

Compliments to Homoeopaths.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

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"The feeble sea-birds, blinded in the storms,
On some tall light-house dash their little forms;
And the rude granite scatters for their pains
Those small deposits which were meant for brains.
Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays:
For the lost pilot with as broad a blaze;
Nay, shines all radiance o'er the scattered fleet
Of gull and boobies, brainless at its feet.

"See, where aloft its hoary forehead rears
The towering pride of twice a thousand years!
Far, far below the vast incumbent pile
Sleeps the broad rock from art's Ægean isle;
Its massive courses, circling as they rise,
Swell from the waves, and mingle with the skies;
There every quarry lends its marble spoil,
And clustering ages blend their common toil;
The Greek, the Roman reared its mighty walls,
The silent Arab arched its mystic halls;
In that fair niche, by countless billows laved,
Trace the deep lines that Sydenham engraved;
On yon broad front that breasts the changing swell,
Mark where the pondrous sledge of Hunter fell;
By that square buttress look where Louis stands,
The stone yet warm from his uplifted hands;
And say, O! Science! shall thy life-blood freeze
When fluttering folly flaps on walls like these!"



