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# *David and Anna Matson*

Abigail Scott Duniway, May C Pinney

KE

2867















Yours Truly,  
Abigail Scott Dumin

DAVID AND  
ANNA MATSON.

BY

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,

Editor Weekly "New Northwest."

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.*

"Good reader, let the joy-bells ring,  
While of Eternal Life we sing;  
'Tis Life hath gained the victory  
Through limitless eternity."

NEW YORK:  
S. R. WELLS & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
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1876.

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## TO WHITTIER.

---

*Whate'er betide my fragile shell,  
Afloat upon th' uncertain sea  
Of public Taste, I know full well,  
Strange friend, that it will ever be  
Sweet solace to my soul to trace  
The charm of my long rhythmic spell  
To the pathetic tender grace,  
Embodied in the legend old,  
By Thee so quaintly, sweetly told,  
Which I, in trembling, broken verse,  
Through my fond fancy here rehearse.*

*Whether my bark be tempest-tossed,  
Or, wrecked on Censure's reefs, be lost,  
Ere yet it breast, with swelling sail,  
The fury of an adverse gale,  
Or, whether it the storm outride,  
And, henceforth, in the calm abide,  
'Twill ever bless and comfort me  
To credit my sad theme to thee.*

(1)



## TO READERS.

---

When Tennyson awoke the Nine,  
And bade them sing around the shrine  
He builded in the sylvan bowers,  
Whence Helicon all grandly towers,  
And sent them forth to chant a lay,  
Whose plaintive strains shall live for aye,  
Their echoes answering to the core  
Of human hearts, a million score,  
I little recked that I should dare  
To climb the trackless realms of 'air,  
And risk great Clio's classic ire,  
Or, trembling, touch proud Erato's lyre.

Presumptuous dreamer, vain, am I,  
To dare attempt Parnassus' hights,  
My Pegasus untrained and shy,  
My Muse unnerved to lofty flights;  
But there be hearts that choose to sing,  
Albeit their lays are lowly ones,  
That only to their authors bring  
Compassion from Fame's favored sons.

(3)

*To Readers.*

I've penned my sad and simple song,  
And to my Muse lend heart and ear,  
Because I deprecate a wrong  
That severs those whose hearts are dear  
Each unto each ; whose lives are one,  
Though far apart their channels run.

If I but rouse the reader's heart,  
To vibrate to Compassion's dart,  
Or start a sympathetic tear,  
From eyes where Love hath banished Fear,  
Or cast one ray of light, serene,  
Athwart one path where sorrows keen  
So long o'er Hopes-deferred have brooded,  
That earthly joys are all corroded,  
I care not who shall blame or praise,  
Or who shall claim the wreath and bays.

A. S. D.

*Portland, Oregon, Nov. 1st, 1876.*

## DAVID AND ANNA MATSON.

---

Young stalwart David Matson stood  
Upon the margin of a wood,  
Hard by a river, bold and free,  
That slowly surged toward the sea.  
Beside him stood his barefoot boys,  
And Anna, sharer of his joys.

The LIVELY TURTLE, on the main,  
Was soon to sail for distant Spain;  
And David was to go as Mate,  
Although 'twas hard to separate  
His life from Anna's; and a tear,  
Unbidden, mingled with the cheer  
With which the husband strove to speak,  
While grim foreboding blanched his cheek.



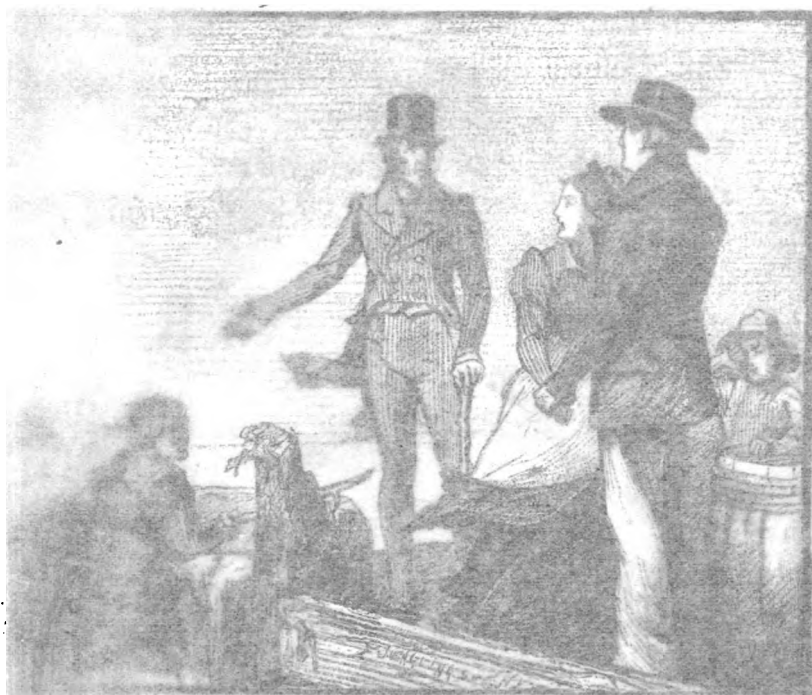
“ Take care of our chicks, my darling,” he cried,  
As the wherry rounded the Point ;  
“ In spirit I’m with you, whatever betide.  
Love like ours shall ever anoint  
The altars where hearts to each other are true.  
One more kiss, Anna, dear ; then till Autumn,  
adieu.”

Pel’tiah\* Curtis, gruff and strong,  
Had nursed a fiery passion long  
For Anna Matson.

Years before,  
When she, upon the Atlantic shore,  
A blithe and beauteous village maid,  
With pebbles, sand, and shells had played,  
He’d offered her his heart and hand,  
His store and basket, house and land.  
The offer was with thanks refused,  
And she, with eyes in tears suffused,

---

\* Pel’tiah is a provincialism.. “Pel-a-ti-ah” will not readily accommodate itself to heroic verse.



"In virtue, that's the thing," he said  
 "You'll be sure to get your bread;  
 Then, if the world is your friend,  
 'Twill do for them to be your foe,  
 For they have nothing to give you."

— *St. George*

1891  
1892  
1893  
1894  
1895

1896  
1897

1898  
1899  
1900



**"In with you, man !" Pel'tiah said,  
"You'd better try to earn your bread  
Than like the birds to bill and coo !  
'Twill do for them to sigh and woo,  
For they have nothing else to do."**

*See Page 11.*

f

Turned from the pebbly banks and fled,  
And was with David Matson wed ;  
While Curtis ground his teeth in rage  
That ill became a Christian sage.

And now they stood beside the quay,  
With hearts too sad to hope or pray,  
While David's ship, upon the bay,  
In sailing trim, at anchor lay.

" In with you, man !" Pel'tiah said,  
" You'd better try to earn your bread  
Than like the birds to bill and coo !  
'Twill do for them to sigh and woo,  
For they have nothing else to do.  
So dry your eyes, my simple sir !  
Tis womanish to shed a tear.  
The sensible and busy tide  
Gives no fool time to kiss his bride.  
Be off ! And see you serve me well !  
I'll brook no nonsense !"

“ Boys farewell ! ”

Cried David, as the great tears fell.

“ And you, my bonnie, winsome wife,  
My priceless pearl, my more than life,  
Should we on earth ne’er meet again,  
Should Fate remain our hearts between,  
We’ll cherish, while these lives shall last,  
The sweet remembrance of the past ! ”

Hispaniola’s waiting mail

In LIVELY TURTLE was to sail,

And what, in scales are human hearts,

When weighed against Earth’s trading marts ?

The interests of monied men

To profit must be turned again,

E’en though two anxious lovers wait,

With hearts all torn and desolate ;

For last good-bye must now be spoken

Though life’s sore cords be strained and broken.

Poor Anna, in her dumb despair,

Toyed idly with the golden hair

Of her pet boys, their father's pride,  
Who nestled closely by her side ;  
And while she stood in anguish dumb,  
Watching the wild waves go and come,  
The wherry bore the Mate away  
Toward his good ship, upon the bay.

And thus they parted ; and the wife  
And barefoot boys went back to life,  
To their lone home within the wood,  
Where David Matson's cabin stood.

Their simple needs were long supplied  
By Curtis, who no want denied ;  
For he had ships upon the sea,  
The Lively Turtle now made three,  
And lands and banking stocks had he,  
And other funds of great degree.

Slowly the days and weeks rolled on,  
And David had for months been gone,  
And still no tidings.



Anna prayed  
For his return, too long delayed,  
Her heart by hopes deferred dismayed.

Sometimes Pel'tiah deigned to smile,  
When she, without a thought of guile,  
Would ask, while her tears fell like rain,  
If there were yet no news from Spain.

"You need not worry," he would say,  
"For you will have no debts to pay  
If LIVELY TURTLE'S never seen  
Beyond yon rim of waters green.  
But, as for me! ah, woe the day!  
If David's led my bark astray  
A hundred thousand is my loss.  
In faith, ma'am, 'tis a heavy cross!

"I feared to trust him with my ship,  
But he, with faltering voice and lip,  
Besought me with such pitying plea  
I yielded; let him risk the sea

Without a Captain ; though I feared,  
From what of him before I'd heard,  
He'd not be able in command,  
To wield a master's steady hand.

" 'Tis ever thus : you try to help  
Some lubber into sudden pelf  
And you are sure your act to rue,  
For they will not their duty do."

Then Anna, gentle, fond, and true,  
With rose-tint cheeks and eyes of blue,  
Would turn, and with a nameless fear,  
Glide o'er the common, brown and sere,  
And pausing at her humble door,  
Gaze through the woods across the moor,  
Adown the rushing Merrimac,  
-And wail and cry

" My love, come back !  
Come back your waiting boys to bless,  
Your Anna loves you none the less.

The Summer time has come and gone,  
And Autumn with its frost comes on,  
And Winter, hoary and severe,  
Will drive from us all hope and cheer.  
Come back ! My lonely heart cries out ;  
Ye wailing winds take up the shout,  
And carry the sublime refrain  
Far o'er the howling angry main.  
Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David to my boys and me !”

But the ocean, in furious glee,  
Bathed its white, frothy lips on the beach,  
And tossed its grey hair, and would flee  
With its billows far out of her reach,  
While it sang in a monotone, ceaseless and slow,  
Of earth, sea and sky as a sad, fleeting show.

Then away to her low, lonely bed,  
Poor Anna would shiver and shrink,  
And dream that the demon of Dread  
Was suspending her over the brink

Of a strange, fascinating temptation.  
Then she'd rise with a terrible shriek,  
And toss her arms wildly about,  
Like a mad woman in a strange freak,  
And arouse her two boys with a shout  
That would end but with utter prostration.

One year, and another—and then,  
Each sad fisherman shook his grey head,  
And the gruff, honest, sea-faring men  
Decided that David was dead.

Poor Anna had her bombazine  
Dyed black, and her broad ribbons green,  
No more upon her hat were seen.  
As Widow Matson she was known,  
And her life's wailing monotone  
Hid from the world her heart's deep moan.

Pel'tiah Curtis, iron man,  
With whom men's lives were but a span

With which to compass gain and greed,  
Of which far more than mortals need  
He had or e're the good ship sailed,  
About his losses moaned and wailed.

A servant of the living Lord  
And the reveal'd written Word,  
Strong in his faith, he walked erect,  
In keeping with the strictest sect  
Of stanch New England's pious men  
Of the past decades, who had been  
Inured to an unbending creed,  
Inspired by Spartan word and deed,  
Of persecution born.

And when  
Long months had come and gone again,  
And brought no news from distant Spain,  
With such an oath as Christians utter,  
When o'er privations deep they mutter,  
He vowed he'd wed Dave Matson's wife,  
If the endeavor cost his life.

' She jilted me, the wily maid,  
When first to her my claim I laid.  
Dave Matson stole my bonnie bride,  
And I'll get even now," he cried ;  
" For when you burn the kittens, sure  
The old cat comes their wounds to cure.

" There's Dave, the youngest, six years old ;  
His mother prizes more than gold  
His rosy cheeks and yellow curls,  
As finely trained as any girl's.  
I give him sixpence every day,  
Pretending that I wish to pay  
Him round my premises to stay,  
And watch the thieves that often stray  
Into my store. But I'll discharge  
The young one. He can run at large.  
He's the born image of his sire ;  
To see him sets my soul on fire !  
His wages bought the widow's meal,  
Without which she must starve, or steal,

Or marry! Now, I'm right! Ha! ha!

"But, maybe, she'll refuse me! Pshaw!  
Why should I act the timid fool?  
She must get married! 'Tis the rule  
For all lone women.

                                If she should,  
With silly woman's usual mood,  
Attempt to spurn my ardent suit,  
As once she did, the bitter fruit  
Of destitution she shall share,  
Till she has learned her cross to bear.

"Hey, Jason! Whither going, pray?  
'Tis dangerous around the quay,  
Run home to mother, quick, I say."

"My mother said that we might play  
Upon the river-bank to-day;  
For I have all my lessons learned,  
And Davy has his sixpence earned.

Maybe the LIVELY TURTLE, sir,  
Will come in sight while we are here,  
And then we'll tell our mother dear,  
And she will dry each falling tear."

But mother, children, gazed in vain  
Alike on Merrimac and main.  
The changing seasons went and came,  
And yet they waited, still the same.  
The wintry winds sighed o'er the moor,  
The wolf came prowling at the door,  
Poor Davy came home in disgrace,  
And famine stared them in the face.

O, what is a widow's measure of meal?  
So little, 'tis said to be worth,  
That the man blessed with plenty would scarce  
    stoop to steal  
The penny 'twould buy from the earth.  
But when the white snow, o'er the mountain and  
    glen,  
Wraps the earth in its glittering sheen.



And the chicks cry for food that she hath not,  
O, then  
The measure's important, I ween.

"Why doesn't Captain Curtis come,  
And bring us food once more?"  
Cried Jason, as he eyed the sum  
Of their depleted store.

"He used to bring us books and toys,"  
Said David artlessly.  
"Don't talk about him, bonnie boys,  
Don't speak his name to me!"  
Cried Anna, faint from want of food,  
As high she heaped the ice-bound wood,  
That cast a glow of sickly glare  
Upon the table, coarse and bare.

And then, as for the thousandth time,  
Her heart wailed out in rhythmic rhyme,  
"Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David, to my boys and me!"

The boys were asleep in the truckle  
That peeped from the side of her bed,  
But she thought she had detected a chuckle  
From beneath the warm, coarse, woollen spread.

“Be silent !” she whispered in warning,  
“My children must sleep and be still ;  
When the chickens shall crow in the morning,  
They may laugh just as much as they will.”

Poor Anna ! If she had but gazed  
Through the wide crevice in the wall,  
She might have well shrunk back, amazed ;  
For there, within a cricket's call,  
Pel'tiah Curtis peeped.

'Twas he,

Intent upon discovery  
As t' how the widow fared of late,  
Who, noiseless, passed the wicket gate,  
And peered into the gaping crack  
That showed of comfort fearful lack.

Tap, tap, upon the cottage door,  
Came timid raps, a quarter score.

“ Oh, David ! ” cried the anxious wife,  
“ Have you come back to bless my life ? ”

Tap, tap, again !

“ Please let me in !

The world is bleak without ;  
’Tis bright your cottage walls within,  
Pray turn me not about ! ”  
Pel’tiah, in a feigned voice cried,  
His own identity to hide.

“ Alas ! it is not David’s voice,  
But he may be some woman’s choice ! ”  
Said Anna, as the bolt she drew,  
Admitting Curtis to her view.

“ Good evening, madam ! ” said the guest  
In hearty tone, with heartier zest,

As from his shaggy coat the snow  
Fell on the puncheon floor ;  
“ I hardly dared abroad to go  
In the dark night, to breast the storm,  
But you are here so snug and warm,  
Inside this battened door,  
That I at once feel well repaid  
For all the effort that I've made  
To cross the blustery moor.”

“ What news of David ? ” and the blue  
Of Anna's eyes flashed wild.  
“ None ; none. Alas, the trip to Spain  
To me was anything but gain,  
And proved a sore vexation, too,  
To you, my suffering child.”

Pel'tiah Curtis' voice was low  
And gentle, as he spoke,  
While in his eyes a tender glow  
Of sympathy awoke

Responses in the troubled breast  
Of Anna, who, he well knew why,  
Sank on her knees with smothered cry,  
Expressing her sad soul's unrest.

"We're starving!" in her woe she wailed;  
"Tis long since LIVELY TURTLE sailed,  
And David's wages were not paid  
So I might get his darlings bread.

"Pel'tiah Curtis, hear my plea!  
Give food unto my babes and me!  
Help us to live the Winter through,  
And in the Spring we'll bid adieu  
To these bleak wilds, and hie away  
To spot where I may toil for pay.  
I'll mortgage you our lowly home;  
You'll help us? Good Pel'tiah, come!  
We do so need your generous aid;  
Besides, you shall be well repaid."

The Captain, with a mien austere,  
In voice and gesture both severe,  
Assumed indignant attitude,  
And warned her of the latitude  
She, as a woman, dared assume,  
In mortgaging her husband's home.  
"Good woman, your poor hands are tied.  
The courts of law ne'er open wide  
Enough to grant to such as you  
The power that you aspire unto.  
You can not sell your husband's land !  
From out the briny deep his hand  
Will clutch a mortgage or a deed,  
Despite your individual need."

To bow in womanly subjection  
To laws ordained for her protection  
Was Anna's constant aim.

The rights

Of women then had caused no fights  
With pen and pencil, by the knights

Of quill and scissors.

Doughty wights  
Who tremble now, and cry "For shame!"  
When women venture to lay claim  
To justice, had been happier men  
Had they but lived as masters then.

Poor Anna did not dream that law  
Could ever harbor human flaw;  
Much less did she expect to cure  
That which, in striving to endure,  
She thought her duty.

"Pray restore  
My boy to duty as before  
And I will be your willing slave,  
Pel'tiah! Anything to save  
My sons from grim starvation's grave!"  
She cried, while her tears fell like rain,  
And her sad heart grew still with pain.

Pel'tiah Curtis sank his voice  
To a low whisper.

“ Rise, rejoice,  
My poor unmated dove,” said he,  
“ And look henceforth, for love, to me.  
Become my own affianced bride,  
And I'll stand ever by your side,  
Protecting you and yours from want.  
Grim famine, desolate and gaunt,  
No more shall cross your path, my dear,  
If to my suit you'll lend an ear.  
Say you'll be mine, my birdling sweet,  
And grieve your soul no more for meat.”

Poor Anna Matson, weak and faint,  
O'er her pent feelings lost restraint,  
And would have fallen to the floor,  
But, in his arms, Pel'tiah bore  
Her limp form to the open fire,  
Pressed to his heart, while wild desire,



The only kind of love he knew,  
Burned in his being, through and through.

Reclining in an oaken chair,  
High backed and clumsy, brown and bare,  
The work of David Matson's hand  
While he had lingered on the land,  
Pel'tiah Curtis sat, and gazed  
In Anna's eyes, with passion crazed.

Amazed, at length, that she should rest,  
For one brief moment on the breast  
Of one who rudely tore apart  
Her husband from her bleeding heart,  
The widowed wife sprang in alarm  
From his encircling, stalwart arm,  
And sought to shun the hot impress  
Alike of kiss and fierce caress.

"Be mine, my darling, yield to me  
The love that I can clearly see

You're wasting on the wintry air  
When you will not its riches share.  
Become my wife, and you shall be  
Made happy through prosperity!"  
Cried Curtis, while his breath he drew  
Like stag at bay with frenzy.

Through  
Fast falling tears poor Anna stared,  
While his red eyes upon her glared ;  
And then, upstarting in a rage  
That caused him to half disengage  
His grip from her poor shrinking form,  
With eyes portending frantic storm,  
"I asked you to protect," she said,  
"My bonnie boys, who cry for bread,  
And you've insulted me, instead !  
Pel'tiah Curtis, by the joy  
Your mother felt when you, her boy,  
Lay in her womanly embrace,  
Ere yet base passion marred your face,

I charge you to unhand me, sir !  
Or, by my life, and all that's dear,  
You'll rue the day you tried to wed  
With one whose husband is not dead !  
Think you that David Matson's wife,  
Who would for honor lose her life,  
Would risk admitting cur like you,  
Unless prepared to stab you through ?"

Was this the gentle Anna, who,  
With rose-tint cheeks and eyes of blue,  
By womanly submission true,  
Had thrilled his fancy, through and through ?

"Zounds ! madam ! I believe you'd kill !"  
He cried, in mingled rage and fright.

"Unhand me ! or I surely will !"  
She answered, screaming with her might.

Discretion proved the better part  
Of valor in Pel'tiah's heart.

Releasing her, he argued long,  
Her needs the burden of his song ;  
And when, at last, he gave her o'er  
To destitution, at her door  
He stood, reluctant to abstain  
Renewed embraces.

Then, " In vain,"  
As in the chair he sat again,  
He cried, " I've pressed my ardent suit !  
But you shall reap the bitter fruit  
Of your strange folly. So, beware !  
When winter winds howl round your chair,  
And famine prowls about your door,  
Embrace the wolf ! I'll come no more.  
I've offered you my heart and hand,  
My store and basket, house and land.

"I've e'en forgiven the rude slight  
With which you met a former plight  
Of troth I fain had made to you  
When you were young and I was true.

Again you've met me with disdain,  
And even tried your hands to stain  
In my red life-blood. So, farewell!  
God grant you may not wake in Hell!"

Once more Pel'tiah Curtis rose,  
And blew his red, resounding nose,  
Then hied he fast across the moor  
To his grand home, by ocean shore.

All night he dreamed, and loudly snored,  
While the wild winds around him roared,  
And smiled he in his soundest sleep,  
When down the chimney gusts would sweep,  
And bear away the weird refrain  
That o'er and o'er he sang again,  
"For when you burn the kittens, sure,  
The old cat comes, their wounds to cure."

The morning came before he slept  
The dreamless sleep of one who kept

In safe repose the written Word,  
With which Pel'tiah often stirred,  
In exhortations deep and loud,  
The Calvinists that erst did crowd  
The sanctuary, where he knew  
His honest flock drank draughts of dew  
Most heavenly, and ate the food  
He brake for them and called it good.

Lay service was his happiest forte.  
Few were more earnest to exhort  
The flock to flee the wrath to come,  
Or could, with greater power drive home  
The terrors of inherent sin,  
Which human hearts are moulded in.

The sailor-deacon held the sway,  
And seldom preacher came that way  
For aught except a wedding-day.

But what of Anna, whom we left  
Almost of sense and hope bereft?

"I cannot trust my lonely bed  
To-night," in frightened tone she said ;  
" My Davy's fair and curly-head  
Peeps from beneath the woollen spread,  
So like his father's !

" Precious boy !

If safe from want and care's alloy,  
I could but screen my pride and joy  
'Till this stern winter should be o'er,  
And I could leave this sea-girt shore,  
I'd ask no earthly blessing more."

" Don't you love Jason, mother, too ?"  
Cried Davy, while his eyes of blue,  
As bright as sapphires, oped and gleamed,  
And on his mother's fondly beamed.

" Yes, Davy ; God forbid that I  
Should fail the blessing to descry,  
That He to me, and David gave,  
In both of you. Now, dear, behave

As well as mother's darling can,  
So you may grow to be a man ;  
For you and Jason are my stay  
Since your poor father 's gone away."

Then, shivering, she crept within  
The bedding where her boys had lain  
For hours ;

And in close embrace,  
Her Davy's head against her face,  
She clasped her orphans ; and the wolf  
Had almost crossed the narrow gulf  
Between her and starvation.

Then she slept,  
And in her sleeping moaned and wept,  
While her heart sang in frenzied glee,  
" Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David to my boys and me !"

But she dreamed that the ocean in glee,  
Bathed its white, frothy lips on the beach,



And would toss its grey hair, and would flee  
With its billows far out of her reach,  
While it sang in a monotone, ceaseless and slow,  
Of the earth, sea and sky, as a sad, fleeting show

The next day was the Sabbath.

O'er

The frozen Merrimac and moor,  
O'er mountain, village, wood and dale,  
Where, spent the fury of the gale,  
The Winter King upon his throne  
Sat stark and white, and grim and lone,  
The flaky, fleecy snows came down  
And fell alike o'er trees and town,  
And drifted in the wooded dells,  
Above the buried grotto-bells,  
And the rude fences mounted high,  
As if to greet the feathery sky  
With mute reproach for being hurled  
Adrift upon the insensate world.

They sought the gables, quaint and old,  
And clothed in ermine wood and wold,  
And nestled 'gainst the old choir door,  
And sifted through upon the floor,  
And piled a fleecy pyramid  
Upon the gate-post, snugly hid  
In fluffy robes, like eider down  
Upon a royal baby's gown.

They played fantastic pranks with trees,  
And wrestled with the eddying breeze,  
And met the church-bound worshipper  
With tingling touch and chilling cheer.

"Mother, let's stay at home to-day,"  
Said Davy, pausing in his play  
With a pet kitten, harnessed fast  
To a shoemaker's clumsy last,  
That Jason called a sleigh.

"Pel'tiah's gospel is so dry,  
And the white snow's so cold and high,

"I do not want to brave the storm,  
While it is here so snug and warm ;  
Do, mother, let us stay."

Now Anna, from Miles Standish stock,  
A chip from Puritanic block,  
As firm and stanch as Plymouth Rock,  
Through storm and calm alike attended  
Her church, and its stern creed defended.  
To sinners all, her fears extended,  
Lest they, not being God's elect,  
Should on the shoals of sin be wrecked,  
While yet their brows with youth were decked.

"Does Davy want to burn in hell,  
And in its endless torments dwell,  
And brimstone flames forever smell ?"

"I'm hungry," cried the child.  
"And would he, when his Saviour died,  
And on the cross was crucified,

To save him from his sins, deep-dyed,  
My Davy, sweet and mild,  
Would he attempt to shirk the Word,  
Which from the Deacon's lips is heard?—  
O, God! I'm growing wild!  
Help thou my unbelief!" she cried,  
Her thin hands pressed upon her side,  
"And keep me undefiled."

Then long she knelt in earnest prayer  
Beside the massive, oaken chair,  
And wrestled with her wayward will.  
Sometimes her beating heart grew still;  
Sometimes a strange magnetic chill  
Shot through her with electric thrill;  
Sometimes a burning fever gushed  
Through her full veins and backward rushed  
Upon her reeling brain.

"God give us food! God give us faith,  
And strength to persevere till death,

And give us grace to do and dare  
Thy will, though Thou dost slay us !

There !

My children," said she, as her feet  
She gained, while resignation sweet  
Beamed from her weary, saddened face,  
" I trust I may so grow in grace  
That I'll not doubt again.

" Get ready for the church, my lad,  
And you, too, Jason ; let's be glad  
That while so many lift their cries  
From beds of woe, beyond the skies,  
We live to work, repent, and do  
The will of Him who died for you  
And me, and your poor father, too,  
Who sailed, alas ! for Spain."

" Can't we have bread before we go ?"  
Cried Davy, with a look of woe,  
As down his cheeks the great tears fell,  
And his sweet lip began to swell,

And his voice tremble with a grief  
To which no prayer could bring relief.

“ Alas, you’ve had your stint to-day !”

The mother exclaimed, with a sob.

“ Don’t think about it. Kneel, and say

Your prayers ;” and her heart gave a throb.  
Gave a throb and stood still, and a dread,

Soul-sickening shadowed her o’er,  
And she bowed her poor, lone, stricken head,  
And glanced stealthily out at the door.

But ’twas only a mountain of snow

That had fallen in a crash from the fence,  
And now, heaped on the garden below,  
Gazed at her and healed her suspense.

“ If I possessed a Christian’s faith

Would I so dread some unknown wraith ?”

In searching zeal she asked herself,  
As her worn Bible, from its shelf

She took, with reverential zeal,  
Its truths her unbelief to heal.

“We must hie us away to the church,” she said,  
“The Gospel forever is free ;  
And the God of the sparrows will see that we’re  
fed,  
My Davy, my Jason, and me.”

Muffled in scanty wraps, they strode  
Through the deep snow that blocked the road  
Which skirted the adjacent wood,  
And reached the ermine-mantled church  
Just as Pel’tiah sought the perch  
Below the pulpit, where the search  
For Scripture that might suit his mood,  
And by his flock be deemèd good  
And wholesome spiritual food,  
Continued till the gathering throng  
Joined in a plaintive, simple song  
That rose in accents, clear and strong,  
From hearts that sought to escape the wrong.





the road  
the church's  
each  
mead

clear and strong,  
to escape the wrong.



Muffled in scanty wraps, they strode  
Through the deep snow that blocked the road  
Which skirted the adjacent wood.

*See Page 44.*



And when its echoes died away,  
And the devout ones knelt to pray,  
And plead for storm-bound souls that day,  
It seemed to David Matson's wife  
That she must yield her earthly life,  
If the suspense and inward strife  
That compassed her could not be cured.

"Oh, God! it cannot be endured,  
E'en though I am to grief inured!"  
She cried, as, crouched upon her knees,  
She listened to the sighing breeze  
That moaned a requiem through the trees.

"The congregation's late, I see,  
To wait upon the Lord,"  
Pel'tiah Curtis said, as he,  
With air of austere dignity,  
Opened the written Word.

And as he read of Death and Hell  
And those who in black torment dwell,

His voice assumed exultant swell.  
The Sermon on the Mount he skipped  
And into Herod's history dipped.  
He read of wars, where kings had whipped  
Their enemies, with dreadful slaughter,  
And paused to sip some freezing water,  
While thinking of Herodias' daughter.

O, a wonderful Book is the Word of the Lord ;  
Universal in kind and degree ;  
All natures can feast on its versatile hoard,  
And find food that with them will agree.  
Like the great Book of Nature its fountain is  
stored  
With supplies inexhaustible, free.

When good Pel'tiah's soul was filled  
With Inspiration, well distilled,  
He closed with sudden bang the Book,  
And paused to meet the searching look  
Of every earnest worshipper,  
With heart inspired by faith or fear.

"I see," said he, "a tendency

Among my little flock  
Of women"—here his voice grew deep  
And hollow, and its meaning sweep  
Thrilled Anna Matson's being through,

While an electric shock  
Sent bolts through her quick conscience, true,  
"At least, I know one woman, who  
Against the fiat of the Lord  
And His revealed holy Word,  
In her hard heart rebels.

My faithful soul with pity swells  
Within me when I see  
A mother, whom decrees of Fate  
Have parted from her youthful mate,  
So lost to sweet obedience,  
So prone to make a loud pretence  
Of wifely fealty, that she flies  
Into her Maker's face,  
And, frowning at Omnipotence,  
Against His fiat dares to rise  
And mock the Throne of Grace.

God gave and He doth take away;  
His ways inscrutable,  
To murmur at, lest direst harm  
Befall me, I'd not dare."

Then, with his subject waxing warm,  
He stepped upon the pulpit-square,  
And in a hollow voice he cried,  
" His laws, immutable,  
Through all the ages must abide.  
And when He lays His chastening hand  
On high or lowly in the land,  
If holy faith your hearts shall charm  
His blessings you shall share.

" But, if," and here his voice sank low,  
While an exultant, fiery glow  
Lit up his earnest eye,  
" If 'gainst decrees of living God  
You murmur, and the chastening rod  
You grumblingly defy,

He'll send the tempest and the sword,  
For vengeance waits upon the Lord;  
Or He the pestilence will send,  
Or famine ! ”

Here His voice rang out  
In a resounding, threatening shout,  
That seemed the wintry air to rend.  
And while his eyes on Anna glared,  
And she spell-bound into them stared,  
He saw her shrink and quail ;  
And, as his finger on the page  
Remained, while he, with air of sage,  
Watched her thin cheeks grow pale,  
He changed his manner of address  
To one of meaning tenderness,  
So like his burning words last night,  
When he her sense had crazed with fright,  
That Anna turned with sudden start  
Of keen conviction ; and the smart  
Of guilt, remorse, and shame,



Crept in her soul with fiery dart  
And sunk its barbs into her heart.

“O, God ! forgive the guilty part  
I’ve played’ with my rebellious art  
Against Thy Providence !  
I see that I’m to blame.  
I see that I must do and dare  
Thy will, O Lord ; and I must bear  
My lot without a murmur more.  
For what is grief that women share  
Compared to that the Savior bore  
Upon the cross, that He might save  
Our souls from Hell’s sulphurous grave ?

“Forgive me, Father, for the love  
Of Thy dear Son ; and henceforth prove,  
By my all-constant sacrifice,  
That I’ll do what within me lies  
For my rebellion to atone,  
E’en while I tread life’s road alone.”

"'Tis well," the Deacon said, "Please sing,  
And let your voices loudly ring.  
'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below.'"

And as Old Hundred rose and fell,  
With nasal twang and measured swell,  
And filled with song the wintry gloom  
Of the low, bare, unsightly room,  
And Anna Matson's trembling voice  
Rang out and bade her heart rejoice,  
She wafted forth a silent prayer  
That seemed to echo everywhere,  
"Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David to my boys and me."

As wave on wave the melody  
Swept o'er the faithful throng,  
And wafted over moor and tree  
And vale alike the song,

Pel'tiah Curtis knelt beside  
The lowly chancel rail,  
And brake the bread, and bowed his head  
Above the holy grail.

"Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,"  
Rang out in accents sharp and clear  
From hearts where Faith had banished Fear.

But while God's servants drank the wine  
That filled their souls with joys divine,  
Pel'tiah Curtis softly cried,  
As with the sacrament he tried  
His sanctimonious face to hide,  
"For when you burn the kittens, sure,  
The old cat comes, their wounds to cure."

Let none misjudge the iron man  
Whose character he here may scan.

Pel'tiah thought unselfish aim  
Controlled his fancied prior claim  
To Anna Matson.

Reader, grant  
But justice to his constant vaunt  
Of what was right.

Trained in the school  
Of Cotton Mather's Blue Law rule,  
He guaged his only sense of right  
By the all-potent law of might.

Why should he be severely blamed,  
When o'er the whole wide world 'tis claimed  
That human laws are perfect quite,  
Though they conflict with Reason's light?

We see the millionaire oppress  
The hungry poor, who no redress  
Can ask or hope for, under law  
In which its votaries pick no flaw,

Although Humanity, in pens  
Subsists full oft, in darksome dens,  
Or tenements, where wholesome air  
And water are denied them ; where  
The heir-at-law, who claims the land,  
Ne'er turned the labor of his hand  
To effort :

Labor gives by right  
The acres broad to those whose might  
Has coaxed from the unwilling soil  
The food for which, alone, they toil.

You deem an individual act,  
Expressing an oppressive fact,  
Most reprehensible ; but stay !  
Are aggregates less bad than they ?

Pel'tiah Curtis thought he knew  
The road the widow should pursue ;  
And, when he saw her wilful prove,  
He used his strongest power to move

Her from the stand that she had taken,  
When grieving o'er her lot, forsaken.

Foreordination, he could see '  
Designed that man supreme should be,  
And woman, shielded and protected,  
To his superior rule subjected,  
Should bow and kiss affliction's rod,  
And meekly trust in Israel's God.

The higher law of Love he spurned ;  
His dignity and hate were turned  
'Gainst Scripture like the new command  
By lowly Jesus. Hate was fanned  
To pious frenzy as he scorned  
The often preached theology,  
By kindly clergymen suborned,  
To suit the consciences of those  
Who broader truths sometimes disclose.

Especially he loved to hate  
The minister whom honest Fate

Inspired to say that there was true  
And perfect law in dare to do  
To other people as you view  
It right that they should do to you.

•

Such law to him was mystery ;  
For how could such a mandate be  
Obeyed by man, when God's decree  
Exalted masculine degree ?

And yet, there was a kindly spark  
That sometimes lit his visage dark ;  
It played upon his features when  
Doxology and deep Amen  
Pronounced had been by men devout.

In cadence deep his voice rang out,  
And the good benediction's ruth  
He realized with startling truth.

" And now, may mercy, peace, and love  
Of God be with you.

" May He move

Your hearts to holiness and prayer  
And self-denial.

“ May you share  
Of basket freely, and of store,  
• With those in need.  
“ The suffering poor  
Need daily sustenance and care.”

The congregation bowed.

“ Amen,”  
Pel'tiah Curtis said.

And then  
The crowd departed from the church,  
And he stepped from the pulpit-perch,  
And with a smile serene and bland,  
To Anna Matson gave his hand.

“ I'm glad to see your Christian mood,”  
He said ;

“ Those tears will do you good.  
Come by, and dine with me to-day.  
Bring the boys with you. You can stay

3\*



Till evening service ; then my sleigh  
Will bear you 'cross the blustery moor  
And land you at your cottage door."

"Forgive me, Deacon, I repent !"  
Cried Anna, while his head was bent,  
The better her soft words to hear.  
(He'd been half deaf for many a year).

"I'm glad you're penitent," he said,  
As lower yet he bowed his head.

"My children cried this morn for bread  
Ere they had risen from their bed,"  
Said Anna, while a stray tear fell.

"Ah ! you don't tell me ! But 'tis well  
You're learning to no more rebel  
Against Jehovah's stern decree.  
Do right, and you no want shall see !  
Of course, you'll go right home with me."

Poor Anna Matson's heart like lead  
Sank in her bosom, and her head  
She shook irresolute.

Then the dread  
Of famine quickly overcame  
Her indignation's leaping flame,  
O'erruling dignity and shame.

"We'll go ; come, children ; here's the way ;  
We'll ride in the good Deacon's sleigh,"  
She nerved her grating voice to say.

"I'm hungry, else I wouldn't go,"  
Cried Davy, with his cheeks aglow  
While his lips quivered, and a sigh,  
That ended in a smothered cry,  
Welled up from his insulted soul.

"Fel'tiah Curtis says I stole,"  
He said, as his red hand he drew  
The Deacon's from, as though he knew  
Its touch was poison through and through.

"And I am awful hungry, too,"  
Said Jason. "Let us go to-day  
And get a ride in Deacon's sleigh,  
And one good dinner, anyway."

The Deacon's span, a dappled gray,  
And a fine arch-necked, well-kept bay,  
Held well in hand by servant black,  
With Canaan's curse on brow and back,  
Drawn up before the old church door,  
Would wait not single minute more.

The jingling bells rang merrily,  
The driver's whip cracked cheerily,  
The driving snow fell thick and fast,  
The hurrying teams went skurrying past,  
And still poor Anna Matson stood  
In undecided, dreaming mood,  
While her heart sang, in frenzied glee,  
"Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David to my boys and me!"

"I am so hungry!" Davy said,  
"Tis so long since I've tasted bread!"

"And I am cold!" cried Jason; "come,  
Let's go with Deacon Curtis home."

The Deacon's span of gray and bay  
Outdistanced every gliding sleigh,  
And paused not till the ponderous gate  
That guarded the prim mansion great,  
Swung back against a monster post,  
Arrayed in white, like Banquo's ghost.

The well-kept team dashed up the drive,  
And circling, passed the monster hive,  
Where dormant colonies of bees  
Reposed beneath the great nude trees.

A minute later, and the door  
Swung wide upon its hinges four.

A massive table, loaded down  
With luxuries from field and town,  
Woke exclamations of surprise,  
And grateful gleam of hungry eyes  
From the starved trio.

Ne'er before

Had Anna Matson seen a store  
That equaled this array of food,  
So tempting, savory, and good.  
And, as her glad eyes flashed upon  
The juicy roast and loaves of brown,  
Pel'tiah Curtis gave a start  
Of exultation, and his heart  
Beat hard for joy.

Acting his part

With well-disguised and cunning art,  
He reached his hands, with eyes demure,  
To lift her from the furry floor  
Of the warm sleigh.

Then, through the door  
He showed her, with his head bowed low.

The widow's sons, with cheeks aglow,  
Walked up the steps from out the snow,  
And, as they flashed their eager sight  
Upon the table, keen delight  
O'ercame timidity and fright.

The black boy took the gray and bay,  
With jingling bells and trappings gay,  
Unto the well-stored barn away.

Pel'tiah gazed upon the twain,  
And curled his lip with keen disdain.  
"One thing to me is very clear,"  
Thought he with a peculiar sneer,  
While loud he blew his ponderous nose ;  
"I may our marriage soon propose,  
For when you feed the kittens, wean,  
The old cat comes to grace the scene."

The blazing fagots thrust between  
The crackling elm logs, cast a sheen

Of golden glory through the room,  
Dispelling all the wintry gloom.

Cried Jason, "Why can't we forever live here ?

The house is so large and so warm ;  
Such doughnuts and apples, such cider and cheer,  
Such a sleigh and such horses, such egg-nog and  
beer,

Such walls, to protect from the storm,  
We're made to be used ; and dear mother, can't  
we,

I mean you, and good brother Davy and me,  
Stay here always, away from all harm ?"

But David, while pouting, indignant and sad,  
Looked up, while his breast heaved a sigh ;  
"Dear mother, don't listen to Jason," he said,  
"For I know his advice is both selfish and bad.  
This home is Pel'tiah's, and I shall be glad  
When we go back again to the one papa made,"  
And the poor child broke down with a cry.

"Our cabin is leaky and cheerless and old,  
Our wood is all frozen and wet,  
Our food is all gone, and our floors are so cold,  
And our beds thin and shabby—

"And yet,"

Jason eyed the good Deacon and quailed,  
"I'd only want Davy and mother with me,  
Pel'tiah could live at the store."

"Dear Jason, be careful" said Anna,

"You see

You're an ungrateful boy. Do you hear the wind  
roar?

Be thankful, my child. Sure, you'd not take  
away,

From the fostering hand that has fed us,  
The substance he's loaned us so kindly to-day,  
To which God and the Deacon have led us?"

"Well spoken, Anna Matson," cried  
Pel'tiah, while he strove to hide



The gleam of joy that lit his face,  
"For Gratitude's a heavenly grace.

"And now, good boys, the kitchen fire  
Burns brighter e'en than this, and higher.  
The servant Chloe dos not care  
For noise of children. Visit her,  
And roast some nuts, and pop some corn,  
But do not blow the dinner-horn.

"Remember, 'tis the Sabbath day,  
And we must neither work nor play."

"Then Chloe is an awful sinner,  
For she has cooked our Sunday dinner!"  
Said Jason, in an undertone  
That would have made the Deacon groan  
Had he but heard; for levity  
With him was immorality.

"He gives us play, he gives us work,  
And tells us that we both must shirk,"  
Young Davy whispered with a smirk.

"My dears," said Anna, "please obey,  
And make no comments.

Soon away  
To church again we all must go.  
Remember, you must strive to do  
The will of God who died for you."

The children left the great square room,  
And Anna crouched within the gloom,  
Formed by the wide-lipped chimney-jamb,  
With air of patience, as a lamb  
Condemned to slaughter.

Curtis hitched  
His chair close up to hers, and pitched  
His voice in a low, meaning tone,  
Deep, resonant, so like a moan,  
That Anna, with a stifled groan,  
Shrank closer to the glowing coals,  
And with the poker raked in rolls  
The brilliant, gleaming, glittering brands  
That lent a radiance to her hands.

"Ahem!" the Deacon coughed,

"Ahem!"

As struggling with asthmatic phlegm,  
He strove the wished-for way to pave  
To subject solemn as the grave.

"The God of all the motherless  
Ordains that I your sons shall bless.  
I plenty have, in barn and store,  
And you are lonely, sad and poor.  
I'll never miss the food and clothes  
For which you suffer. I propose,  
If you will but become my wife,"—

"O God!" sighed Anna; and the strife  
'Twixt duty and her buried love  
Grew sharp and terrible. "I'll prove,

If you my willing wife will be,  
And to God's fiat bend," said he,  
"If you by sweet obedience  
Will prove your heart-felt penitence

For the attempt you made last night,"  
(His voice here faltered as from fright),  
"I will forgive!"

And now his mood  
Was that of one by far too good  
For sinful, mundane world like this,—  
"And marry you! Now, let me kiss  
The nectar from your lips. O, bliss!  
O rapture mine! beyond compare!"  
He whispered.

Anna in her chair  
Shrank back, as though a serpent's sting  
Had broken fluttering heart and wing  
Of bird that had no will to fly,  
Although to stay were death. A sigh,  
So deep, so desolate, so vain,  
It seemed she ne'er would breathe again,  
Went o'er the howling wind-tossed main  
In saddened search for distant Spain.

"Praise God!" Pel'tiah Curtis cried,  
As clasping his affianced bride,  
He held her in a fierce embrace,  
While his hot kisses burned her face.

"You're mine, all mine!" he proudly said;  
"For none but she who means to wed,  
Would ever yield embrace or kiss  
As my sweet Anna does.

"O bliss!"

He hissed, as the asthmatic cough  
Filled his dry throat with raspings rough.

"Pray, don't," said Anna, "naughty sir,  
"This is not seemly.

"Let me stir

The fire. I am icy cold;  
You hurt me with your vigorous hold.

"Forget my weakness, Deacon, do!  
Oh, David! Am I false to you?"

"Indeed, no man should be denied  
The right to kiss his promised bride,"  
Said Curtis, while his breath came fast,  
As though he feared to lose at last  
The waited-for and longed-for prize,  
Of all things dearest in his eyes.

In Anna's eyes a frenzy glared  
As he, half frightened, in them stared.  
As quick as thought she cried, "Beware !  
I'll brain you with this heavy chair,  
If you more liberty shall dare  
Attempt with David Matson's wife,  
Who fears not poverty or strife,  
But would for honor lose her life !"

Pel'tiah Curtis, on his guard,  
The heavy chair grasped firm and hard,  
And then he laughed until he wept.

"So good a joke was never kept

Within these tell-tale walls," he said;  
"And no good woman, Christian bred,  
Would ever dare refuse to wed  
The man upon whose breast her head  
Had rested, while her fluttering breath  
With his had mingled.

"Now, till death  
You're mine, sweet Anna. So, be civil,  
Ere I give over to the Devil  
Your character, your boys and you.

"'Twould edify our church to know  
That you unto my house would go,  
And try, like Potiphar's bad wife,  
To raise in me unholy strife  
With passions I would compromise  
On lawful plan, that's just and wise!"

Anna could almost see the blue,  
Hot sulphur in the breath he drew  
In wild desire; and could feel  
Her wavering senses turn and reel,

As her grim judge, with heart of steel,  
Caught her again in close embrace,  
And burned more kisses on her face,  
E'en while he charged her with disgrace.

" You've nothing more to fear, my sweet,  
If you my wife will be, and meet  
My ardent love and fierce desire  
With the submission I require.  
But, if you still refuse to wed,  
You'd better, by great odds, be dead.

" My child, you know 'tis woman's fate  
To be a mild, obedient mate.  
You were not made to walk alone,  
You'd dash your foot against a stone.  
Your boys would go to ruin, too,  
While the rude world would slander you.  
But safe within my home and heart,  
If you but well will bear your part,  
Gaunt famine you no more shall dread.  
Now name the day that we shall wed."



“ Use your own pleasure. Any time  
Will suit to consummate a crime  
That’s worse than murder. ’Tis a sin  
Of blackest dye, my hand to win  
With threats, when you, as well as I,  
Know David lives ! ”

With wailing cry,  
Poor Anna sank upon the floor,  
And uttered not one protest more.

Pel’tiah Curtis blew his nose,  
And to his fullest stature rose,  
And strutted through the great square room,  
While Anna crouched before her doom.

“ I knew I marriage might propose,  
If I would but my stores disclose,”  
He said in muttering undertone,  
Not heeding Anna’s stifled moan,  
While childish laughter echoed through  
The dining-hall and kitchen too,



Figure 1. A person standing in a doorway, looking out into a dark space.

"I have a *little* *secret* *to* *show* *you*."

"Use *your* *eyes* *and* *your* *ears* *and* *your* *heart*."

Well, *now* *you* *know* *how* *to* *come*."

That's *what* *you* *must* *do* *and* *do* *it* *fast*."

Of *the* *kind* *of* *thing* *that* *you* *do*."

With *the* *big* *way* *to* *the* *door* *and* *back*."

Know *David* *like* *that*?"

"*Yes*," *he* *said* *and* *with* *wide* *eyes*."

"*Let* *Anna* *and* *me* *go* *to* *the* *door*."

And *now* *you* *can* *see* *and* *test* *more*."

POUR CHAQUE *un* *de* *ces* *choses*."

And *now* *you* *can* *see* *and* *test* *more*."

"*Yes*," *he* *said* *and* *with* *wide* *eyes*."

"*Let* *Anna* *and* *me* *go* *to* *the* *door*."

"I *know* *what* *you* *say* *and* *right* *now*."

If *I* *would* *but* *you* *res* *dis* *pose*."

"*No*," *he* *said* *and* *with* *wide* *eyes*."

"*Let* *Anna* *and* *me* *go* *to* *the* *door*."

And *now* *you* *can* *see* *and* *test* *more*."

The *dining-hall* *and* *the* *door*."



**Poor Anna sank upon the floor.  
And uttered not one protest more.**

*See Page 74.*



"For when you feed the kittens, wean,  
The old cat comes to grace the scene."

The church, well filled with pious men  
And women, rang with song again.  
The evening service, long and quaint,  
Of free-will doctrine bore no taint.  
The Deacon, in his happiest vein,  
Discoursed of hell and endless pain.  
Conviction sank in youthful hearts,  
And hoary sinners felt the darts  
Of fiery torment.

Shrieks and moans,  
And cries for mercy, wails and groans,  
Were mingled with the howling winds,  
In sympathy with storm-tossed minds.

At length there fell a solemn lull  
O'er every heart with terror full.

In measured tone the Deacon said,  
"This day three weeks, there shall be wed

With David Matson's relict, one  
Who warns you to escape from Hell."

Poor Anna Matson in a swoon,  
Unconscious, mercifully fell.

"This the first reading of the bans,"  
Continued he ;

    " My well-stored hands  
Their duty must not longer shirk.  
I plainly see that I've a work  
To do in training Matson's boys  
To love the Lord our God."

    His voice  
Here rose above the smothered din  
Of those who groaned because of sin.  
"My cross," said he, "I, too, must bear,  
If I would heavenly glories share."

The terror of convicted men  
Caused Anna's swoon to 'scape their ken,  
And soon her senses came again.

Awhile she sat, as turned to stone ;  
Then, crushing back a rising moan,  
She seized her sons each by a hand,  
And while the night-winds fiercely fanned  
Their cheeks, she hurried o'er the wold,  
Nor heeded blast nor bitter cold,  
And paused not till across the moor,  
And safe within her cabin door,  
Within the shadow of the wood,  
Like one with sense gone daft she stood.

“ Why didn't you wait for the Deacon and sleigh?  
For it's cold, and I'm freezing my nose !”  
Cried Davy, as vainly the ashes away  
From the black coals he brushed with his toes.

“ The fire is out !” angry Jason exclaimed,  
“ And we'll freeze before morning, I know.  
Why didn't you wait? I'm both mad and  
ashamed  
To think you'd mistreat us all so !”



"Very well then, my children," said Anna, "I'll do  
As you say. To the home of the Deacon we'll go.

"Were it not for my boys I would die ere I'd wed,  
But for their sakes I'll yield, though I wish I were  
dead,

And in the deep sea with my David, instead  
Of becoming a wife for a home and for bread."

But Anna murmured ne'er again,  
Though in her heart a secret pain

Burned to her being's core.

The days and weeks ran swift away  
And all too soon the wedding day  
On wings of Fate they bore.

Pel'tiah came with bay and gray,  
And gaily furnished, fur-lined sleigh,  
And to the old church door

He led his white-faced, firm-lipped bride,  
While proud he stood her form beside,  
And asked no blessing more.

Poor Anna, with a voice as hard  
As adamant, in words that jarred  
Upon the dull, insensate throng,  
Read the responses, clear and strong,  
And turned, the ceremony through,  
To seal her sacrifice with dew  
From lips that once were David's.

Then

The deep-voiced parson said "Amen!  
Let no one e'er attempt to sever  
Two hearts that God hath joined forever."

If o'er her soul a memory rushed,  
And almost through her eyes out gushed,  
'Twas instantly repressed and hushed.  
For Anna Curtis must not feel  
As Anna Matson, true as steel,  
To memory of one now dead, •  
Since she was to another wed.

And, as she takes the chalice up,  
And vows to drink the potion up,

And in the mansion, square and quaint,  
In toil and duty hides complaint,  
Let us for David Matson look  
Through CANTO SECOND of our book.



## CANTO II.

---

The LIVERY TURTLE, bound for Spain,  
Spread sail and hied her o'er the main.  
The ship was trim, the winds were fair,  
And the great ocean, everywhere,  
His billows rolled, with sullen roar,  
Toward the dim and distant shore,  
And spent their power on reef and rock,  
That reared their shaggy fronts to mock  
The surging fury of the brine  
That bounded the far-distant line,  
Where the horizon met and kissed  
The white waves and the fog and mist.

As Mate, good David Matson stood  
At the great wheel, and faced the rude  
Cold air of night, or lowering flood  
Of ocean rain-storm, or the hot  
Trade-winds that from some Upas spot

Sent to the seas their fiery breath,  
Laden with noisome smells and death.

But the proud Mate's great heart was light,  
And his immediate prospects bright.  
He striving was, with honest might,  
To win a fortune for his wife,  
Good Anna, who, for him her life,  
In quiet ways or busy strife,  
He knew, if need, would gladly give ;  
For she had vowed for him to live  
In maidenhood's romantic time,  
When his full love was in its prime.

Twice for him had she travailed down  
To brink of death, without a frown,  
Or murmur ; for the love she bore  
Her husband nerved her to endure,  
Death-throes that she might life impart  
Unto the sons of David's heart.

And, as the good Mate held the helm,  
A memory that might well o'erwhelm  
A man of sterner mould than he,  
Surged far away, across the sea,  
And brought before him eyes of blue,  
That ever to his own were true,  
And wafted from his bonny boys  
The memory of a thrilling voice,  
That filled his soul with yearnings wild,  
Alike for mother and for child.  
And as the good ship onward sped,  
And miles and leagues between them spread,  
His heart cried out, "O, billowy sea,  
Restore my wife and babes to me!"

But the ocean, in furious glee,  
Rolled its far-reaching billows away  
Toward headland and moorland and lea,  
And sighed, and seemed ever to say,  
"Don't ask the free and bounding sea  
To compromise his dignity."

Then David would shiver and start,  
And clutch suddenly at the great wheel,  
And give it a turn, while his heart,  
As if cased in an armor of steel,  
From which it had long tried in vain  
To escape, would lie still, as in pain,  
And with weight, like a great lump of lead,  
It would lie in his bosom, as dead.  
And then he would stagger and reel,  
Till the seamen would rally with zest,  
And with laughter, and song, and appeal,  
Strive to cure him of dreary unrest.

But, while the laugh and gibe went round,  
Into the briny depths profound,  
He'd gaze and sigh, "O, billowy sea,  
Restore my wife and babes to me."

And ever would the sad refrain  
Be answered by the murmuring main,  
"Don't ask the free and bounding sea  
To compromise his dignity."

Sometimes the LIVELY TURTLE lay  
Becalmed for weeks, while every day  
The great sails lapped the idle yards,  
That round the main-mast act as guards.

Then suddenly, sometimes, a squall  
To duty every man would call.  
But, whether in calm or gale,  
With close-reefed, or with spreading sail,  
The ship lay to, or onward sped,  
Poor David felt in constant dread  
Of what, he knew not. But his mind,  
In steady groping, strove to find  
Diversion from foreboding fear  
By listening to the legends queer,  
Which a rough seaman, bronzed and old,  
So often had in quaint verse told,  
That the narrator would have grieved  
If he had not himself believed  
The fiction, utterly unmixed,  
With which he close attention fixed



Of all who gathered in the shade  
Of mast and mainsail.

To parade

His stock of rhyming, rhythmic lore,  
And in his hearers' ears outpour  
Some startling, love-lorn tragedy,  
Himself the tar, whose bravery  
Had saved from an impending fate  
Two lovers who were cursed by hate,  
Which settled like a gloomy pall  
Upon their hearts, held well in thrall  
By deep affection ; who, pursued  
By irate ones, in evil mood,  
Were just upon the eve of death,  
Resolved to yield their living breath,  
To mercy of the o'erwhelming wave,  
When he, the hero, wise and brave  
Had to the rescue come, in time  
To save them from the ocean's rime,  
Was his heart's solace.

Seamen said

These thrilling tales had turned his head ;

That they so long had filled his brain,  
No wonder he had grown insane.

His stories all were much the same,  
But variations always came  
To suit locality or clime,  
Where'er he chose to attempt his rhyme.

One evening, when the Southern Cross  
Hung low o'er the horizon's rim,  
And David grew somewhat at loss  
Concerning certain outlines, dim,  
That might have marked a sandy shore,  
Or might have been a cloud ; when o'er  
The whole arched sphere of star-flecked sky  
No vapors had the sharpest eye  
For many days espied ; and cries  
Of " Land ahead ! " began to rise  
From throats of Neptune's jolly tars,  
So strong of voice and thews that Mars  
Might well have claimed them for his wars,

The needle suddenly deflected  
From wonted course.

The Mate rejected  
The sailor's theory that the sun  
Had pierced with rays the hollow moon,  
And roused to life a mad typhoon.

"Below the briny ocean's bed  
Pyritic ores abound," he said.  
"'Tis this that turns the needle's course,  
And I've no other sure recourse  
Than to reef sail and drift away  
To seaward till shall come the day."

"The needle always turns this way,  
Whenever we approach yon bay,"  
Said the old salt.

"If I'd my way,  
Instead of simply reefing sail  
To wait for day, or coming gale,

I'd strain to utmost inch each yard,  
And to the starboard bear a-hard,  
And hie us with all speed away  
From yon enchanted isle.

But, say,  
My comrades; did I ever tell  
The fate a couple here befell,  
Who, when I was a Captain's mate,  
And held command, in regal state,  
Came to me, in their sore distress,  
And asked me if I wouldn't bless  
Their love with matrimonial noose,  
Which cruel Fate might ne'er unloose?"

Each sailor comrade sat him down,  
Repressing doubting smile or frown,  
And with half credulous intent,  
His ear to the old story lent,  
Quite sure some startling variation  
Would add to their exhilaration.

90.         *David and Anna Matson.*

" 'Twas necessary that the knot  
Be tied right here, upon the spot,"  
Said the old seaman, looking wise,  
From out the depths of keen black eyes.

" You should have seen the woman ! Lord !  
It makes my hard old heart beat hard  
To think of her !

                              "A mermaid's form  
Ne'er equaled hers, in beauty's charm.  
Her long hair hung in curls, like gold,  
O'er shoulders, fairest to behold.  
Her eyes were sapphires, diamond-set.  
And his were black as burnished jet.

" She was a little fairy sprite,  
And he was six feet ten in height.  
Like the Colossus famed, at Rhodes,  
He'd stand, and gaze at her, while odes,  
All sweet and rare, with rhythmic spell,  
In tinkling melody oft fell

From her arched throat and silvery tongue,  
And in his ears a warning rung.

"My father comes over the sea," she cried ;  
"His barque saileth faster than thine,  
Unite us in marriage, Mate ;

Make me a bride,  
Else in the mad ocean our forms shall abide,  
While monsters, less cruel than fathers, shall glide  
Through the sea-weeds that struggle our bodies  
to hide  
Beneath the green, billowy brine."

"I wasn't a stoic, or cynic, I swear,  
Nor a parson, nor 'squire, and yet,  
I wanted the wedding done up on the square  
Ere the sun on our vessel should set.

"So I called Jimmy Squires. A brave tar, and  
true  
As the North Star he was ; and as set

In his way as our Captain, the pious old blue,  
Canting Deacon, whom never I've met  
But I've thought of blue blazes and brimstone

And yet,

It wouldn't hurt us all to pray  
At close of this foreboding day.

"'To the helm,' says I, 'Jimmy. Hard a-star-  
board awhile,

I've a job on my hands below deck.  
Keep an eye on yon clipper—be sure you beguile  
Her away from our track, till a speck  
She shall seem on the waters.' I know that my  
style

Isn't clergyman-like, though I'm only a wreck,  
As I now am, compared to what I was then,  
When I stood six feet two, as a prince among  
men."

"We know that! Spin your yarn!" cried the  
sailors, and groans

In mock sympathy ended in guttural moans.

Well thy knew, if permitted to talk of himself,  
He'd assign the strange lovers to oblivion's shelf.

"That clipper bore on us like devils possessed ;  
Her masts were all full-rigged and stanch,  
And I'd just tied the knot, and my couple had  
blessed,  
When her keel struck athwart our ship's haunch.

" ' Ship ahoy ! ' cried poor Squires in accents dis-  
tressed,  
As he overboard plunged with a blood-thrilling  
yell.

" I sprang to the rescue and managed to save  
The effects of a panic that instantly fell  
O'er the souls of the men who had always proved  
brave  
Till they saw themselves nearing a watery grave."

" Did any one live to rehearse the sad tale  
Of the shipwreck that followed the wake o' your  
gale ? "



Cried incredulous tars, who with eager intent,  
Their whole thought to the story had willingly  
lent.

"That's a land-lubber's question! Our ship  
never flinched,  
And the breath of no sailor, save Squires, was  
pinched.

But the clipper pursued us. To save man and  
wife

We cut into shoal water and lowered a life  
Boat, and dumped the young couple right in,  
'Long with housekeeping fixin's, and plenty of  
tin

To trade with the savages on the land, yonder.  
Does the Mate know his business, I anxiously  
wonder?

"Matson thinks that's a fog bank!" the tar shook  
his head,

"But I know it is land. And may I be shot  
dead

If I didn't see yonder the bright bonnie bride,  
And her gay, gallant husband her sweet form  
    beside,  
And the ghost of Jim Squires a phantom astride."

With eager eyes the gaping crew  
Gazed through the mist-dimmed ether blue,  
But failed the seaman's friends to see,  
While superstition bade them flee  
From the enchanted, fairy land  
That dimly rose, like ocean's strand,  
Formed by the washings of the sand  
On coral reefs.

    " I see a band  
Of spirits flitting through the air,  
And hear their whisperings everywhere ! "  
Cried a pale youth, with flaxen hair.

" Let a couple that loves but have power to wed,  
    They'll be all in all to each other,"

The old sailor said, as he shook his gray head ;  
" If you part them, they'd better, by great odds,  
    be dead,  
And under the sea's deep-green cover."

" We're soon to meet a fearful squall,"  
Cried David, with a startling call.  
" Reef every sail ! close hatchways all,  
And, comrades, if my death befall  
Me, ere I see the Merrimac,  
If I live not to wander back  
To Anna and my children dear,  
And one of you survive ; if e'er  
You live to cross the billowy main,  
And tread the dear old haunts again,  
Tell them my latest breath was given  
To prayer that we might meet in heaven."

And then there fell an om'nous hush  
Upon the air. And soon a rush

Of winds in mighty battle came  
Followed by sheets of lightning-flame  
And bellowings of threatening thunder,  
Which. Lively Turtle staggered under,  
Till every mast and yard and rope  
Was strained to utmost power to cope  
With ocean and with atmosphere  
That raged in frenzy everywhere.

“O God!” poor David Matson cried,  
As his heart sank, and sinking sighed,  
“Command the reckless, rankling sea,  
To waft my wife and babes to me!”

But ah, as e'er, the sad refrain  
Was borne upon the storm-mad main,  
“Don't ask the free and bounding sea  
To compromise his dignity.”

Then came a sudden, shivering crash,  
And the mad waves with sullen splash

Broke o'er the helpless ship that lay  
With rudder broke, off Biscay Bay.

Now, reader, you must know that the  
Molammedans of Tripoli,  
And Mogadore, and of Sallee,  
And Tunis and Algeria,  
Had for a long time fitted out  
Armed boats to cruise the shores about,  
In search of loaded merchantmen,  
To take enforced possession.

When,  
Like Christians of Columbia's land,  
They found an able-bodied band  
Of stalwart, weather-beaten men,  
Whose toil might add unto their gain,  
Like them, they seized command and crew  
Without one conscience-scruple, true,  
And claimed them, soul and body too,  
And to the highest bidder sold  
Each Christian slave, for so much gold.

The LIVELY TURTLE fell into  
The power of such a robber crew.  
The men were taken to Algiers  
And ranged in market-place, in tiers.

Poor David Matson with the rest  
Was bartered, and he brought the best  
Of prices. He was strong of thews,  
And understood the way to use  
The clumsy tools of Mogadore.  
He'd learned the art in years before,  
A boy, upon the Merrimac,  
Of making ship and fishing smack.

As the strong seaman did not shirk,  
He was not doomed to overwork.  
A toothsome loaf of coarse brown bread  
Three times a day he always had.  
The Berber women raiment rude,  
Of camel's hair, coarse, strong and good,  
The place of his worn clothes supplied,  
And his few wants seemed satisfied.

His hair grew gray that once was black,  
And still he dreamed of Merrimac,  
And a yet longed-for journey back,  
Across the ocean's swelling breast,  
Where his sad soul so longed to rest,  
In his dear home, with Anna, blest  
With the sweet prattle of his boys!  
Ah, never had a father's joys  
So centered been in brace of boys!

But hope that he again might view  
His loved ones, faint and fainter grew,  
And then died quite.

                    With inward strife,  
At last, to be a slave for life,  
He to his fate himself resigned,  
And in no mortal ear repined.

And thus the long years went and came,  
And toiling, waiting, still the same,  
The victim of a calm despair,  
He viewed with joy his whitening hair,

And the deep wrinkles on his brow,  
That proved that he was older now  
Than when to slavery he was sold  
Through greed of men, for paltry gold.

O, what but a burden is life, to the man  
Who toils without blessing of love,  
To crown his endeavor with circling span  
Of white arms which, their fealty to prove,  
Will bare, if need be, to the blistering rod  
Of affliction ; or toil will endure  
All gladly, while trusting the promise of God  
A return of the strayed to insure?

But when hopes-deferred make the saddened  
heart sore,  
And the loved are awaited in vain,  
And the last fondest fancy lies dead evermore,  
And the sore heart endureth the strain  
Because death will not open his long-prayed-  
for door,  
And relieve the tried soul of its pain,



O, what but a burden, all black to the core,  
Is the life of the wanderer then?

A great commissioner one day  
From his own country, sought the quay,  
Where fishing smack at anchor lay,  
Upon a Medit'anean bay,  
Accompanied by a Moslem Dey,  
Who showed the stranger through the way.

They entered the wide ship-yard door,  
And called the captives up before  
The officers, who told them they  
No longer as bond-men they need stay  
Upon the hot Morocco shore.  
A ship was now at Mogadore  
That would to their own homes convey  
The prisoners.

Some knelt to pray,  
Some shouted, others wept for joy,  
And some, in faith without alloy,

Thanked God for their deliverance  
And the good ship to take them hence.

“I, too, thank God, my countrymen,  
This is a quite affecting scene.  
But slavery well might drive one mad,—  
Some thoughts for my Columbiad,”  
Said Joel Barlow, wiping eyes  
Unused to weeping.

His surprise  
At the men's piety was great.  
Accustomed to affairs of State,  
And truculence of little minds,  
He yet scorned every law that binds  
Humanity to fellow man.

Laws 'gainst which God hath set His ban,  
Full often lead the human van.

Inspired by freedom then he wrote  
Apostrophe from which we quote :

" But look ! methinks, beneath my feet I ken  
A few chained things that seem no longer men.  
Thy sons, perchance ! whom Barbary's coast can  
tell

The sweets of that loved scourge they wield so  
well.

Linked in a line, beneath the driver's goad,  
See how they stagger with their lifted load.

\* \* \* \* \*

By night, close bolted in the bagnio's gloom,  
Think how they ponder on their dreadful doom !  
Recall the tender sire, the weeping bride,  
The home far sundered by a waste of tide.  
Brood all the ties that once endeared them here,  
But now, strung stronger, edge their keen  
despair."

Poor David Matson knelt apart  
From others, and his thankful heart  
Outpoured in praises to the Lord,  
Who his petitions all had heard.

He had a little money saved,  
For, as he toiled, he'd always craved  
The opportunity to give  
Some token, sometime, should they live,  
Of his deep love to those so near,  
His own sweet wife and children dear,  
Whose precious forms were every year  
More deeply graven on his soul,  
With power beyond his own control.

Ere sailing for America,  
He took short cruise for Malaga,  
That he might bear some prize away,  
As trophy of the Tropic clime,  
Where seven years of manhood's prime,  
He'd spent within the Moslem realm,  
Since he had held the obedient helm  
Of LIVELY TURTLE.

Watches, shawl,  
He bought for presents, spending all

5\*

The careful hoardings of the years  
He'd toiled a slave in old Algiers.

His heart beat high with happiness  
As his boys, no more fatherless,  
In fancy climbed upon his knees,  
In his old home beneath the trees  
That graced the farm, beyond the main,  
Which, e'er he sailed for far-off Spain,  
He'd builded with such love and cheer,  
For those with life to him so dear.

With high-pulsed hope he sought the quay,  
Where for his own America,  
A ship was to set sail that day.

The first man that on board he met  
Was old Pel'tiah Curtis. Yet,  
He knew that in his Moorish dress,  
So altered was he that a guess  
As to his own identity  
Was not a probability.

Did some good angel warn the Mate  
Of trouble? Did he hesitate  
Because an inward monitor  
Sought to prepare his heart to bear  
The news he died for daily?

Near

The dark-browed man with mien austere,  
He came at last with nameless fear.  
Somehow he did not dare to speak  
Of Anna; but his heart would break  
If his suspense could not be healed.  
So, while his downcast eyes concealed  
His tears, he asked if Curtis knew  
His darling, with her eyes of blue.

"In faith, I rather think I do,  
For she's my wife!

What's she to you?"

"Your wife!" Poor David cried,

"O, God!

Spare me this last afflicting rod.

"Pel'tiah Curtis, she's my wife !  
My children's mother ! More than life  
She is, and ever was to me !  
How can God live, and such things be ?"

"She mother is of children three,  
That she has borne, sir, unto me !"  
Cried Curtis in sarcastic glee.

"A baby in her arms at rest,  
Reposing on her quiet breast,  
I left when I sailed for Algiers.

"No nonsense now !  
Dry up your tears !  
You beat the very babes to mawl ;  
A man would ne'er thus act the fool !"

"Mashallah !" David Matson said,  
And meekly bowed his stricken head.  
"God, Thou art great ; Thy will be done,  
But, take to Thee thy suffering one,  
Or grant to him oblivion !



"Maashallah!" David Mat. on said,  
And meekly bowed his stricken head.

*See Page 108.*



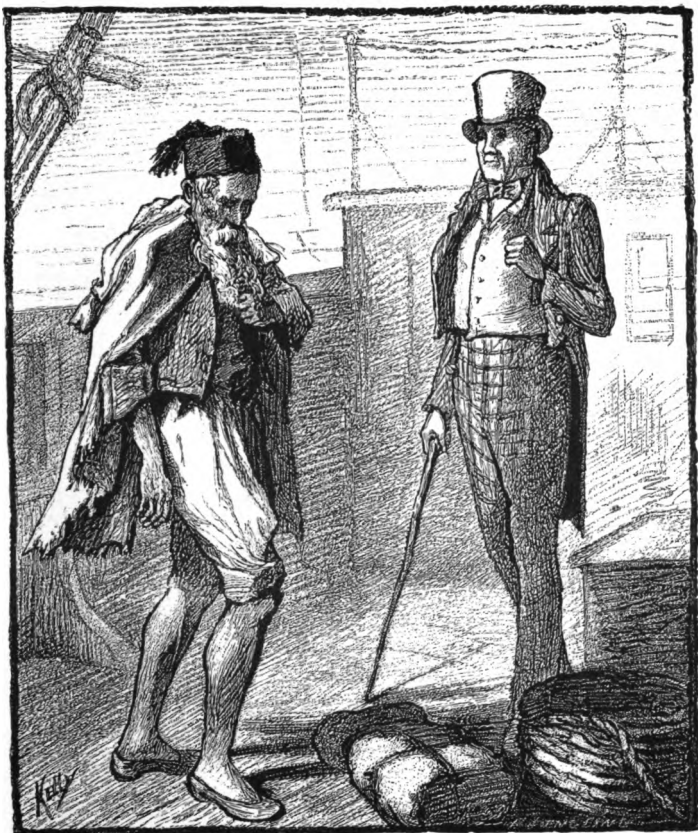
168         *Thou'rt a goodly thing, I see.*

"Prithee, let me see thy wife!  
More than ever I'll love her!  
More than ever was to me!  
"What a God have you?—what might be?"

"She's a goodly child, on three,  
That's the best thing she hath to me!"  
O! I could have said the same,  
"A long in bed, a long in bed,  
Reposing, on her father's breast,  
I left her, I saved for Arians."

*Thou'rt a goodly thing, I see!*  
              "Dry up your tears!"  
You beat me very hard, I say;  
A man would never thus act the fool!"

"Nay, nay, old! Prithee, Master said  
And meekly bowed his sick head.  
"God, Thou art great; Thy will be done,  
But, take to Thee thy suffering one,  
O! great to him affliction!"



**"Maashallah!" David Mateon said,  
And meekly bowed his stricken head.**

*See Page 108.*



“ Annihilation, banishment,  
I could endure and be content.  
My tortured reason reels and burns !  
My racking brain with frenzy turns !

“ I loved her ! But I nevermore,  
On Time’s receding, grief-bound shore,  
Shall clasp her form in sweet embrace,  
Or gaze into her love-lit face,  
Or smile upon her radiant grace !  
And ne’er again shall I, in bliss,  
Receive or give a rapturous kiss !

“ O, does my Anna never miss  
My fond embrace and kind caress ?  
Is her heart filled with tenderness ?  
Is it attuned to hallowed love  
For you, Pel’tiah ?

“ Does she prove  
As fond as once she was to me ?—

"O, fickleness, inconstancy,  
Thy name is Woman !

"Tongue, be still !  
You shall not censure Anna till  
I more of her sad fate shall learn.

"Pray tell me ! Could she always earn  
The food to keep our boys ? and clothes,  
Them to protect from Winter snows ?  
Did she our children shield from harm,  
And keep them fed and clothed and warm,  
Before you married her ? Before  
She left my dear old cottage door ?"

Curtis to fullest stature rose,  
And blew his red, resounding nose,  
And half spurned David with his toes.

"She fared quite hard," he coldly said,  
"Until she got a chance to wed  
A man who could provide her bread.

" The Lively Turtle proved a loss  
That was to me a heavy cross !  
And I have always felt assured  
That if you had the storm endured,  
That drove you to the Moslem coast,  
You would the vessel not have lost.

" I sent you out upon the main  
To reach, not Tripoli, but Spain.  
If you had done your duty, sir,  
And from the Barbary Coast kept clear,  
You could have saved my ship to me.  
I have no time, as you can see,  
To idle here !

" What is to be  
Will happen, whatsoe'er betide  
The wight who loses ship or bride.

" Of your bereavement make the best,  
As I did, when my faith, to test  
Severe was put by losses great  
That I felt when you met your fate.

These trials, sir, are from the Lord,  
And, though they may to us seem hard,  
We all should lift our hearts in prayer,—  
For we must learn our cross to bear,  
If we would heavenly glories share.”

Then carelessly he turned away  
To watch the work upon the quay.

“Pel’tiah ! wait one moment, pray !”  
Poor David nerved his soul to say.

“Give these to Anna and the boys ;  
I purchased them some trifling toys,”  
He faltered, as the watch and shawl,  
In a neat bundle, square and small,  
He nervously delivered over  
To the blunt, selfish, canting rover.

Then, shaking hands, he turned away  
With heart like lead.

“Pel’tiah, stay !”

He cried once more, with trembling lip,  
Ere he departed from the ship.

“My blessing to the woman give.  
And the dear boys! If they shall live  
To become bold, seafaring men,  
They may come round this way, and then,  
You’ll guide them to Algeria,  
That they may stop and visit me?  
And you a father e’er will be  
To them, since I am gone?” said he.

“Ay, ay, sir!” in a careless tone,  
Pel’tiah answered.

With a moan,  
That meant, The will of God be done,  
Poor David sought the narrow street,  
Scarce knowing if his sore heart beat.

Pel’tiah Curtis helped himself  
To fresh tobacco from a shelf.



"It's pretty hard on Dave," he said,  
"But I am glad he's good as dead."

And, as he gazed with visage grim,  
Upon the distant mountains dim,  
"Thank God, I've seen the last of him,"  
He muttered with exultant sneer,  
And hardly could repress a cheer.

Back to the yards at Mogadore  
Poor David went, and, as before,  
He toiled all aimless; and the door  
To his sad heart was crusted o'er  
With a scabbed wound that ne'er would heal  
Till his red life-blood should congeal  
In the glad, cold embrace of Death,  
For whom he prayed with daily breath.

Years passed, and bowed he grew, and gray,  
And never vessel came that way  
But he would wander to the quay,

And, searching through and through the ship,  
Would ask, with faltering voice and lip,  
In tones that rose 'bove all the noise,  
For news of Anna and the boys.

And often, when his work was done,  
He'd turn him toward the setting sun,  
And o'er the waste of waters gaze,  
As one with senses in a daze.

And while the spicy-laden breeze  
Came floating o'er the Tropic seas,  
And sea-mews, from Gibraltar's Rock,  
Seemed in their mated bliss to mock  
His loneliness, he'd heave a sigh,  
And utter unavailing cry,  
As deep and desolate as vain,  
Till night winds bore it o'er the main,  
"O, dark and billowy, bounding sea,  
Restore my wife and babes to me."  
But again, the mad ocean, in glee,

Rolled its far-reaching billows away  
Toward headland and moorland and lea,  
While it sighed and seemed ever to say,  
“Don’t ask the free and bounding sea  
To compromise his dignity.”

Once, when the three-score years and ten,  
That bound the lives of happier men,  
Their noon had reached, and he had been  
To the great fast of Ramaden,  
Where abstinence his senses keen  
Had sharpened to unaccustomed wont,  
And he was hymning a sad chant,  
That seemed to mingle with the breeze,  
That moaned a requiem through the trees,  
He thought he heard his Anna cry,  
With a low wail and bitter sigh,  
“Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David to my boys and me!”

His throbbing heart beat hard with pain,  
As, with his senses all a-strain,

He listened for the sad refrain,  
In hope to hear it once again.  
But, ah ! instead, a hissing sneer  
Burst in mad glee upon his ear  
As Curtis, with a mien austere,  
Cried in triumphal joy serene,  
“ Whene’er you feed the kittens, wean,  
The old cat comes to grace the scene.”

He rubbed his eyes and looked amazed,  
And o’er the waste of waters gazed,  
And wondered if his sense were crazed.

Away, in panoramic view,  
Stretched the illimitable blue  
Of the vast, billowy, bounding main,  
That rolled ’twixt Merrimac and Spain.

O, what is the heart of a human who toils ?  
So little ’tis thought to be worth

That the man who grows rich from o'erreaching  
and spoils,  
Would tread its sore chords in the earth.

But when white-winged Love spreads his mantle  
of Truth  
O'er the lowliest heart in the land,  
'Twill uprise in the freshness and vigor of youth,  
That not distance nor time can withstand.

"Mashallah!" David Matson cried;  
As in his loneliness he sighed.  
"How could that bad man come between  
Wife, boys, and me?"

"I cannot screen  
My Anna from severest blame.  
She should have waited till I came.  
It was a poignant, burning shame,"—

A hollow voice, from unseen source,  
Prevented further chidings coarse

That might have from his heart been wrung,  
So bitterly had he been stung ;  
A voice that hissed, from sight secure,  
“ For when you burn the kittens, sure,  
The old cat comes, their wounds to cure.”

O God, forgive me !” David cried,  
As hard he strove his grief to hide.  
“ I don’t blame Anna. I should chide  
The luckless fate that gave her o’er  
To destitution. She was poor,  
And famine prowled about her door.  
Starvation stared her in the face,  
And she could not but yield with grace  
To the inevitable fate  
Of one bereft of loving mate.”

Then silently he stole away  
To bow before his God and pray.

“ God give me grace, God give me faith,  
And strength to persevere till death ;

And give me power to do and dare  
Thy will, through every carking care.

“ Help Thy poor servant, risen Lord,  
To keep and comprehend Thy Word.  
Help him to look beyond the vale,  
Into the amaranthine dale,  
Where full fruition shall be given  
To those who win the joys of heaven.

“ There is no marrying over there,  
For all as heavenly angels are.  
Pray help me, Lord, my cross to bear,  
Till I shall climb the golden stair  
That leads to heavenly mansion fair.

“ And when the summons sweet shall come;  
To call me to elysian home,  
May I, pure hearted, cleansed from sin,  
And all that stains the soul within,  
Stand with white robes and unsoiled hands,  
Beside the Eternal River's strands.

“And when the messenger shall call  
For Anna, may the lot befall  
Thy humble servant to restore  
The dear relation that he bore  
To her in the old, roseate years,  
Ere his dark path was strewn with tears.

“And O, my Father! may my boys,  
Who long no earthly father’s joys  
Have known—may they join with the throng  
That shall take up the rapturous song  
Of a Redeemer’s dying love  
And living grace.

“O, may we be  
A re-united family  
Around the great White Throne.

“May we,  
Through earthly sacrifice atone  
For every sin which we bemoan.”



The prayer was ended.

The red sun

Sank low, and the pale harvest moon,  
Accompanied by glittering train  
Of starry courtiers, crossed the main,  
And carried the sublime refrain  
Past Tripoli, Sallee, and Spain,  
To Anna's heart, surcharged with pain.

And her soul sang in hopeful glee  
"Thou'lt yet restore, Futurity,  
My David to my boys and me."

Then David turned upon his side,  
Invoked once more the Crucified,  
And covered his sad face and died.

There is a legend, quaint and old,  
Which Berber women oft have told  
To travelers when the Moslem men  
Are off to fasts of Ramadan.

They say the sea in monotone  
Chants requiem to the captive lone.  
And this the undying solemn dirge  
That's heard above the breakers' surge :

“ When life's sad voyage shall be o'er,  
And we have reached the elysian shore,  
Where severed lives, whose loves are one,  
No more in sep'rate grooves shall run,  
The billowy and bounding sea  
Shall chant an anthem to the free  
Through limitless Eternity.”



### CANTO III.

---

Pel'tiah Curtis not for years  
Had been to sea. His eyes and ears  
Had long given warning of the fate  
That comes at last o'er small and great.  
For many a day rheumatic twinges  
Had fretted his once supple hinges,  
And an asthmatic, constant cough  
Had filled his throat with raspings rough.

But when Commissioner Barlow  
Was charged, a Diplomat, to go  
To Tripoli and old Algiers,  
Pel'tiah conjured old arrears  
Against the Moslem government,  
To which the obliging President  
Of a free country, gave assent,  
And went aboard a trusty ship  
To take a farewell sailing trip.

A braver seaman never bared  
His breast to tempests; never dared,  
With clearer head, or cooler brain,  
The threatenings of a treacherous main.

The Diplomatè regarded him  
With satisfaction.

Grave and grim  
And watchful was he; and the trim  
And stanch-rigged vessel, well arrayed,  
The helm his guiding hand obeyed  
From the first hour the anchor weighed.

His wife at home, with babies three  
Around her worn and weary knee,  
He left without a kiss or smile.  
Such tenderness to him was guile,  
Or foolishness; and he was wise  
Enough, in his own partial eyes,  
To let possession hold the wife  
Through courts of law, that held her life

As a continual sacrifice  
Upon the altar, where the prize,  
By sternest Want had been secured,  
Through protest earnestly assured.

Poor Anna's heart had long been full  
Of love and care, and work for all  
The clamoring brood that came to her  
Through sad maternal throes, severe.

When she the burden of her fate  
Had taken as Pel'tiah's mate,  
She little recked the life of toil  
And scrimping, drudgery and moil,  
To which she was to be subjected,  
As wife, supported and protected  
Within the mansion of her lord,  
Where mute obedience on his word  
Did constant wait, with no appeal  
To courts of men, where hearts of steel  
Make laws for women.

The command  
Of one who ruled with iron hand,  
She ne'er attempted to withstand.

To small economies her life  
Was chained ; and the all-constant strife  
'Twixt duty and her buried love  
Was sharp and terrible. To prove  
That penny one could stand for three,  
Perplexed her sore and constantly.

She baked and brewed, and wove and spun  
From morning oft till setting sun,  
And patched and ironed, churned and scrubbed,  
And o'er the great wood wash-board rubbed,  
And often lent a willing hand  
To assist her sons to till the land.

Her babies, puny and neglected,  
Were cross and ailing and dejected,  
And even in their infancy  
Evolved their father's tyranny.

Her step grew languid, dull, and slow,  
Her cheeks assumed a hectic glow,  
Her once good health began to fail,  
Her once red lips grew strangely pale,  
Her form, as if by age, was bowed,  
Her voice grew cracked and coarse and loud,  
Her once soft hands grew hard, like horns,  
Her feet disfigured were with corns,  
Her clothes were little more than rags,  
Her teeth were little else than snags,  
Her breast grew hollow, and her face  
Scarce bore of loveliness a trace.

Her sons endured the hardest fare,  
Their master seeming unaware  
That a resort to books or rest,  
For married widow's sons, was best.

"They're poor as church mice; foolish wife,  
What need have they of schools?  
They must begin the war with life,  
By using clumsy tools.

Give them the mattock, spade, and hoe,"  
Pel'tiah Curtis said ;  
"Teach them that they must hoe the row  
That furnishes their bread.  
I'll have no idlers in my hive ;  
I work from morn till night,  
And shall, so long as I shall live  
To toil for God and right."

Sometimes, when fell the Winter's snow  
O'er upland, plain, and glen,  
And her poor half-clad boys would go  
To daily tasks ; or when  
Poor Davy's quivering lip would swell  
With an unspoken grief,  
Their mother falteringly would tell  
Their needs and ask relief ;  
And then the canting Deacon would  
Exhort to faith and prayer,  
Declaring that the truly good  
No suffering should bear.



Then would he pray most earnestly  
 For lessons of economy  
 To be upon his charge impressed,  
 Who by his bounty had been blessed.

“‘Tis willful waste makes woeful want,’”  
 Was his exultant, constant vaunt.

So, when he sailed for Malaga,  
 And Anna knew that he would stay  
 Some months, at least, from home away,  
 'Twas little wonder that her face  
 Assumed, somewhat, the olden grace,  
 Of which it long bore scarce a trace.

She placed her growing sons in school,  
 Regardless of step-father's rule,  
 And bought them books, and slates, and shoes,  
 And rubbed her rusty brains, to use  
 The little lore at her command  
 To aid them both to understand



And, wandering in the lonely wood  
When David Watson's cabin stood

See Page 18





**And, wandering to the lonely wood,  
Where David Matson's cabin stood.**

*See Page 181.*



The fundamental theory  
On which to plant a knowledge tree.

The balmy, breezy Spring expired,  
And Summer, gorgeously attired  
In robes of plenty, sat her down  
On field and garden, trees and town.

As none now dared to call her shirk,  
Good Anna often left her work,  
And, wandering to the lonely wood,  
Where David Matson's cabin stood,  
Would linger round the crumbling walls,  
And listen, dream-like, for the calls  
That used to well up through the trees,  
Borne on by the e'er welcome breeze,  
When David, coming from the quay  
At close of every toiling day,  
Had circled her in glad embrace,  
And rained sweet kisses on her face,

And clasped in rugged arms the boys,  
Who were their parents' greatest joys.

The memory of each dear caress,  
And tone, and look of tenderness,  
Would on her soul a hope impress,  
And fill her heart with quiet peace,  
Despite the darkness of her lot,  
And the sad truth, that love was not  
To be her portion more on earth,  
Where sorrow, with its deadening dearth,  
Encompassed her as with a pall  
That shrouded outer senses all.

The Summer-time had come and gone,  
And Autumn, with its frosts, came on,  
And Winter, hoary and severe,  
Howled ominously o'er the sere  
Bleak wold that lay, all stark, between  
The mansion and the ocean green.

A new light burned in Anna's eye,  
As a new purpose, firm and high,  
Developed ways and means to try  
To get her boys the needed clothes  
To keep them warm through Autumn's blows  
And the oppressive Winter's snows.

"I may as well die for a sheep as a lamb,"  
She said, while her heart gave a throb,  
In ill keeping with features all placid and calm,  
As she crushed back an uprising sob.

"My boys shall be decked in good clothing,  
complete,  
Before their stepfather gets home.  
They shall have Winter shoes to protect their  
cold feet,  
And mittens and comforts to shield them from  
sleet,  
And be rigged to look tidy and manly and neat,  
No matter what sorrow shall come



To their mother, who only to save them from  
want,

Sold her soul, for the paltry exchange  
Of privation for drudging, and miserly cant,  
That the soul and the body estrange."

The clerk, who kept guard o'er the rich Deacon's  
store,

Wide opened his eyes in surprise,  
When Anna, who never had ventured before  
To, in person, dare order supplies,  
Came with a firm tread to the counter, and  
spoke

For stout shoes for her boys; and for tweed,  
To make them warm suits for the Winter, that  
broke

O'er the moorland in frenzy and greed.

"I've no orders, dear madam," he, faltering, said,  
"To give credit while Captain's away."

"I don't ask for credit!" the mother replied,  
"My orders you'll promptly obey."

“What in the wide world is to happen, I wonder?”

Asked the clerk when a neighbor called in.

“I’m afraid I’ve committed a serious blunder,

That the Captain will count as a sin,

For I gave his wife credit.

“But ’t isn’t my fault ;

I’ve no orders her credit to stop ;

And, indeed, I don’t care if she opens the vault

And depletes both the safe and the shop.

“She’s toiled for old Curtis for years, like a slave

On a treadmill, without any pay.

For herself and her sons what she wants she  
shall have

If I am discharged for’t to-day.”

An earnest light in Anna’s eye,

Beamed brighter than the ether sky.

A purpose new her soul entranced

That both her health and grace enhanced.

As in the olden days she sang,  
And the great rooms with laughter rang,  
As her deft hands, with nimble skill,  
Shaped her boys' garments at her will.

The boys, inspired by impulse new,  
With vigor toiled the Autumn through.  
The Winter crops were safely housed,  
And manly pride in them was roused  
To exultation when the neighbors,  
With honest purpose, praised their labors.

The babies caught the magic bright,  
That filled with a magnetic light  
The great, grim mansion, quaint and square,  
That long so desolately bare  
Of love, and mirth, and joy had been  
That happiness had seemed a sin.

November came, and Autumn, gay,  
Basked in the sunlight, chill and gray,

That flooded main and Merrimac ;  
And Curtis was expected back  
In a few days, to take the reins  
Of government, and hold in chains  
The will of all his subjects.

Dread,

All indefinable and sad,  
Crept with a sickening shudder through  
The veins of Anna.

Well she knew,

No matter how the work was done,  
No matter if each orphan son  
Had striven his very best to do  
His iron master's will ;  
No matter, should she eke and hoard  
Till hunger graced a scanty board,  
She should, in her wise husband's view,  
Have managed better still.

And now, she had defied him. Now,  
In disobedience to his law,

She had her children clad.  
And as combative will arose  
To meet the need that must disclose  
Her deed, her heart grew glad  
With a strange gladness, born of pain  
And resolution.

All in vain  
She sought her earnest self to chide  
For having dared to so abide  
By her own judgment as to act  
In keeping with the obvious fact  
That she, a mother, to be just,  
Must never violate her trust.

The days and weeks ran swift away,  
And a great ship sailed o'er the bay,  
And drifted toward the busy quay.

The Captain held the helm a-port ;  
The ship obeyed, as though 'twere sport  
To yield obedience ; and the heart

Of good Commissioner Barlow  
Moved him upon the deck to go  
And plead with Curtis not to show  
To David Matson's boys or wife  
The proof that he yet lived.

“The strife,”

Said he, “’twixt love and her sad life,  
Will wound to quick the woman true.  
I'd never tell, if I were you.”

“Do you think I could be so dishonest with God  
As to keep back the facts in the case?  
Don't you know the afflicting and chastening rod  
Brings her nearer the throne of His grace?

“Indeed, my chief source of swift-coming delight  
Lies in telling my wife the whole truth.  
It will hurt her, but let it! This life's but a strife  
To o'ercome all the follies of youth!

“She loved that silly jackanapes,  
And now she'll taste some sour grapes!”

Said Curtis, as they drifted down  
Beside the quay, below the town.

Pel'tiah Curtis did not deign  
To e'er indulge romantic vein  
Of sentiment by men called love.  
Sufficient 'twas for him, to prove  
His legal right to win and claim  
A wife, on principle the same,  
As he would bargain for a horse,  
And risk, for better or for worse,  
The consequences.

His the might  
In this transaction ; might the right.

Keen conscientious scruples none  
Could in his soul find anchor. One  
To light there would at once be seared  
As with an iron hot.

He feared

No power of God, or laws of man ;  
For he obeyed as well as can  
Such selfish minds, the laws they scan.

Whenever he a bargain made  
His contract fully was obeyed ;  
And woe to the unlucky wight  
Whom his financial clutches tight  
Had grasped when backed by legal might.

'Twas always guarantee in trust  
That he was right in all he did.  
Of course his every act was just,  
And wrong from him could not be hid.  
Whene'er he did a thing 'twas sure  
That deed was right, forevermore.

Kind reader, you have often seen  
Such men. If you've not bitten been,  
It was no fault of theirs, we ween.



Pel'tiah Curtis reached his home ;  
And Anna knew that he had come  
Some time before her beating heart  
Could force Disgust to act the part  
Of friendly greeting.

Did she dread  
Some revelation, that her head  
Would bow, all crushed, before a blast  
Which was to drive barbed arrow fast  
Into her quivering heart-strings, sore,  
Where it should fester evermore ?

Did some good angel visit her,  
And nerve her tortured soul to bear  
The poisoned arrow's cruel dart,  
And shield her from the crucial smart,  
That otherwise would overcome  
Her burdened soul with anguish dumb ?

Pel'tiah called poor David's boys,  
And in asthmatic, rasping voice,

So hard and grating that it seemed  
No kindly fancy through him gleamed,  
Informed them that their father, dear,  
Whom they'd thought dead for many a year,  
Toiled yet in hopeless slavery  
On the hot coast of Barbary.

“ Now, call your mother ! ”

They obeyed,  
And with blanched cheeks, and hearts dismayed,  
The summons to the wife conveyed.

“ It is my solemn duty now,  
In keeping with the earnest vow  
I made to God when we were wed,  
To give you painful news,” he said.

“ Naught else than painful news I've had,  
Save trials sore and sufferings sad,  
Since you upon me forced your name  
And all the woe that with it came ! ”

Thought Anna, in defiant mood,  
As mutely she before him stood.

“ I’ve news of David, wife, at last ;  
I found him on the Barbary Coast,  
Where he, a slave, has toiled for years  
In Tripoli and old Algiers.

“ He bade me bear this shawl to you,  
And to his boys these watches, two.

“ I think he has a Berber wife,  
And that, to be a slave for life  
Is his intent.

“ He did not say  
He’d ever come again this way.  
Indeed, I think he means to stay  
On the Morocco shore for aye.  
He seemed to feel quite gratified  
That I had all your wants supplied.”

Poor Anna did not shriek or faint,  
Nor o'er her feelings lose restraint.  
She in her suffering had grown strong,  
Through all the years, in waiting long,  
With hope-deferred, for the return  
Of one for whom her love would burn  
Through endless ages.

But she wept  
In bitter solitude, and kept  
The pretty shawl for many a year,  
And never could be made to wear  
The farewell gift her husband's love  
Had sent, his constancy to prove, .

In keeping of the iron man  
Whose shafts had sunk into his soul,  
Inflicting festering wounds, that ran  
Great founts of blood, that to control  
Was effort terrible.

No span  
Of human soul is strong enough  
To bear him o'er such rugged, rough,

Precipitous acclivities,  
 With breakers rolling at his feet,  
 Where misstep would precipitate  
     Him to despair's engulfing seas.

But Anna learned to brave the ire  
 Of her stern master's will.

A fire

Burned hot upon her sunken cheek,  
 That oft in ruddy blaze would break,  
 And flash from out her faded eyes,  
 Awakening sincere surprise,  
 Mixed well with anger, in the wise  
 And self-conceited owner, sole,  
 Of the bond-woman, whose control  
 Had been for years within his keeping,  
 While her stunned senses had been sleeping.

" You'll break me up ! imprudent wife ! "

    Said Curtis in a rage, one day.

Anna was ready for the strife,

    And turned, well steeled, to meet the fray.

She glared upon him in a rage,  
That caused the canting rover-sage  
To tremble with a nameless fear.  
For her mad eyes revealed no trace  
Or prospect of a coming tear,  
And somewhat of the olden grace  
Lit up her wrinkled, hollow face.

Full well she knew the clerk had told  
That, without recompense, he'd sold  
As per. her order, shoes and clothes,  
To shield her sons from Winter snows.

As in indignant attitude  
Before him she defiant stood,  
And told him that the latitude  
Of equal place she'd now assume  
In all pertaining to their home,  
Her brightened face seemed glorified  
With a resplendence fair, that vied  
With the pale sun's descending ray  
That gleamed on Merrimac and quay.

"I've made myself a drudging slave,  
And eked and scrimped, your hoards to save !  
I married you but to secure  
Home comforts for my children poor,  
Whose father you of me deprived  
By machinations dire !

"I've lived  
To fear your rule no longer, sir !  
One word, and you shall never stir  
From out your tracks until your head  
Is crushed, and you are taken dead,  
From well-stocked bank and barn and store,  
And landed at the open door  
Of awful justice, that proclaims  
A penalty of endless flames  
For one who's outlawed right to life  
By coveting his neighbor's wife !

"Go to ! Pel'tiah ! I have sold  
My body unto you for gold !  
Henceforth, now, mark you what I say !  
I am resolved to get my pay !"

"We'll see!" Pel'tiah said; "no law  
Of men contains sufficient flaw  
To give you power to carry out  
Such threat. What you're about  
You do not know. But look you here;  
I'm sorry you compel severe  
And stringent measures, but I'll post  
A notice that your reason's lost,  
And will forbid all men to trust  
You with a shilling's worth.

"I must,  
As head of my own family,  
In everything consulted be."

In Anna's eyes a cunning leer  
Crept into place where naught but fear  
Before had lingered. Every tear  
Was dried; and she, about her work,  
Clutched this and that with nervous jerk.  
Her daily toil she'd never shirk;  
But she a new provision tried  
That taught her, every day, to hide,



Through arts, to none but women known,  
(And which they will but seldom own,) .  
Some trifling portion of the sum  
He'd set apart for expense of home.

"For sake of my poor babes I'll stay,  
And care for all their wants, till they  
Have grown from babyhood away ;  
And then, I'll lay my burden down,  
And seize the martyr's wreath and crown,  
And from this worn-out body, old,  
I'll shake me loose ; and from the cold,  
Hard world, my wakened inner vision,  
Shows that I'll soar to fields elysian."

And then to Curtis,

"You can't come  
And own me there. Deceivers take  
Their portion in the eternal lake  
Of liquid brimstone, where you'll smell  
And taste, for aye, the fumes of hell."

“Once, Curtis, you were master ; once,  
Poor Anna was a stupid dunce,  
Who let you lead her toward the devil  
By your cursed incantations evil.”

Pel'tiah's hair of iron gray  
Stood all on end. He tried to say  
Some canting thing. He tried to pray  
To God to teach her to obey.  
But in his frightened, fluttering heart  
A smothering came that foiled his art.

To save his life he could not speak,  
So silently he left her side,  
That he in solitude might seek  
The courage that had been his pride.

The toiling woman never lost  
The vantage that had well-nigh cost  
Her sanity. Through Summer heat  
And Winter cold her weary feet

Pursued the allotted round of toil,  
That comes with carking care to foil  
The spiritual growth in grace  
Of many mothers, who lose trace  
Of every feminine grace and art,  
That in their youth illumed the heart.

Indeed, it is no little wonder  
Such do not sooner tear asunder  
The soul and body, that aspire  
Continually to something higher  
Than unrequited toil. They tire  
Because of an innate desire  
To grope their way to heaven.

A fire

Of constant love for children glows  
Upon life's altar, else the rose  
Would fade from every woman's face,  
Who, in the matrimonial race,  
Has failed to meet the constant love  
For which she gave her life, to prove,

Alas ! that she had staked her all  
In marriage and had lost.

A fall  
Like this may well make angels weep,  
Who o'er sad hearts their vigils keep.

But Anna ; let's to her return,  
And watch the hectic flames, that burn  
Upon her cheek.

Content she grew,  
From the first moment that she knew  
Aught of the blest philosophy  
Pertaining to Futurity,  
That filled her soul with liberty.

She rose above her wrongs, severe,  
And dwelt, in soul, within a sphere  
That Deacon Curtis could not reach  
With solemn prayer or canting speech.

And thus the years rolled o'er and o'er,  
Till her worn body bowed before  
The chilling blasts that frequent came  
And shivered through her slender frame.

Oh, life, if we only on this fleeting earth,  
Can have faith in a sentient state,  
Then indeed, is the strife of inadequate worth,  
And we all pay too heavy a rate  
For the joys very meager that fall to our share,  
In the short, fleeting span to us given.  
But we know, thank our Lord, that we're here  
to prepare  
For eternal existence in heaven.

Some day, when all is understood  
That now is hidden from our ken,  
And the redeemed and wise and good  
Shall disembodied stand ;

O, then,  
Let every soul rejoice, for—see !  
There's nothing crooked but shall be

Made straight ; and naught shall be concealed ;  
For everything shall be revealed  
To all who've fought life's earnest fight  
And kept a holy faith with right.

One morning Anna tried to rise,  
But a film came before her eyes  
And her head swam.

In quick alarm  
The Deacon caught her fainting form,  
So thin and wan and worn and old,  
It cost him effort small to hold  
Her body in his trembling grasp.  
She tried in vain to speak.

A gasp,  
A struggle for her waning breath,  
And it seemed that the reaper, Death,  
Had claimed her for his own.

Arrayed  
In snowy robes, her form was laid

Upon the unhallowed nuptial-bed,  
Where for long years her weary head  
Had lain, a legal sacrifice  
To will of one who in her eyes  
Had been a robber of the wife  
Who had been David Matson's life.

Vainly her master knelt beside  
The death-couch, while in grief he cried,  
In inner soul, with anguish keen,  
That God would stay the parting scene.

"Forgive me, Anna!" with a moan,  
He wailed at length; "let me atone  
For all the bitter deeds of wrong  
You've borne so patiently and long."

Slowly the flickering breath came back,  
And light illumed the circles, black,  
That round her eyes had settled.

"Sir!

"This is not seemly! Let me stir.

The fire. I am icy cold !  
You hurt me with your vigorous hold !  
Forgive my weakness, Deacon, do !  
Oh, David ! am I false to you ?”

“ She wanders ,” the physician sighed.

“ ’Tis memory !” Pel’tiah cried.

And then it seemed as though the seas  
Joined in an anthem with the breeze  
That moaned a requiem through the trees.

“ Bring back, bring back, O, maddened sea,  
My David to my boys and me !”  
Cried Anna, as a radiance rare,  
Lit up her silver-golden hair.

And the ocean, in holiest glee,  
Bathed its white, frothy lips on the beach,  
As it cried, “ I bring comfort to thee,  
That shall ever remain in thy reach.”



Then it sang, in a monotone, ceaseless and sweet,  
Of the love that the ransomed in glory shall  
[greet.

“ Jason and David, come to me !”  
Whispered the radiant, dying one ;  
“ I want with my dim eyes to see  
Your father’s features in each son.”

These boys, ere this, had long been men ;  
They’d sailed to Mogadore and Spain,  
And tarried oft at Ramaden,  
And heard the legend, quaint and old,  
By Berber women often told,  
Upon the rocks, where breakers rolled,  
Hard by their father’s lonely grave,  
In ceaseless sound of ocean’s wave.

And, as they stood beside the bed,  
Watching the glory round her head,  
And hearkened to the fluttering breath  
That dallied yet a while with Death,

The twain, as by the Lord inspired,  
With tearful effort oft respired,  
And, as they had been thus entreated,  
They the quaint legend old repeated :

“ When life’s sad voyage shall be o’er,  
And we have reached the elysian shore,  
Where severed lives, whose loves are one,  
No more in sep’rate grooves shall run,  
The billowy and bounding sea  
Shall chant an anthem to the free,  
Through limitless Eternity.”

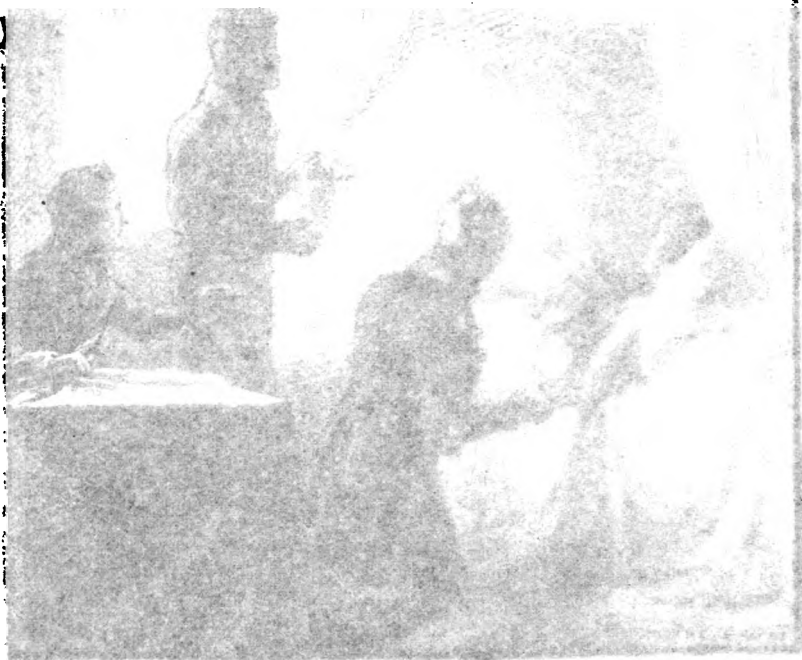
“ Pel’tiah,” whispered Anna, while  
Her thin face wore a dying smile,  
“ I freely pardon all the guile  
With which you won my David’s wife.  
To wear her sapped your spirit’s life  
For many a year. Inspired by hate,  
All covetous, you mastered Fate.  
But yours has been unhappy state,  
Despite your claim to David’s mate.

“Pel'tiah, you have long been old ;  
Each day you're drifting from your hold  
Upon a life that God has given  
To fit your soul for place in heaven.

“Absolve yourself from selfish sin,  
Ere you shall be allowed within  
The entrance to the golden portal  
Where all is peace and love immortal.

“Be just to David Matson's boys,  
If you would win eternal joys.  
Make them, with your own sons, joint heirs,  
And I will bear your holiest prayers  
To the Redeemer's great white throne,  
Proclaiming that you did atone,  
As much as erring mortal might,  
For all departure from the right.

• “Another favor I would ask,  
It will be quiet an easy task



20.  
And  
Peer

David and Anna Matson.

"How long you have long been old;  
How long you have been waiting from your field  
For the time that God has given  
To fit you and for place in heaven.

"Absolve yourself from selfish sin,  
I've read should be allowed within  
The gates to the golden portal  
Where shall be peace and love immortal.

"Be true to David Matson's boys  
If you would win eternal joys.  
Make them, with your own sons, joint heirs,  
And I will be your holiest prayers  
To the Redeemer's great white throne  
For atoning that you did atone,  
As no less an erring mortal might,  
For all departure from the right.

"Another favor I would ask,  
It will be quiet an easy task



6

To grant it me.

“ The silken shawl

That David sent me, spending all  
The surplus earnings of the years  
He toiled a slave in old Algiers,  
I want, when breath has left my form,  
While yet, with life, my body's warm,  
His sons, around my shoulders old  
To place. Were it a cloth of gold  
From other source, I should not care,  
But—David ! Jason ! pray, see there !”

All eyes were turned where no one stood.  
The dying one, in radiant mood,  
And raptured, earnest, eager gaze,  
Peered through the twilight's mellow haze,  
And reached her thin and faded hands,  
As if to part the mystic bands  
That bound the filmy curtains, bright,  
Which screened her love from mortal sight.



“ Yes, darling! I quite soon will come,  
And greet you in the heavenly home  
You’ve builded in the happy years  
Since God removed you from Algiers,”  
She said, as turning on her side,  
Invoking Christ, the Crucified,  
She covered her wan face and died.

Pel’tiah lived, and well atoned  
For every sin, o’er which he groaned.  
The widow and the orphan blessed  
The bounty he upon them pressed.

At length, when four-score years and seven  
Had given much time to work for heaven,  
And he had restitution given  
To every wronged and fettered soul  
O’er whom he once had held control,  
His sorrowing children round his bed  
Stood watching till his breath had fled.

And then they laid his form away,  
Beneath the sod, above the quay.

Anna's descendants often bring,  
Through balmy days of vernal Spring,  
Some simple floral offering,  
And join their voices, sweet, in song,  
Forgiving and forgetting wrong.

Good reader, let the joy-bells ring  
While of Eternal Life we sing.  
'Tis Life hath gained the victory  
Through limitless Eternity.





## THE DIRGE OF THE SEA.

---

O, calm and placid and treacherous sea,  
O, glorious, beautiful, shimmering sea,  
Roll on in thy majesty, now and forever,  
Chanting the dirge of the mystic Forever.

I look from my window this radiant night,  
O'er thy weird waste of waters, transcendently  
bright

With the glimmer of stars, and the moonbeams'  
white glow,

As pure as if lent from the wild wastes of snow  
Which on mountains I see, from afar, o'er the  
ocean,

As they keep steady time with the ship's grace-  
ful motion.

O, tell me, thou mourning and sorrowing sea,  
Thou mighty, majestic, and magical sea,

Whence came thou ? and where art thou going,  
forever,  
Chanting the dirge of the mystic Forever ?

Well keep'st thou thy secret, and mortals like me,  
May learn not thy story, thou sorrowing sea.

It is vain that I ask thee, for, ever thy moan  
Is chanted all o'er in a wild, monotone,  
And thou mockest me now as thy elf locks, all  
hoary,  
Thou shak'st in my face, as thou fret'st in thy  
glory.

O, what can thy grief be, murmuring sea ?  
Or is it but frenzy ? Are thy wits daft, O sea ?  
That thus in thy majesty, now and forever,  
Thou chantest the dirge of the mystic Forever ?

I have seen thee sometimes when wild storms, in  
their rage,  
Have lashed thee to fury, thou reticent sage ;

And then I have dreamed that thou told'st of  
thy birth,

And of ages long gone, when the bountiful earth  
Lay wrapt in thy billows, ere mountains came  
forth ;

When darkness upon thee sat, silent and grim,  
And void earth, without form, sang her pre-natal  
hymn.

Then I think that thou told'st me, jealous old  
ocean,

When distorted and torn in thy furious motion,  
How the glad, smiling earth came forth in her  
glory,

And left thee forever to tell the sad story  
Of divided dominion 'twixt earth-world and  
thee.

Is not this thy story, thou murmuring sea ?

No reply doth he make, but ever, forever,  
He chanteth the dirge of the mystic Forever.

*Pacific Ocean, Dec. 19, 1870.*

## THE NOCTURNAL WEDDING.

---

King Cold came down from the North one night,  
Clad in armor complete, of diamonds bright,  
And wedded the Princess Dew.  
Boreas was groomsman, Luna was maid,  
And the stars were out on dress parade—  
A gorgeous retinue.

King Cold had wooed for weeks before,  
But the Princess was shy, and asked for more  
Of the freedom which maidens prize.  
So she flirted with zephyrs, and danced with the  
sun,  
And slept on the ground when her work was  
done,  
And up with each morning would rise.

King Cold would sigh and Boreas would storm,  
And Luna would veil her beautiful form

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With a cloud all sombre and gray ;  
And rain would run riot o'er mountain and vale,  
Striving even to drown this sweet maid of the  
dale,  
In her jealousy, so Dew would say.

I noticed one day, while the morn was yet new,  
As I walked in the sunlight, conversing with  
Dew,  
That the tears in her eyes were congealed ;  
Her voice was quite harsh, and her touch was  
like ice,  
And she told me King Cold held her heart in a  
vise,  
And his power no longer concealed.

" Pray come to my wedding !" 'Twas King Cold,  
who spoke,  
In a voice I could hear, though the echoes scarce  
broke



Through the leaflets adorned by the Dew.  
"The heavenly host shall our witnesses be ;  
And a privileged mortal are you, as you'll see,  
To be honored by friendship so true !"

"I thought Cold was cruel !" I carelessly cried,  
"Did you ?" whispered he, and my fingers he  
spied,

And he bit them, as if in a rage.  
"Don't slander my lover, dear mortal," said Dew,  
"He could freeze you, congeal you, and vanquish  
you, too."

"Or preserve you, I ween !" croaked the sage.

The wedding was splendid. Old Night tied the  
pair,  
And the banquet was grand, though refresh-  
ments of air

Scarcely strengthen poor mortals like me.  
But so much was I pleased with the work of Old  
Night,  
That hunger was banished, and bliss and delight  
Kept my fancies all roving and free.

*The Nocturnal Wedding.*

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Grim Darkness prepares a grand couch for King  
Cold,  
And Silence around them her curtains will fold,  
As Queen Dew bids her guests a farewell.  
The morning dawns brightly ; King Cold stirs  
abroad,  
But Queen Dew lies enrobed in a glittering  
shroud,  
And Prince Frost tolls her funeral knell.

*Albany, Oregon, October, 1868.*



## WEST AND WEST.

---

Ho, for the bracing and breezy Pacific,  
As, surging and heaving, he rolleth for aye !  
Ho, for the land where bold rocks bid us welcome,  
And grandeur and beauty hold rivaling sway !  
Yes, ho, for the West ! for the blest land of  
    promise,  
Where mountains, all white, bathe their brows  
    in the sky,  
While down their steep sides the wild torrents  
    come dashing,  
And eagles scream out from their eyries on high.

I have seen the bright East, where the restless  
    Atlantic  
Forever and ever wails out his deep moan,

(172)

And I've stood in the shade of the dark Alle-  
ghanies,  
Or listened, all rapt, to Niagara's groan.  
Again, I have sailed through grand scenes on the  
Hudson,  
Steamed down the Fall River, through Long  
Island Sound ;  
The Ohio I've viewed, and the weird Susque-  
hanna,  
Or skirted the lake shores when West I was  
bound.

I've sniffed the bland breeze of the broad Mis-  
sissippi,  
And dreamed in the midst of its valley, so  
great ;  
Have crossed and recrossed the dark, turbid Mis-  
souri;  
As it bears toward the Gulf-Stream its steam-  
guided freight,

And I've bathed my hot forehead in soft, limpid  
moonbeams,  
That shimmered me o'er with their glow and  
their gold,  
In the haunts where the loved of my youth gave  
glad greeting,  
And Memory recalled each dear voice, as of old.

But, though scenes such as these oft allured,  
pleased and charmed me,  
Euterpe came not with her harp, or my lyre ;  
Yet, when I again reached thy prairies, Nebraska,  
To sing she began me at once to inspire.  
And as Westward we sped o'er the broad rolling  
pampas,  
Or slowly ascended the mountains, all wild,  
Or dashed through the gorges and under the  
snow-sheds,  
The NINE with crude numbers my senses be-  
guiled.

Colorado's wild steeps, and the rocks of Wyoming,

Their lone, stunted pine trees, and steep palisades,  
And afar to the West the cold, bleak Rocky  
Mountains,

At whose feet the wild buffalo feeds in the glades,  
Have each in their turn burst sublime on my  
vision,

While deserts all desolate gazed at the sky,  
And away to the South rose the snow-crested  
Wahsatch,

Bald, bleak and majestic, broad, rolling and high.

I have stood where dead cities of sandstone columnar,

Loom up in their grandeur, all solemn and still,  
And mused o'er the elements' wars of the Ages  
That shaped them in symmetry wild at their will.

I have rolled down the boulders and waked the  
weird echoes,

Where serpents, affrighted, have writhed in their  
rage,

And watched the fleet antelope bound o'er the  
desert,  
Through beds of bright cactus, brown grease-  
wood and sage.

I have sailed on the breast of the Deseret Dead  
Sea,  
And bathed in its waters, all tranquil and clear,  
Have gazed on the mountains and valleys of  
Humboldt,  
Strang, primitive, awful, sad, silent and sere.  
I have climbed and re-climbed the steep, wind-  
worn Sierras,  
Peered in their deep gulches, all dark and obscure,  
Dreamed under the shadows of giant sequoias,  
Or talked with wild Indians, reserved and de-  
mure.

I have trusted my bark on the billows of Ocean,  
And watched them roll up and recede from the  
shore,

And anchored within thy fine bay, San Francisco,  
Where the great Golden Gate husheth out his  
    deep roar.

But not till I reached thy broad bosom, Columbia,  
Where ever, forever, thou roll'st to the sea,  
Did I feel that I'd found the full acme of gran-  
    deur,

Where song could run riot, or fancy go free.

Then my Pegasus changed his quick pace to a  
    gallop,

Euterpe's wind-harp waked Æolian strains,  
And the NINE, in their rapture, sang odes to the  
    mountains

That preside over Oregon's forests and plains.  
Hoary Hood called aloud to the Three virgin  
    Sisters,

Who blushed with the roseate glow of the morn ;  
Saint Helen and Ranier, from over the border,  
Scowled and clouded their brows in pretension  
    of scorn.



The Dalles of Columbia, set up on their edges,  
Swirled through the deep gorges as onward they  
    rolled,  
Or over huge boulders of basalt went tumbling,  
Dispersed into spray ere their story was told.  
To the North and the South and the West rose  
    the fir trees,  
With proportions colossal and graceful and tall,  
Dark green in their hue with a tinge of deep  
    purple,  
Casting shadows sometimes o'er the bluffs, like a  
    pall.

Bold headlands keep guard o'er the Oregon river,  
Whose dashings are heard far away o'er the main,  
As roaring and foaming and rushing forever,  
He struggles with Ocean, some 'vantage to gain.  
Astoria sits smiling beside the Columbia,  
Where though land-walled, the breeze of the sea  
    she inhales,  
While wind-worn Umatilla and gale-torn Wallula  
Keep sentinel watch o'er her broad Eastern vales.

Then, ho, for the bracing and breezy Pacific,  
Whose waves lave the Occident, ever and aye !  
I care naught for the grandeur of Asia or Europe,  
For my far Western home greets me gladly to-  
day.

Yes, ho, for the West ! for the blest land of  
promise,

Where mountains, all green, bathe their brows  
in the sky,

While down the great snow peaks wild torrents  
come dashing,

And eagles scream out from their eyries on high !

*Portland, Oregon, July 25th, 1872.*



## THE DESTINY OF FREEDOM.

---

Columbia, pride of nations, hail !  
Backward throw thy shimmering vail,  
Revealing Beauty's magic darts,  
And Intellect's abounding arts,  
From eye all bright and brow serene.  
Let man behold the glittering sheen,  
Of Freedom's light. O'er all the earth,  
In climes where slavery has birth,  
In lands where tyrants wield the rod,  
Falsely proclaiming power from God ;  
O'er every struggling human soul  
That spurns a monarch's mean control ;  
O'er every lowly human home,  
Where thought can stray or fancy roam,  
Plant thou the starry banner high,  
Emblem of Human Liberty,  
And Freedom's glorious Destiny.

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Thy magic wand, resplendent, bright,  
That waves o'er Bunker Hill to-night,  
And flutters in the balmy breeze,  
From torrid zone to arctic seas,  
And shakes its white and scarlet folds,  
And field of blue, o'er wastes and wolds ;  
That sweeps its pure and milk-white stars  
Above its wind-tossed, streaming bars,  
Plant thou on every hoary peak  
That looms 'bove haunts where men may seek  
A habitation. Let thy name,  
Writ high on monuments of fame,  
In diamonds emblazoned be,  
And every child of liberty  
Shall shout thy glorious Destiny.

From regions of the northern pole,  
To where the antarctic circles roll ;  
From where the Equator's fervent heat  
Burns the bright sands that human feet  
Shall tread along the sea-girt shore,

Where Ocean's grand resounding roar  
Chants Time's deep dirge forevermore ;  
From wild Mount Baker's summit bleak  
To eyries where bald eagles shriek ;  
From Montezuma's mouldering halls  
To proud New England's granite walls ;  
From Florida's green everglades  
To Greenland's icy palisades ;  
From Behrings Strait, or bleak Cape Horn,  
To birthplace of the dewy Morn,  
Or rosy couch of sunset Eve,  
Where Night his sombre web doth weave ;  
From California's golden sands  
To Cuba's glittering seaside strands ;  
From Andes and from Amazon  
To Plymouth Rock and Oregon,  
This emblem of the brave and free  
Thy synonym shall ever be,  
Till Time shall greet Eternity  
With Freedom's glorious Destiny.

*Salem, Oregon, October 11th, 1874.*

## LAUDAMUS.

---

O, World, that rollest through the realms of space,  
Aclothed in Nature's robes of artless grace,  
Thy grateful child sings praises ; and the morn,  
The distant fields of green and tasseled corn,  
The darkling forest, climbing yonder steep,  
Whereon the tangled cloudlets softly creep ;  
The far-off plain, in vernal drapery dressed,  
The babbling brook, by forest shades caressed,  
The border huntsman, eager for the chase,  
The boatman, panting for a trial race,  
Alike salute thee at the witching hour  
When Light, divided from the Dark, proclaims  
her magic power.

Since the primeval days when Darkness grim  
Clothed thee, a shapeless world, with shadows  
dim,

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What changes have come o'er thee ? Who can  
tell

The wondrous potence of the mighty spell  
Called Chaos by the savans, when ye lay,  
Enwrapt in mist and gloom, awaiting promised  
day?

See : At thy feet, O, World, proud Science kneels.  
Her own abject humility she feels,  
As groping through the darkness of the Past  
Full many a ray of light dawns on her path at  
last.

She tells us that thou art yet young, O, World ;  
That thine own testimony hath unfurled  
Upon the living rocks, with startling truth,  
Irrefutable footprints of thy youth.  
And yet she says that thou art old, O, Earth ;  
That all the rolling eras since thy birth  
Have clothed thee with the hoary marks of age,  
That bristle everywhere upon thy furrowed page.

I muse upon this paradox ; full well  
I know the testimony that doth tell  
Of time primordial, eras miocene,  
And yet of other periods pliocene,  
Of stratas tertiary, of fossils old,  
That, ere the story of the Cross was told,  
Disported them upon auriferous beds,  
Aquick with that organic life which sheds  
Through its dumb, dead deposits light divine,  
That stirs the deepest depths of thirsting soul  
like mine.

O, World, the Sun sings praises ; and the air  
With roseate glow, creeps up the misty stair  
Of mountains, basking in the morning breeze  
That stoops to kiss the sighing, swaying trees.  
Adown the vale a mighty river sweeps,  
While o'er its swelling breast a tiny row-boat  
leaps.  
The dipping oars scarce stir the slumbering tide,  
As o'er the silvery sheen the boatmen swiftly  
glide.



Afar the ravening waves arise, to fight  
The hoary ocean with a mad delight ;  
For, ever since the waters from the land  
Divided were by the Omniscient's hand,  
And the sad sea was bounded evermore  
By the obtruding yet obedient shore,  
He has not ceased to dash his tangled head  
Against the encroaching floods upon yon reefs  
          outspread.

The great, bold headlands, the retreating rocks,  
The beacon-light that man hath reared, which  
          mocks  
The furies of the ocean, and the clouds,  
That in the hush of night the eagles' home en-  
          shrouds,  
The tempest and the calm, and morn and night  
Alike salute thee with supreme delight.

The gentle dews and blessed summer rain,  
And the glad fields of golden, billowy grain,

Join in the anthem which to thee we sing,  
While all created harmonies their gladsome  
offerings bring.

When man hath all the secrets of thy depths  
explored,  
And o'er the learned page thy mysteries all out-  
poured,  
Shall he salute thee with more heartfelt zest  
Than that we bring thee now, at Gratitude's  
behest ?

I trow not ; and my happy heart is filled  
With quiet wondering, and my being thrilled  
With ecstasy unspeakable as I behold  
So much and yet so little ; for the half has not  
been told.

*Astoria, Oregon, August, 1875.*



## THOUGHTS IN STORM AND SOLITUDE.

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The rain, the sobbing and pattering rain,  
Is falling in torrents to-night ;  
While the winds in loud chorus join in the refrain,  
Keeping time to the sobs of the pattering rain  
And the throbs of my heart in its dull aching pain,  
As I toss on my pillow to-night.

O, rest and oblivion, where are you flown ?  
'Tis a question I ask o'er and o'er ;  
But the elements answer with many a moan,  
Crying, " Rest and oblivion, where are you flown ?"  
And Hope in her might scarcely stifles a groan,  
As the question is asked o'er and o'er.

The rain, the shrieking and sibilant rain,  
Rusheth down in wild frenzy to-night ;

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The wild winds shout on in their madness again,  
Defying the shrieking and sibilant rain,  
While I struggle for sleep, but the effort is vain,  
For repose hath departed to-night.

Grim darkness hath settled o'er earth like a pall;  
Assassins and thieves dare not stir;  
The All-Seeing Eye beholds earth's children all,  
Seeth even the darkness o'er us, like a pall,  
Noteth even the sparrow, his flight and his fall,  
And I know there is nothing to fear.

Now, rain, the pelting and pitiless rain,  
Husheth down the rude voice of the wind;  
How potent the spell that such spirit hath lain—  
How strong art thou, pelting and pitiless rain,  
As back to his home on the mountain and main,  
Thou drivest the rude, shrieking wind.

'Tis day-dawn. Sweet slumber steals over my  
brow  
While silently weepeth the rain.

190    *Thoughts in Storm and Solitude.*

I care little for sorrow or storm-ragings now,  
While thrice welcome slumber steals over my  
    brow,  
I'm at peace with the world and my neighbors, I  
    trow,  
While silently weepeth the rain.

*Albany, Oregon, November, 1868.*



## AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

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WRITTEN ON THE GREAT PLAINS OPPOSITE MY  
MOTHER'S GRAVE, NEAR FORT LARAMIE, MAY  
5TH, 1872.

Adown the dead and distant years  
My memory treads the sands of time,  
And blighted hope a vision rears,  
Enriched by solitudes sublime.

And down the mystic, dreamy past  
In chastened mood I wander now,  
As o'er these prairies, old and vast,  
Move lines of oxen, tired and slow.  
Their rough-ribbed sides and hollow eyes  
And listless gaze and lazy tread,  
As under cloudless, burning skies  
Our way o'er trackless wastes they led,  
But visions are of long ago.

(191)

To-day, an iron horse, "The Storm,"  
All panting rushes o'er the plain;  
His breath with steam is quick and warm,  
As on he thunders with our train.

Afar the Rocky Mountains rise,  
Their rugged steeps adorned with snow,  
While o'er the hill the antelope hies,  
And Indians wander to and fro.  
The buffalo gazes from afar,  
Where erst in trust secure he fed,  
Ere man upon him had made war,  
And he was wont at will to tread  
Anear our oxen, sure and slow.

Fort Laramie, across away,  
Beyond yon hills that intervene,  
My memory sees as on that day,  
Just twenty years ago, 'twas seen.

There, in the echoing hills, hard by,  
Surnamed "The Black," adorned by woods,

My mother laid her down to die,  
In those grand, awful solitudes.  
The wild coyote yet roams at will,  
The timid hare and buffalo,  
The antelope and serpent still  
In freedom range, and come and go,  
While Indians gaze in scornful moods.

Gone are the oxen, patient brutes,  
And drivers, with the song and jest.  
Of ruder days they were the fruits,  
And toiling well, they did their best.

Their day is past, and now, at ease,  
We glide along at rapid pace,  
Gazing abroad, while thoughts of these,  
The days of yore, take present place.  
And I am self-forgetful, too,  
For through the long, eventful past,  
Since last I dreamed beneath the blue,  
Arched dome above these plains so vast  
I find of twenty years no trace.



My mother sleeps, dear God, as slept,  
Her peaceful form when we that day,  
Laid her to rest, marched on and wept,  
Too sad to talk, too dumb to pray.

Was it the breath of angel's wing  
That fanned, erewhile, my fevered brow ?  
Did I hear heavenly seraphs sing,  
When eyes and ears were closed just now ?  
O, mother, memory, God, and truth,  
While yet I tarry here below,  
Guide oft thy faltering, trembling one.  
May I regret not years, nor youth,  
Nor that my life thus far is done,  
As through these wilds once more I go.











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