

Chapter 1 : Thomas Bailey Aldrich - Biography and Works. Search Texts, Read Online. Discuss.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire on November 11, When Aldrich was a child, his father moved to New Orleans. After 10 years, Aldrich was sent back to Portsmouth to prepare for college. This period of his life is partly described in his semi-autobiographical novel The.

YOU ask us if by rule or no Our many-colored songs are wrought: Upon the cunning loom of thought, We weave our fancies, so and so. The busy shuttle comes and goes Across the rhymes, and deftly weaves A tissue out of autumn leaves, With here a thistle, there a rose. When woven so, nor moth nor mould Nor time can make its colors fade. Even so An Arab chieftain treats a foe, Holds him as one without a fault Who breaks his bread and tastes his salt; And, in fair battle, strikes him dead With the same pleasure that he gives him bread! KIND was my friend who, in the Eastern land, Remembered me with such a gracious hand, And sent this Moorish Crescent which has been Worn on the haughty bosom of a queen. No more it sinks and rises in unrest To the soft music of her heathen breast; No barbarous chief shall bow before it more, No turbaned slave shall envy and adore. Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds, Each meaning something to our human needs, Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith, By tears, and prayers, and martyrdom, and death. That for the Moslem is, but this for me! The waning Crescent lacks divinity: It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes Of women shut in dim seraglios. NEAR my bed, there, hangs the picture jewels could not buy from me: And the heavy-branched banana never yields its creamy fruit; In the citron-trees are nightingales forever stricken mute; And the Siren sits, her fingers on the pulses of the lute. And whence comes this mournful music? Like one pale star against the dusk, A single diamond on her brow Trembled with its imprisoned fire! Too soon the hateful light is born; Henceforth let day be counted night, And midnight called the morn. There is a sadness in sweet sound That quickens tears. O music, lest We weep with thy strange sorrow, cease! Be still, and let us rest. And sadder they whose longing lips Kiss empty air, and never touch The dear warm mouth of those they loveâ€” Waiting, wasting, suffering much. But clear as amber, fine as musk, Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise, Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk, Each morning nearer Paradise. O, not for them shall angels pray! For they are tall and slender; Their mouths are dashed with carmine; And when the wind sweeps by them, On their emerald stalks They bend so proud and gracefulâ€” They are Circassian women, The favorites of the Sultan, Adown our garden walks! And when the rain is falling, I sit beside the window And watch them glow and glisten, How they burn and glow! Like a phantom she fills the place, Sick to the heart, in that cage of gold, With her sumptuous disgrace! Sing again, O slave! Above his lute the happy singer bent, And turned another gracious compliment. Again the verse came, fluent as a rill That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill. The Sultan, listening, nodded as before, Still gave the gold, and still demanded more. The nimble fancy that had climbed so high Grew weary with its climbing by and by: Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung, And twice he sang the song already sung. The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said, O Musta, straightway whip me off his head! Upon the painted tiles are mosques And minarets, and here and there A blind muezzin lifts his hands And calls the faithful unto prayer. Folded in idle, twilight dreams, I hear the hemlock chirp and sing As if within its ruddy core It held the happy heart of Spring. Ferdousi never sang like that, Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay: I lounge, and blow white rings of smoke, And watch them rise and float away. The curling wreaths like turbans seem Of silent slaves that come and goâ€” Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime, Whom I behead from time to time, With pipe-stem, at a single blow. And now and then a lingering cloud Takes gracious form at my desire, And at my side my lady stands, Unwinds her veil with snowy handsâ€” A shadowy shape, a breath of fire! Then at a wave of her sunny hand The dancing-girls of Samarcand Glide in like shapes from fairy-land, Making a sudden mist in air Of fleecy veils and floating hair And white arms lifted. Orient blood Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.

Chapter 2 : Thomas Bailey Aldrich - Poetry & Biography of the Famous poet - All Poetry

Total 90 poems. Page: | 1 | 2 Best poem of Thomas Bailey Aldrich With Three Flowers Herewith I send you three pressed withered flowers: This one was white, with golden star; this, blue As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through With sunset-orange.

After 10 years, Aldrich was sent back to Portsmouth to prepare for college. This period of his life is partly described in his semi-autobiographical novel *The Story of a Bad Boy*, in which "Tom Bailey" is the juvenile hero. It was discontinued in 1875. From 1875 to 1880, Aldrich was editor of the important *Atlantic Monthly*. As editor, he created tension with his publisher Henry Houghton by refusing to publish commissioned articles by his friends, including Woodrow Wilson and Francis Marion Crawford. When Houghton chastised Aldrich for turning down submissions from his friend Daniel Coit Gilman, Aldrich threatened to resign and finally did so in June 1878. His talent was many-sided. He was well known for his form in poetry. Critics believed him to show the influence of Robert Herrick. The first portrayed Portsmouth with the affectionate touch shown in the shorter humorous tale, *A Rivermouth Romance*. Travel and description are the theme of *From Ponkapog to Pesth*. Marriage and later life[edit] Aldrich married Lillian Woodman and had two sons. She is an idiot€”an absolute idiot€”and does not know it Pierce, former mayor of Boston and chocolate magnate. At his death in 1887, he willed them his estate at Canton, Massachusetts. Aldrich built two houses, one for his son and one for him and his family, in Saranac Lake, New York, then the leading treatment center for the disease. On March 6, 1887, Charles Aldrich died of tuberculosis, age thirty-four. The family left Saranac Lake and never returned. His last words were recorded as, "In spite of it all, I am going to sleep; put out the lights. Aldrich called it "The Porcupine" because it had so many good points. The "Cure Porches" are on the other side of the house. Presently, a bed and breakfast. *An Old Town by the Sea* 2nd ed.

Chapter 3 : Thomas Bailey Aldrich Poems - Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich - Poem Hunter

*The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich [Thomas Bailey Aldrich] on theinnatdunvilla.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This scarce antiquarian book is a facsimile reprint of the original.*

When Aldrich was a child, his father moved to New Orleans. After 10 years, Aldrich was sent back to Portsmouth to prepare for college. In Aldrich returned to New England, where he was editor in Boston for ten years for Ticknor and Fieldsâ€”then at the height of their prestigeâ€”of the eclectic weekly *Every Saturday*. It was discontinued in 1857. From 1857 to 1861, Aldrich was editor of the important *Atlantic Monthly*. As editor, he created tension with his publisher Henry Houghton by refusing to publish commissioned articles by his friends, including Woodrow Wilson and Marion Crawford. When Houghton chastised Aldrich for turning down submissions from his friend Daniel Coit Gilman, Aldrich threatened to resign and finally did so in June 1861. Meanwhile Aldrich continued his private writing, both in prose and verse. His talent was many-sided. He was well known for his form in poetry. Critics believed him to show the influence of Robert Herrick. The first portrayed Portsmouth with the affectionate touch shown in the shorter humorous tale, *A Rivermouth Romance*. Travel and description are the theme of *From Ponkapog to Pesth*. Marriage and later life Aldrich married Lillian Woodman and had two sons. She is an idiotâ€”an absolute idiotâ€”and does not know it. Pierce, former mayor of Boston and chocolate magnate. At his death in 1861, he willed them his estate at Canton, Massachusetts. Aldrich built two houses, one for his son and one for him and his family, in Saranac Lake, New York, then the leading treatment center for the disease. On March 6, 1861, Charles Aldrich died of tuberculosis, age thirty-four. The family left Saranac Lake and never returned. Aldrich died in Boston on March 19,

Chapter 4 : Full text of "Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich"

A selection of popular poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Straying from the popular moral tone many works of the day conveyed, it is a semi-autobiographical memoir and realistic portrayal of an all-American boyhood. Mark Twain is said to have been inspired by it to write Tom Sawyer. From young Tom lived with his grandfather Thomas D. At the age of sixteen Aldrich moved to New York City to work with his uncle after his father died in . He lived among and became friends with several other up-and-coming writers and poets of the time including Bayard Taylor , William Dean Howell, and Walt Whitman. A Collection of Chimes was his first published collection of romantic poems, "The Ballad of Babie Bell" especially well-received and much lauded. Soon after he was appointed assistant editor with the Home Journal. He stayed there for three years before moving on to the New York Illustrated News in . And What Came of It. Out of His Head is a selection of his stories. Aldrich was fast becoming one of the most respected poets of the country. They soon settled in Boston, though spent many summers in Portsmouth. Aldrich took up the position of editor with the popular weekly Every Saturday where he remained until . He was riding the wave of popularity and esteem he had earned throughout all of New England from such other poets as Nathaniel Hawthorne upon his release of Poems . Story of a Bad Boy was his next major work which became a best-seller. As a prolific writer, even his critics could praise his well-crafted tales, and Aldrich expressed an enviable scope of material in the poems, short stories and novels at the height of his career. After many years of writing exclusively for the Atlantic Monthly, in he became editor until . An Old Town by the Sea is an evocative historical memoir and guide to his 19th century hometown of Portsmouth. Thomas Bailey Aldrich died at home in Boston at the age of seventy, on 19 March . His widow Lilian oversaw the restoration of his childhood home, and wrote Crowding Memories , which is a companion to his "official" biography Thomas Bailey Aldrich written by Ferris Greenslet. Biography written by C. Merriman for Jalic Inc. Copyright Jalic Inc . The above biography is copyrighted. Do not republish it without permission. I cried and laughed through the entire book, and I bothered my family to no end about the book. My sister claims to have read it.

The page contains the full text of Latakia. The poem is written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

As for thy people, they shall rue the hour That brought not tribute to the lord of all, Nabuchodonosor. But thou shalt live. Then Judith, modest, with down-drooping eyes: True is it, master, that our people kneel To an unseen but not an unknown God: Therefore, O my lord, Seeing this nation wander from the faith Taught of the Prophets, I have fled dismayed, For fear the towers might crush me as they fall. She spoke and paused: Then Judith, catching at the broken thread Of her discourse, resumed, to closer draw The silken net about the foolish prince; And as she spoke, from time to time her gaze Dwelt on his massive stature, and she saw That he was shapely, knitted like a god, A tower beside the men of her own land. Know then, O lord, it is our yearly use To lay aside the first fruit of the grain, And so much oil, so many skins of wine, Which, being sanctified, are kept intact For the High Priests who serve before our God In the great temple at Jerusalem. Then, O glorious prince, Then with thy trumpets blaring doleful dooms, And thy silk banners flapping in the wind, With squares of men and eager clouds of horse Thou shalt swoop down on them, and strike them dead! Here among thy hosts, O Holofernes, will I dwell the while, Asking but this, that I and my handmaid Each night, at the twelfth hour, may egress have Unto the valley, there to weep and pray That God forsake this nation in its sin. And as my prophecy prove true or false, So be it with me. But Judith ate not, saying: But when night came, and all the camp was still, And nothing moved beneath the icy stars In their blue bourns, except some stealthy guard, A shadow among shadows, Judith rose, Calling her servant, and the sentinel Drew back, and let her pass beyond the lines Into the valley. And her heart was full, Seeing the watch-fires burning on the towers Of her own city: Straightway then The two returned, and all the camp was still. Two large lucent eyes, Tender and full as moons, dawned on his sleep; And when he woke, they filled the vacant dusk With an unearthly splendor. And once it bent above him in the gloom, And touched his forehead with most hungry lips. Then Holofernes turned upon his couch, And, yearning for the daybreak, slept no more. While the fog Folded the camp of Assur, and the dew Yet shook in clusters on the new green leaf, And not a bird had dipt a wing in air, The restless captain, haggard with no sleep, Stept over the curved body of his slave, And thridding moodily the dingy tents, Hives packed with sleepers, stood within the grove, And in the cool, gray twilight gave his thought Wings; but however wide his fancies flew, They circled still the figure of his dream. And with the troubled captain went the shapes Which even the daylight could not exorcise. Some strangest malady of breast and brain Hath so unnerved me that a rustling leaf Sets my pulse leaping. I do remember when my grandsire died, He thought a lying Ethiop he had slain Was strangling him; and, later, my own sire Went mad with dreams the day before his death. Ransack the camps for choicest flesh and fruit, And spread a feast within my tent this night, And hang the place with garlands of new flowers; Then bid the Hebrew woman, yea or nay, To banquet with us. O Thou who lovest Israel, give me strength And cunning such as never woman had, That my deceit may be his stripe and scar, My kisses his destruction. Clothe me with Thy love, And rescue me, and let me trample down All evil thought, and from my baser self Climb up to Thee, that aftertimes may say: She tore the guilty passion from her soul,â€” Judith the pure, the faithful unto death. She stood, then stealing softly to his side, Knelt down by him, and with uplifted face, Whereon the red rose blossomed with the white: So subtle am I, I shall know thy wish Ere thou canst speak it. Let Bagoas go Among his people: Then Judith moved, obsequious, and placed The meats before him, and poured out the wine, Holding the golden goblet while he ate, Nor ever past it empty; and the wine Seemed richer to him for those slender hands. Without, the moon dropt down behind the sky; Within, the odors of the heavy flowers, And the aromas of the mist that curled From swinging cressets, stole into the air; And through the mist he saw her come and go, Now showing a faultless arm against the light, And now a dainty sandal set with gems. At last he knew not in what place he was. For as a man who, softly held by sleep, Knows that he dreams, yet knows not true from false, Perplexed between the margins of two worlds, So Holofernes, flushed with the red wine. And thus he heard, or fancied that he heard: Be thou as wise, fair Judith. There lay, nor stirred; and ere ten beats of heart, The tawny giant slumbered. And gazed upon him, and her thoughts were dark; For half she longed to bid her purpose dieâ€” To stay, to weep, to fold him

in her arms, To let her long hair loose upon his face, As on a mountain-top some amorous cloud Lets down its sombre tresses of fine rain. And some that listened were appalled, and some Derided him; but not the less they threw A furtive glance toward the shadowy wood. Bagoas, among the idlers, heard the man, And quick to bear the tidings to his lord, Ran to the tent, and called, "My lord, awake! But answer came there none. Again he called, And all was still. Then, laughing in his heart To think how deeply Holofernes slept Wrapt in soft arms, he lifted up the screen, And marvelled, finding no one in the tent Save Holofernes, buried to the waist, Head foremost in the canopies. He stoopt, And drawing back the damask folds beheld His master, the grim giant, lying dead. As in some breathless wilderness at night A leopard, pinioned by a falling tree, Shrieks, and the echoes, mimicking the cry, Repeat it in a thousand different keys By lonely heights and unimagined caves, So shrieked Bagoas, and so his cry was caught And voiced along the vast Assyrian lines, And buffeted among the hundred hills. The Prince is dead! The Hebrew witch hath slain Prince Holofernes! As from its lair the mad tornado leaps, And, seizing on the yellow desert sands, Hurls them in swirling masses, cloud on cloud, So, at the sounding of that baleful voice, A panic seized the mighty Assur hosts, And flung them from their places. With wild shouts Across the hills in pale dismay they fled, Trampling the sick and wounded under foot, Leaving their tents, their camels, and their arms, Their horses, and their gilded chariots. Until the land, for many a weary league, Was red, as in the sunset, with their blood. Three days before those unrelenting spears The cohorts fled, but on the fourth they past Beyond Damascus into their own land. And far-off kings, enamored of her fame, Bluff princes, dwellers by the salt sea-sands, Sent caskets most laboriously carved Of ivory, and papyrus scrolls, whereon Was writ their passion; then themselves did come With spicy caravans, in purple state, To seek regard from her imperial eyes.

Chapter 6 : Thomas Bailey Aldrich | American writer | theinnatdunvilla.com

*The poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich [Thomas Bailey Aldrich] on theinnatdunvilla.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a reproduction of a book published before*

When Aldrich was a child, his father moved to New Orleans. After 10 years, Aldrich was sent back to Portsmouth to prepare for college. This period of his life is partly described in his semi-autobiographical novel *The Story of a Bad Boy*, in which "Tom Bailey" is the juvenile hero. Critics have said that this novel contains the first realistic depiction of childhood in American fiction and prepared the ground for *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Here he soon became a constant contributor to the newspapers and magazines. Aldrich quickly befriended other young poets, artists and wits of the metropolitan bohemia of the early s. In Aldrich returned to New England, where he was editor in Boston for ten years for Ticknor and Fieldsâ€”then at the height of their prestigeâ€”of the eclectic weekly *Every Saturday*. It was discontinued in From to , Aldrich was editor of the important *Atlantic Monthly*. Meanwhile Aldrich continued his private writing, both in prose and verse. His talent was many-sided. He was well-known for his form in poetry. Critics believed him to show the influence of Robert Herrick. No American poet of the time showed more skill in describing some single picture, mood, conceit or episode. Beginning with the collection of stories entitled *Marjorie Daw and Other People*, Aldrich wrote works of realism and quiet humor. The first portrayed Portsmouth with the affectionate touch shown in the shorter humorous tale, *A Rivermouth Romance* Travel and description are the theme of *From Ponkapog to Pesth* Marriage and family Aldrich married and had two sons. Aldrich built two houses, one for his son and one for him and his family, in Saranac Lake, New York, then the leading treatment center for the disease. On March 6, , Charles Aldrich died of tuberculosis, age thirty-four. The family left Saranac Lake and never returned. Aldrich died at Boston on March 19, His last words were recorded as, "In spite of it all, I am going to sleep; put out the lights.

Chapter 7 : Thomas Bailey Aldrich : Read Poems by Poet Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Thomas Bailey Aldrich remained essentially a New Englander all his days. It is true that he never sympathized with the occupations of the New England mind in his time, and that his dedication of his a.

Chapter 8 : Thomas Bailey Aldrich: poems, essays, and short stories | Poeticous

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Chapter 9 : Poet Thomas Bailey Aldrich | Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich (/ ˈ Ë ˙ É• I d r Éª tÊf /; November 11, - March 19,) was an American writer, poet, critic, and theinnatdunvilla.com is notable for his long editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*, during which he published works by Charles W. Chesnutt and others.*