

Then, sir, remember, that same per-
sonage
(To judge by what we read i' the
newspaper)
Requires, beside one nobleman in
gold
To carry up and down his coronet,
Another servant, probably a duke,
To hold egg-nogg in readiness: why
want
Attendance, sir, when helps in his
father's house
Abound, I'd like to know?

Enough of talk!
My fault is that I tell too plain a truth.
Why, which of those who say they
disbelieve,
Your clever people, but has dreamed
his dream,
Caught his coincidence, stumbled on
his fact
He can't explain, (he'll tell you
smilingly)
Which he's too much of a philosopher
To count as supernatural, indeed,
So calls a puzzle and problem, proud
of it:
Bidding you still be on your guard,
you know,
Because one fact don't make a
system stand,
Nor prove this an occasional escape
Of spirit beneath the matter: that's
the way!
Just so wild Indians picked up, piece
by piece,
The fact in California, the fine gold
That underlay the gravel—hoarded
these,
But never made a system stand, nor
dug!
So wise men hold out in each hol-
lowed palm
A handful of experience, sparkling
fact
They can't explain; and since their
rest of life
Is all explainable, what proof in this?
Whereas I take the fact, the grain of
gold,
And fling away the dirty rest of life,

And add this grain to the grain each
fool has found
O' the million other such philoso-
phers,—
Till I see gold, all gold and only
gold,
Truth questionless though unexplain-
able,
And the miraculous proved the com-
monplace!
The other fools believed in mud, no
doubt —
Failed to know gold they saw: was
that so strange?
Are all men born to play Bach's
fiddle-fugues,
"Time" with the foil in carte, jump
their own height,
Cut the mutton with the broadsword,
skate a five,
Make the red hazard with the cue,
clip nails
While swimming, in five minutes row
a mile,
Pull themselves three feet up with the
left arm,
Do sums of fifty figures in their head,
And so on, by the scores of instances?
The Sludge with luck, who sees the
spiritual facts
His fellows strive and fail to see, may
rank
With these, and share the advantage.

Ay, but share
The drawback! Think it over by
yourself;
I have not heart, sir, and the fire's
gone grey.
Defect somewhere compensates for
success,
Everyone knows that. Oh, we're
equals, sir!
The big-legged fellow has a little arm
And a less brain, though big legs win
the race:
Do you suppose I 'scape the common
lot?
Say, I was born with flesh so sensi-
tive,
Soul so alert, that, practice helping
both,