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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS
M DCCC LXVII.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
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UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,
CAMBRIDGE.

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SONGS OF LABOR,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

1850.

VOL. II.

1

DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here
Might grace from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,
On softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :
But what I have I give to thee,—
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,
And paler flowers, the latter rain
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal
lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
Dry root and mosséd trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leafed
maple wood !

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree ;
And through the bleak and wintry day
It keeps its steady green away,—
So, even my after-thoughts may have a charm for
thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And beauty is its own excuse ;¹
But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays
 Of homely toil, may serve to show
 The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
 That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below

Haply from them the toiler, bent
 Above his forge or plough, may gain
 A manlier spirit of content,
 And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the
 working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair
 Without the walls of Eden came,
 Transforming sinless ease to care
 And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal
 shame.

A blessing now—a curse no more;
 Since He, whose name we breathe with
 awe,
 The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—
 A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law

SONGS OF LABOR.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin ;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin !

Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near ;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
 No craftsmen bear a part:
 We make of Nature's giant powers
 The slaves of human Art.
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
 And drive the treenails free;
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
 Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
 The sea's rough field shall plough—
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
 With salt-spray caught below—
 That ship must heed her master's beck,
 Her helm obey his hand,
 And seamen tread her reeling deck
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
 Of Northern ice may peel;
 The sunken rock and coral peak
 May grate along her keel;
 And know we well the painted shell.
 We give to wind and wave,
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,
 Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
 And set the good ship free!
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks
 The young bride of the sea?
 Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
 In graceful beauty now!
 How lowly on the breast she loves
 Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
 Her snowy wing shall fan,
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,

THE SHOEMAKERS.

7

Or sultry Hindostan !
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship !—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours ;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land !
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea !

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho ! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather !
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together !
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner !
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner !

Rap, rap ! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer !

Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
 A quick and merry clamor.
 Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
 The glossy vamp around it,
 And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
 Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
 A hundred keels are ploughing;
 For you, the Indian on the plain
 His lasso-coil is throwing;
 For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
 The woodman's fire is lighting;
 For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
 The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
 The rosin-gum is stealing;
 For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
 Her silken skein is reeling;
 For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams
 His rugged Alpine ledges;
 For you, round all her shepherd homes,
 Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
 On moated mound or heather,
 Where'er the need of trampled right
 Brought toiling men together;
 Where the free burghers from the wall
 Defied the mail-clad master,
 Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
 No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride—
 Ye heed no idle scorner;
 Free hands and hearts are still your pride.
 And duty done, your honor.
 Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,

The jury Time empanels,
 And leave to truth each noble name
 Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,
 In strong and hearty German ;
 And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
 And patriot fame of Sherman ;
 Still from his book, a mystic seer,
 The soul of Behmen teaches,
 And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
 Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours ; where'er it falls,
 It treads your well-wrought leather,
 On earthen floor, in marble halls,
 On carpet, or on heather.
 Still there the sweetest charm is found
 Of matron grace or vestal's,
 As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
 Among the old celestials !

Rap ! rap !—your stout and bluff brogan,
 With footsteps slow and weary,
 May wander where the sky's blue span
 Shuts down upon the prairie.
 On Beauty's foot, your slippers glance,
 By Saratoga's fountains,
 Or twinkle down the summer dance
 Beneath the Crystal Mountains !

The red brick to the mason's hand,
 The brown earth to the tiller's,
 The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
 Like fairy Cinderella's !
 As they who shunned the household maid
 Beheld the crown upon her,
 So all shall see your toil repaid
 With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
 In water cool and brimming—
 “All honor to the good old Craft,
 Its merry men and women!”
 Call out again your long array,
 In the old time’s pleasant manner;
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin’s day,
 Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,
 Still onward cheerly driving!
 There’s life alone in duty done,
 And rest alone in striving.
 But see! the day is closing cool,
 The woods are dim before us;
 The white fog of the way-side pool
 Is creeping slowly o’er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
 Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
 And through yon elms the tavern sign
 Looks out upon us cheery.
 The landlord beckons from his door,
 His beechen fire is glowing;
 These ample barns, with feed in store,
 Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
 By brows of rugged mountains;
 From hill-sides where, through spongy moss,
 Gush out the river fountains;
 From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
 And bright with blooming clover;
 From vales of corn the wandering crow
 No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been,
 O'er many a hill and hollow ;
 By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
 Our stately drove we follow.
 Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
 As smoke of battle o'er us,
 Their white horns glisten in the sun,
 Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
 As slow behind it sinking ;
 Or, thronging close, from road-side rill,
 Or sunny lakelet, drinking.
 Now crowding in the narrow road,
 In thick and struggling masses,
 They glare upon the teamster's load,
 Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
 And paw of hoof, and bellow,
 They leap some farmer's broken pale,
 O'er meadow-close or fallow.
 Forth comes the startled good-man ; forth
 Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
 Till once more on their dusty path
 The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,
 Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,
 Like those who grind their noses down
 On pastures bare and stony—
 Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
 And cows too lean for shadows,
 Disputing feebly with the frogs
 The crop of saw-grass meadows !

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
 No bones of leanness rattle ;
 No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,
 Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.

Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining ;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,
The freshest feed is growing,
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing ;
Wherever hill-sides, sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the way-side pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping ;
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
To-morrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
Instead of birds, are flitting ;
When children throng the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting ;
While in the fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
 From many a mountain pasture,
 Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
 And speed the long night faster.
 Then let us on, through shower and sun,
 And heat and cold, be driving ;
 There's life alone in duty done,
 And rest alone in striving.

THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH ! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain ;
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor !
 Run up the sail again !
 Leave to the lubber landsmen
 The rail-car and the steed ;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
 And the light-house from the sand ;
 And the scattered pines are waving
 Their farewell from the land.
 One glance, my lads, behind us,
 For the homes we leave one sigh,
 Ere we take the change and chances
 Of the ocean and the sky.

Now brothers, for the icebergs
 Of frozen Labrador,
 Floating spectral in the moonshine,
 Along the low, black shore !
 Where like snow the gannet's feathers
 On Brador's rocks are shed,
 And the noisy murr are flying,
 Like black scuds, overhead ;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
 And the sharp reef lurks below,
 And the white squall smites in summer,
 And the autumn tempests blow ;
 Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
 From evening unto morn,
 A thousand boats are hailing,
 Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,
 With the white cross on its crown !
 Hurrah ! for Meccatina,
 And its mountains bare and brown !
 Where the Caribou's tall antlers
 O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
 And the footstep of the Mickmack
 Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
 Old Ocean's treasures in,
 Where'er the mottled mackerel
 Turns up a steel-dark fin.
 The sea's our field of harvest,
 Its scaly tribes our grain ;
 We'll reap the teeming waters
 As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
 And light the hearth of home ;
 From our fish, as in the old time,
 The silver coin shall come.
 As the demon fled the chamber
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,
 So ours from all our dwellings
 Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels ;

Though the fog be dark around us,
 And the storm blow high and loud,
 We will whistle down the wild wind,
 And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,
 On the water as on land,
 God's eye is looking on us,
 And beneath us is his hand !
 Death will find us soon or later,
 On the deck or in the cot ;
 And we cannot meet him better
 Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west wind
 Comes freshening down the bay,
 The rising sails are filling—
 Give way, my lads, give way !
 Leave the coward landsman clinging
 To the dull earth, like a weed—
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed !

THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal
 rain
 Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with
 grass again ;
 The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the
 woodlands gay
 With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-
 flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun
 rose broad and red,

At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he
 sped ;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and
 subdued,
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly
 pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the
 night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow
 light ;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified
 the hill ;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
 greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
 glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,
 they knew not why ;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the
 meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
 sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient
 weather-cocks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as
 rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
 dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low
 rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-
 fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the
 pale-green waves of rye ;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
 with wood,

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through
husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the
yellow ear ;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a
verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and many a
creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk
and grain ;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank
down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in
brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on meadow,
stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire
beyond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory
shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into
one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks
 in the mow,
 Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
 scene below ;
 The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
 before,
 And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
 cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and
 heart,
 Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart
 While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
 in its shade,
 At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
 children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young
 and fair,
 Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
 soft brown hair,
 The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
 smooth of tongue,
 To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-
 ballad sung.

THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !
 Heap high the golden corn !
 No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain,
 Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod ;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God !

THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;
 Thickly down these swelling waters
 Float his fallen leaves.
 Through the tall and naked timber,
 Column-like and old,
 Glean the sunsets of November,
 From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
 Screams the gray wild-goose ;
 On the night-frost sounds the treading
 Of the brindled moose.
 Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,
 Frost his task-work plies ;
 Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
 Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
 On some night of rain,

Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnocket's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer :
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,
Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
White with foamy falls ;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
Of Katahdin's sides,—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides !
Far below, the Indian trapping,
In the sunshine warm ;
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm !

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves ;

And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir:
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!
For his ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;

He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home!
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine !
In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part ;
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart !

O ! our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow ;
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave ;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's
Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades ! up and doing !
Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
Through the world our way !

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward
far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican
array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or
come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the
storm we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of
battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy
on their souls!”
Who is losing? who is winning?—“Over hill and
over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the
mountain ran.”

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look Ximena,
look once more:
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe-
man, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down
its mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke
 has rolled away ;
 And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the
 ranks of gray.
 Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop
 of Minon wheels ;
 There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-
 non at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
 advance !
 Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's
 charging lance !
 Down they go, the brave young riders ; horse and
 foot together fall ;
 Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them
 ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
 frightful on :
 Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost,
 and who has won ?
 "Alas! alas! I know not ; friend and foe together
 fall,
 O'er the dying rush the living : pray, my sisters,
 for them all !"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting : Blessed Moth-
 er, save my brain !
 I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from
 heaps of slain.
 Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they
 fall, and strive to rise ;
 Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die
 before our eyes !"

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy
 poor head on my knee ;
 Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst
 thou hear me ? canst thou see ?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle ! oh, my Bernal,
look once more
On the blessed cross before thee ! mercy ! mercy !
all is o'er ! ”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one
down to rest ;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon
his breast ;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral
masses said ;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy
aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,
a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding
slow his life away ;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned
away her head ;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon
her dead ;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his
struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching
lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand
and faintly smiled :
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did she watch
beside her child ?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's
heart supplied ;
With her kiss upon his forehead, “ Mother ! ” mur-
mured he, and died !

“ A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee
forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lone
ly, in the North ! ”
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him
with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the
wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! “ Like a cloud
before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood
and death behind ;
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the dust the
wounded strive ;
Hide your faces, holy angels ! oh, thou Christ of
God, forgive ! ”

Sink, oh Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool,
gray shadows fall ;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain
over all !
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon’s lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food ;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender
care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange
and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father ! is this evil world of
ours ;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
the Eden flowers ;

From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
 their prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in
 our air !

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong ;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place ;
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate
 Find one sad level ; and how, soon or late,
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened
 face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I for-
 gave !

BARCLAY OF URY.²

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury ;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving girl,

Prompt to please her master ;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding ;
 And, to all he saw and heard
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward ;
 Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
 Push him ! prick him ! through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward !"

But from out the thickening crowd
 Cried a sudden voice and loud :
 " Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay !"
 And the old man at his side
 Saw a comrade, battle tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,
 Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud : " God save us
 Call ye coward him who stood
 Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus ?"

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
 " Put it up I pray thee :
 Passive to his holy will,
 Trust I in my Master still,
 Even though he slay me."

“ Pledges of thy love and faith,
 Proved on many a field of death,
 Not by me are needed.”
 Marvelled much that henchman bold,
 That his laird, so stout of old,
 Now so meekly pleaded.

“ Woe’s the day,” he sadly said,
 With a slowly-shaking head,
 And a look of pity ;
 “ Ury’s honest lord reviled,
 Mock of knave and sport of child,
 In his own good city !

“ Speak the word, and, master mine,
 As we charged on Tilly’s line,
 And his Walloon lancers,
 Smiting through their midst we’ll teach
 Civil look and decent speech
 To these boyish prancers !”

“ Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
 Like beginning, like the end :”
 Quoth the Laird of Ury,
 “ Is the sinful servant more
 Than his gracious Lord who bore
 Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

“ Give me joy that in his name
 I can bear, with patient frame,
 All these vain ones offer ;
 While for them He suffereth long,
 Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
 Scoffing with the scoffer ?

“ Happier I, with loss of all,
 Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
 With few friends to greet me,
 Than when reeve and squire were seen,

Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

“ When each good wife, o’er and o’er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down.
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

“ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friend’s falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving :
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

“ Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking ! ”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial ;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,

O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow !

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

Maddened by Earth's wrong and evil,
" Lord ! " I cried in sudden ire,
" From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
Shake the bolted fire !

" Love is lost, and Faith is dying ;
With the brute the man is sold ;
And the dropping blood of labor
Hardens into gold.

" Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of pain ;
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
Reaping men like grain.

“ ‘ Where is God, that we should fear Him ?

Thus the earth-born Titans say ;

‘ God ! if thou art living, hear us ! ’

Thus the weak ones pray.

“ Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,”

Spake a solemn Voice within ;

“ Weary of our Lord’s forbearance,

Art thou free from sin ?

“ Fearless brow to Him uplifting,

Canst thou for his thunders call,

Knowing that to guilt’s attraction

Evermore they fall ?

“ Know’st thou not all germs of evil

In thy heart await their time ?

Not thyself, but God’s restraining,

Stays their growth of crime.

“ Could’st thou boast, oh child of weakness !

O’er the sons of wrong and strife,

Were their strong temptations planted

In thy path of life ?

“ Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing

From one fountain, clear and free,

But by widely varying channels

Searching for the sea.

“ Glideth one through greenest valleys,

Kissing them with lips still sweet ;

One, mad roaring down the mountains,

Stagnates at their feet.

“ Is it choice whereby the Parsee

Kneels before his mother’s fire ?

In his black tent did the Tartar

Choose his wandering sire ?

“ He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul’s surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

“ For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

“ Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

“ But, by all thy nature’s weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

“ Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret.”

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day’s cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil doers
Waken scorn or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

TO DELAWARE.

WRITTEN during the discussion in the Legislature of that State
in the winter of 1846-7, of a bill for the abolition of Slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,
 To the strong tillers of a rugged home,
 With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
 And hardy feet o'er-swept by ocean's foam ;
 And to the young nymphs of the golden West,
 Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie
 bloom,
 Trail in the sunset,—oh, redeemed and blest,
 To the warm welcome of thy sisters come !
 Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay
 Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
 And the great lakes, where echo free alway
 Moaned never shoreward with the clank of
 chains,
 Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,
 And all their waves keep grateful holiday.
 And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
 Vermont shall bless thee ; and the Granite peaks,
 And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear
 Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air ;
 And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
 O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
 When, at thy bidding, the electric wire
 Shall tremble northward with its words of fire :
 Glory and praise to God ! another State is free !

WORSHIP.

[*'PURE religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'*—James i. 27.]

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
 And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
 Round fanè and altar overthrown and broken,
 O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
 The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,
 With mothers' offering, to the Fiend's embraces,
 Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
 Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
 Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
 Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
 All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
 The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fast-
 ing,
 And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

'Then through great temples swelled the dismal
 moaning
 Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;
 Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
 Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor
 Of gums and spices could the Unseen One
 please;

As if his ear could bend, with childish favor,
 To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles holy
With trembling reverence; and the oppressor
there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of
prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
Untroubled flows the river of his peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow:
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
From stranger eyes the home lights which have
fled?

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,
And beats the maid with her unused broom,
And the lazy lout with his idle flail,
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,
And the Cocklane ghost from the barnloft cheer,
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,
And the devil of Martin Luther sat
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him
Who seven times crossed the deep,
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.
But he drank of the wine, and Sinbad cast
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day
To my quiet room and fireside nook,
Where the casement light falls dim and gray
On faded painting and ancient book,
Is a sorrier one than any whose names
Are chronicled well by good king James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,
 No runner of errands like Ariel,
 He comes in the shape of a fat old man,
 Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell;
 And whence he comes, or whither he goes,
 I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat
 Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,
 And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,
 Looking through glasses with iron bows.
 Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,
 Guard well your doors from that old man !

He comes with a careless "how d'ye do,"
 And seats himself in my elbow chair;
 And my morning paper and pamphlet new
 Fall forthwith under his special care,
 And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,
 And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,
 In a low and husky asthmatic tone,
 With the stolid sameness of posture and look
 Of one who reads to himself alone;
 And hour after hour on my senses come
 That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,
 The poet's song and the lover's glee,
 The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,
 The marriage list, and the *jeu d' esprit*,
 All reach my ear in the self-same tone,—
 I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on !

Oh! sweet as the lapse of water at noon
 O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,
 The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
 Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,

Or the low soft music, perchance which seems
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns from the self-same book—
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,
And when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,
And see the tossing of plume and spear!—

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,
The stout fiend darkens my parlour door ;
And reads me perchance the self-same lay
Which melted in music the night before,
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,
I flourish my cane above his head,
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat

Of demons of every name and size,
 Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,
 But never a hint and never a line
 Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,
 And laid the Primer above them all,
 I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,
 And hung a wig to my parlour wall
 Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,
 At Salem court in the witchcraft day !

"*Conjuro te, scleratissime,
 Abire ad tuum locum !*"—still
 Like a visible nightmare he sits by me—
 The exorcism has lost its skill ;
 And I hear again in my haunted room
 The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah !—commend me to Mary Magdalen
 With her seven-fold plagues—to the wandering
 Jew,
 To the terrors which haunted Orestes when
 The furies his midnight curtains drew,
 But charm him off, ye who charm him can,
 That reading demon, that fat old man !—

THE PUMPKIN.

OH ! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
 The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
 And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
 With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all
 gold,
 Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
 While he waited to know that his warning was true,

And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in
vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden ;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres
of gold ;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit
shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and
guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once
more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the
eye ?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie ?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days re-
calling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts
were falling !
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts
all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
 In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her
 team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or
 better

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
 Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than
 thine!

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to
 express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less
 That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
 And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine
 grow,

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
 Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND."

How has New England's romance fled,
 Even as a vision of the morning!
 Its rites fordone—its guardians dead—
 Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
 Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!—
 Gone like the Indian wizard's yell
 And fire-dance round the magic rock,
 Forgotten like the Druid's spell
 At moonrise by his holy oak!
 No more along the shadowy glen,
 Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;
 No more the unquiet churchyard dead
 Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,
 Startling the traveller, late and lone;

As, on some night of starless weather,
 They silently commune together,
 Each sitting on his own head-stone !
 The roofless house, decayed, deserted,
 Its living tenants all departed,
 No longer rings with midnight revel
 Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;
 No pale, blue flame sends out its flashes
 Through creviced roof and shattered sashes !—
 The witch-grass round the hazel spring
 May sharply to the night-air sing,
 But there no more shall withered hags
 Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,
 Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters
 As beverage meet for Satan's daughters ;
 No more their mimic tones be heard—
 The mew of cat—the chirp of bird,
 Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter
 Of the fell demon following after !

The cautious good-man nails no more
 A horseshoe on his outer door,
 Lest some unseemly hag should fit
 To his own mouth her bridle-bit—
 The good-wife's churn no more refuses
 Its wonted culinary uses
 Until, with heated needle burned,
 The witch has to her place returned !
Our witches are no longer old
 And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
 But young and gay and laughing creatures,
 With the heart's sunshine on their features—
 Their sorcery—the light which dances
 Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;
 Or that low breathed and gentle tone,
 The music of Love's twilight hours,
 Soft, dreamlike, as a fairy's moan
 Above her nightly closing flowers,
 Sweeter than that which sighed of yore,

Along the charmed Ausonian shore !
 Even she, our own weird heroine,
 Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,
 Sleeps calmly where the living laid her ;
 And the wide realm of sorcery,
 Left by its latest mistress free,
 Hath found no gray and skilled invader :
 So perished Albion's "glammarye,"
 With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,
 His charmed torch beside his knee,
 That even the dead himself might see
 The magic scroll within his keeping.
 And now our modern Yankee sees
 Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries ;
 And naught above, below, around,
 Of life or death, of sight or sound,
 Whate'er its nature, form, or look,
 Excites his terror or surprise—
 All seeming to his knowing eyes
 Familiar as his "catechize,"
 Or "Webster's Spelling Book."

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE 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 ancles greenly round
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool
 spray wet.

Good-bye 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

LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF SILAS WRIGHT, OF NEW YORK

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,
 While turning shoreward, where a beacon shone,
 Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,
 So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,
 In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light
 Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of noon,
 While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,
 And, day by day, within thy spirit grew
 A holier hope than young Ambition knew,
 As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,
 Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,
 Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon !
 Portents at which the bravest stand aghast—
 The birth-throes of a Future, strange and vast,
 Alarm the land ; yet thou, so wise and strong,
 Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,
 Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever long,
 Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.
 Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering host ?
 Who wear the mantle of the leader lost ?
 Who stay the march of slavery ? He, whose voice
 Hath called thee from thy task-field, shall not
 lack
 Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely back
 The wrong which, through his poor ones, reaches
 Him :

Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torchlights trim,
 And wave them high across the abysmal black,
 Till bound, dumb millions there shall see them and
 rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

LINES,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO A FRIEND

'Tis said that in the Holy Land
 The angels of the place have blessed
 The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,
 Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies
 Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight sings
 The song whose holy symphonies
 Are beat by unseen wings;

'Till starting from his sandy bed,
 The wayworn wanderer looks to see
 The halo of an angel's head
 Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way
 Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,
 So at the weary close of day
 Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal
 May pause not for the vision's sake,
 Yet all fair things within his soul
 The thought of it shall wake;

The graceful palm-tree by the well,
Seen on the far horizon's rim ;
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,
Bent timidly on him ;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair
Streams sunlike through the convent's gloom ;
Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,
And loving Mary's tomb ;

And thus each tint or shade which falls
From sunset cloud or waving tree,
Along my pilgrim path recalls
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one, in sun and shade the same,
In weal and woe my steady friend,
Whatever by that holy name
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou
Hast never failed the good to see,
Nor judged by one unseemly bough
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay—
Poor common thoughts on common things,
Which time is shaking, day by day,
Like feathers from his wings—

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree,
To nurturing care but little known,
Their good was partly learned of thee,
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,
Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,
And weaving its pale green with gold,
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,
 And there at times the spring bird sings,
 And mossy trunk and fading spray
 Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,
 Root, branch, and leaflet fail and fade;
 The wanderer on its lonely plain
 Ere long shall miss its shade.

Oh, friend beloved, whose curious skill
 Keeps bright the last year's leaves and flowers,
 With warm, glad summer thoughts to fill
 The cold, dark, winter hours!

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring
 May well defy the wintry cold,
 Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,
 Life's fairer ones unfold.

THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
 Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?

And, through the shade
 Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
 Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
 From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
 Who shuns thy sting, oh terrible Remorse?—

Who does not cast
 On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
 At times, a sad and half reluctant look,
 Regretful of the Past?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would shun
 We do, and leave the wished-for good undone :
 Our strength to-day
 Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall ;
 Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
 Are we alway.

Yet, who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
 Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
 If he hath been
 Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
 To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
 His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
 A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
 If he hath lent
 Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
 Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
 Or home, hath bent.

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
 The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
 With thankful heart ;
 He gazes backward, and with hope before,
 Knowing that from his works he never more
 Can henceforth part.

RAPHAEL.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight :
 The glow of Autumn's westering day,
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
 On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
The fair face of a musing boy ;
Yet while I gazed a sense of awe
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print :—the graceful flow
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine ;
It was as if before me rose
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
The hidden life, the man within,
Dissevered from its frame and mould,
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
The waving of that pictured hand ?
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of grace
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
Oh Mother, beautiful and mild !
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;
 The awful glory of that day,
 When all the Father's brightness shone
 Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild
 Dark visions of the days of old,
 How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
 Through locks of brown and gold !

There Fornarina's fair young face
 Once more upon her lover shone,
 Whose model of an angel's grace
 He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,
 But not the lesson which it taught ;
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw
 Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,
 Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,
 Plant for their deathless heritage
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill our Future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
 We weave with colors all our own,
 And in the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
 The shadows which it gathered here,
 And painted on the eternal wall
 The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throug
 Has vanished from his side ?

Oh no!—We live our life again :
 Or warmly touched or coldly dim
 The pictures of the Past remain,—
 Man's works shall follow him !

LUCY HOOPER.³

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
 That all of thee we loved and cherished,
 Has with thy summer roses perished :
 And left, as its young beauty fled,
 An ashen memory in its stead—
 The twilight of a parted day
 Whose fading light is cold and vain :
 The heart's faint echo of a strain
 Of low, sweet music passed away.
 That true and loving heart—that gift
 Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
 Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
 Its sunny light on all around,
 Affinities which only could
 Cleave to the pure, the true, and good ;
 And sympathies which found no rest,
 Save with the loveliest and best.
 Of them—of thee remains there nought
 But sorrow in the mourner's breast ?—
 A shadow in the land of thought ?
 No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith
 Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
 And human fear have drawn about
 The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;
 And, save the absence of all ill,
 And pain and weariness, which here
 Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
 The same as when, two summers back,
 Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
 I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
 Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
 And heard thy low, soft voice alone
 'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
 Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,
 There's not a charm of soul or brow—
 Of all we knew and loved in thee—
 But lives in holier beauty now,
 Baptized in immortality !
 Not mine the sad and freezing dream
 Of souls that, with their earthly mould,
 Cast off the loves and joys of old—
 Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
 As pure, as passionless, and cold ;
 Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
 Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
 Life's myriads blending into one—
 In blank annihilation blest ;
 Dust-atoms of the infinite—
 Sparks scattered from the central light,
 And winning back through mortal pain
 Their old unconsciousness again.
 No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,
 Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.
 And still I think of them the same
 As when the Master's summons came ;
 Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
 A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household graves,
 Where father, brother, sister lie ;

Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
 Above thee bends the summer sky.
 Thy own loved church in sadness read
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
 And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
 The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
 That church, whose rites and liturgy,
 Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
 Undoubted to thy bosom taken,
 As symbols of a faith unshaken.
 Even I, of simpler views, could feel
 The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;
 And, owning not thy creed, could see
 How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
 And how thy fervent heart had thrown
 O'er all, a coloring of its own,
 And kindled up, intense and warm,
 A life in every rite and form,
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
 A spirit filled the vast machine—
 A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we
 Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
 One after one shall follow thee
 As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
 Which opens on eternity.
 Yet shall we cherish not the less
 All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;
 The memory of thy loveliness
 Shall round our weary pathway smile,
 Like moonlight when the sun has set—
 A sweet and tender radiance yet.
 Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
 Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
 The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
 Which blended in thy song.
 All lovely things by thee beloved,

Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;
 These green hills, where thy childhood roved--
 Yon river winding to the sea—
 The sunset light of autumn eves
 Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
 Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
 Of rainbow-tinted woods,—
 These, in our view, shall henceforth take
 A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;
 And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
 Seem sacred to thy memory.

CHANNING.⁴

NOT vainly did old poets tell,
 Nor vainly did old genius paint
 God's great and crowning miracle--
 The hero and the saint !

For even in a faithless day
 Can we our sainted ones discern ;
 And feel, while with them on the way,
 Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen
 Which, world-wide, echo CHANNING'S fame,
 As one of Heaven's anointed men,
 Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,
 And shut from him her saintly prize,
 Whom, in the world's great calendar,
 All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,
Beneath his green embowering wood,
To me it seems but yesterday
Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,
The western wind blew fresh and free,
And glimmered down the orchard lanes
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,
Life's highest purpose understood,
And like his blessed Master knew
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,
Yet on the lips of England's poor
And toiling millions dwelt his name,
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,
It blended with the freeman's prayer
And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong—
The ills her suffering children know—
The squalor of the city's throng—
The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness
Of sympathetic sorrow stole
Like a still shadow, passionless,
The sorrow of the soul.

But, when the generous Briton told
How hearts were answering to his own,
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise
 Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame,
 And kindling in those deep, calm eyes
 A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move
 The human heart—the Faith-sown seeds
 Which ripen in the soil of love
 To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt—
 The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—
 And at one common altar knelt
 The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain : with strength renewed,
 And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,
 For that brief meeting, each pursued
 The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill
 And vale with Channing's dying word !
 How are the hearts of freemen still
 By that great warning stirred !

The stranger treads his native soil,
 And pleads with zeal unfelt before
 The honest right of British toil,
 The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,
 Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,
 And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,
 The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,
 The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,
 The delver in the Cornwall mines,
 Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,
 Dark feeders of the forge's flame,
 Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
 Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour
 Of converse on Rhode Island's strand,
 Lives in the calm, resistless power
 Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,
 And still the fitting word He speeds,
 And Truth, at his requiring taught,
 He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?
 What dust upon the spirit lies?
 God keeps the sacred life he gave—
 The prophet never dies!

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,
 Thou martyr of the Lord!
 With thy last breath crying—"Onward"
 And thy hand upon the sword.
 The haughty heart derideth,
 And the sinful lip reviles,
 But the blessing of the perishing
 Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling
 The added drop is given,

And the long suspended thunder
 Falls terribly from Heaven,—
 When a new and fearful freedom
 Is proffered of the Lord
 To the slow consuming Famine—
 The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood
 Shall be swept away in wrath,
 And the temple shall be shaken,
 With its idol, to the earth,—
 Shall not thy words of warning
 Be all remembered then?
 And thy now unheeded message
 Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter
 Its nettles on thy tomb,
 And even Christian bosoms
 Deny thy memory room;
 For lying lips shall torture
 Thy mercy into crime,
 And the slanderer shall flourish
 As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the south wind lingers
 On Carolina's pines,
 Or, falls the careless sunbeam
 Down Georgia's golden mines,—
 Where now beneath his burthen
 The toiling slave is driven,—
 Where now a tyrant's mockery
 Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars
 Wet o'er with human blood,
 And pride and lust debases
 The workmanship of God—
 There shall thy praise be spoken,

Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,
 When the fetters shall be broken,
 And the *slave* shall be a *man* !

Joy to thy spirit, brother !
 A thousand hearts are warm—
 A thousand kindred bosoms
 Are baring to the storm.
 What though red-handed Violence
 With secret Fraud combine,
 The wall of fire is round us—
 Our Present Help was thine

Lo—the waking up of nations,
 From Slavery's fatal sleep—
 The murmur of a Universe—
 Deep calling unto Deep !
 Joy to thy spirit, brother !
 On every wind of heaven
 The onward cheer and summons
 Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given

Glory to God forever !
 Beyond the despot's will
 The soul of Freedom liveth
 Imperishable still.
 The words which thou hast uttered
 Are of that soul a part,
 And the good seed thou hast scattered
 Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
 And the trials yet to come—
 In the shadow of the prison,
 Or the cruel martyrdom—
 We will think of thee, O brother !
 And thy sainted name shall be
 In the blessing of the captive,
 And the anthem of the free.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

GONE before us, O our brother,
To the spirit-land !
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Who shall offer youth and beauty
On the wasting shrine
Of a stern and lofty duty,
With a faith like thine ?

Oh ! thy gentle smile of greeting
Who again shall see ?
Who amidst the solemn meeting
Gaze again on thee ?—
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
Wear so calm a brow ?
Who, with evil men before us,
So serene as thou ?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
Brother of our love !
Autumn's faded earth around thee,
And its storms above !
Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And, with future showers,
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
Blow the summer flowers !

In the locks thy forehead gracing,
Not a silvery streak ;
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing
On thy fair young cheek ;
Eyes of light and lips of roses,
Such as Hylas wore—
Over all that curtain closes,
Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping
 Round that grave of thine,
 Mournfully, like Jazer weeping
 Over Sibmah's vine⁵—
 Will the pleasant memories, swelling
 Gentle hearts, of thee,
 In the spirit's distant dwelling
 All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,
 From its journeyings, back ;
 If the immortal ever traces
 O'er its mortal track ;
 Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us
 Sometimes on our way,
 And, in hours of sadness, greet us
 As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,
 In the spirit-land !
 Vainly look we for another
 In thy place to stand.
 Unto Truth and Freedom giving
 All thy early powers,
 Be thy virtues with the living,
 And thy spirit ours !

A LAMENT.

—————"The parted spirit,
 Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not
 Its blessing to our tears?"

'THE circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,—
 One bud from the tree of our friendship is
 shaken—
 One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
 With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly, are slumbering now
 The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,
 Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's
 claim
 From its silence and darkness is ever the same;
 The hope of that World whose existence is
 bliss
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw
 On the scene of its troubled probation below,
 Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the
 dead—
 To that glance will be dearer the tears which we
 shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,
 Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—
 The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like,
 and clear,
 In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the
 whole
 Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of
 soul,—
 And the tones of her voice, like the music which
 seems
 Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold
 Those treasures of feeling, more precious than
 gold—
 The love and the kindness and pity which gave
 Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the
 grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
 Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,
 While vainly alike on her eye and her ear
 Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!
 With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the
 weeper!—

Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,
 With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for
 them

Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;
 And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,
 And the sting of reproof was still tempered by
 love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
 As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
 As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
 She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

OH, dearly loved!
 And worthy of our love!—No more
 Thy aged form shall rise before
 The hushed and waiting worshipper,
 In meek obedience utterance giving
 To words of truth, so fresh and living,
 That, even to the inward sense,

They bore unquestioned evidence
 Of an anointed Messenger !
 Or, bowing down thy silver hair
 In reverent awfulness of prayer—
 The world, its time and sense, shut out—
 The brightness of Faith's holy trance
 Gathered upon thy countenance,
 As if each lingering cloud of doubt—
 The cold, dark shadows resting here
 In Time's unluminous atmosphere—
 Were lifted by an angel's hand,
 And through them on thy spiritual eye
 Shone down the blessedness on high,
 The glory of the Better Land !

 The oak has fallen !
 While, meet for no good work, the vine
 May yet its worthless branches twine.
 Who knoweth not that with thee fell
 A great man in our Israel ?
 Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
 Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
 And in thy hand retaining yet
 The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell !
 Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,
 Across the Neva's cold morass
 The breezes from the Frozen Sea
 With winter's arrowy keenness pass ;
 Or, where the unwarning tropic gale
 Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,
 Or, where the noon-hour's fervid heat
 Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;
 The same mysterious hand which gave
 Deliverance upon land and wave,
 Tempered for thee the blasts which blew
 Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,
 And blessed for thee the baleful dew
 Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
 Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,

Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,
Who seeth not as man, whose way
Is not as ours !—'Tis well with thee !
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,
But, evermore, thy soul could say,
“ My Father careth still for me ! ”
Called from thy hearth and home—from **her**,
The last bud on thy household tree,
The last dear one to minister
In duty and in love to thee,
From all which nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with years and worn with pain,
To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things which should befall thee here,
Whether for labor or for death,
In child-like trust serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith !

Oh, far away,
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa saw
From Darien's mountains stretching far,
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that **there**
With forehead to its damp wind bare
He bent his mailed knee in awe ;
In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,
And taro-plains of Tooboanai,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,

Whose souls in weariness and need
 Were strengthened and refreshed by thine,
 For, blessed by our Father's hand,
 Was thy deep love and tender care,
 Thy ministry and fervent prayer—
 Grateful as Eschol's clustered vine
 To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew
 By thousands round thee, in the hour
 Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,
 That He who bade the islands keep
 Silence before him, might renew
 Their strength with his unslumbering power,
 They too shall mourn that thou art gone,
 That never more thy aged lip
 Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
 Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
 Through thee the Gospel's glorious word—
 Seals of thy true apostleship.
 And, if the brightest diadem,
 Whose gems of glory purely burn
 Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
 Be evermore reserved for them
 Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn
 Many to righteousness,—
 May we not think of thee, as wearing
 That star-like crown of light, and bearing,
 Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,
 The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;
 And joining with a seraph's tongue
 In that new song the elders sung,
 Ascribing to its blessed Giver
 Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell!

And though the ways of Zion mourn
 When her strong ones are called away,
 Who like thyself have calmly borne

The heat and burden of the day,
 Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
 His ancient watch around us keepeth ;
 Still sent from his creating hand,
 New witnesses for Truth shall stand—
 New instruments to sound abroad
 The Gospel of a risen Lord ;
 To gather to the fold once more,
 The desolate and gone astray,
 The scattered of a cloudy day,
 And Zion's broken walls restore .
 And, through the travail and the toil
 Of true obedience, minister
 Beauty for ashes, and the oil
 Of joy for mourning, unto her !
 So shall her holy bounds increase
 With walls of praise and gates of peace :
 So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
 And blood sustained in other years,
 With fresher life be clothed upon ;
 And to the world in beauty show
 Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
 And glorious as Lebanon !

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all ;
 Lover of peace, yet ever foremost, when
 The need of battling Freedom called for men
 To plant the banner on the outer wall ;
 Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
 Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
 Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
 Fronting the violence of a maddened host,

Like some gray rock from which the waves are
 tossed !
 Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
 The faith of one whose walk and word were
 right—
 Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,
 And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
 A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white :
 Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
 Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
 A true and brave and downright honest man !—
 He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
 Nor in the church with hypocritic face
 Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace ;
 Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
 What others talked of while their hands were still :
 And, while " Lord, Lord ! " the pious tyrants cried,
 Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
 In acts than words, was simply **DOING GOOD**.
 So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
 That, by his loss alone we know its worth,
 And feel how true a man has walked with **us on**
 earth.

Sixth month 6th, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS
SISTER.⁶

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another
 May never know ;
Yet, o'er the waters, O, my stricken brother !
 To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
 Thy hand in mine ;
With even the weakness of my soul upholding
 The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed ;
 I stood not by
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted
 Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling
 Must vainly fall :
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,
 Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common
 And heartless phrase,
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
 With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
 God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb !

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth :
 Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
 Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought :
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
 The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He hath given ;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
 As in his heaven.

And she is with thee ; in thy path of trial
 She walketh yet ;
 Still with the baptism of thy self-denial
 Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of harvest
 Lie white in view !
 She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest
 To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle !—England's toil-worn peasants
 Thy call abide ;
 And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,
 Shall glean beside !

GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with Angel-steps
 The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
 Made brighter summer hours,
 Amid the frosts of autumn time
 Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
 Forewarned us of decay ;
 No shadow from the Silent Land
 Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
 As sinks behind the hill
 The glory of a setting star—
 Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look ;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move ;
The breathing of an inward psalm ;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet " Good night !

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father ! in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
 Distrusted all her powers,
 May welcome to her holier home
 The well beloved of ours.

THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea
 Are deepening into night ;
 Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
 They chase the lessening light.
 Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
 I rest my languid eye,
 Lake of the Hills ! where, cool and sweet,
 Thy sunset waters lie !

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
 O'er isle and reach and bay,
 Green-belted with eternal pines,
 The mountains stretch away.
 Below, the maple masses sleep
 Where shore with water blends,
 While midway on the tranquil deep
 The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
 Of old, the Indian trod,

And, through the sunset air, looked down
 Upon the Smile of God.⁷
 To him of light and shade the laws
 No forest sceptic taught ;
 Their living and eternal Cause
 His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
 Which now across them shines ;
 This lake, in summer sunset bright,
 Walled round with sombering pines.
 God near him seemed ; from earth and skies
 His loving voice he heard,
 As, face to face, in Paradise,
 Man stood before the Lord.

'Thanks, oh, our Father ! that, like him,
 Thy tender love I see,
 In radiant hill and woodland dim,
 And tinted sunset sea.
 For not in mockery dost Thou fill
 Our earth with light and grace ;
 Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
 Behind Thy smiling face !

THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,
 We slowly climbed the hill,
 Whose summit, in the hot noontide,
 Seemed rising, rising still.
 At last, our short noon-shadows hid
 The top-stone, bare and brown,
 From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,
 The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North ;
 Between me and the sun,
 O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,
 I saw the cloud-shades run.
 Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
 Lay mountain-girdled Squam ;
 Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
 Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,
 Far as the eye could roam,
 Dark billows of an earthquake storm
 Befecked with clouds like foam,
 Their vales in misty shadow deep,
 Their rugged peaks in shine,
 I saw the mountain ranges sweep
 The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak ; and west,
 Moosehillock's woods were seen,
 With many a nameless slide-scarred crest
 And pine-dark gorge between.
 Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
 The great Notch mountains shone,
 Watched over by the solemn-browed
 And awful face of stone !

"A good look-off!" the driver spake :
 "About this time, last year,
 I drove a party to the Lake,
 And stopped, at evening, here.
 'Twas duskish down below ; but all
 These hills stood in the sun,
 Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,
 He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,
 Had held her place outside.

And, as a pleasant woman will,
 Had cheered the long, dull ride,
 Besought me, with so sweet a smile,
 That—though I hate delays—
 I could not choose but rest awhile—
 (These women have such ways !)

“ On yonder mossy ledge she sat,
 Her sketch upon her knees,
 A stray brown lock beneath her hat
 Unrolling in the breeze ;
 Her sweet face, in the sunset light
 Upraised and glorified,—
 I never saw a prettier sight
 In all my mountain ride.

“ As good as fair ; it seemed her joy
 To comfort and to give ;
 My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,
 Will bless her while they live ! ”
 The tremor in the driver's tone
 His manhood did not shame :
 “ I dare say, sir, you may have known—
 He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,
 The blue lake fled away ;
 For mountain-scope a parlour's bounds,
 A lighted hearth for day !
 From lonely years and weary miles
 The shadows fell apart ;
 Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles
 Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on ; but earth and sky
 Had power to charm no more ;
 Still dreamed my inward-turning eye
 The dream of memory o'er.

Ah! human kindness, human love—
To few who seek denied—
Too late we learn to prize above
The whole round world beside!

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL
FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
. Like frost upon the pane ;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,
And, on thy Eagle's plume,
Rides forth, like Sinbad on his bird,
Or witch upon her broom !

Below me roar the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake,
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh
The grain he has not sown ;
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,
The prairie harvest mown !

I hear the far-off voyager's horn ;
I see the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain-pass,
On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake and water-fall,
I see his peddler show ;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,
 Upon his loaded wain ;
 He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,
 With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
 The axe-stroke in the dell,
 The clamor from the Indian lodge,
 The Jesuit chapel bell !

I see the swarthy trappers come
 From Mississippi's springs ;
 And war-chiefs with their painted brows,
 And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
 The steamer smokes and raves ;
 And city lots are staked for sale
 Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers
 Of nations yet to be ;
 The first low wash of waves, where soon
 Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
 Are plastic yet and warm ;
 The chaos of a mighty world
 Is rounding into form !

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
 Its fitting place shall find—
 The raw material of a State,
 Its muscle and its mind !

And, westering still, the star which leads
 The New World in its train
 Has tipped with fire the icy spears
 Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindling on its way ;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray !

Then, blessings on thy eagle quill,
As, wandering far and wide,
I thank thee for this twilight dream
And Fancy's airy ride !

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,
Which Western trappers find,
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance-sown,
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,
Whose glistening quill I hold ;
Thy home the ample air of hope,
And memory's sunset gold !

In thee, let joy with duty join,
And strength unite with love,
The eagle's pinions folding round
The warm heart of the dove !

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale
Where still the blind bird clings,
The sunshine of the upper sky
Shall glitter on thy wings !

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl

Of unconfined and flowing hair,
 A seeming child in everything,
 Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
 As Nature wears the smile of Spring
 When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
 Which melted through its graceful bower,
 Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
 And stainless in its holy white,
 Unfolding like a morning flower:
 A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
 With every breath of feeling woke,
 And, even when the tongue was mute,
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
 Of memory, at the thought of thee!
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain
 Old dreams, come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me;
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,
 As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
 I feel thy arm within my own,
 And timidly again arise
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
 With soft brown tresses overblown.
 Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
 Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
 My picture of thy youth to see,
 When, half a woman, half a child,

Thy very artlessness beguiled,
 And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;
 I too can smile, when o'er that hour
 The lights of memory backward stream,
 Yet feel the while that manhood's power
 Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
 Of graver care and deeper thought ;
 And unto me the calm, cold face
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
 More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
 The school-boy's humble name has flown ;
 Thine, in the green and quiet ways
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth ;
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
 And holy day, and solemn psalm ;
 For me, the silent reverence where
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
 An impress Time has worn not out,
 And something of myself in thee,
 A shadow from the past, I see,
 Lingered, even yet, thy way about ;
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn
 That lesson of its better hours,
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,

And, smiling through them, round us lies
 The warm light of our morning skies—
 The Indian Summer of the heart!—
 In secret sympathies of mind,
 In founts of feeling which retain
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK. 8

THE day is closing dark and cold,
 With roaring blast and sleety showers;
 And through the dusk the lilacs wear
 The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,
 To ponder o'er a tale of old,
 A legend of the age of Faith,
 By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives
 That fancy of a loving heart,
 In graceful lines and shapes of power,
 And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)
 There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,
 A peasant boy of tender years
 The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,
 Beyond the hills with almonds dark,
 The straining eye could scarce discern
 The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare
 The service of the youth repaid,
 By stealth, before that holy shrine,
 For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,
 The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;
 Why stayed the Baron from the chase,
 With looks so stern, and words so ill?

“Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,
 By scathe of fire and strain of cord,
 How ill they speed who give dead saints
 The homage due their living lord!”

They bound him on the fearful rack,
 When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,
 He saw the light of shining robes,
 And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,
 The cords released their cruel clasp,
 The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
 Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,
 Barred door and wall of stone gave way;
 And up from bondage and the night
 They passed to freedom and the day

O, dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—
 O, painter! true thy pencil's art;
 In tones of hope and prophecy,
 Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
 Moans up to God's inclining ear;
 Unheeded by his tender eye,
 Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear

For still the Lord alone is God !
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at his lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain !

O, weary ones ! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight ;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
Slow beating through the hush of night !

But not the less gray Dothan shone,
With sunbright watchers bending low,
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
Is white with many an angel tent !

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare ;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer :
" Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see ! "

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.⁹

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes ;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
Set round with stony warders ;
A fountain, gushing through the turf,
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

O ! restless heart and fevered brain,
Unquiet and unstable,
That holy well of Loch Maree
Is more than idle fable !

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth !

The shadows of a humbled will
And contrite heart are o'er it :
Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—
On Faith's white stones before it.

TO MY SISTER:

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage
 Turn coldly from my playful page,
 And count it strange that ripened age
 Should stoop to boyhood's folly ;
 I know that thou wilt judge aright
 Of all which makes the heart more light,
 Or lends one star-gleam to the night
 Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!—
 Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
 Leave free once more the land which teems
 With wonders and romances!
 Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
 Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
 Beneath the quaintly masking guise
 Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set
 On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
 By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
 The roots of spectral beeches ;
 Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
 Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,
 And young eyes widening to the lore
 Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain
 Which lights that holy hearth again,
 And, calling back from care and pain,
 And death's funereal sadness,
 Draws round its old familiar blaze

The clustering groups of happier days,
 And lends to sober manhood's gaze
 A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been
 A weary work of tongue and pen,
 A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
 Thou wilt not chide my turning,
 To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
 To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
 Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
 For the sweet bells of Morning!

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
 And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
 And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
 Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
 "An emblem of myself thou art:"
 "Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
 "For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
 Of warmer sun and softer rain,
 And wait to hear the sound of streams
 And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
 For whom the flowers no longer blow,
 Who standest blighted and forlorn,
 Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
 Thy Winter shall no more depart;
 No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
 Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

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.

TO PIUS IX.¹⁰

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold ;
 No red shell blazes down the air ;
 And street and tower, and temple old,
 Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay—
 Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain ;
 The ravens scattered by the day
 Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France
 Are treading on the neck of Rome,
 Hider at Gaeta—seize thy chance !
 Coward and cruel, come !

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt ;
Thy mummer's part was acted well,
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,
Before thy crusade fell !

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer ;
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call ;
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare ;
Thy beads, the shell and ball !

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,
And Naples, with his dastard bands
Of murderers, lead thee back !

Rome's lips are dumb ; the orphan's wail,
The mother's shriek, thou may'st not hear
Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,
The unsexed shaveling's cheer !

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,
The double curse of crook and crown,
Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate
From wall and roof flash down !

Nor heed those blood-stains on the wall,
Not Tiber's flood can wash away,
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,
Thy mangled victims lay !

Let the world murmur ; let its cry
Of horror and disgust be heard ;—
Truth stands alone ; thy coward lie
Is backed by lance and sword !

The cannon of St. Angelo,
And chanting priest and clanging bell,
And beat of drum and bugle blow,
Shall greet thy coming well !

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves
 Fit welcome give thee ;—for her part,
 Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves,
 Shall curse thee from her heart !

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers
 Shall childhood in thy pathway fling ;
 No garlands from their ravaged bowers
 Shall Terni's maidens bring ;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,
 The mocking witness of his crime,
 In thee shall loathing eyes behold
 The Nero of our time !

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,
 Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call
 Its curses on the patriot dead,
 Its blessings on the Gaul !

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,
 A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,
 Whom even its worshippers despise—
 Unhonored, unrevered !

Yet, Scandal of the World ! from thee
 One needful truth mankind shall learn—
 That kings and priests to Liberty
 And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them ; and the long
 Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth fail ;
 Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong
 Wake, struggle, and prevail !

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled
 To feed the Crozier and the Crown,
 If, roused thereby, the world shall tread
 The twin-born vampires down !

ELLIOTT.¹¹

HANDS off! thou tythe-fat plunderer! play
 No trick of priestcraft here!
 Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay
 A hand on Elliott's bier?
 Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,
 Beneath his feet he trod:
 He knew the locust swarm that cursed
 The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought
 Which England's millions feel,
 A fierce and fearful splendor caught,
 As from his forge the steel.
 Strong-armed as Thor—a shower of fire
 His smitten anvil flung;
 God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire—
 He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands
 Bear up the mighty dead,
 And labor's swart and stalwart bands
 Behind as mourners tread.
 Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,
 Leave rank its minster floor;
 Give England's green and daisied grounds
 The poet of the poor!

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge
 That brave old heart of oak,
 With fitting dirge from sounding forge,
 And pall of furnace smoke!
 Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,
 And axe and sledge are swung,
 And, timing to their stormy sounds,
 His stormy lays are sung

There let the peasant's step be heard,
 The grinder chant his rhyme;
 Nor patron's praise nor dainty word
 Befits the man or time.
 No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
 For him whose words were bread—
 The Runic rhyme and spell whereby
 The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,
 O England, as thou wilt!
 With pomp to nameless worth denied,
 Emblazon titled guilt!
 No part or lot in these we claim;
 But, o'er the sounding wave,
 A common right to Elliott's name,
 A freehold in his grave!

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
 Which once he wore!
 The glory from his gray hairs gone
 Forevermore!

Reville him not—the Tempter hath
 A snare for all;
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
 Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
 When he who might
 Have lighted up and led his age,
 Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
 A bright soul driven,

Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven !

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes
The soul has fled :
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame ;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame !

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.¹²

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest
Goaded from shore to shore ;
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic quest,
The leaves of empire o'er.
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts
The love of man and God,

Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine
In the night sun are cast,
And the deep heart of many a Norland mine
Quakes at each riving blast ;
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa stands,
A baptized Scythian queen,
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled hands,
The North and East between !

Where still, through vales of Grecian fable, stray
The classic forms of yore,
And Beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,
And Dian weeps once more ;
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds ;
And Stamboul from the sea
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds
Black with the cypress tree !

From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,
Following the track of Paul,
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's
home
Their vast, eternal wall ;
They paused not by the ruins of old time,
They scanned no pictures rare,
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains
climb
The cold abyss of air !

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,
To haunts where Hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains
And wants of human kind,
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of
good,
Along their way, like flowers,

Or, pleading as Christ's freemen only could,
 With princes and with powers ;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
 Of Truth, from day to day,
 Simply obedient to its guiding will,
 They held their pilgrim way.
 Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and old
 Were wasted on their sight,
 Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold
 All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown
 From off the Cyprian shore,
 Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,
 That man they valued more.
 A life of beauty lends to all it sees
 The beauty of its thought ;
 And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
 Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
 The singing waters run ;
 And sunset mountains wear in light above
 The smile of duty done ;
 Sure stands the promise—ever to the meek
 A heritage is given ;
 Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek
 The righteousness of Heaven !

THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast !
 Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,
 If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,
 Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,
 By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind

To all the beauty, power, and truth, behind.
 Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by
 The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,
 Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon
 their tombs

The effigies of old confessors lie,
 God's witnesses; the voices of his will,
 Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!
 Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,
 Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went
 down;

Such from the terrors of the guilty drew
 The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore

In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the
 sale

Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale
 Hurl'd the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.
 To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate
 St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate—
 Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,
 Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.

"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he
 replied

To such as came his holy work to chide.

And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,

And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard
 The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer

Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord
 Stifled their love of man—"An earthen dish

The last sad supper of the Master bore:
 Most miserable sinners! do ye wish

More than your Lord, and grudge his dying
 poor

What your own pride and not his need requires?

Souls, than these shining gauds, He values
 more;

Mercy, not sacrifice, his heart desires!"

O faithful worthies! resting far behind
 In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,
 Much has been done for truth and human kind—
 Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind;
 Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap
 Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;
 Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,
 Though widening still, is walled around by night;
 With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,
 Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;
 Counting, too oft, its living members less
 Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress;
 World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed
 Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter need,
 Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed;
 Sect builds and worships where its wealth and pride
 And vanity stand shrined and deified,
 Careless that in the shadow of its walls
 God's living temple into ruin falls.
 We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,
 Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,
 To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod
 The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,
 Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,
 And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!
 Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
 But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
 We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old
 time!

THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, oh Paris! doth the stain
 Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;
 Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,

And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,
 When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,
 At a crowned murderer's beck of license fed
 The yawning trenches with her noble dead ;
 Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls
 The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,
 And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's side,
 The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman ride ;
 Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow
 Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,
 The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for ball,
 Flames in the breach of Moulton's shattered wall ;
 On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,
 And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.
 " What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,
 With sneering lip, and wise, world-knowing eyes,
 " While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat
 The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,
 And round the green earth, to the church-bell's
 chime,
 The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,
 To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,
 Of swords to ploughshares changed by scriptura
 charms,
 Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,
 Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,
 Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call—
 The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,
 The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,
 The Yankee swaggering with his bowie knife,
 The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,
 The blood still dripping from his amber beard,
 Quitting their mad Berserker dance, to hear
 The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer ;
 Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,
 Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,
 To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,
 For tea and gossip, like old country dames !
 No ! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,

Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
 Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,
 And Burritt, stammering through his hundred
 tongues,

Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
 Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar ;
 Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade
 Of " Olive-leaves " and Resolutions made,
 Spike guns with pointed scripture-texts, and hope
 To capsize navies with a windy trope ;
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War
 Along their train the shouting millions draw ;
 Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave ;
 Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong ;
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
 Their trade accordant with the Law of Love
 And Church for State, and State for Church, shall
 fight,

And both agree, that Might alone is Right !"
 Despite of sneers like these, oh, faithful few,
 Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
 And, o'er the present wilderness of crime,
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,
 Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams be-
 tween,—

Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head ;
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer ;
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall
 cease,

Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace ;
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
 And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
 Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
 Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
 Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God, and peace unto the earth !
 Through the mad discord send that calming word
 Which wind and wave on wild Genesereth heard,
 Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword !
 Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
 Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
 Through the hot sand-glean, looming soft and calm
 On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
 Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
 The great hope resting on the truth of God—
 Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
 And the tired world breathe free through a long
 Sabbath day.

11th Mo., 1848.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
 With mocking shine a weary frame ;
 The yearning of the mind is stilled—
 I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
 Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
 O ! sweet, fond dream of human Love !
 For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
O, Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O, Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

OUR STATE.

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

ALL'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain ;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain ;

And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew !

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow ;

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard ?
Who deems it not its own reward ?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness ?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done !

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;

The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !

TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift
Of ocean flowers,
Born where the golden drift
Of the slant sunshine falls
Down the green, tremulous walls
Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,
God's gardens of the deep
His patient angels keep ;
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude
With fairest forms and hues, and thus
Forever teaching us

The lesson which the many-colored skies,
The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,
The brightness of the human countenance,
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,

Forevermore repeat,
 In varied tones and sweet,
 That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O, kind and generous friend, o'er whom
 The sunset hues of Time are cast,
 Painting, upon the overpast
 And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow
 The promise of a fairer morrow,
 An earnest of the better life to come ;
 The binding of the spirit broken,
 The warning to the erring spoken,
 The comfort of the sad,
 The eye to see, the hand to cull
 Of common things the beautiful,
 The absent heart made glad
 By simple gift or graceful token
 Of love it needs as daily food,
 All own one Source, and all are good !
 Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,
 Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,
 And toss their gifts of weed and shell
 From foamy curve and combing swell,
 No unbecoming task was thine
 To weave these flowers so soft and fair
 In unison with his design,
 Who loveth beauty everywhere ;
 And makes in every zone and clime,
 In ocean and in upper air,
 "All things beautiful in their time."

For not alone in tones of awe and power
 He speaks to man ;
 The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower
 His rainbows span ;
 And, where the caravan
 Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air
 The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,
 He gives the weary eye

The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,
 And on its branches dry
Calls out the acacia's flowers ;
And, where the dark shaft pierces down
 Beneath the mountain roots,
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,
 The star-like crystal shoots ;
So, where, the winds and waves below,
The coral-branchéd gardens grow,
His climbing weeds and mosses show,
Like foliage, on each stony bough,
Of varied hues more strangely gay
Than forest leaves in autumn's day ;—
 Thus evermore,
 On sky, and wave, and shore,
An all-pervading beauty seems to say :
God's love and power are one ; and they,
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,
 Smite to restore,
And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift
 Their perfume on the air,
Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift,
 Making their lives a prayer !

THE
CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS,
AND
OTHER POEMS.
1852.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

“ I DO believe, and yet, in grief,
I pray for help to unbelief ;
For needful strength aside to lay
The daily cumberings of my way.

“ I'm sick at heart of craft and cant,
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

“ I ponder o'er the sacred word,
I read the record of our Lord ;
And, weak and troubled, envy them
Who touched his seamless garment's hem ;—

“ Who saw the tears of love he wept
Above the grave where Lazarus slept ;
And heard, amidst the shadows dim
Of Olivet, his evening hymn.

“ How blessed the swine-herd's low estate,
The beggar crouching at the gate,
The leper loathly and abhorred,
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord !

“ O, sacred soil his sandals pressed !
Sweet fountains of his noonday rest !
O, light and air of Palestine,
Impregnate with his life divine !

“ O, bear me thither ! Let me look
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook,—
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by
Gennesaret walk, before I die !

“Methinks this cold and northern night
 Would melt before that Orient light ;
 And, wet by Hermon’s dew and rain,
 My childhood’s faith revive again !”

So spake my friend, one autumn day,
 Where the still river slid away
 Beneath us, and above the brown
 Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook
 The mute appealing of his look,—
 “I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
 And blindness happeneth unto all.

“Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,
 Through present wrong, the eternal right ;
 And, step by step, since time began,
 I see the steady gain of man :

“That all of good the past hath had
 Remains to make our own time glad,—
 Our common daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

“Thou weariest of thy present state ;
 What gain to thee time’s holiest date ?
 The doubter now perchance had been
 As High Priest or as Pilate then !

“What thought Chorazin’s scribes ? What faith
 In Him had Nain and Nazareth ?
 Of the few followers whom He led,
 One sold him,—all forsook and fled.

“O, friend ! we need nor rock nor sand,
 Nor storied stream of Morning-Land ;
 The heavens are glassed in Merrimack,—
 What more could Jordan render back ?

“ We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient’s marvels here ;—
The still small voice in autumn’s hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

“ For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold ;—
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves !

“ Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

“ That song of Love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star !
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse !”

Then, when my good friend shook his head,
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :
“ Thou mind’st me of a story told
In rare Bernardin’s leaves of gold.”¹³

And, while the slanted sunbeams wove
The shadows of the frost-stained grove,
And, picturing all, the river ran
O’er cloud and wood, I thus began :

In Mount Valerien’s chestnut wood
The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;
And thither, at the close of day,
Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied
The storms of Baikal’s wintry side,
And mused and dreamed where tropic day
Flamed o’er his lost Virginia’s bay.

His simple tale of love and woe
All hearts had melted, high or low ;—
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charmed page
Beat quick the young heart of his age,
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

A homeless, troubled age,—the gray
Pale setting of a weary day ;
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept ;
Yet still his heart its young dream kept
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more
The peasant's welcome from his door,
By smiling eyes at eventide,
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,
And gave to him the golden keys
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim !
She laid her great heart bare to him,
Its loves and sweet accords ;—he saw
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,
What notes her cloudy clarion blew ;
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song
Which swept, of old, the stars along ;
And to his eyes the earth once more
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer air,
And field and wood, a balm for care ;
And bathed in light of sunset skies
His tortured nerves and weary eyes ?

His fame on all the winds had flown ;
His words had shaken crypt and throne ;
Like fire, on camp and court and cell
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below
The mitred juggler's masque and show,
A prophecy—a vague hope—ran
His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law ;
And felt how hard, between the two,
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,
The weakness of an unweaned child,
A sun-bright hope for human kind,
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true
To half the glorious truths he knew ;
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,
He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed
Of simple faith, and loves of home,
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly, made
The foil to all his pen portrayed ;
Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,
The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at times,
Up to thy seven-fold brightness climbs,
While still his grosser instinct clings
To earth, like other creeping things !

So rich in words, in acts so mean ;
So high, so low ; chance-swung between
The foulness of the penal pit
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit !

Vain pride of star-lent genius !—vain
Quick fancy and creative brain,
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,
Absurdly great, or weakly wise !

Midst yearnings for a truer life,
Without were fears, within was strife ;
And still his wayward act denied
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned ;
The fame that crowned him scorched and burned
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone,—
A fire-mount in a frozen zone !

Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed,¹⁴
Seen southward from his sleety mast,
About whose brows of changeless frost
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played
Of lambent light and purple shade,
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair
Of frozen earth and sea and air !

A man apart, unknown, unloved
 By those whose wrongs his soul had moved,
 He bore the ban of Church and State,
 The good man's fear, the bigot's hate !

Forth from the city's noise and throng,
 Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,
 The twain that summer day had strayed
 To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the wood
 Lent something of their quietude,
 And golden-tinted sunset seemed
 Prophetic of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares
 The bell was calling home to prayers,
 And, listening to its sound, the twain
 Seemed lapped in childhood's trust again.

Wide open stood the chapel door ;
 A sweet old music, swelling o'er
 Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence,—
 The Litanies of Providence !

Then Rousseau spake :—" Where two or three
 In his name meet, He there will be !"
 And then, in silence, on their knees
 They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,
 As daybreak to the Arctic night,
 Old faith revived: the doubts of years
 Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,
 " Ah me !" Bernardin sighed at last,
 " I would thy bitterest foes could see
 Thy heart as it is seen of me !

“ No church of God hast thou denied ;
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside
A base and hollow counterfeit,
Profaning the pure name of it !

“ With dry dead moss and marish weeds
His fire the western herdsman feeds,
And greener from the ashen plain
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

“ Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind
Disturb the solid sky behind ;
And through the cloud the red bolt rends
The calm, still smile of Heaven descends !

“ Thus through the world, like bolt and blast,
And scourging fire, thy words have passed.
Clouds break,—the steadfast heavens remain
Weeds burn,—the ashes feed the grain !

“ But whoso strives with wrong may find
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind ;
And learn, as latent fraud is shown
In others' faith, to doubt his own.

“ With dream and falsehood, simple trust
And pious hope we tread in dust ;
Lost the calm faith in goodness,—lost
The baptism of the Pentecost !

“ Alas !—the blows for error meant
Too oft on truth itself are spent,
As through the false and vile and base
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

“ Not ours the Theban's charméd life ;
We come not scathless from the strife !
The Python's coil about us clings,
The trampled Hydra bites and stings !

“ Meanwhile, the sport of seeming chance,
The plastic shapes of circumstance,
What might have been we fondly guess,
If earlier born, or tempted less.

“ And thou, in these wild, troubled days,
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,
Unsought and undeserved the same
The sceptic’s praise, the bigot’s blame ;—

“ I cannot doubt, if thou had’st been
Among the highly-favored men
Who walked on earth with Fenelon,
He would have owned thee as his son ;

“ And, bright with wings of cherubim
Visibly waving over him,
Seen through his life, the church had seemed
All that its old confessors dreamed.”

“ I would have been,” Jean Jaques replied,
“ The humblest servant at his side,
Obscure, unknown, content to see
How beautiful man’s life may be !

“ O, more than thrice-blest relic, more
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,
The holy life of one who trod
The foot-marks of the Christ of God !

“ Amidst a blinded world he saw
The oneness of the Dual law ;
That Heaven’s sweet peace on Earth began,
And God was loved through love of man.

“ He lived the Truth which reconciled
The strong man Reason, Faith the child :
In him belief and act were one,
The homilies of duty done !”

So speaking, through the twilight gray
The two old pilgrims went their way.
What seeds of life that day were sown,
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold
Green Summer in her brown and gold:
Time passed, and Winter's tears of snow
Dropped on the grave-mound of Rousseau

“The tree remaineth where it fell,
The pained on earth is pained in hell!”
So priestcraft from its altars cursed
The mournful doubts its falsehood nursed.

Ah! well of old the Psalmist prayed,
“Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid!”
Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps above,
And man is hate, but God is love!

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,
Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees;
A morning dream, a tale that's told,
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day;
And from its twilight cool and gray
Comes up a low, sad whisper:—“Make
The truth thine own, for truth's own sake.

“Why wait to see in thy brief span
Its perfect flower and fruit in man?
No saintly touch can save; no balm
Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

“Midst soulless forms, and false pretence
Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,
A voice saith, ‘What is that to thee?
Be true thyself, and follow Me!’

“In days when throne and altar heard
The wanton’s wish, the bigot’s word,
And pomp of state and ritual show
Scarce hid the loathsome death below,—

“Midst fawning priests and courtiers foul,
The losel swarm of crown and cowl,
White-robed walked Francois Fenelon,
Stainless as Uriel in the sun!

“Yet in his time the stake blazed red,
The poor were eaten up like bread;
Men knew him not: his garment’s hem
No healing virtue had for them.

“Alas! no present saint we find;
The white cymar gleams far behind,
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,
Through telescopic mists of time!

“Trust not in man with passing breath,
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith;
The truth which saves thou may’st not blend
With false professor, faithless friend.

“Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

“Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

“The foot-prints of the life divine,
Which marked their path, remain in thine;
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers!”

A lesson which I well may heed,
A word of fitness to my need ;
So from that twilight cool and gray
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,
While down the west the sunset burned ;
And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,
And human forms, seemed glorified.

'The village homes transfigured stood,
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood
Across the waters leaned to hold
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend :—" Thy words are true
Forever old, forever new,
These home-seen splendors are the same
Which over Eden's sunsets came.

" To these bowed heavens let wood and hill
Lift voiceless praise and anthems still ;
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,
Light of the New Jerusalem !

" Flow on, sweet river, like the stream
Of John's Apocalyptic dream !
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee !

" Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere."

MISCELLANEOUS.

VOL. XL.

9

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

AND the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel gave me an answer, and said,

“Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High ?”

Then said I, “Yea, my Lord.”

Then said he unto me, “Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past”—2 *Esdras*, chap. iv.

A BENDING staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt.

And yet, at times, when over all
A darker mystery seems to fall,
(May God forgive the child of dust,
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith should *trust* !)
I raise the questions, old and dark,
Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch,
And, speech-confounded, build again
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am : how little more I know !
Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?
A centred self, which feels and is ;

A cry between the silences ;
 A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
 With sunshine on the hills of life ;
 A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
 Into the Future from the Past ;
 Between the cradle and the shroud,
 A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all,
 I see the great stars rise and fall,
 The rounding seasons come and go,
 The tided oceans ebb and flow ;
 The tokens of a central force,
 Whose circles, in their widening course,
 O'erlap and move the universe ;
 The workings of the law whence springs
 The rhythmic harmony of things,
 Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,
 And orbs in heaven the morning star.
 Of all I see, in earth and sky,—
 Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part have I ?
 This conscious life,—is it the same
 Which thrills the universal frame,
 Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
 And mounts the sap from forest roots,
 Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
 When Spring makes green her native dells ?
 How feels the stone the pang of birth,
 Which brings its sparkling prism forth ?
 The forest-tree the throb which gives
 The life-blood to its new-born leaves ?
 Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
 Life's many-folded mystery,—
 The wonder which it is TO BE ?
 Or stand I severed and distinct,
 From Nature's chain of life unlinked ?
 Allied to all, yet not the less
 Prisoned in separate consciousness,
 Alone o'erburdened with a sense
 Of life, and cause, and consequence ?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
 The riddle of her sights and sounds ;
 Back still the vaulted mystery gives
 The echoed question it receives.
 What sings the brook ? What oracle
 Is in the pine-tree's organ swell ?
 What may the wind's low burden be ?
 The meaning of the moaning sea ?
 The hieroglyphics of the stars ?
 Or clouded sunset's crimson bars ?
 I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
 The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,
 I ask the stylus and the pen ;
 What sang the bards of old ? What meant
 The prophets of the Orient ?
 The rolls of buried Egypt, hid
 In painted tomb and pyramid ?
 What mean Idúmea's arrowy lines,
 Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs ?
 How speaks the primal thought of man
 From the grim carvings of Copan ?
 Where rests the secret ? Where the keys
 Of the old death-bolted mysteries ?
 Alas ! the dead retain their trust ;
 Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,
 Unanswered the eternal quest ;
 I gather up the scattered rays
 Of wisdom in the early days,
 Faint gleams and broken, like the light
 Of meteors in a northern night,
 Betraying to the darkling earth
 The unseen sun which gave them birth
 I listen to the sibyl's chant,
 The voice of priest and hierophant ;
 I know what Indian Kreeshna saith,

And what of life and what of death
 The demon taught to Socrates ;
 And what, beneath his garden-trees
 Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,
 The solemn-thoughted Plato said ;
 Nor lack I tokens, great or small,
 Of God's clear light in each and all,
 While holding with more dear regard
 The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
 The starry pages promise-lit
 With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
 Thy miracle of life and death,
 O, holy one of Nazareth !

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,
 The circling serpent coils in stone,—
 Type of the endless and unknown ;
 Whereof we seek the clue to find,
 With groping fingers of the blind !
 Forever sought, and never found,
 We trace that serpent-symbol round
 Our resting-place, our starting bound !
 O, thriftlessness of dream and guess !
 O, wisdom which is foolishness !
 Why idly seek from outward things
 The answer inward silence brings ;
 Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
 And age, for that which lies so near ?
 Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
 A nearer view of heaven to gain ?
 In lowliest depths of bosky dells
 The hermit Contemplation dwells.
 A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
 And lotus-twined his silent feet,
 Whence, piercing heaven, with screened sight,
 He sees at noon the stars, whose light
 Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego ;

Enough for me to feel and know
That he in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Who, girt with his immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own ;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy, and worlds create,
But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

To Him, from wanderings long and wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,
Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream
Of power, impersonal and cold,
Controlling all, itself controlled,
Maker and slave of iron laws,
Alike the subject and the cause ;
From vain philosophies, that try
The seven-fold gates of mystery,
And, baffled ever, babble still,
Word-prodigal of fate and will ;
From Nature, and her mockery, Art,
And book and speech of men apart,
To the still witness in my heart ;
With reverence waiting to behold
His Avatár of love untold,
The Eternal Beauty new and old !

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims bound
In Naples, dying for the lack of air
And sunshine, in their close, damp cells of pain,
Where hope is not, and innocence in vain
Appeals against the torture and the chain !
Unfortunates ! whose crime it was to share
Our common love of freedom, and to dare,
In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-crowned,
And her base pander, the most hateful thing
Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground
Makes vile the old heroic name of king.
O, God most merciful ! Father just and kind !
Whom man hath bound let thy right hand unbind.
Or, if thy purposes of good behind
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find
Strong consolations ; leave them not to doubt
Thy providential care, nor yet without
The hope which all thy attributes inspire,
That not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain ;
Since all who suffer for thy truth send forth,
Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, thy own baptismal rain
Of fire and spirit over all the earth,
Making the dead in slavery live again.
Let this great hope be with them, as they lie
Shut from the light, the greenness, and the sky,—
From the cool waters and the pleasant breeze,
The smell of flowers, and shade of summer trees ;
Bound with the felon lepers, whom disease
And sins abhorred make loathsome ; let them
share
Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to bear
Years of unutterable torment, stern and still,
As the chained Titan victor through his will !

Comfort them with thy future ; let them see
The day-dawn of Italian liberty ;
For that, with all good things, is hid with Thee,
And, perfect in thy thought, awaits its time to be !

I, who have spoken for freedom at the cost
Of some weak friendships, or some paltry prize
Of name or place, and more than I have lost
Have gained in wider reach of sympathies,
And free communion with the good and wise,—
May God forbid that I should ever boast
Such easy self-denial, or repine
That the strong pulse of health no more is mine ;
That, overworn at noonday, I must yield
To other hands the gleanings of the field,—
A tired on-looker through the day's decline.
For blest beyond deserving still, and knowing
That kindly Providence its care is showing
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.
Beautiful yet for me this autumn day
Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,
For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,
To me the pine-woods whisper ; and for me
Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,
By greenest banks, with asters purple-starred,
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made gay,
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,
Like a pure spirit to its great reward !

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft and golden. For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to thee ?
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
Of pain and ill that human life must bear ;
Save me from selfish pining ; let my heart,
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
The bitter longings of a vain regret,

The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
 Remembering others, as I have to-day,
 In their great sorrows, let me live alway
 Not for myself alone, but have a part,
 Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
 In love which is of Thee, and which indeed Thou
 art !

MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

THE moon has set : while yet the dawn
 Breaks cold and gray,
 Between the midnight and the morn
 Bear off your prey !

On, swift and still !—the conscious street
 Is panged and stirred ;
 Tread light !—that fall of serried feet
 The dead have heard !

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins
 Gushed where ye tread ;
 Lo ! through the dusk the martyr-stains
 Blush darkly red !

Beneath the slowly waning stars
 And whitening day,
 What stern and awful presence bars
 That sacred way ?

What faces frown upon ye, dark
 With shame and pain ?
 Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark ?
 Is that young Vane ?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
 With mocking cheer ?

Lo ! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,
And Gage, are here !

For ready mart or favoring blast
Through Moloch's fire
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice
Of Man to Gain,
Your traffic thrives, where Freedom dies,
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day, your harvest scorn
And hate, is near ;
How, think ye freemen, mountain-born,
The tale will hear ?

Thank God ! our mother State can yet
Her fame retrieve ;
To you and to your children let
The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and Press,
Make gods of gold ;
Let honor, truth, and manliness,
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are strong,
But God is just ;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gains of Crime
Are dust and dross ;
Its ventures on the waves of time
Foredoom'd to loss !

And still the Pilgrim State remains
What she hath been ;

Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
Still nurture men !

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart—
Her olden blood
Through many a free and generous heart
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing yet,
Shall know no check,
Till a free people's foot is set
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph won
In Freedom's name.¹⁵

The long night dies : the welcome gray
Of dawn we see ;
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,
God of the free !

1851.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE—1852.

“ GREAT peace in Europe ! Order reigns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains ! ”
So say her kings and priests ; so say
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear ;
The tramp of measured marches hear,—
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shotted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,

The quick-eared spy in hut and hall !
From Polar sea and tropic fen
The dying-groans of exiled men !
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains !
Order—the hush of brooding slaves !
Peace—in the dungeon-vaults and graves !

O, Fisher ! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell
Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,
And open wide the banquet-hall,
Where kings and priests hold carnival !
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,
Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies ;
Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,
Barnacle on his dead renown !
Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man ;
And thou, fell Spider of the North !
Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
Within whose web the freedom dies
Of nations eaten up like flies !
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar !
If this be Peace, pray what is War ?

White Angel of the Lord ! unmeet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose ;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves ;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle ;
Thy home is with the pure and free !
Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare thy way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,

Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press
 With bleeding feet the wilderness !
 O ! that its voice might pierce the ear
 Of princes, trembling while they hear
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer :
 Repent ! God's kingdom draweth near !

WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS MEMOIRS

DEAR friends, who read the world aright,
 And in its common forms discern
 A beauty and a harmony
 The many never learn !

Kindred in soul of him who found
 In simple flower and leaf and stone
 The impulse of the sweetest lays
 Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life
 As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
 As a long day of blandest June
 In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
 By strife of sect and party noise,
 The brook-like murmur of his song
 Of nature's simple joys !

The violet by its mossy stone,
 The primrose by the river's brim,
 And chance-sown daffodil, have found
 Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
 The rosy tints his sunset brought,
 World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
 And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride
 And human passion change and fall;
 But that which shares the life of God
 With Him surviveth all.

TO ———.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAIR Nature's priestesses! to whom,
 In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,
 Her mysteries are told;
 Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,
 The seasons' pictured scrolls can read,
 In lessons manifold!

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay
 Good humor, which on Washing Day
 Our ill-timed visit bore;
 Thanks for your graceful oars, which broke
 The morning dreams of Artichoke,
 Along his wooded shore!

Varied as varying Nature's ways,
 Sprites of the river, woodland fays,
 Or mountain-nymphs, ye seem;
 Free-limbed Dianas on the green,
 Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,
 Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,
 The fair benignities of old,

Were doubtless such as you ;
 What more than Artichoke the rill
 Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill
 Arcadia's mountain-view ?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,
 In wild Hymettus' scented shade,
 Than those you dwell among ;
 Snow-flowered azalias, intertwined
 With roses, over banks inclined
 With trembling hare-bells hung !

A charmed life unknown to death,
 Immortal freshness Nature hath ;
 Her fabled fount and glen
 Are now and here : Dodona's shrine
 Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine,—
 All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
 Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home ;
 We need but eye and ear
 In all our daily walks to trace
 The outlines of incarnate grace,
 The hymns of gods to hear !

IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,
 Whose small waves on a silver-sanded shore
 Whisper of peace, and with the low winds make
 Such harmonies as keep the woods awake,
 And listening all night long for their sweet sake
 A green-waved slope of meadow, hovered o'er
 By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light
 On viewless stems, with folded wings of white ;

A slumberous stretch of mountain-land, far seen
 Where the low westering day, with gold and green,
 Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
 The wooded vales, and melts among the hills ;
 A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest
 On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,
 Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
 With earthly flowers and heavenly stars impressed,
 The hues of time and of eternity :
 Such are the pictures which the thought of thee,
 O friend, awakeneth,—charming the keen pain
 Of thy departure, and our sense of loss
 Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.
 Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross,
 Dropped only at its side, methinks doth shine,
 Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !
 No sob of grief, no wild lament, be there,
 To break the Sabbath of the holy air ;
 But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer
 Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.
 O spirit redeemed ! Forgive us, if henceforth,
 With sweet and pure similitudes of earth,
 We keep thy pleasant memory freshly green,
 Of love's inheritance a priceless part,
 Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen
 To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,
 With pencil dipped alone in colors of the heart

BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
 Soe'er this soft autumnal air
 Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements comes
 Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
 Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day !

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
 As thou may'st hear and I may say,
 I greet thee, dearest, far away !

PICTURES.

I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er
 all

Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down
 Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town,
 The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides
 brown ;

Voice of the west wind from the hills of pine,
 And the brimmed river from its distant fall,
 Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude
 Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood,—
 Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,
 Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,
 Attendant angels to the house of prayer,

With reverent footsteps keeping pace with
 mine,—

Once more, through God's great love, with you I
 share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair

As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,
 Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom
 From the dark night and winter of the tomb !

Fifth month, 2d, 1852.

II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway
 winds

Before me ; dust is on the shrunken grass,
 And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass ;
 Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,

Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
 While mounting with his dog-star high and
 higher,
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds
 The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.
 Between me and the hot fields of his South
 A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,
 Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,
 As if the burning arrows of his ire
 Broke as they fell, and shattered into light .
Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,
 And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
 'Tales of fair meadows, green with constant
 streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
 Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower is twined
 So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
 Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
 Of a serener and a holier land,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our earthly
 way !

Eighth month, 1852.

DERNE.¹⁶

NIGHT on the city of the Moor !
 On mosque and tomb, and white-walled shore,
 On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless knock
 The narrow harbor-gates unlock,
 On corsair's galley, carack tall,
 And plundered Christian caraval !

The sounds of Moslem life are still ;
No mule-bell tinkles down the hill ;
Stretched in the broad court of the khan,
The dusty Bornou caravan
Lies heaped in slumber, beast and man ;
The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,
His noisy Arab tongue o'er-spent ;
The kiosk's glimmering lights are gone,
The merchant with his wares withdrawn ;
Rough pillowed on some pirate breast,
The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;
And, save where measured footsteps fall
Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,
Or where, like some bad dream, the Jew
Creeps stealthily his quarter through,
Or counts with fear his golden heaps,
The City of the Corsair sleeps !

But where yon prison long and low
Stands black against the pale star-glow,
Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,
There watch and pine the Christian slaves ;—
Rough-bearded men, whose far-off wives
Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;
And youth, still flashing from his eyes
The clear blue of New England skies,
A treasured lock of whose soft hair
Now wakes some sorrowing mother's prayer ;
Or, worn upon some maiden breast,
Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,
The groaning earth is cursed with pain,
And, like the scroll the angel bore
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,
O'erwrit alike, without, within,
With all the woes which follow sin ;
But, bitterest of the ills beneath
Whose load man totters down to death,

Is that which plucks the regal crown
 Of Freedom from his forehead down,
 And snatches from his powerless hand
 The sceptred sign of self-command,
 Effacing with the chain and rod
 The image and the seal of God ;
 Till from his nature, day by day,
 The manly virtues fall away,
 And leave him naked, blind and mute,
 The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die
 Beneath affection's tender eye,
 Unto their household and their kin
 Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered in ?
 O weeper, from that tranquil sod,
 That holy harvest-home of God,
 Turn to the quick and suffering,—shed
 Thy tears upon the living dead !
 Thank God above thy dear ones' graves,
 They sleep with Him,—they are not slaves

What dark mass, down the mountain-sides
 Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ?—
 A long, loose, straggling caravan,
 Camel and horse and armed man.
 The moon's low crescent, glimmering o'er
 Its grave of waters to the shore,
 Lights up that mountain cavalcade,
 And glints from gun and spear and blade
 Near and more near !—now o'er them falls
 The shadow of the city walls.
 Hark to the sentry's challenge, drowned
 In the fierce trumpet's charging sound !—
 The rush of men, the musket's peal,
 The short, sharp clang of meeting steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood poured
 So freely on thy foeman's sword !

Not to the swift nor to the strong
 The battles of the right belong ;
 For he who strikes for Freedom wears
 The armor of the captive's prayers,
 And Nature proffers to his cause
 The strength of her eternal laws ;
 While he whose arm essays to bind
 And herd with common brutes his kind
 Strives evermore at fearful odds
 With Nature and the jealous gods,
 And dares the dread recoil which late
 Or soon their right shall vindicate.

'Tis done,—the hornéd crescent falls !
 The star-flag flouts the broken walls !
 Joy to the captive husband ! joy
 To thy sick heart, O brown-locked boy !
 In sullen wrath the conquered Moor
 Wide open flings your dungeon-door,
 And leaves ye free from cell and chain,
 The owners of yourselves again.
 Dark as his allies desert-born,
 Soiled with the battle's stain, and worn
 With the long marches of his band
 Through hottest wastes of rock and sand,—
 Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath
 Of the red desert's wind of death,
 With welcome words and grasping hands,
 The victor and deliverer stands !

The tale is one of distant skies ;
 The dust of half a century lies
 Upon it ; yet its hero's name
 Still lingers on the lips of Fame.
 Men speak the praise of him who gave
 Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,
 Yet dare to brand with shame and crime
 The heroes of our land and time,—
 The self-forgetful ones, who stake

Home, name and life, for Freedom's sake
 God mend his heart who cannot feel
 The impulse of a holy zeal,
 And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
 The beauty of self-sacrifice !
 Though in the sacred place he stands,
 Uplifting consecrated hands,
 Unworthy are his lips to tell
 Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,
 Or name aright that dread embrace
 Of suffering for a fallen race !

ASTRÆA.

—“ Jove means to settle
 Astræa in her seat again,
 And let down from his golden chain
 An age of better metal.”
 BEN JONSON, 1615

O, POET rare and old !
 Thy words are prophecies ;
 Forward the age of gold,
 The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
 And hope are not in vain ;
 Rise, brothers ! and prepare
 The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
 From labor's board and can ;
 Perish shall all which makes
 A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,
 The body from the rod ;

Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine
Behind their prison-bars ;
Through the rent dungeon shine
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth
The money-changers driven,
And God's will done on earth,
As now in heaven !

INVOCATION.

THROUGH thy clear spaces, Lord, of old,
Formless and void the dead earth rolled ;
Deaf to thy heaven's sweet music, blind
To the great lights which o'er it shined ;
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath,—
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—
A breath of life electrical,
Awakening and transforming all,
Till beat and thrilled in every part
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land and sea ;
Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree ;

From flower to moth, from beast to man,
 The quick creative impulse ran ;
 And earth, with life from thee renewed,
 Was in thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold
 And formless as that earth of old,—
 A wandering waste of storm and night,
 Midst spheres of song and realms of light,—
 A blot upon thy holy sky,
 Untouched, unwarned of thee, am I.

O thou who movest on the deep
 Of spirits, wake my own from sleep !
 Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,
 The lost restore, the ill transform,
 That flower and fruit henceforth may be
 Its grateful offering, worthy thee.

THE CROSS.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM, IN THE NASHVILLE
 PENITENTIARY.

“ THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be
 No burden, but support to thee ;” *
 So, moved of old time for our sake,
 The holy monk of Kempen spake.

Thou brave and true one ! upon whom
 Was laid the cross of martyrdom,
 How didst thou, in thy generous youth,
 Bear witness to this blessed truth !

Thy cross of suffering and of shame
 A staff within thy hands became,

* Thomas à Kempis. Imit Christ.

In paths where faith alone could see
The Master's steps supporting thee.

Thine was the seed-time ; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown ;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

EVA.

DRY the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her ;
Of the form so soft and fair
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva
Let the sunny south-land give her
Flowery pillow of repose,—
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her,
With the welcome-voicéd psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm !

All is light and peace with Eva ;
There the darkness cometh never ;
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her ;

Care and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master's knee,
"Suffer such to come to me."

O, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore !

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.¹⁷

SEERESS of the misty Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold,
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,
Which thy fathers sought of old !

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,
When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as Winter from his mountains
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened
To thy saga, rune and song,
As a household joy and presence
We have known and loved thee long

By the mansion's marble mantel,
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and northern fancies
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And, o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,

Shine they like thy sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

We alone to thee are strangers,
Thou our friend and teacher art ;
Come, and know us as we know thee ;
Let us meet thee heart to heart !

To our homes and household altars
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,
As thy loving hand has led us
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

APRIL.

“ The spring comes slowly up this way.”

CHRISTABEL.

’Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard ;
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should
blow ;

Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brook-sides should smile in the
light,

O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots ;
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel
creeps,

Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst
into flowers !

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south !
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy
mouth ;

For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
 Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !
 Up our long river-valley, for days, have not ceased
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter northeast,—
 Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and
 snow,

All the way from the land of the wild Esquimau,—
 Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,
 Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny southwest.
 O, soul of the spring-time, its light and its breath,
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this
 death ;

Renew the great miracle ; let us behold
 The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old !
 Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has
 lain,

Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,
 And in blooming of flower and budding of tree
 The symbols and types of our destiny see ;
 The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
 And as sun to the sleeping earth love to the soul !

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES—1850.

THE evil days have come,—the poor
 Are made a prey ;
 Bar up the hospitable door,
 Put out the fire-lights, point no more
 The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime ; the chain
 Which binds our States
 Is melted at her hearth in twain,
 Is rusted by her tears' soft rain :
 Close up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred
By voice below,
Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,
A beggar's crust, a kindly word
May overthrow !

Poor, whispering tremblers !—yet we boast
Our blood and name ;
Bursting its century-bolted frost,
Each gray cairn on the Northman's coast
Cries out for shame !

O for the open firmament,
The prairie free,
The desert hillside, cavern-rent,
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,
The Bushman's tree !

Than web of Persian loom most rare,
Or soft divan,
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,
Or hollow tree, which man may share
With suffering man.

I hear a voice : “ Thus saith the Law,
Let Love be dumb ;
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw
From hearth and home.”

I hear another voice : “ The poor
Are thine to feed ;
Turn not the outcast from thy door,
Nor give to bonds and wrong once more
Whom God hath freed.”

Dear Lord ! between that law and thee
No choice remains ;
Yet not untrue to man's decree,

Though spurning its rewards, is he
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast
And threatening word;
I read the lesson of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword.

O, clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou
So calm and strong!
Lend strength to weakness, teach us how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong!

A SABBATH SCENE.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling
O, pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
 To Heaven and Earth appealing ;—
 Were manhood's generous pulses dead ?
 Had woman's heart no feeling ?

A score of stout hands rose between
 The hunter and the flying ;
 Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
 Flashed tearful, yet defying.

“ Who dares profane this house and day ? ”
 Cried out the angry pastor.

“ Why, bless your soul, the wench's a slave,
 And I'm her lord and master !

“ I've law and gospel on my side,
 And who shall dare refuse me ? ”
 Down came the parson, bowing low,
 “ My good sir, pray excuse me !

“ Of course I know your right divine
 To own and work and whip her ;
 Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott
 Before the wench, and trip her ! ”

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
 Its sacred pages stumbling,
 Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
 The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
 The while his flock addressing,
 The Scriptural claims of slavery
 With text on text impressing.

“ Although,” said he, “ on Sabbath day,
 All secular occupations
 Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
 Our moral obligations :

“And this commends itself as one
To every conscience tender ;
As Paul sent back Onesimus,
My Christian friends, we send her !”

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder ;
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
God answering with his thunder !

All still !—the very altar’s cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking,
And, dumb, she turned from face to face,
For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking ;
I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : “ Is this,” I cried,
“ The end of prayer and preaching ?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
And give us Nature’s teaching !

“ Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
Who turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord,
To give it to the Devil !

“ Than garbled text or parchment law
I own a statute higher ;
And God is true, though every book
And every man’s a liar !”

Just then I felt the deacon’s hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;
I heard the priest cry “ Infidel !”
The lawyer mutter “ Treason !”

I started up,—where now were church,
 Slave, master, priest and people ?
 I only heard the supper-bell,
 Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,
 O'er which the white blooms drifted,
 The pages of a good old Book
 The wind of summer lifted.

And flower and vine, like angel wings
 Around the Holy Mother,
 Waved softly there, as if God's truth
 And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough
 Above the casement swinging,
 With golden bosom to the sun,
 The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
 The lesson of the Teacher,
 So now I heard the written Word
 Interpreted by Nature !

For to my ear methought the breeze
 Bore Freedom's blessed word on ; [YOKE,
 THUS SAITH THE LORD : BREAK EVERY
 UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN !

REMEMBRANCE.

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was cast
 With me in the distant past,—
 Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,
Word and work, begin to seem
Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things been,
Yet I think of thee as when
We had speech of lip and pen.

For the calm thy kindness lent
To a path of discontent,
Rough with trial and dissent ;

Gentle words where such were few,
Softening blame where blame was true,
Praising where small praise was due ;

For a waking dream made good,
For an ideal understood,
For thy Christian womanhood ;

For thy marvellous gift to cull
From our common life and dull
Whatsoever is beautiful ;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees
Dropping sweetness ; true heart's ease
Of congenial sympathies ;—

Still for these I own my debt ;
Memory, with her eyelids wet,
Fain would thank thee even yet !

And as one who scatters flowers
Where the Queen of May's sweet hours
Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,
Sunny-hued or sober clad,
Something of my own I add ;

Well assured that thou wilt take
Even the offering which I make
Kindly for the giver's sake.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

THE proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high ;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known ;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand ;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand !
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day ;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide ;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land ;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
 While there's a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away,
 Up! clouded knee and ragged coat!
 A man's a man to-day!

TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions! O, my friend
 I cannot answer them. In vain I send
 My soul into the dark, where never burn
 The lamps of science, nor the natural light
 Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot learn
 Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern
 The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
 Evermore on us through the day and night
 With silent challenge and a dumb demand,
 Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,
 Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone,
 Questioning the centuries from their veils of
 sand!

I have no answer for myself or thee,
 Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;
 "All is of God that is, and is to be;
 And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
 Resting in child-like trust upon his will,
 Who moves to his great ends unthwarted by the ill

KATHLEEN.¹⁸

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A might lord was he ;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor ;
“Ah, woe is me !” the old lord said,
“ I rue my bargain sore !”

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

“As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall ;”
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

“ O, come to me, my daughter dear !
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see !”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair;
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair!"

O, then spake up the angry dame,
"Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
"I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
And glimmering down the hill;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"
"Ye murdering witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me."

“ O, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have ! ”

O, then spake up his handsome page,
“ No gold nor land I crave ! ”

“ But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I'll bring her back to thee.”

“ My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me.”

He sailed East, he sailed West,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

“ O, have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland ?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand ! ”

Out spake an ancient man, “ I know
The maiden whom ye mean ;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

“ No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite.”

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

“Come hither child, and say hast thou
 This young man ever seen ?”
 They wept within each other’s arms,
 The page and young Kathleen.

“O, give to me this darling child,
 And take my purse of gold.”
 “Nay, not by me,” her master said,
 “Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

“We loved her in the place of one
 The Lord hath early ta’en ;
 But, since her heart’s in Ireland,
 We give her back again !”

O, for that same the saints in heaven
 For his poor soul shall pray,
 And Mary Mother wash with tears
 His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
 As you go up Claremore
 Ye’ll see their castle looking down
 The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord’s wife is dead and gone,
 And a happy man is he,
 For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
 With her darling on his knee.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

In calm and cool and silence, once again
 I find my old accustomed place among
 My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue

Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
 Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
 Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!
 There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
 The still small voice which reached the prophet's
 ear;

Read in my heart a still diviner law
 Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!
 There let me strive with each besetting sin,
 Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
 The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
 And, as the path of duty is made plain,
 May grace be given that I may walk therein,
 Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
 With backward glances and reluctant tread,
 Making a merit of his coward dread,—
 But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
 Walking as one to pleasant service led;
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone!

KOSSUTH.¹⁹

TYPE of two mighty continents!—combining
 The strength of Europe with the warmth and
 glow
 Of Asian song and prophecy,—the shining
 Of Orient splendors over Northern snow!
 Who shall receive him? Who, unblushing, speak
 Welcome to him, who, while he strove to break
 The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks, smote off
 At the same blow the fetters of the serf,—
 Rearing the altar of his Father-land
 On the firm base of freedom, and thereby
 Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless hand,
 Mocked not the God of Justice with a lie!

Who shall be Freedom's mouth-piece? Who shall
 give
 Her welcoming cheer to the great fugitive?
 Not he who, all her sacred trusts betraying,
 Is scourging back to slavery's hell of pain
 The swarthy Kossuths of our land again!
 Not he whose utterance now from lips designed
 The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,
 And call her hosts beneath the breaking light,—
 The keen reveille of her morn of fight,—
 Is but the hoarse note of the bloodhound's baying,
 The wolf's long howl behind the bondman's flight!
 O for the tongue of him who lies at rest
 In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees,—
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best,—
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sympathies,
 And hail the coming of the noblest guest
 The Old World's wrong has given the New World
 of the West!

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE.

OLD friend, kind friend! lightly down
 Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
 Never be thy shadow less,
 Never fail thy cheerfulness;
 Care, that kills the cat, may plough
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,
 Plague ambition's dream, and sit
 Heavy on the hypocrite,
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
 In the gilded coach of pride;—

Let the fiend pass!—what can he
 Find to do with such as thee?
 Seldom comes that evil guest
 Where the conscience lies at rest,
 And brown health and quiet wit
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,
 In that smoked and dingy room,
 Where the district gave thee rule
 O'er its ragged winter school,
 Thou didst teach the mysteries
 Of those weary A B C's,—
 Where, to fill the every pause
 Of thy wise and learned saws,
 Through the cracked and crazy wall
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,
 And the goodman's voice, at strife
 With his shrill and tipsy wife,—
 Luring us by stories old,
 With a comic unction told,
 More than by the eloquence
 Of terse birchen arguments
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
 With complacency on a book!—
 Where the genial pedagogue
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,
 Citing tale or apologue,
 Wise and merry in its drift
 As old Phædrus' twofold gift,
 Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentiam monet!
 I,—the man of middle years,
 In whose sable locks appears
 Many a warning fleck of gray,—
 Looking back to that far day,
 And thy primal lessons, feel
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
 As, remembering thee, I blend

Olden teacher, present friend,
 Wise with antiquarian search,
 In the scrolls of state and church ;
 Named on history's title-page,
 Parish-clerk and justice sage ;
 For the ferule's wholesome awe
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
 Gathering up the scattered leaves
 Which the wrinkled sibyl cast
 Careless from her as she passed,—
 Twofold citizen art thou,
 Freeman of the past and now.
 He who bore thy name of old
 Midway in the heavens did hold
 Over Gibeon moon and sun ;
Thou hast bidden them backward run ;
 Of to-day the present ray
 Flinging over yesterday !

Let the busy ones deride
 What I deem of right thy pride ;
 Let the fools their tread-mills grind,
 Look not forward nor behind,
 Shuffle in and wriggle out,
 Veer with every breeze about,
 Turning like a windmill sail,
 Or a dog that seeks his tail ;
 Let them laugh to see thee fast
 Tabernacled in the Past,
 Working out with eye and lip,
 Riddles of old penmanship,
 Patient as Belzoni there
 Sorting out, with loving care,
 Mummies of dead questions stripped
 From their seven-fold manuscript !

Dabbling, in their noisy way,
 In the puddles of to-day,

Little know they of that vast
Solemn ocean of the past,
On whose margin, wreck-bespread,
Thou art walking with the dead,
Questioning the stranded years,
Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,
As thou callest up again
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,
Cavalier and Puritan ;
In an age whose eager view
Seeks but present things, and new,
Mad for party, sect and gold,
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,
Coolly bagging fact on fact,
Naught amiss to thee can float,
Tale, or song, or anecdote ;
Village gossip, centuries old,
Scandals by our grandames told,
What the pilgrim's table spread,
Where he lived, and whom he wed,
Long-drawn bill of wine and beer
For his ordination cheer,
Or the flip that wellnigh made
Glad his funeral cavalcade ;
Weary prose, and poet's lines,
Flavored by their age, like wines,
Eulogistic of some quaint,
Doubtful, puritanic saint ;
Lays that quickened husking jigs,
Jests that shook grave periwigs,
When the parson had his jokes
And his glass, like other folks ;
Sermons that, for mortal hours,
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,
As the long nineteenthlies poured
Downward from the sounding-board,

And, for fire of Pentecost,
Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we
What our fathers are shall be,—
Shadow-shapes of memory!
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good,
And the mind of strength shall prove
Weaker than the heart of love;
Pride of gray-beard wisdom less
Than the infant's guilelessness,
And his song of sorrow more
Than the crown the Psalmist wore!
Who shall then, with pious zeal,
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
From a stained and stony page
Reading to a careless age,
With a patient eye like thine,
Prosing tale and limping line,
Names and words the hoary rime
Of the Past has made sublime?
Who shall work for us as well
The antiquarian's miracle?
Who to seeming life recall
Teacher grave and pupil small?
Who shall give to thee and me
Freeholds in futurity?

Well, whatever lot be mine,
Long and happy days be thine,
Ere thy full and honored age
Dates of time its latest page!
Squire for master, State for school,
Wisely lenient, live and rule;
Over grown-up knave and rogue
Play the watchful pedagogue;
Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
At the call of youth and beauty,

Speak for them the spell of law
Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,
And the flaming sword remove
From the Paradise of Love.
Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
Ancient tome and record o'er;
Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
Pitch in church the Sunday tune,
Showing something, in thy part,
Of the old Puritanic art,
Singer after Sternhold's heart !
In thy pew, for many a year,
Homilies from Oldbug hear,²⁰
Who to wit like that of South,
And the Syrian's golden mouth,
Doth the homely pathos add
Which the pilgrim preachers had ;
Breaking, like a child at play,
Gilded idols of the day,
Cant of knave and pomp of fool
Tossing with his ridicule,
Yet, in earnest or in jest,
Ever keeping truth abreast.
And, when thou art called, at last,
To thy townsmen of the past,
Not as stranger shalt thou come ;
Thou shalt find thyself at home !
With the little and the big,
Woollen cap and periwig,
Madam in her high-laced ruff,
Goody in her home-made stuff,—
Wise and simple, rich and poor,
Thou hast known them all before !

THE
PANORAMA, AND OTHER POEMS.

1856

“ A ! fredome is a nobill thing !
Fredome mayse man to haif liking.
Fredome all solace to man giffis ;
He levys at ese that frely levys !
A nobil hart may haif nane ese
Na ellys nocht that may him plese
Gyff Fredome failythe.”

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THE PANORAMA

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered windows
shed

A dubious light on every up-turned head,—
On locks like those of Absalom the fair,
On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,
On blank indifference and on curious stare ;
On the pale Showman reading from his stage
The hieroglyphics of that facial page ;
Half sad, half scornful, listening to the bruit
Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,
And the shrill call, across the general din,
“ Roll up your curtain ! Let the show begin ! ”

At length a murmur like the winds that break
Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,
Deepened and swelled to music clear and loud,
And, as the west wind lifts a summer cloud,
The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far
A green land stretching to the evening star,
Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees
And flowers hummed over by the desert bees,
Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of greenness
show

Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,—
The slow result of patient Nature's pains,
And plastic fingering of her sun and rains,—
Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely-windowed hall,
And long escarpment of half-crumbled wall,
Huger than those which, from steep hills of vine,
Stare through their loop-holes on the travelled
Rhine ;

Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
 A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
 Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed—
 The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass
 The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,
 Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores
 Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours
 And, onward still, like islands in that main
 Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain chain.
 Whence East and West a thousand waters run
 From Winter lingering under Summer's sun.
 And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand
 Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,
 From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked
 bay,
 Opening with thunderous pomp the world's high-
 way
 To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay

"Such," said the Showman, as the curtain fell,
 "Is the new Canaan of our Israel—
 The land of promise to the swarming North,
 Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus forth,
 To the poor Southron on his worn-out soil,
 Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;
 To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,
 And the lank nomads of the wandering West,
 Who, asking neither, in their love of change
 And the free bison's amplitude of range,
 Rear the log hut, for present shelter meant,
 Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker. "Sir," said he,
 "I like your picture, but I fain would see
 A sketch of what your promised land will be
 When, with electric nerve, and fiery-brained,
 With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,

The future grasping, by the past obeyed,
The twentieth century rounds a new decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly: "He who grieves
Over the scattering of the Sibyl's leaves
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we know
What needs must ripen from the seed we sow;
That present time is but the mould wherein
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.
A painful watcher of the passing hour,
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and power;
Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence, truth,
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-hearted youth;
Nor yet unmindful of each better sign—
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon shine,
Like those which sometimes tremble on the rim
Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,
Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain
The hope of sunshine on the hills again:—
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes that pass
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass;
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our choice;
With spectral hands outreaching through the gloom
The shadowy contrasts of the coming doom.
Transferred from these, it now remains to give
The sun and shade of Fate's alternative."

Then, with a burst of music, touching all
The keys of thrifty life—the mill-stream's fall,
The engine's pant along its quivering rails,
The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,
The sweep of scythes, the reaper's whistled tune,
Answering the summons of the bells of noon,
The woodman's hail along the river shores,
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars,—
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land

Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand
 The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the sun,
 And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.
 Smooth highways set with hedge-rows living green,
 With steepled towns through shaded vistas seen,
 The schoolhouse murmuring with its hive-like
 swarm,

The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's storm,
 The painted farm-house shining through the leaves
 Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,
 Where live again, around the Western hearth,
 The homely old-time virtues of the North ;
 Where the blythe housewife rises with the day,
 And well-paid labor counts his task a play.
 And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
 And the free Gospel of Humanity,
 Of diverse sects and differing names the shrines,
 One in their faith, whate'er their outward signs,
 Like varying strophes of the same sweet hymn
 From many a prairie's swell and river's brim,
 A thousand church-spires sanctify the air
 Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom and green
 The curtain dropped : and, momentarily, between
 The clank of fetter and the crack of thong,
 Half sob, half laughter, music swept along—
 A strange refrain, whose idle words and low,
 Like drunken mourners, kept the time of woe ;
 As if the revellers at a masquerade
 Heard in the distance funeral marches played.
 Such music, dashing all his smiles with tears,
 The thoughtful voyager on Ponchartrain hears,
 Where, through the noonday dusk of wooded shores,
 The negro boatman, singing to his oars,
 With a wild pathos borrowed of his wrong
 Redeems the jargon of his senseless song.
 "Look," said the Showman, sternly, as he rolled
 His curtain upward ; " Fate's reverse behold !"

A village straggling in loose disarray
 Of vulgar newness, premature decay ;
 A tavern, crazy with its whisky brawls,
 With "*Slaves at Auction!*" garnishing its walls.
 Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,
 The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous and loud,
 A squire or colonel in his pride of place,
 Known at free fights, the caucus, and the race,
 Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,
 And silence doubters with a ten-pace shot,
 Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant
 With pious phrase and democratic cant,
 Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,
 To sell the infant from its mother's breast,
 Break through all ties of wedlock, home, and kin,
 Yield shrinking girlhood up to gray-beard sin ;
 Sell all the virtues with his human stock,
 The Christian graces on his auction-block,
 And coolly count on shrewdest bargains driven
 In hearts regenerate, and in souls forgiven !

Look once again ! The moving canvas shows
 A slave plantation's slovenly repose,
 Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their weeds,
 The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and breeds ;
 And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,
 Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.
 There, early summoned to the hemp and corn,
 The nursing mother leaves her child new-born ;
 There haggard sickness, weak and deathly faint,
 Crawls to his task, and fears to make complaint ;
 And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,
 Weep for their lost ones sold and torn away !
 Of ampler size the master's dwelling stands,
 In shabby keeping with his half-tilled lands,—
 The gates unhinged, the yard with weeds unclean,
 The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.
 Without, loose-scattered like a wreck adrift,
 Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift ;

Within, profusion to discomfort joined,
 The listless body and the vacant mind ;
 The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood, born
 In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and scorn !
 There, all the vices, which, like birds obscene,
 Batten on slavery loathsome and unclean,
 From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,
 Pollute the nursery where the child-heir lies,
 Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,
 With the fell poison of a breast impure ;
 Touch boyhood's passions with the breath of flame,
 From girlhood's instincts steal the blush of shame.
 So swells from low to high, from weak to strong,
 The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong ;
 Guilty or guiltless, all within its range
 Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart reveals.
 Up the long western steppes the blighting steals ;
 Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate
 Glides like a shadow to the Golden Gate :
 From sea to sea the drear eclipse is thrown,
 From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres* have grown,
 A belt of curses on the New World's zone !

The curtain fell. All drew a freer breath,
 As men are wont to do when mournful death
 Is covered from their sight. The Showman stood
 With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude
 One moment, then with sudden gesture shook
 His loose hair back, and with the air and look
 Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage
 And listening group, the presence of the age,
 And heard the footsteps of the things to be,
 Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.

"O, friends!" he said, "in this poor trick of
 paint
 You see the semblance, incomplete and faint,

Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,
 Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way.
 To-day, your servant, subject to your will;
 To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.
 If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,
 If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,
 If the world granary of the West is made
 The last foul market of the slaver's trade,
 Why rail at fate? The mischief is your own.
 Why hate your neighbor? Blame yourselves
 alone!

Men of the North! The South you charge with
 wrong
 Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong.
 If questions,—idle and absurd as those
 The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose,—
 Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs and dead banks,
 And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks,
 Your thews united could, at once, roll back
 The jostled nation to its primal track.
 Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just,
 True to the faith your fathers left in trust,
 If stainless honor outweighed in your scale
 A codfish quintal or a factory bale,
 Full many a noble heart, (and such remain
 In all the South, like Lot in Siddim's plain,
 Who watch and wait, and from the wrong's con-
 trol
 Keep white and pure their chastity of soul,)
 Now sick to loathing of your weak complaints,
 Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers as saints,
 Would half-way meet the frankness of your tone,
 And feel their pulses beating with your own.

The North! the South! no geographic line
 Can fix the boundary or the point define,
 Since each with each so closely interblends,
 Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom ends.

Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching, hide
 Of the fell Upas on the Southern side ;
 The tree whose branches in your north winds
 wave
 Dropped its young blossoms on Mount Vernon's
 grave ;

The nursling growth of Monticello's crest
 Is now the glory of the free Northwest ;
 To the wise maxims of her olden school
 Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul ;
 Seward's words of power, and Sumner's fresh re-
 nown,

Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down !
 And when, at length, her years of madness o'er,
 Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates' shore,
 From her long lapse to savagery, her mouth
 Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the South,
 Resumes her old attire, and seeks to smooth
 Her unkempt tresses at the glass of truth,
 Her early faith shall find a tongue again,
 New Wythes and Pinckneys swell that old re-
 frain,

Her sons with yours renew the ancient pact,
 The myth of Union prove at last a fact !
 Then, if one murmur mars the wide content,
 Some Northern lip will drawl the last dissent,
 Some Union-saving patriot of your own
 Lament to find his occupation gone.

Grant that the North's insulted, scorned, be-
 trayed,
 O'erreached in bargains with her neighbor made,
 When selfish thrift and party held the scales
 For peddling dicker, not for honest sales,—
 Whom shall we strike ? Who most deserves our
 blame ?

The braggart Southron, open in his aim,
 And bold as wicked, crashing straight through all
 That bars his purpose, like a cannon-ball ?

Or the mean traitor, breathing northern air,
 With nasal speech and puritanic hair,
 Whose cant the loss of principle survives,
 As the mud-turtle e'en its head outlives ;
 Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul offence,
 Puts on a look of injured innocence,
 And consecrates his baseness to the cause
 Of constitution, union, and the laws ?

Praise to the place-man who can hold aloof
 His still unpurchased manhood, office-proof ;
 Who on his round of duty walks erect,
 And leaves it only rich in self-respect,—
 As MORE maintained his virtue's lofty port
 In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody court.
 But, if exceptions here and there are found,
 Who tread thus safely on enchanted ground,
 The normal type, the fitting symbol still
 Of those who fatten at the public mill,
 Is the chained dog beside his master's door,
 Or CIRCE'S victim, feeding on all four !

Give me the heroes who, at tuck of drum,
 Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum !
 Or they who, doubly armed with vote and gun,
 Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,
 Their drunken franchise shift from scene to scene,
 As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine !—
 Rather than him who, born beneath our skies,
 To Slavery's hand its supplest tool supplies,—
 The party felon whose unblushing face
 Looks from the pillory of his bribe of place,
 And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,—
 Points to the footmarks of indignant scorn,
 Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing horn ;
 And passes to his credit side the sum
 Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyrdom !

Bane of the North, its canker and its moth !—
 These modern Esaus, bartering rights for broth'

Taxing our justice, with their double claim,
As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame ;
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of sin,
Part at the outset with their moral sense,
The watchful angel set for Truth's defence ;
Confound all contrasts, good and ill ; reverse
The poles of life, its blessing and its curse ;
And lose thenceforth from their perverted sight
The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong and
right ;
To them the Law is but the iron span
That girds the ankles of imbruted man ;
To them the Gospel has no higher aim
Than simple sanction of the master's claim,
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loathsome trail,
Like Chali'er's Bible at his ass's tail !

Such are the men who, with instinctive dread,
Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping head,
Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,
And scare the nurseries and the village schools
With dire presage of ruin grim and great,
A broken Union and a foundered State !
Such are the patriots, self-bound to the stake
Of office, martyrs for their country's sake :
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of Fate,
And by their loss of manhood save the State.
In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius throw,
And test the virtues of cohesive dough ;
As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails
Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's vales !

Such are the men who in your churches rave
To swearing point, at mention of the slave,
When some poor parson, haply unawares,
Stammers of freedom in his timid prayers ;
Who, if some foot-sore negro through the town
Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him down.

Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,
 Courts the mild balsam of the Southern breeze,
 With hue and cry pursue him on his track,
 And write *Free-soiler* on the poor man's back.
 Such are the men who leave the peddler's cart,
 While faring South, to learn the driver's art,
 Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious aim
 The graceful sorrows of some languid dame,
 Who, from the wreck of her bereavement, saves
 The double charm of widowhood and slaves !—
 Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show
 To what base depths apostasy can go ;
 Outdo the natives in their readiness
 To roast a negro, or to mob a press ;
 Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lyncher's rail,
 Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail !

So some poor wretch, whose lips no longer bear
 The sacred burden of his mother's prayer,
 By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,
 Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of Christ,
 And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,
 Crawls prostrate where the faithful only kneel,
 Out-howls the Dervish, hugs his rags to court
 The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt ;
 And, when beneath the city gateway's span
 Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,
 And through its midst, pursued by Islam's prayers,
 The prophet's Word some favored camel bears,
 The marked apostate has his place assigned
 The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,
 With brush and pitcher following, grave and
 mute,
 In meek attendance on the holy brute !

Men of the North ! beneath your very eyes,
 By hearth and home, your real danger lies.
 Still day by day some hold of freedom falls,
 Through home-bred traitors fed within its walls.—

Men whom yourselves with vote and purse sustain,
 At posts of honor, influence, and gain ;
 The right of Slavery to your sons to teach,
 And " South-side " Gospels in your pulpits preach
 Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear
 On the sharp point of her subverted spear,
 And imitate upon her cushion plump
 The mad Missourian lynching from his stump ;
 Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor
 Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more ;
 And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,
 Sell your old homestead underneath your feet !
 While such as these your loftiest outlooks hold,
 While truth and conscience with your wares **are**
 sold,
 While grave-browed merchants band themselves
 to aid
 An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade,
 What moral power within your grasp remains
 To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains ?—
 High as the tides of generous impulse flow,
 As far rolls back the selfish undertow :
 And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true
 As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,
 To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock
 As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling rock !

Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause demands
 The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,
 Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart
 To prayer and toil and manhood's manliest part ;
 Though to the soul's deep tocsin nature joins
 The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,
 The north-wind's anger, and the south-wind's sigh,
 The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky,
 And, to the ear that bends above the sod
 Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God,
 In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,
 The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear

Yet let not passion wrest from Reason's hand
 The guiding rein and symbol of command.
 Blame not the caution proffering to your zeal
 A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel,
 Nor chide the man whose honest doubt extends
 To the means only, not the righteous ends :
 Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears
 Of milder natures and serener years.
 In the long strife with evil which began
 With the first lapse of new-created man,
 Wisely and well has Providence assigned
 To each his part,—some forward, some behind ;
 And they, too, serve, who temper and restrain
 The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the brain.
 True to yourselves, feed Freedom's altar-flame
 With what you have ; let others do the same.
 Spare timid doubters ; set like flint your face
 Against the self-sold knaves of gain and place :
 Pity the weak ; but with unsparing hand
 Cast out the traitors who infest the land,—
 From bar, press, pulpit, cast them everywhere,
 By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.
 And in their place bring men of antique mould,
 Like the grave fathers of your Age of Gold,—
 Statesmen like those who sought the primal fount
 Of righteous law, the Sermon on the Mount ;
 Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day
 Still spared, Heaven bless him !) honor more than
 pay,
 And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like Jay ;
 Preachers like Woolman, or like them who bore
 The faith of Wesley to our western shore,
 And held no convert genuine till he broke
 Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke ;
 And priests like him who Newport's market trod,
 And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of God !
 So shall your power, with a wise prudence used,
 Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,

In kindly keeping with the good of all,
 The nobler maxims of the past recall,
 Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,
 And leave her foe his robber-right—to live.
 Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen !
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den !
 Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of flame,
 The focal point of million-fingered shame !
 Live, till the Southron, who, with all his faults
 Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,
 Dashes from off him, 'midst the glad world's cheers,
 The hideous nightmare of his dream of years,
 And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right hand,
 The vile incumbrance from his glorious land !

So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends forth
 Its widening circles to the South or North,
 Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars
 Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,
 There shall Free Labor's hardy children stand
 The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.
 And when at last the hunted bison tires,
 And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires ;
 And westward, wave on wave, the living flood
 Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood ;
 And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread
 Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led ;
 And, gazing downward through his hoar-locks, sees
 The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,
 The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear
 Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,
 And one long rolling fire of triumph run
 Between the sunrise and the sunset gun !”

My task is done. The Showman and his show,
 Themselves but shadows, into shadows go ;
 And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,

Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung,—
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,
And the rough picture overwrought appears,—
With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,
Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.
O, not of choice, for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song—
The mild, sweet words, which soften and adorn,
For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.
More dear to me some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales
And sea-brown hamlets, through where misty gales
Flit the dim ghosts of unreturning sails—
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm
With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm ;
Nor private grief nor malice hold my pen ;
I owe but kindness to my fellow-men.
And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer
Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
In holy lives, to me is holy ground.
But the time passes. It were vain to crave
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.
Forget the poet, but his warning heed,
And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUMMER BY THE LAKE-SIDE.

I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep !

O, isles of calm !—O, dark, still wood !
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude !

O, shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies—the hollow of God's hand !

Transfused through you, O mountain friends !
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of nature's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind !
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call—

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say—
Death walks apart from Fear to-day !

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely ;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He, whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills,
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,

With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how e'er
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O, STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life ye start—
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart!

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;
The simple heart, that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man, the living temple is :
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,
And wearies Heaven for naught above
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will
That trust of his undoubting child,
Whereby all seeming good and ill
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
Of favor, is content to fall
Within the providence which shines
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned
 At noontime o'er the sacred word.
 Was it an angel or a fiend
 Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
 A human utterance, sweet and mild
 And, looking up, the hermit saw
 A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
 O'erawed and troubled by the sight
 Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
 And anchorite.

“What dost thou here, poor man ? No shade
 Of cool, green douns, nor grass, nor well,
 Nor corn, nor vines.” The hermit said :
 “With God I dwell.

“Alone with Him in this great calm,
 I live not by the outward sense ;
 My Nile his love, my sheltering palm
 His providence.”

The child gazed round him. “Does God live
 Here only ?—where the desert's rim
 Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
 We pray to Him.

“My brother tills beside the Nile
 His little field : beneath the leaves
 My sisters sit and spin the while,
 My mother weaves.

“And when the millet's ripe heads fall,
 And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
 My mother smiles, and says that all
 Are gifts from God.

“ And when to share our evening meal,
 She calls the stranger at the door,
 She says God fills the hands that deal
 Food to the poor.”

A down the hermit's wasted cheeks
 Glistened the flow of human tears ;
 “ Dear Lord ! ” he said, “ Thy angel speaks,
 Thy servant hears.”

Within his arms the child he took,
 And thought of home and life with men ;
 And all his pilgrim feet forsook
 Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
 The eyes that smiled through lavish locks,
 Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,
 And bleat of flocks.

“ O, child ! ” he said, “ thou teachest me
 There is no place where God is not ;
 That love will make, where'er it be,
 A holy spot.”

He rose from off the desert sand,
 And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
 Went, with the young child, hand in hand,
 Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,
 And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,
 The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
 And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
 He followed as the small hand led
 To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
 Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
 She thanked the stranger with her eyes
 The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
 And dumb surprise.

And, lo!—with sudden warmth and light
 A tender memory thrilled his frame ;
 New-born, the world-lost anchorite
 A man became.

“ O, sister of El Zara’s race,
 Behold me!—had we not one mother ? ”
 She gazed into the stranger’s face ;—
 “ Thou art my brother ? ”

“ O, kin of blood!—Thy life of use
 And patient trust is more than mine ;
 And wiser than the gray recluse
 This child of thine.

“ For, taught of him whom God hath sent,
 That toil is praise, and love is prayer,
 I come, life’s cares and pains content
 With thee to share.”

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
 The hermit’s better life began ;
 Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
 And found a man !

BURNS.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM

No more these simple flowers belong
 To Scottish maid and lover ;
 Sown in the common soil of song,
 They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns !
The moorland flower and peasant !
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying ;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, over head
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "*The Twa Dogs*," story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor:

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing;
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;
The joys and griefs that plume the wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
 The sweet-brier and the clover ;
 With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
 Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
 I saw the Man uprising ;
 No longer common or unclean,
 The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
 Of life among the lowly ;
 The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
 Had made my own more holy.

And, if at times an evil strain,
 To lawless love appealing,
 Broke in upon the sweet refrain
 Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
 No inward answer gaining ;
 No heart had I to see or hear
 The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
 His worth, in vain bewailings ;
 Sweet Soul of Song !—I own my debt
 Uncancelled by his failings !

Lament who will the ribald line
 Which tells his lapse from duty,
 How kissed the maddening lips of wine
 Or wanton ones of beauty ;

But think, while falls that shade between
 The erring one and Heaven,
 That he who loved like Magdalen,
 Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous choir—
 Eternal echoes render—
 The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme
 And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid
 To Nature's bosom nearer?
 Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
 To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong,
 The human feeling gushes!
 The very moonlight of his song
 Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time
 So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
 Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
 But spare his Highland Mary!

WILLIAM FORSTER.²¹

THE years are many since his hand
 Was laid upon my head,
 Too weak and young to understand
 The serious words he said.

Yet, often now the good man's look
 Before me seems to swim,
 As if some inward feeling took
 The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,
 Or near temptation's charm,
 Through him the low-voiced monitor
 Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim!—from that day
Of meeting, first and last,
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,
To proffer life to death,
Hope to the erring—to the weak
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right; remove
The sting of hate from Law;
And soften in the fire of love
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the mild,
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,
He found, in prayer, release;
Through what abysmal shadows lay
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth: we could only see
The tranquil strength he gained;
The bondage lost in liberty,
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I—my youthful fancies grown
The habit of the man,
Whose field of life by angels sown
The wilding vines o'erran—

Low bowed in silent gratitude,
My manhood's heart enjoys
That reverence for the pure and good
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt ;
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain
Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have prayed
Their lives like thine might be !
But more shall pray henceforth for aid
To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,
Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of his truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
In golden-skied decline,
His angel met thee on the way,
And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man—thy last
Of earthly thought a prayer—
O, who thy mantle, backward cast,
Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks thy bed
Might bless our land and save,
As rose, of old, to life the dead
Who touched the prophet's grave !

RANTOUL.²²

ONE day, along the electric wire
 His manly word for Freedom sped ;
 We came next morn : that tongue of fire
 Said only, " He who spake is dead ! "

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,
 In echoes round the pillared dome !
 Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet
 With themes of state and loves of home !

Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,
 That triumph of life's zenith hour !
 Dead ! while we watched his manhood's prime
 Break from the slow bud into flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and wise,
 While the mean thousands yet drew breath ;
 How deepened, through that dread surprise,
 The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our votes
 Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell
 His first words, like the prelude notes
 Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
 Our champion waiting in his place
 For the last battle of the world—
 The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the word
 Which wins the freedom of a land ;
 And lift, for human right, the sword
 Which dropped from Hampden's dying hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,
And walked with Pym and Vane apart;
And, through the centuries, felt the beat
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,
Where England's best and wisest trod :
And, lingering, drank the springs that welled
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear, he showed alway
The coolness of his northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or failed ;
The calm star clomb with constant will—
The restless meteor flashed and paled !

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew
And owned the higher ends of Law ;
Still rose majestic on his view
The awful Shape the schoolman saw.

Her home the heart of God ; her voice
The choral harmonies whereby
The stars, through all their spheres, rejoice,
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky !

We saw his great powers misapplied
To poor ambitions ; yet, through all,
We saw him take the weaker side,
And right the wronged, and free the thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North
For one like him in word and act,
To call her old, free spirit forth,
And give her faith the life of fact—

To break her party bonds of shame,
 And labor with the zeal of him
 To make the Democratic name
 Of Liberty the synonym—

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
 We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,
 And, sad of heart, return to stand
 In silence by a new-made grave!

There, where his breezy hills of home
 Look out upon his sail-white seas,
 The sounds of winds and waters come,
 And shape themselves to words like these :

“ Why, murmuring, mourn that he, whose power
 Was lent to Party over long,
 Heard the still whisper at the hour
 He set his foot on Party wrong ?

“ The human life that closed so well
 No lapse of folly now can stain ;
 The lips whence Freedom's protest fell
 No meaner thought can now profane.

“ Mightier than living voice his grave
 That lofty protest utters o'er ;
 Through roaring wind and smiting wave
 It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

“ Men of the North ! your weak regret
 Is wasted here ; arise and pay
 To freedom and to him your debt,
 By following where he led the way ! ”

THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

It chanced, that while the pious troops of France
 Fought in the crusade Pio Nono preached,
 What time the holy Bourbons stayed his hands
 (The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses),
 Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious
 Rome

To bless the ministry of Oudinot,
 And sanctify his iron homilies
 And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,
 That the great pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun
 Of the bright Orient; and beheld the lame,
 The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's feet,
 And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all,
 Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise
 From heaven to earth, in silver rounds of song,
 He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,
 Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face
 Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns
 And hot winds of the desert, closer drew
 His fisher's haick, and girded up his loins,
 And spake, as one who had authority:
 "Come thou with me."

Lake-side and eastern sky

And the sweet song of angels passed away,
 And, with a dream's alacrity of change,
 The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,
 Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes
 And solemn fanes and monumental pomp
 Above the waste Campagna. On the hills
 The blaze of burning villas rose and fell,

And momentarily the mortar's iron throat
 Roared from the trenches; and, within the walls,
 Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain,
 Shout, drum beat, and the clanging larum-bell,
 And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled sound,
 Half wail and half defiance. As they passed
 The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood
 Flowed ankle high about them, and dead men
 Choked the long street with gashed and gory piles—
 A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,
 From which, at times, quivered a living hand,
 And white lips moved and moaned. A father tore
 His gray hairs, by the body of his son,
 In frenzy; and his fair young daughter wept
 On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
 Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid
 Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen
 The blessed Master and his works of love;
 Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing
 Above this open hell? *Thou* God's high-priest!
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!
Thou the successor of his chosen ones!
 I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
 In the dear Master's name, and for the love
 Of his true Church, proclaim thee Antichrist,
 Alien and separate from his holy faith
 Wide as the difference between death and life,
 The hate of man and the great love of God!
 Hence, and repent!"

Thereat the pontiff woke,
 Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream.
 "What means he?" cried the Bourbon. "Noth-
 ing more
 Than that your majesty hath all too well
 Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,
 The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"
 Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
 Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
 Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;
 As one who, wandering in a starless night,
 Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
 And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
 Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
 Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
 Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
 Had groaned : " Have pity upon me, Lord !
 Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
 Send me a man who can direct my steps ! "

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
 A sound as of an old man's staff among
 The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, looking up,
 He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

" Peace be unto thee, father ! " Tauler said ;
 " God give thee a good day ! " The old man raised
 Slowly his calm blue eyes. " I thank thee, son ;
 But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again ;
 " God give thee happy life." The old man smiled
 " I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
 His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve :
 " Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
 Surely man's days are evil, and his life
 Sad as the grave it leads to." " Nay, my son,
 Our times are in God's hands, and all our days

Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
 For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
 Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
 And that which is not, sharing not his life,
 Is evil only as devoid of good.
 And for the happiness of which I spake,
 I find it in submission to his will,
 And calm trust in the holy Trinity
 Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
 Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
 Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
 Which long has followed, whispering through the
 dark
 Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
 "What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so:
 What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
 I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;
 One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
 His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
 Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
 He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
 Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
 Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
 Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
 Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
 Went his slow way, until his silver hair
 Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
 Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
 "My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
 Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
 Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step

The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
 A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
 Which tracing backward till its airy lines
 Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
 O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
 O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
 Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
 Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
 In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
 Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
 Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
 "The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes
 As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
 The dark triangle of its shade alone
 When the clear day is shining on its top,
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
 And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING A STATE PAPER, WHEREIN THE HIGHER
 LAW IS INVOKED TO SUSTAIN THE LOWER ONE.

A PIOUS magistrate! sound his praise throughout
 The wondering churches. Who shall henceforth
 doubt

That the long-wished millennium draweth nigh?
 Sin in high places has become devout,
 Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and prays its lie
 Straight up to Heaven, and calls it piety!

The pirate, watching from his bloody deck
 The weltering galleon, heavy with the gold
 Of Acapulco, holding death in check

While prayers are said, brows crossed, and beads
are told—

The robber, kneeling where the wayside cross
On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss
From his own carbine, glancing still abroad
For some new victim, offering thanks to God!—

Rome, listening at her altars to the cry
Of midnight Murder, while her hounds of hell
Scour France, from baptized cannon and holy bell
And thousand-throated priesthood, loud and high,
Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,
“Thanks to the Lord who giveth victory!”

What prove these, but that crime was ne'er so black
As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to lack?
Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he lays
His evil offspring, and, in scriptural phrase
And saintly posture, gives to God the praise
And honor of the monstrous progeny.

What marvel, then, in our own time to see
His old devices smoothly acted o'er—
Official piety, locking fast the door
Of Hope against three million souls of men—
Brothers, God's children, Christ's redeemed—and
then,

With uprolled eyeballs and on bended knee,
Whining a prayer for help to hide the key!

THE VOICES.

“WHY urge the long, unequal fight,
Since Truth has fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light,
Quenched by the heedless million's feet?”

“Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from good;
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude.”

“Live out thyself; with others share
 Thy proper life no more; assume
 The unconcern of sun and air,
 For life or death, or blight or bloom.

“The mountain pine looks calmly on
 The fires that scourge the plains below,
 Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
 The small birds piping in the snow !

“The world is God’s, not thine; let him
 Work out a change, if change must be
 The hand that planted best can trim
 And nurse the old unfruitful tree.”

So spake the Tempter, when the light
 Of sun and stars had left the sky,
 I listened, through the cloud and night,
 And heard, methought, a voice reply :

“Thy task may well seem over-hard,
 Who scatterest in a thankless soil
 Thy life as seed, with no reward
 Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

“Not wholly is thy heart resigned
 To Heaven’s benign and just decree,
 Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
 Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

“Break off that sacred chain, and turn
 Back on thyself thy love and care ;
 Be thou thine own mean idol, burn
 Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children, there.

“Released from that fraternal law
 Which shares the common bale and bliss,
 No sadder lot could Folly draw,
 Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

“The meal unshared is food unblest ;
Thou hoard’st in vain what love should spend
Self-ease is pain ; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

“A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,
Free shines for all the healthful ray ;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay !

“What is it that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies ?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom’s temple rise ?

“Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed
In thine or in another’s day ;
And, if denied the victor’s meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler’s pay.

“Faith shares the future’s promise ; Love’s
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

“Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;
The lion’s strength, the eagle’s speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

“Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty’s holiest call obey !

“ Strivest thou in darkness ?—Foes without
 In league with traitor thoughts within ;
 Thy night-watch kept with trembling Doubt
 And pale Remorse the ghost of Sin ?—

“ Hast thou not, on some week of storm,
 Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
 And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
 The curtains of its tent of prayer ?

“ So, haply, when thy task shall end,
 The wrong shall lose itself in right,
 And all thy week-day darkness blend
 With the long Sabbath of the light !”

THE HERO.

“ O ! FOR a knight like Bayard,
 Without reproach or fear ;
 My light glove on his casque of steel,
 My love-knot on his spear !

“ O ! for the white plume floating
 Sad Zutphen’s field above—
 The lion heart in battle,
 The woman’s heart in love !

“ O ! that man once more were manly,
 Woman’s pride, and not her scorn ;
 That once more the pale young mother
 Dared to boast ‘ a man is born ’ !

“ But, now life’s slumberous current
 No sun-bowed cascade wakes ;
 No tall, heroic manhood
 The level dullness breaks.

“ O ! for a knight like Bayard,
 Without reproach or fear !
 My light glove on his casque of steel,
 My love-knot on his spear ! ”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
 To the time her proud pulse beat,
 “ Life hath its regal natures yet—
 True, tender, brave, and sweet !

“ Smile not, fair unbeliever !
 One man, at least, I know,
 Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
 Or Sidney’s plume of snow.

“ Once, when over purple mountains
 Died away the Grecian sun,
 And the far Cyllenian ranges
 Paled and darkened, one by one—

“ Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
 Cleaving all the quiet sky,
 And against his sharp steel lightnings
 Stood the Suliote but to die.

“ Woe for the weak and halting !
 The crescent blazed behind
 A curving line of sabres,
 Like fire before the wind !

“ Last to fly and first to rally,
 Rode he of whom I speak,
 When, groaning in his bridle-path
 Sank down a wounded Greek.

“ With the rich Albanian costume
 Wet with many a ghastly stain
 Gazing on earth and sky as one
 Who might not gaze again !

“He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

“‘Allah! hu!’ Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

“Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

“One brave and manful struggle—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!”

“It was very great and noble,”
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
“But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!”

“Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

“But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

“Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

“ Walking his round of duty
 Serenely day by day,
 With the strong man's hand of labor
 And childhood's heart of play.

“ True as the knights of story,
 Sir Lancelot and his peers,
 Brave in his calm endurance
 As they in tilt of spears.

“ As waves in stillest waters,
 As stars in noonday skies,
 All that wakes to noble action
 In his noon of calmness lies.

“ Wherever outraged Nature
 Asks word or action brave,
 Wherever struggles labor,
 Wherever groans a slave—

“ Wherever rise the peoples,
 Wherever sink a throne,
 The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
 An answer in his own.

“ Knight of a better era,
 Without reproach or fear!
 Said I not well that Bayards
 And Sidneys still are here ?”

MY DREAM.

In my dream, methought I trod,
 Yesternight, a mountain road ;
 Narrow as Al Sirat's span,
 High as eagle's flight, it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud
With its weight of thunder bowed;
Underneath, to left and right,
Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed,
Now and then a bird-song gushed;
Now and then, through rifts of shade,
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played,

But the goodly company,
Walking in that path with me,
One by one the brink o'erslid,
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,
Some with cheerful courage went;
But, of all who smiled or mourned,
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,
Questioning that shadow drear
Never hand in token stirred,
Never answering voice I heard!

Steeper, darker!—lo! I felt
From my feet the pathway melt.
Swallowed by the black despair,
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,
Strangled by the wash of waves,
Past the splintered crags, I sank
On a green and flowery bank—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,
Lightly as a cloud is blown,
Soothingly as childhood pressed
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,
 Green the grassy meadows spread,
 Bright with waters singing by
 Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,
 Old lost faces welcomed me,
 With whose sweetness of content
 Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray
 Slowly brightened into day,
 Pondering that vision fled,
 Thus unto myself I said :

“ Steep, and hung with clouds of strife,
 Is our narrow path of life ;
 And our death the dreaded fall
 Through the dark, awaiting all.

“ So, with painful steps we climb
 Up the dizzy ways of time,
 Ever in the shadow shed
 By the forecast of our dread.

“ Dread of mystery solved alone,
 Of the untried and unknown ;
 Yet the end thereof may seem
 Like the falling of my dream.

“ And this heart-consuming care,
 All our fears of here or there,
 Change and absence, loss and death,
 Prove but simple lack of faith.”

Thou, O Most Compassionate !
 Who didst stoop to our estate,
 Drinking of the cup we drain,
 Treading in our path of pain—

Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering, by its open door :
“ Fear not ! He hath gone before ! ”

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ·
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,

Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Loose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in

Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains
The pictures of its flower-sown home—
The lights and shades, the purple stains,
And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime
This painted memory of spring,
This dream of summer time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimack—
So old ancestral legends say—
Could call green leaf and blossom back
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,
Beneath his touch, put out their leaves ;
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail
Take bud, and bloom before his eyes ;
From frozen pools he saw the pale,
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,
And through their leafy tongues complained
Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,
The pipkin wore its old-time green ;
The cradle o'er the sleeping child
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,
While wandering in her sylvan quest,
Haunting his native woodlands yet,
That Druid of the West ;—

And, while the dew on leaf and flower
Glistened in moonlight clear and still,
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of power,
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more bright,
And paints upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;
Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing ;
Yet, summer-like, we sit between
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
And sweetest breath of woodland balm,
And one whose matron lips unclose
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow!
The sweet azalia's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
And swing the azure bells!

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round again,
By greening slope and singing flood
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

THE RENDITION.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,
I saw an earnest look beseech,
And rather by that look than speech
My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
Marched hand-cuffed down that sworded street,
The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss—
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,
And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in that deep disgust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
 And home's green quiet, hiding all,
 Fell sudden darkness like the fall
 Of midnight upon noon !

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,
 Blood-drunken, through the blackness trod,
 Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
 The blasphemy of wrong.

“ O, Mother, from thy memories proud,
 Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,
 Lend this dead air a breeze of health,
 And smite with stars this cloud.

“ Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
 Rise awful in thy strength,” I said ;
 Ah, me ! I spake but to the dead ;
 I stood upon her grave !

Sixth month, 1854.

LINES,

**ON THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS
 AND LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE
 AGAINST THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.**

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,
 My Mother State, when last the moon
 Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
 I wore, undreaming of relief,
 The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
 On leaf and flower and folded wing,
 And thou hast risen with the spring !

Once more thy strong maternal arms
Are round about thy children flung—
A lioness that guards her young !

No threat is on thy closéd lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its light.

Southward the baffled robber's track
Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But, acting on the wiser plan,
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise—

The vision of a Christian man,
In virtue as in stature great,
Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last ;

When North and South shall strive no more
And all their feuds and fears be lost
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

Sixth month, 1855.

THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of autumn's sky
 Of sunset faded from our hills and streams,
 I sat, vague listening, lapped in twilight dreams,
 To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's cry.
 Then, like that basket, flush with summer fruit,
 Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's foot,
 Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered sweetness,
 -Full-orbed, and glowing with the prisoned beams
 Of summery suns, and, rounded to completeness
 By kisses of the south wind and the dew.
 Thrilled with a glad surprise, methought I knew
 The pleasure of the homeward-turning Jew,
 When Eschol's clusters on his shoulders lay,
 Dropping their sweetness on his desert way.

I said, "This fruit beseems no world of sin,
 Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,
 O'ercrept the wall, and never paid the price
 Of the great mischief—an ambrosial tree,
 Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,
 To keep the thorns and thistles company."
 Perchance our frail, sad mother plucked in haste
 A single vine-slip as she passed the gate,
 Where the dread sword, alternate paled and
 burned,
 And the stern angel, pitying her fate,
 Forgave the lovely trespasser, and turned
 Aside his face of fire; and thus the waste
 And fallen world hath yet its annual taste
 Of primal good, to prove of sin the cost,
 And show by one gleaned ear the mighty harvest
 lost.

A MEMORY.

HERE, while the loom of Winter weaves
 The shroud of flowers and fountains,
 I think of thee and Summer eves
 Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's close,
 And winds the lake were rude on,
 And thou wert singing, *Ca' the Yowes*,
 The bonny yowes of Cluden!

When, close and closer, hushing breath,
 Our circle narrowed round thee,
 And smiles and tears made up the wreath
 Wherewith our silence crowned thee;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties
 Of sisters and of brothers;
 Ah! whose of all those kindly eyes
 Now smile upon another's?

The sport of Time, who still apart
 The waifs of life is flinging;
 O! never more shall heart to heart
 Draw nearer for that singing!

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
 And twilight's fire is gleaming,
 I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
 Sound softly through my dreaming!

A song that lends to winter snows
 The glow of summer weather—
 Again I hear thee *ca' the yowes*
 To Cluden's hills of heather!

TO C. S.

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
 Than praise the right ; if seldom to thine ear
 My voice hath mingled with the exultant cheer
 Borne upon all our Northern winds along ;
 If I have failed to join the fickle throng
 In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong
 In victory, surprised in thee to find
 Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace
 combined ;

That he, for whom the ninefold Muses sang,
 From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,
 Barbing the arrows of his native tongue
 With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,
 To smite the Python of our land and time,
 Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,
 Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs
 Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,
 And on the shrine of England's freedom laid
 The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade—
 Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.

Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well
 canst guess

That, even though silent, I have not the less
 Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
 With the large future which I shaped for thee,
 When, years ago, beside the summer sea,
 White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
 Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
 That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
 Opposed alone its massive quietude,
 Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor vine
 Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moonshine,
 Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
 That night-scene by the sea prophetic—

(For nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
And through her pictures human fate divines)—
That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink

In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momentarily by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite
mailed ;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done !

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine !

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow ;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
 That feed the Kansas run,
 Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
 Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old
 Our fathers sailed the sea,
 And make the West, as they the East,
 The homestead of the free!

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.²³

WHERE are we going? where are we going,
 Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
 Look across these shining sands,
 Through the furnace of the noon,
 Through the white light of the moon.
 Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
 Strange and large the world is growing!
 Speak and tell us where we are going,
 Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,
 Wells of water, fields of food,
 Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
 And the palm-tree cool and green:
 Bornou land we see no longer,
 Here we thirst and here we hunger,
 Here the Moor-man smites in anger:
 Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,
 We were like the leaves and sand,
 We were many, we are few;
 Life has one, and death has two:

Whitened bones our path are showing,
 Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!
 Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
 Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes
 Bornou land behind us lies;
 Stranger round us day by day
 Bends the desert circle gray;
 Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
 Hot the winds above them blowing,—
 Lord of all things!—where are we going?
 Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong;
 Short our lives, but Thine is long;
 We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;
 We are fools, but Thou art wise!

Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
 Through the strange world round us growing,
 Hear us, tell us where are we going,
 Where are we going, Rubee?

LINES

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON
 AGAINST THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,
 Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
 To pay the debt they owe to shame;
 Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep
 Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning wail;
 Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
 Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
 That somewhat of the holy rage
 With which the prophets in their age
 On all its decent seemings trod,
 Has set your feet upon the lie,
 That man and ox and soul and clod
 Are market stock to sell and buy !

The hot words from your lips, my own,
 To caution trained, might not repeat ;
 But, if some tares among the wheat
 Of generous thought and deed were sown,
 No common wrong provoked your zeal ;
 The silken gauntlet that is thrown
 In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
 For Freedom calls for men again
 Like those who battled not in vain
 For England's Charter, Alfred's law ;
 And right of speech and trial just
 Wage in your name their ancient war
 With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
 They touch the shining hills of day ;
 The evil cannot brook delay,
 The good can well afford to wait.
 Give ermined knaves their hour of crime ;
 Ye have the future grand and great,
 The safe appeal of Truth to Time !

THE NEW EXODUS.²⁴

By fire and cloud, across the desert sand,
 And through the parted waves,

From their long bondage, with an outstretched hand,
God led the Hebrew slaves !

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,
As Egypt's statues cold,
In the adytum of the sacred book
Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God *is* great!" the simple Moslem says.
We seek the ancient date,
Turn the dry scroll, and make that living phrase
A dead one: "God *was* great!"

And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's wells,
We dream of wonders past,
Vague as the tales the wandering Arab tells,
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind! Above the Pyramids
Stretches once more that hand,
And trancéd Egypt, from her stony lids,
Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, singing, wakes;
And, listening by his Nile,
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage breaks
A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and call
Of death for midnight graves,
But in the stillness of the noonday, fall
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of old,
The bondmen walk dry shod;
Through human hearts, by love of Him controlled,
Runs now that path of God!

THE HASCHISH.

OF all that Orient lands can vaunt
Of marvels with our own competing,
The strangest is the Haschish plant,
And what will follow on its eating

What pictures to the taster rise,
Of Dervish or of Almeah dances !
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
Set all aglow with Houri glances !

The poppy visions of Cathay,
The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian ;
The wizard lights and demon play
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian !

The Mollah and the Christian dog
Change place in mad metempsychosis ;
The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses !

The Arab by his desert well
Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,
And hears his single camel's bell
Sound welcome to his regal quarters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint
Of Shitan dancing on and off it ;
The robber offers alms, the saint
Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the Prophet

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes ;
But we have one ordained to beat it,
The Haschish of the West, which makes
Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears
His Bible in a new translation ;
Its angels negro overseers,
And Heaven itself a snug plantation !

The man of peace, about whose dreams
The sweet millennial angels cluster,
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes,
A raving Cuban filibuster !

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle ;
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees
Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits ere long
Upon his bench a railing blackguard ;
Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
And reads the ten commandments backward

O, potent plant ! so rare a taste
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten ;
The hempen Haschish of the East
Is powerless to our Western Cotton !

BALLADS.

BALLADS.

MARY GARVIN.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the
lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's inter-
vales ;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam
and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred
years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges,
dams, and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom
of the hills,
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately
Champernoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trum-
pet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of
fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him
like a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward
far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the
past.

But human hearts remain unchanged : the sorrow
and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our
own akin ;
And, in the tales our fathers told, the songs our
mothers sung,
Tradition, snowy-bearded, leans on Romance, ever
young.

O, sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-
day !
O, mill-girl watching late and long the shuttle's
restless play !
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working hand
beguile,
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits, a tear or
smile !

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort
Mary's walls ;
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and
plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and
gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spur-
wink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crack-
ling walnut log ;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between
them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside
him on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred
the mottled cat.

“Twenty years!” said Goodman Garvin, speaking
sadly, under breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who
speaks of death.

The Goodwife dropped her needles: “It is twenty
years, to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child
away.”

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew the
other’s thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were
needed not.

“Who knocks?” cried Goodman Garvin. The
door was open thrown;
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and
furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin
from his head:
“Lives here Elkanah Garvin?” “I am he,” the
Goodman said.

“Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night
is chill with rain.”
And the Goodwife drew the settle, and stirred the
fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire-light
glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark
brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: “It is Mary’s self
I see!
Dear heart!” she cried, “now tell me, has my
child come back to me?”

“ My name indeed is Mary,” said the stranger, sob-
bing wild ;

“ Will you be to me a mother ? I am Mary Gar-
vin’s child !

“ She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying
day

She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far
away.

“ And when the priest besought her to do me no
such wrong,

She said, ‘ May God forgive me ! I have closed my
heart too long.

“ ‘ When I hid me from my father, and shut out
my mother’s call,

I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father
of us all.

“ ‘ Christ’s love rebukes no home-love, breaks no
tie of kin apart ;

Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

“ ‘ Tell me not the Church must censure : she who
wept the Cross beside

Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims
of blood denied ;

“ ‘ And if she who wronged her parents, with her
child atones to them,

Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother ! thou at least
wilt not condemn !’

“ So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother
spake ;

As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her
sake.”

“ God be praised ! ” said Goodwife Garvin, “ He
taketh, and he gives ;
He woundeth, but he healeth ; in her child our
daughter lives. ”

“ Amen ! ” the old man answered, as he brushed a
tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearth-stone, said, with rever-
ence, “ Let us pray. ”

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew para-
phrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer
of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his
knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of
Papistrie.

“ What is this ? ” cried Farmer Garvin. “ Is an
English Christian’s home
A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign
of Rome ? ”

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his
trembling hand, and cried :
“ O, forbear to chide my father ; in that faith my
mother died ! ”

“ On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and
sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink’s graveyard ; and the
dear God watches all ! ”

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on
his knee ;
“ Your words, dear child, ” he answered, “ are God’s
rebuke to me. ”

“ Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our
faith and hope be one :
Let me be your father’s father, let him be to me a
son.”

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the
still and frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to
sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order
due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the
people sit ;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire
before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray
frock, shading down ;

From the pulpit read the preacher : “ Goodman
Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has
followed them through life,

“ For the great and crowning mercy, that their
daughter, from the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God’s peace), has
sent to them her child ;

“ And the prayers of all God’s people they ask that
they may prove
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such
special proof of love.”

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple
stood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maiden-
hood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is
 Papist born and bred ;"
 Thought the young men, "'Tis an angel in Mary
 Garvin's stead !"

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
 Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge, “a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : “Ah, me !
That I the Judge’s bride might be !

“He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day

“And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

“No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Of, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay.

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ,

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were falling
When the ranger's horn was calling
Through the woods to Canada.
Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
Gone the springtime's bud and blowing,
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,
And again the fields are gray.
Yet away, he's away !
Faint and fainter hope is growing
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,

Glares o'er wood and wave away,
 Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,
 Or as thunder spent and dying,
 Come the challenge and replying,
 Come the sounds of flight and fray.
 Well-a-day! Hope and pray!
 Some are living, some are lying
 In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,
 Homeward faring, weary strangers
 Pass the farm-gate on their way;
 Tidings of the dead and living,
 Forest march and ambush, giving,
 Till the maidens leave their weaving,
 And the lads forget their play.
 "Still away, still away!"
 Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,
 "Why does Robert still delay!"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
 Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
 Through his painted woodlands stray,
 Than where hill-side 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 grain-lands 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.

“ Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
Prithee tell us of the reason
Why you mope at home to-day :
Surely smiling is not sinning ;
Leave your quilling, leave your spinning ;
What is all your store of linen,
If your heart is never gay ?
Come away, come away !
Never yet did sad beginning
Make the task of life a play.”

Overbending, till she's blending
With the flaxen skein she's tending,
Pale brown tresses smoothed away
From her face of patient sorrow,
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,
From the trembling hope of morrow,
Solace for the weary day.
“ Go your way, laugh and play ;
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
And the lily, let me pray.”

“ With our rally, rings the valley—
Join us !” cried the blue-eyed Nelly ;
“ Join us !” cried the laughing May :

" To the beach we all are going,
 And, to save the task of rowing,
 West by north the wind is blowing,
 Blowing briskly down the bay !
 Come away, come away !
 Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
 Let us take them while we may !

" Never tell us that you'll fail us,
 Where the purple beach-plum mellows
 On the bluffs so wild and gray.
 Hasten, for the oars are falling ;
 Hark, our merry mates are calling :
 Time it is that we were all in,
 Singing tideward down the bay ! "
 " Nay, nay, let me stay ;
 Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
 Is my heart," she said, " to-day."

" Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !
 Some red squaw his moose-meat's broiling,
 Or some French lass, singing gay ;
 Just forget as he's forgetting ;
 What avails a life of fretting ?
 If some stars must needs be setting,
 Others rise as good as they."
 " Cease, I pray ; go your way ! "
 Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;
 " Foul and false the words you say ! "

" Martha Mason, hear to reason !
 Prithee, put a kinder face on ! "
 " Cease to vex me," did she say ;
 " Better at his side be lying,
 With the mournful pine-trees sighing,
 And the wild birds o'er us crying,
 Than to doubt like mine a prey ;
 While away, far away,

Turns my heart, forever trying
Some new hope for each new day.

“ When the shadows veil the meadows,
And the sunset’s golden ladders
Sink from twilight’s walls of gray—
From the window of my dreaming,
I can see his sickle gleaming,
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming
Down the locust-shaded way ;
But away, swift away
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
And I kneel, again to pray.

“ When the growing dawn is showing,
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,
And the horned moon pales away :
From a dream of him awaking,
Every sound my heart is making
Seems a footstep of his taking ;
Then I hush the thought, and say,
‘ Nay, nay, he’s away !’
Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the dear one far away.”

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,
Glowa a face of manhood worthy :
“ Robert ! ” “ Martha ! ” all they say
O’er went wheel and reel together,
Little cared the owner whither ;
Heart of lead is heart of feather,
Noon of night is noon of day !
Come away, come away !
When such lovers meet each other,
Why should prying idlers stay ?

Quench the timber’s fallen embers,
Quench the red leaves in December’s
Hoary rime and chilly spray.

But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
Household welcomes sound sincerer,
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
When the bridal bells shall say :
“ Hope and pray, trust alway ;
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
For the trial and delay ! ”

LATER POEMS.

1856-7.

LATER POEMS.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn
atone.

II.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod ;
And trembles on its arid stalk,
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet
wild rose !

III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,

Two dusky lines converged in one,
 Chasing the southward-flying sun ;
 While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
 Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay

IV.

I passed this way a year ago :
 The wind blew south ; the noon of day
 Was warm as June's ; and save that snow
 Flecked the low mountains far away,
 And that the vernal-seeming breeze
 Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
 I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
 Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at
 play.

V.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled
 The white pagodas of the snow
 On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
 Yon river, in its overflow
 Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
 Crashed with its ices to the sea ;
 And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
 The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ
 rolled.

VI.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
 What pomp of rise and shut of day,
 What hues wherewith our Northern clime
 Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,
 What airs outblown from ferny dells,
 And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
 What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and
 flowers,
 Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round
 been ours !

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,
 The changing seasons come and go;
 What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
 What purple lights on Alpine snow!
 Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
 On Venice at her watery gates;
 A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
 And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
 Is one with him who rows or sails;
 And he who wanders widest, lifts
 No more of beauty's jealous veils
 Than he who from his doorway sees
 The miracle of flowers and trees,
 Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
 And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to
 prayer!

IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
 Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
 But he who sees his native brooks
 Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
 The marble palaces of Ind
 Rise round him in the snow and wind,
 From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,
 And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland
 aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends
 The near at hand and far and rare;
 And while the same horizon bends
 Above the silver-sprinkled hair,
 Which flashed the light of morning skies
 On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,

Within its round of sea and sky and field,
 Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands
 revealed.

XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
 The toiler to his task-work bound,
 Behold their prison-walls outspread,
 Their clipped horizon widen round !
 While freedom-giving fancy waits,
 Like Peter's angel at the gates,
 The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
 To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs
 again !

XII.

What lack of goodly company,
 When masters of the ancient lyre
 Obey my call, and trace for me
 Their words of mingled tears and fire !
 I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
 I read the world with Pascal's eyes ;
 And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
 And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought,
 draw near.

XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
 " In vain the human heart we mock ;
 Bring living guests who love the day,
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock !
 The herbs we share with flesh and blood,
 Are better than ambrosial food,
 With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loth,
 But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
 Have I not seen before me sit,

And watched his puritanic face,
 With more than Eastern wisdom lit ?
 Shrewd mystic ! who, upon the back
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
 Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
 Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of
 steam !

XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,
 Have I not welcomed to my hearth
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
 Whose songs have girdled half the earth ;
 Whose pages, like the magic mat
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
 Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's mountain
 pines !

XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth
 Of ages, adds the lore unpriced,
 The wisdom and the moral health,
 The ethics of the school of Christ ;
 The statesman to his holy trust
 As the Athenian archon just,
 Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,
 Has he not graced my home with beauty all his own ?

XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
 What loved ones enter and depart !
 The good, the beautiful, the brave,
 The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart !
 How conscious seems the frozen sod
 And beechen slope whereon they trod !
 The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
 Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent
 friends.

XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
 I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
 To bear the winter's lingering chills,
 The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
 I dream of lands where summer smiles,
 And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
 But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be
 sweet,
 Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my
 feet!

XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,
 And bathe in dreams of softer air,
 But homesick tears would fill the eyes
 That saw the Cross without the Bear.
 The pine must whisper to the palm,
 The north wind break the tropic calm;
 And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
 The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to
 beauty join.

XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
 Of God's occasions drifting by!
 Better with naked nerve to bear
 The needles of this goading air,
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
 The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim to
 know.

XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair
 Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
 The painted, shingly town-house where
 The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!

The simple roof where prayer is made,
 Than Gothic groin and colonade ;
 The living temple of the heart of man,
 Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired
 Milan !

XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,
 Where rich and poor the Bible read,
 Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
 And Learning wears the chains of Creed ;
 Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
 The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
 Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
 Or holydays of slaves who laugh and dance in
 chains.

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
 And perch along these wooded swells ;
 And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
 They hear the sound of Sabbath bells !
 Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
 Nor woman winged before her time,
 But with the faults and follies of the race,
 Old home-bred virtues held their not unhonored
 place.

XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
 The graces and the loves which make
 The music of the march of life ;
 And woman, in her daily round
 Of duty, walks on holy ground.
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
 Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to
 sneer.

XXV

Then let the icy North wind blow
 The trumpets of the coming storm,
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
 As gayly as I did of old ;
 And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds
 The life that hides in mead and wold,
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
 And stains these mosses green and gold,
 Will still, as He hath done, incline
 His gracious care to me and mine ;
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
 And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every
 star !

XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,
 My hopes for man take form in fact,
 But God will give the victory
 In due time ; in that faith I act.
 And he who sees the future sure,
 The baffling present may endure,
 And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads
 The heart's desires beyond the halting step of
 deeds.

XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
 Where harsher songs of mine have flown
 Go, find a place at home and hearth
 Where'er thy singer's name is known ;
 Revive for him the kindly thought
 Of friends ; and they who love him not,

Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may
 take
 The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy
 sake.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,
 And nursed by winter gales,
 With petals of the sleeted spars,
 And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,
 Within her ice-rimmed bay,
 In common with the wild-wood flowers,
 The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, " God be praised ! " the Pilgrim said,
 Who saw the blossoms peer
 Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
 " Behold our Mayflower here ! "

" God wills it : here our rest shall be,
 Our years of wandering o'er,
 For us the Mayflower of the Sea,
 Shall spread her sails no more. "

Oh ! sacred flowers of faith and hope
 As sweetly now as then
 Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
 In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
 Unchanged, your leaves unfold,

Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws ;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod ;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God !

BURIAL OF BARBOUR.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave ;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas, frozen still
As his noble heart, below,
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
And his poor hut roofed with snow !

One more look of that dead face,
Of his murder's ghastly trace !

One more kiss, oh, widowed one !
 Lay your left hands on his brow,
 Lift your right hands up, and vow
 That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends ! The eye of God
 Every path by Murder trod
 Watches, lidless, day and night ;
 And the dead man in his shroud,
 And his widow weeping loud,
 And our hearts, are in his sight.

Every deadly threat that swells
 With the roar of gambling hells,
 Every brutal jest and jeer,
 Every wicked thought and plan
 Of the cruel heart of man,
 Though but whispered, He can hear !

We in suffering, they in crime,
 Wait the just award of time,
 Wait the vengeance that is due ;
 Not in vain a heart shall break,
 Not a tear for Freedom's sake
 Fall unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked
 Threatens where it should protect,
 And the Law shakes hands with Crime,
 What is left us but to wait,
 Match our patience to our fate,
 And abide the better time ?

Patience, friends ! The human heart
 Everywhere shall take our part,
 Everywhere for us shall pray ;
 On our side are nature's laws,
 And God's life is in the cause
 That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine ;
 Pass the watchword down the line,
 Pass the countersign : "ENDURE."
 Not to him who rashly dares,
 But to him who nobly bears,
 Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
 Lay our slain one down to rest ;
 Lay him down in hope and faith,
 And above the broken sod,
 Once again, to Freedom's God,
 Pledge ourselves for life or death—

That the State whose walls we lay,
 In our blood and tears, to-day,
 Shall be free from bonds of shame,
 And our goodly land untrod
 By the feet of Slavery, shod
 With cursing as with flame !

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
 For the hunter of the slave
 In its shadow cannot rest ;
 And let martyr mound and tree
 Be our pledge and guarantee
 Of the freedom of the West !

TO PENNSYLVANIA.

OH State prayer-founded ! never hung
 Such choice upon a people's tongue,
 Such power to bless or ban,
 As that which makes thy whisper Fate,
 For which on thee the centuries wait,
 And destinies of man !

Across thy Alleghanian chain,
 With groanings from a land in pain,
 The west wind finds its way :
 Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood
 The crying of thy children's blood
 Is in thy ears to-day !

And unto thee in Freedom's hour
 Of sorest need God gives the power
 To ruin or to save ;
 To wound or heal, to blight or bless
 With fertile field or wilderness,
 A free home or a grave !

Then let thy virtue match the crime,
 Rise to a level with the time ;
 And, if a son of thine
 Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like
 For Fatherland and Freedom strike
 As Justice gives the sign.

Wake sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
 The great occasion's forelock seize ;
 And, let the North wind strong,
 And golden leaves of Autumn, be
 Thy coronal of victory
 And thy triumphal song.

10th mo. 1856.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed
 They saw the stars march slow ;
 The wild Sierra overhead,
 The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow: at last, a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

"Up men!" he cried, "yon rocky cone,
To-day, please God, we'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen throne
On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod th' eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs
To flap his baffled wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
 Yet, flashing through the night,
 Lo ! icy ridge and rocky spear
 Blaze out in morning light !

Rise up, FREMONT ! and go before ;
 The Hour must have its Man ;
 Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
 And lead in Freedom's van !

ibid mo. 1856.

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.²⁵

ACROSS the frozen marshes
 The winds of Autumn blow,
 And the fen-lands of the Wetter
 Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands,
 Look o'er the Baltic brine,
 A bark is sailing in the track
 Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
 For Bothnia's fish and grain ;
 She saileth not for pleasure,
 She saileth not for gain.

But, still by isle or mainland,
 She drops her anchor down,
 Where'er the British cannon
 Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,
 At the gate of Helsingfors :
 " Why comes this ship a-spying
 In the track of England's wars ? "

“ God bless her,” said the coast-guard,

“ God bless the ship, I say.

The holy angels trim the sails

That speed her on her way !

“ Where'er she drops her anchor,

The peasant's heart is glad ;

Where'er she spreads her parting sail,

The peasant's heart is sad.

“ Each wasted town and hamlet

She visits to restore ;

To roof the shattered cabin,

And feed the starving poor.

“ The sunken boats of fishers,

The foraged beeves and grain,

The spoil of flake and storehouse,

The good ship brings again.

“ And so to Finland's sorrow

The sweet amend is made,

As if the healing hand of Christ

Upon her wounds were laid !”

Then said the gray old Amtman,

“ The will of God be done !

The battle lost by England's hate,

By England's love is won !

“ We braved the iron tempest

That thundered on our shore ;

But when did kindness fail to find

The key to Finland's door ?

“ No more from Aland's ramparts

Shall warning signal come,

Nor startled Sweaborg hear again

The roll of midnight drum.

“ Beside our fierce Black Eagle
 The Dove of Peace shall rest ;
 And in the mouths of cannon
 The sea-bird make her nest.

“ For Finland, looking seaward,
 No coming foe shall scan ;
 And the holy bells of Abo
 Shall ring, ‘ Good-will to man !’

“ Then row thy boat, oh, fisher !
 In peace on lake and bay ;
 And thou, young maiden, dance again
 Around the poles of May !

“ Sit down, old men, together,
 Old wives, in quiet spin ;
 Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
 Is the brother of the Finn !”

A LAY OF OLD TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX CO. AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
 Poor Adam and his bride
 Sat in the shade of Eden’s wall—
 But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
 For the chaste garb of old ;
 He, sighing o’er his bitter fruit
 For Eden’s drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
 Their forfeit garden lay,
 Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
 The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

“Arise,” he said, “why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore?”

“I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

“I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through Toil.

“Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,
To labor as to play.”
White glimmering over Eden’s trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where’er they tilled the earth
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit
And blushed with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents’ fate,
And in our turn and day,
Look back on Eden’s sworded gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
 The pitying Angel leaves,
 And leads through Toil to Paradise
 New Adams and new Eves!

WHAT OF THE DAY?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,
 Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
 Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare :
 The hills blaze red with warnings : foes draw
 nigh
 Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
 Behold the burden of the prophet's vision—
 The gathering hosts—the Valley of Decision,
 Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
 Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!
 It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
 Even so, Father! Let thy will be done—
 Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast begun
 In judgment or in mercy : as for me,
 If but the least and frailest, let me be
 Evermore numbered with the truly free
 Who find thy service perfect liberty!
 I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
 Has reached the hour, (albeit through care and
 pain)
 When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
 Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain ;
 And Michael and his angels once again
 Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.
 Oh! for the faith to read the signs aright,
 And, from the angle of thy perfect sight
 See Truth's white banner floating on before ;
 And, the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,
 And base expedients, move to noble ends :

See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,
Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with chaffless
grain !

1857.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

For ages on our river borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willow studs of downy silver,
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters
Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,
And the clear carol of the robin
And song of blue-bird welcomed them.

But never yet from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whispers from my heart to-day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain ;
And from my heart, as from the river,
The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary ! for this wild-wood token
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near ;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks !

As in the old Teutonic ballad
 Live singing bird and flowering tree,
 Together live in bloom and music,
 I blend in song thy flowers and thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear forever
 The dint of rain and small bird's track :
 Who knows but that my idle verses
 May leave some trace by Merrimack !

The bird that trod the mellow layers
 Of the young earth is sought in vain ;
 The cloud is gone that wove the sandstone,
 From God's design, with threads of rain !

So, when this fluid age we live in
 Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,
 Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle
 The savans of the coming time :

And, following out their dim suggestions,
 Some idly-curious hand may draw
 My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier
 Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,
 Singing my words to breeze and stream,
 Shall wonder if the old time Mary
 Were real, or the rhymer's dream !

857, 3d mo. 1.

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,
 Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—
 A green leaf on your own Green Banks—
 The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides
The sobered brow and lessening hair .
For aught I know the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring
The fabled founts of song to try,
They've drained, for aught I know, the spring
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well!—The wreath the Muses braid
Proves often Folly's cap and bell;
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt
Be paid by those I love in life.
Why should the unborn critic whet
For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and pry
One's vacant house of life about,
And drag for curious ear and eye
His faults and follies out?—

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
With chaff of words, the garb he wore,
As corn-husks when the ear is gone
Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again,
The picture vanish from the eye,
And on the dim and misty mair
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine
Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide
Her chosen names, I envy none:
A mother's love, a father's pride,
Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name as now recall
The young leaf wet with morning dew,
The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,
A spell to waken smile or sigh;
In many an evening prayer be heard
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days
When asked the reason of thy name,
Shalt answer: "One 'twere vain to praise
Or censure bore the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed him good—
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new.

"In him the grave and playful mixed,
And wisdom held with folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt,
Good fellow and recluse.

"He loved his friends, forgave his foes;
And, if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise, but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

“ Whate’er his neighbors might endure
Of pain or grief his own became ;
For all the ills he could not cure
He held himself to blame.

“ His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done ;
The work he wrought was rarely meant
Or finished as begun.

“ Ill served his tides of feeling strong
To turn the common mills of use ;
And, over restless wings of song,
His birthright garb hung loose !

“ His eye was beauty’s powerless slave,
And his the ear which discord pains ;
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave,
What passions strove in chains.

“ He had his share of care and pain,
No holiday was life to him ;
Still in the heir-loom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

“ Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way ;
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains splash and play.

“ On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole ;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.

“ He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days,
And, howsoe’er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways.

“ The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul that waits
For more than man to teach.

“ The cant of party, school, and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn,
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on satire’s horn.

“ But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things ;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit’s wings !

“ Life’s mystery wrapt him like a cloud ;
He heard far voices mock his own,
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,
Long roll of waves unknown.

“ The arrows of his straining sight
Fell quenched in darkness ; priest and sage,
Like lost guides calling left and right,
Perplexed his doubtful age.

“ Like childhood, listening for the sound
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell.

“ So, scattering flowers with pious pains
On old beliefs, of later creeds,
Which claimed a place in Truth’s domains,
He asked the title-deeds.

“ He saw the old-time’s groves and shrines
In the long distance fair and dim ;
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn !

“ He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
 The Brahmin’s rite, the Lama’s spell ;
 God knew the heart: Devotion’s pearl
 Might sanctify the shell.

“ While others trod the altar stairs
 He faltered like the publican ;
 And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
 Were those of sinful man.

“ For awed by Sinai’s Mount of Law
 The trembling faith alone sufficed,
 That, through its cloud and flame, he saw
 The sweet, sad face of Christ!—

“ And listening, with his forehead bowed,
 Heard the Divine compassion fill
 The pauses of the trump and cloud
 With whispers small and still.

“ The words he spake, the thoughts he penned
 Are mortal as his hand and brain,
 But, if they served the Master’s end,
 He has not lived in vain !”

Heaven make thee better than thy name
 Child of my friends!—For thee I crave
 What riches never bought, nor fame
 To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :
 God make thee beautiful within,
 And let thine eyes the good behold
 In every thing save sin !

Imagination held in check
 To serve not rule thy poiséd mind ;
 Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
 Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth ;
Life made by duty epical
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leafed in the Eternal field
Of God, forever live !—

HOME BALLADS.

I CALL the old time back : I bring these lays
To thee, in memory of the summer days
When, by our native streams and forest ways,

We dreamed them over ; while the rivulets made
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees laid
On warm noon-lights the masses of their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain,—
The Autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem
Fairer than any of which painters dream,
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream ;

For she whose speech was always truth's pure gold
Heard, not unpleased, its simple legends told,
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

HOME BALLADS.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs !-

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane !

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers !

'few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified :
God willed it, and the wretch had died !

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive thy creature when he takes,
For the all-perfect love thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars ; let us see
Thyself in thy humanity !

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence !

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,
And, when she sought the house of prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd charm,
To guard against her mother's harm ;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer ;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more !

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief ;
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits ;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

" Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
" This passes harmless mirth or jest ;
I brook no insult to my guest.

“ She is indeed her mother's child ;
 But God's sweet pity ministers
 Unto no whiter soul than hers.

“ Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;
 I never knew her harm a fly,
 And witch or not, God knows—not I.

“ I know who swore her life away ;
 And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
 An Indian dog on word of them.”

The broadest lands in all the town,
 The skill to guide, the power to awe,
 Were Harden's ; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
 But one sly maiden spake aside :
 “ The little witch is evil-eyed !

“ Her mother only killed a cow,
 Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;
 But she, forsooth, must charm a man ! ”

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
 Sat by the window's narrow pane,
 White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
 Made music such as childhood knew ;
 The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear
 Had heard in moonlights long ago ;
 And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;
 Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
 The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery : " Let me die !

" Oh ! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach !

" I dare not breathe my mother's name :
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave !

" Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

" O God ! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all !"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her ? Had he sent
His angel down ? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :
" Dear Mabel, this no more shall be ;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

“ You know rough Esek Harden well ;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

“ The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child ! ”

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

“ Oh, truest friend of all ! ” she said,
“ God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot ! ”

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

“ Good friends and neighbors ! ” Esek said,
“ I'm weary of this lonely life ;
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

“ She greets you kindly, one and all ;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

“ Henceforth she stands no more alone ;
You know what Esek Harden is ;—
He brooks no wrong to him or his. ”

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart young !

For now the lost has found a home ;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return !

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath
the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland
of Cape Ann.

Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide
glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient
fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its mem-
ory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant
friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind
blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy
grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the summer
sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather
penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and
marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid
sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life
of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence ; outward,
mean and coarse and cold ;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vul-
gar clay,
Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of hod-
den gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past ; but
through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life be-
hind steal in ;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legen-
dary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man
owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Cove-
nanters knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moor-
land graveyards through,
From the graves of old traditions I part the black-
berry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the head-stones, and retouch
the faded lines.

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 moon-
light overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and
eastward looking forth

O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with
breakers stretching north,—
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged
capcs, 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 wiz-
ards Satan-sold ;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and won-
ders manifold ;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men
in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morn-
ing 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
mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from
the midnight wood they came,—
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, un-
harm'd, its volleyed flame ;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in
earth or lost in air,
All the ghos tly 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 razzed 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 pali-
sades 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
moonlight 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
 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 cap-
 tain 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.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and
 sea-blown town,
 From the childhood of its people comes the solemn
 legend down.

Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives
 the youth
 And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying
 truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres
 of the mind,
 Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the
 darkness undefined ;
 Round us throug the grim projections of the heart
 and of the brain,
 And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cun-
 ning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children ; and no answer
 from on high
 Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white
 wings downward fly ;
 But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith,
 and not to sight,
 And our prayers themselves drive backward all the
 spirits of the night !

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL

1697.

UP and down the village streets
 Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
 For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,
 And through the veil of a closed lid
 The ancient worthies I see again :
 I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
 And his awful periwig I see,
 And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
 Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
 His black cap hiding his whitened hair

Walks the Judge of the Great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought
Who swears to his hurt and changes not ;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to kiss !
True, and tender, and brave, and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,
Of the fast which the good man life-long kept
With a haunting sorrow that never slept,
As the circling year brought round the time
Of an error that left the sting of crime,
When he sat on the bench of the witchcraft courts,
With the laws of Moses and Hale's Reports,
And spake, in the name of both, the word
That gave the witch's neck to the cord,
And piled the oaken planks that pressed
The feeble life from the warlock's breast !
All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn ;
No foot on his silent threshold trod,
No eye looked on him save that of God,
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and psalms,
And, with precious proofs from the sacred word
Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord,
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,
Might be washed away in the mingled flood
Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear blood !

Green forever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,

Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side
 By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide !
 Honor and praise to the Puritan
 Who the halting step of his age outran,
 And, seeing the infinite worth of man
 In the priceless gift the Father gave,
 In the infinite love that stooped to save,
 Dared not brand his brother a slave !
 " Who doth such wrong," he was wont to say,
 In his own quaint, picture-loving way,
 " Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade
 Which God shall cast down upon his head ! "

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast
 That brave old jurist of the past
 And the cunning trickster and knave of courts
 Who the holy features of Truth distorts,—
 Ruling as right the will of the strong,
 Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong ;
 Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and weak
 Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;
 Scoffing aside at party's nod
 Order of nature and law of God ;
 For whose dabbled ermine respect were waste,
 Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;
 Justice of whom 'twere vain to seek
 As from Koordish robber or Syrian Sheik !
 Oh ! leave the wretch to his bribes and sins ;
 Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !
 To the saintly soul of the early day,
 To the Christian judge, let us turn and say :
 " Praise and thanks, for an honest man !—
 Glory to God for the Puritan ! "

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
 The hills of Newbury rolling away,
 With the many tints of the season gay,
 Dreamily blending in autumn mist
 Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.

Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow ;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung ;
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,
Through green elm arches and maple leaves,—
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man,—
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and Death have come and gone !
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village spire
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
And, where north and south the coast-lines run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
But my thoughts are full of the past and old,
I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;
And the shadows and shapes of early days
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
With measured movement and rhythmic chime
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.
I think of the old man wise and good
Who once on yon misty hill-sides stood,
(A poet who never measured rhyme,

A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)
 And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,
 With his boyhood's love, on his native town,
 Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,
 His burden of prophecy yet remains,
 For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind
 To read in the ear of the musing mind :—

“As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast
 As God appointed, shall keep its post;
 As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
 Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap;
 As long as pickerel swift and slim,
 Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim;
 As long as the annual sea-fowl know
 Their time to come and their time to go;
 As long as cattle shall roam at will
 The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill;
 As long as sheep shall look from the side
 Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,
 And Parker River, and salt-sea tide;
 As long as a wandering pigeon shall search
 The fields below from his white-oak perch,
 When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn
 And the dry husks fall from the standing corn;
 As long as Nature shall not grow old,
 Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
 And her care for the Indian corn forget,
 And the yellow rows in pairs to set;—
 So long shall Christians here be born,
 Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn!—
 By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost
 Shall never a holy ear be lost,
 But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,
 Be sown again in the fields of light!”

The Island still is purple with plums,
 Up the river the salmon comes,

The sturgeon leaps, and the wild fowl feeds
 On hill-side berries and marish seeds,—
 All the beautiful signs remain,
 From spring-time sowing to autumn rain
 The good man's vision returns again!
 And let us hope, as well we can,
 That the Silent Angel who garners man
 May find some grain as of old he found
 In the human cornfield ripe and sound,
 And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own
 The precious seed by the fathers sown!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human hack,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop liked a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
 Over and over the Mænads sang :
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Small pity for him !—He sailed away
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own town's-people on her deck !
 " Lay by ! lay by ! " they called to him.
 Back he answered, " Sink or swim !
 Brag of your catch of fish again ! "
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be !
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away ?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting far and near :
 " Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

" Hear me, neighbors ! " at last he cried,—
 " What to me is this noisy ride ?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within ?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead ! "
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, " God has touched him !—why should we ? "
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 " Cut the rogue's tether and let him run ! "
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

TELLING THE BEES.²⁶

HERE is the place ; right over the hill
 Runs the path I took ;
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
 And the poplars tall ;
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun ;
 And down by the brink
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
 Heavy and slow ;
 And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
 And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze ;
 And the June sun warm
 Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
 Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
 From my Sunday coat
 I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
 And cooled at the brook-side my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year ;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun
Had the chill of snow ;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day :
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on :—
" Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !
Mistress Mary is dead and gone ! "

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 rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves 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 rollic air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labor's side
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse ;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings ;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings !

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

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 Huge 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 unglowed 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.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life has had its ebb and flow ;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changless stand ;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray ;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hill-side wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught,—

Singing, with his gray hair floating
 Round his rosy ample face,—
 Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
 Stitch and hammer in his place.

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.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

“CONCERNING y^e Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: . . . he assures me y^t it had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues.”—REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time
 Of every people, in every clime,
 Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
 Born of water, and air, and fire,
 Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
 And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
 Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
 Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
 So from the childhood of Newbury town
 And its time of fable the tale comes down
 Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,
 The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
 Consider that strip of Christian earth

On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half-redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
When Time was young, and the world was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and moon,
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn
Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts.
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified ;—
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve ;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and not a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
Nothing on record is left to show ;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the cast of a double head
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.
For he carried a head where his tail should be,
And the two, of course, could never agree,
But wriggled about with main and might,
Now to the left and now to the right ;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near !—
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !
How urchins, searching at day's decline
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whirr of bird !
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day
Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry ;
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,
To paint the primitive serpent by.
Cotton Mather came galloping down
All the way to Newbury town,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side ;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak
Of Latin, and there another of Greek :
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
If the snake does not, the tale runs still
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
And still, whenever husband and wife

Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say, with a knowing shake
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
One in body and two in will,
The Amphisbæna is living still!"

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was' ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife
and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop
"Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
With the newly-planted orchards dropping their
fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea
of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided
creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and
walnuts green;—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never
seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty
led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the
living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of
Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the pleasant land-
breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights
denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock,
and wood, and sand ;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder
in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and
what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round
him, weeping sore :
“ Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking
on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall
be no more.”

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain
drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far
and wide ;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote
the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and
man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp
and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's
prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild
waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as
it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was
cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause
of wave and wind :

“ All my own have gone before me, and I linger
just behind ;

Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed
find !

“ In this night of death I challenge the promise of
thy word !—

Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears
have heard !—

Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace
of Christ, our Lord !

“ In the baptism of these waters wash white my
every sin,

And let me follow up to thee my household and my
kin !

Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me enter
in !”

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the lis-
tening heavens draw near,

And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in
God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last re-
quest ;

As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet
hymn upward pressed,

And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its
rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks
of Marblehead ;

In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of
prayer were read ;

And long, by board and hearth-stone, the living
mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the
squal,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale
recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the
Rock of Avery's Fall!

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,
These huge mill-monsters overgrown;
Blot out the humbler piles as well,
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell
The weaving genii of the bell;
Tear from the wild Coheco's track
The dams that hold its torrents back;
And let the loud-rejoicing fall
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;
And let the Indian's paddle play
On the unbridged Piscataqua!
Wide over hill and valley spread
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
With here and there a clearing cut
From the walled shadows round it shut;
Each with its farm-house builded rude,
By English yeoman squared and hewed;
And the grim, flankered block-house bound
With bristling palisades around.
So, haply, shall before thine eyes
The dusty veil of centuries rise,
The old, strange scenery overlay
The tamer pictures of to-day,
While, like the actors in a play,

Pass in their ancient guise along
The figures of my border song :
What time beside Cocheco's flood
The white man and the red man stood,
With words of peace and brotherhood ;
When passed the sacred calumet
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's smoke
Through the gray beard of Waldron broke,
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea
For mercy, struck the haughty key
Of one who held, in any fate,
His native pride inviolate !

“ Let your ears be opened wide !
He who speaks has never lied.
Waldron of Piscataqua,
Hear what Squando has to say !

“ Squando shuts his eyes and sees,
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.
In his wigwam, still as stone,
Sits a woman all alone,

“ Wampum beads and birchen strands
Dropping from her careless hands,
Listening ever for the fleet
Patter of a dead child's feet !

“ When the moon a year ago
Told the flowers the time to blow,
In that lonely wigwam smiled
Menewee, our little child.

“ Ere that moon grew thin and old,
He was lying still and cold ;
Sent before us, weak and small,
When the Master did not call !

“ On his little grave I lay ;
Three times went and came the day ;
Thrice above me blazed the noon,
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

“ In the third night-watch I heard,
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;
Very mournful, very wild,
Sang the totem of my child.

“ ‘ Menewee, poor Menewee,
Walks a path he cannot see :
Let the white man’s wigwam light
With its blaze his steps aright.

“ ‘ All-uncalled, he dares not show
Empty hands to Manito :
Better gifts he cannot bear
Than the scalps his slayers wear.’

“ All the while the totem sang,
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;
And a black cloud, reaching high,
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

“ I, the medicine-man, whose ear
All that spirits hear can hear,—
I, whose eyes are wide to see
All the things that are to be,—

“ Well I knew the dreadful signs
In the whispers of the pines,
In the river roaring loud,
In the mutter of the cloud.

“ At the breaking of the day,
From the grave I passed away ;
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.

“ There is rust on Squando’s knife,
From the warm, red springs of life ;
On the funeral hemlock-trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

“ Blood for blood ! But evermore
Squando’s heart is sad and sore ;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come !

“ Waldron of Coheco, hear !
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear :
Take the captives he has ta’en ;
Let the land have peace again ! ”

As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung ;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
Right and left, like Egypt’s wave.

And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charmèd sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden’s head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

“ Gift or favor ask I none ;
What I have is all my own :
Never yet the birds have sung,
‘ Squando hath a beggar’s tongue.’ ”

“ Yet, for her who waits at home
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee !

“ Mishanock, my little star !
Come to Saco’s pines afar ;
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come ! ”

“ What ! ” quoth Waldron, “ leave a child
Christian-born to heathens wild ?
As God lives, from Satan’s hand
I will pluck her as a brand ! ”

“ Hear me, white man ! ” Squando cried ;
“ Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ? ”

Slowly, sadly, half-afraid,
Half-regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race,—
Turned from Squando’s pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
In the marches of a dream,
Single-filed, the grim array
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubling, trembling, sore amazed,
Through her tears the young child gazed.
“ God preserve her ! ” Waldron said ;
“ Satan hath bewitched the maid ! ”

Years went and came. At close of day
Singing came a child from play,
Tossing from her loose-locked head
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,
But her head she gravely shook,
And with lips that fondly smiled
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :
" Up and down the brook I ran,
Where, beneath the bank so steep,
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

" ' Chip ! ' went squirrel on the wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the cat-bird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me.

" Where the hemlocks grew so dark
That I stopped to look and hark,
On a log, with feather-hat,
By the path, an Indian sat.

" Then I cried, and ran away ;
But he called, and bade me stay ;
And his voice was good and mild
As my mother's to her child.

" And he took my wampum chain,
Looked and looked it o'er again ;
Gave me berries, and, beside,
On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian's gift might be.
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo ! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,
Squanto's bird and totem pine ;
And, a mirage of the brain,
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
Into space the walls outgrew ;
On the Indian's wigwam-mat,
Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west wind blow,
In her ear the pines sang low,
And, like links from out a chain,
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,
From the griefs that gnaw within,
To the freedom of the woods
Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

Well, O painful minister !
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,
If her ear grew sharp to hear
All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
All the desert's glamour stole,
That a tear for childhood's loss
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,
And she bowed her widowed head,
And a prayer for each loved name
Rose like incense from a flame

To the listening ear of Heaven,
Lo ! another name was given :
" Father, give the Indian rest !
Bless him ! for his love has blest ! "

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low ;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine :
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

POEMS AND LYRICS.

POEMS AND LYRICS.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

“AND I sought whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation; whatsoever we see therein—sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures,—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see—angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His All-mightiness cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares.” “And, admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity! O Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me!—how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! and Thou never departest from us and we scarcely return to Thee.”—*Augustine's Soliloquies*, Book vii.

THE fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric saint,
And at his side we urge, to-day,
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,—
From sea or earth comes no reply;
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly questioned bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—
From all we grasp the meaning slips;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
 Of fear before, and guilt behind :
 We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
 Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked
 The sad bequest of sire to son,
 The body's taint, the mind's defect—
 Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh ! why and whither ?—God knows all :
 I only know that he is good,
 And that whatever may befall
 Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
 A Father's face I still discern,
 As Moses looked of old on him,
 And saw his glory into goodness turn !

For he is merciful as just :
 And so, by faith correcting sight,
 I bow before his will, and trust
 Howe'er they seem he doeth all things right.

And dare to hope that he will make
 The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain ;
 His mercy never quite forsake ;
 His healing visit every realm of pain ;

That suffering is not his revenge
 Upon his creatures weak and frail,
 Sent on a pathway new and strange
 With feet that wander and with eyes that fail ,

That, o'er the crucible of pain,
 Watches the tender eye of Love
 The slow transmuting of the chain
 Whose links are iron below to gold above !

Ah, me! we doubt the shining skies
Seen through our shadows of offence,
And drown with our poor childish cries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain ;
We tread upon life's broken laws,
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn us from the light, and find
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,
As they who leave the sun behind
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours
We set our faces to the day ;
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outreaching all and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A Voice grows with the growing years ;
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and hears,
"The Resurrection and the Life am I."

Oh, Love Divine!—whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee !

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st,
 Wide as our need thy favors fall ;
 The white wings of the Holy Ghost
 Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all.

Oh, Beauty, old yet ever new !²⁷
 Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,
 The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
 The old sphere-music which the Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
 Long sought without but found within,
 The Law of Love beyond all law,
 The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin !

Shine on us with the light which glowed
 Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,
 Who saw the Darkness overflowed
 And drowned by tides of everlasting Day.²⁸

Shine, light of God !—make broad thy scope
 To all who sin and suffer ; more
 And better than we dare to hope
 With Heaven's compassion make our longings poor !

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day,
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
 Heard from without a miserable voice,
 A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;

And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!"—"What I can
I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers."—"O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor:
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers;—what can we give thee
more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on his errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled!)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
 He woke to find the chapel all a-flame,
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray
 Our mild sweet day
 Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;
 But tenderly
 Above the sea
 Hangs, white and calm, the Hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,
 The village spire
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;
 The painted walls
 Whereon it falls
 Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves
 The west wind grieves,
 Yet comes a seed-time round again ;
 And morn shall see
 The State sown free
 With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
 The shadows meet
 Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
 The moulds of fate
 That shape the State,
 And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
 The powers that be ;
 I stand by Empire's primal springs ;
 And princes meet
 In every street,
 And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

Hark ! through the crowd
 The laugh runs loud,
 Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
 God save the land
 A careless hand
 May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !

No jest is this ;
 One cast amiss
 May blast the hope of Freedom's year
 Oh, take me where
 Are hearts of prayer,
 And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall
 Beyond recall
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;
 The crowning fact,
 The kingliest act
 Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem
 A diadem
 The diver in the deep sea dies ;
 The regal right
 We boast to-night
 Is ours through costlier sacrifice :

The blood of Vane,
 His prison pain
 Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,

And hers whose faith
 Drew strength from death,
 And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,
 We lightly hold
 A right which brave men died to gain ;
 The stake, the cord,
 The axe, the sword,
 Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
 And o'er us bend,
 Oh, martyrs, with your crowns and palms,—
 Breathe through these throngs
 Your battle songs,
 Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms !

Look from the sky,
 Like God's great eye,
 Thou solemn moon, with searching beam ;
 Till in the sight
 Of thy pure light
 Our mean self-seeking meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
 Unworthy arts,
 The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;
 And smite away
 The hands we lay
 Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims,
 And private aims,
 Reveal that august face of Truth,
 Whereto are given
 The age of heaven,
 The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
 Of sovereign choice
 Swell the deep bass of duty done,
 And strike the key
 Of time to be,
 When God and man shall speak as one !

THE OVER-HEART.

FOR of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever!—PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,
 In leaf and spar, in star and man,
 Well might the wise Athenian scan
 The geometric signs of God,
 The measured order of his plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
 Of the One Life pervading all,—
 One Being's tidal rise and fall
 In soul and form, in sound and sight,—
 Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear
 The central fact of Nature owns ;—
 Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,
 And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
 Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror : deep within
 The human heart the secret lies
 Of all the hideous deities ;
 And, painted on a ground of sin,
 The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is He ?—The ripe grain nods,
 The sweet dews fall, the sweet flowers blow ;

But darker signs his presence show .
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love ! Oh, souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best !
To you the truth is manifest :
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast !

In him of whom the Sibyl told,
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
Whose need the sage and magian owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages groaned !

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride !
Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy Guide require ?—
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain ;
The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim !—
And lo ! their hideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !
Man turns from God, not God from him ;
And guilt, in suffering whispers Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled ;
It yet shall touch his garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
Oh, heart of mine ! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's mountains,
Across the charmèd bay
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver fountains
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold-bought masses given ;
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to sweeten
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute thanksgiving,
The court of England's queen
For the dead monster so abhorred while living
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning ;
By lone Edgbaston's side
Stands a great city in the sky's sad raining,
Bare-headed and wet-eyed !

Silent for once the restless hive of labor,
Save the low funeral tread,
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbor
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the immortals
 Rose from the lips of sin ;
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals
 To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces
 In the low hovel's door,
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places
 And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,
 The vagrant of the street,
The human dice wherewith in games of battle
 The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no outward
 draping,
 All swelled the long lament,
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping
 His viewless monument !

For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,
 In the long heretofore,
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,
 Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand old steeples
 No crash of brazen wail,
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and
 peoples
 Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows,
 And from the tropic calms
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows
 Of Occidental palms ;

From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian
 peasants,
And harbors of the Finn,

Where war's worn victims saw his gentle pres-
ence

Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste-places,
To link the hostile shores
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies
The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law ;

And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran :
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman ; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or
weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed
 nourished
 By failure and by fall ;
 Still a large faith in human kind he cherished,
 And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness and his sweetness
 No more shall seem at strife ;
 And death has moulded into calm completeness
 The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble,
 His dust to dust is laid,
 In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
 To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing ;
 Beneath its smoky vale,
 Hard by, the city of his love is swinging
 Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
 And the sweet heaven above,—
 The fitting symbols of a life of duty
 Transfigured into love !

TRINITAS.

AT morn I prayed, " I fain would see
 How Three are One, and One is Three.
 Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air
 I saw bestowed with equal care
 On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain ;—
 Alike the righteous and profane
 Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, “ Is it meet
 That blindfold Nature thus should treat
 With equal hand the tares and wheat ? ”

A presence melted through my mood,—
 A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
 Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
 In her white innocence, pause to greet
 A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure
 The lost one clung, as if secure
 From inward guilt or outward lure.

“ Beware ! ” I said ; “ in this I see
 No gain to her, but loss to thee :
 Who touches pitch defiled must be . ”

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
 And a voice whispered, “ Who therein
 Shall these lost souls to Heaven’s peace win ? ”

“ Who there shall hope and health dispense,
 And lift the ladder up from thence
 Whose rounds are prayers of penitence ? ”

I said, “ No higher life they know ;
 These earth-worms love to have it so.
 Who stoops to raise them sinks as low . ”

That night with painful care I read
 What Hippo’s saint and Calvin said,—
 The living seeking to the dead !

In vain I turned, in weary quest,
Old pages, where (God give them rest !)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and guessed.

And still I prayed, " Lord, let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three ;
Read the dark riddle unto me ! "

Then something whispered, " Dost thou pray
For what thou hast ? This very day
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

" Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father's care ?

" In the white soul, that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels praise !

" A bodiless Divinity,
The still small Voice that spake to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery !

" Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small !
Father, and Son, and Holy Call ;—
This day thou hast denied them all !

" Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

" The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul ;—and the Three are One ! "

I shut my grave Aquinas fast ;
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three ;
Thy riddle hath been read to me !"

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-leafed, 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'ercrept 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 prophesies 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.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
 Voice of the glens and hills ;
 The droning of the torrents,
 The treble of the rills !
 Not the braes of broom and heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
 Round and round the jungle-serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept.
 “ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
 Pray to-day ! ” the soldier said ;
 “ To-morrow, death's between us
 And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh ! they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hope became despair ;
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden.
 With her ear unto the ground :
 “ Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
 The pipes o' Havelock sound ! ”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call :
“ Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's, —
The grandest o' them all ! ”

Oh ! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
“ God be praised !—the march of Havelock !
The piping of the clans ! ”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithsomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,

The air of Auld Lang Syne.
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;
 And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The Pipes at Lucknow played !

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
 Beneath a tender rain,
 An April rain of smiles and tears,
 My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
 I hear the glad streams run ;
 The windows of my soul I throw
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
 I look in hope or fear ;
 But, grateful, take the good I find,
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
 To harvest weed and tare ;
 The manna dropping from God's hand
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
 Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
 The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
 Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
 To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
 To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
 Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
 Have marked my erring track ;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
 His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
 Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
 Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
 Through Memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain-ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
 And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play ;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.²⁹

A BLUSH as of roses
 Where rose never grew !
 Great drops on the bunch-grass,
 But not of the dew !
 A taint in the sweet air
 For wild bees to shun !
 A stain that shall never
 Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies !
 Sweet song-bird, fly back !
 Wheel hither, bald vulture !
 Gray wolf, call thy pack !
 The foul human vultures
 Have feasted and fled ;
 The wolves of the Border
 Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
 The fields of their corn,
 Unwarned and unweaponed,
 The victims were torn,—
 By the whirlwind of murder
 Swooped up and swept on
 To the low, reedy fen-lands,
 The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
 No stout knee was crooked ;
 In the mouths of the rifles
 Right manly they looked.
 How paled the May sunshine,
 O Marais du Cygne !
 On death for the strong life,
 On red grass for green !

In the homes of their rearing,
 Yet warm with their lives,
 Ye wait the dead only,
 Poor children and wives !
 Put out the red forge-fire,
 The smith shall not come ;
 Unyoke the brown oxen,
 The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
 O dreary death-train,
 With pressed lips as bloodless

As lips of the slain !
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs ;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild !
Wail, desolate woman !
Weep, fatherless child !
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong :
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood !

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry ;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by ;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

“THE ROCK” IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain ;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turns not back ;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb ;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time !

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory underfrod,—
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor ;

And where upon its ancient guard
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,—
Looks from its turrets desertward,
And keeps the watch that God has set

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man,—
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van !

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
 It saw the long procession file,
 And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
 The music of the lordly Nile;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
 Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells
 While Moses graved the sacred laws,
 And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
 How grew its shadowing pile at length,
 A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
 Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
 From age to age went down the name,
 Until the Shiloh's promised year,
 And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
 Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
 We need the shadowing rock, as they,—
 We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,
 To lead us o'er the desert sand!
 God give our hearts their long desire,
 His shadow in a weary land!

ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR,
 AMERICANIZED BY THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK MAN.

O ARY SCHEFFER! when beneath thine eye,
 Touched with the light that cometh from above,

Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's love,
 No dream hadst thou that Christian hands would
 tear

Therefrom the token of his equal care,
 And make thy symbol of his truth a lie !
 The poor, dumb slave whose shackles fall away
 In his compassionate gaze, grubbed smoothly out,
 To mar no more the exercise devout
 Of sleek oppression kneeling down to pray
 Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath day !
 Let whoso can before such praying-books
 Kneel on his velvet cushion ; I, for one,
 Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,
 Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan brooks,
 Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-floor.
 No falsar idol man has bowed before,
 In Indian groves or islands of the sea,
 Than that which through the quaint-carved
 Gothic door

Looks forth,—a Church without humanity !
 Patron of pride, and prejudice, and wrong,—
 The rich man's charm and fetish of the strong,
 The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped, and shorn,
 The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,
 The dear Christ hidden from his kindred flesh,
 And, in his poor ones, crucified afresh !
 Better the simple Lama scattering wide,
 Where sweeps the storm Alechan's steppes along,
 His paper horses for the lost to ride,
 And wearying Buddha with his prayers to make
 The figures living for the traveller's sake,
 Than he who hopes with cheap praise to beguile
 The ear of God, dishonoring man the while ;
 Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges, rusty grown,
 Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue alone ;
 That in the scale Eternal Justice bears
 The generous deed weighs less than selfish prayers,
 And words intoned with graceful unction move
 The Eternal Goodness more than lives of truth and
 love.

Alas, the Church!—The reverend head of Jay,
 Enhaloed with its saintly silvered hair,
 Adorns no more the places of her prayer;
 And brave young Tyng, too early called away,
 Troubles the Haman of her courts no more
 Like the just Hebrew at th' Assyrian's door;
 And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead
 As the dry husk from which the grain is shed,
 And holy hymns from which the life devout
 Of saints and martyrs has wellnigh gone out,
 Like candles dying in exhausted air,
 For Sabbath use in measured grists are ground;
 And, ever while the spiritual mill goes round,
 Between the upper and the nether stones,
 Unseen, unheard, th' wretched bondman groans,
 And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered, anthem-
 drowned!

Oh, heart of mine, keep patience!—Looking forth,
 As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
 Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth,—
 The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
 And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see,
 Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
 In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
 And over all the songs of angels hear,—
 Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,—
 Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!
 Lo! in the midst, with the same look he wore,
 Healing and blessing on Genesaret's shore,
 Folding together, with the all-tender might
 Of his great love, the dark hands and the white,
 Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
 Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain

TO J. T. F.

(ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED.")

WELL thought! who would not rather hear
The songs to Love and Friendship sung
Than those which move the stranger's tongue,
And feed his unselected ear ?

Our social joys are more than fame ;
Life withers in the public look.
Why mount the pillory of a book,
Or barter comfort for a name ?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,
With curious eyes at every pane ?
To ring him in and out again,
Who wants the public crier's bell ?

To see the angel in one's way,
Who waits to play the ass's part,—
Bear on his back the wizard Art,
And in his service speak or bray ?

And who his manly locks would shave,
And quench the eyes of common sense,
To share the noisy recompense
That mocked the shorn and blinded slave ?

The heart has needs beyond the head,
And, starving in the plenitude
Of strange gifts, craves its common food,—
Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men : no gods are we,
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,
Each separate, on his painful peak,
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !

Better his lot whose axe is swung
In Wartburg woods, or that poor girl's
Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls
And sings the songs that Luther sung,

Than his who, old, and cold, and vain,
At Weimar sat, a demigod,
And bowed with Jove's imperial nod
His votaries in and out again !

Ply, Vanity, thy wingèd feet !
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair !
Who envies him who feeds on air
The icy splendor of his seat ?

I see your Alps, above me, cut
The dark, cold sky ; and dim and lone
I see ye sitting—stone on stone—
With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes ;
And (spare the fable of the grapes
And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals !
The safer plain below I choose :
Who never wins can rarely loose,
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream
Divide with him his home of ice :
For me shall gentler notes suffice,—
The valley-song of bird and stream ;

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,
The flail-beat chiming far away,
The cattle-low, at shut of day,
The voice of God in leaf and breeze !

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,
And help me to the vales below,
(In truth, I have not far to go,)
Where sweet with flowers the fields extend.

THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails !

What does the good ship bear so well ?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm ?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin, he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
 And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
 Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
 Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
 And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
 Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
 And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
 Wherein all uses of man combine,—
 House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
 His need of the palm shall only cease
 With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

“Allah il Allah!” he sings his psalm,
 On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
 “Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!”

LINES

READ AT THE BOSTON CELEBRATION OF THE HUNDREDTH ANIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS, 25TH 1ST MO., 1859.

How sweetly come the holy psalms
 From saints and martyrs down.
 The waving of triumphal palms
 Above the thorny crown!
 The choral praise, the chanted prayers
 From harps by angels strung,
 The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
 The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,
 The sounds of earth are heard,
 As through the open minster floats
 The song of breeze and bird !
 Not less the wonder of the sky
 That daisies bloom below ;
 The brook sings on, though loud and high
 The cloudy organs blow !

And, if the tender ear be jarred
 That, haply, hears by turns
 The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
 The pastoral pipe of Burns,
 No discord mars His perfect plan
 Who gave them both a tongue ;
 For he who sings the love of man
 The love of God hath sung !

To-day be every fault forgiven
 Of him in whom we joy !
 We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven
 And leave the earth's alloy.
 Be ours his music as of spring,
 His sweetness as of flowers,
 The songs the bard himself might sing
 In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
 Of household melodies,
 Come singing, as the robins come
 To sing in door-yard trees.
 And, heart to heart, two nations lean,
 No rival wreaths to twine,
 But blending in eternal green
 The holly and the pine !

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearly blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
 The bitter north winds blow,
 And thus upon life's Red River
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore,
 And our eyes grow dim with watching
 And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the Holy City,
 The chimes of eternal peace!

KENOZA LAKE.

As Adam did in Paradise,
 To-day the primal right we claim :
 Fair mirror of the woods and skies,
 We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel!—let no more
 The echoes answer back "Great Pond,"
 But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore
 And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be
 Who ply unseen their shadowy lines,
 Call back the ancient name to thee,
 As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,
 The nutted woods we wandered through,
 To friendship, love, and social joys
 We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,
And memory's dirges soft and low,
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning plays
From a low, hidden cloud by night,
A light to set the hills ablaze,
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West
Are exiled hearts remembering still,
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day ;
And, listening, we may hear, ere long,
From inland lake and ocean bay,
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza ! o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud sail,—
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh-resounding din
The quiet of thy banks of shade,
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
The shy loon sound his trumpet-note ;
Wing-weary from his fields of air,
The wild-goose on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
Thy beauty our deforming strife ;
Thy woods and waters minister
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care released,
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky,
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows dim,
And light mists walk thy mimic sea,
Revive in us the thought of Him
Who walked on Galilee !

TO G. B. C.

So spake Esaias : so, in words of flame,
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with blame
The traffickers in men, and put to shame,
All earth and heaven before,
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for thee again,
To smite with lightning on the hands profane
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the chain.
Once more th' old Hebrew tongue
Bends with the shafts of God a bow new-strung !

Take up the mantle which the prophets wore ;
Warn with their warnings,—show the Christ once
more
Bound, scourged, and crucified in his blameless
poor ;
And shake above our land
The unquenched bolts that blazed in Hosea's hand !

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our years
The solemn burdens of the Orient seers,
And smite with truth a guilty nation's ears.
Mightier was Luther's word
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hutton's sword !

THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee
The lingering sunshine still ;
As, smiling, to the silent stream
Comes down the singing rill,

So come to me, my little one,—
My years with thee I share,
And mingle with a sister's love
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,
The trust upon thy brow ;
Since for the dear one God hath called
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven
Shall still her ear incline ;
Nor need we fear her human love
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath
The trees of life so fair,
But sweetest of the songs of heaven
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,
And teach my heart to lean
With thy sweet trust upon the arm
Which folds us both unseen !

LINES

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT AMES-
BURY AND SALISBURY, SEPT. 28, 1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grape by the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear ;
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod ;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,—
The joy of him who toils with God

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born ;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power ;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
 The time of harvest shall be given ;
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
 If not on earth, at last in heaven !

THE PREACHER.

Its windows flashing to the sky,
 Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
 Far down the vale, my friend and I
 Beheld the old and quiet town ;
 The ghostly sails that out at sea
 Flapped their white wings of mystery ;
 The beaches glimmering in the sun,
 And the low wooded capes that run
 Into the sea-mist north and south ;
 The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;
 The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
 The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
 A crimson-tinted shadow lay
 Of clouds through which the setting day
 Flung a slant glory far away.
 It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
 It flamed upon the city's panes,
 Smote the white sails of ships that wore
 Outward or in, and glided o'er
 The steeples with their veering vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search
 O'erran the landscape. " Yonder spire
 Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire ;
 What is it, pray ?"—" The Whitefield Church !
 Walled about by its basement stones,
 There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."

Then as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked ;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead ;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat
 A symbol of the light became
 Which touched the shadows of our blame
 With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
Gathers the moss of a hundred years ;
On man and his works has passed the change
Which needs must be in a century's range.
The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run,—
Flocks on the hill-sides, herds on the plain,
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain !
But the living faith of the settlers old
A dead profession their children hold ;
To the lust of office and greed of trade
A stepping-stone is the altar made.
The church, to place and power the door,
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.
Everywhere is the grasping hand,
And eager adding of land to land ;
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—
A nightly shelter to fold away
When the Lord should call at the break of day,—
Solid and steadfast seems to be,
And Time has forgotten Eternity !

But fresh and green from the rotting roots
Of primal forests the young growth shoots ;
From the death of the old the new proceeds,

And the life of truth from the rot of creeds :
On the ladder of God, which upward leads,
The steps of progress are human needs.
For his judgments still are a mighty deep,
And the eyes of his providence never sleep :
When the night is darkest he gives the morn ;
When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn !

In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought ;
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
The iron links of his argument,
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
The purpose of God and the fate of man !
Yet faithful still, in his daily round
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
Had he not seen in the solitudes
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods
A vision of love about him fall ?
Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,
But the tenderer glory that rests on them
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
Where never the sun nor moon are known,
But the Lord and his love are the light alone !
And watching the sweet, still countenance
Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
Had he not treasured each broken word
Of the mystical wonder seen and heard ;
And loved the beautiful dreamer more
That thus to the desert of earth she bore
Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore ?

As the barley-winnower, holding with pain
Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,
Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze
Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,
So he who had waited long to hear

The sound of the Spirit drawing near,
 Like that which the son of Iddo heard
 When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,
 Felt the answer of prayer, at last,
 As over his church the afflatus passed,
 Breaking its sleep as breezes break
 To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,
 The creep of the flesh at danger near,
 A vague foreboding and discontent,
 Over the hearts of the people went.
 All nature warned in sounds and signs:
 The wind in the tops of the forest pines
 In the name of the Highest called to prayer,
 As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.
 Through ceiled chambers of secret sin
 Sudden and strong the light shone in ;
 A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs
 Startled the man of title-deeds ;
 The trembling hand of the worldling shook
 The dust of years from the Holy Book ;
 And the psalms of David, forgotten long,
 Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course
 Of waters moved by a central force :
 The tide of spiritual life rolled down
 From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands
 Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands
 And prayer availing, to downward call
 The fiery answer in view of all.
 Hearts are like wax in the furnace, who
 Shall mould, and shape, and cast them anew ?
 Lo! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD stands
 In the temple that never was made by hands,--
 Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,

And dome of the sunshine over all!—
 A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name
 Blown about on the winds of fame ;
 Now as an angel of blessing classed,
 And now as a mad enthusiast.
 Called in his youth to sound and gauge
 The moral lapse of his race and age,
 And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw
 Of human frailty and perfect law ;
 Possessed by the one dread thought that lent
 Its goad to his fiery temperament,
 Up and down the world he went,
 A John the Baptist crying—Repent !

No perfect whole can our nature make ;
 Here or there the circle will break ;
 The orb of life as it takes the light
 On one side leaves the other in night.
 Never was saint so good and great
 As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
 For the plea of the devil's advocate.
 So, incomplete by his being's law,
 The marvellous preacher had his flaw :
 With step unequal, and lame with faults
 His shade on the path of History halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :
 Fear is easy, but love is hard,—
 Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,
 And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;
 But he is greatest and best who can
 Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he—to whom, in the painful stress
 Of zeal on fire from its own excess,
 Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small
 That man was nothing, since God was all—
 Forgot, as the best at times have done,
 That the love of the Lord and of man are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod
 The thorny path of the desert trod,
 Careless of pain, so it led to God,
 Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's wrong,
 The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.
 Should the worm be chooser?—the clay withstand
 The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears
 The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :
 " Spare thy pity ! " Krishna saith ;
 " Not in thy sword is the power of death !
 All is illusion,—loss but seems ;
 Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;
 Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;
 Who counts as slain is living still.
 Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;
 Nothing dies but the cheats of time ;
 Slain or slayer, small the odds
 To each, immortal as Indra's gods ! "

So by Savannah's banks of shade,
 The stones of his mission the preacher laid
 On the heart of the negro crushed and rent,
 And made of his blood the wall's cement ;
 Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast
 Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost ;
 And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold
 Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.
 What could it matter, more or less
 Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness ?
 Living or dying, bond or free,
 What was time to eternity ?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes !
 Mission and church are now but dreams ;
 Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan
 To honor God through the wrong of man.
 Of all his labors no trace remains

Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.
 The woof he wove in the righteous warp
 Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,
 Clothes with curses the goodly land,
 Changes its greenness and bloom to sand ;
 And a century's lapse reveals once more
 The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.
 Father of Light ! how blind is he
 Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee
 With the blood and tears of humanity !

He erred : Shall we count his gifts as naught ?
 Was the work of God in him unwrought ?
 The servant may through his deafness err,
 And blind may be God's messenger ;
 But the errand is sure they go upon,—
 The word is spoken, the deed is done.
 Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good
 That Solomon bowed to gods of wood ?
 For his tempted heart and wandering feet,
 Were the songs of David less pure and sweet ?
 So in light and shadow the preacher went,
 God's erring and human instrument ;
 And the hearts of the people where he passed
 Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
 Under the spell of a voice which took
 In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
 And the mystical chime of the bells of gold
 On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,—
 Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
 Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
 Fell like the shadow of a cloud.
 The sailor reeling from out the ships
 Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips
 Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.
 Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
 The calker rough from the builder's yard,

The man of the market left his load,
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
Their hearts in a closer union melt,
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom
Down the endless vistas of life to come.
Old age sat feebly brushing away
From his ears the scanty locks of gray ;
And careless boyhood, living the free
Unconscious life of bird and tree,
Suddenly wakened to a sense
Of sin and its guilty consequence.
It was as if an angel's voice
Called the listeners up for their final choice ,
As if a strong hand rent apart
The veils of sense from soul and heart,
Showing in light ineffable
The joys of heaven and woes of hell !
All about in the misty air
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer ;
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent
An undertone as of low lament ;
And the rote of the sea from its sandy coast
On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment host

Yet wise men doubted, and good men wept,
As that storm of passion above them swept,
And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,
The priests of the new Evangel came,—
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,
Charged like summer's electric cloud,
Now holding the listener still as death
With terrible warnings under breath,
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed

The vision of Heaven's beatitude !
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
And ringing of hands, and eyes aglare,
Groaning under the world's despair !
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,
Propheesied to the empty pews
That gourds would wither, and mushrooms die,
And noisest fountains run soonest dry,
Like the spring that gushed in Newbury Street,
Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,
A silver shaft in the air and light,
For a single day, then lost in night,
Leaving only, its place to tell,
Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.
With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,
Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
No longer harried, and cropped, and fleeced,
Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,
But by wiser counsels left at ease
To settle quietly on his lees,
And, self-concentred, to count as done
The work which his fathers scarce begun,
In silent protest of letting alone,
The Quaker kept the way of his own,—
A non-conductor among the wires,
With coat of asbestos proof to fires.
And quite unable to mend his pace
To catch the falling manna of grace,
He hugged the closer his little store
Of faith, and silently prayed for more.
And vague of creed and barren of rite,
But holding, as in his Master's sight,
Act and thought to the inner light,
The round of his simple duties walked,
And strove to live what the others talked

And who shall marvel if evil went

Step by step with the good intent,
 And with love and meekness, side by side,
 Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—
 That passionate longings and fancies vain
 Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?—
 That over the holy oracles
 Folly sported with cap and bells?—
 That goodly women and learned men
 Marvelling told with tongue and pen
 How unweaned children chirped like birds
 Texts of Scripture and solemn words,
 Like the infant seers of the rocky glens
 In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes:
 Or baby Lamas who pray and preach
 From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?

In the war which Truth or Freedom wages
 With impious fraud and the wrong of ages
 Hate and malice and self-love mar
 The notes of triumph with painful jar,
 And the helping angels turn aside
 Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.
 Never on custom's oilèd grooves
 The world to a higher level moves,
 But grates and grinds with friction hard
 On granite boulder and flinty shard.
 The heart must bleed before it feels,
 The pool be troubled before it heals;
 Ever by losses the right must gain,
 Every good have its birth of pain:
 The active Virtues blush to find
 The Vices wearing their badge behind,
 And Graces and Charities feel the fire
 Wherein the sins of the age expire;
 The fiend still rends as of old he rent
 The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the over-drift
 And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,

Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk ?
Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk ?
The tide that loosens the temple's stones,
And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,
Drives away from the valley-land
That Arab robber, the wandering sand,
Moistens the fields that know no rain,
Fringes the desert with belts of grain,
And bread to the sower brings again.
So the flood of emotion deep and strong
Troubled the land as it swept along,
But left a result of holier lives,
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.
The husband and father whose children fled
And sad wife wept when his drunken tread
Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,
And a rock of offence his hearth-stone made,
In a strength that was not his own, began
To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.
Old friends embraced, long held apart
By evil counsel and pride of heart ;
And penitence saw through misty tears,
In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,
The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—
The peace of God for the world's annoy,—
Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known ;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,

And the vanishing town behind him search
 For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church
 And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,
 And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,
 By the thought of that life of pure intent,
 That voice of warning yet eloquent,
 Of one on the errands of angels sent.
 And if where he labored the flood of sin
 Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
 And over a life of time and sense
 The church-spires lift their vain defence,
 As if to scatter the bolts of God
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
 Precious beyond the world's renown,
 His memory hallows the ancient town !

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.³⁰

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs of
 Maine,
 Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again ;
 And, with hearts warmer grown as your heads grow
 more cool,
 Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and
 complaints,
 (You were not saints yourselves, if the children of
 saints !)
 All your petty self-seeking and rivalries done,
 Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed from the fold,
 Though your "thee" has grown "you," and your
 drab blue and gold,

To the old friendly speech and the garb's sober
 form,
 Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan, you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance round the
 hall ;
 Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all :
 Through the turf green above them the dead can-
 not hear ;
 Name by name, in the silence, falls sad as a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon
 From the morning of life, while we toil through its
 noon ;
 They were frail like ourselves, they had needs like
 our own,
 And they rest as we rest in God's mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame,
 Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the same ;
 Though we sink in the darkness, his arms break our
 fall,
 And in death as in life he is Father of all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light in the play
 Of the far-away school-time, move slower to-day ;—
 Here a beard touched with frost, there a bald, shin-
 ing crown,
 And beneath the cap's border gray mingles with
 brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be
 glad,
 And our follies and sins, not our years, make us
 sad.
 Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows
 prim,
 And the face grow in length as the hat grows in
 brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave; but, with rain-folded
wings,
Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful heart sings;
And we, of all others, have reason to pay
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our way,

For the counsels that turned from the follies of
youth;
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of truth;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its
edge;
For the household's restraint, and the discipline's
hedge;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the
least
Of the creatures of God, whether human or beast,
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to the
frail
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut, and jail;

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her
fall,—
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,
Serene as the moonlight and warm as the day;

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces the
whole,
Of the creeds of the ages the life and the soul,
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,
And man has not severed what God has made
one!

For a sense of the Goodness revealed everywhere,
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air;
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,
And a hope for all darkness The Light shineth
through.

Who scoffs at our birthright?—the words of the
 seers,
 And the songs of the bards in the twilight of
 years,
 All the fore-gleams of wisdom in santon and sage,
 In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato discerned ;
 The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-fire burned
 The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,
 In the Light Universal the Quaker confessed !

No honors of war to our worthies belong ;
 Their plain stem of life never flowered into song ;
 But the fountains they opened still gush by the
 way,
 And the world for their healing is better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groined arches
 curve down
 To the tomb-crowded transept of England's renown,
 The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,
 Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned,—

Who through the world's pantheon walked in his
 pride,
 Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,
 And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,
 To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt,—

How vainly he labored to sully with blame
 The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame !
 Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind :
 On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed !

For the sake of his true-hearted father before
 him ;
 For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore
 him ;

For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive
 him,
 And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive
 him!

There are those who take note that our numbers
 are small,—
 New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall ;
 But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of his own,
 And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have
 sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may go,
 Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show ;
 But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with
 years,
 Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the
 stone,
 In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,
 Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,
 And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our case, to forget
 To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our
 debt?—
 Hide their words out of sight, like the garb that they
 wore,
 And for Barclay's Apology offer one more ?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that glutted the
 shears,
 And festooned the stocks with our grandfathers'
 ears?—
 Talk of Woolman's unsoundness?—count Penn
 heterodox ?
 And take Cotton Mather in place of George Fox?—

Make our preachers war-chaplains?—quote Scrip-
ture to take

The hunted slave back, for Onesimus' sake?—
Go to burning church-candles, and chanting in
choir,
And on the old meeting-house stick up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until better are shown,
Credit good where we find it, abroad or our own;
And while "Lo here" and "Lo there" the multi-
tude call,
Be true to ourselves, and do justice to all.

The good round about us we need not refuse,
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews;
But why shirk the badge which our fathers have
worn,
Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,
Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's share.
Truth to us and to others is equal and one:
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may serve but to
show
How the meanest of weeds in the richest soil grow;
But we need not disparage the good which we hold:
Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure is
gold!

Enough and too much of the sect and the name.
What matters our label, so truth be our aim?
The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,
And hearts beat the same under drab coats or
blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship at will,
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.

When she makes up her jewels, what cares the good
town
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the Quaker of
BROWN ?

And this green, favored island, so fresh and sea-
blown,
When she counts up the worthies her annals have
known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of sect
To measure her love, and mete out her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her
strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in
his hand,—
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need
Credentials of party, and pass-words of creed :
The new song they sing hath a threefold accord,
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one
Lord !

But the golden sands run out : occasions like these
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the seas :
While we sport with the mosses and pebbles ashore,
They lessen and fade, and we see them no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my vagrant thoughts
seem
Like a school-boy's who idles and plays with his
theme.
Forgive the light measure whose changes display
The sunshine and rain of our brief April day.

There are moments in life when the lip and the eye
Try the question of whether to smile or to cry ;

And scenes and reunions that prompt like our own
The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and the girls
At the feet of your Slocums, and Cartlands, and
Earles,—
By courtesy only permitted to lay
On your festival's altar my poor gift, to-day,—

I would joy in your joy : let me have a friend's part
In the warmth of your welcome of hand and of
heart,—
On your play-ground of boyhood unbend the brow's
care,
And shift the old burdens our shoulders must bear.

Long live the good School ! giving out year by year
Recruits to true manhood, and womanhood dear :
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its worth !

In and out let the young life as steadily flow
As in broad Narragansett the tides come and go ;
And its sons and its daughters in prairie and town
Remember its honor, and guard its renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was made ;
Not prayerless the stones of its corner were laid :
The blessing of Him whom in secret they sought
Has owned the good work which the fathers have
wrought.

To Him be the glory forever !—We bear
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat with the tare.
What we lack in our work may He find in our will,
And winnow in mercy our good from the ill !

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake on his dying day :

“ I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery’s pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,

With her children from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me !”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die ;

And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro’s child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart ;

And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,

And round the grisly fighter’s hair the martyr’s aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !

Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood !

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies ;

Not the borderer’s pride of daring, but the Christian’s sacrifice.

Never more may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle
 hear,
 Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the
 negro's spear.
 But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded
 passes scale,
 To teach that right is more than might, and justice
 more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
 In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter
 snow with clay.
 She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares
 not harm the dove;
 And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide
 to Love!

FROM PERUGIA.

“THE thing which has the most dissevered the people from the Pope,—the *unforgivable* thing,—the breaking point between him and them,—has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. That made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before.”—*Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Letters from Italy."*

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horse-tails have
 spread,
 Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and red;
 And behind go the lackeys in crimson and buff,
 And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet and ruff;
 Next, in red-legged pomp, come the cardinals forth,
 Each a lord of the church and a prince of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and this batter of
 drum?
 Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia come,—

The militant angels, whose sabres drive home
 To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed and ab-
 horred
 The good Father's missives, and "Thus saith the
 Lord!"
 And lend to his logic the point of the sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
 O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled and torn!
 O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards for
 shame!
 O mothers, struck dumb by a woe without name!
 Well ye know how the Holy Church hireling be-
 haves,
 And his tender compassion of prisons and graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the blood-
 stains yet fresh,
 That splashed like red wine from the vintage of
 flesh,—
 Grim instruments, careless as pincers and rack
 How the joints tear apart, and the strained sinews
 crack;
 But the hate that glares on them is sharp as their
 swords,
 And the sneer and the scowl print the air with
 fierce words!

Off with hats, down with knees, shout your vivas
 like mad!
 Here's the Pope in his holiday righteousness clad,
 From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn to the
 quick,
 Of sainthood in purple the pattern and pick,
 Who the *role* of the priest and the soldier unites,
 And praying like Aaron, like Joshua fights!

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for whom
 We sang our hosannas and lighted all Rome;

With whose advent we dreamed the new era began
 When the priest should be human, the monk be a
 man?

Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and the fox with the
 fowl,

When freedom we trust to the crozier and cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's a hangman-
 faced Swiss—

(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)—

Would kneel down the sanctified slipper to kiss.

Short shrift will suffice him—he's blest beyond
 doubt;

But there's blood on his hands which would scarcely
 wash out,

Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout!

Make way for the next! Here's another sweet
 son!

What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulettes done?

He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God forbid!)

At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.

And the mothers?—Don't name them!—these hu-
 mors of war

They who keep him in service must pardon him
 for.

Hist! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's hat,

With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth of a cat

(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled),

Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and
 gold,

Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,

And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles ceased

When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest?

When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical
 board,

The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its
 sword,
 When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown on his
 head,
 And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed
 way
 That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's
 day.
 Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor
 boys,
 Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.
Te Deum laudamus!—All round without stint
 The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in't!

And now for the blessing! Of little account,
 You know, is the old one they heard on the Mount.
 Its giver was landless, his raiment was poor,
 No jewelled tiara his fishermen wore;
 No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,
 No Swiss guards!—We order things better at
 Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us the weak;
 Let Austria's vulture have food for her beak;
 Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba again,
 With his death-cap of silence, and halter, and chain.
 Put reason, and justice, and truth under ban;
 For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man!

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
 Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more;
 The woven wreaths of oak and pine
 Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,
And nature holds us still in debt ;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessing of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new !
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent !
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold,—
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain !

NOTES.

NOTE 1, page 3.

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora:

— “ If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.”

NOTE 2, page 31.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland, was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. “ I find more satisfaction,” said Barclay, “ as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor.”

NOTE 3, page 58.

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.

NOTE 4, page 61.

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labors

and liberal political opinions, I visited him at his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man, whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

NOTE 5, page 68.

"O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!"—*Jeremiah* xlvi. 32.

NOTE 6, page 75.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th mo. 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended, than in this excellent woman."

NOTE 7, page 80.

Winnipiseogee: "Smile of the Great Spirit."

NOTE 8, page 88.

This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the life-like vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jamieson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. 1, page 121.

NOTE 9, page 91.

Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," describes

the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy trouble, and insanity.

NOTE 10, page 95.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

NOTE 11, page 98.

Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was, to the artisans of England, what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said of him—"Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lays, for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken, in our day."

NOTE 12, page 100.

The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

NOTE 13, page 119.

"Thou 'mindst me of a story told
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."

The incident here referred to is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fenelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'O, if Fenelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his Studies of Nature, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes, —these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason." "I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of Nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human sys-

tems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius, was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts." "Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery, in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book, of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: '*His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*'"

NOTE 14, page 122.

"Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed."

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire, which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice:

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colors of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right-angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand."

NOTE 15, page 140.

The election of Charles Sumner to the U. S. Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the U. S. officials and the armed police of Boston.

NOTE 16, page 148.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NOTE 17, page 156.

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptu of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

NOTE 18, page 167.

KATHLEEN.

This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian school-master.

In the 17th century, slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

NOTE 19, page 171.

KOSSUTH.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.

