

Like Socrates he mixed with men
At the street corner, rough and ready,
Christ-like he sought the Magdalen,
Lifting his hat, as to a lady;
No thing that breathes, however small,
Found him unloving or rebelling;
The shamble and the hospital
Familiar were as his own dwelling;
Then trumpet like his voice proclaimed
The naked Adam unashamed,
The triumph of the Body, through
The sun-like Soul that keeps it true,
The triumph of the Soul, whereby
The Body lives and cannot die.

The world was shocked, and Boston screaming
Covered her face and cried "for shame!"
Gross, hankering, mystically dreaming,
The Good Grey Poet went and came;
But when the dark hour loom'd at last,
And, lighted by the fiery levin,
Man grappled man in conflict vast,
While Christendom gazed on aghast,
Through the great battle-field he past
With finger pointing up to heaven.
Socrates? Nay, more like that Other,
Who walked upon the stormy sea,
He brought, while brother wounded brother,
The anointing nard of charity!

But when the cruel strife was ended
Uprose the Elders mob attended,
Saying "This Socrates, it seems,
Denies Olympus and blasphemous;
Offends, moreover, 'gainst the schools
Who teach great Belial's moral rules,
Sins against Boston and the Law
That keeps the coteries in awe,
And altogether for his swagger
Deserves the hemlock cup or dagger!"
So said, so done! The Pharisees
Called up the guard and gave directions—
The prison opened—Socrates
Was left therein to his reflections!

A full score years have passed, and still
The good grey Bard still loafs and lingers;
The social poison could not kill,
Tho' stirred by literary fingers—
He sipped it, smiled, and put it by,
Despite the scandal and the cry;
But when, the Pharisees commanding,
They rushed to end him with the sword,
They saw, beside the poet standing,
A radiant Angel of the Lord.

A hemlock cup? Yes, there it lies,
Close to thy hand, old friend, this minute!
With gentle twinkle of the eyes
You mark the muddy liquid in it:
For the grave rulers of the city,
Who sent it, you have only pity;
For those who mixed it, made it green
With misconception, spite, and spleen,
You feel no thrill of scornful fret,
But only kindness and regret.
'Twas Emerson some folk affirm,
Who passed it round with shrug of shoulder—
Good soul, he worshipt Time and Term,
Instead of Pan, as he grew older!
And Boston snubbed thee? Walt, true heart,
Time ever brings about revenges—
Just glance that way before we part
And note the memorabilia changes.
There, in the "hub" of all creation,
Where Margaret Fuller ere she mated
Flirted with seers of reputation
And all the "isms" cultivated,
Where still brisk Holmes cuts learned capers
With buckles on knee breeches fine,
The sweet man-milliners and drapers,
Howells and James, put up their sign.
And there the modern misses find
The wares most suited to their mind—
French fashions, farthingales delightful,
Frills white as snow for ladies' wear;
Nothing old fashioned, fast or frightful,
Is dealt in by this dainty pair!
The stuff they sell to man or woman,
May, in itself, be poor or common,
Coarsest of serge or veriest sacking,
But they can trick it in a trice,
So that no element is lacking
To render it extremely nice.

"Ladies," they murmur with a smile,
"We pride ourselves upon our style!
Our cutter is a paragon,
Matched only by our fitter-on;
Bring what material you like,
We'll treat it in a way to strike,
Turn your old satins, and embellish
Last season's hats with feathers swishish;
In short, weave miracles of clothing
By genius out of next to nothing!
And charge the very lowest prices
For all our daintiest devices.
"We know," they add, with smirk and bow,
"Some of you like old fashion'd clothes—
The Emersonian homespun (now
Absurd as Whitman's or Thoreau's)
Or even, still absurder, seek
Poor Shakspeare's fashion quite antique,
Fit only with its stiff brocades
For vulgar frumps and country maids.
Could Shakspeare, poor old fellow, please
With such a cut as this — chemise?
The woof he used was strongly woven,
But surely, now, his taste was shocking?
Compare our silk hose, much approved,
With Dickens' clumsy worsted stockings!
We please the dames and gain the daughters
With neat inventions of our own,
Replace George Eliot's learned garters
With our suspenders silken sewn;
While, in an annex to the shop,
Our customers will find, quite handy,
The toothsome bun and lollipop,
And superfine molasses candy!"

The busy pair! how well they patter,
Disposing of their slender matter!
The girls adore instead of loathing
These laureates of underclothing,
Delight their souls attire to model
On the last style of molley-coddle,
Eked out with sickly importations
From France, that naughtiest of nations!
Dapper they are and neatly dressed,
Insidious, tempting folk to buy goods,
But mere man-milliners at best,
Vending the flimsiest of dry goods—
Trash in their showy windows setting,
And tricking up to catch the eye
Such clothes as spoil with the first wetting
From the free rains of yonder sky!

Daintily passing by their shop,
Sometimes when it is cloudless weather,
Aldrich,* a literary fop,
In trim tight boots of patent leather,
Strolls to the quiet street, where he saw
Sun-freckled Marjorie play at see-saw;
And bending o'er her hammock kisses
That sweetest, shadowiest of misses!
His languid gait, his dudish drawl,
His fopdom, we forgive them all,
For her dear sake of his creating.
Fairer than girls of flesh and blood,
Who, never loving, never mating,
Swings in eternal maidenhood!

Meantime my sun-like music-maker,
Shines solitary and apart;
Meantime the brave sword-carrying Quaker
Broods in the peace of his great heart,—
While Melville,† sea-compelling man,
Before whose wand Leviathan
Rose hoary white upon the Deep,
With awful sounds that stirred its sleep,
Melville, whose magic drew Typee,
Radiant as Venus, from the sea,
Sits all forgotten or ignored,
While haberdashers are adored!
He, ignorant of the drapers' trade,
Indifferent to the art of dress,
Pictured the glorious South-sea maid
Almost in mother nakedness—
Without a hat, or boot, or stocking,
A want of dress to most so shocking,

* J. B. Aldrich, author of *Marjorie Daw*.
† Hermann Melville, author of *Typee*, *The White Whale*, &c. I sought everywhere for this Triton, who is still living somewhere in New York. No one seemed to know anything of the one great imaginative writer fit to stand shoulder to shoulder with Whitman on that continent.

With just one chemisette to dress her
She *lives*,—and still shall live, God bless her!
Long as the sea rolls deep and blue,
While heaven repeats the thunder of it,
Long as the White Whale ploughs it through,
The shape my sea-magician drew
Shall still endure, or I'm no prophet!

Now I conjure thee, best of Bards,
Scatter thy wisdom Bostonwards!
Tell Howells, who with fingers taper
Measures the matron and the maid,
God never meant him for a draper—
Strip off his coat, give him a spade!
His muscles and his style may harden,
If he digs hard in Adam's garden;
Or follows Dudley Warner* flying
Where Adirondack eagles soar,
Or chums with some brown savage, lying
With Stoddard† on a South-sea shore.
Tell James to burn his continental
Library of the Detrimental,
And climb a hill, or take a header—
Into the briny billowy seas,
Or find some strapping Muse and wed her,
Instead of simpering at teas!
How should the Titaness of nations,
Whose flag o'er half a world unfurls,
Sit listening to the sibillations
Of shopmen twittering to girls?
She sees the blue skies bend above her,
She feels the throb of hearts that love her,
She hears the torrent and the thunder,
The clouds above, the waters under,
She knows her destiny is shaping
Beyond the dreams of linnendraping!
She craves a band of Bards with voices
To echo her when she rejoices,
To sing her sorrows and to capture
The Homeric music of her rapture!
She hears the Good Grey Poet only
Sing, priestly vested, prophet eyed,
And on his spirit falls the lonely
Light of her splendour and her pride.

Poet divine, strong soul of fire,
Alive with love, and love's desire,
Whose strength is as the clouds, whose song
Is as the waters deep and strong,
Whose spirit, like a flag unfurled,
Proclaims the freedom of the world,
What gifts of grace and joy have come
Out of thy gentle martyrdom!
A pilgrim from afar, I bring
Homage from some who love thee well—
Ah, may the feeble song I sing
Make summer music in thy cell!
The noblest head 'neath western skies,
The tenderest heart, the clearest eyes,
Are thine, my Socrates, whose fate
Is beautifully desolate!
As deep as Hell, as high as Heaven,
Thy wisdom hath this lesson given:
When all the gods that reign'd and reign
Have fallen like leaves and left no sign,
The god-like Man shall still remain
To prove Humanity divine!
Indian Rock, Philadelphia, Pa.: March, 1885.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the August number of the *Antiquary* Mr. Fairman Ordish continues his series of papers on the London theatres; and we have from that active writer, Mr. J. H. Round, an article on "The Attack on Dover 1067," which, if it does not contribute any new facts to history, puts what is old in a light different from that in which we have received it from our most accredited teachers. "Celebrated Birth Places" this time relates to Turner and Maiden Lane. It seems mere padding. On the other hand, Mr. Wheatley's paper on "The Fairies of Literature," very different beings from those of genuine folk-lore, is well worth reading.

The two last numbers of the *China Review* contain some thoroughly useful articles. The

* C. D. Warner, author of *In the Wilderness*.
† C. W. Stoddard, author of *South Sea Idylls*.