

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Read at the Concord Celebration by James Russell Lowell.

[This magnificent poem was withheld from publicity at the time of the Concord Centennial and has just been published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June. It is in every way worthy of its author.]

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals lights from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of but and of all,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all,
The daughters of Time and Thought!

II.

She cometh, cometh to-day;
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her champions and chosen ones?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns?
The gathering buzz of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamor on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honor.
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years!"

III.

Tell me, young men; have ye seen
Creature of diviner men,
For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that glad untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath,
Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm more sweetly rare?
Grace of woman ampler blown?
Modesty more debonaire!
Younger heart with wit full-grown?
Oh, for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and our star,
Our hope, our joy and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust
And made us whatever we are!

IV.

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is; but round the hem
Crimson-stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson—on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew;
Oh, call them rather christs than stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion flashed his icy paw;
She followed Cromwell's quenchless star
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dunbar;
Yes, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with untarnished eyes.

V.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and broods
The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation brings
Through life and death and man's unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognised,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were hers;
She taught them beelike to create
Their simpler forms of Church and State;
She taught them to endure
The Past with other functions than it knew,
And turn in channels strange the uncertain stream of
Fate;
Better than all, she fenced them in their need
With iron-handed Duty's sternest creed,
'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens word and deed.

VI.

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she? she was not far away;
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With paths of immortal gain,
'Tis here her fondest memories stay;
She loves yon pine-bemurdered ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; hear him he
Who were the ring of Canace;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where as your stealthy river creeps
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds;
Here English law and English thought
Against the might of England fought,
And here were men [co-equal with their fate]
Who did great things unconscious they were great,
They dreamed not what a die was cast
With that first answering shot: what then?
There was their duty; they were men
Long schooled the inward gospel to obey
Though leading to the lion's den;
They felt the habit hallowed word give way
Beneath their lives, and on went they,
Unhappy who was last;
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the hallowed Past,
Strong in their love and in their lineage strong,
And crashing; if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heard,
Nor ever hath forgot
As on from startled throne to throne,
Where Superstition sat or conscious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth unknown,
Thrice-venerable spot!
River more fateful than the Rubicon!
O'er those red planks, to snatch her diadem,
Man's Hope, star-girded, sprang with them,
And over ways untried the feet of Doom strode on.

VII.

Think you these felt no charms
In their gray homesteads and embowered farms,
In household faces waiting at the door
Their evening step should lighten up no more?
In fields their boyish steps had known!
In trees their fathers' hands had set
And with which with them had grown,
Widening each year their leafy coronet?
Felt they no pang of passionate regret
For those unsold goods that seem so much our own?
These things are dear to every man that lives
And life prized more for what it lends than gives;
Yea, many a tie, by iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet:
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man life's slave or king—
The invisible things of God before the seen and known:
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone,
For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And where it lightened once, from age to age
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die.

VIII.

What marvellous change of things and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! These are her streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks and all that feels
Through spaces stretched from sea to sea:
By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right and who refrains,
Here are our losses and our gains,
Our maker and our victim she.

IX.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's tumultuous wine;
Better to-day who rather feels than thinks;
Yet, will some graver thoughts intrude
And cares of nobler mood;
They won thee: who shall keep thee? From the deeps
Where disconsol'd empires o'er their ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings its weak hands and
Weeps,
I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing unconfined.—
"I, Freedom, dwell with Knowledge; I abide
With men who dust of fiction cannot blind.
To the slow tracings of the Eternal Mind
With men, by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey;
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter,
Implacable as God's word,
Like a shepherd's crook to them that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs and my saints,
Shoots of that only race whose patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and restraints
Above the moment's dear-paid paradise;
Beware lest, shifting with Time's gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into your eyes;
The cavern powers of ill nor wink nor sleep;
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals or that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those sleepless spies.
Till the deaf fury come your house to sweep!"
I hear the voice and unafrighted bow;
Ye shall not be prophetic now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rainbow sky,
Or on the left your hoarse forebodings croak
From many a blasted bough
On Igitra's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the West, as thou.
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast,
For thee I love as those who pardon most.

X.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day;
Break into rapture, my song,
Verse, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as ye run!
Pause not for choosing of words,
Let them but blossom and sing
Bliss as the orchards and birds
With the new coming of spring!
Dance in your jollity, bells,
Shout, cannon, cease not, ye drums,
Answer, ye hill-sides and dells,
Bow, all ye people, she comes,
Radiant, calm-fronted as when
She hallowed that April day;
Stay with us, Yes, thou shalt stay,
Softener and strengthener of men,
Freedom, not won by the vain,
Not to be courted in play,
Not to be kept without pain!
Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
Handmaid and mistress of all,
Kinder of deed and of thought,
Thou, that to hut and to hall
Equal deliverance brought!
Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
Touch our dull lips with your fire,
That we may praise without fear
Her, our delight, our desire,
Our faith's inextinguishable star,
Our hope, our remembrance, our trust,
Our present, our past, our to be,
Who will mingle her life with our dust
And make us deserve to be free!

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

VALBYEISM.

BY NED P. MAH.

There is, near Copenhagen, a little village called Valbye. Once upon a time, as the fairy tales say, some of its inhabitants were affected with Anglomania. Their clothes, equipments, houses, manners, must all be after English fashions. Hence arose the term Valbye Englishman—pseudo Englishman.

And thus the word Valbye, in this acceptance of counterfeits, became a prefix in frequent use, notably in the title of the comedietta called "Valbye Gaasen," in which two young people thrown together by the benevolent offices of matchmaking relations, becoming aware of the fact, act like simpletons in each others presence with the intention of disgusting each other, being naturally averse to falling in love to order.

Now it is not alone in the country in which this term originated that Valbyeisms exist. We must admit that in choosing the word for our title we have ourselves been guilty of a Valbye-

ism, since, had we used the plain English word Affectation, or Humbug, we should probably not have attracted the eyes of so many readers. And though we intend to shew that, as a rule, Valbyeisms are rather deserving of censure than praise, yet we crave pardon for this our own special Valbyeism, partly because it is such a very little one, partly because it is a very harmless one, and because the desire to obtain as many readers as possible may even be considered the reverse of reprehensible in an author.

The most pardonable Valbyeisms we take it, are those which owe their origin to an ambition which is not in itself to be condemned, and which are perpetrated in order to disguise some deficiency in the inventor and to place him on an equality with others in the contest for some special end. Yet every Valbyeism must be liable to impeachment from the strict censor of words because the word is after all only an euphemism for deception, a white lie whether of speech or action. In illustration of this venial kind of Valbyeism we may repeat a story we once heard, and if we omit the names of the *dramatis personae* it is on the plea of forgetfulness and we assure the gentle reader that the tale is none the less worthy of credence on that account.

Some years since, the confidential clerk of an ancient banking house, in Holland, was sent on a mission of some importance to one of the oldest financial firms in Great Britain. The head of the establishment to which he was ambassador received him with openhearted hospitality and housed him beneath his own roof during the three weeks or so of his stay in England. During this period the young gentleman made considerable progress in the good graces of the daughter of his host, who was, so the story goes, as good as she was beautiful and as beautiful as she was good. At length, the day of departure came. The youth stood in the study of the genial old man who imparted his last instructions and wished him a kindly Godspeed. Then, with just so much of diffidence as is becoming in youth in the presence of venerable old age, the stripling suggested there was yet another matter of which he must crave his kind consideration, and then with the pride of conscious love and virtue overmastering the bashfulness of his few summers, he boldly demanded the hand of his host's only daughter in marriage. Then were the summer lightning of the soul which had had played upon the old man's visage put to flight, and the thunders of his wrath awoke. A beggarly bank clerk, abusing his hospitality, winning his daughter's confidence behind his back, and demanding her hand in marriage! The young man allowed the storm to have its way, and when the grey haired banker paused for want of breath, raised his gentle voice in mild extenuation. Now mark the Valbyeism. "But," said the downy lipped ambassador, "I am about to be taken into the partnership by the firm on equal terms." "You, a boy like you, on equal terms, nonsense." "It is true, nevertheless." Hem, well really such prospects, might alter the case a little. "And you will give your consent conditionally?" Well, certainly, that places the matter in another light, and the brief fury of anger passed from the old man's brow, and he extended cordial hands to his young antagonist. "On those conditions, young sir, with all my heart."

Our young hopeful, with this promise reduced to writing, speeds back to his patrons in Holland, delivers up his trust and proves himself an exemplary ambassador. "Terms are wanting," says the manager, "to express our satisfaction at your expedition and the diplomatic skill with which you have protected the interests of the firm. We shall be happy to advance your own prospects as occasion may permit."

"You can advance them at once, sir," cries the confidential clerk, "you must make me a partner, out of hand." The pink, puffy face of the sleek superior grew purple with rage. "Sir, you forget yourself, you abuse our kindness. The fit reward of your presumption, Sir, would be to kick you out of the establishment altogether, and make an example of you, Sir, make an example of you!" "But, Sir, I am about to become the son-in-law of Baron R—." "Ah, ah! young dog! made good use of your time, eh? That alters the case, certainly. If your statement is really true, we will consider the matter and see what can be done for you."

In short Valbyeism wins the day, and the alliance between the two old houses is effected.

There is the Valbyeism of knowledge, by which some applicant assumes competency for a position, the duties of which he is totally ignorant, and then by dint of natural shrewdness and diligent application, picks up from those around him the necessary information. The Valbyeism of wealth, by which the poor man exists and recovers his way into a society from which empty pockets and a threadbare coat would exclude him. The Valbyeism of goodness, by which the aged roué creeps back like a wolf into the fold which he is at least powerless to harm and which we trust may so influence him that at length his goodness may cease to be a mere affectation. The Valbyeism of love, by which the man of the world woos and wins the lady who shares his roof, and bed, and fortune, and who we trust may soften the hardened nature by the sweetness of her smile, and the patient equanimity of her temper, may so win him to new thoughts and generous impulses and kindlier feelings, in the new dignity of paternity, that he may at length grow to regard his fellow creatures as something more than mere money making machines, and his wife as something more than a machine to regulate his expenditure, that affection may be to him no sham, charity no stranger.

Now of all these species of Valbyeism, whatever may be said against them, at least this can be said in their favor, that they aim upward and that they have for object to raise and not to debase the individual who puts them in practice.

But there are other forms of Valbyeism which are positively inexcusable, for their tendency is to lower and to debase.

What spectacle, for instance, can be more disgusting than the Valbye-man, the heedless youth who apes the vices of the matured roué, the sickly, effete, pallid boy-fop who smokes, and drinks, and swears, and gambles, and talks horses and women, and tricks out his stunted person in gaudy garments of the fastest cut, and affects the company of painted hours and prize-fighters and stablemen?

Or what sight more ridiculous, more prone to excite laughter, but that the short lived mirth must end in a heart ache, than the Valbye-woman, the little minx who is a finished coquette before she is out of short frocks and whose heart has undergone so many experiences before she has arrived at womanhood that it is utterly worn out and callous when the time arrives at which she should first be fully aware of its possession.

And now we would touch as reverently as may be, since we must speak of women, upon the most grievous, the saddest Valbyeism of all, a Valbyeism only too frequent among the damsels of the period. It is a Valbyeism that apes in word, in manner, and in dress, the language, the gesture, the costume of the degraded and the frail. Forgetful of the duties, the aims, the attributes, the pure dignity of true womanhood in which man should find all that makes him noblest, which strengthens him for good and gives meaning and life to his resolves, which exercises a refining influence, and wins back his soul from the moil and toil and sordid cares of a worldly existence, these Valbye-hetaires seek to ensnare men by meretricious arts, flush their bloodless cheeks with a false bloom, bleach their tresses with poisonous chemicals, and debauch their painted lips with a refinement of grossness which those they stoop to imitate would blush to utter. Let none cry out that the picture is too severely drawn. It is because we venerate true womanhood that we denounce these traitorous sisters.

HUMOUROUS.

ALL the girls are vegetarians.—They wear turn-up hats.

A WOMAN'S RIGHT.—A right to a husband, if she can get one.

THE way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to smile until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

A LITTLE American lad who had just commenced reading the newspapers, asked his father if the word "Hon." prefixed to the name of a member of Congress, meant "honest."

"MY DEAR," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well, then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may come up."

A CRUEL joke at the expense of those ladies who are perpetually striving to gain a hearing in the Press has been going the round of literary circles, to the effect "that they look much better in muslin than in print."

A LADY who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic was astounded by his running and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies, and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

A CITIZEN who met an old acquaintance on the street recently asked why he wore a weed on his hat. "For my poor wife who has passed over the river," was the melancholy reply. "Well, can't she come back—aren't the ferry boats running?" was the surprised query. The man had to explain that he did not refer to the East River.

AN Aberdeenshire laird, who kept a very good poultry yard, strangely enough could not command a fresh egg for his breakfast. One day, however, he met his grievous wife going toward the market, and, very suspiciously, with a nice basket. On passing and speaking a word, he discovered the basket was full of beautiful white eggs. Next time he talked with his grievous he said to him, "James, I like you very well, and I think you serve me faithfully, but I cannot say I admire your wife." To which the cool reply was: "Oh, 'deed, sir, I'm not surprised at that, for I dinna muckle admire her myself!"

ARTISTIC.

A STATUE of Christopher Columbus, by Cordier, a French sculptor, is to be erected in the City of Mexico.

THE picture of Gérome, called "The Sabre Dance," has been sold for 4,700 guineas. The purchaser is a lady.

THE Paris Salon this year contains 2,019 oil paintings, 8.9 drawings, water colours, chalks, miniatures and enamels on china and copper, 620 pieces of sculpture, 46 medals, &c., 105 architectural designs, 230 engravings, and 34 lithographs.

THE Italian newspapers announce the discovery the other day at Pompeii of a painting said to be of more importance than any hitherto brought to light. It represents Laocoon according to the description given by Virgil. Its state of preservation is such as to warrant a hope that it may be found possible to remove it to the museum.

WILKIE's original sketch for the "Blind Man's Buff" was recently bequeathed to the National Gallery by Miss Bredel, and it will shortly be placed before the public. It is signed with the painter's name, and dated "1811." It appears to have been the first work produced in the comparatively magnificent residence which the modest Scotchman had, together with his friends the Coppars, ventured on at this period.