

**THE SHEPHERD OF THE
WISSAHICKON: AND
OTHER POEMS, PP. 5-89**

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The Shepherd of the Wissahickon: And Other Poems, pp. 5-89 by James Moore

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JAMES MOORE

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WISSAHICKON: AND
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THE
SHEPHERD OF THE WISSAHICKON,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES MOORE, M.D.,
AUTHOR OF
THE KIMELIAD, HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION,
KILPATRICK AND OUR CAVALRY, Etc., Etc.

PHILADELPHIA:
1871.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870,

By JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

To

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,

James S. Martin, Esq.,

THIS WORK, INTENDED TO FURTHER THE CAUSE OF
TRUTH, VIRTUE, AND PIETY,
IS APPROPRIATELY DEDICATED AS A MARK OF
AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM,

By the Author.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1870.

TO THE READER.



The scene is laid by thy romantic stream
And rugged banks, enchanting Wissahickon;
Place not unfit for fervid poet's dream,
Where oft ideal forms come swarming thick on.
'Tis pleasant there to rove in summer day,
'Tis pleasant also when the leaves are falling,
And some delight in Spring when buds look gay
To wander there, or when hoarse winds are bawling.
Seasons are oft alike whene'er the mind
Is fitly tuned, and the imagination
Can conjure up what scenes they wish to find,
And fancy's creatures for their observation.
Aërial beings still around are flocking,
And spirits good and bad round earth are roving.
Some weep our follies, some are ever mocking,
But all are ever walking, flying, moving.
I've met with people who want facts—the real,
What is most practical, is all their study,
That have no fancy, know not the ideal,
Poring o'er dry statistics till they're muddy.

The same I've seen in the mere dry logician,
 Some business men, some brokers, the fair sex,
 Sometimes at least, and most the politician,
 These all did my poetic fancy vex.
 But if they want a book of facts, I offer
 My truthful History of the Great Rebellion ;
 And ten to one they don't accept the proffer,
 Then turn their features to a deep vermillion ;
 And this because they feel a flush of shame,
 Being caught without idea, never reading,
 I think such people very much to blame,
 Their manners seldom show refined breeding.
 For such my shepherd ne'er will tune his flute,
 His pipe or reed, or howsoever you name it ;
 They eat and drink, and for the rest are mute,
 They don't know music, ignorant of the gamut ;
 I don't suit them, they don't suit me, be sure,
 They never gave for work of mine a shilling,
 They'd see me starve because they think me poor ;
 I pass them by respectfully but willing.
 I'm richer than they know, my mind is teeming,
 And learned in lore they neither found nor sought ;
 I'm not unread in men or arts, nor dreaming
 Of fancies ever, and the things of nought,
 For those, and such as those, who late my rhyme
 Both dearly bought and eager read, I write,
 And thank them for their favor many a time,
 And once again their careful thought invite.

Nor if I can will they with *ennui* pine,
 Or unamused let pass a vacant hour,
 The task of deep instruction too is mine,
 My shepherd forth will high in wisdom tower.
 He with his fellow-shepherds will unfold
 What much will teach, for he is sage and witty,
 With *attic salt* combined, and though quite old,
 I trust he'll please the thriving Quaker City.
 I write for man through all this generation ;
 I write for women, these I much admire,
 As good and beautiful, and for each nation,
 Till time shall lapse, and earth consume in fire.
 For truth and virtue in my lays will blend,
 As in the *Iris* fairest colors glow,
 And thoughts will upwards wing ; their goal and end
 Immortal in their source and in their flow.
Theocritus, though fine, is not my model,
 Nor *Virgil*, though melodious his song,
 Nor he who thought a poet needs to toddle
 Half drunk, or whole, if he would get along.
 Some heavenly thoughts from *Moses* I may borrow,
 Illustrious pastor, more than Greek refined,
 Who taught the chosen seed in joy and sorrow,
 With truth sublime to suit immortal mind.
 The staff or crook e'en flocks I'll oft omitting
 The hut—the fold—will take all at their leisure,
 Shepherds who know what is for man most fitting,
 And virtue is of happiness the measure.