knave, and like a felon dies.

## XCVI.

Loud in his speech, his eloquence has wings,  
(So has a fowl,) and full of dull, low wit;  
Knows what his knavery's worth by what it brings;  
Tells a base lie and calls the thing a hit;  
He shows much spirit (so does the wasp that stings);  
And he is honest when he can not cheat.  
Whate'er is weak he therefore brands as wrong,  
For right with him is always with the strong.

## XCVII.

His foggy head is ever in a cloud,  
The mountain labors and a mouse is born,  
And lungs, not logic, make his thunders loud,  
While passion rages and—his hair is torn;  
His cautious legs with prudence are endowed,  
That near his foe he need not long sojourn;  
But he has worth—ah, yes—in bonds and fields;  
And he has courage—in his ready heels.

## XCVIII.

"An honest *lawyer*—noblest work of God;"  
(A work most difficult we must admit;)  
"A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod,"  
So Pope once warbled in his vagrant wit.  
See Mansfield, master of the human code;  
And Marshall's noble mind, the law's great light,  
Upheld a nation tottering to its fall,  
The guide of man and states, and just to all.

## XCIX.

The counselor and friend, with sense upright,  
And generous bosom warmed with virtue's flame,  
A ripened mind, all radiant with light  
That sheds a halo round his honored name;  
Unmoved by power in all its frowning might,  
His cheeks ne'er tingled with the blush of shame,  
The friend of Freedom in the hall or field,  
The first to warn us and the last to yield!

END OF GLANCE TENTH.



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**Glance Eleventh.**

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## EXPLANATION.

## I.

Brewhile I sang a kind of rambling ditty :

Of former Glances notions were quite various ; [witty,  
Some praised them and some blamed, some called them

Some flat, while others thought them all nefarious :  
Such is the motley world ! Ah ! what a pity

Poetic reputations are precarious.  
But rouse, my Muse ; resume the theme again ;  
Let critics fume, and fools and knaves complain !

## II.

But if I've done an injury to any,

God knows that I would humbly beg his pardon :  
Like other wars, in shooting at the many,

In hopes to hit the vicious, or a hard one,  
The innocent may suffer ; thus was slain the

Saviour ; for virtue will not always guard one.  
'T will be my study to hunt out the guilt,  
And there drive home the dagger to the hilt !

## III.

But we are told that poets are licentious,  
And that they should be careful in their rhymes,  
Nor talk too plainly to the conscientious,  
In these good, moral, and fastidious times.  
For my part, I prefer a strong, sententious,  
And bold writer, to one who merely prims;  
For false morality, like secret sin,  
Measles, et cet., is worse when driven in.

## IV.

If one should choose to hunt up antecedents,  
They could be found in plenty,—this all know;  
As lawyers, when they cite their old precedents,  
Stick to the rule, and let the reason go.  
Virtue is not vice, vice not virtue; pedants,  
And priests and shams can never make them so.  
Religion, truth, morality, are what we want,  
Not falsehood, knavery, hypocrisy and cant!

## V.

O for a Muse to soar on tireless wing,  
And bear the flame of everliving fire  
Up to the skies, that I might virtue sing!  
O for a whip, with sweeping lash of wire,  
Tipped with the venom of the scorpion's sting,  
To scourge the vices to their funeral pyre;  
Of fools and villains I would rid the earth,  
And show the wise and good true joy and worth!

## VI.

'T was thus in youth my heart burst forth in song,  
But, chilled and broken, died away in pain ;  
Though stricken sorely with the deepest wrong,  
It bore the sorrow and did not complain :  
Now in maturer strength I will prolong,  
In nobler verse, the long-neglected strain.  
Come, then, my harp, and let me tune thy string ;  
Come, my good muse, and bear me on thy wing !

## VII.

But I have had my studies, more severe,  
Which weaned me from thy flowery banks of peace ;  
They gave me strength, and taught me not to fear  
The world's cold frown, nor idly seek my ease  
In the soft lap of luxury ; yet dear  
To me have ever been thy smiles, which please  
The heart, instruct the mind, and fill the soul  
With all that's best, and truest, and most beautiful !

## VIII.

Once more, sweet Muse, I call thee from thy hill  
Into the lovely vale wherein I dwell ;  
Once more I fain would feel thy gentle thrill,  
And hear the concords of thine own sweet shell,  
Though I may woo thee e'en with poorer skill  
Than when I bade thee long ago farewell.  
Perchance my harp may have some broken strings,  
But naught can pinion thy eternal wings !

## IX.

I stand apart from all the world, alone,  
And watch the striving millions in their round ;  
Of all the multitude I am but one ;  
They are my brothers, for to all I'm bound  
By every tie which common natures own,  
Where all must stand upon a common ground.  
There is not one in all the endless throng,  
To whom I knowingly would do a wrong !

## X.

Here will I sit a little while and sing  
To the vast crowd, though none should hear my song ;  
Perchance some listening ear may hear the ring  
Of my poor lyre ; but now, in all the throng,  
There is not one the pleasing cheer to bring ;  
Yet, all unheard, I will its tone prolong, —  
Then, with my silent harp upon my breast,  
Go peacefully to sleep in deep unbroken rest !

## XI.

Perchance but few may hear, and none may heed,  
Yet thou shalt warble to the stream and wood ;  
On Nature's bounty, all uncaged, shalt feed  
And rear with pleasing care thy tender brood ;  
The sportsman's shot perchance may make thee bleed,  
For they will pierce the sweetest dove e'er cooed ;  
But whatsoe'er betide thee, spread thy wing,  
Bold as the eagle dare, true as the turtle sing !

## XII.

Ye Beautiful, ye Nine, where do ye dwell?  
And can your haunts only be seen afar?  
May we approach ye not? O who can tell  
Me on what rock, or laureled mount, or where,  
On flowery plain, in woods, or shady dell,  
On the green earth, or in the bluey air,  
My eyes may see your beauty, for they long  
For one sweet glimpse to aid my laboring song!

## XIII.

Where,—in blue ether, or the burning star,  
In sky or cloud, on earth or in the sea,  
Above, below, here, there, or near or far,  
In cave, on mountain peak, or flowery lea,  
On rock or wave, in waste or rich parterre,  
In darkness, light, in time, eternity,—  
Dost dwell the True, the Good, the Beautiful?  
Tell me, sweet spirit; breathe it to my soul!

## XIV.

Fly, fly, Urania, to the cloud-capped mountain;  
Come, Polyhymnia, to the wild-wood bower;  
Come, sweet Thalia, to the cold, clear fountain;  
Euterpe, come, and cull the blooming flower;  
Let Clio reign—while centuries we count in—  
O'er all the land with undiminished power;  
Melpomene, Calliope, Terpsichore,  
Erato,—all ye nine come join the jubilee!

## XV.

If on the heights I never yet have been,  
Or ne'er drank deep from the inspiring sea,  
Of all the pleasures I have felt, or seen,  
Or known, or tasted, like the wandering bee,  
My few and scanty sips at Hippocrene  
Have been the dearest, sweetest joys to me;  
Although I may not dip with golden bowl,  
I still may wet my lips and slake my thirsty soul!

## XVI.

I would not dare to mount the eagle's wing,  
Nor even hope to gain the dizzy heights  
Where Genius poises—lesser birds may sing;  
Nor can I, with the swan, take lower flights  
And bathe my bosom in Castalia's spring;  
I could not rein the fiery steed that smites  
The earth in scorn, treads o'er the clouds in state,  
And rings his silvery hoof at heaven's gate!

## XVII.

But I have sometimes played about the foot  
Of Clio's mount, not daring to aspire  
Or clamber to the laurel boughs that shoot  
Along its brow, glowing with ancient fire,—  
Twined last with Tasso's harp, now mute,—  
For mine is but an unpretending lyre;  
Yet I, low down, may glean some little flower  
To grace my humble and neglected bower!

## XVIII.

How vain thy labor, O my plumeless muse,  
To dip thy pinions in the fountain's flow,  
Or scale the mountain's height above the dews,  
Or touch the laurels on its lofty brow,  
Or soar above the earth in dazzling hues,  
Bright as the tint of the ethereal bow;  
But thou may'st build thy nest low at its foot,  
Flutter thy wings, and pipe thy little note!

## XIX.

The minstrel since has trodden other shores,  
And he has read of lands where time began;  
And now, ere time his crumbling dust restores  
To hungry earth,—the hecatomb of man,—  
And ere his soul eternity explores,  
Takes up his wandering theme,—his planless plan,—  
And, glancing at the world, once more replumes  
His weary Muse, once more the strain resumes!

## XX.

How sweet, yet sad, thou art—uncertainty!  
That which is known, and must be, has no charm;  
It is that which may be, or may not be,  
That pleases most; the coming calm or storm,  
The changeful clouds that flit along the sky,  
Whate'er may do us good or bring us harm:  
These raise our expectation and desire,  
And all our noblest aims and hopes inspire!

## XXI.

O I have loved my Muse, although her wings  
Were never plumed for high or ample flights ;  
And I have loved my harp, though few its strings,  
And half untuned for song ; with all their slights,  
I would not give them for the fame of kings ;  
And though they can not gain the ancient heights,  
They come to me, and we can sing and weep,  
And in the dust together sweetly sleep !

## XXII.

I lay upon my couch, and saw, all glowing,  
A beautiful being ; she came to me :  
Her robes were fashionless, all white and flowing,  
And seemed transparent ; all was purity.  
She touched me ; it was TRUTH—all-knowing ;  
She spake : “ O mortal, I would come to thee  
And show my treasures, but thou canst not know ;  
A glimpse is all that I can show thee now ! ”

## XXIII.

“ But thou must love me and put faith in me ;  
Follow my footsteps by the light I give ;  
With patient labor search and thou shalt see ;  
Ask in true method, and thou shalt receive.  
I was, I am, and I shall ever be ;  
Without me nothing can exist or live ;  
Besides me there is naught but what deceives ;  
Follow me, mortal, till thy soul believes !



## XXIV.

And thus I was inspired again to sing,  
Once more to glance upon this changeful world ;  
Again to wake my Muse and touch the string.  
Although she may not soar where suns are whirled,  
Yet she may flutter on her modest wing,  
And rise above where stormy clouds are hurled,  
Into the placid sky, cerulean bright,  
And catch some glimpses of the distant light !

## XXV.

My Muse, indeed, is but a rambling vagrant,  
She bloweth where she listeth, like the wind ;  
And yet I trust she never may be flagrant,  
However little wit she has, or mind ;                   [rant,  
And though her readers think her rhymes but vague  
She never knowingly shall be unkind,  
But shall be free as air, nor wear the chain  
Of any master, nor obey his rein !

## XXVI.

“I wonder who the deuce the author is ?”  
No matter who ; he is not Grant or Cid ;  
He never was in heaven to taste its bliss,  
And never went to hell as Dante did ;  
Knows little of those worlds, but much of this,  
And many a truth lies in his banter hid.  
He pours his thoughts and feelings in his poem,  
Contented though the world should never know him !

## XXVII.

An old log school-house was his Alma Mater ;  
It stood hard by a gentle, winding river,  
High on a hill,—the rounded breast of Nature,—  
'Neath which he watched the tiny billows quiver.  
The hill is there—the landscape's pleasing feature,  
But ah ! the building—it is gone forever ;  
Even the native rocks are there no more,  
Yet still the limpid waters lave the shore !

## XXVIII.

Ah ! yes ; he knows the world ; it knows not him ;  
Yet he is very like most other people ;  
Water would drown him,—if he could not swim,  
Or find some solid ground or shallow ripple ;  
And fire would burn him, body, bone, and limb,  
If he fell in it,—but he does n't tiddle.  
He's living now, but soon expects to die ;  
Hopes to find Heaven a truth and hell a lie !

## XXIX.

Though he conceals his name, says one,—I know it !  
He stole his poem from another's brain,  
And in disguising it, that naught should show it,  
He saved the bones,—the soul would not remain.  
With all the anxious care he could bestow it,  
The frightened spirit would not come again ;  
For, like the surgeon with his mangled corpse,  
Its own soul knows it not,—'t is so much worse !

## XXX.

Of what importance is the author? say!

Here is his poem—what it is, it is;

If you should ask, perchance he might say nay,

Or might perchance say yea; perchance his phiz,  
If not too hard, the secret would betray.

Let him be fool, or knave, or dupe, or quiz,  
The poem is the same; then praise or curse it,  
Whate'er you say, the next one might reverse it!

## XXXI.

No poem is too good to 'scape abuse,

No poem is so bad that none will praise;  
However well you write, fools are obtuse;

However ill, some friendly jackass brays.  
Then fly, sustained on your own wings, my Muse,  
Poise well your judgment and watch well your lays,  
Write not for praise, but truth, and fear no blame,  
For knaves and hypocrites can not defame!

## XXXII.

A poem that can move stupidity,

Or rend the garments of hypocrisy,  
Bemuddle critical stolidity,

And pierce the head of any block you see,  
Should be, methinks, with strict rigidity,  
Kept 'neath a combination lock and key;  
For good old pa's and ma's with terror dread it,  
Lest boys and girls perchance might find and read it!

## XXXIII.

Just see the errors in these stupid Glances!

The reader cries; but hold, they mean not you.

Ah! what a pity they were not romances,

With twice their beauty, and not half as true;

But as they're something more than vagrant fancies,

They doubtless have their errors,—one or two;

If anything you find herein amazes,

Pray you remember Glances are not gazes!

## XXXIV.

A poem or a tale, without a theme,

Hero, or subject, would all sense defy;

None but a madman would attempt the scheme—

So all (at second hand) the critics cry.

Dear sirs, the world a unity I deem;

(By even taking in the clouds and sky;)

Then surely all my Glances at it, whether

Twelve or twelve thousand, are but one together!

## XXXV.

“The various objects of your pen's selection

Seem rather unconnected in their scope.”

The veriest ass can see without reflection

(I beg your pardon, no offense, I hope,)

That 'twixt his food and goad there's no connection,

And that there is betwixt his neck and rope.

Who can not see the world in various phases,

Sees it not truly,—“write them down as asses!”

## XXXVI.

As I begin a stanza, so I end it,  
Whate'er may be its sense, or sound, or rhyme;  
I bend or break a line, but never mend it,—  
The restive Steed spares not the precious time.  
The critics may attack it or defend it,  
And jangle discord, or ring out a chime;  
They make of each the other as they wish,  
As priests in Lent turn gammon into fish!

## XXXVII.

My Muse's rule is not to have a rule,  
Whate'er the critics chatter of their art;  
Go, let them mount their tripod or their stool.  
Must every steed work in the market cart,  
And drink forever from the common pool?  
May he not wander where the waters start,  
And slake his thirst where freshly springs the fount,  
Or find new pastures on the dizzy mount?

## XXXVIII.

Is Pegasus not free to hie away,  
As well as pampered steeds of baser blood?  
And thus his speed and flowing mane display,  
Defying precipice and rock and flood?  
With nostril wide, and eye of fiery ray,  
Seeking fresh meads to feed on unmown food?  
Must he be hampered, and forever neigh,  
And train his appetite to withered hay?

## XXXIX.

God knows, the present author thinks as little  
Of this—his work—as any critic can ;  
And whether brass, or pewter, or pot-metal,  
Silver, or gold, 't is what was in his pan.  
No doubt old Time will prove it very brittle,  
But he has written like an honest man  
Whatever he has thought, and felt, and known,  
While struggling after truth, unhelped, alone !

## XL.

And if you still dislike it, you will find  
All the material in the dictionary,  
Whence you may reconstruct it to your mind ;  
Make it of marble or confectionery,  
Or bone and muscle, flesh and blood combined,  
And add the spirit resurrectionary ;  
When you have finished it to please yourself,  
Then publish it, and—lay it on the shelf !

## XLI.

I write not for the present, but the future,  
That is, if what I write is ever read.  
I do not publish, but alone salute your  
Own private ear, or touch your heart or head,  
Or move your soul, whichever way would suit your  
Desire or understanding, faith or creed ;  
But breathe it not, dear reader, to posterity,  
Lest critics hear and lash it with severity !

## XLII.

If I should tell the truth, I shall not please you ;  
And if I please you, shall not tell the truth :  
A sad dilemma ! I can not appease you  
With flattery, nor would I without ruth  
Offend, for yet I never bent my knees to  
An earthly power, save when in tender youth  
I bowed before my father and my mother :  
A man should bend before his God—no other !

## XLIII.

Now, my dear Reader, if your mind is sickly,  
And can not bear the truth, just close the book ;  
And if you are too sensitive, why, do it quickly,  
And shut your eyes before you steal a look ;  
For truth, you know, is nude, and sometimes prickly ;  
And lest you hear her chatter like a rook,  
Stop up your ears,—especially if long,—  
Nor deign to read or listen to my song !

## XLIV.

My whip shall be a whalebone or a blossom,  
With silken fiber or a lash of wire :  
With that to softly touch the tender bosom,  
With this to sting, as with a flame of fire,  
The hardened scoundrels, and expose them,  
Deformed and naked, to a nation's ire ;  
For I would make my hits and cuts convincing,  
And let the knaves betray themselves by wincing !

## XLV.

Some wrongs deserve severest castigation,  
As some diseases need the surgeon's knife ;  
Some are but vapors on the imagination,  
And are, of course, not dangerous to life :  
So in my Glances at the age and nation,  
I would be strong or gentle in the strife ;  
To some give nothing but a sweet *placebo*,  
And others lash until I make the knee bow !

## XLVI.

I write not for unswaddled, puling babies,  
Nor little misses ere they have their shape ;  
Nor nuns who waste their sickly lives in abbeys,  
Nor curly-headed urchins, damp with pap ;  
Nor for your paragons,—Aurora Rabies,—  
Nor wives that nurse a dog upon their lap ;  
Nor prudes, nor hypocrites, nor fools, nor knaves,  
Nor cowards, tyrants, liars, nor for slaves !

## XLVII.

Whoever talks to babies, uses twaddle ;  
Although I love the little things most dearly,  
I do not write for them ere they can toddle ;  
Nor for green boys that play the man so early,  
Nor for young girls before they drop their swaddle ;  
But wait till they are men and women fairly,  
Then let them read, and feel, and think and ponder,  
And know themselves, the world, the truth, and wonder !



## XLVIII.

But say the over-moral and religious  
Compose no books save such as youth may read.  
This would indeed be pious and fastidious,  
But leave the longing mind and soul in need.  
Such paragons of virtue are prodigious,—  
Too delicate, I fear, to love and wed.  
They would deny that which most makes us human,  
And blame our God who made us man and woman!

## XLIX.

This would destroy all brains, and sense, and knowledge,  
And sink us deep in maudlin puerility;  
Close up the school, academy, and college,  
And rob the mind and heart of their virility.  
As well go strip the trees of flowers and foliage,  
And check the fruitful earth in its fertility;  
'T would drive us back to seek the book of Sibyl,  
Taboo our Shakespeare, and forbid the Bible!

## L.

I write for men, or rather *man* and *woman*,—  
For all who dare to think, and speak, and act,  
And who acknowledge the Divine and Human;  
Who search for truth, and follow proven fact  
Where'er it leads; for all who would be true men  
And women—all who hold their minds intact  
From falsehood, and their hearts from the impure,—  
Who love and labor, struggle and endure!

## LI.

But then I would not shoot in every bush,  
Merely because a knave may hide in bushes,  
For fear I might a harmless bevy flush,  
As awkward sportsman oft his poultry flushes;  
Nor would I at a knave or rascal rush  
Upon suspicion, as a mad bull rushes  
At a red petticoat, or mad dog raves,  
But shoot wild beasts and drag them from their caves!

## LII.

I bend my bow and send my whetted arrow  
At those who should be hit, with cautious aim;  
And if they're wounded to the quivering marrow,  
The error is not mine, but theirs the blame.  
The weak or innocent—the wren or sparrow,  
Or harmless hare—shall never be my game;  
But birds of prey shall feel the piercing point,  
And beasts of blood shall writhe in every joint!

## LIII.

For even enemies are necessary  
To keep us steady on the road of life;  
Watch well the points which they attack, and vary  
Your course if they are right,—the very strife  
Will rouse your mind and keep it brisk and airy;  
Prick them on gently with satiric knife, [them,  
That you may learn what they call faults, and mend  
Or, if not faults, be able to defend them!

## LIV.

And it is useful also to have friends,  
To cheer us on when we are in the right;  
It girds our energies for nobler ends,  
And brings our resolution to its height.  
But also watch what in a friend commends,  
Lest he may view us in a partial light;  
Distinguish carefully, whate'er your rules,  
'Twixt friends and enemies, and knaves and fools!

## LV.

True friends are like the arch—remove the key  
That binds each one, and it affects them all;  
Or like the close embrace of vine and tree—  
Both scathed by lightning if the bolt must fall;  
And like the ivy in their sanctity,  
Clinging to age to hide the crumbling wall;  
Bound by that love which heals the injured heart,  
Faithful and true until they all depart!

## LVI.

My feet have left the dusty road of life;  
I'm sitting by its green wayside at rest,  
Watching the millions, in their toil and strife,  
Rising and falling as they're onward prest.  
I have been with them, and have had my grief,  
My joys, and pleasures; yea, I have been blest:  
But I would not return. My day is done;  
All that life offered me is lost or won!

## LVII.

May opes the buds, and June the full-blown flowers ;  
    May calls the birds that twitter love on wings,  
June holds their downy nests within her bowers ;  
    May fills the streamlets from a thousand springs,  
Which June exhales and turns to dews and showers,  
    And o'er the lawn their timely moisture flings :  
Two charming months of beauty, love, and joy,  
That bring us pleasures which can never cloy !

## LVIII.

I roam across the plains and through the woods,  
    And rest me by the side of babbling streams,  
To muse on fountains, rivers, oceans, floods,  
    Which rise, and flow, and pass away like dreams ;  
Fit emblems of that ceaseless time which broods  
    Like night o'er all that was, or is, or seems.  
Of all these living beings, I am one,  
And 'midst them all, I am alone—alone !

## LIX.

I once amongst them was, and was a part  
    Of them, and fought my battle with the rest ;  
They were my peers ; I loved them, mind and heart,  
    And took and gave what either cursed or blest.  
God knows that I have suffered many a smart,  
    Some wrong, but haply now that all is past.  
I played my little part and left the stage,  
And now, like aged men, am waiting for old age !

## LX.

Although alone, yet I am not alone !

The land, the sea, the mountain, rock, and flood,  
The earth, the sky, the universe, God's Throne,  
Spirit,—the true, the beautiful, and good,—  
The present, future, past, the all, The One,  
Are with me still,—this is not solitude !  
With God the soul can never be alone,  
And time with Him is but eternal noon !

## LXI.

O man, strange being ! full of contradictions ;  
He loves a stranger and forgets his kin,  
Denies established truth and follows fictions,  
And substance leaves that he the shade may win ;  
Full of performances and derelictions,  
Wasting his fortune in his greed for gain ;  
A fool, now wise, now funny,—see Mark Twain !  
Now stubborn as an ass,—see Francis Train !

## LXII.

I would not have a master nor a servant, for  
It takes away true freedom to have either ;  
I would not *be* a master, nor a servant, nor  
A slave,—the noble-minded can be neither ;  
I would not be the conquered nor the conqueror,  
Though chain or scepter did not weigh a feather ;  
But I would be the equal friend and peer  
Of all that man should be, or do, or dare !

## LXIII.

All who would love the true, the pure, and good,  
Be just to all, and suffer wrong from none,  
And strive to make mankind one brotherhood,  
And labor till the victory is won ;  
Who bend the knee and pray to only God,  
And own allegiance to His Holy Throne :  
These are my brothers, sisters,—such my creed,—  
With these I'll struggle till we gain the mead !

## LXIV.

Let me be neither great nor small, but good ;  
And neither slave nor master, but a man !  
To wield no scepter, and to feel no rod ;  
Indifferent to the storms of wind or rain,  
Content in peace to tread the bloodless sod,  
Unstirred by glory on the martial plain ;  
At last to lay my dust beneath the clod,  
With soul unsullied to return to God !

## LXV.

With honest, good, and gentle-natured hearts,  
I love to speak whatever comes in mind,  
About all subjects which occasion starts ;  
But first let it be true, and second kind :  
Yet caring little if, but just, it smarts  
The guilty scoundrel, or instructs the hind ;  
For knaves and thieves, in all their ups and downs,  
Are food for satire, so are fools and clowns !

## LXVI.

How sweet to be ourselves, and show to others  
Just what we are, and what we wish to be,  
In friendship's faith, as in the bond of brothers;  
And sweeter still, in love's true amity,  
To show the open heart, when nothing smothers  
Or hides its yearnings for the sympathy  
Of those we love, and who forgive our faults,—  
Whose love and confidence our life exalts!

## LXVII.

Friendship is truest when it is unbought,  
As wine is purest when it flows unprest;  
And love is sweetest when it comes unsought,  
Asks no reward, nor hopes to e'er be blest:  
Beauty is loveliest when it is untaught,  
And 'dorned by only nature's simplest taste;  
Genius shines brightest when its thoughts are free,  
And birds sing sweetest from the wild-wood tree!

## LXVIII.

Sweetest of all to show our weaknesses—  
The little fond endearments of the heart—  
To one dear being, whom our love can please;  
To lean upon a breast untaught by art,  
Pure, loving, fond; full of sweet courtesies;  
Our own true, tried, and faithful counterpart,  
From whom the rack and torture could not tear  
The precious secrets we have trusted there!

## LXIX.

Ah! there was one, *one* who was ever true;  
All that she had she would have given to me;  
What she could do for me, that would she do;  
She was all mine in love's security.  
So warm, and yet unsullied as the snow,  
And pure as pearl ungathered from the sea,  
We could not keep what each fond heart had given;  
Nay, better as it is, though both were riven!

## LXX.

It was a love that had no wish beyond  
Itself; no hope of gain, no fear of loss,  
No sweet caress, yet in the soul 't was fond.  
Its tide ran smooth; there were no waves to toss  
It on the rocks, and bid the heart despond,—  
Nothing to make its course tempestuous;  
'T was far above the dangers of the breach  
As the bright star we love, yet can not reach!

## LXXI.

O I had made thee in my very heart  
Queen of my hopes, without one doubting fear!  
Thou wert my joy, without a pang or smart;  
I gave to thee my smiles, without a tear,  
Joined thee to me,—made thee my better part,—  
And loved thee fonder every passing year.  
I watched and saw thee go up in the sky, [die  
Yet death has left thee with me, for thou couldst not



## LXXII.

Open thy breast, O earth, thy arms unfold ;  
We bring to thee a flower once bright with charms ;  
Take her and lay her in thy softest mould,  
And let her rest within thy cold clay arms ;  
The rose, and lily, and the marigold  
Will bloom above her in their sweetest forms :  
The flowers are lovely and as pure as snow,  
But none as sweet as she who sleeps below !

## LXXIII.

Grief has its tears and sighs, its agony,  
And pangs ; alike here nature levels all,  
As the fixed law man calls necessity  
Alike disposes of the great and small.  
Before the truth that is, and which must be,  
How soon all human things must change or fall.  
Alas ! for man's poor weak authority,  
At best 't is but a little child's minority !

## LXXIV.

The world is much as 't was, but grows some older ;  
Our race repeats itself a little faster,  
Yet much the same, though somewhat bolder.  
We care but little now for a disaster,  
No matter what it is ; for, being colder,  
We try again, and never stand aghast, or  
Succumb to circumstances, but begin  
Anew, and fight our battles till we win !

## LXXV.

The Printing Press has made "the world a stage,  
And all the men and women players," and  
It brings before us man in every age;  
And shows us every clime and sea and land;  
And yet the Press, with all its ample page,  
Makes us not hear and see—but *understand*.  
'Tis but the Stage can show the three combined—  
The speaker's, actor's, and the poet's mind!

## LXXVI.

Here you may see the philosophic brow,  
Revering God, up to the heavens arise,  
Or o'er His works in contemplation bow,  
And wonder at the hand that made the skies,—  
That guides the earth as on it rolls below,  
And fashioned man of dust that lives and dies;  
Who kneels in deep humility, and grieves,  
And doubts, and fears, and yet at last believes!

## LXXVII.

Here you may see the brow indignant lower,  
The big, dark eyes, beneath distended lash,  
When wrongs have roused them to their keenest power,  
Send forth their fire as clouds their lightnings flash,  
Avenging Right amid the smoking gore  
Of battle, as they on to victory dash,  
The form erect, with stern, majestic stride,  
While heaves the bosom with its heated tide!

## LXXVIII.

Here you may see the patriotic sire—

Although more years than hairs are on his head—

Weep at the gallant soldier's kindling fire,

Who grasps the sword and shows again the deed.

Who has not felt his throbbing heart beat higher

To see his country's undefeated blade

Leap from its scabbard at the call of Right,

The Wrong to conquer in victorious might!

## LXXIX.

Here you may see the melting bosom move,—

As lips have pressed the lips they knew they dare,—

When woman's charms have warmed it into love,

And eyes of eloquence give back the tear.

Here you may see the generous breast approve,

When pity's tale has crept into the ear;

And here sweet lips another's wrongs relate,

And pause to breathe a sigh o'er hapless fate.

## LXXX.

Who does not love to gaze, since man had birth,

On round-faced Humor, with his comic strides?

(Why should we not, since man must live on earth

And sail life's ocean with its ebbs and tides?)

And wholesome happiness dealt out by Mirth,

That tickles Laughter till he cracks his sides?

These 't is the poet's to conceive and tell,

And these the actor's to portray and feel.

## LXXXI.

The Press gives wings to Science, Art, and Truth ;  
What though upon its pinions falsehood flies ?  
Falsehood 's decrepit, it has lost its youth,—  
For long ago it tumbled from the skies,—  
While Truth is ever young ; sometimes uncouth,  
Perhaps, yet still can beat ten thousand lies.  
Truth is but One ; lies, legion and infernal ;  
Yet lies shall die while Truth will live eternal !

## LXXXII.

The Printing Press has spoiled the speaker's art :  
Henceforth the orator must talk on paper,  
And 'mong mankind must act a lesser part ;  
Amid the general blaze he 's but a taper.  
The million orbs that light the world's great mart  
Outdo the lonely star hid in a vapor.  
No single tongue, however keen its words,  
Can match ten thousand pens as sharp as swords.

## LXXXIII.

The actor, too, has lost his finest feather ;  
His little theater for winter nights  
Holds but a few (and fewer in bad weather)  
To hear his funniest or sublimest flights ;  
No more he leads the public by a tether ;  
The Printing Press has quite put out his lights ;  
Though wisdom's solid gold, and wit, as rare  
As diamond's light, are still enjoyed there.

## LXXXIV.

When I have played my part, and life is done,  
And when these weary limbs and aching head  
Shall prostrate lie; when my last sand has run,  
And death is leaning o'er my earthly bed,  
Waiting the glimmer of my setting sun  
To bear me off to mansions of the dead,—  
In the full hope of life beyond the skies,  
As in sweet slumber, let me close my eyes!

## LXXXV.

Reader, I pause; my pen is dull (do n't smile).  
I wrote some thirty stanzas, all to-day.  
Lucilius wrote two hundred verses while  
Standing on one leg, so at least they say;  
Nor were they lame; he never used the *style*,  
Nor I. (Ah! that's apparent in your lay!)  
The Roman knight, the genial, frank Lucilius,  
Honored by Scipio, and loved by Lælius.

## LXXXVI.

But where's my theme? I'm glancing at the times,  
And at all times, and at eternity;  
Talking of this and that,—whatever chimes  
With my intent, whether in earth or sky,  
On land or sea,—whatever aids my rhymes,—  
Or good or bad, indifferent, low or high.  
I look above, below, and here, and there;  
Whate'er my Muse may be, she is as free as air!

## LXXXVII.

Confound my Muse! she is a wild Bohemian,  
At this, at that; now wandering here, now there;  
It matters not whether she has a theme or none,  
Or whether this old earth be round or square.  
But I must rouse her from her dreamy tone,  
And tune her cymbals to another air:  
As fickle in her subjects as a roamer,  
And, in her dress, as careless as a Bloomer.

## LXXXVIII.

My Muse is but a Rambler (or a Vagabond,  
As the Italians called the work of Johnson),  
Or spectator; at least she seeks to wag around  
And watch the world—a sort of Monsieur Tonson  
Come again; and sometimes she mounts the nag to bound  
High in the air, (wait, reader, I'll be on soon).  
By nag, I mean, of course, the steed Pegasus.  
(Some think they ride him when they're on but asses.)

## LXXXIX.

I like a rambling, vagabondish poem;  
It does not trouble one about the unity;  
'T is something like a friend, we never know him  
Until we find some trying opportunity;  
He cheats us till in anger we bestow him  
All nicely to the hot place with impunity.  
So try this poem; if you find it evil,  
Throw down, or burn, or fling it to the devil!

## XC.

There's health and freshness in variety,  
And dullness is engendered by monotony;  
Our food is various to eschew satiety,  
And doctors warn us to avoid plebotomy,  
And if we guard our drinking with propriety,  
We will most probably escape lithotomy.  
So food to feed the mental should be various,  
Or else our health of mind will be precarious.

## XCI.

We never talk in cantos, nor in verses,  
Much less in chapters, or in strophe or stanza,  
As a stage actor or a boy rehearses  
His lesson; no, you never heard a man say  
A good thing in his life, whene'er he nurses  
His thoughts as a sick child, or wilting pansy.  
Great thoughts are free, true wit is like a spark,  
And when your piece hangs fire you miss the mark!

## XCII.

There is no unity in conversation;  
And what is pleasanter than general chit-chat,  
Rambling among the objects of creation,  
Endeavoring this to praise, and then to hit that  
Severely which deserves disapprobation?  
Sometimes it is an animated tit-tat.  
But conversation, if our tongues were shackled,  
Would be like walking with our feet manacled.

## XCIII.

If then in converse we may talk about

This, that, these, those,—in short, of all the things  
That fill our knowledge, as we walk about

The earth,—why then, in writing, should the wings  
Of our unclipt imagination stalk about.

Like hampered legs, or like a ghost that brings  
Us news as sad as Cock Lane's till they laid it?  
There must be unity—the Greeks have said it!

## XCIV.

We never, in our pleasant evening rambles,

Follow the beaten track, but rather shun it;  
We seek for trees, wild flowers, or even brambles,

In some sweet vale where day can scarcely sun it,  
Avoiding sewers, dirty streets, and shambles,

And close our walk as light as we begun it:  
So let the mind go out to bright fresh places,  
Nor be confined to Greek and Roman paces.

## XCV.

My verse is but a kind of hasty rubble-work,

Built up of many things all in a jumble;  
Like mortar, stone, and brick, laid up in double work,

The edifice when done will be but humble.  
Perhaps a critic might with little trouble jerk

Away the pillars, yet it would not tumble;  
And as I labor to avoid satiety,  
I choose materials of great variety.



## XCVI.

Perchance there may be now and then a diamond,  
Or agate, California quartz, or ruby,  
Wedded with something rough, as oft in Hymen ;  
As many characters are sound or snobby,  
As wise as Solomon, as false as Simon,  
Now dignified, now low, and now a booby.  
Indeed, a man that is not sometimes foolish,  
Is always so, or at the best but schoolish.

## XCVII.

Ah ! we can give but patches of the mind  
To other minds, and show the soul in pieces ;  
And as the silver chords of memory bind  
Each being into one, till death releases,  
The stanzas of a life are not in kind ;  
We laugh and weep until the story ceases.  
Man's harp is ever varying ; O tune it ye  
To highest praises—God, the only Unity !

## XCVIII.

Or if you can not call the thing one poem,  
Call it one thousand one, as per the number  
Of subjects or of lines,—say this is proem,  
Or that is prelude ; if inclined to slumber  
Over its drowsy pages, nicely stow 'em  
*Beneath*, not *in*, your head ; if all is lumber,  
Rebuild the work, for surely there is stuff ;—  
“ *Stuff !* yes,” the reader cries. “ Enough, enough ! ”

## XCIX.

Or, if you please, a medley ; for it meddles

With many things, and has no lines nor bounds  
Between the earth and sky ; from him who peddles,

Like Wordsworth's sage, to him who deals in crowns  
Of kings or potentates : which of them diddles

Us out of most, I would not swear, by zounds !  
For kings and vagabonds oft get a double sum,  
And both of them, God knows, are very troublesome !

## C.

My work has no beginning, has no middle,

But probably, some time, will have an end,—  
Indeed, it is a kind of rambling riddle ;

Nor has it unity of subject to commend  
It to old-fashioned critics. Let them piddle

With their unities, if they still contend ;  
I'll wander here and there, o'er all the climes,  
And hunt for gems to string upon my rhymes !

## CI.

But then, dear reader, if you like division,

Just chop the poem into forty chapters,  
One thousand stanzas each ; or if elision

Be your passion, (I like these nice adapters  
Of words and marks,) then note with due precision

The dots and commas, and enjoy your raptures  
In broken doses ; but be very cautious—  
If dainty in your taste, they might be nauseous.

## CII.

I have no plot, nor do I want a hero,  
To fill my pages with a stubborn theme;  
Nor good nor bad, no Howard nor a Nero;  
Nor am I chained to any lumbering scheme  
That drags or weighs me, freezing, down to zero;  
My thoughts and words are airy as a dream.  
On will I sing, without a chart or line,—  
All objects, times, and subjects shall be mine!

## CIII.

See, there! I've penned more than one thousand  
[stanzas—

“Of nonsense,” says a friend. He may be right,  
For writing poetry is not as man says,

'T is as his genius takes, or not, its flight;  
Or more, perhaps, like liberty in Kansas,—

As God disposes, in his ruling might.

“As to your genius, sir, I—rather doubt it;”  
Hush, gentle reader, say no more about it!

END OF GLANCE ELEVENTH.

## Glance Twelfth.

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### CONCLUSION.

#### I.

My subject is not done, but I must pause ;  
The theme is fresh, the bard is growing hoary ;  
A lifetime were too short—by its own laws—  
To close the scene, or half complete the story.  
Each generation must defend the cause,  
And sing the song of Liberty and Glory,  
And win and hold the wreath—whate'er the strife—  
Sacred and pure as God's Eternal Life !

#### II.

Philosophy, Science, Art, and Religion  
Are various parts of one eternal Truth..  
Error is not a wandering dove, but pigeon  
That hath not where to rest her foot ; the ruth-  
Less waves for her will not subside ; her region  
Is with uneasy Doubt, whose gnawing tooth  
Feeds on our peace, and stings the soul with sin ;  
There is no ark or Heaven to take her in !

## III.

And wise Philosophy, the aged matron,  
Is Mother of the Arts, and Sciences ;  
Born of Minerva, and begot by Saturn,  
She's wise and lazy. Her appliances  
Are often wild, and she sometimes a slattern.

Whoever has a half an eye and sees,  
May soon know this, although her sons and sages  
Have written some twelve million million pages.

## IV.

The Sciences are frugal, tidy housewives,  
And do their work exactly and with neatness ;  
Can tell you how an elephant or mouse lives,  
Or calculate a star's or planet's fleetness ;  
And tell you just how much a goose or louse gives  
In fat or feathers : they are all deceitless.  
They steam across the continent or main,  
Go up in air-balloons, and then—come down again !

## V.

The Arts are beautiful and lovely sisters,  
Delightful to the eye, with fair proportions ;  
They open to the vision pleasing vistas,  
And cheer the heart ; and yet I've seen distortions  
(For even beauty may sometimes have blisters) ;  
Occasionally you will find abortions.  
When they are natural, they're never hurtful ;  
They're meretricious only when too artful.

## VI.

The loveliest of them all, sweet Poesy!

She walks the earth with proud and graceful mien,  
Gathers the flowers, and gazes on the sky.

Far from the noisy haunts where men convene,  
She treads the mountains where the zephyrs sigh,  
And wanders by the fountains in the glen.  
She sings the Beautiful with silvery tongue,  
And chants the ages in undying song!

## VII.

On faith, religion—not on reason—rests,

Though man oft boasts of reason as more bright  
Than faith, and gropes in darkness, while the beasts,  
Obeying but their instincts, move in light.

'Tis faith convinces, reason but suggests;

Faith guides the spirit to the Infinite.  
All reason teaches is that we must die;  
While faith invites us to a home on high!

## VIII.

Man trusts his senses, and exclaims, "I know,"

And yet for these no reason can he give,  
Except that sense and reason tell him so,

While sense and reason ever will deceive.  
'Tis faith alone the heavenly path can show,

And only through his faith can man believe.  
Faith is the knowledge which God gives to man  
To show his pathway and to make it plain.

## IX.

Though we can see, and hear, and taste, and feel,  
This is not knowledge, it is but belief;  
For doubts across the clearest mind will steal,  
Till faith comes to the longing soul's relief;  
Without it, none can know how God will deal  
With erring man, whose heart, surcharged with grief,  
Knows a sure faith, and though he feels the rod,  
Sees the bright way that leads him up to God!

## X.

Man's fleeting history in small compass lies;  
In pain he's born; at first he cries, then plays;  
And next he loves—the slave of smiles and eyes;  
And then he fights in glory's dazzling blaze;  
Then hoards, and prays, and weeps, and hopes, and dies:  
Thus he begins and thus he ends his days.  
O life! where is thy promised happiness?  
O man! where the fulfillment of thy bliss?

## XI.

How few at most, and short, are all our years!  
The infant cries, and childhood has its toys;  
Youth has its restless hopes, manhood its fears,  
'Tis honored age alone that life enjoys.  
Though few may have a past all free from tears,  
And few a future that no fear alloys,  
A well-spent life makes past and future bright;  
Each coming period brings its new delight.

## XII.

Through life's short path, in every step we tread  
Upon sweet flowers that withered long ago ;  
In every step we trample on the dead  
That sleep in deep forgetfulness below ;  
On forms and hearts that once to life were wed,  
And hoped, and feared, and loved as we do now.  
All matter round us has been thrice alive,  
Thrice knew its life, and yet could not survive.

## XIII.

Whate'er our sorrows, or the fear of death,  
Whate'er our pain, we can not always grieve ;  
And though we feel a joy in every breath  
Of life, we would not always wish to live.  
We hope and long for that unfading wreath  
That is not here, which God alone can give.  
Even if death were but eternal sleep,  
'T were better still than life if we must always weep !

## XIV.

A human life how sad, its span how brief !  
We do not breathe—we sigh away our breath ;  
The sweetest happiness must end in grief,  
And grief can only end, as life,—in death ;  
This is the certain and the last relief.  
How worthless fame ! Ambition's brightest wreath,  
How false ! How poor is wealth ! How weak is power !  
Poor empty baubles of a fretful hour !



## XV.

At every step we tread in search of pleasure,  
We meet with pain, and when we reach our highest  
Object, sorrow is there in fullest measure ;

And when to what we long for we 're the nighest,  
We oft are farthest from the precious treasure.

O thou who for the earth's contentment sighest,  
Search not the mountain top—it is not there ;  
Search not the plain or vale—it is not anywhere !

## XVI.

Yes, every cup of pleasure has its dregs ;

Behold the goblet when the wine is gone,—  
Within its flow there dwell a thousand plagues

Which deaden mind and moral sense dethrone ;  
A drop that every faculty fatigues,

And leads our bodies to the skeleton.

Who seeks for happiness in pleasure's bowl  
Will drown his conscience and destroy his soul !

## XVII.

We pluck the rose and scent its sweet perfume,

Which in a moment on the zephyr dies ;

In plucking it, we oft the thorn deplume, [cries,

Which wounds the hand ; then, with unconscious  
Comes the regret for what we did presume.

How quick the perfume and the pleasure flies !

Alas ! how long the wound and scar remain :

'T is ever thus with pleasure and with pain !

## XVIII.

To suffer and enjoy alternately  
Is the great law of every sentient being ;  
And better thus than be the fern that lay  
So long insensible, with rocks agreeing ;  
Better through joy and suffering learn that way  
Which leads to happiness, by hearing, seeing,  
Feeling, hoping, fearing, than be a clod  
Which knows nor life, nor death, nor Heaven, nor God !

## XIX.

Few flowers adorn the dusty road of life ;  
We see one here and there as on we tread ;  
The sweetest roses bloom away from strife,  
To make the hearts of humble bosoms glad,  
As richest laurels grow below the cliff,  
And often seek the unambitious head.  
Though light may glitter from the highest vane,  
The sun shines down and warms the humblest scene !

## XX.

A gentle wind breathes sweetly on the trees,  
A storm—a stronger wind—prostrates them low ;  
The sea invites us with a wooing breeze,  
Which brings the blast and sinks our venturous prow ;  
The genial fire, which will not let us freeze,—  
E'en at the pole,—soon burns us with its glow :  
Thus one unbroken chain, from high to low,  
And good to bad, joins ecstacy and woe !

## XXI.

Our hopes lie dead around us, like the leaves  
Of autumn round the tree ; and yet the boughs  
Will bloom again, and the new leaf receives  
The kiss of heaven. 'T is so with love's sweet vows :  
They bloom and wither, and the bosom grieves ;  
At last they die and leave us all their woes.  
There is no tree that never sheds its leaf ;  
There is no heart that never had its grief !

## XXII.

The young man builds his hopes upon to-morrows,  
The old man keeps the joys of yesterdays ;  
Whate'er the young man has, from hope he borrows,  
For what the old man keeps, in fear he pays,  
And his most precious treasures are his sorrows ;  
The young man hopes to win his crown of bays,  
And rest securely ere his life is done ;  
The old man fears to lose what he has won !

## XXIII.

How oft we wish, as up life's hill we climb,  
We at the foot in youth could still remain !  
Go, mount on wings, and overtake old Time,  
Call back the years within a moment's span ;  
Sweep ocean and the earth in every clime,  
And bring my happy youthful years again ;  
When light was beaming freshly on the mind,  
When friends were just and love was true and kind !

## XXIV.

The past is in the grave, and the present we  
Are ever losing, and the future is  
Not ours. Time never ebbs, as doth the sea,  
But flows forever on,—whate'er the bliss,  
Whate'er the woe,—forming eternity.

The future is the fount which can not cease;  
The present, the swift current, onward hurried,  
That fills the past,—the sea where all lies buried!

## XXV.

How solemn is the slumber of the dead,  
The placid stillness of eternal rest;  
And yet how sweet to lay the weary head  
On our last pillow, which a Saviour blest.  
Why should we so approach it with such dread,  
When God recalls the spirit to His breast?  
Leaving this world for that which is to come,  
Is but embracing friends and going home!

## XXVI.

There never was a smile without a tear  
To fill and blind the poor deluded eye;  
There never was a hope without a fear  
To cloud the brightest, most inviting sky;  
And every weary step we tread we near  
The grave, where all at last must lowly lie;  
There is no path that leads around this goal,  
And no device for flesh to keep the soul!

## XXVII.

Friendship sometimes may soothe a gentle grief,  
Or time with healing touch the heart restore ;  
So love, sweet balm of life, may bring relief,  
And bid the patient bosom hope once more ;  
But there are troubles—not a few nor brief—  
That neither friendship, love, nor time can cure,  
Nor all the blandishments and charms of earth,—  
Sad, bitter griefs, too deep to utter forth.

## XXVIII.

Ah ! there are griefs that sear the very eyes  
As with a coal, till tear-drops can not start ;  
Their pain like raging fire the fountain dries,  
And burns, as at a stake, the martyred heart,—  
That boils the sickened blood, then petrifies  
The being, till it heeds and feels no smart,—  
To suffer for the deeds that others do,  
And feel, though innocent, the stings of woe !

## XXIX.

Yes, there are griefs that can not be expressed,  
Locked up and hidden from all sympathy ;  
Griefs that corrode and struggle in the breast,  
And there can only with the bosom die,—  
That give the wounded heart and soul no rest,  
Till dust and grief together mouldering lie,—  
Griefs that the dying bosom must conceal,  
That neither love, nor hate, nor torture can reveal !

## XXX.

The winds are up, high rolls the heaving main,  
The storms fly o'er the earth, and through the sky;  
The clouds are black, the lightnings leap the plain,  
But what are these dead elements to me?  
For they know nothing, and they feel no pain  
Like that which rends my bleeding heart for thee.  
What though the thunders rock and mountains tear?  
All this is naught to what a soul must bear!

## XXXI.

Why drag me back to desolated bowers?  
Let the winds howl and the storm-clouds fly;  
Nay: Yea: return my thoughts to faded flowers,  
The sad memorials aid my heart to sigh.  
Go whither flies my soul! O God! ye Powers!  
My heart is full, and I must weep or die,  
For I am but a wreck upon the shore!  
Away, ye tears; I am a man once more!

## XXXII.

Our earthly pleasures soon must fly away,  
Our tears must fall, the fountain's never dry;  
Our cares are heavy things, and ever stay,  
Pains never cease, and fears will never fly;  
Yet while we live in this poor house of clay,  
Our hopes have wings and wander to the sky;  
Fondly we think when dust no more can live,  
The soul may rise and in the sky survive!

## XXXIII.

Sad thought, that pain so true a heart should touch,  
Or tears and sorrows dim so bright an eye;  
Sad grief, that Death must spread his cold, hard couch  
For so much excellence and worth to die.  
Sad for surviving love—losing so much—  
To still live on in woe and agony ;  
And while the bosom bears the ceaseless smart,  
Feel the slow beatings of a heavy heart !

## XXXIV.

My eyes are aching for a sight of *thee*,  
My lips are hungry for affection's kiss,  
The things you loved and left, I still can see ;  
And gazing round, although thy form I miss,  
In ideal presence thou art still with me ;  
The memory of thy love my dearest bliss.  
I would not live without thy sweet control  
To guide my footsteps and keep pure my soul !

## XXXV.

Come, my lost one, and let me feel thy presence ;  
Teach my dark vision what it is to see  
A disembodied spirit, soul, or essence ;  
Tell my own soul its future history,  
And so direct its ways that God will bless hence ;  
Reveal to me the great Eternal Mystery !  
Though earth's dull senses can not know thee here,  
My soul's clear vision sees thy spirit there !

## XXXVI.

O Happiness! thou sweet delusive charm,  
Where dost thou wander? Tell, O tell me where?  
Where is thy home? Thy fair seductive form  
Flits by us oft, or seems to hover near,  
Yet ever flying when pursuit is warm;  
We think we see thee when thou art not there.  
Decoyed still on, we fondly woo thee ever,  
And hope for thy embrace, yet win it never.

## XXXVII.

We chase thee as we seek for the horizon;  
We go to where it was, it is not there,  
But further on; we still pursue the prize, on  
And on,—so bright, so beautiful, so fair.  
We pause, and turn, but to behold it rise on  
The distant weary road we've traveled, where  
It seems more bright than when it fled before us,  
Till we are lost forever, unless God restore us!

## XXXVIII.

Stay, stay, O happiness! where hast thou fled?  
Mankind six thousand years for thee have sought;  
Where makest thou thy peaceful, downy bed?  
For I have sought thee, too, through hope and doubt.  
We all for thee have struggled, wept, and bled,  
Pursued, clutched at, and seized, yet held thee not.  
Man seeks for thee through life, then, when he dies,  
Hopes through his faith to find thee in the skies!



## XXXIX.

The greenest leaf that ever grew must fall,  
The sweetest flower that ever bloomed must fade,  
The brightest gems must soon grow dim and pale,  
And lose their glory in the coming shade ;  
So all that's lovely on the earth must fail,  
Our loved ones die and in the earth are laid.  
The soul alone is all that is immortal,  
The only part that soars to Heaven's portal !

## XL.

The rose on every cheek that health has given,  
And ruby on the nectared lip must fade,  
As that sweet star we gaze upon in heaven,  
Must soon descend and sink beneath the shade ;  
For tenderest bosoms must be cleft and riven,  
As time brings death with his relentless blade ;  
So the sweet flower that blooms its little day,  
When winter reigns, must droop and fade away.

## XLI.

We live and weep, we die and we are wept,  
We soon forget and we are soon forgotten ;  
To those who now a century have slept,  
We're naught, and they and all that they did dote on  
Are naught to us ; they are as things unkept,  
Or as a little dust that God once wrought on.  
When the informing soul has gone away,  
A Newton or an idiot alike is clay !

## XLII.

Behold the monument defying Heaven!

The massive marble which perpetuates  
The nothingness of man; the clouds are riven

By its ambitious peak; the very gates  
Of immortality assailed, and even

Decay forbid, as if to rule the fates;  
While e'en the laurel of the hero's wreath  
Conceals within its leaf the drop of death!

## XLIII.

The dead we bury, yes, and soon forget them;

At first we shed hot tears upon the grave:  
They cease; our grief subsides; we sigh, and set them  
Some mark, or monument with architrave;  
Years pass away, we tenderly regret them;

Snows fall upon the earth, and tempests rave  
Around their tomb; they crumble, and dust gathers,  
Until we know no more where sleep our fathers!

## XLIV.

The good, the bad, the mighty, and the weak  
Mingle their dust where no distinctions lie;

The monuments of brass or marble speak

The same old story to the earth and sky;  
Their occupants, the guilty, proud, or meek,

Have lived and died, as all who live must die;  
Their ashes are alike within the tomb,  
But God will know their souls and call them home!

## XLV.

The love of dust for dust with dust must perish ;  
The love of soul for soul—though once 't was wed  
To dust—throughout eternity we cherish ;  
For this pure love death brings no fear or dread ;  
' It is the hope and solace and the dear wish  
Of every noble heart. Love for the dead  
Is thus made beautiful, the power thus given  
To keep our earthly love and bear it up to Heaven !

## XLVI.

And even Time, who steals each passing year,  
And writes his wrinkles softly on the brow—  
Who washes pale our cheeks with many a tear,  
And calls in Death, before whom all must bow—  
He can not bring the There to be the Here,  
Nor can he make the Then to be the Now ;  
Yet when the wings of earthly Time are furled,  
The spirit soars to seek another world !

## XLVII.

Let us, as age is creeping on, lay down  
All earthly strivings, and prepare to die ;  
Plume the undying part ere it has flown,  
Enrich the spirit for eternity,  
That it may win and wear the heavenly crown  
Wrought out for us by angels in the sky ;  
Have naught upon the soul which God has given  
That we may not take back to Him in Heaven !

## XLVIII.

When comes to me, O God, the final hour,—  
And let it be when Thee it best shall please,—  
Spare me from pain, and let me keep the power  
That thou hast given my brain till my release;  
Not all unknown, let it be quickly o'er,  
Grate not my flesh away by slow disease;  
And let my spirit know and feel and see,  
Unto the last, the cause that sets it free!

## XLIX.

Firm as the foundations of Heaven, are laid  
The principles of Right and Wrong; then search,  
O man, for as thou art thou shalt be weighed. [lurch.  
Choose Right and Heaven, or Wrong and Hell's deep  
Of the same blood all men on earth are made;  
Let them be brothers, then, the world one church,  
The mountains pulpits, and the skies the dome,—  
Mankind its members, Heaven their final home!

## L.

List to the peals! the solemn midnight chime;  
The sun has driven around his golden car,  
And onward rolled the ceaseless wheels of Time,  
Till they have borne away another year.  
Many a manly cheek has lost its prime,  
Many a maiden's eye has shed its tear,  
Many a leaf lies withered in the vale,  
And many a lovely flower has bloomed and fell!

## LI

And hearts that all the world could never fill,  
And hopes as brilliant as a heavenly bow,  
Sleep in the cheerless valley cold and still,—  
Pulseless the hearts, the hopes all rayless now.  
Thus time moves on bearing away his spoil,  
Burying our joys as one by one they go;  
Prostrating all,—the hopeful, sad, and blithe,  
And swinging still his keen, unpitying scythe!

## LII.

The Glance is past, and I must leave the times,  
For time leaves me; the curtain soon will drop  
And close the passing scene; I cease my rhymes.  
My head must bow, my throbbing heart must stop;  
The funeral bell will ring its solemn chimes,  
And friends will bear me to the grassy slope;  
My dust will sleep in peace where silence reigns,  
Alike insensible to joys and pains.

## LIII.

Ah! even time itself is but a Glance,  
A fleeting instant of eternity;  
The restless waking from a peaceful trance,  
Just long enough to wonder, weep, and sigh,  
Subjecting flesh to sadness, pain, and chance,  
Giving us life, then bidding us to die;  
Yet on this moment, which so soon must end,  
All earthly joys and future hopes depend!

## LIV.

Thus soon my voice must hush and die away.

Forget my errors, O ye wise and brave ;  
Ye gentle ones, forgive my wandering lay,  
If I have wronged you, come and see my grave,  
And cast a flow'ret on my mouldering clay ;  
Forgive me as the Son of God forgave ;  
Speak kindly of me in my last abode,  
Remember what's good, and leave the rest to God.

## LV.

And I would have the poor seek out my grave,  
And drop their tears upon the cold, damp sod ;  
I loved them, for they taught me to be brave,  
And I would have them say : " Beneath this clod  
Sleeps one of us, who would not be a slave ;  
We pray his soul may rest in peace with God."  
And if the proud should find out where I lie,  
Let them remember that they, too, must die !

## LVI.

Let my memento be the grass and flowers,  
Or simple rose-bush, with a little vine  
Twining its tendrils fondly round it : showers  
Will fall and freshen it ; the sun will shine  
And cherish it ; and the dews, in the meek hours  
Of night, will drop their tears upon the shrine :  
And it will bloom long after brazen bust  
Or massive monument has sunk in dust !

## NOTE.

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### GLANCE SEVENTH, STANZA XXIV, PAGE 194.

That the author was sincere in his belief that Horace Walpole was Junius, is apparent from the following points which he makes, all of which, it is thought, can be fully sustained by evidence:

1. Junius was a man of genius.  
So was Horace Walpole.
2. Junius was a proud, irritable, and malignant man.  
So was Horace Walpole.
3. Junius was a man of high rank.  
So was Horace Walpole.
4. Junius was a man of education and culture.  
So was Horace Walpole.
5. Junius had a general knowledge of the practical sciences of the times.  
So had Horace Walpole.
6. Junius understood the art of printing.  
So did Horace Walpole.

7. Junius was well read in the current literature and belles lettres of the day.

So was Horace Walpole.

8. Junius was well versed in the constitution and laws of Great Britain.

So was Horace Walpole.

9. Junius was well informed on the military affairs of the nation, and acquainted with the military men of the times.

So was Horace Walpole.

10. Junius was well acquainted with the people of England, and with the Irish and Scotch.

So was Horace Walpole.

11. Junius was advanced in years when he wrote.

Horace Walpole was between fifty and fifty-six at the same time.

12. Junius resided in or near London.

Horace Walpole lived in the vicinity.

13. Junius was a lover of intrigue.

So was Horace Walpole.

14. Junius was well acquainted with the state, church, and social secrets of the time.

So was Horace Walpole.

15. Junius was familiar with the stage, the actors, and actresses of the time.

So was Horace Walpole.

16. Junius had been a member of Parliament, but was not a member at the time he wrote.

Horace Walpole sat in Parliament twenty-seven years, but was not a member at the time Junius wrote.

17. Junius was conversant with the condition of Ireland.

So was Horace Walpole.

18. Junius knew well what was going on in Scotland.

So did Horace Walpole.



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19. Junius was in communication with the cabinet of France.  
So was Horace Walpole.
20. Junius was in confidential relations with the Duke de Choiseul.  
So was Horace Walpole.
21. Junius knew the secrets of the Privy Council.  
So did Horace Walpole.
22. Junius was regularly informed of what was taking place at the coffee-houses and places of amusement in London.  
So was Horace Walpole.
23. Junius questioned the sincerity of the King's religion.  
So did Horace Walpole.
24. Junius wrote with the consciousness of possessing great powers.  
Horace Walpole always fancied himself a great man.
25. Junius was a great writer, but tacitly admits his lack of power in debate.  
Horace Walpole was an able writer, but a poor debater.
26. Junius frequently quoted from private notes.  
Horace Walpole took private notes for many years.
27. Junius hated the King.  
So did Horace Walpole.
28. Junius hated the Luttrell family.  
So did Horace Walpole.
29. Junius hated the Conways.  
So did Horace Walpole.
30. Junius hated the Duke of Bedford.  
So did Horace Walpole.
31. Junius hated Lord Barrington.  
So did Horace Walpole.
32. Junius hated the Duke of Grafton.  
So did Horace Walpole.

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33. Junius hated Lord Mansfield.  
So did Horace Walpole.
34. Junius hated Lord Camden.  
So did Horace Walpole.
35. Junius hated the Scotch people.  
So did Horace Walpole.
36. Junius abused Lord Chatham and afterwards praised him.  
So did Horace Walpole.
37. Junius abused Sir Fletcher Norton.  
So did Horace Walpole.
38. Junius ridiculed Lord North.  
So did Horace Walpole.
39. Junius sneered at Wedderburne.  
So did Horace Walpole.
40. Junius derided John Wesley.  
So did Horace Walpole.
41. Junius scoffed at the Methodists.  
So did Horace Walpole.
42. Junius questioned the integrity of Sir William Blackstone.  
So did Horace Walpole.
43. Junius vigorously opposed the first Rockingham Ministry.  
So did Horace Walpole.
44. Junius was extremely cautious of Garrick.  
So was Horace Walpole.
45. Junius was attacked by Sir William Draper, Horne Tooke,  
and Dr. Johnson.  
Horace Walpole afterwards attacked the same persons.
46. Junius was the friend of Mr. Sawbridge.  
So was Horace Walpole.
47. Junius was the friend of George Grenville.  
So was Horace Walpole.

48. Junius was the particular friend of Lord Holland and his family.

So was Horace Walpole.

49. All whom Junius attacked were Horace Walpole's enemies.

50. All whom Junius praised were Horace Walpole's friends.

51. All the loves, friendships, and enmities of Junius correspond with those of Horace Walpole.

52. Junius espoused the cause of Wilkes for the sake of the questions involved in his expulsion from Parliament, not because he cared anything for Wilkes personally.

Horace Walpole espoused the cause of Wilkes because his father, Sir Robert Walpole, had been expelled from Parliament in the same manner, during the reign of Queen Anne, and not because he was the friend of Wilkes personally.

53. Junius wrote from some deep wound to his vanity, or humiliating mortification to his pride.

Just before Junius began to write, Horace Walpole's party came into power, and, in forming the new Ministry, neglected him entirely, which humiliated his pride deeply and sorely wounded his vanity.

54. Junius quotes from many speeches made in Parliament.

Horace Walpole quotes the same passages from the same speeches.

55. Junius wrote anonymously.

Nearly all the writings of Horace Walpole were written and first printed anonymously.

56. The style of Junius was grand, but not carefully elaborated.

So was the style of Horace Walpole.

57. The acknowledged letters of Horace Walpole are not inferior to those of Junius, and in subject and spirit often resemble them.

58. Junius uses many peculiar phrases and modes of expression.

Horace Walpole uses the same.

59. The History of the Reign of George Third resembles in style generally, and in many passages particularly, the style of the Junius letters.

Horace Walpole wrote the History of the Reign of George Third.

60. The style as well as many expressions in the "North Briton" resembles the letters of Junius.

The "North Briton" was first attributed to Wilkes, but afterward settled on Horace Walpole.

61. The letters of Junius, at the time they were published, were thought by many persons to be written by Horace Walpole, while Walpole was suspiciously busy in endeavoring to fasten them on *William Gerard Hamilton*. That Walpole would do so to shield himself is not an unnatural inference, and strictly in accordance with his general character.

62. Junius's letters were all, with one exception, copied in the handwriting of a woman.

Horace Walpole was in familiar intercourse with nearly all the women of genius, and the accomplished ladies of society, during the time of the Junius letters.

63. Junius wrote nothing from August, 1770, until October, 1770.

Horace Walpole was sick during all this time.

64. Junius kept his secret.

Horace Walpole having enriched himself from the court which Junius abused, would have the most intense reasons for keeping the same secret.

65. After the King recognized the validity of the marriage of Horace Walpole's niece, Lady Waldegrave, with the King's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, Walpole became reconciled to the King.

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66. After the reconciliation of Horace Walpole to the King Junius wrote no more.

67. There is no established fact inconsistent with the identity of Junius and Horace Walpole.

68. All claimants to the authorship of Junius's letters, except Horace Walpole, meet with facts inconsistent with their identity with Junius.