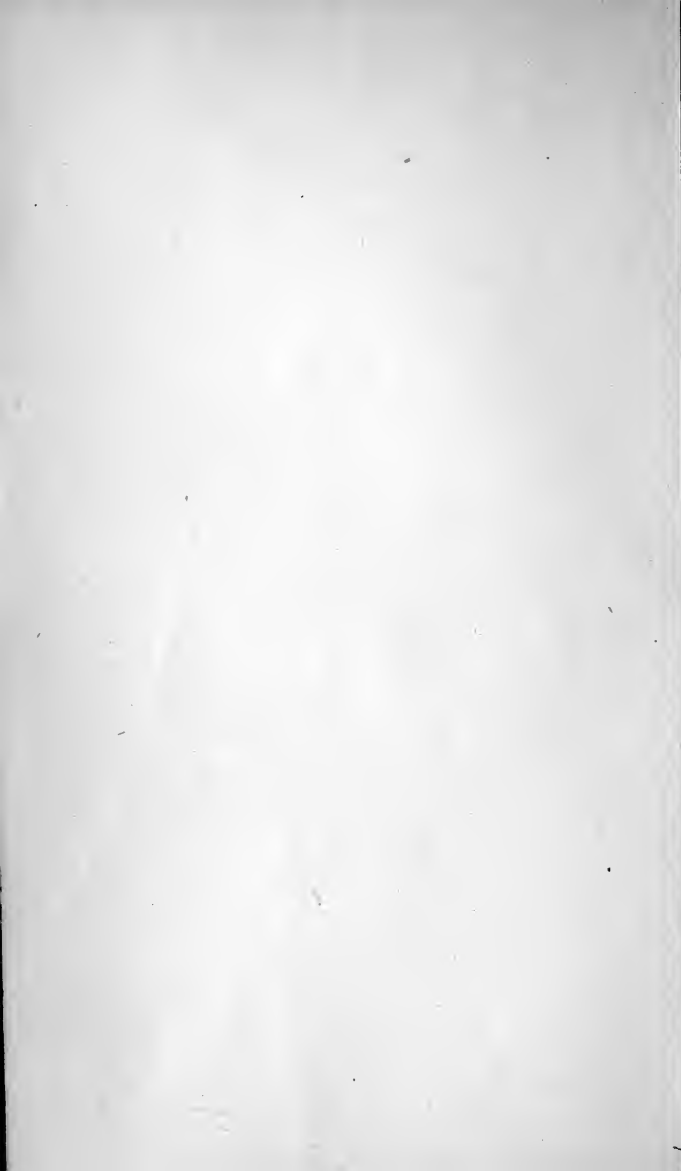




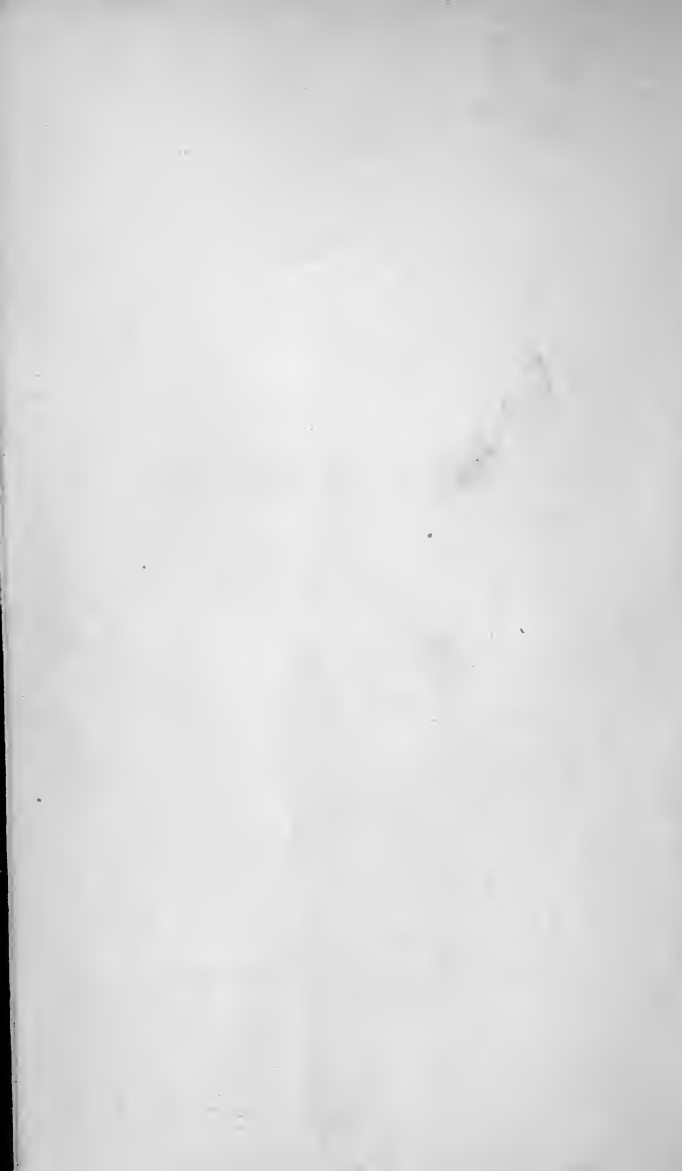
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS

M DCCC LXIII.





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**SONGS OF LABOR,**

**AND**

**OTHER POEMS.**

**1850.**

**VOL. II.**

**1**



## DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
Might\*graces 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-leaved  
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 ;<sup>1</sup>  
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 shel'  
 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,

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 thron' 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 landmen  
The rail-car and the steed;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaver. 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.

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### 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 rain.”

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.<sup>2</sup>

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 fane 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 throng  
 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.<sup>3</sup>

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 ail thou lovedst of earth and sky,  
Seem sacred to thy memory.

CHANNING.<sup>4</sup>

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 vine<sup>5</sup>—  
 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 Tooboona,  
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.<sup>6</sup>

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.<sup>7</sup>  
 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  
 Beflecked 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 eyes,  
 Of moonlit wave and willow 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,  
 Lingering, 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.<sup>9</sup>

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.<sup>10</sup>

**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.<sup>11</sup>

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!

Revile 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.<sup>12</sup>

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 Moultan'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 scriptural  
     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-gleam, 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.

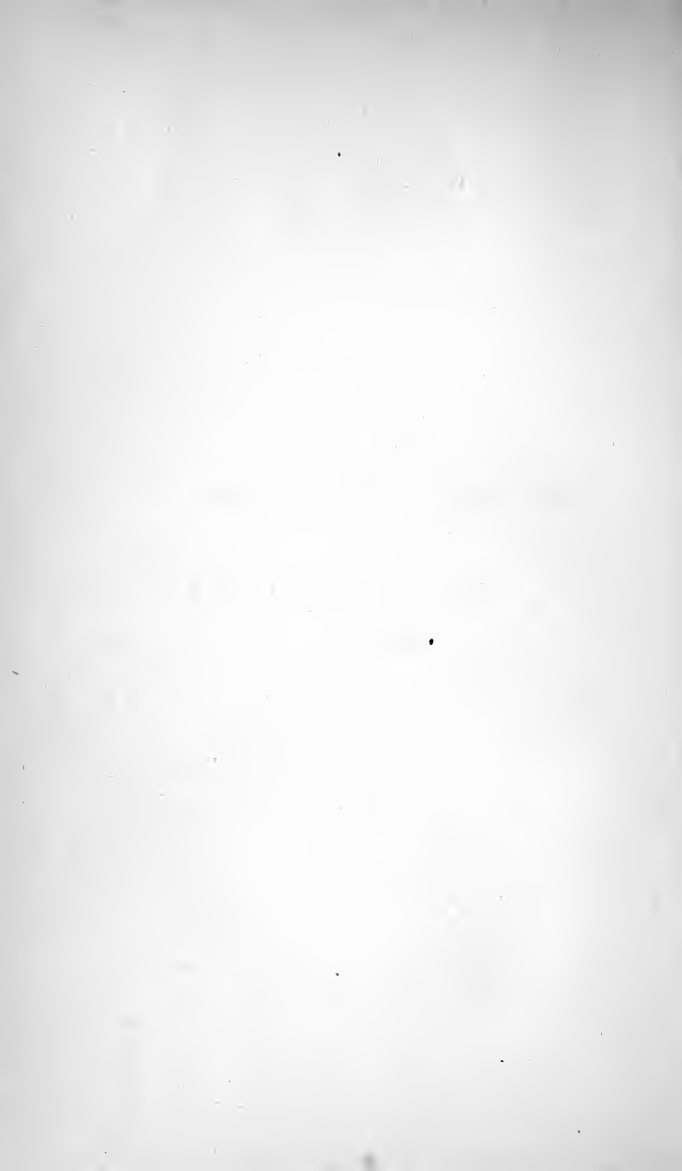
THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep ;  
Gladdening the dim, 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.”<sup>13</sup>

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,<sup>14</sup>  
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  
Prophetical 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 charmed 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. II.

9



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### 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 screenéd 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 away  
 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.<sup>15</sup>

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.<sup>16</sup>

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 arméd 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.<sup>17</sup>

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  
Whatsoe'er 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! clouted 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.<sup>18</sup>

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.

**I**n 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.<sup>19</sup>

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.

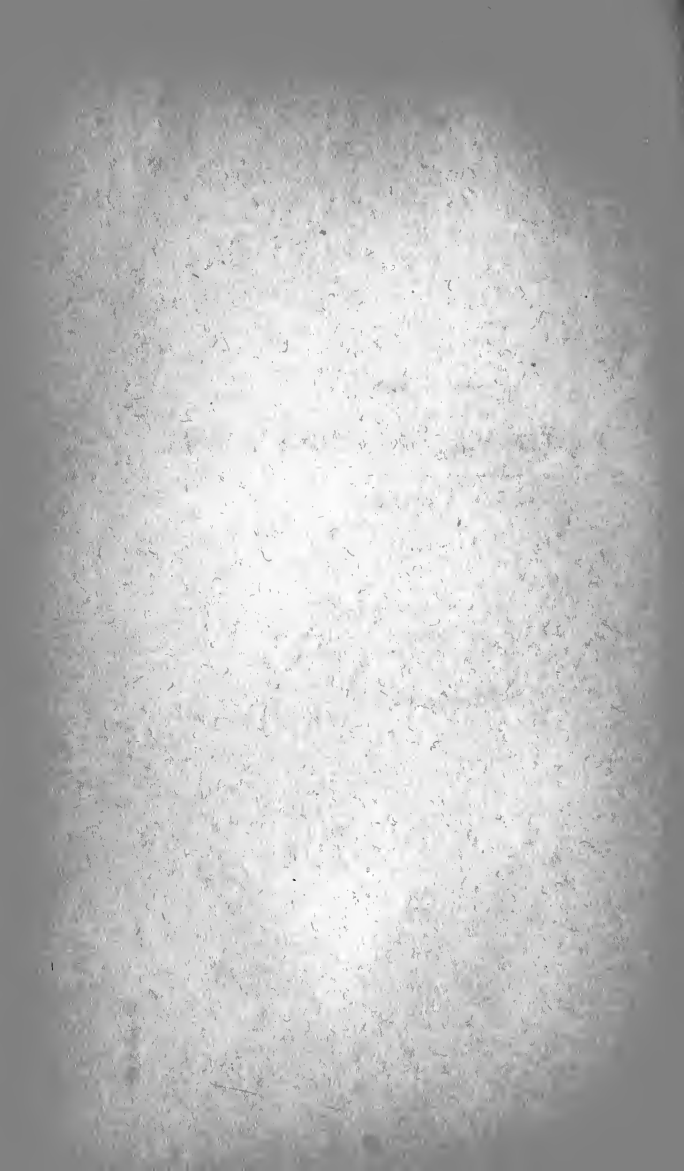
On that shore, with fowler's tact,  
Coolly bagging fact on fact,  
Naught amiss to thee can float,  
Tale, or song, or anecdote ;  
Village gossip, centuries old,  
Scandals by our grandames told,  
What the pilgrim's table spread,  
Where he lived, and whom he wed,  
Long-drawn bill of wine and beer  
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,<sup>20</sup>  
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

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“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 Chaliér'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-houls 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,

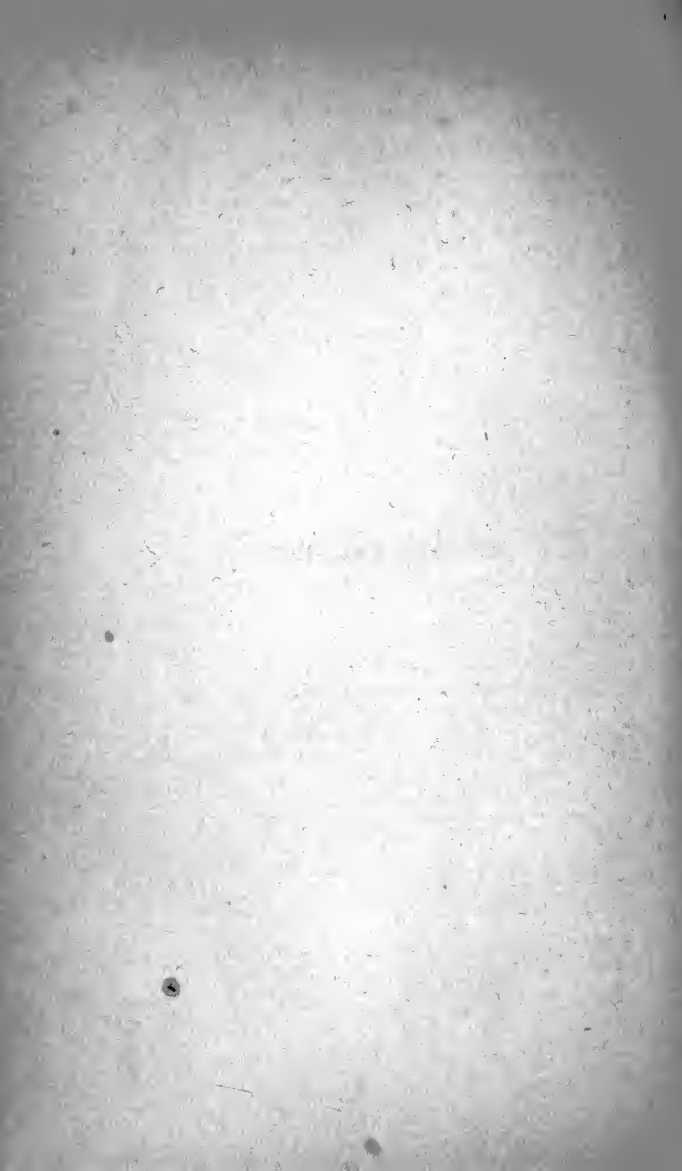
In kindly keeping with the good of all,  
 The nobler maxims of the past recall,  
 Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,  
 And leave her foe his robber-right—to live.  
 Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen !  
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den !  
 Live, clothed with cursing 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 !”

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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.

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### 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 chime  
 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.<sup>21</sup>

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.<sup>22</sup>

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 always  
 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 owed 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  
Savour 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 many,  
 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 d-iness 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 eyes  
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.<sup>23</sup>

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.<sup>24</sup>

**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 tranced 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 Almeh 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.

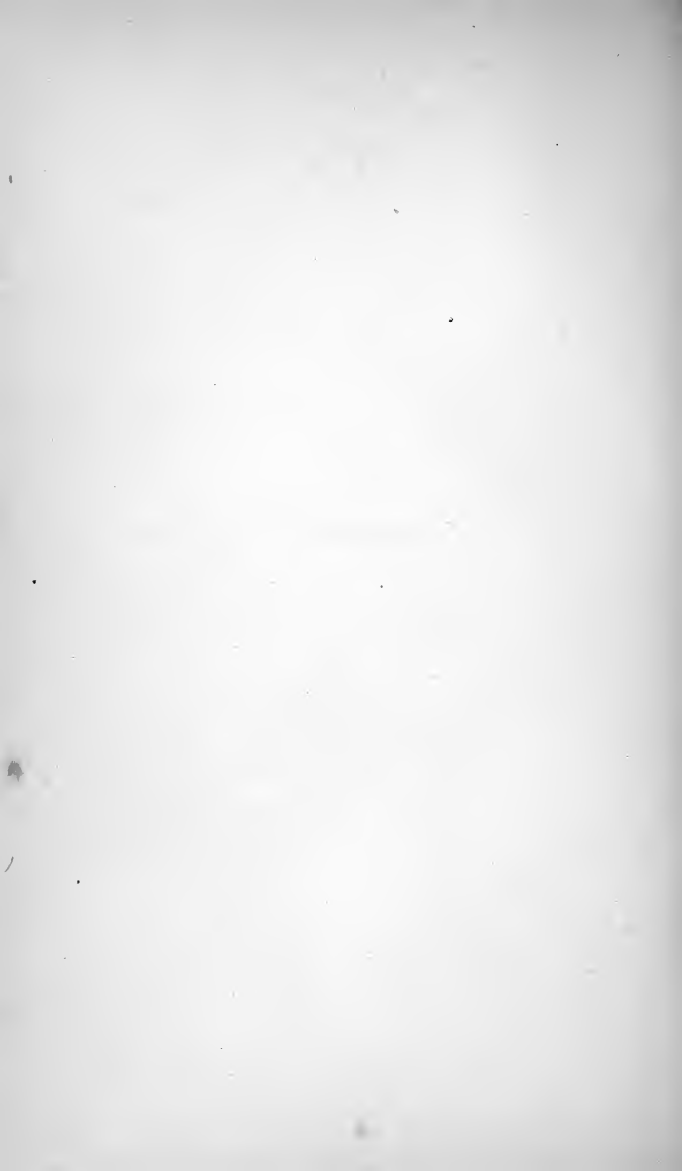
The preacher eats, and straight appears  
His Bible in a new translation ;  
Its angels negro overseers,  
And Heaven itself a snug plantation !

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.

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### 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 Ga-  
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.”

225.

“ 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.

Oft, 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,  
Glow 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.

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### 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 morns  
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 !

8th mo. 1856.

## THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.<sup>25</sup>

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 willowy 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 rhym'er's dream!

1857, 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 main  
 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 !—

## NOTES.

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### 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.

NOTE 20, page 177.

“Homilies from Oldbug hear.”

Dr. W——, author of “The Puritan,” under the name of Jonathan Oldbug.

NOTE 21, page 210.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the first month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society, on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to three-score and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty.

NOTE 22, page 213.

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: “He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive Slave Law.”

NOTE 23, page 242.

“*Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846.*—This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, ‘O, they sing of *Rubee*’ (God). ‘What do you mean?’ I replied, impatiently. ‘O, don’t you know,’ he continued, ‘they asked God to give them their *Atka*?’ (certificate of freedom.) I inquired, ‘Is that all?’ Said: ‘No; they say, “Where are we going? The world is large. O God! where are we going? O God!”’ I inquired, ‘What else?’ Said: ‘They remember their country, Bornou, and say, “Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!”’ ‘Do they say anything else?’ Said: ‘No; they repeat these words

over and over again, and add, "O God! give us our *Atka*, and let us return again to our dear home."

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert."—*Richardson's Journal*.

NOTE 24, page 244

One of the latest and most interesting items of Eastern news is the statement that Slavery has been formally and totally abolished in Egypt.

NOTE 25, page 61.

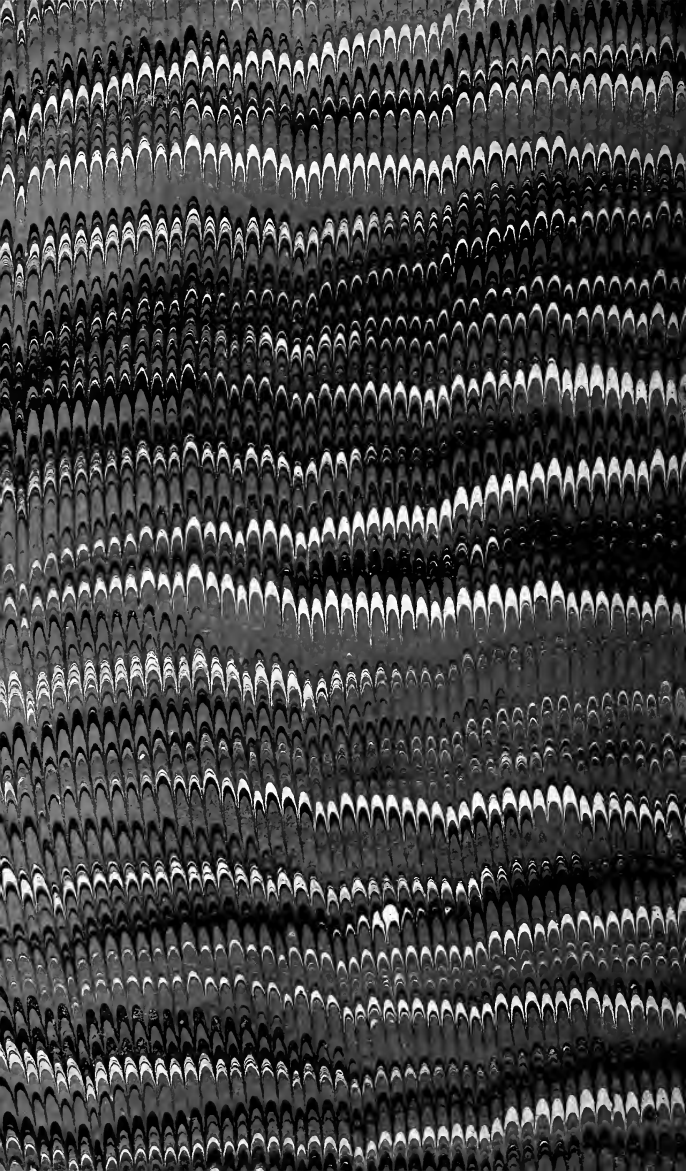
A letter from England, in the *Friend's Review*, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."



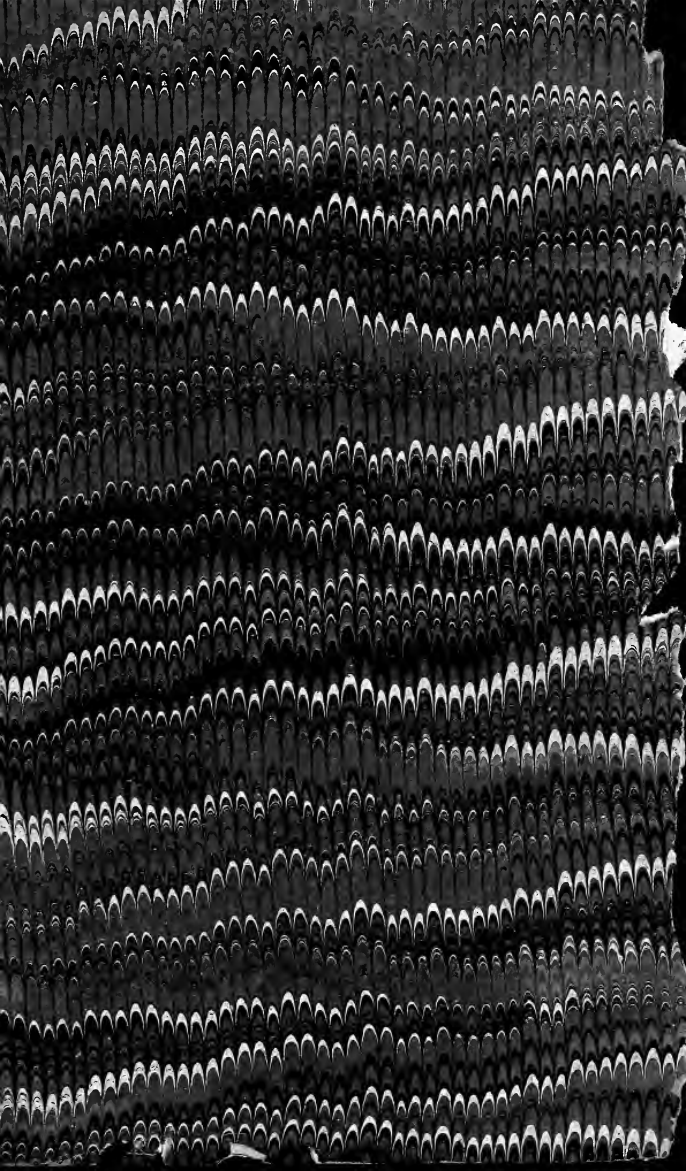


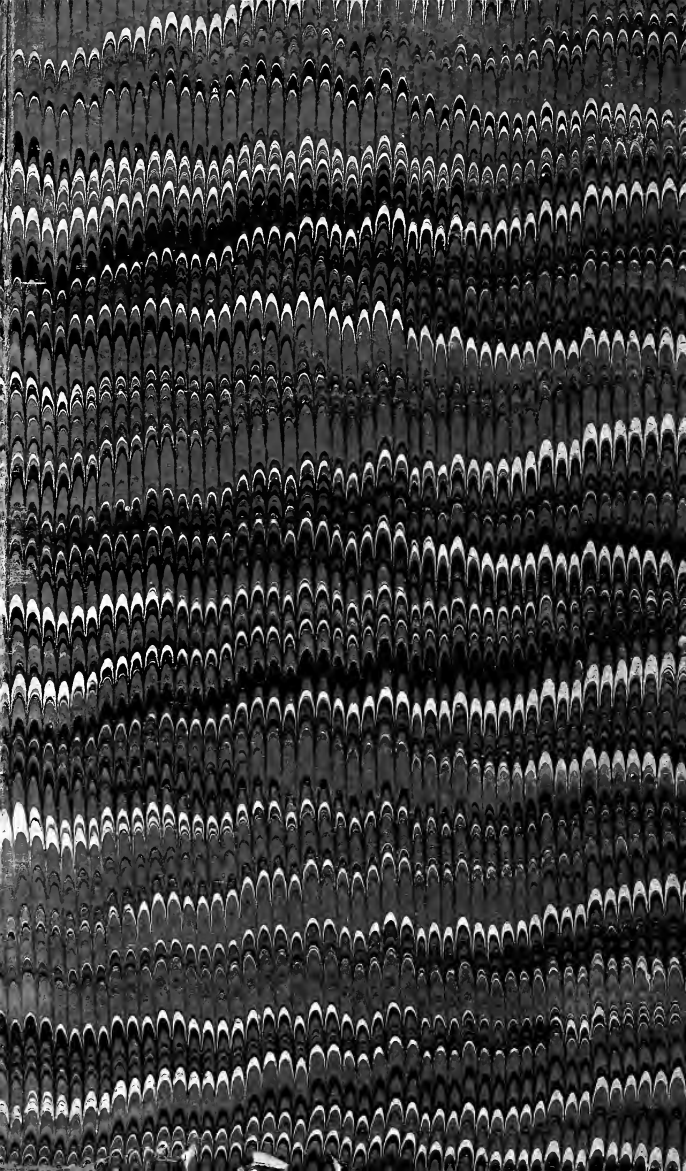


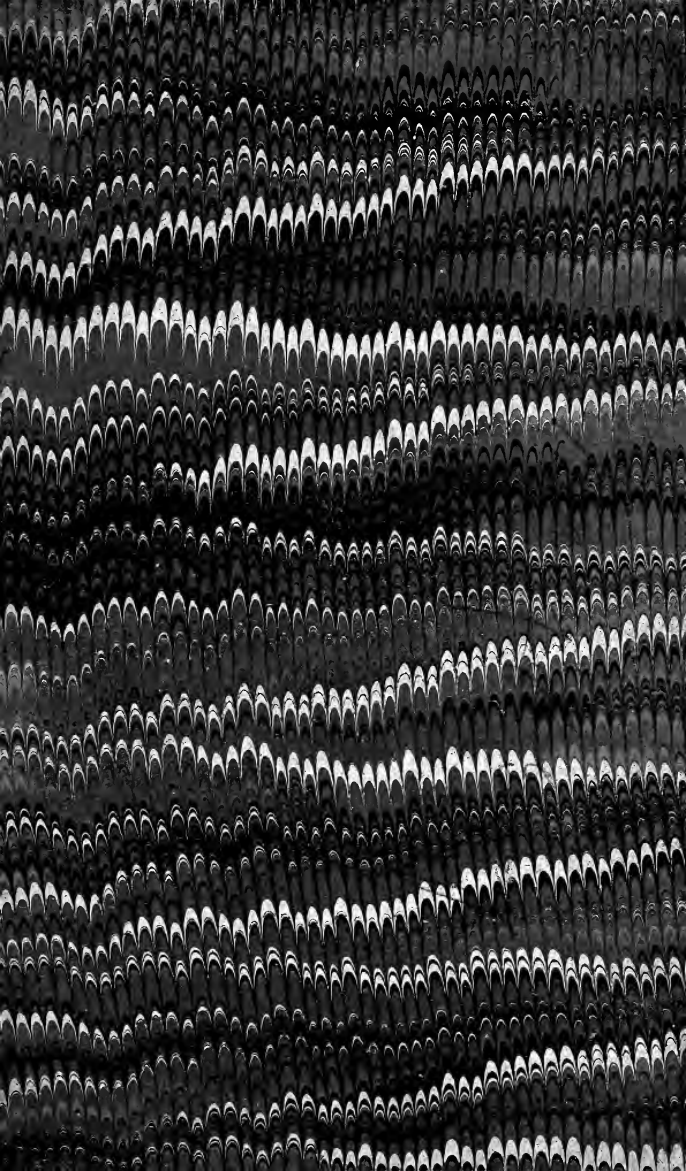












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