The Commonwealth.

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Poetry.

For the Commonwealth.

THE CHASE.

Through earths and zones,
Climes, sunshine, shade,
Beat beauty crossed,
Nor stopt nor staid;
Nor temples took,
Nor idols bowed,—
Apart in the chase
In solitude.

I said,—"The fair one is not here,
She distant is in other sphere;
My bride's a fairling
From some doth live.
And men are hunters of the game,
Pursuers of the same
Through every passing form;
The Beauty that their eyes do seek
Their eyes do but deform;
The love their faithless lips would speak
Dies on the listener ear.
Spirits betrayals so not,
Nor heartbeats back to spare
To all her simple plot.
Crazy the chaste,
Cunning confusion,
Laugh shadows pale about our path,
Star shadow is, and shadow bath
Eyes are dimmed from seeing,
Hearts cowed from being;
My bride I cannot find,
My love I can not bind,
Thy shadowed form of one of sphere,
I and false ones all, my mate, not dear,
Thy Paradise
Is a sad surprise,
With all my following, flies,
And I am a thousand infidelities.
There's none for me
In all I see.
Again the fair one comes not here,
And she dwells in other sphere,
Yet here shall the maiden find,
I trust my impassive the mind,
Here heaven's harmonic begin,
Here earth and only earth housed here
Here earth and only earth housed here
Through parted gates of human kind,
We enter blest the pilgrim mind.

For the Commonwealth.

THE ENGLISH SKYLARK.

The morning of the air,
Ascends the spiral stair
Of song so soft and sweet,
Above the fields of wheat,
And meadows green and gay,
Up to the gates of day.

Around and up he flies
Low in the rolling skies
Up and around he soars,
And down he mount pours,
Like silver drops in showers
That ring the bells of flowers.

Beyond the eager eye,
He fades in the blue sky,
And still his song of cheer,
Falls on the charmed ear.
Angels might hark from their seats
When they come minstrel songs

The lyrics that swells his breast
Relates to his low nest,
Whose spotted eggs the sky
Guards with a watchful eye,
When upon the broad blue dome
He sees or forgets his home.

From the cerulean walls
Slowly and gently falls
This minstrel of the skies,
Where the winged thunder dies,
And spreads his sunny wing
Under the rainbow's ring.

Soft as a lover's sigh,
The vibrant wings pass by,
The dew drops from his breast
He drops into his nest.
Though humbly singing there,
He is laureate of the air.

ORPHAND.

For the Commonwealth.

SPRING-TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

Lo, for light, is in the lame,
Spring is on with song a-swinging,
Like of blissful, on the wing,
Songs is green in my dreaming.

Red roses sweet as wanderstrains,
Make the house with music wary
Soft as lover's sigh,
Vision Small, with passion heavy.

Flowers too the room rolling,
Wear a child-like golden party,
Like the bends of little angels
In the paintings of old stars.

And myself I dream, become a
Nightingale, on spray am swinging
Over the violets of the roses,
Wondrous love songs to her singing.

Tell the nightingales—the others—
Wake me, wind alarums ringing
Under the open window, hither
Every more their greetings bringing.

Cambridge, Mass. L. H.

From the Springfield Republican.

TOM BLUEBERRY.

BY MRS. FRANCES M. COOKE.

The dandelion flowers were bright
Through all the month of May;
Like little suns, with yellow light,
That brazed shone with all their might
Warm for the clouds might say

But flowers must wither, after all,
And so, one sunny noon,
I saw the stems, so green and tall,
Each lifted with a downy ball
In the thick grass of June.

The children came, with eager quest,
To pluck them where they grew;
They sought each little downy crest,
And north, and south, and east, and west,
Their shouting blew.

Dear playmate! when the sun is low,
And the summer day is o'er,
I look to see your heads of tow
All nodding in a sleepy row,
Within the corner door.

Sleep on; there comes a gibbing guest
On your white heads to blow;
Then, north, and south, and east, and west,
None but the Friend that loves you best
Can say where you will go.

Miscellany.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

OFF DUTY.

III.

"My dear girl, we shall have you sick in your bed, unless you keep yourself warm and quiet for a few days. Willow Wallman will take care of the ward alone, now the men are so comfortable, and have her vacation when you are about again. Now as he president in time, and don't let me have to add a Pottinbiln to my benefit of patients."

This advice was delivered in a paternal manner by the principal surgeon to the hospital, a honeared little gentleman with seemed to consider me a frail young blossom that needed much cherishing, instead of a tough old spinster who had been knocking about the world for thirty years. At the time I write of he discovered me sitting on the stairs, with a nice cloud of unwholesome steam rising from the washroom, a party of January breezes disporting around in the halls, and perhaps by no means from "Araby the blest," keeping them company; while I enjoyed a fit of coughing which caused my head to spin in a way that made the application of a cool tumbler both necessary and agreeable, as I waited for the frolicsome which to restore the breath. I'd lost; cheering my sick companions with a severer convulsion that promotion was waiting for me round the corner. This piece of advice had been offered by several persons for a week, and refused by me with the obstinacy with which one who is so richly gifted, but the last few hours had developed several surprising internal and external phenomena, which impressed upon me the fact that if I didn't make a massively natural very wood, I should tumble down somewhere and have to be borne ignominiously from the field. My head felt like a cannon ball, my feet had a tendency to cleave to the floor, the walls at times established in a most hospitable manner, people looked unnaturally big, and the "very bottles on the mantel shelf" appeared to dance derisively before my eyes. Taking these things into consideration, while thinking stupidly at Dr. Z., I resolved to try, gracefully if I must, so with a valedictory to my boys, a private lecture to Mrs. Wallman, and a fervent wish that I could take off my body and work in my soul, I mournfully ascended to my apartment, and Nurse P. was reported off duty.

For the benefit of any reader desirous of whose patients have been surrounded beneath a fine overfill with a halo of charms, I will briefly describe the bower to which I retired in somewhat ruinous condition. It was well ventilated, for five panes of glass had contained windows, curtains which the surgeons and nurses had failed to heal; the two windows were draped with sheets, the church hospital opposite being a brick and mortar Argus, and the female mind thoroughly rejoices in the sight of retinery during the night-capped periods of existence. A bare floor supported two narrow iron beds spread with thin mattresses like plasters, and furnished with pillows in the last stages of consumption. In a fire-place guttons of shovel, tongs, andirons, or grate, burned a log inch by inch, being too long to go on all at once, and while the fire blazed away at one end I did the same at the other, as I tripped over it a dozen times a day, and flew up to poke it a dozen times a night. A mirror hit on be organ? of the delicacies of a muffin and about as reflective, hung over a tin basin, blue pitcher and hence of yellow mugs. Two invalid tables, ditto chairs, washbowl here and there, and the chest contained a varied collection of bunnets, bottles, bags, boots, bread and butter, boxes and bags. This chest was a regular Blue Beard cupboard to me. I always opened it with a fearful trembling, owing to rats, and shut it in anguish of spirit, for time and space were not to be had, and claws reigned along with the rats. Our chimney piece was decorated with a fat tract, a Bible, a candle minus wick, a lavender-bottle, a new tin pan so brilliant that it served excellently for a pier-glass, did such of the pretty black bugs as preferred a warmer climate than the rubbish hole afforded. Two arks, commonly called trunks, lurked behind the door, containing the worldly goods of the twain who laughed and cried, slept and scrubbed in this refuge, while from the whitewashed walls above either bed looked down the pictured faces of those whose memory can make for us

"One little room as everywhere."

For a day or two I managed to appear at meals, for the human grub must eat till the butterfly is ready to break loose, and no one had time to come up two flights while I was possible for me to come down. Far be it from me to add another affliction or reproach to that much enduring man, the steward, for compared with his predecessor he was a horn of plenty, a pause, then French entered and shouted, "Miss Pepperorn ain't got home, and says you can't no business to lose your own duds and go borrowin' other folkses." I had taken a feeling dislike to this man at first sight, for he was rather too much, but he gave in to the surgery. Mr. Toddypeale informs me that I can't have anything without an order from the surgeon of my ward. Great heavens! where is he? and away I rush up and down, here and there, till at last I find him in a state of bliss over a complicated amputation in the fourth story. I make my demand—he answers, "In five minutes," and works away with his head upside down as he ties an artery, saws a bone, or does a little needle-work with a violin relish and very sanguinary pair of hands. The five minutes grow to fifteen and Frank appears with the remark that "Damme wants to know what in thunder you are keeping him there with his finger on a wet rag for?" Dr. Z. was himself a lily long enough to scribble the order, with which I plunge downward to the surgery again, find the door locked and while hammering on it am told that two friends are waiting to see me in the hall. The matron being away her parlor is locked, and there is no where to see my guests but in my own room, and no time to enjoy them till the planet is found. I settle this matter and circumlocution through the house to find Toddypeale who has no right to leave the surgery till night. He is discovered in the dead house smelling a rose, and ever much the worse for his researches among the spirituous preparations that fill the surgery shelves. He is inclined to be gallant, and puts the dribbling blow to the fire of my wrath, for the scarlatina bid flies off, and driving him before me to his post, I fling down the order, take what I choose and leaving the absent inapolis, kissing his hand to me, depart feeling as Grandma Bligbery is reported to have done when she vainly sought for chips in Blunlock Jackwood's "shiftless pantry."

I find Dunmer a well acted charade of his own name, and just as I get him done, struggling the while with a burning desire to clap an adhesive strip across his mouth full of unseemly definitions, Frank takes up his boot to put it on and exclaims—

"I'm blest if here ain't that case now! I recollect seeing a pitch in this mornin', but forgot all about it till my feet were nearly off, and then ma'am, kerch hold on it and give the boys a short on's all round 'gainst it tumbles into tother boot next time you want it."

If a book could annihilate, Francis Sancebox would have ceased to exist, but it couldn't, therefore he yet lives to aggravate some unhappy woman's soul, and was fat in some equally congenial situation.

Now while I'm freeing my mind, I should like to enter my protest against employing convalescents as attendants, instead of strong, properly trained, and cheerful men. How it may be in other places I cannot say, but here it was a source of constant trouble and confusion, these feeble ignorant men trying to sweep, scrub, lift, and bear upon their sicker comrades. One with a diseased heart was exported to run up and down stairs, carry heavy trays, and more helpless men; he tried it and grew rapidly worse than when he first came, and when he was ordered out to march away to the convalescent hospital, fell in a sort of fit before he turned the corner and brought back to die. Another, hurt by a fall from his horse, endeavored to do his duty but failed entirely, and the wrath of the ward master fell upon the nurses who must either scrub the floors herself or to take the better, for the boy looked stout and well, and the master never happened to see him turn white with pain, or hear him groan in his sleep when an involuntary motion jarred his poor back. Constant complaints were being made of incompetent attendants, and some dozen women did double duty, and then were blamed for breaking down. If any hospital reader thinks this a good and economical arrangement, allow one used up nurse to tell him, it isn't, and beg him to spare the sisterhood who sometimes in their sympathy forget that they are only flesh and blood, and that the risk of being made invalids sooner than is agreeable to their partial friends.

Another of my few troubles took me to the Sergeant Chamber, hoping to hear and see if the boys were doing more and better than some small ones I knew of. I was too late and found the Speaker's chair occupied by a colored gentleman of ten, who was entertaining "an their legs," by a mock hot debate on the cornhill question, as they gathered the waste paper strewn about the floor into bags, and several white numbers played leap-frog over the desks, and a Southern gentleman, one of some of the other Senators indulge in, I fancy. Finding the coast clear, I likewise gambolled up and down, from gallery to gallery; sat in Sumner and perhaps have well done, for I imagined Brooks in his sanctum of his life; examined Wilson's books in the coolest possible manner; warmed my feet at one of the national registers; read pemptions on scattered envelopes, and pocketed a cast away autograph or two; matched the some what unparliamentary proceedings going on about me, and wondered who in the world all the sedate gentlemen were that kept popping out of the doors here and there, like respectable Jacks-in-the-box. There I wandered over the "palatial residence" of Mrs. Columbia, and examined its many beauties, though I can't say I thought her a tidy housekeeper, and didn't admire her taste in pictures, for the eye of this humble individual soon wearied of expiring patriots, who all appeared to be coining their earthly labors into immortality, on ruffled sheets, and a whiff of torn banners, bomb shells, and buff and blue arms and legs. The statuary also was "massive and country," but rather wearing to examine; for the colossal ladies and gentlemen, carried no cards of introduction in face or figure, so whether the meditative party in a kilt, with well developed legs, shoes like army slippers, and a gentlemanly nose, was Columbus, Cato, or Cockelorum Tilbyk, the tragedian, was more than I could tell. Several robust ladies attracted me, as I felt particularly "swishy" myself, as old country women say; but which was America and which Pocahontas was a mystery, for all affected much looseness of costume, disheveled hair, and a general air of "I don't care a fig for your opinion" quite proper with damsels of any day, where religion should go down to posterity armed with fans, crochet needles, rolling ships, and parasols, with here and there one holding pen or pencil, rolling pin or broom. The statue of Liberty I recognized at once, for it had no pedestal as yet—but stood flat in the mud, with young Apollo upon her left hand, and a Venus de Medici upon her right, and a Venus de Medici upon her right, and a Venus de Medici upon her right