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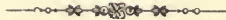




POEMS.

BY

S. S. & H. G. LUCE.



TREMPEALEAU:
CHARLES A. LEITH, PUBLISHER.
1876.

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INTRODUCTORY.

We court no critic's voice or pen ;
- We only seek a partial ear
For simple lines that now and then
- Have served a lonely hour to cheer.

We could not hope with pebbles rude
To vie with diamonds rich and rare ;
We would not rougher strains intrude
Where soft sweet music fills the air ;

But oft there creeps within the breast
A wish that when this life shall end,
Among the few we love the best,
The few who truly call us friend,

To leave some simple work or word,
Some token, trifling though it be,
Not for its worth alone preferred,
But tribute dear to memory.

GALESVILLE, WIS. AUG. 16, 1876.

P O E M S .

BY

SAMUEL SLAYTON LUCE.

MY NATIVE STATE.

Vermont, thy hills and vales are fair,
Thy mountains rear their tops on high ;
Clear are thy streams and pure thy air,
And softly blue thy summer sky.

E'en when rude Winter's blast is drear,
And desolation reigns profound,—
When naught without our hearts can cheer,
From mountain, plain and streams around,

Vermont, thou hast thy pleasures then,
Around the social fire-side hearth,
When heart to heart responds again,
In innocent and joyous mirth.

But O, when Spring sweet Spring has spread
Her verdant carpet on the sod—
When flowers their richest fragrance shed,
And birds chant forth a song to God—

When gentle zephyrs pass along,
And through the boughs of every tree
Breathe magic whisperings of song—
'Tis then Vermont we worship thee!

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

I see him still, as erst of yore,
With furrowed cheek, and whitened brow ;
Though he's been dead of years a score,
I see him stand before me now.

I seem to see his withered form
Bestride his faithful white-faced mare,
With old brown saddle-bags behind,
Whose odor 'twas a grief to bear.

With chronic cough I hear him pass—
He digs his steed with vigorous heel,
Whose callous sides, from daily thumps,
Had long since lost the power to feel.

The constant grin upon his face—
His light "*te he !*" at human pain,
As oft he wrenched the offending tooth,
Our memory ever will retain.

But deeply down within his breast,
 Beneath a mail like Milan steel,
'Twas said by those who knew him best,
 "The doctor has a heart to feel."

'Twas in the old Green Mountain State,
 'Mid deep, dread winter's drifting snow,
The evening hour was waxing late,
 Some forty years or more ago.

We sat around the ample hearth,
 Where maple logs were blazing bright ;
Glad songs arose, and social mirth,
 Upon that dismal winter night.

The storm-cloud hung on Mansfield's brow—
 The wind blew piercingly and chill ;
Fierce through the leafless branches shrieked,
 And roared along the fir-clad hill.

The deep'ning snow, that all day long
 Had fallen silently and fast,
Now densely filled the frosty air,
 And piled in drifts before the blast.

And still we sat—the hours sped—
The storm increased with fearful might ;—
“I hope,” our tender mother said,
“No one’s abroad this dreadful night.”

Our mother’s voice had hardly ceased,
When sudden through the opening door,
O’er drifts, the quaint old doctor sprung,
And forward fell upon the floor.

His brow was crusted o’er with ice,
And crisp and frozen was his cheek ;
His limbs were paralyzed with cold ;
For once, the doctor could not speak.

With genial warmth, and tender care,
He soon revived, and said : “Come Bill,
Be kind enough to get my mare,—
I must reach Martin’s, on the hill.”

Then on again, o’er trackless snow,
Against the biting winter blast,
Without the hope of worldly gain,
Through mountain drifts, the doctor passed.

Far up the winding mountain road,
Through forest dark and blinding snow,
He reached the desolate abode
Of sickness, poverty and woe.

Long years have past ; yet oft I ask,
As howls the tempest in its might,
While sitting by the evening fire,
“What faithful doctor rides to-night?”

Yes, faithful ; though full well I know
The world is sparing of its praise ;
And these self-sacrificing men
But seldom tempt the poet’s lays.

And yet, I trust, when at the last,
They leave the world of human strife,
Like him “who loved his fellow men,”
Their names shall grace the “Book of Life.”
Jan. 1871.

THE FOREST GRAVE.

A TALE OF VERMONT IN 1814.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
Of a valley far away,
Where the sunlight faintly streaming,
Through the birchen leaves doth stray,

And on either side, the mountain
Rises heavenward in pride,
While beneath its base, a fountain
Hurries on its sparkling tide.

Far from human habitation
Is that wild sequestered spot ;
There the wild deer bounds in freedom,
And the hunter scares him not.—

There the birds among the branches
Carol forth their happy song,
And the eagle from his eyrie
Proudly overlooks the throng.

Lithesome leaps the nimble squirrel
Far removed from human ken,
And the drumming of the partridge
Vibrates through the mountain glen.

There, where slender birchen branches
Weave above a tangled screen—
Where in June the searching sun-light
Scarcely finds its way between.

Once the woodman's ax resounded,
And the huge primeval tree,
That hath stood the storms of ages,
Bows at last to man's decree.

One by one each stately monarch,
Yields himself to human sway,
Till the dark and solemn forest
Opens to the light of day.

Soon a rude, uncomely cottage
Rose within the opening glade ;—
With the logs the walls were fashioned,
With the bark the roof was made.

Time sped on, and when the Autumn
Strewed the many tinted leaves,
And the laborer's toils requited
With abundant golden sheaves,

Came a lovely, beauteous maiden
In the woodman's cot to dwell ;
She, the sweet and gentle Alice,
Wed the woodman, Thomas Bell.

He was like the sturdy maple,
Stout of heart and strong of limb ;
She, the slender vine whose tendrils
Clung confidingly to him.

He possessed a manly bearing
And a nobleness of soul ;—
She, those sweet and gentle virtues
Where the Graces hold control.

Kindly both endowed by nature—
Both were versed in human lore ;—
Both were poor, or wealthy only
In the mutual love they bore.

It was winter, piercing winter ;—
On the mountain hung the cloud—
Through the forest shrieked the storm-blast,
Howling round the cottage loud.

Up against the scanty window
High is piled the snowy drift ;
Through the crevice of the door-way
Fast the sleety crystals sift.

To the blast, the mountain fir-tree
Freely shook its mantle white,
While the owl within its branches
Wildly screeched the livelong night.

While the storm without is raging,
All is peace and love within ;—
What heed they the cold or storm-blast—
What care they for nature's din.

On the hearth huge logs of maple
Send abroad a ruddy gleam,
Making all aglow and cheerful,
Walls around and naked beam.

He has cast aside his labors,
Noble tiller of the soil!
She has spread the inviting table
With the fruits of honest toil.

Should you ask me, gentle reader,
Where true happiness doth dwell,
I should point you to the cottage
Of the woodman, Thomas Bell.

Time sped on—the glorious spring-time
Spread her varied beauty round;
Earth rejoiced in floral decking—
Air was resonant with sound.

On the hill-side—on the mountain
Where the fir and hemlock grew—
By the brooklet and the fountain—
All put on a joyous hue.

And the husbandman rejoices
As he scatters wide the grain,
Listening to the happy voices
Mingled in harmonious strain.

And the glowing soul of woman
Drinks new life from earth and air
What to man seems poor and common,
Her fine senses counteth fair.

Thus did Alice view each flow'ret
As of nature's God a part ;
E'en the simplest shrub or fern-leaf,
Thrilled with joy her grateful heart.

It was summer, gorgeous summer—
Where once rose the stately trees,
And the wild beasts roved in freedom,
Grain is waving in the breeze ;

And the cottage rude, uncomely,
Now bedecked with vines and flowers,
Tells how hands of love and beauty
While away the passing hours.

But when came again the autumn,
Shadows dark and gloomy fell
O'er the life, the cloudless sunlight,
Of the lovely Alice Bell.

It was when the British cannon
Waked the echoes of Champlain,
On the bloody field of Plattsburg,
Thomas Bell lay with the slain.

First his country's call to answer,
With a soul unknown to fear,
He had staked his all for freedom—
He had paid the price most dear.

Sunk the heart of gentle Alice—
Sunk her form upon the floor,
As she heard the dreadful tidings :—
She will smile on earth no more !

As the tree whose heart is blighted
And no mortal hand can save,
So the form of beauteous Alice
Fast descended to the grave.

When again the storms of winter
Spread the mantle white o'er earth,
Shrieking round the woodman's cottage,
Cold and cheerless was the hearth.

When again the joyful spring-time
Decked with flowers the lonely spot,
She who loved their simple beauty
Slept beneath and saw them not.

I am dreaming! I am dreaming!
Of that valley far away,
Where the sun-rays faintly streaming
Through the birchen branches stray—

Of the rudely lettered headstone
That the mournful tale doth tell;—
There amid the solemn forest
Sleeps the lovely Alice Bell,
March, 1863.

THE HUNTER OF CHATEAUGAY. *

Of the many remembrances strongly impressed,
If there's one now remaining more fresh than the
rest,

'Tis of an old trapper, scarce "five-feet and-three,"
Who was called "The Old Hunter of Wild Chateaugay."
A wierd little man, with twinkling blue eyes,
Whose stories in no way compared with his size.

In long years ago, when I was a boy,
This hunter was much in my father's employ ;
And oft, when the storm drove him in from the farm,
With cider in mug on the hearth smoking warm,
With long potent draughts, inspiration to lend,
His tales would "just make my hair stand on end !"
Such marvels of wonder and wisdom combined
Had a magical charm for a juvenile mind.

His shot was unerring at wild deer or bear ;
E'en the far seeing Reynard escaped not his snare.
And the wise old philosopher-trout of the brook,
That defied all the boys, seemed to take to his hook.

* Local Pronunciation, — "Shat-ta-gee."

And the timid wild game, that take daily naps,
And wander at night, fell into his traps.
In short, all the imps of old Satan himself,
Known as witches, or wizards, or elpies, or elf,—
Whatever the caste or their calling might be,
Could not fool this Old Hunter of Wild Chateaugay.
“For,” said he, “if I fail with my powder and lead,
I substitute silver for bullets instead.”
“See here, Uncle Zenas.”—I said with a smile,—
“My mother says witches are now out of style.
Though people were cruelly burned in old time,
On such charge, ’tis now counted foulest of crime.”
“They may tell what they please, ”Uncle Zenas would
say ;—
“I have seen many witches myself in my day,
And I’ll tell you a story, that you too may see
That witches are, now,—just as they used to be.”

“I had been out all day, in the spring of the year,
And following sharp on the trail of a deer :
But night coming on, I gave up the beat.
I was tired ; and, worse, I had nothing to eat.
I knew where some patridges sure could be found,

And some forty rods brought me on to the ground.
Well, there, sure enough, in a sapling birch tree,
Sat some beautiful birds, in number just three.
An excellent chance, any hunter would say,
So I brought up my rifle and fired away.
You may judge my surprise when I looked for my bird ;
There she sat, in the tree ; not a feather had stirred.
I fired and loaded, and loaded and fired,
With no better success, until heartily tired.
'Some devil is in it,' I said, 'for this gun
Is as true to its aim as the rays of the sun.'
A thought struck me then and I put it in force'—
I bent up a shilling I had in my purse ;
Put it into my gun, and says I, 'now, my dame,
We'll see who is mistress,—we'll *see* who is game.'
I fired ; such a thundering you never have heard !
Such screaming sure never yet came from a bird !
I camped without supper, be sure, on that night ;
Slept sound, and awoke at the dawning of light.
The deer I had followed I soon found and shot,
And my breakfast of vension was soon smoking hot.
Since that time I have not been troubled at all
To bring down my game with a good leaden ball.
But Old Mother Simpson, down under the hill,

Was taken that evening most shockingly ill.
'Twas said she had fallen and broken an arm ;
But *I* know very well I had broken the charm
She had practiced on me, (she had done it before,)
And a shilling was cheap to rub out the old score !"
He suddenly paused, and raised to his lip
The foaming brown mug,—took a long, steady sip ;
Set it down, and looked thoughtful,—his eyes down-
ward cast,
As if he were busy with thoughts of the past.
Soon his cheek flushed with pleasure, and warming
again,
His tongue seemed to move in a livelier strain :

“I had been on a hunt,” said he,
In the old woods of Chateaugay.
The day was sultry ; not a breeze
To stir the leaves upon the trees.
For hours I followed on a trail,
Through tangled brush, and swampy swale,
An animal,—but what the kind
As yet I had not quite divined ;
Its foot-prints on the marshy land
Were broader than my outspread hand.

I'd seen some smaller game at large,
But none to tempt the hunter's charge ;—
For, in pursuit of deer or bear,
The gun's report would tend to scare
The nobler game—drive them away,
And waste the labors of a day.
'Twas growing late, and in the west
The sun was sinking to his rest,
Where on the far horizon's rim
A cloud was stretching, black and grim,
Low, muttering thunder, from afar,
Portended elemental war.
And wearied with the day's long tramp,
I sought a place to build my camp.
I crossed a stream, that I might reach
The shelter of a sturdy beech.
I'd seen the oak oft cleft in twain,
And rent the hemlock's spiral grain ;
The pine that soars so high and proud
Invites the lightning from the cloud.
The beech tree, with its smooth, green bark,
Alone repels the electric spark.
For well I knew, ere morning came,
The black'ning sky would be aflame.
With bark to shelter overhead,

And boughs beneath, to serve as bed,
With cone, and knots of resinous pine,
Amid the dark'ning gloom to shine,
To cheer the night, and keep at bay
The wild, ferocious beasts of prey,
My scanty meal with haste I made,
And on the hemlock boughs I laid
My weary limbs ; slept sweet and sound,
Amid the solitude profound.

You deem it strange that I could sleep
Within the forest dark and deep,—
Removed from human aid so wide,
Where dangers lurk on every side,—
With gathering cloud to sweep in power
Of wrathful tempest in an hour.
Go ask the hunter, whose dark hair
Grew white amid the hunter's fare ;
His gun his friend, the earth his bed,
The sky his canopy o'erhead ;
His heart to nature waxes warm,—
He loves her in her wildest form.

How long I slept, I could not tell ;
I woke, as by a magic spell !
The rain was pouring in a flood,—
The wind roared wildly through the wood :
And by the transient lightning's flash
I saw the raging torrents dash
In madness down to join the stream,
Reflected in the vivid gleam.
My fire was but a feeble spark,
That made the darkness seem more dark,
This was no novel scene to me,
In the old woods of Chateaugay.
Full many a time before I'd viewed
Rough nature in her wildest mood.
But something strange,—it was not fear—
Seemed whispering, 'There is danger near !'
And rising up with piercing gaze,
I saw amid the lightning's blaze
A sight that might well give alarm—
A couchant panther's dreaded form !
Upon the log that spanned the stream
I saw his fiery eyeballs gleam,
And scarce a hundred yards away,
Intently viewing me as prey !

I waked the brands that, burning low,
Gave but a faint and lurid glow.
I knew ere morning came again
That darkness in the camp would reign.
I viewed my rifle then to know
That it was dry, and sure to go ;
Unsheathed my old long hunting knife
For use, if forced to deadly strife ;
Then lying low, to catch the light
Upon the trusty barrel's sight,
I took a careful, steady aim,
As one who seldom missed his game.
I fired, and held my breath to hear
What sound should next salute my ear,
'Twas silent as the grave !— ah, no !
A splash was in the stream below.

Next morn, before the rising sun,
I went to see what I had done.
The log was spattered o'er with blood ;
All else had vanished in the flood ;
But, following down the swollen tide,
Found in some alders by its side,

A panther of the largest size,
With bullet hole between his eyes."

How fleet have sped the passing years,
Since these tales charmed my boyish ears !
And he who told them with such zest,
Passed long since to his final rest.
With knife and powder, shot and ball,
His gun hangs resting 'gainst the wall.
And those old woods, so well beloved,
Where with a hunter's pride he roved,—
The scene of many a fearful crime,
That happened in the early time,—
Some that are yet not understood,
And others cancelled blood for blood.—
Now yield to utilizing hand
That marks the progress of our land.
The whistle's shriek, and thundering train
Awake the rocky, wild domain ;
While sleeps, from worldly trouble free,
The Hunter of old Chateaugay !

DECORRA.

Where art thou, O chief Decorra?
And thy warriors, where are they?
Sleep they on the field of glory—
Are they scattered far away?

Where once rose the sheltering wigwam
Scarce a trace doth now remain;
Rank the weeds above the cornfield,
Where erst waved the golden grain.

But thy peak still heaven-ward rises,
First to catch the morning ray;
Proud o'erlooking hill and valley,
And broad streams that wind away.

O'er its form so high and hoary,
Storms of centuries have swept;
And the subtle fires of Heaven
Scathless down its sides have leap'd.

But thy signal fires no longer
From the summit gleam afar,
Summoning thy braves around thee
For the chase or bloody war.

They are dead or widely scattered,
Thou could'st only save thy life
By thy fleetness and thy cunning,
From the Sioux' sharp scalping-knife.

Thou, in days of border warfare
Oft thy timely aid did'st lend,
Leading forth thy braves to battle
Proved thyself the white man's friend.

On thy peak I stand, Decorra,
And a fairy landscape sweet,
Sparkling in its sun-lit glory,
Lies in beauty at my feet.

Gorgeous palaces are floating
On the Mississippi's tide—
Once the "light canoe" was only
O'er its waters seen to glide.

Lone Decorra ! sad Decorra !
Cold and cheerless is thy lot--
Smoke is curling in the valley
From the farmer's peaceful cot.

And the plow-share turns the furrow
From the Indian burial mound,
Leaving oft his bones to bleach
On the once-loved hunting ground.

Last of those proud chiefs, Decorra,
Who once roamed this pleasant land,
Ever thy eventful story
On historic page shall stand.

Galesville, Wis., 1858.

WINTER MUSINGS.

Up the serpentine Winooski,
Sweeps the storm-blast wild and high ;
Shrieking through the leafless tree-tops,
'Neath a freezing winter sky.

Hushed the notes of warbling song-birds—
Gone the breath of fragrant flowers—
Skips no more the lithesome squirrel,
In the desolated bowers.

Pile, pile high the sparkling wood-fire—
Till we feel the genial glow !
Bring the books, the pens and paper,
Let the whistling north wind blow !

There are pleasures, heartfelt pleasures,
Round a cheerful winter hearth,
When the soul with soul communeth,
Free from care and boisterous mirth.

There are pleasures, nobler pleasures,
Than amid the ball-room's throng ;
Sweeter strains than rattling dice-box,
Or the Bacchanalian song.

There's a gem within our keeping
Richer far than golden dust ;
As the wind our life is fleeting—
Prove we true unto the trust ?

Life should be a life of labor,
Heart and hand should know no rest,
While the heel of stern oppression
Grinds the necks of the oppressed.

While the Demon of the wine-cup
Stalks abroad with poisonous breath ;
As the withering, blasting Upas,
Deals he forth the fire of death.

Oh ! the heart of hapless woman
When he plies his subtle art !—
Colder than the freezing north-blast,
Is the winter of that heart !

Onward! then, for Freedom, Temperance!
On for virtue ever bright!—
Soul and pen, and voice forever,
Battling boldly for the right.

Waterbury, Vt., Jan. 1851.

THE MILLER.

The miller was young, the miller was fair,
And kindly the light of his clear blue eye.
With flowing masses of light brown hair,
And a forehead broad and white and high.

He'd a pleasant word and a frank good will,
A cheery way and a winning smile
For the farmer boy who came to mill
O'er many a long and weary mile.

The miller was stout of heart and limb ;
Was modeled on Nature's noblest plan ;
The bags of corn were as chaff to him,
He struck the measure with honest hand.

He leaped on the lever and pinned it down,
And loosed the power of flood below ;
The stone went whizzing round and round ;
The meal came forth with golden flow.

While the mill so patiently ground the grain,
The miller, (I seem to hear him yet,)
Delighted my boyish ears with a strain
 Poured forth from his wonderful clarionet.

And when the mill its task had done,
 And each kind in its separate sack,
The bags adjusted one by one,
 Upon the old farm horse's back,

He kindly lifted me into my seat,
 And gave me a word of cheer and praise,
While he chid the village boys so meet,
 That laughed at my bashful, rural ways.

The stream runs on, and the mill is there,
 But the kindly miller my boyhood knew
Is long since gone, I know not where,
 With his honest hand and his heart so true.

THE TEACHER.

Toiler o'er life's weary way—
Faithful in a noble cause—
Plodding on from day to day.
Careless of the world's applause ;—
Who exalts the Teacher's name ?
Who shall chronicle his fame ?

Poets sing of warriors brave,
Skilled to slay their fellow man
Where the flags of freedom wave,
Leading in the battle's van.
Who exalts the Teacher's name ?
Who shall sing the Teacher's fame ?

Poets sing of statesmen sage,
Men who win the world's *eclat*,
Glorious beacons of the age,
Wise dispensers of the law ;
Who exalts the Teacher's name ?
Who shall sing the Teacher's fame ?

Poets sing of beauty bright,
 Peerless as the evening star ;
 Shining; radiant with light,
 Singly in the heavens áfar ;—
 Who exalts the Teacher's name
 And writes it on the page of fame ?

Nobler work is thine by far
 Than the warriors fearful art ;—
His to slay in bloody war,
Thine to mould the mind and heart ;—
 Opening up a peaceful way,
 Turning darkness into day.

And the statesman, where were he,
 Were thy humble teachings not ?
 Toiling on in poverty,
 Fameless—by the world forgot !
 Through thy toil he wins a name :—
 Thou sowest and he reapeth—fame.

And what indeed is beauty's self
 With all the power of wealth combined ?
 Choice gift : and yet as paltry pelf.
 Weighed in the balance with the mind ;—

A mind well trained in virtue's ways
Glorious in truth—unsull'd by praise

Then on, thy faithful work pursue !

What though the world shall heed thee not.
True to thyself to conscience true,

Thou shalt not, canst not be forgot.
Thy works alone shall bless thy name—
Shall give thee true and lasting fame.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON VIEWING TABLE ROCK, FROM WHICH MISS
RUGG FELL AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Pensive she gazed upon Niagara's flood,
Her's was a mind that loved to contemplate
A scene like this.

Aye, not with eye indifferent she viewed
The lowliest brook that skips adown the hill,
Or sings meandering through the meadows green ;
E'en the simplest flower, the merest blade of grass
Had charms for her. Then marvel not that she
Enraptured gazed upon the giant flood,
And thuswise mused,—

“Oft have I heard of thee,
Niagara! thy cataract wild! and oftentimes have
wished,

Yet ne'er before have gazed mine eyes on thee.
Ah, mighty flood! emblem of power supreme!
Roll on thy matchless waves!—scatter thy mist and
foam
To Heaven's wind! and in the sunbeams paint
All Nature's varied hues—the beautiful
To blend with the sublime.

Poets have tried,
And yet, how vainly tried to sing of thee;
For can the farthest stretch of fancy vie
With Nature's works so wonderful, sublime?
Ah no;—far-famed Niagara! yet still
Must thou remain unsung, save by thyself—
The deaf'ning torrent's loud eternal roar!
That rivalest e'en 'Heaven's artillery!
And dashing thy mad foam on rocks below
Speak forth to man that power which bids thee move!
Longer I may not look upon thy flood,
But onward haste across Lake Erie's wave,
Where friends impatient wait to welcome me.
But what is this—ah! see the slender shrub
That bows its head o'er the wild precipice,

As if, in pride to view the mad'ning foam.
Ah, I will pluck thee! and when far away
Thou wilt recall fresh to my memory
The proudest scenery that nature boasts."
Forward she step'd a pace the shrub to pluck
Lean'd o'er the dizzy height, her balance lost.
"Save me!" she cried, but ah, it was in vain!
For he who would have gladly risked his life,
To rescue her, hath caught naught but her scarf,—
While she lies gasping on the rocks below
An hundred feet! Ah, maiden! never more
Wilt thou behold the scenes thou loved'st so well!
In vain for thee may Nature spread her flowers,
Save to adorn the sod above thy tomb!
In vain for thee the birds may tune their lay
Save but to chant a requiem to thee!
Aye, e'en Niagara's all deafening roar—
Its dashing torrents ne'er can waken thee.

Lake Ontario, Aug., 1844.

GALESVILLE UNIVERSITY, 1864.

Scarce ceased the Indian war-whoop by the stream,
Scarce died the echoes 'mong the circling hills,
When rose thy walls, fresh from the quarry cleft,
Firm in their native strength with small pretence
To polished beauty,—void of vain display.
No classic column grand nor sculptured frieze
To tell thy greatness and thy deeds recount.
Thine is a fame unwritten,—yet to write.
E'en now, the wild deer startled at thy chime,
Shakes his broad antlers, snuffs the vibrant air,
And widens far the distance from the sound.
The timid beaver, from his patient toil,
Looks up suspicious, dives beneath the stream,
And seeks the sheltering cave beneath the bank.
Around the virgin prairie stretches far,
Where the despoiling plow-share ne'er has been.
There in the springtime modest voilets bloom,
The wild-rose fragrance floats on summer breeze,
And bright blue gentian glads the autumn days.

By stream, on prairie and the hills around,
The burial-mounds are picturesquely grouped,
Where sleep a former race to us unknown ;—
For history's silent and tradition mute.
Only the oak, deep rooted in their dust,
Tells of the cycling years since in the land
They held perchance proud sway.

Brief though thy life,
Not unalloyed with trials it hath been,
Born not in affluence to be caressed
And fondly flattered by a partial world,
Thou'st won thy way, content in doing good.
War in the land ; thou sendest to the field
Thy brave young men to strike in Freedom's cause.
Aye, many a costly sacrifice thou'st laid
On our dear country's altar ; yet still on
Must be thy course, and upward, upward still,
Till rent the cloud, proud Science stands revealed ;
And classic lore becomes as household words.
Yet stop not here but onward to the end ;
For nobler, brighter and more glorious far
Is thy proud mission. Thine it is to cast
A holy radiance o'er the darkened world
And teach mankind to war no more—.

SPRING-TIME.

See, the sunny hills are peeping
From their snowy mantle white ;
And the streams in bondage sleeping,
Laugh again in fair sunlight.

From the hills the torrents pouring—
Skip the merry rills along ;
Tinkling now, now hoarsely roaring,
Mingled in one varied song.

Hark, the partridges are drumming
From the distant moss-grown logs ;
List the wild bees' merry humming ;
Loudly peep the noisy frogs.

On the sunny slopes the flowers
Ope their petals to the day,
And within the budding bowers.
Birds awake their happiest lay.

To the field with features glowing
Walks the honest farmer now
While the gentle zephyrs blowing
Grateful fan his ruddy brow.

O when all around is gladness,
Youthful, beautiful and bright,
And the song once touched with sadness,
Wakes to strains of pure delight.

Let us seek that priceless treasure
Which Dame Fortune cannot blast;—
Pure and intellectual pleasure;
Spring-time cannot always last.

Stowe, Vt., 1837.

DOLLARS.

LIST to the gossips over the way ;
What is the burden of all they say
As they trifle the priceless moments away ?
Dollars.

Thin and early grey his hair ;
Deeply furrowed his brow with care :
What has written these hard lines there ?
Dollars.

Deep in the prison's gloomy cell :
Why does he live in this earthly hell,
You earnestly ask, and who can tell ?
Dollars.

Bending low at his daily toil,
Delving away at the stubborn soil
From morning till night, to win the spoil,
Dollars.

Cold and stark and stiff he's laid
Near the highway in the shade,
An ugly wound in his breast was made

For Dollars.

War shook out the banner red ;
Strike for your country and glory ! they said,
Beneath in letters of blood I read,

Dollars.

THE WANDERER'S SONG OF HOME.

O give me back my humble cot,
 'Neath the shade of the spreading tree,
A halo is over the sacred spot
 Where the wearying cares of earth come not,
And the wild birds warble free.

Sweet are the tones of the singing brook
 That winds along by the hill,
And dear are the paths that my childhood took,
 By the moss-grown rock and the shady nook,
That the heart doth treasure still.

I ask not the toys of golden gain,
 Or the bauble of worldly fame,
I ask but my childhood's home again,
 And the dear old scenes that ever remain,
Though changes still the same.

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

What shall we drink in the days of our youth,
When all things around us seem beauty and truth ;
When we love simple nature unfettered by art,
And happy emotions gush free from the heart ;
Ere we dream that the world hath a sorrow or care,
So blue are the skies and the flowers so fair ?
Water, bright water, that springs from the earth—
That sparkles in sunlight, skips onward in mirth—
That, dashing o'er pebbles, bounds playfully up,
Snatching a kiss from the violet's cup.

What shall we drink when manhood hath brought
Its proud aspirations with intellect fraught—
When hope points aloft to the beacon of Fame,
And, urging us onward, we sigh for a name—
When we burn with desires impatient to find
Some long-hidden treasure deep locked in the mind ?
Water, drink deep from the pure, living fountain
That gushes afresh from the rock of the mountain,
Where beetling crags hang dizzy on high,
Whose summits appear to embrace the blue sky.

What shall we drink when the Spring-time hath fled,
And Time's icy fingers have frosted our head—
When Hope's fairy visions have faded away,
And fond aspirations have passed to decay—
When those whom we loved, and who wept for our pain,
Are slumbering never to waken again?
Water! O drink from the deep river's tide,
Meandering through meadows of beauty and pride—
Whose broad, placid waters, in grandeur sublime,
Move silently on to the ocean of Time.

BURNS' BIRTH-DAY.

COMPOSED FOR THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.

[*Air, "Bruce's Address."*]

Hail! O hail! thy natal day,
Scotia's Bard of matchless lay!
How shall we meet tribute pay
 To thy magic lyre?
What though born in lowly cot,
Rich in what the proud hath not,
Shalt thou ever be forgot,
 Whom the world admire?

Lightener of the poor man's cares—
Robbing time of silvery hairs—
Plucking up the thorns and tares
 From our path along;—
Soft thy glowing heart-tones gush.
Sweet as mellow note of thrush
Warbled in the gloaming's hush—
 Nature's child of song!

Scotia's Bard, sweet be thy rest !
Wept by those who loved thee best ;
Bloom the daisies o'er thy breast
 As each spring returns ;—
Though hath ceased thy earthly strain,
Fresh thy memory shall remain ;—
Ne'er we'll see thy like again,
Peerless Robert Burns.

PROLOGUE

FOR AN EXHIBITION AT STOWE, VT., 1847.

Ladies and gentlemen, to you,
Perhaps apology is due
That you have left your homes awhile
To greet us with a sunny smile,
For we can make but poor display
In feats or scenical array ;
But time dragged heavily along,
Like some old tedious hackneyed song,
That once perhaps had power to cheer,
But now is mawkish to our ear.
So just to push dull cares aside,
And give a flow to fancy's tide,—
Forget the wearying cares of earth,
And loose the reins to harmless mirth ;
To wake again to life anew,
Scenes long since vanished from our view ;
To laugh at follies that are fled,
Inculcate virtues in their stead ;—
In short, to have a relaxation
From toil and care and consternation.

Green-mountain boys who till the soil
Along Winooski and Lamoille,
Can seldom, save it be by chance,
Hear Russell sing, see Elsler dance.
They find no respite from their work,
To visit Boston or New York.
Yet who'd exchange our mountain air
For city life or city fare?
Our scenery, no device of art,
But such as Nature may impart.
Our songsters, birds, that sing all day,
Our dancing, herds that skip and play
In the green pastures where the streams
Bound sparkling in the sunny beams.

Winter hath sped, and spring I trow
Will soon disperse these banks of snow,
And softest zephyrs kindly blow.
Success to him who tills the soil,
Rich his reward for honest toil.
And finally success to all,
Or high or low or great or small.
Let virtue reign and worldly lust

Keep silent in oblivious dust.
Thus ends my mission as I bear
You welcome to our homely fare.

EPILOGUE FOR SAME.

Time speeds him on, Spring comes and Autumn drear
Strews broad o'er hill and plain the withered leaves.
Winter, stern winter, with his piercing blasts,
Howls round our casement speaking bitter things ;
The flush of youth must fade upon our cheek,
The jocund laugh and mirth no more resound
And rosy youth give place to withered age.
Yes, all decays and passes as a dream
Save that pure gem which brighter grows with age,
Unsullied Virtue ; cherished in our hearts
That priceless gift ; for varied as the scenes
In human life presented to our view.
Doth not vice ever meet its just deserts
And doth not virtue reap its own reward ?

EPILOGUE.

FOLLOWING THE PRESENTATION OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A

BAR ROOM."

Thus ends our play, good friends, the virtuous blest,
The vicious punished, the weary gone to rest,
And some, who through temptation went astray,
Through tribulation found the better way.
See Simon Slade, the genius of the mill,
And Simon Slade, the patron of the still.
What seems at first so prosperous and bright,
Lead swiftly, surely down to Ruin's night,—
Heartbroken mother in the grave laid low,
Steeped in the "gall of bitterness" and woe.
Thus ends the scene that seemed with joy begun—
A ruined father, paricidal son.

If we are players and the world's a stage,
As Shakespeare says in ancient verse and sage,
O may we take this lesson to our heart,
And study well to act a virtuous part.
Let not the appetite or lust for power,
Lead us astray in an unthinking hour ;
But ever upward, onward in the right,
True to our principles. Kind friends, good night.

Galesville.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S SOLILOQUY ON THE
FIELD OF MONTEREY.

"Fled, fled, O, Fame! How I have cherished thee
And hugged thee to my bosom's inmost shrine.
Aye, since a child I heard my grandsire tell
Of daring deeds upon the battle field,
Or read upon the page of wild romance
How Knights have borne them in the tourney's list,
I've burned to win a name.

It was for this
I left my home, a home I held most dear.
Who could but love a home in green Vermont,
Amid its hills, its silvery sparkling streams,
Its mountains wild and woodland breezes pure.
How vivid to me comes the vision now,
Of low-roofed cottage hung with trailing vine,—
Of orchard blossoms in the sweet spring-time,
There strayed my feet in childhood's early morn.

My mother, I remember thy sad look,
Thy silvery locks, the tears that coursed adown
Thy furrowed cheek, the morn I took my leave.
My sister, too, I mind me well of thee
As on my breast you breathed a sad farewell
And sobbing bade your brother soon return.
Ah, never, never sister, back to thee,
I'll come again, thy gladsome smile shall greet
Me hence no more.

This, this is fame !

A bauble vanished now.

Not thus this morn,

When the earth shook convulsed with battle's din,
And dense the smoke rolled blank'ning to the sky.
Firm then my hand upon the saber's hilt,
Flashed the bright blade from scabbard in the air :
Now lies it nerveless on the slippery sod,
And darkly clotted with a brother's gore.
I see it now, the cursed delusion's fled !
I view the golden links of Friendship's chain
That bind in peace one brotherhood of man ;
But from my side the life-tide bubbles fast,
And dark the curtain o'er my vision comes.
Vermont ! would I could see thy hills again,

Could feel thy cooling breezes on my brow,
And clasp my darling sister's hand in mine,
I'd die in peace.

Stowe, Ft., 1848.

· GROWING OLD.

I am growing old you say ; I do not feel it ;
I know 'tis true, my friend, as you do say ;
My hair is gray, my features too reveal it,
Yet childhood seems to me as yesterday.

The earth in all its beauty lies before me ;
The landscape never brighter seemed before ;
The stars, the moon, the sun, in all their glory
Look down as kindly as in days of yore.

I hear them say the world hath naught but sorrow
And this bright earth they call a vale of tears ;
They weep to-day all fearful that the morrow
Shall bring new shadows to their sunless years.

Why should we paint in somber leaden shading,
To bar the sunlight from our earthly life ?
Have we no work but tasks the most degrading,
Wasting our days in bickering and strife ?

Aye, many a task whose wealth is in the doing,
Invite the hand and heart from day to day ;
A kindly word with kindly act pursuing,
To lead a burdened brother on his way.

PIONEERS' GREETING

COMPOSED FOR THE PIONEERS' FESTIVAL.

Music — "Hold the Fort."

Men who saw our County waken
From its native sleep,—
Bore the hardships, dared the perils
Of the wildness deep;—
Welcome! 'tis with joy we greet you!
Welcome to our band!
Whatso'er your kin or country,
Here's our proffered hand!

Ye, who turned the toughened furrow
Of the virgin soil,
Waiting patiently the harvest
To reward your toil;
Welcome, &c.

Sturdy Artisans, Mechanics,
Men of nerve and brain ;
Ye whose strokes first waked the echoes
Of the wild domain ;
Welcome, &c.

On the prairies, in the valleys
Hath your toil been blest ;
Lightly may life's cares and sorrows
On your future rest !
Welcome &c.

THE VACANT GRAVE.

We laid him to rest in the land he loved
With the murmur of gentle stream below,
And the sough of pine-tree boughs above,
That waved in the breezes to and fro ;
'Twas meet he should rest in his own dear land,
'Mid the work of his philanthropic hand.

There's a vacant grave where his form was laid,
And the stream giveth forth a mournful note ;
And through the boughs where the "soft winds played"
A wild sad requiem seems to float ;
For there stealthily came a stranger hand
And bore him away to a stranger land.

Yet why should we mourn that sleeps not here,
The "ashes to ashes, dust unto dust,"
We know that his spirit is hovering near
The objects it cherished, true to its trust ;
The monument that forever shall stand,
Is the good he wrought with a liberal hand.

WINTER PETS.

When orchard blossoms, with fragrance rare
Gave their perfume to the balmy air,
And in every shrub and tree was heard
The hum of bee, or the song of bird,—
T'was in those sunny, bright May days
There came to our garden two blue jays ;
They built in the forks of a poplar tree
A nest, and reared of birdlings three.
Wild were their screamings, fierce and rude
When enemies threatened their callow brood.

As summer came with it's fervent heat,
They stayed in the garden's cool retreat,
To feed on early cherries, the while
Chattering in most fantastic style.

We praised and petted the little wren
That came in its annual round again,
To build in the honeysuckle's shade
Beneath the window's balustrade :
We listened the oriole's melody
That came from the leafy maple tree,
Swelling with pride his golden breast,
As his ladybird sat in her swinging nest.
We loved the robin, a favorite bird,
That woke in our bosom a homelike chord,
And held our breath in the twilight's hush
To listen the silver noted thrush ;
But who shall offer a word of praise
To those screaming silly, chattering jays ?

When autumn came, with the birds to dine
On the purple fruit of the laden vine,
We welcomed them,—of right belongs
Such tribute, for their cheerful songs ;
And there seemed a sadness in the strain,
As they warbled forth their last refrain,
Ere they said adieu and plumed their wings
To fly away to the new born springs.

Winter is here ; the gaysome throng,
Those summer friends of wit and song
Have gone, and we hear the shriek
Of the wind from the rocky mountain peak.
Without there is little our hearts to cheer,
But our winter friends, the jays are here ;
They sit on the verge of the window sill,
Splitting the corn with their hard, sharp bill,
Casting a glance of their patient eyes,
Up to the frozen, pitiless skies,
While the piercing blasts of the winter day
Ruffle their plumage bright and gay,
Cheering our homes with their presence rare,
While earth is desolate everywhere.
Welcome to feed at the corn-crib's store !
Welcome to pick at the kitchen door !
Welcome as presence of well tried friend,
Constant and true to the bitter end.

THE CONVICT.

He stood upon the fatal drop. His brow
Was deeply carved, not with the hand of Time,
But deep remorse had set its impress there.
His eye was dim, his sallow sunken cheeks,
Too plainly spoke the sentiments within.
Silent he stood and stoically sad ;
For dismal days and dreary, sleepless nights,
Within the dungeon's dark, damp, vaulted walls,
Where ne'er a ray of sunlight e'er had been,
Groaning beneath the weight of shackles bound,
Made life on earth indifferent to him.
Aye, more than that, he longed to lie him down
And sleep the sleep of dim forgetfulness—
That sleep that knows on earth no waking hour.
Around he gazed yet seemed not to behold
The thick'ning crowd that gathered round to see
In agony, their fellow man expire.
Ah! heartless man, say dost thou joy to see
Thy erring brother's dying agonies?
Oh how perverted are the noble gifts

That God and Nature kindly gave to thee !
Thus would'st thou have thy brother do by thee ?
Thus would'st thou feel his friendly sympathy ?
Shame, shame to thee ! and to that nation, shame !
Who to avenge an erring brother's wrong,
Commits a crime more heinous far than his !
Would'st send thy missionaries far abroad
To enlighten heathen, and then do foul deeds,
At which e'en they themselves with horror start ?

Not once despised and coldly spurned by all,
Was he who stands before thee now condemned.
O no, not always, for he once had friends.
I call them friends, alas, it is not true,
For they but falsely bore that sacred name.
Such friends were they as sordid wealth can buy ;
For once with him they took the poison cup :—
Loud rung their laugh round the convivial board,
Where first he kindled those illuring fires
That sped him onward to the fatal goal.
Reader, I need not tell to thee the tale,
Short is the step from Error's path to crime.
Twas thus with him. Once drunk the baneful cup,

His brain "steeped high" with wine he sat around
The gambler's board, when by a luckless move,
His all he lost; enraged he drew a knife;—
A moment glittered and then gleamed no more,
But reeking dripped with his despoilers blood,
'Twas not the man, the poison did the deed.
Thou know'st the sequel.—

Severed now the cord,
Down falls the ponderous drop; the victim writhes
In agonies of death. The eager crowd
Behold with fiendish joy the hellish deed.

FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Good-bye, Old Father Winter !
G'Tis well that we have met,
There's chast'ning in thy whitened locks,
Yet we part without regret ;

For we've a cherished memory
Of thy winsome daughter sweet,
Who laid, about a year ago,
Fresh flowers at our feet.

The glad birds greeted her with song
Where e'er she took her away.
And Flora strewed her path along
With many a rich boquet.

We love her bright and sunny smiles—
The fragrance of her flowers,
And yet, she bringeth care to man,
And weary, toilsome hours.

Good-bye then, Father Winter!
T'is well that we have met—
There's chast'ning in thy whitened locks,
Yet we part without regret.

“ALBUM OF LOVE.”

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Album of love! thy pure and spotless pages,
Invite the pen to the delightful theme,
Which erst did'st turn the heads of hoary sages,
And rainbow-tint the youthful poet's dream.

Album of Love! within thy sacred covers,
What shall the offering be that I bring?
Shall it such tribute be as partial lovers
To the fond ears of their beloved ones ~~bring?~~ *Sing*

Or shall I wish thy owner worldly honor,
Such as the votaries of wealth bestow?
The choicest gifts of earth bestowed upon her,
Blessings which mortals very rarely know?

Yes these be hers, and more—when life's stern changes
Have all been rung with pleasure to the last,
And to a future hope her vision ranges,
May she look backward o'er a virtuous past.

HORACE GREELEY.

His work is done, his busy life is ended ;
The heart is still that beat with love for all ;
Wide as the earth his sympathies extended—
A work so noble that his faults seem small.

His work is done, hath ceased his earthly mission,
Hushed is his voice, and nerveless is his pen ;
The poison breath of slanderous politician
Rings out in fullsome praise to him again.

He hears it not, no words can dim his glory ;
His deeds shall brighten as the earth grows old ;
“He loved his fellow man,” as in the story,
His life and name are writ in words of gold.

Dec. 1872

THE GIFT.

“Roaming through the forest shade
In the early morning dew,
By the brooklet in the glade,
There I plucked these flowers for you ;
Just upon the bank they grew,
Kissed full oft by bounding spray,
Bowed to watch the streamlet’s flow,
Sparkling on its merry way ;
May thy life be blest as they.”

THE ACCEPTANCE.

“Blest are they, aye, ever blessing,
Are these sweet and beauteous flowers,
Rich are we in thus possessing
Gifts more bright than golden dowers,
What though fleeting are their hours,
They shall answer life’s great end ;
Giving fragrance to love’s bowers,
Thus they sweet enchantment lend ;
Blessing you and me my friend.”

LAY HER QUIETLY TO REST.

COMPOSED DURING THE BURIAL OF MRS. EMILY CLARK.

Lay her quietly to rest
Her, the loving kind and true,
And above her peaceful breast
Plant the rose and violet blue.

Let the wild bird chant above
Tender strains of gentlest flow,
Fraught with sympathy and love,
As were hers who sleeps below.

Lay her quietly to rest ;
She who lived to bless on earth,
Shall she not herself be blest
In the new and future birth ?

She whose angel hand was near
Smoothing oft the sufferer's bed ;
She whose sympathetic tear
Fell in sorrow for the dead.

Lay her quietly to rest,
Lost to earth forevermore ;
In the hearts that loved her best,
She shall live till life is o'er.

Aug. 5, 1866.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

The moon rides high in a cloudless sky
And the stars are twinkling bright and clear,
As we bid adieu to the past with a sigh,
And welcome in the new-born year.

O, cold and chill, on the distant hill,
The snow throws back its silver sheen—
The ice-bound stream seemed locked in a dream
And the prairie is cheerless stretched between.

But cheerful and bright is the home fire-light.
And warm is the glow of hearts within—
May each day be as dear in the new-born year,
As the happiest hours of the past have been.

Galesville, 1861.

THE THUNDER SHOWER.

The sun came up on a July day
Round and red like a ball of fire ;
As up the heavens he took his way,
The mists from the fields and streams retire ;
While he curled the leaves of the hardy maize
Under his burning noon-tide blaze.

An ominous stillness seemed to reign,—
The birds were mute in the leafy boughs ;—
We breathed the stifling air with pain,
And felt a stupor we could not rouse.
The panting kine all listless lay
Within the shade that summer day.

Hotter and hotter burned the sun,
As down the western slope he sped ;—
The farmer left his task undone,
And wiped the sweat from his reeking head.
The reaper is still by the uncut grain ;—
The horses drip as from shower of rain.

O, how we long for the mountain stream,
Amid the wilderness so deep,
Impervious to the torrid beam,
Where mosses and arbutus creep,—
To feel the grateful, cooling spray,
As it dashes on its rocky way.

But look ! along the murky west,
The clouds are gathering in power ;
The storm fiend mounts a thunder crest,
Whose folds with anger fiercely lower.
List to the low and muffled sound
That seems to shake the solid ground !

Louder and louder the thunder's roar—
The lightning darts its subtle spark—
The fierce wind drives the dust before—
The sun is shrouded, the earth grows dark !
The herd ran bellowing down the path,
Fleeing the angry tempest's wrath.

'Tis here ! it strikes with a deaf'ning roar—
The forest trees to the earth are bent—
Against the windows the hailstones pour—
The casement trembles, the glass is rent !
The air's aflame with the lightning's flash,
The torrents rush and the thunders crash.

REMINISCENCE.

Once I knew a maiden bright ;
Hair as raven as the night—
Eyes that glowed with spirit light.

Beauty seemed too poor a word,—
Where her magic voice was heard
By the soul of genius stirred.

And her pure and loving heart,
Guileless and devoid of art,
Of herself the noblest part,

Loved as only maiden's can—
True, devoted unto man,
Ever since the world began.

O'er her life there came a cloud ;
She was humble, he was proud :
Broken were the vows he vowed.

Thus the tale the poets tell,
When has passed the magic spell :—
“Loved not wisely, but too well.”

Blighted were her youthful years,
Earth had nothing then that cheers,—
Despondency too deep for tears.

Sorrow and corroding grief
Made her stay on earth but brief—
Kindly grave, her last relief.

In a lonely quiet spot,
Slab or headstone mark it not,
All, save by a few, forgot.

TO BOREAS—SPRING 1874.

Why tarriest thou here
With thy frost-breath drear,
Boreas of the frozen North?
Back o'er the wave,
To thy north-land cave,
And bid Zephyrus come softly forth!

Long, long ago.

Sol melted the snow,
And we heard the meadow-lark sing;
And on the sunny slope,
Saw the early violets ope,
Their petals to hail the new spring.

But thou, with thy frost breath,
Threatenest them death,
Heartless old tyrant as thou art—
Now away to thy cave o'er the northern wave:
We bid thee good speed as we part.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

A rambling farm-house, old and brown,
Low-ceiled and spanned with naked beam ;
With doorway looking southward down
On meadow green and mountain stream,
That murmured ever on its way,
O'er pebbles bright and boulders gray.

Beyond arose the fir-clad hills
In penciled beauty to our view ;
While down its sides came dashing rills,
Where birch and beech and hemlock grew ;
While westward Mansfield's summit high
Was sharply profiled 'gainst the sky.

Near in the back-ground north and west
The lofty maples towered in pride ;
So green in spring-time beauty dressed,
And in the autumn many dyed.
While further north the balsams rare
Sent forth their fragrance on the air.

Quite near upon the eastern slope
The orchard stood, where in the spring,
The buds and blossoms gave the hope
Of autumn fruit the ripening ;—
Awakening visions gay and bright,
Of social joys on winter night.

How sweet upon a gay May morn,
The song of birds, the hum of bees ;—
The blooming apple and the thorn,
Distilling odors on the breeze ;
Their fragrance seems to linger yet,—
Those sights and sounds we'll ne'er forget.

They are no more ! the grass grows green
Where erst the hearth-fire blazing bright,
Shone on a happy household scene
Where hearts were youthful, joyous, bright ;
All gone ! yet memory brings to view,
Those old scenes fresher than the new.

I see the fireplace huge and rude,
My grandsire fashioned with his hand
When he came to the solitude,
Far through the deep wild forest land ;
He felled the trees and reared a home
Amid the wilderness of gloom.

The rude old walls, the ample hearth
Where glowed the firelight long ago.
The cheerful voices, songs of mirth;—
Voices that earth no more shall know
Yet in the memory abide
More precious than all else beside.

The costlier dwelling where my youth
And early manhood's days were past,
Taries not with me, while in truth,
The old grows brighter to the last.
I hug the treasure to my heart,
Still closer as the years depart.

I often ask if heaven hath joys
As sweet as those my childhood knew;
As free from cares and base alloys,—
As pure, as beautiful and true;
If there we'll know our friends as here,
That in our memory we revere?

UNDER THE PINE TREE.

Under the pine tree long ago,
Oft we happy children played,
Swung on its branches to and fro,
Listened the music the soft winds made,
Soft and low, sweet and low,
Under the pine tree long ago,
Happy mother and childhood glee,
Under the shade of the old pine tree.

Under the pine tree late I stood,
Gazing back o'er the fleeting years,
That strangely mingled ill with good—
Blending ever smiles and tears.
Soft and mournfully again,
Fell on my ear the sad refrain,
Gone, all gone from the household tree,
Happy mother and childhood glee.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

Up in the garret, a worthless thing,
Soiled with the dust which time doth cast,—
Art hath triumphed, “Cotton is King,”
And thou but a memory of the past.

And yet a memory deep and strong,
Passing not with the fleeting years.—
Like the magic rythm of some old song,
That ever seems ringing in our ears.

Humming away from morn till night,
Backward and forward with ceaseless tread.—
Humming again by the hearth-fire-light,
Twisting and twining the endless thread.

The spinner oft sang some ballad old,
Or pleased our youthful mind by turns
With wonderous tales of heroes bold,
And snatches of song from Scott or Burns.

But dearer to me than aught on earth,
That my youthful heart might fondly prize
And hoard as a treasure of priceless worth
Was the wonderful light of her loving eyes.

And sadly I numbered the passing years
That brought with their burdens the lines of care,
With blighting sorrows too deep for tears,
Threading with silver her raven hair.

Her work is done ; her sorrows are o'er,
And the seasons that in their courses roll,
Shall brighten the memory evermore,
Of her loving heart and her poet soul.

While oft in my dreams I seem to hear
The humming wheel by the hearth-fire glow,
And those eyes of loving light so dear,
Have the magical charm of the long ago.

Galesville, Jan., 1873.

UNCLE BILL.

As backward o'er the past I gaze,
To view my early childhood days,
One vision haunts me still ;
Companion of my youthful joys,
The maker of my boyhood toys,
I see my Uncle Bill.

He had a visage long and thin,
A forehead high, receding chin,
Which might be counted ill ;
He had a silly senseless air,
His blue eyes had a vacant stare,
Yet he was Uncle Bill.

He led a sort of aimless life—
He had few friends, he had no wife
To comfort him when ill ;
And thus he numbered out each year ;—
He died,—and who shall drop a tear
For lonely Uncle Bill ?

'LISH BROWN—A REMINISCENCE.

Two score years ago, in a New England town,
There lived an "odd stick" by the name of 'Lish
Brown.

That's what the boys called him, and seldom you find
A man so peculiar in body and mind.

He was coarse in his manners, he stooped in his gait,
With arms like gorrilla's, a tough, curly pate ;

But what struck a stranger with wonder complete
Were his pedals—O, weren't they the marvel of feet !

He lived on a hill, in a town very new,

Where the bears were in plenty, the citizens few ;

And 'tis said that he often, in combat had pressed
Old bruin, who always came off second best.

When we speak of a hill in Vermont, 'tis a hill

To which these are ant-heaps, that circle our ville ;

With its sides thickly studded with hemlock and fir,

And so steep, it were dangerous even to stir ;

A beautiful land for poetical dream,

With meet inspiration to temper the theme,—

And could one live on fancy, 'twere all very well,
Just the place where the muses with genius should
 dwell ;

But forced into toil with the hoe and the plow,
To eke out one's bread by the sweat of the brow,
What with stumps, roots and logs, and rocks strewed
 about,

More kinds than Hugh Miller has ever found out,
Oft Pegasus stumbles, the muses take flight
To their home on Parnassus, and leave one in night.

To return to our subject again—Mr. Brown,
Who lived in this bit of a New England town
Where all might, with hope, to an office aspire,
For the least in the place wasn't less than a squire ;—
Thus it chanced that our hero, one fine autumn day,
To a seat in Assembly was making his way ;
His toilet, I am told, was his all and his best :
Straw hat and tow pants, without coat or vest,
The distance was twenty-five miles, made on foot,
With feet that were guiltless of shoe or of boot.
Arrived at the Capitol where he took seat
With members in broadcloth that co'dn't be beat.
Some shrank from his touch, as they would from a
 snake,

Exclaimed in disgust, "There's sure some mistake!"
While others inclined to be waggish and smart,
Most knowingly wink'd other members apart.
One said: "Mr. Brown, I hope not to offend,
But had your town no one quite proper to send?"
Said Brown: "There's plenty that's better I 'spose,
But stranger, the fact is, they hadn't got clothes."

MY UNMARRIED AUNT.

Did you ever know my dear, dear aunt,
A woman of wondrous skill?
'Tis a long time since I beheld her face,
But memory truly her features doth trace,
And I seem to see her still.

A choice good creature was my dear aunt;
She was neither too tall or too stout;
The boys used to call her a crabbed old maid,
But they slandered her wretchedly I am afraid,
Yes they lied without any doubt.

She was thirty, 'tis true, and had been for years,
But then she no older grew;
With wisdom and care in her mind she set down
All the births and the marriages round about town,
With figures surprisingly true.

A gift of foresight had my dear aunt ;
She could tell all the signs at a glance ;
At the full of the moon her onions she sowed,
And you couldn't name anything she hadn't 'knowd'
A score of years in advance.

'Twas a wonder to many why my dear aunt
Did not take a companion for life ;
And it really *was* strange that with talents so rare,
With gifts so prophetic and features so fair,
That she had not been claimed for a wife.

'Tis true some might question her personal charms,
Find fault with her neck or her waist ;
And say that her hair is a coarse, dingy brown,
That one eye looks up while the other looks down,
But that's quite a matter of taste.

I hope yet to see her as blooming a bride
As any we read of in song :
And if anyone has a nice bachelor friend,
Whose qualifications he can recommend,
I wish he would send him along.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF GALESVILLE.

It was a Yankee, tall and spare,
Who came here from the East,
When up and down this goodly land,
Roamed savage man and beast.

And standing on Decorra's Peak,
And 'peeking' cutely down,
He said, "There is a glorious place
For building up a town."

"Just where you silvery sparkling stream
Winds round beneath the hill,
I'll raise a dam and by its side
I'll build a goodly mill.

And on that little table land,
So close beside the stream,
There let the court of justice rise
To catch the morning beam.

That while the farmer sows the seed,
The miller grinds the grain,
The lawyer may not starve to death,
For want of legal gain.

And on the table just beyond,
By hills half circled round,
There let the seat of learning stand,
That knowledge may abound.

And where the prairie broader grows
And swells with graceful ease,
There shall a stately mansion rise
Embowered among the trees.

Where acres broad and fair to view,
Extend on every side,
With woodland on the hill-side slope,
And meadows rich and wide.

And southward, down the deep ravine,
The iron horse shall run ;
And far away the magic wire
Shall glisten in the sun."

Thus said this Yankee, or in fact,
He rather thought than spoke,
Then put his shoulder to the wheel,
To prove it was no joke.

The mill is busy at its work,—
The farmer's crop ne'er fails—
And justice firmly holds aloft
The undeviating scales.

And here are we from many lands,
With earnest hearts we come ;
And all along our pleasant streets
Stands many a quiet home.

And now the busy hum of trade
Is heard on every side ;
While yonder stands the college fair,
Meet object of our pride.

When we shall hear the deep toned bell
From out the church's spire—
And see the lightning flash along
The telegraphic wire—

And hear the engine's fearful shriek
As cars go rushing past ;—
Then may we hear that Yankee say,
"The town is built at last."

Galesville, 1859.

THE SLAVE'S SOLILOQUY.

It is no dream! Alas, it is no dream!
Too well I know the hated name—a SLAVE!
Would I had died ere knowledge's light did gleam
Upon me, and the grass upon my grave
Were green; then I in peace might calmly rest,
And free from Slavery's galling chain;
But no, it might not be—but here oppress'd
By a base tyrant's hand must I remain.
O I remember(would I could forget!)
When through my heated brain first broke the truth;
'Twas when my mother's cheek with tears was wet;
And I was then a child—a "thoughtless youth."
What though man treads his fellow in the dust,
And keeps from him his boasted works of art;
He may not shut the lids of nature's book,
Or change the feelings of the human heart.

Why, it was but on yestern morn the sun
Came up in glory ; o'er the joyous earth
He looked abroad : all nature smiled around :—
On grass and flower, and bush, and foliaged tree,
The glistening dew-gems sparkled in its ray,
The zephyr-breeze, with balmy odors rich,
In angel-whispers through the foliage breathed
In cadence soft as an Æolian string !
The birds awoke their cheerful matin lay,
And tuned their mellow throats in artless song ;
And I forgot but *I* was free as they ;
I joined their strain ; I looked to hill and stream ;
'Twas blissful all ! for nature everywhere
Bore Freedom's impress stamp'd by God's own hand !
Extatic moment ! joy unmixed with pain !
If heaven there be on earth, then this were heaven !
Alas ! that man cannot thus always dream !
But 'tis not so, for through my burning brain
With lightning speed broke the reality ;—
A slave ! a chattel ! stripped of God's best gift,
And doomed to cower beneath a tyrant's power !
It was too much : my giddy head whirled round ;

I threw me on the earth and groaned aloud,
O depth of degradation and of pain!
Say, shall I never taste of Freedom's air?
There is a *hope* that on the distance gleams—
A friendly light amid the darkning gloom,
'Tis all the happiness a *slave* can know!
. *Stowe 1845.*

SONG.

SUNG BY D. LOTHIAN AT THE LIBERTY CONVENTION AT

WEST RANDOLPH, VT.—1845.

Friends of Freedom, we are here
In that cause our hearts hold dear;
Shall we falter shall we fear
To speak for Liberty?
Not while despotism reigns,
Not while tyranny remains,
Not while clank our brother's chains
Born in slavery!

Is this the land where all are free,
Where none shall bow the servile knee,
But all enjoy Life, Liberty,
Our father's rich bequest?
Let Webster, Work and Torrey tell
From out the Southron's prison cell,
And break the fiends delusive spell,
That lulls the North to rest!

By our mountains clad in white !
By our homefires blazing bright !
By the laws of God and right
And humanity,
We will raise the indignant cry,
Till it reach the vaulted sky.
Till the slave shall cease to sigh
From Southern cruelty.

DEFEAT OF FREEDOM.

And art thou crushed, oh! Freedom! in the dust?
And shall the land that boasts thy cherished home
Give thee a grave and drink thy vital blood,
While o'er thy prostrate form and mangled limbs,
Stands vile Oppression with demoniac grin,
Shaking aloft the manacles and chains?

And shall vile man, from places high, proclaim,—
Falsely perverting words of Holy Writ—
The man of color primitively doomed—
Ordained of Heaven to fill a lower sphere?
To toil and suffer for a tyrant's ease—
To waste his soul and sinews for his sake—
To starve that he may thus more sumptuous fare,
And cower and tremble 'neath the scourging whip?

Oh, shame! what makes man higher than the beast?
What is it but that nobleness of soul
Which scorneth self and seeks another's good—
That lifteth up the sorrowing and oppressed,
And feels a kindred love for all mankind?
Oh, Freedom! crushed—not dead—for Truth dies not;
Yet shalt thou rise and Justice be avenged!
The stifled air portends the gathering storm—
Down the horizon hangs the dark'ning cloud,
Its swelling folds with latent lightnings charged,
Roll up the Eastern and the Western sky!
O, patience, ye despised and suffering race,
Thy wrongs shall wake the vengeance of a God,
To charge with wrath the firey bolt of heaven,
And rend the fetters from thy bleeding limbs!

Waterbury, Vt., 1857.

DECISION OF JUDGE TANEY IN THE DRED-
SCOTT CASE.

One thing is clear and proved beyond a doubt,
A fact which wise Judge Taney's just found out,
That men of color are not men but brutes,
Must toil and sweat while others eat the fruits.
Whate'er their wrongs, whatever their distress,
Whipped, scourged and tortured, there is no redress ;
And this America, which boasts a name
So dear to freedom and unsullied in fame !
From the tribunal of her highest law,
Comes the decision striking us with awe.
Down falls the fabric which our fathers reared,
Bought with their suffering by their blood endeared,
And on its ruins rises to our shame,
A structure bearing slavery's hated name.
Must we submit to such a vile decree
And kiss the dust upon our bended knee ?
And bow our necks and thus most meanly cower
To tyrants rule, acknowledging his power ?

No! let us speak and let us act for right,
Strong in the virtue of our cause the might;
Judges are weak and truant to their trust,
Their honor bartered for their worldly lust.
Then let us on, the merit of our cause
Spurn the injustice of vile man-made laws.
Right knows not color, nor can wealth control,
We pay our tribute to the spotless soul.

Waterbury, Vt., 1857.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Not the scream of locomotive,
With the rich luxurious car,
Thundering onward to the station,
With its earth resounding jar ;
Not the pompous livered hireling
Guides thee o'er thy noiseless track,
But strong hands, warm hearts that fear not,
Falter not, and look not back.
What the man-made law that bids them
Bind the fetters on the slave ?
Shall a tyrant's will be heeded,
When their mission is to save ?—
Save from that vile curse, degrading
Both oppressor and oppressed ;
In thy Godlike purpose aiding
The down-trodden and distressed.
Onward ever ! look not backward
To the gloomy shadowy past ;
Be the polar star thy beacon,
Freedom's station reached at last.

Waterbury, April 28, 1856.

BURIAL OF THOMAS GARRETT.

Thomas Garrett, the humanitarian, died at Wilmington, Delaware, January, 1870, at the age of 72. Before the Emancipation Proclamation he had sent forward twenty-seven hundred slaves into freedom. At the age of 60, he was tried before Judge Taney for abducting slaves and the damages awarded swept away all his property; yet he worked cheerily on for down-trodden humanity. Agreeable to a promise obtained of him the year before he was borne to his rest by the race he had so faithfully served.

Bear him tenderly to rest—
Lay his body gently down,
While the soul that warmed his breast,
Marches on with old John Brown!

Bear him tenderly to rest—
Nerveless now his stalwart arm:—
Once it served the poor oppressed,
Ready to defend from harm.

While the giant Webster pled
To renew the galling band,
Noble hearted Garrett led
Thousands on to Freedom's land.

While Taney armed with Tyrant's power,
Gave to Tyrant's hands the spoil,
Wasting in a single hour,
Fruits of weary years of toil :

Cheerful still and strong in right,
Heedless of tyrannic laws,
Toiled he ceaseless, day and night,
In the suffering bondman's cause.

Bear him tenderly to rest—
Lay his body gently down,
While the soul that warmed his breast,
Marches on with Old John Brown !

THE T——GUARDS.

[Written in response to an article which appeared in the Trempealeau *Representative* ridiculing the "Galesville Grays."]

You have heard of the Guards, the "Trempealeau
Guards,"

Those souls burned with zeal for the war ;
Enrolling their names for their country's defense,
Like an eagle that plumeth his wings to go hence,
When he scenteth the battle afar.

Drums beat and fifes played—banners flapped in the
breeze.

And many a 'kerchief waved too :
But what avail 'kerchiefs, and what avail tears !
When our country's in peril, the dearest of dears
Must list to the parting adieu.

So thought their bold captain, the Governor wrote,
And begged he'd accept the brave-band :—
"O give us a post at the mouth of the gun
Where blood flows in brooks, but where glory is won
When steel flashes bright hand to hand."

“And yet, it were well for formality’s sake,
To test by a vote who will go ;
So my braves, raise your hands :—One, two, ha ! but
two ?

And those *steeped in whiskey!* Oh what shall I do !”
And the balance, brave boys ! they said “No !”

The “Father of Waters” still rolls to the sea—
The mountain’s still washed by the tide,
And the Guards—where are they in their glory so fair ?
We ask, and the echo reverberates “Where ?”
Alas for their pomp and their pride !

May, 1861.

CHARGE OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

“Down on the red cap hireling crew!”
The Black Horse leader said,
“And leave their bodies a blackened mass
Among the mangled dead!”

“Their muskets they have just discharged:
They’re weary of the fray:
Charge! Charge! Virginia’s Chivalry!
They’ll prove an easy prey.”

Down came “Virginia’s Chivalry.”
Those chosen sons of Mars,
Bearing aloft a false device,
The Union Stripes and Stars.

“Stand!” said the captain of the Zouaves,
“Stand to the latest breath!”
“Each sabre-bayonet shall seal
A treacherous traitor’s death!”

On to the shock the Black Horse came—
On dashed they in their might,
And many a horse is riderless
Upon the field of fight.

Then high the muskets thrown in air—
Forth leaps the gleaming knife—
“Remember Ellsworth ” shout the Zouaves,
And close in deadly strife.

Four hundred horsemen rode to charge—
Returned a single score ;
The rest, Virginia’s boast and pride,
Shall ride to charge no more.

But from that reeking battle field,
Mid smoke and crimson flood,
Rose high the exultant battle cry
Of “ELLSWORTH !” “BLOOD FOR BLOOD !”

FREMONT.

Ill freighted breeze, that beareth to our ears
The unwelcome tidings, "Fremont is removed!"
What foul offence, "Path Finder" of the wild,
Thus to receive thy country's stern rebuke?
Hast dared to think and act a freeman's part,
Unmindful of the "politician's tact,"
And moving forward to desired results,
Hast left thy envious rivals in the rear,
And called the vengeance from high places down?
"Incompetent?" Where hast thou ever failed?
Not on the western desert's cheerless waste
When grim starvation stared thee in the face—
Not on the Rocky Mountain's dizzy peak
Where thou unfold'st the glorious Stripes and Stars;
Nor did thy dauntless spirit even quail
Amid the snows of stern Nevada's Pass.

Summoned to aid thy country in distress,
 'Thou answerd'st promptly to the patriot-call—
 Thy life, thy fortune freely at her will,
 All nobly given to aid the sacred cause.
 What man could do, hast thou not nobly done?—
 Armed thy own men, and pressing hotly on
 The foeman's trail, darest him to combat: when
 Comes the stern mandate—"Give up thy command!"
 Then marvel not that men to thee endeared,
 Throw down their arms and swear to serve but thee.

Hope of the North; and of the West the pride,
 And of thy country's history a part—
 Fixed to its past, and with its future joined—
 Beloved at home, admired of every land,
 Wherever science finds its votaries,
 And worth and virtue meet their just reward,
 There art thou known, and "only known to fame."

The first to mark thy genius and thy worth
 The immortal HUMBOLDT, now whose sun is set,
 But still reflects his glory over earth.
 What slanderous tongue dare speak thee ill?

What hand

Dare pluck a Laurel from thy well earned bays?
 Parched be that tongue, and palsied be that hand!

Is this the time

For foolish strife and bickerings for place,
When foul rebellion wages deadly war,
And shakes our glorious fabric to its base
When envious politician plots thy fall,
And to obtain a base, a sordid end,
Imperils all his country's weal for self,
Lie he beneath the ruin he would make !

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Happy New Year! dear readers, patrons, all!
Bright gleam the sunlight on the coming year!
And may no shadow o'er your future fall,
No sorrow cause a sigh or start a tear.

Back o'er the past, the checkered past we look
A varied scene of happiness and woe;
Forth to the future now a seal-ed book
We glance with trembling hope but fear to know.

How hath it been, dear reader, in the past
The twelve-month now forever fled away?
Hath sorrow o'er thy home a shadow cast,
Turning to darkness once the light of day?

Oh War, grim War! How its relentless hand
Makes desolate fore'er the hearth, the heart!
And scattering misery broadcast o'er the land
Rendest the ties of brotherhood apart.

Still must it rage till man shall deign to heed
The moral lesson, Freedom of the race—
Who sows the wind, proclaims the sacred creed,
Shall garner in the whirlwind in its place.

And we are reaping of that harvest now—
The retribution of our former sin:
We must be patient and in meekness bow,
Until the fearful harvest's garnered in.

Aye, many a sacrifice for Freedom made,
Stands out upon the records of our dead,
Of those who far from home and friends are laid
Where for their country's weal they fought and bled.

Hold up the scroll, the sacred scroll to view!
Count it not weakness if a tear should fall
For those brave souls, the tried, the ever true,
Who for their country gave their lives, their all.

We seem to see them mid the battle's smoke,
The clash of arms, the cannon's deafening roar,
The tramp of hoofs, the glittering sabre's stroke
Begrimed with smoke, bespattered with their gore.

We seem to see the mother's falling tear—
We seem to hear the widow's piercing wail ;
The sister's anguish for a brother dear
Is floating mournfully upon the gale.

And pained we ask "Is this the price we pay
For others sins committed long ago ?
Will nothing wipe the damning stain away,
But blood and tears, but anguish, pain and woe ?"

'The crime was great,' we seem to hear replied,
When man for gain his fellow man enslaved,
Severe the assay when the ore is tried,
The dross expunged, the priceless metal saved.

"O patient wait, the time is not afar,
When freedom o'er the land shall reign supreme !
The bow of promise from the smoke of war
Rises triumphant gilded with his beam.

"And 'white winged peace' shall hover o'er the land
To bless as nation ne'er was blest before,
While plenty strewn abroad with bounteous hand,
Should make our joy complete for evermore.

MUSINGS.

And still the dreary North winds blow—
Across the prairie drifts the snow ;
But cheerful is the ruddy glow
 Upon the social hearth ;
Without I hear the gay bells' chime,
Hailing with joy the "sleighting time,"
 Rise high the tones of mirth.

And free from time-corroding care,
The laugh of merry blithsome fair
Rings clearly on the sparkling air,
 As dashing on they go ;
O may their lives e'er be as bright—
As joyous as they are to-night,
 While chatting with the beau !

But is there naught to mar our joy,
To give our happiness alloy,
And meditations sweet annoy
 With thoughts of grief or pain ?
O, Winter brings not joy to all ;
Through shattered door and creviced wall
 It sings a cheerless strain.

How fares it with the patriot band,
Who left their friends and home to stand
A bulwark for their native land
 Against their country's foes ;
Who, on the tented fields afar,
Feel the vicissitudes of war,
 And its attendant woes ?

While plenty in our homes is stored,
And lavish is the festive board,
Shall we like heartless miser hoard
 And clutch the paltry pelf ?
Is there in life no nobler aim
Than sordid, gold wrought, glittering fame,
 Which liveth but in self ?

O give, give freely what thou hast,
Relieve the suffering and oppressed,
And blessing as thou would'st be blessed
 Receive the priceless boon ;
O speak thy erring neighbor fair ;
Each hath as much as he can bear
 Of trials, all his own.

RAISING THE OLD FLAG AT CHARLESTON.

Lift up the banner from the dust,
And plant on Sumter's battered wall
The dear old Standard; let it wave
As erst it waved ere Sumter's fall!

Shake to the breeze the starry folds,
Disgraced by traitor's rule no more,
And let the shout of triumph rise
As it hath risen ne'er before!

For Slavery's doom is written clear
In letters which the world may see;
The time is hastening—it is here,
Wherein our land is *truly* free.

O, Soldier-veterans ! Patriots true !
Whose blood hath stained the battle-field,
Upon thy features stern we view
Spirits that quail not, never yield.

Great is the price that ye have paid,
Aye, fearful is the sacrifice ;
But from the grave where Error sleeps
Shall Virtue, Truth and Freedom rise.

Then raise the Standard from the dust,
Dishonored by a traitor's hand,
And let the dear old banner wave,
O'er Slavery's grave and Freedom's land.

A LEGEND OF SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

In a wild and narrow glen,
Far removed from haunts of men,
Where old Mansfield's summit high,
Seemed to pierce the azure sky ;
Where upon the northern side,
Sterling's crags with Mansfield's vied,
Rising perpendicular,
Capped with stunted growth of fir,
Stretched their branches to the east,
Like the arms of prophet priest ;
Where the eagle's piercing scream,
Mingled with the mountain stream,
That from out its rugged base
Leap't and sparkled on its race
Down its rude and rocky bed,
Singing wildly as it sped ;
Now through gorges dark and deep—
Now where dank brown mosses creep ;
Now o'er boulders huge and gray,

Laughing babbling on its way.
Here, where wider grows the vale,
Dwelt the hero of my tale,
In a cabin wild and rude,
Mid the mountain solitude.
In his eyes, so dark and deep,
Silent sorrows seemed to creep ;
Sorrows which the bosom swell,
Sorrows which tongue may not tell.
Not alone in cabin rude
Dwelt he in the solitude ;
For a wife and daughter fair
Tried to comfort him and share
His rude home, and with a smile
Many a lonesome hour beguile.

On a sultry night in June,
In the heavens no stars or moon
Shone with mellow light to cheer
The rude solitude and drear ;
But a darkening thunder cloud
Wrapped old Mansfield like a shroud.
Now and then the lightning's glow
And the thunder muttered low ;

Now a boding stillness fell
On the forest like a spell
That should waken in an hour
To the tempest's fearful power.
In the cottage on that night
Shone a solitary light
Through the narrow window pane,
On the forest's dark domain.
You might see it from afar,
Like a single lonely star,
Where all else was compassed round
With a blackness most profound.
O'er the fire, with patient zeal,
The wife prepared the evening meal.
With cheerful smile and noiseless tread
And dainty hand the daughter spread
The table for their humble fare
In which the trio were to share :
While silently the moody sire
Looked gloomily into the fire,
As if to read within its glow
The sequel of his present woe.
"Father, a storm is gathering now :
See yon dark cloud on Mansfield's brow.

See, see the vivid lightning leap
Down yonder precipice so steep.
And hark! the thunder's heavy sound
That seems to shake the mountains round ;
See, see how angry, much I fear
A dreadful tempest will be here."
"Daughter, dost fear the tempest's power
That comes and passes in an hour,
And leaveth nature calm, serene,
As if its wrath had never been ?
I like this elemental strife ;
It wakes from death, it giveth life ;
Bespeaks a wise, creative plan
That bringeth only good to man."
"Father, if all be for our good,
(Were it but rightly understood,)
Why do we thus unequal share,
If good be equal everywhere ?
Why should not you, whose faultless life,
Free from all selfish, worldly strife,
Be happiest of the happy few—
True to yourself to others true ?
Yet well I know that even now,
There is a sadness on your brow."

“Daughter, not all that doth appear,
Is truly known of mortals here.
A dozen years have passed away,
Yes, just a dozen years to-day,
Since I’ve a stranger been to joy :
’Twas then we lost our own dear boy.
You were too young and could not know
The agony, the hopeless woe
That pierced our hearts like cruel steel,
And left a wound time could not heal.
He was a lad of fifteen years,
True, lithe and strong, he knew no fears.
’Twas through my love of lawless gain
He lost his life, and I remain
A wreck of what I might have been :
A victim of remorse and sin.”
While yet he spoke a vivid flash
With instantaneous thunder crash,—
The wind came roaring down the gorge
As if a fiend were set at large !
To scourge all nature in his wrath,
And leave destruction in his path,
And louder yet the tempest roared—
And fiercer yet the torrents poured

Through roof of bark and batten door
And run along the cabin floor.
Out through the window as they gaze,
Forest and mountain seem ablaze.
Mountain to mountain back again
Echoed the pandemonium din.
The mountain stream, now swollen wide,
Bore onward on its turbid tide
Huge logs with many an upturned tree,
Of mountain slides the dense debris ;
Now with accelerated force
Swept all before it in its course.

As fiercest human passion's power,
Lives but a transitory hour,
So nature in her fiercest mood,
Exhausts her wrath and seems subdued.
The storm's wild tumult now had ceased,
Faint and yet fainter down the east
The thunder rolled ; the lightning's glare
The wind had ceased and overhead
Showed dimly through the freshened air.
The heavens with beauteous stars were spread.
"Throw up the window, daughter dear,

The storm is passed, the air is clear ;
The odor of the forest trees
Comes grateful in upon the breeze.
But hark ! I hear or thought I heard
Some sound, perhaps the note of bird.
No, 'tis no bird, list, list again,
I heard it then so very plain !"
"Father, I heard it then so clear,
It came upon my listening ear.
It seemed so like a human call,
Up where old Mansfield's naked wall,
So high and perpendicular,
Shows plain between those clumps of fir.
No human being could abide
Such night as this on mountain side."
"It is a human voice, you're right.
Put in the window, dear, the light.
Some hunter has been led astray
In quest of game and lost his way."
"I'll light a torch and try to guide
Him down the rugged mountain side."
"Oh father, you will let me go
To bear you company, I know.
I know so well the path to take

That leads up to the mountain lake.
Those little flowers and mosses green
I found far up the wild ravine,
Where mountain brook with dashing spray
Comes bounding down the slippery way."
Again the wild halloo they hear;—
Nearer it came and yet more near.
The sound came down the gorge and then
Resounded through the mountain glen.
With torch in hand the father led,
The daughter followed; on they sped
To meet the stranger, bid him share
Their sheltering roof and humble fare.
The torchlight grotesque shadows made
Along the forest colonade,
Where branches interlocking spread
A vernal canopy o'er head,
Where hung full many a rich festoon,
The gorgeous drapery of June,
Now fragrant from the recent shower,
Was meet for wood nymph's sylvan bower.
A mile through the deep forest passed,
They reach the mountain gorge at last,
With wild halloo the father swung

His torch on high. An answer rung
Down the ravine so loud and clear,
They knew the wanderer was near ;
And starting on with quickened pace,
They met the stranger face to face.
He stood before them in the light
Drenched with the storm, a sorry sight.
He bore a rifle in his hand—
A portfolio with a band
Suspended from his shoulder hung.
His form seemed manly fair and young.
“Thanks, many thanks,” he kindly said
Unto the father ; to the maid
He courteous bowed. “But for your light
I should have passed a lonesome night
Far up the rugged mountain side.
Soon as your signal I espied,
I started down the mountain brook,
But slowly, for great care it took
To keep its steep and slippery bed.”
“’Tis fortunate,” the father said,
“You are unhurt, for e’en by day
It is a very dangerous way.”
“But sir we must not stop to talk

We have about a mile to walk
To reach our humble cabin, where
You shall be welcome to its fare ;
For wet and weary you must be.”
“Kind sir, your hospitality
I will accept, and may you find
Friends as unselfish and as kind,
As you, a stranger, are to me.
“But sir, I hope you ne'er may be
In such great need.—I'll not delay.”
And soon the three were on their way,
Quick passing down the mountain glen,
Were at the cabin door again.
Within a cheerful fire did burn,
Where supper waited their return.
They brought dry suit with kindly care,
And bade him welcome to their fare,
The supper ended, round the fire,
They sat to talk ere they retire.
“Some years ago” the stranger said
“My father in illegal trade
Lived on the shore of Lake Champlain,
Kept there the illy gotten gain
Brought by a lawless smuggling band.

One night, while trying goods to land,
We were surprised. They bid us stay ;
We heeded not, but rowed away.
Some pistol shots were fired from shore—
I felt one pang and knew no more
Till some hours later, when I found
Myself on ship-board, westward bound,
A pistol ball had pierced my head ;
At first, they took me up for dead :
But probing, found by lucky chance,
The ball had struck with sidelong glance.
No serious injury was done.”—
“I am thy father, thou, my son !
Thy mother and thy sister dear—
A happy family is here !
“Our pleasure seemed forever fled :—
We mourned our darling son as dead.”
My pen would fail to paint the joy
That welcomed home the long-lost boy.
The mother said 'mid joyful tears,
“Where have you been these weary years
My darling ; are things what they seem,
Or is this happiness a dream ?”
“O, it is real, mother dear,

I have been absent, I am here”
“And now I will commence again
And briefly make my story plain.”
“On board the ship, among the rest,
A family was moving West.
A son of cultivated mind,
Of manners courteous, refined,
Soon won my sympathies, and hence
I told him all in confidence.
It were not safety to go back,—
The officers my steps would track.
He urged me strongly to go west,
And with his invitation, pressed
Me to accept a trifling loan,
To use it freely as my own.
He had a contract to survey
Some Western lands ; I could repay
Him, and could earn much more,
By serving on surveyor’s corps.
He kindly offered to impart
To me instruction in the art.
This he performed and in the end
Was my instructor, patron, friend ;
All that I am, or hope to be,

Is due ~~to~~ his generosity.
I have a beautiful Western home,
With open arms I bid you come.
Leave past mistakes, regrets behind,
Return with me and you shall find
A rest for your declining years.
To compensate for former tears.
My darling sister there shall find
Instruction for her growing mind."
"And now you must explain my dear,
The providence that brings you here."
"Yes, mother dear, where'er I'd roam,
I ne'er forgot my childhood home.
Those parents dear I left behind,
Were ever foremost in my mind,
These thoughts so haunted me, one day
Found me embarked upon my way.
Two days ago set foot upon
My native State at Burlington.
There, by some lucky chance or fate,
I met Tim Sykes the smuggler's mate,
He seemed surprised at what I said,
For all had thought me long since dead.
He said my parents went away

Directly after the affray.

Said he, 'I think they now reside
Somewhere on Mansfield's eastern side.'

"That day I wandered down the lake,
Resolving on what course to take ;
With sketch-book, rifle, hunting knife
Companions of my forest life.

For much I wished to view again
Those scenes, where pleasures mixed with pain,
Grow fresher with advancing years,
Now waking smiles, now causing tears.
Time had wrought changes, it is true,
But nature seemeth ever new.

With these thoughts passing in my mind,
I sought without delay to find
Those whom my heart held ever dear.
That must explain why I am here."

"But brother you've not told us yet—
I hope that you will not forget
To tell us how you saw our light
Far up the mountain in the night."

Well, darling sister, you must know
I learned the way long, long, ago.
Its steep wild paths I've ne'er forgot,

Familiar each romantic spot
Upon its rude and rugged form ;
But never in such fearful storm
Have I been caught. I'd stopped to take
A sketch beside the mountain lake,
When suddenly, and unaware,
A dense black vapor filled the air.
I seemed enveloped in a cloud,
Where lightnings leaped and thunders loud,
Were underneath, above, around,
Filling my ears with stunning sound.
I sought the shelter of a rock,
When instantly I felt a shock.
The earth gave way beneath my feet,
When rocks and trees and shrubs complete,
Went sliding down the mountain side,
Leaving a chasm deep and wide
Behind, while everything before
Was crushed with most terrific roar.
As on I went, with bated breath,
Expecting every instant, death,
A ponderous rock upon one side
Caught on its way the moving slide,
And held it firmly in its course,

While breaking with resistless force
Went crashing o'er a precipice,
Into a seething wild abyss.
I stood upon the arrested part
Quite safe and with most thankful heart.
The storm soon ceased, the stars came out.
I climbed a tree to look about,
When down the valley on the right
I saw the glimmer of a light.
I started down the steep descent,
Grasping the bushes as I went,
And met you, as you know full well,
With torch to guide me down the dell.

How fleet the happy hours sped
Past mid-night ere they went to bed
To dream of kindred ties renewed,
Of pleasure by remorse subdued.
For who hath ever gone astray,
And found again the better way,
That doth not look regretful back
To view his former devious track.

THE CENTENNIAL.

We hail with pride and joy the morn
On which a century is born
Unto our nation wise and strong,
Whose works are worthy tale or song.
Born not of slowly creeping years
That bring but common joys and tears,
But fraught with deeds that mark an age
That lingers on historic page.

As o'er the century we glance,
To note our nation's proud advance,
We seem to see those patriots old,
Firm for their rights, unswerved by gold,
Emerging from the British rule,
With stern resolve and courage cool,
A brave, determined little band,
They stood where few would dare to stand,
And won the freedom of our land.

As household word, endeared each name ;
More sacred than historic fame.
Brave Washington our country's boast,
And all the patriotic host,
Who sowed the seed in freedom's soil—
We reap the harvest of their toil.
We need not name them one by one,
Or count the deeds that each hath done.
How Henry's scathing, fiery words,
Wrought more than bullet, shell or swords ;
How Franklin's counsel and his pen
Were more than hosts of arm-ed men.
Each household knows the tale full well ;
Each school-boy can the story tell.
They lived, are dead, their memory bright,
Shall linger as a beacon light.
Their's was the hardship, ours the meed
Of well spent life and glorious deed.

What blessings flow on every hand,
To our free Democratic land ;
Where varied and extensive soil
Invite our enterprising toil—

And arts and letters ever find
Free scope for the progressive mind.
A hundred years! how short a time
To mark a progress so sublime!
The old slow coach has passed away—
We hail a new and brighter day.
We look around on every hand,
Steam rules by sea, steam rules by land.
From land to land, across the sea,
We hold a conversation free—
We catch the flash of sunbeam dyes,
And bind the shadow ere it flies.

In literature we hear it said,
"The great are numbered with the dead."
"In poetry who ere can hope
"To vie with Shakespeare, Milton, Pope?"
"In graceful prose who can compare
"With Parnel, Addison or Blair?"
All honor to the immortal dead
Whose wealth of heart or strength of head
Has left them monuments sublime
To mark the progress of their time.

It is not ours to dim their name
Or pluck one laurel from their fame,
And yet, we feel, as well we may,
A pride in those who grace our day :
Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier,—
Names that the nation's bosom stir ;
Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Clay,
With the lamented Agassiz,
And many other names beside
In which we feel an honest pride—
Names that shall stand the test of age,
And ever grace our history's page.

Broad as our land, wide as our fame,
And justly honored as our name,
Let us not rest upon our bays
And take to heedless, careëss ways.
A ponderous ship, our ship of State,
And perilous to navigate.
Wide and diverse our wants, and hence,
The need of broad intelligence ;
And more than this, we need such men
To rule our nation now, as when
We started on our proud career.
With single purpose, hearts sincere,

They labored for our country's weal,
The "salary grab" and "public steal"
Peculiar to our modern time,
Would have been counted then a crime.
They sought not office but were sought ;
Not as at present, sold and bought,
And clothed with office at a price
That covers ignorance and vice.

'Tis ours to check this growing curse—
'Tis ours to guard the nation's purse
'Gainst plotting politician's snare.
Reform, retrenchment, everywhere
Should be our aim, and honest men
To fill our offices again,
That when our children's children see
The next Centennial, it may be
As marked in progress as our own—
The brightest that the world hath known.

P O E M S .

BY

HANNAH GALE LUCE.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

O h, love ye not our mountains,
Our mountains old and grand !
Clad ever in their robes of green—
The pride of our dear land.
The Switzer loves those Alpine peaks,
Where sweep the clouds along,—
So worship we our own green hills,
And cherish them in song.

And were I in a foreign land,
'Mid classic halls of Rome,
I'd turn from all to fondly gaze
Upon my mountain home.
I'd see among my native hills,
The cottage 'neath the trees—
The tall elms waving gracefully
To music in the breeze.

The bright Winooski flowing near,
Through waving meadows green—
The lilacs where the robins sing,
When earliest flowers are seen.
The distant church spire bathed in light,
Like shaft of burnished gold—
The green where roseate children play,
As in the days of old.

Old Mansfield rears his rugged face,
Upturned to meet the sky ;
And south, the "Couching Lion" lifts
His beetling crags on high.
Full many an ancient legend wild,
I've heard the aged tell,
Of precious ores, in caverns hid
And kept by mystic spell.

An Allen's dust reposes now,
Near by the quiet lake ;
No more those brave "Green Mountain boys,"
The forest echoes wake.
But treasured be, in every heart,
The love it bears for them—
Each mountain seems their monument—
The winds, their requiem.

And holy freedom ever finds,
 Among our mountains bold,
A home, unstained by tyrant's hand,
 Unbought by "sordid gold."
We hail as man, the high and low,
 Or black or white, the same;—
We have no "Wise Judge Taney" here,
 To raise the blush of shame.

Yes, dear to us, our mountains green—
 The home of virtues rare—
And dear their noble hearted sons,
 And daughters good and fair.
When my freed spirit seeks a home
 Above all earthly ills,
Here may my humble grave be found,
 Amid our verdant hills!

Waterbury, Vt. April 13, 1857.

SPIRIT VOICES.

They are calling us, ay! calling,
And their mystic tones we hear,
Though they speak no earth-born language,
Sounding harshly on the ear :

But it is a thrilling music
Sweeping o'er the human soul,
With a power that far outreacheth
Every effort of control.

First we hear them in our childhood
When we clasp a beautiful flower—
When we list to tuneful song-bird,
Hid within some garden bower.

When the bees amid the clover,
Hum through all the summer day,
And the air with balm is laden,
From the fragrant new-mown hay ;

Then we know that spirit voices
Thrill each fibre of the heart,
Till it swelleth with the rapture,
Which their loving tones impart.

Quickly comes a nameless yearning
For a home more pure than this,
And our little hearts uprising,
For a moment taste its bliss.

Years speed on, and joys deceitful
All our devious paths beset,
But, at times, we hear the breathing
Of the spirit voices yet.

When we grasp the hand of friendship,
Or fond love the bosom thrills,
Whisper they of bliss enduring,
Free from all life's varied ills.

To the christian calm and holy
Come they on the wings of light—
Beams his eye with joy and gladness
Thrills his heart with sweet delight.

They are calling, ever calling !
And their gentle tones we hear—
Sweeter strains, or more harmonious,
Never fell on mortal ear !

LINES.

“On Beechy Island, were found the graves of three young men, who went out with Sir John Franklin, in his unfortunate expedition.”

Far away in snowy regions,
Brave young hearts have found a grave,
Where the fierce and cutting north-wind
Turns to ice the briny wave.

Went they from bright English firesides,
Where loved friends and kindred dwelt—
Where a father gave his blessing,
And, in prayer, a mother knelt.

On through untold dangers speeding—
O'er broad, trackless, icy fields.
On they passed with hearts unfailing,
And a will that never yields.

Worn at last, by cold and tempest—
 Winter-bound on that bleak isle,—
Sank they by fatigue and sickness—
 Near them beamed no kindred smile.

No sweet voice of gentle sister—
 No kind mother's prayer of love,
Breathing all her deep affection—
 Pointing to a home above.

Ah! perchance a prayer and message
 For each distant friend were given—
What that prayer and what that farewell
 Now is only known in Heaven.

How soul-thrilling were the tidings
 Wafted to that English shore,
None may know, save him who mourneth
 For the loved that come no more!

Waterbury, 1857.

THE NIGHT MY MOTHER DIED.

There was a night I shall never forget,
Though forgetting all else beside,
For deep in my heart is the impress set—
'Twas the night that my mother died.

The stars gleamed brightly and coldly above,
And winter winds mournfully sighed—
A star set forever—the star of my love,
On the night when my mother died.

Thro' years of toil and care she had striven
And her faith was sorely tried ;
But the Angel of Peace came down from Heaven
On the night that my mother died.

She spake of the land where the weary rest,
And told us the Lord would provide ;
But Oh ! the deep anguish my spirit oppressed,
On the night that my mother died.

Years have flown by, since that grief-laden hour,
And borne me on life's changing tide :
Yet memory turns with soul-thrilling power,
To the night that my mother died.

I know that in Heaven her spirit is blest,
Where sorrow no more can betide.—
O, may I yet enter those "mansions of rest,"
And forget the sad night that she died !

“LITTLE JENNIE.”

A PICTURE FROM MEMORY.

Of I see a little maiden,
Just as when one morn in Spring,
Came she to our cottage door-step,
Holy, Sabbath hymns, to sing.

'Twas the darling little “Jennie;”
Sweetest of the household band;—
Now, as then, methinks I hear her
Gaily sing the “Happy Land.”

And, as oft the gladsome chorus,
Memory brings to me again,
On the bough I see the robin
Hush his song to catch the strain.

How she loved the joyous spring-birds—
When upon the old elm tree,
Caroled they their songs of gladness,
She would clap her hands in glee.

Now that merry voice is silent—
Cold that cheek, of ruddy hue—
Calmly those dear hands are folded—
Closed, those laughing eyes of blue.

Yet, perchance, her songs are swelling—
Touched her harp by angel hand,
Calling us, Ay, gently calling,
To that holy "Happy Land!"

THE MARTYR.

Fair morning dawned upon the English Isle,
Greeting the lovely landscape with a smile—
Gilding the hill-tops with its radiant beams
And pouring golden light on vales and streams ;
Yet men were gazing on that morning bright,
Whose hearts were darker than the deepest night.

A multitude had gathered on that morn—
A few to weep, while many laughed in scorn ;
There scowling priests like demons might be seen,
Awaiting the stern will of England's queen—
The cruel Mary—O, that lasting shame
Should e'er be coupled with so sweet a name !

Most haughty Queen ! her fame from age to age,
Shall stand the darkest on historic page ;
Each reader shudders at her guilty deeds
And turns away with horror as he reads ;
Yes, men must ever speak her name with scorn
And women blush that she was woman born.

But unto him, a holy martyr old,
As soldiers led him from the prison cold,
That morning seemed like opening gate of Heaven
For which he long and faithfully had striven ;
And cheered by holy thoughts his faith grew strong,
As on he passed amid the countless throng.

To death he passed, yet heeded he the poor,
As forth they came from many a cottage door,
With tearful eyes and voices wild with grief,
Calling on God to send him quick relief.
He gave them alms, with cheering words of love,
And blessed them oft with hands upraised above.

He heard the shouting of the rabble wild,
And saw, beside the stake, the faggots piled ;
He stood before them with uncovered brow—
An aged Minister with beard of snow :
Where he, defending holy Truths, had stood,
He now must stand and seal them with his blood.

In vain the scoffs of menials of the crown—
In vain, on him, did priest or soldier frown—
In vain they looked to see his spirit shrink
And pale and tremble on death's awful brink ;
He faltered not, but kneeling on the sod,
Offered one fervent, holy prayer to God.

He knelt him down to pray that God would bless
And help his country in its great distress—
But hark! a voice! a woman shrieks aloud,
As wildly rushed she through the mighty crowd—
She too must kneel, by his dear side to pray,
Nor threat of Priest could drive her thence away.

In vain the soldiers grinned demoniac mirth,
And urged their steeds to crush her to the earth;
A woman sad and pale, yet firm of soul,
She heeded not their words of stern control,
Her dearest wish—might that one prayer ascend
To Heaven with him, her best and kindest friend!

Perchance in poverty her heart had bled,
And he had brought her dying children bread;
Or, from the paths of sin and guilty strife,
His words had won her to a holy life;—
O, faithful one! that prayer so firmly given,
With soul of sacred martyr rose to Heaven!

*History records that when the aged Dr. Taylor knelt down by the stake to pray, before his execution that a poor woman came and knelt by his side and could not be forced away until the prayer was finished.

SIMPLICITY.

There is a charm that wins each heart,
Though not obtained by foreign art,
'Tis sweet, childlike simplicity ;—
Christ bade us wear the magic charm,
To shield our souls from earthly harm,
And guide us to felicity.

Before this spell will monarchs cower,
Acknowledging the mystic power,
A gentle heart possesses ;
And many a haughty lord of earth,
Will envy those of lowly birth,
Whom purest friendship blesses.

Proud affectation wakes disgust—
It lives its day then sinks to dust,
The source from which it springs ;
But gentleness is unsurpassed—
'Tis loved on earth and soars at last,
To Heaven on seraph wings.

MAY MORN.

Up ye little ones, 'tis May!
See, the sky is blue and clear;
Rise and welcome in the day,
Brightest, merriest of the year.

See the golden sun-beams play—
Hear the lark and robin sing—
Up, ye children, and away!
Gather now the flowers of Spring.

Hie ye to the meadow fair,
Bright the golden cowslip grows,
Bluest violets too are there,
Where the winding brooklet flows.

Onward pass with footsteps light,
To yon little wooded dell,
Blooms there many a flow'ret bright,
Snowy star and purple bell.

Farther still—O weary not,
Till the rocky bluff ye find,
There upon the rugged spot,
Clings the evergreen en^twined.

Then as homeward turn thy feet,
Don't forget the prairie green,
Flowers of orange hue you'll meet
Fit to crown the proudest queen.

Yes, ye little ones, 'tis May!
See, the sky is blue and clear;
Ever welcome be the day,
Brightest, merriest of the year.

May 1st, 1860.

THE HEART'S SORROW.

Each heart it sorrow knows,
Its trials and its woes,
Yet never may disclose
 Them to another.
Through ages that are fled,
Oft human hearts have bled,
And mourned some bright hope dead,
 Nor told a brother.

Our lives may glide along,
Like some harmonious song,
Yet feel a sense of wrong
 From harsh reply ;
And when at eve we roam
To some loved haunt alone,
We breathe a plaintive moan,
 Or deep drawn sigh.

Those yearning for a name,
 May climb the "hill of Fame,"
 Yet blush in silent shame
 O'er some misdeed.

And, as their praise is rung,
 By Flattery's syren tongue,
 The conscious soul is stung,
 And feels its need.

Should Fortune's hand unfold
 Her store of shining gold,
 And give us wealth untold,
 We are not blest ;
 For riches only add
 New cares to those we had,
 And render still more sad
 Our soul's unrest.

E'en he who long hath striven
 To live for God and Heaven,
 Finds many a thorn is given,
 To pierce his soul :—
 The friends, to him most dear,
 Will turn no list'ning ear,
 To pleading word and tear,
 Or heed control.

Oh! why this wrong we see!
Why not in love agree,
And kindly sympathy,
 Till life is o'er?
For Time is fleeting past—
Our lives are ebbing fast—
Lord, gather us at last,
 To mourn no more!

“LITTLE DOLLIE.”

Little Dollie, precious Dollie,
With such gentle, loving eyes :
Seems she like a gentle angel
Straying out of Paradise.

Joyous hearted little creature,
Free from sinful guile or art—
Sunbeam in her father's dwelling,
Left to cheer his stricken heart.

Little Dollie has no mother,
For the father called her home :
Placed her in her youthful beauty,
Where no tears can ever come.

But a guardian angel spirit
Hovers over Dollie now ;
And we trust no shame or sorrow
E'er will shade the dear child's brow.

Galesville, June 26, 1861.

MUSINGS.

Again we hail the gladsome Spring—
Again we hear the robins sing ;
Each joyous note, in childhood dear,
Is sweetest music to our ear,
And bids those memories to start
So dear to every human heart.
Again we list those merry lays,
And live again our early days,
When every thought was free from care,
And pure as our own mountain air ;
Again we tread the streamlet's side
And watch its gently flowing tide,
While many a youthful playmate's voice
Returning, makes our hearts rejoice ;—
Again we gather violets fair,
And twine fresh garlands for the hair,
Or ramble through the forest glade—
Or rest beneath the maple's shade ;
Then, as the evening dew appears,
Haste homeward to the valley near,
And deem that life will ever be
As full of joyous, careless glee.

Ah! bright the picture to our view,
When all is clothed with beauty new,
And oft the grateful thought will rise,
Earth is indeed a paradise!
But ah! too soon there comes a blight
On all things beautiful and bright—
This earth an Eden might have been
Were hearts but pure and free from sin.

Yet as we greet the welcome Spring,
And hear again the warblers sing
May all life's cares be cast aside,
And happy thoughts flow free and wide,
Forgotten be each wrong and tear—
Remembered well the kind and dear;
And for unnumbered blessings given,
Upraise our grateful hearts to Heaven.

A MEMORIAL.

'Twas a little thing—a simple tress
Of bright and shining hair,
And yet 'twas kept with care no less
Than gems which monarchs wear.

Long years ago it graced the head
Of one, a noble youth,
But early called, his spirit fled
To realms of light and truth.

That little lock a sister clasped,
And kept with holy love,
Till half a century had passed,
Then sped her soul above.

Yet well remembered are those years,
When she would oft unfold
That little tress, while gushing tears,
Her grief too plainly told.

And as her children gathered there,
She weepingly would say,
"Look! this was my poor brother's hair—
Alas! my own is gray!"

A sister's love! could love more pure
To human hearts be given—
And if on earth it thus endure,
What will it be in Heaven!

HUGH MILLER.

O'er the broad expanse of ocean,
Hither borne from Scotland's shore,
Comes the sad—the painful tidings,
He, the gifted is no more.

He, who searched through fields of science—
Hidden mysteries explored
He who late has toiled and suffered—
Long the loss will be deplored.

How with mind and pen he labored!
Far within the hours of night,
O'er his pages, through his window
Faintly gleamed his study light.

But, at last, the book was finished,
And within it was enshrined
All the intense thought and power
Of a great and noble mind.

'Twas his last, his noblest effort—
Genius sinking in despair,
Yielded up its richest treasure
In one agonizing prayer.

Ah! with dark and fearful struggle
Reason fled its lofty throne—
Perished he by deadly weapon
And the murderous hand his own.

Oft we read of soldier dying
On the field where glory leads—
But if man must fall a martyr,
May it be from noble deeds!

Feb. 1st, 1857.

A WINTER SCENE.

Loud and fierce the storm is raging—
Thick and fast the snow-drifts form,
On a bleak and lonely prairie,
Where two children face the storm.

Boldly through the piercing north blast,
Urge they on their little feet,
Hoping soon to reach the fireside,
And a parent's smile to greet.

But, alas! the storm increases,
Higher piles the drifting snow,
And their little limbs grow weary,
Till they can no farther go.

Then they fall in bitter anguish,
Clasping each the other's form,
And in vain they try to shelter
Each the other from the storm.

Then how tenderly the sister
Tried to soothe the brother's fears ;
How she clasped his hands to warm them,
While her eyes were dim with tears !

On the morrow, there they found them
In a snowy winding sheet—
Found the sister's warmest garment
Wrapt around her brother's feet.

Thus the loving heart of woman
Fai leth not in hour of need ;
Ever watching—ever doing
Some exalted, noble deed.

March, 1857.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Far better than gold is the health God has given,
From Hygeia's fountain free-flowing and pure.
How often, but vainly, the suffering have striven,
This richest of blessings with gold to procure.

And better than gold is a name that's untainted
By worldly corruption or slanderous tongue.
The beauty of Virtue no artist has painted,
Enthroned on the brows of the aged and young.

And better than gold is the heart's deep affection,
The purest of friendship no monarch may buy,
All Solomon's wealth would bring nought but dejection,
If we met not the glance of a kind beaming eye.

A treasure is placed, too, within our own keeping,
Which riches or splendor can never obtain—
'Tis the intellect noble—the soul never sleeping,
Then let us preserve it from blemish or stain.

A WELCOME.

Hear you not that merry strain
From the old oak tree?
It is Robin come again,
With his song of glee.

With a welcome we will greet
This old friend of ours—
Heralds are his notes most sweet,
Of the spring's bright flowers.

Gone are now those wintry days—
Days which seemed so long;
Doubly welcome spring's bright rays,
And the robin's song.

As we hear him sweetly sing,
May our grief and pain
Flee away on rapid wing,
Ne'er to come again.

PETER PARLEY.

Come gentle Mary, Alice and Kate,
With Frank and little Charlie,
Let us twine a wreath to place on the grave
Of dear old "Peter Parley."

'Tis the loveliest month of spring-time now,
The birds are merrily singing,
And over the meadows and hill-sides green,
The fairest flowers are springing.

Then haste ye dear ones the sweetest to bring,
That bloom by the woodland fountains,
And we'll twine them in with the creeping pine
That grows on the evergreen mountains.

No costly exotics are ours to give,
And humble our offerings ever ;
Yet loved he the lowly as well as the great,
With a fervor death only could sever.

We know his kind spirit would willingly bless
Could it see the affection we cherish,—
The good he has wrought—the happiness given,
From memory never will perish.

May, 1860.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

When we see the children play,
In the sunshine of the May,
We look upon their smiling faces
And mark their little winning graces ;
Ah ! then we think how happy they,
Could childhood's sunshine always stay.

When fair, graceful forms we see,
In life's youthful sunshine free,
We mark their soul-lit sparkling eyes,
And watch their "airy castles" rise ;
Then memory brings us back the past ;
We know youth's sunshine cannot last.

We see the old with silvery hair,
And mark the look of peace they wear,
For those, whose lives are good and pure,
Some gleams of light are ever sure ;
Yes, age has, beaming from above,
The brightest sunshine of God's love.

MEMORIES.

In a distant quiet valley
Of my own Green Mountain land,
Stands a little rustic cottage,
By the western breezes fanned.

Near the door way ran a brooklet,
With its tiny waterfall ;
And a broad and leafy shade tree,
Spread aloft its branches tall.

There the violets were freshest,
In the early days of spring ;
And the robin's song was clearest,
Making all the valley ring.

And when came the sultry summer
Hid from every scorching ray,
Dashed the merry cascade, spreading
All around its cooling spray.

And a smoothly flowing river
Glistened in the sunlight near,
Where stood rows of elms and maples,
Mirrored in its waters clear.

There in golden days of autumn,
All along its winding shore,
Hung the purple grapes in clusters,
And the butternut's rich store.

There we gathered nuts in plenty,
For the winter evenings long;
Where would mingle round the hearth-stone,
Voices gay with mirth and song.

Years have fled since youth's bright spring-time—
Years of mingled joy and woe,
Yet is memory ever painting
Pictures of the "Long ago."

Though no more beside that river,
With dear friends I now may rove,
Or at evening in that cottage,
Know a parent's care and love ;

Still the music of their voices,
Sweetly yet in memory thrills ;—
And, I'm thinking, often thinking,
Of that vale among the hills.

Galesville Wis. May 30 1862.

UPWARD.

Upward flies the humble sparrow
From his lowly, quiet nest,
Speeding onward like an arrow—
Joy and freedom thrill his breast.

Upward soars the haughty eagle
Onward, heavenward is his flight,
Though his eyrie, proud and regal,
Sits upon the cliff's bold height.

So should man soar upward ever,
In his aspirations proud,
Rising, with each stern endeavor,
Far above the storm and cloud.

Though his sphere on earth is lowly—
Though rude poverty may chill,
And reward may come but slowly,
Be his motto, "Upward" still.

But if high his name is gleaming .
On the glowing scroll of fame,
Pause not *then* in idle dreaming—
Be the watchword still the same.

Thus should *all* be upward tending,
Nerved by love of Truth and Right,
In progressive faith ascending
To the fount of Life and Light.

IN MEMORIAM.

Dear George,* our cousin and friend,
The years roll on, sadly on—
You come not again with your kindly words
Your joys with our own to blend.

Springs come with their violets blue
Bringing many a joy,
The perfumed breezes and sweet singing birds,
But never a friend so true.

And summers sweep over our land
Bearing beautiful things—
The fair roses bloom and earth would seem bright,
Were you but one of our band.

*Dr. Geo. C. Slayton.

Fair autumns come too, with rich store
Of brown nuts and fair fruit,
The maple leaves crimson, the oaks turn brown,
But you can see them no more.

The winters seem chilling and drear,
Rude winds awaken our grief—
In winter you left us, O, kindest of friends,
Be hallowed the day and the year.

REMEMBRANCE.

My dear, beloved mother died
Just twenty years ago,
And now how vividly comes back
Remembrance of that woe.—

I see again the mourning group—
I hear their smothered sighs,
And watch the light of life fade out
From her dear, loving eyes.

But twenty summers with their bloom,
The earth hath freshly kept ;
And twenty winters with their storms,
Above her grave have swept.

And, one by one, the friends she loved,
And cherished year by year,
Have silently been borne to rest
Within the churchyard near.

Our aged father was the first
That by her side was laid,
And then a grandchild was the next—
The gentle Adelaide.

Our brother, Hiram, followed soon,
While grief our hearts oppressed ;
Then sister Angeline was called
To dwell among the blessed.

Brave Edwin was the next they bore
From Richmond's bloody field,
And dear Eliza's gentle eyes
Too soon in death were sealed.

And "darling Minnie" now is there ;
Alas ! the hopes—the tears—
The blighted joys that withered lie
Within these twenty years !

Feb. 24, 1868.

THANKSGIVING.

“We give Thee thanks, our Father good,
For all Thy tender care!”

Thus reverently the preacher said,
And eloquent his prayer.

The melting words fell on each heart
Like drops of holy dew,
Revivifying every part
And strengthening it anew.

Each careworn face more heavenly seemed—
More solemn were the gay,
And even happy childhood wore
A thoughtful look that day.

And well it might, for war's dire cloud
Hung dark o'er hill and plain ;
And on each breeze a wail was borne
For sons and brothers slain.

Our noble dead ! they faltered not,
When duty onward led ;
And consecrated is the spot,
Whereon each patriot bled.

Ah ! many a table amply stored,
Lacked one beloved guest,
And many a fervent prayer was breathed
From the parental breast.

As sisters saw the vacant seat,
They mournfully would say,
"O that our brothers now were here,
To meet with us to-day !"

Fair maidens blushed when one dear name,
Recalled fond hopes and fears ;
And listened to the deeds of fame,
With mingled smiles and tears.

And children missed their father's smile,
His name they oft would speak,
And sadly mark the tears that stained
Their gentle mother's cheek.

Ah, yes! our father chasteneth.
But not with willing hand—
Have trusting faith ye sorrowing ones,
He yet will bless our land.

Nov. 1861.

MORE BOYS FOR THE WAR.

More boys for the war—ay, still they are going,
The young and the valiant—the good and the true ;
Our hearts beat with pride, though our tears were
fast flowing
When we saw our brave boys in their new suits of
blue.

Bright shone the sun on that morn when they started,
While fair lay the earth in its beauty to view ;
And warm was the clasp of each hand as we parted,
And fervent our prayers for the dear boys in blue.

GRATING CORN.

Have you heard how Morgan's forces
Lately left the Cumberland,
Where against the Southern rebels,
Vainly they had hoped to stand?

But a foe more dire than traitors,
Menaced them on every side,—
With pale want and cruel famine
They no longer could abide.

Long and drear the march before them—
Rough and difficult the way.
With guerrilla bands awaiting,
To attack them night and day.

But they boldly faced each danger—
Toiling, suffering as they marched,—
Weary, fainting oft with hunger,
And with thirst their lips oft parched.

When each day's drear march was ended,
With tired limbs and garments torn,
You might see each gallant soldier,
For his supper, grating corn.

Ah! how oft fair scenes of plenty
Rose before the mental sight;
And sweet dreams of home and kindred,
Thrilled each soldier's breast at night.

Still they toiled and nobly suffered—
Still they grated golden corn;
And at night still dreamed of dear ones—
Faced new dangers on each morn;

Till at last the march was finished,
All its keenest sufferings o'er,—
In a Northern land of plenty
They shall grate their corn no more.

Ay, this war hath made true heroes,
And we think of them with pride,
While we mourn with deepest sorrow,
Those who have so nobly died.

Oct. 1862.

“THE COMING MAN.”

Much has been said of late, of him,
The long sought “Coming man,”
Whose lofty intellect is formed
On nature’s noblest plan.

Whose loyal heart is true and good—
Whose morals are unstained—
Who loves his country more than all
The wealth therein contained.

How long on bright Potomac’s banks
They’ve longed to shout his name,
And place it with Napoleon’s,
Upon the scroll of fame.

But as each hero new, essayed
To lead them to the fight,
Sure disappointment crowned the day—
He had not led aright.

But not the warlike hosts alone
That need the "Coming man ;"
The moral world would gladly hail
A leader in the van,

Whose voice for right, with eloquence,
In clearest tone rings out—
Whose claim to perfect "Manliness"
Is placed beyond a doubt.

Oh, never waited nobler hosts,
Or suffered nobler cause ;
For one to lead to victory,
And vindicate God's laws !

Ay, hope ye for our country dear—
Ye patient hearts, ye can,
And pray that God will quickly bless
And send the "Coming man !"

Dec. 1863.

THE SOLDIERS OF TREMPEALEAU COUNTY.

A tribute to our soldiers brave,
Wherever they may be ;
Who does not breathe a fervent prayer
For their prosperity !

They left the love and joy of home,
With manly hearts and true—
A blessing and an earnest prayer
For all the “boys in blue.”

O'er many fields their banners bright,
Were seen to proudly gleam,
From Mississippi's noble banks
To fair Potomac's stream—

Amid brave Sherman's gallant band,
Their war-stained flags waved free—
With him our soldiers bravely marched,
To glorious victory.

How oft would loyal hearts exult
And throb with wildest joy,
While hearing of the valiant deeds
Of each loved soldier boy ;
And still we pray that fair success,
And honors may attend
The steps of those returning home,
To greet each cherished friend.

Yet while we think exultingly,
Of those still "marching on,"
And glory in each victory,
By valor proudly won,
We'll not forget the noble dead,
But speak their names with pride,
Though bitter are the tears we shed—
Have they not nobly died !

Ah ! spirit voices sweetly speak,
Of brave young *Gardner* tell,
And where on Corinth's bloody field,
Heroic *Mason* fell—
And how, in front of Petersburg,
The field was wet with gore,
Of *Grant* and *Ball* and *Skilton* too,
With many, many more.

But not alone on battle field,
Struck down by shot and shell,
But oft by sad and dire disease,
Full many a hero fell ;
Yet not less bright the honor earned,
Engraved is each dear name
Of *Thompson*, *Cram*, and *Bunn*, and *King*,
Upon the scroll of Fame.

Not only these, but other names
Shall all recorded stand,
Upon our bright historic page,
A valiant, noble band.
Yes, blessings on our soldiers brave,
Wherever they may be—
Who does not breathe a fervent prayer
For their prosperity.

Galesville Wis.

THE RECORD.

Ah! there it stands—the record true,
Of all our soldier dead;
There it shall stand to meet our view
When future years have fled.

Yet now, O lay it gently by!
We cannot read it o'er:
Too many tears bedim the eye—
Too many hearts are sore.

We cannot bear to think that those
Who loved their country well,
And bravely met its traitor foes,
Should die by ball and shell.

We cannot even bear to hear
How fever smote them down,
Ere they had won the laurels dear
Of victory and renown.

We weep at thought of widows' woe—
Of mothers' holy tears—
Of orphans' cry—of homes laid low
And desolate for years.

Yes, lay the noble record by,
Till time our tears has dried ;
And then, with kindling, flashing eye,
We'll point to it with pride.

And bid our children read it o'er
And honor those who bled ;
And love our country all the more
In memory of its dead.

July 11th, 1863.

COMING WEST.

From the grand majestic mountains,
Where the storm-cloud loves to rest—
From the deep, delightful valleys,
They are coming, coming West.

From those eastern towns and cities,
Come forth earnest, noble men—
Men of labor—men of learning,
That can guide the plow or pen.

Not alone from dear New England,
But from other lands they come,
O'er the broad Atlantic's billows,
Here to find a peaceful home.

From green Erin, and brave Scotland—
From old England's pleasant shore,
And from Germany and Norway,
There are thousands coming o'er.

They are leaving home and country,
And the friends they love the best—
They are seeking wealth and freedom,
And shall find them in the West.

We extend a hearty welcome
To each brave, industrious hand ;
He, whose heart is true and honest,
Is right worthy of our land.

With united, true devotion,
Let us work with earnest wills ;
All along our own broad prairies
And among our vales and hills ;

We will build fair towns and cities,
Halls of wisdom—works of art—
Colleges and schools and churches,
That shall honor mind and heart.

Here shall dwell a mighty people,
Poets, scholars, world renowned ;
Building up a vast Republic,
With a Godlike glory crowned.

Galesville, Wis., Nov. 1870.

ERRATA.

PAGE. LINE,

20 4th., read kelpies for 'elpies.'

58 16th., read Where for 'There.'

75 8th., read sing for 'brings.'

95 3rd., read brother for 'other.'

114 2d., read Whose for 'Those.'

133, near the bottom of page read thus :

The thunder rolled ; the lightning's glare
Showed dimly through the freshened air.
The wind had ceased and overhead
The heavens with beauteous stars were spread.

Page 140, first line, omit 'to.'

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