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J. Bayard Taylor

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impudence to quote foul Latin in my presence, and then try to browbeat *me*, a Senior, into the acknowledgment of its correctness, perfectly unmanned me; I couldn't speak, and he, interpreting my silence to his own advantage, continued—

“Oh, never mind, Jack! it was only a *lapsis lingus* of yours. The ladies don't think anything of it, I'm sure!”

The latter part of the sentence was spoken in a whisper, sufficiently audible, however, to call forth the consolation of the three Graces as followeth:—

Mary.—“Certainly we don't!”

Jane.—“Why, to be sure not!”

Susan(!)—“Never dreamed of such a thing!”

It has been months since, but I have never been able to look a lady in the face from that time to this. My classics have lost their attraction, and I have turned my attention to Philosophy!

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

WE know no poet of the present day whose career we have observed with more interest or more ardent hope, than that of Bayard Taylor—short, indeed, as yet, but thus far brilliant and successful. Our eyes have been constantly fixed upon him, from his first appearance before the world as a poet, until now. We read with much pleasure, when first given to the public several years ago, his “*Ximena and other Poems*,” a modest little volume, produced amid the laborious and obscure duties of a printer's apprentice, and published by the author to procure means for gratifying his insatiate thirst for foreign travel. We then distinctly recognized, in those creations of his youthful genius, bright germs of thought that have even yet scarce had time for full development,—buds that have hardly yet burst into full bloom. We have followed him, too, with lively interest, in his “*Views Afoot*,” through the most enchanting scenes of the Old World; and have ever been forced to laud his indomitable energy and never-failing self-reliance, whilst we admired his unassuming character and modest disposition. His subsequent rise to fame has been remarkably rapid; difficulties which have crushed others, have seemed to vanish as he advanced. His steady progress, from the humble position of a printer-boy, through successive grades of journalism, to the editorship of one of the first literary periodicals in our country, declares him as well the favorite of fortune as the child of genius. Bayard Taylor has not yet reached his zenith; he is still calmly winning his way upward amid the crowd and din of the busy world around him. He is destined yet to acquire a stronger hold upon the affections of mankind—

“And leave some record in the hearts of men
That he has been——”

The same simple modest worth has distinguished him in every stage of his successful career; the noble sentiments and exalted love for humanity that breathe through all his works, do honor to the land of Penn; speak well for the purity of the moral atmosphere he breathed in his early youth, amid the green hills of his own loved Brandywine.

The second edition of his last volume, we believe, his “Rhymes of Travel,” has been published. This book well sustains the young poet’s rising fame. Want of room forbids us to particularize. We cannot refrain, however, from mentioning two pieces as having pleased us very much: his “Wayside Dream,” and that noble and spirited poem, “The Continents.” We would like to speak of others, but these must suffice. We heartily commend the book to all lovers of good poetry.

COMMUNINGS WITH THE DEPARTED.

THE Spring flower blooms above thee,
My sister and my friend;
'Tis nursed by hearts that love thee
With love that cannot end.
The wild bird warbles o'er thee,
In melancholy mood;
He sings but to deplore thee,
The youthful and the good.
Thou canst not breathe the fragrant air;
Thou canst not hear the minstrel there.

The Summer dew is gleaming,
Bathed in the morning light;
Pure as thy spirit seeming,
And as thy spirit, bright;
Ere noon it flies to heaven,
As thou hast early fled;
Thy morn to earth was given,
Thy noon is with the dead;
Next dawn the dew-drops shall restore;
Ah! when will death's long night be o'er?

The Autumn winds are calling
The storm clouds from the west,
And withered leaves are falling
Around thy place of rest;