

POEMS · OF · PLACES

EDITED BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

NEW ENGLAND

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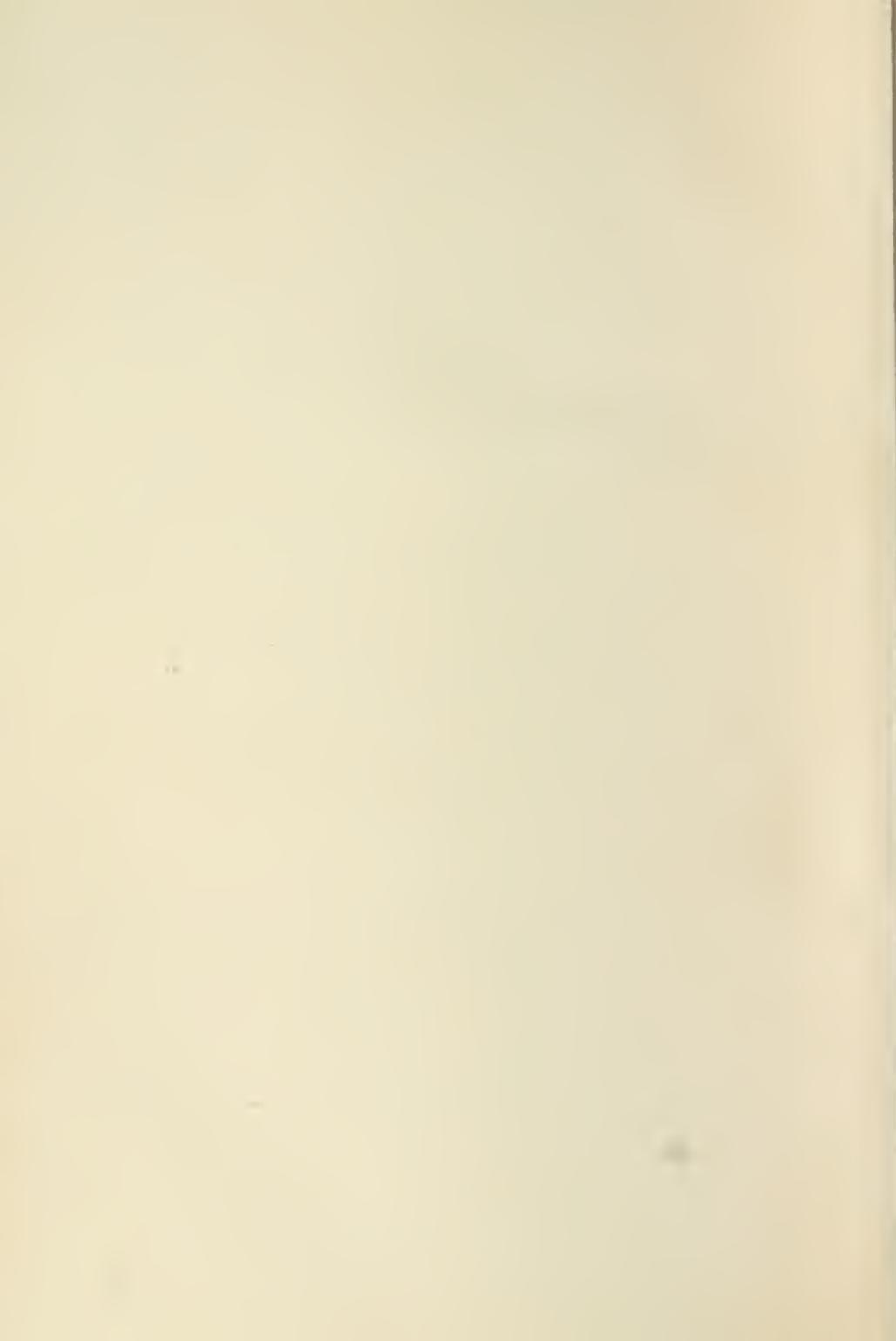
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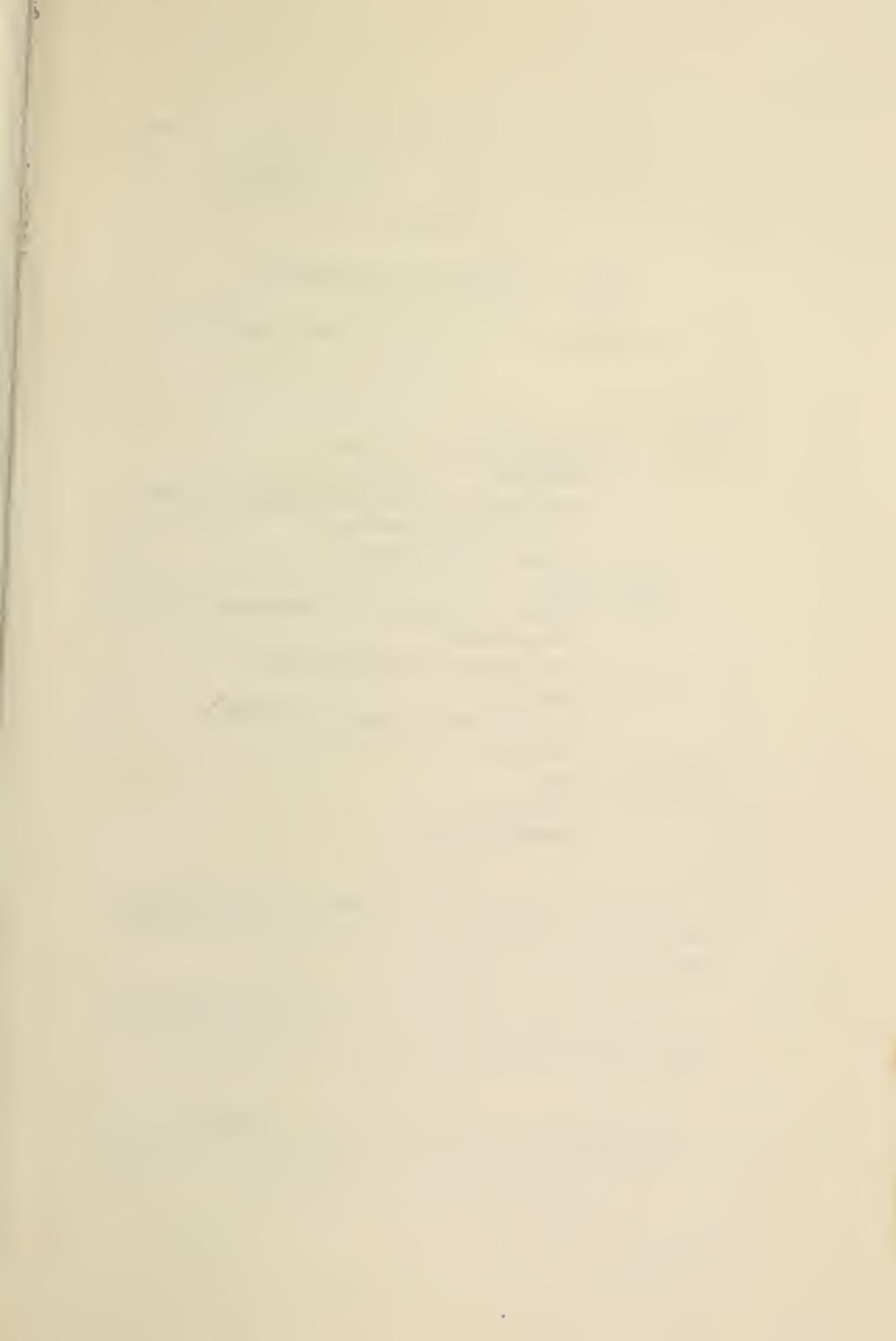
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POEMS OF PLACES.

EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees: the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.

CRABBE.

AMERICA.

NEW ENGLAND.

VOL. I.



BOSTON:
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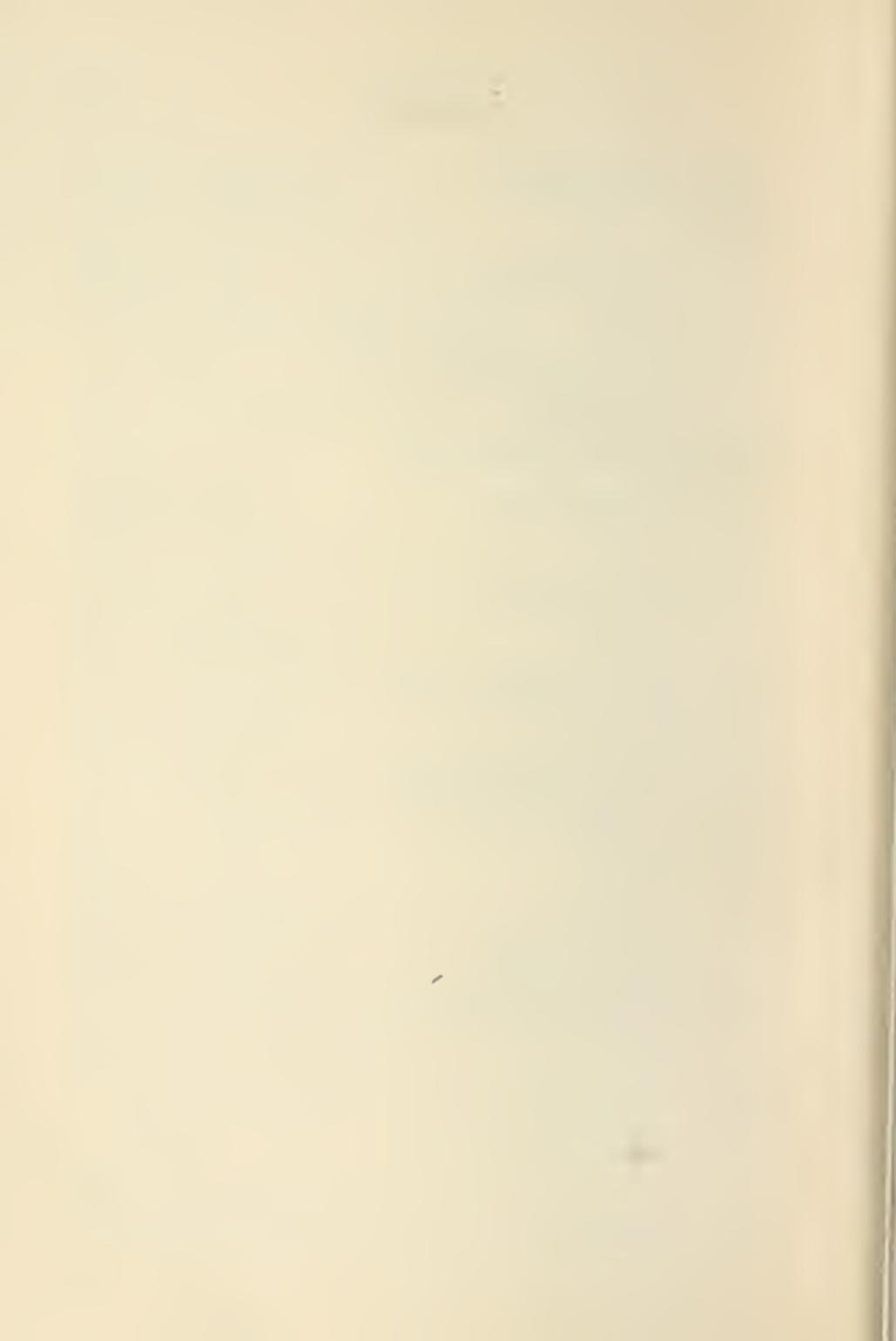
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INTRODUCTORY.



ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

1876.

A HUNDRED years !
Too long for memory of the justest feud !
Last century's quarrel to its end pursued
And yours the triumph, may not we grasp hands,
Now each one stands
 Apart from fears ?

* * *

Brothers ! that word
Makes Tyranny weak ; Wrong flies, nor looks behind,
Driven as dry leaves before the herald wind
That clears the way for spring's most gentle flowers.
O waiting hours !
 Your plaint is heard.

Land named of hope !
Our best have hailed the promise of thy growth ;
Surely hath honor's race-ground room for both

America and England, side by side,
 Yet leaving pride
 Sufficient scope.

New England! ours
 Art thou, as England's thine: thy children own
 The common parentage. Nor they alone,
 But wheresoe'er is heard our English tongue —
 World-widely flung
 For coming hours.

Be with us then,
 Thou greater England! second but in time:
 Our age shall welcome our young giant's prime,
 As in his sons a father takes delight,
 Proud of the height
 Of younger men.

O'erstride our fame!
 Step past the extremest stretch of our renown!
 Wreath round Columbia's head the laurel crown
 Our old heroic worth can well assign!
 The crown be thine —
 In England's name!

For we are one, —
 In race, in will, in energy the same:
 Twin aspirations of one-tongued flame.
 England were fain to see you climb beyond
 Our hopes most fond,
 And all we have done.

*

*

*

William James Linton.

YOUNG AMERICA—OLD ENGLAND.

WHAT! shall Saxon bonds be sundered
 By the sordid lust of gain?
 Shall the realms of peace be ravaged
 By the rulers of the main
 For the greed of gold or glory?
 No, — forbid it, God the Lord!
 Young America — Old England —
 Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Shall one hour dissever races
 Thus allied by kindred fame,
 Speaking both one common language,
 Men with blood and bards the same?
 Such dark crime can never follow
 Foolish taunt or idle word:
 Young America — Old England —
 Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Has not History woven our laurels
 Till their many wreaths are one, —
 Yours the pride in burly Cromwell,
 Ours in honest Washington?
 With the radiance of past annals
 Shall the future not be stored?
 Young America — Old England —
 Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Does broad ocean roll between us?
 We are still brought side by side,

By the peaceful navies Commerce
 Scatters grandly o'er the tide.
 Shall we wake our dormant thunders
 Where toil-laden ships are moored?
 Young America — Old England —
 Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Have we not alike together
 Prized the songs our poets sung
 Since the golden day when Genius
 First drew music from our tongue?
 Godlike Shakespeare, seerlike Milton,
 All now cry with one accord,
 Young America — Old England —
 Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

Has not Art shed equal splendors
 On the treasures each possest
 In the homely hues of Hogarth,
 In the sacred dyes of West:
 And not less on Powers than Flaxman
 Phidian inspiration poured?
 Young America — Old England —
 Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword!

We have loved the same old legends
 Throwing charms around our lot,
 Through each tale of gentle Irving,
 Each romance of gorgeous Scott.
 And shall war pollute the cloudland,
 Battle dint the fairy sward?

Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword !

Then shall Saxon bonds be sundered
By the sordid lust of gain ?

Shall the realms of peace be ravaged
By the rulers of the main

For the greed of gold or glory ?
No, — forbid it, God the Lord !

Young America — Old England —
Hand-in-hand, not sword to sword !

Charles Kent.

A POET'S PROPHECY.

KNOW that this theory is false ; his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, — a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.

Men shall desery another hemisphere,
Since to one common centre all things tend ;
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And througéd empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.

Luigi Pulci. Tr. W. H. Prescott.

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

FOUR weeks they sailed, a speck in sky-shut seas,
Life, where was never life that knew itself,
But tumbled, lubber-like, in blowing whales;
Thought, where the like had never been before
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the world.
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
In monstrous hush; or sometimes in the dark
The waves broke ominous with paly gleams
Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold fire.
Then came green stripes of sea that promised land
But brought it not, and on the thirtieth day
Low in the West were wooded shores like cloud.
They shouted as men shout with sudden hope;
But Biörn was silent, such strange loss there is
Between the dream's fulfilment and the dream,
Such sad abatement in the goal attained.
Then Gudrida, that was a prophetess,
Rapt with strange influence from Atlantis, sang:
Her words: the vision was the dreaming shore's.

Looms there the New Land:
Locked in the shadow
Long the gods shut it,
Niggards of newness
They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,
Slim as a cloud-streak;
It shall fold peoples
Even as a shepherd
Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now;
Great ships shall seek it,
Swarming as salmon;
Noise of its numbers
Two seas shall hear.

Man from the Northland,
Man from the Southland,
Haste empty-handed;
No more than manhood
Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
Red blood and blue blood,
There shall be mingled;
Force of the ferment
Makes the New Man.

Piek of all kindreds,
King's blood shall theirs be,
Shoots of the eldest
Stoek upon Midgard,
Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land;
They shall subdue it,

Leaving their sons' sons
 Space for the body,
 Space for the soul.

*

*

*

James Russell Lowell.

VINLAND.

GREENLAND'S bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
 On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
 Crossed without magnet undiscovered seas,
 And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
 Touched on the line of that twin-bodied land
 That stretcheth forth to either pole a hand,
 From arctic wilds that see no winter sun
 To where the oceans of the world are one,
 And round Magellan's straits, Fuego's shore,
 Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found;
 The flowery hills with emerald woods were crowned;
 Spread o'er the vast savannas, buffalo herds
 Ranged without master; and the bright-winged birds
 Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
 Or turned the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had strayed,
 Where the broad river cleft the forest glade;
 Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
 Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood;
 The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake;
 Like a live arrow leaped the rattlesnake;

The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
 Crawled on the grass, while he aspired in air ;
 Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
 Among the scattering deer a panther sprang :
 The stripling feared not, yet he trod with awe,
 As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
 Till in his path arose a wilding vine ;
 Then o'er his memory rushed the noble Rhine ;
 Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
 So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
 That in those glens of savage solitude
 Vineyards and cornfields, towns and spires, he viewed,
 And through the image-chamber of his soul
 The days of other years like shadows stole.

* * *

Winland the glad discoverers called that shore,
 And back the tidings of its riches bore ;
 But soon returned with colourizing bands, —
 Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands ;
 Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
 War, commerce, partime, peace, adventure, spoil ;
 Bold master-spirits, where they touched they gained
 Ascendance, where they fixed their foot they reigned.
 Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
 Dissevered ; stemming to and fro the tide,
 Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
 Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
 They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
 The ports of strangers or their northern home,
 Still midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
 Loved as their own, their unlost Paradise.

Yet was their Paradise forever lost :
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, withered from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile, — relapsing into night.

James Montgomery.

ULYSSES AND COLUMBUS.

NOT over violet seas that rise and fall
With whispering winds beneath an eastern sky,
Lay the mysterious Island of the Blest,
Nor in the limits of a pent-up lake
Where timid seamen erept from isle to isle
Scattered like stars in heaven, as a child
Through the wide field wanders with doubting foot
By daisies led that ever beekon on ;
But with the western sun, 'fore shifting gales
Of hope and doubt, full many a weary soul
Set sail upon the deep, and shot between
The twin tall pillars, — that sheer precipice
From known to mystery, — then into a sea
Where wave and sky were blent with wreaths of cloud,
Without a guide to lead, or star to cheer.
And there he wandered, ere the storm came on
And whelmed his bark, yet in his darkest hour
Found — not the shore he sought amidst the gloom,
But life's eternal secret clear at last,
Life's inmost mystery all made bright in death.
And ages passed, and races rose and fell,

And from their ashes other nations sprang
Like flowers that draw life from the past year's grave.
Last a strong soul, after long days of strife,
Foiling the fears within, the foes without,
Set sail from Spain, and groping in the gloom
After the flying shore, the fable land,
Stood bravely on in face of sea and storm.
And, ere he won his goal, full many a pledge
Of triumph long delayed came drifting on
Far o'er the darkening blue, as land grew near,
Lurking amid a mass of cloudy sky,
Low lying in the far-off western wave.
Then year by year swept on, and as they ran,
Great forests rose and crumbled, and the lives
Of men passed with them, while a mighty race
Was gathering slowly, as the atoms meet
That go to form the framework of a star,
And mid the crash of kingdoms and of throne
Rising like coral reefs from thundering seas.
And British speech and British laws were theirs,
And British princes. Faithfully they served
For many a year, and rendered every due
As it beseeched them, till an evil day
Came on the rulers, and possessed their souls
With foul injustice working cruel wrong.
Then flamed our fathers' spirit, and they dared
A struggle all uneven, till they broke
The tyrant's chain and won their human right,
Earning their freedom with free heart and soul.

Alfred William Winterslow Dale.

COLUMBUS.

STEER, bold mariner, on ! albeit wiflings deride thee,
 And the steersman drop idly his hand at the helm.
 Ever and ever to westward ! there must the coast be
 discovered,

If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in thy mind.
 Trust to the God that leads thee, and follow the sea
 that is silent ;

Did it not yet exist, now would it rise from the flood.
 Nature with Genius stands united in league everlasting ;
 What is promised by one, surely the other performs.

Friedrich von Schiller. Tr. Anon.

VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

IT WAS night. The moon o'er the wide wave dis-
 closed

Her awful face, and Nature's self reposed,
 When, slowly rising in the azure sky,
 Three white sails shone, but to no mortal eye,
 Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,
 The very ship-boy on the dizzy mast
 Half breathed his orisons ! Alone unchanged,
 Calmly, beneath, the great commander ranged,
 Thoughtful, not sad ; and as the planet grew,
 His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,
 Athwart the deck a deepening shadow threw.
 " Thee hath it pleased, — Thy will be done ! " he said,

Then sought his cabin ; and, their garments spread,
Around him lay the sleeping as the dead,
When by his lamp to that mysterious guide
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
That oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven.
Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
And as with God's own finger points the way,
He turned ; but what strange thoughts perplexed his
soul,

When, lo, no more attracted to the pole,
The compass, faithless as the circling vane,
Fluttered and fixed, fluttered and fixed again !
At length, as by some unseen hand imprest,
It sought with trembling energy — the west !
“ Ah no ! ” he cried, and calmed his anxious brow.
“ Ill, nor the signs of ill, 't is thine to show ;
Thine but to lead me where I wished to go ! ”

Columbus erred not. In that awful hour,
Sent forth to save, and girt with godlike power,
And glorious as the regent of the sun,
An angel came ! He spoke, and it was done !
He spoke, and at his call a mighty wind,
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright east. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd,
Stars rose and set, and new horizons glow'd ;
Yet still it blew ! As with primeval sway
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,

Move on the waters!—All, resigned to fate,
 Folded their arms and sate; and seemed to wait
 Some sudden change; and sought, in chill suspense,
 New spheres of being and new modes of sense;
 As men departing, though not doomed to die,
 And midway on their passage to eternity.

* * *

Still, as beyond this mortal life impelled
 By some mysterious energy, he held
 His everlasting course. Still self-possessed,
 High on the deck he stood, disdainng rest
 (His amber chain the only badge he bore,
 His mantle blue such as his fathers wore);
 Fathomed, with searching hand, the dark profound,
 And scattered hope and glad assurance round,
 Though, like some strange portentous dream, the past
 Still hovered, and the cloudless sky o'ereast.

At daybreak might the caravels be seen
 Chasing their shadows o'er the deep serene;
 Their burnished prows lashed by the sparkling tide,
 Their green-cross standards waving far and wide.
 And now once more to better thoughts inclined,
 The seaman, mounting, clamored in the wind.
 The soldier told his tales of love and war;
 The courtier sung,—sung to his gay guitar.
 Round, at Primero, sate a whiskered band;
 So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land!
 Leon, Montalvan (serving side by side;
 Two with one soul,—and as they lived, they died);
 Vasco, the brave, thrice found among the slain,
 Thrice, and how soon, up and in arms again,

As soon to wish he had been sought in vain,
 Chained down in Fez, beneath the bitter thong,
 To the hard bench and heavy oar so long!
 Albert of Florence, who, at twilight-time,
 In my rapt ear poured Dante's tragic rhyme,
 Screened by the sail as near the mast we lay,
 Our nights illumined by the ocean-spray;
 And Manfred, who espoused with jewelled ring
 Young Isabel, then left her sorrowing:
 Lerma "the generous," Avila "the proud";
 Velasquez, Garcia, through the echoing crowd
 Araced by their mirth, — from Ebro's classic shore,
 From golden Tajo, to return no more!

Samuel Rogers.

COLUMBUS.

LONG lay the ocean-paths from man concealed;
 Light came from heaven, — the magnet was re-
 vealed,
 A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
 Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
 Alike ordained to shine by night and day,
 Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
 Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
 Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
 True as the sun is to the morning true,
 Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar
 And failing heart along the windward shore;

Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, wooed the favoring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest ;
While, free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-winged vessels coursed the unbounded deep ;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weighed the sea and land ;
The floods o'erbalanced : where the tide of light,
Day after day, rolled down the gulf of night,
There seemed one waste of waters : long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
When, sudden as creation burst from naught,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty ! While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face, of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky ;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind ;
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory rolled.

James Montgomery.

FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

WHAT did the ocean's waste supply
To soothe the mind or please the eye?
The rising morn through dim mist breaking,
The flickered east with purple streaking;
The midday cloud through thin air flying,
With deeper blue the blue sea dyeing;
Long ridgy waves their white manes rearing,
And in the broad gleam disappearing;
The broadened, blazing sun declining,
And western waves like fire-floods shining;
The sky's vast dome to darkness given,
And all the glorious host of heaven!

Full oft upon the deck, while others slept,
To mark the bearing of each well-known star
That shone aloft or on the horizon far,
The anxious chief his lonely vigil kept.
The mournful wind, the hoarse wave breaking near,
The breathing groans of sleep, the plunging lead,
The steersman's call, and his own stilly tread,
Are all the sounds of night that reach his ear.

But soon his dauntless soul, which naught could bend,
Nor hope delayed nor adverse fate subdue, —
With a more threatening danger must contend
Than storm or wave, — a fierce and angry crew!
“Dearly,” say they, “may we those visions rue
Which lured us from our native land,
A wretched, lost, devoted band.

Led on by hope's delusive gleam,
 The victim of a madman's dream!
 Nor gold shall e'er be ours, nor fame;
 Not even the remnant of a name
 On some rude-lettered stone to tell
 On what strange coast our wreck befell.
 For us no requiem shall be sung,
 Nor prayer be said, nor passing knell
 In holy church be rung."

To thoughts like these all forms give way
 Of duty to a leader's sway;
 And, as he moves, — ah! wretched cheer! —
 Their muttered curses reach his ear.
 But all undaunted, firm, and sage,
 He scorns their threats, yet thus he soothes their rage:
 "That to some nearing coast we bear,
 How many cheering signs declare!
 Wayfaring birds the blue air ranging,
 Their shadowy line to blue air changing,
 Pass o'er our heads in frequent flocks;
 While seaweed from the parent rocks,
 With fibry roots, but newly torn,
 In wreaths are on the clear wave borne.
 Nay, has not e'en the drifting current brought
 Things of rude art, by human cunning wrought?
 Be yet two days your patience tried,
 And if no shore is then descried,
 E'en turn your dastard prows again,
 And cast your leader to the main."
 And thus awhile, with steady hand,

He kept in check a wayward band,
 Who but with half-expressed disdain
 Their rebel spirit could restrain.
 So passed the day, the night, the second day,
 With its red setting sun's extinguished ray.

Dark, solemn midnight coped the ocean wide,
 When from his watchful stand Columbus cried,
 "A light, a light!" — blest sounds that rang
 In every ear. At once they sprang
 With haste aloft, and, peering bright,
 Descried afar the blessed sight.

"It moves! it slowly moves like ray
 Of torch that guides some wanderer's way!
 Lo! other lights, more distant, seeming
 As if from town or hamlet streaming!
 'Tis land, 'tis peopled land! man dwelleth there,
 And thou, O God of heaven, hast heard thy servant's
 prayer!"

Returning day gave to their view
 The distant shore and headlands blue
 Of long-sought land. Then rose on air
 Loud shouts of joy, mixed wildly strange
 With voice of weeping and of prayer,
 Expressive of their blessed change
 From death to life, from fierce to kind,
 From all that sinks to all that elevates the mind

Those who, by faithless fear ensnared,
 Had their brave chief so rudely dared,

Now, with keen self-upbraiding stung,
 With every manly feeling wrung,
 Repentant tears, looks that entreat,
 Are kneeling humbly at his feet :
 " Pardon our blinded, stubborn guilt !
 O, henceforth make us what thou wilt !
 Our hands, our hearts, our lives, are thine,
 Thou wondrous man, led on by power divine ! "

Columbus led them to the shore
 Which ship had never touched before ;
 And there he knelt upon the strand
 To thank the God of sea and land ;
 And there, with mien and look elate,
 Gave welcome to each toil-worn mate.
 And lured with courteous signs of cheer
 The dusky natives gathering near,
 Who on them gazed with wondering eyes,
 As missioned spirits from the skies.
 And there did he possession claim
 In royal Isabella's name.

Joanna Baillie.

COLUMBUS AND THE MAYFLOWER.

O LITTLE fleet ! that on thy quest divine
 Sailedst from Palos one bright autumn morn,
 Say, has old Ocean's bosom ever borne
 A freight of faith and hope to match with thine ?

Say, too, has Heaven's high favor given again
 Such consummation of desire as shone

About Columbus when he rested on
The new-found world and married it to Spain?

Answer, — thou refuge of the freeman's need, —
Thou for whose destinies no kings looked out,
Nor sages to resolve some mighty doubt, —
Thou simple Mayflower of the salt-sea mead!

When thou wert wafted to that distant shore,
Gay flowers, bright birds, rich odors met thee not;
Stern Nature hailed thee to a sterner lot, —
God gave free earth and air, and gave no more.

Thus to men cast in that heroic mould
Came empire such as Spaniard never knew,
Such empire as befits the just and true;
And at the last, almost unsought, came gold.

But He who rules both calm and stormy days
Can guard that people's heart, that nation's health,
Safe on the perilous heights of power and wealth,
As in the straitness of the ancient ways.

Lord Houghton.

THE INDIANS.

WE call them savage. Oh, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth, — 't is from the dust, —
The savage was a man!
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part?

Woman was there to bless his eye, —
 The savage had a heart!
 Think ye he prayed not? When on high
 He heard the thunders roll,
 What bade him look beyond the sky?
 The savage had a soul!

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
 Yet for the red man dare to plead.
 We bow to Heaven's recorded laws;
 He turned to Nature for a creed.
 Beneath the pillared dome
 We seek our God in prayer;
 Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
 And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
 But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
 To one divinity with us he knelt;
 Freedom — the selfsame freedom we adore —
 Bade him defend his violated shore.
 He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
 And burst upon his hills in woe;
 He saw his people withering by,
 Beneath the invader's evil eye;
 Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones;
 At midnight hour he woke to gaze
 Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
 And listen to his children's dying groans.
 He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
 Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
 To tiger-rage his soul was driven;
 Mercy was not or sought or given;

The pale man from his lands must fly, —
 He would be free or he would die.
 Alas for them! — their day is o'er,
 Their fires are out from hill and shore;
 No more for them the wild deer bounds;
 The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
 The pale man's axe rings through their woods;
 The pale man's sail skins o'er their floods;
 Their pleasant springs are dry;
 Their children, — look! by power oppressed,
 Beyond the mountains of the west
 Their children go — to die!

Charles Sprague.

OUR ABORIGINES.

I HEARD the forests as they cried
 Unto the valleys green,
 “Where is the red-browed hunter race,
 Who loved our leafy screen,
 Who humbled mid these dewy glades
 The red deer's antlered crown,
 Or soaring at his highest noon,
 Struck the strong eagle down?”

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
 Those vales, so meekly blest:
 “They reared their dwellings on our side,
 Their corn upon our breast;
 A blight came down, a blast swept by,
 The cone-roofed cabins fell;

And where that exiled people fled,
It is not ours to tell."

Niagara, of the mountains gray,
Demanded, from his throne,
And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolonged the thunder tone,
"The chieftains at our side who stood
Upon our christening day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors, where are they?"

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
"Show me once more those stately forms
Within my mirror clear";
But they replied, "Tall barks of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strong keels ride our farthest tide,
But where 's their light canoe?"

The farmer drove his ploughshare deep;
"Whose bones are these?" said he.
"I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea."
But starting sudden to his path,
A phantom seemed to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
Then raised his hand on high,

And with a hollow groan invoked
 The vengeance of the sky.
 O'er the broad realm so long his own,
 Gazed with despairing ray,
 Then on the mist that slowly curled,
 Fled mournfully away.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

IN spite of all the learned have said,
 I still my old opinion keep;
 The posture that we give the dead
 Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands, —
 The Indian, when from life released,
 Again is seated with his friends,
 And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
 And venison, for a journey dressed,
 Bespeak the nature of the soul,
 Activity that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
 And arrows, with a head of stone,
 Can only mean that life is spent,
 And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
 No fraud upon the dead commit, —

Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebab, with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

Philip Freneau.

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING
IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

— *George Berkeley.*

AMERICA.

THE name of Commonwealth is past and gone,
Over three fractions of the groaning globe: —
Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
A sceptre, and endures a purple robe:
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time;
For tyranny of late has cunning grown,
And, in its own good season, tramples down
The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeathed, — a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science, —
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic! She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebl' erag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earned with blood. Still, still, forever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river
That it should flow and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Dammed, like the dull canal, with locks and chains,

And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering: better be
 Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 Than stagnate in our marsh; or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

Lord Byron.

AMERICA.

LOOK now abroad, — another race has filled
 These populous borders, — wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads;
 Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
 Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
 Their virgin waters; the full region leads
 New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race:
 Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light
 Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
 Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
 And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
 To earth her struggling multitude of states;
 She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
 Against them, but shake off the vampire train
 That batten on her blood, and break their net.
 Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
 The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
 To rescue and raise up, draws near — but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
 But with thy children, — thy maternal care,
 Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all, —
 These are thy fetters, — seas and stormy air
 Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
 Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
 Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
 How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

William Cullen Bryant.

AMERICA.

O H, who has not heard of the Northmen of yore,
 How flew, like the sea-bird, their sails from the
 shore;
 How westward they stayed not till, breasting the brine,
 They hailed Narragansett, the land of the vine?

Then the war-songs of Rollo, his pennon and glaive,
 Were heard as they danced by the moon-lighted wave,

And their golden-haired wives bore them sons of the
 soil,
 While raged with the redskins their feud and turmoil.

And who has not seen, mid the summer's gay crowd,
 That old pillared tower of their fortalice proud,
 How it stands solid proof of the sea chieftains' reign
 Ere came with Columbus those galleys of Spain?

'T was a claim for their kindred : an earnest of sway, —
 By the stout-hearted Cabot made good in its day, —
 Of the Cross of St. George on the Chesapeake's tide,
 Where lovely Virginia arose like a bride.

Came the pilgrims with Winthrop; and, saint of the
 West,
 Came Robert of Jamestown, the brave and the blest;
 Came Smith, the bold rover, and Rolfe — with his ring,
 To wed sweet Matoäka, child of a king.

Undaunted they came, every peril to dare,
 Of tribes fiercer far than the wolf in his lair;
 Of the wild irksome woods, where in ambush they
 lay;
 Of their terror by night and their arrow by day.

And so where our capes cleave the ice of the poles,
 Where groves of the orange scent sea-coast and shoals,
 Where the froward Atlantic uplifts its last crest,
 Where the sun, when he sets, seeks the East from the
 West :

The clime that from ocean to ocean expands,
 The fields to the snow-drifts that stretch from the sands,
 The wilds they have conquered of mountain and plain,
 Those pilgrims have made them fair Freedom's domain.

And the bread of dependence if proudly they spurned,
 'T was the soul of their fathers that kindled and burned,
 'T was the blood of the Saxon within them that ran;
 They held — to be free is the birthright of man.

So oft the old lion, majestic of mane,
 Sees cubs of his cave breaking loose from his reign;
 Unmeet to be his if they braved not his eye,
 He gave them the spirit his own to defy.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

THE OLD THIRTEEN.

THE curtain rises on a hundred years, —
 A pageant of the olden time appears.
 Let the historic muse her aid supply,
 To note and name each form that passes by.
 Here come the old original Thirteen!
 Sir Walter ushers in the Virgin Queen;
 Catholic Mary follows her, whose land
 Smiles on soft Chesapeake from either strand;
 Then Georgia, with the sisters Caroline, —
 One the palmetto wears, and one the pine;
 Next, she who ascertained the rights of men
 Not by the sword but by the word of Penn, —

The friendly language hers, of "thee" and "thou";
 Then, she whose mother was a thrifty vrow, —
 Mother herself of princely children now;
 And, sitting at her feet, the sisters twain, —
 Two smaller links in the Atlantic chain,
 They, through those long dark winters, drear and dire,
 Watched with our Fabius round the bivouac fire;
 Comes the free mountain maid, in white and green;
 One guards the Charter Oak with lofty mien;
 And lo! in the plain beauty once she wore,
 The pilgrim mother from the Bay State shore;
 And last, not least, is Little Rhody seen,
 With face turned heavenward, steadfast and serene, —
 She on her anchor, Hope, leans, and will ever lean.

Charles Timothy Brooks.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals
 I Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not;
 While the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hailstones fell the plunging
 Cannon shot!
 Where the files
 Of the Isles,
 From the smoky night encampment,
 Bore the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn;
 And grummer, grummer, grummer,

Rolled the "roll" of the drummer,
Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires ;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in flames flashing redly,
 Blazed the fires ;
 As the swift
 Billows drift,
Drove the dark battle breakers
O'er the green sodded acres
 Of the plain ;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
 All amain !

Then like smiths at their forges,
Labored the red St. George's
 Cannoneers.
And the villanous saltpetre
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
 Round our ears ;
 Like the roar
 On the shore,
Rose the horse-guards' clangor,
As they rode in roaring auger
 On our flanks ;
And higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder cloud,
 And his broad sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud!
 And the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper jackets redden
 At the touch of the leaden
 Rifle's breath!
 And rounder, rounder, rounder,
 Roared the iron six-pounder,
 Hurling death!

Anonymous.

THE UNITED STATES.

SEVEN years long was the bow
 Of battle bent, and the heightening
 Storm-heaps convulsed with the throes
 Of their uncontainable lightning;
 Seven years long heard the sea
 Crash of navies and wave-borne thunder;
 Then drifted the cloud-rack a-bow,
 And new stars were seen, a world's wonder;
 Each by her sisters made bright,
 All binding all to their stations,
 Cluster of manifold light
 Startling the old constellations:
 Men looked up and grew pale:

Was it a comet or star,
 Omen of blessing or bale,
 Hung o'er the ocean afar?

Stormy the day of her birth:
 Was she not born of the strong,
 She, the last ripeness of earth,
 Beautiful, prophesied long?
 Stormy the days of her prime:
 Hers are the pulses that beat
 Higher for perils sublime,
 Making them fawn at her feet.
 Was she not born of the strong?
 Was she not born of the wise?
 Daring and counsel belong
 Of right to her confident eyes:
 Human and motherly they,
 Careless of station or race:
 Harken! her children to-day
 Shout for the joy of her face.

James Russell Lowell.

OUR COUNTRY.

ON primal rocks she wrote her name;
 Her towers were reared on holy graves;
 The golden seed that bore her came
 Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
 And open flung his sylvan doors;

Meek Rivers led the appointed guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores ;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of kings !
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty !
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee !

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found ;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound !

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons ;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs !

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spel angels hail thy cause !

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song !

Julia Ward L.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band.
Your little all to see you lay,
Each, in the waiting seaman's hand!

Ye men, who from your necks set down
The heavy basket, on the earth,
Of bread from German corn, baked brown
By German wives, on German hearth!

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
These pails and pitchers filled for you:
On far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew:—

The stone-rimmed fount in village street,
That, as ye stooped, betrayed your smiles;
The hearth and its familiar seat;
The mantel and the pictured tiles.

Soon, in the far and wooded West,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon many a tired and tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
 Faint with the hot and dusty chase ;
 No more from German vintage ye
 Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

Oh, say, why seek ye other lands ?
 The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn ;
 Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands ;
 In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah ! in strange forests how ye 'll yearn
 For the green mountains of your home,
 To Deutschland's yellow wheatfields turn,
 In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam !

How will the form of days grown pale
 In golden dreams float softly by !
 Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
 'T will stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls ! go hence in peace !
 God bless ye, man and wife and sire !
 Bless all your fields with rich increase,
 And crown each true heart's pure desire !

Ferdinand Freiligrath. Tr. C. T. Brooks

THE NATION'S DEAD.

FOUR hundred thousand men,
 The brave, the good, the true,
 In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
 On battle plain, in prison pen,

Lie dead for me and you !
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you !
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you !
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you !
Good friend, for me and you !

Up many a fortress wall
They charged, — those boys in blue, —
Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall !
To fall for me and you !

Those noble men, — the Nation's pride, —
 Four hundred thousand men have died,
 For me and you!
 Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold
 Their martyr spirits grew
 To stature like the saints of old,
 While, amid agonies untold,
 They starved for me and you!
 The good, the patient, and the tried,
 Four hundred thousand men have died,
 For me and you!
 Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
 To them is justly due,
 And to the Nation's latest day
 Our children's children still shall say,
 "They died for me and you!"
 Four hundred thousand of the brave
 Made this our ransomed soil their grave,
 For me and you!
 Good friend, for me and you!

Anonymous.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



NEW ENGLAND.

INTRODUCTORY.

MAINE.

FAR in the sunset's mellow glory,
Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom,
Fringed by ocean's foamy surges,
Belted in by woods of gloom,
Stretch thy soft, luxuriant borders,
Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,
Flower-enamelled, ocean-girdled,
Green bright shores of Maine.

Rivers of surpassing beauty
From thy hemlock woodlands flow,—
Androscoggin and Penobscot,
Saco, chilled by northern snow;
These from many a lowly valley
Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,
Sparkling from their ice-cold tributes
To the surges of thy shore.

Bays resplendent as the heaven,
 Starred and gemmed by thousand isles,
 Gird thee, — Casco with its islets,
 Quoddy with its dimpled smiles ;
 O'er them swift the fisher's shallop
 And tall ships their wings expand,
 While the smoke-flag of the steamer
 Flaunteth out its cloudy streamer,
 Bound unto a foreign strand.

Bright from many a rocky headland,
 Fringed by sands that shine like gold,
 Gleams the lighthouse white and lonely,
 Grim as some baronial hold.
 Bright by many an ocean valley
 Shaded hut and village shine ;
 Roof and steeple, weather-beaten,
 Stained by ocean's breath of brine.

Isaac McLellan.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1845.

GOD bless New Hampshire! — from her granite peaks
 Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
 The long-bound vassal of the exulting South
 For very shame her self-forged chain has broken, —
 Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
 And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
 O all undreamed-of, all unhopèd-for changes! —
 The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe ;

To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,
New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!

Who is it now despairs? O faint of heart,
Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,
Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
And gather strength to bear a manlier part!
All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing
Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,
Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right!
Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be firm, be true:
What one brave state hath done, can ye not also do?

John Greenleaf Whittier.

VERMONT.

BUT what to us are centuries dead,
And rolling years forever fled,
Compared with thee, O grand and fair
Vermont,—our goddess mother?
Strong with the strength of thy verdant hills,
Fresh with the freshness of mountain rills,
Pure as the breath of the fragrant pine,
Glad with the gladness of youth divine,
Serenely thou sittest throned to-day
Where the free winds that round thee play
Rejoice in thy wave of sun-bright hair,
O thou, our glorious mother!
Rejoice in thy beautiful strength and say,
Earth holds not such another!

Thou art not old with thy hundred years,
Nor worn with care, or toil, or tears,
But all the glow of the summer time
Is thine to-day in thy glorious prime!
Thy brow is fair as the winter snows,
With a stately calm in its still repose;
While the breath of the rose the wild bee sips,
Half mad with joy, cannot eclipse
The marvellous sweetness of thy lips;
And the deepest blue of the laughing skies
Hides in the depths of thy fearless eyes,
Gazing afar over land and sea
Wherever thy wandering children be!

Fold on fold,

Over thy form of grandest mould,
Floweth thy robe of forest green,
Now light, now dark, in its emerald sheen.
Its broidered hem is of wild-flowers rare,
With feathery fern-fronds light as air
Fringing its borders. In thy hair
Sprays of the pink arbutus twine,
And the curling rings of the wild grape-vine.
Thy girdle is woven of silver streams;
Its clasp with the opaline lustre gleams
Of a lake asleep in the sunset beams;

And, half concealing

And half revealing,

Floats over all a veil of mist
Pale tinted with rose and amethyst!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
 While near her school the church-spire stands;
 Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
 While near her church-spire stands the school.

John Greenleaf Whittier

RHODE ISLAND.

FROM that far island in the midland sea,
 Where Rhodian art wrought out the world's surprise,
 Did our own Eden island's name arise,
 And then, at last, the State's it grew to be.

Loved of all generous souls her Founder's name;
 And forth from her what stalwart men have sprung!
 Gallant in battle, eloquent of tongue,
 Philanthropist and soldier give her fame.

Of seven and thirty, this the smallest State,
 And yet how powerful and how populous!
 Where will and deed, like hers, are valorous,
 To narrow bounds is set how large a fate!

No steadier brilliance has been thrown afar
 Throughout our history's every darkest night
 Than hers, — how lustrous and how wide her light,
 Though of the Nation's cluster, smallest star!

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

CONNECTICUT.

AND still her gray rocks tower above the sea
 That murmurs at their feet, a conquered wave :
 'Tis a rough land of earth and stone and tree,
 Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave ;
 Where thoughts and tongues and hands are bold and
 free,
 And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave ;
 And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
 Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
 A "fierce democracie," where all are true
 To what themselves have voted — right or wrong —
 And to their laws, denominated blue
 (If red, they might to Draco's code belong) ;
 A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
 Nor promise win, — like her own eagle's nest,
 Sacred, — the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
 They bow to, but may turn him out next year :
 They reverence their priest, but, disagreeing
 In price or creed, dismiss him without fear :
 They have a natural talent for foreseeing
 And knowing all things ; and should Park appear
 From his long tour in Africa, to show
 The Niger's source, they 'd meet him with — We know.

They love their land, because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty;
 A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
 Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:
 All — but a few apostates, who are meddling
 With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and ped-
 dling.

* * *

Hers is not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
 Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
 The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
 Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
 Of Florence and the Arno; yet the wing
 Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
 Through sun and snow, and in the autumn time
 Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon, — the mist that
 shrouds

Her twilight hills, — her cool and starry eyes,
 The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
 The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
 Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
 Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
 And his mind's brightest vision but displays
 The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love,
 Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;

The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove;
 The mother, smiling in her infant's bower;
 Forms, features, worshipped while we breathe or move,
 Be, by some spirit of your dreaming hour,
 Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
 To the green land I sing, then wake; you'll find
 them there.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE SNOW-STORM.

A NNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields;
 Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake or tree or door;
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,

Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
 A tapering turret overtops the work.
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

SNOW-BOUND.

THE sun that brief December day
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon
 A sadder light than waning moon.
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,
 A portent seeming less than threat,
 It sank from sight before it set.
 A chill no coat, however stout,
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
 The coming of the snow-storm told.
 The wind blew east; we heard the roar
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
 And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows ;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn ;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows,
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow ;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,

We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

OLD neighbor, for how many a year
The same horizon, stretching here,
Has held us in its happy bound
From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!
How many a wave-washed day we've seen
Above that low horizon lean,
And marked within the Merrimack
The selfsame sunset reddening back,

Or in the Powow's shining stream,
That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody gloom
Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom;
Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow length,
With the great breakers measure strength;
Where Artichoke in shadow slides,
The lily on her painted tides, —
There's naught in the enchanted view
That does not seem a part of you:
Your legends hang on every hill,
Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours
Are all the mighty meadow floors
Where the long Hampton levels lie
Alone between the sea and sky.
Sweeter in Follymill shall blow
The Mayflowers, that you loved them so;
Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines
Toss to their measure in your lines;
And purpler gleam old Appledore,
Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to meet
The storms that fawn about her feet,
The summer evening linger late
In many-rivered Stackyard-Gate,
When we, when all your people here,
Have fled. But, like the atmosphere,

You still the region shall surround,
The spirit of the sacred ground,
Though you have risen, as mounts the star,
Into horizons vaster far!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.



NEW ENGLAND.



Abington, Mass.

THE OLD MILL.

BESIDE the stream the grist-mill stands,
With bending roof and leaning wall;
So old, that when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles lest it fall:
And yet it baffles wind and rain,
Our brave old Mill! and will again.

Its dam is steep, and hung with weeds:
The gates are up, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery round,
The lowest step forevermore.
Methinks they fume, and chafe with ire,
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn to night in autumn time,
When harvests fill the neighboring plains,
Up to the mill the farmers drive,
And back anon with loaded wains:

And when the children come from school
They stop, and watch its foamy pool.

The mill inside is small and dark ;
 But peeping in the open door
You see the miller flitting round,
 The dusty bags along the floor,
The whirling shaft, the clattering spout,
And the yellow meal a-pouring out !

All day the meal is floating there,
 Rising and falling in the breeze ;
And when the sunlight strikes its mist
 It glitters like a swarm of bees :
Or like the cloud of smoke and light
Above a blacksmith's forge at night.

I love our pleasant, quaint old Mill,
 It still recalls my boyish prime ;
'T is changed since then, and so am I,
 We both have known the touch of time :
The mill is crumbling in decay,
And I — my hair is early gray.

I stand beside the stream of Life,
 And watch the current sweep along :
And when the flood-gates of my heart
 Are raised it turns the wheel of Song :
But scant, as yet, the harvest brought
From out the golden fields of Thought !

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Andover, Mass.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

MY cheek was bare of adolescent down
 When first I sought the Academic town:
 Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
 Big with its filial and parental load;
 The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
 The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.
 I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
 The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,
 The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
 The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
 The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
 The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
 Two, creased with age, — or what I then called age, —
 Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
 One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
 As the first snow-drop which the sunbeams greet;
 One the last nursling's; slight she was, and fair,
 Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn hair.

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Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
 To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
 How like a dagger to my sinking heart
 Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
 "Good-by!" "Goo-ood-by!" one fond maternal kiss,
 Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?

Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
 From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —
 Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
 And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

* * *

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
 A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
 Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
 "Youth is life's seed-time"; so the clock-face said;
 Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —
 Sowed — their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed

How all comes back! the upward slanting floor, —
 The masters' thrones that flank the central door, —
 The long, outstretching alleys that divide
 The rows of desks that stand on either side, —
 The staring boys, a face to every desk,
 Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
 Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;
 Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
 His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
 Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
 That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;
 Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
 At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state
 On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight;
 Around his lips the subtle life that plays
 Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase;
 A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
 Pleasant when pleased; rough-handled, not so safe;

Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
But to forgive him. God forgive us all!

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name
Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim;
His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book;
A loving soul to every task he brought
That sweetly mingled with the lore he taught;
Sprung from a saintly race that never could
From youth to age be anything but good,
His few brief years in holiest labors spent,
Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.
Kindest of teachers, studious to divine
Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
These faint and faltering words thou canst not hear
Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.

As to the traveller's eye the varied plain
Shows through the window of the flying train,
A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,
A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows
Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose,
All strangely blended in a hurried glean.
Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hillside, stream,—
So, as we look behind us, life appears,
Seen through the vista of our bygone years.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Arlington, Mass.

MENOTOMY LAKE (SPY POND).

THERE'S nothing so sweet as a morning in May,
 And few things so fair as the gleam of glad water;
 Spring leaps from the brow of old Winter to-day,
 Full-formed, like the fabled Olympian's daughter.

A breath out of heaven came down in the night,
 Dispelling the gloom of the sullen northeasters;
 The air is all balm, and the lake is as bright
 As some bird in brave plumage that ripples and
 glisters.

The enchantment is broken which bound her so long,
 And Beauty, that slumbered, awakes and remembers;
 Love bursts into being, joy breaks into song,
 In a glory of blossoms life flames from its embers.

I row by steep woodlands, I rest on my oars
 Under banks deep-embroidered with grass and young
 clover;
 Far round, in and out, wind the beautiful shores,—
 The lake in the midst, with the blue heavens over.

The world in its mirror hangs dreamily bright;
 The patriarch clouds in curled raiment, that lazily
 Lift their bare foreheads in dazzling white light,
 In that deep under-sky glimmer softly and hazily.

Far over the trees, or in glimpses between,
 Peer the steeples and half-hidden roofs of the village.
 Here lie the broad slopes in their loveliest green;
 There, crested with orchards or checkered with tillage.

There the pines, tall and black, in the blue morning air;
 The warehouse of ice, a vast windowless castle;
 The ash and the sycamore, shadeless and bare;
 The elm-boughs in blossom, the willows in tassel.

In golden effulgence of leafage and blooms,
 Far along, overleaning, the sunshiny willows
 Advance like a surge from the grove's deeper glooms, —
 The first breaking swell of the summer's green billows.

Scarcely a tint upon hornbeam or sumach appears,
 The arrowhead tarries, the lily still lingers;
 But the cat-tails are piercing the wave with their spears,
 And the fern is unfolding its infantile fingers.

Down through the dark evergreens slants the mild light.
 I know every cove, every moist indentation,
 Where mosses and violets ever invite
 To some still unexperienced, fresh exploration.

The mud-turtle, sunning his shield on a log,
 Slides off with a splash as my paddle approaches;
 Beside the green island I silence the frog,
 In warm, sunny shallows I startle the roaches.

I glide under branches where rank above rank
 From the lake grow the trees, bending over its bosom;

Or lie in my boat on some flower-starred bank,
And drink in delight from each bird-song and blossom.

Above me the robins are building their nest;
The finches are here, — singing throats by the dozen;
The catbird, complaining, or mocking the rest;
The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin.

With rapture I watch, as I loiter beneath,
The small silken tufts on the boughs of the beeches,
Each leaf-cluster parting its delicate sheath,
As it gropingly, yearningly opens and reaches;

Like soft-wingéd things coming forth from their shrouds.
The bees have forsaken the maples' red flowers
And gone to the willows, whose luminous clouds
Drop incense and gold in impalpable showers.

The bee-peopled odorous boughs overhead,
With fragrance and murmur the senses delighting;
The lake-side, gold-laced with the pollen they shed
At the touch of a breeze or a small bird alighting;

The myriad tremulous pendants that stream
From the hair of the birches, — O group of slim graces,
That see in the water your silver limbs gleam,
And lean undismayed over infinite spaces! —

The bold dandelions embossing the grass;
On upland and terrae the fruit-gardens blooming;
The wavering, winged, happy creatures that pass, —
White butterflies flitting, and bumblebees booming;

The boat is as full as a boat should be,
 Just nobody in it but you and me.
 As brown as the leaves are her beautiful eyes,
 And as graceful her hand on the water lies
 As she catches the leaves which languid float
 On the lazy current along the boat.
 Now she asks its name as she tears one apart —
 “Fair lady, that is a ‘floating heart.’”

Sad wrecks of years have drifted down
 In the dreamless ocean to sink and drown,
 Since the beautiful eyes saw that lovely night
 And haloed the river with visions bright;
 But the floating heart that was caught that day
 Has never been able to get away.

George Bradford Bartlett.

Bearcamp, the River, N. H.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
 Of hills, the river runs,
 As down its long, green valleys falls
 The last of summer's suns.
 Along its tawny gravel-bed,
 Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
 As if its meadow levels felt
 The hurry of the hill,

Noiseless between its banks of green,
From curve to curve it slips :
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown ;
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew ;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain-cradle shows, —
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain-wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old !
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist ; the rock
Is softer than the cloud ;
The valley holds its breath ; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled ;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
 Of mystery is this :
 You miracle-play of night and day
 Makes dumb its witnesses.
 What unseen altar crowns the hills
 That reach up stair on stair ?
 What eyes look through, what white wings fan
 These purple veils of air ?
 What Presence from the heavenly heights
 To those of earth stoops down ?
 Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
 On Ida's snowy crown !

Slow fades the vision of the sky ;
 The golden water pales ;
 And over all the valley-land
 A gray-winged vapor sails.
 I go the common way of all :
 The sunset-fires will burn,
 The flowers will blow, the river flow,
 When I no more return.
 No whisper from the mountain-pine
 Nor lapsing stream shall tell
 The stranger, treading where I tread,
 Of him who loved them well.

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John Greenleaf Whittier.

Bethlehem, N. H.

MOUNT AGASSIZ.

BEFORE this mountain bore his well-loved name
 Whose greatness runs through both the hemispheres,
 Whose life-work, after death, but swells his fame,
 Whose sudden loss set Science' self in tears, —
 I stood upon it; now if I were there
 Among the flocking thoughts would this one braid. —
 Mount Agassiz! It must have known such prayer
 As rose at Penikese where once he stood
 Pleading with Heaven, yet uttering not a word,
 Leading the face and spirit of that throng
 On through an awe-hinged gate, that swung unheard,
 Into His presence where all souls belong: —
 So doubtless, here, with noisy words unshed,
 Went Prayer in Horeb silence unto God.

Charlotte Fiske Bates

Beverly, Mass.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
 Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
 Faded, wrinkled,
 Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.

Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
 When the bloom was on the tree :
 Spring and winter,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
 Passing nod or answer will refuse
 To her whisper,
 "Is there from the fishers any news?"
 Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
 On an endless voyage gone!
 Night and morning,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
 Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos :
 Hale and clever,
 For a willing heart and hand he sues.
 May-day skies are all aglow,
 And the waves are laughing so!
 For her wedding
 Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing :
 Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos.
 Hannah shudders,
 For the mild southwester mischief brews.
 Round the rocks of Marblehead,
 Outward bound, a schooner sped :
 Silent, lonesome,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'T is November,
 Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
 From Newfoundland
 Not a sail returning will she lose,
 Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
 Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
 Old with watching,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
 Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
 Twenty seasons:—
 Never one has brought her any news.
 Still her dim eyes silently
 Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
 Hopeless, faithful,
 Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom

SKIPPER BEN.

SAILING away!
 Losing the breath of the shores in May,
 Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
 Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
 And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
 For a vision comes on the rising wind,
 Of a gentle face, that he leaves behind,
 And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,
 Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light
 Fixed on the dangerous island height,
 That bars the harbor he loves from sight.
 And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
 Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
 To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
 With a wakeful night among spectres grim, —
 Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!

Here's the Bank where the fishermen go.
 Over the schooner's sides they throw
 Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
 And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
 When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
 Something that stirs like his apple-trees;
 And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
 Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
 "Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
 Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
 And each man worked with the will of ten;
 While up in the rigging, now and then,
 The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
 Turned to the black horizon's rim,
 Scowling on him.

Into his brain

Barned with the iron of hopeless pain,

Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
 Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!
 Never again shall he walk at ease,
 Under his blossoming apple-trees,
 That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
 While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
 Gazing with him.

How they went down
 Never was known in the still old town.
 Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
 With the look of despair that was half a frown,
 Faced his fate in the furious night, —
 Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
 Just within hail of the beacon-light
 That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
 Waiting for him.

Beverly bolls,
 Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
 His was the anguish a moment tells, —
 The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
 But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
 Is left for the desolate heart to know,
 Whose tides with the dull years come and go
 Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
 Thinking of him.

Lucey Larcom.

THE LIGHT HOUSES.

BAKER'S ISLAND.

TWO pale sisters, all alone,
On an island bleak and bare,
Listening to the breakers' moan,
Shivering in the chilly air;
Looking inland towards a hill,
On whose top one aged tree
Wrestles with the storm-wind's will,
Rushing, wrathful, from the sea.

Two dim ghosts at dusk they seem,
Side by side, so white and tall,
Sending one long, hopeless gleam
Down the horizon's darkened wall.
Spectres, strayed from plank or spar,
With a tale none lives to tell,
Gazing at the town afar,
Where unconscious widows dwell.

Two white angels of the sea,
Guiding wave-worn wanderers home;
Sentinels of hope they be,
Drenched with sleet, and dashed with foam,
Standing there in loneliness,
Fireside joys for men to keep;
Through the midnight slumberless
That the quiet shore may sleep.

Two bright eyes awake all night
 To the fierce moods of the sea;
 Eyes that only close when light
 Dawns on lonely hill and tree.
 O kind watchers! teach us, too,
 Steadfast courage, sufferance long!
 Where an eye is turned to you,
 Should a human heart grow strong.

Lucy Larcom.

BEVERLY SHORE IN WINTER.

THE bittern lies,
 In lazy flight,
 Where star-shine lies
 O'er moorlands white,
 And shakes new fear from ghostly night.

The reeds hang stiff
 By many a stream,
 The sailing skiff
 Sails like a dream,
 And prayers go up beneath the gleam.

Rude falls the wave
 On shingle cold,
 And foam-beads lave
 The forests old,
 And break and die on their dark mould,

In pools like stone,
 So still and bright,

The stork alone,
As an anchorite,
Tells to himself his dreary rite.

No cloud is strewn
O'er the frozen sky;
To a spirit tune
Their lullaby
The oaks around chant dismally.

Not a living man
Moves on the moor;
No soul that can
Opes now the door,
But silent fear haunts the wild shore.

Bad spirits sail
On the cloudy rack,
The dark turns pale
In their blasting track,
Where they touch the frost is sooty black.

The marsh grass thin
Slivers in fear,
Thistle-downs spin
From the thistle sere,
And shadows race o'er the levels drear.

Like silver shines
Each sea-shell worn.
The ridged sand-lines
By surges torn
Seem faery ramparts left and lorn.

A star down drops
 From the sea on high,
 Past the forest tops
 To the lower sky,
 Like a tear from a suffering angel's eye.

Iceicles hoar
 Split and descend;
 On the freezing shore
 The frost kings rend
 Their sheeny jewelry evermore.

Thomas Gold Appleton.

Birch Stream, Me.

BIRCH STREAM.

AT noon, within the dusty town,
 Where the wild river rushes down,
 And thunders hoarsely all day long,
 I think of thee, my hermit stream,
 Low singing in thy summer dream,
 Thine idle, sweet, old, tranquil song.

Northward, Katahdin's chastred pile
 Looms through thy low, long, leafy aisle;
 Eastward, Olamon's summit shines;
 And I upon thy grassy shore,
 The dreamful, happy child of yore,
 Worship before mine olden shrines.

Again the sultry noontide hush
Is sweetly broken by the thrush,
Whose clear bell rings and dies away
Beside thy banks, in coverts deep,
Where nodding buds of orchis sleep
In dusk, and dream not it is day.

Again the wild cow-lily floats
Her golden-freighted, tented boats,
In thy cool coves of softened gloom,
O'ershadowed by the whispering reed,
And purple plumes of pickerel-weed,
And meadow-sweet in tangled bloom.

The startled minnows dart in flocks
Beneath thy glimmering amber rocks,
If but a zephyr stirs the brake ;
The silent swallow swoops, a flash
Of light, and leaves, with dainty splash,
A ring of ripples in her wake.

Without, the land is hot and dim ;
The level fields in languor swim,
Their stubble-grasses brown as dust ;
And all along the upland lanes,
Where shadeless noon oppressive reigns,
Dead roses wear their crowns of rust.

Within, is neither blight nor death,
The fierce sun woos with ardent breath,
But cannot win thy sylvan heart.
Only the child who loves thee long,

With faithful worship pure and strong,
Can know how dear and sweet thou art.

So loved I thee in days gone by,
So love I yet, though leagues may lie
Between us, and the years divide; —
A breath of coolness, dawn, and dew, —
A joy forever fresh and true,
Thy memory doth with me abide.

Ana Boynton Averill.



Block Island (Manisees), R. I.

THE ISLAND.

THE island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her hour,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
 The brook comes tinkling down its side;
 From out the trees the sabbath bell
 Rings cheerful, far and wide,
 Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
 That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
 In former days within the vale;
 Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
 Curses were on the gale;
 Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
 Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

Richard Henry Dana.

THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
 Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
 Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
 With never a tree for Spring to waken,
 For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
 Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
 Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
 The coast lights up on its turret old,
 Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fount,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and shouting low,
Whitening and darkening the small souls show, —

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air,

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shudder to foam more white!

There, circling over their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine, —

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White upturned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
“The sea and the rocks are dumb,” they said:
“There ’ll be no reckoning with the dead.”

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient knees,
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
"It is known to us all," they quietly say;
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Munfauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
 Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
 Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
 Reef their sails when they see the sign
 Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Blue Mountains, Me.

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN-RANGE.

THEY beckon from their sunset domes afar,
 Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills:
 Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;
 And the anointing radiance heaven distils
 On their high brows, the air with glory fills.
 The portals of the west are opened wide;
 And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills,
 All thoughts, a reverent throng, to worship glide.
 The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
 The mysteries of Light, — an open book
 Of Revelation: see, its leaves unfold
 With crimson borderings, and lines of gold!
 Where the rapt reader, though soul-deep his look,
 Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.

Lucy Larcom.

THE PRESENCE.

THE mountain statelier lifts his blue-veiled head,
 While, drawing near, we meet him face to face
 Here, as on holy ground, we softly tread;
 Yet, with a tender and paternal grace,
 He gives the wild-flowers in his lap a place:
 They climb his sides, as fuddled infants might,
 And wind around him, in a light embrace,
 Their summer drapery, pink and clinging white.
 Great hearts have largest room to bless the small;
 Strong natures give the weaker home and rest:
 So Christ took little children to his breast,
 And, with a reverence more profound, we fall
 In the majestic presence that can give
 Truth's simplest message: "T is by love ye live."

Larry Larcoux

Boone Island, Me.

THE WATCH OF BOONE ISLAND.

TILEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea:
 Its moaning seemed but singing. "Will thou
 dare,"
 He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
 "What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall lighthouse, like a ghostly sign ;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild ;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the lighthouse sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
“Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!”

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
“Shine far and through the dark, sweet light,” they
cried ;
“Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love, — wife, mother, sister, bride !”

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray ;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone ;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee

All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
 Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea;

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
 But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
 And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
 The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
 Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
 While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
 And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
 Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
 What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
 Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
 And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
 For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love—
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
 Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
 For pity ready, search in vain the night,
 And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
 "Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
 They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
 A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
 But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
 With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
 She turned, and backward gazed across the bay, —
 Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

Celia Thaxter.



Boston, Mass.

THE HARBOR.

SCATTERED within the peaceful bay
 Many a fair isle and islet lay,
 And rocks and banks which threatened there
 No peril to the mariner.
 The shores which bent around were gay
 With maizals, and with pastures green,
 And rails and hedge-row trees between,
 And fields for harvest white,
 And dwellings sprinkled up and down;

And round about the clustered town,
 Which rose in sunshine bright,
 Was many a sheltered garden spot,
 And many a sunny orchard plot,
 And bowers which might invite
 The studious man to take his seat
 Within their quiet, cool retreat,
 When noon was at its height.
 No heart that was at ease, I wot,
 Could gaze on that surrounding scene
 Without a calm delight.

Robert Southey.

BOSTON.

THE rocky nook with hill-tops three
 Looked eastward from the farms,
 And twice each day the flowing sea
 Took Boston in its arms;
 The men of yore were stout and poor,
 And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent
 They did what freemen can,
 Their dutiless ways did all men praise.
 The merchant was a man
 The world was made for honest trade,
 To plant and eat he none afraid.

The waves that rocked them on the deep
 To them their secret told:

Said the winds that sung the lads to sleep,
 "Like us be free and bold!"
 The honest waves refuse to slaves
 The empire of the ocean caves.

Old Europe groans with palaces,
 Has lords enough and more;—
 We plant and build by foaming seas
 A city of the poor;—
 For day by day could Boston Bay
 Their honest labor overpay.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
 We hold like rights and shall;—
 Equal on Sunday in the pew,
 On Monday in the mall.
 For what avail the plough or sail,
 Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The noble craftsman we promote,
 Disown the knave and fool;
 Each honest man shall have his vote,
 Each child shall have his school.
 A union then of honest men,
 Or union nevermore again.

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Ralph Waldo Emerson

CALEF IN BOSTON.

1692.

IN the solemn days of old,
Two men met in Boston town,
One a tradesman frank and bold,
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone, —
“Poisoner of the wells of truth!
Satan’s hireling, thou hast sown
With his tares the heart of youth!”

Spake the simple tradesman then, —
“God be judge ’twixt thou and I;
All thou knowest of truth hath been
Unto men like thee a lie.

“Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

“God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

“Of your spectral puppet play
I have traced the cunning wires;
Come what will, I needs must say,
God is true, and ye are liars.”

When the thought of man is free,
 Error fears its lightest tones ;
 So the priest cried, " Sadducee !"
 And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
 Side by side the twain now lie, —
 One with humble grassy mound,
 One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed
 Which that tradesman scattered then,
 And the preacher's spectral creed
 Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
 Perfect love which casts out fear,
 While the other's joys atone
 For the wrong he suffered here.

John Greenleaf Whittier

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
 Sailed from the port of Brest,
 And the Admiral's ship displayed
 The signal: "Steer southwest."
 For this Admiral D'Anville
 Had sworn by cross and crown

To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,

And I cried: "Stand still, and see
 The salvation of the Lord!"
 The heavens were black with cloud,
 The sea was white with hail,
 And ever more fierce and loud
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
 And the broad sails in the van
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,
 Or the curtains of Midian.
 Down on the reeling decks
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
 Ah, never were there wrecks
 So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
 The great ships of the line;
 They were carried away as a smoke,
 Or sank like lead in the brine.
 O Lord! before thy path
 They vanished and ceased to be,
 When thou didst walk in wrath
 With thine horses through the sea!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,
 A wonder and a sign,
 With a look the old-time sibyls wore,
 Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,
 Unclothed as the primal mother,
 With limbs that trembled, and eyes that blazed
 With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulder fell her hair,
 With sprinkled ashes gray;
 She stood in the broad aisle, strange and weird
 As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,
 And the people held their breath,
 For these were the words the maiden said
 Through lips as pale as death: —

“Thus saith the Lord: ‘With equal feet
 All men my courts shall tread,
 And priest and ruler no more shall eat
 My people up like bread!’

“Repent, repent! — ere the Lord shall speak
 In thunder, and breaking seals!
 Let all souls worship him in the way
 His light within reveals!”

She shook the dust from her naked feet,
 And her sackcloth closely drew,
 And into the porch of the awe-hushed church
 She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart;
 (Small blame to the angry town!)

But the words she uttered that day nor fire
 Could burn nor water drown.

For now the aisles of the ancient church
 By equal feet are trod;
 And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
 Freedom to worship God!

And now, whenever a wrong is done,
 It thrills the conscious walls;
 The stone from the basement cries aloud,
 And the beam from the timber calls!

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
 And pulpits that bless and ban;
 And the Lord will not grudge the single church
 That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law
 And the prophets under the sun;
 And the first is last, and the last is first,
 And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,
 And her bay-tides rise and fall,
 Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church,
 And plead for the rights of all!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell
 The nest of a pigeon is buided well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,

Out and in with the morning air;
 I love to see him track the street
 With his wary eye and active feet,
 And I often watch him as he springs,
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,
 And the belfry edge is gained at last,
 'T is a bird I love, with its larynxing note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel,—
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,—
 Chime or the hour or funeral knell,—
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
 When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
 When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
 When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
 When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
 Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
 • Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
 He broods on his folded feet unsfired,
 Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
 He takes the time to smooth his breast,
 Then drops again with closed eyes,
 And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
 A hermit in the crowd like thee!

With wings to fly to wood and glen :
 Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
 And daily, with unwilling feet,
 I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;
 But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
 Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar,
 Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
 Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast
 And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
 I could my weary heart unfold,
 And, while the world throngs on beneath,
 Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;
 And only sad with others' sadness,
 And only glad with others' gladness,
 Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
 And, lapt in quiet, bide my time.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

MARY CHILSON.

FAIR beams that kiss the sparkling bay,
 Rest warmest o'er her tranquil sleep ;
 Sweet exile ! love enticed away, —
 The first on Plymouth Rock to leap !
 Among the timid flock she stood,
 Rare figure near the May-Flower's prow,
 With heart of Christian fortitude,
 And light heroic on her brow !

O ye who round King's Chapel stray,
 Forget the turmoil of the street;
 Though loftier names are round her, lay
 A wreath of flowers at Mary's feet!
 Though gallant Winslows slumber here,
 Even worthy Lady Andros too,
 Her memory is still as dear,
 And poets' praise to Mary due.

* * *

George Bancroft Griffith.

CHRIST CHURCH.

GRAY spire, that from the ancient street
 The eyes of reverent pilgrims greet,
 As by thy bells their steps are led,
 Thou liftest up thy voice to-day,
 Silvery and sweet, yet strong as aye,
 Above the living and the dead.

Beneath thy tower, how vast the throng
 That moved through porch and aisle along
 The holy fane, the galleried height;
 As years came in, and years went out,
 With sob of woe, or joyful shout;
 With requiem rest, or anthem bright.

Old faces haunt the ancient pew,
 And in the organ loft renew

The sacred strain of earlier times,
 When knight and dame in worship bent,
 And from their lips the homage sent
 That mingled with the answering chimes.

And here the patriot hung his light,
 Which shone through all that anxious night,
 To eager eyes of Paul Revere.
 There, in the dark churchyard below,
 The dead Past wakened not, to know
 How changed the world, that night of fear.

The angels on thy gallery soar,
 The Saviour's face thine altar o'er
 Is there, as in the elder day.
 The royal silver yet doth shine,
 And holds the pledge of love divine,
 That cannot change, nor pass away.

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Edwin B. Russell.

BOSTON COMMON.—THREE PICTURES.

1630.

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,
 And straggling clumps of tangled trees,
 With trunks that lean and boughs that turn,
 Bent eastward by the mastering breeze,—
 With spongy bogs that drip and fill
 A yellow pond with muddy rain,
 Beneath the shaggy southern hill
 Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.

And hark! the trodden branches crack;
 A crow flaps off with startled scream;
 A straying woodchuck enters back;
 A bittern rises from the stream;
 Leaps from his lair a frightened deer;
 An otter plunges in the pool;—
 Here comes old Shavenul's pioneer,
 The parson on his bridled bull!

1774

THE streets are thronged with trampling feet,
 The northern hill is ridged with graves,
 But night and morn the drum is beat
 To frighten down the "rebel knives."
 The stones of King Street still are red,
 And yet the bloody red coats come;
 I hear their piling scuttry's tread,
 The click of steel, the tap of drum,
 And over all the open green,
 Where grazed of late the harmless king,
 The cannon's deepening roars are seen,
 The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.
 The clouds are dark with crimson rain
 Above the numerous hirelings' den,
 And soon their whistling showers shall stain
 The pipe-clayed bolts of Gage's men.

1807.

AROUND the green, in morning light,
 The spired and palaced summits blaze;

And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height
 The dome-crowned city spreads her rays ;
 They span the waves, they belt the plains,
 They skirt the roads with bands of white,
 Till with a flash of gilded panes
 You farthest hillside bounds the sight.
 Peace, Freedom, Wealth ! no fairer view,
 Though with the wild-bird's restless wings
 We sailed beneath the noontide's blue
 Or chased the moonlight's endless rings !
 Here, fitly raised by grateful hands
 His holiest memory to recall,
 The Hero's, Patriot's image stands ;
 He led our sires who won them all !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TRI MOUNTAIN.

THROUGH Time's dim atmosphere, behold
 Those ancient hills again,
 Rising to Fancy's eager view
 In solitude, as when
 Beneath the summer firmament,
 So silently of yore,
 The shadow of each passing cloud
 Their rugged bosoms bore !

 They sloped in pathless grandeur then
 Down to the murmuring sea,
 And rose upon the woodland plain
 In lonely majesty.

The breeze, at mountain, whispered soft
Their emerald knolls among,
And midnight's wind, amid their heights,
Its wildest dirges sung.

As on their brow the forest-king
Paused in his weary way,
From far below his quick ear caught
The moaning of the lay;
The dry leaves, fanned by autumn's breath,
Along their ridges crept;
And snow-wreaths, like storm-whitened waves,
Around them ruddily swept.

For ages, o'er their swelling sides,
Grew the wild flowery of spring,
And stars anidid down, and dew-founts poured
Their gentle offering
The moonbeams played upon their peaks,
And at their feet the tide;
And thus, like altar-mounts, they stood,
By nature sanctified.

Now, when to mark their beacon-forms
The seaman turns his gaze,
It quails, as reef and spar and dome
Flash in the sun's bright rays.
On these wild hills a thousand houses
Are reared in proud array,
And argosies float safely o'er
That lone and ill-governed bay.

Those shadowy mounds, so long untrod,
 By countless feet are pressed ;
 And hosts of loved ones meekly sleep
 Below their teeming breast.
 A world's unnumbered voices float
 Within their narrow bound ;
 Love's gentle tone, and traffic's hum,
 And music's thrilling sound.

There Liberty first found a tongue
 Beneath New England's sky,
 And there her earliest martyrs stood,
 And nerved themselves to die.
 And long upon these ancient hills,
 By glory's light enshrined,
 May rise the dwellings of the free,
 The city of the mind.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman.

CHURCH BELLS.

THE churches referred to in these lines are King's Chapel ; the Old South ; Park Street Church ; Christ Church, and the church in Brattle Square.

THE air is hushed ; the street is holy ground ;
 Hark ! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound ;
 As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
 It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things
 That shocks our echoes with the name of Kings,
 Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,

Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
 Solemn and swelling, as of old it rung,
 Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang; —
 The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
 When Howe's artillery shook its hall-built tower,
 Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
 The iron breastpin which the "Rebels" threw,
 Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
 Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill, —
 Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,
 Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire; —
 The Giant, standing by the dim-dad green,
 His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
 Whirling in air his brazen golden round,
 Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound, —
 While, sad with memories of the olden time,
 The Northern Minstrel pours her tender claim,
 Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
 But tones still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soul, whom fortune sends to range
 Where man and nature, faith and customs change,
 Borne in thy memory, each thrilling tone
 Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
 When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze
 Through the warm billows of the Indian seas,
 When — ship and shadow blended both in care —
 Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
 From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon
 Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon;
 When through thy shrouds the wild tornado rages,

And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings,—
 Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
 And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!
 Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
 Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
 Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,
 The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,
 The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,
 Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.

Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean
 To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen;
 Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,
 His heart lies warm among his triple hills!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

O BROAD-BREASTED Queen among Nations!
 O Mother, so strong in thy youth!
 Has the Lord looked upon thee in ire,
 And willed thou be chastened by fire,
 Without any ruth?

Has the Merciful tired of his mercy,
 And turned from thy sinning in wrath,
 That the world with raised hands sees and pities
 Thy desolate daughters, thy cities,
 Despoiled on their path?

One year since thy youngest was stricken:
 Thy eldest lies stricken to-day.
 Ah! God, was thy wrath without pity,

To tear the strong heart from our city,
And cast it away?

O Father! forgive us our doubting;
The stain from our weak souls efface;
Thou rebukest, we know, but to chasten;
Thy hand has but fallen to hasten
Return to thy grace.

Let us rise purified from our ashes
As sinners have risen who grieved;
Let us show that twice-sent desolation
On every true heart in the nation
Has conquest relieved.

John Doyle O'Reilly.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE-

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELLERY.

IT IS like stirring living embers when, at night, one
remembers

All the selings and the quakings of "the times that
tried men's souls";

When I talk of Whig and Tory, when I tell the Rebel
story,

To you the words are ashes, but to me they 're burning
coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running
battle;

Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
still,

But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the
shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is
all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of
all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and
the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets
through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret
and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong
day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to
my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood
around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household
feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was
the stamping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg
he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I
had found him, —
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched
before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and
his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking
stair.
Just across the narrow river — oh, so close it made me
shiver!
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was
bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood
behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the
stubborn walls were dumb:

Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said,
"The hour has come!"

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode
sedately ;
It was Prescott, one since told me ; he commanded on
the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall ;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked
around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats'
ranks were forming ;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers ;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted
grenadiers !

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting, —
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing, —
Now the front rank fires a volley, — they have thrown away their shot,
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tittle), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before, —

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
hearing, —

And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor : —

“Oh ! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s
shillin’s,

But ye ’ll waste a ton of powder before a ‘rebel’ falls ;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they’re as safe
as Dan’l Maleolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you’ve splintered
with your balls !”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh
breathless all ;

Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry
railing,

We are crowding up against them like the waves against
a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, —
nearer, — nearer,

When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a crash —
the steeple shakes —

The deadly truce is ended ; the tempest’s shroud is
rended ;

Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud
it breaks !

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over !

The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay ;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd
is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into
spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat —
it can't be doubted!

God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim
old soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak, we shook so;)

"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? Are they
beaten?" "Wait a while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw
our error:

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,

Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, to the roofs of Charles-
town blazing!

They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will
be down!

The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them,

The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each
massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed?

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied
or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod
the foes asunder!

Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork
they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken, when the
ominous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance
of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards
to the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves
of Howe;

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their
barges they have run for:

They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over
now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features,

Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we
would ask:

“Not sure,” he said; “keep quiet, — once more, I guess, they ’ll try it —

Here’s damnation to the cut-throats!” — then he handed me his flask,

Saying, “Gal, you ’re looking shaky; have a drop of old Jamaiky;

I’m afeard there’ll be more trouble afore the job is done”: So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,

Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,

As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were creeping round to four,

When the old man said, “They’re forming with their bagonets fixed for storming:

It’s the death-grip that’s a coming, — they will try the works once more.”

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,

The deadly wall before them, in close array they come; Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon’s fold uncoiling, —

Like the rattlesnake’s shrill warning the reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful story,

How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks over a deck;

How driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say
I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair.
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps
were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast
was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, “ Send for Warren!
hurry! hurry!
Tell him here 's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and
dress his wound!”
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the
place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him
at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our
brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying, —

And they said, “Oh, how they ’ll miss him!” and,
“What will his mother do?”

Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child’s that has
been dozing,

He faintly murmured, “Mother!” — and — I saw his
eyes were blue.

— “Why, grandma, how you ’re winking!” — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking

Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along ;

So we came to know each other, and I nursed him
like a — mother,

Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
summer weather ;

— “Please to tell us what his name was ?” — Just
your own, my little dear, —

There ’s his picture Copley painted : we became so well
acquainted,

That — in short, that ’s why I ’m grandma, and you
children all are here !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he :
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold ;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king ;
The people were not democrats then ;
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three
And fastened them in the pen ;
The children roared ; quoth the giant, " Be still !"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
As big as the State House dome ;
Quoth he, " There's something for you to eat ;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away ;
The boys and their mother set up a shout ;

Said he, "You're in and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It is not for me to show;
There is many a thing that's twice as queer,
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

What are those loved ones doing now,
The wife and children sad?
Oh, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw,
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
And every plum is turned to stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you may see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.



Brookfield, Mass.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

DOWN by the river, on this rustic bridge,
I love to while these sunny hours away.
The low wind o'er the meadows breathes a song
That lulls the ear and steals upon the soul
Like voices of the past; the delicate blue
Of the horizon gleams with snowy clouds,
So moveless in the distance that they seem
The peaks of fairy-land, and, oceanwards,
Beneath me, glides the river with a strain
Of music as it laps the rough-hewn piers
Of the old bridge, and winds among the flats
Now golden where the sun strikes through, and gilds
The yellow sand below, or lucent green,
Where verdure clothes the marge, or with the hue
Of heaven on its bosom, till it hides
Among the hills, that spread their friendly arms
To welcome it. Anon a rippling breeze
Skims on the surface, and a deeper blue

Enchants the eye. There leaps a perch, and leaves
 A silver circle curling to the shore;
 And here the minnows gather, where the bridge
 Throws a brown shadow on the stream. A flock
 Of wild-fowl, bearing northward, sail o'erhead, —
 Specks on the azure. In the languid air,
 Before me darts the swallow, and I hear
 The meadow-lark, the catbird, and the jay
 Afar and near. O songsters of the spring,
 Ye seem to bring us health and happiness
 Upon your wings, for your wild warbling fills
 The weary soul with unaccustomed joy,
 With ecstacy that language cannot tell!

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Seymour Green Wheeler Benjamin.



Brookline, Mass.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy Past
 The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
 Beneath Time's flowing tide,
 Like footprints hidden by a brook,
 But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !”
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,

Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems changed ;
Thou art no longer here :
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Brunswick, Me.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

O YE familiar scenes, — ye groves of pine,
 That once were mine and are no longer mine, —
 Thou river, widening through the meadows green
 To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen, —
 Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
 Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
 And vanished, — we who are about to die
 Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
 And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
 His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
 We are forgotten; and in your austere
 And calm indifference, ye little care
 Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
 What passing generations fill these halls,
 What passing voices echo from these walls,
 Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
 A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
 Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
 They answer us, — alas! what have I said?
 What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
 What salutation, welcome, or reply?
 What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?

They are no longer here; they all are gone
 Into the land of shadows, — all save one.
 Honor and reverence, and the good repute
 That follows faithful service as its fruit,
 Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
 His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
 Met there the old instructor of his youth,
 And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
 "Oh, never from the memory of my heart
 Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
 Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
 Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
 How grateful am I for that patient care
 All my life long my language shall declare."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PARKER CLEVELAND.

AMONG the many lives that I have known,
 None I remember more serene and sweet,
 More rounded in itself and more complete,
 Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.
 These pines, that murmur in low monotone,
 These walks frequented by scholastic feet,
 Were all his world; but in this calm retreat
 For him the teacher's chair became a throne.
 With fond affection memory loves to dwell
 On the old days, when his example made

A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen ;
 And now, amid the groves he loved so well
 That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,
 He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said,
 Amen !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Cambridge, Mass.

THE WASHINGTON ELM.

BENEATH our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
 Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
 The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm : —
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long ; close-lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
 In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,

Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there ;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey ;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods ;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and when :
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting state :
Haughty they said he was, at first ; severe ;
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off : I seem to see
The sun-sleeks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,

Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
 The wingéd years, that winnow praise and blame,
 Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
 The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

James Russell Lowell.

MEMORIAL HALL.

AMID the elms that interlace
 Round Harvard's grounds their branches tall,
 We greet no walls of statelier grace
 Than thine, our proud Memorial Hall.

Through arching boughs and roofs of green,
 Whose dappled lights and shadows lie
 Along the turf and road, is seen
 Thy noble form against the sky.

And miles away on fields and streams,
 Or where the woods the hill-tops crown,
 The monumental temple gleams,
 A landmark to each neighboring town.

Nor this alone. New England knows
 A deeper meaning in the pride
 Whose stately architecture shows
 How Harvard's children fought and died.

Therefore this hallowed pile recalls
 The heroes young and true and brave,
 Who gave their memories to these walls,
 Their lives to fill the soldier's grave.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
 Their vigil on the green ;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
 The dead that lie between ;
And both roll out, so full and near,
 Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
 Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
 Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick beneath the line he reads,
 They shade the sculptured stone ;
The child unveils his clustered brow,
 And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
 Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell ?
 These were the mourner's share ;—
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
 Throbb'd through the beating air ;—
The rattling cord, — the rolling stone, —
 The shelving sand that slid,
And, far beneath, with hollow tone,
 Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
 Then slowly disappears ;
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,
 Earth hides his date and years ;

But, long before the once-loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town ;
Hast thou a tear for buried love ?
A sigh for transient power ?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour !

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge, —
Here scattered death ; yet, seek the spot,
No trace thine eye can see,
No altar, — and they need it not
Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
In many a chiselled square,
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand
Of honored names were there ;
Alas ! for every tear is dried
Those blazoned tablets knew,
Save when the icy marble's side
Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
The empty urn of pride ;
There stand the Goblet and the Sun, —
What need of more beside ?
Where lives the memory of the dead,
Who made their tomb a toy ?
Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?
Go, ask the village boy !

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
Ye ever-roaming girls ;
The breath that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls,
To sweep the simple lines that tell
An exile's date and doom ;
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
They wreathe the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
That closed her gentle eyes ;—
If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride !

I wandered to thy buried mound
When earth was hid below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,

And when with summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lift this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone;—
And, now thy smiles have passed away,
For all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!

When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers;—
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
 So much in love with the vanity
 And foolish pomp of this world of ours?
 Or was it Christian charity,
 And lowliness and humility,
 The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
 No color shoots into those cheeks,
 Either of anger or of pride,
 At the rude question we have asked;
 Nor will the mystery be unmasked
 By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter? — And do you think to look
 On the terrible pages of that Book
 To find her failings, faults, and errors?
 Ah, you will then have other cares,
 In your own shortcomings and despairs,
 In your own secret sins and terrors!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

I STAND beneath the tree whose branches shade
 Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
 And hear its leaves repeat their benison
 On him whose hand thy stones memorial laid;
 Then I remember one of whom was said,
 In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
 And see him living still, and wandering on

And waiting for the advent long delayed,
 Not only tongues of the apostles teach
 Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
 And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
 And say in language clear as human speech,
 "The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
 Be and abide with you forevermore!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WARM and still is the summer night,
 As here by the river's brink I wander;
 White overhead are the stars, and white
 The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
 Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
 And the cry of the herons winging their way
 O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
 To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
 Sing him the song of the green morass,
 And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Heron,
 And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking;
 For only a sound of lament we discern,
 And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you ;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places ;
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting ;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole' world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,

And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

FELTON AND SUMNER.

IN Attica thy birthplace should have been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene!
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees;
Homer had been thy friend, or Soerates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.
For thee old legends breathed historie breath;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!
O, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!

River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;

I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

The doors are all wide open; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.

I also wait; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MOUNT AUBURN.

AUBURN! sweet Auburn! lovely and beloved!
Peace real, peace lasting, soul-enamoured peace,
The low soft-breathing dreaminess of death
Is in thee and around thee; yea, thou art
The type of that which only death can bring,
Quiet forgetfulness and long repose.

Sweetness is thine ineffable; the dead
Repose as if in palaces; their sleep
So beauteous seems, so chaste, so calm, so still,
That one might almost envy them the bliss

Of such pure slumber; freed, forever freed,
 From all the bitter grief of this cold world,
 Its void pretences, shallow sympathies,
 And crumbling friendships comfortless and cold.
 What love betrayed — how many a broken heart,
 What misery — what degradation sleeps
 Beneath thy beauteous bosom! now at rest,
 Where pain can weary not, nor passion enter in.

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William Winter.

MOUNT AUBURN.

SWEET Auburn! o'er thy rolling slopes
 The sparkling winter snows are spread;
 Fast, fast the feathery flakes descend
 O'er these calm dwellings of the dead;
 And evening with its thickening glooms,
 Enshrouds the city of the tombs!

Yet ere the latest flame of day
 Along these devious walks shall fade,
 Let me across the breezy height
 Still press, and through each sombre glade,
 And commune with this silent crowd,
 In stony cell and swathing shroud.

Twilight enkindles with its blaze
 White columns, glimmering all around:
 High soaring obelisks, that throw
 Their lengthening shadows o'er the ground;
 And tapering shafts, and gleaming urns
 Whereon day's latest incense burns.

Isaac McLellan

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

THE grave is clad in beauty! Nature's hand
 Profuse hath scattered of her gifts around;
 Here to the eye of day fair flowers expand,
 Perfume the glade, and gem the broken ground.
 Here forest trees arise, a varied band,
 And waters still by willowy margins bound;
 Here weep the dews, and through the bosky dell
 The breezes come with greeting and farewell.

The grave is clad in beauty! Art hath given
 Her aid to those who mourn, and mid the shade
 Gleams emblematic sculpture, — columns riven,
 Lamps shattered, rosebuds broken and decayed;
 Pale crosses pointing through the trees to heaven,
 And infant forms in graceful slumber laid;
 And massive doors against the green hill's side,
 Sealed till the angel's voice those bonds divide.

The grave is clad in beauty! It is well;
 Why should we burden more the weary heart,
 Or add still deeper pangs to those that swell
 The weeping eyes, or causelessly impart
 External gloom, where all should kindly tell
 Of better joys than such as thus depart;
 Of hope beyond the marble and the sod,
 And blessings for the dead who die in God?

Be reverent here, and think of Him whose tomb
 Was in a garden laid; who bore away

From death the sting, the terror, and the gloom
That, mingled in his cup of trembling, lay ;
Who sanctified our universal doom,
And gladness gave to it for chill dismay,
And beautified the place of man's repose,
When from its gloom a conqueror he rose.

Jane Rebecca Thomas.

THE SPHINX AT MOUNT AUBURN.

HOW grand she is enthroned among the dead,
The graves like trophies all about her spread !
Have these not perished as in fable old
With some unfathomed riddle in their hold ?

But what the riddle that she now doth ask,
The might of man so fatally to task ?
Well may we fancy "What are Life and Death ?"
To be the question that has hushed their breath.

Sphinx ! Life and Death in thee their type have found,
For so are they in mystic oneness bound ;
Fruitful as woman, beautiful as she,
Dread as the lion in his majesty.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Cape Ann, Mass.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

WHERE the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse
with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks
of Cape Ann ;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight
overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and east-
ward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers
stretching north, —
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes,
with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty
sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying
brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in
their hands ;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch
was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard
to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of wizards
Satan-sold ;
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and wonders
manifold ;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her
shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning
clouds ;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester
woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms of warmer
latitudes ;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery
vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of
the pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones
of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil
near ;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of
gun ;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mor-
tals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the
midnight wood they came, —
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed,
its volleyed flame ;

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth
or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands
lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky
mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching
in the moon.
“Ghosts or witches,” said the captain, “thus I foil
the Evil One!”
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet,
down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall
about;
Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades
flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might
not shun
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing
to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower
of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phan-
toms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moon-
light lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly
down the bay!

“God preserve us!” said the captain; “never mortal
foes were there;

They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power
of the air!

Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess
naught avail;

They who do the Devil’s service wear their master’s
coat of mail!”

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a
warning call

Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the
dusky hall:

And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed
for break of day;

But the captain closed his Bible: “Let us cease from
man, and pray!”

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers
seemed near,

And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots
in holy fear,

Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed
and bare,

Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the captain
led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres
round the wall,

But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and
hearts of all, —

Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after
 mortal man
 Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-
 house of Cape Ann.

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John Greenleaf Whittier.



Cape Arundel, Me.

THE OLD LOBSTERMAN.

JUST back from a beach of sand and shells,
 And shingle the tides leave oozy and dank,
 Summer and winter the old man dwells
 In his low brown house on the river bank.
 Tempest and sea-fog sweep the hoar
 And wrinkled sand-drifts round his door,
 Where often I see him sit, as gray
 And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

Coarse grasses wave on the arid swells
 In the wind; and two dwarf poplar-trees
 Seem hung all over with silver bells
 That tinkle and twinkle in sun and breeze.
 All else is desolate sand and stone:
 And here the old lobsterman lives alone:
 Nor other companionship has he
 But to sit in his house and gaze at the sea.

A furlong or more away to the south,
 On the bar beyond the huge sea-walls
 That keep the channel and guard its mouth,
 The high, curved billow whitens and falls;
 And the racing tides through the granite gate,
 On their wild errands that will not wait,
 Forever, unresting, to and fro,
 Course with impetuous ebb and flow.

They bury the barnacled ledge, and make
 Into every inlet and crooked creek,
 And flood the flats with a shining lake,
 Which the proud ship ploughs with foam at her beak;
 The ships go up to yonder town,
 Or over the sea their hulls sink down,
 And many a pleasure pinnace rides
 On the restless backs of the rushing tides.

I try to fathom the gazer's dreams,
 But little I gain from his gruff replies;
 Far off, far off the spirit seems,
 As he looks at me with those strange, gray eyes;
 Never a hail from the shipwrecked heart!
 Mysterious oceans seem to part
 The desolate man from all his kind —
 The Selkirk of his lonely mind.

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Solace he finds in the sea, no doubt:
 To catch the ebb he is up and away:
 I see him silently pushing out
 On the broad, bright gleam, at break of day;

And watch his lessening dory toss
 On the purple crests as he pulls across,
 Round reefs where silvery surges leap,
 And meets the dawn on the rosy deep.

His soul, is it open to sea and sky?

His spirit, alive to sound and sight?
 What wondrous tints on the water lie,—

Wild, wavering, liquid realm of light!
 Between two glories looms the shape
 Of yon wood-crested, cool green cape,
 Sloping all round to foam-laced ledge,
 And cavern and cove, at the bright sea's edge.

He makes for the floats that mark the spots,
 And rises and falls on the sweeping swells,
 Ships oars, and pulls his lobster-pots,
 And tumbles the tangled claws and shells
 In the leaky bottom; and bails his skiff;
 While the slow waves thunder along the cliff,
 And foam far away where sun and mist
 Edge all the region with amethyst;

I watch him, and fancy how, a boy,

Round these same reefs, in the rising sun,
 He rowed and rocked, and shouted for joy,
 As over the boat-side, one by one,
 He lifted and launched his lobster-traps,
 And reckoned his gains, and dreamed, perhaps,
 Of a future as glorious, vast, and bright
 As the ocean, unrolled in the morning light.

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John Townsend Trowbridge.

Cape Cod, Mass.

FIRST LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

DAYS pass, winds veer, and favoring skies
 Change like the face of fortune; storms arise;
 Safely, but not within her port desired,
 The good ship lies.
 Where the long sandy Cape
 Bends and embraces round,
 As with a lover's arm, the sheltered sea,
 A haven she hath found
 From adverse gales and boisterous billows free.

 Now strike your sails,
 Ye toilworn mariners, and take your rest
 Long as the fierce northwest
 In that wild fit prevails,
 Tossing the waves upturn with frantic sway.
 Keep ye within the bay,
 Contented to delay
 Your course till the elemental madness cease,
 And heaven and ocean are again at peace.

 How gladly there,
 Sick of the uncomfortable ocean,
 The impatient passengers approach the shore;
 Escaping from the sense of endless motion.
 To feel firm earth beneath their feet once more,
 To breathe again the air

With taint of bilge and cordage undefiled,
 And drink of living springs, if there they may,
 And with fresh fruits and wholesome food repair
 Their spirits, weary of the watery way.

And oh! how beautiful
 The things of earth appear
 To eyes that far and near
 For many a week have seen
 Only the circle of the restless sea!
 With what a fresh delight
 They gaze again on fields and forests green,
 Hovel, or whatsoe'er
 May bear the trace of man's industrious hand;
 How grateful to their sight
 The shore of shelving sand,
 As the light boat moves joyfully to land!

Woods they beheld, and huts, and piles of wood,
 And many a trace of toil,
 But not green fields or pastures. 'T was a land
 Of pines and sand;
 Dark pines, that from the loose and sparkling soil
 Rose in their strength aspiring: far and wide
 They sent their searching roots on every side,
 And thus, by depth and long extension, found
 Firm hold and grasp within that treacherous ground:
 So had they risen and flourished; till the earth,
 Unstable as its neighboring ocean there,
 Like an unnatural mother, heaped around
 Their trunks its wavy furrows white and high;
 And stifled thus the living things it bore.

Half buried thus they stand,
 Their summits sere and dry,
 Marking, like monuments, the funeral mound;
 As when the masts of some tall vessel show
 Where, on the fatal shoals, the wreck lies whelmed
 below.

Robert Southey.

Casco Bay, Me.

CASCO BAY.

NOWHERE fairer, sweeter, rarer,
 Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
 Through his painted woodlands stray,
 Than where hillside oaks and beeches
 Overlook the long, blue reaches,
 Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
 And green isles of Casco Bay;
 Nowhere day, for delay,
 With a tenderer look beseeches,
 "Let me with my charmed earth stay"
 On the grainlands of the mainlands
 Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
 Plume and pennon rustling gay;
 Out at sea, the islands wooded,
 Silver birches, golden-hooded,
 Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
 White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
 Stretch away, far away.

Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
 By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
 Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
 Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
 On the grass-land, on the fallow,
 Drop the apples, red and yellow;
 Drop the russet pears and mellow,
 Drop the red leaves all the day,
 And away, swift away,
 Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
 Chasing, weave their web of play.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

WHITE HEAD.

FROM the pleasant paths I used to tread
 Full many a mile away,
 I dream of the rocks of old White Head,
 And the billows of Casco Bay.
 I sit once more on the island beach,
 Where the waves dash glad and high,
 And listen again their mystic speech,
 As the murmurous rauks go by;
 While, lying here on my tiresome bed,
 I cheat the dreary day
 By fondly picturing old White Head
 And the waters of Casco Bay.
 Beyond it the laden ships go out,
 Out into the open sea,

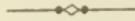
To battle with danger, and storm, and doubt,
And the ocean's treachery ;
And the homeward vessels, which long have sped
Through tempest and spray and foam,
Catch first a glimmer of old White Head,
And are sure they are almost home ;
And many a homesick tear is shed
By wanderers miles away,
As memory whispers of old White Head,
And the islands of Casco Bay.

Ah, rarest mosses that ever were seen
Grow brightly on old White Head ;
Orange, and russet, and emerald green
Wide over the rocks are spread ;
And when the sweet June sunlight shines,
The gossiping zephyr tells
Where ruby and golden columbines
Are swinging their myriad bells.
Ah, thus, as I lie on my tiresome bed,
I cheat the dreary day
By summer pictures of old White Head,
And the billows of Casco Bay.

Did I forget ? It is winter now
On the islands and old White Head.
The snow lies deep on the cliff's high brow,
And the lichens and blooms are dead ;
Under the ice, with sob and sigh,
The prisoned billows heave,

And the clouds hang dark, and the sea-bird's cry,
 And the winds complain and grieve, —
 Yet, lying here on my tiresome bed,
 It cheers me to think alway
 That the summer is shining on old White Head,
 And the islands of Casco Bay!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.



Charles, the River, Mass.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
 Through the meadows, bright and free,
 Till at length thy rest thou findest
 In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
 Half in rest, and half in strife,
 I have seen thy waters stealing
 Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
 Many a lesson, deep and long;
 Thou hast been a generous giver;
 I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
 I have watched thy current glide,
 Till the beauty of its stillness
 Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ; — thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
How like quivering flames they start.
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHARLES RIVER MARSHES.

BELOW, the Charles — a stripe of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his next turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond —
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green.

Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders
rare.

In Spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering feet:
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek unscen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling sedge;

Through emerald glooms the lingering waters slide,
 Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
 And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
 Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to glide.

In Summer 't is a blithesome sight to see,
 As, step by step, with measured swing, they pass,
 The wide-ranked mowers wading to the knee,
 Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-set
 grass :

Then, stretched beneath a rick's shade in a ring,
 Their nooning take, while one begins to sing
 A stave that droops and dies 'neath the close sky of
 brass.

Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
 Remembering duty, in mid quaver stops
 Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
 And 'twixt the windrows most demurely drops,
 A decorous bird of business, who provides
 For his brown mate and fledglings six besides,
 And looks from right to left, a farmer mid his crops.

Another change subdues them in the Fall,
 But saddens not; they still show merrier tints,
 Though sober russet seems to cover all;
 When the first sunshine through their dew-drops
 gliats,
 Look how the yellow clearness, stream'd across,
 Redeems with rarer hues the season's loss.
 As Dawn's feet there had touched and left their rosy
 prints.

Or come when sunset gives its freshened zest,
Lean o'er the bridge and let the ruddy thrill,
While the shorn sun swells down the lazy west,
Glow opposite ; — the marshes drink their fill
And swoon with purple veins, then slowly fade
Through pink to brown, as eastward moves the
shade,
Lengthening with stealthy creep, of Simond's darken-
ing hill.

Later, and yet ere Winter wholly shuts,
Ere through the first dry snow the runner grates,
And the loath cart-wheel screams in slippery ruts,
While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought
skates ; —

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine bright
With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night,
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from war's
cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred grotts they
shiver

In grass-arched channels to the sun denied;
 High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard crow,
 The silvered flats gleam frostily below,
 Suddenly drops the gull and breaks the glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying seasons three,
 Their winter halo hath a fuller ring;
 This glory seems to rest immovably, —
 The others were too fleet and vanishing;
 When the hid tide is at its highest flow,
 O'er marsh and stream one breathless trance of
 snow
 With brooding fulness awes and hushes everything.

The sunshine seems blown off by the bleak wind,
 As pale as formal candles lit by day;
 Gropes to the sea the river dumb and blind;
 The brown ricks, snow-thatched by the storm in play,
 Show pearly breakers combing o'er their lee,
 White crests as of some just enchanted sea,
 Checked in their maddest leap and hanging poised mid-
 way.

But when the eastern blow, with rain aslant,
 From mid-sea's prairies green and rolling plains
 Drives in his wallowing herds of billows gaunt,
 And the roused Charles remembers in his veins
 Old Ocean's blood and snaps his gyves of frost,
 That tyrannous silence on the shores is tost
 In dreary wreck, and crumbling desolation reigns.

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James Russell Lowell.

Concord (Musketaquid), Mass.

MUSKETAQUID.

BECAUSE I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state,
And in their secret senate have prevailed
With the dear, dangerous lords that rule our life,
Made moon and planets parties to their bond,
And through my rock-like, solitary wont
Shot million rays of thought and tenderness.
For me, in showers, in sweeping showers, the spring
Visits the valley; break away the clouds, —
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.
Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous, sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year.
Onward and nearer rides the sun of May;
And wide around, the marriage of the plants
Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
The surge of summer's beauty; dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hillside, and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours.

Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
 Through which at will our Indian rivulet
 Winds mindful still of samuap and of squaw,
 Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies,
 Here in pine houses built of new-fallen trees,
 Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell.
 Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious road.
 Or, it may be, a picture; to these men,
 The landscape is an armory of powers,
 Which, one by one, they know to draw and use.
 They harness beast, bird, insect, to their work;
 They prove the virtues of each bed of rock,
 And, like the chemist mid his loaded jars,
 Draw from each stratum its adapted use
 To drug their crops or weapon their arts withal.
 They turn the frost upon their chemic heap,
 They set the wind to winnow pulse and grain,
 They thank the spring-flood for its fertile slime,
 Earlier, on cheap summit-levels of the snow,
 Slide with the sledge to inaccessible woods
 O'er meadows bottomless. So, year by year,
 They fight the elements with elements,
 (That one would say, meadow and forest walked,
 Transmuted in these men to rule their like,)
 And by the order in the field disclose
 The order regnant in the yeoman's brain.

What these strong masters wrote at large in miles
 I followed in small copy in my acre;
 For there's no rood has not a star above it;
 The cordial quality of pear or plum

Ascends as gladly in a single tree
 As in broad orchards resonant with bees;
 And every atom poises for itself,
 And for the whole. The gentle deities
 Showed me the lore of colors and of sounds,
 The innumerable tenements of beauty,
 The miracle of generative force,
 Far-reaching concord of astronomy
 Felt in the plants, and in the punctual birds:
 Better, the linked purpose of the whole,
 And, chiefest prize, found I true liberty
 In the glad home plain-dealing nature gave.
 The polite found me impolite; the great
 Would mortify me, but in vain; for still
 I am a willow of the wilderness,
 Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
 My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
 A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
 A wild-rose, or rock-loving columbine,
 Salve my worst wounds.

For thus the wood-gods murmured in my ear:
 "Dost love our manners? Canst thou silent lie?
 Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like nature pass
 Into the winter night's extinguished mood?
 Canst thou shine now, then darkle,
 And being latent feel thyself no less?
 As when the all-worshipped moon attracts the eye,
 The river, hill, stems, foliage are obscure,
 Yet envies none, none are unenviable."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD FIGHT.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE GRAVES OF TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS ON
 CONCORD BATTLE-GROUND.

THE same good blood that now refills
 The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
 The same whose vigor westward thrills,
 Bursting Nevada's silver chains,
 Poured here upon the April grass,

Freckled with red the herbage new ;
On reeled the battle's trampling mass,
Back to the ash the bluebird flew.

Poured here in vain ; — that sturdy blood
Was meant to make the earth more green,
But in a higher, gentler mood
Than broke this April noon serene ;
Two graves are here : to mark the place,
At head and foot, an unhewn stone,
O'er which the herald lichens trace
The blazon of Oblivion.

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bull-dog creed ;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed :
They came three thousand miles, and died,
To keep the Past upon its throne ;
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English mother made her moan.

The turf that covers them no thrill
Sends up to fire the heart and brain ;
No stronger purpose nerves the will,
No hope renews its youth again :
From farm to farm the Concord glides,
And trails my fancy with its flow ;
O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk slides,
Twinned in the river's heaven below.
But go, whose Bay State bosom stirs,
Proud of thy birth and neighbor's right,

Where sleep the heroic villagers
 Borne red and stiff from Concord fight ;
 Thought Reuben, snatching down his gun,
 Or Seth, as ebb'd the life away,
 What earthquake rifts would shoot and run
 World-wide from that short April fray ?

What then ? With heart and hand they wrought,
 According to their village light ;
 'T was for the Future that they fought,
 Their rustic faith in what was right.
 Upon earth's tragic stage they burst
 Unsummoned, in the humble sock ;
 Theirs the fifth act ; the curtain first
 Rose long ago on Charles's block.

Their graves have voices : if they threw
 Dice charg'd with fates beyond their ken,
 Yet to their instincts they were true,
 And had the genius to be men.
 Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
 Of even foot-soldiers for the Right !—
 For centuries dead, ye are not lost,
 Your graves send courage forth, and might.

James Russell Lowell.

HAWTHORNE.

HOW beautiful it was, that one bright day
 In the long week of rain !
 Though all its splendor could not chase away
 The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed ;
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange ;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute ;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines ;
I only see — a dream within a dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,

Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost elw regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AT HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

The place is marked by the one word "Hawthorne."

CAN any famous marble whose broad shaft
Is lettered full with words of life and death,
Whose base and cap assert the sculptor's craft
In some device that reins the rapid breath;
Can any meet the eye with such a power
As just this fragrant word of simple place?
Had ever small, white stone so rich a dower?
Ever such sovereignty, so little space
As this? Yet best befitted in a word;
Naught would one add for majesty of Fame,
Yet standing here the fancy in me stirred
To hedge his rest with that which bears his name,
That Nature might in his memorial share.
Divulging, with her blossoms, who lies there.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

TALL pines like sentinels by night and day
 Keep watch and ward above his place of rest,
 And when the sun has vanished down the west,
 And night and darkness hold their mystic sway;
 When the pale moon looks down through clouds of
 gray

On the white city where to sleep addressed
 Naught can disturb the dwellers, naught molest;
 When all is still, so still that one may pray, —
 Then, then those forest veterans, those old trees
 Standing on guard for many a long, long year,
 Clasp hands, and, pointing where the genius lies
 And has so long lain undisturbed at ease,
 They say, "Does not the time at length draw near?
 Long have we watched; when will the sleeper rise?"

Frank Dexter Mason.

DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field,
 To reap its scanty corn,
 What mystic fruit his acres yield
 At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
 The plain was full of ghosts;
 I wandered up, I wandered down,
 Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone, — the holy ones
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learned with me the lore of time,
Who loved this dwelling-place!

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood;
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —
They treated nature as they would.

They colored the horizon round;
Stars flamed and faded as they bade;
All echoes hearkened for their sound, —
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew;
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine-warbler
Singing aloft in the tree!
Hearest thou, O traveller,
What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
 With sorrow such as mine,
 Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
 Its heavy tale divine.

“Go, lonely man,” it saith;
 “They loved thee from their birth;
 Their hands were pure, and pure their faith,—
 There are no such hearts on earth.

“Ye drew one mother’s milk,
 One chamber held ye all;
 A very tender history
 Did in your childhood fall.

“Ye cannot unlock your heart,
 The key is gone with them;
 The silent organ loudest chants
 The master’s requiem.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THOREAU’S FLUTE.

WE, sighing, said, “Our Pan is dead;
 His pipe hangs mute beside the river;—
 Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
 But Music’s airy voice is fled.
 Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
 The bluebird chants a requiem;
 The willow-blossom waits for him;—
 The Genius of the wood is lost.”

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
“For such as he there is no death;—
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man’s aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life’s prose.

“Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine,—
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne’er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
’Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

“To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen,—
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him,—he is with thee.”

Anonymous.

WALDEN LAKE.

IT is not far beyond the village church,
 After we pass the wood that skirts the road,
 A lake, — the blue-eyed Walden, that doth smile
 Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines;
 And they, as if to recompense this love,
 In double beauty spread their branches forth.
 This lake has tranquil loveliness and breadth,
 And, of late years, has added to its charms;
 For one attracted to its pleasant edge
 Has built himself a little hermitage,
 Where with much piety he passes life.

More fitting place I cannot fancy now,
 For such a man to let the line run off
 The mortal reel, — such patience hath the lake,
 Such gratitude and cheer is in the pines.
 But more than either lake or forest's depths
 This man has in himself: a tranquil man,
 With sunny sides where well the fruit is ripe,
 Good front and resolute bearing to this life,
 And some serener virtues, which control
 This rich exterior prudence, — virtues high,
 That in the principles of things are set,
 Great by their nature, and consigned to him,
 Who, like a faithful merchant, does account
 To God for what he spends, and in what way.
 Thrice happy art thou, Walden, in thyself!
 Such purity is in thy limpid springs, —

In those green shores which do reflect in thee,
 And in this man who dwells upon thy edge,
 A holy man within a hermitage.
 May all good showers fall gently into thee,
 May thy surrounding forests long be spared,
 And may the dweller on thy tranquil marge
 There lead a life of deep tranquillity,
 Pure as thy waters, handsome as thy shores,
 And with those virtues which are like the stars!

William Ellery Channing.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

NO abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,
 No winding torches paint the midnight air;
 Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops
 Along the modest pathways, and those fair
 Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
 Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell
 Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,
 Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
 But in its kind and supplicating grace,
 It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more
 Friend to the friendless than thou wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity;
 To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
 And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
 One tribute more to this submissive ground; —

Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,
 Nor these pale flowers nor this still field deride :

Rather to those ascents of being turn,
 Where a ne'er-setting sun illumes the year
 Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn,
 Of unspent holiness and goodness clear, —
 Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,
 God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

William Ellery Channing.



Concord, the River.

TWO RIVERS.

THY summer voice, Musketaquit,
 Repeats the music of the rain;
 But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
 Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
 The stream I love unbounded goes
 Through flood and sea and firmament;
 Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
 I hear the spending of the stream
 Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
 Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
 Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;

They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream, —
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam,
And ages drop in it like rain.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

FAIRHAVEN BAY.

I PUSH on through the shaggy wood,
I round the hill: 't is here it stood;
And there, beyond the crumbled walls,
The shining Concord slowly crawls,

Yet seems to make a passing stay,
And gently spreads its lilyd bay,
Curbed by this green and ready shore,
Up toward the ancient homestead's door.

But dumbly sits the shattered house,
And makes no answer: man and mouse
Long since forsook it, and decay
Chokes its deep heart with ashes gray.

On what was once a garden-ground
Dull red-bloomed sorrels now abound;
And boldly whistles the shy quail
Within the vacant pasture's pale.

Ah, strange and savage, where he shines,
The sun seems staring through those plues

That once the vanished home could bless
With intimate, sweet loneliness.

The ignorant, elastic sod
The feet of them that daily trod
Its roods hath utterly forgot:
The very fireplace knows them not.

For, in the weedy cellar, thick
The ruined chimney's mass of brick
Lies strown: Wide heaven, with such an ease
Dost thou, too, lose the thought of these?

Yet I, although I know not who
Lived here, in years that voiceless grew
Ere I was born, — and never can, —
Am moved, because I am a man.

O glorious gift of brotherhood!
O sweet elixir in the blood,
That makes us live with those long dead,
Or hope for those that shall be bred

Hereafter! No regret can rob
My heart of this delicious throb;
No thought of fortunes haply wrecked,
Nor pang for nature's wild neglect.

And, though the hearth be cracked and cold,
Though ruin all the place enfold,
These ashes that have lost their name
Shall warm my life with lasting flame!

George Parsons Lathrop.

Connecticut, the River.

TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and welling by the tree,
Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea,
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore;
The promontories love thee, and for this
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.
Stern, at thy source, thy northern guardians stand,
Rude rulers of the solitary land,
Wild dwellers by thy cold sequestered springs,
Of earth the feathers and of air the wings;
Their blasts have rocked thy cradle, and in storm
Covered thy couch and swathed in snow thy form;
Yet, blessed by all the elements that sweep
The clouds above, or the unfathomed deep,
The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,
The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills,
By the mossed bank and by the aged tree
The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee,
The young oak greets thee at the waters' edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchored in the ledge.
'T is there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,

Of sunburnt children, smiles upon the hill;
 Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
 Deeked forth in nature's sweet simplicity;
 Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
 Gains merit honor, and gives labor health;
 Where Goldsmith's self might send his exiled band
 To find a new "Sweet Auburn" in our land.

What art can execute or taste devise,
 Deeks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes,
 As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
 To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
 Here cities rise, and sea-washed commerce hails
 Thy shores and winds, with all her flapping sails,
 From tropic isles, or from the torrid main,
 Where grows the grape or sprouts the sugar-cane,
 Or from the haunts where the striped haddock play,
 By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.
 Here, safe returned from every stormy sea,
 Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,—
 That starlit flag, by all the breezes curled
 Of you vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

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John Gardner Calkins Brainerd.

CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FAIR river! not unknown to classic song,
 Which still in varying beauty roll'st along,
 Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,
 A line of silver mid a fringe of green;

Or where near towering rocks thy bolder tide,
To win the giant-guarded pass, doth glide ;
Or where in azure mantle pure and free
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the waiting sea.

Though broader streams our sister realms may boast,
Herculean cities, and a prouder coast,
Yet from the bound where hoarse St. Lawrence roars,
To where La Plata rocks resounding shores,
From where the arms of slimy Nilus shine,
To the blue waters of the rushing Rhine,
Or where Ilissus glows like diamond spark,
Or sacred Ganges whelms her votaries dark,
No brighter skies the eye of day may see,
Nor soil more verdant, nor a race more free.

See ! where amid their cultured vales they stand,
The generous offspring of a simple land ;
Too rough for flattery, and all fear above,
King, priest, and prophet mid the homes they love, —
On equal laws their anchored hopes are stayed,
By all interpreted and all obeyed ;
Alike the despot and the slave they hate,
And rise, firm columns of a happy state.
To them content is bliss, and labor health,
And knowledge power, and pure religion wealth.

The farmer, here, with honest pleasure sees
His orchards blushing to the fervid breeze,
His bleating flocks the shearer's care that need,
His waving woods the wintry hearth that feed,

His hardy steers that break the yielding soil,
 His patient sons who aid their father's toil,
 The ripening fields for joyous harvest drest,
 And the white spire that points a world of rest

* * *

Lydia Huntley Sigourney

Cummington, Mass.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
 Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
 With garniture of waving grass and grain,
 Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie;
 While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
 Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
 And ever restless feet of one, who, now,
 Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
 There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
 As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
 Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
 To gaze upon the mountains, — to behold
 With deep affection the pure ample sky,
 And clouds along its blue abysses rolled, —

To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charméé ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew

My little feet, when life was new,
When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave

The winding of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear ;
As pure thy limpid waters run ;
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress :
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not, — but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past, —
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world, — it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised in my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
 And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
 Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
 My ashes in the embracing mould
 (If haply the dark will of fate
 Indulge my life so long a date),
 May come for the last time to look
 Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
 Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
 The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
 And faintly on my ear shall fall
 Thy prattling current's merry call;
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
 As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

William Cullen Bryant.

BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

AMID these haunts a poet's boyhood drew
 The inspiring breath of Nature and of God;
 On his young vision broke divinely true,

While through these very woodland ways he trod,
 That view of death that soothes the spirit so,
 That perfect work of life's imperfect age;
 In this doth Genius clearly, grandly show
 How soon her own may claim their heritage.
 Here myriad thought-tones swept his being through,
 Which, linked and blended in some after time
 Midst the world's noise, to finished music grew,
 Rolling forth chords, now tender, now sublime.
 Here the fringed gentian of the poet blows;
 Yielding dim odor, yellow violets still
 Jewel Spring's naked bosom till it glows,
 While yet the air holds fast its wintry chill.
 Nature, as grateful for her true son's love,
 At his return seems pouring out her joy;
 Shows him new blossoms in some leafy cove,
 Yet shares with him far memories of the boy;
 And here the laurelled poet loves to come,
 And finds his soul, despite the years, at home.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



Dover (Cocheco), N. H.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone
 Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,
 When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
 From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,

Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,
East by north, to Coheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet,
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
And, when the bolt of banishment fell
On the head of his saintly oracle,
He had shared her ill as her good report,
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
The world might bless and the world might ban,
What did it matter the perfect man,
To whom the freedom of earth was given,
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
With creed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lanes free
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,
Into the clearing's space rode he,

With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,
From swift Quampeagan to Gonie Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I come
As the way seemed open to seek a home.
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
And if here ye have work for a Christian man,
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can."

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would own
The wonderful favor God hath shown,
The special merey vouchsafed one day
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside,
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me round;
I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,
My faith to a full assurance grew,
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,
I wear the robe of his righteousness;
And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

“Tarry with us,” the settlers cried,
“Thou man of God as our ruler and guide.”
And Captain Underhill bowed his head.
“The will of the Lord be done !” he said.
And the morrow beheld him sitting down
In the ruler’s seat in Cocheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should ;
His words were wise and his rule was good ;
He coveted not his neighbor’s land,
From the holding of bribes he shook his hand ;
And through the camps of the heathen ran
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,
And life hath ever a savor of death.
Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,
And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.
Alas ! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter’s arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail ;
And men took note of his gloomy air,
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,
The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name
With broken vows and a life of blame ;
And the people looked askance on him
As he walked among them sullen and grim,

Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,
He strove in the bonds of his evil will;
But he shook himself like Samson at length,
And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and said:
“Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know
How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

“I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,
But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my heart
Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly; He sees
The heavens unclean. Was I more than these?

“I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way.
Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still;
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall.”

No voice made answer: a sob so low
That only his quickened ear could know

Smote his heart with a bitter pain,
As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down
On his latest glimpse of Coheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in;
On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,
The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet guise
Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze
Sang in their saddest of minor keys?
What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?
What whispered the pine-trees overhead?
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
That Adam heard in the cool of day?

Into the desert alone rode he,
Alone with the Infinite Purity;
And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,
As Peter did to the Master's look,
He measured his path with prayers of pain
For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Coheco came
The bruit of a once familiar name;
How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,
From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,
A penitent soldier preached the Word,
And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword!

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear
 How he harried the foe on the long frontier,
 And heaped on the land against him barred
 The coals of his generous watch and ward.
 Frailest and bravest! the Bay State still
 Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Ellis, the River, Me.

ELLIS RIVER.

IN hidden caverns, within the mountains,
 Cold, crystal fountains, so clear and bright,
 Well upward, sparkling, and downward, foaming
 Rush onward, roaming, to find a light.

Off on the hillside a brook is dashing;
 In splendor flashing its waters run.
 Out from the woodland, out from the bushes,
 It gayly rushes to meet the sun.

Down in the valley, two streamlets, meeting
 In quiet greeting, together flow;
 By pools and eddies, where trout are rising,
 With snares enticing the anglers go.

Here in thy intervale, sweet river Ellis,
 In brimming chalice, emerald green,
 Flowing past farmhouse, elms, corn and clover,
 All through Andover gleams thy bright sheen.

Sweet river Ellis, thy calm way keeping,
 In meadows sleeping, I will not sing
 Of swollen torrents, in fury raging,
 Destruction waging, in stormy Spring.

* * *

Bright river Ellis, flowing through meadows,
 I love thy shadows and golden sands,
 Where light through tremulous foliage shimmers,
 Dances and glimmers in waving bands.

Pure river Ellis, through meadows winding,
 Haymakers finding ere dews are gone;
 Where blades are whetted, with music ringing,
 And seythes are swinging at early dawn.

Sweet river Ellis, through meadows gliding,
 By thee abiding I fain would stray,
 The peace of Nature my heart divining,
 All care resigning this happy day!

* * *

Anonymous.



Enfield, Conn.

THE CAPTAIN'S DRUM.

APRIL, 1775.

IN Pilgrim land, one Sabbath-day,
 The winter lay like sheep about
 The ragged pastures mullein gray;
 The April sun shone in and out,

The showers swept by in fitful flocks,
And eaves ticked fast like mantel clocks ;

And now and then a wealthy eloud
 Would wear a ribbon broad and bright,
And now and then a wingéd crowd
 Of shivering azure flash in sight.
So rainbows bend, and bluebirds fly,
And violets show their bits of sky.

To Enfield church throng all the town,
 In quilted hood and bombazine,
In beaver hat with flaring crown,
 And quaint vandyke and victorine ;
And buttoned boys in roundabout
From calyx collars blossom out ;

Bandannas wave their feeble fire,
 And foot-stoves tinkle up the aisle ;
A gray-haired elder leads the choir,
 And girls in linsey-woolsey smile.
So back to life the beings glide
Whose very graves had ebbéd and died.

One hundred years have waned, and yet
 We call the roll, and not in vain,
For one whose flintlock musket set
 The echoes wild round Fort Duquesne,
And smelled the battle's powder smoke
Ere Revolution's thunders woke.

Lo, Thomas Abbe answers, " Here ! "
 Within the dull long-metre place.

That day, upon the parson's ear,
And trampling down his words of grace,
A horseman's gallop rudely beat
Along the splashed and empty street.

The rider drew his dripping rein,
And then a letter, wasp-nest gray,
That ran: "The Concord minute-men
And red-coats had a fight to-day!
To Captain Abbe this with speed."
Twelve little words to tell the deed.

The captain read, struck out for home
The old quickstep of battle horn,
Slung on once more a battered drum
That bore a painted unicorn,
Then right-about, as whirls a torch,
He stood before the sacred porch.

And then a murmuring of bees
Broke in upon the house of prayer;
And then a wind-song swept the trees,
And then a snarl from wolfish lair;
And then a charge of grenadiers,
And then a flight of drum-beat cheers.

So drum and doctrine rudely blent,
The casements rattled strange accord;
No mortal knew what either meant;
'T was double-drag and Holy Word,
Thus saith the drum, and thus the Lord.
The captain raised so wild a rout
He drummed the congregation out.

The people gathered round-amazed ;
 The soldier bared his head and spoke,
 And every sentence burned and blazed,
 As trenchant as a sabre stroke :
 " 'Tis time to pick the flint to-day,
 To sling the knapsack, and away !

"The green of Lexington is red
 With British red-coats, brothers' blood !
 In rightful cause the earliest dead
 Are always best beloved of God.
 Mark time ! ~ Now let the march begin !
 All bound for Boston fall right in !"

Then rub-a-dub the drum jarred on,
 The throbbing roll of battle beat ;
 " Fall in, my men !" and one by one
 They rhymed the tune with heart and feet.
 And so they made a Sabbath march
 To glory 'neath the elm-tree arch.

The Continental line unwound
 Along the churchyard's breathless sod,
 And holier grew the hallowed ground
 Where Virtue slept and Valor trod.
 Two hundred strong that April day
 They rallied out and marched away.

Brigaded there at Bunker Hill,
 Their names are writ on Glory's page.
 The brave old captain's Sunday drill
 Has drummed its way across the age.

Benjamin Franklin Taylor.

Gloucester, Mass.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,

The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?”
“'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hand, and prayed
 That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;

Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PHANTOM BOAT.

THE tide comes in, and the tide goes out,
And the rollers break on the harbor bar,
And up from the distance comes a sail,
Gleaming white, 'neath the morning star.

Fishing tackle and boats on deck,
Running rigging, belayed and trim;
Raking spars, — 't is no battered wreck
Sailing out in the distance dim.

It draws not near, though the wind is fair,
The sheets are free, but it comes not nigh,

But hangs, a point on the morning air,
A pictured sail, 'twixt the sea and sky.

“Fisherman, tell me why yonder boat
Sails, and no nearer comes to shore;
Nor in the distance grows remote,
Nor a ripple her bow breaks o'er.”

“Stranger, I reckon you are n't here long:
Many a year her pennant flew.
Old is the story; a worn-out song,
But her deck is trod by no mortal crew.

“Look a moment, and see the flame
Gleaming white over mast and spar;
Here, take my glass; you can read the name
Under her stern; 't is the Alice Marr.

“Alice Marr was a fair young girl,
Long ago in Gos'ter town;
Rippling tresses and sunny curl,
Rare red lips, and a cheek of brown.

“That was Alice, the fisher's pride;
Lovers sought her from near and far;
She was John Ackman's promised bride:
He named his vessel the Alice Marr.

“Thar's nothing sartin, stranger, in life;
We're gone to-morrow, though here to-day:
Another v'yage she would be his wife,
At least so I've hearn the gossips say.

“Pork, potatoes, and hard-tack stowed,
Water in barrels, and water in tanks,
Nicely fixed for a three months' cruise,
He sailed away for the fishing-banks.

* * *

“Months rolled on, and never a word;
Six months, twelve months: on the day
That finished the year was a rumor heard
Of the Alice Marr in the outer bay.

“Boats put out, but they drew not near,
Slowly, silently, on she steered:
'Skipper Ackman! ho! what cheer!'
She had vanished, had disappeared.

“Ever, as rolls the year around
Bringing again her sailing day,
Rises her hull from the depths profound,
And slowly cruises the outer bay.

“Not a word of her master's fate;
Only a glimmer of sail and spar;
Not a word of her crew or mate,—
This is the ghost of the Alice Marr.

“Still she watched down the peaceful bay,
Still her eye scanned each gathering cloud:
Years receded, and, worn and gray,
Her wedding dress was her funeral shroud.”

E. Norman Gunnison.

MIDSUMMER IN THE CITY.

O YE keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,
Which to the beach, where memory loves to
wander,

On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,
Bend your course hither!

For in the surf ye scattered to the sunshine
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,
O rude companions?

Then to the meadows beautiful and fragrant,
Where the coy Spring beholds her earliest verdure
Brighten with smiles that rugged seaside hamlet,
How would we hasten!

There under elm-trees affluent in foliage,
High o'er whose summit hovered the sea-eagle,
Through the hot, glaring noontide have we rested,
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor called you from your slumber:
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean;
While, with their snow-white canvas idly drooping,
Stood the tall vessels.

And when at length exulting ye awakened,
Rushed to the beach, and ploughed the liquid acres,
How have I chased you through the shivered billows,
In my frail shallop!

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation !
 In the close town I waste this golden summer,
 Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion
 Ceaselessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead?
 When shall I hear you in the elm-trees' branches?
 When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,
 Friends of my boyhood?

Epes Sargent.

A WAIF.

THE autumn day
 Rich in its regal beauty lay
 Over headland and beach and sea,
 And the voice of the waves sang dreamily
 A sweet, low tale to the listening ear ;
 A tale, as if never a breath of fear
 Or shadow of sorrow could cloud the blue,
 Or darken the sunlight glinting through
 The mellow air. It was fair, I ween,
 That autumn sunlight, that harbor scene,
 As over the waves, that golden day,
 A trim bark sailed on its voyage away.

Gloucester town
 Lies where the winter sunbeams down
 On its roofs and spires are shining bright,
 On the tall masts showing slim and bare,
 On Stage Head Battery, and where
 Gleams the tower of Ten Pound Island light ;

But never again to Gloucester town,
 Around the Point and up to the town,
 Will the good bark glide, that sailed away
 In the dreamy hush of that autumn day.
 There are those who'll wait and watch and weep,
 And gaze afar o'er the heaving deep,
 And wish for the loved to come once more, —
 For the bark to sail for Cape Ann's shore.

Ah! none may know in the sea-girt town
 How or when that stanch bark went down;
 For those who within her sailed the main
 Never will come to port again.
 Father of goodness and mercy, be
 With those who mourn for the lost at sea.

H. C. L. Haskell.

IN THE SEA.

THE salt wind blows upon my cheek
 As it blew a year ago,
 When twenty boats were crushed among
 The rocks of Norman's Woe.
 'T was dark then; 't is light now,
 And the sails are leaning low.

In dreams I pull the sea-weed o'er,
 And find a face not his,
 And hope another tide will be
 More pitying than this.
 The wind turns; the tide turns:
 They take what hope there is.

My life goes on as thine would go
With all its sweetness spilled :
My God ! why should one heart of two
Beat on, when one is stilled ?
Through heart-wreck or home-wreck
Thy happy sparrows build.

Though boats go down, men build anew,
Whatever winds may blow ;
If blight be in the wheat one year,
We trust again, and sow,
Though grief comes, and changes
The sunshine into snow.

Some have their dead, where, sweet and soon,
The summers bloom and go.
The sea withholds my dead : I walk
The bar, when tides are low,
And wonder the grave-grass
Can have the heart to grow.

Flow on, O unconsenting sea !
And keep my dead below :
Though night, O utter night ! my soul,
Delude thee long, I know,
Or Life comes, or Death comes,
God leads the eternal flow.

Hiram Rich.

Great Barrington, Mass.

GREEN RIVER.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink ;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters, — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away.
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum ;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely, save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still, save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur or fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud, —
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

William Cullen Bryant.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes

That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conduces you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props heaven.

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William Cullen Bryant.

Green Mountains, Vt.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

YE mountains, that far off lift up your heads,
 Seen dimly through their canopies of blue,
 The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds
 Distance-created beauty over you ;
 I am not well content with this far view ;
 How may I know what foot of loved one treads
 Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent beds ?
 We should love all things better, if we knew
 What claims the meanest have upon our hearts ;
 Perchance even now some eye, that would be bright
 To meet my own, looks on your mist-rob'd forms ;
 Perchance your grandeur a deep joy imparts
 To souls that have encircled mine with light. —
 O brother-heart, with thee my spirit warms !

James Russell Lowell.

Hampton, N. H.

HAMPTON BEACH.

THU sunlight glitters keen and bright,
 Where, miles away,
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
 A luminous belt, a misty light,
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
 Against its ground
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
 Still as a picture, clear and free,
 With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein
 Our seaward way,
 Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
 And bends above our heads the flowering locust-spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
 Comes this fresh breeze,
 •Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
 While through my being seems to flow
 The breath of a new life, — the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
 His feet hath set
 In the great waters, which have bound
 His granite ankles greenly round
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray
 wet.

Good-by to pain and care! I take
 Mine ease to-day:
 Here where these sunny waters break,
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
 All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem
 Like all I see —

Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —
 And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
 The soul may know
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
 But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
 No new revealing;
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,
 Or pleasant memory of a dream,
 The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
 May have its dawning;
 And, as in summer's northern night
 The evening and the dawn unite,
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new
 morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
 Wave after wave
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
 Shoulder the broken tide away,
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and
 cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
 And noisy town?
 I see the mighty deep expand

From its white line of glimmering sand
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts
 down!

In listless quietude of mind,
 I yield to all
 The change of cloud and wave and wind,
 And passive on the flood reclined,
 I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
 In shadow lie;
 The night-wind warns me back once more
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
 I bear with me
 No token stone nor glittering shell,
 But long and oft shall Memory tell
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,
 By dawn or sunset shone across,
 When the ebb of the sea has left them free,
 To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:
 For there the river comes winding down
 From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,

And waves on the outer rocks afoam
Shout to its waters, "Welcome home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a clond the woodlands o'er;
And southerly, when the tide is down,
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding ways
Of Hampton River to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,
"Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!"
A young man sighed, who saw them pass.
Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry girl.
As they rounded the point where Goody Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.
"Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave to-day!
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,
'The broth will be cold that waits at home;
For it's one to go, but another to come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper; "speak her fair:
I'm scary always to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."
But merrily still, with laugh and shout,
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed nigh,
And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;
They saw not the Shadow that walked beside,
They heard not the feet with silence shod.
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shot by the lightnings through and through;
And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea
Up to the dimmed and wading sun;
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,
"Yet there is time for our homeward run."
Veering and tacking, they backward wore;
And just as a breath from the woods ashore

Blew out to whisper of danger past,
The wrath of the storm came down at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail:
"God be our help!" he only cried,
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of a flail,
Smote the boat on its starboard side.
The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare,
The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,
Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
"They are lost," she muttered, "boat and crew!
Lord, forgive me! my words were true!"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall;
The low sun smote through cloudy rack;
The Shoals stood clear in the light, and all
The trend of the coast lay hard and black.
But far and wide as eye could reach,
No life was seen upon wave or beach;
The boat that went out at morning never
Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,
Look from the meadows green and low:

The wind of the sea is a waft of death,
The waves are singing a song of woe!
By silent river, by moaning sea,
Long and vain shall thy watching be:
Never again shall the sweet voice call,
Never the white hand rise and fall!

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day!
Dead faces looking up cold and white
From sand and seaweed where they lay.
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
“Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake!
Leave your dead for the hearts that break!”

Solemn it was in that old day
In Hampton town and its log-built church,
Where side by side the coffins lay
And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.
In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,
The voices faltered that raised the hymn
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,
Because of his sin at fourseore years:
He stood apart, with the iron-gray
Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears.
And a wretched woman, holding her breath
In the awful presence of sin and death,

Cowered and shrank, while her neighbors thronged
To look on the dead her shame had wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,
Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,
As, two by two, with their faces hid,

The mourners walked to the burying-ground,
She let the staff from her clasped hands fall:
"Lord, forgive us! we're sinners all!"
And the voice of the old man answered her:
"Amen!" said Father Buchler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore

In the calm of a closing summer day,
And the broken lines of Hampton shore

In purple mist of cloudland lay,
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Rising and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more

With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the east was moonrise, with boats off-shore
And sails in the distance drifting slow.

The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star;
And life and death in my old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day!

John Greenleaf Whittier

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

“Rake out the red coals, goodman,—
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

“It’s never my own little daughter,
It’s never my own,” she said;
“The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

* * *

“She’ll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she’ll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat.”

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
 Laid his hand upon her head :
 "Thy sorrow is great, O woman !
 I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
 And never but one sure way
 Leads out to the light beyond it :
 My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
 "Thy daughter is weak and blind ;
 Let her sight come back, and clothe her
 Once more in her right mind."

* * *

Then into the face of its mother
 The baby looked up and smiled ;
 And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
 And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
 Made the wan face almost fair,
 Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
 And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
 She kissed it on cheek and chin,
 And she bared her snow-white bosom
 To the lips so pale and thin,

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
 Was the maid who blushed and smiled,

But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded, —
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he, —
Now through the great black woodland
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
 (Upon whose soul be peace!)
 Set his name to the jailer's warrant
 For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
 Went sounding like a flail;
 And Goody Cole at cockerow
 Came forth from Ipswich jail.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Harpswell, Me.

THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond
 The sundown's golden trail?
 The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
 Or gleam of slanting sail?
 Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,
 And sea-worn elders pray, —
 The ghost of what was once a ship
 Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
 From peril and from pain,
 The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
 O hundred-harbored Maine!
 But many a keel shall seaward turn,
 And many a sail outstand,

When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines ;
She threads the isle-set bay ;
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine ?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign ?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand ;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land !

For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be ;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side ;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in ;

In vain for her the lamps are lit
 Within thy tower, Seguin!
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
 In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
 Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
 Your gray-head hints of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
 Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
 Shall drape its door with woe;
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails.
 The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,
 From island and from main.
From sheltered cove and tided creek,
 Shall glide the funeral train.
The dead-boat with the bearers four,
 The mourners at her stern,—
And one shall go the silent way
 Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
 Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over sunset seas
 Await the ghostly sign.
They know not that its sails are filled
 By pity's tender breath,
Nor see the Angel at the helm
 Who steers the Ship of Death!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Hartford, Conn.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

I N the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men pray'd, and women wept; all ears grew sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
“It is the Lord’s Great Day! Let us adjourn,”
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. “This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord’s command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles.” And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,

Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
 The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
 Against the background of unnatural dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass,
 That simple duty hath no place for fear.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Haverhill (Pentucket), Mass.

PENTUCKET

1708.

HOW sweetly on the wood-girt town
 The mellow light of sunset shone!
 Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
 Mirror the forest and the hill,
 Reflected from its waveless breast
 The beauty of a cloudless west,
 Glorious as if a glimpse were given
 Within the western gates of heaven,
 Left, by the spirit of the star
 Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps between.
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough,—
The milkmaid carolled by her cow,—
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay,—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream.

Yet on the still air crept a sound, —
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood? —
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No, — through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear, —
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock, —
Then rang the rifle-shot, — and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men, —
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain, —
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air, —

No shout was heard, — nor gunshot there :
 Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
 From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;
 And on the greensward many a stain,
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
 Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now the villager can tell
 Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
 Still show the door of wasting oak,
 Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
 And point the curious stranger where
 De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare, —
 Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
 Bore not a trace of hair or beard, —
 And still, within the churchyard ground,
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies
 The victims of that sacrifice.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,
 Our hills are maple-crowned ;
 But not from them our fathers chose
 The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land
 To Death they set apart ;

With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasselled head;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows.
Fern-leaved, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast;
The school-girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified —
That he might read who ran —
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept
From beauty turned aside;
Nor missed they over those who slept
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
O'ererept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,
Around the seasons ran,

And evermore the love of God
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one ;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharm'd from change to change we glide,
We fall as in our dreams ;
The far-off terror at our side
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small ;
Why fear to lose our little part,
When he is pledged for all ?

O fearful heart and troubled brain !
Take hope and strength from this, —
That Nature never hints in vain,
Nor prophecies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,
Her lights and airs are given
Alike to playground and the grave;
And over both is Heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SYCAMORES.

IN the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustie Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Defly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eyes of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant!
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
 Delved by day and sang by night,
 With a hand that never wearied,
 And a heart forever light, —

Still the gay tradition mingles
 With a record grave and drear,
 Like the rolie air of Chuny,
 With the solemn march of Mear.

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Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
 Singing through the ancient town,
 Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
 Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses ;
 But if yet his spirit walks,
 'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
 And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks ;

Green memorials of the gleeman !
 Linking still the river-shores,
 With their shadows cast by sunset,
 Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !

When the Father of his Country
 Through the north-land riding came,
 And the roofs were starred with banners,
 And the steeples rang acclaim, —

When each war-scarred Continental,
 Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,

Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's arm, —

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting street ;
Village girls as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew :
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
Rimming round the little town, —

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
“I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land.”

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade ;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

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All the pastoral lanes so grassy
 Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
 From the village, grown a city,
 Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
 On the river's winding shores,
 Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
 Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Highgate, Vt.

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

BENEATH the hill you may see the mill
 Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
 The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
 Alike in summer and winter weather,
 He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
 And mill and miller grew old together.

“Little Jerry!”—’t was all the same,—
 They loved him well who called him so;
 And whether he’d ever another name,
 Nobody ever seemed to know.

'T was, "Little Jerry, come grind my rye";
And, "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat";
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'T was "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And so the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came,
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 't was whispered, mournfully,
The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:
"Poor little Jerry!" was all they said.

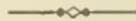
They laid him in his earthy bed,—
His miller's coat his only shroud;

“Dust to dust,” the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

John Godfrey Saxe.



Hingham, Mass.

PAIN IN AUTUMN.

A DROWSY pain, a dull, dead pain,
Preys on my heart, and eludes my brain;
And shadows brood above my dreams,
Like spectral mists o'er haunted streams.

There is no fire within the grate;
The room is cold and desolate,
And dampness on the window-panes
Foretells the equinoctial rains.
The stony road runs past the door,
Dry and dusty evermore;
Up and down the people go,

Shadowy figures, sad and slow :
And the strange houses lie below.

Across the road the dark elms wait,
Ranged in a row before the gate,
Giving their voices to the wind,
And their sorrows to my mind.

Behind the house the river flows,
Half unrest and half repose ;
Ships lie below with mildewed sails,
Tattered in forgotten gales ;
Along each hulk a whitish line,
The dashing of the ancient brine :
Beyond, the spaces of the sea,
Which old Ocean's portals be :
The land runs out its horns of sand,
And the sea comes in to meet the land.

Sky sinks to sea, sea swells to sky,
Till they meet, and mock the eye ;
And where they meet the sand hills lie ;
No cattle in their pastures seen,
For the yellow grass was never green :
With a calm and solemn stare
They look to heaven in blank despair ;
And heaven, with pity dumb the while,
Looks down again with a sickly smile.

The sky is gray, half dark, half bright,
Swimming in dim, uncertain light,
Something between the day and night.

And the winds blow, but soft and low,
 Unheard, unheeded in their woe;
 Like some sick heart, too near o'erthrown
 To vent its grief by sigh or moan,
 Some heart that breaks, like mine, alone!

And here I dwell, condemned to see,
 And be what all these phantoms be,
 Within this realm of penal pain,
 Beside the melancholy main;
 The waste which lies, as legend saith,
 Between the worlds of Life and Death;
 A soul from Life to Death betrayed,
 A Shadow in the World of Shade!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Holyoke, the Mountain, Mass.

SUNDAY ON MOUNT HOLYOKE.

I 'VE climbed, with slippery, toiling feet,
 The cliff, beneath whose verge,
 Far down, wide-waving woodlands beat
 Their greenly rippling surge.

With rustling skirts the zephyr treads
 The undulating trees,
 And azure harebells nod their heads,
 Rung by the passing breeze.

Mid fields of variegated grain
The river lies asleep,
While the stern mountains to the plain
With softened outline sweep.

And, hand in hand, around the vale,
Clad in blue autumn-mist,
They stand, that naught the spot assail
The loving sun hath kissed.

On the green hillside lowing kine
Are heard, and bleating flocks,
And, where the farmyard roofings shine,
The shrilly crowing cocks.

But naught of sight or sound doth mar
The holy Sabbath-time,
Where the white belfry gleams afar
Whispers the village-chime.

Like a fond mother's kiss, the scene
Soothes the unrestful brain;
Earth's love, so smilingly serene,
Wins the sick soul from pain.

Here are no traces to record
Man's crimes or his distress;
The brooding spirit looks abroad
In happy loneliness.

How spiritual seems the place!
The blue, unclouded skies

Look down, as when a thoughtful face
To yearning dreams replies.

'Tis well to kneel in pillared aisle,
And swell prayer's choral tone;
But holiest feelings crave awhile
To find themselves alone.

And as the landscape, viewed from hence,
Dwindles in sight and sound,
While heaven, in still magnificence,
Spreads broader arms around;

So, from this lofty mountain-goal
To which my feet have trod,
Life's objects lessen,—and the soul
Seemeth more near to God.

James Freeman Colman.



Hopkinton, Mass.

THE FRANKLAND MANSION.

ONE hour we rumble on the rail,
One half-hour guide the rein,
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,
The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,
With stained and warping floor,

A stately mansion stands aloof,
And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,
That breaks the gable wall;
And lo! with arches opening wide,
Sir Harry Frankland's hall!

'T was in the second George's day
They sought the forest shade,
The knotted trunks they cleared away,
The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,
They smoothed the terraced ground,
They reared the marble-pillared wall
That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound
The Master's broad domain;
With page and valet, horse and hound,
He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,
The ploughman stopped to gaze
Whene'er his chariot swept in view
Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,
Repaid by nod polite, —
For such the way with high and low
Till after Concord fight.

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I tell you, as my tale began,
The Hall is standing still ;
And you, kind listener, maid or man,
May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,
Like trees the lilacs grow,
Three elms high-arching still are seen,
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,
Flap on the latticed wall ;
And o'er the mossy ridge-pole towers
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

Thus Agnes won her noble name,
Her lawless lover's hand ;
The lowly maiden so became
A lady in the land !

The tale is done ; it little needs
To track their after ways,
And string again the golden beads
Of love's uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle
For bleak New England's shore ;
How gracious is the courtly smile
Of all who frowned before !

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers
They watch the river's gleam,

And shudder as her shadowy towers
Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair ;
His cheek, alas ! grows pale ;
The breast that trampling death could spare
His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue
For England's clouded sky, —
To breathe the air his boyhood knew ;
He seeks them but to die.

The doors on mighty hinges clash
With massive bolt and bar,
The heavy English-moulded sash
Scarce can the night-winds jar.

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A graded terrace yet remains ;
If on its turf you stand
And look along the wooded plains
That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define
A dim, receding view,
Where, on the far horizon's line,
He cut his vista through.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Housatonic, the River.

BENNETT'S BRIDGE.

THOU beautiful, romantic dell!
Thy banks of hemlock highlands swell,
Like huge sea billows, o'er the isles
Round which the branching river smiles.
Look up! how sombre and how vast
The shadows those dark mountains cast,
Making noon twilight; or look down
The giddy depths, so steep and brown,
Where claret waters foam and play
A tinkling tune, then dance away.

Of, with my oak-leaf basket green,
On summer holiday's serene,
Along your hillsides have I strayed,
And on the ground, all scarlet made,
Picked in full stems, as low I kneeled,
Strawberries, rubies of the field,
Coming late home; or in the flood
Cooled the warm current of my blood,
While swam the house-dog after me,
With long red tongue lapt out in glee.

'T is glorious, here, at breaking day,
To watch the orient clouds of gray
Blush crimson, as the yellow sun
Walks up to take his purple throne,

And melts to snowy mists the dew
That kissed, all night, each blossom's hue,
Till, like a tumbling ocean spread,
They hide low vale and tall cliff's head,
And many a tree's fantastic form
Looks like some tossed ship in a storm.

How still the scene! yet here war's hum
Once echoed wildly from the drum,
When waved the lily flower's gay bloom
O'er glittering troops with sword and plume,
Who, on the clover meadows round,
Their white tents pitched, while music's sound,
From horn and cymbal, played some strain
That oft had charmed the banks of Seine,
And village girls came down to dance
At evening with the youths of France.

Fair was the hour, secluded dell!
When last I taugth my listening shell
Sweet notes of thee. The bright moon shone,
As on the shore I mused alone,
And frosted rocks, and streams, and tree,
With rays that beamed like eyes on me.
A silver robe the mountain's hung,
A silver song the waters sung,
And many a pine was heard to quiver
Along my own blue flowing river.

Joseph H. Nichols.

Ipswich, Mass.

IPSWICH TOWN.

I LOVE to think of old Ipswich town,
 Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
 Whence, on the tide, you can float down
 Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea,
 Where the Mayflower drifted off the bar,
 Sea-worn and weary, long years ago,
 And dared not enter, but sailed away
 Till she landed her boats in Plymouth Bay.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
 Where Whitfield preached in the church on the hill,
 Driving out the devil till he leaped down
 From the steeple's top, where they show you still,
 Imbedded deep in the solid rock,
 The indelible print of his cloven hoof,
 And tell you the devil has never shown
 Face or hoof since that day in the honest town.

I love to think of old Ipswich town;
 Where they shut up the witches until the day
 When they should be roasted so thoroughly brown,
 In Salem village, twelve miles away;
 They've moved it off for a stable now;
 But there are the holes where the stout jail stood,
 And at night, they say, that over the holes
 You can see the ghost of Goody Coles.

I love to think of old Ipswich town ;
That house to your right, a rod or more,
Where the stern old elm-trees seem to frown
If you peer too hard through the open door,
Sheltered the regicide judges three
When the royal sheriffs were after them,
And a queer old villager once I met,
Who says in the cellar they 're living yet.

I love to think of old Ipswich town ;
Harry Main — you have heard the tale — lived there :
He blasphemed God, so they put him down
With an iron shovel, at Ipswich Bar ;
They chained him there for a thousand years,
As the sea rolls up to shovel it back ;
So, when the sea cries, the goodwives say
“ Harry Main growls at his work to-day.”

I love to think of old Ipswich town ;
There 's a graveyard up on the old High Street,
Where ten generations are looking down
On the one that is toiling at their feet :
Where the stones stand shoulder to shoulder, like troops
Drawn up to receive a cavalry charge,
And graves have been dug in graves, till the sod
Is the mould of good men gone to God.

I love to think of old Ipswich town,
Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
Whence, on the tide, you can float down
Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea,

And lie all day on the glassy beach,
 And learn the lesson the green waves teach,
 Till at sunset, from surf and seaweed brown,
 You are pulling back to Ipswich town.

James Appleton Morgan.

HEARTBREAK HILL.

IN Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
 Rises a hill which the people call
 Heartbreak Hill, and its history
 Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
 Told by all peoples in every clime,
 Still to be told till the ages fail,
 And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
 Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
 And she saw him over the sea depart,
 While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
 "I'll come back, sweetheart; keep your faith!"
 She said, "I will watch while the moons go by":
 Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
 Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep;
 Slowly the empty moments crept
 While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken ;
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again ?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock heap of Boone Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night,

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

Oh, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar, —
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning-red to the evening star !

Oh, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold !

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild boding cry,

She was weary of all; there was no delight
 In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
 With delicate beauty skies and seas?^o
 But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
 Made her soul sick with memories.

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
 In the distant east, where shadows grew,
 Till the twilight shrouded it, cold and pale,
 And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
 She sat, with hardly motion or breath.
 She wept no tears and she made no moan,
 But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back! Yet faithful still,
 She watched from the hill-top her life away.
 And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
 And it bears the name to this very day.

Celia Thaxter.



Isles of Shoals, N. H.

PICTURES FROM APPLIEDORE.

I.

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags
 Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
 With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,

That wait and growl for a ship to be lost ;
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one,
Where, æons ago, with half-shut eye,
The sluggish saurian crawled to die,
Gasping under titanic ferns ;
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,
And the dreary black seaweed lolls and wags ;
Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak clefts blown,
With sobs in the rifts where the coarse kelp shifts,
Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, forevermore, —
Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dread of some nameless thing unknown,
These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night :
Then there are monsters left and right ;
Every rock is a different monster ;
All you have read of, fancied, dreamed,
When you waked at night because you screamed,
There they lie for half a mile,
Jumbled together in a pile,
And (though you know they never once stir),
If you look long, they seem to be moving

Just as plainly as plain can be,
Crushing and crowding, wading and shoving
Out into the awful sea,
Where you can hear them snort and spout
With pauses between, as if they were listening,
Then tumult anon when the surf breaks glistening
In the blackness where they wallow about.

II.

All this you would scarcely comprehend,
Should you see the isle on a sunny day;
Then it is simple enough in its way, —
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
With a smaller bulge and a hollow between;
Patches of whortleberry and bay;
Accidents of open green,
Sprinkled with loose slabs square and gray,
Like graveyards for ages deserted; a few
Unsocial thistles; an elder or two,
Foamed over with blossoms white as spray;
And on the whole island never a tree
Save a score of sumachs, high as your knee,
That crouch in hollows where they may,
(The cellars where once stood a village, men say,)
Huddling for warmth, and never grew
Tall enough for a peep at the sea;
A general dazzle of open blue;
A breeze always blowing and playing rat-tat
With the bow of the ribbon round your hat;
A score of sheep that do nothing but stare

Up and down at you everywhere ;
 Three or four cattle that chew the cud
 Lying about in a listless despair ;
 A medrick that makes you look overhead
 With short, sharp scream, as he sights his prey,
 And, dropping straight and swift as lead,
 Splits the water with sudden thud ;—
 This is Appledore by day.

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III.

Away northeast is Boone Island light ;
 You might mistake it for a ship,
 Only it stands too plumb upright,
 And like the others does not slip
 Behind the sea's unsteady brink ;
 Though, if a cloud-shade chance to dip
 Upon it a moment, 't will suddenly sink,
 Levelled and lost in the darkened main,
 Till the sun builds it suddenly up again,
 As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.
 On the mainland you see a misty camp
 Of mountains pitched tumultuously :
 That one looming so long and large
 Is Saddleback, and that point you see
 Over yon low and rounded marge,
 Like the boss of a sleeping giant's targe
 Laid over his breast, is Ossipee ;
 That shadow there may be Kearsarge ;
 That must be Great Haystack ; I love these names,
 Wherewith the lonely farmer tames

Nature to mute companionship
With his own mind's domestic mood,
And strives the surly world to clip
In the arms of familiar habitude.
'Tis well he could not contrive to make
A Saxon of Agamenticus :
He glowers there to the north of us,
Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze,
Unconvertibly savage, and seorns to take
The white man's baptism or his ways.
Him first on shore the coaster divines
Through the early gray, and sees him shake
The morning mist from his scalp-lock of pines ;
Him first the skipper makes out in the west,
Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots tremulous,
Plashing with orange the palpitant lines
Of mutable billow, crest after crest,
And murmurs Agamenticus !
As if it were the name of a saint.
But is that a mountain playing cloud,
Or a cloud playing mountain, just there, so faint ?
Look along over the low right shoulder
Of Agamenticus into that crowd
Of brassy thunderheads behind it ;
Now you have caught it, but, ere you are older
By half an hour, you will lose it and find it
A score of times ; while you look 't is gone,
And, just as you've given it up, anon
It is there again, till your weary eyes
Fancy they see it waver and rise,
With its brother clouds ; it is Agiohook,

There if you seek not, and gone if you look,
Ninety miles off as the eagle flies.

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V.

How looks Appledore in a storm?

I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap enorme,
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under;
And the island, whose rock-roots pierce below
To where they are warmed with the central fire,
You could feel its granite fibres racked,
As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill
Right at the breast of the swooping hill,
And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,
While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep,
And the next vast breaker curled its edge,
Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs and breakers
You would never dream of in smooth weather,
That toss and gore the sea for acres,
Bellowing and gnashing and snarling together;
Look northward, where Duck Island lies,
And over its crown you will see arise,

Against a background of slaty skies,
A row of pillars still and white,
That glimmer, and then are out of sight,
As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
While you crossed the gusty desert by night,
The long colonnades of Persepolis ;
Look southward for White Island light,
The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the tide ;
There is first a half-mile of tumult and fight,
Of dash and roar and tumble and fright,
And surging bewilderment wild and wide,
Where the breakers struggle left and right,
Then a mile or more of rushing sea,
And then the lighthouse slim and lone ;
And whenever the weight of ocean is thrown
Full and fair on White Island head,
A great mist-jotun you will see
Lifting himself up silently
High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,
With hands of wavering spray outspread,
Groping after the little tower,
That seems to shrink and shorten and cower,
Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,
And silently and fruitlessly
He sinks again into the sea.

Yet, meanwhile, where drenched you stand,
Awaken once more to the rush and roar,
And on the rock-point tighten your hand,
As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment before,

Suck rattling down between you and a heap
 Of toppling billow, whose instant fall
 Must sink the whole island once for all,
 Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
 Feeling their way to you more and more ;
 If they once should clutch you high as the knees,
 They would whirl you down like a sprig of kelp,
 Beyond all reach of hope or help ; —
 And such in a storm is Appledore.

James Russell Lowell.

THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I LIT the lamps in the lighthouse tower,
 For the sun dropped down and the day was dead ;
 They shone like a glorious clustered flower, —
 Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
 Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
 The lights sprang out at its edge, — almost
 They seemed to answer me !

O warning lights ! burn bright and clear,
 Hither the storm comes ! Leagues away
 It moans and thunders low and drear, —
 Burn till the break of day !

Good-night ! I called to the gulls that sailed
 Slow past me through the evening sky ;
 And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
 Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars ;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled ;
They knew what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread !

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain ;—
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear ;
The bare rock shuddered, — an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, while strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning to the naked rock ;
But still burned on the faithful light,

Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We who sat within
Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear,
We looked through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart
To show us, staggering to her grave,
The fated brig. We had no heart
To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried :
“ ’T was the Pocahontas, — all were lost !
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tossed.”

Then I looked the whole horizon round, —
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o’er those sailors drowned !
“ Father in heaven,” I said, —

A child’s grief struggling in my breast, —
“ Do purposeless thy children meet
Such bitter death ? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat ?

“ O wherefore ! Are we naught to thee ?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all ? ”

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below ;
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
 Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
 And a subtile sense of Thought profound
 Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake
 That wondrous rhythm, and, "Peace, be still!"
 It murmured, "bow thy head and take
 Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last all shall be clear."
 The long, low, mellow music rose
 And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
 With infinite repose.

Sighing I climbed the lighthouse stair,
 Half forgetting my grief and pain;
 And while the day died, sweet and fair,
 I lit the lamps again.

Celia Thaxter.

THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

O SAILORS, did sweet eyes look after you,
 The day you sailed away from sunny Spain?
 Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
 Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
 Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging snow,
 When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
 The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died :
 None know how many sleep beneath the waves ;
 Fourteen gray headstones, rising side by side,
 Point out their nameless graves, —

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
 And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
 And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
 That moans perpetually.

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in vain
 Questioned the distance for the yearning sail,
 That, leaning landward, should have stretched again
 White arms wide on the gale,

To bring back their beloved. Year by year,
 Weary they watched, till youth and beauty passed,
 And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age drew near,
 And hope was dead at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious land,
 Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of golden glow :
 Live any yet of that forsaken band
 Who loved so long ago ?

O Spanish women, over the far seas,
 Could I but show you where your dead repose !
 Could I send tidings on this northern breeze,
 That strong and steady blows !

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
 These you have lost, but you can never know
 One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
 With thinking of your woe !

Celia Thaxter.

