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“PLUCK,”

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOSEPH A. WING.



MONTPELIER, VT. :
FREEMAN STEAM PRINTING HOUSE AND BINDERY
1878.

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TO
MY MANY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS
THIS BOOK,

COMPOSED AT INTERVALS AS A RELIEF FROM THE TOIL AND
STUDY INCIDENT TO MY PROFESSION, AND NOW PUB-
LISHED, NOT WITH THE EXPECTATION OF WINNING
FAME OR MAKING MONEY FROM ITS SALE,
BUT SIMPLY AS GIFTS TO MY FRIENDS
—TOKENS OF AFFECTION,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

TO MY BOOK.

Go forth, my little book, devoid of pride :
Don't boldly venture on the waters wide ;
Your bark is frail, you must keep near the shore,
You must not venture where the billows roar.
If on the land you stay, keep on the plain,
Try not the mountain's lofty height to gain ;
Seek not for Fame upon her mountain high,
You, like the eagle, can't ascend the sky.
Your wings are short, your feet not made to climb,
Keep in the valley—shun the “ heights sublime ”—
Your proper sphere I trust that you will find,
To please, instruct and benefit mankind.
Go, seek the lowly : do not sad complain
If carping critics treat you with disdain ;
Go fearless forth ; let not their clamor stay
Your humble course, or bar your onward way.
Go, and each virtuous man and woman seek,
You'll cause no blush on modest maiden's cheek ;
No word or thought upon thy page appears
That can offend the chastest lady's ears.
No vice you aid, no crime you palliate,
You vice exhibit in its normal state ;
Go, like the brooks that through the valleys glide,
And greener make the verdure by their side.
Go, like the dew that silently doth fall
When o'er the earth night spreads her sable pall ;

Go you, and zealously mankind entice
 To seek for virtue and to flee from vice.
 Keep on thy lowly way, though ridicule
 Is heaped on you by all the critic school ;
 Let them exclaim "No genius here is found"—
 'Tis true my Pegasus keeps on the ground.
 Though he hath wings he doth but seldom rise
 And like the eagle boldly sail the skies ;
 I like to ride him when the land's in sight
 My head grows giddy in his upward flight.
 I keep his wings tied down that on the land
 He'll walk, or trot, as I the speed command ;
 Let critics and reviewers have their say,
 But, fearless, onward keep your humble way.
 Turn not for scorn or ridicule aside,
 Instruct the ignorant ; the lowly guide ;
 Your task fulfil ; though you're unknown to fame,
 I trust that none will ever curse your name.
 Go forth, and for the public favor sue :—
 The author bids you now a fond adieu.

“ PLUCK . ”

Ladies and Gents assembled here—
Your humble servant doth appear
And asks attention for a time
While he repeats in humble rhyme
A Lecture from his own “ machine ”—
Which sometimes tinges things with *green*.

I think you'll call yourselves in luck—
The subject for this eve is “ Pluck . ”
Pluck makes the man—and e'en the woman too—
If you lack Pluck you naught will ever do ;
You'll sink forgotten in a nameless tomb,
No flower above your grave will ever bloom ;
Nothing but grass around your grave will grow,
And thistles only there will ever blow.

“ O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us ”—
Was sung by Burns—and I will try
To hold the mirror to each eye,
That all, whatever their degree,
Within the glass themselves may see,
And wiser grow from day to day
As life so swiftly flies away ;
From many ills your life 'twill save,
Found 'twixt the cradle and the grave.

If you, my friends, will patient wait,
 The subject for this eve I'll state,
 To show that Pluck is like a "bower"—
 That kings and queens yield to its power.
 I'll show a man once blessed with wealth,
 With youth, with talent, virtue, health—
 But lacking Pluck.—I'll show the fate
 That all like him doth sure await.
 Then I will show to you the luck
 That doth await the men of Pluck ;
 Point out the way they take their stand,
 Show how they're honored in the land.
 Then I will try to show to you
 The various things that Pluck can do.
 Then take you to some mountain height
 And spread the world before your sight ;
 Show you mankind just as they are—
 The thoughts within their breasts laid bare.

Now view the shadows as they pass
 Along the smooth and polished glass,
 And see if you by chance can spy
 A face familiar to your eye.
 Before you say 'tis A or B
 Be sure 'tis not yourself you see ;
 But be it you or some dear friend
 You'll find where you your life can mend.
 To aid you to improve your life
 While in this world of care and strife,
 Some good advice to all I'll give
 Which you should follow while you live.

Advice to all, to girls and boys,
 To banish grief, increase their joys,

To aid the farmer in his toil
 To gather profit from the soil ;
 Instruct the merchant keen and bold
 The secret art to gather gold.
 Advice unto the doctors give,
 And teach the lawyers how to live ;
 Instruct the priest to conquer sin
 And thus a heavenly crown to win.
 Then to the wife the secret show
 Of happiness found here below ;
 Then show the husband how to bless
 His home with peace and happiness ;
 Then show the mother the true way
 To make home happy every day.

THE MAN WITHOUT PLUCK.

See yonder man with downcast look pass by,
 Mark you his face—no fire is in his eye ;
 His coat is seedy, and his hat is old,
 His pockets empty of both bills and gold,
 Silent he passeth through the busy throng ;
 No friend doth cheer him as he goes along,
 No one is there that old man's hand to clasp
 And warm his heart with friendship's kindly grasp.
 Onward, unnoticed, to his cot he goes,
 Where from the world he buries all his woes ;
 There will he dwell unnoted and unknown
 Till Death's cold hand shall claim him as his own.

It was not always so ; that man hath been
 Blessed and beloved by all his fellow men.
 When he was young he was his father's pride,
 Wealthy and honored when his father died ;

Modest and bashful, never much in luck—
 The reason why? he was not blessed with Pluck.
 When but a boy he first attended school
 He gained the *sobriquet* of “honest fool”
 Because his eyes would often fill with tears
 At the rude jests of boys of his own years.
 It is a fact—though you exclaim alas! —
 To make a noise *gold* can't compete with *brass*.

Thus at the school he gentle was and mild,
 Loved by his teachers when a little child;
 And as he grew to manhood still the same,—
 Ask who learned most and they would give his name.
 Though loved by teachers and by all the class
 He quailed to those who always dealt in brass;
 Though school's bright honors glowed before his eyes
 Rude boys less learned always took the prize.
 Though much he marveled at his want of luck,
 They should have told him 'twas the want of Pluck:
 That Pluck could carry to a point so high
 That modest merit ne'er the place could spy;
 That they who proudly rise on wings of fame,
 And on her lofty temple write each name,
 To gain the height they never trust to luck
 But always put their confidence in Pluck.

Before he left his father's quiet home
 Through the bright paths in classic fields to roam,
 To slake his thirst at science deepest fountains
 And make his mark upon her loftiest mountains,
 He'd always lived a strictly virtuous life,
 He'd never mingled in the village strife.
 Temperate he was as ever man could be,
 From every vice he'd kept himself still free;

The rosy wine for him could boast no charms,
 No siren lured him to her willing arms ;
 Accursed tobacco ne'er his mouth defiled,
 Its smoke his senses never had beguiled ;
 No love of gaming, with its magic spell,
 Had lured him onward to the gambler's hell ;
 But virtuous, modest, seemingly in luck,
 And would have ever been if blessed with Pluck.

He went to school—a stranger boy was he,
 A modest, green one—there the butt to be
 Of ruder boys who reign supreme in schools,
 Who treat the freshmen just as they'd treat fools,
 Laughed at his quiet mien, and temperate way,
 They taught him youth forever should be gay ;
 That wine will warm the blood and pleasure give
 For which the dullest long would wish to live ;
 That the cigar, when tired with mental toil
 In tracing science by the midnight oil,
 Would calm the mind, a genial influence shed,
 As curled the smoke around his learned head :
 That it hath power earth's cares to drive away,
 And change to bliss the long and weary day ;
 That cards and dice, cigars and maids and wine,
 Could change dull earth to realms almost divine.

Too soon, alas! to their advice he yields,
 Alone he cannot walk in learning's fields ;
 First, to his lip the flowing bowl is given,
 And soon he thinks himself in Bacchus' heaven.
 How strange the feeling when the wine flows free!
 The heart at first is filled with mirth and glee ;
 Then, as the wine and evening pass away,
 The hours fly fast with song and laughter gay ;

But when the night is past he seeks his bed
With slow, uncertain step and aching head.

Awhile he struggles, but he yields at last,
The first step ta'en, "the Rubicon is passed";
He can't retreat, although he feels the pain,
His foes have bound him with an iron chain,
His pride and self respect, alas! are gone,
And at their pleasure they can lead him on.
Ah, now you see beneath his manly nose
The frail cigar in all its beauty glows,
And round his light moustache and scented brow
The fragrant smoke is graceful curling now.
The cards are shuffling, and the dice are ringing,
The wine is flowing, and my hero singing;
But still my hero bashful was as ever,
He could not shake it off—oh, no, no, never!
Though he could drink and sing and smoke and play,
His bashfulness he ne'er could cast away;
Why did he yield? say, was it want of luck?
No, no! I'll tell you—'twas the want of Pluck.

His school days o'er, he seeks his home again,
Modest and bashful as he'd always been;
And now around him many an eye of blue,
And eyes of black, and eyes of hazle hue,
Were brightly beaming as he passed the street.
How beat his heart at sound of pretty feet!
But oh! his tongue he never could command!
How throbbed his heart at touch of lady's hand!
And when alone, with all a lover's care,
Some speech he would compose to lady fair;
And then, with all a schoolboy's fancy, he
The speech repeated to a stump or tree—

Calling it Mary, Sarah, or the name
 Of her whose eyes had set his heart in flame.
 Then without blushes all her praise could speak,
 But in her presence crimson was each cheek ;
 And oh ! his bashful tongue refused to tell
 What to the tree or stump 'twould speak so well.
 Bright eyes and rosy cheeks and laughter light
 Drove from his bed the god of sleep at night.
 Long on the blushing fair he cast his eyes,
 And fondly wished to seize some lovely prize ;
 To find the time he put his trust in luck,
 But oh ! he'd better far relied on Pluck.

Within the village in his native town
 There lived a deacon, and his name was Brown ;
 He'd many a ship upon the stormy main,
 He'd stores well filled, where wealth he fast did gain ;
 Broad lands had he along the river fair.
 He had one daughter—she his only heir—
 The only heir to all his wealth and land.
 She'd many a suitor for her heart and hand,
 For she was young, tall, slender, pleasing, fair,
 With modest downcast eyes, and auburn hair,
 Learned and wise—as village belles all are.
 My hero saw her : marvelled at her charms,
 And longed to clasp her in his loving arms ;
 Oft to the deacon's would he wend his way
 Just as the sun was closing up the day.
 There with the deacon and his wife he'd chat,
 Play with the dog, and hold the deacon's cat ;
 But to the daughter little did he say—
 Thus passed the time for many a weary day.
 Each day he would resolve his love to tell,
 But when he saw her, quick his courage fell,

He could not speak of love, his tongue was mute,
 Still he resolved that he would press his suit.
 At last, grown weary of his long delay
 And hope deferred while years had passed away,
 She wed another beau, a man, alas!
 With less of *brains*, but well supplied with *brass*.

My hero scarce survived the dreadful shock :
 His hopes were wrecked upon an unknown rock
 Not marked or named upon his chart of life,
 For he had fondly hoped to call her wife.
 He knew no rival for the dear one's hand
 'Till at the altar they did loving stand ;
 Then, with a breaking heart, he cursed his luck—
He might have wed her if he'd had the Pluck.

When he arrived of age he took his stand
 Among the rich and honored in the land ;
 But here again his chance of fortune failed—
 If obstacles beset his path he quailed.
 He quailed before the bustling, busy throng
 That crowded him aside and passed along ;
 For far behind he always could be found—
 Pluck forms the front and merit the background.
 On every map of life we chance to view
 Such is the fact, and what I tell is true.

If he designed rich purchases to make,
 Advice of all his friends he first must take ;
 Consult them all, and their opinions weigh,
 And think the subject o'er from day to day.
 But when at last to close the trade he tries,
 He finds, alas! that Pluck has seized the prize ;
 While of the trade he talked from day to day,
 Pluck had stepped in and stole the prize away.

Thus all his trades that well would pay the cost,
 While doubting, thinking, he forever lost.
 'Tis ever thus : the man who does not trade
 On his own judgment ne'er a fortune made ;
 If he consults his friends 'twill cause delay,
 And give Pluck time to snatch the prize away.

While he had cash for friends he did not lack,
 But when cash failed each turned on him his back ;
 While he had cash each man of him could borrow,
 On promises of payment on the morrow ;
 To none had he the courage to say nay,
 Of many never did he get his pay.

Thus robbed by friends while round the social bowl
 Where generous wine could sooth the troubled soul,
 Where curled the smoke from many a light cigar—
 Formed by the hands of maids who dwell afar
 On Cuba's isle, whose fame he loved to tell,
 Where Spain's dark daughters shall forever dwell—
 He happy was until his cash had flown,
 When that was gone they left him all alone.
 Those who hung round him when the sun did shine,
 Ate at his board, and drank his sparkling wine,
 Now know him not : and if they chance to meet
 Their former friend while passing through the street,
 They pass him by unnoticed and unknown,
 For few acquaintance with the poor will own.
 Silent he passes, cursing his ill-luck—
 All his misfortunes came from want of Pluck.

THE MAN OF PLUCK.

Now turn again and view the passing throng,
 That through the crowded street press fast along.
 See yonder man now passing through the streets,
 Noticed and honored by each man he meets ;
 See every man that chance to pass him by,
 Politely bows and strives to catch his eye.
 That man is rich : he boasts his ample store,
 His ships, like bees, are constant gathering more ;
 His friends exclaim, "O, what a man for luck!"
 But he succeeds because he's blest with Pluck.

It was not always so : that man was born
 The heir of poverty, the child of scorn ;
 He in a ruined hut his first breath drew,
 Where piercing winds around his cradle blew,
 And through the crazy roof the rain drops poured
 When the fierce tempest through the forest roared :
 His youthful dress was such as wealth bestows
 On the rude beggar to appease his woes.

But years rolled on, he grew to be a youth,
 A mother taught him honesty and truth ;
 Though poor and lowly, still her darling boy
 She watched and nurtured with a mother's joy.
 Calmed his grieved spirit when he chanced to view
 Rich boys decked out in pants and jacket new ;
 Taught him to rise soon as the morning sun,
 To labor constant till the day was done
 To aid her earn each day their daily bread ;
 And by the firelight, e'er he went to bed,
 She taught him first the plain and simple rules
 Of reading, writing, which are taught in schools.

Thus, by the firelight, hours he'd pass away
While other children were engaged in play.

All day he toiled, and when the day was done
Home to his mother's cot he quickly run,
And there the evening spent his mind to store
With learning, better than the golden ore
Of California's mine or India fair,
Or gems that Asia and Golconda bear.
There in that humble cot of want and woe,
A mother taught his heart the right to know ;
Taught him the way of honesty and truth,
That honest toil would ne'er disgrace his youth.
That if he dwelt at home or roamed afar,
Virtue was still the constant polar star ;
That from its glorious light he ne'er must stray
Though gold should tempt or sirens point the way.
If fame's bright temple he would ever see
He must press on, whate'er the dangers be ;
To gain her temple ne'er to trust in luck,
But trust in toil and energy and Pluck.

A wealthy neighboring merchant watched with joy
The acts and manners of the noble boy ;
Unknown by him he watched him every day,
Marked him at work, at home and at his play ;
Tested his virtues, tried his temper well,
Then to his home he took the boy to dwell.

How changed the scene ! he dwells in palace gay,
Sports on the marble floors in youthful play ;
No more the midnight wind his ears appall,
Or round his lowly bed the rain drops fall.
His days of want and woe are gone and past,
He's found a home, a home that long will last ;

The truth is clear, that boy will be in luck,
For he has virtue, energy and Pluck.

Now watch the boy for he is bound to rise,
He seeks for fame and means to win the prize ;
Wealth he will gather, learning's path will tread,
And worldly honors gather round his head.
But he who seeks the road to fame to measure
Must never turn from toil to seek for pleasure.

The man of old who sought the Olympic prize
From his rude bed at early morn must rise ;
Toil through the day the ponderous weight to throw,
The bar to pitch, or o'er the race to go.
His limbs to toil for years he must inure,
Privations bear and great fatigue endure ;
And when at night his daily task was done,
And in the west sunk down the blazing sun,
No flowing bowl his thirsty lips await,
No downy bed his limbs to enervate ;
On a rude plank he made his humble bed,
A block of wood was pillow for his head.
Naught did he eat but that which strength would give,
If he would win on frugal fare must live ;
He must not taste did dainties bless his eyes,
Hard he must toil if he would win the prize.

Thus 'tis with boys, whate'er their path in life,
They all should toil to meet the coming strife.
When they go forth and leave their childhood's home,
Perchance in distant lands fore'er to roam,
To win a name they ne'er should trust to luck,
But trust to temperance, honesty and Pluck.

The boy now seated at the merchant's home,
No longer friendless through the streets to roam,

With ready hand his task would quickly do,
 He did it cheerfully and faithful too.
 With work and study time flew fast away,
 And he grew wiser with each passing day.
 But why take time his progress to relate?
 Triumph on triumph must on him await
 Who works with will a noble prize to gain,
 Who swerves not though he meets with toil and pain,
 Who with an iron will still onward goes,
 Who fears not faithless friends or open foes,
 Whom scorn or slander cannot lead astray
 When faith and honor point to him the way.

My story's short, he rises fast,
 He's partner in the store at last.
 The merchant had a daughter fair,
 She was his only child and heir,
 She dearly loved the noble boy,
 The merchant marked their love with joy ;
 He felt his bosom glow with pride
 As they stood at the altar-side
 A noble groom and lovely bride.

Old Time flew on, day followed day,
 The fleeting years passed fast away ;
 And as they passed, his prudent hand
 Collected wealth from every land ;
 Gathered from every sea and shore
 The gems of price and golden ore.
 Now in his spacious mansion gay
 Are girls and boys in youthful play ;
 As through its halls they gaily spring
 Their joyous shouts do merry ring.

The merchant, with his locks of gray,
 Unto the tomb hath passed away :

And now the boy, of birth so low,
 His lands and gold with pride can show,
 And say 'twas won by toil and Pluck
 And not by accident or luck.

Now turn to the historic page
 And trace events from age to age,
 And gaze upon each favored name
 Now written on the rolls of fame ;
 See if their place they owe to luck
 Or owe to constant toil and Pluck.

In Macedon there lived a boy,
 A nation hailed his birth with joy.
 The wildest steed the boy could tame,
 He waked the nation to a flame ;
 His men he led from field to field,
 His foes they wildly fly or yield.
 Onward he goes with constant toil,
 From cities sacked he gathers spoil ;
 Triumphant on the conqueror goes
 Throughout the world in search of foes ;
 Till o'er all lands his banner flies,
 And then the boy sits down and cries
 Because no foe his pathway bars,
 And he can't reach the moon or stars.

Next view the great Napoleon
 When in its zenith glowed his sun ;
 Before its blaze how quailed the foe
 On thy red field, Borodino !
 Marengo's plain, and Lodi's bridge,
 On Egypt's sands, the Alpine ridge,
 Where his proud banners swept the foe
 Before them as by torrent's flow,

Until his sun, so bright and true,
Was veiled in night at Waterloo.

That man was once unknown to fame,
He left his home to win a name—
His island home in Corsica—
A name to win, a part to play,
Upon the busy stage of life,
And mingle in the fearful strife
Where restless spirits, keen and bold,
Were gathering laurels, power, and gold.

Although he rose from humble life,
He fearless mingled in the strife
That through the nation loud did ring
And headless left her feeble king.
From rank to rank he doth advance,
Until he guides the arms of France,
And all his foes in terror feel
The power of his avenging steel.

He constant toiled from day to day,
He loved the wild and bloody fray ;
The same on Egypt's fertile shore
As where the Russian cannon's roar ;
The same amid the Alpine snow,
Where winter winds did furious blow,
As when 'neath Egypt's burning sun
He battles fought and victories won ;
The same on St. Helena's shore,
When all his feats of arms were o'er,
As in his most victorious day,
When Europe trembled at his sway.

Napoleon wore as sweet a smile
When banished to fair Elba's isle,

As when in Russia's northern sky
 He saw his eagles proudly fly.
 He won his fame by toil and Pluck,
 And not by accident or luck.

Now turn again to Gaul's bright sky,
 O'er history's page now turn your eye ;
 Turn back through many a weary year,
 Summon the actors to appear.
 Bid England's Henrys to advance,
 Call all the noble sons of France,
 Until the battle field we see,
 And hear the shouts of victory.
 See England's banners sweep the sky,
 The hosts of France before them fly ;
 The field is cumbered with the dying,
 The king of France in terror flying,
 His army routed, killed on ta'en,
 His noblest lifeless on the plain,
 They flee in haste themselves to save
 From prison, torture, or the grave—
 The king of France flies in despair
 While shouts of victory fill the air.
 All, all seemed lost, his crown and all,
 His kingdom tottering to its fall ;
 His nobles could no comfort bring—
 He soon must yield to England's king.

But see yon tall and slender maid ¹
 In humble peasant's dress arrayed ;
 Modest and bashful is her mien,
 Unused to public gaze, I ween.

¹ This is not strictly according to history, and perhaps hardly comes within the poet's license, but is in substance true as to her freeing France from the power of England.

She ne'er had seen the battle plain,
 Or trod the field among the slain ;
 She was unused to war's alarms,
 And ne'er had heard the din of arms,
 Yet to her king, on bended knee,
 She promised glorious victory.
 If she might lead his broken band
 She promised to redeem the land
 From every foe, and quickly bring
 Unto his throne the flying king.

Now see her on her prancing steed,
 The bravest knights she now doth lead ;
 Before her wild and piercing eye
 See, see the routed squadrons fly !
 Where'er she moves her foes retire,
 On armor bright her sword strikes fire ;
 Where'er the fight doth hottest grow
 There you can see her plume of snow ;
 Though spears and arrows round her fly
 All harmless pass the maiden by.
 The battle o'er the maid they bring
 And Joan of Arc kneels to the king :
 " Great king," she said, " my task is o'er,
 Thy foes have gone from every shore,
 Thy haughty British foes have fled
 Or silent slumber with the dead.
 Thy lilies now triumphant fly—
 Hear, hear the victors' joyous cry !
 Now far and wide the glad notes ring,
 Now fare you well, my honored king ;
 And as my days of toil are o'er
 I'll seek my humble cot once more,

And till thy servant's dying day
 For you, my king, I'll constant pray."
 Say, was France saved by chance or luck?
 Or was it that brave maiden's Pluck
 That checked the flying troops of France,
 And fearless guided the advance
 And led them on from field to field
 Till unto France the Britons yield?

Now turn your eyes to Plymouth Rock,
 See gathered there a little flock :
 It was a cold December day,
 The Mayflower at her anchor lay,
 And on her deck, for praise and prayer,
 See men and matrons gathered there
 Who left their homes on England's shore,
 And fearless crossed the waters o'er,
 In the New World to seek a home
 Where foot of tyrant ne'er shall come.

In fancy, with them take your stand
 And turn your eyes upon the land ;
 See the dark forest proudly rise
 Where'er to land you turn your eyes.
 There through the night the wolf doth howl,
 And there the bear doth furious growl,
 And there the pather wildly springs,
 And there the Indian war-whoop rings.
 These men heed not the winds that blow,
 They heed not now the falling snow,
 But on that wild and friendless shore
 They seek a home where evermore
 They can in peace their God adore.

Before that small and fearless band
 The pathless forests darkly stand ;

Before these men, from day to day,
 The forests wild pass fast away.
 See dwellings rise where late the wood
 In all its ancient grandeur stood ;
 The bears and wolves flee fast away,
 And e'en the red man cannot stay.
 The farms are cleared, see cities rise
 With temples pointing to the skies ;
 Where late we saw the birch canoe
 The mills and factories meet our view ;
 Where late the red man chased the deer
 A thousand lowing herds appear ;
 The hills where late the wolf did keep
 See now are white with flocks of sheep ;
 And where the Indian sought his prey
 The iron steed now takes its way ;
 And where the Indian late held sway
 A powerful nation dwells to-day.

What cleared the fields and raised the grain ?
 What built the cities on the plain ?
 What leveled down the mountains' side,
 And bridged the rivers swift and wide ?
 The factories built the loom to speed ?
 Chained to the car the iron steed ?
 Called down the lightning from the sky
 And bade it on our errands fly ?
 Say, was it accident or luck,
 Or was it science, toil and Pluck ?

PART SECOND.

THE WORLD AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Now turn from history's page away
 And view the world as 'tis to-day,
 As seen from some tall mountain height
 Without a cloud to dim the sight ;
 And with a magic glass the eye
 Will mark the scenes that pass it by.
 Now watch with me the passing throng,
 See countless millions press along ;
 See every class, the young, the old,
 The weak, the lame, the strong, the bold ;
 See youth in health, devoid of care,
 See trembling age, with hoary hair :
 But trembling age and youthful bloom
 Are hastening onward to the tomb ;
 And as they journey to their rest,
 What different thoughts inspire each breast.

How few are thinking of the day
 When they from earth must pass away ;
 And fewer still prepared for Heaven
 If the dread call this day were given.
 How few there are that worship God,
 And joyfully kiss the chast'ning rod,
 Though all can see, from hour to hour,
 The works of an Almighty Power,
 Who for our light hath made the sun,
 And round it made the planets run ;

Placed o'er the earth the sky of blue,
 With stars like diamonds shining through,
 And constant watches o'er them all—
 Unless He wills, no sparrows fall.
 He sees us when we laugh or weep,
 And guards our pillow while we sleep ;
 Yet, though He guards us night and day,
 His love how little we repay.
 But there are some who constant toil,
 Whose lamps are trimmed and filled with oil,
 Who all their God's commands obey,
 And patient wait the destined day
 When they in joyous notes shall sing
 The praises of their Lord and King.

What seek the crowd that press along
 With eyes so keen and steps so strong?
 Except the few who love God's name
 The rest are seeking gold and fame.
 But many try in what they do
 To worship God and Mammon too ;
 To toil for gold each working day
 And on the Sabbath sing and pray.
 They cheat and lie throughout the week
 And Sundays of God's mercy speak,
 And fraud and gold and pride and fame
 Combine with Jesus' holy name.

And now in proof of what I say
 Go to the church with me to-day,
 And while the priest is setting forth
 The terrors of God's holy wrath,
 Calling on them to come to God
 And thus escape the threatening rod ;

Points out the charms of Heaven divine,
 With streets of gold and gems that shine,
 The glorious crown that each may win
 Who turns to Christ and conquers sin ;
 Points out the way that they must come—
 Like little children to their home—
 Trusting in God that they shall be
 His children through eternity ;
 Believing in Christ's word as given
 That they shall dwell with Him in Heaven ;
 That Christ did love frail man so well
 He came awhile on earth to dwell
 And take from man his sins away
 And save him from that wrathful day
 When saints to God shall bend the knee
 And sinners from His presence flee.

He came not as the conqueror comes,
 With horsemen, banners, spears and drums,
 For men of rank and high estate
 Will rarely enter Heaven's gate ;
 But to the meek and low are given
 The pleasures that are found in Heaven.
 Lo, in a manger He was born,
 Of lowly birth, the child of scorn ;
 And while from place to place He fled,
 He had no place to lay His head.
 He healed the sick, He cured the blind,
 And quieted the troubled mind ;
 The winds and waves, at His behest,
 Were stilled upon the sea's rough crest.
 The dead at His command have risen,
 And He hath ope'd the way to Heaven ;
 And pointed how the meek and low,
 When flames shall rise and tempests blow,

Shall follow in the road He trod
 And join Him round the throne of God,
 While all the proud, the rich and great,
 In fear and trembling shall await
 The sentence which, their judgments tell,
 Will soon consign their souls to Hell.

While thus the priest vile sin portrays,
 If round the church you chance to gaze
 And view the crowd assembled there,
 How many, think you, are at prayer?
 How many, by the standard given,
 Are there prepared to enter Heaven?
 How many, think you, daily bless
 The widow and the fatherless?
 And do they all the hungry feed?
 The naked clothe in time of need?
 The sick relieve? the humble raise
 And not demand of man the praise?
 And don't they let their left hands know
 The good their right hands sometimes do?

In the front pew you there behold
 Miss F, arrayed in silk and gold,
 The fairest maid with sweetest smile,
 And bonnet of the latest style.
 Dressed *a la mode* with greatest care,
 In newëst fashion is her hair ;
 And all that art can do or tell
 She's done to be the reigning belle.

Yet still she with the saints can pray,
 And claims her sins are washed away ;
 And oft partakes the bread and wine
 Arrayed in silks and gems that shine.

Her gems are of the richest mould,
 Her bible-clasps are pearls and gold ;
 The cushion where she kneels to pray
 With gold and diamonds glitters gay.
 And does she treasure up each word
 That from the priest this day she's heard?
 Why does her bosom heave the sigh?
 Why stands the tear-drop in her eye?
 Is it his words that touch her heart
 And cause the pearly tear to start
 To think that friends and kin should go
 Down to the realms of endless woe?

Ah, 'tis no word the priest has said,
 For friends no pearly tear is shed ;
 Far other thoughts her bosom swell—
 What was the text? she cannot tell—
 She has not heard a word to-day
 Of all the priest so well did say.

When first to church this day she came
 Herself to show, her homage claim,
 Miss B, her rival, she saw there,
 Dressed, like herself, with greatest care ;
 But ah! the pang that touched her breast—
 Miss B was far the richest drest !
 Just from the city—latest style—
 And then she did so sweetly smile !
 'Twas this that caused Miss F such woe,
 'Twas this that caused the tears to flow.

How many thus to church will go,
 Like fair Miss F, themselves to show ;
 For each new dress they have to wear
 Will call them to the house of prayer.

There's naught will tempt a maid to pray
 Like splendid dress or bonnet gay ;
 Unless these treasures meet her eyes
 God's house is left, religion dies.

The task is vain for me to show
 The thoughts that through the bosoms flow
 Of maids and matrons gathered there
 Within that house of praise and prayer.
 While some do dress and bonnet scan,
 Some witching eyes are turned on man.
 There you may see the glances sly
 From roguish youth and maiden's eye,
 Which to those dear one's speak so well
 What bashful tongues refuse to tell.

There's Deacon J of great renown
 For piety within the town ;
 A pillar of the church divine,
 Partaker of the bread and wine ;
 A banker rich, a merchant bold,
 Whose store is filled with wealth and gold ;
 See him at church, what stately grace !
 Religion shines o'er all his face.
 Now see him in the deacon's chair—
 What is he thinking of while there ?
 Say, is it of a Savior's grace
 That now lights up his manly face ?
 Is it religion's charms divine
 That cause his eyes so bright to shine ?
 Is it the joys from Heaven that flow
 That gives his face so rich a glow ?
 Ah, no ! 'tis not the joys of Heaven
 This flush unto his face hath given.

But yesterday there to him came
 (To you I will not speak his name)
 A brother merchant, long his friend,
 Who asked him if he would not lend
 A thousand pounds? he answered "No—
 But friend, I'll tell you, I will go,
 Your goods I'll buy, the cash I'll pay,
 And take them off this very day :
 But, sir, a discount you must make,
 And I'll select the goods I take."

The trade is closed, the cash is paid,
 And in his store the goods are laid ;
 And while the priest talks loud of fate
 The deacon thinks the trade was great.
 He longs to have the service o'er
 That he may enter sly his store,
 With blinds fast closed from every eye,
 Except the God who reigns on high,
 His goods to mark and pack away
 For sale upon the coming day.

But while impatient thus he waits,
 He casts his eyes on neighbor Bates ;
 He sees consumption's hectic glow
 Flash darkly o'er his face of snow.
 " Ah, me !" the deacon heavy sighs,
 " That man is sick, and when he dies
 The town must for his children care,
 And I must pay for them my share.
 The man owes me—the sum is small,
 If I collect 'twill take his all
 And leave him sick in deep distress,
 What he will do I cannot guess.

But I've a wife and children too,
 For them I must collect my due :
 Poor Bates ! I pity much thy fate,
 But for my pay I cannot wait."

Such are the men you constant meet,
 Such dwell in every lane and street ;
 Through the whole week they'll cheat each day,
 And Sundays they will sing and pray :
 Such are the men deserve the rod—
 They do not love or worship God.

Now turn unto the crowd again
 That swift are rushing o'er the plain.
 See yon beau so trim and neat,
 Dressed so slick and smells so sweet,
 Scent of musk and oil of rose
 Fill the air where'er he goes.
 Look him o'er, and search him round.
 In his pockets may be found—
 Hold ! you should the secret keep,
 Let those bottles quiet sleep !
 Filled with liquor, oh, ye gods !
 Sure to "kill at forty rods."
 In those pockets deep they lie,
 Not design'd for beauty's eye :
 By their side, not distant far,
 Lies the fragrant, loved cigar.
 With cigars and bottles lay
 Cards to pass the hours away,
 With pistols and a bowie knife
 Lest mirth perchance should end in strife.
 In those pockets' ample fold
 There is neither bills nor gold ;

Wealth he squanders not away
 Bread to buy or debts to pay ;
 The little cash comes always handy
 To fill the flask with “*r. g.*” brandy.¹
 If devoid of cash, alas !
 He is well supplied with brass.

He can boast his rings and chains,
 Hair supplies the place of brains ;
 On his head how sleek his hair,
 Black the boots he deigns to wear.
 Graceful tied is his cravat,
 Newest fashion is his hat ;
 On his lip the moustache curls,
 Sweet he smiles on all the girls ;
 With what grace he wields a fan !
 Is not he a ladies’ man ?
 When he walks the street in pride
 Honest merit steps aside ;
 Worth and talent can’t compare
 With scent of musk and well-curled hair.

By him see yon lovely belle,
 Bound as by a magic spell ;
 See her bosom heave with pride
 As she lingers by his side.
 She may well deserve his care,
 From the barber’s came the hair
 Which doth deck her lovely head
 And graceful o’er her shoulders spread.
 The rosy cheek, the neck of snow,
 Paris shops on her bestow ;
 And those teeth so pure and white,
 Giving to the eye delight,

¹ Commonly called “rot-gut” brandy—a base compound of neutral spirit, drugs, &c.

Which so well the mouth do fill,
 Owe their charms to dental skill ;
 And that bust, divinely fair,
 Venus might be proud to wear,
 When encircled by his arms
 Owes to *cotton* all its charms.

See, as arm in arm they go,
 Don't they make a goodly show?
 As they mingle in the crowd
 None like them appear so proud ;
 I can hear the crowd all say
 There are none so fair and gay.
 And as through the dance they swim
 She is just a match for him—
 Just a match, for neither one
 A noble deed has ever done.
 No blessings follow where they tread
 For naked clothed, or hungry fed ;
 The only bliss that they possess
 Is sensual pleasure, pomp and dress.

See 'mid the crowd the constant strife
 Of those who walk in humble life
 To imitate, in state and dress,
 The men who countless gold possess.
 At church you see them dressed as gay
 As those who can their millions sway ;
 Perchance those silks may cover rags,
 Or garments made of coffee-bags.
 Their costly dress they show with pride,
 Their poverty they strive to hide.

Go to their homes, then tell to me,
 When you come back, what there you see :

You'll find the parlor, I've no doubt,
With chairs and sofas well set out ;
A carpet, threadbare, brushed and neat,
With rugs on which to rest the feet.
But do not put the rugs aside
Lest from the eye a hole they hide ;
And to the kitchen do not go
For fear you will not like the show ;
They would not like to have your eyes
Survey their pantry, meats and pies,
Or e'en an inventory make
Of puddings, jellies, fruit and cake.

There three fair maidens now possess,
Between them all, one splendid dress—
So fitted that 'tis worn by all—
But one can go to church or ball,
Or meet you when you chance to call.
To please you she will sing or play,
Her sisters all have gone away
She'll say, if one you wish to see,
“ Perhaps she'll be at home by three,
And if you wish to see her then,
Be pleased, my dear, to call again.”
Much pleasure they must thus forego
Who vainly strive to make a show.

PART THIRD.

Now I'll point out the way to live,
 And some advice to all I'll give,
 Which if you'll follow, you will say
 For coming here you've got your pay,
 And as the years pass swiftly o'er
 For this you'll bless me more and more.

Ye youths, to you I first will speak,
 Your peace and happiness I seek ;
 And though you cannot all win fame
 You all can win an honored name.
 None, who with common sense is blessed,
 Of common health and strength possessed,
 But wealth can win, and take his stand
 Among the honored in the land.

Are you a clerk? obey with care
 Whate'er your master's wishes are ;
 His interests guard from day to day,
 And doubly watch when he's away. •
 And when your daily task is o'er
 Read some good book the mind to store
 With wealth that ne'er on wings will fly,
 But always serve you till you die.
 And never try to make a dash
 By stealing your employer's cash ;
 Or spirits raise or sorrows drown
 By pouring rum or brandy down ;
 Or make your midnight slumbers light
 By eating meat or pie at night ;

Or ever dream the siren's kiss
Is foretaste of connubial bliss.

Are you a humble farmer's boy?
How sweet the life you now enjoy!
You cannot dream the tears that flow
From vice and sin, from want and woe.
You happy toil from day to day,
Rise with the lark and sing as gay,
Without a thought of grief or sorrow
Or dread of want upon the morrow.
You happy tillers of the soil,
With hands and limbs inured to toil,
Don't fear to meet the millionaire,
Or proudest lord, or lady fair.
Though plain and humble is your dress
And they rich clothes and gems possess,
Their stores of gold and gems that shine
They'd give for health and strength like thine.
Have Pluck to toil each working day,
Don't pine for clothes and trinkets gay,
But let your object be to get
A farm and stock uncursed by debt.

Ye youths who now on school attend,
Let me advise you as a friend
Your teachers always to obey
And from your class ne'er be away.
Let no excuse but sickness be,
For lesson lost, e'er made by thee;
Do every task the rules require
And for the honors thus aspire.
When in the west down sinks the sun,
And when the daily task is done,

Then you, with spirits light and gay,
 Should blithely join in work or play,
 Such games as health and strength bestow
 And cause the blood to lightly flow
 And quickly through the system dance,
 And give the eye a keener glance,
 And health and strength again renew
 That you the morrow's task may do.

In ancient days 'twas wisely said
 "Look not upon the wine when red:"
 Oh, never let your youthful lip
 The flowing goblet fondly sip;
 Oh, never on the wine cup gaze
 Though Bacchus crown the bowl with bays;
 Though beauty's eyes, when gleaming bright,
 And lovely lips to drink invite.
 Though it may tempt the youthful eye,
 Have Pluck to pass the poison by
 Before it is too late to save
 Your body from the drunkard's grave.

Let not tobacco ever spread
 Her filthy favors round thy head;
 Fill not thy lungs with its foul breath,
 To all that live it causes death.
 Save man and worms¹ naught else is found,
 That swims the sea or walks the ground
 Or through the air on light wings fly,
 But fed on it will quickly die.
 Whate'er the form in which 'tis seen
 'Tis hateful, poisonous and unclean;

¹ I am told there is also a species of goat that will eat tobacco, and will acquire this disgusting habit.

In snuff, though great is its renown,
 The yellow, maccaboy and brown,
 Though some may hail them all with joy,
 All finer feelings they destroy ;
 They give to man a filthy air,
 And soon his senses will impair.
 And woman, gentle, virtuous, pure,
 Its presence never should endure ;
 She may refuse, e'en in a huff,
 A kiss from heads when filled with snuff.

Let not the taste, that Nature gave,
 For weed so deadly ever crave ;
 Though loved and honored in the land,
 "Lone Jack," or "Honey Dew," or "hand,"
 Shun, shun them as you would the grave,
 Or else they'li make of you a slave !
 A slave to filth, a slave to care,
 A slave whose chains are worse to bear
 Than any on the southern shore
 Where rebel cannon thundering roar.

Think of the filth, where'er you go,
 That constant from your mouth will flow,
 In parlor gay, in hall or bower,
 At noonday meal or evening hour.
 Or if perchance you wish to sip
 The nectar sweet from beauty's lip,
 'Twill be as said by voice divine—
 She'll cast her pearls before a swine.
 And yet no swine—pray be content—
 E'er gave to earth so vile a scent
 As lips when filled with weed like this
 When proffered for a loving kiss.

God watches man with constant care,
 Man's lungs He made to breathe pure air ;
 When from the earth foul vapors rise
 With storms the air He purifies ;
 The human lungs, by God's pure mind.
 For smoke-pipes never were designed.

When weary, at the close of day,
 You on your couch reclining lay,
 While underneath your sharpening nose
 The frail cigar in splendor glows,
 While thus reclined, with every breath,
 You're drinking in the seeds of death ;
 The seeds that rapidly will shoot
 And soon perchance will bear ripe fruit.
 The fruit may be the hectic glow
 O'er wasted form and cheek of snow,
 Or trembling limbs and yellow skin
 That shows dyspepsia dwells within
 The temple, now that's filled with pain,
 Where perfect health so late did reign.

And happy you if dies life's flame
 Undimmed by poverty or shame ;
 For where Tobacco holds her reign
 Intemperance follows in her train ;
 They constant travel hand in hand,
 And riot through our happy land.
Shun them, whatever form they wear,
 Or to your grave their chains you'll bear.

If you from Fame would win a prize
 Upon her temple fix your eyes ;
 Although the path is rough and steep,
 Toil on, toil on and constant keep

The height in view : don't turn away
 For ease or pleasure night or day ;
 The more the talent you possess
 The harder you should onward press.
 If you in pleasure's fields should tread
 Those late behind will get ahead ;
 How toil can win, however slow,
 By fable I to you will show :

F A B L E .

A Turtle did a wager lay
 With a Rabbit, young and gay,
 That he the Rabbit would outrun
 In any race agreed upon.
 "'Tis done!" the Rabbit quick replied,
 " We'll run upon the mountain side,
 And he who first the height shall make
 A splendid prize shall surely take."

They started for the mountain top,
 The Rabbit gave a lively hop
 And instant left his foe behind
 Alone the untried path to find.
 The Turtle up the mountain pressed,
 His eye fixed ever on the crest ;
 He constant toiled, ne'er turned aside
 For ease or pleasure, thirst or pride.
 He rested neither day nor night
 Until he reached the mountain height,
 And on the highest point sat down
 And calmly looked o'er tower and town.

He gazed o'er valley, hill and plain
To find the Rabbit, but in vain ;
And though he'd reached the mountain height,
The scornful Rabbit wan't in sight.

The Rabbit, when he leaped away,
Thus to himself did proudly say :
“ The race I'll win : he goes so slow
That I'll seek pleasure as I go.
I'll sport as I go up the mountain,
I'll drink at every bubbling fountain,
The flowers I'll crop from daisies gay,
And with young rabbits sport and play.
I'll rest me in some fairy bower
From burning sun and drenching shower ;
With some dear rabbit, young and fair,
The night I'll spend in pleasures rare.
And when Aurora's blushing light
Shall first invade the realms of night,
When with the dawn my eyes are blest
I'll seek at once the mountain's crest ;
So slow is that poor Turtle's gait
I there for her full long must wait.”

As he had said, in sport and play
The winged hours flew fast away ;
At times he leaped from flower to flower,
Now sported in some fairy bower,
Followed where pleasure led the way,
Mixed with the thoughtless and the gay.
Thus idly did he spend his hours,
Unscorched by sun, undrenched by showers,
Until at last the mountain's height
Rose full and clear before his sight.

How sunk his spirits late so gay,
 When, silent, there before him lay,
 With smiling face and beaming eyes,
 The late scorned Turtle with the prize!

So 'tis with boys of talents rare
 Who have not Pluck hard toil to bear;
 They find, when many years have fled,
 The turtles always are ahead.

And, while you toil for fame and place,
 Fly from the siren's fond embrace;
 Though decked in colors gay and bright
 They're charnel-houses painted white.

You'll find it is a pleasure rare
 To often meet the virtuous fair,
 And join with them from day to day
 In modest sport and youthful play.
 To hear their merry voices ring,
 Sweet as the lark in early spring,
 Will evil passions cause to fly
 And all your bosoms purify.

Oh, never cause one loving heart
 A single moment's pain or smart;
 And never promise to her make
 Which you do then intend to break.
 Oh, never in an evil hour
 Enter the trusting maiden's bower,
 As did the serpent Eden's gate,
 That holy place to desolate.
 "Poor are the trophies of seduction's art,
 Which but to triumph subjugates the heart,"

And from her happy home the maid shall bring
 And cast her forth a vile, degraded thing.
 From friends and home without a warning hurled
 Alone and friendless, on a heartless world,
 Though lately loved and honored was her name,
 Too oft, alas! to lead a life of shame.

What pains or torments ever can atone
 For promised bliss, alas! forever flown?
 What punishment can ever balm impart
 To purge the shame, or heal the bleeding heart?
 If there's a crime that is abhorred of Heaven,
 If there's a crime that ne'er will be forgiven,
 If there's a crime will cause the soul to dwell
 Eternal ages in the fires of Hell,
 'Tis his who, with the serpent's wily art,
 Seeks first to win a virtuous maiden's heart,
 When won, to ruin—then, without delay,
 Debased, dishonored, friendless, casts away.

Young ladies, now a word or two
 Of kind advice I'll give to you:
 First, as to health—don't spend your time
 Like hot-house plants in northern clime;
 Don't spend the day in parlor fair,
 In crowded rooms and heated air;
 With novels do not pass the day,
 Or cards and dice the night away.
 Don't sit all day, demure and prim,
 With waist tight-laced to make it slim;
 Don't shun the sun lest his pure light
 Should tinge your cheeks now snowy white.

Rise from your beds at dawn of day,
 And in the fields and woodlands stray;

'Twill give your cheeks a richer glow
 Than Paris shops on you bestow.
 In dresses you should not be found
 That sweep the street or trail the ground ;
 These in the parlor show with pride,
 But not upon the mountain side.
 And do not fear at set of sun
 Along the village streets to run,
 The hoop to drive, the quoit to throw,
 Or through the merry dance to go.
 If health and strength you deign to prize,
 They're found in air and exercise ;
 One trip upon the mountain height,
 Where air is pure and heart is light,
 More health and strength will cause to flow
 Than all the doctors can bestow.

I hope to see each smiling fair
 Have Pluck to be—just what they are.
 Now unto me I pray draw near
 And let me whisper in your ear :
 You all are wishing, well I know,
 A partner for your weal or woe ;
 The constant object of your life
 To make some man a worthy wife.

There are but few men in the land,
 Who seek a maiden's heart and hand,
 Who do not wish to have a wife
 Assist him in the voyage of life.
 One who, if adverse winds prevail,
 Could lend a hand to furl a sail ;
 Who, if his arm should palsied be,
 Could guide the bark along the sea,

Not leave the ship of winds the sport
 But safely guide her into port.
 Such are the wives that men most prize,
 They're worth ten thousand butterflies
 Who only live to make a show,
 And spend a fortune as they go.

Though fops may prize you for your dress,
 Or for the charms that you possess,
 The man of sense, who seeks a wife
 To dwell with him in calm and strife,
 Who calls upon a working day
 Had rather see you work than play :
 Had rather see you making bread,
 Or cleaning house, or quilting spread,
 Than on the sofa careless lying—
 O'er some tale of fiction crying—
 Arrayed in silks and laces fine,
 Adorned with gems from India's mine,
 With pearls from Afric's burning shore
 Encased in California's ore.
 Don't fear that men should you behold
 Arrayed in bonnet three months old,
 Or dresses which have been displayed
 Three times before on promenade.
 Though fops to you perchance won't speak,
 The men of sense your hands will seek ;
 They'll see your hearts are true and brave,
 And not proud fashion's humble slave.

It costs so much a wife to dress
 That many won't a wife possess ;
 The young men see them passing by,
 They gaze on each gay butterfly,

Call on them in their parlors gay
 And with them pass the eve away.
 They leave them wrapped in sweet delight,
 But when they seek their rest at night
 They count the cost of birds so gay
 And find their income will not pay.
 They either lead a single life,
 Or else they do select as wife
 Some lovely, worthy, humble maid,
 In unpretending dress arrayed.
 How marvel all the butterflies
 That such a maid should win the prize ;
 They little think their splendid dress
 Lost them the men they would possess.

This is the secret, it is true,
 I now confide it unto you :
 Would you a worthy man possess?
 Convince him you're no slave to dress ;
 If you would ever be his bride
 Convince him neither pomp nor pride
 Will waste his earnings, sink his cash,
 And ruin him to make a dash.
 But that you arm in arm will go
 And share with him his weal or woe,
 And never fret for silks to wear
 When he has not the cash to spare.

But if you'd happy be through life
 Show no great haste to be a wife ;
 The fisherman must patient wait,
 And skillful hide the hook with bait,
 To lure the *trout* from out the brook—
 Though *shiners* bite the naked hook.

The ball-room is no place to find
 A husband, constant, loving, kind ;
 For many who can sing and play,
 Who at a ball are blithe and gay,
 With dazzling wit and learned mind,
 Are blacklegs of the meanest kind ;
 Who through the day will drink and fight,
 And in low brothels spend the night.

Should any youth sue for your hand,
 Ask him if he can wealth command
 To furnish you a humble cot
 If you consent to share his lot?
 If he talks love on bended knees
 Ask him if he has bread and cheese
 To feed two mouths, laid up in store,
 With prospect fair for feeding more?
 Though love, 'tis said, is warm and sweet.
 Still man must sometimes drink and eat ;
 The honeymoon we cannot bear
 With naught to eat and naught to wear :
 You'd better always old maids be
 Than wed to want and penury.

If any for your hand aspire,
 About his past life you inquire ;
 And if you find within his breast
 That virtue doth forever rest,
 His actions noble, frank and true,
 With heart to dare and hand to do,
 Though he doth live in humble life
 You need not fear to be his wife ;
 A noble heart and skillful hand
 Should be preferred to gold and land.

But should you on inquiry find
 That vice had triumphed o'er his mind,
 That when o'er earth night's curtains fell
 He silent sought the gambler's hell,
 Or, with a more licentious flame,
 He seeks the dens of vice and shame,
 You'd better wed the cold, dark grave
 Than be the wife of such a knave.

If you should find his wily arts
 Has left behind him bleeding hearts ;
 That curses rest upon his head
 For peace destroyed, or virtue fled,
 Though he may be of wealth possessed,
 With noble friends and kindred blessed,
 Oh, shun him as a serpent vile,
 For in his heart there is more guile
 Than in the serpent who had power
 To banish Eve from Eden's bower.

If he's intemperate, firmly say
 To all his questions, simply "nay ;"
 You'd better, than the drunkard wed,
 Of thorns and thistles make your bed.
 If you should be a drunkard's wife
 You're sadly cursed throughout your life ;
 Your wealth will vanish, peace will fly,
 And want and grief their place supply.

The man who doth a wooing come
 Should never smell of gin or rum ;
 If when your lover tries to sip
 The nectar from your ruby lip,
 When of his love he tries to tell,
 Then if his breath doth strongly smell

Of essences, this to him say,
 "Have you been drinking aught to-day?"
 For oft a man to drink a slave
 Awhile his character may save,
 And, while he sits close by your side,
 With drugs the fumes of rum can hide.
 Now when those drugs by chance you smell
 Too oft intemperance there doth dwell;
 Oh, never marry till you know
 The drugs conceal no deadly foe.

The man who for your hand doth sue
 Should always have some work to do;
 Some trade or business that will give
 A guarranty that he can live,
 And find his wife a home and bed,
 And furnish clothes and meat and bread,
 And not on parents to depend
 For bread to eat and cash to spend.
 Nor idly pass his time away
 While parents the expenses pay.
 Shun such, for when the parents die
 The cash they get will quickly fly;
 For if they can't a living get,
 The cash they'll spend and be in debt;
 And when they find the fountain dry
 The stream that flows will quickly die.
 So he, who for support depends
 On parents, kindred, or on friends,
 Must, when the fountain stops its flow,
 Sink helpless down in want and woe.

Ye farmers, happiest of mankind,
 Some good advice to you I find:

The human race by you are fed,
 To you we look for meat and bread ;
 You furnish it, and when 'tis sold,
 From us you constant gather gold—
 The just reward for skill and toil
 In gathering products from the soil.

For profit, don't a large farm buy,
 Though boundless space may please the eye ;
 Don't o'er ten acres heedless run
 To gather what should grow on one.
 Plow deep into the generous soil,
 'Twill well repay you for your toil ;
 Manure it well, the weeds destroy,
 And splendid crops you will enjoy.
 Keep up your fences strong and high,
 And on them constant keep your eye :
 If this you'll follow through your life
 'Twill save a large amount of strife
 In neighborhoods so often born
 When cattle spoil your wheat and corn.

See to your stock, and always keep
 The best of horses, cows and sheep ;
 The highland pastures, warm and sweet,
 Give largest stock and fattest meat.
 Though when the sun the hills shall dry
 The lowlands then will feed supply.
 But too much stock don't try to keep,
 Have feed enough for cows and sheep ;
 Ten cows well kept more milk will give
 Than thirty starved—though they may live.

See that pure water can be found
 Within your fertile pasture ground ;

Place salt where they can eat each day,
 It will the trouble well repay.
 If they have water, pure and sweet,
 With grass enough for them to eat,
 Your cattle then will rapid grow,
 Your cows with milk will bounteous flow ;
 The farmer then with pleasure sees
 The gold from butter, beef and cheese.
 When winter winds shall furious blow
 Guard well your stock from cold and snow ;
 See that they all have what they'll eat
 Of that that's wholesome, pure and sweet ;
 And feed them well with hay and grain
 And through the season they will gain,
 In size and flesh, through winter's snow
 As when in pastures green they go.

If you by chance should look around
 Too many farmers can be found
 Whose stock, when winter winds first blow,
 When first the fields are clothed in snow,
 Are fat and sleek—but e'er the spring
 Shall melt the snow and grass shall bring,
 With flesh all gone, can scarcely go,
 And some perchance will feast the crow.

See that your barns are tight and warm,
 To shield your cattle from the storm ;
 Keep your stock warm and carded neat,
 And give them water pure and sweet
 And you will save one-fourth they'd eat
 If left exposed to rain and snow,
 Or in cold barns are forced to go,
 Through whose wide cracks the piercing wind
 Their lean and shivering sides can find.

If large your barns, your house should be
 A cot beneath a spreading tree ;
 Built warm and plain, convenient, too,
 For those who have the work to do.
 Don't build your house so large and gay
 That you must sell the farm to pay.
 Don't sell your farm to get the cash
 To make in other trades a dash :
 Full many a farmer you can tell
 Who on his farm was doing well,
 Who, 'cause the profits were too slow,
 Must to some other business go—
 To buying stock and keeping store
 Who failed before the year was o'er.

Can you name one who's changed to trade
 Who ever yet a dollar made?
 Can you name one, who ever yet
 Possessed a farm—was free from debt,
 That sold his farm in trade to be
 But soon was sunk in bankruptcy?

Would you a thrifty farmer be?
 To all your business you must see ;
 You can't expect to profit make
 Unless strict care you constant take.
 You can't expect your men to work
 If you the burden try to shirk ;
 If at the tavern you will stay
 Your men at home will surely play.
 Watch every leak however small,
 The little leaks may cause your fall ;
 The little streams, combining, make
 The river and the spacious lake.

The little leaks allowed to be
 Will sink the largest ships at sea ;
 The leak so small you scarce can spy
 Will drain the largest vessel dry.

Though you must watch the leaks with care,
 Give to the poor a generous share ;
 With barns well filled and grain in store
 Let none go hungry from your door.
 From God's own hand your riches flow—
 With liberal hand your gifts bestow ;
 Whate'er you give are you not told
 Shall be returned—yes, many fold?
 Besides the joy your acts will give
 The poor will love you while you live.

Ye merchants, would you profits make?
 Some good advice from me pray take :
 And first, in all you do or say,
 Be strictly honest every day.
 And let it be your settled plan
 To justly deal with every man ;
 Use no deceit your goods to sell,
 And all defects be sure to tell.
 About your goods don't stand and lie
 E'en strangers to induce to buy ;
 When they find out you honest trade
 Your fortune then is surely made ;
 Your business then full fast will grow
 And wealth into your coffers flow.

But should they find you cheat and lie,
 Then of your store they will be shy ;
 The money that by fraud is made
 Is balanced by the loss of trade.

If you by fraud should gather spoil
 Soon on your head it will recoil ;
 But few who constant cheat and lie
 Are worth a dollar when they die.
 It costs so much to be a knave
 The profits you can never save ;
 The lawyers' fees you have to pay
 Will sweep the profits all away,
 And fast from you your cash will fly—
 Despised and penniless you'll die.

Ye doctors now stand forth, I pray,
 And I a word to you will say :
 To you we look when ills prevail,
 When pains our trembling limbs assail ;
 When chills prostrate and fevers burn,
 With anxious hearts to you we turn.
 We trust to you that you may save
 Our loved ones from an early grave ;
 All that we love we trust to you—
 Have you prepared that work to do?

Say, have you deeply studied man
 On any scientific plan?
 Have you spent days the nerves to trace?
 Searched every bone and marked its place?
 Long, weary months did you endure
 To trace disease, its cause and cure?
 Did you around the sick bed stay
 To watch the vital spark decay?
 And did you scenes of pain endure
 That you the sick might learn to cure?
 Or did you spend each day and night
 In merry sport and laughter light,

And only doctor us to-day
That you from us may draw the pay?

If you would gather gold and fame,
And leave behind an honored name,
Watch o'er your patients every day
As though you cared not for your pay :
Call oft, inquiries constant make
Of the effect of what they take.
Too many drugs you must not use,
Let nature cure while you amuse ;
Keep the mind cheerful, it will give
Your patients better chance to live.
Be a good nurse, more good 'twill do
Than all the drugs now owned by you ;
And when from sick-beds they arise
Then tell them where the danger lies.
More die from venturing forth too bold,
From food impure, and taking cold
Before the body strong-hath grown,
Or stomach gained its wonted tone—
Which could by all be shunned with ease—
Than die from cause of the disease.

But if they find you light and gay,
Who spend your time in sport and play,
And constant gather with the crowd
And politics talk long and loud,
Your books you do but seldom read,
Don't wonder if you don't succeed :
Don't wonder if they pass you by
And seek for those who constant try
To gather knowledge, and the skill
A name to win, a place to fill,

And with the honored in the land,
 For skill and science, take their stand.

Young lawyers, never trust to luck,
 No business e'er required the Pluck
 Like his who ventures forth to draw
 A living from the science Law.
 If he an error chance to make,
 His foe advantage quick will take ;
 He's constant watched by skillful foes,
 He constant gives and takes keen blows.
 If doctors do a blunder make
 Who can advantage of them take?
 Few know wherein the error lies,
 The grave conceals it from our eyes.
 The preacher's task is easier, too,
 He takes his time his work to do ;
 He writes his sermons at his leisure,
 Corrects them at his will and pleasure.
 He reads them, whether bold or tame,
 With few to criticise or blame.
 But lawyers, whatsoe'er they do,
 Must work with skill and learning too,
 Or else they will be sure to get
 Entangled in a legal net.

If you'd succeed don't trust to luck,
 But trust in study, toil and Pluck :
 Toil on, toil on, though slow your pace—
 Here turtles often win the race.
 Be in your office all the day,
 Without excuse ne'er be away ;
 Though few your clients, let them see
 You in your office constantly.

See to all business, faithful do
 Whate'er your clients trust to you ;
 And never use your clients' cash
 To pay your debts or make a dash,
 But safely place the sums away
 And promptly all your clients pay.

And when your business is all done,
 Don't instant from your office run ;
 But spend your time in reading o'er
 Your books, well filled with legal lore,
 That you may be prepared to meet
 Each skillful foe without defeat.
 If you are faithful, learned and true,
 You will have work enough to do ;
 But when they call if you're away
 Engaged in pleasure, sport or play,
 Or at the tavern talking loud—
 Disputing with a noisy crowd—
 And when you to your office come
 If you then smell of gin or rum,
 Don't wonder if they give you o'er
 And to your office come no more.

Ye ministers, you ought to be
 From pride and sin forever free ;
 Your duty 'tis the path to show—
 And in that path most meekly go—
 Which leads from worldly sin and shame,
 From thirst of gold, and passion's flame,
 Up to those realms where, prophets tell,
 The saints with Christ shall ever dwell.
 You have a duty here to do,
 You have a straight path to pursue ;

Christ did a bright example give
 For you to follow while you live.
 Each day he toiled, from place to place,
 To deeply plant the seeds of grace ;
 He healed the sick, He cured the blind,
 And gently calmed the troubled mind ;
 The leper cleansed, the dead did raise,
 And yet of man required no praise :
 Though he devoted every day
 He asked of man no salary.
 And when He sent His preachers forth
 To east and west, to south and north,
 He bade them all their journey make
 And neither food nor clothing take :
 But trust themselves to God's kind care
 For bread to eat and clothes to wear.

If you obey the laws of God
 And tread each day the path Christ trod,
 If you each day your zeal would show
 The Devil's works to overthrow,
 If you each day would try to find
 And sooth with balm the troubled mind,
 See that the injured have redress,
 Be father to the fatherless,
 Comfort the widow in her need,
 The poor and sickly daily feed,
 Go to the prison there to pray,
 And daily God's commands obey,
 Then when the Judgment Day shall come
 And Christ shall call you to his home,
 You'll find yourselves, by God's pure light,
 In garments all of spotless white :
 There with golden harps to sing
 The praises of your Lord and King.

But if you chance to look around
 How many such can now be found?
 How many seek the poor and low
 To give them food or sooth their woe?
 Go to the prison's narrow bound,
 Ask when a priest last there was found?
 Go ask the widow in her grief
 What priest has given her relief?
 How many work for God to-day
 Unless they have a salary?
 And usually the call from Heaven
 Is where the largest pay is given.
 At church by priests we oft are told
 The streets in Heaven are paved with gold,
 And many wish a foretaste given
 To them on earth of joys in Heaven.

Now, ere we part, to you I'll say
 Pursue the straight and narrow way:
 Call round your parish daily, see
 That none are lost through fault in thee.
 Watch o'er the weak, the feeble guide,
 Restrain the vile, and humble pride:
 Live through the week so that your light
 Will guide your little flock aright:
 On Sundays plainly, firmly preach
 What Christ through all his life did teach.
 Assail all evil, do not fail,
 To wealth and fashion do not quail:
 Assail intemperance, blow on blow,
 You'll find it is a deadly foe:
 Don't suffer it in any place—
 Though Deacon J has a red face,
 And every year upon his nose
 The purple color brighter grows.

If you the Deacon's heart would reach
 You must not of the ancients preach ;
 But have the Pluck to tell him true,
 " Dear Deacon J, I now mean *you* !"

Don't humbly bow to worldly pride,
 Though it is worshipped far and wide ;
 Point out the ills that from it flow,
 That pride and Christ can never go
 Together in the human breast—
 Together they can never rest.
 That glittering gems and dresses gay
 Will drive all love for Christ away ;
 That vain for those thus filled with pride
 A loving Savior bled and died.
 Have Pluck the many ills to show
 From pomp and pride that constant flow,
 Though angry eyes, just roused from sleep,
 From under pretty bonnets peep,
 And costly gems may there be found
 And silks are rustling all around.

While thus you live endowed with grace,
 Don't careless gaze on woman's face,
 For you will find that danger lies
 In lovely woman's sparkling eyes :
 For Satan wiser now has grown
 Since o'er poor Job his power was shown—
 He's found the product of the mine,
 And rosy cheeks and eyes that shine,
 Will sooner lead the saints astray,
 And make them curse the source of day,
 Than all the plagues that Job e'er knew
 With Egypt's plagues all added to.

I have a few more words to say,
 That is, whene'er you preach or pray
 Appear as though within your breast
 The love of Christ you then possessed.
 Christ loved mankind, His life He gave
 The sinner from his sins to save ;
 His words how simple, kind and pure,
 His love forever will endure.

When you the charms of Heaven portray
 And to the sinner point the way.
 Don't stand as cold as statues are
 As if for them you had no care—
 As though your duty was to tell
 The different roads to Heaven or Hell,
 A chart of every route to make
 And then their choice let each one take.

But when you preach and when you pray
 Appear to feel just what you say ;
 Entreat the sinner to arise
 And seek a home beyond the skies.
 Oh, take the drunkard by the hands
 And show the gulf o'er which he stands ;
 By love and zeal more souls you'll win,
 To seek for Christ and flee from sin,
 In one short month than many a year
 Where love and zeal do not appear.

But never think you are divine
 Because you can superbly whine ;
 Don't think the charms of Heaven you show
 By dismal groans and sighs of woe ;
 Don't think that Heaven is in your power
 Because your face is long and sour,

And do not think you learning show
 By using words that none can know :
 But let the words that you command
 Be such that all can understand,
 And speak them all in accents clear
 That every one the words can hear.
 Read well your bible through the week,
 And new ideas constant seek ;
 The best of food will loathsome grow
 Unless you have a change to show ;
 Your little flock will pine away
 If constant fed on naught but hay.
 Oh, give a change for them to eat—
 E'en brakes and straw for change are sweet ;
 But if you have some grain to give
 They'll love and bless you while you live.

The wife who would her husband constant rule
 Should never tell him he's a knave or fool :
 If he don't all her fondest wishes suit,
 She should not scornful call him " Turk " or " brute."

If he don't silks and satins instant buy,
 She should not fret or scold or madly cry
 Like children—spoiled by parents kind and weak—
 Who constant cry denied the toys they seek.
 She should not fret and scold the livelong day
 Until the sun's last beam has passed away,
 And when o'er earth the night her watch doth keep,
 With curtain-lectures lull him to his sleep.
 There is no love within the human breast
 From year to year can stand so strong a test ;
 No fire will always burn unless 'tis fed,
 And love that's constant scorned will soon be dead.

If jars there are in matrimonial life
 Let nature guide you in its storm and strife ;
 If winds blow fierce and darkness veils the sky
 And thunder roars and bolts of lightning fly—
 Though fierce the storm, 'twill quickly pass away,
 The sun will shine again in splendor gay.
 And when the winds are hushed, the storm passed o'er,
 The earth, refreshed, smiles sweeter than before ;
 The "Bow of Promise," which to man was given,
 Again shines brightly in the vault of Heaven :
 So let it be, whate'er the storm to-day,
 Like April showers when they have passed away,
 Let the sun shine without a mark or stain
 Left by the storm on valley, hill or plain.

If he denies you dress or bonnet gay
 Perhaps he has not cash for them to pay ;
 And you, if worthy of the name of wife,
 Would ne'er engage in matrimonial strife,
 Make him the debtor's galling collar bear,
 That silks and jewels you may proudly wear,
 And while you sport gay feathers through the street,
 Cause him to toil the great expense to meet.

But if he's able and your wants won't hear,
 This secret let me whisper in your ear—
 Which like the magic word in eastern tale
 To ope all places ne'er was known to fail,
 'Twill calm all strife and quiet every jar,
 Remove all locks and every bolt unbar,
 And from the miser draw his gold away,
 And change the night of discord to clear day—
 Be kind and gentle in your humble home,
 Your husband meet with smiles when he doth come

From store or shop, where he the weary day
 In constant toil the hours doth pass away,
 And make home happy, never fret or scold,
 One smile and kiss will draw from him more gold
 Than constant fretting while the day is bright
 And curtain-lectures given through the night.

Ye husbands, I to you will tell
 How you in peace fore'er may dwell ;
 How you can win the glorious boon
 To make your life one honeymoon.

When first you sought to win a wife
 To share with you the voyage of life,
 You tried by every art to prove
 That you did her sincerely love.
 Each wish of hers was law to you,
 And all she asked you loved to do :
 Ah, then you led a happy life,
 But when the maid became your wife
 You should not call the courting done
 Because the maiden you had won.

Soon as the silken knot is tied
 You should not change towards your bride :
 You at your home each eve should stay,
 And from the tavern keep away,
 And make home happy every day.
 If treated with neglect and scorn
 You'll find that trouble soon is born ;
 You should not, if the children cry,
 Unto the store or grocery fly,
 And leave her all alone to bear
 The burden that you ought to share.

On washing-days you should not fret
 If nicest dinners you don't get ;
 You cannot hope to happy be
 If you drink rum when she's no tea ;
 Or smoke till you are nearly dead
 When she has neither meat nor bread.
 Nor wonder when she catches you
 Giving to Jenny, Beck, or Sue,
 The fond embrace that is her due,
 If clouds grow dark and lightnings fly
 And thunders rend the angry sky,
 And winds arise that hearts appall
 And rain in drenching torrents fall.

If you would wife and children bless
 Make home your place of happiness,
 Forsake the tavern's noise and din,
 Flee from each place of vice and sin ;
 The gamblers' den you must forsake,
 The chains of every siren break,
 Cast from your lips the flowing bowl
 That wastes your wealth and damns your soul.
 And frugal, virtuous, temperate be,
 To all your business constant see ;
 Consult your wife in all you do
 As one who is a friend to you.
 Watch o'er your children day by day,
 From virtue's path they must not stray ;
 Expend for books an equal sum
 That neighbors do for gin and rum,
 And you will then around you see
 A loving, virtuous family ;
 Your wealth will then each day increase,
 And you will always dwell in peace.

Ye matrons, who the household sway,
 To you a word I now will say :
 Whate'er your station always mind
 To all beneath your care be kind.
 Your children watch from day to day,
 All your commands they should obey ;
 Don't fret and scold and make them cry,
 Then sugar give their eyes to dry.
 When they ask favors don't say nay
 And if they cry give them their way ;
 With steady hand their young steps lead,
 Their minds with proper nurture feed.
 But gently, firmly, o'er them rule,
 And when of age send them to school ;
 And o'er them careful watch each day
 That they don't leave their school to play.

See that your daughters daily learn
 Some art by which they each may earn
 A living if, by chance or luck,
 They should be called to prove their Pluck.

Teach them preserves and pies to make,
 To knead the dough, the bread to bake.
 The meat to roast, to boil, or stew,
 Till each knows how the work to do—
 That when she doth become a bride
 She o'er her household can preside.

Your care unto your household give,
 Within your income strive to live,
 And don't go supperless to bed
 To save the cash to make a spread.
 For weeks and weeks don't poorly live
 That a grand supper you may give ;

Don't dress in silks and jewels gay
 For which your husband cannot pay.
 But show that you've got Pluck, and dare
 A bonnet three months old to wear—
 Yourself at church you dare to show
 In dress you had three months ago.
 Be kind and prudent through your life
 And you will be a worthy wife ;
 Loved while you live, and when you're dead,
 Above your grave will tears be shed,
 And straight to Heaven I trust you'll go—
 You've been helpmate here below.

Now, fare you well, my task is done,
 No longer my "machine" will run :
 Perhaps you'll say you're glad 'tis o'er
 And wish that it had stopped before.
 If in this world of joy and pain
 By chance we e'er shall meet again,
 I trust you'll whisper in my ear—
 "I'm none the worse for being here."
 And if you practice what I teach
 You'll bless me in your latest speech :
 And now I make my bow to you—
 Ye Gents and Ladies all adieu !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BURNING OF THE STATE HOUSE AT MONTPELIER.

[On the evening of the 6th day of January, 1857, the State House at Montpelier was destroyed by fire, leaving only the walls of brick and stone standing. The night was intensely cold, the thermometer about 15° below zero, and the wind blowing a gale. The coals and cinders were blown for half a mile over the village, setting fires in many places, which by the vigilance of the citizens were extinguished without damage.]

O'er Montpelier, beautiful town,
The shades of night were closing down ;
The lovely moon, fair queen of Night,
Was driving on her chariot bright,
And star on star their influence lent
Till glowed with fire the firmament.

The wind was powerful, high and strong,
And swept in fearful gusts along ;
The piercing cold had cleared the street
Of merry voice and busy feet.
And gathered round the cheerful hearth
The smiling face, the social mirth,
Showed that the night was gaily past
While outside howled the raging blast

What means this wild and startling cry
 Which, echoing back, the hills reply—
 First feeble, low and faint and mild,
 Then loud and terrible and wild?
 'Tis "Fire! Fire!" that awful sound!
 "Fire! Fire! Fire!" the hills resound—
 Now rising near, now heard afar,
 The stillness of the night to mar—
 Joined with the wind's wild roaring, hear
 The cry of fire burst on the ear!

Forth from the hearth, the shop, the store,
 At that dread sound the myriads pour;
 And, gathering as they press along,
 Each street and alley swells the throng.
 The rattling engines rushing by,
 The roaring wind, the larum cry,
 The ringing bells, the wild affright,
 Still add new terrors to the night.

See yonder grand and stately pile
 With lofty dome and beauteous aisle,
 Our village glory and our pride,
 Whose granite walls old Time defied:
 Her halls of state, her works of art,
 Both please the eye and charm the heart.

The moon's pale light on these dark walls
 Coldly now is beaming,
 But through her proud and lofty halls
 A wilder light is streaming.

Now dancing gaily to and fro,
 Now upward speeds its flight;
 See on its dome, now capt with snow,

The flame doth spread its fearful glow
Of purple light.

The wind roars loud, the flames flash high,
Leaping and dancing to the sky,
While in the rooms below,
From hall to hall resistless rushing,
From doors and windows furious gushing—
Oh, how sublime the show!

Dark clouds of smoke spread far and wide,
And balls of fire on every side
Fall like the autumn hail;
Before the fury of the blast,
And rushing flames that spread so fast,
The heart of man may quail.

Ah, man! how feeble is thy power
In that dread and fearful hour
When flames are flashing free
From lofty spire and windows high,
And clouds of smoke obscure the sky,
As onward, on, the flames rush by
In wildest revelry.

Roar on, fierce flame! beneath thy power
The works of years, in one short hour,
Are swept from earth away;
And naught is left of all their pride
But ashes, scattered far and wide,
And crumbling walls, with smoke dark-dyed,
Spread out in disarray.

That lofty pile one hour ago
The village pride, the nation's show,

Capt with its bright and virgin snow,
 In beauty shone ;
 The next, a mass of ruined walls,
 Of columns broken, burning halls—
 Its beauty flown.

THE ROOSTER CHASE.

[The following lines are founded on fact. The incidents actually took place as narrated. The minister was the Rev. S-m-l M.]

Come all good people, far and near, and listen to my ditty,
 And I will sing what late took place in far-famed Plainfield
 city ;
 'Tis of the Reverend S-m-l M——, who dwells in that great
 place
 And of the feats he did perform in the great rooster chase.
 But first I must go back a step and start at the beginning,
 For if in early life we sin through life we go on sinning ;
 And if a poet should begin in the middle of his story,
 He ne'er would win a wreath of bays, or wear a crown of
 glory.

This Reverend Sir in early youth, and since he is a man,
 Doth hold in deepest, deadliest scorn the "Universal
 Plan ;"

This hate, so bitter and so deep, from youth to age hath
 been

Instilled in all around him, each child, each pig and hen.

He thought his hens all orthodox until the other day
 He found a cock of different faith among his hens at play ;

He beat his breast, he tore his hair, and in his wrath did cry

“Thou wicked Universal cock, for this crime thou shalt die!

Yes, you shall die, you wicked one, for being so uncivil,
You’ve tried to lead my holy hens down to your sire—
the d—l!”

Then in his wrath a stone he seized and hurled it at the foe,
The rooster dodged the ponderous rock, and then most
loud did crow :

The parson then a club did seize and at the cock did run,
And such a race was never seen since time itself begun ;
John Gilpin’s race may be forgot, and Nestor’s lost in
night,

Sir Joseph Banks’, by Pindar told, wan’t half so grand a
sight.

The rooster flew, the parson run, o’er meadow, hill and
dale,

For two long hours the chase he kept, until his strength
did fail ;

The rooster first did forward press, then turn and dodge
and fly,

The parson close behind did press, exclaiming, “Thou
shalt die!”

With panting breast and fluttering wing the cock flew swift
as wind,

With body bent and swinging arms the priest pressed close
behind ;

O’er fences high, through marshes deep, they onward,
onward went.

Next three times round a house or more their devious path
they bent.

The chase did hot and hotter grow as near a church they
drew,

Then round and round the sacred spot the rooster quickly
flew ;

But 'tis not now as 'twas of yore—no altar could he find
To save him from the wrath of him who pressed so close
behind.

Not Michael, when from Heaven he drove the Devil and all
his race,
Showed half the skill our parson showed in this great
rooster chase.

But as it was in days of yore, and is rehearsed in song,
“The race is not always to the swift, or battle to the
strong ;”

For after all the shifts and turns on this eventful day,
In spite of all the parson's skill the rooster got away!
And as 'twas sung in days of old, so now 'tis sung by me—
When next the parson runs a race “may I be there to see.”

ODE FOR JULY 4, 1871.

We've gathered here to celebrate
The glorious day from which we date
The nation's humble birth ;
That from a weak colonial state
We've grown a nation rich and great,
The freest on the earth.

That day the southern cavaliers
And northern puritans were peers :
Together, side by side,
Beneath the starry flag they stood,
The rights of freemen to make good
And humble England's pride.

They saw Columbia's Eagle rise,
 And through the bright, ethereal skies
 Ascend to meet the sun ;
 They saw the British Lion cower
 Before the Eagle's mighty power—
 In terror homeward run.

Proud traitor hands have tried in vain
 Fair Freedom's land to rend in twain,
 And all our hopes destroy ;
 But gaily now our banner flies
 Through all Columbia's azure skies,
 The patriot's hope and joy.

Oh, Thou who o'er the nations reign,
 Permit not traitor bands again
 The nation to dissever :
 Dear Father, guard us with Thy might,
 And keep us in the path of right,
 And we will praise Thee ever.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

[Written at the request of a lady who was expecting soon to marry and remove to California.]

Father, press me to thy heart
 Once again before I go ;
 E'er from childhood's home I part,
 Part fore'er, for weal or woe.

Mother, on thy loving breast
 Let thy daughter now recline ;
 Let her there a moment rest,
 Let her arms thy form entwine.

Sister, let me press thy hand,
 Let me kiss thee o'er and o'er ;
 I must seek another land,
 I may hear thy voice no more.

Brother, let me kiss thy cheek,
 I must tear myself away ;
 Let these tears my warm love speak—
 Brother, for thy sister pray.

From my childhood's home I go,
 Trusting in another's breast ;
 Sharer of his weal or woe,
 May your dear one's choice be blest.

Pray that He my steps may guide
 Through the pleasant paths of life ;
 That we shun the halls of pride,
 Scenes of vice, and hours of strife.

Full of hope, thy dear one now
 Leaves her cherished childhood home,
 Trusting in another's vow,
 Far in distant lands to roam.

Father, mother, fare thee well!
 Brother, sister, loved and true,
 I can here no longer dwell—
 Dear ones, loved ones, now adieu!

THE "GRECIAN BEND."

[Written on seeing a lady that had the "Bend"—and had it *bad*.]

Oh, saw ye not Miss Betsey Jane
 Before she sought the city?
 The fairest maid on all the plain,
 She proudly o'er each heart did reign
 She was so fair and witty.

She walked the street with perfect grace,
 With head erect and high;
 A smile was ever on her face,
 And in her heart love found a place
 Where he could warmly lie.

No arrow was more straight than she
 While with us she did stay;
 Her form was Nature's symmetry,
 Her auburn locks, in ringlets free,
 Did o'er her bosom stray.

But she, alas! in evil hour,
 Went to the crowded city;
 Where Fashion rules, with tyrant power,
 Both palace gay and humble bower
 Without remorse or pity.

Now view again Miss Betsey Jane
 Returned to us once more;
 She's left the city for the plain
 To triumph o'er our hearts again
 As in the days of yore.

Alas! how changed in every way
 Is lovely Betsey Jane ;
 Her auburn locks, that free did play
 O'er neck and bosom, cease to stray—
 They'll ne'er be seen again.

In place of curls a high chignon
 Deforms her lovely head ;
 Her graceful form, alas ! is gone,
 She looks a being quite forlorn,
 From whom each charm has fled.

Her back is bent, is age the cause?
 What has her waist compressed?
 The body bends at Fashion's laws,
 'Tis Fashion's hand the stays' string draws—
 She bows at its behest.

Upon her back a hump appears
 That would a camel grace ;
 She looks as if full twenty years
 Had passed, with all their hopes and fears,
 Since last she left this place.

How long, how long will maidens fair
 Great Nature's works deface?
 The human form, with grace so rare,
 By Nature formed with skill and care,
 With bends and humps disgrace?

DARTMOUTH CENTENNIAL.

[The invitation of the *alma mater* of Dartmouth College to her sons to return to Hanover in July, 1869, it being her one hundredth birth day.]

Come home to your Mother, my children so dear,
 I summon you all in July to appear ;
 Come home, my dear sons, 'tis my hundredth birth day,
 Let no one remain from my mansion away.
 In my old classic halls my tables you'll find
 Well stored with rich food for both body and mind ;
 Come ! gather around the old homestead once more,
 Where deeply ye drank of her classical lore.

Though a hundred long years your Mother hath seen,
 She's as gay and as fair as a maid of sixteen :
 On her face not a wrinkle or sign of decay.
 Her step is as light and her voice is as gay
 As when in her youth, at her altar, all swore
 None fairer or nobler the earth ever bore.

Come home to your Mother, from mountain and plain,
 Let Oregon greet here his brothers from Maine :
 Come home, all my children that dwell o'er the sea,
 Come, all that now live, on my birth day to me ;
 And make with your presence the old homestead gay,
 And honor your Mother's one-hundredth birth day.

We'll rejoice with the living, but still we must weep
 For brothers who now in their graves are asleep ;
 For thirty-one years from the time of my birth
 All my sons are asleep 'neath the clods of the earth ;

And many each year, of the noble and brave,
 Are passing from toil to find rest in the grave :
 Then come to your Mother, my sons widely spread,
 To rejoice with the living and weep for the dead.

June, 1869.

L I N E S

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE PEACE JUBILEE HELD
 IN BOSTON IN 1869.

Gathered here from every land,
 See, oh God, this union band
 Who before Thee humbly stand
 And fervent pray
 That bloody War henceforth shall cease,
 Thy power on earth each day increase,
 And all the nations dwell in Peace
 Beneath Thy sway.

For battle fields all drenched in gore,
 Where brave men free their life-blood pour,
 Oh, let the holy anthem soar
 Of heavenly birth ;
 For trumpets' clang and clash of arms,
 For cannons' roar and War's alarms,
 Let white-robed Peace, with all her charms,
 Rule all the earth.

Father, to Thee we humbly pray
 To drive all thoughts of strife away,
 Oh, let Thy love the nations sway
 And all wars cease ;

Oh, let us here united be,
 Our voices join in jubilee,
 Let all the people worship Thee,
 And dwell in Peace.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

“ Let little children come to me,”
 Was the command by Jesus given ;
 Like little children they must be
 Who enter in the gate of Heaven.

The little children here have met
 This eve to humbly sing and pray,
 And bow before the Throne of Grace
 The eve before Christ’s Natal Day.

Here let our tender hearts o’erflow
 With love to Him who cheerful gave,
 Upon the cross, His precious life
 From sin and death our souls to save.

Jesus, on Thee we now rely
 To save our youthful hearts from sin ;
 Oh, watch us with a parent’s eye,
 That we a heavenly crown may win.

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS BANNER.

All hail to the land where the bold eagles fly,
 Where the Stars and the Stripes our fathers unfurled :
 Where the bright sun of Freedom illumines the sky,
 The terror of tyrants, the hope of the world.

Though dark clouds of treason rise high on the air,
 And its fierce lightnings flash and its wild thunders roar,
 The Banner of Freedom in triumph we'll bear
 From valley to hill top, from mountain to shore.

O'er the hills of New England, the land of the pine,
 O'er the plains of the south, with her bright, sunny sky,
 O'er the far western shore, where glows the rich mine,
 This glorious old Banner forever shall fly.

Proud Banner, we love you, we hail you with joy,
 We swear to protect you while warm beats each heart ;
 No traitor shall ever thy glory destroy,
 Or cause from thy field one star to depart.

Thy loved folds above us, our eyes fixed on Heaven,
 On bended knee here we now solemnly swear
 This Union shall never in fragments be riven
 But free and united, this Banner shall bear.

1863.

JUBILEE : JULY 4, 1865.

Let the merry bells ring their liveliest note,
 Let the star-spangled banner above us proud float,
 Wake the fife and the drum, let the bugle loud sound,
 Let the roar of the cannon shake the land all around :
 Let the voice of the brave and the beautiful meet
 And join in a chorus, both thrilling and sweet,
 To honor the day that forever shall be
 Hailed, welcomed and cherished, the great Jubilee.

Eighty-nine years have passed over the earth
 Since our fathers proclaimed of a nation the birth,
 That a nation was born that forever should be
 "The land of the brave and the home of the free."
 Humble, poor and despised, they rushed to the field,
 Strong hands and brave hearts the country did shield,
 Till the stars and the stripes victorious did fly,
 And the Lion of England in dust low did lie.

Sweet peace blessed the land, and our flag we unfurled,
 "Its bright stars and broad stripes" gave joy to the world ;
 The poor and oppressed of all Europe could see
 That happiness dwelt in the land of the free.
 Here the poor and oppressed by the thousand have come,
 'Neath the banner of freedom to find them a home,
 The forests to clear and the prairies reclaim,
 And unto the nation add glory and fame.

But the traitors to freedom the nation defied,
 And the fields of the south they in blood deeply dyed ;
 Where peace lately reigned the cannons' loud roar
 Shook the land from the centre to mountain and shore.

But the banner of freedom in triumph doth wave,
 It hath broken the chains from the limbs of each slave,
 And the nation to-day is from slavery set free,
 And the people all join in the great Jubilee.

Let the merry bells ring their liveliest note,
 Let the star-spangled banner above us proud float,
 Wake the fife and the drum, let the bugle loud sound,
 Let the roar of the cannon shake the earth all around :
 Let the voice of the brave and the beautiful meet
 And join in a chorus, both thrilling and sweet,
 To honor the day that forever shall be
 Hailed, cherished and welcomed the great Jubilee.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.

The Devil was heard one morn to say
 " Harness my fleetest steeds to-day,
 I'm bound to have a spree :
 I'll leave this lovely place called Hell,
 And haste to where vain mortals dwell
 The acts of man to see."

To New Orleans he took his way,
 The place he reached at close of day
 Just as the moon arose :
 " This," he cried, " is the land for me,
 My subjects gather here, I see,
 How fast my kingdom grows !"

He walked the street at midnight hour—
 " Here I reign in all my power!"
 He cried, in wildest glee :

He hears the noise of dice and props,
 Before a marble hall he stops,
 Such sights he loves to see

The wine was flowing free around,
 And music lent its sweetest sound,
 And beauty's eyes were bright ;
 For women there, with forms divine,
 Were quaffing off the rosy wine,
 And playing deep that night.

He saw the assassin stealthy creep
 The blow to strike while yet in sleep
 His victim quiet lay :
 But wild he laughed when he stepped in
 Those gorgeous halls of vice and sin
 Where riot rules the day.

“ This place is mine : at rising sun
 I'll hasten on to Washington
 To see assembled there
 My subjects, gathered from each state,
 Who there for me impatient wait—
 They well deserve my care.

“ Here, here I see,” in glee he cried,
 “ My faithful subjects by my side,
 This, this is Washington !
 Here are the wise and virtuous met—
 Was ever such a godless set?—
 My work is well begun !”

The sights he saw, a few I'll name,
 That caused the De'il to blush for shame
 They were performed so bold :

He saw fair woman's youthful lip
 The flowing wine cup fondly sip,
 Her virtue pawn for gold.

He saw ambition's greedy hand
 Ready to grasp the fairest land
 Held by the crown of Spain ;¹
 Ready to spread, with pomp and show,
 The stars and stripes o'er Mexico,
 Above her hills of slain.

He saw the statesman young and gay,
 The learned judge with locks of gray,
 And politician sage,
 For gold their dearest friends betray,
 Their votes and judgments sell for pay,
 For gold in fraud engage.

He saw a priest, a learned divine,
 Drink deeply of the ruby wine,
 With harlots on his knee :
 The Devil saw it all with pride,
 "I'll haste away," he quickly cried,
 "This land is mine, I see.

"I'll instant hasten back to Hell,
 There is no need of charm or spell
 This wicked world to gain :
 This is to me a happy hour,
 They all are subject to my power.
 None strive to break the chain."

¹ These lines were written at the time the United States were trying to buy Cuba and before the Mexican war

LINES ADDRESSED TO MY ALBUM.

Go, Album, go and seek the fairest flowers
 That bloom on mountain height, in lowly glen,
 Seek in the woodland, and amid the bowers,
 In the deep solitude, 'mid haunts of men. ' 1

Go, gather flowers and twine a wreath for me,
 A fairy wreath that ne'er oh, ne'er shall fade,
 That still unsullied, pure and bright shall be
 When this frail heart beneath the turf is laid.

Bring me the Lily with its virgin bloom,
 The modest Violet that doth shun the day;
 Bring me young Roses, with their rich perfume
 Which lasts when all their bloom has passed away.

But should you meet a noisome, poisonous flower,
 Whose varied hues delight, enchant the eye,
 Keep ye, oh, keep ye from its fatal power,
 And touch not, taste not, lest ye surely die.

But shun no flower however low its birth,
 And twine, oh, twine it in the wreath ye braid:
 Though it be humble, joined with real worth,
 'Twill live the same when those more bright shall fade.

1834.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON READING THE DECISION OF CHIEF JUSTICE
TANEY IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE—1857.

Freedom has from our nation fled,
Her banner waves no more ;
In vain our fathers fought and bled,
In vain each battle field made red
With dying patriots' gore.

Tear down your banner from on high,
No longer let it wave
O'er battle fields, no more to fly
Where patriots rush to do or die—
Freedom has found her grave.

Around your cherished stripes and stars
The serpent's coils are seen ;
Forgotten are your patriot wars,
Forgotten are your heroes' scars,
Their graves no longer green.

The emblem that should grace our land
And float o'er hill and plain,
Should be a planter, whip in hand,
A negro, stripped by his command,
Bound with a galling chain.

Strike off the eagle, let her soar
Free o'er each dale and hill :
A ravished maid from Afric's shore,
Whose back the lash hath drenched in gore,
The eagle's place may fill.

Those long-loved stripes of white and red,
 Alas! must yield their place
 To negroes, from their masters fled,
 Pursued by hounds with noiseless tread
 And southern lords in chase.

Unfurl the banner, let it fly
 Where freedom had her birth ;
 'Twill tell to every passer by
 That slavery rules in places high
 And freedom's crushed to earth.

Though crushed to earth, that flag again,
 Again in all her pride
 Shall float o'er every hill and plain,
 O'er every ship that plows the main,
 O'er slavery's fields shall ride.

Their chains each slave shall cast away,
 And take the place of men ;
 And all shall hail the glorious day
 When freedom shall regain her sway,
 Her banner wave again.¹

L I N E S

COMPOSED IN THE CEMETERY AT ST. JOHNSBURY.

This is the end of man,
 The end of power and pride,
 His history's written thus—
 Was born, and lived, and died.

¹This prophecy has been fulfilled much sooner than the author anticipated when he wrote the foregoing lines.

Here lie the rich and poor,
 The humble and the great ;
 Though different in their lives,
 Death equals their estate.

The pauper in his rags,
 The rich man in his pride,
 Within this sacred spot
 Are resting side by side.

Here lies the aged man,
 And there the blooming maid ;
 Here rests the mother dear,
 And there her infant's laid.

All, all are gathered here
 Within this holy ground ;
 The simple and the wise,
 All classes here are found.

All, all for death prepare,
 Clothe not the grave in gloom ;
 The road to bliss on high
 Lays through the silent tomb.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Maila, this book is a type of the mind
 In youth, so unspotted and white,
 For here a fair page by thee is designed
 For each of thy friends who will write.

But e'er it is filled, oh, how 'twill appear,
 Its beauty will vanish, how sad is its fate !

A stain will be there and a blot will be here,
 On the same page lines crooked and straight.

Yes, ev'ry rude hand will imprint in this book
 A mark that for aye will remain,
 This page, to the eye, oh, how fair it will look,
 On the next, how unsightly the stain.

Thus the mind, in our youth so unspotted and fair,
 From ev'ry associate an impress will take ;
 Then watch thy companions, yes, watch them with care,
 Lest a blot or a stain on thy fame they shall make.
 1836.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

What shall I do? what shall I do?
 'Tis truth I can't decide,
 So many smiling maids I view,
 Which I shall make my bride.

I can't decide, I can't decide—
 There's Ann, so gay and witty,
 And lovely Sue, the village pride,
 And Mary, young and pretty.

There's blooming Helen, Fan, and Prue,
 With fairy forms and features,
 And Lydia, Betsey, Esther too,
 All lovely, charming creatures.

I can't decide, I can't decide,
 'Mid eyes of every hue,
 9

From Melvell's of the glistening black
To Kate's of melting blue.

"You must decide," a friend replied,
"Or else 'twill be too late ;
For Helen soon will be engaged
And Prue has found a mate :

"And it is said, if you delay,
That Susan you will lose ;
And Betsey, some in whispers say,
Is caught in Hymen's noose."

If it is so, why let them go,
My doubts will soon be gone ;
For long I cannot hesitate
When all are wed save one.

1835.

O D E :

WRITTEN FOR THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA.

Wake the bugle! wake the lyre!
Let the day each heart inspire
With a holy, sacred fire—
The fire of Liberty!
'Tis the birth day of the land,
'Tis the day the patriot band
Published forth the great command—
America is Free!

They to England firmly spoke
 That the tyrant's galling yoke
 They had now forever broke,
 And should live Free :
 Then our gallant yeomen brave
 Rushed their dearest rights to save,
 Rushed to victory or the grave—
 To Death or Liberty.

To death or liberty they sprung,
 Their star-decked banner free they flung,
 Their thundering cannon loudly rung
 Their foemen's knell :
 Fair Victory smiled upon our arms,
 To trumpets' clang and war's alarms
 Sweet Peace succeeds with all her charms—
 And Free we dwell.

Let the anthem sweetly rise
 To the Monarch in the skies
 Who secured to us the prize—
 The prize of Liberty :
 Who our fathers' hearts inspired,
 Who their souls with valor fired,
 Till proud Albion's hosts retired
 And left us Free.

• Unto Him let praises flow
 Who repelled the country's foe,
 Brought the haughty Britons low
 And bade them flee
 From the Land of Liberty—
 From the Land of Liberty
 Where no mortal bends the knee
 But to God and Liberty.

July 4, 1833.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SARAH ELIZABETH BANCROFT, OF
MONTPELIER, WHO DIED MARCH 16, 1859.

The bell hath tolled again !
Another soul, from pain
 By death set free,
O God! up to Thy throne
On angels' wings hath flown
 To worship Thee.

While she did here reside
Her heart was often tried
 By grief and woe ;
For friends in youthful bloom
Borne to the silent tomb
 Her tears did flow.

Twice had she been a bride,
Twice had she stood beside
 A husband's grave ;
She raised her tearful eye
To Him who rules on high
 With power to save.

Upon her Savior's breast
Calmly she sunk to rest,
 Doubting never
That she, at Jesus' feet,
Her cherished friends should meet
 To dwell ever.

Upon her silent tomb
The sweetest flowers shall bloom
 Of early spring ;

The willow's branch shall wave,
 And birds around her grave
 Their matins sing.

H Y M N ,

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE
 MESSIAH [UNITARIAN], AT MONTPELIER.

Dear Father, we have gathered here
 To dedicate to Thee
 This temple where we can draw near
 And, without doubt, despair or fear,
 In Thy loved presence be.

Here shall the man with hoary head
 Of all Thy glory speak ;
 Here shall the youth with buoyant tread,
 The infant by the mother led,
 Thy love and mercy seek.

Here will we join in prayer and praise,
 And here, on bended knee,
 Our humble thoughts to Thee we'll raise,
 And sing Thy soul-inspiring lays,
 And give our hearts to Thee.

Accept this House we dedicate,
 And fill it with Thy grace ;
 O free our hearts from pride and hate
 While in Thy presence here we wait
 And worship in this place.

Dear Father, may Thy will be done,
 Our sins be all forgiven ;
 And while our sands of life shall run
 Let Christ, Thy dear and only Son,
 Guide our frail steps to Heaven.

THE WIDOW BROWN'S TURKEYS

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

My gentle reader, you should know
 That in Vermont, long years ago,
 There lived a widow lady who,
 Of this world's goods, was well to do :
 She was well known throughout the town,
 Her name was Sarah Helen Brown ;
 She had a farm and quite a stock,
 And hens and geese a splendid flock ;
 But over everything beside
 Her turkeys were her greatest pride.
 In truth it was a goodly sight
 To see the proud old gobblers fight,
 Or view them when the flock they led,
 And see them strut and swell and spread
 As round them ran their youthful brood
 When forth they went in search of food.

Good Mistress Brown, 'tis truth I say,
 Had watched her turkeys day by day,
 And fed them well with corn and dough
 And felt a pride to see them grow ;
 In visions saw the shining gold
 That would be hers when they were sold—

For this was long before the day
The greenback drove the gold away.

She had a neighbor who lived by 'er,
His name was Jones, baptized Josiah ;
He was beloved throughout the town,
A deacon he of great renown.
He of the church was called the head,
For years he'd passed the wine and bread ;
His face the joys of Heaven did show,
Which every year did brighter grow.

The deacon had a cherry tree,
Where every fall the fruit you'd see—
Such luscious fruit!—on every limb,
For this he gave his thanks to Him
Who made the world and rules the earth
And watches o'er us from our birth
Until we pass at last away
From Time unto Eternity.

The autumn came and on the tree
More splendid fruit none e'er did see :
The fruit is gathered in a heap,
But long, alas! it will not keep.
“What shall I do?” the deacon said,
He paused awhile, and scratched his head.
The deacon was a thoughtful man
And thus at last he formed his plan :
He said, “ Here is a barrel handy
I'll put them in and fill with brandy,
And when the cask is stored away
I think the fruit will not decay.”

'Twas done, but e'er a year passed by
The deacon found the barrel dry ;

But how the brandy had passed out
 The deacon oft expressed a doubt.
 No leak was found, the floor was dry,
 To solve the doubt he long did try ;
 But neighbors winked and said *they* knew—
 The purple color brighter grew
 Upon the dear old deacon's face,
 Caused, as they thought, by *spirit* grace.

The fact was clear, no matter why,
 The cherries in the cask were dry.
 'Tis autumn now, the cherry tree
 With fairest fruit is filled, you see ;
 To solve the doubt he can't explain
 The deacon tries it o'er again.
 The cherries in the cask they waste,
 And in the cask fresh fruit is placed ;
 Those taken from the cask 'tis known
 Into the ditch were careless thrown.

The widow's turkeys every one
 Were suffered in the streets to run ;
 They on this afternoon did stray
 Where these waste cherries tempting lay.
 A gobbler spied them first of all
 And to his flock he loud did call ;
 Now see them gather quickly round
 The "treasure trove" that he has found.

Helter-skelter! it is fun
 To see the widow's turkeys run ;
 Round the pile of cherries see
 All the turkeys in their glee,
 Crowding, pushing, eating fast,
 Will that pile of cherries last?

Yes, each turkey, young and old,
 Has eaten all his crop can hold ;
 And as they start for home again
 Piles of cherries still remain.
 See them, as homeward now they go,
 Oh, don't they make a goodly show?
 How solemnly the turkey throng
 Upon the road now march along.

But hark ! what means that strife and gabble
 That rivals far-famed ancient Babel?
 What means that screaming, jostling, fighting,
 That flying, tumbling, spurring, biting?
 The turkeys, late so very civil,
 Now act as if the ancient devil
 That drove the swine of Galilee
 In such mad haste into the sea,
 Had traded for each turkey's soul
 And o'er them now had full control.

The widow heard the fearful clatter—
 "O Lord!" she cried. "what is the matter?"
 Her turkeys some are staggering, flying,
 Some on the ground in death are lying.
 Oh, is it not a fearful sight
 To see them in their drunken plight,
 And hear their screams that rend the air,
 Like any Donnybrook affair.

But soon 'tis o'er, for all around,
 Laid out in state upon the ground,
 The widow's turkeys every one
 That lately did so proudly run.
 Gone is, alas ! each turkey's breath,
 And all are now so still in death ;

The widow's tears now fast are falling
As she surveys the scene appalling.

“Come, Betty, come,” the widow said,
“See, here my turkeys are, all dead ;
Gone is, alas ! the shining gold
That would be mine had they been sold ;
Their feathers now at least we'll save
Before their bodies fill the grave.”
The turkeys in a pile are laid,
And now the widow and her maid
Begin their work, and through the day
The turkeys' feathers pull away,
Until at last each turkey's seen
Of every feather plucked quite clean.
When finished, 'tis too late at night
To bury them from human sight ;
The widow left them, in her sorrow,
For burial upon the morrow.

But e'er the earliest morning ray
The brandy fumes had passed away ;
Oh, what a sight it was to see
These turkeys in their agony !
Their skins were torn, their feathers gone,
Sick, lame, and plucked, sad and forlorn,
They huddle in this chilly morn.
Gone is each gobbler's bearing proud,
Still are their voices late so loud ;
They show no more their feathers gay,
For all, alas ! are torn away,
And they are left in deep distress
To mourn in shame their nakedness.

Their voices, which were late so loud
While strutting round so gay and proud,

Have lost their merry music gay :
 Now, "quit! quit! quit!" is all they say,
 And this in shame and sorrow low
 As in by-paths they slyly go,
 In their forlorn, degraded plight,
 To hide their nakedness from sight.

These turkeys ne'er will taste again
 If piles of cherries strew the plain ;
 They'll pass in haste the tempting treat
 And cry "quit! quit!" *before* they eat :
 One plucking will for turkeys do,
 You'll never catch them wanting two.

M O R A L .

Young men, beware of gin and rum
 Whate'er the shape in which they come ;
 Howe'er disguised it is a sin
 To take the cursed poison in.
 Shun all that will intoxicate,
 And thus you'll shun the turkeys' fate ;
 And constant cry "quit! quit!" before
 The deadly stuff shall pass your door.
 Don't wait! don't wait till you are seen
 Of every feather plucked quite clean ;
 But have the spunk to "quit! quit!" cry
 Whene'er its form doth meet the eye :
 Don't, don't be stripped, by friends in town,
 Like turkeys of the Widow Brown.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN MONTPELIER, DECEMBER 16, 1873, OF THE TEA PARTY
IN BOSTON, DECEMBER 16, 1773.

One hundred years ago to-day
Three ships in Boston Harbor lay,
 From o'er the stormy sea ;
Across the main, with sails unfurled,
They sought this then young western world—
 Their freight, inspiring Tea.

By order of a tyrant king
They came, the long-loved tea to bring.
 To tempt the Pilgrim band ;
They thought the flavor of the tea
Would make the colonies agree
 The tax on tea to stand :

But not a Yankee could be found,
Upon New England's rocky ground,
 Who would a penny pay ;
They'd sooner steep the precious tea
In water of the briny sea
 In Boston's sheltered bay.

In rage they cried, " We slaves shall be :
If we the duty pay on tea
 By England's laws imposed !"
The sun upon their wrath went down
And o'er the wild, excited town
 The darkness slowly closed.

The gathering crowds swayed to and fro,
 No word was spoke, but murmurs low
 Were heard on every side ;
 And mid the crowd upon the green
 Full many a woman's form was seen
 The excited mass to guide.

But look ! from yonder Indian graves
 Arise a noble band of braves
 In chieftains' armor drest ;
 With hammers, hatchets, bars, arrayed,
 Their way towards the ships they made
 And up their sides they prest.

Upon the deck the braves now spring,
 Each axe and hammer loud doth ring
 Until each hatch gives way ;
 The chests in pieces stove, you see,
 And all that nice and precious tea
 Is cast into the bay.

The tea was cast into the bay,
 And England's power soon passed away,
 For freedom they did fight :
 The sons and daughters of the free,
 Throughout the land, are drinking tea
 In every town to-night.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWIN
DILLINGHAM :

MAJOR OF THE 10TH REGIMENT VERMONT VOLUNTEERS, WHO
WAS KILLED IN BATTLE NEAR WINCHESTER, VIR-
GINIA, WHILE GALLANTLY LEADING HIS
REGIMENT ON THE FIELD.

He fell, as a soldier should fall,
At the head of his own gallant band ;
He died, as a soldier should die,
In defence of his own native land.

He fell mid the battle's loud roar,
Where the stars and the stripes proud did fly,
His life to his country he gave—
“'Tis sweet for one's country to die.”

He fell in the spring-time of life
His country from traitors to save,
While the bugle, the drum and the fife
Fired the hearts of the true and the brave.

He died while the victor's shout
Rang clear on the mountain air,
While the foe in disordered rout
Were fleeing in wildest despair.

Vermont her proud record shall make
And add to her long roll of fame,
With the Allens and Warners she'll place
Young Dillingham's glorious name.

THE PERSIAN QUEEN'S LAMENT.

What though a crown is on my head,
 A sceptre in my hand?
 Though servants follow where I tread,
 Or die at my command?

What though I dwell in halls of state
 And rest on beds of down?
 With slaves upon my steps to wait,
 And music care to drown?

I'm but a slave at fashion's shrine,
 A slave to power and pride ;
 A slave to gems from India's mine—
 A jealous husband's bride.

I am the harem's queen to-day,
 Arrayed in silken sheen ;
 Perchance tomorrow cast away—
 The slave of some new queen.

I long to leave these prison walls,
 Cast off these robes of state ;
 These gems and pearls, and gorgeous halls,
 And all this pomp I hate.

Love dwells not mid such pomp and pride,
 Mid pearls and gems and gold ;
 Though royal purple deck the bride,
 The heart is false and cold.

Oh, could I to Circassia flee
 How blest would be my lot ;

Again my mother's face to see,
To see my father's cot :

Again to tread the paths I trod
In youth, so free from care ;
Where first I kneeled before my God
And lisped my infant prayer.

Where sisters fair and brothers true
Played on the flowery lea,
Or climbed the mountain side to view
The distant, roaring sea.

I'd rather on Circassia's plain
In humble garb be seen,
Than in a Persian palace reign—
Than be a Persian queen.

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD.

[JOHN MAYNARD was well known as a sturdy, intelligent and God-fearing pilot, on Lake Eric. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out—"Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said: "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

"Fire! fire! fire!" instantly resounded in all directions. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed aft, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here* - see the smoke bursting out! go *forward*, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The

flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain called out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the brave old tar.

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore!"

Nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain called out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from his scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard and his spirit took its flight to his God.

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. Noble John Maynard! It is worth a greater effort to save a man from *moral ruin*.—JOHN B. GOUGH.]

No wave is on Lake Erie's breast,
 Its waters clear are now at rest;
 The noonday sun shines bright and gay,
 O'er island, river, lake and bay.
 No breeze doth now a ripple make
 On thy calm bosom, beauteous lake;
 And each staunch ship, this summer's day,
 With sails all spread, doth idly lay.

See yonder noble steamer go!
 She's left Detroit for Buffalo;
 See on her deck the living crowd,
 The poor, the rich, the gay, the proud;
 The bashful maiden, young and fair,
 The matron with her snowy hair,
 The laughing babe, the thoughtless boy,
 The girl, her parents' pride and joy;
 The man of middle age is there,
 The aged man with hoary hair,
 The speculator, sharp and keen,
 The verdant youth with heart yet green,
 The student with his learned lore,
 The miser with his golden ore,

The siren, seeking human prey,
 Are all upon the deck to-day ;
 A crowd so thoughtless on a boat
 Was seldom ever seen afloat.

I need not tell of stolen glance
 That can the dear one's soul entrance ;
 The gentle touch, the whispered word
 That oft upon the boat is heard ;
 The shafts of wit so sharp and keen,
 And slander's darts from bows unseen,
 The laugh, the joke, the press of hands,
 Regardless now of marriage bands,
 The scenes that shock connubial bliss,
 The warm embrace, the stolen kiss,
 The darts that Cupid careless hurls
 From beaming eyes and waving curls,
 The crimson blush on beauty's cheek—
 No, no, of these I will not speak.
 They all upon this summer day
 Are happy, thoughtless, light and gay,
 And scenes of mirth and joy and pride
 Are seen around on every side.

Now gaily on the boat doth go
 Toward the port of Buffalo.
 See in the pilot box doth stand
 John Maynard, he whose steady hand
 And skill upon the lake long tried
 Had wind and tempest oft defied.
 His head, from toil and age, appears
 White with the frosts of many years ;
 But yet his eyes and form doth show
 No change from years that rapid flow.

See, see his look of manly pride
 As he the noble ship doth guide!
 On, on they go, all blithe and gay,
 And faster still they speed away
 Upon that beauteous inland sea,
 Happy as mortals well can be.

Hark! hear that wild and fearful cry,
 Which, echoing back, the waves reply—
 'Tis “ Fire! fire!” so sad to hear
 When heard on land by dwellers near,
 But still more sad when heard at sea:
 “ The ship's on fire!” no place to flee,
 “ The ship's on fire!” “ The ship must burn !”
 Each man and woman cries in turn.
 The wildest screams now rend the air,
 Where late all mirth now reigns despair;
 Her babe the mother to her heart
 Holds with resolve to never part,
 The wife doth to her husband cling,
 The children to their parents spring;
 The fear of death the tongues untie
 Of bashful lovers, young and shy,
 Who now, by sight of death made brave,
 Resolve to share one common grave.

What different thoughts their bosoms sway
 As they the rising flames survey:
 Her babe the mother doth enfold,
 The miser grasps his bonds and gold,
 The husband thinks of child and wife,
 The lover of the dear one's life;
 And many now their God implore
 Who never prayed to Him before.

The flame doth high and higher rise,
 "All forward, now!" the captain cries;
 "John Maynard, head the boat to shore!"
 Is heard above the flames' wild roar;
 "Ay, ay!" they hear his brave reply,
 Though hid by smoke from every eye.
 Instant for shore the vessel flies,
 While higher still the flames arise;
 Fast as the greyhound from the slip
 Toward the shore now flies the ship;
 Around the bow, with prayer and fear,
 The passengers and crew appear,
 While brave John Maynard firm doth stand
 Guiding the vessel to the land;
 On him, in this wild hour of strife,
 Rests every person's chance of life.

The flames are gathering round him fast,
 Still on the shore his eye is cast;
 The flames are fiercely circling now
 Around his white and manly brow:
 His hair is gone! he's lost one hand!
 Firm as a rock he yet doth stand!
 His teeth are set, to God he prays,
 Still at his post he nobly stays.

Now on the shore the vessel see!
 And all are safe—but where is he,
 He who thus nobly saved their lives,
 Restored the husbands to their wives,
 Wives to their husbands, all to life,
 In this wild hour of fearful strife?

He's dead! he perished where he stood,
 A martyr for the public good;

He, e'er the vessel touched the shore,
 Sank in the flames to rise no more.
 While on the deck he dying gasped
 His hand the wheel still strongly clasped ;
 And after he so nobly died
 His dead hand did the vessel guide ;
 He died the lives of all to save,
 He fills a martyr's honored grave.

Upon the temple built to Fame
 Is found no purer, holier name
 Than thine, John Maynard, who did give
 Thy life that others still might live.
 More noble thou in death than those
 Who die in fight with bravest foes ;
 'Tis easy, midst the maddening strife
 Of war's wild scenes, to yield your life ;
 To meet the foe when blood is high—
 " 'Tis for your country sweet to die " :
 But few, like thee, their life will give
 That others by their death may live.

ON THE CAPTURE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Charleston's fallen ! shout and sing !
 Cannon roar, and bells loud ring !
 Wake the bugle's sweetest note,
 Let the star-deck'd banner float !
 From the mountain to the sea
 Wake the song of jubilee !

Charleston's fallen ! hear the cry
 Echo from each mountain high ;

Through the east, the west, the north,
 Speed the glorious tidings forth ;
 Let a nation great and free
 Sing the song of jubilee !

Charleston's fallen ! see on high
 O'er its domes our banners fly ;
 Where late wav'd the traitor " Bars "
 Proudly floats the " Stripes and Stars,"
 And the slaves, from bondage free,
 Sing the song of jubilee !

Charleston's fallen ! it was here
 Treason did her standard rear ;
 It was here the deed was done—
 Here the cursed war begun ;
 But the traitors bow the knee,
 Wake the song of jubilee !

Charleston's fallen ! see them fly !
 See the flames ascend the sky !
 Traitor hands the torch applied
 To the city late their pride ;
 While its lurid flames you see,
 Sing the song of jubilee !

Charleston's fallen ! shout and sing !
 Cannon roar, and bells loud ring !
 Over Charleston's towers on high
 See the star-decked banner fly !
 Praise the Lord, ye brave and free,
 God alone gives victory.

1865.

THE FUGITIVE'S FLIGHT.

[The following is a fancy sketch. The scene is laid before the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, or the invention of the Telegraph. It is not pretended that the story is founded on fact; it is simply a fancy sketch.]

Spring smiled upon Kentucky's shore,
 Where late the wintry winds did roar;
 The snow that in her valleys lay
 By sun and breeze melts fast away,
 And every stream in glen and dell
 The famed Ohio's wild waves swell.

Where late King Frost, from shore to shore,
 The river wide had so bridged o'er
 That men and teams could fearless go
 (While dark the waters ran below)
 From proud Kentucky's fertile plains,
 Where Slavery in her glory reigns,
 To young Ohio's fields of light,
 Where Freedom waves her banner white
 And gives the fugitive from chains
 A shelter on her boundless plains.

On plain and hill the drifted snow
 Fast melts beneath the sun's warm glow,
 From every glen the water gushes,
 See down the mountain side it rushes,
 And gathering, as it sweeps along,
 Increasing power and force more strong,
 So strong that naught its power can stay:
 The icy bands are giving way
 That lately chained the river's pride—
 They're bursting now on every side.

How grand the sight! the rushing tide
 Is sweeping on now dark and wide,
 Boiling and surging, onward dashing,
 The floating ice is breaking, crashing.
 Now wilder still the scene doth grow,
 As onward, on, the waves fast flow,
 While every stream and torrent wild,
 With waters dark and ice high-piled,
 Pours down from mountain and from wood
 To swell the proud Ohio's flood
 As onward, on, the river flows
 Roaring and crashing as it goes.

See yonder maid so slight and fair,
 With tattered dress, disheveled hair,
 Wending her way from home afar,
 Her only guide the northern star.
 Why does she shun the traveled way?
 Why shelter seek in forests gray?
 Why toil by night and sleep by day?

Go view her now in yonder glen,
 Hid from the prying eyes of men;
 All night her northern course she's kept,
 All day in glen has watched and slept;
 Watchful as is the timid deer
 Close to the ground she's placed her ear
 That she the slightest noise may hear.

Her youthful form is fair and light,
 Her large black eyes how dazzling bright:
 Her age it scarce can be sixteen,
 She seems to me some fairy queen,
 Some beauteous ghost, or wandering fay
 That loves the night and shuns the day.

That beauteous maid, so young and brave,
 Was born, alas! a humble slave ;
 Though born in slavery's galling chains
 Kentucky's best blood fills her veins.
 No stain of Afric's blood doth show
 On her fair brow of mountain snow ;
 Nothing but pure Caucasian blood
 Pours through her veins its boiling flood.
 Her mother fair and white appears,
 But, tracing back two hundred years,
 Her ancestry on Afric's plain
 In regal splendor long did reign ;
 At length subdued, were torn away
 And sold, alas! in slavery :
 And for the last two hundred years
 Their masters, the proud cavaliers,
 Have washed away each sable trace
 Of Afric's blood that stained the face,
 Till naught is left of Afric's strain
 But slavery's accursed chain.

Her father was her master's son,
 But she at cards was lost and won :
 The planter thought the maiden's face
 Would well his southern harem grace,
 And gloried in the happy hour
 That gave the maiden to his power.
 He gave her warning of the day
 That to the south they'd wend their way,
 There she must yield unto his claim
 And live with him a life of shame.

When this she heard her fevered blood
 Rushed to her heart its ebbing flood,

And left her face as pale and white
 As sheeted ghost that shuns the light.
 Her eyes are turned to Heaven above
 Pure as the maid who dies for love :
 A moment passed, the blood once more
 Back to the face in torrents pour.
 Her eyes with fire again grow bright,
 She seems transformed, a child of light ;
 All trace of fear has left her face
 And calm resolve supplies its place ;
 Her future plans for life are made,
 And thus for help divine she prayed :

“ Father, a suppliant unto Thee
 I bow my head and bend my knee,
 And crave from Thee Thy help to aid,
 In her distress, a humble maid.
 Protect my life, my pathway guide,
 Be ever present by my side ;
 Guard me from every sin and strife,
 And from pollution keep my life.
 Rather than live in sin would I.
 In youth’s bright springtime, early die ;
 Pure have I been and pure will be,
 Rather than sin I’ll go to Thee.
 I from my home this night will fly,
 Free will I live, as free will die.

“ Father, while flying from my foe,
 By night or day, pray with me go ;
 Guard, as of old, my path aright,
 Be cloud by day, be fire by night,
 And should I reach the Ohio wide,
 Let Thy right hand its waves divide

And save my life from sin and shame
And I will ever bless Thy name."

That night when darkness veiled the sky
The maiden from her home did fly ;
In her right hand a dagger bright
Gleams faintly in the stars' pale light,
Ready, if round her close the foe,
To instant give a fatal blow
That will for aye her body free
From shame and sin of slavery.

Night after night she's kept her way,
Her only light the stars' dim ray ;
Weary and worn by watch and toil,
She fast is nearing freedom's soil.
With one more night her toil is o'er,
She'll reach at last fair freedom's shore
Where, free from slavery's sin and strife,
She hopes to lead a virtuous life.

Now watch her in yon lonely glen
Where since the dawn this day she's been ;
See, see ! she moves ! what does she fear ?
Upon the ground now rests her ear
That she the slightest noise may hear.
She starts with fear and runs with might,
Ah, what has caused this sudden flight ?
Hark ! 'tis the savage bloodhounds' bay,
Scenting afar their destined prey !
On flies the maid like startled fawn,
Through glen and wood, o'er dale and lawn :
Slow on her track the bloodhounds keep,
While down each road the hunters sweep,

But bravely on the maiden goes
Before her brute and human foes.

And now she stands upon the shore
Of the Ohio, which, passed o'er,
Her slavery ends forevermore.
The waves before her roar and boil,
The hunters close behind her toil,
The dogs are following in the chase,
One savage hound leads on the race :
The maiden calm the scene surveys
And thus to Heaven she fervent prays :

“ Father, to Thee my life I give,
In vice and sin I will not live ;
Rather than let me live a slave
O give to me a watery grave.
Yonder my master comes with power
To drag me to his loathsome bower ;
He comes, with hounds and hunters wild,
To ruin Thy yet virgin child.
In Thee I put my trust this day,
And unto Thee I humbly pray
That o'er yon waters raging wild
Thy hand support Thy feeble child.
Thou, who the Red Sea did divide,
Canst calm for me this raging tide,
And guard me in my passage o'er,
On floating ice, to yonder shore ;
Father, my life I trust to Thee,
As Moses when he crossed the sea
From Pharaoh's host and slavery.”

Loud shouts behind are in her ear,
That show the hounds and hunters near ;

The leading hound has reached the maid,
 See instant gleams the dagger's blade,
 And as to seize the maid he tries
 With one loud yell he sinks and dies!

A field of ice is floating by,
 See, see the maiden's watchful eye
 Measures its distance from the shore
 Across the billows angry roar :
 See, see it slowly nears the land
 Where yon pale maiden now doth stand—
 Her only chance to 'scape from sin
 Is yonder field of ice to win.
 It nears the shore! see, see her bound—
 Across the waves from baying hound!
 She gains the ice and from her foes
 Fast down the rapid stream she goes.
 She, mid the wild waves roar and din,
 Is safe from slavery's blighting sin,
 Trusting in Him who calmed the sea
 In ancient days in Galilee.

And now upon the river's shore
 The gathering hounds and hunters pour ;
 The hot pursuit and chase is o'er,
 No hound or hunter dare abide,
 On ice, in boat, the raging tide.
 Chained to the spot each heart beats high,
 And from the maid none turned the eye,
 As she from field to field flies o'er,
 Safe on the ice as on the shore ;
 And as she gains the further side,
 In spite of loss and wounded pride,
 Her master and his hunters gay
 Loud cheered the maiden on her way :

For there are few so base and cold
 That can a noble deed behold
 And still withhold the honor due
 To actions noble, brave and true.

EVENING HYMN.

To Thee, O God, who reigns on high,
 Who fills the earth, the sea, the sky,
 Our humble voice we raise ;
 Thou only source of perfect joy,
 Thou pleasures give that never cloy,
 We join to sing Thy praise.

Thou giv'st to us the radiant sun,
 Thou guid'st him in his course to run
 Till shades of night appear ;
 Thou giv'st us then the queen of night
 To cheer us with her paler light,
 And stars so bright and clear.

To Thee, O God, we humbly pray
 To banish earthly cares away
 Till morning's light we see ;
 Let gentle slumber seek each bed,
 Let angels watch around each head—
 Father, we trust in Thee.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Once on a time I chanced to be
 Passing from mountain to the sea
 Along a river's winding way,
 Whose banks by flowers were oft made gay.
 Sometimes through woods I careless strayed,
 And sometimes where the sunbeams played ;
 Sometimes o'er rocks my path I found,
 And sometimes through the swampy ground.
 The scene was ever changing there,
 From deep morass to prairie fair ;
 From swamps enshrouded deep in gloom
 To banks of flowers in perfect bloom.
 And from the mountain to the ocean
 The river kept in constant motion,
 And flowed with still increasing powers
 By deep morass and fields of flowers.

While passing thus adown the stream
 I saw the sun's last parting beam ;
 The night her curtain soon closed down
 And darkness settled o'er the town.
 No moon displayed her borrowed light
 And not a star illumin'd the night ;
 But mists and exhalations deep
 Their watch above the earth did keep,
 And fog and cloud shut out the light
 And dark and dismal was the night.
 Yet onward still I pressed my way,
 Which through a deep morass then lay,
 Where noxious vapors from each fen
 Convey disease and death to men,

Which should with care be shunned by all
 Before infection cause their fall. ¹
 While through the swamps I journeyed on,
 The light of day had long been gone ;
 I onward slow and cautious went,
 To reach the prairie I was bent ;
 I longed the open land to find
 And leave the swamp and fog behind.

While passing through the pathway slow,
 Beside the path I saw the glow
 Of something wondrous fair and bright
 That burst in glory on my sight.
 "What can it be," I instant cried,
 "That sends it rays on every side?
 What gem is this of countless worth,
 To which the swamp has given birth,
 That sparkles thus before my eyes?
 I'll seize at once the glittering prize—
 A prize so rare will gold command
 And make me richest in the land,
 Then I shall have a rarer gem
 Than e'er graced monarch's diadem."

With beating heart I seized the prize
 And gazed on it with wondering eyes ;
 But oh ! my hopes of late so gay
 In disappointment passed away !
 I found that gay and brilliant light,
 That showed such splendor in the night,
 Was naught but piece of rotten wood
 With phosphorescent light imbued

¹This river represents the life of man from the cradle to the grave. It sometimes passes through pleasant places, and sometimes through scenes of vice and all manner of vile and loathsome places like the sinks of iniquity in large cities, which are as destructive to life as the fabled Upas tree of Java was said to have been.

Which glowed so brightly through the night,
 But when 'twas seen by morning light
 Showed rotten wood and nothing more—
 It's pride and splendor all were o'er
 Examined by the light of day—
 I cast the worthless thing away.

But when I seized the glittering prize
 That looked so brilliant to my eyes,
 My fingers touched a pebble stone
 On which the rotten wood thus shone.
 'Twas round and smooth, no color bright,
 From its dark sides, burst on the sight ;
 Unto the eye it had the look
 Of some small pebble from the brook :
 I took the stone with which to play
 As onward still I kept my way,
 But when examined by the light
 This stone, so worthless to the sight,
 When its rough coat was cut away
 With brilliant radiance glittered gay,
 And showed to my astonished eyes
 A diamond of the largest size.
 This showed my statement not a dream—
 “ Things are not always what they seem.”

So 'tis with us as fast we sail
 The voyage of life before the gale
 That bears us, with resistless power,
 From natal to the mortal hour ;
 We oft shun diamonds, rough but good,
 For phosphorescent rotten wood.

Go pass with me the crowded street
 And view the maidens that we meet :

Though dressed in silks and laces fine,
 Adorned with gems from India's mine,
 With cheeks where roses blushing grow
 Above a neck of purest snow,
 Say, can a stranger tell the good
 From phosphorescent rotten wood?

Next view the candidates for power
 In this our nation's trying hour ;
 See those that boast their patriot zeal
 And labor for the public weal ;
 Tell how they love their country dear,
 And point to rocks and breakers near
 On which the ship of state will strand
 Unless 'tis guided by their hand :
 That all must heed the words they said
 And follow in the steps they tread,
 Or else the nation, filled with woe,
 With speed will to destruction go—
 Say, can you tell the wise and good
 From phosphorescent rotten wood?

Next view the priests that pulpits fill
 To virtue in our hearts instil ;
 See eloquent and strong men there
 And hear each zealous, fervent prayer.
 Hear orators their powers display
 To drive all evil thoughts away,
 And use the skill to them that's given
 To lead the doubting soul to Heaven.
 But some, I fear, in evil hour,
 Enter the yielding maiden's bower,
 As did the serpent Eden's gate,
 That realm of bliss to desolate.

Here oft you'll see the dazzling light
 Is not the glow of diamonds bright—
 That some called brilliant, wise and good
 Are phosphorescent rotten wood.

THE CAUSE AND CURE.

I saw a maid the other day,
 When straight my heart began to play
 And leap within my breast ;
 And oh ! it wild and wilder played,
 The more I gazed upon the maid,
 Until it broke my rest.

Now through the night and through the day
 The hours so slowly pass'd away
 Each moment seemed a year :
 " Alas ! thought I," what can it be,
 What sad disorder is on me?
 I to the grave draw near.

" Is it consumption's lingering spell,
 Or does a fever in me dwell?
 Tell me, good sir," I cried :
 " A fever rages in each vein.
 Consumption does your vigor drain,"
 The doctor quick replied.

" O Doctor ! then is this my case,
 And am I hastening on apace
 Unto the silent grave?
 Cannot thy wisdom, sir, impart
 Some nice direction of your art
 My humble life to save?"

“O yes, dear sir, if you'll attend
 To my instructions, as a friend,
 You yet may happy be.”
 “My dear, dear sir, if you will cure
 The misery I now endure
 I'll gladly pay your fee.”

“You've only, sir, to wed the maid,
 Whom you with pleasure late surveyed,
 And all your pains will cease.”
 I quickly made the girl my wife
 And now each moment of my life
 I pass in joy and peace.

1832.

VERMONT—A TOAST.

Though cotton on her hills won't grow,
 Nor rice where her pure waters flow,
 Nor e'en tobacco on each plain,
 Nor in our swamps the sugar cane;
 Yet we can boast the noble steed,
 Excelled by none for power and speed;
 Upon our mountain pastures sleep
 The fattest stock, the largest sheep;
 Within the earth's remotest bound,
 The purest marble here is found;
 And bravest sons that flag unfurled—
 And women that can beat the world.

THE RUMSELLER.

Which is the blackest crime, tell if you can,
 That in this age man doth inflict on man?
 Search ye the fearful catalogue of crime,
 Search ye each nation, ev'ry race and clime,
 And tell me which, of all that curse our race,
 For deeds abhor'd should claim the highest place.

Is it the murderer, watching for his prey,
 Who doth his rival in the darkness slay?
 Or base assassin who doth stealthy creep
 To stab his victim in his quiet sleep?
 Is it the pirate on the stormy main
 Who robs and murders from the thirst of gain?
 Or base land-pirate who, mid shades of night,
 On rocky shore displays his treach'rous light
 To lure the vessel to a watery grave,
 The crew to kill and the rich cargo save?
 Or he that scatters poison far and wide
 To riot in the wealth of those who died?
 Or prowling fire-bug, who with flaming brand,
 Spreads desolation through our happy land?

No, none of these, for crimes most foul and base.
 For damning deeds, can claim the highest place.
 These crimes are white to his you constant meet,
 Who walks in pride along each crowded street,
 Admired and honored as almost divine,
 Who oft at church partakes of bread and wine,
 Yet who, from thirst of gold, to all doth sell
Distilled damnation filled with fires of Hell,

That causes murder, suicide and strife,
 And all the many ills of human life :
 His is the meanest, deepest, blackest crime
 That can exist in any land or clime.

The murderer leaves his victim in his gore,
 If sharp the pain, a moment and 'tis o'er ;
 The assassin's knife his victim's heart may gain,
 And for an instant sharp may be the pain ;
 The pirate's victim finds a watery grave,
 A moment struggling, sinks beneath the wave ;
 The ship decoyed amid the shades of night,
 Led from its path by wreckers' dazzling light,
 Is dashed in pieces on the rocks below
 And all the crew unto the bottom go ;
 The poisoner's victim does not cast disgrace
 On friends or kin, or on the human race,
 Though he may writhe in agony and pain
 On his fair fame there is no blot or stain ;
 Or should he perish by the fire-bug's brand,
 His name would still be honored through the land.

The friends of these can gather round the bier
 To take the last farewell and drop a tear :
 Upon each face will be no blush of shame,
 They've done no deed to sully their fair fame ;
 Each wife and child will mourn the honored dead
 And plant fair flowers above each sleeper's head,
 And in each heart affection they will hold
 Until the living heart is dead and cold.

But the poor victim of rumsellers' sway,
 Who quaffs the deadly poison day by day,
 Oft sinks from affluence to want and woe,
 The road is steep and rapidly they go ;

Not one that sells will truly try to save
His falling victim from a drunkard's grave.

See yonder hovel, death hath entered there—
Aye, start not back in horror and despair—
In yonder corner you may there behold
A man who last night perished in the cold :
Around the dead the wife and children see
And hear their frantic cries of agony !

That man who last night perished in the street—
Who in the storm a drunkard's death did meet—
Had drank so much at store of Deacon Low
He fell and perished in the drifting snow.

Once he was loved and honored in the land,
He and his wife did with the noblest stand ;
His stately mansion by the river side
Was built in honor of his fair young bride ;
There they did happy live from day to day,
And year on year did rapid pass away.
His wealth was ample for their wants in life,
The hours passed swiftly, free from care and strife ;
And soon their home was with dear children blest
And all to make home happy they possessed.

All was harmonious until Deacon Low
Enticed this man into his store to go ;
There first the Deacon taught him how to drain
The cup that doth intoxicate the brain ;
There with convivial friends the hours pass'd by,
With song and wine old Time did rapid fly ;
They cracked their jokes, and told the oft told story,
And Bacchus reigned supreme in all his glory.

For days and months at twilight hour they go
 The eve to spend within the shop of Low ;
 Although they drink until they happy feel
 They do not drink till they like drunkards reel ;
 They do not think they drink to do them harm,
 But just enough that 'twill their bosoms warm.

The earth continued on its daily round,
 This man at Low's each eve was constant found :
 At first his friends but little danger feel,
 But as time passed they saw him homeward reel,
 They tried their best their dearest friend to save
 From want and woe and from a drunkard's grave.

It was too late ! no friend his course could stay,
 No tears or prayers could check his downward way ;
 His children's prayers, the entreaties of his wife
 On him were powerless, he'd not change his life.
 "The Rubicon was passed," they could not stay
 His rapid course upon his downward way
 To poverty and want and deep disgrace
 And death, which always ends the drunkard's race.

I need not paint the scenes you constant see,
 The changes wrought from wealth to poverty,
 As down the road to death the drunkards go ;
 I need not tell you of the scenes of woe
 You constant see when fathers, husbands, fall
 And at the cursed rumshops spend their all.

This man to drink had now become a slave,
 From ruin now no human power could save :
 His loving wife did to the Deacon go
 And tell to him her bitter tale of woe,

And unto him in tears she did implore
 That to her husband he would sell no more.
 Unto her prayers the Deacon thus did say :
 “ Madam, I liquor sell to all who pay,
 I make my living in this *lawful way*,
 My license gives me right to sell to all,
 I sell to those who for my liquors call ;
 Long as your husband pays I sha’n’t say no,
 While he can pay my liquors free shall flow :
 Madam, at home far better you’d appear
 Minding your business than be meddling here.”

Low’s liquor free unto this man did flow—
 That noble mansion now is owned by Low ;
 He now doth dwell in yonder mansion gay—
 The drunkard did in this poor hovel stay ;
 Here dwells the wife so late a happy bride,
 Here dwell the children, late their parents’ pride ;
 Their wealth is gone, the rumshop took it all
 From wealth to poverty *Rum* caused their fall ;
 Here famine gaunt did for his victim wait
 And hunger constant hovered round their gate.

Their food was out, their fire but dimly burned,
 The wife had saved some cash her labor earned,
 The storm so fierce last night she could not go
 For wood and food into the drifting snow.
 She to her husband did the money pay
 For wood and food to meet the coming day :
 He took the money food and wood to buy,
 But when Low’s rumshop chanced to meet his eye
 He thought he’d take one drink as he passed by :
 Low had not treated him for many a day—
 Because he had not cash for rum to pay—

He entered, Low his cash by chance did see,
That night for him again the drinks were free.

The wood and food for wife and children dear,
By liquor filled were all forgotten here ;
He drank and drank until his cash had flown,
Then in the street Low turned him out alone ;
He turned him, drunk, into the lonely street
Where no kind friend the wretched man did meet,
He turned him out, when winds were raging high,
Into the stormy night alone to die :
Last night he perished in the drifting snow—
'Twas caused by liquor that was sold by Low.

Think of the agony and mental pain
Of wife and children, who at home remain,
As slow the hours of night did pass away
While father, husband, thus from home did stay !
Think of their grief as on the dead they gaze
And think upon their home of former days
E'er the fell arts of that rumseller, Low,
Had changed their state from wealth to want and woe ;
And think, as now they gather round the dead,
Though fierce the storm, they have no wood or bread ;
Though once they'd wealth they clearly now can see
By Low's vile rum they're sunk to penury ;
That on cold charity they must rely,
Unaided, now by hunger they must die.

Here having viewed this scene so desolate
And seen the horrors of the drunkard's fate,
Now go with me to yonder mansion gay,
A scene of death we will again survey ;
Yon mansion makes a fair and goodly show,
But not so grand as that now owned by Low.

See on yon bed a man in death doth sleep,
 While round the corse his wife and children weep ;
 A tender husband there doth quiet rest,
 A loving father by his children blest.

To seize his wealth last night assassins crept
 Into his room, where he in quiet slept,
 There, without warning, stabbed him in his breast,
 Then all the bonds and money he possess'd
 They stole and carried from the house away,
 And in the storm escaped before the day.

Which crime was worst, now answer me, I pray :
 The end the same, they both their victims slay,
 The same the object, avarice, thirst for gold—
 Your wealth unscrupulous to gain and hold?
 The murderer left his victim in his gore,
 Though sharp the pain, a moment and 'twas o'er ;
 The murdered man no sense of shame doth give
 To cause a crimson blush on those that live ;
 His mourning friends can meet around his bier
 To speak his praise and drop the silent tear,
 And dwell with pleasure on the life he led
 Before the assassin's dagger struck him dead ;
 Though by the murderer's blade in darkness slain,
 On his fair fame it left no blot or stain.

Not so the drunkard dies : his friends may say
 The world lost nothing when he passed away ;
 No use was he to friends and kindred dear,
 Who always lived in constant dread and fear
 That he, when drunk, by chance might lose his life,
 Or perish shameful in some deadly strife,
 Or in fierce storms might perish by the way,
 Or in some desperate fight his friends might slay.

Who would not rather that their friends should fall
 By midnight murder or assassin's ball
 Than live a drunkard's life of shame and fear
 And downward rush, as year rolls after year?
 One whom you know you have not power to save,
 One who too soon must fill a drunkard's grave :
 The murderer's crimes quite pale you see become
 Compared with his who freely deals in rum.

From age to age King Alcohol hath been
 The dread and terror of all thinking men ;
 We from our youth oft see the drunkard go
 From wealth and happiness to want and woe :
 See wife and children share the drunkard's state
 And mourn with them their most unhappy fate.
 But seen so oft of course we pass them by
 Without a thought wherein the crime doth lie :
 But look the matter squarely in the face,
 And to its source the fearful crime now trace,
 You'll find of all the crimes upon the earth
 That in the nations ever had its birth,
 The source from which most crimes on earth do come,
 Is from the sale of whiskey, gin and rum.
 And that the blackest crime that tongue can tell
 Is his who liquor to the people sell :
 Who doth for love of gold spread ruin wide,
 The cause of murder, strife and suicide.

Then shun rumsellers, wheresoe'er they dwell,
 Shun them, as you'd shun *fire that burns in Hell!*
 Keep ye, oh, keep ye from its deadly stain,
 And free and happy you will long remain.

THE SERPENT AND THE WOODPECKER.

A FABLE.

The reptiles of the field, we find,
 Act often like the human kind ;
 Although unlike in form and face
 Yet in their actions we can trace
 How, by their instinct, oft they can
 Act just like noble, reasoning man.
 To show you that they both agree
 This story I will tell to thee :

Upon a sunny summer day
 Once, when a boy, I chanced to stray
 Into a cool and shady wood
 Where ancient trees thick round me stood.
 I in this cool, delightful shade
 A couch of leaves with care had made,
 Then laid me down upon the ground,
 While birds made music all around.

While thus I lay a gentle breeze
 Sang sweetly through the waving trees ;
 And there in dreamy state I lay
 As slowly passed the hours away.

While thus I lay upon the ground,
 Half dreaming, gazing all around,
 Not distant far I chanced to see
 A noble ancient forest tree :
 Some fifty feet above the ground
 Two equal branches there I found

The one was clothed with leaves of green,
 The other leafless may be seen,
 For accident had caused decay
 And all its leaves had passed away
 Some years ago and now 'tis seen
 Devoid of all that's fair and green.

I saw a bird with skill and care
 Had bored this branch, so dry and bare,
 And in its bosom built her nest
 Where her young brood could safely rest.
 The birds unwearied sought for food
 To feed their hungry callow brood ;
 Their stay was short, they come and go
 Not thinking any cunning foe
 Did near their nest in ambush wait
 To change to grief their happy state.

While thus I lay upon the ground
 By chance I cast my eyes around,
 When I with terror there did see,
 Slow gliding towards the birds-nest tree,
 A serpent of a larger size
 Than e'er before had met my eyes.

In terror I in silence lay,
 Lest she should chance for me to stray ;
 I watched her close, she neared the tree,
 And watched the birds I plain could see ;
 She saw them come and saw them go,
 As on the ground she watched below,
 And then her plans with skill she laid,
 And every calculation made,
 That on those birds she could be fed
 And not go supperless to bed :

For instinct we in reptiles find,
 Like reason in the human kind,
 Prompts them to seize with greedy hand
 Upon the choice things in the land,
 And e'er they long shall hunger bear
 On beast or bird or fish they'll fare,
 And live by force of fraud and might
 And not by equity and right.

Her plans are laid, now look and see
 She winds herself about the tree ;
 See her now ! she rises fast !
 She's gained the lofty top at last
 And mid the leaves is now at rest ;
 Her head is near the birdies' nest,
 Safe hid amid the leaves of green .
 She cannot by the birds be seen.
 There like a Wall-street broker she
 Watches the coming birds to see
 To swallow them in ecstasy.

See how snug and still she lies,
 On the nest is fixed her eyes :
 Now the bird with fluttering wing
 To her brood sweet food doth bring ;
 No doubt or fear is in her breast,
 Joyous she doth seek her nest ;
 Swift she enters now the tree
 Where her little birdies be.

See the serpent's look of pride
 When the coming bird she spied!
 How the heart beat in her breast
 When the bird thus sought her nest.

Noiseless now the serpent see,
 See her head approach the tree ;
 Now it gains the branch's side,
 In the hole it now doth glide ;
 The bird's wild screams the air doth fill,
 A moment more and all is still.

The serpent joyous seized her prey,
 The bird now in her throat doth lay :
 But often joy is turned to pain,
 And we are lost by what we gain.

Now the serpent's movement see,
 Wild she struggles in the tree ;
 Round the branch she madly coils,
 Hard to free her head she toils,
 Though she writhes in greatest pain
 All her efforts are in vain.
 When she tried her head to free,
 From the hole in that dry tree,
 Then she found the dainty prize
 In her throat increased the size
 Of head and neck to such degree
 She cannot from the danger flee,
 And wild she writhes in agony.

What were her thoughts? I cannot tell :
 But this I know to her befell
 That long she struggled in the tree
 From the hole her head to free ;
 But her struggles were in vain,
 Ev'ry one increased her pain,
 And after every effort tried
 She struggling, strangling, slowly died :

And there in death she hangs to show
 To us who dwell on earth below
 That e'er we seize a glit'ring prize,
 That spreads its charms before our eyes,
 Be sure, if first it gives us joy,
 It will not health and life destroy.

If you careful look around
 Oft are men and women found
 Strug'ling hard an end to gain
 Which acquired doth give them pain ;
 And their fate most sad will be,
 Like the serpent in the tree,
 Dying, lost in victory.

LINES FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

May thy bosom, maiden fair,
 Never throb with doubt or sorrow ;
 Never beat with anxious care,
 Never dread to meet the morrow.

May thy path with flowers be spread,
 Gay as on a dewy morn ;
 May the rose its fragrance shed
 Unattended by its thorn.

May thy star of life be bright,
 Brightly shine and brightly reign ;
 When it sets in death's dark night
 Rise in Heaven to shine again.

1833.

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COLD WATER.

Let poets sweetly, blithely sing
 The joy the sparkling wine-cups bring
 When friends together meet ;
 When music, with her charms divine,
 And product of the generous vine
 Together form the treat :

But I the cool and silver fountains,
 Bursting from our own Green Mountains
 All bubbling, sparkling bright ;
 Pure as the spirit at its birth,
 Before the coloring of earth
 Had stained its spotless white.

I love to quaff thee, pure and clear,
 Than rosy wine to me more dear
 Thy cooling, limpid streams ;
 No widow's sigh or orphan's tear
 Amid thy pearly drops appear
 To dim thy purest beams.

No fevers mingle in thy flow,
 No fell disease, or scenes of woe,
 Or want or misery ;
 Or friendship changed to deadly strife,
 Or scene of blood or waste of life
 Can trace their source to thee.

Let others drink the sparkling wine
 And round the bowl their wreaths entwine
 As Bacchus did of yore ;
 But let me drink at each pure spring,
 And I, in humble lays, will sing
 Thy praise forvermore.

ADVICE TO UNCLE SAMUEL.

FOUNDED ON UNCLE JERRY'S SPECULATIONS.

[The following lines were written at the time the purchase of St. Domingo was under consideration, and were sent to Hon. CHAS. W. WILLARD, M. C. from Vermont, April 1, 1871.]

It seems the statesmen of the nation
 Are now engaged in speculation ;
 They want all lands now to be sold
 To pay our claims or swap for gold.
 There's Canada they'd like to get
 To pay the Alabama debt ;
 Take Cuba, if it will be sold,
 And pay for it in yellow gold.
 There's St. Domingo, wars and all,
 Ready into our arms to fall ;
 And it is said the lands that lay
 Just south of California
 Some splendid farms would quickly show
 If bought—or stole—from Mexico.
 To these add isles perhaps a score—
 They'd answer for a year or more—
 To Uncle Sam a farm they'd give
 Where he might well contented live :
 But restless soon again he'll try
 And all adjoining lands he'd buy
 If they in market can be sold
 For barter or for ready gold.

But 'tis not always safe to buy
 All lands that near you chance to lie ;
 But those around you better pay
 Than those that do at distance lay.

That Uncle Sam may clearly read
 How speculators oft succeed,
 And how reverses often follow
 When they have staked their "bottom dollar"
 To "corner" make in land or gold
 And find *themselves* in market sold—
 To prove that 'tis uncertain, very,
 I'll tell the tale of Uncle Jerry :

THE TALE OF UNCLE JERRY.

My Uncle Jerry had a farm, some sixty years ago,
 Upon the broad Connecticut whose waters southward flow ;
 It was a large and fertile farm of meadows and of moun-
 tains,

'Twas watered well with running brooks and clear and
 cooling fountains.

'Twas in Vermont the old farm lay, upon the river side,
 And there my uncle passed his time in all a farmer's pride ;
 His meadows were the richest that eye hath ever seen,
 His pastures on the hillsides were always fresh and green.
 His cattle were the fattest that e'er to market went,
 He beef and sheep and turkeys each year to Boston sent ;
 His acres by the thousand along the river lay,
 Where Uncle Jerry viewed with pride his corn and grain
 and hay.

Upon the rocky hillsides his snowy flocks are seen,
 His horses and his cattle feed in the valleys green ;
 He's more than forty cottages upon his vast domain
 Where dwell the men that cut the hay and gather in the
 grain,

And tend the flocks and milk the cows and on my uncle
 wait,

And constant aid and comfort give to manage his estate.

My uncle was a wealthy man in lands and goods and gold,
 And every year increased his store as I have oft been told :
 His market was at Boston, he there his produce sent,
 To get the goods he wanted he oft to Boston went.
 His teams were constant running, so large his surplus grew,
 To get his grain to market the way he scarcely knew :
 My uncle grew ambitious, says he, “ My farm’s too small,
 Of all the land that joins me I’m bound to have it all ;
 Just south, upon the hillside, is neighbor Dobbin’s land,
 Though he asks double what it’s worth I will not bantering
 stand,
 ’Twill make my farm more sightly, make straight a crooked
 line,
 Though it produce but little it must and shall be mine.
 And then upon the mountain that lot of David Fay—
 To him not worth a dollar—it must be mine, I say ;
 ’Tis true, at what he asks, ’tis most outrageous dear,
 But I the land am bound to have it lays to mine so near ;
 ’Twill cost me time and trouble for that wild lot to care,
 Must pay for constant watching and all the taxes bear ;
 For pride alone I want it, Fay knows the reason why,
 And that I know the reason is he asks a price so high. •

“ For building, all my timber I’ve bought of Johnny Snow,
 And he has constant cheated me, the fact full well I know,
 I want more barns and cottages—now lumber’s very high,
 No longer of that Johnny Snow his timber I will buy.
 There is a lot of timbered land up north that I am told
 Friend Russ has in the market and ready to be sold ;
 The land I’ll buy, and build a mill that will be run by
 steam,
 (I cannot build a water-mill, there’s no sufficient stream) ;
 Then Johnny Snow, when I have built, may give his mill
 away,
 For I will lumber sell so cheap that his old mill won’t pay.

“My teams that go to Boston and at the taverns¹ stay,
 Though they are constant on the road they’re cheated ev’ry
 day;
 To remedy this evil a tavern I will buy
 At least in every twenty miles, and tavern-keeping try:
 I’ll buy a place in Boston, my depot it shall be,
 And then the profits I will make my friends shall quickly
 see.”

My uncle when his mind was made would, without more
 ado,
 If in the power of mortal man, quick put the business
 through:
 The Dobbins farm was quickly bought, the land of David
 Fay,
 And twenty other worthless strips were purchased the same
 day.
 The ready cash he did not have to pay for all the land,
 For many of the pieces he paid by notes of hand;
 The timber lands of neighbor Russ that were to uncle sold,
 Friend Russ would give no credit, ’twas therefore paid in
 gold.
 The boiler and machinery to build the mill is bought
 And by his teams from Boston unto his farm is brought;
 The road unto the land of Russ is by his order made,
 And soon a large and costly mill is to the world displayed.
 His farm is much neglected to build the road and mill,
 From lumber golden visions his head did constant fill.

The lands are bought, the mill is built, his business next to
 try
 At least in every twenty miles a tavern house to buy;

¹ Sixty years ago they were called taverns—now hotels.

When he resolved a thing to do he went to work and
 'done' it,

Each tavern bought and furnished, and men employed to
 run it.

It strained his credit pretty hard ten tavern stands to buy,
 And furniture and fixings and other things supply :

And next and last in Boston my uncle looked around,
 There long he looked and hunted to find the proper
 ground

On which to build a depot where he his goods could keep,
 And where his teams could stay and where his men could
 sleep.

Long time he searched the city before he chanced to find
 A place that was exactly according to his mind :

At last a place he found that completely filled his eye,
 "This, this," he joyous cried, "I instantly will buy."

It was owned by a widow with half a dozen brats,
 The owner of a dog and pig and several snarling cats :
 "What is the price, dear madam?" my uncle eager cried ;
 "The land is very cheap, kind sir," the widow quick re-
 plied,

"I'll deed this land to you, dear sir, upon this very day,
 If you will me and mine support and all our debts will pay ;
 Our debts are very small, you'll find, I tell you what is
 true,

There is a mortgage on the land that quickly will be due,
 The records unto you the amount will truly give,
 And it costs but little here, dear sir, for me and mine to
 live ;

So you may take the property and writings with me make,
 And instantly my long loved home for you I will forsake."

My Uncle Jerry paused to think and ponder on the plan,
 And then in answer unto her he thus at last began :

“ I’ll take this place, dear madam, and all your debts will
pay,

And you may in the house remain long as you choose to
stay ;

A depot I will build, my dear, close by your humble home,
And you can feed my servants when they to Boston come,
And for the land, hereafter, until your dying day,
For your support and children I will expenses pay.”

The deed is made, the bond is given, the depot proudly
stands,

And Uncle Jerry straight returns to his rich meadow
lands ;

For he had now accomplished all he that year designed,
And trusted that from this outlay he should great profit
find.

Old Time upon his rapid flight for mortals never stayed,
And Uncle Jerry thought he’d see what profit he had made.

“ ’Tis full two years,” my uncle cried, “ I’ve mills and
taverns run,

’Tis time I took a full account of all that I have done ;

’Tis time I looked the matter o’er, for cash is getting low,
And why I am so very ‘ short ’ I really wish to know.”

And first upon his many farms account of stock he took,
And when he saw the footings he soberly did look :

“ Oh where is now the hay and grain, the cattle and the
sheep

That I upon my many farms forever used to keep ?

Ah, well I now remember the men the land did till

I’ve sent to keeping tavern or else to tending mill,

And left upon the farm the boys and men unused to work,
Whose only object present pay and all that’s hard to shirk ;

My barns that once I used to fill with corn and grain and
 hay,
 From this same cause, I now suspect, all empty are to-day.

“ And where are now my fatted beeves, hogs, turkeys, and
 my sheep

That I for market every year upon my farm did keep,
 On which I did for cash depend the farm expense to pay?
 I ask and ask, and ask again: my servants, where are
 they?

Ah, now you do remind me, what I forgot before,
 That to my mountain saw mill I've sent at least a score
 Of beeves and hogs to feed the men, for teams the grain
 and hay,

And now I trust in profits the mill will well repay.
 And then the numerous taverns that I have tried to keep
 Have drained my farms of hay and grain, hens, turkeys,
 and of sheep:

They've taken all I had to sell and left for market naught,
 My Boston depot's only used for property I've bought;
 I've not a dollar from my farm expense or debts to pay,
 Though loud my creditors do call from morn to night each
 day.

“ Next to my mountain mill I'll go, account of dealings
 take,

I trust the profits will be large that I from lumber make.”
 He went and saw his mountain land, the land of Russ he
 bought,

And long he wandered up and down and for his timber
 sought;

The land was on the mountain side, 'twas rocky, rough and
 steep,

With here and there a stunted tree that foothold tried to
 keep.

To make the road and keep the teams to mill the logs to
get,
Instead of making profit, had run him deep in debt.

“My mill,” he cried, “*confound it!* I’ll sell without delay,
To lumber on this mountain land the thing will never pay;
If ’twant for pride the costly thing I’d instant give away—
I’ll never run the cursed thing another single day.
I’ve footed up the long accounts, and find the mill books
show,
Instead of making profits, I many thousands owe
For work upon the mountain, for oxen, sleds and chains,
And of the products of the mill there nothing now remains:
The land I bought of neighbor Russ, upon the mountain
side,
Has swept the money from my purse like sand before the
tide.”

And next he looked his taverns o’er to see what they had
made:
He called for books, he called for bills, he furniture sur-
veyed—
“I want,” he cried, “the surplus cash you have on hand
to-day,
For I have many little bills I’m called upon to pay.”
The tavern bills he figured up, expenses and receipts,
A large deficit here again my Uncle Jerry meets;
He foots and foots, and foots again, to find some error
tries,
Though long he looks and ponders no error meets his eyes.
“I see it now,” my uncle said, “to me ’tis plain as day,
I never can with profit run a tavern far away;
The salaries of agents and servants, plain I see,
Will swallow up the profits however large they be.

The houses now all need repairs, want paper, and want
paint,

The furniture is all worn out, is every one's complaint ;

Full well I see I cannot here in cash a dollar get,

But what to me is worst of all each tavern is in debt.

I'll try," at last my uncle said, " my Boston lands to sell,

I think that purchase which I made must surely turn out
well."

He found his Boston depot lands far worse than all the
rest,

It was the most unfortunate of all that he possessed ;

He found it as the widow said, her debts were all quite
small,

But they made up in numbers—there were thousands of
them all.

With salaries of agents, who there had naught to do,

The servants and repairs—it would astonish you ;

But when he saw the bills for the widow and her brats,

Her parrots and her monkeys, her various dogs and cats,

My uncle cried " By thunder ! this giving land to me

Through life to be supported the object now I see !

I've spent ten thousand building here a depot large and
grand,

And not a dollar have received from buildings or from
land."

He sought the widow, deeded back the land without delay,

And then in full five thousand more by note of hand did
pay

To get his bond for her support which unto her he gave,

And from ten thousand little bills his future life to save.

My uncle quickly now returned unto his farm once more,

To look his stock and property and all his business o'er.

To make a list of all his stock and lands he now began,
 To ascertain the sums he owed, to settle with each man.
 My uncle found when this was done, although it galled his
 pride,

That very much the largest sum was on the debtor side :
 " Confound it ! " loud my uncle cried, " I'm bankrupt now
 I see !

The depot, taverns, mill and lands have surely ruined me.
 I will not have the sheriff round, in debt I will not live,
 My creditors I'll cause to meet, and unto them will give
 My houses, taverns, mill and lands, my cattle and my
 sheep,

And from my honest creditors I'll not a dollar keep ;
 If they'll discharge me from my debts I'll start the world
 anew,
 And ne'er too widely spread my sails, but keep my ballast
 true."

The trade is closed : he gives up all, and is from debt set
 free,

Without a dollar in his purse my uncle now you see ;
 He tried on life's tempestuous sea to carry to much sail,
 And like ten thousand others he foundered in the gale.



Dear Uncle Sam, take warning from Uncle Jerry's fate :
 In meadows, prairies, mountain lands, your farm is very
 great.

Perhaps you now remember you late a bargain made
 With our good friend, the Russian Czar, and gold by
 millions paid :

You recollect, dear uncle, the fairy tales they told,
 That the land was very rich in silver and in gold ;

That coal was lying on the banks all ready to be bought,
 That every bay was filled with fish all wishing to be caught.
 That seals were very plenty each bay and creek within,
 And every one was anxious to let you have his skin ;
 And then such splendid forests of pine and fir and spruce,
 Enough to last for centuries for all the nation's use.
 That the climate was so warm that no winter there was
 found,

It was in fact a fairy land and almost tropic ground :
 When bought, 'twas like—'twas like—'twas like—I say
 'twas very
 Like the mountain timber lands of good old Uncle Jerry.

The forests have retreated from every creek and bay,
 And worthless, on the mountains, 'tis said that now they
 lay ;
 The fish that were so plenty, like visions of the night,
 From every shore and creek and bay have vanished from
 our sight.

And oh, those lovely seals that you wanted to possess
 From each report grow fewer and “ beautifully less ” ;
 It does not pay, nor ever will, to run the costly thing,
 And never to the treasury will it a dollar bring.
 For every dollar that it brings the nation's treasury
 For the army and the navy full ten at least we pay :
 Add marshals and collectors and others stationed there,
 And the purchase of Alaska is very hard to bear ;
 You're just like Uncle Jerry, if 'twere not for your pride
 You'd cut loose from Alaska and forever let her slide.

'Tis said by some you have an eye upon some lands that
 lay
 Southwestward of your ample farm, between the main and
 bay¹ ;

¹ Lower California.

'Tis said that here the land is good, but still I have no doubt

'Twill cost too much to fence it and keep the smugglers out.

That, like the Dobbins farm, 'twill be upon your purse a drain,

The income from the customs the expenses can't maintain ;
When with Mexico you think to trade to Alaska turn your eyes,

And, uncle, don't be caught again by such a tinsel prize.

You long have wanted Cuba, so your friends have often told,

A hundred millions offered, in glittering, yellow gold ;
Dear uncle, would you take it if given you to-day

'Twould be worse than Jerry's taverns, you could not make it pay.

To Spain 'tis now a curse, 'tis running her in debt,

The expenses of the army she ne'er expects to get ;

Suppose to-day you take her a free gift from Old Spain,

What earthly profit would you from the splendid gift obtain ?

You take her, wars and all, and the rebels must subdue,

How large an army, think you, would it take to keep her true ?

If you should take the island you must order there restore,

Your army and your navy must constant guard each shore ;

Her sugar and tobacco in every port would be

Competing with your farms down south—they would be duty free.

Your treasury would lose the cash that from the duties flow,

And where would be the benefit—does anybody know ?

You'd better first the " Ku-Klux " quell amid your southern farms

Before these wild guerrilla bands you clasp within your arms ;

Think you the bands there fighting now would with their
foes agree,
And 'neath our flag would fraternize and shout for liberty?
No, no, dear uncle, never buy; if given, 'twould cost you
dear,
You'd better stick close to your farms and keep your titles
clear.

'Tis said that you from Denmark an isle would like to
buy,¹
It lays some ways from Cuba, you've got it in your eye;
But is it worth a million if in the market sold?
Oh, uncle, don't you buy it, you'd better keep your gold
To pay your debts, and stock your farms, and see your
crops are sown,
And let the isle of earthquakes and hurricanes alone.

But there is St. Domingo they say you'd like to get,
Like Uncle Jerry's widow you've but to pay her debt,
And through her life support her and all her little brats,
Her parrots and her monkeys, her dogs, her pigs and cats.
They say the land is splendid and very rich indeed,
That all who go to farming will surely there succeed;
But for a farming country it singular appears,
And I should want to see it rain in less than nine long
years.²

I think beneath the tropic sun the rivers would get low,
And all the mountain streams be dry and grass would cease
to grow.

The people all are very poor, from serf to president,
Its officers have drained the land and all the money spent;
Its army and its navy are serving without pay,³
And every one is bankrupt, they tell me, there to-day.

¹ St. Thomas.

² The accounts from that island represent that in some portions
of it no rain has fallen for nine years at a time.

³ Accounts represent the army as serving without pay.

They dearly want into your purse to get their greedy hands,
 And pay you off in paupers and wild and thirsty lands ;
 They'd rather be in office and draw from you the gold,
 As marshals and collectors and every office hold,
 Than o'er a pauper nation to govern without pay,
 In fear of revolution on each succeeding day.
 And there is some "unpleasantness" with Cabral and with
 others,
 There's some dispute about the line with their dark Hay-
 tien brothers.

Perhaps you may remember their bargain with Old Spain,⁴
 And uncle, should you buy it, won't they fly from it again?
 You remember it was Cabral who o'er Spain the victory
 won,

Is not his flag now waving beneath the tropic sun?
 Does not, among the mountains, his little patriot band,
 'Gainst Baez, the usurper, now bold and threatening
 stand?⁵

If you should from the island call all your ships away,
 How long in St. Domingo would Baez dare to stay?
 How many Spanish soldiers upon the island sleep
 Who died in field and hospital while Spain did foothold
 keep?

Just think how many noble hearts in southern graves now
 lay,

Before you drove the Seminoles from swamps of Florida ;
 How many millions did it cost to drive the Indians out,
 Before your vet'ran army their scattered bands did rout?
 To fight with Cabral's warriors in swamps and forests there,
 I think you'll find, dear uncle, a very *grave* affair.

⁴ Spain at one time, at the earnest request of the people of the island, annexed it to her territory, but after a short time the people, under Cabral, revolted, and after the loss to Spain of many soldiers and much treasure the island became again independent.

⁵ Cabral is now in arms against Baez, who he claims is a usurper of power in the island.

Now uncle, should you trade and purchase the estate,
You'd better calmly be prepared for Uncle Jerry's fate.

But if you must enlarge your farm and Johnny Bull will
give

The New Dominion, in the north, beneath your flag to
live,

'Tis not a land of paupers, but people like your own,
No heavy drain upon your purse will cause a single groan.
'Twill save a long division fence upon your northern bound,
And furnish you with tillage land and splendid pasture
ground.

But be not in a hurry from John the land to buy,
Though it would be convenient, and close to you doth lie ;
The time is fast approaching when John a deed will give
For love and for affection beneath your flag to live.

Now keep your brow unruffled and your mind from all
alarms,

And like a bashful, blushing bride she'll fall into your
arms.

VERMONT.

Her hills are green, her fountains clear,
And rich her sunny vales appear ;
Her sons are brave, her daughters fair,
Her rights she guards with jealous care.

THE ABSENT LOVER.

[Written at the request of a lady whose lover had been in California eight years, and who had been expected home from day to day for about three years.]

Long have I watched, and watched in vain,
 For him that's far away,
 And though my heart oft throbs with pain
 I will not sadly now complain
 But watch from day to day.

How often at the midnight hour,
 In dreams, are brought to view
 Each scene we've passed in field or bower,
 When sun shone bright or clouds did lower,
 That I have passed with you.

Fond memory lingers round each spot
 Where we in love have met ;
 Around each stream, each tree, each grot,
 By me they ne'er will be forgot,
 Deep in my heart they're set.

How dear each token is to me
 That you in love did give ;
 Thy dear name in this book I see,
 I love to sit and think of thee—
 For thee alone I live.

Then quick return, oh, do not fail,
 I long to meet with thee ;
 And may the Power that rules the gale
 With gentle breezes fill each sail
 That wafts my love to me.

L I N E S

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE
BATTLE OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

One hundred years ago to-day
The British troops with pennons gay,
Before the sun's first dawning ray,
 Through Lexington did ride ;
On came the troops to win a name,
The Yankee farmers' hearts to tame,
And quench Young Freedom's rising flame
 And curb New England's pride.

On, on the men to Concord come,
The life is still, each voice is dumb,
No cannons boom, no sound of drum
 Disturbs the midnight air ;
No sound the listening ear doth greet
Except the tramp of soldiers' feet,
As o'er each bridge and through each street
 Their banners proud they bear.

The troops from Boston had come o'er
To seize the Yankees' gathered store,
And Concord's field to stain with gore
 And crush the patriots brave ;
But great their wonder and affright
When, by the earliest ray of light,
They found their foes prepared for fight,
 Their dearest rights to save.

Firm at their post the Yankees stand,
A fearless, noble, patriot band,
Ready to die to free the land

From slavery's galling chain ;
 Ready to guard each freeman's right,
 Ready to mingle in the fight,
 Ready, 'gainst tyranny and might,
 To pour their blood like rain.

“ Disperse ! disperse ! ” the Britons cry,
 “ Disperse, ye rebels, or ye die !
 Disperse, disperse, and quickly fly,
 Or meet a traitor's doom !
 Throw down your arms, ye traitor host !
 No longer proud defiance boast,
 Desert at once your armed post
 Or fill a rebel tomb ! ”

“ Fire ! ” cried the Britons, “ let them die ! ”
 “ Fire ! ” cried the Yankees in reply,
 And bullets thick as hail did fly
 For then, on every side,
 That British volley waked a flame—
 Before, behind, on flanks, it came—
 The Yankees fought their foes to tame,
 To every shot replied.

Awhile the soldiers held their ground,
 But fast the Yankees gathered round,
 And with surprise the Britons found
 Their foes in front and rear ;
 From every bush and rock and tree
 The gathering Yankees they can see,
 And soon they will surrounded be,
 Their fate they well may fear.

Hem'd in, shot down from every side,
 The royal troops in vain replied,
 Though deep in blood the plain is dyed,

They scarce can see their foe ;
 Though fast the royal soldiers fall,
 Their foes behind each tree and wall
 Are safe from British sword or ball,
 And thus unharmed can go.

Before the Yankee fire they sway,
 And soon their solid ranks give way,
 They to their foemen yield the day
 And seek their ships once more ;
 In wild disorder they appear,
 The Yankees on their flanks and rear
 In constant gathering clouds appear,
 And stain the fields with gore.

The wild retreat changed to a race,
 The Yankees followed up the chase,
 And constant from each hiding place
 Shot down their hated foes ;
 They followed up this running fight,
 They'd load and fire—then out of sight,
 Then on the rear, or left, or right,
 Around the troops they'd close.

But few to Boston e'er had got,
 So hot the chase, so sure each shot,
 And prisoners soon had been their lot
 In that exciting chase,
 But men the Britons sent to meet
 The royal troops in wild retreat
 And cover up their sad defeat,
 And save them from disgrace.

This fight a lesson to them gave,
 That Yankee souls were true and brave,
 They'd rather fill a rebel grave

Than yield a single right :
 Though born to peace, the earth to till,
 To tend the shop, the store, the mill,
 To guard each right with might and will,
 On battle field they'd fight.

An hundred years have pass'd away
 Since here our fathers held at bay
 The royal troops in deadly fray,
 And triumphed on the plain ;
 They mourned for every fallen brave
 Who died his dearest rights to save,
 Who fills an honored soldier's grave,
 In that fierce battle slain.

To-day we've met to honor show
 To those who bravely met the foe
 In fight one hundred years ago
 To guard their rights and laws :
 They here for freedom fought and bled,
 And here the loved and honored dead
 Now fill a soldier's gory bed—
 They fell in freedom's cause.

Here in this ground these patriots sleep,
 The nation green their graves shall keep,
 And o'er each mound shall patriots weep,
 While Freedom holds her sway ;
 In future years, while free we dwell,
 The sire shall to his children tell
 The deeds of those who fought and fell
 On that most glorious day.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

[“The Green Mountain Boys [on the Potomac] have thus far led the van, and we have no doubt that when the tug of war comes the confidence of the government in them will be fully justified. * * * *

“The descendants of Ethan Allen and his brave followers are not the men to flinch at the sight of the foe.”—*Boston Journal, 1861.*]

Vermont in the van! Aye, there let her be,
 Vermont was forever the land of the free—
 “The land of the free and the home of the brave,”
 Unstained by the tread of the tyrant or slave.

“Ho! give us the van!” the Vermonters all cry,
 “Our flag is unfurled, we will conquer or die;
 The Stars and the Stripes which to battle we bear
 Shall serve for our shroud or float proudly in air.

“Vermont led the van at the capture of ‘Ti,’
 When Allen’s brave boys raised their banner on high;
 Vermont led the van when on Bennington’s plain
 The minions of tyrants were captured or slain.

“Vermont led the van when Prevost in his pride
 The green fields of Plattsburgh in crimson deep dyed;
 Vermont led the van at Chapultepec’s height,
 Where the blood of her Ransom flowed free in the fight.

“Then give us the van! we claim it in battle,
 Our eagles shall fly where the cannons loud rattle;
 The fame we have won still brighter shall glow
 Wherever in battle we meet with the foe.”

Vermont in the van! Aye, there let her be,
 Vermont was forever the home of the free—
 “The land of the free and the home of the brave,”
 Unstained by the tread of the tyrant or slave.

ADDRESS TO JEFFERSON DAVIS :

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE SO CALLED CONFEDERATE STATES,
WHEN DRESSED IN HIS WIFE'S PETTICOATS.

Jeff. Davis, thou hast fallen from thy proud and lofty
station,

Thou lately wast the President of all the southern nation ;
And then five hundred thousand men obeyed thy slightest
nod,

And ladies' hands have strewn with flowers the path that
thou hast trod.

No Turkish Sultan ever ruled with more despotic sway
Than you did lord o'er the south before you ran away ;
No eastern tyrant ever yet upon this earth drew breath
Who filled, like you, so many graves with people starved to
death.

But now thy nation is subdued, and all thy power is gone,
And you have sunk to depths so low you've won a nation's
scorn :

Who would have thought from such a height that you could
sink so low

As to put on a woman's dress to hide you from your foe?
Is the last ditch you've talked about—the ditch of fell
despair—

Composed of women's hoops and stays, and calico they
wear?

You've talked about the last great ditch that should be
fam'd in story,

Where, if defeated, you would die amid a blaze of glory :
That you would gather round you your cavaliers so brave,
And in one gallant, glorious charge seek victory or the
grave.

But here you are, Jeff. Davis, skedadling from your foes,
Just like a cowardly poltroon, dressed up in woman's
clothes.

How did you feel, Jeff. Davis, while running for your life,
Dressed up in hoops and crinoline you'd borrowed from
your wife?

What did you think your friends would say when they should
read the news,

Or did you think the comic scene the Yankees would
amuse?

How did you think the scene would look to men across the
sea,

When they should know one petticoat held your con-
federacy?

You, like a blazing rocket, ascended very quick,
But mid the gloom and darkness descended like the stick.
Thy light hast all gone out, Jeff. D., that once illumined
the world,

And from thy power and glory, like Satan, thou art hurled.
But thou hast learned a trick, Jeff. D., that Satan never
knew :

He never thought in petticoats to shield himself from view.
But Satan often is betrayed by his large cloven foot,
And you, Jeff. D., 'neath petticoats, displayed too large a
boot.

Ah, why, Jeff. D., did you disgrace your proud and lofty
station,

And bring contempt on all your friends in your late southern
nation?

You ought, when round you closed the foe, have fearless
met the fight,

And like the lurid tropic sun in glory sunk in night :

Or, like the Roman warriors when they had lost the day,
 You should have fallen on your sword and pass'd from earth
 away.

But you, alas! poor craven soul, for a short lease of life,
 Did hide thy hateful traitor form in garments of thy wife :
 And though you've caused a million lives to pass from earth
 away,

You did disgrace yourself and friends to live a single day.
 You'd rather, high in petticoats, upon the gallows swing
 Than die mid battle's roar and din where bugles loud did
 ring :

Upon the gibbet you should die, beneath our flag unfurled,
 Thy memory shall on history's page be cursed by all the
 world.

May, 1865.

POLITICAL.

[The following letters were the first two of a series of political pieces intended to be written for the presidential campaign of 1872, but the prospect of Greeley's election soon became so small that the project was abandoned after writing the two following.]

(Confidential)

LETTER FROM SIMEON SLY TO HORACE GREELEY.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1872.

DEAR GREELEY: Your friends the land have surveyed,
 Their plans for the coming campaign they have laid,
 This point we have settled—in this all agree—
 Next March in the White House your honor shall be ;
 But the means and the process this end to obtain
 To all of your friends at first was not plain.

But few politicians two horses can ride,
 'Tis safer by far one good steed to bestride,
 But you are now trying at least half a score,
 And soon will be anxiously hunting for more.
 There's the Liberal Republican mare by your side,
 And the old horse, Democracy, easy to ride
 If your garner is filled with hay, oats and wheat—
 For a horse of that species loves dearly to eat.
 There's the horse that was used by Jeff. Davis and Bragg,
 And another well known as the Copperhead nag ;
 Then there is the horse called Protection, so strong,
 And the young steed Free Trade, gaily prancing along,
 And the steed of the German, Free Beer and no prayer,
 And the steed they call Temperance, slow pacing there.
 And then those wild steeds, so uncertain and frisky,
 Well known through the land as Rum; Brandy, and
 Whiskey ;
 With Free Love and Religion, all "isms" combined,
 At once to ride all is a task, you will find.
 To ride all these steeds the boldest might daunt,
 But I think you have done it, and now will beat Grant.

No rider in circus has ever done more
 Than you are now doing in riding a score ;
 But you must be cautious and not play the clown,
 Or mid all the horses you'll soon tumble down ;
 Your mouth must keep shut and your pen must keep still,
 Or the plans we have laid you will instantly kill ;
 If you talk of protection free traders will leave,
 If you talk of free trade 'twill protectionists grieve ;
 Don't abuse the Ku-Klux when southward you write—
 You'll need their regalia the negroes to fright ;
 If left to themselves to rule them we can't,
 Disband the Ku-Klux and they'll all vote for Grant.

So, Greeley, my dear, while in circus you play
 Attend to your business, have nothing to say ;
 For, say what you will, if it makes any glad,
 You'll find from that saying some other is mad.

The next thing agreed is to brag and to blow,
 And cry " All the people for Greeley will go,"
 And constant keep crying, day in and day-out,
 And brag and keep bragging, without if or doubt.
 You know through the nation that thousands take pride
 To vote with the strongest, the conquering side ;
 Let the papers all blow, and each copy the others,
 Let Liberals and Democrats all act as brothers.
 In aid of our project the order we gave
 All papers should cry out " A great tidal wave "
 Now proudly is sweeping o'er prairie and plain,
 It sweeps all before it from Utah to Maine ;
 That for Greeley the universe now is in motion,
 And all are for Greeley from ocean to ocean.

Let the papers proclaim all new converts " there be,"
 All colonels and generals, men high in degree ;
 Don't stand for the names you publish so proud,
 Gather names from the tombstones of those in their shroud.
 In distant states give each Republican name
 Who for many long years has been well known to fame ;
 Say for Greeley they've gone (though you know 'tis a lie),
 A cheering report swift as lightning will fly ;
 And if 'tis denied the report few will see,
 In the papers that spread it no correction there'll be ;
 At the sound of each name, whether dead or alive,
 The shouting for Greeley will surely revive.

To all those Republicans wishing for place
 We cry " You the Liberals all must embrace,

Be first in the ranks and unceasingly toil
 And we will reward you with office and spoil.”
 They’ll come in by thousands, leave Grant in the rear,
 And for Greeley and Brown give cheer after cheer ;
 We’re sure of the soreheads and all the rejected,
 All who from Republicans office expected ;
 We’ve promised them all, if you win the day,
 That with office and honor their deeds we’ll repay.

There is one other thing in which we’re agreed,
 That in this campaign if we wish to succeed,
 As we came from all parties our views are unchanged,
 After due consultation we thus have arranged—
 To leave politics out of the present campaign
 And the acts of Republicans all to arraign.
 The facts to agree on we’ve tried and we can’t,
 Except we’ve resolved that you shall beat Grant :
 We’ve agreed that Free Trade and Protection we’ll shun
 And leave to the people what is to be done ;
 Constitution amendments we’ll leave out of sight
 Or Liberals and Rebels will be in a fright ;
 Free Love and Polygamy silent must be
 Or Tilton and Brigham Young ne’er will agree ;
 But the loaves and the fishes to us that must fall,
 In this we’re agreed, they’ll be welcome to all.

Our plan must be therefore to rave and to rant
 And pour all our venom and slander on Grant ;
 Call him tyrant, oppressor, and every vile name,
 Spread lies through the nation to injure his fame :
 Say our dear southern friends he with bayonets rules,
 Say all men in office are tyranny’s tools ;
 To our friends the Ku-Klux, who for thee loudly cheer,
 We will say that the tyrant Grant keeps them in fear.

In short we've agreed and fixed on the fact
 To hold up to scorn each Republican act :
 (But Greeley, dear friend, in old *Tribunes* I see
 With each act of Grant you once did agree ;
 Nay, more, for those measures with him you did plead
 And after long praying at last did succeed.)
 But no matter for that, the blame he must bear,
 And all who support him opprobrium must share.

The Liberal and Baltimore Platforms we made,
 With bells and with cannons the same were displayed,
 That all might know the true ground where we stood,
 That we acted in honor as all parties should.

* But I tell you, *sub rosa*, if e'er we succeed
 'Twill be only by following the course thus agreed ;
 Say naught about platforms, for Greeley loud cry,
 And vilify Grant and his party belie.
 This, this is our creed, 'tis simple and plain,
 'Tis on this point alone that we run the campaign.
 Next week, dearest Greeley, the work I shall do,
 To traverse the land to make converts for you ;
 Our programme I'll follow, and constantly write
 And post you up well the result of the fight ;
 Soon I'll write you again, for the present good bye,
 Ever yours, my dear Greeley, from

SIMEON SLY.

(Confidential)

LETTER FROM SIMEON SLY TO HORACE GREELEY.

CHARLESTON, S. C., SEPT. 1872.

DEAR GREELEY : I came to this place here to-day
 Our plans for the battle that's coming to lay ;

I gathered the planters from far and from near,
 (Those chivalrous sons to glory so dear,
 Who fought with such valor 'gainst Stripes and the Stars
 'Neath the banner of glory, the Stars and the Bars),
 At my bidding they come from the valleys and mountains,
 Where flowed the broad river or sparkled the fountains,
 They gathered by hundreds at Liberty's call,
 And closely was packed that old spacious hall.—
 'Twas the hall where secession first reared its proud head,
 That filled all the land with doubt and with dread
 Till Grant, the great tyrant, with his hireling band,
 Spread wide desolation through all this fair land.—
 I gazed with amazement on these noble men,
 I thought what a nation the South might have been
 But for Lincoln and Grant and Republican knaves
 Whose trail was destruction, desolation and graves.

I mounted the rostrum, my speech I began,
 I told them for president you was the man :
 I but mentioned your name when there came such a yell
 As one would imagine might burst forth from Hell
 From the mouths of the lost, the d——d and forlorn
 If the flames were increased or the rack tighter drawn.
 Then followed the hisses, the groans, and the cry
 “ Throw the cuss from the window! the scoundrel must
 die!

What! vote for old Greeley and his abolition?
 Yes, yes, we will vote all his ilk to perdition!
 'Twas his cursed paper the trouble has made,
 By him our loved homes now in ashes are laid!
 Our sons in the morning of life now are dead,
 And our power and our glory forever has fled!”

“ O hear me, for God's sake!” I instantly cried,
 “ No man like H. Greeley was ever belied :”

I took out the *Tribune* and quickly begun
 To read them your sayings about '61,
 That you spoke the pure thought of a great, noble heart
 When you said to the South you in peace may depart.
 Of Niagara think, when the war waxed so warm,
 How bravely you breasted your party's fierce storm ;
 When you went, all alone, for the dear southern sake,
 To close up the war and a treaty to make.
 That the cry " On to Richmond, to glory and prey,"
 Was written when you were long sick and away ;
 That you for the slave was now ready to pay,
 That you thought it but justice and longed for the day ;
 That you, if elected, I boldly them told,
 Would see their slaves paid for in bright, shining gold.

I read them the platform the Liberals had made,
 I read them the *Tribune* the platform to aid ;
 I read them your letter accepting the station
 Conferred upon you by the joint nomination.
 The words of the *Tribune* at last changed their tones,
 Their curses all ceased, likewise hisses and groans ;
 They heard me with patience, I told them most true
 All the hopes of the South were now centered in you.
 I told them the pledges you southward had sent
 Should you chance in the White House to be president ;
 That office and honors 'mongst all you'd divide
 Who in battle for office should stand by your side :
 That the brave southern heroes whom Grant had struck
 down
 Once more should enjoy their former renown ;
 That the negro once more should bow down to their sway,
 That the white man should rule as in years passed away ;
 That Congress no longer shall guard the late slave,
 No longer from Ku-Klux the negro could save ;

That laws for the negro shall be of the past,
If you are elected he's voted his last.

How changed was the scene ere I finished my story,
Your late deadly foes were soon shouting your glory ;
Their hate late so bitter to love was now turned,
To clasp your dear form to their bosoms they yearned.
But at last when I told them you honored their brave
And mourned their dear sons that now sleep in the grave,
That you were now ready good pensions to give
Those maimed in the battle, to aid them to live,
With pensions to widows of those that are dead
And to care for the orphans of those that had bled ;
That your love for the South you was ready to show
By paying for all things destroyed by the foe,
'Twould have done your heart good to have heard the wild
 cheers

That for many long minutes loud rung in mine ears.

They pressed all around me with tears in their eyes,
“ Thank God, we are saved !” every planter loud cries ;
“ If Greeley should win, to us it looks plain,
What we lost by the war we should instantly gain :
If left to ourselves, by your platform the State
Can make its own laws, and decide on the fate
And from ignorant negroes the vote take away,
And Greeley and Congress have nothing to say.”

But as for the negro, I tell you what's true,
Not a single black rascal will e'er vote for you ;
To show that you love them we've tried, but we can't,
Every darkey I've found will vote squarely for Grant :
The negro don't reason, his instinct is true,
They'll vote straight for Grant if the whites vote for you.

Now, Greeley, my friend, in this State you will see
 All the planters and whites with you will agree:
 But say naught at the North of the pledges we make,
 We oft must make pledges for victory's sake,
 Should Republicans print it, just say 'tis a lie—
 Yours truly, as ever, from

SIMEON SLY.

THE LION AND THE LAMB: OR, THE LIBERAL REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS.

[Written September, 1872, for the political campaign in which the Hon. Horace Greeley was nominated for president by the Liberals and Democrats.]

A FABLE.

In ancient days the time has been
 That beasts could talk as well as men,
 (See fate of Eve, and ass of Balaam),
 A faculty which now doth fail 'em.

Long years ago by that famed sea
 In Scripture known as Galilee,
 A Lion laid him down to sleep
 Close by a walk where passed the sheep:
 While thus he lay, a little Lamb,
 Running in play beside her dam,
 While sporting there the Lion spied
 And, spite of dam, rushed to his side.
 The Lamb at once the silence broke,
 And to the Lion trusting spoke:
 "Dear Mr. Lion, glad to meet you,
 It gives me pleasure thus to greet you,

For powers divine have made decree
 Your race and mine henceforth agree ;
 And this decree I'm sure you'll keep,
 And Lambs shall with the Lions sleep ;
 That we henceforth in friendship meet
 And dwell for aye in converse sweet :
 " Yes, yes," the Lion spoke aside,
 " The Lion *out*—the Lamb *inside* !
 It gives me pleasure thus to see
 The Lion and the Lamb agree,
 To meet you here most glad I am,
 I dearly love you, little Lamb !
 If we together thus lay down
 No one will miss you in the town,
 Your dam may mourn you for a day,
 None else will know you've gone astray :
 From such as you I strength shall gain
 To roam in terror wood and plain ;
 My gain is great, your loss is small,
 Let no false fears your heart appall ;
 Come, darling, nestle by my side,
 And I henceforth will be thy guide."

The Lion's paws the Lamb embraced,
 And soon inside the Lamb was placed :
 The Lion thus his promise kept,
 And, satisfied, now sweetly slept.

MORAL.

From this ye Liberals all should learn
 The coming future to discern.
 If you should wish in this warm weather
 With Democrats to sleep together,
 They'd be the *kite* that proud would fly,
 You but the *tail* dragged through the sky :

Lay not the unction to your soul
 That you the party can control.
 See yon proud ship with sails all spread,
 See on her bow a figure-head
 So skilful carved, with gold o'erlaid,
 The form of some young beauteous maid.
 Silent and powerless it doth stand,
 And moves where'er the pilot's hand
 Points out the way for it to go,
 Forced on by all the winds that blow.
 Or better yet :—yon steamer see,
 'Gainst wind and wave forced out to sea ;
 Think you the figure-head can guide
 The boat upon the raging tide?
 'Tis steam that makes the boat swift go,
 The pilot doth the pathway show.
 If on the Ship of State you place
 As figure-head your Greeley's face,
 And then to force it down Time's stream,
 Use *Democratic* wind and steam,
 Will not the wind so furious blow
 That you must seek the hold below?
 Or, Jonah-like, will you not be,
 To calm the storm, cast in the sea
 Where whales by you cannot be found
 To spew your bodies on dry ground?

Lions fed on lambs strength gain
 To rule with terror wood and plain ;
 If you, Republicans, divide
 And raise to power the other side,
 Upon their Ship of State they'll place,
 As figure-head, your Greeley's face ;
 But when the vessel puts to sea
 The officers and crew must be

Selected from the rebel band
 And Democrats in northern land.
 'Tis they who must the vessel guide,
 And steer it o'er the raging tide—
 For Democrats (the story goes)
 Have got a "hook in Greeley's nose."¹

Should Greeley win, what can you do?
 Three million Democrats in view,
 Gaunt, raving at the long delay,
 You cannot hope to bar their way;
 When they the spoils of victory spy
 You cannot stop them if you try:—
*They'll be the Lion in his pride,
 And you the Lamb in his inside!*

BUNKER HILL.

[Written June 17, 1857, the day of the celebration of the Battle of Bunker Hill and the erection of the statue of Gen. Joseph Warren.]

Here, beneath this battle-plain,
 Rests the bones of heroes slain,
 Who at Freedom's sacred shrine
 Poured their life-blood free as wine,
 Battling for their country's right
 In the fierce and desperate fight;
 Standing firmly, side by side,
 Bravely fought and nobly died.

Let the anthem solemn swell—
 Putnam fought and Warren fell

¹ This was newspaper report.

On this spot of sacred ground,
 Mid the cannons' thund'ring sound :
 Here each patriot gave his life
 For his country, home and wife ;
 On this spot, the land to free,
 They bled and died for Liberty.

Wake the anthem for the dead
 Resting in their humble bed ;
 We this day, this happy hour,
 Raise the statue, near the tower,
 O'er the grave of Warren slain
 On this bloody battle-plain
 Where they met in deadly strife,
 To his country gave each life.

Thousands here have met to-day
 Honor to the dead to pay—
 Honor to the brave who died
 Here, upon this famed hill-side ;
 Mid the swelling notes of praise
 We the marble statue raise
 Which to ev'ry age shall tell
 Where these patriots fought and fell.

Raise your banner, let it float,
 Music add her richest note,
 Eloquence its grandeur shed
 O'er the graves of heroes dead ;
 Let the anthem solemn rise
 To the God who fills the skies
 Who inspired the brave and free
 To win for us our Liberty.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

[December 31, 1835, a *maiden lady* of over thirty summers requested the author, at the tea-table, to write her something for a New-Year's present. The following lines were written that evening and handed her early the next morning in compliance with her request.]

I.

'Twas night. Her veil had darkness spread
 O'er lowly glen and mountain head ;
 No lovely moon was driving high
 Her chariot through an azure sky ;
 No constellation glimmering bright,
 In gorgeous splendor, decked the night ;
 Not e'en a star was shining gay
 To lend to earth one cheering ray :
 But all without was gloom and dread,
 Dark clouds had capt each mountain's head ;
 The wind was sweeping in its pride
 Along each plain and mountain side ;
 The hail and rain and driving sleet
 Against the casement furious beat ;
 The friendless wanderer sought in fright
 A shelter from the stormy night.
 The tenants of the field and air—
 These sought their eyrie, those their lair ;
 And all of life, that night of dread,
 Had to their homes or shelter fled.

II.

'Twas ten : and since the close of day
 The hours alone I'd passed away,
 For in my breast was strife and care
 That with the night might well compare.

Yes, well compare—for when the breast
 By passion wild is robbed of rest,
 When envy, pride and fear hold strife
 And jealousy, the bane of life,
 When hope is lost, and fell despair
 With haggard looks the soul to scare,
 And anger fierce and rage and hate
 Wake in the heart a wild debate,
 The storm without then sinks to rest
 Compared with that within the breast.

III.

That day had been a day to me
 Such as I never wish to see,
 For I the hours had passed away
 With gallant youths and maidens gay—
 With gallant youths, whose hearts were light,
 And maids whose beauty pleased the sight—
 Though youth and beauty round me shone,
 Amid that throng I seemed alone :
 Yes, seemed alone, for not an eye
 Was bent on me in ecstasy,
 Or ever sought the stolen glance
 That makes the maiden's heart light dance,
 Which unto him our true love speaks
 In downcast eye and blushing cheeks ;
 Nor was it then my lot to hear
 The tale of love breathed in my ear ;
 For none for me then breathed a sigh
 But from my presence seemed to fly
 And turned to fairer maids each eye.

IV.

I left the scene so bright and gay,
 And to my chamber turned away,
 And there the strife within my breast
 In silence thought to lull to rest.
 "Alas!" thought I, "what can it be—
 Why do the youths thus fly from me?
 Why do those maids deserve their care?
 Is it because they're young and fair?"

V.

Fair maid, if ever in your heart
 You felt the pang of envy's dart,
 My situation you may know :
 I walked my chamber to and fro,
 But nothing could relieve my care ;
 I threw myself upon a chair,
 My taper's light was burning dim,
 My aching head began to swim.
 Soon wearied nature sank to rest,
 The drowsy god my heart opprest ;
 I lost the sense of all my woes,
 And deep in sleep my eyelids close.

VI.

Oh, such a sight as then I saw—
 A sight surpassing Nature's law !
 For never did the sordid earth
 To such a scene as this give birth ;
 And not a pageant of such dyes
 Was ever seen by mortal eyes :
 I thought 'twas in some lovely glen,
 Far from the busy haunts of men,

I sat me on a fallen oak
 Where near my feet the sea-waves broke ;
 Where all around was dark and drear
 And not a sound burst on the ear—
 Unless it was the owlet's cry,
 As o'er my head he seemed to fly—
 And I, methought, in fell despair,
 Was brooding on my misery there.

VII.

What means that gay and brilliant light
 That bursts upon my raptured sight?
 Far off upon the wave it dances,
 Nearer and nearer it advances.
 It comes, it comes! what can it be?
 Was ever ship so gay at sea?
 Around its prow, in its advance,
 The mimic fires of ocean dance ;
 Impelled along a sea of green
 By flowing sails of silken sheen,
 Its hull appeared of beaten gold,
 And on its taper masts behold
 Its banner fluttering high above,
 And on it mark—a type of love—
 Two turtle doves are billing, cooing,
 As lover when a maid he's wooing ;
 And lo! its colors meet the eyes
 In all the rainbow's varied dyes :
 And hark! from far I seem to hear
 Sweet strains of music reach my ear,
 And as the ship doth nearer gain
 Louder and louder sounds the strain,
 Until it seemed a concert gay,
 And soon I caught the pleasing lay :

SONG.

Maiden, why is this despair?
 Why thy bosom rent with care?
 Many days are yet for thee,
 Happy, happy will they be.

Thirty years have passed away
 Since ye saw your natal day;
 But the soon returning spring
 Will to your arms a husband bring.

Cheer thee, lonely maiden, cheer,
 Wait but for the coming year;
 Then to be a happy bride,
 Seated by thy husband's side.

The music ceased, the pleasing strain
 The woods and glens gave back again,
 Until upon the mountain side
 Faint, and more faint, the echoes died.

VIII.

As near the shore the vessel drew
 You well might mark the lovely crew
 Commanded by a Fairy Queen—
 The lovely maid was scarce sixteen.
 Not Persia's maids of matchless grace,
 Or Georgia's, or Circassia's race,
 Could with the lovely crew compare:
 Each maiden's long and silken hair
 Was in the breeze allowed to flow
 O'er neck and breast of mountain snow,

Or o'er her brow neglected strayed—
 Not shorn like a Green Mountain maid,
 Who like the fool has cast aside
 Her glory, ornament, and pride—
 Their praises every lyre hath rung
 And not a bard has left unsung.
 And mid their locks that careless strayed
 Full many a rosy wreath was laid :
 But 'tis a needless waste of time
 For me to tell in humble rhyme
 That there were eyes of heavenly blue,
 Of glistening black, and hazel hue ;
 Or that around each slender waist
 A baldrick gay was tightly laced ;
 Or that the dress each maiden wore
 Was silk, with jewels covered o'er ;
 Or e'en that on each brow was set
 A gay and glittering coronet,
 Where emeralds' glow and diamonds' blaze
 And glittering gold unite their rays.

IX.

The fairy bark has gained the shore,
 And quiet lay each glistening oar ;
 All silent stood the lovely band,
 Their queen approached and took my hand,
 And on my brow a kiss impressed,
 Then unto me this speech addressed :
 " Dearest girl, full well I know
 The source from which your sorrows flow ;
 Thy grief has called my fairy band
 To wander to this distant land

1 At the time this was written it was fashionable in Vermont for ladies to cut off their own hair and wear false hair, or have their hair curled in the neck.

To give thee words of hope and cheer,
 And from thy breast remove each fear :
 Then take, O take this magic glass
 And view the shadows as they pass.”
 Then, as she spoke, a mirror bright
 She placed before my raptured sight
 In which I gazed : there seemed to fly
 Full many a sight before my eye.
 In veil of mist at first they go,
 Then brighter, brighter fast they grow,
 Until my image fair I see :
 A youth before it bent the knee
 And for my favor seemed to sue—
 The charming youth full well I knew.
 The sight no longer could I stand,
 I reached to him my willing hand ;
 So eagerly my hand I threw,
 Both maid and vessel left my view :
 The effort did the vision break,
 I found myself alone, awake.
 The thoughts that pained me through the day
 Had from my bosom passed away,
 And nature did in concord keep,
 The evening storm was lulled to sleep ;
 The lovely moon was shining bright
 And proud displayed her borrowed light,
 And every star sent forth its ray
 To cheer the wanderer on his way.

x.

And now my heart, so late oppressed,
 Was bounding lightly in my breast ;
 And I with joy, as late with woe,
 Now walked my chamber to and fro.

But soon the drowsy god again
 Around me firmly bound his chain ;
 Again the visions of the night
 In splendor burst upon my sight.
 Not as before by ocean's tide—
 With powerful wings through air I glide,
 I gaily passed I thought, at will,
 O'er prairie wide and lofty hill ;
 I passed methought o'er tower and town,
 Till at a castle's gate came down.

XI.

The castle's towers before me stand,
 They looked as though no builder's hand
 Had reared their proud and lofty walls
 Or decked their grand and spacious halls :
 A moment paused the walls to view,
 Then passed the open portal through.
 I found myself in halls of state,
 With maids upon my steps to wait ;
 And as I passed the merry throng
 Thus rose the burden of a song :

SONG.

Welcome, maiden, to this land,
 We to serve you ready stand ;
 Welcome, lady, to these towers,
 You to please the task is ours.

Maiden, here are lovers gay,
 Beaux to pass the hours away ;
 Then prepare you for the trial,
 Lovers here take no denial.

Here are gayest pleasures born,
 Here's the *rose* without the *thorn*,
 Here is bliss without alloy—
 Haste, O hasten to enjoy.

The music ceased, I thought with pride
 A laughing youth approached my side
 And thus in blandest accents said :
 " Oh, pardon me, my dearest maid,
 I cannot, love, be rude to thee,
 Then take my arm and go with me."
 I took his arm his steps to wait
 Through galleries gay and halls of state,
 Until we reached a fair arcade
 Where art had all her charms displayed.
 Of burnished gold appeared the floor,
 The walls with diamonds spangled o'er,
 And every gem of glittering ray
 Did here their varied charms display,
 And not a flower of blushing spring,
 Or one which pleasing odors fling,
 Or one whose charms a bard e'er sung,
 But here in gay festoons were hung.
 I, mid this scene so fair and bright,
 Mid all that gives the eye delight,
 Upon a sofa took my seat ;
 My lover kneeled him at my feet
 And begged, in strains the soul to wake,
 That I would pity on him take
 And asked me to become his bride—
 " I will ! I will !" I quick replied :
 So loud, so eagerly, I spoke,
 The vision fled and I awoke.

I'm now, dear friend, without a fear,
My hopes are in the coming year—
The coming year of '36—
When fate my state will happy fix ;
When I no more shall sad complain,
But shall a loving husband gain,
And through the rest of this short life
Shall be a happy, loving wife.

TRUE LOVE.

I loved her when I saw her stand
Within her father's hall,
And when the noblest in the land
Obeyed her slightest call.

I loved her when the giddy crowd
All worshipped at her shrine,
But dared not breathe my love aloud
Or hope to call her mine.

In childhood we together played,
Together sought for flowers,
A fairy wreath for her to braid—
How pleasant passed the hours.

But years rolled on, and from her side
It was my fate to part ;
I loved her with a youthful pride,
I gave her my young heart.

* * * * *

We met again, how changed the scene
Since we together played ;
My little laughing fairy queen
Was now a lovely maid.

She stood within her father's hall,
The heir to all his land ;
With servants ready at her call
And gold at her command.

Her father was a merchant bold,
Whose ships sought every shore,
From every nation gathered gold
To swell his ample store.

Now she was young and rich and fair,
The noblest in the land ;
All sought to free her heart from care
And win her lovely hand.

I passed amid that noble crowd,
Where all was mirth and joy,
The song so sweet, the laugh so loud—
None knew the orphan boy.

At last we met ; she blushed and smiled,
And talked of years gone by ;
She seemed again the gentle child—
A tear was in her eye.

Her father drove me from his door
With angry word and blow ;
He called me beggar's brat and poor,
And from his house to go.

She did not speak, but from her eye
 I saw the tears fall fast ;
 We parted 'neath the evening sky
 When from her house I passed.

I sought afar the land of gold,
 I sought Golconda's mine ;
 I vowed my coffers soon should hold
 The gold and gems that shine.

Soon fortune did my coffers fill,
 The golden stream flowed fast ;
 I worked and toiled with might and will,
 My task was done at last.

* * * * *

Again I sought my native shore
 With wealth at my command :
 For I could boast my glit'ring ore
 And with the rich could stand.

We met again : the change how great,
 I left them rich and gay ;
 Her father's wealth and large estate
 Alas ! had passed away.

His ships the winds had made their prey,
 His stores had sunk in flame ;
 The banks had failed, he could not pay,
 And ruined was his name.

His daughter from his house must part
 And seek a humble cot ;
 No grief or woe oppressed her heart,
 She blessed her humble lot.

And when her father's fortune failed
 Her lovers fled away,
 And none for her then sighed or wailed,
 Or for her hand did pray.

She saw her faithless swains depart
 Without a tear or sigh ;
 Their love had never touched her heart
 O'er dimmed her beaming eye.

We met : I told my tale of love,
 She answered with a smile—
 "To you, dear friend, I'll constant prove,
 I loved you all the while."

She's mine, and in our humble cot
 How pleasant is my life ;
 She blesses now our happy lot,
 My beauteous, loving wife.

THE SERPENT AND THE EAGLE : A FABLE.

WRITTEN DURING THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1876.

Once on a time, 'twas Nature's plan,
 All creatures talked as well as man ;
 The same the language used by all,
 By beast and bird both great and small.
 The fields and woods with music rung
 From beast and bird and human tongue,
 And with the language they possessed
 Each creature felt supremely blessed :—
 'Twas long before proud Babel's fall
 That brought confusion upon all.

A Serpent, of as large a size
 As e'er was seen by mortal eyes,
 Who long had lived in slimy den
 And made his home in bog and fen,
 Thus to himself did proudly say :
 " I'll leave the bogs and fens to-day
 And venture forth in search of prey ;
 I'll seek the plain and prairies wide
 Where mid tall grass my form I'll hide,
 Then up the mountain side I'll go
 To view the world that lays below."

He started for the prairies wide,
 Crawled up the mountain's craggy side,
 Traversed each plain and valley green,
 In ev'ry swamp his track was seen.
 For years and years he forth did go
 And proud defied each living foe,
 And long he triumphed in the field ;
 His foes unto his power did yield
 Until an Eagle from the sky
 The crawling Serpent did defy :
 Then long and bitter was the fight,
 The Eagle from the realms of light
 Drove back the Serpent to his den
 In gloomy swamp and pois'nous fen ;
 And there he hissed whene'er he sees
 The Eagle on the lofty trees
 Who constant watched the Serpent's track,
 Lest he should stealthy wriggle back
 And try again to seek his prey,
 And swallow those who crossed his way.

While on a warm autumnal day
 The Serpent in his den did lay,

The creature forward tried to go
 But his long tail then cried out "No!"
 "What!" cried the head in scornful pride,
 "Was I not made the tail to guide?
 Have I not lead from year to year?
 Have you not followed in my rear?
 What is the cause, now quickly tell,
 Which leads you now thus to rebel?
 Come give the reason, quick, I pray,
 Why you my rapid course delay?"

"Why," quoth the tail, "the cause is plain,
 What you have lost I wish to gain:
 Once you did roam abroad in pride
 And ev'ry animal defied.
 While you in pride did sovereign reign
 I graceful followed in your train,
 But when the Eagle sought your track
 And drove you wounded, bleeding, back
 Unto the fens and swamps once more,
 Your head and back all drenched in gore—
 A head that dare not seek the plain
 Should o'er the tail no longer reign."

To Jupiter the tail then prayed,
 And asked the god to lend his aid
 To help the tail the head to guide
 And rule in all its former pride,
 That o'er the prairie and the plain
 The Serpent might in terror reign.

The god sat on Olympus' crest
 When first he heard the tail's request,
 And mirthful told the tail, if wanted,
 The bold petition should be granted—

At which with joy the tail quick said
 "Great Jove, let me be made a head!"

The tail is changed in great degree,
 A transformation strange to see :
 From slender point it rapid shows
 An open mouth, a serpent's nose,
 A forked tongue that hisses loud,
 And eyes that make the tail feel proud,
 With teeth that bold defiance show
 To ev'ry animal below,
 And half the scales, 'tis truly said,
 Were changed to aid the new-made head.

From swamp and fen its poisonous breath
 Might well to animals cause death,
 And thus the tail changed to a head
 In glory upon poison fed.

"Now," says the new head to the old,
 "Let us go forth so brave and bold—
 'Tis now a most propitious hour—
 And meet at once the Eagle's power ;
 You face the east and I the west,
 And soon with vict'ry we'll be blest."

"Go?" says the old head, "Where and when?
 Go where you please, I'm in my den :
 When we go forth I lead the way
 Or in my den forever stay."

"Well," says the new head, "We will see
 Which is the ruler, you or me"—
 Then they began a fearful strife,
 They struggled long for power and life,

They hiss'd and squirm'd and jawed and bit,
 "And fit and fit, and fit and fit."
 At last a compromise they tried—
 Agreed to travel side by side ;
 But oft the path was narrow found
 And slow their progress o'er the ground ;
 And oft they'd find a bush or tree
 Between the two heads there would be ;
 Then each refused to backward go,
 And thus their spirit sought to show.
 At length exhausted on the ground
 By the young Eagle they were found,
 And as each pulled a different way
 They fell beneath the Eagle's sway,
 And in a short, unequal strife
 To him they yielded up their life.

MORAL.

The Democratic party old
 Did always claim that yellow gold
 Must be the base, within the land,
 On which our credit sure could stand.
 On this firm basis Jackson stood,
 And Benton did the claim make good :
 This doctrine we will call the head,
 But when at last their power had fled
 And young Republicans held sway
 And all their power had passed away,
 They, like the serpent in the story,
 Were shorn of all their power and glory ;
 Yet constant were their prayers and wishes
 That they might seize the loaves and fishes,
 That they might rule the land once more
 As they had done in days of yore.

But how they could again succeed
 In this the party disagreed ;
 The leaders of the party old
 Claimed credit should be based on gold,
 The nation ne'er would prosperous be
 Till gold and greenbacks did agree :
 This is the doctrine of the head
 Which is by S. J. Tilden led.

The party west the theory hold
 That greenbacks they'd prefer to gold ;
 The panacea of all ill
 Could they the land with greenbacks fill ;
 That all the evils of the nation
 Would quick be cured by great inflation ;
 That greenbacks should be plenteous made
 To stimulate the wants of trade.
 With paper plenty none would fail—
 This doctrine we will call the tail :
 This party is by Hendricks led,
 'Tis thus the tail against the head.

These, like the serpent's heads, you see,
 In peace can never well agree :
 While each doth pull a separate way
 Republicans will win the day—
 As did the eagle in the tale
 Who o'er the serpent did prevail—
 And rule the realm with prudent hand
 That shall respect from all command,
 Save those whose prayers and constant wishes
 Are solely for the loaves and fishes,
 Who constant cry and sob and groan
 For public good—but mean their own.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

WRITTEN AT HIS GRAVE IN GREEN MOUNTAIN CEMETERY,
MONTPELIER, VT., 1860.

There is a void in bower and hall
And grief obscures the day,
A loved one from the circle small
Hath passed from earth away.

Death garnered here no whitened sheaf
Ripe for the sickle keen,
He garnered here no bud or leaf
From Spring's fair field's so green.

A noble oak lies prostrate now,
It fell in all its pride ;
Its trunk was sound and green each bough,
But still, alas ! it died.

Ah, Eastman, ever kind and true,
Lies buried 'neath this sod ;
His soul, we trust, in garments new,
Has flown to meet his God.

He had not reached the noon of life,
His sun knew no decline ;
His path of life was rendered gay
By fairest flower and vine.

His lyre, that late the soul could move
To smiles and tears at will
And warm the heart to faith and love,
Is tuneless now and still.

Now here within this sacred ground
 He rests in death's cold sleep,
 And often on this humble mound
 His wife and children weep.

Bring flowers upon his grave to place,
 And set the trees around ;
 He loved the flowers in all their grace—
 He chose this sacred ground.¹

Here let him rest where first the sun
 Its morning beams illumine,
 And when its glorious race is run
 Last shines on Eastman's tomb.²

THE MISTAKE.

There lately came to Plainfield town
 (A thing that's quite uncommon),
 A very meek and worthy man
 With a modest, pretty woman.

She ne'er had broke her marriage vow
 By action or omission ;
 She virtuous was as Cæsar's wife,
 Likewise above suspicion.

This modest wife to meeting went
 One holy Sabbath day,
 Her God to worship and adore
 And unto Him to pray.

¹ Eastman was one of the committee that chose the Cemetery ground.

² Eastman's grave is on high land in the Cemetery, and receives the first beams of the rising and the last rays of the setting sun.

And there, by chance or accident,
 Or 'twas the Devil's plan,
 She sat between a pretty maid
 And a smiling, gay young man.

This pretty maid and laughing youth
 Fond glances oft exchanged ;
 This virtuous wife beheld the beau—
 Her head was near deranged.

She thought those smiles and glances sly
 On her were solely bent,
 Which to another maid he gave
 And for another meant.

Half pleased, half mad, she constant gazed
 Upon the roguish youth ;
 I wish I here could end the tale,
 But I must tell the truth.

It pleased her that, her pretty face
 A stranger's eye could fix ;
 She thought upon her husband dear—
 Such thoughts but ill could mix.

She wondered what the stranger saw,
 In action or in face,
 That he should think his love could find
 With her a resting place.

The sermon all she did forget,
 Likewise forgot to pray ;
 The glances of those roguish eyes
 Drove other thoughts away.

That night she did her husband tell
 What the wild youth had done ;

The husband swore revenge he'd have
With dagger, sword and gun.

The husband pounced upon the youth
As eagle from the skies,
Alas! he found those glances bright
Were meant for other eyes.

Abashed, confus'd, the husband flies
Unto his wife so dear,
And this advice, which all should know,
He whispered in her ear :

“ When next, my dear, to church you go
To join with saints in prayer,
Gaze not upon a smiling beau,
Nor think there's any there :

“ Then if they smile or glance should give
On thee they'll harmless fall ;
And if they find they're not returned,
They'll give thee none at all.”

ABERCROMBIE'S BATTLE AT LAKE GEORGE.

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE IN 1832.

[The passage of Abercrombie across Lake George, on his way with his army to Ticonderoga, was effected by means of 1035 boats. The splendor of the military parade on the occasion was really imposing, and deserves to be recorded.

“A late writer, Dr. Dwight, thus describes it:

‘The morning was remarkably bright and beautiful, and the fleet moved with exact regularity to the sound of fine martial music. The ensigus waved and glittered in the sunbeams, and the anticipation of future triumph shone in every eye. Above, beneath, and around, the scenery was that of enchantment. Rarely has the sun, since that luminary was first lighted up in the Heavens, dawned on such a complication of beauty and magnificence.’—*Goodrich's History of the United States. Page 138.*]

The day had dawned, the mists of night
 Were changing fast to mellow light ;
 The morn's first beams were now at rest,
 Lake George, upon thy peaceful breast—
 Upon thy breast, for now at play
 No billows dance, no zephyrs stray.
 All nature now is hushed and still,
 No breeze sweeps o'er each lofty hill,
 And through the woods and vales around,
 No music wakes, no echoes sound,
 Except among the distant hills
 Is heard the murmuring of the rills
 As o'er their pebbly beds they flow
 To mingle in the lake below.

But when the sun in golden pride
 Had decked the distant mountain side,
 Soon as the lucid rays of light
 Had triumphed o'er the shades of night,
 Rich strains of music reach the ear,
 For trumpet, fife and drum we hear

United with the bugle's note,
 They on the lake's calm bosom float,
 And echoed from the hills around
 Till distant rocks gave back the sound.

And now through copse and mountain glen
 A glorious sight the eye may ken :
 Three times five thousand men are there
 Who arms of proud defiance bear,
 Who in their country's sacred cause,
 To guard her rights, preserve her laws,
 Had left their homes and traveled far
 In forests dark to meet the war :
 Through dismal swamps and torrents' flow
 They seek a fierce, vindictive foe.

They seek the foe, naught can restrain
 The passage of the eager train :
 The deep morass, the swelling flood,
 The thicket dense and waving wood
 Are safely passed, and at the lake
 Short is the pause they deign to make ;
 Their foes are on the further shore
 And soon they'll pass triumphant o'er.

Triumphant pass, for scarce the sun,
 Since first his great career begun,
 Has risen on a scene so gay :
 For Britain's host in proud array
 In full a thousand vessels glide,
 Lake George, upon thy gentle tide ;
 They gaily ride, each whitened sail
 Is spread to catch the fitful gale,
 Their oars to sweetest music play,
 While o'er them many a banner gay

From staff or masts are waving free,
As plows the fleet that inland sea.

Onward they move : above, below,
All nature wears her brightest glow ;
The sun on high is shining gay,
In waves beneath the shadows play,
For on that calm, romantic lake
The wind no mountain billows wake ;
The breeze that murmurs through each shroud
Scarce waved St. George's banner proud,
But aided by the lab'ring oar
They slowly gain the further shore.

And as they move along the lake
They richest strains of music wake,
Which o'er its breast in concert float
Till echo answered to each note.
At first it seemed the mingled hum
Of clarion, bugle, fife and drum,
And then a chorus, faint and low,
Seemed from a thousand boats to flow ;
And then from all that countless throng
Was heard to rise a martial song :

SONG.

With the trumpet, the bugle, the fife and the drum,
From the hills of New England, in vengeance we come ;
Over stream, over mountain, over morass we go
To seek in the forest Columbia's proud foe.

We will teach the bold French and their savage allies
That the sons of New England all danger despise ;
That with great Abercrombie we'd fearless advance
Though arrayed to oppose stood the whole host of France.

Then sound the bold trumpet, awake the loud drum,
 Tell the proud sons of France that in vengeance we come;
 That impatient we wait till we join in the battle,
 And hear thick around us the cannons loud rattle.

The music ceased, they gained the shore,
 And soon was heard the cannon's roar;
 The ready foe their pathway cross
 As springs the wil-dfire from the moss.
 From rank to rank the signal flies,
 From every band bright flames arise;
 The thundering cannons' awful sound
 From hill to hill re-echo'd round,
 And war with all its dire alarms,
 The shriek, the shout, the din of arms,
 That mingle in the horrid cry
 When patriots for their country die,
 Were heard upon the lake's wild shore
 Where many met to part no more.

Undaunted by that fearful sound,
 Like tigers on their foes they bound,
 Or lions fierce to guard their young
 In vengeance mid their ranks they sprung;
 But firm the sons of France remain
 Unbroken on the sanguine plain.

Unbroken stood the sons of France
 And fearless still their foes advance,
 They rush upon the leveled guns,
 As water free their life blood runs.
 Their efforts all were made in vain,
 The sons of France still firm remain;
 The Britons seek their fleet once more
 And leave in grief the hostile shore.

And as they plow again the lake
 Once more their martial strains awake :
 But lost is now the lively notes,
 Though sweeter still the music floats,
 As from the now retiring train
 The dirge is sung for comrades slain :

DIRGE.

Farewell to the brave who in battle have died,
 Who won in the fight fame and glory ;
 Farewell to the brave, to Columbia's pride,
 Who long shall be honored in story.

Undaunted you fought, and nobly you fell,
 Your names shall be honored forever ;
 The deeds of their sires your children shall tell,
 And they shall forget you, O never.

Farewell then, ye brave, your toils are all done,
 You long shall be honored in story ;
 And crowned with laurels you bravely won,
 You rest in the bed of your glory.

THE HUNTER BOY.

Through the broad palmetto groves
 Southern breezes sweetly sigh ;
 Blithe the youthful hunter roves,
 Light his foot and keen his eye.

Merry is the hunter's life,
 Fleet his hounds and sweet his horn ;

See him in the sylvan strife,
E'er Aurora decks the morn.

Where the wide savannahs spread
See the hounds and hunters sweep ;
While your city beaux in bed
Listless, lifeless, dreamless sleep.

Let me wed my hunter boy,
Happy then will be my life ;
You may still the town enjoy,
Live a maid or be a wife.

Let me chase the noble deer,
Carolina, o'er thy plain,
And my hunter's bugle hear—
You in palace proud may reign.

ABSENT MINDED.

O Lord ! O Lord ! what shall I do ?
What is the matter with me ?
I've put the sugar on the meat,
And put the salt into the tea.

I've put the raisins in the soup,
The onions in the puddings are ;
The soda in the coffee urn,
The meat is burnt, the bread is rare.

What can it mean ? what can it mean ?
Alas ! the cause I do not know ;
Once such mistakes I did not make,
Why do I now forgetful grow ?

Ah, me ! since Willie spoke of love,
 Since his blue eyes beamed bright on me,
 I cannot think of aught but him,
 No other sights my eyes can see.

The meat may burn, the bread be raw,
 The salt and sugar mix at will ;
 For soups or puddings what care I—
 I dearly love my Willie still.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, without thy sacred tie
 This world in gloom is drest ;
 How dreary, life, thy moments fly
 Unless by friendship blest.

The joys of friendship who can tell?
 How short the moments seem
 When friend with friend in union dwells,
 Life seems a happy dream.

What hallowed feelings fill the breast,
 How pure the thoughts that blend
 When memory, from their long, long rest,
 Brings back some well-loved friend.

Some friend, perchance, who roams afar
 On Afric's burning plain,
 Or dwells beneath the polar star,
 Or plows the stormy main.

Though absent, recollection brings
 Them to our arms once more ;

Each feature into being springs,
 We view them o'er and o'er.

But though our fates should be apart
 Far as from pole to pole,
 'Tis friendship's tie that binds each heart
 And chains us soul to soul.
 1829.

S O N G .

If I were a gem
 In a monarch's diadem,
 Midst gold and purest pearls,
 The place I'd glad resign
 Could I bliss recline
 Mid Lilly's auburn curls.

If I was a fish
 I constantly would wish
 That she would throw the fly,
 I'd bite the naked hook
 To be drawn from the brook
 In Lilly's hands to die.

If I was a flower
 I'd quit my loved bower,
 The fields and woods resign;
 On Lilly's brow of snow
 How proudly would I glow
 And mid her ringlets twine.

If I was a bee
 From wild flowers I'd flee

On the hill-side sunny,
 And from my Lilly's lip
 How sweetly would I sip
 The purest of honey.

If I was a rose
 I'd sweetly repose
 On Lilly's gentle breast ;
 And there without a sigh
 I'd languish, fade and die,
 The happiest of the blest.

I'm neither gem nor flower,
 Nor rose from love's fond bower,
 Nor e'en a fish or bee ;
 I must at distance sigh
 As Lilly passes by
 Without a thought of me.

S O N G .

Maria was a lovely maid,
 Fair her form and bright her eye ;
 On her cheek was clear displayed
 Lilies' tints and roses' dye.

Though bewitching was her face,
 Though so lovely to behold,
 Though possessed of every grace,
 Still her heart was vain and cold.

When abroad she could sing
 Sweetly as the lark in May ;

She was merriest of the ring,
 She was gayest of the gay.

When at home her heavenly voice
 Changed to notes so loud and shrill,
 That the inmates did rejoice
 When Maria's voice was still.

Years have pass'd and from her cheek
 Rose and lily tints have fled,
 And those eyes are dim and weak
 That did once such lustre shed.

Though her charms have lost their power
 Still her heart will change, O never ;
 Till her last, her latest hour
 Will her tongue be shrill as ever.

1830.

P R A Y E R .

WRITTEN ON THE HILL EAST OF ST. JOHNSBURY VILLAGE.

Father, upon this lofty hill
 My thoughts to Thee I raise ;
 And hear, O hear a suppliant's voice
 In humble prayer and praise.

Pour out thy spirit on the earth,
 Bless all who dwell therein ;
 Cause each transgressor to reform
 And free the world from sin.

Teach all who dwell on yonder plain
 From vice and strife to flee ;
 Teach them in virtue's paths to tread
 And give their hearts to Thee.

Let not the rich oppress the poor,
 Or scorn their low estate ;
 Let not the poor regard the rich
 With envy, pride and hate.

Teach not Thy ministers on earth
 Alone to point the way,
 But gently lead and guide their flocks
 Through every passing day.

Prepare me for the hour of death,
 That when the call is given
 I'll calmly lay me down to rest
 And wake again in Heaven.

1857.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS SOPHIA WING.

Farewell, dear maid ; with streaming eyes
 I take my last, last sad adieu,
 No more to pass the smiling morn,
 No more the pensive eve with you.

Dim are those eyes that lately shone
 In all the glow of health and youth ;
 Mute is the tongue whose tuneful lay
 Could wake the soul to love and truth.

O Death! why couldst thou not delay,
 Or at some other hurl thy dart?
 Why call from earth's gay scenes away
 So fair a form, so warm a heart?

She was too pure for earthly scenes,
 For her this world was all too drear;
 She's flown to realms of bliss on high,
 The saints to join, the seraphs hear.

And shall we wish her back to earth—
 To leave the bright abodes above?
 To share again the cares of life—
 Again its dreary scenes to prove?

No: from the bright abodes above
 We would not call her soul again,
 But let her with the seraph choir
 On thrones of gold immortal reign.

Then fare thee well—but may we meet
 In realms of bliss to part no more,
 To sing the praises of the Lamb.
 His name to worship and adore..

1830..

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL COMPOSITION, 1832.

What is Life, mortals, tell?
 'Tis a few short years to dwell
 On this earth, where we are
 Ev'ry day oppressed with care.
 Grief and woe around us lie,
 Peace and joy before us fly;
 The few pleasures we possess
 Every day are growing less.
 As our youthful limbs decay,
 As our moments waste away,
 Pleasures vanish from our eyes
 Where we thought to find a prize;
 Naught but trouble, toil and care
 Lie beneath its form so fair.

What is Fame? 'Tis a breath—
 Ne'er enjoyed till our death:
 From the living constant straying,
 Like a wily coquette playing—
 Spreading to our view her charms—
 Ever flying from our arms.

What is Wealth? A heap of dust.
 Who in it will put their trust?
 Will it ease the throbbing breast?
 Will it give the weary rest?
 Will it solace bring to grief?
 Will it give the mind relief?
 Though its outward form is fair
 'Neath its veil is cankering care.

What is Pleasure but a toy?
 Does it yield a solid joy?
 In its gay scenes can we find
 Charms that satisfy the mind?

Do we find in the bowl
 That which soothes the troubled soul?
 In the dance's mazy round,
 Say, is happiness e'er found?

What are Mirth and Laughter gay?
 Sounds that quickly pass away
 Leaving not a trace behind,
 Yet they show a vacant mind.

What is Learning's boasted treasure?
 Say, is it the sweetest pleasure
 That the world has to bestow
 On us mortals here below?
 Does its rugged paths display
 Charms to tempt us on its way?
 Does it pay for years of time
 Wasted in our youthful prime?

What is Power, boasted power?
 'Tis to reign and rule an hour,
 Fed and flattered by the slave,
 Scorned and hated by the brave.

What is Wisdom? 'Tis to know
 Bliss is never found below ;
 That the world that seems so fair
 Nothing has but grief and care ;
 That the thorn and rose are ever
 Linked too close for us to sever..

What is Happiness? A theme
 Which vain mortals fondly dream
 They shall taste here on earth,
 But 'tis of celestial birth.
 If with man 'tis ever found,
 Spreading peace and joy around,
 'Tis in some sequestered glade
 Where the streamlet 'neath the shade
 Gently murmurs o'er its bed,
 Unpolluted by the tread
 Of the slave of passion wild ;
 Where alone fair Virtue's child
 Sweetly spends a life of joys
 Far from cities' din and noise.

What is Time but a day
 Which will quickly pass away?
 Friends and kin are daily going,
 Swift the tide of life is flowing ;
 Soon must we a last adieu
 Bid to earthly pleasures, too.

What is Death? 'Tis a friend.
 When he comes our cares will end ;
 He will bear us far away
 To a purer, happier day,
 Where the sky's cerulean hue
 Will be pleasing to our view ;
 Where our life will pass away
 In one eternal, happy day.

IN THE CEMETERY.

I stand among the dead,
They slumber at my feet ;
They wake not at my tread,
Their sleep is long and sweet.

No more shall want and woe
Their peace of mind destroy ;
No more with pomp and show
Their hearts shall leap with joy.

'Tis sweet the crowd to leave
And commune with the dead ;
To weep with those who grieve
For gentle spirits fled.

Who enter at Death's gate,
The beggar, prince or peer—
Whate'er his rank or state—
All, all are equal here.

When Gabriel's trump shall sound
And all the dead shall rise,
And leave this holy ground
For mansions in the skies ;

The rich and poor shall there,
Within that holy place,
Unite in praise and prayer
Before the throne of grace.

The humble and the meek,
Who never sought renown,
Who others' welfare seek
Shall wear the brightest crown.

MODERN SATANS.

[Suggested by hearing a sermon from the following text: "Again there was a day when the Sons of God presented themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord." Job, ch. 2 :1.]

You need not fear to Satans meet
 With horned heads and cloven feet,
 With subtle tongue and evil mind,
 And tail projecting far behind,
 With fiery breath and sulph'rous smell,
 Described as living down in Hell.

These, like fell goblins grim and gaunt
 That long the fears of childhood haunt,
 Are only tales by priestcraft given
 To fright the timid into Heaven ;
 Search through the Scriptures you will fail
 To Satans find with horns and tail.

No, no, of such you need not fear
 Should they in costume strange appear,
 There's not a man so lost to grace
 But what would fly from such a face ;
 They have not either charm or spell
 To lead one christian down to Hell ;
 There's not a female old and lewd
 But what to him would be a prude.

No, think not such a form or face
 The vilest sinner would embrace ;
 But list, my friends, to what I say,
 You'll find the Satans of to-day,
 That haunt around your cottage door,
 Have greatly changed since days of yore ;

Since in the serpent's form and skin
 At Eden's gate he entered in,
 And showed such wondrous skill and art
 As to beguile fair Eve's young heart,
 Until she yielded to his suit
 And tasted of forbidden fruit,
 And told her husband it was sweet
 And he with her the fruit did eat,
 And they were from the Garden driven
 As Satan from the gates of Heaven.

In serpent's form he is not seen
 Crawling through woods and meadows green,
 Nor yet with horns and cloven feet
 Do we the modern Satans meet.
 He's left the serpent's form and skin
 To dwell the human form within ;
 Though changed his form, his skin and name-
 You'll find his nature still the same.
 But what is wondrous to our view
 You'll find them male and female too ;
 Now what I say pray bear in mind—
 The worst in petticoats you'll find.

To you I cannot now describe
 The various Satans of each tribe,
 Nor bring them all before your view,
 But from the number take a few
 And paint to you their form and face
 As perfect samples of the race.

First, see yon man with smiling face,
 Of noble form and manly grace,
 With faultless dress, majestic mien,
 Now driving o'er the village green..

He loves to hear his townsmen praise
 His gilded coach, his prancing bays,
 And see them gaze with wond'ring eyes.
 As o'er the pavement swift he flies.

Satan within that form so fair
 Has found a home with pleasures rare,
 Where he his victim daily tries
 And seldom fails to win the prize.
 The way he leads them down to Hell
 I now to you will truly tell,
 And when I've told one road you'll know
 That leads our youth to endless woe.

His house is open free to all
 Who on this man desire to call ;
 Here mirth and music cheer the heart
 And sparkling wines their joys impart ;
 And gin and rum unite their power
 To joyous make each passing hour.
 There first the youth is taught to know
 The pleasure that from wine-cups flow,,
 And when the evening feast is o'er
 Next they must view his liquor store
 And taste his wines of vintage rare,
 Selected with the greatest care ;
 Then every art on them he'll try
 To have them his pure liquors buy—
 'Twill give them health, improve the mind.
 And from it they will blessings find ;
 'Tis good, he'll say, for every ill,
 And cures beyond the doctor's pill.

When you have quaff'd the flowing bowl
 That wastes your wealth and damns your soul,.

Of sudden wealth to you he'll tell,
 And lead you to his gambling hell ;
 With drink and cards, exciting play,
 The night at last has passed away
 And morning finds your deep distress,
 Alone, quite drunk, and penniless :
 An outcast now you seem to be
 Dependent on cold charity.

A Satan in yon merchant see,
 Who serves his master faithfully ;
 By every artifice, I'm told,
 He fast on earth is gath'ring gold ;
 His thoughts to sordid gain are given,
 He lays no treasures up in Heaven.

His tricks I cannot tell you all—
 His yard is short, his measure small,
 His weights are light, his scales a cheat,
 Still he's polite and smiles so sweet.
 On Sundays he can sing and pray
 And point to you the christian's way ;
 Of truth and virtue proudly speaks
 While he to cheat you constant seeks.
 The rule by which his wealth was made
 Is, " Any lie is fair in trade."

Of honesty he talks with ease,
 Then sells you " Java " made of peas :
 One half his ginger, you can see,
 Never was brought across the sea ;
 He's not a thing that's pure, they say,
 His sugars all are mixed with clay ;
 His soap that's made for hands and face
 You'll find that clay doth form the base ;

Of liquors view his stock in trade,
 Of vilest stuff you'll find them made,
 Potash and strychnine there you'll find
 With poisonous drugs of every kind.
 You'll find his boasted gin and rum
 From distillation never come ;
 If liquor pure is used at all
 The portion used is very small ;
 'Tis just enough the taste to cheat
 And cover up the vile deceit ;
 Still, while he strives his goods to sell,
 Their purity he'll constant tell.

He's pleasant, courteous and polite,
 To trade with him he'll you invite ;
 If you are good he'll trust, he'll say,
 He'd rather trust than have his pay :
 But you to him must sharply look
 If once your name is on his book ;
 To ascertain your wants he'll try
 And charge you what you ought to buy,
 Until the farm you think your own
 Forever from your grasp has flown :
 His book and oath the court sustain
 However loudly you complain :
 He's countless wealth by fraud obtained,
 He's numerous farms by knavery gained.
 Though he is cursed by all the poor
 The rich are constant at his door ;
 And e'en the priest is oft seen there
 To blessings ask and join in prayer.
 See, as he rides the streets in state,
 He's honored by the rich and great :
 The rich man tells his sons the story
 How this man won his fame and glory,

And takes great pains with them to show
 How they can in his footsteps go,
 And follow out the glorious plan
 To be a shrewd and wealthy man :
 That wealth in some way must be gained,
 It matters little how obtained.

In yonder form a Satan see,
 A form of perfect symmetry ;
 His dress is perfect, modest face,
 With curling hair and form of grace.
 His broadcloth coat in Paris made,
 White kids upon his hands displayed ;
 His French-calf boots in splendor shine,
 His hands show gems from every mine ;
 Ruby and topaz there are seen,
 With diamond's blaze and emeralds green.
 He might for young Adonis pass
 As thus he stands before the glass,
 The pride of belles, the dread of beaux,
 Honored and feasted where he goes :
 At his approach each maiden sighs,
 And mammas aid to win the prize.

Yet he no noble act hath shown,
 And virtue at his touch hath flown :
 The serpent that sought Eden's shade,
 And over Eve such power displayed,
 Must to this Satan yield his crown
 And envy him his great renown.
 His voice is sweet, he sings and plays,
 While on his form fair maidens gaze ;
 His voice, his beauty, and his art,
 Has triumphed over many a heart,

That he has ruined, cast aside,
 Like things unworthy of his pride,—
 As gloves that he has worn a day
 Which soon as soiled are thrown away.

No lovely maidens curse his name,
 His victims bear alone the shame;
 The gay seducer's arts they tell,
 His victims do as outcasts dwell;
 And 'tis their glory and their pride
 To sit by the seducer's side
 And, while with blushes glow each cheek,
 Of his late victims taunting speak:
 Like moths that in the candle fly
 They rush into his arms to die.

But look again; see Satan there
 With rosy cheeks and flowing hair,
 With laughing eyes and modest mien,
 With form 'twould grace an Eastern queen.
 See little hands and neck of snow,
 But veil your eyes—the dress is low!
 Now turn from face that looks so sweet
 And gaze upon those little feet,
 Those dainty shoes so beauteous are
 That Cinderella well might wear.
 How rich her dress, such skill and taste
 Not oft so fair a form has graced;
 She seems an angel to us given
 To guide the doubting soul to Heaven.

She is no angel, truth I tell,
 But is the foulest fiend of Hell:
 A siren, she, in vilest den,
 Who daily sets her snares for men—

Her snares for all who wealth can show
 Or goodly gifts on her bestow.
 Husbands and lovers are her prize
 Regardless of their dear ones' cries.
 Wherever beauteous sirens dwell
 They make the place a perfect Hell :
 One female Satan, gay and fair,
 Is worse than fifty male ones are.

These are the Satans that we dread
 Who here on earth their influence spread ;
 While fifty de'ils with horns and tail
 To lead one man to Hell would fail
 One female Satan's charms and spell
 Would fifty lead to gates of Hell.

Of modern Satans pray beware
 And shun them all with greatest care,
 And morn and evening constant pray
 That female Satans keep away
 And leave you free from day to day—
 You ne'er through life in fear should quail
 At thought of de'ils with horns and tail.

THE FIRE.

WRITTEN DURING THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1860.

The fire is raging wild
 O'er every prairie West ;
 It glows above the pines
 On every mountain crest.

Along the broad Pacific
 You hear its crackling roar ;
 It shines in every place
 Along the eastern shore.

It sweeps along each river,
 Each brook and rippling rill ;
 It shines upon each lake,
 And o'er each vale and hill.

'Twas Freedom set the fire
 That sweeps each wood and plain ;
 It glows in every place
 From Oregon to Maine.

There's Lincoln in the West,
 A loved and honored name,
 And Hamlin in the East,
 Are spreading wide the flame.

'Tis sweeping o'er Missouri,
 Kentucky's in a blaze ;
 O'er Virginia's mountains
 The flame in terror plays.

The southern planter trembles
 And starts in wildest fright,
 As on the North he gazes
 And sees the brilliant light.

Buchanan sees the flame,
 Now rising high and higher,
 While tears bedew his cheeks
 He's crying "Fire! fire! fire!"

"Oh, ring the bells, my boys!"
 In anguish deep he cries;
 "Oh, see the flame is sweeping
 Towards the southern skies.

"Oh, bring the engines quick,
 My southern friends so true,
 To stop this raging fire
 I now depend on you.

"There's Douglas, once so true
 On every field of toil,
 See, see the traitor now
 For water pours on oil!

"Ah, Davis, Wise, and Tombs,
 And ev'ry gallant name,
 Who long have proudly stood
 To stop the rising flame,

"You cannot stop its rage—
 The flame spreads fast each night,
 Our broken ranks in fear
 Must save themselves by flight."

THE WREATH.

This fairy wreath I've braided,
Have braided love for thee,
That when from home I chance to roam
That you may think of me.

'Tis twined of flowers the fairest
In field or garden found ;
The richest and the rarest,
For long I've searched around.

I've searched each wood and glen,
Each valley, dale and hill ;
Along each river wandered,
And by each rippling rill,

To cull the flowers I've braided
Aurelia's brow to grace—
The loveliest of the lovely,
The fairest of her race.

A handsome rose I've twined,
Of purity the sign ;
The lilac and the violet,
The pink and eglantine.

The lily of the valley,
The myrtle and moss rose,
And every lovely flower
In field or garden grows.

This wreath so fair and lovely
Upon thy brow I'll set,

Amid thy flowing ringlets
Of pure and glossy jet.

Upon thy brow I'll place it,
A lover's offering;
A tribute of affection,
Which from the heart doth spring.

A token of remembrance
When I am far away;
When in distant lands I roam,
O'er distant mountains stray.

Then shall this wreath remind her,
Though fled its lovely hue.
That he will love forever
Who bids her now adieu.

1833.

HOME.

I love my home, my happy home,
Upon the flowery lea;
I love my home, my humble home,
Beneath the spreading tree.

I love when "weary, fit o' care,"
And vexed with ills of life,
To seat me in my old arm chair
Beside my loving wife.

I love from toil and strife to flee
To that sequestered place.

To hold my children on my knee
 And view each smiling face.

I love to hear each merry voice
 In mirth and music gay,
 And hear my children all rejoice
 As on the lawn they play.

No scene of pride or hour of mirth
 To me is half so dear,
 As seated by my humble hearth
 With wife and children near.
 1857

TO MAILA.

Farewell, Maila, we must part,
 Heave the sigh and bid adieu,
 But this sad, this throbbing heart,
 Long will beat, fair maid, for you.

Long will beat, fair maid—O never
 Time or distance can have power
 My warm love from thee to sever
 Till life's last, last parting hour.

What though foreign lands you tread?
 What though distant is thy home?
 Tho' pleasure's scenes are round me spread,
 Still, still my thoughts to thee will roam.

Yes, unto you, as to the pole,
 The needle points forever true,

So will my heart, my dearest maid,
 For e'er be constant unto you.

Then fare thee well ; may peace be thine,
 May fortune strew thy path with flowers ;
 May Virtue, with her hand divine,
 Keep thy young steps from Vice gay bowers.

And may you soon return to grace
 The scenes where you so lately moved,
 And in thine own, thy native place,
 Bless thy true swain whose love is proved.
 1835.

TO THANKFUL.

My dear, how *thankful* should I be
 Could I but spend my days with thee
 In some fit place ;
 Since thou hast gone my heart doth pine
 Again to clasp that form of thine
 In love's embrace.

Dear maid, my heart was gay and free
 Before I chanced to meet with thee,
 And knew not woe ;
 But Cupid now doth o'er it reign,
 He's bound it with a silken chain
 And won't let go.

Though round me many a maid I see,
 I turn from all to think of thee,
 My dearest friend ;
 To think that e'er a year is o'er
 That we shall meet to part no more
 Till time shall end.

Then o'er the lake or inland sea
 I'll fly, dear girl, to meet with thee
 In thy new home ;
 And through the rest of this short life,
 A husband dear and loving wife,
 Together roam.

THE CHANGE.

Why sits Mary by the fire
 Gazing on the embers burning?
 Why from friends does she retire,
 Mirth and gaiety now spurning?

Late the gayest of the gay,
 Wildest in both hall and bower ;
 Now she steals from mirth away,
 Silent sits from hour to hour.

When she mingled in the dance
 Late her voice rang clear and loud ;
 Now she shuns the merry glance
 Of the gay and thoughtless crowd.

Late she sought the flowery lea
 While the dew was on the rose ;
 Now she shuns both flower and tree,
 In her chamber seeks repose.

What has changed her step so light?
 Tamed her heart so gay and wild?
 Willie's eyes, so keen and bright,
 Willie's voice so sweet and mild.

SONG—GREEN MOUNTAINS.

I love my own Green Mountains,
 Where grow the lofty pines,
 Above whose silver fountains
 The sun so brightly shines.

I love to view each river
 That through thy valleys flow,
 And see thy forests quiver
 When gentle breezes blow.

I love thy hills and waters,
 I love thy sons still more,
 Thy matrons and thy daughters
 I love and I adore.

If Asia's mounts are higher
 And ever crowned with snow,
 And Europe's air is milder
 Where vines do blushing grow :

If Africa possesses
 The myrtle and the mine ;
 And the eye Golconda blesses
 With gems that purest shine :

They may boast their mounts and waters,
 Their gems and balmy air,
 But ah ! their sons and daughters
 With ours can ne'er compare.

I love my own Green Mountains.
 Where grow the lofty pines,
 Above whose silver fountains
 The sun so brightly shines.

WELCOME TO SHERIDAN.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO MONTPELIER.

Welcome to you, Sheridan,
 You did the vict'ry plan,
 You led the battle van
 On fields stained with gore ;
 You the Vermonters led,
 Where her bravest sons bled,
 Where fell her honored dead,
 By the Shenandoah.

You often *Early* sought,
 You often *Early* fought,
 And to grief the rebels brought
 'Neath bloody Stars and Bars ;
 Turned by your glittering brand,
 Through all the southern land,
 Fast fled each rebel band
 From the Stripes and Stars.

Let history tell the story
 Of all your deeds of glory,
 On battle-fields made gory,
 Which time shall never mar ;
 But a fairer page is thine,
 And a gayer wreath we'll twine
 And your fame will brightest shine
 For brave deeds since the war.

To Vermont we welcome thee.
 Thou champion of the free
 Who doth worship liberty
 Though war's clouds lower :

We'll take you by the hand,
 Who so gallantly doth stand
 To guard each Union band
 From gory Treason's power.

THE REBEL WAIL.

A wail is on the southern air,
 A wail across the sea ;
 A rebel wail the breezes bear,
 A wail of woe and fell despair
 Wherever traitors be.

A wail of fear, of want and pain,
 A wail of grief and care ;
 It sweeps along each southern plain,
 'Tis heard from o'er the stormy main
 From every traitor there.

It comes from Georgia's fertile land,
 Where her broad rivers flow,
 Where Sherman's gallant vet'ran band
 Before Savannah made a stand
 And humbled the proud foe.

'Tis heard from Charleston's burning halls,
 Which late the world defied,
 And from Columbia's blackened walls,
 Where Sherman's host the foe appalls
 And spreads destruction wide.

It comes from North Car'lina's shore
 As mourners at the grave ;

The pride of Wilmington is o'er,
 The stripes and stars forevermore
 Above her towers shall wave.

It comes from Richmond's crowded street,
 Where Davis reigns in pride ;
 Where want and woe you constant meet,
 And starving women oft entreat
 With bread to be supplied.

But louder still that wail shall be
 That floats along the air,
 Until the starry flag you see
 Float o'er a land from slavery free.
 And find no traitors there.

April 2, 1865.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Father, little children see
 Gathered here to worship Thee,
 On this eve before the morn
 When the Son of God was born.
 Listen to our simple lays
 While our lips shall sing Thy praise—
 Thy praise that Thou to us hast given
 Thy Son to guide our steps to Heaven.
 He o'er our acts a watch doth keep
 And guards our pillows while we sleep ;
 Now unto Him we come to bring
 The little children's offering
 Of little hearts all filled with love

For Christ who dwells with Thee above :
 Who, while on earth required to stay,
 Did unto his disciples say
 " Let little children come to me,
 For such the blest in Heaven must be."

THE TRIUMPH.

[The following lines were written on hearing that Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio had, at their state elections held the day before, all given Republican majorities.]

The sky is bright! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 The sky is bright to-day;
 The clouds that veiled fair Freedom's sun
 Have quickly passed away.

The shouts that float upon the air
 Above the land of Penn,
 From Indiana's prairies wide
 Are answered back again.

And from Ohio's hills and vails
 You hear the echoing cry,
 The flag her brave sons died to save
 In dust shall never lie.

Then wake the bugle, fife and drum,
 And bid the cannon roar,
 And let the song of jubilee
 Resound from shore to shore.

October 12, 1864.

THE PEACOCK AND THE OWL: A FABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF A YOUNG COQUETTE.

The drifted snow, the piercing blast,
 The winter months were gone at last,
 And Spring with all her smiling train
 In gayest dress had decked the plain.
 The groves put on their purest green,
 The vales were clothed in brightest sheen ;
 The songsters ranged on every spray
 Beguiled the tedious hours away.
 There all the birds of every name,
 Whose notes were ever known to fame,
 In that warm glen in early spring
 Had met their sweetest notes to sing.

There the Sparrow poured his throat,
 There the Linnet adds her note,
 And the Mavis and the Thrush
 Swelled the song from yonder bush :
 Here the Robin wakes delight,
 There the Owl disturbs the night ;
 While from yonder stately tree
 Philomel adds melody.

In this Vale of Love so true
 ('Tis the truth I tell to you),
 Naught of War was ever known,
 Love in triumph reigned alone.
 Here the Falcon joined the throng,
 Here the Eagle swept along,
 And the Hawk here walked in pride
 With the Peacock by his side.

In each breast no terror dwelt,
Naught but love alone they felt.

Here, as in some country town,
Females dwelt of high renown
In the arts of coquetry—
Which in birds and belles agree.
Here Miss Peacock proudly shone,
For a rival she had none
Who could boast so many hearts
Broken by her wily arts.

She, to conquer, deigned to listen,
While her eyes would brightly glisten,
To the songsters at her feet
Pouring forth their love so sweet—
Songs of flattery in her ear
Which she'd condescend to hear.
Oft an hour she'd pass away
With the Sparrow light and gay,
Next the Blackbird, billing, cooing,
Then the Jay and Cat-bird wooing.
She would with the small birds play
And proudly bear the palm away;
Happiness beamed from her eyes
When she seized the worthless prize.

Once while sporting in the vale,
Listening to some flattering tale,
Near an ancient oak she drew
Where, exposed before her view,
Sat an Owl, sedate and wise,
Shaded from the azure skies
By the foliage green and gay
Which repelled the sun's bright ray.

There the Owl with glaring eyes
 Saw the bird with great surprise ;
 As he looked his anger rose,
 High and higher still it grows ;
 He at last the silence broke,
 To the Peacock thus he spoke :

“ Coquette, hear me while I speak,
 'Tis your happiness I seek ;
 List to one who cannot lie,
 One who with a prophet's eye
 Sees the misery, grief and fears
 Which will come in future years.
 True your yeart is light and gay,
 Sweet thy hours now glide away,
 But pursue the course begun
 Soon, oh, soon you are undone.
 If you are so condescending,
 With the vilest rabble blending,
 Low and lower you must sink
 Till you stand upon the brink
 Of the gulf of woe and grief,
 Where, alas ! there's no relief.

“ You are deck'd in gayest pride,
 Worthy to become the bride
 Of the proudest bird that flies
 Sweeping through the azure skies.
 Thy bright train and lofty crest
 Might inspire within the breast
 Of the Nightingale so true
 Love that's worthy him and you.
 Or perchance your colors bright
 Well might please the Eagle's sight ;

But the monarch would disdain
 Mingling with the rabble train.
 No ; that bird will never stoop
 To a level with the troop
 That are round you all the while,
 And your every thought beguile.
 Shun them all, and know thy place,
 Banish from thee all the race
 Of the vulgar, low and mean.
 Thou art then fair Beauty's queen."

MORAL.

The maid who'd gain a man of sense
 Should never on a slight pretense
 Mix with the vulgar crew ;
 For then no man of gentle birth,
 Of real genius, sterling worth,
 Will have you if you do.

Then keep, oh, keep within the sphere
 Where you were destined to appear
 And shun the path of woe ;
 For if you fall in thoughtless hour,
 By force of gravitation's power
 You deep and deeper go.

As rocks when rent from Andes' height
 From crag to crag in rapid flight
 Fall to the lowest glen,
 So she who stoops to join the throng
 Will find this truth—and that e'er long—
 She's lost all worthy men.

SONG.

He sat by the window next the street,
The sun was shining gay ;
He sat by the window next the street.
His thoughts were far away.

He sat by the window next the street,
Where maidens pass'd in glee ;
He sat by the window next the street,
The maids he did not see.

He sat by the window next the street,
His head on the window lay ;
He sat by the window next the street,
His thoughts were far away.

His thoughts were off among the hills,
In that enchanted ground ;
His thoughts were off among the hills,
A cottage there is found.

His thoughts were off where mid the hills.
A lovely arbor stood ;
His thoughts were off among the hills,
Beyond the shady wood.

His thoughts were off among the hills
Where breathes the balmy air ;
His thoughts were off among the hills
Where dwells a maiden fair.

He sat by the window next the street
And dreamed his loved one near ;

He sat by the window next the street,
He seem'd her voice to hear.

He sat by the window next the street,
The wind with his locks did play ;
He sat by the window next the street,
The vision passed away.

He sat by the window next the street,
The sun on his tresses played ;
He's left the window next the street
And gone to seek the maid.

CUPID DEFIED.

Fair maid, I fear not Cupid's keenest dart,
He cannot pierce my adamant heart,
And all his skill in archery I defy,
Against this breast his bolts will harmless fly.

What though Maila's face is heavenly fair?
Though nothing earthly can with it compare?
Yet soon as e'er she doth the silence break
Such nonsense flows that we the maid forsake.

What though fair Zelia has a dazzling wit,
And we to gain her would all others quit?
But, unexpected, call to pass the day,
Her slattern looks will drive all love away.

And what though Cræsus' daughter we behold
Arrayed in silks, the heir of lands and gold?
Say, can you love her, can you patient bear
Her haughty look and more than tyrant air?

Such are the boasted maids you sometimes meet
 With scores of lovers prostrate at their feet ;
 Say, unto such shall I as suppliant sue?
 No : reason will have left me when I do.

Then where's the danger? where, I think you say?
 View yonder maid who keeps from crowds away ;
 With modest, courteous mien and downcast eyes,
 Who from the vain and worthless coxcomb flies.

True there is danger should I thoughtless meet
 A modest maid, with temper calm and sweet,
 And should I e'er by chance meet such a lass
 My heart I'll guard with shield of triple brass.

TAKE BACK THE RING.

Take back this ring, false-hearted man,
 Which late you gave to me :
 Yes, take it back, and if I can,
 I'll think no more of thee.

But oh, my heart can ne'er forget,
 (The thought will always linger)
 That happy hour you loving set
 This ring upon my finger.

How can that hour, that happy hour,
 Be e'er forgot by me,
 When you in love (at least I thought)
 Before me bent the knee.

You called on all the powers above,
 You bade them witness be

That from that hour, that happy hour,
You lived for only me.

I heard your vow, I bade you rise,
And sat you by my side ;
Then naught but love beamed from your eyes,
My heart on thine relied.

You placed this ring upon my hand
To prove your love sincere ;
I felt my heart with hope expand,
I thought you loved me dear.

How could I otherwise believe
Thy words and acts combined ?
Who would have thought you could deceive
A maiden's heart so kind ?

But you, alas ! as false as fair,
Have fled from me away,
And left my heart to cankering care
And fell despair a prey.

Then take this ring, false-hearted man,
Which late you gave to me ;
Yes, take it back, and if I can,
I'll think no more of thee.

TO LILLY.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST TO WRITE IN A
LADY'S ALBUM.

Dear Lilly, why ask me to write—
Ask one who's no friend of the muse
To stain this fair paper so white
With lines for you to peruse?

Is there anything new I can write?
Is there aught that has never been told?
Can I a lone sentence indite
Which your eyes did never behold?

Shall I write upon beauty and youth?
Their charms have been told o'er and o'er:
Shall I write of fair virtue and truth?
No bard but has sung them before.

Dear Lilly, then what shall I do?
If I flatter, thy sense will detect it;
And if I should slander, then, too,
The sense of thy friends would reject it.

Should I say thou art fair, it would be
A tale thou hast oft heard before;
E'en thy mirror hath told it to thee
A thousand times over and o'er.

Should I say that fair virtue hath built
Her throne in thy bosom so pure,
Where pride or deception or guilt
Could never a moment endure—

Would this to thy friends be aught new?
 To thy friends who have known thee of yore,
 Or e'en to the strangers who view
 Thy features but carelessly o'er?

Then, Lilly, say what shall I write,
 Come give me the subject, I pray,
 And I'll hasten the lines to indite,
 Will write without further delay.

1832.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[The following lines were written on reading that the authorities of Fredericksburgh, Virginia, had torn down old Barbara Frietchie's dwelling house in that city and had turned the course of the river so as to have it run where the house had stood, to prevent the lovers of freedom from visiting it as one of the Temples of Liberty. Believing the report to be true, I wrote the lines annexed.]

They've torn that ancient dwelling down
 Where Barbara Frietchie's flag waved free,
 When Stonewall Jackson through the town
 Led forth the southern chivalry.

Jackson beneath its folds passed on,
 Though traitor, he was just and brave,
 He left the flag in Frietchie's hands
 Free o'er her humble home to wave.

Jackson now fills a soldier's bed,
 And Frietchie sleeps on yonder plain;
 The rebel power is past and dead—
 Never on earth to rise again.

That house from which old Frietchie flung
 The star-decked banner on the air,
 In ev'ry land its fame is sung,
 And Freedom led her pilgrims there.

The rebel power has passed away,
 And naught is left but rebel spleen,
 And in its ranks we find to-day
 None but the low, the base and mean.

That spirit low and base and mean
 Holds carnival in Frederickstown,
 Where rebel hate and rebel spleen
 Have torn old Frietchie's dwelling down.

See with what wild and fiendish joy
 The workmen labor to efface,
 And ev'ry mark and sigh destroy
 Of Barbara Frietchie's dwelling place.

They've dug the very earth away
 Where her poor dwelling lately stood :
 'Neath where her banner wav'd so gay
 Now rolls the river's rapid flood.

Ye men who Frederick rule to-day,
 You can't efface old Frietchie's name ;
 For history's pen and poet's lay
 Each coming year shall swell her fame.

Your hate can tear her dwelling down
 And make its place a river's bed :
 The act will ever curse your town
 Long after you sleep with the dead.

Until the end of time shall come
The pilgrim's foot your streets shall press,
To gaze where stood old Frietchie's home—
There d—n your town and Frietchie bless.











