

**John Marr and Other Poems**

**By**

**Herman Melville**

JOHN MARR AND OTHER POEMS

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HERMAN MELVILLE

With An Introductory Note By

HENRY CHAPIN

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Introductory Note

Melville's verse printed for the most part privately in small editions from middle life onward after his great prose work had been written, taken as a whole, is of an amateurish and uneven quality. In it, however, that loveable freshness of personality, which his philosophical dejection never quenched, is everywhere in evidence. It is clear that he did not set himself to master the poet's art, yet through the mask of conventional verse which often falls into doggerel, the voice of a true poet is heard. In selecting the pieces for this volume I have put in the vigorous sea verses of John Marr in their entirety and added those others

from his Battle Pieces, Timoleon, etc., that best indicate the quality of their author's personality. The prose supplement to battle pieces has been included because it does so much to explain the feeling of his war verse and further because it is such a remarkably wise and clear commentary upon those confused and troublous days of post-war reconstruction. H. C.

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## JOHN MARR AND OTHER SAILORS

Since as in night's deck-watch ye show,  
Why, lads, so silent here to me,  
Your watchmate of times long ago?  
Once, for all the darkling sea,  
You your voices raised how clearly,  
Striking in when tempest sung;  
Hoisting up the storm-sail cheerly,  
Life is storm--let storm! you rung.  
Taking things as fated merely,  
Childlike though the world ye spanned;  
Nor holding unto life too dearly,  
Ye who held your lives in hand--  
Skimmers, who on oceans four  
Petrels were, and larks ashore.

O, not from memory lightly flung,  
Forgot, like strains no more availing,  
The heart to music haughtier strung;  
Nay, frequent near me, never staleing,  
Whose good feeling kept ye young.  
Like tides that enter creek or stream,  
Ye come, ye visit me, or seem  
Swimming out from seas of faces,  
Alien myriads memory traces,

To enfold me in a dream!

I yearn as ye. But rafts that strain,  
Parted, shall they lock again?  
Twined we were, entwined, then riven,  
Ever to new embracements driven,  
Shifting gulf-weed of the main!  
And how if one here shift no more,  
Lodged by the flinging surge ashore?  
Nor less, as now, in eve's decline,  
Your shadowy fellowship is mine.  
Ye float around me, form and feature:--  
Tattooings, ear-rings, love-locks curled;  
Barbarians of man's simpler nature,  
Unworldly servers of the world.  
Yea, present all, and dear to me,  
Though shades, or scouring China's sea.

Whither, whither, merchant-sailors,  
Whitherward now in roaring gales?  
Competing still, ye huntsman-whalers,  
In leviathan's wake what boat prevails?  
And man-of-war's men, whereaway?  
If now no dinned drum beat to quarters  
On the wilds of midnight waters--  
Foemen looming through the spray;

Do yet your gangway lanterns, streaming,  
Vainly strive to pierce below,  
When, tilted from the slant plank gleaming,  
A brother you see to darkness go?

But, gunmates lashed in shotted canvas,  
If where long watch-below ye keep,  
Never the shrill "All hands up hammocks!"  
Breaks the spell that charms your sleep,  
And summoning trumps might vainly call,  
And booming guns implore--  
A beat, a heart-beat musters all,  
One heart-beat at heart-core.  
It musters. But to clasp, retain;  
To see you at the halyards main--  
To hear your chorus once again!

BRIDEGROOM DICK

1876

Sunning ourselves in October on a day  
Balmy as spring, though the year was in decay,  
I lading my pipe, she stirring her tea,  
My old woman she says to me,  
"Feel ye, old man, how the season mellows?"  
And why should I not, blessed heart alive,  
Here mellowing myself, past sixty-five,  
To think o' the May-time o' pennoned young  
    fellows  
This stripped old hulk here for years may  
    survive.

Ere yet, long ago, we were spliced, Bonny Blue,  
(Silvery it gleams down the moon-glade o' time,  
Ah, sugar in the bowl and berries in the prime!)  
Coxswain I o' the Commodore's crew,--  
Under me the fellows that manned his fine gig,  
Spinning him ashore, a king in full fig.  
Chirrupy even when crosses rubbed me,  
Bridegroom Dick lieutenants dubbed me.  
Pleasant at a yarn, Bob o' Linkum in a song,  
Diligent in duty and nattily arrayed,  
Favored I was, wife, and fledted right along;

And though but a tot for such a tall grade,  
A high quartermaster at last I was made.

All this, old lassie, you have heard before,  
But you listen again for the sake e'en o' me;  
No babble stales o' the good times o' yore  
To Joan, if Darby the babbler be.

Babbler?--O' what? Addled brains, they  
forget!

O--quartermaster I; yes, the signals set,  
Hoisted the ensign, mended it when frayed,  
Polished up the binnacle, minded the helm,  
And prompt every order blithely obeyed.  
To me would the officers say a word cheery--  
Break through the starch o' the quarter-deck  
realm;

His coxswain late, so the Commodore's pet.  
Ay, and in night-watches long and weary,  
Bored nigh to death with the navy etiquette,  
Yearning, too, for fun, some younker, a cadet,  
Dropping for time each vain bumptious trick,  
Boy-like would unbend to Bridegroom Dick.  
But a limit there was--a check, d' ye see:  
Those fine young aristocrats knew their degree.

Well, stationed aft where their lordships  
keep,--  
Seldom going forward excepting to sleep,--  
I, boozing now on by-gone years,  
My betters recall along with my peers.  
Recall them? Wife, but I see them plain:  
Alive, alert, every man stirs again.  
Ay, and again on the lee-side pacing,  
My spy-glass carrying, a truncheon in show,  
Turning at the taffrail, my footsteps retracing,  
Proud in my duty, again methinks I go.  
And Dave, Dainty Dave, I mark where he  
stands,  
Our trim sailing-master, to time the high-noon,  
That thingumbob sextant perplexing eyes and  
hands,  
Squinting at the sun, or twigging o' the moon;  
Then, touching his cap to Old Chock-a-Block  
Commanding the quarter-deck,--"Sir, twelve  
o'clock."

Where sails he now, that trim sailing-master,  
Slender, yes, as the ship's sky-s'l pole?  
Dimly I mind me of some sad disaster--  
Dainty Dave was dropped from the navy-roll!  
And ah, for old Lieutenant Chock-a-Block--

Fast, wife, chock-fast to death's black dock!  
Buffeted about the obstreperous ocean,  
Fleeted his life, if lagged his promotion.  
Little girl, they are all, all gone, I think,  
Leaving Bridegroom Dick here with lids that  
wink.

Where is Ap Catesby? The fights fought of  
yore  
Famed him, and laced him with epaulets, and  
more.

But fame is a wake that after-wakes cross,  
And the waters wallow all, and laugh  
Where's the loss?

But John Bull's bullet in his shoulder bearing  
Ballasted Ap in his long sea-faring.

The middies they ducked to the man who had  
messed

With Decatur in the gun-room, or forward  
pressed

Fighting beside Perry, Hull, Porter, and the  
rest.

Humped veteran o' the Heart-o'-Oak war,  
Moored long in haven where the old heroes are,  
Never on you did the iron-clads jar!

Your open deck when the boarder assailed,  
The frank old heroic hand-to-hand then availed.

But where's Guert Gan? Still heads he the van?  
As before Vera-Cruz, when he dashed splashing  
through

The blue rollers sunned, in his brave gold-and-  
blue,

And, ere his cutter in keel took the strand,  
Aloft waved his sword on the hostile land!  
Went up the cheering, the quick chanticleering;  
All hands vying--all colors flying:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and "Row, boys, row!"

"Hey, Starry Banner!" "Hi, Santa Anna!"

Old Scott's young dash at Mexico.

Fine forces o' the land, fine forces o' the sea,  
Fleet, army, and flotilla--tell, heart o' me,  
Tell, if you can, whereaway now they be!

But ah, how to speak of the hurricane  
unchained--

The Union's strands parted in the hawser  
over-strained;

Our flag blown to shreds, anchors gone  
altogether--

The dashed fleet o' States in Secession's foul  
weather.

Lost in the smother o' that wide public stress,  
In hearts, private hearts, what ties there were  
snapped!

Tell, Hal--vouch, Will, o' the ward-room mess,  
On you how the riving thunder-bolt clapped.  
With a bead in your eye and beads in your glass,  
And a grip o' the flipper, it was part and pass:  
"Hal, must it be: Well, if come indeed the  
shock,  
To North or to South, let the victory cleave,  
Vaunt it he may on his dung-hill the cock,  
But Uncle Sam's eagle never crow will,  
believe."

Sentiment: ay, while suspended hung all,  
Ere the guns against Sumter opened there  
the ball,  
And partners were taken, and the red dance  
began,  
War's red dance o' death!--Well, we, to a man,  
We sailors o' the North, wife, how could we  
lag?--  
Strike with your kin, and you stick to the flag!

But to sailors o' the South that easy way was  
barred.

To some, dame, believe (and I speak o' what I  
know),

Wormwood the trial and the Uzzite's black  
shard;

And the faithfuller the heart, the crueller the  
throes.

Duty? It pulled with more than one string,  
This way and that, and anyhow a sting.

The flag and your kin, how be true unto both?

If either plight ye keep, then ye break the other  
troth.

But elect here they must, though the casuists  
were out;

Decide--hurry up--and throttle every doubt.

Of all these thrills thrilled at keelson, and  
throes,

Little felt the shoddyites a-toasting o' their  
toes;

In mart and bazar Lucre chuckled the huzza,  
Coining the dollars in the bloody mint of war.

But in men, gray knights o' the Order o' Scars,  
And brave boys bound by vows unto Mars,

Nature grappled honor, intertwisting in the  
strife:--

But some cut the knot with a thoroughgoing  
knife.

For how when the drums beat? How in the fray  
In Hampton Roads on the fine balmy day?

There a lull, wife, befell--drop o' silent in the  
din.

Let us enter that silence ere the belchings  
re-begin.

Through a ragged rift aslant in the cannonade's  
smoke

An iron-clad reveals her repellent broadside

Bodily intact. But a frigate, all oak,

Shows honeycombed by shot, and her deck  
crimson-dyed.

And a trumpet from port of the iron-clad hails,

Summoning the other, whose flag never trails:

"Surrender that frigate, Will! Surrender,

Or I will sink her--ram, and end her!"

'T was Hal. And Will, from the naked heart-o'-oak,

Will, the old messmate, minus trumpet, spoke,

Informally intrepid,--"Sink her, and be

damned!"\* [\* Historic.]

Enough. Gathering way, the iron-clad rammed.  
The frigate, heeling over, on the wave threw a  
dusk.  
Not sharing in the slant, the clapper of her bell  
The fixed metal struck--uinvoked struck the  
knell  
Of the Cumberland stillettoed by the  
Merrimac's tusk;  
While, broken in the wound underneath the  
gun-deck,  
Like a sword-fish's blade in leviathan waylaid,  
The tusk was left infixid in the fast-foundering  
wreck.  
There, dungeoned in the cockpit, the wounded  
go down,  
And the chaplain with them. But the surges  
uplift  
The prone dead from deck, and for moment  
they drift  
Washed with the swimmers, and the spent  
swimmers drown.  
Nine fathom did she sink,--erect, though hid  
from light  
Save her colors unsundered and spars that  
kept the height.

Nay, pardon, old aunty! Wife, never let it fall,  
That big started tear that hovers on the brim;  
I forgot about your nephew and the Merrimac's  
ball;

No more then of her, since it summons up him.  
But talk o' fellows' hearts in the wine's genial  
cup:--

Trap them in the fate, jam them in the strait,  
Guns speak their hearts then, and speak  
right up.

The troublous colic o' intestine war  
It sets the bowels o' affection ajar.  
But, lord, old dame, so spins the whizzing world,  
A humming-top, ay, for the little boy-gods  
Flogging it well with their smart little rods,  
Tittering at time and the coil uncurled.

Now, now, sweetheart, you sidle away,  
No, never you like that kind o' gay;  
But sour if I get, giving truth her due,  
Honey-sweet forever, wife, will Dick be to you!

But avast with the War! 'Why recall racking  
days  
Since set up anew are the slip's started stays?  
Nor less, though the gale we have left behind,

Well may the heave o' the sea remind.  
It irks me now, as it troubled me then,  
To think o' the fate in the madness o' men.  
If Dick was with Farragut on the night-river,  
When the boom-chain we burst in the fire-raft's  
glare,  
That blood-dyed the visage as red as the liver;  
In the Battle for the Bay too if Dick had a  
share,  
And saw one aloft a-piloting the war--  
Trumpet in the whirlwind, a Providence in  
place--  
Our Admiral old whom the captains huzza,  
Dick joys in the man nor brags about the race.

But better, wife, I like to booze on the days  
Ere the Old Order foundered in these very  
frays,  
And tradition was lost and we learned strange  
ways.  
Often I think on the brave cruises then;  
Re-sailing them in memory, I hail the press o'  
men  
On the gunned promenade where rolling they  
go,  
Ere the dog-watch expire and break up the

show.

The Laced Caps I see between forward guns;

Away from the powder-room they puff the

cigar;

"Three days more, hey, the donnas and the

dons!"

"Your Zeres widow, will you hunt her up,

Starr?"

The Laced Caps laugh, and the bright waves

too;

Very jolly, very wicked, both sea and crew,

Nor heaven looks sour on either, I guess,

Nor Pecksniff he bosses the gods' high mess.

Wistful ye peer, wife, concerned for my head,

And how best to get me betimes to my bed.

But king o' the club, the gayest golden spark,

Sailor o' sailors, what sailor do I mark?

Tom Tight, Tom Tight, no fine fellow finer,

A cutwater nose, ay, a spirited soul;

But, bowsing away at the well-brewed bowl,

He never bowled back from that last voyage to

China.

Tom was lieutenant in the brig-o'-war famed

When an officer was hung for an arch-mutineer,

But a mystery cleaved, and the captain was  
blamed,

And a rumpus too raised, though his honor  
it was clear.

And Tom he would say, when the mousers  
would try him,

And with cup after cup o' Burgundy ply him:

"Gentlemen, in vain with your wassail you  
beset,

For the more I tipple, the tighter do I get."

No blabber, no, not even with the can--

True to himself and loyal to his clan.

Tom blessed us starboard and d--d us larboard,

Right down from rail to the streak o' the  
garboard.

Nor less, wife, we liked him.--Tom was a man

In contrast queer with Chaplain Le Fan,

Who blessed us at morn, and at night yet again,

D--ning us only in decorous strain;

Preaching 'tween the guns--each cutlass in its  
place--

From text that averred old Adam a hard case.

I see him--Tom--on horse-block standing,

Trumpet at mouth, thrown up all amain,

An elephant's bugle, vociferous demanding

Of topmen aloft in the hurricane of rain,  
"Letting that sail there your faces flog?  
Manhandle it, men, and you'll get the good  
grog!"

O Tom, but he knew a blue-jacket's ways,  
And how a lieutenant may genially haze;  
Only a sailor sailors heartily praise.

Wife, where be all these chaps, I wonder?  
Trumpets in the tempest, terrors in the fray,  
Boomed their commands along the deck like  
thunder;  
But silent is the sod, and thunder dies away.  
But Captain Turret, "Old Hemlock" tall,  
(A leaning tower when his tank brimmed all,  
Manoeuvre out alive from the war did he?  
Or, too old for that, drift under the lee?  
Kentuckian colossal, who, touching at Madeira,  
The huge puncheon shipped o' prime  
Santa-Clara;  
Then rocked along the deck so solemnly!  
No whit the less though judicious was enough  
In dealing with the Finn who made the great  
huff;  
Our three-decker's giant, a grand boatswain's  
mate,

Manliest of men in his own natural senses;  
But driven stark mad by the devil's drugged  
stuff,  
Storming all aboard from his run-ashore late,  
Challenging to battle, vouchsafing no pretenses,  
A reeling King Ogg, delirious in power,  
The quarter-deck carronades he seemed to  
make cower.

"Put him in brig there!" said Lieutenant  
Marrot.

"Put him in brig!" back he mocked like a  
parrot;

"Try it, then!" swaying a fist like Thor's  
sledge,

And making the pigmy constables hedge--  
Ship's corporals and the master-at-arms.

"In brig there, I say!"--They dally no more;  
Like hounds let slip on a desperate boar,  
Together they pounce on the formidable Finn,  
Pinion and cripple and hustle him in.  
Anon, under sentry, between twin guns,  
He slides off in drowse, and the long night runs.

Morning brings a summons. Whistling it calls,  
Shrilled through the pipes of the boatswain's  
four aids;

Trilled down the hatchways along the dusk

halls:

Muster to the Scourge!--Dawn of doom and

its blast!

As from cemeteries raised, sailors swarm before

the mast,

Tumbling up the ladders from the ship's nether

shades.

Keeping in the background and taking small

part,

Lounging at their ease, indifferent in face,

Behold the trim marines uncompromised in

heart;

Their Major, buttoned up, near the staff finds

room--

The staff o' lieutenants standing grouped in

their place.

All the Laced Caps o' the ward-room come,

The Chaplain among them, disciplined and

dumb.

The blue-nosed boatswain, complexioned like

slag,

Like a blue Monday lours--his implements in

bag.

Executioners, his aids, a couple by him stand,

At a nod there the thongs to receive from his hand.  
Never venturing a caveat whatever may betide,  
Though functionally here on humanity's side,  
The grave Surgeon shows, like the formal  
    physician  
Attending the rack o' the Spanish Inquisition.

The angel o' the "brig" brings his prisoner up;  
Then, steadied by his old Santa-Clara, a sup,  
Heading all erect, the ranged assizes there,  
Lo, Captain Turret, and under starred  
    bunting,  
(A florid full face and fine silvered hair,)  
Gigantic the yet greater giant confronting.

Now the culprit he liked, as a tall captain can  
A Titan subordinate and true sailor-man;  
And frequent he'd shown it--no worded  
    advance,  
But flattering the Finn with a well-timed glance.  
But what of that now? In the martinet-mien  
Read the Articles of War, heed the naval  
    routine;  
While, cut to the heart a dishonor there to win,  
Restored to his senses, stood the Anak Finn;  
In racked self-control the squeezed tears

peeping,  
Scalding the eye with repressed inkeeping.  
Discipline must be; the scourge is deemed due.  
But ah for the sickening and strange heart-  
benumbing,  
Compassionate abasement in shipmates that view;  
Such a grand champion shamed there succumbing!  
"Brown, tie him up."--The cord he brooked:  
How else?--his arms spread apart--never  
threaping;  
No, never he flinched, never sideways he looked,  
Peeled to the waistband, the marble flesh  
creeping,  
Lashed by the sleet the officious winds urge.

In function his fellows their fellowship merge--  
The twain standing nigh--the two boatswain's  
mates,  
Sailors of his grade, ay, and brothers of his  
mess.  
With sharp thongs adroop the junior one  
awaits  
The word to uplift.

"Untie him--so!  
Submission is enough, Man, you may go."  
Then, promenading aft, brushing fat Purser

Smart,  
"Flog? Never meant it--hadn't any heart.  
Degrade that tall fellow? "--Such, wife, was he,  
Old Captain Turret, who the brave wine could  
stow.  
Magnanimous, you think?--But what does  
Dick see?  
Apron to your eye! Why, never fell a blow;  
Cheer up, old wifie, 't was a long time ago.

But where's that sore one, crabbed and-severe,  
Lieutenant Lon Lumbago, an arch scrutineer?  
Call the roll to-day, would he answer--Here!  
When the Blixum's fellows to quarters  
mustered  
How he'd lurch along the lane of gun-crews  
clustered,  
Testy as touchwood, to pry and to peer.  
Jerking his sword underneath larboard arm,  
He ground his worn grinders to keep himself  
calm.  
Composed in his nerves, from the fidgets set  
free,  
Tell, Sweet Wrinkles, alive now is he,  
In Paradise a parlor where the even  
tempers be?

Where's Commander All-a-Tanto?

Where's Orlop Bob singing up from below?

Where's Rhyming Ned? has he spun his last  
canto?

Where's Jewsharp Jim? Where's Ringadoon  
Joe?

Ah, for the music over and done,

The band all dismissed save the droned  
trombone!

Where's Glenn o' the gun-room, who loved  
Hot-Scotch--

Glen, prompt and cool in a perilous watch?

Where's flaxen-haired Phil? a gray lieutenant?

Or rubicund, flying a dignified pennant?

But where sleeps his brother?--the cruise it was  
o'er,

But ah, for death's grip that welcomed him  
ashore!

Where's Sid, the cadet, so frank in his brag,

Whose toast was audacious--"Here's Sid, and  
Sid's flag!"

Like holiday-craft that have sunk unknown,

May a lark of a lad go lonely down?

Who takes the census under the sea?

Can others like old ensigns be,  
Bunting I hoisted to flutter at the gaff--  
Rags in end that once were flags  
Gallant streaming from the staff?

Such scurvy doom could the chances deal  
To Top-Gallant Harry and Jack Genteel?  
Lo, Genteel Jack in hurricane weather,  
Shagged like a bear, like a red lion roaring;  
But O, so fine in his chapeau and feather,  
In port to the ladies never once jawing;  
All bland politesse, how urbane was he--  
"Oui, mademoiselle"--"Ma chère amie!"

'T was Jack got up the ball at Naples,  
Gay in the old Ohio glorious;  
His hair was curled by the berth-deck barber,  
Never you'd deemed him a cub of rude Boreas;  
In tight little pumps, with the grand dames in  
rout,  
A-flinging his shapely foot all about;  
His watch-chain with love's jeweled tokens  
abounding,  
Curls ambrosial shaking out odors,  
Waltzing along the batteries, astounding  
The gunner glum and the grim-visaged loaders.

Wife, where be all these blades, I wonder,  
Pennoned fine fellows, so strong, so gay?  
Never their colors with a dip dived under;  
Have they hauled them down in a lack-lustre  
    day,  
Or beached their boats in the Far, Far Away?  
Hither and thither, blown wide asunder,  
Where's this fleet, I wonder and wonder.  
Slipt their cables, rattled their adieu,  
(Whereaway pointing? to what rendezvous?)  
Out of sight, out of mind, like the crack  
    Constitution,  
And many a keel time never shall renew--  
Bon Homme Dick o' the buff Revolution,  
The Black Cockade and the staunch True-Blue.

Doff hats to Decatur! But where is his blazon?  
Must merited fame endure time's wrong--  
Glory's ripe grape wizen up to a raisin?  
Yes! for Nature teems, and the years are  
    strong,  
And who can keep the tally o' the names that  
    fleet along!

But his frigate, wife, his bride? Would

blacksmiths brown

Into smithereens smite the solid old renown?

Rivetting the bolts in the iron-clad's shell,

Hark to the hammers with a rat-tat-tat;

"Handier a derby than a laced cocked hat!

The Monitor was ugly, but she served us right

well,

Better than the Cumberland, a beauty and the

belle."

Better than the Cumberland!--Heart alive

in me!

That battlemented hull, Tantallon o' the sea,

Kicked in, as at Boston the taxed chests o' tea!

Ay, spurned by the ram, once a tall, shapely

craft,

But lopped by the Rebs to an iron-beaked

raft--

A blacksmith's unicorn in armor cap-a-pie.

Under the water-line a ram's blow is dealt:

And foul fall the knuckles that strike below the

belt.

Nor brave the inventions that serve to replace

The openness of valor while dismantling the

grace.

Aloof from all this and the never-ending game,  
Tantamount to teetering, plot and counterplot;  
Impenetrable armor--all-perforating shot;  
Aloof, bless God, ride the war-ships of old,  
A grand fleet moored in the roadstead of fame;  
Not submarine sneaks with them are enrolled;  
Their long shadows dwarf us, their flags are as  
flame.

Don't fidget so, wife; an old man's passion  
Amounts to no more than this smoke that I  
puff;  
There, there, now, buss me in good old fashion;  
A died-down candle will flicker in the snuff.

But one last thing let your old babbler say,  
What Decatur's coxswain said who was long  
ago hearsed,  
"Take in your flying-kites, for there comes a  
lubber's day  
When gallant things will go, and the three-  
deckers first."

My pipe is smoked out, and the grog runs  
slack;

But bowse away, wife, at your blessed Bohea;  
This empty can here must needs solace me--  
Nay, sweetheart, nay; I take that back;  
Dick drinks from your eyes and he finds no  
lack!

## TOM DEADLIGHT

During a tempest encountered homeward-bound from the Mediterranean, a grizzled petty-officer, one of the two captains of the forecastle, dying at night in his hammock, swung in the sick-bay under the tiered gun-decks of the British Dreadnaught, 98, wandering in his mind, though with glimpses of sanity, and starting up at whiles, sings by snatches his good-bye and last injunctions to two messmates, his watchers, one of whom fans the fevered tar with the flap of his old sou'wester. Some names and phrases, with here and there a line, or part of one; these, in his aberration, wrested into incoherency from their original connection and import, he voluntarily derives, as he does the measure, from a famous old sea-ditty, whose cadences, long rife, and now humming in the collapsing brain, attune the last flutterings of distempered thought.

Farewell and adieu to you noble hearties,--

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,

For I've received orders for to sail for the

Deadman,

But hope with the grand fleet to see you

again.

I have hove my ship to, with main-top-sail

aback, boys;

I have hove my ship to, for the strike  
soundings clear--

The black scud a'flying; but, by God's blessing,  
dam' me,  
Right up the Channel for the Deadman I'll  
steer.

I have worried through the waters that are  
called the Doldrums,  
And growled at Sargasso that clogs while ye  
grobe--  
Blast my eyes, but the light-ship is hid by the  
mist, lads:--  
Flying Dutchman--odds bobbs--off the  
Cape of Good Hope!

But what's this I feel that is fanning my cheek,  
Matt?  
The white goney's wing?--how she rolls!--  
't is the Cape!--  
Give my kit to the mess, Jock, for kin none is  
mine, none;  
And tell Holy Joe to avast with the crape.

Dead reckoning, says Joe, it won't do to go by;  
But they doused all the glims, Matt, in sky

t' other night.

Dead reckoning is good for to sail for the

Deadman;

And Tom Deadlight he thinks it may reckon

near right.

The signal!--it streams for the grand fleet to

anchor.

The captains--the trumpets--the hullabaloo!

Stand by for blue-blazes, and mind your

shank-painters,

For the Lord High Admiral, he's squinting

at you!

But give me my tot, Matt, before I roll over;

Jock, let's have your flipper, it's good for to

feel;

And don't sew me up without baccy in mouth,

boys,

And don't blubber like lubbers when I turn

up my keel.

JACK ROY

Kept up by relays of generations young  
Never dies at halyards the blithe chorus sung;  
While in sands, sounds, and seas where the  
    storm-petrels cry,  
Dropped mute around the globe, these halyard  
    singers lie.  
Short-lived the clippers for racing-cups that  
    run,  
And speeds in life's career many a lavish  
    mother's-son.

But thou, manly king o' the old Splendid's  
    crew,  
The ribbons o' thy hat still a-fluttering, should  
    fly--  
A challenge, and forever, nor the bravery  
    should rue.  
Only in a tussle for the starry flag high,  
When 'tis piety to do, and privilege to die.  
Then, only then, would heaven think to lop  
Such a cedar as the captain o' the Splendid's  
    main-top:  
A belted sea-gentleman; a gallant, off-hand  
Mercutio indifferent in life's gay command.

Magnanimous in humor; when the splintering  
shot fell,

"Tooth-picks a-plenty, lads; thank 'em with a  
shell!"

Sang Larry o' the Cannakin, smuggler o' the  
wine,

At mess between guns, lad in jovial recline:

"In Limbo our Jack he would chirrup up a  
cheer,

The martinet there find a chaffing mutineer;

From a thousand fathoms down under hatches  
o' your Hades,

He'd ascend in love-ditty, kissing fingers to  
your ladies!"

Never relishing the knave, though allowing  
for the menial,

Nor overmuch the king, Jack, nor prodigally  
genial.

Ashore on liberty he flashed in escapade,

Vaulting over life in its levelness of grade,

Like the dolphin off Africa in rainbow

a-sweeping--

Arch iridescent shot from seas languid

sleeping.

Larking with thy life, if a joy but a toy,  
Heroic in thy levity wert thou, Jack Roy.