
TACT.

WHAT boots it, thy virtue?
 What profit thy parts?
 The one thing thou lackest
 Is the art of all arts.

The only credentials,
 Passport to success,
 Opens castle and parlour, —
 Address, man, Address.

The maiden in danger
 Was saved by the swain:
 His stout arm restored her
 To her palace again;

The maid would reward him, —
 Gay company come, —
 They laugh, she laughs with them,
 He is moonstruck and dumb.

This clenches the bargain;
 Sails out of the bay;
 Gets the vote in the senate,
 Spite of Webster and Clay;

Has for genius no mercy,
 For speeches no heed;
 It lurks in the eyebeam,
 It leaps to its deed;

It governs the planet,
 Church and State it will sway;
 It has no to-morrow,
 It ends with to-day.
