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 clinches 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;

Holidays. — The Amulet.

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