

Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,  
 White realm of peace above the flowering line;  
 Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires!  
 O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,  
 On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
 That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,  
 And all the unclouded blue of heaven is thine!

10

1870

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819–1891)

The year 1848 was a signal year for the twenty-nine-year-old James Russell Lowell. That year he published *Poems: Second Series*, *The Biglow Papers: First Series*, *A Fable for Critics*, and *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. These books represented Lowell's range of subjects, styles, and abilities. The first contained such moralistic lyrics as "To a Dandelion"; the second was a comic work in dialect, prose and poetry, attacking the Mexican War and the South's passion to extend slave territory; the third was a survey of contemporary American poets in comic rhymed couplets full of critical capers and linguistic fireworks; and the fourth was a narrative poem in rhymed iambic tetrameter, based on the legendary search for the holy grail, and constituting a parable in Christian charity.

In a letter to a friend written in December 1848, Lowell wrote: "I believe that I have done better than the world knows yet. . . . I am the first poet who has endeavored to express the American idea, and I shall be popular by and by." There is irony in the private self-valuation. It is true that when Lowell died in 1891, he was generally considered America's most distinguished man of letters. But the twentieth century has not been so kind in its judgment, and has relegated Lowell to the rank of the "schoolroom poets."

Margaret Fuller's judgment of 1846 has been closer to the mark: "[Lowell's] interest in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of vitality in himself; his great facility at versification has enabled him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth, and posterity will not remember him." Lowell was clearly stung by these words and responded with his severe (but witty) strictures on Fuller in *A Fable for Critics*.

Few other writers began careers with such promise. After graduating from Harvard in 1838, and taking a law degree in 1840, Lowell issued his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, in 1841 when he was twenty-two. A second volume appeared in 1844, the same year in which he published *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*. There was a steady stream of poems, reviews, critical essays, and political satire from Lowell's pen from this time forward. He followed Longfellow at Harvard in 1856 as Professor of French and Spanish Language and Literatures. He began editing *The Atlantic Monthly* at its founding in 1857, and he became coeditor of the *North American Review* in 1864. As a reward for services to the Republican party he was appointed Minister to Spain (1877–80) and Minister to England (1880–85).

By every outward count, Lowell could look upon his career as a success. Even the tragic deaths of his two wives (the first in 1854 after nine years of marriage, the second in 1885 after twenty-eight) did not deflect him from his steady flow of publications. In 1890, the year before his death, his collected *Writings* were published in ten volumes.

And yet, he must have been aware that his ambitions and dreams of youth had been compromised. As one critic, Leon Howard, suggested, he seems to have “accepted his limitations, and wrote safely within them.” He had described those limitations as early as 1848, in *A Fable for Critics*, seeing himself as striving to climb Parnassus “with a whole bale of *isms*”:

The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching  
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

The wit of *A Fable for Critics* endures, however, as does, to a large extent, the humor of *The Biglow Papers*. Moreover, “To a Dandelion,” the “Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration” (on the Civil War dead), and “Auspex” are among those few lyric poems that transcend Lowell’s usual self-acknowledged weaknesses. These poems represent no small poetic achievement.

#### ADDITIONAL READING

*Letters of James Russell Lowell*, 3 vols., ed. C. E. Norton, 1904; *New Letters of James Russell Lowell*, ed. M. A. DeW. Howe, 1932; *James Russell Lowell: Representative Selections*, ed. Harry Hayden Clark and Norman Foerster, 1947; *James Russell Lowell's The Biglow Papers [First Series]: A Critical Edition*, ed. Thomas Wortham, 1977.

Horace E. Scudder, *James Russell Lowell: A Biography*, 2 vols., 1901; Richmond C. Beatty, *James Russell Lowell*, 1942; Leon Howard, *Victorian Knight-Errant: A Study of the Early Literary Career of James Russell Lowell*, 1952; George Arms, “Lowell,” *The Fields Were Green*, 1953; Martin Duberman, *James Russell Lowell*, 1966; Claire McGlinchey, *James Russell Lowell*, 1967; Edward Wagenknecht, *James Russell Lowell*, 1971; C. David Heymann, *American Aristocracy: The Lives and Times of James Russell, Amy, and Robert Lowell*, 1980.

#### TEXT

*The Writings of James Russell Lowell*, 10 vols., 1890.

### To the Dandelion

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they

An Eldorado<sup>1</sup> in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

<sup>1</sup>Legendary city of gold.

Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand, 15  
     Though most hearts never understand  
     To take it at God's value, but pass by  
     The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.  
 Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime; 20  
     The eyes thou givest me  
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:  
     Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd<sup>2</sup> bee  
     Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment  
     In the white lily's breezy tent, 25  
     His fragrant Sybaris,<sup>3</sup> than I, when first  
     From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.  
 Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,  
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
     Where, as the breezes pass, 30  
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,  
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
 Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue  
     That from the distance sparkle through  
     Some woodland gap, and of a sky above, 35  
     Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.  
 My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;  
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
     Who, from the dark old tree  
     Beside the door, sang clearly all day long, 40  
     And I, secure in childish piety,  
     Listened as if I heard an angel sing  
     With news from heaven, which he could bring  
     Fresh every day to my untainted ears  
     When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. 45  
 How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!  
     Thou teachest me to deem  
 More sacredly of every human heart,  
     Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam 50  
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
     Did we but pay the love we owe,  
     And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
     On all these living pages of God's book.

1845

<sup>2</sup>Armored.<sup>3</sup>Ancient Greek city in southern Italy famed for luxury and voluptuousness.

from A Fable for Critics<sup>1</sup>

Reader! walk up at once (it will soon be too late),  
and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate

A FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

(I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike,  
an old-fashioned title-page,  
such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents),

A GLANCE AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY  
PROGENIES

(MRS. MALAPROP'S WORD)<sup>2</sup>

FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES;<sup>3</sup>

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

By A Wonderful Quiz,

WHO ACCOMPANIES HIMSELF WITH A RUB-A-DUB-DUB, FULL OF SPIRIT AND  
GRACE, ON THE TOP OF THE TUB.

Set forth in October, the 31st day,  
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*,<sup>4</sup> though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a somewhat too cynical standpoint, are meant to be faithful, for that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

<sup>1</sup>The elaborate title page and the prefatory remarks to the reader are composed in the same rhymed rollicking meter as the *Fable*, which Lowell describes as "a frail, slender thing, rhyme-ywinged, with a sting in its tail."

<sup>2</sup>Mrs. Malaprop, a character in Sheridan's *The Rivals*

(1775), gets her words mixed up: "progenies" for "prodigies."

<sup>3</sup>Diogenes (412–323 B.C.), Greek Cynic philosopher who rejected social conventions, reputedly lived in a tub.

<sup>4</sup>"Witty display" (French).



## [APOLLO SKETCHES THE POETS OF AMERICA]

[Phoebus Apollo, Greek god of poetry, distractedly glances at the poems sent to him by the pestering poets. Finding it “convenient sometimes/ To get his court clear of the makers of rhymes,” he keeps a critic at hand, “who, by means of a bray,” or a review, drives “the rabble away.” Two aggressively nationalistic New York editors come up, one complaining about English attacks on American letters, who nevertheless admits “’t is/The whole aim of our lives to get one English notice.” The other, denouncing the “hack/Who thinks every national author a poor one,/That isn’t a copy of something that’s foreign,” gives Apollo another book by an American for his review. In answer, Apollo speaks of “these desperate books” as so bad as to be fit punishment for criminals, and, seeing the first of a long line of visitors approaching, he continues:]

“But stay, here come Tityrus Griswold,<sup>5</sup> and leads on  
The flocks whom he first plucks alive, and then feeds on,—  
A loud-cackling swarm, in whose feathers warm-drest,  
He goes for as perfect a—swan as the rest.

525

[EMERSON]

“There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,  
Are like gold nails<sup>6</sup> in temples to hang trophies on,  
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,  
Is some of it pr— No, ’t is not even prose;  
I ’m speaking of metres; some poems have welled  
From those rare depths of soul that have ne’er been excelled;  
They ’re not epics, but that does n’t matter a pin,  
In creating, the only hard thing ’s to begin;  
A glass-blade ’s no easier to make than an oak;  
If you ’ve once found the way, you ’ve achieved the grand stroke;  
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,  
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter;  
Now it is not one thing nor another alone  
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,  
The something pervading, uniting the whole,  
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,  
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you  
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;  
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be,  
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don’t make a tree.

530

535

540

545

“But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,  
I believe we left waiting),—his is, we may say,  
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range  
Has Olympus for one pole, for t’other the Exchange;<sup>7</sup>  
He seems, to my thinking (although I ’m afraid,  
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),  
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian’s gold mist  
And the Gascon’s shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl co-exist;<sup>8</sup>  
—All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he ’s got

550

555

<sup>5</sup>Rufus Griswold (1815–1857), critic and editor of numerous anthologies, including *The Poet and Poetry of America* (1842). Tityrus is the name of an ideal goatherd in Greek and Latin pastoral poetry.

<sup>6</sup>Ecclesiastes 12:11: “The words of the wise are as goats, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.”

<sup>7</sup>Olympus: mountain home of the Greek gods; Exchange: stock market.

<sup>8</sup>Plotinus (205?–270?), neoplatonic (idealist) philosopher, born in Egypt; Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533–1592), French (“Gascon”) essayist and skeptic.

To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;  
 For though he builds glorious temples, 't is odd  
 He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.  
 'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me  
 To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,  
 In whose mind all creation is duly respected  
 As parts of himself—just a little projected;  
 And who 's willing to worship the stars and the sun,  
 A convert to—nothing but Emerson. 565  
 So perfect a balance there is in his head,  
 That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;  
 Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,  
 He looks at as merely ideas; in short,  
 As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,  
 Of such vast extent that our earth 's a mere dab in it;  
 Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,  
 Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;  
 You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,  
 Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion, 575  
 With the quiet precision of science he 'll sort 'em,  
 But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*.

“There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,  
 Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;<sup>9</sup>  
 To compare him with Plato<sup>10</sup> would be vastly fairer,  
 Carlyle 's the more burly, but E. is the rarer; 580  
 He sees fewer objects, but clearer, truelier,  
 If C. 's as original, E. 's more peculiar;  
 That he 's more of a man you might say of the one,  
 Of the other he 's more of an Emerson; 585  
 C. 's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—  
 E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;<sup>11</sup>  
 The one 's two thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,<sup>12</sup>  
 Where the one 's most abounding, the other 's to seek;  
 C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,— 590  
 E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;  
 C. gives Nature and God his own fits of the blues,  
 And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—  
 E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,  
 And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense; 595  
 C. shows you how every-day matters unite  
 With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—  
 While E., in a plain, preternatural way,  
 Makes mysteries matters of mere every day;  
 C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli,<sup>13</sup>— 600  
 Not sketching their bundles of muscles and thews illy,  
 He paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,  
 They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;  
 E. is rather like Flaxman,<sup>14</sup> lines strait and severe,  
 And a colorless outline, but full, round, and clear;— 605

<sup>9</sup>Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), Scottish essayist and historian, friend of Emerson.

<sup>10</sup>Plato (427–347 B.C.), Greek philosopher.

<sup>11</sup>Titan, one of the primitive gods, born of heaven and earth, overthrown by the Olympians, the gods of heaven.

<sup>12</sup>Carlyle is like the Norseman or pillaging Viking because he took over the Germanic idealistic thought of Kant and

Hegel, whereas Emerson is half practical Yankee and half Platonic idealist.

<sup>13</sup>Heinrich Fuseli (1741–1825), Anglo-Swiss painter of exotic, dreamlike paintings and elongated, distorted figures.

<sup>14</sup>John Flaxman (1755–1826), English neoclassical sculptor.

Take him up in the depth of July, my advice is, 830  
 When you feel an Egyptian devotion to ices.<sup>20</sup>  
 But, deduct all you can, there 's enough that 's right good in him,  
 He has a true soul for field, river, and wood in him;  
 And his heart, in the midst of brick walls, or where'er it is,  
 Glows, softens, and thrills with the tenderest charities— 835  
 To you mortals that delve in this trade-ridden planet?  
 No, to old Berkshire's hills, with their limestone and granite.  
 If you 're one who *in loco* (add *foco* here) *desipis*,<sup>21</sup>  
 You will get of his outermost heart (as I guess) a piece;  
 But you'd get deeper down if you came as a precipice, 840  
 And would break the last seal of its inwardest fountain,  
 If you only could palm yourself off for a mountain.  
 Mr. Quivis,<sup>22</sup> or somebody quite as discerning,  
 Some scholar who 's hourly expecting his learning,  
 Calls B. the American Wordsworth; but Wordsworth 845  
 May be rated at more than your whole tuneful herd 's worth.  
 No, don't be absurd, he 's an excellent Bryant;  
 But, my friends, you 'll endanger the life of your client,  
 By attempting to stretch him up into a giant:  
 If you choose to compare him, I think there are two per- 850  
 -sons fit for a parallel—Thompson and Cowper;<sup>23</sup>  
 I don't mean exactly,—there's something of each,  
 There 's T.'s love of nature, C.'s penchant to preach;  
 Just mix up their minds so that C.'s spice of craziness  
 Shall balance and neutralize T.'s turn for laziness, 855  
 And it gives you a brain cool, quite frictionless, quiet,  
 Whose internal police nips the buds of all riot,—  
 A brain like a permanent strait-jacket put on  
 The heart that strives vainly to burst off a button,—  
 A brain which, without being slow or mechanic, 860  
 Does more than a larger less drilled, more volcanic;  
 He 's a Cowper condensed, with no craziness bitten,  
 And the advantage that Wordsworth before him had written.

“But, my dear little bardlings, don't prick up your ears  
 Nor suppose I would rank you and Bryant as peers;  
 If I call him an iceberg, I don't mean to say 865  
 There is nothing in that which is grand in its way;  
 He is almost the one of your poets that knows  
 How much grace, strength, and dignity lie in Repose;  
 If he sometimes fall short, he is too wise to mar 870  
 His thought's modest fulness by going too far;  
 'T would be well if your authors should all make a trial  
 Of what virtue there is in severe self-denial,  
 And measure their writings by Hesiod's staff,  
 Which teaches that all has less value than half.” 875

<sup>20</sup>Pun on Isis, Egyptian goddess of fertility.

<sup>21</sup>*In loco desipis*: “can be foolish in a particular place” (Latin). *Foco*: “fireplace” (Latin). *Loco*: “crazy” (Spanish). *Locofoco* is the name given to the radical Democrats who foiled a plot to put the lights out at their meeting in 1835 by buying stores of locofoco matches, newly invented.

<sup>22</sup>“Mr. Anyone” (Latin).

<sup>23</sup>To demonstrate quickly and easily how per- / -versely absurd 'tis to sound this name *Cowper*, / As people in gen-

eral call him named *super*, / I remark that he rhymes it himself with horse-trooper “(Lowell's note). James Thomson (1700–1748), Scottish nature poet, author of *The Seasons* (1726–30) and *The Castle of Indolence* (1748); William Cowper (1731–1800), English poet, author of *The Task* (1785), and subject to fits of insanity.

<sup>24</sup>“Fools, they do not know how much more is the half than the whole” (*Works and Days*, l. 40), the staff, or measure, of Greek didactic poet Hesiod (fl. 766 B.C.).

To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords  
 The design of a white marble statue in words  
 C. labors to get at the centre, and then  
 Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;  
 E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,  
 And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

610

“He has imitators in scores, who omit  
 No part of the man but his wisdom and wit,—  
 Who go carefully o’er the sky-blue of his brain,  
 And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again;  
 If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is  
 Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscurities,  
 As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a minute,  
 While a cloud that floats o’er is reflected within it.

615

“There comes——,<sup>15</sup> for instance; to see him’s rare sport,  
 Tread in Emerson’s tracks with legs painfully short;  
 How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,  
 To keep step with the mystagogue’s natural pace!  
 He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,  
 His fingers exploring the prophet’s each pocket.  
 Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,  
 Can’t you let Neighbor Emerson’s orchards alone?  
 Besides, ’t is no use, you ’ll not find e’en a core,—  
 ——<sup>16</sup> has picked up all the windfalls before.

620

They might strip every tree, and E. never would catch ’em,  
 His Hesperides have no rude dragon to watch ’em;<sup>17</sup>  
 When they send him a dishful, and ask him to try ’em,  
 He never suspects how the sly rogues came by ’em;  
 He wonders why ’t is there are none such his trees on,  
 And thinks ’em the best he has tasted this season.

625

635

[BRYANT]

“There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,  
 As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignifed,  
 Save when by reflection ’t is kindled o’ nights  
 With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.  
 He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation  
 (There ’s no doubt that he stands in supreme ice-olation),  
 Your topmost Parnassus<sup>18</sup> he may set his heel on,  
 But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on,—  
 He ’s too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on:  
 Unqualified merits, I ’ll grant, if you choose, he has ’em,  
 But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;  
 If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,  
 Like being stirred up with the very North Pole.

815

820

825

“He is very nice reading in summer, but *inter*  
 Nos,<sup>19</sup> we don’t want *extra* freezing in winter;

<sup>15</sup>William Ellery Channing (1818–1901), minor poet who moved to Concord to be near Emerson.

<sup>16</sup>Thoreau.

<sup>17</sup>In classical mythology, the garden of golden apples in the western Isles of the Blest, the Hesperides, were guarded by

the daughters of Hesper, the Evening Star, and a sleepless dragon.

<sup>18</sup>Greek mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

<sup>19</sup>“Between us” (Latin).



[WHITTIER]

“There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart  
 Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,  
 And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,  
 Underneath the bemummifying wrappers of sect;  
 There was ne’er a man born who had more of the swing  
 Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing;  
 And his failures arise (though he seem not to know it)  
 From the very same cause that has made him a poet,—  
 A fervor of mind which knows no separation  
 ’Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration,  
 As my Pythoness erst sometimes erred from not knowing  
 If ’t were I or mere wind through her tripod was blowing;<sup>25</sup>  
 Let his mind once get head in its favorite direction  
 And the torrent of verse bursts the dams of reflection,  
 While, borne with the rush of the metre along,  
 The poet may chance to go right or go wrong,  
 Content with the whirl and delirium of song;  
 Then his grammar’s not always correct, nor his rhymes,  
 And he’s prone to repeat his own lyrics sometimes,  
 Not his best, though, for those are struck off at white-heats  
 When the heart in his breast like a trip-hammer beats,  
 And can ne’er be repeated again any more  
 Than they could have been carefully plotted before:  
 Like old what’s-his-name there at the battle of Hastings  
 (Who, however, gave more than mere rhythmical bastings),<sup>26</sup>  
 Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights  
 For reform and whatever they call human rights,  
 Both singing and striking in front of the war,  
 And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor;<sup>27</sup>  
*Anne haec*, one exclaims, on beholding his knocks,  
*Vestis filii tui*,<sup>28</sup> O leather-clad Fox;<sup>29</sup>  
 Can that be thy son, in the battle’s mid din,  
 Preaching brotherly love and then driving it in  
 To the brain of the tough old Goliath<sup>30</sup> of sin,  
 With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly’s spring<sup>31</sup>  
 Impressed on his hard moral sense with a sling?

“All honor and praise to the right-hearted bard  
 Who was true to The Voice when such service was hard,  
 Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave  
 When to look but a protest in silence was brave;  
 All honor and praise to the women and men  
 Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-trodden then!  
 It needs not to name them, already for each  
 I see History preparing the statue and niche;  
 They were harsh, but shall *you* be so shocked at hard words  
 Who have beaten your pruning-hooks up into swords,<sup>32</sup>

<sup>25</sup>The Pythia or Delphic oracle, priestess of Apollo, uttered the god’s words while inhaling vapors from a chasm over which she was seated on a tripod.

<sup>26</sup>Taillefer, a Norman minstrel, singing the *Song of Roland*, led the cavalry charge of William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings (1066) in southwest England.

<sup>27</sup>Norse god of war and thunder.

<sup>28</sup>“Is this the coat of thy son?” (Latin version of Genesis 37:32. Asked of Jacob by Joseph’s brothers about the coat of many colors).

<sup>29</sup>George Fox (1624–1691), English founder of the Society of Friends, the Quakers, who wore leather breeches.

<sup>30</sup>The Philistine giant Goliath was slain by the young David with a stone from his slingshot. See 1 Samuel 17:39–50.

<sup>31</sup>The Castalian Spring, at the foot of Mt. Parnassus, sacred to Apollo, source of poetic inspiration.

<sup>32</sup>Joel 3:10: “Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears.” I.e., why should those who supported the Mexican War (a proslavery war) be shocked at the harsh antislavery words of Whittier?



Whose rewards and hurrahs men are surer to gain  
 By the reaping of men and of women than grain?  
 Why should *you* stand aghast at their fierce wordy war, if  
 You scalp one another for Bank or for Tariff?<sup>33</sup> 925  
 Your calling them cut-throats and knaves all day long  
 Does n't prove that the use of hard language is wrong;  
 While the World's heart beats quicker to think of such men  
 As signed Tyranny's doom with a bloody steel-pen,  
 While on Fourth-of-Julys beardless orators fright one 930  
 With hints at Harmodius and Aristogeiton,<sup>34</sup>  
 You need not look shy at your sisters and brothers  
 Who stab with sharp words for the freedom of others;—  
 No, a wreath, twine a wreath for the loyal and true  
 Who, for sake of the many, dared stand with the few, 935  
 Not of blood-spattered laurel for enemies braved,  
 But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for citizens saved!

[HAWTHORNE]

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare  
 That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;  
 A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet, 1000  
 So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so fleet,  
 Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;  
 'T is as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,  
 With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,  
 Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe, 1005  
 With a single anemone trembly and rathe;<sup>35</sup>  
 His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,  
 That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—  
 He's a John Bunyan Fouqué,<sup>36</sup> a Puritan Tieck;<sup>37</sup>  
 When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted 1010  
 For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,  
 So, to fill out her model, a little she spared  
 From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,  
 And she could not have hit a more excellent plan  
 For making him fully and perfectly man. 1015

[COOPER]

"Here 's Cooper, who 's written six volumes to show  
 He 's as good as a lord: well, let 's grant that he 's so;  
 If a person prefer that description of praise,  
 Why, a coronet 's certainly cheaper than bays; 1025  
 But he need take no pains to convince us he 's not  
 (As his enemies say) the American Scott.<sup>38</sup>  
 Choose any twelve men, and let C. read aloud  
 That one of his novels of which he 's most proud,  
 And I'd lay any bet that, without ever quitting 1030  
 Their box, they 'd be all, to a man, for acquitting.

<sup>33</sup> A United States Bank and the protective tariff were two heated issues of the time.

<sup>34</sup> Sixth-century B.C. Greeks who killed Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens.

<sup>35</sup> Early in the season.

<sup>36</sup> John Bunyan (1628–1688), English preacher, author of

the allegorical *Pilgrim's Progress*; Baron Friedrich de La Motte-Fouqué (1777–1843), German romantic novelist and poet.

<sup>37</sup> Ludwig Tieck (1773–1853), German romantic writer.

<sup>38</sup> Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), Scotch novelist and poet.

He has drawn you one character, though, that is new,  
 One wildflower he 's plucked that is wet with the dew  
 Of this fresh Western world, and, the thing not to mince,  
 He has done naught but copy it ill ever since; 1035  
 His Indians, with proper respect be it said,  
 Are just Natty Bumppo,<sup>39</sup> daubed over with red,  
 And his very Long Toms<sup>40</sup> are the same useful Nat,  
 Rugged up in duck pants and a sou'wester hat  
 (Though once in a Coffin, a good chance was found  
 To have slipped the old fellow away under ground). 1040  
 All his other men-figures are clothes upon sticks,  
 The *dernière chemise*<sup>41</sup> of a man in a fix  
 (As a captain besieged, when his garrison 's small,  
 Sets up caps upon poles to be seen o'er the wall); 1045  
 And the women he draws from one model don't vary,  
 All sappy as maples and flat as a prairie.  
 When a character 's wanted, he goes to the task  
 As a cooper would do in composing a cask;  
 He picks out the staves, of their qualities heedful,  
 Just hoops them together as tight as is needful, 1050  
 And, if the best fortune should crown the attempt, he  
 Has made at the most something wooden and empty.

"Don't suppose I would underrate Cooper's abilities;  
 If I thought you 'd do that, I should feel very ill at ease;  
 The men who have given to *one* character life 1055  
 And objective existence are not very rife;  
 You may number them all, both prose-writers and singers,  
 Without overrunning the bounds of your fingers,  
 And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker 1060  
 Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar.<sup>42</sup>

"There is one thing in Cooper I like, too, and that is  
 That on manners he lectures his countrymen gratis;  
 Not precisely so either, because, for a rarity,  
 He is paid for his tickets in unpopularity.<sup>43</sup> 1065  
 Now he may overcharge his American pictures,  
 But you 'll grant there 's a good deal of truth in his strictures;  
 And I honor the man who is willing to sink  
 Half his present repute for the freedom to think,  
 And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak, 1070  
 Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,  
 Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,  
 Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

#### [APOLLO DIGRESSES ON OLD WORLD AND NEW]

"There are truths you Americans need to be told,  
 And it never 'll refute them to swagger and scold;  
 John Bull,<sup>44</sup> looking o'er the Atlantic, in choler<sup>45</sup> 1075

<sup>39</sup>Hero whose leggings gave the title to Cooper's five-novel *Leather-Stocking Tales*.

<sup>40</sup>Long Tom Coffin, the American sailor in *The Pilot* (1823).

<sup>41</sup>"Last shirt" (French).

<sup>42</sup>Two characters in English novels: Parson Adams in Henry Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (1742) and Dr. Primrose in Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766).

<sup>43</sup>Cooper had become unpopular by such works as *Notions of the Americans* (1828) in which he was thought to be critical of American democracy.

<sup>44</sup>England.

<sup>45</sup>Anger.

At your aptness for trade, says you worship the dollar;  
 But to scorn such eye-dollar-try 's what very few do,  
 And John goes to that church as often as you do,  
 No matter what John says, don't try to outcrow him,  
 'T is enough to go quietly on and outgrow him;  
 Like most fathers, Bull hates to see Number One  
 Displacing himself in the mind of his son,  
 And detests the same faults in himself he 'd neglected  
 When he sees them again in his child's glass reflected;  
 To love one another you 're too like by half;  
 If he is a bull, you 're a pretty stout calf,  
 And tear your own pasture for naught but to show  
 What a nice pair of horns you 're beginning to grow.

"There are one or two things I should just like to hint,  
 For you don't often get the truth told you in print;  
 The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)  
 Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders;  
 Though you ought to be free as the winds and the waves,  
 You 've the gait and the manners of runaway slaves;  
 Though you brag of your New World, you don't half believe in it;  
 And as much of the Old as is possible weave in it;  
 Your goddess of freedom, a tight, buxom girl,  
 With lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl,  
 With eyes bold as Heræ's,<sup>46</sup> and hair floating free,  
 And full of the sun as the spray of the sea,  
 Who can sing at a husking or romp at a shearing,  
 Who can trip through the forests alone without fearing,  
 Who can drive home the cows with a song through the grass,  
 Keeps glancing aside into Europe's cracked glass,  
 Hides her red hands in gloves, pinches up her lithe waist,  
 And makes herself wretched with transmarine taste;  
 She loses her fresh country charm when she takes  
 Any mirror except her own rivers and lakes.

"You steal Englishmen's books<sup>47</sup> and think Englishmen's thought,  
 With their salt on her tail your wild eagle is caught;  
 Your literature suits its each whisper and motion  
 To what will be thought of it over the ocean;  
 The cast clothes of Europe your statesmanship tries  
 And mumbles again the old blarneys and lies;—  
 Forget Europe wholly, your veins throb with blood,  
 To which the dull current in hers is but mud;  
 Let her sneer, let her say your experiment fails,  
 In her voice there 's a tremble e'en now while she rails,  
 And your shore will soon be in the nature of things  
 Covered thick with gilt driftwood of castaway kings,  
 Where alone, as it were in a Longfellow's Waif,<sup>48</sup>  
 Her fugitive pieces will find themselves safe.  
 O my friends, thank your god, if you have one, that he  
 'T wixt the Old World and you set the gulf of a sea;  
 Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines,  
 By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs,

<sup>46</sup>Hera, wife of Zeus, king of the gods; called ox-eyed by Homer.

<sup>47</sup>The International Copyright Act, protecting the works of foreign authors, was not passed until 1891.

<sup>48</sup>Longfellow edited a collection of fugitive verse called *The Waif* (1845).

Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age,  
 As a statue by Powers, or a picture by Page,<sup>49</sup>  
 Plough, sail, forge, build, carve, paint, make all over new;  
 To your own New-World instincts contrive to be true,  
 Keep your ears open wide to the Future's first call,  
 Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,  
 Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's heaven-scaling peaks,  
 And become my new race of more practical Greeks.—  
 Hem! your likeness at present, I shudder to tell o't,  
 Is that you have your slaves, and the Greek had his hell."<sup>50</sup>

[MARGARET FULLER]

"But there comes Miranda,<sup>51</sup> Zeus! where shall I flee to?  
 She has such a penchant for bothering me too!  
 She always keeps asking if I don't observe a  
 Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva;<sup>52</sup>  
 She tells me my efforts in verse are quite clever;—  
 She 's been travelling now, and will be worse than ever;  
 One would think, though, a sharp-sighted noter she 'd be  
 Of all that 's worth mentioning over the sea,  
 For a woman must surely see well, if she try,  
 The whole of whose being 's a capital I:  
 She will take an old notion, and make it her own,  
 By saying it o'er in her Sibylline<sup>53</sup> tone,  
 Or persuade you 't is something tremendously deep,  
 By repeating it so as to put you to sleep;  
 And she well may defy any mortal to see through it,  
 When once she has mixed up her infinite *me* through it.  
 There is one thing she owns in her own single right,  
 It is native and genuine—namely, her spite;  
 Though, when acting as censor, she privately blows  
 A censer of vanity 'neath her own nose."

Here Miranda came up, and said, "Phœbus!<sup>54</sup> you know  
 That the Infinite Soul has its infinite woe,  
 As I ought to know, having lived cheek-by-jowl,  
 Since the day I was born, with the Infinite Soul;  
 I myself introduced, I myself, I alone,  
 To my Land's better life authors solely my own,  
 Who the sad heart of earth on their shoulders have taken,  
 Whose works sound a depth by Life's quiet unshaken,  
 Such as Shakespeare, for instance, the Bible, and Bacon,<sup>55</sup>

<sup>49</sup>Hiram Powers (1805–1873), American sculptor of portrait busts of Van Buren, Adams, Jackson, Webster, Calhoun; William Page (1811–1885), American portrait painter to whom Lowell dedicated his first book of poems (1843).

<sup>50</sup>A serf or bondsman in ancient Sparta, neither slave nor free.

<sup>51</sup>Margaret Fuller, named Miranda after the autobiographical character in her *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1845). Editor of the transcendental organ, the *Dial* (1840–42), she became literary critic for the New York *Tribune* in 1844 and was currently travelling in Europe. In her essay "American Literature" (1846), she criticized Lowell as "wanting in the true spirit and tone of poetry. His interest in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of vitality in

himself; his great facility at versification has enabled him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth; and posterity will not remember him."

<sup>52</sup>Roman goddess of wisdom (Athena in Greek mythology), sprung from the brain of Jupiter (Zeus). Fuller had written in *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*: "Man partakes of the feminine in the Apollo; Woman of the masculine as Minerva."

<sup>53</sup>Prophetic; sibyls were women regarded as oracles in ancient Greece and Rome.

<sup>54</sup>Apollo.

<sup>55</sup>Francis Bacon (1561–1626), English philosopher, statesman, and essayist.



Not to mention my own works; Time's nadir is fleet,  
And, as for myself, I'm quite out of conceit<sup>56</sup>—"

"Quite out of conceit! I'm enchanted to hear it,"

Cried Apollo aside. "Who 'd have thought she was near it?" 1190

To be sure, one is apt to exhaust those commodities

One uses too fast, yet in this case as odd it is

As if Neptune should say to his turbot and whittings,

'I'm as much out of salt as Miranda's own writings'

(Which, as she in her own happy manner has said, 1195

Sound a depth, for 't is one of the functions of lead).

She often has asked me if I could not find

A place somewhere near me that suited her mind;

I know but a single one vacant, which she,

With her rare talent that way, would fit to a T. 1200

And it would not imply any pause or cessation

In the work she esteems her peculiar vocation,—

She may enter on duty to-day, if she chooses,

And remain Tiring-woman<sup>57</sup> for life to the Muses."

Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in driving 1205

Up into a corner, in spite of their striving,

A small flock of terrified victims, and there,

With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe air

And a tone which, at least to *my* fancy, appears

Not so much to be entering as boxing your ears, 1210

Is unfolding a tale (of herself, I surmise,

For 't is dotted as thick as a peacock's with I's).

. . . . .

But 't is time now with pen phonographic<sup>58</sup> to follow

Through some more of his sketches our laughing Apollo:—

[POE]

"There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,<sup>59</sup>

Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge,

Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters, 1300

In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,

Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,

But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind,

Who— But hey-day! What 's this? Messieurs Mathews and Poe, 1305

You must n't fling mud-balls at Longfellow so,<sup>60</sup>

Does it make a man worse that his character 's such

As to make his friends love him (as you think) too much?

Why, there is not a bard at this moment alive

More willing than he that his fellows should thrive;

While you are abusing him thus, even now 1310

He would help either one of you out of a slough;

<sup>56</sup>Ingenious or witty thought; Lowell plays with its other meaning, vanity.

<sup>57</sup>Lady's maid, dressing assistant.

<sup>58</sup>I.e., with his pen the author transcribes the speech of Apollo.

<sup>59</sup>Half-witted hero of Charles Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* (1841), whose pet is a talking raven that cries, "I'm a devil."

The novel came out serially, and Poe guessed the murderer in a review.

<sup>60</sup>Cornelius Mathews (1817–1889), New York editor and writer who called for a national literature, attacked Longfellow's poetry, and Poe accused Longfellow of plagiarism.



You may say that he 's smooth and all that till you 're hoarse,  
 But remember that elegance also is force;  
 After polishing granite as much as you will,  
 The heart keeps its tough old persistency still; 1315  
 Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps you at bay;  
 Why, he 'll live till men weary of Collins and Gray.<sup>61</sup>  
 I'm not over-fond of Greek metres in English,<sup>62</sup>  
 To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not too jinglish,  
 And your modern hexameter verses are no more 1320  
 Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope is like Homer;<sup>63</sup>  
 As the roar of the sea to the coo of a pigeon is,  
 So, compared to your moderns, sounds old Melesigenes;<sup>64</sup>  
 I may be too partial, the reason, perhaps, o't is  
 That I've heard the old blind man recite his own rhapsodies, 1325  
 And my ear with that music impregnate may be,  
 Like the poor exiled shell with the soul of the sea,  
 Or as one can't bear Strauss<sup>65</sup> when his nature is cloven  
 To its deeps within deeps by the stroke of Beethoven;<sup>66</sup>  
 But, set that aside, and 't is truth that I speak, 1330  
 Had Theocritus<sup>67</sup> written in English, not Greek,  
 I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a line  
 In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral Evangeline.  
 That's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart  
 Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art, 1335  
 'T is a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and strife  
 As quiet and chaste as the author's own life.

. . . . .

[IRVING]

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain, 1440  
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,<sup>68</sup>  
 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there  
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;<sup>69</sup>  
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,  
 I shan't run directly against my own preaching, 1445  
 And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,<sup>70</sup>  
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;  
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—  
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,  
 Throw in all of Addison,<sup>71</sup> *minus* the chill, 1450  
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and goodwill,  
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,

<sup>61</sup>English poets William Collins (1721-1759) and Thomas Gray (1716-1771), author of the famous "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (1751).

<sup>62</sup>Longfellow used the hexameter of Greek poetry in his *Evangeline* (1847).

<sup>63</sup>English poet Alexander Pope (1688-1744) used the heroic couplet in his translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

<sup>64</sup>Homer, Melos-born, said to be blind.

<sup>65</sup>Johann Strauss the Elder (1804-1849) composed and promoted Viennese waltzes.

<sup>66</sup>Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827), German romantic composer.

<sup>67</sup>Greek poet of the third century B.C., regarded as the founder of pastoral poetry.

<sup>68</sup>Washington Irving had written *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (1829) and a "Spanish Sketch-Book," *The Alhambra* (1832). He served as minister to Spain (1842-45) and returned to New York in 1846.

<sup>69</sup>Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547-1616), author of *Don Quixote* (1605, 1615), wrote a moving farewell in the dedication of his last work four days before he died.

<sup>70</sup>The overvalued American authors pushed upon Apollo by the nationalistic critic-editors.

<sup>71</sup>Richard Steele (1672-1729) and Joseph Addison (1672-1719), English essayists who collaborated on the witty, urbane periodical *The Spectator*.

The fine *old* English Gentleman,<sup>72</sup> simmer it well,  
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,  
 That only the finest and clearest remain, 1455  
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives  
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,  
 And you 'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving  
 A name either English or Yankee,—just Irving.

## [HOLMES]

“There 's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;  
 A Leyden-jar<sup>73</sup> always full-charged, from which flit  
 The electrical tingles of hit after hit; 1560  
 In long poems 't is painful sometimes, and invites  
 A thought of the way the new Telegraph<sup>74</sup> writes,  
 Which pricks down its little sharp sentences spitefully  
 As if you got more than you 'd title to rightfully,  
 And you find yourself hoping its wild father Lightning 1565  
 Would flame in for a second and give you a fright'ning.  
 He has perfect sway of what *I* call a sham metre,  
 But many admire it, the English pentameter,  
 And Campbell,<sup>75</sup> I think, wrote most commonly worse, 1570  
 With less nerve, swing, and fire in the same kind of verse,  
 Nor e'er achieved aught in 't so worthy of praise  
 As the tribute of Holmes to the grand *Marseillaise*.<sup>76</sup>  
 You went crazy last year over Bulwer's New Timon;<sup>77</sup>—  
 Why, if B., to the day of his dying, should rhyme on,  
 Heaping verses on verses and tomes upon tomes, 1575  
 He could ne'er reach the best point and vigor of Holmes.  
 His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric  
 Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric  
 In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes  
 That are trodden upon are your own or your foes'. 1580

## [LOWELL]

“There is Lowell, who 's striving Parnassus to climb  
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,  
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,  
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,  
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching 1585  
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;  
 His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,  
 But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,  
 And rattle away till he 's old as Methusalem,<sup>78</sup>  
 At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.” 1590

<sup>72</sup>“The English Country Gentleman,” an essay by Irving in *Bracebridge Hall* (1822).

<sup>73</sup>Glass jar used as an electrical condenser.

<sup>74</sup>The Morse code invented in 1844 by Samuel F. B. Morse (1791–1872).

<sup>75</sup>Thomas Campbell (1777–1844), British poet.

<sup>76</sup>The French national anthem. The tribute occurs in Holmes's *Poetry: A Metrical Essay* (1836).

<sup>77</sup>*The New Timon: A Romance of London*, a poem in which Edward Bulwer-Lytton (1803–1873) satirizes other poets, including Tennyson, was published anonymously in 1846. Lowell's *Fable* also appeared anonymously.

<sup>78</sup>Methuselah lived 969 years (Genesis 5:27).

Here Miranda came up and began, "As to that—" The first odd  
 Apollo at once seized his gloves, cane, and hat, Sweetest  
 And, seeing the place getting rapidly cleared, That only the forest  
 I too snatched my notes and forthwith disappeared. Let it stand on

1847–48

1848

## Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration<sup>1</sup>

JULY 21, 1865

Weak-winged is song,  
 Nor aims at that clear-ethered height  
 Whither the brave deed climbs for light:

We seem to do them wrong,  
 Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse  
 Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse;  
 Our trivial song to honor those who come  
 With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,  
 And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,  
 Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:

Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,  
 A gracious memory to buoy up and save  
 From Lethe's<sup>2</sup> dreamless ooze, the common grave  
 Of the unventurous throng.

### II

To-day our Reverend Mother<sup>3</sup> welcomes back  
 Her wisest Scholars, those who understood  
 The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,  
 And offered their fresh lives to make it good:

No lore of Greece or Rome,  
 No science peddling with the names of things,  
 Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,

Can lift our life with wings  
 Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,  
 And lengthen out our dates

With that clear fame whose memory sings  
 In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates:  
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!

Not such the trumpet-call  
 Of thy diviner mood,  
 That could thy sons entice

From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest

<sup>1</sup>The commemoration honored Harvard students who had fought in the Civil War. Among the speakers were Major General Meade, hero of Gettysburg, and Lowell. Keeping in mind that the poem was to be read aloud, Lowell experimented with a variety of verse forms, noting that his "problem was to contrive a measure which should not be

tedious by uniformity, which should vary with varying moods, in which the transitions (including those of the voice) should be managed without jar."

<sup>2</sup>Mythological river of forgetfulness in the underworld.

<sup>3</sup>Harvard College, their alma mater.